

WARHAMMER DWARF



The aristocracy of the night returns...

Vampire Counts

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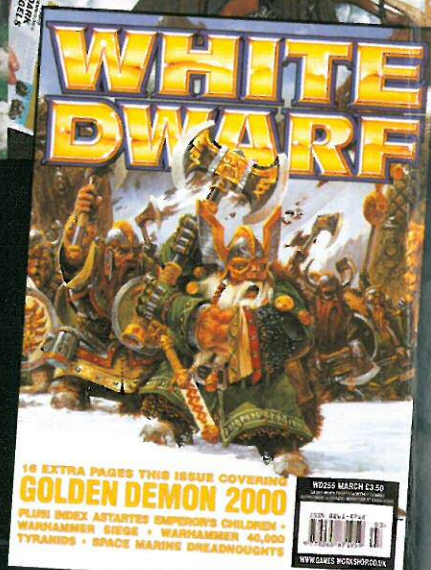
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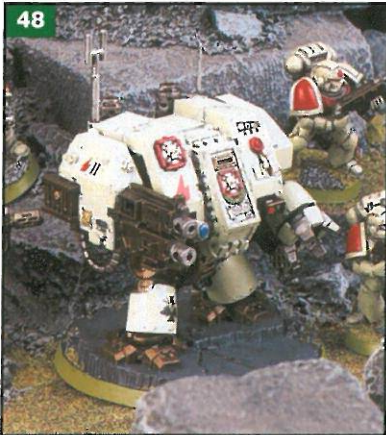
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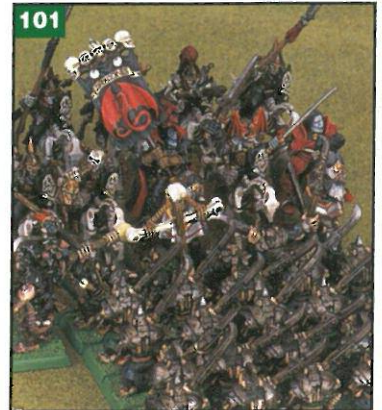
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Editor: Paul Sawyer (aka Fat Bloke).

Production team: Graham Davey, Matt Hutson, Phil Kelly, Rich Baker & Pete Grady.

Cover artwork: Karl Kopinski.

'Eavy Metal team:

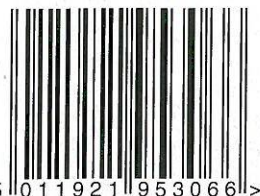
Owen Branham, Martin Footitt, Mark Jones, Keith Robertson, Neil Green, Chris Smart, Dave Thomas, Kirsten Mickelburgh & Tammy Hayes.

Artwork:

John Blanche, David Gallagher, Alex Boyd, Paul Dainton, Neil Hodgson, Adrian Smith, Nuala Kennedy & Karl Kopinski.

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THE WHITE DWARF EDITORIAL



Let the games begin...

All across Games Workshop there has been a gaming frenzy. Not unusual, you may think, as so many of our staff are ardent gamers. This is a bit different, though, as our staff tournaments for both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 have been taking place over the past few weeks. Each store, region and department has had to go through the tense process of deciding their representative to travel to the finals held at Warhammer World at GW HQ.

I had somewhat mixed fortunes this year as I entered the Warhammer 40,000 tournament with my White Scars Space Marines. First up was a decisive victory in a *Recon* scenario against artist Alex Boyd's Orks. Alex deserved to get more out of a

very enjoyable game which twisted and turned at every opportunity. My second game was *Cleanse* and pitted me against 'Eavy Metal's Kirsten Mickelburgh and her Sisters of Battle. No problem – massacre!

With my last game looming, a win would take me to the finals. Only one small problem – it was against Games Development's Big Pete Haines and his traitorous Iron Warriors Chaos Space Marines. I'd faced these before and come a cropper. Not too much difference this time either – I was destroyed to a man...

So, with my involvement at an end, Phil Kelly went to defend White Dwarf's honour in the Warhammer 40,000 side of things. Phil's Ulthwé Eldar are the scourge of games here at the Studio with the immensely hard Seer Council backed up by D-Cannons and an Avatar. It's with immense pleasure that I can announce that Phil won the overall Warhammer 40,000 tournament, the first White Dwarf'er to achieve this accolade – that's my boy!

Below you'll find the final placings for both tournaments. We'll be bringing you more details in a future issue, so keep your eyes peeled.

Until next month,

WARHAMMER 40,000

1st Place: Phil Kelly
2nd Place: Tom Clarke
Joint 3rd Place: Matt Sulley & Alessio Cavatore
Most Sporting Opponent: Tom Harland
Best Army: Darren Latham
Best General: Francisco Dominguez

WARHAMMER

1st Place: Andreu Cerda
2nd Place: Adam Stallwood
3rd Place: Steve Slatford
Most Sporting Opponent: Gav Thorpe
Best Army: Steve Slatford
Best General: Ian Stewart Cain



Left: GW Staff slug it out in a day of frenetic gaming.

Right: Phil Kelly, overall winner of the Warhammer 40,000 staff tournament, gurns for the camera.



THE DARK ELVES RETURN... IN FORCE

Run while you still can: the horizon is darkening with the sails of slave-fleets as the Dark Elves, scions of Naggaroth, gather to carve a bloody path across the Old World.

The new range, scheduled for the end of May, includes a host of amazing models: nearly every figure in the Dark Elf army has been redesigned. Their horrific background is nastier and more detailed than ever, and the new troop types include the stealthy Shades, the devastating Cold One chariots and the terrifying War Hydra,

accompanied by its attendant Beastmasters.

The Dark Elf special characters now include not only Morathi, the Hag Sorceress of the Dark Elves and her malign and sadistic son, Malekith the Witch King, but also the renegade Malus Darkblade, star of Warhammer Monthly's comic series.

Watch this space for more details!



Below: Alex Hedström's work-in-progress on the new Dark Elf Executioners.

GW EXCLUSIVES HIT THE WEB

Welcome news for all those with access to the internet: the Games Workshop website has been given a total overhaul and is now bigger and better looking than ever before. Not only that, but several products that are unavailable in Games Workshop stores can be bought from our online store.

The new look website includes:

- Up-to-the-minute news and the latest release information,
- An on-line community section, where you can chat to other like-minded individuals about the hobby,
- Free downloads including the Ravening Hordes army lists,
- Warhammer Special characters: as the army books are released, the old favourites from Warhammer 5th edition are updated for use in your

games, including everyone from Azhag the Slaughterer to Gotrek and Felix!

- Links to related sites such as Bulldog Buckles, Hogshead and Exile films,
- An extensive on-line shopping facility including all the latest releases,
- Exclusive new releases such as a fantastic poster of the 'Citizens Beware!' page from Codex Tyranids and great new miniatures for Gotrek and Felix (as seen in last year's Games Day display),
- A wealth of other articles for gamers, modellers and painters alike.

So what are you waiting for?



Above: Watch the skies! The new Citizens Beware! poster.

Below: Alex Hedström's Gotrek and Felix models, made for Games Day 2000 and now exclusively available on the web.

www.games-workshop.com



EVENTS DIARY

Events Diary is the monthly forum whereby we advertise coming events and tournaments for the Games Workshop hobby. If you are organising or know of a coming event, feel free to let us know at:

eventsdiary@games-workshop.co.uk

and we will do our best to include the details in this column. Dates need to be submitted by:

- 27 March for WD 258 (June 2001 issue)
- 2 May for WD 259 (July 2001 issue)
- 29 May for WD 260 (August 2001 issue)
- 27 June for WD 261 (September 2001 issue)
- 2 August for WD 262 (October 2001 issue)

SALUTE 2001

21st April

Salute is one of the biggest one day wargames events in the UK, and plays host to over 40 games clubs from around the country. Last year over 3,000 gamers attended. This year Salute is over twice the size!

Organised by the South London Warlords, it is being held at **Olympia 2, London** (near Kensington Underground station). The emphasis is on participation, so get yourself down there and join in with some of the many games!

