

# WHITE DWARF



- *The Black Templars have landed!*
- *'Warzone Tempestora' - the battle concludes!*
- *Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament reviews!*

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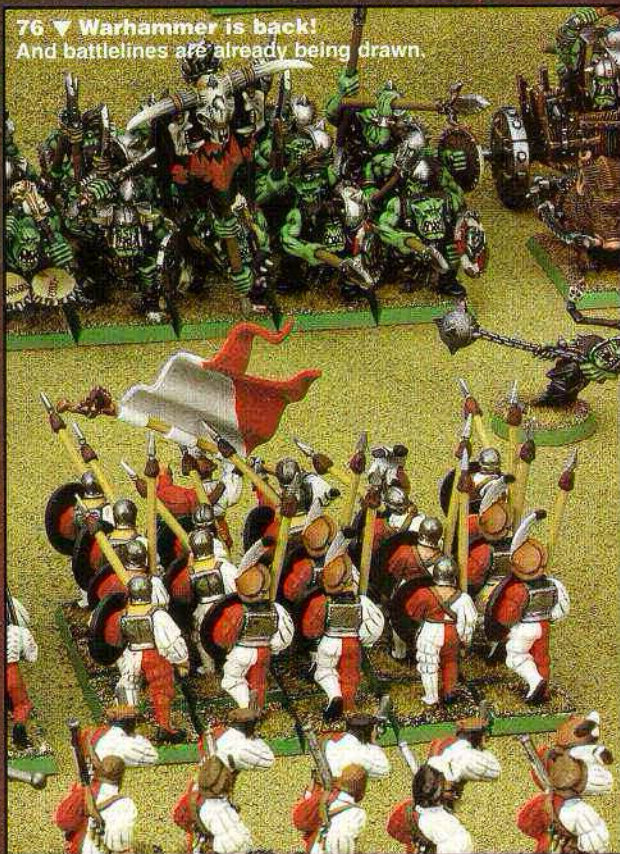
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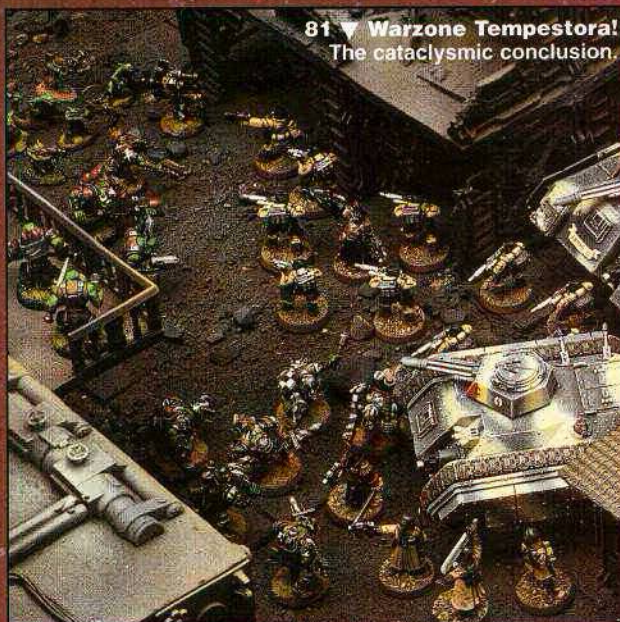
**36 ▼ The Grand Tournament**  
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And battlelines are already being drawn.



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The cataclysmic conclusion.



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## The Fat Bloke Editorial



Paul Sawyer  
'Fat Bloke'  
and Editor

**As the old adage goes, when one door closes another opens, and nothing could be more true at the moment.**

As the curtain is preparing to draw on the *Third War for Armageddon* campaign – the biggest Games Workshop gaming event the world has ever known, the cast of another engrossing GW production are waiting in the wings. Want to know more? Then read on...

With Ghazghkull once again locking horns with his arch nemesis, Commissar Yarrick, on the planet of Armageddon, we've been running a worldwide gaming event which will decide the fate of

the entire Armageddon sub-sector. Even at this late stage it is unclear whether the Ork invasion will succeed or whether the valiant Imperial defence forces will keep control of the planet and its surrounding systems.

This issue carries the conclusion to *Warzone Tempestora*, our colossal Armageddon battle report, which is so big we've had to run it over two issues!

One thing is for sure – there are plenty of games yet to be played as the campaign runs until Monday 4th September. So at the time this issue goes on sale, there will still be a couple of weeks left to get those battles in and affect the outcome of your warzone – so get gaming and send us your results!

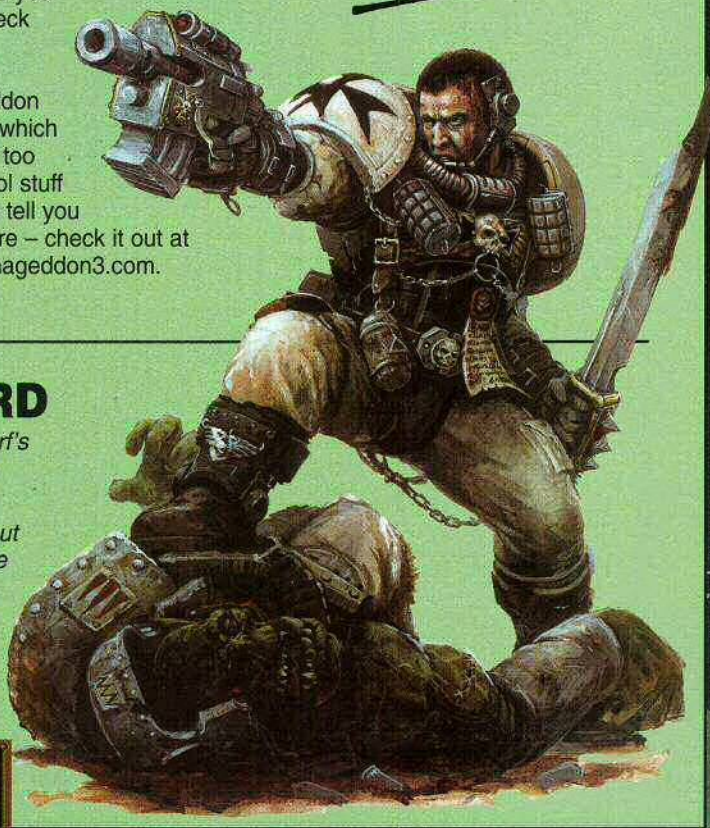
Of course you could check out our splendid Armageddon website, which holds far too much cool stuff for me to tell you about here – check it out at [www.armageddon3.com](http://www.armageddon3.com).

So the curtain is twitching for our gargantuan Warhammer 40,000 gaming extravaganza but all is not lost as Warhammer, the grand old duke of wargaming, is about to get a makeover!

Everyone's favourite fantasy game has been spruced up and is due for release next issue. To answer all those eager questions that are doubtless welling up in your throats as you read this, Warhammer guru Tuomas Pirinen has put pen to paper to fill you in on the plans for Warhammer. All the gory details should be revealed next issue.

See you again next month,

**FAT BLOKE**



### WAY OF THE BEARD

*At the time of writing this column, White Dwarf's very own Graham Davey has just passed his Black Belt in the martial art Aikido.*

*Being the tough bloke he is, he passed without injury, although he whined like a girl about the blister on his toe for days! I'm sure it's just a coincidence but the other Dwarfers seem to be hitting deadline this month...*

*Congratulations Graham!*

The 3rd War for  
**ARMAGEDDON**



## PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE...



But knowing you are an unvirtuous bunch, we knew you couldn't wait until next issue to get a glimpse of some of the wondrous delights we have planned for Warhammer!

So to satisfy your curiosity we've hastily photographed these spanking new models whilst Fat Bloke wasn't looking (it'll be our little secret, okay?).

On the left is a regiment of Empire spearmen. These superb plastic models were sculpted by the Perry twins and are available in the starter boxed game. And of course, we've got stacks more new models for you over the coming months – hurrah!

## GAMER'S SAVIOUR

We recently received this letter extolling the virtues of latter day saint, Jervis Johnson...

*Dear comrades,*

*I'm writing to celebrate the sporting attitude of Jervis Johnson in the battle report fought out in WD245. As an avid Space Wolves commander, I am very (very, very) competitive when playing Warhammer 40,000. Normally I would love to read a report of devastation dished out by the Sons of Russ. In this battle report however, I think that the Space Wolves victory was definitely overshadowed by Jerv's refreshing attitude to the game. Jervis displayed an approach that I had never before even contemplated. He knew he had little chance of winning before the battle even started; he was the one that suggested the scenario in fact.*

*It was then that I realised that I usually get caught up in the winning rather than enjoying a battle for what it is: a game. Jervis should be proud of himself – he displayed the wisdom of an ancient Longfang in his whole outlook. While Andy Chambers fought a good battle, I think that Mr Johnson was the true winner. He should be an example to us all. I challenge everyone to think over the way we play wargames, I think you'll have more fun if you do just that.*

*Your most humble Wolf Scout of Fenris,*

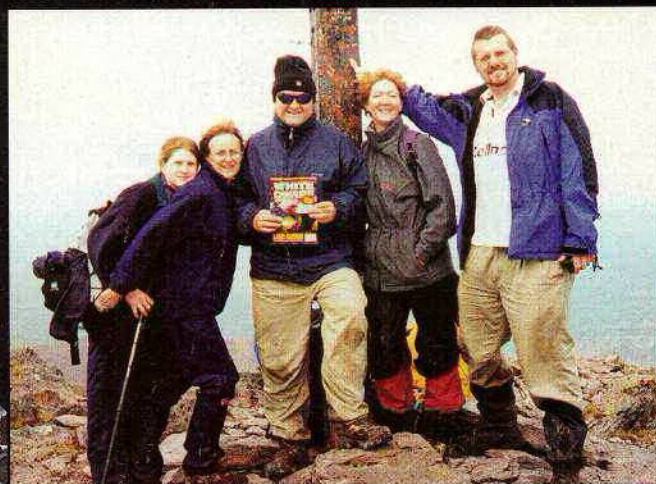
*JJ Digby*

It did cross our minds that the 'JJ' might actually stand for Jervis Johnson...

## MOUNTING PRESSURE

For some masochistic reason, a handful of obviously deranged individuals from GW head office elected to undertake the Four Peaks challenge in aid of the NSPCC.

The challenge is a non-stop trip to climb the four highest mountains in Britain (one each in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland). The team managed it in 48 hours, despite one of the minibuses having a vote for who was the scariest driver (Doug Lister won!). It all went very smoothly in spite of an almost complete lack of sleep. Pictured here at the top of Carrantouhill in Ireland are: Dave Cross, Helen Morley, Chris 'Commissar' Bone, Sue Ladbrooke and Sue's daughter, Hanna. Well done to everyone who went.





## NEW THIS MONTH



This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:

### IMPERIAL GUARD

Armageddon Steel Legion Sentinel (boxed set)	£10.00
Armageddon Steel Legion Lieutenant	£4.00
Armageddon Steel Legion assault weapon and Sergeant	£5.00
Armageddon Steel Legion Missile Launcher team	£6.00
Armageddon Steel Legion troopers (3 models per blister)	£5.00
Armageddon Steel Legion Heavy Bolter team	£6.00
Armageddon Steel Legion Lascannon team	£6.00

### SPACE ORKS

Big Gunz - Lobba	£6.00
Big Gunz - Zzap Gun	£6.00
Big Gunz - Kannon	£6.00
Mad Dok Grotznik, Ork Painboy	£6.00

### SPACE MARINES

Scout bike squadron (plastic and metal boxed set)	£18.00
Black Templars squad (plastic and metal boxed set)	£15.00
Salamanders Chaplain Xavier	£6.00

### MISCELLANEOUS

Ruined Gothic buildings (1 bag)	£5.00
Battlefield Accessories (1 bag)	£5.00



This month's releases from the Black Library:

Warhammer Monthly 34	£2.20
Obvious Tactics graphic novel	£4.99
Inferno 20	£5.00
Necromunda Magazine	£3.50
Town Cryer 10	£3.50

Rumours from the



## Black Library

### TITAN PREPARES TO EXPLODE!

Now that we've all calmed down from seeing the latest shots from the fantastic proposed Bloodquest movie, we've time to tell you about all the cool stuff planned for the latest issue of Warhammer Monthly. The earth-shaking action reaches fever pitch in Titan as Princeps Hekate and the crew of Imperius Dictatio face their toughest foe yet, in the final explosive episode of this epic strip. Meanwhile there's more chaos aboard the Benediction as Ephrael Stern uncovers hidden evil – and Kal Jerico returns to the Underhive in The Nemo Agenda.

### NOT SO OBVIOUS

Fans of Inferno! rejoice, the bolter blasting mayhem of Obvious Tactics is back. The Black Library is proud to present Obvious Tactics in graphic novel format, so now you can enjoy this storming story without having to flick through all your old Inferno magazines. Telling the tale of the desperate struggle of veteran Blood Angels Sergeant Antenor and Librarian Troilus as they battle against the forces of Chaos, Obvious Tactics is both written and drawn by the multi-talented David Pugh.

### AWESOME ARCHEOTECH SIGHTED

This month sees the release of fantastic new figures from Fanatic! The enigmatic High Elves take to the shattered streets of Mordheim as roaming bands of Shadow Warriors seek out wyrdstone in the name of the Phoenix King. Meanwhile rumours abound of a deadly new weapons system sighted in the deepest depths of the Underhive. The Rapier Laser Destroyer, long thought lost, returns to Necromunda this month, praise the machine God!

### NEW-LOOK NECROMUNDA

Also from the Fanatic! guys this month is the first issue of the brand new Necromunda Magazine. Following on from the sell-out success of the Gang War series, the Necromunda Magazine is packed with essential extras for gaming in the Underhive. Each issue is crammed full of new rules, gangs, scenarios and modelling tips, but what's more, all the new rules in the Necromunda Magazine are 100% official add-ons for this great game.



# GAMES DAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

**LAST FEW  
TICKETS LEFT!**

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or your local  
GW store.

**Sunday 24th September 2000  
National Indoor Arena, Birmingham**

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# Armageddon



Paul Sawyer

**E**ven though I say it myself, this campaign really is turning out to be everything we'd hoped for and more: a gargantuan 40K gaming event without peer. Thousands upon thousands of gamers the world over trying to wrest control of Armageddon from their hated enemies. I doubt whether there have ever been so many battles crammed into just a few weeks of frenzied collecting, painting and gaming.

But its not over yet! The campaign runs until the end of August so there's still time to take to the field of battle and crush your opponent. To remind you what this is all about (if you've picked up White Dwarf for the first time, all this campaign stuff is going to be a bit confusing) I'll summarise it here...

## The story so far...

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, nemesis of the Imperium, has returned to the Armageddon sub-sector. Fifty years ago he laid siege to the strategically important planet of Armageddon and was only thwarted by the combined forces of the Imperium of man under the leadership of one of its greatest heroes, Commissar Yarrick.

This wasn't the last the Imperium of Man was to see of Ghazghkull, however. The cunning Greenskin was using this invasion as a test of both Armageddon's Imperial defences and their military strategy.

Now Ghazghkull has returned with a vengeance as he sweeps all before him in a deadly green tide. Once again, the fate of a thousand worlds hangs precariously in the balance and billions of lives depend on the outcome of the coming Ork invasion.

So that sets the story, but what about this campaign malarkey? Well the plan is cunningly simple – during August, Games Workshop stores throughout the world will be running games of Warhammer 40,000 (and some will even include Epic 40,000 and Battlefleet Gothic!) between the Ork invaders and Armageddon's defence forces. The results of these games will be compiled here at White Dwarf to reveal the outcome of the gargantuan planetary invasion, which we'll publish in a coming issue.

The Third War for Armageddon is primarily a conflict embroiling the Ork invaders and the combined forces of the Imperium. However, there are also other allied or mercenary forces involved. Dark Eldar and Chaos Space Marine contingents have been sighted fighting alongside the Ork horde. The enigmatic Eldar have reportedly been seen aiding both sides, although their purpose in this is unclear as forces from various Eldar craftworlds have even been seen to lock horns with their own kin! All this, combined with the increasing number of Tyranid hive fleets being sighted in the area, means that anyone with a Warhammer 40,000 army will be able to take part in this all-encompassing conflict.

If you can't get to a store, don't worry – you can send us the results of your games wherever they're played. You can send us the details on the form which you'll find elsewhere in this issue or you may want to send us even more information (which would be great as we'll be printing the best in a future issue!).

## More than a game

Of course, you could also register your results on our Armageddon campaign website, which will have absolutely stacks of extra background information on the Third War for Armageddon...

[www.armageddon3.com](http://www.armageddon3.com)

The site will be updated frequently to reflect the flow of the war. It will carry the complete results listing as well as how the war goes in each sector and across the whole warfront, with extra material being added on a regular basis so you'll want to keep on coming back for another look! I could bang on about this for ages but I suggest you take a peek yourself!

We'll also continue to bring you more material on Armageddon in White Dwarf, including a summing up of the final outcome – will Ghazghkull finally bring the Armageddon sub-sector to its knees? Can Commissar Yarrick rally the Imperial defence and drive back the deadly green tide? Or will Armageddon become a world torn apart by constant war, with no side gaining the upper hand overall? Only your battles will affect the final outcome – so get gaming!

# FAT BLOKE

## Mad Doc Grotsnik

Ghazghkull suffered severe wounds to his cranium and a large part of his brain in a raid, whilst he was a mere Boy. An Ork Painboy, Doc Grotsnik, had the pleasure of 'working' on the stricken Ork and went on to replace part of his cerebellum with an adamantium bionic device which Ghazghkull claimed to have triggered his latent psychic powers. The rest is history.

Unfortunately Grotsnik went on to have a nasty encounter with a runaway Dreadnought which resulted in him ending up on the treatment table himself under the enthusiastic but not very skilled knives of his Gretchin orderlies. Predictably the results were less than ideal and he has been called 'Mad' Doc Grotsnik ever since.



Will Armageddon finally fall to the wrath of Ghazghkull's Ork horde?



# war rages on...

## Salamanders Chaplain Xavier

"Listen well my brothers, for I have important words to say unto you this day. The enemy that stands before us is countless beyond numbering, and strong with the false energy of Chaos. Yet we will break this foe as easily as a flawed boulder, that though it is large and appears strong, splits asunder with but one tap of the craftsman's hammer..."

Chaplain Xavier, before the  
Battle Of Kilgrom's Krag, 147/M40

Chaplain Xavier is by common consent the greatest Chaplain the Salamanders Chapter has ever know. He was born during the first decade of the 41st Millennium, though the exact date is unknown, such things as one's date of birth being considered of little importance to the serious-minded people that inhabit the Salamanders home world of Nocturne. What is known is that Xavier was apprenticed to the Salamanders in 009/M41 and was very quickly judged worthy of joining the Chapter.



It was Chaplain Hasdrubael who officiated at Xavier's initiation into the Chapter, and it seems that Xavier impressed him deeply, for once Xavier had become a fully-fledged Space Marine he was quickly seconded to act as Hasdrubael's aide. As such Xavier learned the tasks that were required of a Space Marine Chaplain and become practised in the duties and ceremonies a Chaplain is required to carry out. When Hasdrubael died during the assault on the Chaos Battlecruiser 'Thrice Damned Monstrosity', Xavier immediately took his place. He quickly rallied the boarding parties that had been under Hasdrubael's command and led them in a furious attack which secured the bridge of the enemy ship, leading to its capture and later destruction.

This was only the first of many valiant actions carried out by the young Chaplain, and before long he had established a reputation as being a powerful orator that could inspire his fellow Space Marines to carry out acts of almost foolhardy heroism. However, such duties are part and parcel of being a Space Marine Chaplain, and though Xavier was an inspirational battlefield leader, there have been other Salamander Chaplains that have been his equal. No, it was Xavier's uncanny ability as a teacher and mentor to the other members of the Salamanders which made him unique. A Space Marine Chaplain must act as a spiritual guide for the other members of his Chapter, teaching them the true meaning of their Chapter's Imperial Cult, and guiding them along the path of righteousness which marks the Space Marines out as Humanity's greatest defenders. In this Xavier was unsurpassed, and his wise words and considered opinions were sought by any member of the Chapter if they were troubled or needed to make a major decision, be they Chapter Master and newly inducted Scout.

Within a decade of becoming a Chaplain, Xavier was awarded the honour of carrying Vulkan's Sigil, an artifact that is said to have been carried by the Salamanders Primarch himself. The Sigil is one of the Salamanders most prized treasures, and it is one of the Chapters highest marks of respect to be allowed to carry it into battle. It says much of the character of the Salamanders that they should award such a gift, not to the bloody-handed warrior who is their greatest fighter, but to the man that had taught them the most about the qualities of honour, duty and self-sacrifice which are required to be a true Space Marine.



Find out at: [www.armageddon3.com](http://www.armageddon3.com)

The 3rd War for  
**ARMAGEDDON**

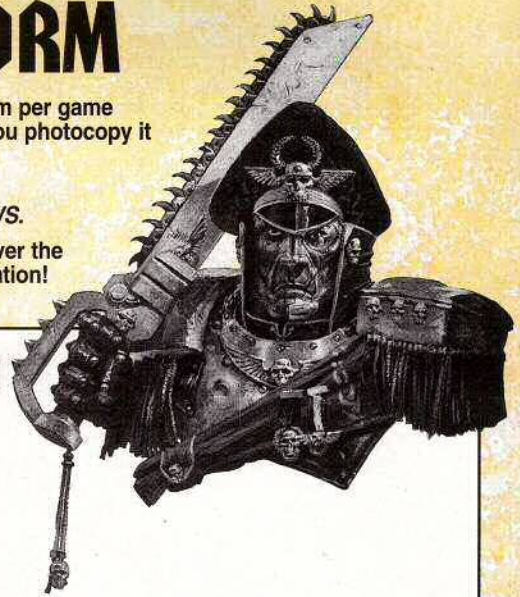


# BATTLE RESULTS FORM

For each game you play, simply fill in the details below (only one form per game please!) and send it off to us at the following address. We suggest you photocopy it as you'll doubtless be playing lots of games!

**ARMAGEDDON CAMPAIGN RESULTS, White Dwarf,  
Games Workshop, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.**

We'll add the result of each game into our campaign database and over the next few months we'll bring you progress reports on the overall situation!



## YOUR DETAILS

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

.....

.....

### Which game did you play?

Warhammer 40,000

Epic 40,000

Battlefleet Gothic

### What was the total points value of your game?

Up to 1,000

Up to 2,000

Up to 3,000

3,000+

## ORK INVADERS

Supreme Commander's name: .....

Tick all armies that took part:

Orks

Speed Freeks

Chaos

Dark Eldar

Eldar

Tyranids

## IMPERIAL DEFENCE FORCES

Supreme Commander's name: .....

Tick all armies that took part:

Space Marines

Imperial Guard

Sisters of Battle

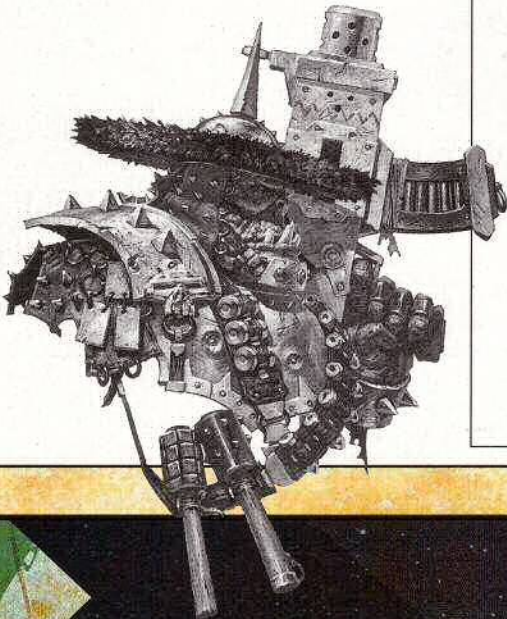
Eldar

## WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

Imperial victory

Ork victory

Draw



### Which warzone are you fighting for?

Plains of Anthrand (Africa) .....

Death Mire (France) .....

Equatorial Jungle (Asia & South America) .....

Infernus inc. Palidus & Diablo Mountains (UK) .....

Helsreach (USA) .....

Tartarus (Germany) .....

Acheron (Italy) .....

The Fire Wastes (Australia) .....

Phoenix Island (New Zealand) .....

Volcanus (Spain) .....

Deadlands Alpha (Scandinavia) .....

Netheria Peninsula (Canada) .....

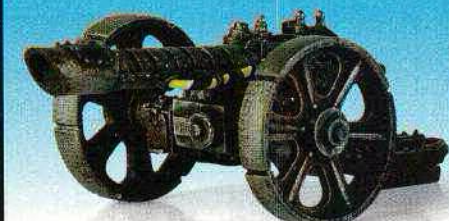
Hades (Rest of the world) .....

Armageddon Sub-Sector (all Battlefleet Gothic battles) .....

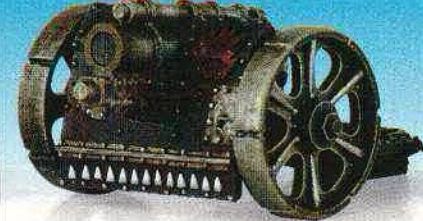
The 3rd War for  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# Big Gunz



Zzap gun and crew



Kannon and crew



Lobba and crew

The echoes of mighty explosions reverberate through the pages of White Dwarf this month as the Ork Big Gunz let rip! All three Big Gunz are released with Gretchin crew, so you can now field batteries of lobbas, kannons and zzap gunz to support your Boyz mobs as they get to grips with the enemy.

Designed by Brian Nelson and Norman Swales, each of these artillery pieces fulfils a different rôle in your Ork horde: The zzap gun is a specialised (if unreliable) anti-tank weapon which hits automatically when it fires. The Lobba is most useful for breaking up and pinning in place large formations of enemy troops with its barrage effects and for destroying light vehicles. The Kannon is the choice to take if you will be facing both heavily armoured vehicles and large troop formations as it has frag and shell rounds to allow tactical flexibility.



A Slaver goads his zzap gun crews into action as the Ork attack smashes into the Eldar lines.



# Armoured Fist



Lieutenant



Lieutenant



Missile launcher team



Heavy bolter team



Lascannon team



Sergeant



Sergeant

The roar of Chimera engines shatters the air as a new batch of reinforcements for the Steel Legion smashes its way into this issue! This month sees the release of more Steel Legion infantry. Whether you face the vile Orks across the burning ash wastes of Armageddon, or other foes of humanity on distant planets, these new models will give you the flexibility and firepower to destroy any threat to the Imperium!

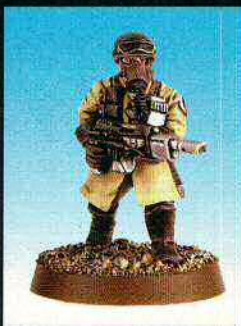
In addition to these disciplined soldiers, the awesome Steel Legion Sentinel stomps in to lend some heavy support to its fellow groundpounders!



Plasma gun



Grenade launcher







The Steel Legion Sentinel is heavily modified from the standard model used by most Imperial Guard regiments. It is fitted with an armoured crew compartment to provide protection from the deadly corrosive atmosphere of Armageddon's ash wastes. It is also common for the weaponry on the Sentinel to be upgraded to a lascannon to provide heavy support for the mechanised infantry, who are commonly equipped with a multitude of anti-personnel weaponry but lack the serious punch to deal with heavily armoured targets.

Equipped in this way, the Steel Legion Sentinel becomes a highly effective hunter-killer unit, able to move rapidly to answer any threat to the Steel Legion's mechanised columns.



Steel Legion Sentinels probe the Eldar defences ahead of a major assault.



# And They Shall



## High Marshal Helbrecht

Helbrecht exemplifies the qualities of stubbornness and unwavering loyalty to the Emperor that are the marks of the Black Templars Chapter. He was elected High Marshal in 989.M41, and is currently leading the Black Templars as they storm Ork space hulks in the Armageddon system.

Weapons fire strobed through the dark corridors of the hulk. The cacophony of shrapnel and ricochets ringing against rust-splotted bulkheads was like the foundry of a mad god. The Initiates covering the doors out of the generator room were engaged in a fierce firefight with the Orks outside. Soon the alien scum would amass enough strength to rush the handful of Black Templars opposing them. High Marshal Helbrecht turned to the Techmarine kneeling beside the heavy thermic charge they had brought aboard.

"How much longer Brother Hexil?" He shouted over the roar of weapons.

Techmarine Hexil did not look up from the fine adjustments he was making as he replied "The weapon's spirit was offended by the rough treatment it suffered on arrival, High Marshal. If its containment loop is not realigned by the proper supplications it will fail to consume itself and grow to the correct size for full devastation."

"Try to hurry Brother, we don't have much..."

The High Marshal was distracted by a sudden increase in the firing at one of the doors. Howls and yells announced an Ork attack was imminent. He crossed to it in three quick strides, just in time to meet the aliens' rush. A huge Ork leader crashed

through the doorway and eviscerated an Initiate with a thrust beneath his breastplate. Helbrecht parried its next blow and countered with a swing perfectly timed to catch his foe off balance from his missed attack. The glittering energy field of his ancient power sword slashed through the Ork's neck with barely a hint of resistance and the great Ork fell clutching spasmodically at the stump of its neck.

Helbrecht leapt forward into the lesser Orks behind, hacking and slashing with little finesse but horrible effectiveness. Limbs and heads flew apart. In seconds the doorway was filled with twitching corpses. Brother Mikael came up with his flamer and the surviving Orks were driven back down the corridor by a wall of flames.

"The charge is prepared" called Brother Hexil.

Helbrecht instantly switched comm-channels with a nerve impulse. "High Marshal to Light of Purity, immediate recovery - code blue."

The Templars moved to the centre of the chamber and were teleported to the waiting strike vessel in a blinding flash of light. Seconds later, the thermic charge blasted a new crater in the flank of the Ork space hulk.

## BLACK TEMPLARS SPACE MARINES



Space Marine Black Templars squad

Black Templars do not have Scout squads. Instead, Initiates 'adopt' a Neophyte to train, teaching them their skills and educate them in

battlecraft. In return, a Neophyte must serve their Initiate, attending to their day-to-day needs and waiting on them at the Chapter feasts.



# Know No Fear



*Ultramarines Scout bike squad*

## SPACE MARINE SCOUT BIKERS

The Tenth Company of many Space Marine Chapters maintains a force of bikes. Some are employed to train new recruits who will eventually join bike squadrons as full battle brothers. Others are used to provide highly mobile support for Scout squads behind enemy lines.



*Ultramarines Scout biker*



*Ultramarines Scout biker*



*Ultramarines Scout biker Sergeant*

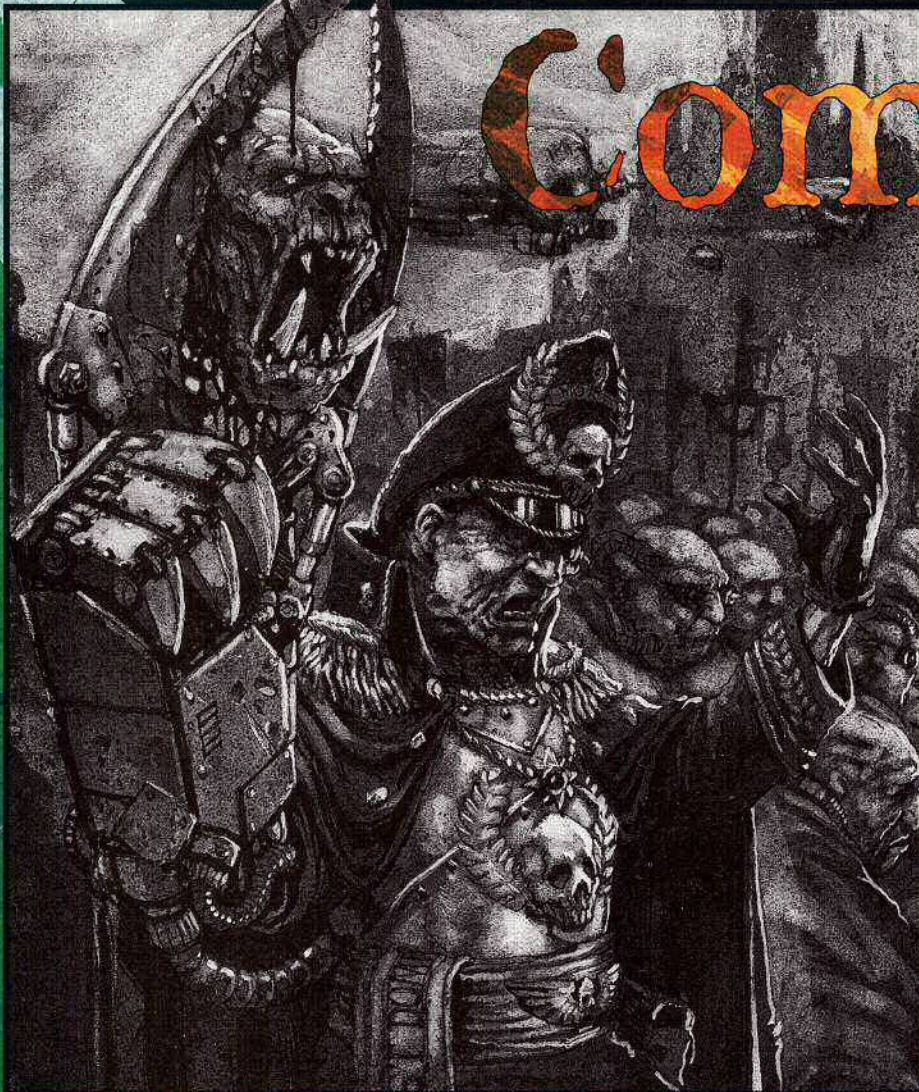


*Salamanders Scout biker*



*Black Templars Scout biker*





# Cometh

Furies sprinted west across the ruined sky, engaging, wheeling, many exploding in mid-air. One, stricken and ablaze from nose cone to wing-struts, tumbled close overhead, spraying flaming debris and showers of igniting fuel, and dug a crater twenty meters deep with its incandescent impact. Las and tracer rounds stitched the air with bright, neon lines, and rockets banged down the valley, trailing blue smoke in tattered swirls. The dull *dhuk-dhuk* of mortar brigades dug in along the valley shelf was interminable.

The armour brigades, poised at the head of the Hades Valley Road amid burned-out habitats and manufactories, growled and revved, diesel exhaust fumes fogging the blasted landscape like dawn mist. The pulped soil under their tracks was two parts ash to three parts human bone. Four thousand Leman Russ and Leman Russ Exterminators, supported by puffing, heavyweight Demolishers and blackened Hellhounds reeking of leaking fycelene. Sentinel outriders stalked around the edges of the great phalanx.

Most of the armour units were painted with the green and black liveries of the Cadian Shock Troops or the sand and grey of the Steel Legions. General Valadian, sector overseer of the armour units, his noble face as dark as his Cadian fatigues, jumped down from the turret of his Leman Russ Vanquisher and snatched the speaker horn from the vox-set of a waiting comm-officer. He asked repeatedly for permission to advance and engage the vast, massing strength of green-skins in the valley.

His requests were denied. The old man denied them personally.

Eight kilometres from the armour files, in the colossal infantry positions ranged along the valley slopes, the old man sighed.

**T**here was a ball of flame, blue hot at the heart, rising into a halo of yellow and white, and looking for all the many worlds like the coal of a tinderstick raised to light an officer's cigar.

But this ball consumed the whole horizon, edge to edge. From forty kilometres away down the desert valley, they could feel the heat on their faces.

The skies of Armageddon, sulphur-yellow, already fading to an early, muddy dusk, were stained deeply by monstrous blooms of smoke and veils of ash. Every minute or so, a greenish line of fire raced down from the upper atmosphere, streaking the air diagonally before striking the great fire ball with an impact that shook the ground.

The ball of flame was the funeral pyre of mighty Hades Hive; symbolically and brutally crushed by Ghazghkull's forces as a statement of intent. An entire hive, and millions of lives, snuffed out in a few hours by a bombardment of asteroids gravitationally loosed by the orbiting flotillas of space hulks and terror ships. Hades had famously resisted the Ork-scum until the bitter end during the last war. It would not do so again. Ghazghkull would not permit its memory and its defiance to endure.

Waves of Ork warplanes, their ram-jets screaming like cattle in pain, dug through the thick smoke hanging over the great rift valley and popped donut-shaped scuds of cloud behind them with their hypersonic booms. The sky was black with their jagged shapes. Outnumbered packs of Imperial



# the Hour...

Yarrick, Imperial Commissar, hero of Armageddon, turned away from his own vox-officer and looked out across the rift valley towards the pyre of Hades Hive. There was a sadness in his mind. Hades, spared and saved through the toil and blood of so many, himself included. Now gone, all gone...

"General Valadian repeats his request, sir," the vox-officer, a young Cadian corporal with narrow, intense eyes, said behind him.

"Valadian must learn patience. I could send him in but then he'd be dead."

Yarrick turned to the youth. "Do you know why?"

The Cadian vox-officer shook his head. He stood with the old man on a promontory overlooking the entire Imperial lines. Around them stood over sixty thousand Cadian and Steel Legion infantry, all waiting, all gazing east down the wide ash valley towards the burning doom of Hades. The bayonets on their shouldered arms, some short like daggers other as long as cutlasses, made a wild, gleaming forest of blades around the command position.

The vox-officer, Robac, shook his head. He had been flattered when Marshal Tooms had appointed him to Yarrick's staff, Yarrick being such a hero and all, but he had been disconcerted by the Commissar in the flesh. Small, reduced by age and pain and weariness, shoulders slumped, his black leather coat hanging limply around a frame that should have retired long since. The empty sleeve made it worse. Robac knew Yarrick had lost his right arm in glorious close combat with Ugulhard, Emperor rejoice, but that was years ago, and now this old man, with his stump and his shrunken shank seemed a pitiful thing to be rallying around.

"Observe... what is your name?"

"Robac, Commissar, sir!"

"Observe, Robac." Yarrick spoke softly, almost chillingly, as if war held no surprises for him now. Either that, or he was too tired to care about them. Yarrick gestured out over the forest of bayonets towards the east with his good arm. "The green-scum are callous and brutal, but they are not without tactics. To fight them, you must get inside their minds, as I have, Emperor spare my soul. You must understand their brute tactics and their feral ploys. They are massing there, due east, in vast numbers, deploying from landing pods carefully positioned beyond the range of our artillery. They're not stupid, you see. Ghazghkull hasn't conquered a hundred worlds by being stupid. Their ground forces are there to entice us, to fire the battle-ardour of men like Valadian, to spur him into hasty action. And the inferno of Hades is meant to quash our morale too, and make us eager for vengeance. But see there..."

He indicated to the north of the main Ork forces.

"What's that, Robac?"

Robac frowned at the empty area of ash waste, a dismal, open stretch ten kilometres across. "Nothing, sir?" he ventured.

"Nothing indeed. Empty. Why?"

Robac shrugged.

"Tactically, there is no reason the Orks haven't spread in that sector. But they hold off, in a trim, disciplined line, more disciplined than we would normally expect of brute-squads and buggy teams."

"What are they waiting for, sir?" asked Robac.

"The same as us, boy. Tell the general to rev his engines a little longer."

By nightfall, the enormous Imperial forces at the west end of the valley were near to frenzy point with anticipation. The Steel Legion were singing battle hymns, and drummers in the Cadian echelons set up a staccato rhythm in time to the regular tympani of mortar barks. Ork air cover swept over them intermittently, but the chattering Hydra batteries Yarrick had deployed along the flank filled the air with lacerating blooms of destruction.

The fire-clouds of Hades Hive lit the night, ten kilometres deep, flaring light and shadow back down the valley. Distantly, the vast Ork forces, massing a hundred thousand strong, yowled war horns and bellowed chants like a chorus of death-gods, jeering up the valley at the poised Imperial multitude.

Clanking and whirring in the night, giants came up behind the Imperials, rising above the line of the valley ridge. The waiting infantry turned and many cried out in wonder to see the Titans. Nine of them, Warlords of the Legio Metalica, burnished brass-black, eye-slits glowing red against the darkness and the stars.

Shaking, Robac handed the speaker horn to Yarrick.


"Princept Danferus of Imperius Quintus. Legio Metalica stand ready and await your orders, sir," the voice, transformed by vox-augmentation, sounded inhuman and boomed from the speaker.

"Emperor love you, Princept. Move your war machines down along the Hades Road and deploy as far as marker ten. We'll have a fight for you soon enough."

The massive battle-giants plodded past the waiting infantry, trembling the ground with each massive footfall. The tannoy horns

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on their armoured shells blared howls of damnation and Imperial hymns. Many of the infantry cheered. Other shook in fear.

The Orks in the valley below, despite their terrible numbers, quailed and edged backwards. Sleek Warhounds, half the size of the massive Warlords, scurried forward to flank the advancing Legio. As soon as the Titans took forward position, Yarrick allowed Valadian's armour to move forward a kilometre and fan out along the valley floor.

By then, with flame-lit darkness around them, the infantry had been ordered to rest easy. The forest of blades had fallen, and the valley slopes were thick with crouched, resting men and campfires.

It was close to midnight when the moment came. The moment Yarrick had been waiting for. A vast black shape eclipsed the moonlight and the blaze of Hades Hive, and descended towards the open, suspiciously empty sector of the valley. The smoke-thick air around the Imperials became leaden-heavy and charged with static.

Six million cubic tonnes of asteroid fortress, supported on modified force fields and traktor kannon beams, lowered itself into the valley. An Ork Rok, a war-bastion of near invincible strength.

The bow-wave of its fields and beams seared the ash waste into glass beneath it, lifting scathing sheets of dust back down the rift valley. Even the Ork multitude shied from it.

The force wall, compressing under the weight of the settling Rok, pushed a shockwave ripple down the valley-bed. Even the waiting Titans shook and vibrated. The foremost tanks of Valadian's armour force were tossed askew by the tidal power. Nine tanks, jerked aside by the down-pressure, detonated and ignited. Fifty more were rendered immobile as the force-wave stripped them of tracks or turrets. A Warhound, close by, was crushed into the ground like an empty ammo-can.

The whole world seemed to wobble as the Rok made landfall. Thousands of spike-anchors spat from its flanks to secure it into the sub-soil. With a whine of hydraulics, deployment ramps and huge cargo shutter-mouths opened and settled in the ash. The massive weapon arrays on the top side of the Rok began to cycle and fire.

Shells dropped in amidst the armour, scrapping dozens of vehicles indiscriminately.

Cannon fire and shelling also strafed the infantry positions, and panic started as platoon groups ran for cover.

"Now we have something to fight, Robac," said Yarrick quietly. He strode out of his field tent and surveyed the monumental scale of the scene.

"Assist me," he said to the young Cadian, stripping off his leather coat. Robac stepped up in time to help lift the revered power claw that robed attendants of the Ministorum were carrying from the tent. Yarrick peeled back the blouson sleeve from his lost arm, and Robac glimpsed connector plugs and synapse link ports buried in the folds of scar-tissue at the stump end.

They slid the clawed limb-weapon into place. Leads connected, it woke and seethed with flickering power. The finger-blades clacked and snapped as the Commissar test-flexed them. The aides buttoned a fresh leather coat around Yarrick, one specially made to accommodate his augmentation. He set his Commissar's cap on his head with his good hand, then slung his storm bolter over his shoulder.

"Robac. Open the command channel. Now the fight begins."

Robac realised his mouth was hanging wide. In a few moments, the weary, frail old man had been transformed into a charismatic giant – the weapon claw, the gleaming braid on the cap, the look in the eye. Even the very build of Yarrick was now transmuted in the face of battle. He seemed huge, invulnerable, terrifying.

Robac realised why Yarrick was a hero.

And with him beside them they could not fail.

The Imperial counter assault began in the first few hours of the new day, illuminated by the ceaseless death-fires of Hades.

Yarrick threw the eager armour units forward into the midst of the Ork clans, directing the Titans at the Rok itself, which was currently disgorging heavy armour and Gargants.

He knew this was the one, vital opportunity to strike, the one he had waited for, the one that came after the Rok had demolished all beneath it with its force wall and before it could empty itself of its indomitable fire power.

Supporting the Adeptus Mechanicus, Yarrick called up the Basilisk and heavy artillery units ranged along the valley side to direct fire at the Rok. Their thunder overshook the battle, blasting deep wounds into the landed super-fortress.

Basilisk shells took out two of the Rok's landing ramps, and incinerated a Gargant being lowered by pylons. Other shells hit a Gargant's support derricks as it was being cranked down to the ash-soil, and they blew away under the bombardment. The Ork war-giant fell, and ruptured under its own weight, onboard munitions blowing it out in a blast that lit the valley.

Yarrick called up the infantry musters, and the forest of blades rose to surround him once again. Switching Robac's vox to all channels and loud-speaker simultaneously, he exhorted the sixty thousand men with a rallying speech that had many teary-eyed yet stoically firm of purpose – Emperor willing, they would rid this Imperial world of the alien invaders or sell their lives dearly in trying.

They were already charging down the slope of the escarpment, baying life-oaths to the Golden Throne, when Yarrick ordered them to engage.

The forces of the Cadians and the Steel Legions met the charging



Ork foot-brutes in a withering infantry storm three miles wide. Thousands were killed on both sides in the first few minutes. There was mayhem, and a murderous confusion of hand-to-hand frenzy.

By then, Valadian's armour column was biting into the Ork legions from the south. The trundling vehicles crushed the enemy under their tracks, chewing through the foot-ranks until their sides were wet with green ichor. The Vanquisher and Demolisher main guns blasted up at the Rok, while the Exterminators reaped cyclic death into the Orks before them, and the Hellhounds washed infernos of doom left and right through the Ork infantry, as their turrets traversed over and again.

Titans met Gargants on the open silica plain before the Rok. Imperius Tenebrus gutted a Gargant with its volcano cannon and decimated two more with its thundering rocket pods before it was scythed in half at the waist by concentrated lasfire and shelling from the Rok itself.

Tenebrus's torso fell away, blazing and exploding. Its legs stood firm through the rest of the night and through the rest of the Armageddon War, a bitter monument to the Legio's power.

Leading the racing armour drive into the Ork legions, Valadian's Vanquisher was immobilised as stikkbombz blew out its starboard tracks and shoota rounds from buggies raked its length. It bellied in the ash, trying to turn. The gunner screamed for a target as Ork bodies threw themselves onto the armour top and hammered on the hull. The spotter came up through his hatch to man the pintle-mounted storm bolter, but was ripped out of the tank before he could get his hands on the gun-grips. His shrieking form was thrown to and fro between the howling green-skins. He was gleefully ripped apart.

Valadian cowered in his turret, and pulled out his guard-issue las-pistol from the shoulder webbing under his flak coat. He checked the clip.

The hatch above his head was torn clean off and a tusked green monster leered down at him, snarling something alien and vicious. Its breath bellowed a foul, rank stench down at him. Valadian put a las-round into its left eye and then burst the brain case of the next Ork who tried to paw down at him.

His third shot he used on himself.

There was a brief period of confusion, as the Imperial armour tried to confirm the loss of the general. When no return signal was heard from Valadian, armour command fell to Major Dillan, who rode his Lemn Russ Exterminator into the deep, thick, unforgiving ranks of the screaming green foe. His turret-mount, the chattering exterminator autocannon, scythed through the enemy and reaped them down like corn staves.

Dillan rounded his tanks into a claw-shaped deployment that scoured into the Ork legions and cut their support lines from the Rok.