For more information, see last month's News section, or check out the website at

www.salute.co.uk

THE STUDENT NATIONALS

20th-22nd April

Each year, students from Universities across England gather to thrash it out in this festival of wargaming and roleplaying. The main events include Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 and Necromunda. This year, the nationals are being held at **Digby Hall, Leicester University, Leicester**. Our Clubs Coordinator Che Webster will be in attendance, as will a couple of other familiar faces, and a demonstration of the new Inquisitor game is to take place in the bar. For more information, check out the website at

<http://homepages.webleicester.co.uk/daggers/nationals/webpages>
or e-mail the guys at
fas9jgui@dmu.ac.uk

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER

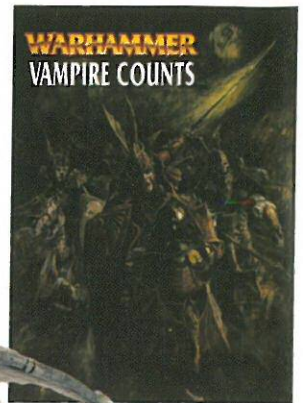
THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER:

The Vampire Counts are the undying scourges of the Old World, commanding hordes of the living dead and plaguing Humanity in their undying quest for blood and death.

Check out the features in this issue to learn more about these powerful Undead creatures.

**WARHAMMER ARMIES:
VAMPIRE COUNTS ▶
£10.00.**

This army book contains all the information you need to wreak bloody destruction throughout the Old World using the armies of the Vampire Counts.



**BLOOD DRAGON VAMPIRE
MOUNTED ON
WINGED NIGHTMARE ▶
£18.00**

Sculpted by Colin Grayson.

The Winged Nightmare boxed set contains all the parts needed for one Blood Dragon Vampire and one Winged Nightmare.

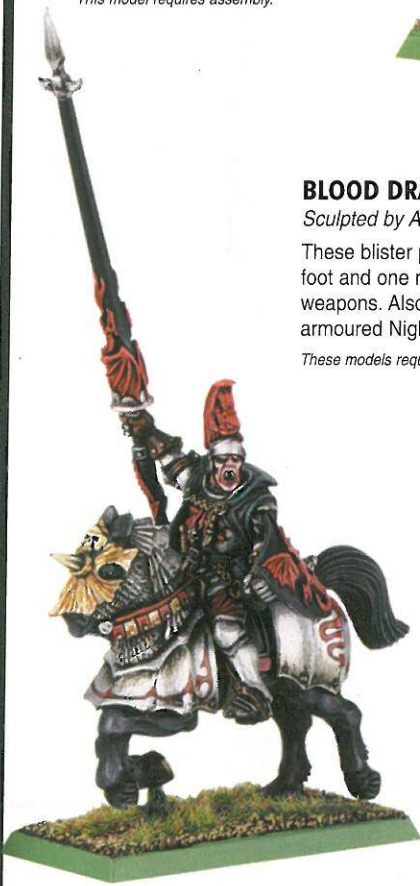
This model requires assembly.

BLOOD DRAGON VAMPIRES £8.00. ▼ ▶

Sculpted by Alex Hedström and Aly Morrison.

These blister packs contain one Blood Dragon Vampire on foot and one mounted Blood Dragon Vampire, complete with weapons. Also included are all the parts needed for one armoured Nightmare mount.

These models require assembly.



AVAILABLE NOW FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS



▲ STRIGOI VAMPIRES £4.00

Sculpted by Mark Harrison.

This blister pack contains one complete Strigoi Vampire.

These models require assembly.



GRAVE GUARD £5.00 ◀

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

This blister pack contains three Grave Guards and three plastic shields.

These models require assembly.



LAHMIAN VAMPIRES

£8.00 ▼

Sculpted by Juan Diaz.

These blister packs contain one Lahmian Vampire on foot and one mounted Lahmian Vampire. Also included are all the parts needed for one barded Nightmare mount.

These models require assembly.



UNDEAD GRAVEYARD £18.00

Sculpted by Dave Andrews.

This scenery pack contains one complete Undead Graveyard terrain piece.

Model not shown at actual size.



WARHAMMER 40,000

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER 40,000

TYRANID 'OLD ONE EYE' £20.00

Sculpted by Mark Bedford.

This boxed set contains all the parts you need to construct one complete Old One Eye.

This model requires assembly.



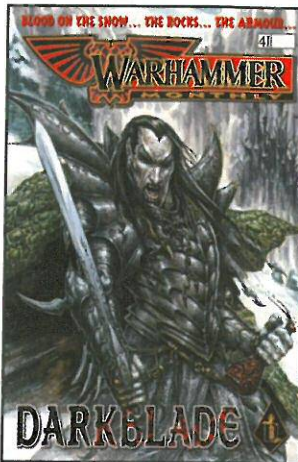
TYRANID TYRANT GUARD £8.00

Sculpted by Mark Bedford.

This blister pack contains all the parts you need to make one complete Tyrannid Tyrant Guard armed with a lash whip, rending claw and a spineshield.

This model requires assembly.

THIS MONTH'S COMIC RELEASES



WARHAMMER MONTHLY ISSUE 41 £2.20

Published by the Black Library

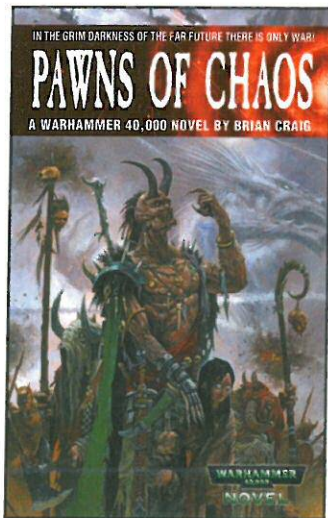
Drenched in the blood of his enemies, Darkblade finally returns to Hag Graef, but will he be hailed as a hero or burnt as a traitor? The storm is gathering in the latest instalment of the mind-blowing Daemonifuge, there's another chapter in the dark legend of Hellbrandt Grimm, and have the double-dealing duo of Ulli and Marquand finally bitten off more than they can chew? Find out in Mordheim – City of the Damned.

PAWNS OF CHAOS £5.99

A Warhammer 40,000 novel by Brian Craig.

Published by the Black Library

On the medieval world of Sigmatus, two naive children become entangled in a plot to summon a powerful Daemon in an attempt to protect a group of Chaos cultists from the oppressive forces of the planet's governor. With the Warp Storm that has isolated Sigmatus from the rest of the Imperium for two hundred years abating, Imperial forces race to prevent the planet from succumbing to the Dark Powers.



ALSO RELEASED THIS MONTH

WARMASTER

WARMASTER MAGAZINE ISSUE 5 £3.50

Published by Fanatic

Warmaster magazine is the essential supplement for Warmaster players. This mag combines new rules, scenarios, modelling tips and general advice for players who want their games with GW's tiniest soldiers on a grand scale!

EPIC 40,000

EPIC MAGAZINE ISSUE 3 £3.50

Published by Fanatic

This issue of Epic magazine focuses on that mysterious race, the Eldar. Their majestic and powerful Titans have been updated for inclusion in Adeptus Titanicus II. Also there's the usual mix of new rules, scenarios and discussion about Epic – what else!

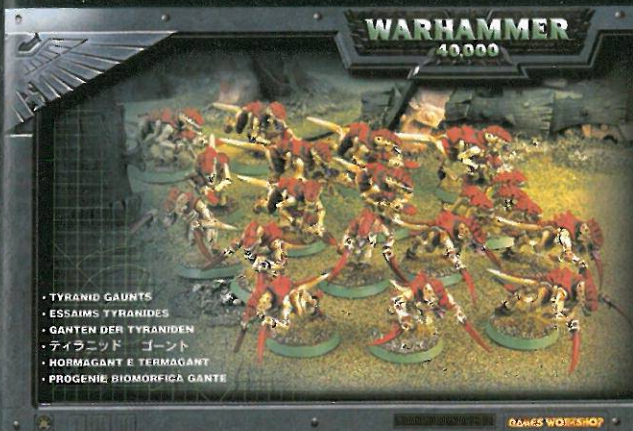
**CHECK OUT THIS MONTH'S FANATIC RELEASES AT
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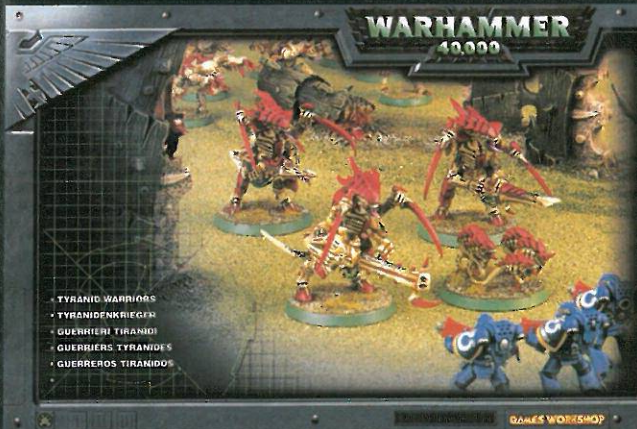
FEED THE GREAT DEVOURER