Priniceps Danferus, of Imperius Quintus, rode his Titan right into the maw of the enemy firewash. He met and engaged a Gargant, a clanking behemoth of armour panels, gun-ports and smoke-stacks, its cockpit-face a gnashing mechanical parody of an Ork face. Danferus blew it asunder with four spits of his volcano cannon. Another massive enemy monster-machine was closing from the southwest, but it was crippled and then destroyed by sustained artillery shelling.

It left Danferus with a clear approach to the Rok.

He pounded Imperius Quintus up the exit ramps with his full firepower melting and splintering Ork war machines in their cargo scaffolds before they could be launched into the war, and then sent missiles from Quintus's shoulder mount whooshing up the silos to explode deep in the heart of the Rok itself. Something fundamental and crippling happened deep inside the Rok. A power plant ignited, perhaps. A munition store...



The Rok trembled and lurched, over slightly, guide hawsers snapping and anchors tearing free as the massive bulk slid over.

Danferus turned his machine, chiding the old machine-monster with gentle urgings through the mind impulse-link, and found a Gargant right beside him.

Twenty five seconds sustained fire from both Titans and both exploded. Mutual annihilation. The blazing skeleton of Imperius Quintus toppled forward into the drum shape of the ruined Gargant and crushed it flat. Ammo stores in the autoloaders went up in a fearsome firework display.

Danferus was somehow still alive as his Titan toppled, his bridge crew ablaze and screaming around him.

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Then ammunition chambers under his throne seat ignited and blew his silent, gaping skull into the troposphere.

Below, in the valley, Yarrick led the charge, his voice baying above the roar of the artillery, the thunder of the Titans, the shriek of the lasguns and the drumming of the tanks.

At the head of a Cadian storm group, Yarrick met the Orks for the first time in two decades and relished the way his power claw ripped through their puffy, pustuled green flesh like butter.

His storm bolter coughed and blew out enemy heads and guts. Yarrick waded forward.

It was like... the old days. He'd forgotten... mercifully perhaps; despite the pain and anguish and suffering, he'd forgotten.

He'd forgotten how good it felt to take on these green scum face-to-face and kill them.

Yarrick checked himself. They had pushed into the Ork position deeply, and the Rok was threatened, but the sheer weight of numbers made a difference.

There were Orks everywhere.

He always knew he'd die in service of the Emperor. Was it to be now, now with so much left to be won?

Fire lit the north highway of the valley to the west. A major force was descending behind them.

Yarrick preyed it was not Orks.

It wasn't.

Salamanders, that noble Chapter of the Space Marines.

Creaking and grinding in their power armour, the Salamanders moved in, demolishing every enemy they could find. Yarrick saw Salamanders tearing Orks apart limb from limb. The contours and deposition of the battlefield changed abruptly, from a balanced, ferocious clash where the Orks held the advantage of numbers, to one which swung the way of the Imperials. Yarrick's counter-assault had held the enemy firm, bitten into them, wounded them. Now the Adeptus Astartes had arrived to turn the tide.

By that time, Princeps Goplin had advanced Imperius Galgamech up into the Rok itself by way of one of its vast boarding ramps, firing every step of the way.

The deck boards creaked under Galgamech's vast weight. Addressing weapons, he peppered and ruined four Gargants waiting in gantries, ready to deploy. The destruction already wrought by his beloved brother Princeps Danferus was all around. Through the vista-plates in his throne console and the repeater sub-screens floating around him, Goplin saw the burning ruin of Imperius Quintus, sprawled amid the mech-corpses of its enemies.

Galgamech advanced into the weapon bay of the Rok, small-arms fire rattling off its armour futilely. The Titan crushed Ork deck-troops underfoot.

Princeps Goplin rose from his command throne and took off his mind-link coronet. Fluid trickled from the plugs.

"Make ready munitions. Prime them all! Prepare for auto-destruct!" he ordered.

His moderati rose from the forward section of the Titan's cockpit and stoically repeated the order. Overloads began to pulse. The turbine engines thrashed to breaking point. Dials pushed needles into the red and beyond. Amber countdown runes blinked off on the main vista-plate.

Goplin began a final prayer to the Emperor, the Lord of Terra.

Twenty seconds later, Imperius Galgamech detonated and tore the heart out of the Rok. Ork munition stockpiles piles went off in sequence, followed by the main power system of the asteroid bastion. Within the space of three minutes, another fire ball as intense as Hades Hive lit the night sky of Armageddon.

Yarrick was crushing heads with his claw when the light-blaze of the exploding Rok fell across him. The shockwave whipped through the infantry lines, throwing most flat.

Yarrick hauled himself up. His infantry front had been tangled with fierce Ork resistance. But the sight of the destroyed Rok had torn the heart out of the Greenskins. They were fleeing the field en masse, heading east towards the flames of Hades.

"How appropriate," thought Yarrick. He ordered his men up, pulling some men bodily to their feet himself.

"We have them now," he bawled into Robac's vox-link. "In the name of the Emperor, and in the memory of all that have given their lives here... for Hades' sake, let none survive!"

Now the true slaughter began and the first Imperial victory of Armageddon was assured...



Dan Abnett



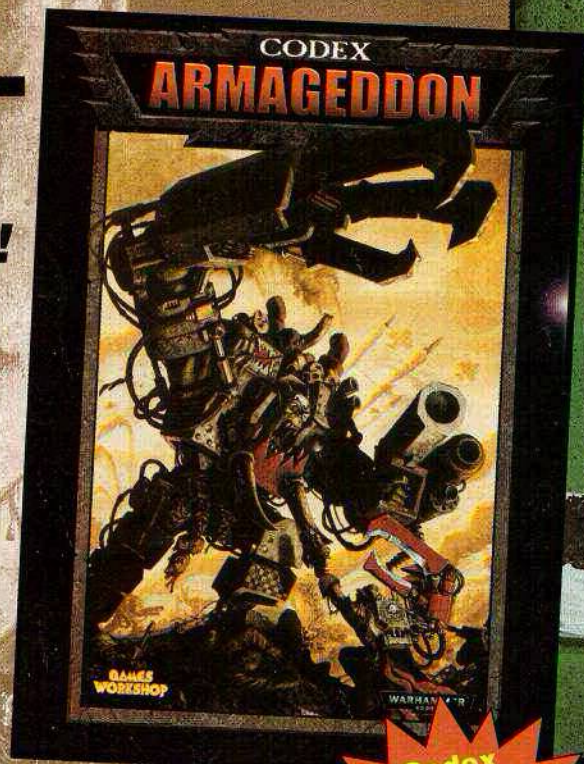
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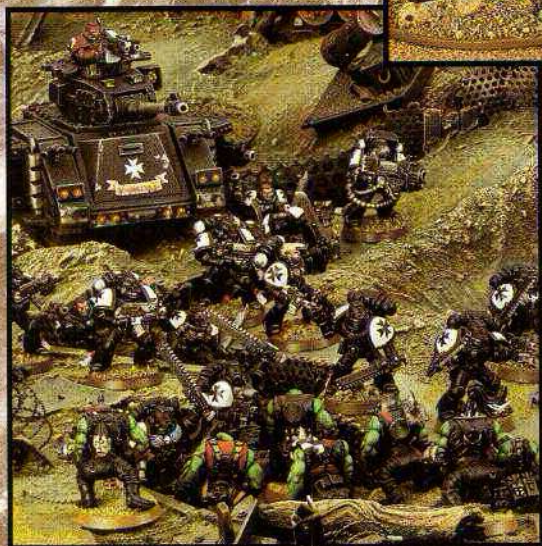
**Codex  
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*Salamanders Space Marines favour multi-meltas as heavy weapons.*



*An Armageddon Steel Legion patrol guns down an Ork warband.*



*Black Templars Space Marines cleanse a captured trenchworks.*



*Ork Speed Freeks looking for a fight!*



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The Roll of Honour is a list of Independent Games Workshop Full Stockists.

Each of these shops stocks a large range of Citadel Miniatures blister packs and boxed sets, as well as boxed games, rulebooks and supplements for Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.

This month we are taking a look at Full Stockists in the United Kingdom. Next month we will focus on shops in Scandanavia, Benelux and Eastern Europe.

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# THE INVINCIBLE ARMY -

In White Dwarf 243 we ran a tongue-in-cheek competition to see who could come up with the most invincible army. With the results finally in, a distinctly nervous Alessio Cavatore was coaxed into the White Dwarf bunker to reveal the dark and terrible secrets unearthed by this investigation of all things beardy! Read on and be very, very afraid...

**Alessio:** I've seen things that no sane man should witness...

First of all, I really want to thank everybody who wrote to me for this competition. I received hundreds of entries from all over Europe. It has been great to see so many people so absorbed in our games, and it has been a big boost to read all your witty and incredibly beardy army lists. Unfortunately, we can't give a prize to everybody. I felt quite guilty about disappointing hundreds of people, but in the end I had to accept this responsibility and start the judging process. Before I continue I just want to

say that if you think I was wrong in judging the most invincible army, then you have a chance for appeal. You can enter the Unlimited competition at the Warhammer Grand Pageant and prove me wrong on the field of battle by wiping out all your opponents' invincible armies (*okay Cavatore, that's enough of the tourney plugs - Fat Bloke!*)

I spent many hours going through the lists, excluding first the ones with some clear mistakes in them (some were above the 3,000 points limit, others were made entirely of Dragon-riding characters...). There is a difference between pushing the rules to their extreme (which some people can enjoy) and breaking them (which is always wrong) and that was my criteria for the first cut. After that I tried to imagine myself facing each army on the gaming table and I picked the ones that really scared me, discarding the ones that made me think "tough, but I can take them". That left me with something like fifty lists... still too many. Going through the remaining lists, I noticed an interesting detail - they could all be grouped into six categories:

## 1 The Goblins

These armies had dozens of Night Goblin Shamans, Pump Wagons, Wolf Chariots and Giants, not many Orcs around, and very few Goblins, except the ones necessary for gaining access to specific characters and war machines. A popular variant was the super-powerful Night Gobbos units with the *Bad Moon Banner* and a front rank entirely made up of heroes striking first with double-handed weapons. The Battle Standard Bearer with *Mork's War Banner* was ubiquitous. The most recurring technique for using this banner deserves a mention for extreme beardiness. The wording on the card says that if an enemy Wizard is in contact with the banner or with the unit which has the banner, he will be killed instantly. The banner is left out of contact with the Wizard, so that any anti-magic items he has are worthless and the Wizard dies instantly!

## 2 The Predictable Vampires

The theme here was almost always a Vampire Lord with a *Sword of Destruction* on a big, nasty flying thing and a Necromancer Lord with the *Forbidden Rod* and the *Curse of the Years*, three Banshees, a Black Coach and very often some Chaos allies.

## 3 The Artillery Dwarfs

These armies always contained at least ten Organ Guns and dozens of crossbowmen. Very often they were topped up with allied Steam Tanks, Volley Guns and Great Cannons. Ka-boom!

## 4 The Elven Flying Circus

Imagine a Wood Elf army entirely made of tooted up characters on Forest Dragons, Eagles and Warhawks. All regiments are Warhawk Riders and they come with some more flying monsters or allies (Bretonnian Heroes on Pegasi are a must). Imagine the entire army flying high in the first turn of the game, casting a gloomy shadow on the

*Left: Alessio's original 'invincible' army: Lord Beardlaxan's Temple Army.*

### WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET LORD BEARDLAXAN TEMPLE ARMY

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sec	Notes	Points Value
MAGE LORD BEARDLAXAN	4	6	5	6	5	8	6	8	10	4+	Magic Weapon: Blade of Cocaelin Magic Ward: Black Armlet (4+ re-roll) Magic Item: Crown of Command, Healing Potion Wizard Arcana: Skull Wand of Kaloth Magic Banner: Dread Banner	965
MAGE LORD												
Army General												
Ceremonial Mace												
Battle Standard												
MAGE MINIMAXAL	4	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8	4+	Magic Item: Destroy Magic Scroll Magic Item: Amulet of Xapati	180
MAGE												
Ceremonial Mace												
QAMI											Magic Item: Black Gem of Oar Magic Armour: Van Horstmann's Speculum	158
SKINK HERO	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	4	4+		
Spear, additional hand weapon, shortbow & javelin (poisoned) & light armour												
SKINK RIDER GLEE	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		
Spear, shortbow (poisoned) & shield												
TERRADON	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
QAZZE											Magic Weapon: Dark Mace of Death Magic Item: Heart of Woe	173
SKINK HERO	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	4	4+		
Spear, additional hand weapon, shortbow & javelin (poisoned), light armour & shield												
SKINK RIDER EXC	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		
Spear, shortbow (poisoned) & shield												
TERRADON	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
7 SKINKS	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
Javelin (poisoned) & shield												
7 SKINKS	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
Javelin (poisoned) & shield												
7 SKINKS	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
Javelin (poisoned) & shield												
AL'HA FLIGHT	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		
6 Skink Terradon Riders												
Spears, shortbows (poisoned) & shields												
TERRADON	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
B'TA FLIGHT	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		
6 Skink Terradon Riders												
Spears, shortbows (poisoned) & shields												
TERRADON	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
THU'DER	6	2	0	7	6	6	2	5	6	4+	Magic Banner: Jaguar Standard	286
STEADON	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
10 Skink Crew												
Spears, shields, javelin & shortbows (poisoned)												
BA'TERRER	6	2	0	7	6	6	2	5	6	4+	Magic Banner: Banner of Might	286
STEADON	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
8 Skink Crew												
Spears, shields, javelin & shortbows (poisoned)												
R'CAIN	6	2	0	7	6	6	2	5	6	4+	Magic Banner: Banner of Sorcery	286
STEADON	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
10 Skink Crew												
Spears, shields, javelin & shortbows (poisoned)												

**TOTAL 2,996 points**



# THE QUEST IS OVER!

enemy on the ground. Imagine the five boring turns with nothing to do and the final turn when they all charge down to score just enough points to win the game.

Now imagine what happens if this army meets an enemy with the *Storm Banner*!

## 5 The Drunk Vermin Lords

These armies included the mandatory two Vermin Lords in a unit with a character carrying *Skavenbrew* and a *Warpstone Charm* (gulp!), lots of Plague Priest-led Monks (blatantly an excuse to buy as many Censer Bearers as possible...) and the inevitable *Storm Banner* "if we can't fly then nobody else will! Squeek!" Night Goblin Shamans and Battle Standard Bearers (*Mork's War Banner*, of course!) were a common choice for allies.

## 6 The Bearded Rest

Chaos made its presence felt with Daemon armies crammed with Daemon Princes and Greater Daemons. *Sword of Destruction*-wielding Chaos Lords on Dragons or in Chariots with various Daemon Steeds were everywhere, as well as Beastman hordes made entirely of chariots.

Khemri lists with zillions of *Scrolls of Mighty Incantations* were another scary thought, together with many variations on the Lizardmen from Hell army that I proposed.

Dark Elves and High Elves were not so common, perhaps they were too busy gutting each other to take part in this competition. The few entries I received from Ulthuan and Naggaroth were predictably full of Repeater Bolt Throwers and missile-armed infantry.

Another interesting tendency was the one-unit armies, at which Humans seemed to excel. One example was the Bretonnian armies made of a single unit of Grail Knights with enough Heroes to have all the Virtues in the same lance! On this subject I'd like to mention Luke Blaxill's Empire army, comprising of a General on foot carrying a *Black Gem of Gnar* and leading a single unit of almost 300 Flagellants...

## In Reverse Order the Winners are...

After much thinking and rethinking and a lot of time spent asking the opinions of my fellow game designers, I came up with the three armies that in my humble opinion are the best of the lot. The two runners up will each be receiving a copy of the new Warhammer boxed game for their sins.

## Third Place

In third position I placed D. J. Beastall's

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET											Lord Gitt's Undead Beards	
Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sve	Notes	Points Value
<b>CHARACTERS</b>												
LORD GITT												
BLOOD DRAGON												
VAMPIRE LORD												
ARMY GENERAL	6	8	6	7	6	4	9	4(5)	10	2+	Magic Weapon: Sword of Destruction Bloodline Powers: Red Fury, Strength of Steel, Killing Blow	527
Lance, shield, heavy armour, barding, knightmare	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-		
LORD VORTIGERN												
WIGHT LORD	4	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	9	2+	Magic Banner: Banner of Might	128
BATTLE STANDARD BEARER	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-		
Lance, heavy armour, barding, shield, knightmare												
LORD RATHER												
WIGHT LORD	4	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	9	2+	Magic Item: Cursed Book	73
Lance, heavy armour, barding, shield, knightmare	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-		
VON BEARDEN												
NECROMANCER LORD	4	4	4	4	4	4	6	3	9	-	Magic Item: Forbidden Rod Magic Item: Cloak of Mists and Shadows Magic Item: Healing Scroll Magic Item: Dispel Magic Scroll	512
Halberd												
KASPA												
WRAITH	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	2	5	-	Magic Item: Heart of Woe	65
Double-handed weapon												
<b>UNITS</b>												
BANSHEE	8	3	0	3	4	2	3	2	8	-		100
BANSHEE	8	3	0	3	4	2	3	2	8	-		100
BANSHEE	8	3	0	3	4	2	3	2	8	-		100
27 ZOMBIES												145
Standard, muscled	4	2	0	3	3	1	1	1	5	-		
4 VAMPIRE BATS												100
4 VAMPIRE BATS	4	3	0	3	3	2	3	2	5	-		
7 WIGHT CAVALRY												320
Standard, lances, shields, barding, heavy armour, knightmares	4	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	8	2+		
	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-		
<b>WAR MACHINES</b>												
BLOOD DRAGON BLACK COACH												200
VON CARSTEIN BLACK COACH												200
LAHMIAN BLACK COACH												200
NECRARCH BLACK COACH												200
BLACK COACH	6	0	0	7	7	5	1	0	5	-		
WRAITH	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	2	5	-		
KNIGHTMARE	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5	-		
											<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>3,000 Points</b>

Vampires, aka 'Lord Gitt's Undead Beards'. His Vampire Counts army features a unit of Wight Cavalry with a Blood Dragon Lord with the *Sword of Destruction* and killer Bloodline powers, where the Wight Lords carrying the *Cursed Book* and the *Banner of Might* are carefully placed so as not to be in base contact with the Lord, so that he can benefit from their objects' effect while using his magic sword. Then there is the classic Necromancer Lord with *Forbidden Rod*, *Potion of Healing* and *Cloak of Mists and Shadows*, together with a Wraith with the *Heart of Woe* leading a unit of Zombies. One Black Coach, three Banshees and some Vampire Bats finish his army, but the real beard comes into play when we come to the allies. Since you can ally with other Vampire families, Lord Gitt has borrowed a Black Coach from each of the other Bloodlines and can now count on a terrifying group of four Black Coaches! In his



own words "these Black Coaches will 'double team' one another, so they will be able to feed off the damage done by each other, and should max out their Evocations of Death very quickly." What more can I say?! Well done, Mr Beastall, but I can't let you win because your four Coaches could be judged illegal if we strictly apply the limitations on allies in the case of units that are normally limited to 0-1 (see the Chaos Dwarf armies book on page 54 for further details...).

## Second Place

In second position I decided for 'The Statue Makerz' of Ian Clarke. His Goblin army is made of two blocks of Goblins, one of Night Goblins, two of Wolf Riders (all Goblins are armed with shortbows) and three big units of Snotlings. His General is a Goblin Warboss, with a few low power protective items, hidden in one of the Goblins unit. Nothing so special here, but the really ingenious part comes now in the form of eight Night Goblin Shamans, all mounted on Cockatrices! His allies are three Skaven Warlock Engineers with Dispel Scrolls who all ride, can you guess... more Cockatrices! This is an army which is lethal against my Lizardmen, because it can effectively turn Beardlaxan to stone in the first turn of the game. The Slann might have to take 11 Initiative tests, and he is bound to roll at least one 6, thus turning to stone.

Not the multiple Ward saves, not the Amulet of Xapati, not even the Healing Potion... nothing can save him! All that would be left would be just a fat statue to Ian

Clarke's cleverness! Beardlaxan's only chance for survival would be to get the first turn and the *Tempest* spell to stop the chickens from flying or to hide in a wood for all the game (not very honourable for a Slann Lord!). Imagine what will be left of my army after a couple of turns: a statue of a small toad and three statues of big slow dinosaurs (Minimaxal and the Stegadons have Initiative 2!), with some Skinks running around to be killed by the Goblins' magic and arrows.

Ian's army is original and very well thought out, perfect to beat mine or indeed any army based on single super-powerful characters. Ian himself, on the other hand, recognises that against different armies, where characters are inside units, or armies with the dreaded *Storm Banner*, his army would probably lose. Sorry Ian, your army does not win the competition, but congratulations again! I feel definitely outwitted.

## And the Winner is...

Mads Knudsen, with his Goblin list 'The Untouchables'. What strikes me as terribly effective in Mads' army is the great mixture of elements from different lists that have been used to achieve an unbelievable army, capable of taking on almost anything. We decided that taking Gorduz was legal even without a unit of Hobgoblins, because that limitation applies to Hobgoblin Heroes and Gorduz is referred to as a Hobgoblin Lord. Similarly, we decided that Gorduz can cancel Animosity because the precise ruling states that Hobgoblin mobs cancel Orc and Goblin animosity. Hobgoblins do not have mobs, they have units, and therefore the rule could be interpreted as allowing any Hobgoblins to cancel Animosity (it should be noted that these interpretations are REALLY stretching the rules to breaking point, as is fitting in a bearded army).

I was really captured by Mads' mathematical demonstration of the total impossibility of creating an Invincible Army (read through his comments to discover why...) and if his *Storm Banner* did not run out of power very quickly, I really wouldn't know what to do with my poor Lizardmen.

Mads has won a copy of the new Warhammer boxed game, all the models that make up his winning army and a visit to the Studio to face me across the field of battle! Now I shall leave you with Mads and his army, and I sincerely hope that you will agree with me that his army deserves to win!

## Mads Knudsen 'The Untouchables'

In 'Warhammer Fantasy Battle' there is no such thing as an unbeatable army<sup>1</sup>. Every cunning strategy has a weakness, that is the nature of the game. I believe that in order to create the army which has the best possible chance of winning, one has to take three things into account, 1. destructive powers, 2. weaknesses and 3. the battleplan or strategy.

I believe that the two most destructive models in the game (points taken into consideration) are the Snotling Pump-Wagon with its 2d6 S7 hits, and the Necromancer Lord with the *Book of Secrets*, giving him the ability to keep the enemy from moving with his summoning spells and ageing/blasting them with the *Curse of*

<sup>1</sup> Make the 'unbeatable army' play against a copy of itself and one of the two will be victorious and thus, not be 'unbeatable' anymore...

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET													The Statue Makerz	
Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value		
<b>CHARACTERS</b>														
BOB DUCKWEAZ										7 3+/ 2+special/ 5+special	Magic Item: Jade Amulet Magic Armour: Armour of Fortune Magic Armour: Enchanted Shield	75		
Goblin Warlord	4	5	6	4	4	3	5	4						
ARMY GENERAL														
<b>ONEZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>TWOZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>THREEZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>FOURZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>FIVEZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>SIXEZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>SEVENZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>LOADZ</b>														
NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	178		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>ALLIED CHARACTERS</b>														
<b>SKWEEK</b>														
WARLOCK ENGINEER	5	3	3	3	4	1	5	1	5	-	Magic Item: Dispel Magic Scroll	231		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>SCU-WEEK</b>														
WARLOCK ENGINEER	5	3	3	3	4	1	5	1	5	-	Magic Item: Dispel Magic Scroll	231		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>SCWEE-K</b>														
WARLOCK ENGINEER	5	3	3	3	4	1	5	1	5	-	Magic Item: Dispel Magic Scroll	231		
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6	-	Fear, petrify, fly			
<b>UNITS</b>														
24 NIGHT GOBLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	-	Shortbows	60		
24 GOBLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	-	Shortbows	60		
25 GOBLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	-	Shortbows	62.5		
20 GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	-	Shortbows	200		
Wolf	9	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-				
20 GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	-	Shortbows	200		
Wolf	9	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-				
5 SNOTLING BASES	4	2	2	1	1	3	3	3	4	-		75		
5 SNOTLING BASES	4	2	2	1	1	3	3	3	4	-		75		
5 SNOTLING BASES	4	2	2	1	1	3	3	3	4	-		75		
<b>TOTAL</b>											<b>2999.5 Points</b>			



*Years/Gaze of Nagash.* The Necromancer becomes even more destructive when supported by a lot of 'Bound' spells.

The main threats to my army are magic, missile fire and flying creatures. I have equipped my Necromancer with the *Book of Nagash*, thus enabling him to pick his spells before other Undead creatures, and making them harder to dispel, and the *Potion of Knowledge* just in case I run out of stats. With the *Banner of Sorcery* and ten mushroom-carrying Shamans, I will be able to get hold of the entire magic deck by turn one and probably hold onto most of the dispel/special cards. The Chalice of Darkness will destroy d6 of my opponent's spells, or d6+1 if my initial roll is less than satisfying (*Warpstone Charm*). Missile troops and flying creatures are vulnerable to one magic item in particular: the *Storm Banner*. My strategy is simple. While my enemy is unable to move, my Pump Wagons will run him over, supported by Giants, Goblins and a lot of magic. Different armies call for slightly different strategies but this is the main battleplan. It works best if my opponent is counting heavily on magic and a few expensive but effective units of models to win him or her the game<sup>2</sup>.

### A Step-by-Step Guide to the Untouchables

My Warlord will keep my troops from running away (*Crown of Command*) and kill anything which can only be harmed by magic weapons. The Big Boss and the Giants are faster than the Pump Wagons and will act as troubleshooters.

The Shamans will support the Necromancer with magic staffs<sup>3</sup>, carry *Dispel/Destroy Scrolls* (in case of Bound spells) and keep dispel/special cards out of the game. The Necromancer will keep out of harm's way, most of his spells not needing line of sight. His most important task is to keep the enemy from moving.

Gorduz steals my opponent's spells in turn one. Magic items and his special luck will keep him alive for about eight spells. Being a Hobgoblin he will take care of Animosity. My mobs are only to get stuck in if there is no alternative, ie, a lot of ethereal troops and the like. They are mainly magic standard carriers and shields for my Shamans and Necromancer.

<sup>2</sup> Note that my army is 'unbeatable' and will win no matter what army it faces.

<sup>3</sup> And the power of the Waaght! if I get the first turn.

## WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

### THE UNTOUCHABLES

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
<b>CHARACTERS</b>												
THE EGGMAN Mc'CARTNEY	4	5	6	4	4	3	5	4	10*	4+	833 POINTS, 27.77%	133
Goblin Warlord												
Army General												
Wolf, shield & crossbow												
<b>ON THE HILL HARRISON</b>												
Goblin Big Boss	4	4	5	4	4	2	4	3	6	3+	Magic Armour: Armour of Endurance Magic Item: Heart of Woe	68
Wolf & shield												
<b>DIP</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Destroy Magic scroll Shaman Mushroom	61
Crossbow												
<b>DHIP</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Staff of Oasirs Shaman Mushroom	61
Crossbow												
<b>DIB</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Staff of Lightning Shaman Mushroom	61
Crossbow												
<b>MVE</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Staff of Flaming Death Shaman Mushroom	61
Crossbow												
<b>LITTEL</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Ring of Volans Shaman Mushroom	53
Crossbow												
<b>SHIEP</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Dispel Magic scroll Shaman Mushroom	56
Crossbow												

## WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

### THE UNTOUCHABLES

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
<b>NAOW</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Dispel Magic scroll Shaman Mushroom	56
Crossbow												
<b>YOU</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Dispel Magic scroll Shaman Mushroom	56
Crossbow												
<b>AARH</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Item: Dispel Magic scroll Shaman Mushroom	56
Crossbow												
<b>IT</b>												
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	-	Shaman Mushroom	31
Crossbow												
<b>ALLIED CHARACTERS</b>												
<b>LIBRARIAN MAXIMUS</b>												
Necromancer Lord	4	4	4	4	4	4	6	3	9	-	Magic Item: Book of Secrets Magic Item: Potion of Knowledge Magic Item: Jade Amulet Magic Item: Book of Nagash	515
Spells: Summon Undead Horde, Raise Dead, Gaze of Nagash, Curse of Years & Vanhels' Dance Macabre												
<b>GORDUZ BACKSTABBER</b>												
Special Character	4	6	6	4	4	3	5	4	8	4+	Magic Item: Amber Amulet Magic Item: Warpstone Charm Magic Item: Chalice of Darkness	182
Wolf, light armour, shield												
Special Rules: Fated, Lucky, Sneaky (see Chaos Dwarf book for details)												
<b>MOBS</b>												
<b>DISCIPLES OF MORK</b>												
19 Night Goblins	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Banner: Banner of Sorcery	75
Standard Bearer												
<b>GREASED LIGHTNINGS</b>												
19 Forest Goblins	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Banner: Banner of Wrath	125
Standard Bearer												
<b>DA STORMTROOPERS</b>												
19 Goblins	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	-	Magic Banner: Storm Banner	150
Standard Bearer												
<b>ME HUNGRY</b>												
GIANT	6	3	3	7	6	6	3	SPECIAL	6	-		200
YOU LUNCH												
GIANT	6	3	3	7	6	6	3	SPECIAL	6	-		200
<b>MACHINES OF WAR</b>												
<b>18...yes 18!!! Pump Wagons</b>												
Snotling Pumpwagon	2D6	-	-	7	7	3	1	-	-	-	720 POINTS, 24%	720 (40x18)
Crew	-	2	2	1	1	3	3	4	-	-	Causes 2D6 strength 7 impact hits	
<b>TOTAL</b>												3,000 Points

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# WARHAMMER WORLD

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GAMES WORKSHOP EXHIBITION CENTRE,  
Games Workshop HQ, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham.

- SHOP
- EVENTS
- MUSEUM

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Warhammer World is located at Games Workshop's HQ and is the centre of hobby excellence. At Warhammer World you can look around the museum of lifesized Warhammer 40,000 exhibits; marvel at the gigantic displays, such as Vengeance of the Vampire, the entire Ultramarines Chapter and the awesome Siege of the Emperor's Palace; visit the shop with its complete range of GW products and finally, finish your visit with a thirst-quenching refreshment in the famous Bugman's Bar.

Guided tours take place on most days, although the museum does occasionally close for special events, so please call before making a journey.

**Tel: 0115 916 8410**

# ARMAGEDDON

## Ghazghkull's back!

WARHAMMER 40,000 CAMPAIGN WEEKEND 2nd & 3rd SEPTEMBER

The challenge is made. Following the release of the incredible Codex Armageddon, Warhammer World is proud to present the second Warhammer 40,000 Campaign this year!

If crushing armies in a massive campaign on a grand scale sounds like your idea of a fun weekend, and you have a painted 1,500 point Warhammer 40,000 army, then call Mail Order now!

Our custom built Exhibition Hall will be filled with challenging battlefields for you to fight across and help us decide the fate of one of the critical sectors on Armageddon. Stopping only to grab some food and drink along the way, you will be one of the Commanders fighting either to bring Ghazghkull's plans into reality or to repel him with your Imperial battlegroup.

Tickets are priced £32.00 each, including lunch on each day. Ticket price also includes a free copy of Codex Armageddon to be sent with your ticket and campaign rules pack.

Tickets are available from Mail Order or through Instore Mail Order from 29th July 2000. Entry strictly by ticket only. There are only 80 Tickets available, so CALL EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT. Tickets will not be available on the day. Over 16s only.



Ticket includes a copy of Codex Armageddon

CALL THE MAIL ORDER HOTLINE ON: 0115 91 4000



# WARMASTER CAMPAIGN

SUNDAY 15TH OCTOBER 2000 10am-6pm

Once more it is time to bring forth your armies and conquer the weak! The challenge is made. All Warmasters are called to battle!

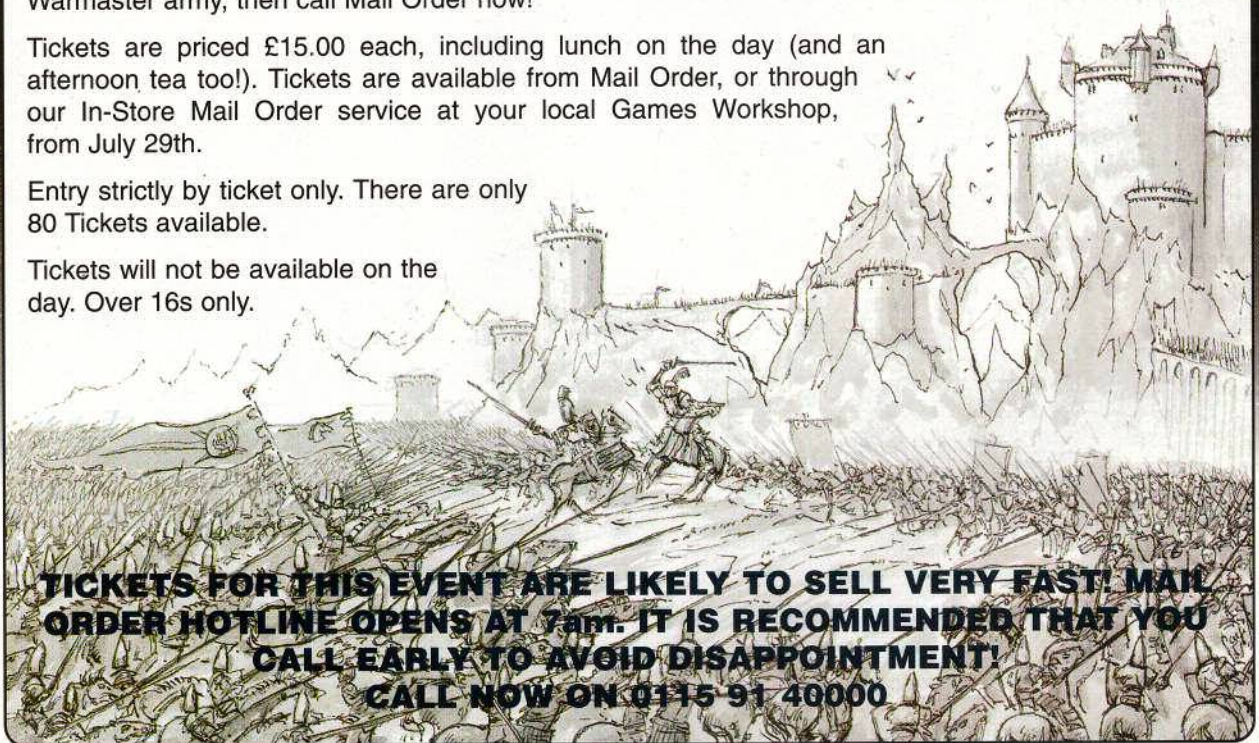
The Warhammer World Exhibition Hall will be laid out with loads of gaming tables, arranged to represent crucial defensive positions in the Old World. Armies are able to move from table to table and fight battles, conduct sieges, make sea-borne invasions and all kinds of other exciting stuff.

Pausing only for food and the occasional drink, this titanic clash will last the whole day. If the thought of carving out an empire sounds like your idea of fun, and you have a painted 2,000 point Warmaster army, then call Mail Order now!

Tickets are priced £15.00 each, including lunch on the day (and an afternoon tea too!). Tickets are available from Mail Order, or through our In-Store Mail Order service at your local Games Workshop, from July 29th.

Entry strictly by ticket only. There are only 80 Tickets available.

Tickets will not be available on the day. Over 16s only.



**TICKETS FOR THIS EVENT ARE LIKELY TO SELL VERY FAST! MAIL ORDER HOTLINE OPENS AT 7am. IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT YOU CALL EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT! CALL NOW ON 0115 91 40000**

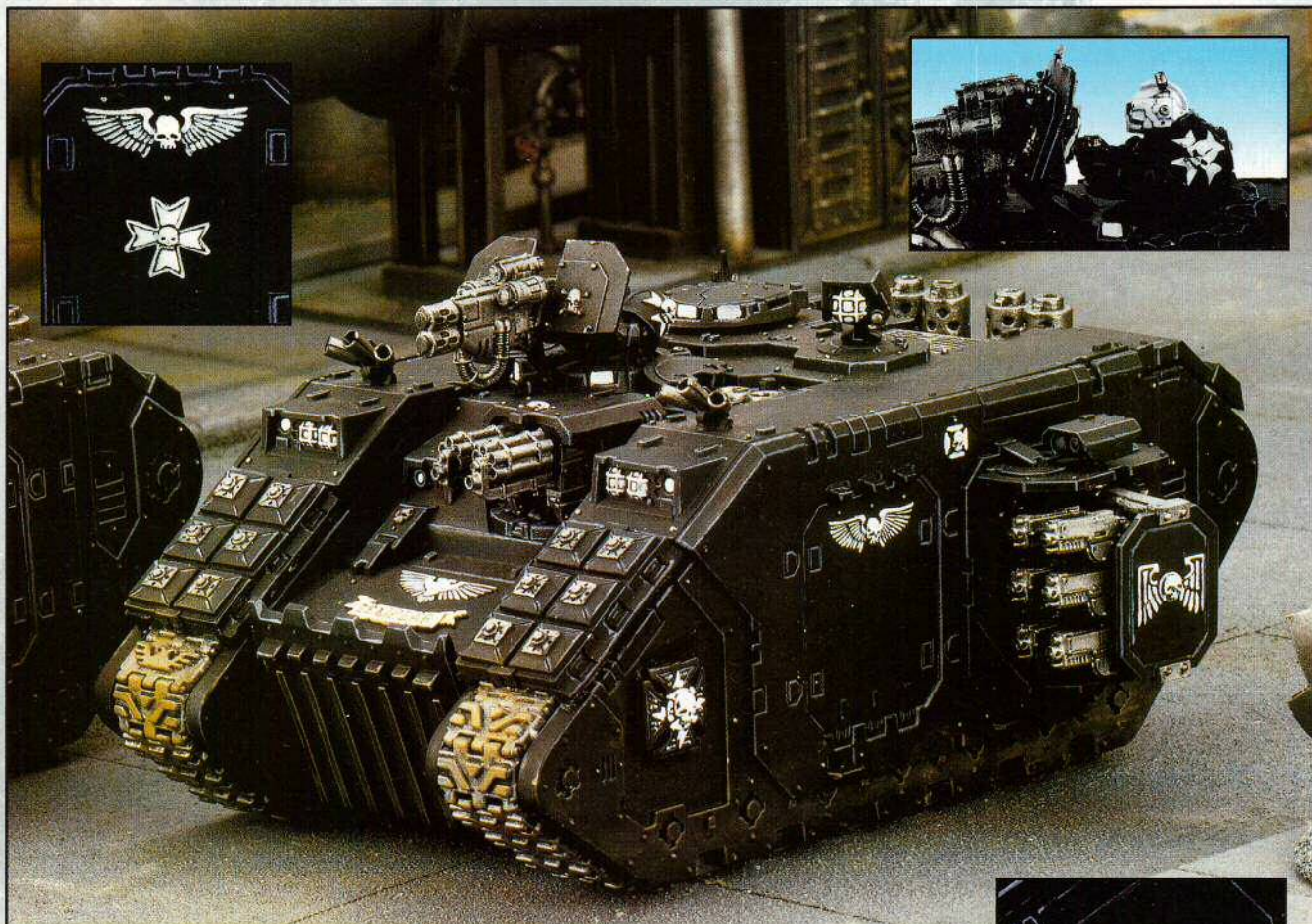
**WARHAMMER WORLD OPEN DAY  
SUNDAY 26TH NOVEMBER**

TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE AT GAMES DAY 2000. LOOK OUT FOR MORE DETAILS IN NEXT MONTH'S WHITE DWARF.



# CHAPTER HONOURS

Converting your Land Raider by the simple addition of a few Chapter badges and markings is a great way to add real character to your Space Marine tank. Matthew Hutson has been on the prowl, looking for examples of what can be done.

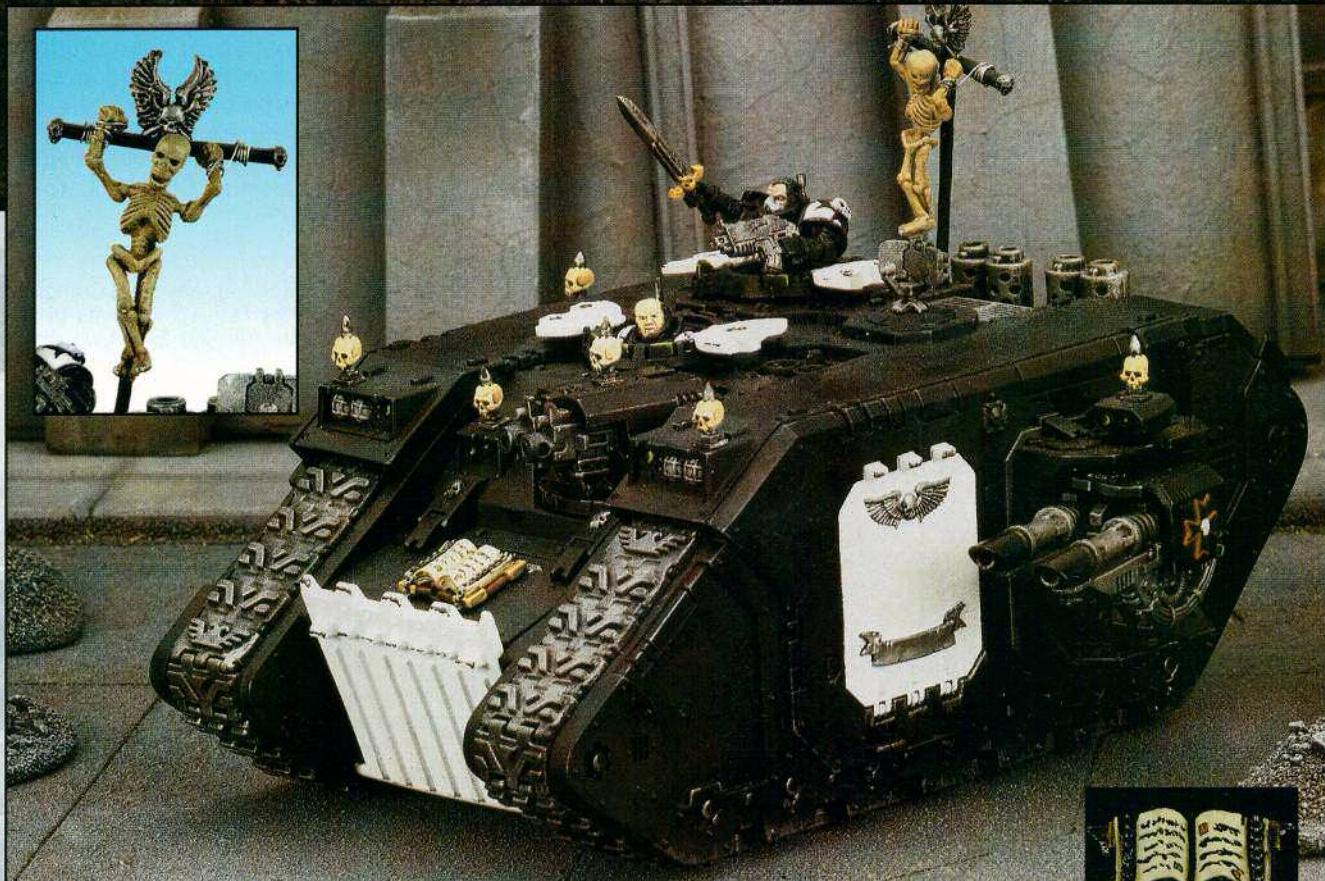


Matt's own Land Raiders simply use Terminator storm shield and Warhammer Empire shield bosses as these are perfect for Black Templars icons.

Conversions can be as simple or as complicated as you like. One of the obvious conversions you can do is to add the badge of your Chapter onto your Land Raider. Another good source of bits are the various Space Marine kits available. Warhammer fantasy shields are also a great place for bits as they contain all manner of skulls and icons that can be used to represent the icons from existing Chapters or one of your own design.







Paul Jays from UK Mail Order has used bits from the Warhammer Chaos Warrior and Skeleton kits to give his Black Templars Land Raider a more gothic feel. Of particular note are the open book taken from the Imperial Missionary model and the gruesome banner.



Danny Knight, also from UK Mail Order, has used all manner of bits from the Space Wolves kit to adorn his Land Raider, giving it a more feral appearance.



# Index Astartes



A series focusing on the  
Imperium's finest warriors,  
the Space Marines of the  
Adeptus Astartes

EMPEROR'S  
SHIELD

Space Marine Chapters  
of the Armageddon War

Current Imperial reports estimate over twenty Space Marine Chapters present in the Armageddon sub-sector. Exact numbers cannot be confirmed as more Chapters are still arriving in response to General Kurov's call for reinforcements. The following report details some of the Space Marine Chapters' roles within this war-torn system.

Upon hearing of the invasion, the Blood Angels Third Company immediately re-routed to Armageddon. After the events of the Second War, Chapter Master Dante realised that it would be futile to deny Tycho his vengeance against the Orks. The Salamanders Chapter, also veterans of the last war, had sworn to defend Armageddon should the shadow of Ghazghkull ever again fall upon the planet's surface. Joined by the Storm Giants and Marines Malevolent, elements of these Chapters are stationed on the outskirts of Hive Tempestora in preparation to retake it from the Orks.

The Black Templars Chapter had embarked on a crusade some years earlier in an effort to eradicate the Orks' dominance of the Golgotha system. As the dire news of the massive Ork offensive spread, Marshal Actoan redirected his forces to Armageddon. Since then their numbers have been bolstered by two more Black Templars crusades. One of these is led by none other than High Marshal Helbrecht, Chapter Master of the Black Templars. Latest intelligence reports suggest that the combined crusades have stormed several Ork space hulks drifting across the Armageddon sector.

Tactical recommendations within the Index Astartes state the best form of defence is offence. In accordance with this, many of the Space Marine Chapters can be found taking the fight directly to the Orks. The Iron Champions are preparing for a massed drop pod assault on the Ork forces at Hive Volcanus. This is welcome news to the Celestial Lions Chapter, who have suffered heavy losses defending the hive and are reported to be down to a fraction of their original strength. The destroyed Hades Hive is once again the scene of heavy fighting. Space Marines from the Silver Skulls Chapter are engaged in fierce battles in an attempt to prevent Orks looting valuable metals from the shattered hive for use in the construction of their gargantuan war machines.

The Storm Lords have secured Death Mire to use as a major staging point for an assault deep into Ork-held territory. The renegade Hive of Acheron has also gained the attention of the Space Marines. Wolf Lord Logan Grimnar himself is leading the Space Wolves in a strike to depose the heretic von Strab and his corrupted Armageddon aristocracy. At this critical time in the conflict many of the Space Marine Chapters have yet to find strategic positions from which to bring their might to bear upon the Ork forces. The White Scars Chapter is manoeuvring its brotherhoods into tactical positions throughout the Deadlands. Their role in destroying a large contingent of Kult of Speed warbands is crucial. The Ork plan to cut off water supplies to the Imperial forces could prove disastrous. Huge numbers of Orks have landed virtually uncontested at drop sites within the Fire Wastes. In response to these threats the Black Dragons Chapter have coordinated a large squadron of Thunderhawk gunships to deploy their troops at the Ore mine on Phoenix island before the Orks can reach it.

The ravaged surface of Armageddon is but one of the locations in which the Orks have made substantial gains. The Exorcists, a fleet-based Chapter, are involved in fierce space battles around the warp jump points in an attempt to stem the flow of Ork reinforcements pouring into the sector. Dark Angels successor Chapter the Angels of Redemption can be found quelling the rebellion on the Ogryn mining world Monglor. Reports of an Eldar Craftworld sighted in this region are also being investigated by the Second Company of the Chapter.

With more Chapters arriving all the time, the battle for Armageddon is still in its early stages. As many of the Imperial forces are in retreat it is up to the Space Marines to turn the tide.

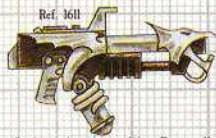




IA ref. 4236/erg/  
Servitude studs



IA ref. 6757/  
5th Company



Ref. 1611  
Index Astartes file. 7ng nfl  
'Firedrake' incinerator unit



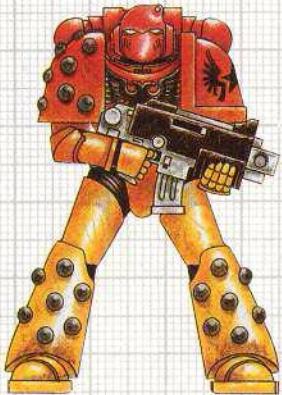
IA ref. 356.6/  
Chapter Icon



Ref: 363M.37  
Closed core backpack



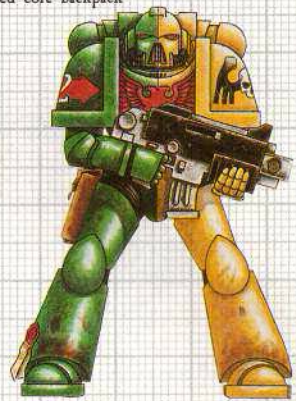
IA ref. 247.56  
Redemptor mark



Celebrants M.36-M.41



Black Dragons M.36



Angels of Redemption M.31



IA ref. 3630/d/  
Second company



IA ref. 7565.iak/  
Chapter Icon



Inq. record. 4539.1/BA  
designation: Assault



Mk IV Boltgun, Ultima pattern

IA ref. wdx248



Inq. record. 4539.9/BA  
designation: Devastator



Imp. ref. 555/ftp/mantle



Ref. 009.21/Promethean  
cult markings  
(cross.ref. Heretic Colts)

Inq. record 37676  
Battle Warzone  
Tempestrora  
army badge



Blood Angels Progenitor Legion M.31



Inq. record. 4539.4/BA  
designation: Honour Guard



Salamanders Progenitor Legion M.31



Mk VII Helmet  
with Osmotic  
gill modification



IA ref. 456/t/  
Chapter icon



Ref. 4657  
Mk I and Mk III Crusade pattern Boltguns  
with personal litany markings.

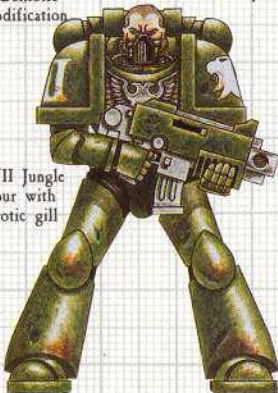


Ref: 345.5M35  
Backpack



Imp. ref:  
Xenon.six Mortifactors  
Death cult markings

Mk VII Jungle  
armour with  
Osmotic gill



Raptors M.31

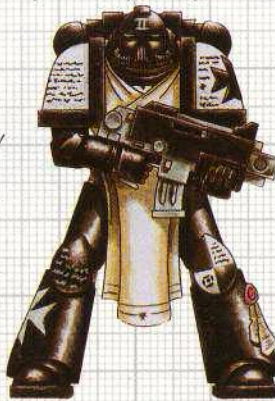
Imp. ref: Alpha.nine. Cerbera Base Relief Force



IA ref. 356.8/l/  
Chapter icon

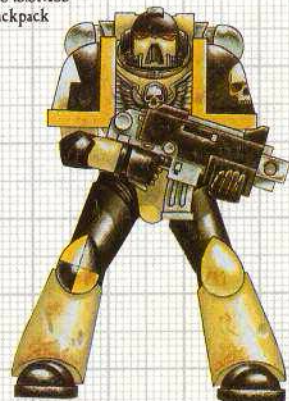


IA ref. 213/f/  
Personal litany



Black Templars M.31

IA ref. wdx249



Mortifactors M.40



# Index Astartes: Emperors Shield

Chapter Approved. Access level:  $\Sigma$  four



Mk.VI Bolt pistol



Ref. 37Y.56/SL Chapter marking



Ref. 006/Tactical designation



Ref. 457.5



Ref. 567/1A/Storm



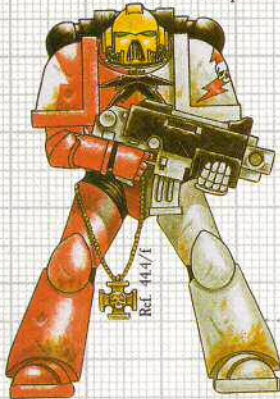
Imp. ref. 456.29/Backpack reactor



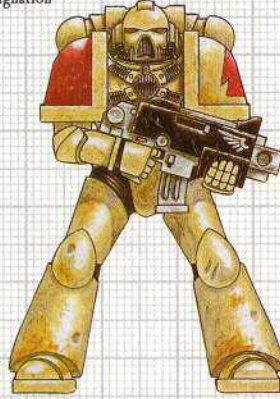
Ref./Ryza/1st co.



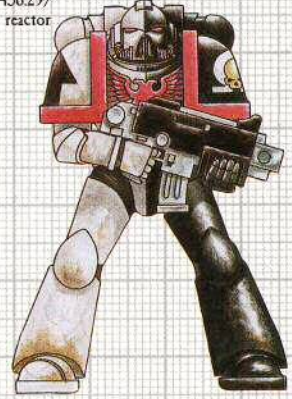
IA. 344/Omega



Storm Lords Chapter M.31



Storm Giants Chapter M.41  
Imp Ref. Betafour. Votan Asteroid Belt



Omega Marines M.40

IA. ref. 3k.Veteran 1st co.



Space Wolves Progenitor Chapter M.31



Mk.VII Grey Hunter Helmet

CI ref. wdx246



Ref. 17a/321/Long Fang



Ref. 129.2s/Great Wolf marking



Ref. 45rc467/Wolf Totem



Mk.IV Fenris pattern power axe Frost blade

Ref. 19WR6/Angels panoply (cross ref. IA. Iconography)



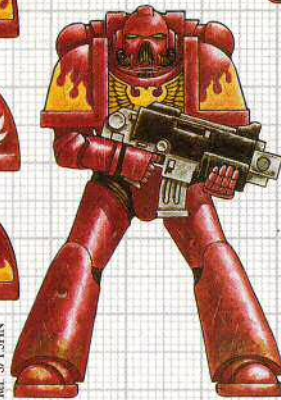
Ref. 37Y.3HN



Adept. Mech. ref. M37. Closed core backpack



Ref. 42RB Cleansed Fire Blade



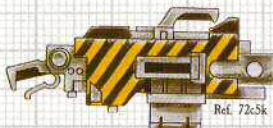
Angels of Fire M.36



Mk.VII Modified Devastator helmet



Arm. file. 3698.5/Chapter icon (The Silver skull)



M.36 Heavy Bolter/Veteran markings



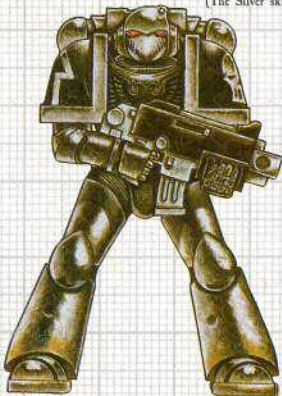
Arm. file. 43.5a/3rd Company variant



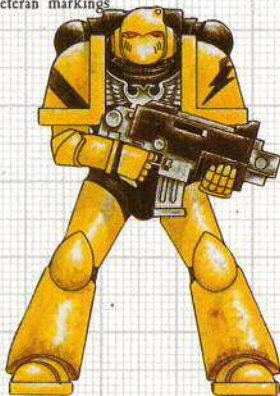
Mk.VII Helmet (Hard Vacuum modification)



Ref.34.5a/Relictor Penitence marking (Inq. report: classified)



Silver Skulls M.31



Marines Malevolent M.32



Relictors M.36

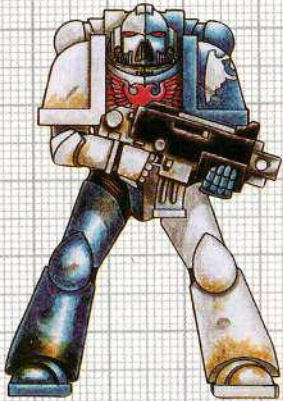
Mk.IX Phall pattern Bolt pistol

Ref. 1mg

Thought for the day: Serve the Emperor today for tomorrow you may be dead.



IA ref. x24z/Chapter honour marking.



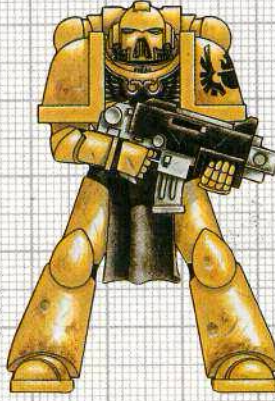
Sons of Guilliman M.33

Ref. 454a.56/Chapter icon.



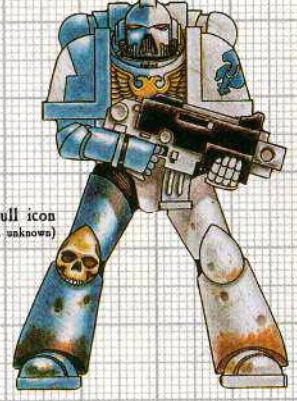
Celestial Lions M.38

Ref. 456/Eternal Vigilance crucible (cross ref. Death watch)



Angels of Vigilance M.40

IA ref.1296/Chapter badge



Angels Porphyrt M.31



Arm. ref. M41. Fire Wastes Army Group North

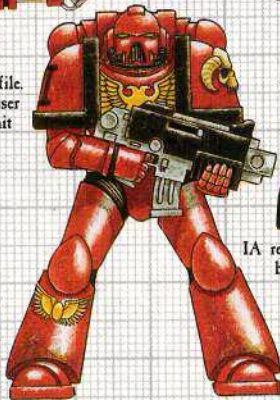
Skull icon (ref. unknown)



Index Astartes file, 7ng n11 Chastiser Incinerator unit



M.36 Backpack (closed core)



Exorcists M.40

Inq. file. four.seven. Phoenix Redemption marking

IA ref. Exorcist Chapter badge (7th Co.)



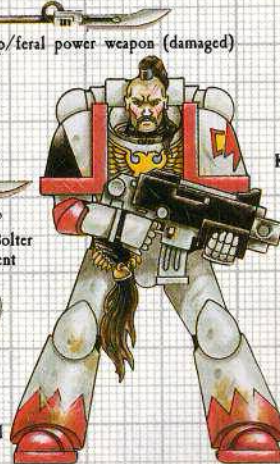
IA ref. 676/itp/feral power weapon (damaged)



Ref. 457/b 998 Godwyn pattern Bolter with assault attachment



IA ref. 45/t Ritual duelling Tulwar



White Scars Progenitor Legion M.31 Ravager with Torandor pelt honour gift



Imp ref. 39.55d Khan homage mark (cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



Ref. 456z Attack bike markings

Ref. 56767 Armageddon campaign markings

Ref. 326.mnh/Ritual Power Sword



Imp. ref. 459.pft/Ritual flaying knife (cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



IA ref. 543/f 5th Co.

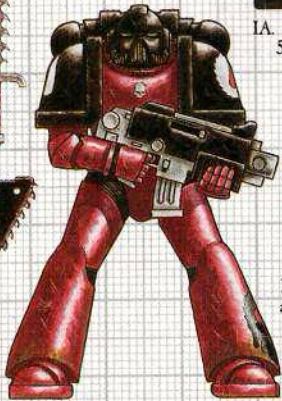


Mk.VII Helmet (Devastator modification)



IA ref. 543/f Iron Champions Balur crusade Honourific

Imp. ref. 795.rt/Chainaxe

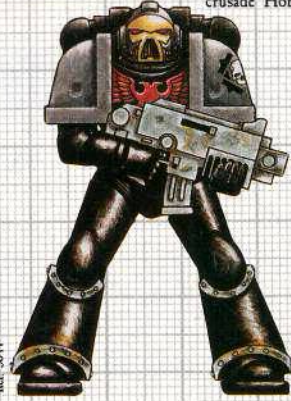


Flesh Tearers M.31 (cross ref. IA Blood Angels)



Imp. ref. 354.sjal/Delta Nine army badge

Ref. 5644



Iron Champions. Founding unrecorded



Chapter Unidentified



# Great NEW stuff for these great games!

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## New Mercenary Warband for Mordheim – Averlanders

Averland lies to the south-west of Ostermark and the dreaded City of the Damned. It is a land of thick pine forests and few cities and is only sparsely populated at best. Nevertheless, the men of Averland are a very hardy breed indeed, for to the south lies the Black Fire Pass, the favoured invasion route of the Greenskins. These men have been hardened from a lifetime of fighting the savage Orcs and Goblins of the Black Mountains and mercenary bands are very common in these parts. Despite their fearsome reputation, the Averlanders are renowned for their flamboyant if slightly outlandish dress sense – huge floppy hats and baggy sleeves and trousers. It is often commented that Averlanders really stand out in a crowd and that's just the way they like it when looking for hire as mercenaries. Rules for using an Averland warband in Mordheim can be found in Town Cryer issue 10. They also make great characters and champions for a Warhammer Empire army!



## New Mercenary Warband for Mordheim – High Elf Shadow Warriors

The High Elves of Ulthuan are a wise and ancient race although they are often proud and haughty and do not mix with lesser races well. The Shadow Warriors are the most adventurous of their race and it is perhaps because they are from the tainted lands of Nagarythe, once the domain of the Witch King, that they are often found far from their island realm. Elves possess grace and speed that is unsurpassed and are formidable fighters having been taught the arts of war from an early age, so they are amongst the best treasure hunters and rangers known to man. Models are supplied with the appropriate shield and quiver. Rules for using a Shadow Warrior warband in Mordheim can be found in Town Cryer issue 10. They can also be used in a Warhammer High Elf army.



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## New for Warmaster – attacker's and defender's siege equipment

Besiege the enemy's castle with hide-covered battering rams, massive siege towers, scale the walls with ladders and protect your infantry with mantlets and earthworks. Or repel the besieging army with a variety of nasty tricks such as pouring boiling oil and rocks upon your attackers as they try to take your castle walls. And yes, we know that the carts aren't much use in a siege, but we wanted to release them anyway and there wasn't anywhere else to put them! Extra rules for Warmaster siege engines, and all kinds of other Warmaster related material can be found in Warmaster magazine 1.

5

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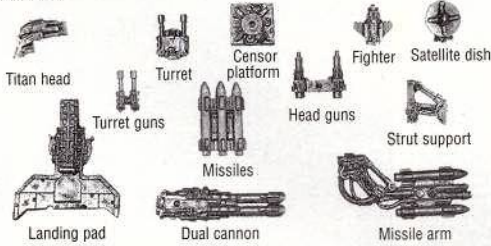


Warmonger Emperor Titan  
FECK001



## New Emperor Class Titan for Epic – Warmonger

The awesome Warmonger class Emperor Titan is an incredibly powerful machine. This Emperor variant is armed with a cluster of Deathstrike missiles (which are especially accurate due to the complicated sensor array and Thunderbolt spotter-plane), heavy batteries and the arm mounted dual-death ray. The model consists of a plastic Emperor Titan kit and the 'add-on' metal components shown below (give us a call if you'd like to order either separately). Rules for using the Warmonger can be found in Epic magazine 1.



## New for BFG – Tyrannid Hive Fleet

Led by the massive Hive ships, the bio-organic, living space craft of the Tyrannids are terror incarnate. Fearsome Drones armed with horrifying weapons swarm around terrifying Hive ships the size of battleships. Rules for using Tyrannid fleets (and details of the Imperial fleets that fight against them) can be found in Battlefleet magazine 1.



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Only the richest of gangs can afford such expensive hardware as the Rapier sentry cannon. Controlled by a tiny robotic brain, the Rapier can lay down a barrage of heavy weapons fire without the need for a gunner. Rules for the Rapier can be found in Necromunda magazine 1.



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The Event cards from the Necromunda supplement, Battles in the Underhive, are now available in this special 'pop-out' card pack. All forty-eight event cards are now conveniently printed on thick card and perforated for ease of removal. All of the special rules have been included in the accompanying rules booklet.



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# WARHAMMER 40,000 GRAND TOURNAMENT

The Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament is one of the biggest gaming events Games Workshop runs during the year. With note book in hand, Ian Pickstock was there to give us an inside account of a weekend full of drama.



Ian Pickstock

I've been involved with Games Workshop tournaments since Jervis Johnson came up with the idea some years ago. I must admit at the time I was somewhat sceptical – how can you turn a game with loopholes, grey areas and situations that are plainly open to misinterpretation into a tournament game? I had visions of tables being tossed over, and armies being packed up, as gamers decided that the game wasn't going their way. But Jervis, 'King of Reason' Johnson came up with something and everyone had a mighty fine weekend, lots of gaming and even the odd beer or two!

Anyway, several tournaments later, I wouldn't miss coming to one for anything.

The tournaments have changed quite a bit since they first started, but that's because Jervis can't help tinkering with the rules. I know he says it's to keep it fun and exciting, but it's really to feed his addiction to tinker. Those of you who attend the tournament may know that I usually do the photography. This is a dead cushy number and basically involves me taking a few piccies and then hanging out in the bar and chatting. Sounds easy doesn't it? Well it usually is, only this year, sad fool that I am, I decided to have a chat with Design Manager and all round hobby and imagery guru Alan Merrett, about how we should make more of these events, really try and capture some of the great atmosphere for an article in White Dwarf. "What a great idea," he said, "why don't you do it..." Doh! So this brings me to where I am now, trying to capture some of the things that make the tournaments great and tell all the White Dwarf readers all about it...

Entering into a Grand Tournament is more than just taking part in a competition, it's about totally immersing yourself in your favourite hobby for an entire weekend. But enough of this waffle – what happened at the tournament? Well the tournament fever began sometime around about Friday afternoon as slowly but surely cars and taxis begin showing up at GW HQ in Nottingham, the first people disembarking are the maddest and frothiest of tournament players, clutching large sports holdalls, with the tell-tale signs of many figure cases poking out from within...

## SO WHAT GOES ON AT A TOURNAMENT THEN?

At this year's Warhammer 40,000 Tournament we had a bit of change in that there wasn't just the one tournament taking place, but three. Each of the tournaments had its own special rules and differences. There was the Unlimited Tournament, that basically allowed people to take armies



# The Limited Tournament Round One Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name
1	24	021	Gary Marsh
2	24	048	Eino Pihkala
3	24	117	Mark Burniston
4	24	143	David Jevons
5	24	149	Nick Simmerson
6	24	160	Chris Birks
7	23.75	053	Sylvain Clement
8	23.75	038	Andreas Farsjo
9	23.75	066	Jason Enos
10	23.75	078	Stephan Hess
11	23.75	168	Aglis Neughbauer
12	23.5	154	Andy McBirnie
13	23	049	Otso Turunen
14	23	075	Carl Blackwell
15	23	109	Jon Cave
16	23	132	Spike Scott-Allen
17	23	139	Sean Council
18	23	022	Wai Lam
19	23	148	William Goodey
20	23	164	Alex Funnel
21	22.75	024	David Lister
22	22	039	Daniel
23	22	004	Paul Bridge
24	22	060	Simon Shephard
25	22	062	Alan Rennox
26	22	074	James McGreen
27	22	103	James Clark*
28	22	110	Mark Turner
29	22	113	Stephen Kay
30	22	114	Keith Stockburn
31	21.75	032	Adam Uings
32	21.75	150	Paul Methvan
33	21.75	151	James Methvan
34	21.5	077	Tristan Lomas
35	21.5	155	Steve Butler
36	21.5	156	Craig Green
37	21.25	035	Chris Best
38	21	025	Waleed Khalid
39	21	042	Joe Sturge
40	21	080	Marco Schulze
41	20.75	105	Stein Erik Fredricksen
42	20.75	163	Paul Stevenson
43	20.5	013	Keith Dawson
44	20.25	055	Nigel Atkinson
45	19	125	Matthew Pinto
46	18	069	Matthew Sewell
47	17.75	017	M Carter
48	16.5	044	Aaron Scott
49	15.75	008	Alan Moore
50	15.5	067	Matt Townsend
51	15.25	091	Laurence Sinclair
52	15	092	Lars Christain Barstead
53	13.75	012	James Black
54	13.75	183	John Haire
55	13.75	169	Greg Corcoran
56	13	182	Richard Bamford
57	13	059	Alex Tulloch
58	13	081	Andrew Carr
59	13	118	William Hodges
60	13	128	Paul Smith
61	12.75	003	Mikkel Morreld
62	12.75	015	Tom Harland
63	12.5	077	Nick Roberts
64	12.25	054	Andy Smith
65	12.25	073	Michael Topley**
66	12	065	Brian McGonigle
67	12	068	Kevin Beadle
68	12	129	Daniel Tunbridge
69	12	146	Oivind Haugland
70	12	162	Jason Matthews
71	12	190	Massimo Guido
72	11.75	034	Mick Evans
73	11.75	051	James Meikle
74	11.75	152	Chris Rowlands
75	11.5	076	Paul Brozyna
76	11.25	184	Pat Marstall
77	11	001	Glenn More
78	11	026	David Sharp
79	11	029	Paul Given
80	11	036	I.G. Whitbread
81	11	112	Tim Clayton
82	11	147	Colin James
83	11	157	Peter Molnar
84	11	161	Dave Wilkins
85	10.75	002	James Winder
86	10.75	006	Allen Debrew
87	10.75	043	Joe Aquino
88	10.75	050	Iain Miller
89	10.75	119	Clinton Dowling
90	10.25	063	Dawgydd Kelly
91	10.25	104	Martin Olav Tonnevo
92	10	137	Steven Lawman
93	10	189	Joshua Thaler
94	9.5	037	J de Jongh
95	8.5	046	Mark Lewis

\*Due to a mix up at registration, James Clark accidentally played in the first round of the Unlimited Tournament. \*\*Michael Topley, an Unlimited player, accidentally played in the first round of the Limited Tournament due to the same mix up.

from any Codex and follow the standard WH40K rules, Nick Davis talks about this tournament later on this issue; there was the Open Tournament, run by Jervis Johnson, and finally there was the Limited Tournament, which I am going to talk about here. For those who don't know, here's a quick run down of what goes on in the Limited Tournament...

The Limited Tournament really does test every aspect of the Games Workshop hobby, not just your gaming skill as you might expect. As well as playing five games over the weekend, players were judged on their army, both how well painted it was and how well it was composed. The judges were looking for imagination and originality as well as sheer technical skill with the paintbrush. Don't be fooled into thinking that a collection of nicely painted miniatures will get you by, serious contenders develop themes and elaborate stories. Entrants were also tested on their knowledge of the Warhammer 40,000 universe as well the rules with a short quiz. Finally, your fellow opponents get to judge you with a sportsmanship score. So if you are nice amiable person, easy to get on with, and don't argue about every niggling point in the rules, there should be some extra points to be picked up, and believe me I have seen winners change place quite drastically, simply by the addition of the sportsmanship points - nice guys don't always finish last!

## DAY ONE - SO WHAT HAPPENED?

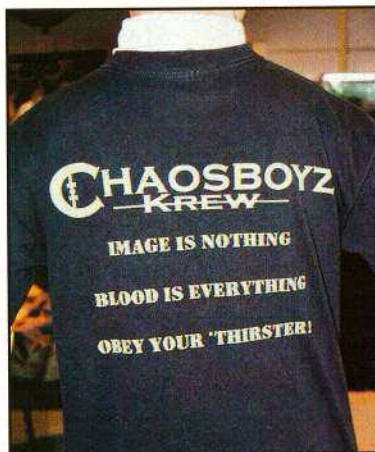
The first round kicked off and as always there is very little to tell in this round, as people are playing against random opponents to start with. Once the 'Swiss' system starts in the subsequent rounds, then things start to get interesting. What's

the Swiss system I hear you cry! Well basically, once the results start rolling in, instead of players playing games against randomly picked opponents, they play games against the next best person, so in round two, the two top scoring players will play against each other and so on.

Now, since the tournaments have run for so many years, there were a few familiar faces. Coming all the way from Germany, there was Warmaster co-author, Stefan Hess, with his superbly painted Ork army. Stefan is more typically seen playing in the Warhammer Tournament, which he has won in the past. Tuomas Lars had travelled all the way from Finland with several other Finns, but there was a certain amount of disappointment that last year's champion, Tuomas Laheoja, had decided to enter the Open Competition, rather than defend his title. When asked, Tuomas claimed that the stresses and pressures of his impending universities exams had prevented him from committing to the tournament completely. There was the very first Warhammer 40,000 Champion - Wai Lam, back after a one year break, hoping to carry off the coveted prize with the help of his Eldar army. Amongst the contenders from the US there was Pat Marstall with his Blood Angels army and that ever cheerful Californian - Joshua Thaler, still scaring more people with his big hair than his Space Marine army.

## ARMY PAINTING AND SELECTION

It wasn't long before the first round was over - you'd be amazed how quickly accomplished Warhammer 40,000 players can get through a game. All the players retired to the GW restaurant for a spot of lunch to allow the judges to judge their armies on army painting and selection. As





# The Limited Tournament Round Two Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name
1	48	143	David Jevons
2	47.5	048	Eino Pihkala
3	46.5	049	Otso Turunen
4	46.5	132	Spike Scott-Allen
5	46.25	149	Nick Simmerson
6	46.25	168	Agis Neugebauer
7	45.75	038	Andreas Farsjo
8	45.75	164	Alex Funnel
9	44.75	004	Paul Bridge
10	44	025	Waleed Khalid
11	44	074	James McGreen
12	44	080	Marco Schulze
13	43.75	155	Steve Butler
14	43.5	053	Sylvian Clement
15	43.5	077	Tristan Lomas
16	43	142	Wai Lam
17	41.75	163	Paul Stevenson
18	41.5	055	Nigel Atkinson
19	41	062	Alan Rennox
20	39	069	Matthew Sewell
21	38	039	Daniel
22	37.75	032	Adam Uings
23	37.5	044	Aaron Scott
24	37.25	091	Laurence Sinclair
25	37	182	Richard Bamford
26	36.75	078	Stephen Hess
27	36.75	114	Keith Stockburn
28	36.5	003	Mikkel Morrel
29	36.25	066	Jason Enos
30	36	081	Andrew Corr
31	36	154	Andy McBirnie
32	35.75	012	James Black
33	35.75	054	Andy Smith
34	35.5	160	Chris Birks
35	35	060	Simon Shephard
36	35	065	Brian McGonigle
37	35	075	Carl Blackwell
38	35	109	Jon Cave
39	35	110	Mark Turner
40	35	117	Mark Burniston
41	34.75	151	James Methvan
42	34	026	David Sharp
43	33.75	148	William Goodey
44	33.5	139	Sean Council
45	33.5	152	Christopher Rowlands
46	33.25	118	Paul Methvan
47	33	034	Mick Evans
48	33	118	William Hodges
49	33	162	Jason Matthews
50	33	167	Steve Hughes
51	32.75	006	Allen Debow
52	32.5	103	James Clark
53	32.25	104	Martin Olav Tonnevol
54	32.25	157	Peter Molnar
55	32.25	184	Pat Marstall
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65	31	156	Craig Green
66	30.25	119	Clinton Dowling
67	30	046	Mark Lewis
68	30	129	Daniel Tunbridge
69	30	146	Olivind Haugland
70	29	113	Stephan Kay
71	28.75	017	M Carter
72	28.5	007	Matt Townsend
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74	28.25	112	Tim Clayton
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77	26	092	Lars Christian Barstead
78	26	128	Paul Smith
79	26	059	Alex Tulloch
80	25.75	183	John Haire
81	24.75	189	Greg Corcoran
82	24	068	Kevin Beadle
83	24	190	Massimo Guido
84	23.75	035	Chris Best
85	23	029	Paul Given
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87	22.5	001	Glenn More
88	22.5	015	Tom Harland
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91	22	037	J de Jongh
92	20.75	161	Dave Wilkins
93	19.75	050	Iain Miller
94	18.75	046	Dawgydd Kelly
95	15	014	Dylan Sweeney*

\*Late arrival



usual the standard was higher than ever, with many people going to ever more drastic measures to make sure their army looked as good as possible. Even army rosters got spruced up with elaborate designs and layouts.

## ROUND ONE

After the results had been entered we had six clear leaders, all of whom had scored a maximum 24 points in round one. There was Gary Marsh with his Chaos army, Eino Pihkala from Finland with his Imperial Guard, Mark Burniston with his Blood Angels, David Jevons with his Eldar, Nick Simmerson also with Eldar and last but certainly not least was Chris Birks with his Blood Angels. So the top three tables were set for some tense and bloody battles. That said, less than five points divided the top twenty-two players, so things were set for a really tight contest.

## ROUND TWO

With only a short break to enter in the results, round three followed hot on the heels of round two. With only one of the leading players getting a perfect 24 points for gaming, this round saw the field starting to divide a bit. David Jevons' Eldar led the pack, just one point ahead of Eino Pihkala's Imperial Guard. Also from Finland, Otso Turunen with his Eldar army leaped ten places from thirteenth to third after a stunning victory over Jon Cave. On equal third was Spike Scott-Allen, Spike is a well known face, having entered every single WH40K tournament, but not ever having won. Perhaps this was going to be his year! Nick Simmerson stayed steady in fifth place, but next round he faced Agis Neugebauer from Germany, who had stunned the judges with his superbly painted Eldar and converted Falcon grav tanks.

## ROUND THREE

With the results from round three collated, at the start of round four there were some surprising changes at the top, with Spike Scott-Allen jumping into the lead, and David Jevons dropping to eleventh place after a disastrous game in round three. Both the Finns slipped a few places as Alex Fennell with his Eldar and James McGreen's Tyranids stormed up the table after some stunning round three victories. Also popping onto the top tables were some well known faces, including Paul Bridge, who shocked

everyone at this year's Warhammer Grand Pageant by yelling 'KHORNE!' and 'BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!' at the top of his voice. Finally, Wai Lam, the very first winner of the WH40K tournament also crept up to ninth place.

And so, as the scent of cooking food wafted through from Bugman's Bar, the first day's gaming was over...

## THE EVENING

As I said earlier, coming to a gaming tournament isn't just about playing a bunch of games – it is a great opportunity to socialise, make some new friends, and have a good chin-wag over a beer, and there's no better opportunity to do this than on Saturday evening. After everyone had filled their bellies with the mixed grill, there was the pub quiz, with questions thought up by the ever fiendish Gordon Davidson. Finally, with the likes of Gav Thorpe and Jervis Johnson hanging around, it's a great opportunity to give them a good ear-bending about bits of rules or the armies you play. I have it on good authority that beer is very good at loosening games developers' tongues. After many hours of merry-making, people starting heading off to their hotels, some looking somewhat the worse for wear...

## DAY TWO – THE QUIZ

Day two started with early casualties, with the small contingent of Italian players pulling out of the tournament, after some poor results on the first day.

First order of the day is the quiz, a short multiple choice quiz that tests gamers' knowledge of the WH40K rules and background. With fifteen points up for grabs, the next five minutes (yep that's right you only get five minutes), would prove to be just as important as any of the gaming rounds. A deathly silence descended on the gaming hall, as the players feverishly wracked their brains looking for the answers to some fairly tricky questions.

## ROUND FOUR

The end of round four saw more big changes at the top of the table. With the competition getting ever tighter it wasn't a question of whether you won but by how much. Nick Simmerson's Eldar managed to claw their way to the top by scoring 22.25 points in round four, sharply followed by

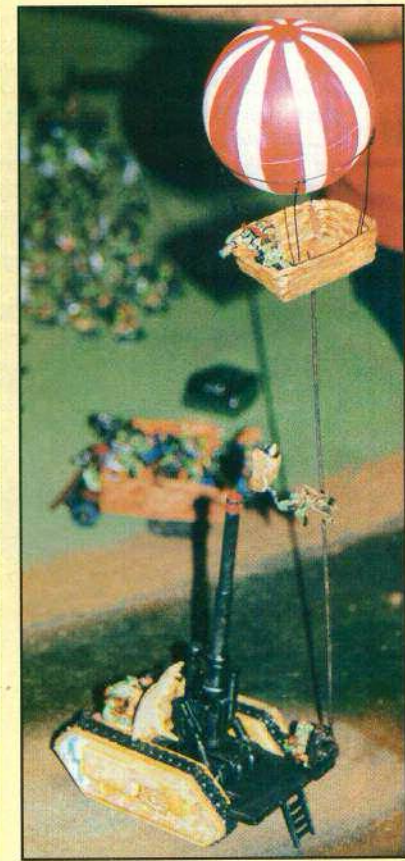


## The Limited Tournament Round Three Results

## Round Four Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name
1	69.25	132	Spike Scott-Allen
2	67.75	164	Alex Funnel
3	67.25	149	Nick Simmerson
4	67	074	James McGreen
5	66.5	048	Eino Pihkala
6	66.5	055	Nigel Atkinson
7	66	004	Paul Bridge
8	65.5	155	Steve Butler
9	64.75	142	Wai Lam
10	61.75	025	Waleed Khalid
11	61	143	David Jevons
12	60.25	039	Daniel
13	59.75	078	Stephan Hess
14	59.5	054	Andy Smith
15	58.5	049	Otso Turunen
16	58	110	Mark Turner
17	58	117	Mark Burniston
18	58	168	Agis Neugebauer
19	57.75	038	Andreas Farsjo
20	57	065	Brian McGonigle
21	56.5	003	Mikkel Morreid
22	56.5	152	Christopher Rowlands
23	56	069	Matthew Sewell
24	55.75	077	Tristen Lomas
25	55.75	163	Paul Stevensen
26	55.25	053	Sylvian Clemet
27	55.25	105	Stein Erik Fredricksen
28	55	034	Mick Evans
29	55	051	James Meikle
30	55	109	Jon Cave
31	55	167	Steve Hughes
32	55	182	Richard Bamford
33	54.75	044	Aaron Scott
34	54.75	154	Andy McBurnie
35	54	157	Peter Molnar
36	53.75	148	William Goodey
37	53.25	119	Clinton Dowling
38	53.25	184	Pat Marshall
39	53	032	Adam Uings
40	53	080	Marco Schulze
41	53	125	Matthew Pinto
42	52.5	046	Mark Lewis
43	52	062	Alan Rennox
44	51	043	Joe Aquino
45	50.25	008	Alan Moore
46	50.25	066	Jason Enos
47	50.25	091	Laurence Sinclair
48	49.25	007	Matt Townsend
49	48.75	151	James Methvan
50	48.5	013	Keith Dawson
51	48.5	081	Andrew Carr
52	48.5	160	Chris Birks
53	48	042	Joe Sturge
54	48	060	Simon Shephard
55	48	167	Lars Christian Barstead
56	48	189	Joshua Thaler
57	47.75	012	James Black
58	47.5	075	Carl Blackwell
59	47.25	112	Tim Clayton
60	47	026	David Sharp
61	47	118	William Hodges
62	47	128	Paul Smith
63	46.75	114	Keith Stockburn
64	46.5	015	Tom Harland
65	46.5	139	Sean Council
66	46	029	Paul Given
67	46	068	Kevin Beadie
68	46	113	Stephan Kay
69	45	162	Jason Matthews
70	44.5	103	James Clark
71	44.25	150	Paul Methvan
72	43.75	181	Nick Roberts
73	43.5	001	Glenn More
74	42.75	024	David Lister
75	42	006	Allen Debrow
76	42	156	Craig Green
77	41.75	147	Collin James
78	41	129	Daniel Turnbridge
79	40.75	050	Iain Miller
80	40.75	183	John Haire
81	40.5	046	Olivind Haugland
82	40	002	James Winder
83	39	021	Gary Marsh
84	39	059	Alex Tulloch
85	38.75	017	M Carter
86	38.75	063	Dawgydd Kelly
87	36	036	I G Whitbread
88	36	137	Steven Lawman
89	35.5	037	J de Jongh
90	35.25	169	Greg Corcoran
91	34.75	190	Massimo Guido
92	34	035	Chris Best
93	33.25	104	Martin Olav Tonnevol
94	32	076	Paul Brozyna
95	31.5	161	Dave Wilkins

Position	Points	Number	Player Name
1	90	149	Nick Simmerson
2	87.5	048	Eino Pihkala
3	86.25	132	Spike Scott-Allen
4	86.25	155	Steve Butler
5	84.75	025	Waleed Khalid
6	84	039	Daniel
7	83.75	164	Alex Funnel
8	81.75	038	Andreas Farsjo
9	81.5	049	Otso Turunen
10	81	168	Agis Neugebauer
11	80	003	Mikkel Morreid
12	79.75	077	Tristan Lomas
13	79	074	James McGreen
14	78.5	004	Paul Bridge
15	78.25	055	Nigel Atkinson
16	77.5	053	Sylvian Clemet
17	77.25	152	Christopher Rowlands
18	76.75	142	Wai Lam
19	76.25	184	Pat Marshall
20	76	109	Jon Cave
21	76	167	Steve Hughes
22	75.25	080	Marco Schulze
23	74.75	062	Alan Rennox
24	74.75	154	Andy McBurnie
25	74.25	066	Jason Enos
26	74	051	James Meikle
27	74	182	Richard Bamford
28	72.75	143	David Jevons
29	72.5	032	Adam Uings
30	72	117	Mark Burniston
31	71.5	054	Andy Smith
32	71	008	Alan Moore
33	71	042	Joe Sturge
34	71	043	Joe Aquino
35	71	112	Tim Clayton
36	70.25	105	Stein Erik Fredricksen
37	70	060	Simon Shephard
38	70	137	Steven Lawman
39	70	163	Paul Stevensen
40	69.75	012	James Black
41	69.75	044	Aaron Scott
42	69.5	139	Sean Council
43	69	026	David Sharp
44	69	110	Mark Turner
45	69	162	Jason Matthews
46	68.75	151	James Methvan
47	68	029	Paul Given
48	67.75	065	Brian McGonigle
49	67.75	160	Chris Birks
50	67	081	Mick Evans
51	67	119	Clinton Dowling
52	66.75	148	William Goodey
53	66.75	150	Paul Methvan
54	66	157	Peter Molnar
55	65.75	078	Stephan Hess
56	65.5	001	Glenn More
57	65	125	Matthew Pinto
58	64.5	046	Mark Lewis
59	64	002	James Winder
60	63.75	156	Craig Green
61	62.75	017	M Carter
62	62.75	050	Iain Miller
63	62.25	091	Laurence Sinclair
64	62	069	Matthew Sewell
65	61.25	007	Matt Townsend
66	61	092	Lars Christian Barstead
67	60.5	081	Andrew Carr
68	60	189	Joshua Thaler
69	59.5	075	Carl Blackwell
70	59.25	113	Keith Dawson
71	59	018	William Hodges
72	58	063	Dawgydd Kelly
73	58	068	Kevin Beadie
74	58	129	Daniel Tunbridge
75	57.75	114	Keith Stockburn
76	57.75	181	Nick Roberts
77	57.5	015	Tom Harland
78	57	113	Stephan Kay
79	57	128	Paul Smith
80	56	024	David Lister
81	55.75	103	James Clark
82	53.25	147	Collin James
83	53.25	161	Dave Wilkins
84	52	059	Alex Tulloch
85	51.75	183	John Haire
86	51	146	Olivind Haugland
87	50.25	006	Allen Debrow
88	49	036	I G Whitbread
89	46.25	037	J de Jongh
90	46	035	Chris Best
91	44.25	169	Greg Corcoran
92	43.75	104	Martin Olav Tonnevol
93	39	021	Gary Marsh
94	34.75	190	Massimo Guido
95	32	076	Paul Brozyna





Eino Pihkala also back on the top table. Despite winning his game against Alex Fennell, Spike Scott-Allen slipped to third. Steve Butler with his White Scars Space Marines climbed to fourth with a 21 point win that brought him to within four points of the leaders, while Waleed Khalid, another tournament regular, made it into fifth place. So with everything in place, the showdown was set and round five began in earnest.

### THE CRUNCH

Unfortunately, the tournament is that simple, as I said earlier – it isn't just about playing games. After the fifth round had finished, all the scores for army painting and selection, the quiz and sportsmanship are also added to the gaming point totals. With the potential to gain another 80 points from these categories, this always means that overall winner remains unknown until the very last score is typed into the database.

Well after an hour of frantic typing from tournament coordinator, Che Webster, the assembled crowds waited with bated breath for the results. So in reverse order here they are...

In third place with 174.5 points was Otso Turunen from Finland. Otso's Eldar army was making steady progress up the ranking until round four, with a small resurgence in the last game and maximum points for army painting and selection securing him the coveted third place trophy. In second place with 177 was Nick Simmerson. Nick, also with an Eldar army, spent much of his time on the top tables, with only his last game letting him down, but once again maximum points for army painting and selection and a good quiz score getting him second place and a trophy.