Hive Tyrant - £18 boxed set



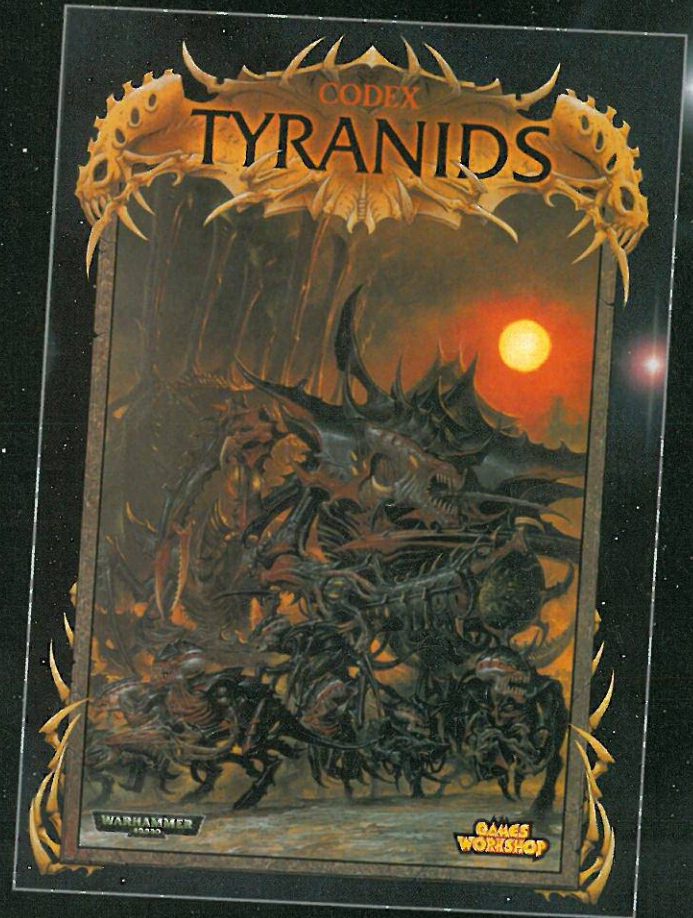
Gaunts - £15 boxed set



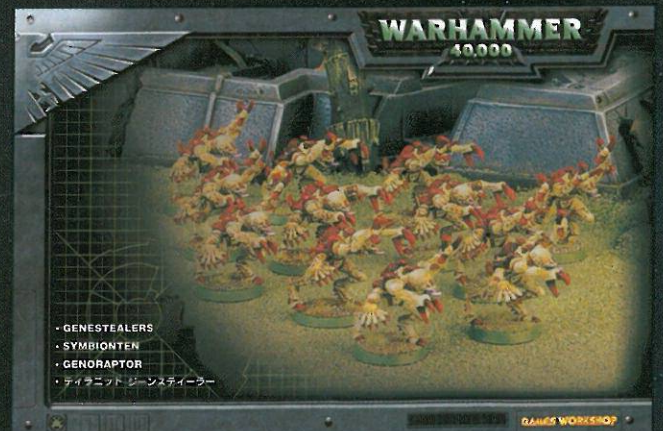
Tyranid Warriors - £15 boxed set



Tyranid Carnifex - £18 boxed set



Codex: Tyranids - £8



Genestealers - £12 boxed set

Arcane Lore is a series of ruminations and cogitations by the Warhammer Games Development team on different aspects of the Warhammer game. This month Alessio Cavatore talks about developing the new Vampire Counts Armies book.

ARCANE LORE

The new Vampire Counts armies book



Alessio Cavatore has been a Games Developer since he was offered a job whilst working as a translator for Games Workshop Italia. His

traditional Italian skills of 'thorough' gaming allow him to spot catches and loopholes in the rules like a hawk. He is also studying in his spare time to be a mad doctor.

You can read an interview with Alessio later in this issue.

I encountered during the design of this unique army.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

The idea of remaking the Vampire Counts as one of the first four army lists for the new edition of Warhammer was essentially dictated by the range of models available. The Vampire Counts were the last army list of the past edition, and were released less than two years ago. The models sculpted for them are still new and excellent, so it seemed to be a good move to publish a new edition of rules for them soon after the release of Warhammer. The only part of the range which we felt we had not developed to its full potential were the Vampires themselves.

So the miniatures designers were set to work and the new Vampires were created. The models are absolutely gorgeous and the 'Eavy Metal team turned them into veritable masterpieces (have a look at the photos throughout the magazine if you don't believe me!).

BIRTH OF A NEW VAMPIRE LINE

In the initial brief I received, the book was to contain the same four Bloodlines it had had in the previous version. I thought that it was a pity not to do anything new background-wise. The ancient texts speak of seven Vampire Masters escaping from the ruins of ancient Lahmia. That detail gave me the freedom I needed to expand the rich background of the Vampires and I proposed the creation of a new Bloodline. To back up the proposal I had to come up with a series of different concepts (sketches of new ideas, not fully developed yet) to be examined and approved. With the invaluable help of Tuomas and Gav, who helped me keep the focus on sensible ideas (No Hong Kong hopping Vampires!, no invisible models!, etc.), I ended up with eight concepts for the new Bloodline. Put yourself in our shoes and try to decide which one of the concepts would be created as a fully-fledged Vampire bloodline. Here they are:

Designing the Vampire Counts Armies book has been difficult. Compared with my previous task, writing the Empire Armies book, the Vampire Counts army list really has been a challenging project. In this article I'll try to share with you the many interesting points and problems



The massed ranks of the dead rise once more to defend their tombs against the troops of the Empire.

- The dandy, city-dwelling Vampire who hunts in high society (*Tom Cruise or Antonio Banderas in Interview with the Vampire*).

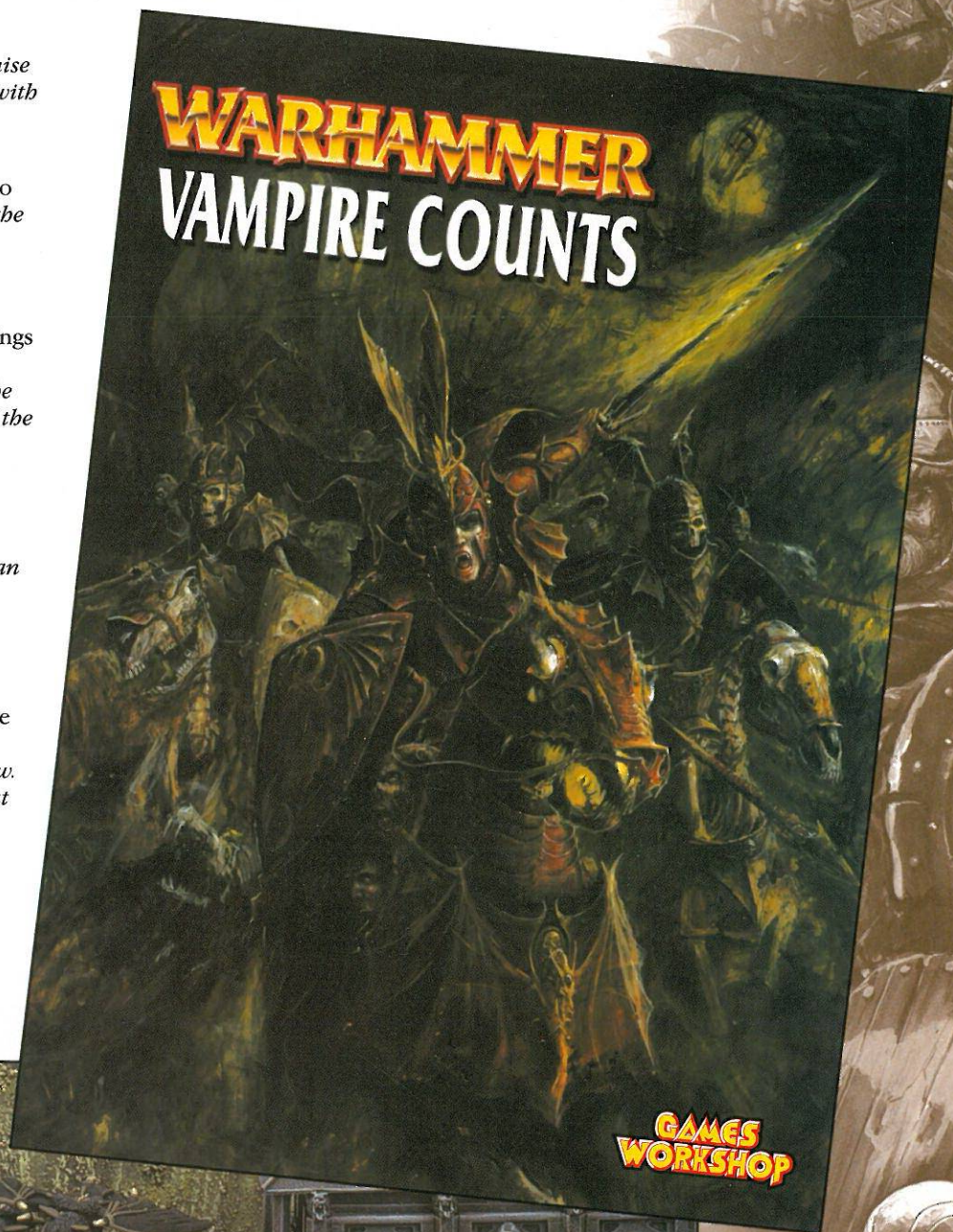
- A tribal bloodline from the Southlands, mostly based on voodoo magic and folklore (*have you seen the Candyman series? Watch out for mirrors!*).