So here it is, the overall winner of the Warhammer 40,000 Limited Tournament, also with 177 points, but winning by scoring more points in the gaming section, Steve Butler with his White Scars army (*using Codex Space Marines rather than the list in WD230 – Fat Bloke*). Steve was something of a surprise winner. His consistently steady performance gave him some good scores for gaming, but never enough to appear on the top five tables until round four. Once again good army painting and selection and quiz scores plus a most sporting opponent point allowed Steve to carry away the top prize. Its worth noting that if Nick Simmerson had picked up a most sporting opponent point as well, then he would have won the competition, so it always pays to be nice to your opponents! See you all next year. ■



## Best General Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name	Army
1	90	048	Eino Pihkala	Imperial Guard
2	90	155	Steve Butler	Space Marines
3	86	003	Mikkel Morfeld	Imperial Guard
4	86	025	Waleed Khalid	Space Marines
5	86	149	Nick Simmerson	Eldar
6	86	164	Alex Funnell	Eldar
7	85	080	Marco Schulze	Eldar
8	84	004	Paul Bridge	Dark Angels
9	84	049	Otso Turunen	Eldar
10	82	053	Sylvian Clement	Space Marines
11	81	076	Stephan Hess	Orks
12	80	184	Pat Marshall	Blood Angels
13	79	066	Jason Enos	Tyrannid
14	79	142	Wai Lam	Space Marines
15	78	038	Andreas Farsjo	Space Marines
16	78	039	Daniel	Space Marines
17	78	132	Spike Scott-Allen	Tyrannids
18	77	032	Adam Uings	Eldar
19	76	043	Joe Aquino	Blood Angels
20	76	044	Aaron Scott	Space Wolves
21	76	168	Agis Neugebauer	Eldar
22	75	054	Andy Smith	Chaos
23	75	112	Tim Clayton	Space Marines
24	74	077	Tristan Lomas	Blood Angels
25	73	074	James McGreen	Tyrannids
26	73	143	David Jevons	Eldar
27	73	157	Peter Molnar	Chaos
28	72	051	James Meikle	Eldar
29	72	152	Christopher Rowlands	Space Marines
30	71	025	Chris Best	Space Marines
31	71	151	James Methvan	Space Marines
32	71	154	Andy McBirnie	Chaos
33	70	113	Stephan Kay	Orks
34	69	055	Nigel Atkinson	Orks
35	69	119	Clinton Dowling	Dark Eldar
36	68	129	Daniel Tunbridge	Eldar
37	67	050	Iain Miller	Chaos
38	67	110	Mark Turner	Blood Angels
39	67	167	Steve Hughes	Space Marines
40	66	062	Alan Rennox	Imperial Guard
41	66	109	Jon Cave	Chaos
42	66	182	Richard Bamford	Chaos
43	65	163	Paul Stevenson	Blood Angels
44	64	008	Alan Moore	Orks
45	64	117	Mark Burniston	Blood Angels
46	64	156	Craig Green	Chaos
47	63	042	Joe Sturge	Imperial Guard
48	63	118	William Hodges	Eldar
49	62	012	James Black	Eldar
50	62	034	Mick Evans	Space Marines
51	62	105	Stein Erik Frerisksen	Blood Angels
52	62	137	Steven Lawman	Dark Eldar
53	62	148	William Goodey	Imperial Guard
54	62	150	Paul Methvan	Chaos
55	62	181	Nick Roberts	Space Wolves
56	61	091	Laurence Sinclair	Sisters of Battle
57	61	139	Sean Council	Eldar
58	61	189	Joshua Thaler	Space Marines
59	60	029	Paul Given	Imperial Guard
60	60	046	Mark Lewis	Orks
61	60	060	Simon Shephard	Imperial Guard
62	60	065	Brian McGonigle	Imperial Guard
63	60	068	Kevin Beadle	Dark Eldar
64	60	069	Matthew Sewell	Imperial Guard
65	60	114	Keith Stockburn	Imperial Guard
66	60	125	Matthew Pinto	Eldar
67	59	024	David Lister	Imperial Guard
68	59	026	David Sharp	Chaos
69	59	104	Martin Olav Tonnevol	Chaos
70	58	002	James Winder	Eldar
71	57	001	Glenn More	Space Marines
72	56	147	Collin James	Imperial Guard
73	55	007	Matt Townsend	Eldar
74	54	146	Oivind Haugland	Space Marines
75	54	017	M Carter	Space Marines
76	54	063	Dawgydd Kelly	Imperial Guard
77	54	092	Lars Christian Barstead	Dark Angels
78	53	013	Keith Dawson	Eldar
79	53	081	Andrew Carr	Chaos
80	52	015	Tom Harland	Space Marines
81	51	075	Carl Blackwell	Dark Eldar
82	50	036	I G Whitbread	Ravenwing
83	50	059	Alex Tulloch	Imperial Guard
84	50	103	James Clark	Chaos
85	48	128	Paul Smith	Space Marines
86	46	037	J de Jongh	Dark Angels
87	45	161	Dave Wilkins	Dark Eldar
88	43	183	John Haire	Space Marines
89	41	169	Greg Corcoran	Imperial Guard
90	37	021	Gary Marsh	Chaos
91	36	076	Paul Brozyna	Imperial Guard
92	32	006	Allen Debrow	Orks
93	23	190	Massimo Guido	Space Marines
94	14	122	Dylan Sweeney	Chaos



# Final Standings

Position	Number	Player Name	Army	Round 1	Round 2	Round 3	Round 4	Round 5	Army Painting	Quiz	Total	Most Sporting	Grand Total
1	155	Steve Butler	Space Marines	21.5	22.25	21.5	20.75	22	55	13	176	1	177
2	149	Nick Simmerson	Eldar	24	22.25	21	22.75	14	60	13	177	0	177
3	049	Otso Turunen	Eldar	23	23.5	12	23	22	60	11	174.5	0	174.5
4	080	Marco Schulze	Eldar	21	23	9	22.25	22.5	60	14	171.75	2	173.75
5	004	Paul Bridge	Dark Angels	22	22.75	21.25	12.5	22	60	10	170.5	2	172.5
6	057	Mikkel Morrell	Imperial Guard	12.75	23.75	20.5	23.5	23.25	60	8	171.75	0	171.75
7	048	Eino Pihkala	Imperial Guard	24	23	19.5	21	19	55	10	171.5	0	171.5
8	078	Stephan Hess	Orks	23.75	13	23	16	23.5	60	12	171.25	0	171.25
9	184	Pat Marstall	Blood Angels	11.25	21	21	23	23	60	10	169.25	2	171.25
10	038	Andreas Farsjo	Space Marines	23.75	22	12	24	16	60	11	168.75	0	168.75
11	053	Sylvian Clement	Space Marines	23.75	20.5	12	22	23	60	10	167.25	1	168.25
12	066	Jason Enos	Tyrannids	23.75	12.5	14	24	23	60	11	168.25	0	168.25
13	142	Wai Lam	Space Marines	23	20	21.75	12	18	60	12	166.75	1	167.75
14	164	Alex Funnell	Eldar	23	22.75	22	16	21.5	45	13	163.25	2	165.25
15	168	Agis Neugebauer	Eldar	23.75	22.5	11.75	23	13.75	60	10	164.75	0	164.75
16	154	Andy McBirnie	Chaos	23.5	12.5	18.75	20	14	60	14	162.75	1	163.75
17	025	Waleed Khalid	Space Marines	21	23	17.75	23	17.75	50	10	162.5	1	163.5
18	032	Adam Uings	Eldar	23.75	22.5	22	16	21.5	60	10	163.5	0	163.5
20	044	Aaron Scott	Space Wolves	16.5	21	17.25	15	22	60	14	162.75	0	162.75
21	162	Jason Matthews	Chaos	12	21	12	23	24	60	9	161	1	162
22	054	Andy Smith	Chaos	12.25	23.5	23	12	23	60	7	160.75	0	160.75
23	109	Jon Cave	Chaos	23	12	20	21	9.75	60	12	157.75	2	159.75
24	143	David Jevons	Eldar	24	24	13	11.75	20	55	11	158.75	1	159.75
25	035	Chris Best	Space Marines	21.25	23.75	10.25	12	19.25	60	13	159.5	0	159.5
26	055	Nigel Atkinson	Orks	20.25	21.25	24	11.75	10	60	11	158.25	1	159.25
27	113	Stephan Kay	Orks	22	17	17	11	23	60	9	159	0	159
29	129	Daniel Turnbridge	Eldar	12	18	11	24	23	55	14	157	1	158
28	152	Christopher Rowlands	Space Marines	11.75	21.75	23	20.25	13	55	13	157.75	0	157.75
29	008	Alan Moore	Orks	15.75	13.25	22	20.75	11	60	14	156.75	0	156.75
30	132	Spike Scott-Allen	Tyrannids	23	23.5	22.75	17	11	50	6	153.25	3	156.25
31	167	Steve Hughes	Space Marines	11	22	22	21	11	55	13	155	1	156
32	029	Paul Given	Space Marines	11	12	23	22	12	60	10	150	4	154
33	051	James Meikle	Eldar	13.75	9	23.75	19	21.75	60	8	153.25	0	153.25
34	042	Joe Sturge	Imperial Guard	21	10.5	16.5	23	11	60	11	153	0	153
35	077	Tristan R.Lomas	Blood Angels	21.5	22	12.25	24	12.25	50	9	151	1	152
36	012	James Black	Eldar	13.75	22	12	22	12	60	8	149.75	2	151.75
37	074	James McGreen	Tyrannids	22	22	23	12	14	55	0	148	3	151
38	065	Brain McGonigle	Imperial Guard	12	23	22	10.75	12	60	10	149.75	1	150.75
39	114	Keith Stockburn	Imperial Guard	22	14.75	10	11	21	60	11	149.75	1	150.75
40	046	Mark Lewis	Orks	8.5	21.5	22.5	12	13	60	11	148.5	2	150.5
41	050	Iain Miller	Chaos	10.75	10.25	21	22	22	55	9	150	0	150
42	118	William Hodges	Eldar	13	20	14	12	22.75	55	12	148.75	1	149.75
43	068	Kevin Beadle	Dark Eldar	12	12	22	12	22	55	12	147	2	149
44	069	Matthew Sewell	Chaos	18	21	17	6	18	60	8	148	1	149
45	137	Steven Lawman	Dark Eldar	10	12	14	24	22	60	6	148	1	149
46	163	Paul Stevenson	Blood Angels	20.75	21.75	14	11.25	12.25	55	14	149	0	149
47	189	Joshua Thaler	Space Marines	10	22	16	12	20	55	13	148	1	149
48	026	David Sharp	Chaos	11	23	13	20.25	11	60	9	147.25	1	148.25
49	117	Mark Burniston	Blood Angels	24	11	23	14	12	50	12	146	2	148
50	181	Nick Roberts	Space Wolves	12.5	10	21.25	12	22	60	7	146.75	1	147.75
51	151	James Methven	Space Marines	21.75	13	14	20.75	21	45	8	143.5	3	146.5
52	062	Alan Rennox	Imperial Guard	22	19	11	22.75	11	50	10	145.75	0	145.75
53	039	Daniel	Space Marines	22	16	22.25	23.75	12.25	40	9	145.25	0	145.25
54	156	Craig Green	Chaos	21.5	9.5	11	21.75	18.5	50	11	143.25	2	145.25
55	112	Tim Clayton	Space Marines	11	17.75	19	23.75	12.25	40	10	143	2	145
56	091	Laurence Sinclair	Sisters of Battle	15.25	22	13	12	18	50	12	142.25	2	144.25
57	024	David Lister	Imperial Guard	22.75	9.25	10.75	14.25	19.5	55	12	143.5	0	143.5
58	015	Tom Harland	Space Marines	12.75	10.5	24	11	13	60	10	141.25	2	143.25
59	157	Peter Molnar	Chaos	11	21.25	21.75	12	23	45	9	143	0	143
60	139	Sean Councill	Eldar	23	10.5	13	23	11	50	12	142.5	2	144.25
61	034	Mick Evans	Space Marines	11.75	21.25	22	12	13	55	7	142	0	142
62	043	Joe Aquino	Blood Angels	10.75	21.25	19	20	20	40	10	141	1	142
63	148	William Goodey	Imperial Guard	11	20.75	10	11.75	22	55	10	140.75	1	141.75
64	150	Paul Methven	Chaos	21.75	11.5	11	22.5	14	55	6	141.75	0	141.75
65	147	Colin James	Imperial Guard	22	13	13	22	10	50	8	138	2	140
66	160	Chris Birks	Blood Angels	20.75	11	23.5	15	11	50	7	138.25	1	139.25
67	060	Simon Shephard	Imperial Guard	22	13	13	22	10	50	8	138	2	140
68	105	Stein Erik Fredricksen	Blood Angels	20.75	11	23.5	15	11	50	7	138.25	1	139.25
69	110	Mark Turner	Blood Angels	22	13	23	11	17	40	11	137	2	139
70	146	Olivind Haugland	Space Marines	12	18	10.5	10.5	21.25	60	8	138.25	0	138.25
71	125	Matthew Pinto	Eldar	19	12	22	12	14.25	45	11	135.25	2	137.25
72	063	Dawgydd Kelly	Imperial Guard	10.25	8.5	19.5	19.75	13	55	11	137	0	137
73	119	Clinton Dowling	Dark Eldar	10.75	19.5	23	13.75	17	40	13	137	0	137
74	017	M Carter	Space Marines	17.75	11	10	24	10.75	50	11	134.5	1	135.5
75	081	Andrew Carr	Chaos	13	23	12.5	12	12	50	11	133.5	2	135.5
76	104	Martin Olav Tonnevold	Chaos	10.25	22.5	11	10.5	23	50	7	134.25	0	134.25
77	059	Alex Tulloch	Imperial Guard	13	13	13	13	18	50	13	133	1	134
78	182	Richard Bamford	Chaos	13	24	18	19	12	40	8	134	0	134
79	037	J de Jongh	Dark Angels	9.5	11	13.5	10.75	20	55	12	131.75	1	132.75
80	036	I G Whitbread	Ravenwing	11	12	13	13	20.5	55	5	129.5	3	132.5
81	128	Paul Smith	Space Marines	13	13	21	10	11	55	7	130	2	132
82	001	Glenn More	Space Marines	11	11.5	21	22	11	45	8	129.5	2	131.5
83	103	James Clark	Chaos	22	10.5	12	10.75	14	50	10	129.25	2	131.25
84	092	Lars Christian Barstead	Dark Angels	15	11	22	13	13	45	10	129	2	131
85	013	Keith Dawson	Eldar	20.5	11	17	10.75	11.25	45	8	123.5	2	125.5
86	183	John Haire	Space Marines	13.75	11	10.5	9	11	50	11	123.75	1	124.75
87	161	Dave Wilkins	Dark Eldar	11	9.75	10.75	21.5	10	50	8	121	1	122
88	75	Carl Blackwell	Dark Eldar	23	12	12.5	12	11	40	10	120.5	1	121.5
89	007	Matt Townsend	Eldar	15.5	13	20.75	12	13	35	11	120.25	0	120.25
90	002	James Winder	Eldar	10.75	17	12.25	24	13	30	11	118	0	118
91	169	Greg Corcoran	Imperial Guard	13.75	11	10.5	9	13.5	45	9	111.75	0	111.75
92	021	Gary Marsh	Chaos	24	13	12	0	0	55	0	104	0	104
93	006	Allen Debrow	Orks	10.75	10.75	9.25	8.25	10.25	40	8	97.25	0	97.25
94	076	Paul Brozyna	Imperial Guard	11.5	11	9.5	0	16	25	0	73	1	74
95	190	Massimo Guido	Space Marines	12	12	10.75	0	0	0	0	34.75	0	34.75

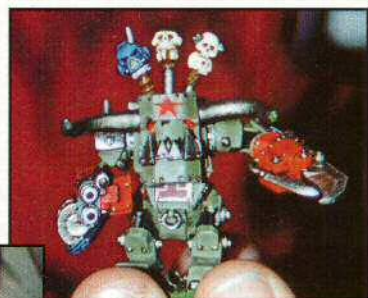


# A GAMERS

# TALE (Or 'One Marine against the Galaxy')

by Matthew Sprange

The weekend of February 19-20th saw one of the main events in the Games Workshop calendar – the Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament. Taking place in the Exhibition Hall of Games Workshop HQ in Nottingham, it was to be the scene for more than a hundred gamers to engage in pitched battle to decide the best general and, above all, to have fun. This is one such gamers tale...



## 'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE

It did not start on the Saturday morning. Oh, no. During the Friday, gamers started the long pilgrimage to Nottingham, with a fair number coming from overseas.

Constantly worried about the opponents they would face, army lists were streamlined, scrapped and rewritten. A few more intense individuals were to be found in their hotel rooms late on the Friday night, paintbrush in hand, desperately trying to finish their last models.

I took a slightly different approach to keep myself in fighting form. It has become something of a tradition for the members of the 40K Internet Mailing List who attend the Grand Tournament to meet up with a few of the Games Developers the night before the event for a drink and a chat.

There were rather more of us than in previous years, but we all had a fantastic time – this was a great chance to meet people I had only ever conversed with through email, as well as being able to

talk to the Developers without them being rushed off their feet as they invariably are at the Tournament itself. I cannot thank Mr Priestley enough for treating us this year.

## FIRST LIGHT

Despite the imaginations of many, I was bright eyed and bushy tailed the next day, turning up outside the doors of the Exhibition Hall a full half hour early, with no ill effects from the previous night. The Grand Tournament was arranged a little differently this year, being organised into three separate categories.

The **Limited Competition** would have been familiar to all who attended earlier Tournaments, with strict rules that encouraged fair games and left a general with only his own mettle to achieve victory.

For those just wanting 'normal' games of Warhammer 40,000, the **Unlimited Competition** made an appearance this year. With random missions, rules from the Citadel Journal permitted and friendly

opponents, this turned out to be a very relaxed side of the Tournament, full of gamers who just wanted to have fun.

Neither of those events would see me this year – I was going to take the plunge. The **Open Competition** was something of a mystery as we were just told to bring 1500 points of one army, 500 points of allies for them and one Special Character. We weren't going to be told what games we would actually be playing, only that we were going to be left at Jervis's tender mercies!

The Open Event was really for those players who did not give a hoot about winning, nor about games that were not strictly 'fair'. It also gave us a chance to poke fun at the straight faced Limited players, some of whom may have thought that theirs was the 'proper' Tournament and also at the Unlimited guys (and girls) who obviously didn't have the nerve for the Open!



With gaming cases filled to the brim with models, I was soon given my first opponent. I had brought my Fleshtearers, posing naturally enough as Blood Angels, ably supported by my Sisters of Battle. For a Special Character, I had picked Moriar, the Death Company Dreadnought, even though my friends were asking how long my beard was. As it turned out, they need not have bothered...

### FIRST BLOOD

The first game unnerved all the Open Event players somewhat as it was played using all the rules from the Limited Competition! Jervis quickly assured us that this would be the only 'sensible' game, so I lined up my Fleshtearers on a table, only to find that I was facing another Blood Angels army.

What followed was short, very bloody, entirely enjoyable and should probably be censored. It was a complete bloodbath as the two armies crashed into each other, with the battle being decided by a huge melee in the centre of the board. Suffice to say, the game ended on turn three when I broke my opponent's army. A perfect victory? Well, not really, as I was only four models away from breaking myself!

I was rather surprised when I was told that I had come top in this round, scoring more points with my Fleshtearers than any other army. Much emboldened, my Fleshtearers were ready for more.

### FIGHTING LIKE GIRLS

Unfortunately, it was not the Fleshtearers turn to fight. The next round used our allies and Special Characters, so the Sisters and Moriar reported for duty and prepared to go to war against an Eldar force accompanied by Tigrurus.

During this battle, six objective counters were placed on the table, with each one representing an ancient artefact that could be used in the game itself – the vortex grenade made a welcome return here!

Both armies used the Deep Strike rules for deployment in the very first turn so, predictably, my force was spread all over the table. Moriar fell in the first turn to an Eldar Falcon (a lot of help he was!) and I soon decided that my Sisters were not much use in close combat against Guardians – rather unimpressive. Inch by inch though, the girls managed to win the day and completely wiped out the Eldar with massed bolter fire and a well placed vortex grenade.

### LAST YEAR'S CHAMPION

The next game saw my Fleshtearers take to the field again in a battle that used the Night Fight rules. I was to fight Tuomas, who I knew from the 40K Mailing List and was the overall winner of the previous year's Grand Tournament. I was not confident, as you can imagine. It did not help that he also had a Blood Angels army...

Tuomas had the first turn and carefully gauged my force, slowly moving his units to receive a charge. Enough of this, I thought. I will show him how a real son of

Sanguinius fights! Leaping across the table, my army sought to engage his forces.

Predictably, the majority of his army managed to charge mine as I tried to close the range and he killed far too many of my men in his second turn for me to recover. Still, my Fleshtearers were satisfied that they had proved their prowess and dutifully moved on to the next round.

### DA BIG RACE

This was one of the strangest rounds of the Open. Jervis had designed a set of quick and easy racing rules and we all picked one model from our armies to be placed on the starting line. Perusing my army list carefully, I hunted for the perfect racer in my force – and promptly went for the slowest I could find, Moriar the Dreadnought. After all, this was only for fun.

This actually turned out to be a wise choice in the first race as no one managed to get more than two feet along the race track. We were far too busy trying to hurt each other! In the end, Moriar and a Chaos Predator were the only models left and so we both went through to the second race, the 'final' in this round.

The Chaos player and I could not believe our eyes when the second race started. All the other players actually wanted to race! We were, of course, left far behind. Dave Handy's Wazzdakka managed to cross the finish line first, though three other Wazzdakkas from other Ork players gave him a tough race. Moriar's chances, such as they were, ended when a Space Marine Land Speeder, using rules the player and I made up on the spot (under Jervis' watchful eye), rammed the Dreadnought.

Though the racing rules were very simple, they provided us with a half hour of fun, with one player promising me a re-match in future events after the first race had ended!

### A NIGHT AT BUGMAN'S

In the evening after the first day of the Grand Tournament, Games Workshop always organises a night of games and mayhem in Bugman's Bar. This is also a good opportunity to unwind after a day's gaming and chat with other players, asking how they are getting on and either rejoicing or commiserating with them.

A pub quiz took place with the categories including 40K, Warhammer and general science-fiction. We all enjoyed it – well, our team won, after all! For our efforts, we received a box of goodies yet to be released by Games Workshop and as the miniatures were divvied up between us, I was duly handed some Catachan Snipers and Sly Marbo. Damn, I thought. Now I'll have to start a Deathworld army.

### BROTHERS IN ARMS

I was distinctly less in form on the Sunday morning after that night, but I managed to struggle back to the Exhibition Hall, amid arguments of why my friend had satellite television in his hotel room and I did not.

In this game, I was teamed up with Aaron Tunney (who always has a special 'Paul

Sawyer' feature somewhere in his tournament army. – Fat Bloke), whose Imperial Guard army fought alongside mine against a combined Chaos and Eldar force. A curious alliance, perhaps, but we had come to expect such things in the Open Competition.

This game was so very nearly a draw with both the Eldar and my Fleshtearers coming very close to breaking, but a few judicious power armour saves and a destroyed Wave Serpent managed to carry the day for the Imperial forces.

### BLOOD BATH

For my money, the sixth round in the Open Event was the most fun, due in no small part to my Ultramarine opponent, Greg Moore, a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Jervis proved himself to be no small genius when he wrote the rules for this game. Consider this; there were to be two winners in this round. They would be decided by who scored the most victory points, but the points you earned were added to those of your opponent and the total would decide the placing of both of you. Simply put, the battle that saw the most carnage would produce the winners for this round, so the scene was set for some very bloody games and, as it turned out, was a great way to finish the weekend.

It was, of course, apparent that both armies had to almost annihilate each other, so I was not too dismayed when Greg managed to get the first turn and I willingly charged straight into the teeth of his massed firepower when it came to my turn to move. I didn't help the overall situation by making every power armour save I was called to roll in the first two turns!

For this battle, we used our 1,500 point 'main' armies and the 500 points of allies so between our forces, there was 4,000 points on the table. By the time we had finished battling, our combined victory point total was over 3,700 points! With trepidation, we looked around at the other gaming tables to see if anyone was going to match this feat, but their combined totals all seemed to be in the 1,500-2,000 point range. Obviously, it takes a real Marine to get into the spirit of a bloodbath!

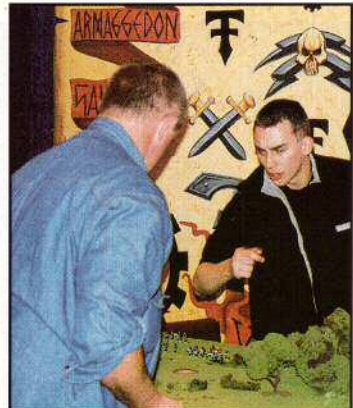
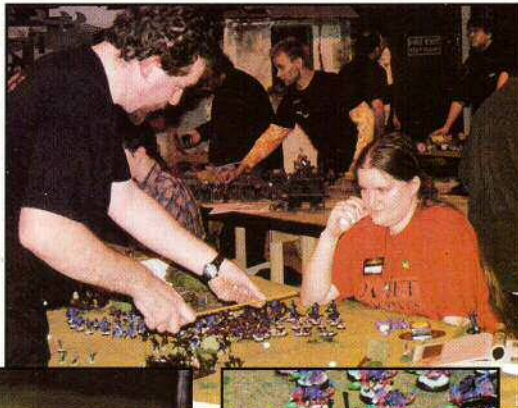
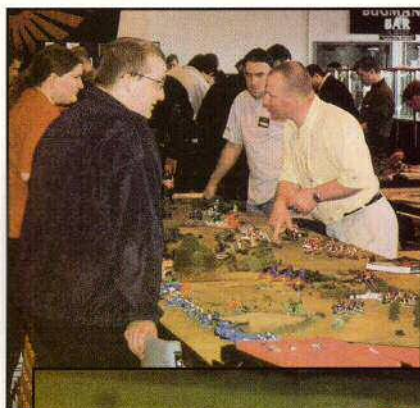
### AFTERMATH

Tired but happy. My wallet was lighter and my gaming bag was a lot heavier (where did all of those models come from?). I still had a 180-odd mile journey home, which took me a little more than two hours. Yes, my car does have a warp jump capability.

The people I met at the Grand Tournament were, as always, a lot of fun to play against. I heard a rumour whilst there that the tickets for the Grand Tournament sold out within 45 minutes of Mail Order opening, but if you can get up early enough to buy a ticket, I can thoroughly recommend the entire weekend. It is always worth coming to these events.



# WARHAMMER 40,000 GRAND UNLIMITED TOURNAMENT



## THE UNLIMITED TOURNAMENT RESULTS ROUND BY ROUND

### Round One Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name	Army
1	23.75	107	Ben Stampton	Orks
2	23	014	Nigel Curtis	Eldar
3	23	131	Andy Parsons	White Scars
4	22.75	144	Jo Parker	Tyranids
5	22.5	115	Colin Buccanon	Dark Eldar
6	22.25	185	Mark Snelling	Eldar
7	21.5	103	James Clark*	Chaos
8	21	072	Ian King	Dark Angels
9	20.75	056	Pete Bradley	Orks
10	20.5	116	Paul Harris	Orks
11	20.5	121	Philip Powel	Imperial Guard
12	20.5	130	Chris Sheppard	Eldar
13	19.5	136	Joe Grimwade	Imperial Guard
14	12.25	073	Micheal Topley	Eldar
15	12.25	126	Andy Garrad	Space Marines
16	11.5	140	Martin Windibank	Imperial Guard
17	11.25	022	Keith Fraser	Chaos
18	11	120	Liam Dawson	Chaos
19	11	124	Paul Brewster	Imperial Guard
20	10.75	057	Chris Jennings	Space Wolves
21	10.75	061	Chris Carr	Eldar
22	10.75	123	Angie Brewster	Eldar
23	10.75	127	Ross Wheeler	Space Marines
24	10.25	186	Paul Snelling	Space Marines
25	9.5	040	Geoff Kemp	Chaos
26	8.25	027	Brian Shephard	Space Marines
27	7	133	Peter Holland	Blood Angels
28	7	101	Brett Dawson	Space Marines

### Round Two Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name	Army
1	46	014	Nigel Curtis	Eldar
2	44.25	056	Pete Bradley	Orks
3	43	130	Chris Sheppard	Eldar
4	40.25	115	Colin Buccanon	Dark Eldar
5	39.75	144	Jo Parker	Tyranids
6	38.75	185	Mark Snelling	Eldar
7	38.5	121	Philip Powel	Imperial Guard
8	36.75	131	Andy Parsons	White Scars
9	36.25	116	Paul Harris	Orks
10	35.75	107	Ben Stampton	Orks
11	34.5	057	Chris Jennings	Space Wolves
12	33.75	022	Keith Fraser	Chaos
13	33	101	Brett Dawson	Space Marines
14	32.75	072	Ian King	Dark Angels
15	32.25	123	Angie Brewster	Eldar
16	32	120	Liam Dawson	Chaos
17	31.5	126	Andy Garrad	Space Marines
18	30.5	136	Joe Grimwade	Imperial Guard
19	29.75	186	Paul Snelling	Space Marines
20	27.75	027	Brian Shephard	Space Marines
21	27.25	133	Peter Holland	Blood Angels
22	24.75	073	Micheal Topley	Eldar
23	22.25	127	Ross Wheeler	Space Marines
24	22	124	Paul Brewster	Imperial Guard
25	21.75	140	Martin Windibank	Imperial Guard
26	21.75	061	Chris Carr	Eldar
27	19	141	David Gilbert*	Space Wolves
28	17.5	040	Geoff Kemp	Chaos

\*Due to a mix up at registration, James Clark accidentally played in the first round of the Unlimited Tournament.

\*Arrived late and missed the first round of games.



# One of the biggest gaming events on the calendar, the Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament pulls in gamers from across the world. Chief Umpire of this year's Unlimited Tournament, Nick Davis gives us the low-down on the weekend's activity.

The Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament. This is the biggie – one hundred and eighty gaming fanatics fighting it out to find out who is the best! To make things even more interesting this year, the tournament was broken down into three mini-tournaments, in a similar fashion to the Warhammer Grand Pageant. The largest was the Limited Tournament – full of army selection restrictions and oodles of special rules. The other two mini-tournaments were the Unlimited, which as the title suggests is an unrestricted tournament and more like playing regular games of Warhammer 40,000, while in the Open anything could happen as Chief Umpire Jervis Johnson had devised six special scenarios for the players to take part in. Needless to say it looked like a lot of fun.

For me the tournament started on a chilly Saturday morning. The car was protesting at the cold weather and I was running my characteristic five minutes late. This was all the dog's fault. I foolishly let it off the lead and it ran off thinking it was playing chase. A mad scramble through some bushes and one rugby tackle later everything was back under control, although I got covered in mud in the process, forcing a change of clothing! Normally I wouldn't be too worried about running a little late, but this weekend Che (the events organiser) had asked if I wanted to run the Unlimited Tournament and I had said yes. The last thing I wanted was to be late for my own tournament! I finally pulled into Games Workshop HQ and bounded up the stairs to the exhibition hall to find the tournament players were all milling around the main hall looking at the

massive displays while the majority of the staff were hiding in Che's tiny office. I grabbed breakfast and as I munched through a sausage cob (still in training for the Fat Bloke's bacon butties) Che quickly went through the details for the Unlimited Tournament.

The Unlimited was going to run in the same manner as the Limited. Five games to be played over the weekend, with points added for army painting and selection and for the traditional gaming quiz. The main difference was that the Unlimited Tournament was unrestricted in terms of army choice. All you had to do was make sure the army was legal to the Standard Mission organisation chart and no special characters were allowed. The Unlimited missions were randomly selected on the Standard Mission chart. My main role this weekend was to make sure that everything went smoothly for my players and to answer any rule queries.

## “Who wants to play restricted 40K?”

JO PARKER

It all seemed to make sense. I had a thin strip of tables behind what was judged to be the more competitive Limited Tournament and directly behind me Jervis would be running the Open. The only elusive detail was that we were not sure how many players I would have in the Unlimited. There were only eight in last year's Unlimited at the Warhammer Grand

Pageant. I decided that if I had that many players it was going to be a very easy weekend. Registration soon followed and after I had cajoled all my players (slightly more than eight this time, 27!) into a corner of Bugman's bar, I allocated who would play who in the fairest manner I could find – I drew names out of a hat (getting the football jokes about who was going to face Germany) and sent them off to their tables to do battle. I already had a good feeling from my players and I couldn't foresee any difficulties to come.

One of the strangest things was that I had an odd number of players in the first round, but everybody seemed to have an opponent, so I decided it was best not to question the matter. I found out after the first battle that one of my Unlimited players fought someone from the Limited Tournament as there had been a mix up at the registration in the morning. Still no damage was done, so the Chief Umpires decided to let it go.

I was going to need a stand-in player for the next round, but this wasn't going to cause any problems as Che had an eager cadre of stand-ins for just such an occasion. Whilst the first round results got processed by an increasingly furrow-browed Che (the first round result collecting and collating is always chaotic), the players went off to lunch. I was selected to help judge the army painting and selection along with Alan Merrett and Rowland Cox. We had 40 tables to mark with two armies on each and our dinners were getting cold!

I have to say that the high standard of armies every year always surprises me. ▶

### Round Three Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name	Army
1	67	014	Nigel Curtis	Eldar
2	64.5	130	Chris Sheppard	Eldar
3	63.75	144	Jo Parker	Tyrannids
4	59	131	Andy Parsons	White Scars
5	58.75	107	Ben Stampton	Orks
6	55.75	022	Keith Fraser	Chaos
7	55.25	056	Pete Bradley	Orks
8	52.25	115	Colin Buccanon*	Dark Eldar
9	52.25	072	Ian King	Dark Angels
10	51.25	136	Joe Grimwade	Imperial Guard
11	50	186	Paul Snelling	Space Marines
12	49.5	121	Philip Powel	Imperial Guard
13	48.75	185	Mark Snelling	Eldar
14	48.25	123	Angie Brewster	Eldar
15	48.25	133	Peter Holland	Blood Angels
16	47.75	057	Chris Jennings	Space Wolves
17	47.25	116	Paul Harris	Orks
18	47.25	120	Liam Dawson	Chaos
19	46.25	101	Brett Dawson	Space Marines
20	44.25	124	Ross Wheeler	Space Marines
21	43.75	140	Martin Windibank	Imperial Guard
22	42.75	126	Andy Garrard	Space Marines
23	40.5	027	Brian Shephard	Space Marines
24	40.5	141	David Gilbert	Space Wolves
25	36.75	073	Micheal Topley	Eldar
26	32	124	Paul Brewster	Imperial Guard
27	32	061	Chris Carr	Eldar
28	28.5	133	Geoff Kemp	Chaos

\*Colin Buccanon retired from the Unlimited Tournament after this round.

### Round Four Results

Position	Points	Number	Player Name	Army
1	86.5	130	Chris Sheppard	Eldar
2	85.25	144	Jo Parker	Tyrannids
3	81.75	107	Ben Stampton	Orks
4	76	014	Nigel Curtis	Eldar
5	74	131	Andy Parsons	White Scars
6	73.5	136	Joe Grimwade	Imperial Guard
7	71	186	Paul Snelling	Space Marines
8	70.25	116	Paul Harris	Orks
9	70	057	Chris Jennings	Space Wolves
10	69	185	Mark Snelling	Eldar
11	67.25	056	Pete Bradley	Orks
12	65.75	127	Ross Wheeler	Space Marines
13	64.75	022	Keith Fraser	Chaos
14	64.75	126	Andy Garrard	Space Marines
15	63.75	072	Ian King	Dark Angels
16	63.75	141	David Gilbert	Space Wolves
17	62.5	121	Philip Powel	Imperial Guard
18	60.25	123	Angie Brewster	Eldar
19	59.25	120	Liam Dawson	Chaos
20	58.25	133	Peter Holland	Blood Angels
21	56.5	101	Brett Dawson	Space Marines
22	55.5	061	Chris Carr	Eldar
23	54.5	127	Martin Windibank	Imperial Guard
24	-	-	Stand-in Player*	-
25	51	124	Paul Brewster	Imperial Guard
26	50.75	073	Micheal Topley	Eldar
27	50	27	Brian Shephard	Space Marines
28	47.5	40	Geoff Kemp	Chaos

\*With the retirement in the last round, stand-in player Kenton and his Blood Angels stepped into the breach.



◀ I always hear horror stories of half-built, unpainted models but seeing such a high standard of painting in all the armies this year pleased me. In fact in a future White Dwarf we will be show-casing the very best armies from the Warhammer 40,000 Tournament.

After a quick spot of lunch it was time to get my players started on the second round. Che handed me my first round result sheet so I could start to seed my players. With only 1.5 points separating the top six nothing was certain. At the end of round one, Ben Stampton's Waa-Gordreg Orks had bounded into the lead, followed by the Nigel Curtis' Kiai-Chi Eldar, with Andy Parson's White Scars Space Marines snapping at his heels. Jo Parker's Tyranids of Hive Fleet Orka had evolved into fourth place, Colin Buccanon's Dark Eldar secured fifth and Mark Snelling's Ultra Nova Eldar sneaked into sixth position – just half a point clear of Ian King's Dark Angels. I assigned the players to their tables, grabbed my stand-in player and introduced him to his opponent Brett Dawson. I then wandered off to check the army lists to make sure that all the armies were legal (lots of minus points for anybody who's wasn't). Before I could make it to the cover of my admin table in Bugman's bar, Jervis introduced David Gilbert, a late entry to the Unlimited tournament. Happy that I would have no stand-in players in my tournament (with no chance of them accidentally winning!) I swapped David and his Space Wolves with my stand-in and let battle commence.

The second round passed with only one slight rules query to deal with. Nigel's Kiai-Chi Eldar had now gained the lead and our first round leader, Ben Stampton, had been knocked down to seventh! Second in the standings were Pete Bradley's Waa-Grimfang Orks who had just pushed Chris Sheppard's Altansar Eldar into third place. Colin Buccanon's Dark Eldar looked threatening in a strong fourth and Jo Parker's Hive Fleet Orka slid back into fifth. The Ultra Nova Eldar of Mark Snelling held steady at the end of the second round in sixth place. With everything still to play for, as we had no clear leader, we passed into the third round with only a minor delay on result collation. Che's brow was going into the dangerous furrow zone as he battled with the data entry computer.

It was time for the final round of the day and everyone was starting to look a little fatigued by now. The round passed without incident (well for me anyway), there were no screaming rule queries, and I was starting to have the growing feeling that I had the gentleman's tournament (apologies to Jo and Angie). In fact, talking to many of the other tournament players later in the bar, they said that they would love to take part in the Unlimited next year as they liked the friendly gaming atmosphere. All my games finished on time and everybody retreated to the bar for a drink and a bite to eat after a gruelling day of gaming. At the end of day one, after round three, Nigel Curtis was still leading with his Kiai-Chi Eldar closely followed by Chris' Altansar Eldar. Jo Parker had pushed Andy Parsons off the third spot into fourth with her ever evolving

Tyranids. Ben Stampton's Waa-Gordreg was battling slowly up the table and had finished in fifth and Keith Fraser ended the day in sixth with his Chaos Marines. Other high and low notes in the third round – Martin Windibanke's Imperial Guard had won their first game of Warhammer 40,000 in two years and Ross Wheeler's Space Marines hung their heads in shame as their Assault Marine squad, led by their force commander – the heroic Captain Denelain, died from a combination of flamer attacks and a direct assault from one of Paul Brewster's Cadian Imperial Guard squads!

The start of the next day was very much like the first. Determined not to be late I kept the dog on its lead and turned its walk into a march. I drove in at a much more sedate pace and managed a leisurely breakfast reviewing my tournament standings for the day. I had one unfortunate drop out from the day before. Colin Buccanon had succumbed to the night of revelry in Bugman's bar – which really was a shame as his Dark Eldar army was running in a strong sixth and stood a chance of getting into the top three. It looked like I would need the services of the stand-in. This time, Kenton and his Blood Angels volunteered. I posted the results for all the players to see, then assigned them to their tables. The first item on the agenda this morning was the dreaded gaming knowledge test. With a valuable 15 points up for grabs and only five minutes to finish, lots of frantic scribbling followed and almost everyone (including me) was caught out by question 3 (see opposite).

## “80 attack dice from my charging Khorne Berzerkers! 3 dead Orks!?! NUTS!”

LIAM DAWSON

Once the quiz was over I sent my players straight into battle and I was off to mark the Unlimited Tournament quiz papers. The fourth round gaming was getting hotter as the top players were starting to face each other, but the game play remained friendly and I had no rule queries to answer or arguments to calm down. At the end of the fourth round the standings had changed again; Chris' Altansar Eldar had gained the top spot, knocking Nigel's Kiai-Chi into fourth place. Jo and her Tyranids had battled their way into second place, followed by the hard fighting Orks of Ben Stampton. Andy Parson's White Scars had been knocked back into fifth place with a Catachan army led by Imperial Commander Joe Grimwade creeping behind them into sixth place. In a watershed moment, Paul Brewster, a veteran player of over three years experience, finally won his first ever game of Warhammer 40,000, against the battered Eldar of Farseer Michael Topley. Things were really coming to a head now with just one more round to go.

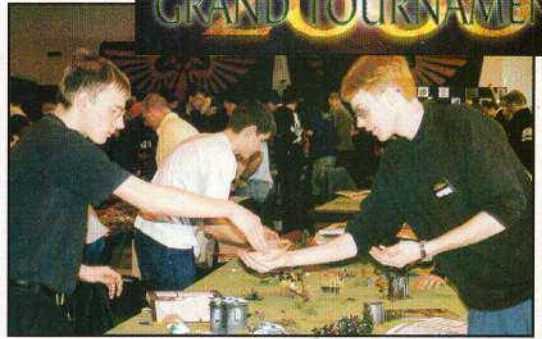
So the fifth and final round was upon us. None of my players had a clear advantage as the gaming had been close throughout the tournament. I assigned my players their opponents and I had to swap a couple around as they had faced each other before; Chris with his Altansar Eldar versus the Tyranids of Jo, Nigel's Kiai-Chi faced the White Scars of Andy Parsons and Ben Stampton's Orks took on the sixth place army of Catachans led by Joe Grimwade. The players found their tables and battle commenced once more. I disappeared into Che's office to get my painting and quiz points entered. The final round of gaming was tense but still remained friendly – all I had to do was watch the games played and keep an eye on the clock. The battle between Chris and Jo was especially tense as they blew huge chunks out of each other's army – I watched in amazement as a unit of 10 Guardians killed a unit of 20 Termagants in one round of shooting and then proceeded to hold up a unit of Hormagaunts – truly an epic action and more than most would expect from Guardians. In the end though, games had to finish with only Jo and Chris running slightly over time – I had to run off to a White Dwarf seminar and I left Kenton, one of the stand-in players and umpires, to get the final round results to Che.

After an enlightening seminar, I headed back into the exhibition hall to collect my results and found Che's brow furrowed to the extreme struggling with the data entry computer as we all anxiously awaited the results – I had no idea who had won as the painting and quiz results are a big factor in the final scoring. Finally after a long fifteen minute wait, we received the results – I was assured by Che that this was perfectly normal in all our tournaments and working with computers myself I know anything and everything that can go wrong, will. It was time though to announce the top three players in reverse order...

In surprising third place was Paul Harris with his Waa-Gorbag Deathskulls army. Paul had spent the entire weekend battling just out of the top six and this final lunge up the table was caused by the painting and army selection points – so it always pays to have a well painted army. In a much deserved second place the Kiai-Chi Eldar, under the command of Nigel Curtis finished only half of a point behind the winner and would have won if not for a defeat in the fourth round against Jo's Tyranids. Congratulations go to the winner of the Unlimited Warhammer 40,000 Grand Tournament 2000, Ben Stampton and his Orks of Waa-Gordreg – who quietly fought their way back up the table after a devastating second round defeat. Well done!

Running the Unlimited Tournament weekend was a fantastic experience. Five rounds of pleasant, but hard fought games, no arguments or disputes and a friendly air throughout all of the games. I look forward to running no doubt a larger Unlimited Tournament next year. To everyone who took part in this year's Unlimited, give yourself a hearty round of applause and I'll see you all next year. ■





## THE UNLIMITED TOURNAMENT WINNERS



Winner of the Unlimited Grand Tournament Ben Stampton (right) receives his trophy and original piece of Warhammer 40,000 artwork.



Second place Nigel Curtis



Third place Paul Harris

### The Grand Tournament Quiz infamous question 3

According to the campaign rules, how many experience points are earned for acting beyond the call of duty?

- A. 500
- B. D3x5
- C. 5

SHOCC 13 11 00000

## Final Standings

Position	Number	Player Name	Army	Round 1	Round 2	Round 3	Round 4	Round 5	Army Painting	Quiz	Total	Most Sporting	Grand Total
1	107	Ben Stampton	Orks	23.75	12	23	23	22.75	50	11	165.5	1	166.5
2	014	Nigel Curtis	Eldar	23	23	21	9	21	60	8	165	0	165
3	116	Paul Harris	Orks	20.5	15.75	11	23	23	55	10	159.25	1	159.25
4	056	Pete Bradley	Orks	20.75	15.75	11	12	22	55	6	150.25	3	153.25
5	144	Jo Parker	Tyrannids	22.75	17	24	21.5	22	40	5	152.25	1	153.25
6	057	Chris Jennings	Space Wolves	10.75	23.75	13.25	22.25	13.25	55	13	151.25	0	151.25
7	130	Chris Sheppard	Eldar	20.5	22.5	21.5	22	10.5	40	13	150	0	150
8	072	Ian King	Dark Angels	21	11.75	19.5	11.5	20.25	55	8	147	1	148
9	131	Andy Parsons	White Scars	23	13.75	22.25	15	12	50	12	148	0	148
10	127	Ross Wheeler	Space Marines	10.75	11.5	22	21.5	22	50	9	146.75	1	147.75
11	126	Andy Garrard	Space Marines	12.25	19.25	11.25	22	17.75	50	13	145.5	1	146.5
12	185	Mark Snelling	Eldar	22.25	16.5	10	20.25	20.25	45	10	144.25	1	145.25
13	061	Chris Carr	Eldar	10.75	11	10.25	23.5	20.75	55	10	141.25	0	141.25
14	136	Joe Grimwade	Imperial Guard	19.5	11	20.75	22.25	9	45	12	139.5	0	139.5
15	123	Angie Brewster	Eldar	10.75	21.5	16	12	20.75	50	6	137	2	139
16	022	Keith Fraser	Chaos	11.25	22.5	22	9	16.25	40	15	136	1	137
17	186	Paul Snelling	Space Marines	10.25	19.5	20.25	21	12	45	7	135	2	137
18	140	Martin Windibank	Imperial Guard	11.5	10.25	22	10.75	13	50	13	130.5	1	131.5
19	133	Peter Holland	Blood Angels	24	3.25	21	10	19	45	9	131.25	0	131.25
20	027	Brian Shephard	Space Marines	8.25	19.5	12.75	9.5	21.5	50	6	127.5	1	128.5
21	121	Philip Powell	Imperial Guard	20.5	18	11	13	12.75	40	12	127.25	1	128.25
22	073	Michael Topley	Eldar	12.25	12.5	12	14	12	55	9	126.75	1	127.75
23	141	David Gilbert*	Space Wolves	4	14	22.5	23.5	13.5	40	9	126.25	1	127.25
24	120	Liam Dawson	Chaos	11	21	15.25	12	11.5	50	6	126.75	0	126.75
25	124	Paul Brewster	Imperial Guard	11	11	10	19	11	45	11	118	3	121
26	040	Geoff Kemp	Chaos	9.5	8	11	19	11.25	45	14	117.75	1	118.75
27	101	Brett Dawson	Space Marines	11	22	13.25	10.25	14	30	10	110.5	0	110.5
28	115	Colin Buccanon**	Dark Eldar	22.5	17.75	12	0	0	50	0	102.25	1	103.25

\*David Gilbert arrived late and missed the first round so the Umpires decided to give him a loss score. \*\*Colin Buccanon retired after the third round.



# Index Astartes



A series focusing on the Imperium's finest warriors, the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes

RIGHTEOUS  
ZEAL

The Black Templars  
Space Marine Chapter

The history of the Black Templars can be traced back to the Imperial Fists defence of the Emperor's Palace during the Horus Heresy. After the Traitor Legions had been defeated it was decided that the loyal Space Marines should be split into smaller Chapters. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, reluctantly agreed and so the Black Templars were created. Since this time the Black Templars have been on the greatest and longest crusade the Imperium has ever known to prove their loyalty to the Emperor. Gav Thorpe delves into the archaic past of the Black Templars.

## Origins

At the birth of the Imperium, during the Great Crusade, the Warmaster Horus was possessed by the Dark Gods of the Warp and declared himself rightful ruler of the Imperium. Along with Horus, nearly half the Space Marine Legions revolted against the Emperor's leadership, and from amongst their ranks arose warriors who were so wholly devoted to the Gods they became Champions – infused with the energy of Chaos, mighty warriors many times more powerful even than a Space Marine. Even as Horus's forces assaulted the Imperial Palace at the end of the Heresy, Rogal Dorn chose a warrior from amongst the ranks of his Imperial Fists to be the Emperor's Champion. Brother Sigismund, finest of the warriors of Terra, was given the best armour and weapons and swore a holy duty to seek out the Champions of Chaos and slay them. And so he did, counting fully two dozen of the warped creatures in his bloody tally before Horus was defeated and the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror.

At the end of the Heresy, the Primarch Roboute Guilleman of the Ultramarines Legion devised a military organisation that would spread the power of the Legiones Astartes, Imperial Navy and Imperial Army across the galaxy, so no longer would one individual wield the power of an entire Legion again. For the Space Marines, these rules were laid down in the Codex Astartes, a mighty tome that also dealt with unit organisation, markings, tactical doctrine and all other aspects of the Marines' structure. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, responsible for the defence of Terra itself, refused to have his Legion broken down into much smaller Chapters, stating that it was his sacred duty to protect the Emperor and he could not afford to split his forces across the Imperium. Dorn called Guilleman a coward, for his Legion had not participated in the defence of the Imperial Palace, while the Ultramarines' Primarch accused Dorn of being a rebel and a heretic for refusing the dictates within his Codex Astartes.

Dorn would not relent, and neither would Guilleman; Leman Russ of the Space Wolves and Vulkan of the Salamanders agreed with Dorn for they too did not want their Legions scattered to the corners of the galaxy, but Ferrus Mannus, Primarch of the Iron Hands and Corax of the Raven Guard backed the Ultramarines. In the gulf left after the near-death of the Emperor, it seemed the Space Marines were destined to tear themselves apart in bloody conflict. When the Imperial Fists began to be violently persecuted for their supposed heresies, and the strike cruiser *Terrible Angel* was fired upon by the Imperial Navy, it was almost inevitable that once more internecine war would engulf the Space Marines



and the Imperium. But, even as the newly formed Chapters and the old Legions were preparing for battle, Dorn relented. He agreed to the formation of two new Chapters from his Legion – the Crimson Fists and the Black Templars would join the Imperial Fists Chapter. He chose Champion Sigismund to lead the Black Templars and the Chapter took upon themselves the black and white panopoly of his armour.

Sigismund had been chosen as the Emperor's Champion for his fervent faith in the Emperor and his undying devotion to mankind. Seeing the strife that currently beset the Legions Astartes, and the suspicion in which he and his battle brothers were held, he determined that a gesture of supreme faith was needed. As High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund declared that after leaving Terra, he would prove his loyalty, never resting in the prosecution of his duties against the enemies of the Emperor. It is an oath that every subsequent High Marshal has renewed, and so the greatest and longest Space Marine crusade was begun. It has continued unbroken for ten thousand years.

### Home world

The Black Templars have no single home world, instead they live in their Crusade fleets, upon many battle barges, strike cruisers and other craft such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. The Black Templars establish Chapter Keeps on every world they conquer or reclaim for the Emperor. The main purpose of the Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from the population, and to act as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together. These Chapter Keeps are sizeable, with chambers to accommodate two to three Companies of Space Marines, but are far smaller than the Fortress Monasteries of other Chapters. However, there have been hundreds of Chapter Keeps established over the millennia, some of which are still standing, others which have fallen into ruin and disrepair and are no longer manned.

The High Marshal himself has his own battle barge, the *Eternal Crusader*, and he can travel from Crusade to Crusade lending his military genius and spiritual guidance to those under his command. The *Eternal Crusader* is gigantic, even for a battle barge, having been expanded and refitted over ten thousand years, with extra docking facilities for escort ships, additional launch bays for shuttles and Thunderhawks, as well as accommodation for twice as many Space Marines than a normal battle barge.

### Combat doctrine

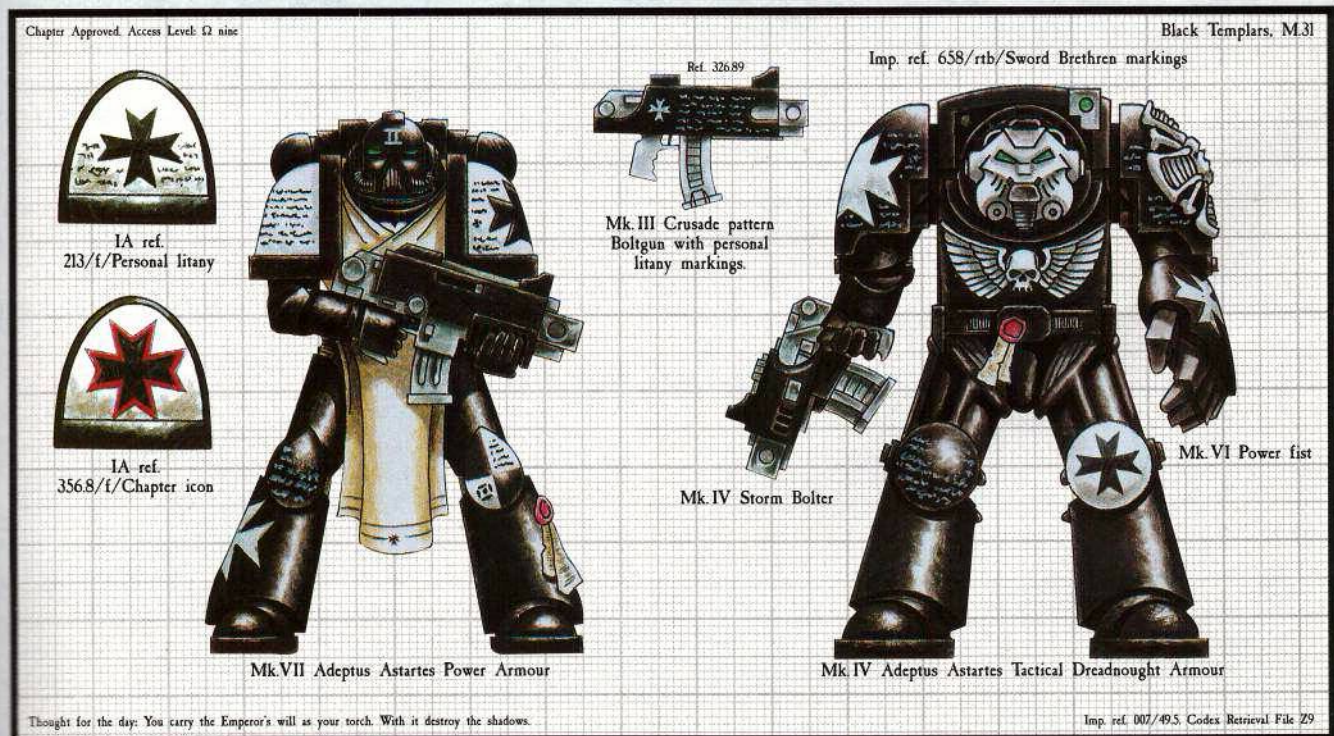
The Black Templars have continued in the style of their founder, Sigismund, in preferring close combat to ranged warfare. Face-to-face with his enemy, a Space Marine can earn honour and respect and be sure that his foe is truly vanquished.