- A manipulative, gluttonous and overweight monster and his underlings (*a vampiric Jabba the Hut, Baron Vladimir Harkonnen from Dune, the gross demon in Buffy, the keeper of the Vampires' library in Blade or Fat Bloke and his WD team!*).

- The leader of a thug-like, death-worshipping cult from the steaming jungles of the East (*who can forget the heart-ripping bad guy in Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom?*).

- The fallen angel, a modern vegetarian Vampire with a conscience (*Brad Pitt in Interview with the Vampire or Brandon Lee in The Crow. OK, I know he wasn't a Vampire, but he certainly was an Undead hero*).

- A mysterious oriental bloodline from Cathay (*Emperor Ming the Merciless meets Fu Man Chu. Have you seen Big Trouble in Little China?*).



• The Ghoul King who reigns over his court of foul things and hides in dark crypts, shunned by the living and by the other Vampires, devoured by an eternal all-encompassing hatred (*a very Lovecraftian character, I imagined it as an oversized Gollum from Lord of the Rings or, if you have watched Francis Ford Coppola's masterpiece, it's Dracula in his bat-monster shape, just before he turns into a rat swarm*).

• The last one I won't reveal here, because it did not go into the book, but we will use it in the future as a new Bloodline. Curious? Watch this space...

So, which one would you have chosen? Well, after much indecision, the Ghoul King eventually triumphed and I developed the Strigoi Vampire (Strigoi is a deformed version of the Romanian word for 'Vampire'). More details on these accursed monsters and their creation are to be found in the following pages.

BLOODLINES AGAIN

Well, one thing I did not like about the old Bloodline system was that Vampires from different lines had the very same stat-line and options. The only difference amongst them was the access to different powers, but if the player decided not to buy any and spent his points elsewhere, a Blood Dragon was exactly the same as a Carstein or, even worse, a Necrarch Vampire. I decided then that Vampires of each Bloodline should start with unique powers and weaknesses that distinguished them from the others. For example, all Necrarch now have

lower WS than other Vampires, to represent that they are more like wizards than warriors. On the other hand, their necromantic powers are the strongest (they get a +1 to the total they roll when casting spells!). Blood Dragons, on the contrary, are the best fighters but the worst spell casters. Hopefully the weaknesses and advantages of each line should balance out, so that all Bloodlines remain an equally viable choice. Of course I still left a list of additional powers for people to buy, so that even within the same Bloodline, Vampires can have different and characterful abilities. Finally, I've made the powers less unbalancing altogether by making the points spent on powers count towards a Vampire's maximum magic items allowance. This stops people massing a huge amount of Bloodline powers and magic items on the same model and forces players to actually make a choice between the two.

THE UNDEAD RULES

The first thing I wanted to do was to simplify the rules governing the Undead army. I wanted the rules for the Undead to apply equally all across the list, unless the unit was actually alive. So, the main point is, if you're Undead, all the rules for the Undead apply, otherwise you're alive and the rules for normal Warhammer troops apply.

As a consequence Vampires and even Necromancers turned into true Undead! Harsh? Maybe, but it makes life much easier and makes sense from the point of view of the background. Certainly Necromancers begin their career as living wizards, but in a few

centuries they lose their humanity and begin their unavoidable transformation into Liches (undead wizards). Relatively young Necromancers would be more alive than old ones, but that would slowly change with the passing of time. As far as the rules are concerned, I judged that it was far cleaner to treat them all as Undead.

In the past, Tuomas and I couldn't radically change the way the Undead worked because the rules for Necromancy were not in the book but in the Warhammer Magic expansion. Necromancy and the Undead rules must go together for the army to work and so we were forced to be rather conservative. I didn't have such a problem now – the new edition of the game meant that I could start from scratch, the slate had been cleaned! After playing with the Ravening Hordes rules it was clear to me that it was rather boring having to play with such an extremely slow army. You had to spend the entire Magic phase in trying to give them a bit of a push. That did not leave much space for other spells that in my opinion are far more characterful for the Undead. In the tradition of films like *Jason and the Argonauts* and *Night of the Living Dead*, skeletons should spring like daisies from the ground, and if you shoot a Zombie full of holes it should rise to its feet to advance again and again. This is where I feel the real terror of fighting the living dead should reside.

Disassociating Undead movement from the Magic phase was my first task. I thought that the proximity of the General, the creature responsible for



A Vampire Count commands his Undead legions to attack.

the raising of the army in the first place, was enough to provide the Undead with the energy and coordination necessary to march. Thus originated the simple rule that Undead cannot march unless they're characters (more energetic creatures) or within 12" of the General. Simple and in line with the normal rules for the General's Leadership, that Undead have no use for anyway. On the same track was the decision on the effects of the Battle Standard. Something that allows you to re-roll Break tests is not very useful with an army that does not take any! I then thought that it would be nice to have something to help the Undead in their unique way when taking Break tests. Solution: the presence of the Battle Standard within 12" allows the Undead to suffer one less wound than they should when defeated in combat.

Finally, in the previous edition of Warhammer, the death of the General meant a Panic test for the entire army in living armies, and almost complete destruction in an Undead army. In the new edition we removed the Panic test from the main rules because we felt that a single model shouldn't be that important. I wanted to follow that policy and changed the rules for the death of the General in the Undead army. Now, if your General is killed (and that's easier with the new Vampires, whose stat-line is not that of a Dragon anymore) you can still continue to play the game. At the end of the phase when he is killed, and at the beginning of every subsequent Undead turn, you must take a Leadership test for every unit on the table. Units that fail the test suffer a number of wounds equal to the number they failed the test by. Characters can pass their Leadership to units they're with, as normal. This causes your army to slowly crumble to dust as the spells binding it together unravel, but at least you can continue to play and with some luck you can still win, especially if the General dies in the last few turns of the game. Another nice effect of this rule is to make the Leadership score of Undead troops a meaningful number. It is now a measure of how self-aware they are, of how long they can exist on their own (for example a powerful Wight has Leadership 8, but a flimsy, unstable Zombie only has Leadership 2).

Shocked? Well, the only thing I ask you is to try these rules on the battlefield before judging them.

NECROMANTIC MAGIC

The next thing I worked on is Undead magic. In the past it had dozens of special rules, making it completely different from any other magic. The ability to choose spells and to cast them more than once per Magic phase were clearly intended to be used with *Vanbel's Danse Macabre* and the 'Raise the Dead' kind of spells. Unfortunately people immediately concentrated on the powerful necromantic attack spells and created battle-winning and deadly combinations. Not any more. No special rules apply to Necromancers and Vampires, and Necromancy is a list of six spells, exactly like the ones in the Warhammer rulebook. Like the ones in the rulebook, you can always choose to swap one of your spells for the first spell of the list, which happens to be the *Invocation of Nebek* (the one that raises new Skeletons/Zombies). The only thing that is slightly different is the way that this spell works: when you cast it, you can choose one of three casting values, and the spell will be proportionally more powerful if a higher casting value is chosen. Interestingly, you can also use this spell to heal Undead with multiple wounds (such as your General).

The rest of the list is a mix of attack spells and troop enhancing spells, such as the old *Vanbel's Danse Macabre* which I have now split into two separate spells.

THE UNITS

Let's now have a look at each troop type in the army and see what's changed and why.