This is further emphasised by the fanaticism of Black Templars battle brothers, whose righteous anger makes them impatient and headstrong. They will drive towards the foe relentlessly, their own casualties only serving to spur them on faster, hungry for vengeance on the slayers of their brethren.

As part of their dedication to the Emperor, the Black Templars swear fell oaths of faith and protection. Before a battle, it is customary to renew one of these vows to the Emperor, the type of vow made focusing the thoughts of the Initiates on a particular aspect of their duties, encouraging extreme bravery, ruthlessness or sacred revulsion at the foe.

### Organisation

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter. They are rarely assembled as a Chapter, but instead are divided into a number of Crusades at any one time. Each Crusade is led





## THE EMPEROR'S CHAMPION

Ever since Sigismund was elevated to the rank of first High Marshal of the Black Templars, there are others who have risen to take his place as Emperor's Champion. The practice of having an Emperor's Champion has spread to other Chapters, but it is enshrined most strongly within the dogma of the Black Templars.

Each Crusade nominally has an Emperor's Champion, but in practice there is actually one for every fighting force. On the eve of battle, one amongst the Space Marine host will receive a vision from the Emperor and present himself to the Chaplains. They will anoint him as the Emperor's Champion, and he will be gifted with the best weapons and armour in the force. Although the actual weapon and armour may change, these are always known as the Black Sword and the Armour of Faith. In battle, it is the duty and honour of the Emperor's Champion to seek out the champions of the enemy and challenge them to single-combat, just as Sigismund first did at the Battle of the Emperor's Palace. Although few foes have specific champions, it is usually sufficient for the Emperor's Champion to kill any enemy leader, as well as anyone else who is unlucky enough to cross his path. It is considered a bad omen for the Emperor's Champion to fall, and if he does so, it is the duty of his fellow Brethren to bear his body from the field of battle and reclaim the Armour of Faith and the Black Sword.



by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

There usually numbers three or more Crusades at any one time – their history shows that during the Treachery of Dalmark there were as many as fourteen Crusades fighting across the Segmentum Solar. The size of a Crusade can also vary widely, sometimes as few as fifty to one hundred Marines, sometimes the equivalent of several Companies from a Codex Chapter. Only the Black Templars themselves have even the roughest idea how many Black Templars Space Marines there are, but it is obvious that they are far more numerous than most conventional Chapters, although dispersed over a much wider area. If certain accounts are taken to be true, then they could even be as strong as five to six thousand Battle-Brethren in total, a force which in the present Imperium would be all but unstoppable if ever gathered in a single place.

The larger Crusades are often broken down by their Marshal into Fighting Companies, led by Sword Brethren given the additional honorific of 'Castellan'. Whether such Companies exist or not, individual squads are gathered and dispersed in a fairly ad-hoc fashion, and Initiates will fight together regularly out of familiarity and comradeship rather than any imposed organisation.

Another pronounced break from the doctrines of the Codex Astartes by the Black Templars is the manner in which new recruits are trained. The Chapter Keeps recruit a few individuals each year who may be suitable to become Space Marines. Those found acceptable by the Chapter Keeps are given the initial implants that will eventually change the Neophytes into fully-fledged Space Marines. When roughly two dozen recruits are ready for additional bio-engineering and the start of their training, they are transported to one of the Crusade fleets. Here certain Battle Brothers of the Chapter, or Initiates as they are properly known, will each accept one of the recruits to be their Neophyte. It is the responsibility of the Initiate to train his Neophyte in the art of war and the rituals of the Black Templars, overseen by the Chaplains. During this time the Neophytes will undergo the remaining surgery to implant all of the specially grown organs that turn them into Space Marines. The Neophytes act as servants to their master, waiting on them at the great banquets and seeing to domestic chores; whilst on the battlefield the Initiate teaches their young pupil through example. This means that the Black Templars have no dedicated Scout Company, instead the Neophytes are spread across the entire Chapter, gaining valuable experience in a wide variety of combat situations and receiving personal attention and tuition from the Initiates.

The greatest warriors of a Crusade are inducted into the Marshal's household, in what would be the equivalent of the 1st Veteran Company of a Codex Chapter. Known as the Sword Brethren, these hardened fighters receive additional training, particularly in the use of Terminator armour, and are no longer responsible for the training of Neophytes. When a Marshal dies, or is elected by the other Marshals to succeed a dead High Marshal, it is one of the Sword Brethren who will take his place. This is decided by ritual combat, during which all who contest the right to lead the Crusade will battle one another with various weapons, as well as pitting their strategic and tactical prowess against one another. The winner earns the right to be Marshal, upon approval by the





High Marshal (there's has only ever been one incident of the High Marshal not approving), and the Sword Brethren will swear new oaths of loyalty.

### Beliefs

All Space Marines are renowned for their fervent dedication, but the extremity of the Black Templars' faith is often described as fanatical, even rabid! They lust to crush the enemies of mankind; they have absolutely no tolerance of heretics, mutants, psykers, aliens or any other abomination against the Emperor. For ten thousand years they have crusaded to prove their loyalty, and this creed has become so embedded in their doctrines that they are utterly ruthless towards anyone or anything perceived as a threat to the Emperor. They will mercilessly wipe out the populations of worlds to expunge the sin of heresy, while the mere presence of a witch on a battlefield drives them into a rage of hate and vengeful bloodletting.

### Gene-seed

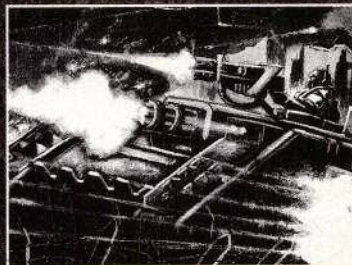
The Black Templars' gene-seed is derived from the Imperial Fists, second only in stability and purity to that of the Ultramarines. It has been supposed by some that slight flaws in the hormonal organs of the Black Templars may make them slightly overactive, thus explaining their reputation for being quick to anger. However, this seems unlikely and the trait is more likely down to the fanatical nature of the Black Templars creed.

### Chapter Motto

"No Pity! No Remorse! No Fear!"

## THE LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

Marine-Artificer Simagus constructed the first Crusader pattern Land Raiders during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid the Black Templars in the numerous sieglements they had to fight



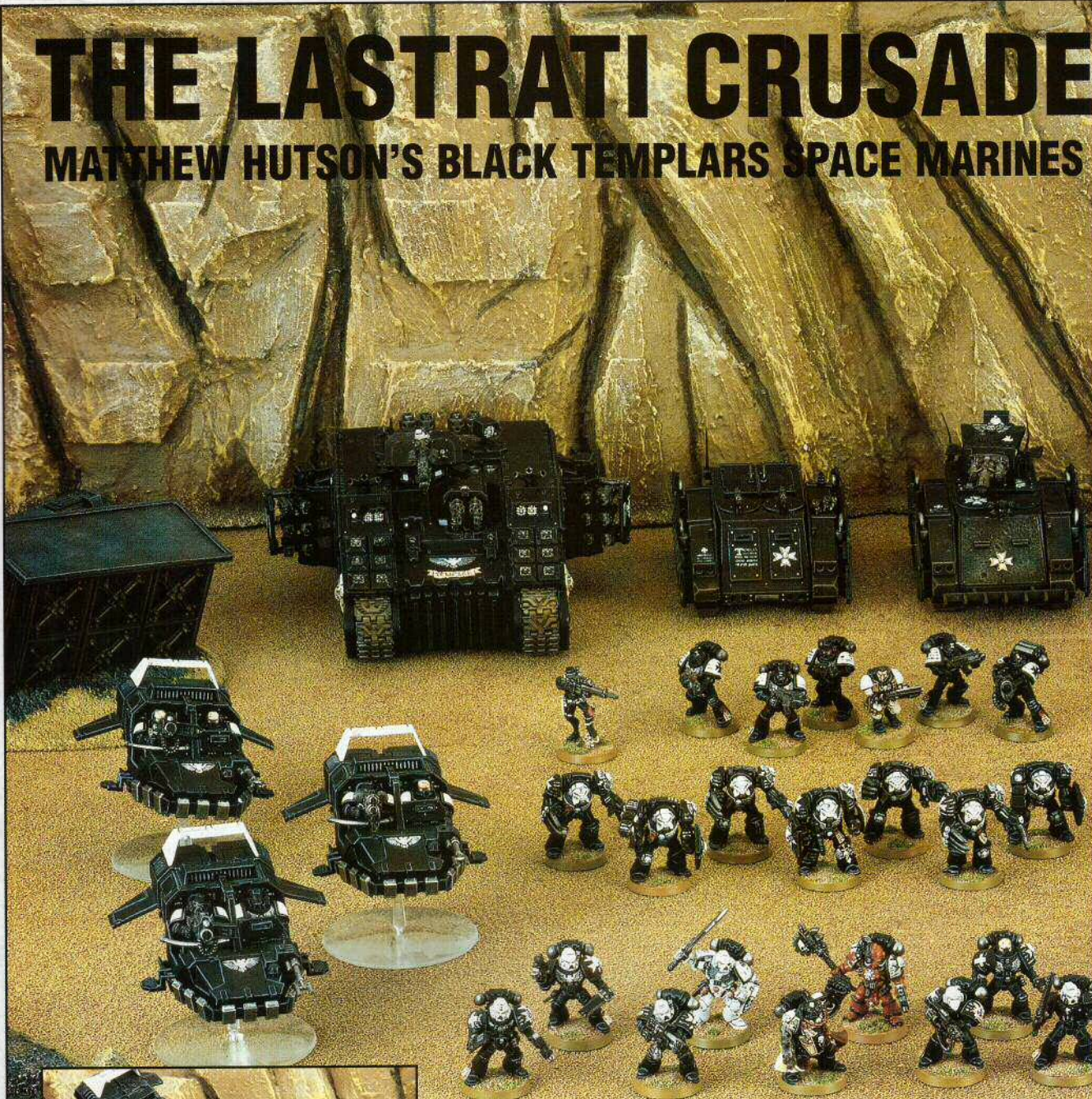
reconquering the hive world. Other Chapters requested information regarding the Crusaders remodelling as the tales of their successes spread, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became officially recognised by the Techpriests of Mars (a mere formality, since it is estimated the design had spread to nearly three quarters of the Chapters by this time). The Crusader is a line-breaking tank, built and armed to plough into the enemy, and is particularly useful against foes who are entrenched or occupying other highly defensible positions. It has an expanded troop capacity and its special frag charges allow it to disgorge a sizeable squad of Space Marines or Terminators into the heart of their adversaries. The most common Crusader pattern has the specially designed Hurricane bolter arrays in its sponsons (originally constructed by Simagus from scavenged Rhino bolters), its heavy bolters replaced with assault cannons (taken from Dreadnoughts in the Jerulas Crusade) and a multi-melta on a pintle mount (Land Speeders proved too lightweight for the heavy fighting in the hives).





# THE LASTRATI CRUSADE

MATTHEW HUTSON'S BLACK TEMPLARS SPACE MARINES



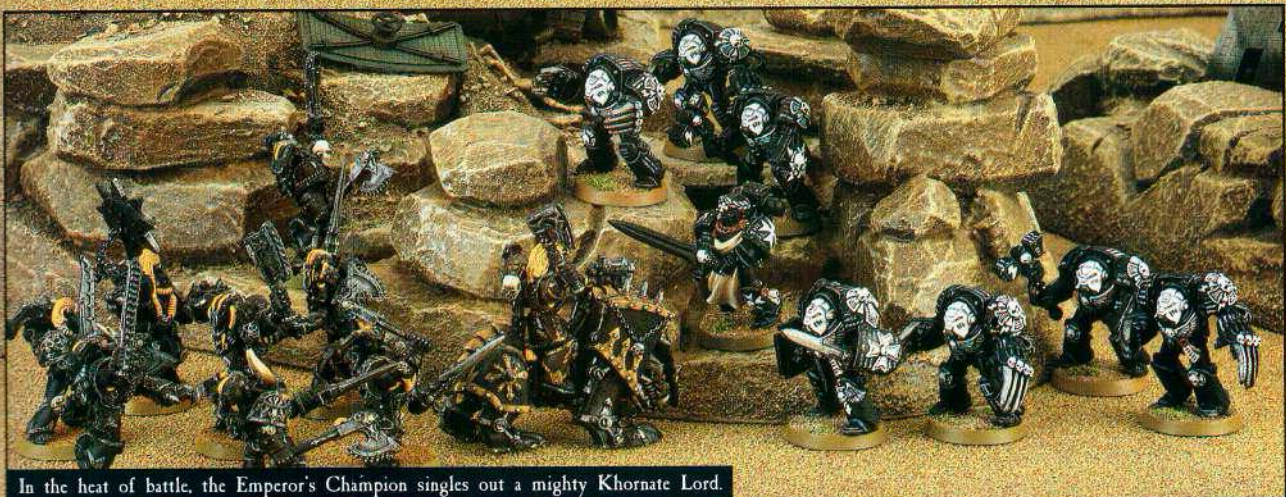
Land Speeders swoop down to strafe the Orks.



A Black Templars assault squad attacks an Alaitoc Eldar Path-finders position.



Crusade Fleet Lastrati.



In the heat of battle, the Emperor's Champion singles out a mighty Khornate Lord.



# ✠ THE DONIAN CRUSADE ✠

(985.M39)

The Donian Crusade began c.985.M39 to combat the swelling Ork population sweeping through the Donian sector and surrounding wilderness space in the southern Segmentum Pacificus. The original Marshal, Brother Austein, was killed in fighting on Nickel V and was succeeded by Marshal Wernher c.988. The Crusade lasted for roughly 17 years before the High Marshal declared it successful, Wernher moving to becoming Marshal of the Thangdron Crusade.

## ✠ MARSHAL'S HOUSEHOLD ✠

Marshal Wernher  
 Brother Tomas, Champion of the Emperor  
 Chaplains Augustin and Leuter  
 Crusade Banner Bearer Tonis  
 Household Banner Bearer Ekehart  
     2 Techmarines  
     4 Apothecaries  
     34 Sword Brethren  
 14 suits of Tactical Dreadnought armour  
     4 Dreadnoughts  
     7 Land Raiders (2 Phobos pattern,  
     3 Demos pattern, 2 Crusader pattern)  
     3 Rhinos

2 Predator Destroyers  
 3 Predator Annihilators  
 3 Razorbacks  
 1 Whirlwind

### FLEET ASSETS<sup>1</sup>

Battle barge *Sigismund's Light*  
 Forgeship *Heracles*  
 Strike cruiser *Dorn's Sword*  
 3 Rapid strike vessels  
 19 Thunderhawk gunships

## ✠ FIGHTING COMPANIES ✠

### FIGHTING COMPANY HEINMAN

Castellan Heinman  
 Banner Bearer Klesel  
     2 Techmarines  
     2 Apothecaries  
     145 Initiates  
     34 Neophytes  
     2 Dreadnoughts  
 3 Land Raiders (2 Demos pattern,  
     1 Crusader pattern)  
     7 Rhinos  
 2 Predator Destroyers  
     6 Razorbacks  
     3 Whirlwinds  
     17 Jump packs

### FIGHTING COMPANY LAZARUS

Castellan Lazarus  
 Banner Bearer Balthasar  
     3 Techmarines  
     2 Apothecaries  
     171 Initiates  
     56 Neophytes  
     3 Dreadnoughts  
 2 Crusader pattern Land Raiders  
     11 Rhinos  
 3 Predator Destroyers  
 2 Predator Annihilators  
     7 Razorbacks  
     5 Vindicators

### FIGHTING COMPANY GOTCHALCUS

Castellan Lazarus Gotchalculus  
 Banner Bearer Hildebrandt  
     1 Techmarine  
     1 Apothecary  
     87 Initiates  
     41 Neophytes  
     3 Rhinos  
 7 Land Speeders  
 24 Combat bikes  
     12 Scout bikes  
     4 Attack bikes  
     34 Jump packs

**Note:** The figures here are estimates made at the time the Crusade gathered. There are no records of non-combat personnel such as Servitors, Apprenta and so on.

<sup>1</sup>The Crusade was later joined by the strike cruiser *Apocalyp-ton* and at least 6 more rapid strike vessels. The number of Space Marines on board these vessels is unknown.



# And they shall know no fear...

"They shall be pure of heart and strong of body, untainted by doubt and unsullied by self-aggrandisement. They shall be bright stars in the firmament of battle. Angels of Death whose shining wings bring swift annihilation to the enemies of Man. So shall it be for a thousand times a thousand years, unto the very end of eternity and the extinction of mortal flesh."

Roboute Guilleman,  
Primarch of the Ultramarines

WARHAMMER  
40,000

SPACE MARINE BATTLE FORCE  
REINFORCEMENT PACK MAINTAINS  
EXISTENCE OF CHAPTERS  
REINFORCES EXISTING  
SPACE MARINE CHAPTERS  
ARMY OF SPACE MARINES

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The boxed set contains 10 Tactical Space Marines, 5 Terminators, 1 Land Speeder, 3 Space Marine Bikes and a set of ruined gothic buildings.



Space Marine Battle Force - £40 boxed set





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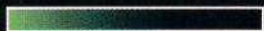


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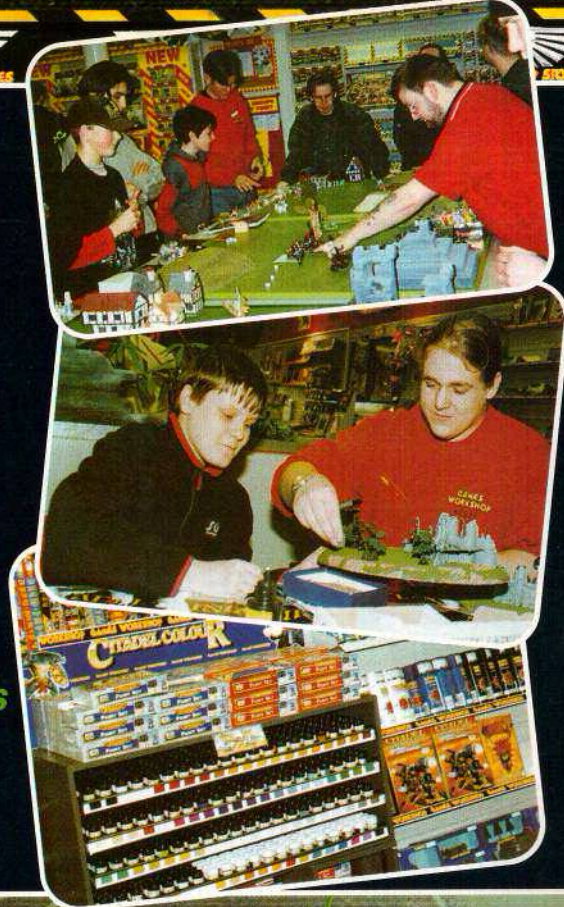
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- *The complete range of Games Workshop games, miniatures and accessories.*
- *The chance to learn to play Games Workshop games – our enthusiastic staff are ready to show you how.*
- *Exciting battles for you to take part in – every week.*
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- *A Mail Order service for components and older miniatures.*
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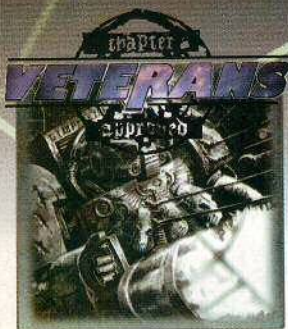
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# WHAT YOU CAN FIND ALL YEAR AROUND



Don't be bored in the holidays this year!

Every Games Workshop store is the centre of a whole host of games, battles and events in the holidays. Whether you play Warhammer 40,000 or Warhammer Fantasy, you'll find something to interest you, including the awesome Armageddon campaign, and the Warmaster and Mordheim tournaments. There are battles every day for anyone to join in, but that's just the start of it. Each day of the week there'll be something a little extra:

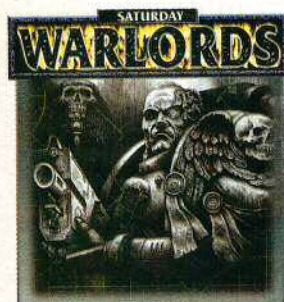
## TUESDAY – VETERANS

On Tuesday we give over our store to the Veterans. If you want to dust off your Necromunda gang or Bloodbowl team, just see if our staff can set up a game, or book yourself and your opponent a table. Tuesday is also the day we always play Warhammer Fantasy Battle.



## THURSDAY – GAMES NIGHT

Games Nights are the next stage for the avid gamer after you graduate from the Initiate Program (check out the details on the page opposite). On Games Nights we play games of greater complexity to test the new commanders' skills. Why not call your local store to find out what game they're playing this week?



## SATURDAY – WARLORD

Saturday Warlords is for everyone, especially all those experienced commanders. On Saturday our store runs games of awesome proportions, where everyone can command a force, of either their own soldiers, or a unit of the store's troops. Check with your local store to see what's happening this Saturday.

# VISITING LONDON

## HAMLEY'S - THE WORLD RENOWNED TOY STORE

Hamley's, the world renowned Toy Store on Regent Street in the centre of London, stocks the biggest selection of toys and games in the UK and now you can buy Games Workshop products from there too (you'll find us downstairs, on the left).

Hamleys of London, 188 - 196 Regent Street,  
London, W1R 6BT

*Hamleys*

L O N D O N



# IN YOUR LOCAL STORE

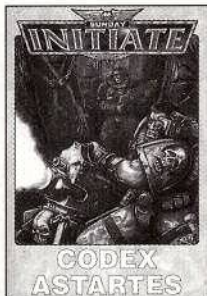
## SUNDAY INITIATE



Playing Games Workshop games is an incredibly rewarding experience. What other hobby offers such a large range of different things to do? However, we do understand that getting into the Games Workshop hobby can be something of a daunting experience; bulky rule books to read, incredibly detailed background worlds, thousands of different miniatures to choose from, and dozens of colours to paint them. How on earth do you know where to start?

We'll never fear, because your local Games Workshop store is here with the answer. If you're new to the Games Workshop hobby, or perhaps your son or daughter needs some guidance, then simply pop down to your store on Sunday, where our staff will be running special Sunday Initiate days.

These Sundays are especially put aside to show anyone new to the Games Workshop hobby just how to get started. If you've just bought your first models and want to find out how to go about painting, collecting and playing games then Sunday Initiates is just for you.



ore.	Has had two painting lessons.	Sign
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
home.	Has two painted troop choices.	Sign
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
f terrain.	Completion will grant access to further training.	Approved Date
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Our Initiates Program takes you step-by-step through the first stages. You will receive an Initiate Card that will help you chart your progress, and once you have completed the card you will receive a free commander for your army. For more details, give your store a call, or pop in and have a chat with the staff.



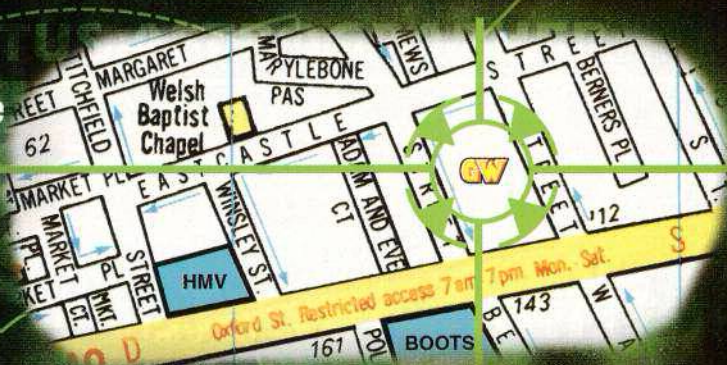
# THIS SUMMER?

## GAMES WORKSHOP - PLAZA STORE

Why not pay a visit to our central London Plaza store. It's easy to find, upstairs in the Plaza shopping centre on London's busy Oxford Street.

Unit F10, The Plaza Shopping Centre, 1st floor, 116-128 Oxford Street, London

For More details call: 0207 436 0839





# SCHOOLZ OUT

GAMES WORKSHOP HITS THE ROAD THIS SUMMER WITH SOME FANTASTIC

## ARMAGEDDON

# MAROONED

Join in this awesome battle between a ferocious Ork and Chaos alliance and Armageddon's Imperial defenders. This huge battle features a 4ft, Warhammer 40,000 scale Titan! Be at the stores below, and prepare for one of the biggest battles ever!

### ROADSHOW DATES

**25th AUGUST**

Gloucester

**26th & 27th**

**August**

Copenhagen

Bradford

Derby

Trafford Centre

Stockholm

Wolverhampton

Sheffield

Edinburgh

Braehead Centre

(Glasgow)

Blanchardstown

Carlisle

Chester

Darlington

Romford

Brent Cross

Luton

Blue Water

Kingston

**2nd & 3rd**

**September**

Bromley

Cardiff (Saturday only)

Dudley

Ealing

Falkirk

Hemel Hempstead

Lakeside (Thurrock)

Kensington

Loughborough

Meadowhall (Sheffield)

Middlesborough

Stirling

Stoke

White Rose (Leeds)

**9th & 10th**

**September**

Cambridge

Doncaster

Hammersmith

Richmond

Shrewsbury

Southend

Tunbridge Wells

Check out elsewhere in this issue for more details on the huge Armageddon campaign.

# ARMAGEDDON

**Nottingham store - 26th August**

**Birmingham store - 27th August**



# FOR SUMMER!

ROADSHOWS, SO LOOK OUT FOR CARNAGE AND MAYHEM AT A STORE NEAR YOU...

## Fool's Gold WARMMASTER®

A huge Warmaster battle you can take part in, featuring that most ancient of empires, the High Elves. This roadshow features not only this awesome battle but also a whole host of other events. Don't miss out on this extravaganza at a store near you.

### Roadshow Dates

#### 26<sup>th</sup> & 27<sup>th</sup> August

Ayr  
Bath (Saturday only)  
Bedford  
Blackpool  
Chelmsford  
Coventry  
Dublin  
Enfield  
Grimsby  
Liverpool  
Manchester  
Maidstone  
Newcastle  
Perth  
Sutton  
Walsall  
York

#### 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> September

Blanchardstown  
Blue Water  
Braehead  
Brent Cross  
Carlisle  
Chester  
Darlington  
Edinburgh  
Kingston  
Luton  
Romford  
Sheffield  
Bradford  
Wolverhampton  
Derby  
Trafford Centre  
Stockholm  
Copenhagen

Dudley  
Ealing  
Falkirk  
Hemel Hempstead  
Lakeside (Thurrock)  
Kensington  
Loughborough  
Meadowhall (Sheffield)  
Middlesborough  
Stirling  
Stoke  
White Rose (Leeds)

#### 1<sup>st</sup> September

Bristol

#### 9<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup> September

Bromley

#### 16<sup>th</sup> & 17<sup>th</sup> September

Cambridge  
Doncaster  
Hammersmith  
Richmond  
Shrewsbury  
Southend  
Tunbridge Wells

Throughout the Summer every Games Workshop store, many independent stores & Clubs are hosting the Warmaster and Mordheim tournaments, culminating in the finals at Games Day 2000.

# ROADSHOW

These 2 stores will be hosting the infamous Armageddon Roadshow, which not only includes everything you'd expect from a roadshow, but it'll also give everyone the chance to talk to the very people behind the campaign itself. Games Developers, Miniature Designers and Artists will all be there to answer your questions!





Zak  
Games  
Workshop  
Kingston

# GAMES WORKSHOP KINGSTON SKAVEN HORDE





I have been fascinated with Skaven ever since they were first introduced, many moons ago, in one of the original Citadel Journals. The particular issue featured the comic strip Kaleb Daark, and they were introduced as Kaleb Daark's enemy.

Their sneaky, malicious ways and weapons of power and destruction got me hooked!

At that time though I was only collecting models for painting, so I had never built up an army. I carried on in the same way up

until a few years ago. Over the last few years I have been avidly painting various armies with Skaven at the forefront.

I have to admit my army didn't follow a long-term plan. When I started the army I painted whatever I felt like painting at the time. This works fine with Skaven as, unlike other armies, you don't have to stick to a particular theme for the army. Their armour and clothing have all been 'salvaged' from successful battles and Skaven aren't bothered at all about looking presentable.

My favourite models in my army include the Rat-Ogres; they are very characterful, imposing models which they scare the hell out of people who've never fought them before. The Plague Monks are another favourite because, with the Censer Bearers, when they charge into combat they annihilate anyone who

dares stand in their way. I am especially impressed with the way the Censer Bearers deal with heavy cavalry and all because they smell!

The latest addition to my force is my new Warlord, mounted on a cockatrice (see inset picture bottom left). I feel the creature really suits the 'weasel' look of the Skaven, and allows my general to lead the army from any point on the battlefield as long as it's at the rear. My army is nowhere near completion (who's is?), my next additions are two units of 30 Clanrats and 40 slaves. My aim is to build the army to approximately 8,000 points in total.

I hope this army inspires you to collect Skaven. It has been foreseen that the rat kin will rule the world. You are all the children of the horned rat, so give in and get collecting.





# ARMAGEDDON

## APOCALYPSE

BE THERE AT THE CLIMACTIC END OF THE WAR

**A**lready the 3rd war of Armageddon has claimed millions of lives. Ork, Human, and alien. But the conflict still hangs in the balance. Reports from other warzones already report great victories and disasters for the Imperium, but it's at Infernus Hive that the war will be decided. Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka himself is reported to have been seen at the siege!

Every Warhammer 40,000 game played in the UK will affect the tide of war at this besieged Hive, and at the very centre of the action are Games Workshop's very own stores. You still have time to take part in these battles, indeed some of the bloodiest are yet to be fought. Make sure you check out what's happening at your local store, and don't miss out on the climactic final battles on September 2nd - the Apocalypse is here!

### SATURDAY 2ND SEPTEMBER

ASK AT YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP FOR DETAILS



# GAMES WORKSHOP

## CAREER OPPORTUNITIES



### Mail Order Telesales

*The ideal candidate:*

- Has a passion for the Games Workshop hobby.
- Enjoys talking to people of all age groups.
- Has excellent communication skills.
- Has a good telephone manner.
- Has telesales experience (preferred but not essential).
- Believes in excellent customer service.
- Graduate applications welcome.

### Mail Order Despatch

*The ideal candidate:*

- Has a passion for the Games Workshop hobby.
- Has excellent knowledge of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.
- Works well as part of a team.
- Can work to deadlines.
- Works well under pressure.
- Aged 18+

### We can provide:

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- Huge staff discount.
- Excellent Training.
- Superb facilities at our HQ, including gym, restaurant and bar.
- The chance to join a great team.

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Our busy UK Studio is responsible for all promotional material you see in the Games Workshop stores and for Mail Order. We also produce the Stores, Mail Order, and Warhammer World pages in White Dwarf magazine.

- Applicants must be involved in the Games Workshop hobby, as a thorough knowledge of our games and fantasy worlds is essential for this position.



- Ideal candidates will be educated to at least 'A' Level standard, with related experience or qualifications in Desktop Publishing/Graphic Design and English language.
- Knowledge of Apple Macintosh computers running Photoshop and Quark Xpress is desirable.
- The most important qualities the successful candidate will have is a desire to learn and the ability to work well under pressure to meet tight deadlines.

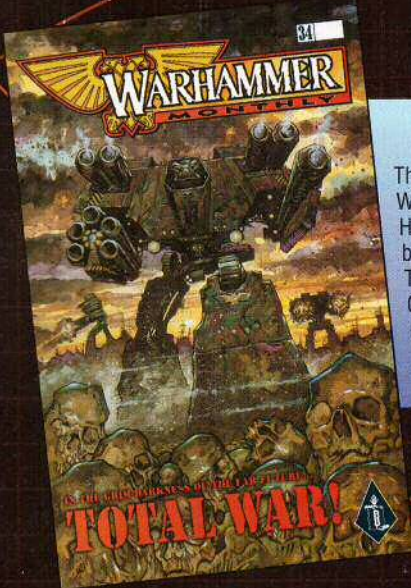
*For all positions, send your C.V. or an application form with a covering letter, stating which position you wish to apply for, to:*

UK Sales Personnel Department,  
Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham NG7 2WS  
Tel: 0115 916 8172





# THE BLACK LIBRARY PRESENTS



## WARHAMMER MONTHLY #34

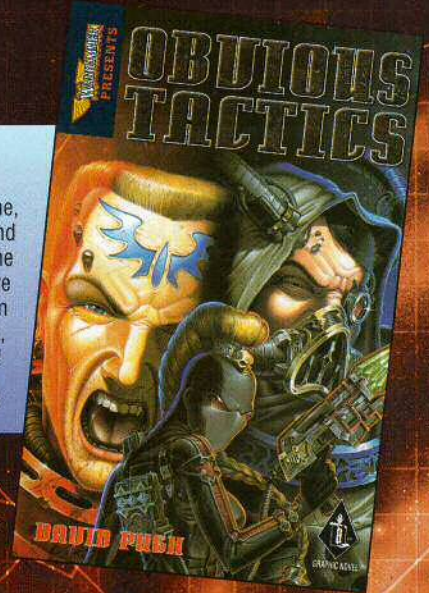
The action comes thick and fast with three storming stories in this month's Warhammer Monthly. Dan Abnett's Titan reaches its shattering conclusion as Hekate and the crew of the Imperius Dictatio face their greatest foe yet. Debonair bounty hunter Kal Jerico returns in the first instalment of a new epic adventure, The Nemo Agenda. Sister of Battle Ephrael Stern finds herself embroiled within a Chaos plot: there's something evil aboard the *Benediction* but Ephrael finds allies in unlikely guises in the awesome Daemonifuge.

OUT SEPT • ONLY £2.20

## OBVIOUS TACTICS – The Graphic Novel

Collected together from the pages of *Inferno!* into one awesome volume, *Obvious Tactics* pits veteran Blood Angels Sergeant Antenor and Librarian Troilus against the corrupting daemonic legions of Nurgle the Plague God. The beleaguered Space Marines, aided only by an elusive and sinister Callidus Assassin, must battle to save a billion souls from an insidious Chaos plot. In this storming adventure by David Pugh, when there's no cunning solution it's time to employ *Obvious Tactics!*

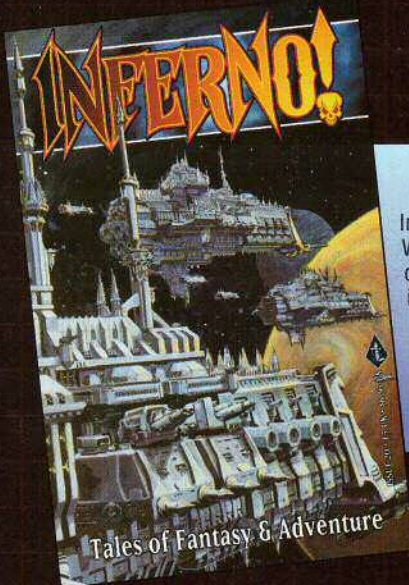
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## INFERNO! #20 – Tales of Fantasy and Adventure

*Inferno!* is the indispensable guide to the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 and the cornerstone of the Black Library. Every issue is crammed full of action-packed stories, comic strips and artwork. *Inferno!* is the magazine that brought you Gaunt's Ghosts, Gilead, Kage and the Last Chancers and the White Wolves of Middenheim. Presented every two months, *Inferno!* brings our worlds to life in ways you never thought possible.

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# HISTORICAL ACTIONS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD

## THE REGIMENTS ON ARMAGEDDON

There are hundreds of Imperial Guard regiments fighting in the Third Armageddon War. This month we take a look at a series of short historical accounts that highlight four of those regiments.

### THE SAVLAR CHEM-DOGS

The Savlar system, just over a hundred light years from Armageddon, is a desolate place, little valued by the Imperium save for the rich chemical deposits on the volcanic moons of Savlar Penitens. Unsatisfied by poor mining quota returns, the Adeptus Terra re-graded Savlar as a penal world in the 39th Millennium, shipping in criminals by the thousand from the recent Bokur rebellion along with special detachments of the Adeptus Arbites to ensure productivity. Within three decades chemical production from Savlar was supplying three civilised worlds and two forge worlds in the surrounding sub-sectors. The population of the moons was subsequently swelled by regular influxes of thieves, murderers and traitors from across the Armageddon sector. The high mortality rate in the poisonous mines of Savlar became notorious among the criminal fraternity, leading to it being known as the "Dead Dog moons" and phrases like "Dead as Savlar".

#### The Bokurite Uprising

Two centuries of successive pirate raids devastated almost all production facilities on Savlar in the early 40th Millennium. Despite their best efforts the Adeptus Arbites were simply not numerous enough to protect all of what had by now become a valuable commodity.

Leave was sought and eventually granted to raise defence militia regiments from the populace of Savlar. Better access to filter-masks and medication was a benefit of membership in the militia so volunteers were plentiful and Judge Callistar of the Arbites used a careful selection process and arming policy to ensure no insurrection could take place. Or so he thought.

The descendants of Bokur had never truly abandoned their ancestors' anarcho-capitalist beliefs and they moved carefully to infiltrate the defence militias. After decades of preparation the Bokurites staged a major uprising across all of the Dead Dog moons, seizing several armouries and precinct forts. Soon a column of Chimera carriers and mining trucks full of troops were pushing along the main highway through the impassable nitrous marshes which surround Lutsk, the Precinct Capital. While his Arbitrators fought to contain the Bokurite rebellion, Judge Callistar sought some kind of solution to crushing it. The Bokurites controlled at best 25-30% of the total militia regiments on Savlar, although they were better motivated and trained than most. The problem was that the remaining regiments would likely leave the Bokurites and Arbites to fight each other, so they could loot the battlefield afterwards. Eventually he concocted a plan.

### SAVLAR CHEM-DOGS TROOPER

Illustrated is a trooper of XIVth Chem-Dogs regiment serving in Warzone Infernus on Armageddon. This man retains the traditional four tube Savlar pattern rebreather canister and filter mask, a bulky and awkward piece of equipment in comparison to that used by the Armageddon Steel Legion. However the Chem-Dogs are infamous thieves and scavengers and large numbers of Armageddon pattern filter masks have been reported lost or stolen in every warzone frequented by the Chem-Dogs. This trooper also carries a number of non-standard pieces of gear, such as improvised body armour and a civilian made vox caster and dust goggles.





The Bokurite thrust was a scant twelve kilometres from the Precinct Capital when it ran into heavy opposition from Arbites using dismounted orbital cannons dug into hills on the route. Heavy fighting continued until dusk, with individual Chimeras having to draw back to the truck column to replenish their ammunition. As the light faded, chem-crazed militiamen emerged from the supposedly impassable nitrous swamps on either side of the highway. The ragged figures were soon cackling insanely and shooting wildly, while Militia vehicles and chem-riders appeared on the roadway itself.

The Bokurite column was densely packed and found itself in serious trouble. Vehicles and men struggled to turn about and deploy, taking constant casualties as trucks blew up from las-fire and grenades. Finally the order was given to disengage and the Bokurites tried to fight their way clear, but they were hemmed in on all sides. Individual pockets of resistance flared where a squad or Chimera stood off the swarming convicts for a time but all too quickly the Bokurites were dragged down by their less ideological fellow inmates. By dawn the highway had been picked clean save for the skeletal wrecks of burnt-out vehicles.

In light of the ability of Savlar to control its own affairs, the right to raise defence regiments stayed in place despite the Bokur incident. By the mid 40th Millennium Ork incursions into the Armageddon sector had reached such severity that the first Savlar-recruited Imperial Guard regiments of so-called "Chem-Dogs" were sent offworld to fight. Records show that Judge Callistar always delighted in telling the story of how the Savlar Chem-Dogs first came into being. According to tradition he also cited two "motivational imperatives" to every Procurator-Colonel forming up a new regiment.

One: Tell them they can keep anything they take off the enemy.

Two: Tell them that if they break the law they'll be sent back to the Dead Dog moons.

*By Andy Chambers*

## DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG

In 433.M40, the Autarch of the planet Krieg in Segmentum Tempestus declared himself independent from the Imperium and renounced the Emperor as his divine master. Regiments raised on Krieg to crush this rebellion acted with commendable haste and righteous fury. The now infamous Colonel Jurten of the Krieg 33rd unleashed a campaign of atomic cleansing that was to turn into a scourging that lasted five hundred years and transformed Krieg into a toxic, ash-polluted wasteland. The survivors of Jurten's retribution were forced to exist in underground bunkers

or deep in the radioactive chem-wastes, as their descendants do to this day. From the self-annihilation of their home world, the Death Korps was born.

As penance for the Autarch's heresy, the Death Korps regiments each embarked on their own quest for absolution, constantly requesting transfers to the most lethal warzones throughout the galaxy. Every soldier in the Death Korps is proud of the regiment's part in the purification of Krieg and they despise the cowardice of lesser men that would flinch from such acts. The regimental creed is to eradicate heresy and weakness wherever it is found and on numerous occasions Death Korps forces have been reprimanded for their excessive use of force and unsanctioned genocidal campaigns.

### The Eyes of the Emperor

In 213.M41 the forge world of Castaburg in the Bethamor system fell to a surprise attack from a vast force of Orks led by Warlord Skarmork. The cost of recapturing the planet was sure to be formidable and Death Korps regiments were amongst the first to volunteer to take part in the counterattack. In the period prior to the Imperial invasion the Orks constructed a system of bunkers and citadels centred upon two forge refineries known as Terhar Prime and Meghan. Terhar Prime was taken swiftly in a flanking manoeuvre by the Krieg Death Riders on their bionically enhanced mounts, but Meghan would prove to be much tougher to crack open. Without detailed intelligence on the Ork defences, casualties were expected to be extreme and progress slow.

Early in the war, Ork Stormboyz had seized the Mount Haemek sensor outpost from the small contingent of Imperial defenders. Known on Castaburg as 'the Eyes of the Emperor', this array of arcane sensor equipment could provide the Imperial commanders with the information they needed to successfully assault Meghan. Due to the vital strategic importance of the outpost, high priority was placed on its capture and the 95th Death Korps Regiment (the Black Guard) were tasked to retake this heavily defended location.

As armoured Panzer Divisions and infantry forces prepared to cross the Jaxartes river towards Meghan, a Death Korps breaching battalion made its way in Chimeras to Mount Haemek. The battle plan was to outflank the Orks here also, but the designated approach proved to be heavily mined and inaccessible to the force's vehicles. Despite this, the Guardsmen pressed forward, abandoning damaged and destroyed

## DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG TROOPER

Troopers from the Death Korps wear dark greatcoats and their sinister appearance reflects the uncompromising nature of the regiment. Death Korps soldiers do not fear dying and are more than willing to sacrifice their own lives for the greater good of the Korps. This accord with death leads many soldiers to adorn their uniforms and weapons with skulls and other grim symbols of mortality. The Death Korps expect to be fighting in the deadliest warzones and their soldiers are equipped accordingly with respirators, cold-weather gear and survival packs that allow them to act in the most extreme operational environments.





## ELYSIAN DROP TROOPS

The Elysians come from a verdant world some thirty light years from Armageddon, towards the galactic hub. The Elysia system and surrounding wilderness space is notorious for its pirates, as a main trade route through the sector passes through Elysia, and the system's many swirling gas clouds and hundreds of asteroid fields provide perfect ambush sites. Through combating this ever-present threat, the Elysians are therefore well trained in ship-to-ship boarding actions, and fighting in concert with orbital support when attacking isolated pirate bases.

### The Skopios Incident

The preferred operation style of the Elysian Drop Troops is amply demonstrated in accounts of the Skopios Incident. Skopios was a large asteroid in inter-system space roughly a week's warp travel from Elysia. It was populated by the Adeptus Mechanicus who used the otherwise lifeless rock as a facility for dangerous experimentation and analysis of potentially hazardous discoveries. It was therefore natural that when, in 873.M38, the Explorator vessel *Incalculus Stellar* came across an alien edifice floating in wilderness space not far from Skopios, they would take it to the asteroid facility.

Astropaths in surrounding sectors began to report all manner of ill omens in their messages – dreams and visions were blood-red and filled with screaming faces. A routine patrol by the Imperial Navy reported no contact with Skopios and the 22nd Elysian Regiment was sent to investigate. Colonel Prinz of the 22nd treated the whole of Skopios as potentially hostile, and deployed several Recce Companies to act as scouting parties, alongside Imperial Navy Ground Observation Officers.

The Recce teams at first reported Skopios deserted, although the machinery seemed to be working at full volume. As the Elysians proceeded, there came sporadic reports of fighting, but Prinz could get no details – each landing party that signalled engagement with the enemy soon fell silent. Scattered comms-chatter identified the enemy as humanoid, extremely fast and powerful. Prinz first suspected the Eldar,

vehicles along the way. Casualties were high and many of the Death Korps's commanding officers were killed. Eventually the Death Korps was forced to abandon the flanking manoeuvre and Captain Vinnik, the highest ranking officer left alive, decided upon a new plan which required a direct frontal assault.

Upon reaching the base of the mountain, the Death Korps disembarked from its remaining vehicles to approach the Eyes of the Emperor on foot. The force was divided into two groups, with each group attacking one of the two peaks on which the outpost was situated. Under cover of darkness, Death Korps members begin scaling the steep cliffs of Mount Haemek and six hours later, after fierce fighting, they captured the lower bunkers. By morning a firebase had been secured near the mag-loader station that ran to the top of the mountain. Ammunition was running low and so the Death Korps soldiers were forced to use shootas and kombi-weapons liberated from dead Ork defenders to augment their attack. Upon reaching the outer perimeter of the fortifications, the leading platoons flattened the razor wire coils by lying down on the wire, allowing the following soldiers to step across them and assault into the fort.

The attack swept into the trenches, where fighting was at desperately close quarters, with horrendous casualties on both sides. The combat raged for several more hours until fresh troops were ferried to the mountain top by the captured mag-loader and the tide of battle turned in favour of the Death Korps. Flamer and melta teams moved in to clear the trenches and soon the Death Korps's regimental flag was raised to the top of the base's listening post antennae. The battle had lasted for twelve bloody hours and had killed six hundred Death Korps members and wounded nearly a thousand others. Captain Vinnik (posthumously promoted to the rank of Colonel) also died in the attack. Even after taking a mortal wound in the early stages of the battle, he had continued to direct his soldiers until finally being carried down the mountain by medics.