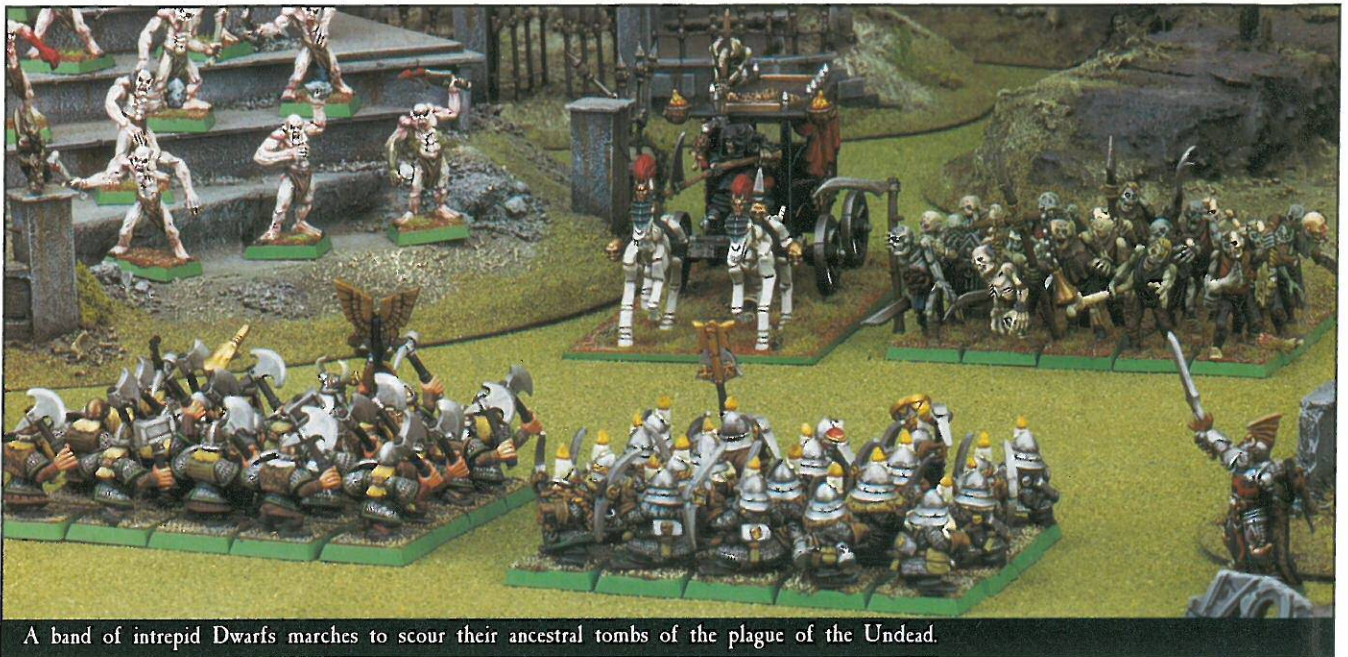
Vampires. Vampires' Strength and Toughness have been cut considerably from the last edition, but so have everybody else's, and that means that Vampires are still scary killing machines.

Necromancers. They have the same stat-line as human Wizards and are very close to them in all respects, except for being Undead, of course.

Wraiths. They're back and haven't changed much from their previous incarnation.

Wights. Far harder than before, the Wight Blades of Wight Lords, Grave Guard and Black Knights have lost the ability to cause D3 wounds but now have the Killing Blow ability. All in all a good trade. On top of that, their stats have gone up a bit since I wanted the





A band of intrepid Dwarfs marches to scour their ancestral tombs of the plague of the Undead.

army to have at least one unit which could stand its ground if fighting without characters.

Skeletons. The same old reliable Core troops.

Zombies. I removed the Horde rule, because they often had to lap round more than one enemy unit in complex multiple combats. This forced people to have long discussions about how exactly to do that and I thought the rule wasn't worth all that stress. Since I wanted them to be cheap and different from Skeletons without armour I gave them the Braindead rule (always strike last), that justifies their low points value.

Ghouls. Probably the unit that has changed the most. They used to be another block of unbreakable troops, making them a bit too similar to Skellies and Zombies for my taste. I thought that, being a pack of feral scavengers, they would behave more like... skirmishers! Yes, they had to be skirmishers. That represents better my idea of what a group of Ghouls would do on a battlefield: scuttling along the flanks of the army in the cover offered by woods and other difficult terrain, jumping on small units of weak troops and running from blocks of ranked enemies. I gave them the Poisoned Attacks rule (a classic from role-playing games) which makes them nastier in close combat.

Dire Wolves. Slightly less powerful than before, they remain a nasty pack with an 18" charge. The Fast Cavalry rule represents their manoeuvrability

and their lack of weight in a fight (I don't see them fighting in ranks any more than I see Ghouls adopting this formation).

Bat Swarms. Their Strength has gone down, but they now cause *fear*. I thought that the entire Undead army should cause *fear*, to represent the fact that the enemies would be scared to be facing the living dead. Bats and Ghouls, even if not technically Undead, would be part of the sinister atmosphere of the army of darkness. In the midst of all that creepy stuff, I'm sure enemies wouldn't be making technical distinctions ("Look Hans, those Ghouls are less scary than those Zombies next to them...") and would be just plain terrified! Also, thanks to the new rules for flying units, the Bat Swarms are now skirmishers, which makes them more manoeuvrable (as they should be) and provides them with a useful -1 to be hit by missile fire and a very good 360° arc of sight.

Spirit Host. The most notable thing about them is that their Movement has increased to six, making them more useful than before.

Fell Bats. They too benefit from the new rules for flying units, which compensates for the loss of the Flying High rule (a rule that makes all flyers far more predictable).

Banshees. The Outnumbering rule has made them more frail, but I also made them more manoeuvrable by giving them the same movement rules as independent characters.

The Black Coach. I simplified the rules for the Invocation of Death and gave the Coach a unified stat-line profile, following the new chariot rules. Overall, it's less powerful than before (especially against Strength 7+ hits!) but the Coach is still a scary harbinger of doom.

THE MAIN PROBLEM

Without doubt, the main challenge was trying to assign the correct price to the 'Undead' special rule all across the army. Let's start with an example. Without special rules a Skeleton would be far worse than any Goblin, and consequently should be cheaper. We're talking about a cost of one or two points! But then the Undead rule kicks in and suddenly the value of the Skeleton rockets up. Being Undead on the positive side means causing *fear* and being Unbreakable, two major advantages. The drawbacks are: no marching (if away from the General), no charge reactions, extra casualties when defeated in close combat and a chance of vanishing if the General is killed. Now the first issue is to understand if the bonuses are more important than the penalties, or vice versa? In other words: is it good to be dead?

We agreed that overall it was a bonus, and consequently it should be paid for. As normal with special rules, I charged the same value to all the infantry and a proportionally higher amount of points to cavalry, large things and characters. Unfortunately, playtesting seemed to indicate that the main penalty of being

Undead, the extra wounds in close combat, was far worse for expensive Wights and characters than for cheap Zombies and Skeletons. That is quite clear to all Undead players. If you lose a fight and you have to remove three extra Zombies, you do it without a thought (you can always try and raise them back later anyway...). Your reaction is very different when you lose three fully equipped mounted Wights!

The Undead rule, therefore, is proportionally less of a bonus the more powerful the Undead model is, and therefore expensive, because the main penalty (extra wounds in close combat) is more and more crippling. Also, the cheaper the model, the larger the unit you can build, so you're more likely to outnumber the enemy and, as a consequence, the usefulness of your *fear* is increased... a real conundrum. Zombies and Skeletons in large numbers always seemed a safer and better choice for Undead than expensive elite units.

Eventually I approached the problem by artificially increasing the points value of Skellies and Zombies, while at the same time I reduced the price of Wights a bit, and the price of the most expensive Undead units and characters. The list ended up with slightly underpriced Elites and overpriced Undead Core units (that is if you look at the models on their own). I'm confident, though, that the final points value better reflects their real worth on the battlefield (fingers crossed!).

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

This version of the book sees the return of the one (in)famous Vampire who has often been the choice of the connoisseur, mixing the fighting prowess of a von Carstein with the magic powers of a Master Necromancer. You've guessed his name? Yes, Mannfred von Carstein is back with a vengeance (mainly because we really liked the model)!

The second special character is a completely new face. I was told to write up the text for this new model of a Necrarch on a Zombie Dragon and I really went over the top, making a character who is worth slightly over 1,000 points and takes all your character choices in a 2,000 points army! He definitely wins the title of 'Mr. All Your Eggs in One Basket'. Another interesting point is that the background information on this

powerful Vampire Lord has been written by our new Warhammer writer, Space McQuirk (yes, that's his real name, or so he says...).