After recapturing the Eyes of the Emperor, Death Korps regiments joined Colonel Milos Rann's Panzer Divisions in their thrust towards Meghan. The campaign was to last another six months and thanks to the intelligence provided by the sensor outpost, Imperial casualties were significantly lower than projected estimates.

By *Graham McNeill*

### ELYSIAN DROP TROOPER

This illustration depicts an Elysian Drop Trooper Veteran Sergeant from the 22nd Elysian regiment wearing the uniform and equipment used during the Skopios Incident of 873.M38. Skopios had a thin but breathable atmosphere, so the sergeant has dispensed with the bulky and uncomfortable Type 5 pressure helmet that the Elysians usually wear. When worn, the pressure helm draws air from dispensers in the trooper's backpack, which also carries other vital supplies and communications gear. The sergeant has chosen to replace his standard issue lasgun with an M36 Mars pattern assault shotgun, a popular choice with elite troops like the Elysians. He carries plenty of spare ammunition and fragmentation grenades, as is common practice amongst troops that may have to operate on their own without fresh supplies for an extended period of time, as drop troopers are often called upon to do. The dagger emblem on the sergeant's right gauntlet is the regimental symbol of the 22nd regiment, and the supplemental skull icon on the glove and the chest mark him out as one of the few survivors of the ill-fated Jmigan landings.





and he ordered the rest of his regiment onto full drop alert, ready to respond at a moment's notice.

The two surviving companies made steady progress across Skopios, working their way towards the main factory complexes at its northern pole. It was Captain Schultz of the 3rd Recce Company who first called in an amazing discovery. The production lines had been completely altered, transformed into something completely unrecognisable to the Naval Techpriests accompanying the Guardsmen. They were producing what at first seemed to be statues of skeletal humans, but on closer inspection the Techpriests concluded that the factories were making artificial warriors! It seemed none of them were active yet, but it was only a matter of time before there would be thousands of the warriors ready. Prinz ordered the Recce Companies to locate the control centre and shut down the whole facility, and they were to call for help the moment they ran into trouble.

That trouble lay in wait for them at the control complex. Just as the first reports of renewed combat came up from Skopios' surface, the fleet Astropaths warned Colonel Prinz that they had detected something incredibly ancient and utterly evil on the asteroid below. They were half-insane with terror at what they had found, and it was impossible to get any clear information from them. The Elysian Colonel ordered a full launch onto the control centre. The Guardsmen had simple orders – destroy anything they found.

As the dropships screamed down through Skopios' thin atmosphere the sky burned with the retro-thrusters of the Elysian landers. Prinz himself was one of the first into the complex and was horrified to find nothing of the Recce Companies. It was a short while later that he found the alien edifice, sarcophagus-like and exuding a menace which even he could detect. As Prinz and his command company watched, the coffin-shaped monolith began to glow and as the light became almost blinding a silhouette appeared inside.

The creature that stepped from the gateway, for that is what the object appeared to be, was tall and lithe, almost skeletal. It appeared unarmed, but as Prinz ordered his men to open fire, the alien exploded into life, leaping into the Guardsmen so fast it was merely a blur of darkness. The screams of the dying and wounded echoed off the metal walls of the command centre as the ancient monstrosity carved its way through squad after squad of men, ripping them apart with its hands, seemingly impervious to their weapons. It was then that the metal warriors from the factory burst into the command centre, blasts of energy from their guns disintegrating everything in their path.

The firefight became intense – alien machines were blown apart by fusillades of heavy bolter fire, lascannon beams criss-crossed the chambers of the command complex, plasma bolts burnt through walls while beams of bright energy made men evaporate into nothing. The Elysians were taking heavy casualties and Prinz ordered the survivors to retreat back to the landers and take off for orbit. As they retreated, the fleet set up a bombardment to cover the Drop Troops' withdrawal, the shells and missiles from the ships plummeting onto Skopios barely fifty yards from the Elysians. As the last Drop Troops left Skopios, the fleet pounded the facility with torpedoes and broadsides until the asteroid was shattered. The bombardment continued, smashing the fragments of Skopios into smaller and smaller pieces.

Even then, no-one was sure if the sarcophagus had been destroyed. For the last three hundred years a wide area centred on the remains of Skopios has been declared Purgatus, and Imperial Navy patrols ensure the quarantine is not breached. Prinz and the 22nd Elysian were exonerated of all responsibility and later went on to garner great fame and respect in the Cathalin Crusade, during which the Colonel was eventually promoted to Warmaster.

## THE ARMAGEDDON ORK HUNTERS

In the years following the defeat of the Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka, the world of Armageddon began the long process of rebuilding its shattered hives and defences. The Ork army had been destroyed, but due to the unique spore-based reproductive system of the Ork race, infestations of Greenskins continued to plague Imperial forces.

In response to this, the head of the ruling military council of Armageddon, General Kurov, conducted several xenocidal campaigns to destroy such infestations throughout the equatorial jungles of Armageddon and the ice world of Chosin. The forces involved in these battles suffered extremely high losses and many units were reduced to below a tenth of their operational strength. Rather than disperse these soldiers to other regiments, General Kurov decided to harness the valuable experience the survivors had gained and formed them into a number of specialised Ork hunting regiments. Soldiers from dozens of different planets and with almost no common culture were now merged into specialised extermination regiments.

The main area of operations for these units would be in the depths of Armageddon's jungles where Orks continued to proliferate despite regular purges. These feral Orks proved to be extremely adept at fighting within the jungle environment and frustratingly difficult to engage in a decisive battle. The Ork Hunter regiments therefore built Cerbera base in the middle of the jungle, providing them with a forward staging area and extensive training facilities. The sweltering heat and brutal training regime soon earned the base the nickname of Hell Town.

The Ork Hunters training included a broad array of new techniques to learn and master such as demolition, escape and evasion, survival and intelligence work. The trainee soldiers of the Ork Hunters were expected to become experts in all the weapons and tactics used in the hunting of Orks and jungle warfare. Guardsmen who survived the training were rewarded with the badge of the Ork Hunters, a small metal pin with an Ork skull emblem. This became the regimental symbol and the source of their unofficial name, the Skull-Takers.

### The Battle of Hell Town

The kind of fighting involved in rooting out Orks breeds a different kind of soldier, one who fights with a savagery and low cunning almost equal to that of the Greenskins. The Ork Hunters were quick to carve themselves a bloody reputation, halving the number of Ork raids within a month. Their battles were fought at close quarters and the Ork Hunters were to take part in some of the bloodiest actions in the years between the second and third Armageddon wars. As a result, units from other regiments are frequently posted to Hell Town to learn from the Ork Hunter instructor sergeants. However, the Ork Hunters are regarded with disdain by other, more illustrious, regiments who view them as little better than vermin exterminators.

This situation came to a head in 984.M41 when units from the Pyran Dragoons were assigned a tour of duty in Hell Town for jungle warfare training. The rough demeanour, insubordinate behaviour and coarse language of the Ork Hunters disgusted the blue-blooded Dragoons and they abandoned their posts, returning to their base around Infernus Hive. The Dragoons had been responsible for patrolling zones to the west of the base and as night fell, Ork lobba shells began exploding within the wire. A huge force of Orks had approached unseen through the gap in the patrols and now attacked Hell Town with terrifying ferocity.

Troops sprinted to man the defences, but it was too late, the Greenskins were already within the perimeter. The Orks pushed deep into the camp and overran the few defenders before being checked by heavy fire from a secondary defensive line of bunkers and foxholes. Time and time again the Orks assaulted the defences and each time they were driven off by deadly accurate laser fire. As the Orks prepared to attack once more, heavy monsoon rain began,

By Gavin Thorpe



turning the ground into a quagmire of deep mud and collapsing several sandbagged bunkers. Visibility dropped to less than fifteen metres and this enabled the Orks to bring up rokkits which destroyed the more heavily fortified bunkers.

The rain flooded foxholes and trenches and the battle degenerated into a sprawling, mud-caked melee. Explosions and flashes of laser fire lit up the night as reinforcements were rushed from other sectors of the camp. Hundreds of dead Orks littered the ground before the Imperial defenders, but still they came on. The scale and savagery of the Ork attack was threatening to break the Ork Hunters' line, and something drastic was required to prevent a massacre.

In a potentially suicidal move, Hell Town's commanding officer, Colonel Pertinax, ordered the base's heavy mortars to begin shelling the rear of the Ork force and to gradually walk their fire towards his own men. The ground rocked as rounds smashed into the Orks, wiping out whole mobs in the opening barrage. Dozens more were shredded as deafening explosions marched through the Orkish horde (dropping dangerously close to the Imperial lines), but it seemed as though nothing could stop the Orks. Then a mortar shell, perhaps guided by the Emperor's own hand, landed square on the Ork Warboss and obliterated him instantly.

With their leader dead, the Orks' courage was broken and they turned to flee back into the jungle. Exhausted beyond words, the Ork Hunters did not pursue and set about consolidating their defences lest the Orks attack again. For five uneasy hours the Imperial troops remained on full alert,



but the Orks had had their fill of fighting for one night and there were no more attacks. As dawn broke and the rains ceased, the extent of the slaughter became apparent. Over three thousand decapitated Ork corpses were thrown in a mass grave before being thoroughly incinerated. The battle of Hell Town had been won, but it was a costly victory. Fully half the base had been destroyed in the fighting and nine hundred of the Ork Hunters were killed in action.

In the recriminations that followed, the Ork Hunters accused the Pyrans of desertion and the regiments have remained bitter rivals ever since the battle.

*By Graham McNeill*

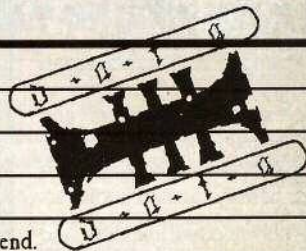
## ARMAGEDDON ORK HUNTERS

Soldiers from the Ork Hunter regiments are savage warriors and in their short history have already earned themselves a fearsome reputation. Squads need to operate in isolation for many weeks in the jungle and frequently return to Cerbera base with grisly trophies taken from the Greenskins they have slain. These trophies often take the form of Ork tooth necklaces and skulls as well as more mundane items like glyphs and stikkbombz. In addition to his normal equipment every Ork Hunter also carries his 'scalper', a huge machete-like weapon that can be used to decapitate an Ork with one blow. Their feral appearance and coarse manner has led to the Ork Hunters being regarded as little better than the Orks they hunt and earned them the enmity of many regiments stationed on Armageddon.





Date:	998, M41
Ref:	Arm/456/Omega.three
Scribed by:	Inquisitor Yuan
Re:	Ork tribes
Thought:	Mysteries are simply facts we do not yet comprehend.



# Alien Menace

*Evidence concerning the different Ork tribes unified under the banner of Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, the beast of Armageddon. This report compiled by the Emperor's most humble servant, Andy Chambers.*

Before going on to detail the Ork tribes on Armageddon, it is vital we first establish the structure of Ork hierarchy.

The basic Ork fighting unit is the warband, an organisation roughly equivalent to a company in human military terms.

A warband can comprise anywhere between tens and thousands of warriors plus their associated war machines and is commanded by a large and aggressive Ork chieftain, called the Warboss.

The warband is split into a number of mobs, with each mob usually led by an Ork noble, referred to as a 'Boss' or 'Not' (pronounced knot, not note).

Warbands are usually part of a tribe but can be independent. The tribe is ruled over by a powerful Warlord, the most dangerous and ambitious Warboss who has fought his way to dominance over his kind.

A tribe can comprise anything from several hundred to tens of thousands of Orks and may claim control of an entire continent or world. More commonly a vaguely habitable Ork world will sustain several Ork tribes in a more-or-less perpetual state of war with each other, until they join in a Waaagh! against non-Orks.

During a Waaagh!, especially potent Ork Warlords sometimes succeed in forging an empire from their conquests (though their organisation is more feudalistic than imperial). The largest and most stable of these is undoubtedly the Ork empire of Charadon, which has survived for several thousand years under a succession of Warlords. Warlords commanding empires usually select their own title (after all who's going to argue?). Hence the empire of Charadon is ruled over by the Arch-Arsonist, Octarius by an Over-Fiend, Jagga by a Great Tyrant and so forth.

Cutting across warband and tribal boundaries are the Ork clans. The clans embody a philosophy (for want of a better term) among Orks, each clan emphasising particular elements of Ork culture above others. For example, the Goff clan embraces aggression, hardiness and hand-to-hand combat as true Orky virtues, while the Evil Sunz clan is dedicated to speed, lightning attack and having the most vehicles.

Typically a tribe and its component warbands will exhibit the characteristics of a single clan. Some Orks become obsessed with clan ideals and it becomes something akin to a religion for them. Where this is the case the Ork will seek out like-minded individuals and join with them to create a warband which completely exemplifies the purest traits of 'their' clan. However most tribes are less dominated by the clan ideal, and clan values merely serve to instill a sense of unity and make a common enemy of tribes which are part of other clans.

During an Ork Waaagh!, warbands are destroyed and reformed from whatever survivors are available. In these times warbands or even whole tribes may emerge which comprise members of many different clans thrown together by the fortunes of war. In spite of their normal antipathy, Orks will fight alongside each other for the duration of the Waaagh! as they become caught up in the tide of Orkish aggression.

At the conclusion of the Waaagh!, a mixed warband or tribe will usually break up under the pressure of inter-clan rivalry. However warbands commanded by an especially determined leader will stubbornly hang together, abandoning their previous clan and tribe affiliations to become Freebooters, Orks who fight for profit and glory.



*Great Overlord Ghazghkull's War Horde*

*Tribal Colours: black and white*

*Tribal Glyph: black, white or red one-eyed skull.*

*Tribal Motifs: black and white checks or dags*

*Notes: By far the biggest single tribe fighting on Armageddon, Ghazghkull's horde numbers over three hundred warbands and eighteen heavyweight Ork Gargants. It is built around a core of veteran Ork warbands who have followed Ghazghkull since the last Armageddon war and fought across Golgotha, Piscina and a hundred other worlds. The tribe's glyph is a representation of Ghazghkull himself, which they display with an almost religious fervour on banners, shoulder plates and vehicles. The War Horde is reported to be fighting in Armageddon Secundus, primarily engaged in the siege of Internus and fighting in the Palidus mountain region.*

*White Lightning Tribe*

*Tribal Colours: steel or red*

*Tribal Glyph: triple white lightning bolt.*

*Tribal Motifs: red and yellow flames*

*Notes: The White Lightning tribe represents the largest coalition of Speed Freek warbands on the surface of Armageddon. White lightning bikes, buggies and trucks are scattered all over the icy salt-flats of The Deadlands in the far south, forming part of a roving mechanised horde which has been systematically devastating the water processing plants and pipelines which are vital to the continued survival of the hives on the mainland.*

*Yuan*  
Inquisitor Yuan

*Imp Ref: 561/White Lightning.*



*Imp Ref: 567/d/Ork designation: Nob  
Note: Ork unit leader*



*Imp Ref: 768/p/Facial tattoos  
Note: Unit identification markings*



*Imp Ref: 459/f/Ork designation: Mekaniak  
(Ork technologist)*



*Imp Ref: 459/A/designation: Ork Boy  
(Warrior/Mechanised)*



*Imp Ref: 47:451  
White Lightning Glyphs*



*Adapt Mec Ref: 45:324/Big Shoota  
(vehicle heavy weapon mount)*



*Imp Ref: 456/w/Tribal markings*



*Imp Ref: 459/f/Ork designation: Grot Rigger  
Notes: Slave Mechanician*



Imp Ref. 59/g/Great Overlord Ghazghkull's War Horde



Imp Ref. 5456/d/Ork designation: Warboss  
Dominant leader of warband



Note: Veteran unit  
(Sharboyz?)

Imp Ref. 768/p/unit identification markings

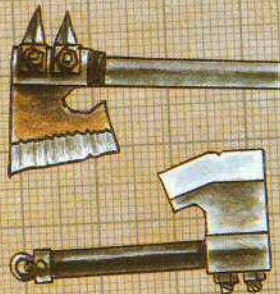


Imp Ref. 567/d/Ork designation: Nof



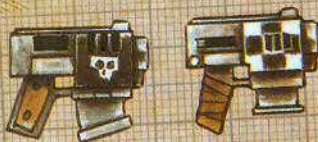
Imp Ref. 459/A/designation: Ork Boy

Notes: Basic Ork warrior or 'Shoota Boy'. Capable of ranged combat but most dangerous in assault.

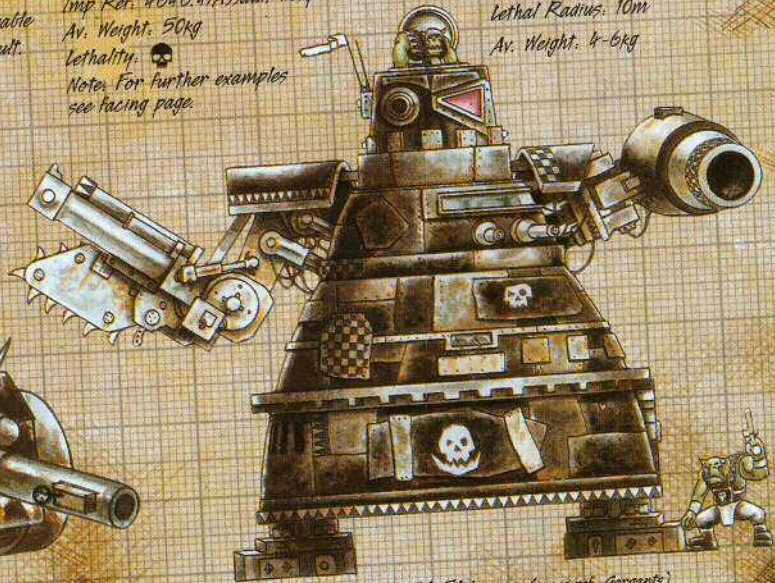


Imp Ref. 4646.4/Assault weapons  
Av. Weight: 50kg  
Lethality:   
Notes: For further examples see facing page.

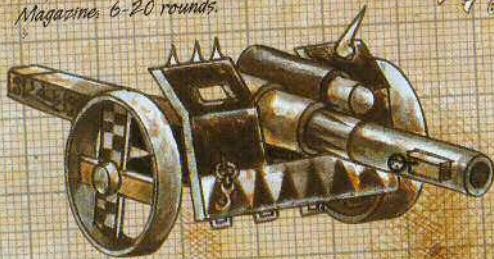
Imp Ref. 4646.4/Stikkblowtz  
Lethal Radius: 10m  
Av. Weight: 4-6kg



Imp Ref. 506/h/Sluggas  
45-75 Calibre  
Firepower Rating: G?  
Magazine: 6-20 rounds.



Adept Mek file: 334.5/stompa (cross ref. Gargants)



Adept Mek file: 274.8/IKannon support weapon



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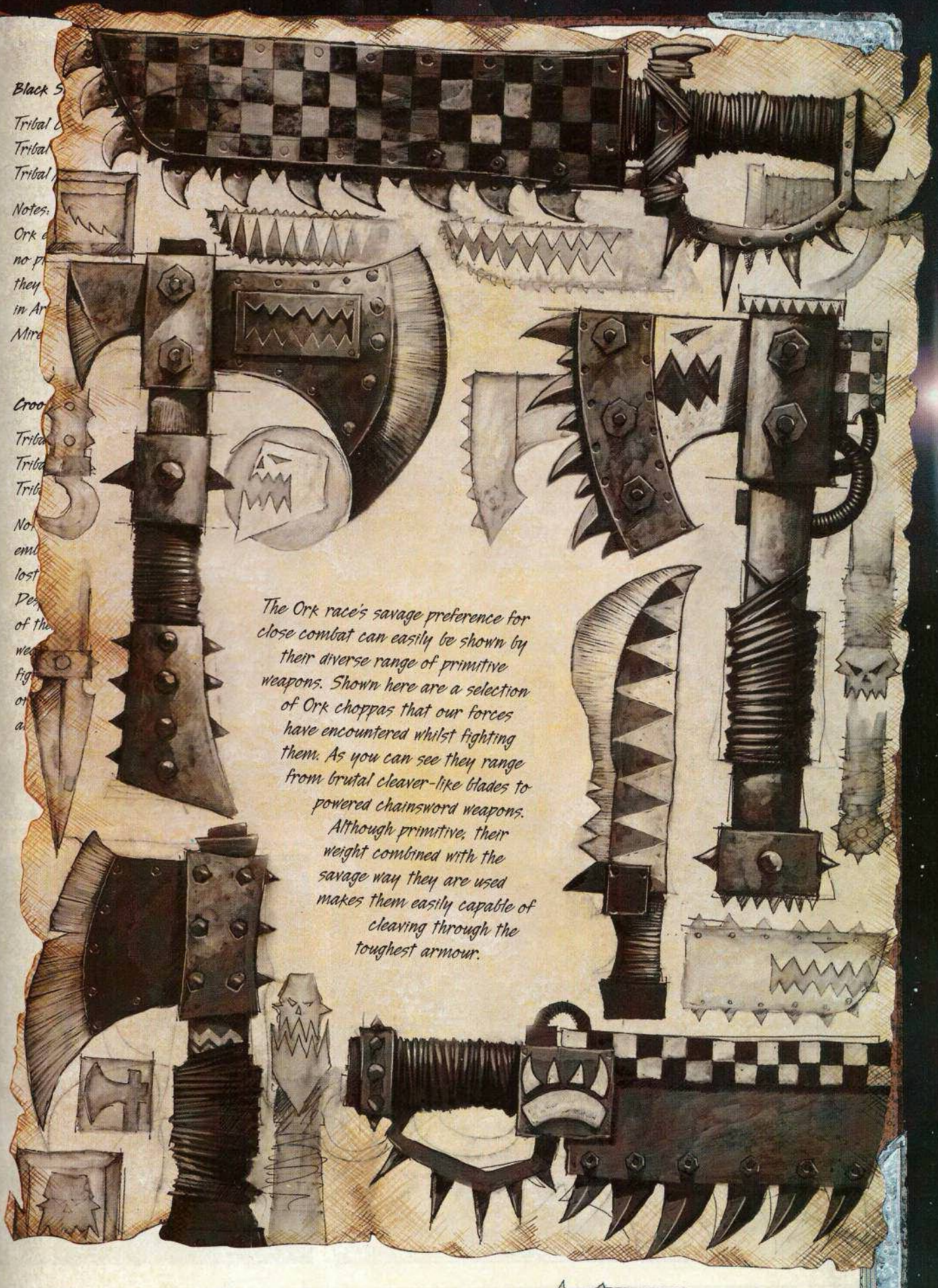
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The Ork race's savage preference for close combat can easily be shown by their diverse range of primitive weapons. Shown here are a selection of Ork choppas that our forces have encountered whilst fighting them. As you can see they range from brutal cleaver-like blades to powered chainsword weapons.

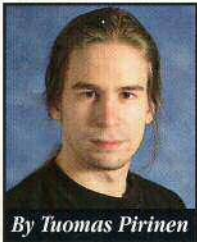
Although primitive, their weight combined with the savage way they are used makes them easily capable of cleaving through the toughest armour.





# WARHAMMER

## WARHAMMER IS BACK – BIGGER, BETTER, BADDER

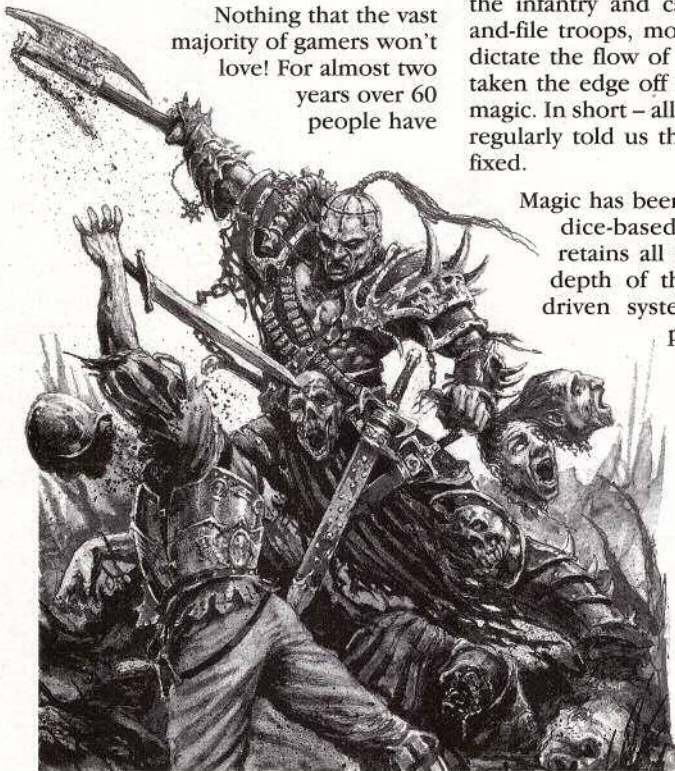


By Tuomas Pirinen

*Warhammer – there's nothing else like it. It is, as its players know full well, not just a game but a bizarre and dizzying way of life. It is loud music and long summer evenings. It is the smell of engine oil and the creak of worn leather. It is ice cold beer and hot curry. It is, however, most of all, a game of model soldiers. In short, it's most of the things that make life worth living and which we're allowed to print. Well, here it is again, a brand new version of Warhammer and it's bigger, better and definitely badder than ever!*

### SO WHAT'S HAPPENED?

Nothing that the vast majority of gamers won't love! For almost two years over 60 people have



worked tirelessly on the new edition of Warhammer. Artists, miniatures designers and writers have dedicated themselves to make the best possible game by gamers, for gamers.

Warhammer is, as it has always been, a mature game with great tactical depth and room for clever tactics and cunning ploys. We've not made sweeping changes or reworked things like how the Shooting, Close Combat or Movement phases work. Instead we have hunted down all inconsistencies which the rules previously had, and clarified any unclear points. Of course it would have been remiss of us had we not looked into areas which have previously caused some problems to gamers.

### LIKE FOR EXAMPLE...

The new Warhammer gave us a chance to put a lot of things right. It has given us a chance to rebalance the system and make it fairer all round. We have made heroes and big monsters a bit less dominating, giving the infantry and cavalry, your rank-and-file troops, more of a chance to dictate the flow of battle. We've also taken the edge off the most extreme magic. In short – all the things people regularly told us they wanted to see fixed.

Magic has been reworked into a dice-based system. It still retains all the character and depth of the previous card-driven system, but is more playable, fluid and fun. Some of the overpowering spells of the past (such as *Curse of Years*) are gone, only to be replaced with new ones which are carefully balanced so the magic will support armies in battle rather and decide the outcome of the game.



Some of the awesome new plastic Citadel miniatures out soon for Empire and Orc armies.





▼ For veteran generals, the rulebook is available by itself but we reckon the starter set, full of lovely new miniatures, may be too tempting! And if you're new, to Warhammer, the starter set contains all the rules, dice and terrain you need plus two complete armies to start gaming!





Previously, Warhammer Magic was available as a separate supplement, but now players get it as part of the actual rulebook. The magic section also sees the return of the different Colours of Magic, a long-standing favourite of veteran gamers.

The Chariot rules have been rewritten to make them more playable, as have the flying rules, a long-time stumbling block in the rules. We have also developed and clarified the rules governing skirmishing troops, defined different types of Armour saves, reworked the Fast Cavalry rules, added examples and diagrams to illustrate the gameplay – in fact there are so many new improvements that it is hard to list them all here. In short, Warhammer now works better than ever before.

#### BUT WHAT ABOUT MY ARMY?

Many people have written to me, concerned about the fate of their army. I've been happy to report that we will continue to support all the existing armies. Bagged with the very next issue of White Dwarf, you'll get a copy of 'Ravaging Hordes', a 32 page booklet which provides the army lists for all the Warhammer armies out there at the moment. So, if you are a Chaos Dwarf general or a commander of Lizardmen, you will have an army list to play with right from the start! If you are a new player or hardened veteran, you'll be pleased to know that the coming months will see a virtual cavalcade of new Armies books: the first one, The Empire, is out next month, and it will be quickly followed by Orcs & Goblins, Dwarfs,

*Reinforcements are on their way...*



*Dark Elf repeater crossbowmen*



*Dwarf Warriors*



*Empire Flagellants*



Vampire Counts and the insidious Dark Elves.

Whole new model ranges are currently under development. Brian Nelson has been labouring on the new Orcs, while the Perry twins have been working on one of their favourite miniatures lines – the army of the Empire. The Design Studio display cabinets are swelling with new models for all the Warhammer armies, ready to be unleashed upon eager Warhammer generals across the world.

We've also worked on the format and rules of the Armies books. This new range of Armies books will see an improved system of selecting armies, as well as several new units and alternative army lists. Some overpowering creatures, such as



Greater Daemons and characters laden with magic items, have been rewritten so that mere mortals have a fighting chance against them. That's not to say that a Khornate general armed with a magic sword is not a fearsome opponent anymore – he just isn't utterly invincible!

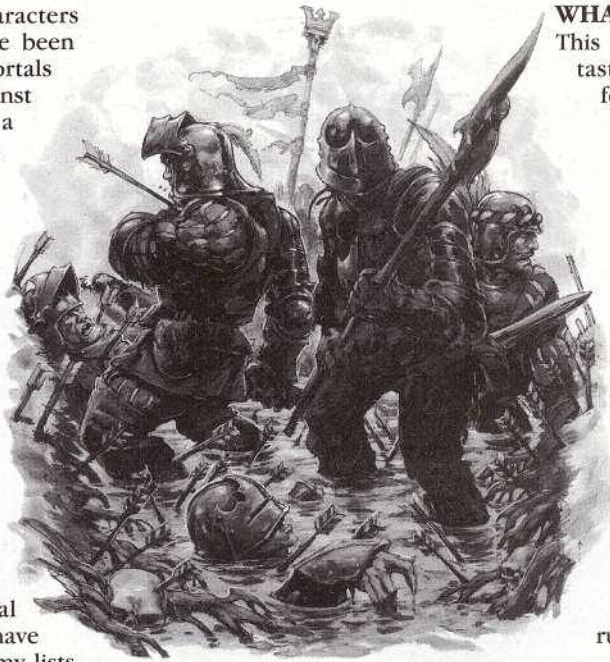
Most importantly, the new Armies books have been designed to accommodate further entries in the future. As veteran players will know, the original Warhammer Armies series of books contained lists that were definitive – which is to say it was impossible to add new troop types, characters or special characters. The new books have been designed so that the army lists are expandable. White Dwarf will publish periodical updates of the latest models for all the armies, so whatever army you collect you can be sure it will continue to evolve in the years to come.

The background of the Warhammer world, one of the most fascinating aspects of the game, has been expanded and developed further. All the Armies books feature extensive sections devoted to the history and origins of the race, along with stories and artwork. We haven't cut corners anywhere – these are fully fledged books crammed with gaming, painting and background information.

### IT'S WARHAMMER – ONLY BETTER!

The new armies will have consistent rules, consistent game balance, consistent terminology. In short they'll work better! All the army lists and rules have been developed simultaneously, giving us a chance to balance the points values and the abilities of the armies against each other. From the start, we have had a large, dedicated team working on the army lists as a whole rather than one at a time.

There is a simple reason why we've been able to cram in so much new stuff: The new edition of Warhammer is a massive tome, 288 pages. This means that that we could include the magic system in the rulebook, along with the rules for siege, skirmish games, campaigns, extensive background and much more.



A special mention must be made concerning the artwork. I'm positive you'll be drooling over the handful of pieces presented here, so I'm sure you'll agree that our artists have ensured that Warhammer has never been so lavishly illustrated.

As one seasoned Warhammer player commented excitedly after seeing the new book: "It's Warhammer – only better!"

### WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS...

This article shows you just a brief taste of the new releases of forthcoming models. As we release new Armies books we'll also be bringing you full model ranges, so you'll be able to field any unit in your chosen army's list.

Armies books will feature unique spell lists for each race, as well as a large selection of magic items which only the army in question can use. In the past, all the armies had access to the vast majority of magic items. Now each army has unique magical artefacts, along with its own spells and rules.

I am convinced that the new Warhammer is going to be massively popular amongst wargamers and fans of fantasy everywhere in the world. But don't take my word for it. Take a look yourself. There is only a month to go and I'm sure you won't be disappointed when it arrives!

*Thomas*

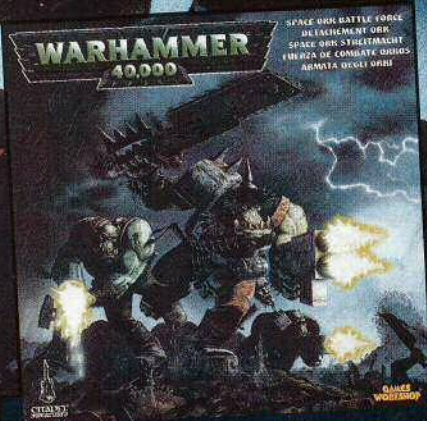
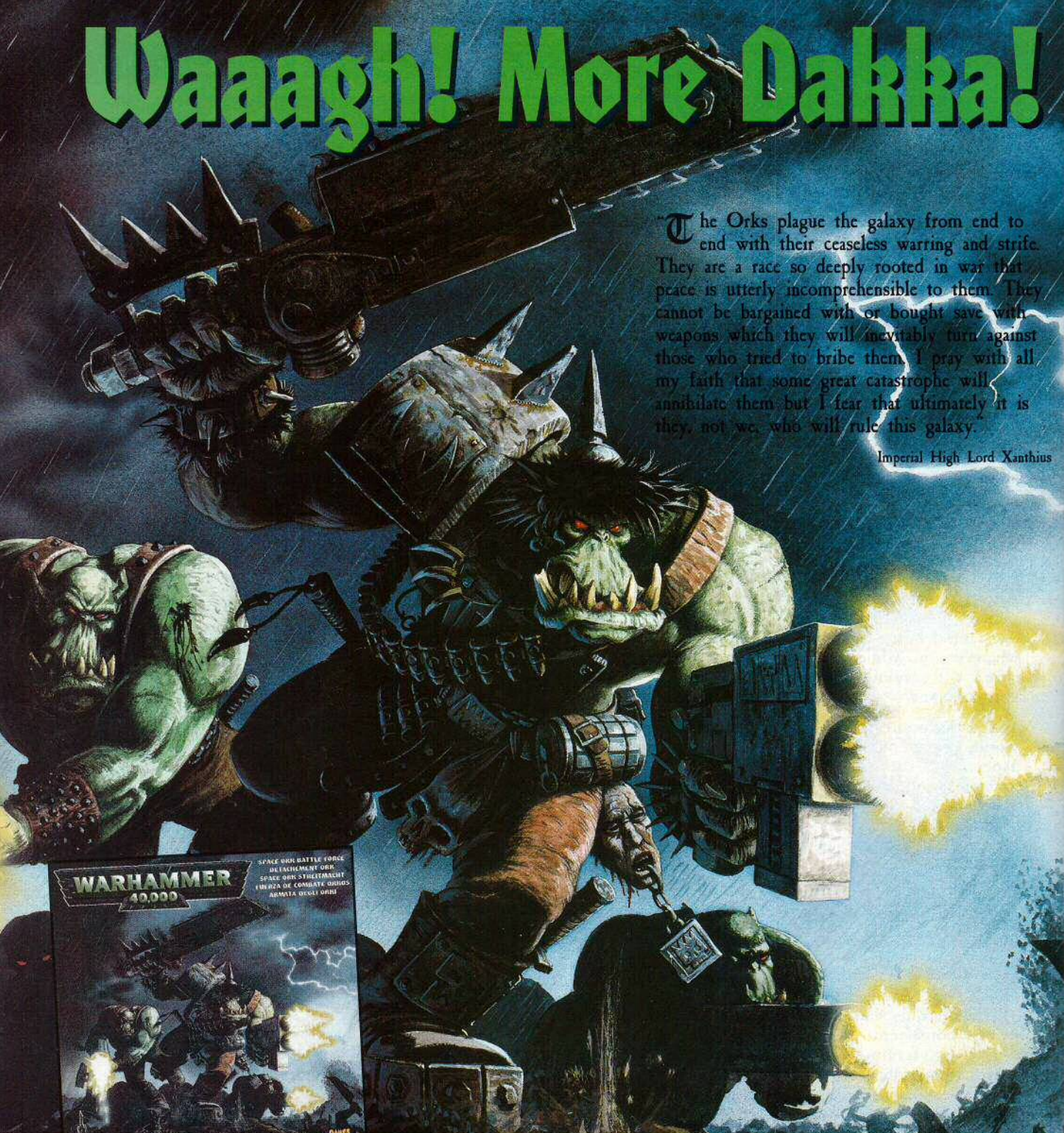




# Waaagh! More Dakka!

The Orks plague the galaxy from end to end with their ceaseless warring and strife. They are a race so deeply rooted in war that peace is utterly incomprehensible to them. They cannot be bargained with or bought save with weapons which they will inevitably turn against those who tried to bribe them. I pray with all my faith that some great catastrophe will annihilate them, but I fear that ultimately it is they, not we, who will rule this galaxy.

Imperial High Lord Xanthius



The SPACE ORK BATTLE FORCE is an ideal way to start a fledgling Greenskin army or to further reinforce an existing army.

The boxed set contains: 16 Ork Boyz, 5 Ork Warbikes, 1 Warbuggy, 1 Wartruk and a set of battlefield accessories.



Space Ork Battle Force – £40 boxed set



## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

Part Two of a Warhammer 40,000 battle report written by Phil Kelly and Andy Chambers, with contributions from Graham Davey, Nick Davis and Dylan Owen. Played out by Paul Sawyer, Karl Renwick, Alan Merrett, Owen Branham, Andy Chambers, Rowland Cox, Matt Hutson, Adrian Wood, Gordon Davidson, Gary James and Alex Boyd.

# WARZONE TEMPESTORA

Welcome to the conclusion of our colossal two-part battle report, taking up from where we left off in White Dwarf 248 as the Imperial forces desperately regroup before the onslaught of the Ork invasion. For those of you who didn't catch the frantic struggle across Hive Tempestora in last month's battle report, never fear, as we will review events so far and take a bird's eye view of the tides of battle before getting down to the thunderous climax of this enormous battle report.

Under the ruthless and cunning guidance of Warlord Ghazghkull Thrakā, innumerable Greenskin tribes have been forged into an all-consuming invasion of Orks. Ghazghkull has once more targeted the planet of Armageddon to bear the brunt of his conquest, pouring thousands upon thousands of frenzied aliens onto the beleaguered planet's surface, suffocating its inhabitants with war and blood.

At the embattled Hive of Tempestora, the Orks seized much of the huge industrial conurbation, but the Imperium responded rapidly, sending in battalions of the Armageddon Steel Legion on a moment's notice to defend the hive. Many of the soldiers were defending their very birthplace, the city they had trained in. The streets were blocked with tanks as the Steel Legion formed into a defensive line of steel and firepower, platoons of soldiers

positioned throughout the buildings for when the fighting became close and desperate.

The Steel Legion mustered its forces on the outskirts of the city, waiting for the Adeptus Astartes to supply contingents of Salamanders and Blood Angels. The reinforcements were just in time; the Orks' numbers had swelled to a point where the wall of tanks would burst like a dam if the fight was not taken to the enemy.

And so began the biggest Warhammer 40,000 battle report we've ever attempted, with the main board crowded by 9,000 points of miniatures and the three peripheral tables around it locked in pitched battle, each vying to affect the game on the main table. The result would directly affect the Armageddon Campaign, as Tempestora is the region disputed by our battles here at the GW Nottingham Headquarters.

In the plains to the east of Hive Tempestora, Speed Freaks and White Scars clash at breakneck speed. Far above on the Space Hulk Ogron, the Black Templars hunt the Orks infesting its dingy corridors. A horde of Greenskins arrows toward the Imperial Artillery in a last-ditch attempt to stop their lethal barrages. The battle has been joined in earnest, and all that remains is the bloody conclusion....

Sergeant Haines wiped the blood from his visor with the back of a tipped glove, the echo of shellshock forcing him to his knees when he tried to stand. Steadying himself on the twisted railing, Haines took stock of what remained of his battered squad. Three of his old friends had died in the blast from the crude missile that had screamed down towards them from the black shape of the Ork Hulk. He could see its ugly, twisted shape on the horizon, blotting out the sunrise of the new day with its obscene bulk. The remnants of the platoon's Lemn Russ lay twisted and molten in the crater now beneath him - he could taste the acrid smoke even through his respirator. Two of his squad lay torn and broken on the gravel below, their unblinking eyes staring at the bruised sky.

He was brought to his senses by a pain in his hand; the metal of the walkway, wrenched violently into angular new shapes by the explosion, was now hot enough to burn. He needed to get his troopers to safety, this vantage point was too dangerous. At any moment the rusty, shattered structure could give way.

Steeling himself, Haines got to his feet, feeling the harsh wind blow grit and ash into his faceplate. Thumbing the image enhancer on his photochromatic visor, he could see the streets filling with bands of jeering aliens. The Blood Angels on the right flank seemed fewer in number, mere glimpses of crimson among the rooftops. He could see flames licking around the stained glass of the Tank Factory's windows. As he was watching he heard the subsonic thud of the stolen Basilisk as it blew another huge chunk from the roof of the factory. The Orks seemed to have abandoned any thoughts of capturing the city, they were tearing it to pieces. The roads in the centre of the city were turning green as the beasts ran onward, bellowing as they neared the Imperial lines. He closed his eyes as pockets of blackness filled his vision.

A commanding voice crackled through the comm-link. For a second, Sergeant Haines could have sworn that Commissar Yarrick was addressing him personally.

"Men of Armageddon, this is our time. This day will be remembered for eternity. The Emperor's eyes are upon us, and we cannot fail in his sight. I want every single one of these aliens exterminated, the streets purged of this infestation. We will bide our time no longer. Launch the counter-attack! **FORWARD IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR!**"





# WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY

## LAST MONTH...

Due to the rapid Ork insurgence into the heart of Tempestora, the Imperial forces were forced to defend the city with the resources at their immediate disposal. Although the majority of the Imperial forces assumed a defensive role, the Blood Angels plunged deep into the enemy lines at the first opportunity. The Death Company butchered scores of Orks in the storage sheds by the barracks only to be surrounded by a swarm of angry Greenskins. The Steel Legion provided a solid firebase, picking off the most dangerous elements of the Ork force and harrying the Ork squads as they appeared through the city's streets. However, despite the initial success of the Imperial troops in whittling down the Ork numbers and the accurate barrages of the Imperial artillery, the Orks' combined offensive was devastating.

In taking the fight to the heart of the Ork lines, the Death Company had over-extended themselves and were pulled down by weight of numbers and pure Ork tenacity. The mobilised right flank of the Ork forces sped through the Tank Factory, and led by Warboss Gorbag they cut through Dreadnoughts, Terminators and Assault Marines alike to claim half of the huge building. The Salamanders were now locked in a battle to the death with the rampaging Warboss. Worst of all, the barrages from the menacing Ork hulk above the battlefield were taking a heavy toll on the Steel Legion, crippling tanks and breaking the morale of the troopers as the Ork horde raced through the streets toward them...



## MEANWHILE...

The battle shown here is but a part of the titanic clash across Tempestora. Three peripheral battles raged to the east, the north, and directly above Tempestora, all with the chance to affect the main table. Each conflict was on a smaller scale and the dust settled long before the main game finished. The arrival of reinforcements or the silencing of one side's supporting fire could make all the difference...

## FLANK MARCH

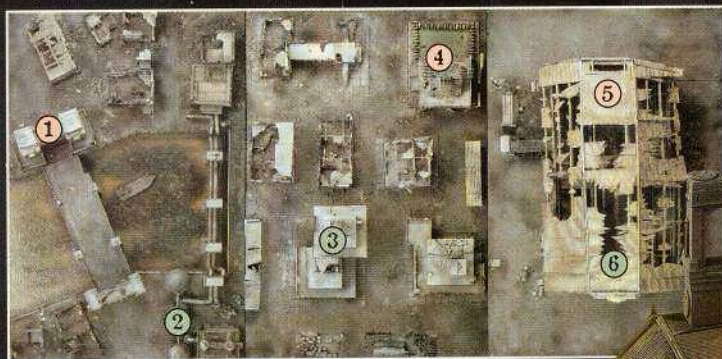
The White Scars Space Marines intercepted a Speed Freaks warband as it sped to reinforce the Orks in the city, and a desperate, high-speed battle raged across the plains to the west of Tempestora. The head-on collision of the two sides proved that they were well-matched; nearly all of the combatants died in the swirling melee of sleek white bikes and clanking, smoking Ork vehicles. Spearheading a last desperate assault, the White Scars Chaplain managed to drive the remaining Orks back, only to see the tell-tale dust cloud of Speed Freaks reinforcements on the horizon...







## OBJECTIVES

- 1: The Main Bridgehead
- 2: The Generator Spheres
- 3: The Barracks
- 4: The Comms Relay Centre
- 5: The Tank Factory (North)
- 6: The Tank Factory (South)



Imperial held 

Ork held 



## SILENCE THE HULK

Within the darkened confines of an orbiting hulk, the fanatic Black Templars Space Marines stalked tunnels riddled with Orks in an attempt to shut down the vessel's weaponry before its devastating broadsides crippled the Steel Legion Platoons in Tempestora. Led by the Emperor's Champion himself, the battle brethren had three objectives to destroy, but the Ork resistance was gathering and the Templars found themselves blocked into the twisting, infernal confines of the hulk by mobs of angry Greenskins. Worse still, the Emperor's Champion had been slain by an Ork Dreadnought, and the Warboss even now was speeding towards them in a crude transport vehicle packed full of his hulking retinue.



## SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

A task force of Orks had been dispatched to the ash wastes surrounding the north of the city, where the Imperial Artillery fired lethal Earthshaker shells into the main Ork force in Tempestora. Their accuracy and efficiency had taken a heavy toll on the Ork numbers. The Ork task force, loaded into super-charged trukks, sped up the mountainside in an effort to overwhelm the Catachans assigned to defend the artillery and destroy the three Basilisks raining shell after shell onto the heads of the Greenskins. Above them Ork Fighta-Bommerz roared through the sky, strafing the Catachan lines and damaging one of the Basilisks. As the main bulk of the Ork force reached the Imperial front line, the Imperial Guardsmen prepared for close assault...





### 07:36 THE BARRACKS

The city was incandescent with the chaos, noise and light of full-scale war. Far below, dark-skinned figures raced through the streets to plunge into the thick of the fighting. The low rumble of the Imperial guns played counterpoint to the sharp crack of detonating shells. Whirlwinds of dust and ash reached into the vivid colours of the sky, like souls escaping from the shattered buildings below.

Brother-Sergeant Gallio boosted his jump pack, feeling the pull as he rose to the highest tier of the barracks and surveyed the scene before him. He was in the centre of a city-spanning invasion of Orks, in the midst of the largest and most violent war in living memory. In the space of an hour, several thousand lives had been lost on both sides of the battle, and yet he could think of no more fitting way to die. They were honoured, blessed to give their souls in the name of the Emperor. Gallio's twin hearts were beating hard and fast, pouring adrenaline through the thick, sacred blood he could feel pulsing through every vein.

Eighty feet above the streets, looking down upon the hordes of Greenskins as they gibbered and howled, Gallio felt like a god. Earthshaker shells capable of levelling fortified towers burst beneath him with the fury of thunderbolts. It was at times like this, within the eye of the hurricane, that Gallio savoured the violent sounds of battle. The screams of the dying and the distant crackle of heavy arms fire reached up to him like prayers, infusing him with battle-lust. Every muscle screamed for the release of close assault, but still Gallio waited, appreciating the carnage laid out before him and his battle brethren.