ALTERNATIVE ARMIES

Finally, the appendix at the back of the book includes the army lists for the various Vampire families. An Empire-Undead army for the von Carsteins, a knightly Blood Dragon host, a literally Ghoulish Strigoi horde, and so on... It would have been fun to actually work them into the main list, but that would have meant having to playtest five different armies, and there was absolutely no time for that. It was extremely fun to design these alternative armies and I hope it will be at least as much fun for you to read them and give them a go, if you feel crazy enough.

ON THE SHOULDERS OF GIANTS...

To conclude this long rant, I'd like to thank all the people whose work and enthusiasm, past or present, have contributed to the way I perceive an Undead army.

First of all, Tuomas Pirinen, from whom I learnt so much during the making of the first Vampire Counts book (and whose text I pinched shamelessly for this edition). Jervis Johnson and Bill King for writing the first Undead book, a precious source of material. Cristiano Delle Case for teaching me to fear the living dead on the fields of battle, and all the people in the Studio and in GW Italy, as well as all the members of the Geeks mailing list for their invaluable playtesters' feedback.

Thanks a lot.

That's all folks and remember, before you start a battle with your Undead army always stare at your opponent and, with your most creepy voice, recite these words:

"As you are, we once were. As we are, you will be."

It really works wonders on your opponent's nerves...



Alexis Cavuto



Index Astartes

First Founding



An in-depth look at the
First Founding Legions of
the Adeptus Astartes.

BITTER AND TWISTED

The Iron Warriors Space Marine Legion

by Pete Haines

The Iron Warriors were the battering ram of the Great Crusade, hurled at every unbreakable wall or inaccessible citadel that stood between the Emperor and the establishment of the Imperium of Man. The blood and sweat shed during those distant times was wasted when the Iron Warriors turned on their brother Space Marines on Istvaan V and ensured that their once-proud name would be forever synonymous with treachery and heresy.

Origins

The Iron Warriors are a Legion of the First Founding, formed when the Imperium was young and the Emperor walked amongst his people. As with the other Legions, they were created after the Primarchs had disappeared. Although the Iron Warriors did not know their Primarch, during those early years they did inherit common characteristics, notably an affinity for technology and a coldly efficient logic, both of which served them well when calculation was needed, but left them lacking in faith. Tragically for the Iron Warriors, they were ultimately to be confronted by a threat against which the only possible defence was unshakeable faith.

On Olympia the Emperor found the Primarch from whom the Iron Warriors had been fashioned – Perturabo. Dark and melancholy, with a mind like a razor, he was warlord to the Tyrant of Lochos and, like his Legion, was a master of siege craft. By a curious twist of fate, Perturabo had been put in the one place where there was nothing for him to learn but the extent of his own superiority.

Olympia was, in those days ten thousand years gone, a rugged and mountainous world, its population concentrated within a multitude of city states. The ready availability of quarried stone and the terrain made the control of strategic passes and high ground the key to military security.

The young Perturabo was discovered climbing the sheer cliffs below the city state of Lochos. Aware that this was no ordinary child, the city guard brought him before the Tyrant of Lochos, Dammekos. Intrigued by the strange, dark child, Dammekos took him into his household as if he were his own family. Perturabo never trusted the Olympians and, although Dammekos took time and trouble to win the trust and affection of the boy, Perturabo did not respond with any warmth. Many saw him as a cold youth but, when one considers that he had been cast alone into a strange world with no clue as to his own origins or the reason for his unusual abilities, this is perhaps harsh.

When the Great Crusade reached Olympia, Perturabo pledged his loyalty to the Emperor and, as was his custom with his Primarchs, the Emperor granted Perturabo command of a Space Marine Legion and suzerainty of the planet as the Legion's home world. The deposed Tyrant of Lochos spent the last few years of his life trying to marshal support to reclaim Olympia. He failed, but created an undercurrent of unrest that was to be harnessed many years later.

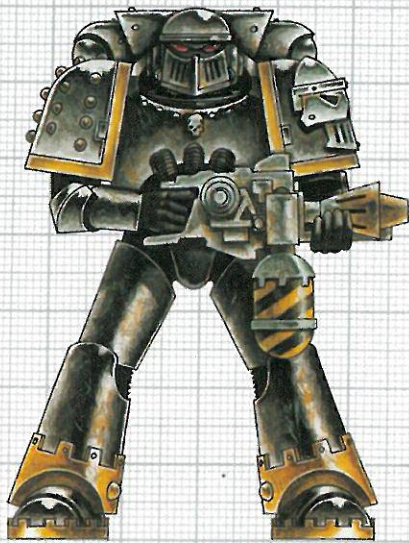
There was little time to delay. With the Great Crusade in full swing, Perturabo recruited new Iron Warriors from amongst the Olympians and conducted a lightning campaign against the nearby world of Justice Rock and the heretical Black Judges. The new recruits served well and their triumphant return was celebrated in the Palimodes Fresco, now known only through fragmented holo-recordings.

The Iron Warriors led by Perturabo were devastating siege troops. Expert engineers with cross-training from the Priesthood of Mars, they quickly built on their already impressive reputation. Whilst the Iron Warriors were determined to serve Mankind and their Emperor, their specialisation was an unfortunate one. The nature of siege warfare is long periods of dull, back-breaking labour broken by the most brutal, merciless combat imaginable. Men, even Space Marines, cannot withstand hell indefinitely and combat fatigue began to brutalise the Iron Warriors. The custom existed that once the siege lines were complete the besieged must either surrender or expect no quarter. With each campaign the Iron Warriors came to prefer the latter. Battle was to these Space Marines a release from the tedium of life in the siege trenches.

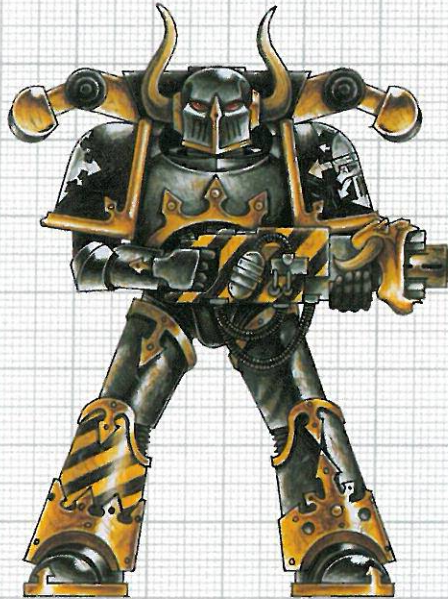
As the Crusade moved forward, many Iron Warrior citadels were established on liberated worlds guaranteeing a safe line of communications. There is a grim irony that the first and last military use of these citadels was to resupply Horus' forces on their traitorous march on Terra. Tiny numbers of Iron Warriors garrisoned the new fortifications. Where the likes of Russ, Vulkan and Magnus refused to split their forces, Perturabo obeyed his orders with increasing bitterness. The Iron Warriors were turning into a garrison Legion with tiny deployments all over the Imperium. For example, the infamous Iron Keep on Delgas II was garrisoned by one squad of ten Iron Warriors despite the world having a disgruntled population of almost 130 million. Resentment began to build up throughout the Legion and particularly with Perturabo himself.

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Iron Warriors, Progenitor Legion M.31



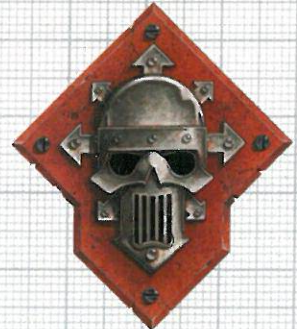
Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of silver power armour.



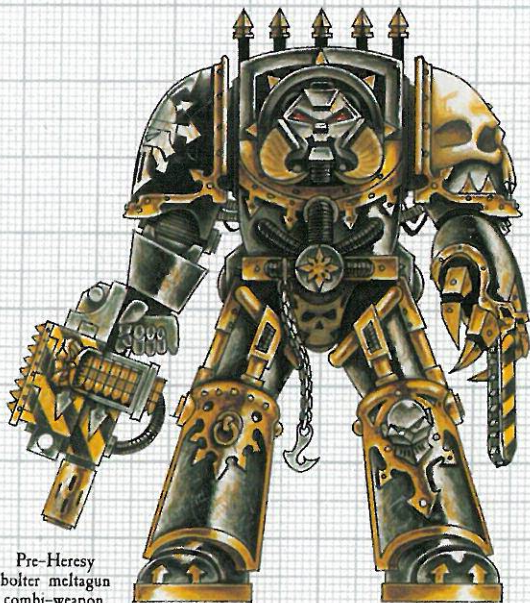
Corrupted Iron Warriors colour scheme.



Shoulder plate
Corrupted Iron
Warriors Legion icon



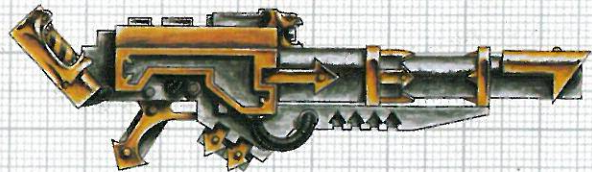
Corrupted Iron Warriors Legion symbol



Pre-Heresy
bolter melta-gun
combi-weapon

Corrupted Iron Warriors Terminator.

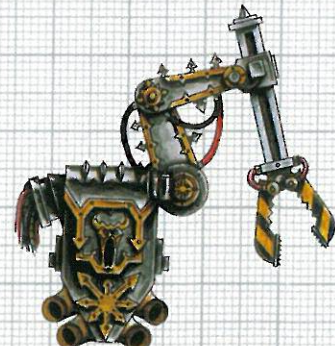
Chainfist
close combat
weapon.



Corrupted lascannon heavy weapon



Bionic leg replacement



Pattern 'Unknown' Servo-arm.

Index Astartes First Founding: The Iron Warriors

The passage of years and the carnage of the Heresy have long destroyed any possibility of proving why the Iron Warriors were treated with such casual disdain. Having finally found the truth of his existence, Perturabo was initially fanatically devoted to the Emperor and was ready to embrace missions that the other Primarchs avoided. The Iron Warriors' indisputable success then led to them being 'typecast' to the extent that they became an automatic choice for a siege or garrison mission. But all troops need time for rest and reorganisation if they are to be at their best. Clearly some authority chose to keep the Iron Warriors in action despite the harm it was doing. The Emperor may have been deliberately testing Perturabo's faith but, given that Horus, as Warmaster, had control over the precise conduct of many campaigns, it is more likely that he was responsible. When the Heresy began, it was clear that Horus had already established 'understandings' with other Legions. In hindsight, it is perfectly conceivable that Horus was working to demoralise and derange the Iron Warriors to make them more malleable.

It is widely claimed that Perturabo was envious of Rogal Dorn. Given Dorn's well-attested vanity, one can imagine how frequent reference to the perfection of the defences of the Emperor's palace on Terra might have antagonised his

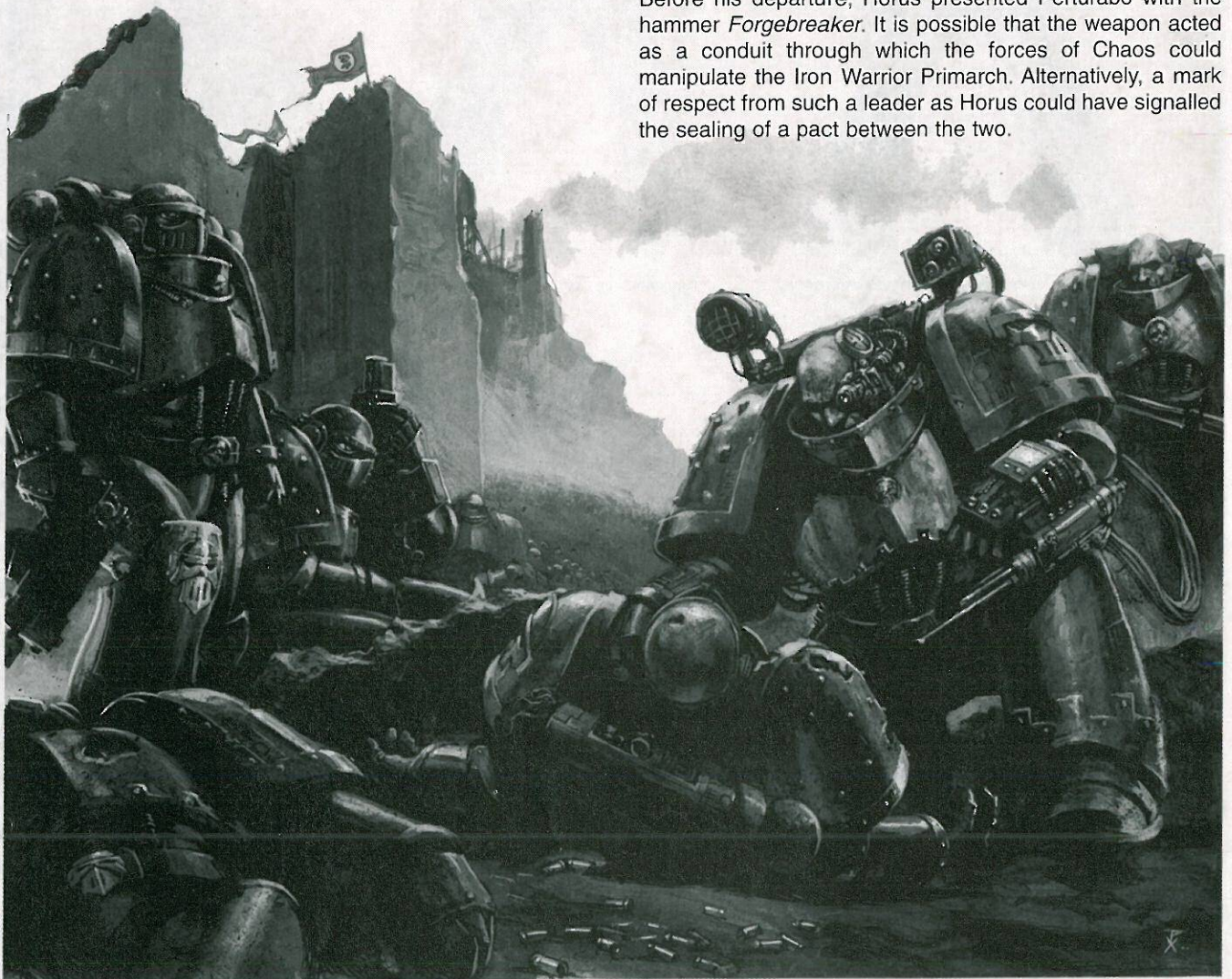
brother Primarch. Dorn had this effect on a great many people but Perturabo brooded on it and let each boast become an open wound that a cunning manipulator could pull and prod to elicit a response.

It is undoubtedly true that the other Primarchs kept Perturabo at a distance. This may be attributable to his technical genius that was far in advance of any of the others. Perturabo could match wits with Adeptus Mechanicus Magi on anything from warp drives to macro cannons. This was reflected in the way his deeds are recorded in the legends passed down from those times. In one famous story describing the occasion when Lemar Russ and Jaghatai Khan routed the Orks of Overdog Mashogg, Perturabo features only as the 'comrade' who calculated the optimum way to bypass Mashogg's low orbit defences.

The Heresy

In the midst of the cleansing of the Hrud Warrens on Gugann matters were brought to a head. It was Horus who broke the news to Perturabo that Olympia was in rebellion. Dammekos had died and the population, incited by demagogues, had taken up arms. Perturabo was by this time tired of repeatedly having to prove his worth and now, after all his battles, the thought of being the only Legion unable to hold its own home world appalled him. Horus made the most of the opportunity.

Before his departure, Horus presented Perturabo with the hammer *Forgebreaker*. It is possible that the weapon acted as a conduit through which the forces of Chaos could manipulate the Iron Warrior Primarch. Alternatively, a mark of respect from such a leader as Horus could have signalled the sealing of a pact between the two.



Perturabo and the Iron Warriors suppressed the rebellion on the streets of one city state after another. No one was spared. It was the principle of surrender or no quarter, and the Iron Warriors had grown accustomed to granting no quarter. Perturabo watched on as unmoved and cold as the fortifications in which he taken such pride were overcome. By the time the massacre was over, Olympia had been culled into slavery with almost 5 million civilians dead.

As the pyres burned through the long Olympian night, the Iron Warriors slowly realised the extent of what they had done. One moment they were humanity's heroes assaulting the Hrud and the next they were committing genocide. Perturabo was like a man emerging from a drunken stupor who finds blood on his hands, only dimly aware of how it got there, but is aware of an oppressive feeling of shame nonetheless. He knew that the Emperor could never forgive him his crime.

It was in this doomed mood that the Iron Warriors received news and orders. The news would have been shattering under normal circumstances, but when heard in ruins that were thick with the stench of the dead, it was apocalyptic. Russ' Space Wolves had attacked Magnus' Thousand Sons on Prospero. Horus had turned renegade along with his own Sons of Horus. Angron's World Eaters and Mortarion's Death Guard were also with him. Fulgrim and the Emperors Children had tried to reason with Horus, but had been seduced into joining him instead. Now the universe exceeded the Iron Warriors in madness. Confused bewilderment gave way to the realisation that, with the entire Imperium in flames, their excesses were irrelevant.