In the middle distance he could see the looming bulk of the Tank Factory, the birthplace of many of the Imperium's armoured divisions. It was sacred ground and must not be allowed fall to the claws of the aliens, but Gallio had faith in the capabilities of the Salamanders contingent protecting the ancient machinery. He had fought alongside the dour, valiant warriors before and knew that they were virtually immovable in defence. The humans of the Steel Legion were of less consequence, but had rained enough fire into the Ork lines to pin them in place whilst the Blood Angels did their work.

Over to the right he could see the squat grey shapes of the 64th platoon rolling across the bridge, Ork artillery raining upon the armoured hides of the transports like hail. Somewhere behind him he knew Commissar Yarrick would be leading his troops, taking the fight to the throat of the enemy in a perfectly timed counter-attack. For a human, Yarrick was inspirational, a true leader. Never before had he seen such presence from one so outwardly frail. Nevertheless, it was to Brother-Sergeant Gallio that the members of the Veteran Assault Squad looked for leadership, and lead them he would. Feeling the Black Rage burn within him like purifying flame, the pressure of his holy wrath ringing in his ears, Gallio bared his teeth. He felt the wind of death at his back. He could see Orks on the roofs below him.

With a scream of fury and hate, the Blood Angels fell upon their prey.

### 07:39 THE COMMS CENTRE

Haines realised he was standing to attention on an exposed walkway in full view of the Ork horde. Motioning for his squad to crouch, he realised that there really was only one course of action.

The lasgun that had so recently felt redundant and insignificant was now part of a greater purpose; it felled even one of the multitude of Orks ahead of them then. Haines would have made his mark. At this moment, he felt like he could take on an entire mob. He triggered the comm-link channel for the remains of his squad.

"Well you heard what the Commissar said; we move out, now. We go down the same way we came up. Bergersen, shoulder-lift Butler down the ladder when Gayner's finished with that splint. If we can make it to the Chimera, we'll join old man Yarrick at the front line and die as heroes instead of skulking back here. Now move!"

He waited until his five-man squad had made it down the ladder, wincing as he heard Ork bullets pinging off the underside of the gantry. Another deafening boom from in the midst of the city reassured Haines that the Imperial artillery was still taking its toll. He turned briefly to see his comrades in the 64th Platoon's Chimeras nearing the south side of the bridge, speeding toward the Orks' mortar batteries. Slinging his lasgun over his shoulder, Haines clambered down the rusted rungs of the ladder. He could hear the metal complaining under his weight. He had to jump the last twelve feet, landing heavily on the rough gravel beneath him and feeling dull rods of pain in his shins. But it was important not to show a second's weakness in front of his troops. Ork bullets carved up the floor around them, ricocheting off the smouldering remains of the battle tank. Glad of the faceplate that covered his grimace, he sprinted for the nearest Chimera.

### 07:39 THE BARRACKS

Brother Gallio could clearly see his foe despite their feeble attempts to scramble out of his sight. To his disappointment, there were only two of the vile creatures scuttling on the rooftops, but their blood would satiate his rage for the time being. Descending, face contorted with a snarl of battle-lust, Gallio let the shells from his consecrated bolt pistol blossom across the Orks' hideous features. Brother Trochius sighted a third cowering behind the radio masts of the barracks, but the white-hot flames screaming from the nozzle of Trochius's flamer consumed it nonetheless. The beast



Desperate fighting breaks out on the rooftops, the dead falling into the streets below.



fell from the roof, flailing frantically, its roar fading as it plummeted toward the streets. In the gloom Gallio could see muzzle flashes and billowing flames as his comrades accounted for the creatures below. It looked like this was to be an easy fight after all. Gallio felt a momentary pang of disappointment until he saw a heavy figure run from the cover of the tower, scraps of clothing burning, its thick skin covered in blisters and scorch marks. Nearly twice the size of the last and with some kind of metal backpack fused onto its shoulders, the Ork turned to face him. Although parts of it were still covered in burning flamer fuel, its face split into a leering, cracked grin. Clearly it had no understanding of the danger it was facing. He would fall upon it like an angel of death, and he would see its black heart in his hand. Gallio boosted his pack and headed straight for the beast, power sword raised.

There was a resounding bellow from the watted throat of the alien and without warning a cloud of Orks equipped with crude, rotor-driven jump packs crested the roof behind them, pistols flaring. Their war cry drowned out the thudding of their crude weaponry as they arrowed into the rear of his squad. Brother Troilus was struck heavily from behind by an Ork's great axe, his helmet bent at an unnatural angle as the armour held but the neck beneath did not.

Three of the evil creatures clung on to Brother Simeon, emptying their crude pistols into the power cells of his jump pack. He heard the low thump of an internal explosion. That was not a good way to die.

Distracted for a crucial second by the assault on his squad members, Gallio had neglected to kill the hulking beast he was charging. He spun back, lunging forcefully; power sword hissing through the air where the creature had been. Too late he realised that this monster also had a jump pack, as it rocketed straight past him and barrelled into Brother Aleo. It bore him to the floor, and with its cruel metal fingers it tore his chestplate away from his body. Aleo smashed his pistol into the thing's face with enough force to tear its jaw off, but it was still leering as it sunk jagged fingers into his neck. Blood poured from Aleo's shattered torso, thick plumes of vitae covering the Ork's scorched flesh. He watched as Brother Alactus emptied his bolt pistol into the thing's back, his face twisted into a grinning rictus by the Black Rage. It roared in pain and span back, crude power claw scything through the air, crackling with charged energy. Alactus pivoted to avoid the blow and nearly made it clear, but the lethal instrument caught his midriff and carved out his gut. Alactus flung himself at the beast, teeth sinking into the dark meat of its shoulder. The monster kicked out and boosted into the air, flames billowing from its pack into the exposed flesh of Alactus's midriff. The Marine's contorted body fell back down to the roof where he landed twisted and in agony. He lay folded up on the floor, staring wide-eyed at the puddle of his lifeblood as it seeped away.

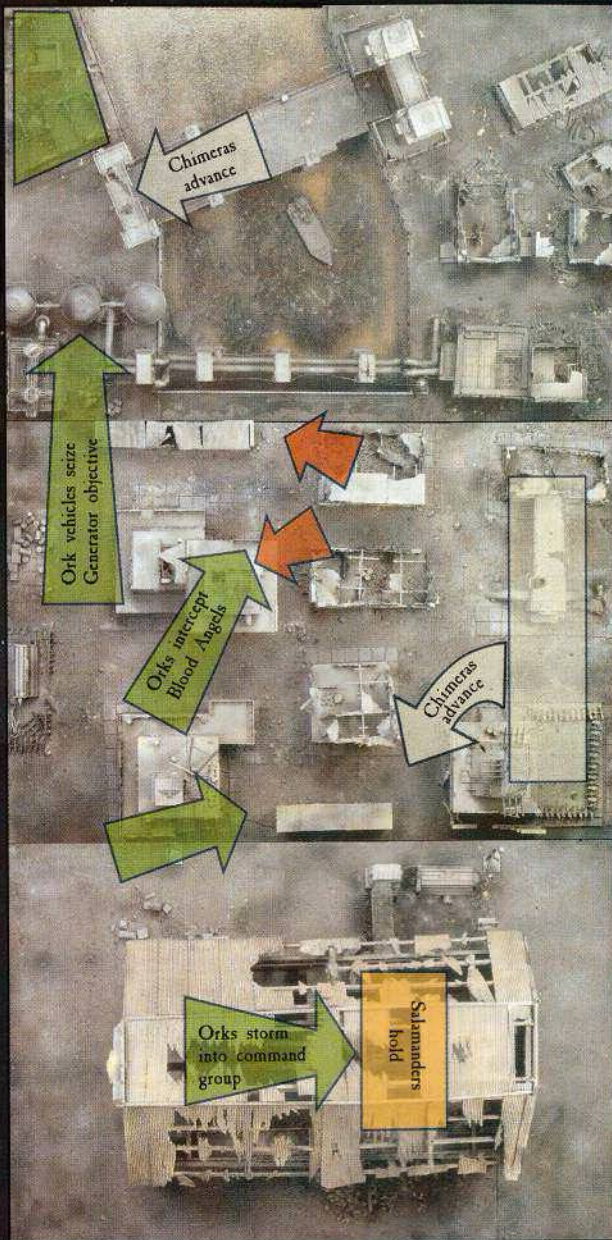
Astonished by the ferocity and efficiency with which the simple trap had been sprung, Gallio ordered his men to fall back.

#### 07.45 "THE COMMS CENTRE"

Haines dived for the cloud of dust behind his squad's Chimera as more Ork bolts thudded into the stoneworks around him. All of his squad had made it into cover, against the odds, and Haines sprinted again for the back doors of his tank.

"Richardson, we're at the rear, lower the ramp, repeat, LOWER THE RAMP!" He found himself shouting into the comm-link, voice harsh with near-panic. If his squad was attacked in a dust cloud by a swarm of Orks they would certainly die. The hydraulics hissed as the rear ramp of the Chimera opened, painfully slowly. Haines flung himself into the red-lit interior, spinning back to help his comrades into the confines of the tank.

"MOVE! COME ON!" he saw his soldiers sprinting for the open ramp, but Butler was holding them back, limping



with an expression of grim determination. Haines ran out onto the ramp as the Chimera sped along the street, grabbing Butler's outstretched arm. At the last moment, Butler's legs gave way; Haines could see that his knee was a mess of shattered gristle. Bracing himself on the lip of the ramp, Haines held tightly onto Butler's greatcoat, dragging him along the gravelly, rough street, muscles burning as he attempted to pull him into the tank. The rest of the squad rushed past him, and he could feel the ramp begin to close.

"Richardson! What in the Emperor's name are you doing! Man down!" Haines was losing his grip, Butler writhing in agony as he was dragged across the cruel street.

Richardson's reply crackled over the comm-link as the ramp neared vertical.

"No choice sir incomi—"

A tremendous explosion rocked the tank forward, the rear lifted clear off the ground by the overwhelming force of the blast. Haines was flung backward into the bulkhead, his spine jarring, pain lancing through his head. He lay flat, feeling a trickle of blood seep out of his ear. His pain was nothing next to the fury at losing another of his squad. He knew that he, too, would die this day, but not before he avenged the deaths of every one of his friends.



## SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

The Orks were getting dangerously close. The ramshackle Ork Dreadnoughts reached the now undefended pipeline, and a missile from one fused the tracks on a Leman Russ. However, this was again of little help as it did nothing to stop the devastating battle cannon from firing. More Ork reinforcements were arriving – another mob of Boyz as well as a two speeding Trukk mobs. However, the slower Trukk was quickly targeted by the Leman Russ and the Orks ended up cowering behind the smoking

wreck of their transport. The Fighta-Bommerz came in for another run and this time one of the smart bombz lived up to its name and struck home, finally destroying one of the objective Basilisks and reducing the Imperial bombardment of Tempestora. With renewed determination, the Orks rushed forward. The last remaining Sentinel was surrounded with Boyz, while the Trukk mob sped on up the slope towards the remaining big guns. The Imperial Ogryn squad assaulted the buggy that was still behind the Catachan lines with such vigour that it exploded, killing one of them in the blast!



The Ork Dreadnoughts storm into the front line of the Imperial Guard defence.

## SILENCE THE HULK

Diving into cover behind a bulkhead, Fernandez considered the situation. The Warboss and his retinue, speeding down the main concourse, had to be stopped. Fernandez ordered Assault Squad Navarre to leave the sewage pipe and engage the roaring aliens. Dreadnought Honoured Ancestor Barbarous took up position in the concourse and trained his guns on the Warboss's Trukk, blowing it apart and catching a Nob in the explosion. The retinue scattered for cover. The Sword Brethren continued their advance on the Fire Control room, adopting a position directly behind Fernandez. The fighting on the left, around the Coolant Tanks was still fierce as three more Black Templars were ripped apart by the Ork Dreadnought. Grim realisation passed over Chaplain Fernandez that he might not be able to take all three objectives. Determined to take at least one, he ordered the towering form of Dreadnought Barbarous to engage the Ork Dreadnought.

The Orks continued to advance on the Black Templars, confident that their superior numbers would carry the battle. Cutting down Initiate Geryen, the Trukk mob climbed back into its Trukk and zoomed off to support the Orks around the Fire Control room, only to jam their truck under the sewage pipe. The Warboss and his retinue recovered their senses and set off towards the cover of the Fire Control tower as all around them the hulk shuddered as another bombardment was unleashed. Taking advantage of the moment, Assault Squad Navarre charged out of the sewer pipe and into the retinue. Initiate Navarre's power axe cut deep into the hide of the Warboss, causing him to howl in pain, but his victory proved to be short-lived as his armour was crushed by the Warboss's enormous axe. Another Nob in the retinue was cut down before the Orks were fully recovered. However, the aliens fought on tenaciously and struck back, and only two Black Templars of Assault Squad Navarre survived to fight on, saved by their crackling storm shields.

With the Sword Brethren behind him, Chaplain Fernandez broke cover. He headed for the Fire Control tower, snapping off shots at the Ork Trukk mob stuck under the pipe, and was rewarded as the Trukk exploded, scattering the mob inside. Dreadnought Barbarous moved left towards the Coolant Tanks to see another of the Black Templars die at the claws of the Ork Dreadnought. Enraged, he charged the metal behemoth. Taking advantage of the sudden arrival of the Honoured Ancestor, an Initiate jammed his grenade pack into one of the leg joints, immobilizing the metal beast. Barbarous hit the Dreadnought at full speed, smashing it in two with his armoured bulk. Finally free of the Ork war machine, the Neophytes of Squad Phemeus climbed the ladder to set charges on the coolant regulator above, whilst the survivors of Squad Actaon took up position at the foot of the ladder.





# FLANK MARCH

## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



The battle was raging with the fury of a storm across the barren plain. The Chaplain Subedei Khan and his remaining entourage sped forward, blasting their bolters into the wartrucks roaring towards them, which erupted in a ball of fire leaving the squad free to speed towards the outpost to help what remained of their battle brothers.

He was too late to save the last Assault Marine. Surrounded by the three remaining Tankbustas, and exhausted after decimating most of the unit single handed, he succumbed to their repeated blows.

All the remaining Orks and wartrucks charged towards the Attack bikes. Bullets ricocheted off the bikes' armour. The Warboss and Tankbustas leapt on the bikers and tried to rip the gunners from their sidecars. An Attack bike rammed one Ork to the ground, crushing its bones under its wheels. The Warboss flailed helplessly at his foes, and the Tankbusta Nob struck out with his choppa, clanging it uselessly off a rider's shoulder pad.

With a prayer to the Emperor, the Chaplain and his men entered the combat. Alone, he hacked down three Orks. The Warboss, now tasting desperation, whirled his choppa around his head in a devastating circle of death. Biker Sergeant Ologhai swerved his bike to a halt in front of the giant Greenskin, ducked and weaved and thrust his power sword deep into the alien's gullet. Coughing blood, the Warboss collapsed, at last dead.

A last unit of Ork Trukkers zoomed towards the remnants of the White Scars, but their vehicles' wheels were blown out by fire from the Scouts still in the building. The last two wartraks let rip with their big shootas as they sped by, cutting down the last Space Marine biker, leaving the Chaplain the lone survivor of his squad. Fearing the wrath of this blood drenched servant of the Emperor, the few survivors of the Speed Freck horde retreated, the Chaplain having to fight the suicidal urge to race after the fleeing enemy. Almost his entire battle force had died fighting off the Ork attack, but there were not enough of his men to continue on to the Hive. More reinforcements were needed. The Chaplain's aching fingers reached for his comm-link and with a reluctance voice he demanded reinforcements from the main force of White Scars he had been diverted from.

The Speed Frecks that Chaplain Subedei's force had driven back were merely the first wave of attack. With commendable speed, more of his White Scars brethren had arrived on the field of battle. As the Space Marine reinforcements charged their engines in a fresh attempt to reach Hive Tempestora, a tell-tale dust cloud obscured the horizon once more. But this time the White Scars were ready for the tide of clanking Ork machinery

that shuddered towards them. As the screaming Fighta-Bommerz returned, launching their screeching missiles from the sky, the White Scars force drove through the resultant explosions unharmed, as though their grim determination for vengeance protected them from this deadly storm.

Ork Outriders were spotted ranging ahead of their comrades, an easy target for the wrath of the Space Marine bikers' bolters; the Ork bikes blew apart in balls of flame. A squad of White Scars jumped out of the Rhino which had sped into position and the Outrider Nob drove straight into their wall of bolter fire with lethal results.

A squad of Attack bikes veered towards the wartrukk of the Warboss of this new incursion. The rattle of heavy bolter fire was followed by a huge crash as the wartrukk was hurled into the air, smashing down into a copse, levelling the stunted trees. The Nobz and Warboss staggered out of the wreck, only to come under fire from the Scouts sniping from the woods across the river.

Meanwhile, Ork Trukks were being wrecked all along their line as the White Scars concentrated their fire with deadly precision. Orks flew into the air as their vehicles exploded from under them. The survivors scrambled about in the churned up bloody mud before being cut down by a second wave of Space Marine bolter fire. A mob of Stormboyz turned tail and jetted off into the distance, deciding that enough was enough.

The Orks were too shaken to return fire effectively. A hail of bullets pattered off power armour as though it was merely a shower of rain. The White Scars Assault Marines, as always in the forefront of conflict, came under the combined firepower of Ork Dethkoptas whirring over head and the remnants of a mob of Burna Boyz, who bathed them with flames. The resolute White Scars ignored the intense heat and powered their jump packs to leap up and strike down one of the Dethkoptas in mid air.



The White Scars relief force charges headlong into the Speed Frecks reinforcements.



#### 07.45 THE TANK FACTORY

Warboss Gorbag cursed the tenacity of the Space Marines. The armoured warriors had been on the run a second ago but now they had dug in again and their shooting was more intense than ever. They must be good because they're green, Gorbag thought to himself. Well they only had green-painted armour so they weren't as good as real Orks but they were certainly trying hard. Flames and bolter rounds rained down from the shot-scarred gantries on either side of the tank factory like an infernal hail, killing two of Gorbag's bodyguard in a shower of impacts. A flame tank hidden among the half-finished hulls at the north end the tank factory lurched forward, gouting fire. It torched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom as the 'Ard Boyz charged off after a Space Marine command squad they'd spotted lurking behind the row of unfinished tanks beneath the left hand gantry.

One of the Space Marine leaders must have spotted that Gorbag was unprotected and signalled to launch an attack on him. Armoured figures leapt from the right-hand gantry, Space Marine assault troops jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry they had just abandoned was torn asunder as a shell from the Basilisk blasted a squad of Space Marines further along it, sending armoured limbs and torsos spinning in all directions. More shoota fire from the Orks raked across the squad's shattered position, sending sparks flying and scoring several solid impacts which knocked another Space Marine over the edge to land with a sickening crunch two stories below.

The jump packers hit the ground with a shriek of engines and wash of heat. Gorbag roared and lashed out with his power claw but the Space Marines stayed well out of reach, darting in to strike at his back like dogs worrying at a bear. Despite his thick mega-armour, some of the blows bit deep, and blood started dripping down Gorbag's arms and legs.

#### 07.50 THE COMMS CENTRE

Sergeant Haines' anger drove him to his feet. He could feel it burning in his chest like a hot coal, the need to take revenge upon the host of invaders. Teeth gritted, he assessed the situation within the Chimera: three of his squad were ready and able to fight. That would do. He saw Holst sitting slumped in a pool of his own blood at the front of the tank, heavy bolter cradled in the dead man's arms. Haines lifted him out of the seat and propped the corpse against the bulkhead. Looking through the viewfinder, Haines saw the massed Orks in the wide streets ahead, their stunted slave-race scurrying before them under the barbed whip of a Slavemaster. Culling these creatures would achieve little, their miserable lives not worth a single bullet. He swung the cumbersome weapon over to where the Warlord and his iron-clad retinue staggered on, hefting their absurd suits of armour through the streets. Cursing loudly, Haines let loose a stream of large-calibre explosive bolts at the hulking Warlord. They exploded scant feet in front of the creature, stitching a crackling line of explosions through the air as they detonated in the Ork's arcane force field. His



The Chimeras come under heavy fire as the Guardsmen attack.

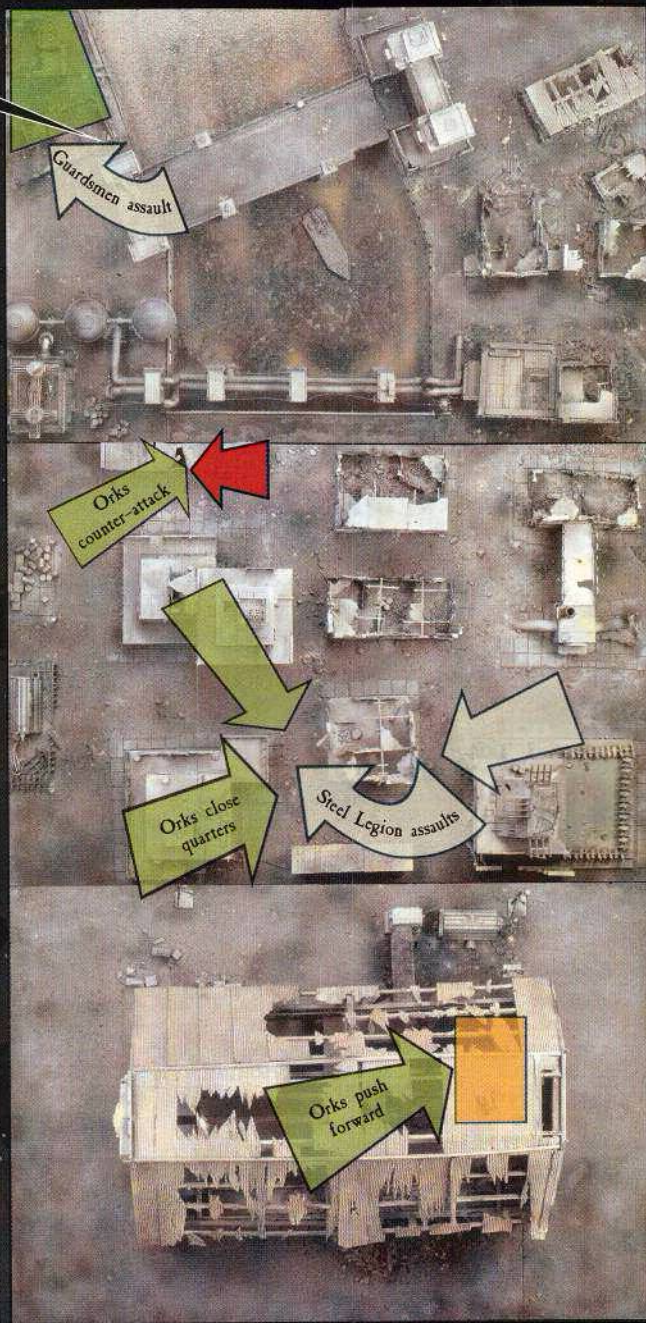
frustration was replaced by grim satisfaction as a lascannon shot from the left seared through the energy shield and blew a hulking Ork's armoured head apart. It toppled, stiffly and slowly, into the dust. It was good to see such marksmanship under pressure. Ahead to the right he could see Yarrick's vehicle speeding towards enemy lines, taking comfort in the knowledge that it contained a squad of the most highly trained and best equipped Storm Troopers on the planet. To the left was Colonel Lewis's transport containing Commissar Weiss and his small squad of hand-picked veterans. Haines's Chimera sped on, following closely. He could see the ungainly figures of Ork Dreadnoughts looming behind the crowded ranks of slave-runts. Under the leadership of Commissar Yarrick they would strike at the heart of the Ork offensive, a holy spear to drive back the alien in the name of the Emperor. Through the pain, Haines smiled.

#### 07.53 THE BARRACKS

As one, the remaining Blood Angels shot into the air, quickly forming a tight formation and blasting at the enemy with their bolt pistols. But the Orks were right there in front of them, the whine of their rotor blades reminding Gallio of a swarm of ugly insects. He would exterminate them-all.

The battle was rejoined eighty feet above street level, Orks and Space Marines fighting desperately in a whirling aerial duel. Gallio's carefully prepared manoeuvres were being disrupted by the Orks' enthusiasm for the fight, and even at full retreat the beasts were still attacking hard and fast. Gallio shouted for his squad to gain height, rocketing directly upward in an attempt to get some distance between his squad and the aliens' crude weaponry. The gamble paid off; Gallio and Caemon were far above the Orks, the aliens'





primitive packs lacking the ability to sustain any real altitude. Too late he realised that Brother Crucius was still locked in combat below him, caught in the bloodthirsty throes of the Black Rage. One of them came up from directly below him, the rotor blades chopping at Crucius' legs. The thick power armour protected him from harm and Crucius rewarded the Ork with a bolt shell in the forehead. Gallio saw with mounting fear that his comrade was neglecting to defend himself, and he watched in horror as one of the aliens smashed his axe deep into the back of Crucius's neck. He hung, limp and bleeding, from the beast's rusty blade until another emptied a full clip point blank into his comrade's chest. Blood and viscera rained down into the street two hundred feet below. A wordless roar came from Gallio's lips, and as one, they arrowed straight towards the battle.

#### 08.01 VIA TEMPESTORA

Yarrick's Chimera was accelerating fast toward the swarm of aliens in the centre of the street. As it rounded the corner of the towering building to the right, Haines saw two aliens drop onto the roof of the tank and start blasting at the hatches. Suddenly, the

Chimera screeched to a halt in a violent arc, flinging a spray of gravel and the Orks on top into the middle of the street. One alien was crushed to death by the skidding tracks as the tank stopped in the midst of the aliens, facing towards Haines. Barely a moment had passed before Imperial Guard Storm Troopers had thrown open the hatches of the vehicle, cutting down the Orks with beams of fierce laser fire.

Glancing at the viewscreens ranged above him in the tank, Sergeant Haines could see the interior of the Chimeras in 64th Platoon. The column of tanks was taking heavy losses from the Ork mortars, but one had made it across the bridge and the guardsmen had launched a counter-attack into the force of Orks protecting the artillery. Now was the time – if they did not strike back with a steel fist they would quickly be overwhelmed.

Snagrot glared out of the vision slit in his Kan. It was hot and sweaty in the close confines of the fighting machine and Snagrot was impatient to get going and kill some Humies. Stormboyz and a big mob of Gretchin slaves were milling around in the street ahead, slowly mustering to move against the communication post. Too slowly for Snagrot. He kicked the go lever at his feet and the Kan started walking, each step bashing Snagrot's thick skull against the hatch over his head. The Grots squealed, scurrying to get out of his way as he jerked the right arm lever to take a swing at one of them. He caught the unfortunate slave between the blades and scissored it in half with a practised flourish. The remaining Grots vanished from sight as if by magic.

Snagrot was confident. Five more of the barrel-chested Killer Kans marched with him. The buildings on either side of the street ahead swarmed with greenskins. In between the roar of the Kan's engine and the clash of its metal claws striking the concrete he could dimly hear Ork war-chants. This was going to be fun.

The Humies obviously had other ideas. A bright beam of light scared into the lead Killer Kans from the far end of the street, striking one in the legs. The wounded Kan slewed to a halt, gouting smoke, but a Mekboy was onto it in seconds and it was soon marching again, albeit with a bit of a limp. They had barely got going again when a rising shriek heralded a salvo of three massive explosions which rocked Snagrot's Kan and sent chunks of concrete and steel spinning away from the buildings. Dust billowed everywhere and Snagrot had to stop for a moment to get his bearings. Another shriek was rising, closer now. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM, the three impacts rolled into one as the shells slammed down all round him and the other Kans. The Kans' metal skin rang with hits from shrapnel, and flames shot past the view slit. The shock wave alone almost tipped him over.

Deafened and bleeding from his ears, Snagrot started turning his Kan around to go a different way. The Humies were ranged in on this street and no mistake, it was time to be somewhere else. He got about twelve skull-bashing paces before another salvo landed, this one with devilish accuracy which placed the Kans in a maelstrom of fire and shrapnel. The rokket launchers on Snagrot's Kan cooked off in the heat of the blasts, sending the Kan reeling as they detonated prematurely. Snagrot repeatedly kicked the go lever to keep moving but the Kan had taken barely four more paces before another salvo landed and the world dissolved into smoke and flames again. Snagrot saw one of the other Kans take a direct hit and blow up, another was struck by a big piece of armour plate from the wreck and staggered crabwise. Snagrot was despairing of getting a fight now. His Kan was limping unsteadily with smoke pouring from its wrecked arm, the insides stank of smouldering plastic and hot oil. Just a few more paces would get him to the corner of the barracks building, but that seemed an unreasonably long way off.



## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

# SMASH DA BIG GUNZ



## SILENCE THE HULK

The Killer Kans, joined by the remnants of a Trukkk mob, charged the beleaguered Black Templars Assault Marines. Meanwhile, the only remaining mobile Trukkk mob zoomed over to the rear of the Fire Control room to prepare a counter-attack. Heaving and straining with the weight of the zzap guns, the Grot riggers began to pull them into position on the bridge over the chem pit. The Warboss dispatched the last of the Assault Marines and swept down the concourse towards Chaplain Fernandez, as the Killer Kans and remnants of the Trukkk mob charged towards the Terminators in an attempt to hold them up.

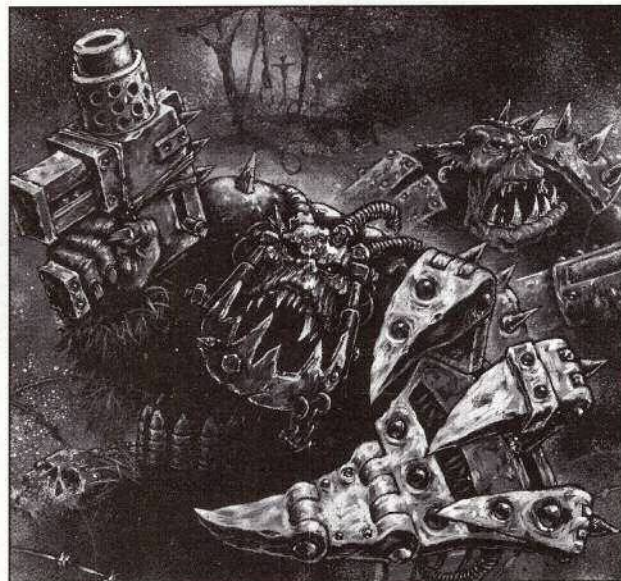
Caught off guard by the momentum of the Warboss's charge, the remaining members of the command squad were swept off their feet, leaving only Chaplain Fernandez standing. With his crackling crozius, Fernandez cut down an Ork Nob and fatally wounded the Ork Warboss before he too was pummelled into the ground. The remaining members of the retinue, overcome with battle-lust, charged into the combat between the Sword Brethren and the Killer Kans. The Killer Kans managed to stomp one of the Terminators before the Sword Brethren hit back with their thunder hammers, splitting one apart and catching the accompanying Trukkk mob and retinue in the cataclysmic explosion. Howling, the Trukkk mob and retinue fled the combat, leaving the remaining Killer Kan to its doom. Back at the Coolant Towers, Squad Phemeus reported that Objective one had been destroyed.

Now in command, Sword Brethren Senior Initiate Venatus grimly acknowledged the situation. He ordered Dreadnought Barbarous to attend him, and the survivors of Squads Phemeus and Actaon to advance on the left flank towards the Power Generator. There was still a chance, if they could only break through the Ork lines around the Fire Control tower. The combat around the Killer Kan ended with the crack of a thunder hammer smashing the Kan at the cost of another Sword Brethren's life. Reforming his squad, Venatus advanced towards the Trukkk Boyz who had joined up with the Orks in the Fire Control tower. Hoping to tempt the Orks in the Fire Control tower out in support, he ordered the charge.

The hulk shook as another barrage was fired off at the battle raging miles below. Squad Actaon emerged from a corridor next to the chem pit, only to be fired upon by the zzap guns positioned on the bridge. Luckily the

shots dissipated as they hit the corridor side. The remaining mobile Trukkk mob rumbled forward just to the side of the Fire Control tower, ready for a counter-attack. The Sword Brethren's charge hit the Orks with the force of pure rage. But bolstered by the proximity of the Ork defenders in the Fire Control tower, the mob put up a stubborn defence, cutting down Initiate Venatus and the remaining Sword Brethren for the loss of only one Ork Boy. The Ork defenders poured out from the Fire Control room quickly overwhelming the remaining Templars.

Knowing that the battle was lost and with more Ork reinforcements appearing on the outer edge of his auspex scanner, Senior Initiate Phemeus reluctantly sounded the general recall, and the Black Templars were teleported back to their awaiting Strike Cruiser to lick their wounds. There would be a next time...





More Orks were arriving all the time now, although the Catachan guns fired on them as soon as they came in range. The seemingly unstoppable Dreadnoughts were still advancing, despite suffering numerous glancing hits, and one had now reached charge range of the Imperial lines. Overhead, the Fighta-Bommerz had run out of smart bombz, but one of the pilots flew in close and opened up with his 'eavy shootas at the weak rear armour of one of the Basilisks. This cunning tactic paid off and the shots ripped through to put the tank out of action. Meanwhile the Trukk Boyz leapt from their vehicle and, pursued closely by the Ogryns, scaled the cliff up to the final Basilisk. Once they were able to assault, the Orks made short work of the last objective. The Imperial barrage had been silenced.



The Fighta-Bommerz strafes a Basilisk, destroying it outright.

## FLANK MARCH

Now the entire line of Marines was in close combat, locked in a bitter struggle with the faltering Orks. Chaplain Subedei Khan, despite his wounds from the previous engagement, hacked at the Greenskins who swarmed around his bike with terrible fury. Roaring in their bestial tongue, the Warboss and his surviving Nobs charged into the fray, but the White Scars blocked and dodged, their terrible anger seeming to make them invulnerable to everything that was thrown against them. The Warboss and his bodyguard stood their ground, but his minions ran yelping from the carnage. The Orks fought each other to scramble onto the sole intact truck. One mob made it to safety, the others scattered, terrified without the comfort of a throbbing engine and burning wheels beneath their feet.

Now the White Scars moved in for the kill. Subedei Khan with his brother bikers and the Assault Marines all rushed against the defiant Warboss. His Nobs tried vainly to protect their master, but a sweeping attack from one of the Veteran Sergeants skewered him on the end of a power sword. Outnumbered and leaderless, the Nobs ran for it, only to be cut down by the faster bikers.

To stop the survivors escaping, the Attack bikes homed in on the remaining Ork truck, blowing off its wheels. The bikers smashed into the Ork truckers, who had nowhere to run, decimating every Greenskin still alive on the battlefield.

With no Orks left to oppose them, the White Scars reinforcements sped across the plain, onwards towards their objective, praying to the Emperor that they would not arrive to find only a city of corpses...



The White Scars finally rout the Speed Freckles, running them down in a hail of bolter fire.



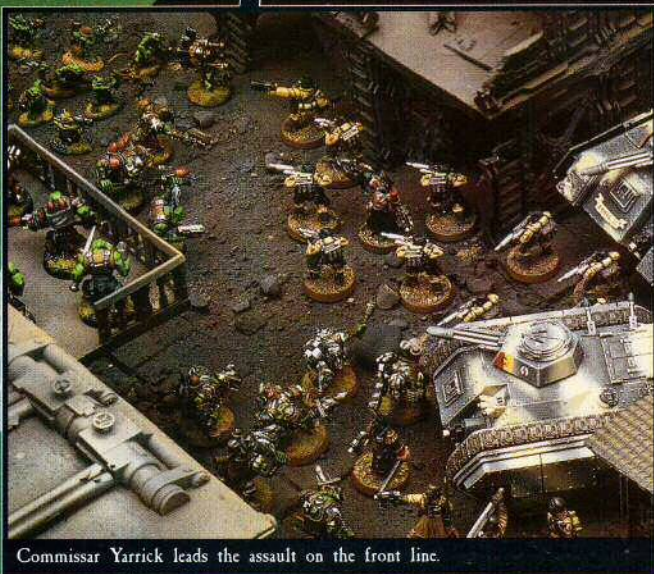


### 08.11 VIA TEMPESTORA

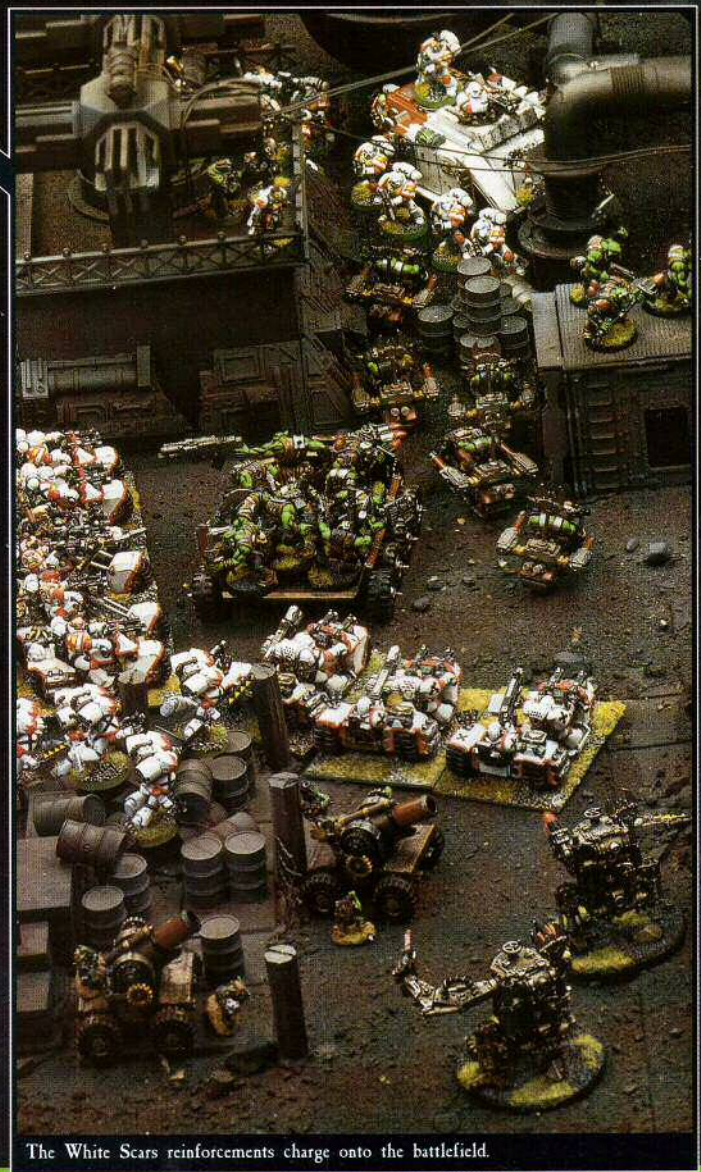
Sergeant Haines ordered his men to disembark. The Chimera ground to a halt after a sharp turn, Gayner flinging open the top hatches and stepping onto the roof of the tank. Orks had already partially surrounded them, banging on the side, jeering and firing their bolters harmlessly at the Chimera's thick front armour. The remainder of his squad seemed eager enough for battle, blasting away at the aliens in the street below. As Haines clambered onto the roof of the vehicle, fighting the pain that wracked his body and the flashes of light behind his eyes, he saw old man Yarrick in the street, flanked by Commissar Weiss and Colonel Lewis. His eyes lit up at the thought of fighting alongside his childhood hero. Below him, the tank's heavy bolter thudded thick explosive bolts into the Orks that got too close; Richardson was almost as good a marksman as he was a driver. A bulky, stick-shaped grenade landed fizzing on the tank, rolling toward the open hatch. Haines booted it off in the direction of a cluster of Orks, and was rewarded by a satisfyingly large explosion. It was time to join the fight at close quarters.

### 08.13 THE BARRACKS

At first, Brother Gallio thought the airborne Orks were scattering as the last few Blood Angels screamed down from above. He saw them descending, almost in freefall, blasting away with their dirty, rusty weapons at the Tactical squads below. He could see the squad led by Brother Lucio emerging from the shattered remains of a building, pulling themselves free from the piles of wreckage, bloodied but undaunted. From the right, a swarm of slave creatures were blasting at the emerging Marines, one of the runts staggering under the weight of the blocky composite weapon strapped to its back.



Commissar Yarrick leads the assault on the front line.



The White Scars reinforcements charge onto the battlefield.



steadying it as the grinning Slavemaster unleashed a withering chain of bullets into the Blood Angels squad. Two Marines fell, crumpling into the rubble. The crackling gun overheated, its bearer dancing in pain, but the ugly, twisted slaves continued firing. This was enough to mask the attack from above, and Gallio barely had time to shout a hoarse warning. The Orks barrelled into them like charging bulls, bellowing their deafening battle cry. The hulking Ork that had halved his squad on the roofs above had landed hard on one of the Marines, pulling at his armour with its great crackling claw. The Marine came apart, peeled open like a crab.

Gallio felt an impact in his back as an Ork bullet detonated harmlessly on his armour. Spinning in mid-dive, virtually upside down, Gallio saw a small crowd of Orks on the corner of a building aiming rockets at Lucio's squad. One loosed a whistling missile into the street and it found its mark, detonating fiercely in the face of one of the battle brothers below. The Orks whooped in their guttural tongue as the squad began to fall back. Simultaneously, Gallio and Caemon opened fire, blowing apart two of the aliens in a shower of bolts. They scattered, gibbering, into the black recesses of the building. Gallio plummeted into the fight below, Caemon at his heels.

Lucio had rallied quickly under the attack, chanting loudly as he fought alongside his battered squad with grim efficiency. One Ork swung a buzzing chainsaw at Lucio's bare head. He caught it by the wrist without looking round, turning as he snapped the alien's hand with a gristly crack. As it roared he pushed his bolter one-handed into its maw and pulled the trigger. The stream of bolts blasting through its skull impacted into the shoulder of the Ork behind, and Gallio lunged forward to decapitate the wounded beast. Another of the red-armoured Marines was fighting three simultaneously with his combat knife. A spray of blood erupted from the back of an Ork's neck as the monomolecular blade found its mark, the other two Orks bouncing their axes off thick power armour. Too late the warrior realised that the leader of this grotesque rabble had moved behind him with a quick sidestep, the sharp metal fingers closing around his head and driving him to his knees. Gallio fought on desperately as he heard the sharp, wet crack of his battle brother's helmet giving way. Suddenly the beast was in front of him, leering horribly, thick blood pouring from the wounds on his face and shoulders. Gallio swung his sword with all his might but the crackling claw blocked the blow, the impact jarring Gallio's arm, numbing it with the immense discharge of energy. He fired bolts into the thing's armpit, beneath the claw, but it seemed not to care as it twisted its thick neck and bit deep into the back of Lucio's skull. Gallio felt like the Black Rage had vanished from within him, this stinking beast was invulnerable, it was killing every one of them. In horror, he realised that all his comrades lay dead. The Ork turned, laughing as Lucio's blood mingled with the drool dripping from its broken jaw. Gallio ignited his pack and blasted high into the bruised sky.

### 08.23 DEVIL'S CROSSROADS

Sergeant Haines sprinted for the front line, pausing briefly to shoot at the Orks on his left. It was only the momentum of their assault that stopped the Orks from counter-charging, only Yarrick's fearsome reputation that stopped them from being overwhelmed. His soldiers were hot at his heels, rushing to fight alongside the great Commissar. He could hear Yarrick's strident voice even over the maelstrom of battle surrounding them.

"Chaplain Subedei Khan, report position... Spare not one of them! Emperor be with you, out!"

The Storm Troopers were wading through the slave-runts towards the Ork front lines, snapping necks with their heavy boots and incinerating the aliens with their hellguns. The mewling beasts did nothing more than tug at their clothing as the masked warriors cut a swathe through the crowd. The leering Slavemaster swung its man-catcher from behind Yarrick, hoping to snap the old man's neck. Haines was amazed to see the savage instrument slowed drastically, a bubble of light buckling around Yarrick as the vicious electrified prod was thrust forward. He caught it easily with one hand, pulling forward hard so that the Ork came off balance toward him. Yarrick's famous battle claw closed around the Ork's shoulders, snipping the impudent alien in two.

In front of Haines, four heavy-set Orks rushed towards Commissar Weiss. They bellowed their war cry at deafening volume but Weiss's own voice rung out over the din, a battle-psalm to the might of the Emperor. With perfect timing, the Commissar stepped backward whilst pushing forward with his power sword. One of the Orks eviscerated itself with its own momentum, and Weiss withdrew the blade so fast Haines barely saw it enter the throat of another alien. The Orks' uncoordinated attacks were highlighted by the certainty of Weiss's blows, parrying, severing an arm on the backswing, the ornate sword crackling as it parted the tough sinews of an Ork neck as if it were rotting fruit. Suddenly Weiss stood alone, glaring at the aliens, daring them to come forward. Bullets bounced off his baroque breastplate, but Weiss didn't even flinch. This man was a fitting comrade in arms for Yarrick, thought Haines, as explosions blossomed at the end of the street. The Chimeras behind him were still firing, barrels flaring as their supporting fire thudded into the Orks on the tier above. The aliens fled into the darkness. Haines felt his heart beating like a drum as the ground shook beneath his feet.

### 08.23 VIA TEMPESTORA

The phalanx of white vehicles sped on through the streets of the ruined city. The colours of the new dawn were reflected in the thick alien blood covering the bright armour of the White Scars bikers as the sounds of battle grew ever more frequent. As they neared their destination, the crackle of small arms fire could be heard, staccato and frantic above the subsonic booms of the artillery bombardments. Chaplain Subedei Khan's comm-link buzzed, and he turned to the bikers riding alongside him.

"Yarrick has given the order. We strike now. Bear north and form up on my command. May the Emperor bless your blades, my brothers."

The grim warrior swung his crozius arcanum forward and the White Scars accelerated, pushing their steeds to the limits, motors roaring as the high-performance bikes raced along the wide road. Subedei could see the three gigantic spheres of the power generators ahead, lit by flashes of light like blinding fireworks across the sky. He could see figures darting around the base, Ork warbikes circuiting the generators as if in victory. A wide-tracked truck full of whooping aliens hove into view. Gretchin-runts cavorted around a battery of Ork artillery. Subedei scowled, he could not see a single Imperial trooper. His worst fears began to grow stronger; they were too late, the hive had fallen.

"We shall see how sweet their victory tastes when they lie bleeding in the dirt. Squads Temujin and Mangudei, split left. The rest of us strike straight and true. CHARGE!"

### 08.26 DEVIL'S CROSSROADS

The Orks in front of Yarrick were driven forward by the bulk of the Ork Dreadnoughts as they crunched forward, jets of steam and whining servomotors



punctuating their approach. Last time Haines had seen these mechanised warriors they had seemed tiny amongst the towering buildings of Tempestora, but now they loomed above their alien creators, pincers the size of the Orks beneath them snipping in anticipation of the combat to come. The threat they posed seemed all too real here at the front line, and once again, Haines felt a bitter hollowness in his gut. Two of the Storm Troopers had already fallen beneath the violent, frenzied blows of the Orks that were trampling their slaves in their eagerness to fight at close quarters. A mighty war cry belched from every alien throat as they charged headlong into the Storm Troopers, the rigid lines of the Troopers felling those at the front with searing laser bolts before the wave of Orks crashed into their lines, pulling down man after man with the momentum of the stampede. Seeing the danger, Colonel Lewis shoulder-charged the largest Ork, knocking the wind out of it as it barrelled forward. The Colonel grimaced with pain but stabbed upward through the beast's chin, his power sword cleaving through the Ork's metal-clad jaw, its red eyes dimming. Using its corpse as a body shield, Lewis pushed forward into the serrated ranks of aliens.

Mustering his squad, Haines charged into the fray alongside Commissar Yarrick. Taking up firing positions in the dirt, Haines and his squad poured shot after shot into the ranks of the Orks, adding to the confusion and chaos of the fight. In the presence of one of the Imperium's heroes it was easy to remain calm, and even with the splitting pain in his head Haines fired more accurately than ever. A growling Ork rushed him from a nearby building, but Gayner hit it hard in the side of the head with the butt of his rifle as Haines pushed his bayonet into the creature's chest. Alien blood gushed over his ripped gloves, but Haines could not waste a second. He wrenched the blade free and took up his rifle again, shooting into the mass of Orks. Haines could tell the aliens were torn between their fear of Yarrick and the fervent wish to take him down, and this was costing them dearly.

#### 08.14 THE TANK FACTORY

*Just as things were looking desperate for Gorbag, Skarmek rushed up with Ghashkul and together they both charged the Space Marines surrounding their Warboss. Penned between the raging Ork Warboss and the remnants of his bodyguard, the Space Marines were suddenly outmatched. Ghashkul ploughed into the melee with a scream of tortured metal and grinding pistons as his mega armour built up to top speed. He flattened one Space Marine and crushed his power armour like an egg with his power claw. Skarmek stunned two with his trusty spanner, allowing Gorbag to tear them apart in a bestial orgy of bloodshed. The shadowy gloom of the factory was split asunder as rokkits and green lightning from the Battlewagon's zzap gun arced overhead and punched into the flame*



The 'Ard Boyz take the fight to the Salamanders Command squad.

*tank, tearing off a track and disabling its turret. A rousing cheer echoed through the factory's cavernous interior as an 'Ard Boy with a burna shoved the nozzle of his torch into the eye socket of the Salamanders' Captain and turned up the gas, killing him with a blast of flame. Moments later the 'Ard Boyz were driven back by a furious Space Marine counter-attack led by a black-armoured Chaplain wielding a hammer which crackled with barely suppressed energies. The Chaplain's blows slew three 'Ard Boyz in quick succession, their armour blown apart by thunderous impacts from the mighty weapon.*

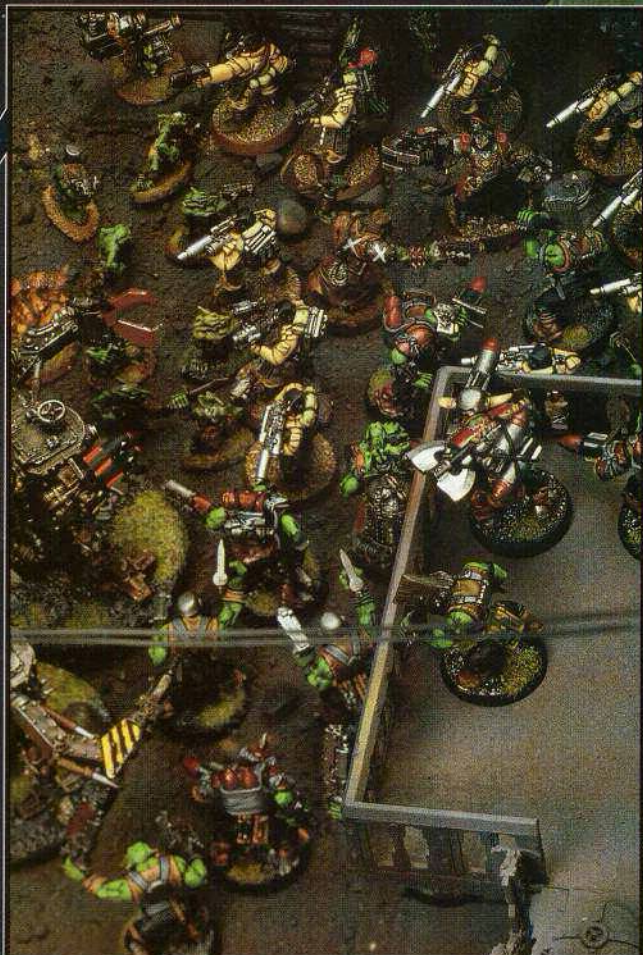
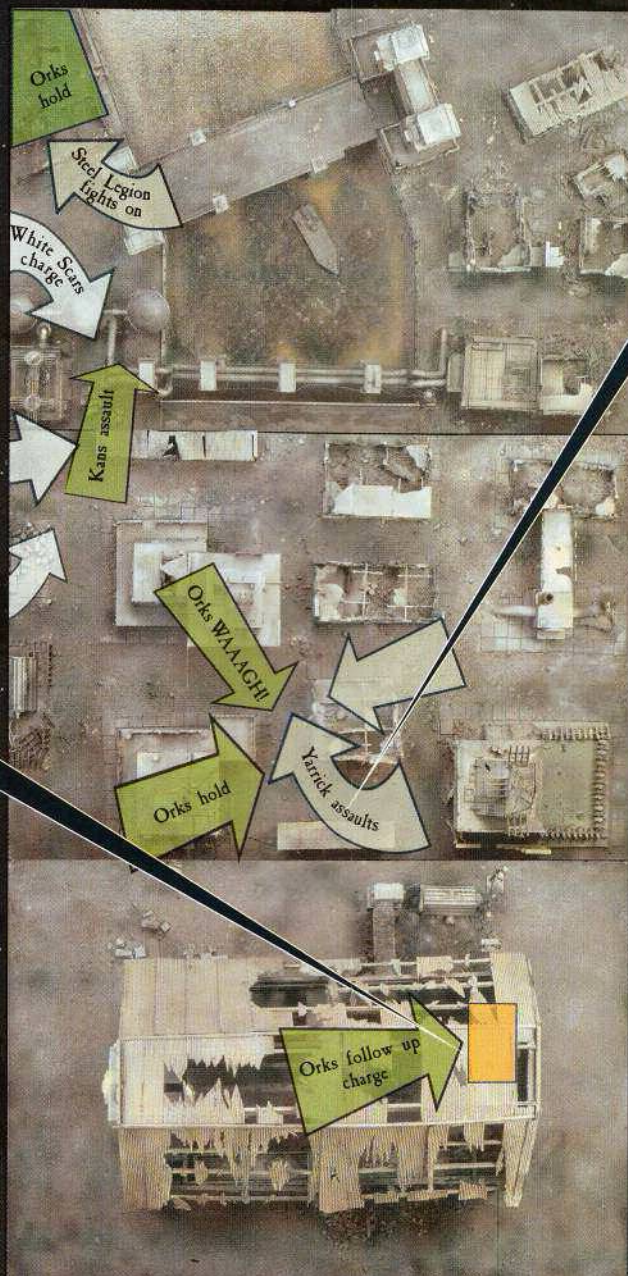
*Warboss Gorbag could see the north doors through the smoke and flames by now. Yellowish light slanted through entrance invitingly, victory was almost in his grasp and he was damned if he was going to be beaten now. He clanked forward towards the surviving Salamanders with faithful Ghashkul at his heels, but before he got three paces, fire raked down from the gantries and across both of them. Ghashkul took a bolter round in the face and went down with a clattering sound like oil drums being dropped off a cliff. Skarmek managed to get his heavy back-pack force field generator working just in time to deflect a fiery bolt that smeared off the invisible barrier. Unperturbed, despite the fact he was bleeding ever more freely from a dozen shrapnel wounds, Gorbag bit down on his turbo boost control and a jolt of extra fuel sent his mega-armour thundering forward, with Skarmek scuttling to keep up.*

#### 08.27 THE POWER GENERATORS

*The next salvo landed further away and Snagrot heaved a sigh of relief. Several warbikes and a truk full of Boyz roared past his labouring Kan. Snagrot looked up ahead to where they were going and tried to figure out where he was on the crude street map chalked on the inside of his Kan. There, that must be the generator thingy ahead, thought Snagrot.*



# The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



The Killer Kans join the fray as Yarrick leads his men into the battle.

Suddenly a swarm of white-painted, armoured bikers and vehicles hurtled out of the streets behind it, guns flashing yellow through the murk as they ripped into the warbikes, the trukks, the buildings and everything else. Warbikes skidded and burned in the onslaught. A few seconds later, the trukks blew and scattered its cargo of Boyz all over the street. Snagrot snarled and kicked the go lever until it broke. His Kan pounded forward, its limp disappearing as it built up to full speed.

The white-armoured Humies were too busy massacring the surviving Trukks to notice his Kan coming up. Snagrot clanked into their midst without taking a single shot and brought the Kan's claw down on one of their trikes and smashed it in two. The driver and gunner were mangled in the wreckage, their bright red blood smearing over the white metal. Another trike skidded around nearby and its gunner tried to bring his gun to bear on Snagrot. He jerked the right arm lever and scythed his claw into the vehicle, tearing the driver's head from his shoulders and burying the claw in its fuel tank. Half a second later the fuel caught a spark and the wreck blossomed in a mushroom cloud of flame. Snagrot was so pleased these white bikers had arrived that he laughed out loud - without them he would never have got a fight!

## +++REROUTING POWER+++

Adeon struggled within the incarcerating darkness of his tomb to get enough systems back on-line to charge the aliens. He would see that each one of them was destroyed even if it meant grinding each one into the dust under his massive metal feet. Synapses fizzled and connections sprung back into place as the mighty Furioso Dreadnought he was entombed within stamped forward towards the crowd of Orks. His twin power fists with which he had crushed hundreds of aliens and heretics hung inert and shattered by his sides. The Dreadnought was still a powerful tool. Adeon reassured himself. He would make them pay for the damage they had wreaked.

## +++ENGAGE+++

The thick liquid around his shattered body warmed as the Furioso barrelled at full speed into the storage sheds, his little brothers fighting fiercely alongside him. The Furioso took out an entire section of the wall, Orks swarming around his legs, axes clanging uselessly off his thick adamantium skin. He wondered at the sheer number of the beasts... but it was inconceivable they could penetrate his armour. They teemed out of the broken building like insects from a shattered hive. He would stamp them into the floor, his metal frame whining as he felt the aliens' bones pop and crack beneath his feet. In time, they would all lie dead. The Orks were scampering around him, avoiding his blows. He cursed again at the cruel trick of fate that had cost him his arms. With the power fists operative, he would have bathed in their blood.



+++WARNING+++

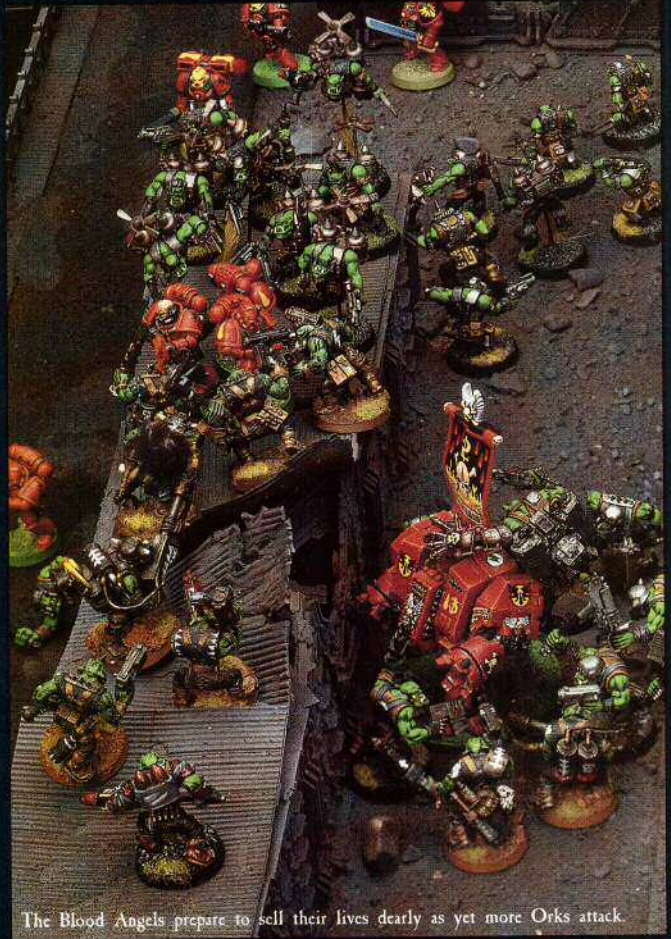
Adeon felt a dull clang as something heavy landed on top of the Furioso. He had been engrossed in the fight, feeling the Rage swell behind his withered sockets. He saw the view behind the Furioso: Orks with crude jump packs had landed to his rear. The one clinging to his back was bigger than the rest, leaking its filthy blood onto his armour, a massive claw clutching at his carapace. They hacked at the joints in his limbs with sharp axes, wedging grenades into the recesses of his arms, harrying at him with their crude weaponry. He whirled round, flinging three to the floor, but he could still feel the large one climbing up his back, gaining purchase. Suddenly Adeon felt a stinging pain as for the first time in centuries a sharp, thin beam of sunlight fell across his face. He realised with a crippling pang of horror that the beast atop his beloved Furioso wielded a power claw. Electricity crackled across the wound, and the Ork leaned over his consecrated sarcophagus, its sweaty, bloody bulk blocking out the light of the new day's sun. Adeon felt utter revulsion as a trickle of the beast's black blood dripped into the sterile waters of his tomb. The Ork's metal fingers dug deep into the front of his mighty Dreadnought as the Orks swarmed around him, climbing on his arms, firing explosive bolts into his joints. The cruel claw pierced through the skin of his inner sanctum, and the amniotic fluids around him spilled into the dirt. He had no choice.

+++ SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE INITIATED+++

+++FIVE+++FOUR+++THREE+++TWO+++ONE+++

Emperor have mercy on my soul, prayed Adeon.

Then there was only light.

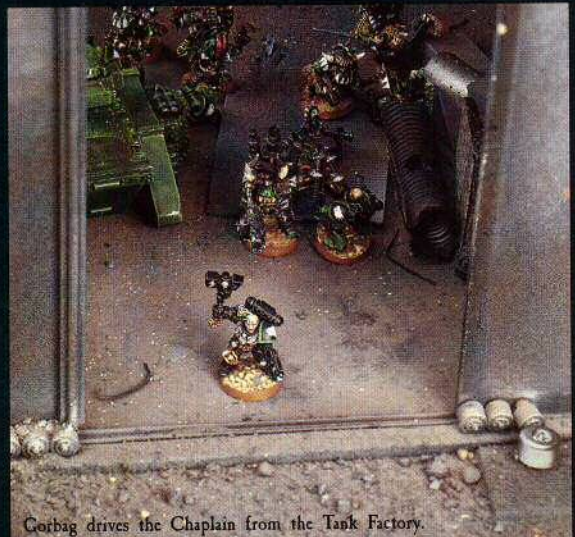


The Blood Angels prepare to sell their lives dearly as yet more Orks attack.

Gorbag crashed into the Space Marines at full speed, trampling one underfoot and cutting another in half with a sweep of his claw. As Skarmek put another one down with his kustom slugga, the 'Ard Boyz, who had been on the verge of running, threw themselves at the Space Marines again, yelling and screaming as they swarmed back into the fight. Through a red haze of berserker fury, Gorbag saw them bodily dragging down Space Marines and unloading their sluggas into the prone bodies of the foe. But they were like children in comparison to the rampaging Warboss. One, two, three, four, the hulking figure left a trail of twitching Space Marine corpses in his wake with severed limbs and torn bodies as marks of his passing. One brave warrior managed to swing his chainsword at Gorbag's exposed face but the Warboss was a seasoned fighter and caught the snarling blade in his claw, crushing it and riddling the Space Marine with fist-sized slugs from his kustom shoota. Only the Chaplain survived, cutting his way clear through the 'Ard Boyz before escaping through the north doors. Gorbag lumbered a few paces after him but he was easily outpaced and the 'Ard Boyz were keener on looting the Space Marine corpses for extra armour plates than chasing the Space Marine champion.

The bright light outside hurt Gorbag's eyes. The thunder and rumble of the battle was still about him but he allowed himself a moment's satisfaction that he had captured this huge factory. Happy visions of teeming hordes of tanks and guns manned by his Boyz flicked through his brain. They'd have to start calling him Warlord soon. As if on cue, the wartrukk which had split off from his force at the start of the battle clattered around the corner of the factory, packed full of Boyz who were blazing away into the factory out of sheer exuberance. Gorbag turned to survey his new acquisition and realised it wasn't exuberance that had prompted the Trukk Boyz' fusillade.

The Battlewagon and the Basilisk were still back at the south end, blasting at the gantries with shells, rokkits and zzap-born lightning bolts. They were annihilating green-armoured warriors wherever they struck but a handful of Space Marines still clung to scraps of cover and fired back defiantly. Gorbag cursed roundly. He was going to have to go back and clear out the whole zoggin' thing again...



Gorbag drives the Chaplain from the Tank Factory.



The White Scars' attack took the Orks completely by surprise. A row of twin-linked bolters opened fire almost in unison, the air crackling as explosive bolts impacted on the blackened chassis of warbikes and trukks alike. The fleeing Orks ran straight into the teeth of Squad Jharatai's crossfire as they disembarked from their Rhino, pouring more bolt shells into the beleaguered aliens. The Assault Marines descended from above like raptors, bolt pistols flaring as they scattered the green-skinned runts around the Ork artillery. Chainswords hissed through alien flesh as they completed the execution.

The Orks abandoned their smoking transport moments before it caught fire, and rushed with a throaty roar towards the White Scars. Subedei Khan kept the triggers of his bolters pressed flat, scores of bullets scything into the Orks, blasting limbs and blood all over the street. To the right, the bulky Attack bikes hissed streams of searing heat into a group of Orks pulling trophies from fallen Blood Angels. Dozens of corpses lay scattered, unrecognisable after a titanic explosion.

Subedei roared in anger, spurring his bike forward, crozius swinging like a club into the chest of a wounded Ork. The beast came apart, a shower of blood spattering the front of his black vehicle. To his left, Kubelei Khan charged forward, power spear levelled like a lance. A thick-necked alien was impaled through the throat by the attack, lifted from his feet by the force of the charge. With a twist, Kubelei Khan wrenched its head from its body, swinging the crackling spear back to catch another between the shoulders. The street was soon filled with the remains of the alien invaders.

The lone Ork Warbike that remained active was driving with commendable skill, weaving in and out of the Marines' blades, even managing to fell one with a blast from his spitting weaponry. Subedei was about to rectify this when a shadow loomed over him from behind the Attack bikes. An Ork dreadnought, hacking into the bikes' armour as if it were parchment-thin. Unable to turn the bulky multi-meltas in time, the warriors died as the scything pincer mangled bike and Marine alike. A blinding explosion of superheated fusion blossomed between Subedei's bike and the Dreadnought, he could feel the wash of heat searing his skin. His squad was moving away, consolidating their position, running down the remains of the Ork resistance. He turned his bike around, determined to avenge his lost brothers in the bloody thrill of the hunt.



The White Scars chase down the Ork resistance, securing the Imperial hold on the Power Generators.

Even amongst the swirling, deadly battle around him, Sergeant Haines could not help but watch Yarrick as he calmly executed the aliens around him. An old man by anyone's standards, his sheer presence elevated him above the howling, bulky Orks trying desperately to fell the ancient warrior. Five of the Orks rushed him at once, shouting bestial curses. Yarrick's bionic eye flashed, a sharp red lance of laser energy slicing across their leader's face. Clutching at his ruined features, the Ork turned tail and ran, his comrades abandoning the charge as Yarrick strode toward them.

The clanking Ork Dreadnoughts were in the thick of the fighting now, lifting one unfortunate Storm Trooper into the air. Even as he fired desperately at the metal monstrosity, hellgun scarring lines in the rusty steel of the Dreadnought's hull, it closed its pincer. The trooper fell in two pieces to the gravel below. Yarrick strode up to the machine, staring up at it, his face contorted with anger. Small wonder the Orks feared his gaze, thought Haines. Mustering his squad, Haines charged into the fray alongside the Commissar. He heard the hydraulics of the pincer hiss as the Dreadnought sent a hammer blow towards Yarrick's chest. He saw the actinic forcefield of amber energy buckle around Yarrick for a second, fighting against the inertia of the attack. Then, to his horror, the pincer broke through, catching Yarrick around the chest.

Yarrick was hoist in the air like a trophy. With a hissing of hydraulics and the whine of servomotors, the cruel pincer began to close. Haines heard the old man's ribs crack under his ornate armour. He was powerless to help, desperately fending off the attacks of the aliens, and he knew with a sickening certainty that if Yarrick was killed Tempestora would fall, that they would die to the last man. Yarrick's bionic eye scored deep scars across the armoured hull of the machine, trying in vain to find a weak point. The beast raised Yarrick higher for all to see.

In a blur, the Commissar's famous battle claw whipped out, catching a thick bundle of wires and hydraulics in its iron grasp. Yarrick snipped through the thick cords, a gout of steam and oil hissing from the gap as the pincer relaxed its grip. Haines looked on in amazement as the old man started to take the war machine apart with the grim concentration of a surgeon. The battle seemed to have stopped as all eyes watched the frail old man pull the monstrosity's claw open with hardly any effort. The Dreadnought emitted a high pitched whine, its metal muscles and electronic sinews severed, powerless to react as Yarrick climbed onto the top of the iron beast. He stood there above the roiling mass, bloodied but triumphant, head held high. Then, as he shouted praise to the Emperor, the old man opened fire on the Orks. The aliens scattered before him as the Imperial troops surged forward. Haines snarled and joined the slaughter.



Commissar Yarrick leads his troopers against the alien menace



# WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY

**Rowland:** I'm sure Gary and Andy will be suffering from a severe case of "If it hadn't been for those pesky White Scars!" Even so we all agreed it was a fantastic game, with plenty of memorable moments; my personal favourite was when Yarrick went one to one with a Killer Kan on the last turn and emerged bloody but victorious.

At the time it felt absolutely right that the Imperium won. As far I was concerned the Imperial Guard had played really well defending both the Comms Centre and the Bridgehead. In fact not only was the Bridgehead held, the Imperial Guard advanced over it and assaulted the Orks on the other side! In the centre the Imperial Guard had fared well too. The Ork advance had been stopped by the timely assault of Yarrick, the Command HQ and the Storm Troopers. Throughout the game the Imperial Guard had provided good fire support, especially that fantastic shot against Gary's Warboss's truck!

It was literally in a turn that things went from going well to seeming very shaky indeed. In turn three, the Orks seemed to do everything right. Tanks exploded, Space Marines were hacked to pieces, and the Tank Factory looked like it was going to fall to the Orks. The orbital barrages, which up until then hadn't been worrying us, suddenly started raining death. The Orks were closing in, and when they do that it's bad news! Moving through the streets was a risky business. The Ork support weapons on the bridge had to be removed before the Chimeras could cross safely (as safely as you can when you're approaching a horde of alien barbarians intent on destroying you!).



Rowland Cox

Imperial Guard allied with Space Marines are a frightening force. The Guard provide solid firepower, whilst the Space Marines excel in close quarter fighting. In fact, the Blood Angels excelled so much and carved so far forward that I was unable to support them. This led to the Blood Angels fighting half the Ork army on their own, and suffering very badly for it. The Salamanders also had a tough ride against the Orks, almost being wiped out to a man. The Imperial side had decided that the Salamanders could hold out on their own. This was our big mistake. In hindsight it would have been far better to have supported the Salamanders with Yarrick, the Storm Troopers, the Command HQ and the Hellhound. Together we could have burned the Ork scum out of the factory, and dispatched any left alive.

Andy and Gary were challenging opponents who never gave up, even when Gordon bombarded them (although there were a few groans!). There was a great sense of fun on the day, and I hope this battle report inspires avid gamers everywhere to play lots of Armageddon games. We may have won a narrow victory, but there will be many more battles before the Orks are driven from Tempestra...

## OBJECTIVES

- 1: The Main Bridgehead (IMPERIAL)
- 2: The Generator Spheres (IMPERIAL)
- 3: The Barracks (ORKS)
- 4: The Comms Relay Centre (IMPERIAL)
- 5: The Tank Factory (North) (CONTESTED)
- 6: The Tank Factory (South) (ORKS)



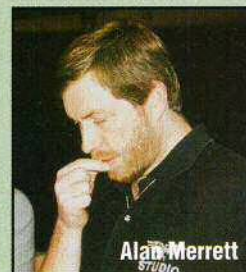
Owen Branham

**Owen:** I was in placed in charge of the factory and my mission brief was "whatever happens, don't let it fall into Ork hands." Our side thought this would be a simple task, but we were wrong. The first thing I noticed was that the Salamanders would be up against was the Warboss and his retinue, supported by about thirty Ork Boyz in three tooled-up Ork vehicles. I managed to slow down their advance for the first few turns by immobilizing the wagons, but it wasn't long before the Warboss got into the fight and

proceeded to wipe out most of my army. I had nothing that could stop him except time. However, luck was on my side and the game ended with just enough Space Marines left to contest one objective and deny the Orks the victory points. If the game had gone on for another turn, I would have lost the factory and given the enemy a draw. Thanks to a squad of eight Salamanders dodging shells from an Orky Basilisk, this didn't happen, and the Imperium won by the smallest of margins. It was tooth and nail all the way but the Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes hung in there and proved their worth.

**Alan:** The Sons of Sanguinius excel at one thing: close combat. With a Blood Angels army it really is a case of getting in the thick of the fighting as quickly as you can, and this is exactly what I did. However, although my Death Company squad caused tremendous damage with their first devastating charge, my timing was slightly out and the Assault Marine squads reached the enemy a little later, by which time most of the Death Company had been killed. Full credit to Andy for pouring in enough troops to finish the job; if he'd hesitated I would have broken right through to the Power Generator and defended it to the last man. Also, if the Furioso hadn't been crippled by those lucky Tankbusta shots, I feel sure it would have wreaked havoc amongst the alien ranks.

A little more support and my initial push would have led the way to a complete rout. Still, I very nearly collapsed the enemy's flank, it was an Imperial victory and there was tons of bloodshed – at the end of the day, what Blood Angels player could ask for more?



Alan Merrett



# SILENCE THE HULK

**Matt:** I really hate Ork Dreadnoughts. It was all going so well until that Dread turned up right next to the Cooling Towers. Up until then, everything was going to plan. My fifteen-man Black Templars squad led by the Emperor's Champion easily managed to slaughter the large Ork unit protecting this first objective. In the end my fifteen strong unit proved to be a disadvantage as it meant I couldn't get my Dreadnought into base contact with the Ork Dread. The Black Templars special rule that they never break from combat meant that I had to wait until the squad got lucky and destroyed the Dreadnought or got killed in return. When I finally got the opportunity to charge, my superior Space Marine Dreadnought easily destroyed the crude Ork one, but by then it was too late to win the game.



Matt Hutson

In hindsight I should have sent my Dreadnought with the initial wave so that if anything nasty turned up I would have had the right tools to destroy it. In the end though it was my own indecision that lost me the game. My Terminator squad spent the game going back and forth, when what it should have been doing was charging at the same time as the Command squad and Assault squad. When they did get into combat they were pretty destructive, but again this was too late.

# SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

Gordon Davidson



**Gordon:** So finally the Imperial artillery was silenced. In my defence it took Adi six full turns with almost almost double the amount of troops I had (reserves add up you know and the two Fighta-Bommerz were lethal).

I'm very proud of the accuracy of my barrages; not only did they destroy large numbers of Orks, they also wound Andy C up immensely! No matter what my guess was, they would deviate onto his huge mob of Killer Kans, causing mayhem and no small amount of mirth on my part.

This was an exciting and very different battle to fight and the initial shots from my Leman Russ and Basilisk severely blunted the Ork attack. Adi had to fight a long, slow war of attrition that, had he not been allowed extra reserves, would have been too much for him to overcome.

To be fair, the scenario did weigh heavily in my favour, and allowing ourselves some flexibility in the rules gave Adi a fighting chance (he was tremendously sporting in very trying circumstances).

I had a great day, upheld the honour of the Imperium, guessed huge barrage ranges very accurately, participated in the most ambitious battle report ever written, and we won. Hurrah!



Difficult, but you only have to get it right once...



The mighty Imperium gives coordinates for the next barrage.

**Paul:** This was a game of two halves if ever there was one! We had planned to play the game to conclusion and then retire to watch the main game unfold with either myself or Alex actually affecting the outcome. However, it wasn't to be as my inability to make armour saves and a distinctly wishy-washy battleplan led to something of a stalemate with only a handful of survivors on each side. And all this by lunchtime!

So, with Alex now more familiar with his army we decided that as neither side had enough troops to carry on with the fight, the survivors would return to their main forces and garner reinforcements with which to take advantage of the 'hole' in the enemy line. Meeting once again on the open plains outside the hive itself, the second clash proved to be a much more decisive affair.

Prepared for the Speed Freaks mobility (and the outrageous Outriders!), I decided to keep my force compact and attack in devastating waves rather than assault piecemeal, as my advantage of mobility was countered by the Speed Freaks' own manoeuvrability. Other priorities were to effectively take the Warboss and his retinue out of the game as early as possible by trashing his truck and forcing them to cross the battlefield on foot, effectively neutralizing them for the early part of the battle. Oh, and those pesky Outriders had to die! Luckily Chaplain Subedai Khan's stirring oration as the White Scars sped to battle did the trick (power armour and twin-linked bolters helped of course) and the Orks were soundly thrashed, run down by the speeding Space Marines intent on aiding their Imperial allies at the hive.

This left me to make an entrance on the main table and although the White Scars would be arriving later than anticipated they would still be able to make a significant impact. We decided that we were only going to play on for another turn as the day was drawing to a close. So with only one turn to play with I couldn't affect the Tank Factory conflict as I would have hoped but instead opted to cleanse the alien filth from the Power Generators objective. With speed and precision, the white-armoured children of Jhagatai Khan swept the Greenskins away and ultimately turned the tide of the battle in favour of the valiant Imperial defenders.

# FLANK MARCH



Paul 'Fat Bigke' Sawyer



# WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY



**Andy:** We wuz robbed! The White Scars arrived and nicked an objective off us at the proverbial eleventh hour. This meant me and Gary got one measly turn to kick them off it and then the game was ended because we were 'out of time'. Pfah! Talk about the clock being your enemy (*I prefer 'perfectly timed lightning attack'...* – Fat Bloke). Admittedly all the players were dead beat by then and barely capable of lifting dice, let alone continuing the conflict, but this so-called Imperial 'Victory' deserves to be thoroughly sneered at [Mutter, grumble, whine].

The game itself was great fun. It was tremendous to be able to fight across such a cinematic battlefield. Admittedly me and Owen found to our cost that those ragged holes in the tank factory can tear equally ragged holes in your hands and arms as you struggle to move troops around inside it (real bloodshed!). The combination of darkness and inaccessibility inside the factory produced some unexpected results, like not realising quite how many Salamanders were in there until about turn four (not just me either, Gordon wandered up while we were deploying and made the immortal comment "Not much Imperial stuff in there").

As it turned out there was an entire 1,500 point Space Marine army in the factory, and our mechanised blitz got bogged down. In retrospect I should have included some mobs of foot troops to help clear the place, especially the upper gantries where the Salamanders clung on to the end. Just one extra casualty on the surviving Salamanders squad would have clinched the whole building, and that would at least have kept the game to a draw. But it was not to be.

I was wrong to think that the Imperial players would be in disarray because there were three of them. Quite sensibly, each Imperial player had given themselves a single area of operations to think about, whereas me and Gary ended up running up and down the battlefield endlessly. We would have been

better off dividing the table between us and concentrating on our respective sectors. Overall the distance we had to cover into the teeth of the enemy's guns was too great to achieve anything decisive except in the attack on the factory. I suppose what we should have done was ensured Alex Boyd, a veteran Ork Warboss but not with a Speed Freek army, had some practice beforehand instead of throwing him into the arena with Fat Bloke. To be fair on Alex he did hold the White Scars to a mutually-assured-destruction-athon in the first game of the day, but then the Marines broke through decisively on the second go.

Last of all I should say thank you to everyone who played or helped out, especially Gav and Jervis for sorting out the scenarios (a proper 'thank you' for the devastating off-table bombardments will be arranged for them in due course) and the guys from Warhammer World who let us play on their biiiiig table.



One Kan or two?



Andy gets into character.



Pass me another barrage template...

**Gary:** Curse those White Scars! After a shaky start I think Andy and I had the Imperium on the back foot, and I suspect they were a bit worried. If Paul hadn't stolen that objective from me at the last minute, the result could have been very different. Still, I suppose that it's in character to have the Space Marines turning up at the last minute and saving the day. The style of this game was very much dictated by the terrain. We were so far apart that even if moving a full 6 inches each time we would still take 6 turns to reach the enemy. The Ork plan therefore depended on holding our own objectives and attacking the one which was most accessible – the Tank Factory. I still think this was a sound approach.

This was a very enjoyable game, despite Gordon's dastardly accurate bombarding from the adjacent table. The Orks' performance was variable, as usual, with some units disappointing and others excelling.

It was disastrous to have my Warboss's truck blown up with a lucky shot on the first turn – despite having a kustom force field protecting it – and then watch as all those points in mega-armoured Nobz tip-toed forwards about 6 inches in the whole battle. All my regular opponents will be laughing at me and saying 'I told you so' because this always seems to happen to them.

There were some great highlights though. The Orks with rokkits excelled, damaging or destroying several tanks and blowing both the arms off the Blood Angels Dreadnought. Everyone knows an Ork can't hit a barn door at twenty paces – but remember that an Ork rokket launcher costs half as much as a Marine equivalent, which makes things even! When up against Marines or tanks, Orks need lots of rokkits, and the Imperium was rightly afraid of exposing their armoured units to them.

The Stormboyz also did well, clearing the Blood Angels out of one objective and finishing them off as they fled. Up until now my experience with Stormboyz has been, as Jervis said in WD245, that they run away too easily. But with fifteen in the mob they performed much better – the enemy have to kill five before there's any real chance of them breaking, and in city terrain they can make effective use of cover and are useful for gaining a height advantage. Finally Kandreg, the Stormboyz Nob who, in a former battle, stole a Dreadnought powerpack to make a jump pack, bagged another trophy by killing off the Furioso Dreadnought.

Orks have no concept of losing and all of this blowin' up of tanks and rippin' apart of Dreadnoughts has just served to encourage them further. They had so much fun that they're bound to be back, and next time the sissy Guard might not have their big brothers with them to hold their hand. Waaagh!

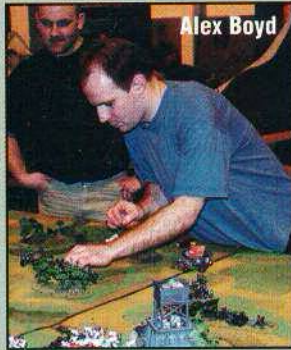


Gary 'Wazneg' James



# FLANK MARCH

**Alex:** The first half of the day was exceptionally bloody and a lot of fun on both sides. I threw everything I had at Paul's White Scars, and he fought back just as hard – in the end pretty much all of the squads had been wiped out! It was so fast and furious that it was over before the main game was even halfway finished, so we decided to fight it again. In retrospect, I wish we'd left it.



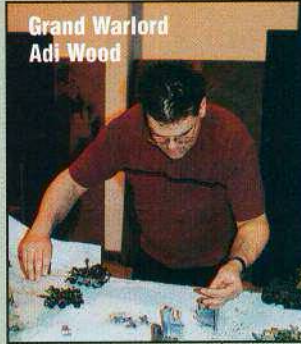
Alex Boyd

Paul learnt from his mistakes and in the second game he deployed all his hard-hitting troops in one block, breaking through my defences in one devastating charge. With hindsight, I think the Speed Freaks were always going to have a tough time against the White Scars. These fanatic Orks excel at one thing: manoeuvrability. Against a White Scars force, this advantage disappears; the Marines can respond just as quickly. As a result the armies are on an equal footing, but with one big difference: Speed Freaks just don't have the numbers to pull down Space Marines. My traditional tactic of huge mobs of angry Orks was denied to me, and so Paul was able to break through and reinforce the Imperials on the main table.

Still, I loved playing with the unusual elements of the Speed Freaks army; Outriders are deadly. Slugga Boyz in trucks never fail to make an impact, and my Warboss proved to be virtually invulnerable (so many 6+ saves...). In the end, everybody had a great time.

# SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

Grand Warlord  
Adi Wood



**Adi:** Well let's face it, halfway through the battle the game was lost. Gordon had smashed my forces and there was no way I was going to salvage anything. He won. We then decided that all my vehicles could recycle onto the table, but that didn't really help either!

I have to say it all came down to a few lucky dice rolls and Gordon saying "Yeah you can scale that sheer wall without penalty" and stuff like that. I made poor use of the

Bommerz although I really rate them. I would have been better off getting in close and shooting a Basilisk in the rear armour with all the short range shooty guns rather than the 'one shot kills all' smart bomb, that has to hit on a 5+! Anyway I won through in the end (inevitably really) even though the main table got blasted rather badly. It would have been better if I had been allowed to recycle all my vehicles from the start (or had more troops), but hindsight is a wonderful thing!



Who needs scatter dice?



As if by magic, the recycling Trukk Boyz appear.



Surprise! The charge of the White brigade.



Matt waits 'patiently' during Karl's turn.



Karl Renwick

**Karl:** Well what can I say but "Yes! Eat that you Imperial scumbags!" This was a battle I didn't think I could win. My main game plan was just to hold up the Black Templars as long as possible, allowing me to place as many barrages onto the main table as I could. It worked better than I thought.

I placed the Shoota Boyz and Stikk Bommerz on the two objectives nearest to the Space Marine deployment zone, the rest of my army came on in reserves.

The Shoota Boyz were too close to the enemy, so they only had one shooting round before the Black Templars front line was upon them. As Matt had chosen the 'accept any challenge, no matter the odds' vow, he was hitting me on a 3+. The Shoota Boyz were doomed, only their weight of

numbers allowed them to survive as long as they did. The Coolant Tanks looked like they would be the first objective to fall. Through a stroke of luck, my Ork Dreadnought arrived in time to charge into the rampaging mass of Black Templars. The Marines needed 6s just for a glancing hit after the Emperor's Champion was crushed to death, so I knew the Dreadnought could hold out for some time.

My plan of using the Trukk Boyz and the Warboss as fast response squads worked a treat, allowing my forces to stop the Space Marines whenever they tried to advance on the objectives. They also allowed me to move on the enemy's flanks, causing confusion and taking Matt's mind off his mission.

My only regrets were setting my Shoota Boys too far in and that the zzap guns didn't see enough action. Then again, who cares, because I won! WAAAGH!

# SILENCE THE HULK



Thanks once again to everybody who took part or contributed to this battle report, especially the guys from Warhammer World, who not only let us use their fantastic boards but also put up with a two-week photoshoot in their hall with near inhuman patience. Also thanks to Nick Davis and Rich Baker for building such a cool Space Hulk board in such a short time. Cheers lads!

### 18:34: PLAZA IMPERATOR

Sergeant Haines lay exhausted at the base of a shattered statue at the heart of Hive Tempestra. He was surrounded by the wounded and dying, a fine layer of drifting dust covering the scattered corpses of aliens and humans alike. He was bleeding from dozens of cuts, the linings of his greatcoat sticky with congealed blood. His ears rang, blocking out the moans of the battered soldiers surrounding him. Every joint felt like it had been dislocated. He could feel his pulse beating behind his eyes.

And yet, Haines' heart felt fit to burst. He had fought alongside Commissar Yarrick, actually next to him, and pushed the Orks, some of the way at least, out of the hive. Somehow he was still alive. This morning Haines felt sure he would not see the colours of the sunset, that he would die with a rusty Ork blade through his chest, or blown apart by an unseen explosion. In the space of one morning he had killed a score of the beasts, his boots slick with their blood. He knew for a certainty that at least two of his squad had made it through the battle alive. Haines knew this would be the most important day of his life, a day that would be remembered.

But Sergeant Haines knew there were many more battles to fight - to complete the cleansing of this area, to drive the Orks out of the rest of Hive Tempestra, and ultimately to win back the entire planet. This war would not be over quickly. And Orks never gave up, no matter how many of their number they lost. It was against their nature.

A change of pressure and the low thrumming of powerful engines made Haines look up. A deep green Thunderhawk gunship streaked across the anaemic sky, casting a brief shadow over the square. The Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes, leaving as abruptly as they arrived, their medics reclaiming what they could from the many casualties. They would be heading straight to a new combat zone, thought Haines, immersing themselves once more in their lives of eternal war. He knew that virtually all of the Blood Angels who had fought this day had given their lives in the struggle to drive back the aliens. No rest, no respite for the sons of the Imperium. Haines almost pitied them.

Above him, the broken statue of the Emperor cast its shadow over the dying soldiers in the street. He remembered seeing it for the first time as a child, hiding behind his grandfather's legs from the penetrating gaze of the towering figure. Now, the statue was blackened and broken. Its sword was shattered, the left arm missing at the elbow, but the grim dignity and menace of the effigy remained. It stared down at Sergeant Haines with cold, sightless eyes.

For the first time in his life, Haines felt he could stare back.

Hive Monitor Van Heulen surveyed the wreckage of his city from the observation deck of the airship. He had long since stopped calculating the damage - numbers too large for his mind to encompass fading from his tired brain. In a way, the crushing despair had retreated, curiosity taking its place.

Below him was the skeleton of the city, the bones beneath Tempestra exposed by the plague of Orks. Buildings he knew like his own household were ablaze, plumes of acrid smoke reaching up to him through the clouds of dust, hot winds sculpting them into whirling, abstract shapes. Van Heulen felt light-headed as an explosion on the south walls tore away another chunk of the disintegrating hive, structures tumbling slowly and silently to the ashen floor. Imperial shuttles shot through the night beneath him, carrying tanks and soldiers to wherever they were needed next. It was of little consequence who had won the battle. Hive Tempestra had been ground into the ash just as he had foreseen. This was the price of war.

Van Heulen sighed, and leant his forehead on the reinforced glass. He prayed that one day it would all be restored, one day they would drive the Orks back into space forever. After such losses, such hideous casualties and world-spanning destruction, they couldn't possibly invade again. That, at least, was certain...





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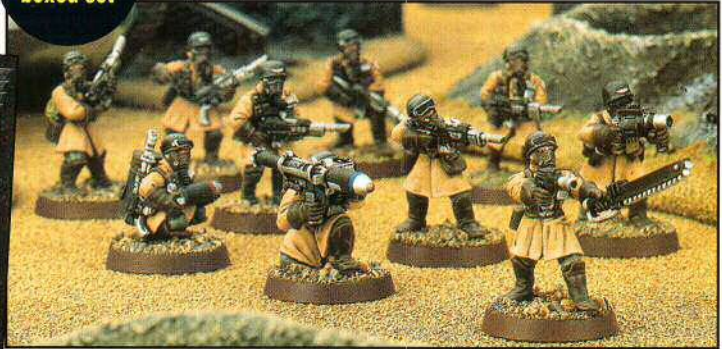
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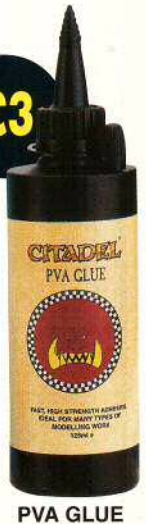


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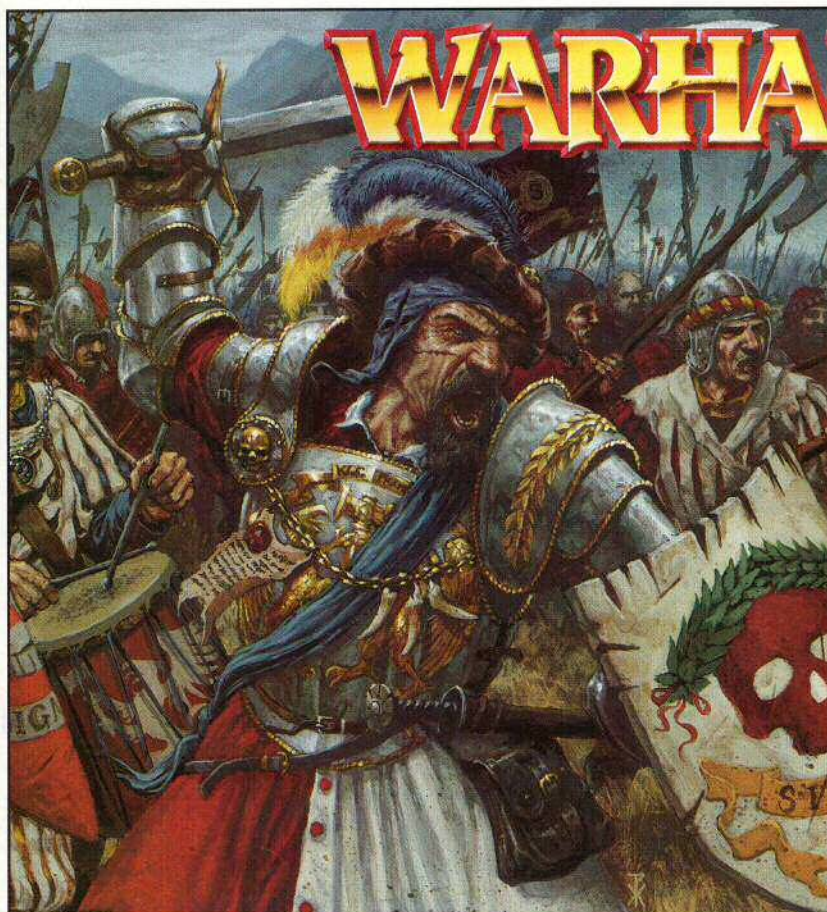
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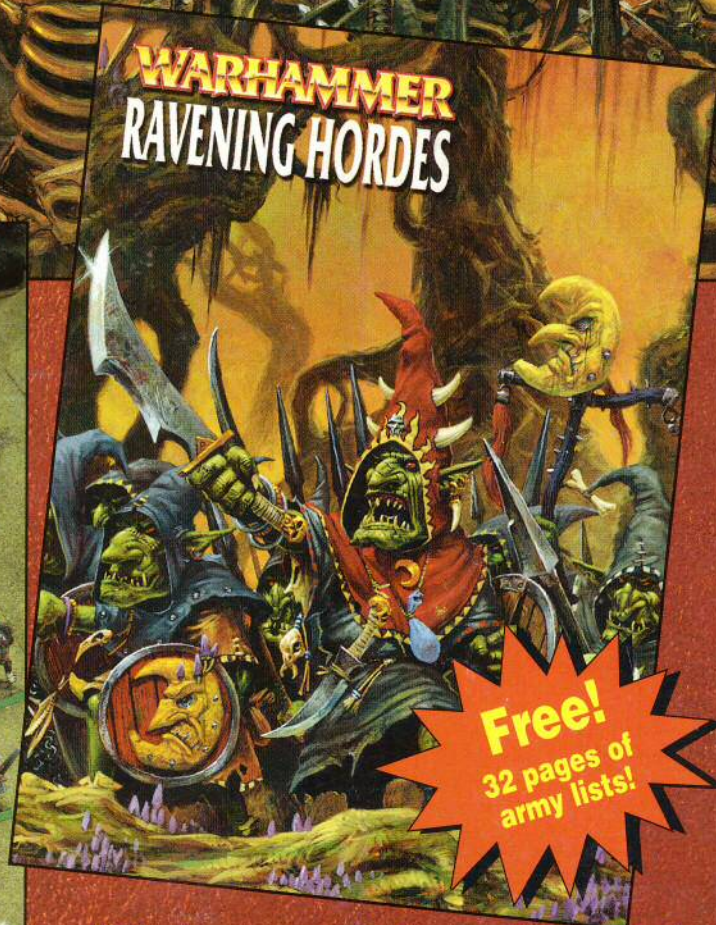
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