According to the accompanying orders they had received, the Iron Warriors were to join six other Legions to face Horus on Istvaan V.

The events on Istvaan V are part of the Heresy legend. The Iron Warriors joined with the Night Lords, Word Bearers and Alpha Legion to destroy the three Legions in the task force who remained loyal.

After Istvaan, the Iron Warriors were let loose. Finally freed from doomed missions, they were possessed with a terrible energy. On a dozen worlds, an Iron Warrior Warsmith replaced the true governor and tithes were paid under the shadow of fortified battlements.

A strong contingent of the Legion accompanied Perturabo to Terra where he supervised the siege of the Emperor's Palace. Here his skills were invaluable and the Iron Warriors found a sublime pleasure in tearing the edifices of the Imperium down. The end was near for the defenders when the Emperor confronted Horus on his battle barge and defeated him. Like many of Horus' followers, the Iron Warriors fled to the Eye of Terror, securing a new home world where they could brood on the turn of events and plot vengeance.

The rest of the Iron Warriors defended their small empire based on Olympia, but there was no refuge from the retribution of the loyalist Legions. The Imperial Fists supported the Ultramarines in a decade-long campaign to liberate the subjugated worlds. They discovered the Iron Warriors to be like a barbed hook that, once embedded into a victim, could only be removed with great risk of injuring the patient further. The Olympia garrison held out for two years, eventually triggering their missile stockpiles when defeat

was unavoidable. They left a blasted wasteland that, like the other Traitor Legion home worlds, was declared *Perdita*.

Home World

Like the other Traitor Legions, the Iron Warriors have seized a planet within the Eye of Terror and made it their new home world.

Knowledge of the worlds within the Eye of Terror is scant at best and the realm of Chaos rarely stays the same for long. Medrengard is frequently depicted as a world turned into a vast fortress, all trace of its original form lost under mountains of impossibly high towers, its core penetrated by plunging dungeons. Whilst this is feasible within the Eye of Terror where the laws of physics do not apply, it is inconsistent with Iron Warrior fortifications in real space which are far more advanced in design and construction. Many depictions of worlds within the Eye of Terror have been derived from nightmarish visions rather than actual observation, and this may be so with Medrengard.

Inquisitor Maul performed an extended reconnaissance of the Eye of Terror in M.38. Although he was not cogent upon his return, his ship's interior bulkheads were covered by script in the Inquisitor's own blood describing what he had seen. Medrengard was described as a bleak gaol world where slaves toiled and died while great Chaos warships were tethered to its tallest towers wherein resided the Warriors themselves.

Combat Doctrine

The Iron Warriors follow a simple method. They commence battle with a sustained bombardment utilising every gun at their disposal. The basis of this is a complex fire plan in which every weapon is directed with utmost care at the optimum target for maximum effect. Where possible, the Iron Warriors will coordinate with Traitor Titan Legions to add to their own considerable firepower. The bombardment can last for weeks as the Iron Warriors rarely seem to be short of ammunition. They handle their weaponry well, with formations moving forward to fire and then redeploying before any reprisal. Often their entire force will move laterally to bring their fire against enemy weak points, with the result that counter-attacks flounder helplessly in the teeth of the Iron Warriors' weapons.

Where possible, field fortifications will be used to reinforce the line. Iron Warrior doctrine includes extensive use of fortifications to tie opponents down with the absolute minimum number of troops. This in turn keeps the bulk of the Iron Warriors troops fresh and available for assaults.

When a breach has been forced in the enemy defences it will initially be probed by veterans and infiltrated, then the gap will be prised open with firepower until a storming force can be unleashed.

These storming forces are based around fast moving heavy armour which can move instantly from relentless barrage to lightning-fast advance. Breaches are then widened until the defences are shattered. For the key moments in battle when a position absolutely must be taken, the Iron Warriors adopt an ice-cold ferocity that is comparable to the Blood Angels or World Eaters but *only* when the moment is right and *never* for longer than necessary.

THE IRON CAGE

The one real triumph in the period following the Heresy was the reason for Perturabo's ascension to the rank of Daemon Prince. The Iron Warriors had been close to breaching the defences of the Imperial Palace but had been thwarted by Horus' death. Afterwards their empire was dismantled by the Imperial Fists by virtue of overwhelming superiority of numbers. On Sebastus IV, therefore, Perturabo set a trap for their Primarch by building the self-styled 'Eternal Fortress'. Upon hearing of the fortress, Rogal Dorn publicly declared that the Imperial Fists would dig Perturabo out of his hole and bring him back to Terra in an Iron Cage. Roboute Guilliman pleaded with Dorn to let him help but just as Perturabo planned, Dorn was arrogant enough to undertake the mission alone.

Rogal Dorn expected honourable battle but that was not Perturabo's agenda at all. The Eternal Fortress was a sophisticated trap. At its centre was a keep sitting in the middle of twenty square miles of bunkers, towers, minefields, trenches, razorwire, tank traps and redoubts. Radiating out from the keep in the shape of an eight-pointed star were underground tunnels that connected the surface fortifications. All the entrances to the underground network were concealed and the keep itself was a decoy of no real value. Most fortifications are limited by the need to protect something. The Eternal Fortress was twenty square miles of killing ground.

Perturabo and the Iron Warriors waited below the surface for the first shots of the Imperial Fists' orbital barrage. As soon as it commenced they replied with a number of remote weapons silos located well away from the Fortress. The Imperial Fists countered precipitately with Thunderhawk-borne troops attacking the silos and a full combat drop of the rest of the Legion. As soon as the attacks on the silos were under way, the missile stockpiles were detonated. Thousands of tons of debris was hurled into Sebastus' atmosphere making communication between ground troops and fleet virtually impossible.

The detonation was the signal for the Iron Warriors fleet to attack. The Traitor fleet was no stronger than that of the Imperial Fists but the loyalist Thunderhawks were on the planet's surface. Also the Chaos ships had many Iron Warriors amongst their complements eager to man the assault boats. The Imperial Fists fleet tried to hold but was forced inexorably out of position. After a few hours the only targets being engaged on the planet were coordinates pre-planned by Perturabo.

Under fire from space, the Imperial Fists proceeded with their assault in parade ground formation on a four-company front. Perturabo watched them from an observation tower and carefully began to destroy them. First the minefields did their work then,

when the Imperial Fists reached the first expanse of fortifications, the Iron Warriors manned their trenches and opened fire. While the trenches held the loyalists' attention, squads of Iron Warriors with krak grenades and melta bombs emerged from hidden bunkers and attacked the tanks halted by the fortifications. The Imperial Fists turned back to fend off this threat and for a time were pinned down amidst the tank traps. Once more they rallied and swept forward to overrun the Iron Warrior trenches only to find them empty. So it continued - Perturabo dissected the Imperial Fists tank by tank, squad by squad. Rogal Dorn remained convinced that victory was in sight and pushed his men on. Perturabo pulled back some of his defenders and called upon others to hold - a stratagem that fractured the Imperial Fists, first into companies then into squads. By day six of the battle, each Marine fought virtually alone, and Dorn's troops were reduced to burrowing into the mud and piling up the dead bodies of their brethren for cover. Still Perturabo remained patient, he allowed Dorn to rampage around the trenches calling his name and demanding personal combat, content that the sight of their Primarch's impotence would demoralise the Imperial Fists.

The siege of the Eternal Fortress was to last for three more weeks. The Imperial Fists had burrowed into the killing zone and were unable to escape. Although his captains called for a breakout, Rogal Dorn would not give the order. He refused to believe the evidence of his eyes and continued to call for one last charge or for Perturabo to face him. Unable to abandon their Primarch, the Imperial Fists prepared to die with him.

If Perturabo had a failing it was that he had grown to enjoy tormenting his enemies too much. He could have finished off the Imperial Fists at any time but chose not to. Fortunately for Rogal Dorn, Roboute Guilliman put the Imperium before pride and had brought the Ultramarines to the rescue. The powerful Ultramarine fleet forced the Iron Warriors back while their Thunderhawks plunged through the dust clouds to evacuate the Imperial Fists. Perturabo had no desire to fight two Chapters and concentrated on preventing the Imperial Fists evacuating their dead and wounded.

Rogal Dorn was a broken man. It was nineteen years before he and the Imperial Fists could once again go to war. They left over 400 Marines at the Eternal Fortress and every refugee carried horrific wounds.

The gene-seed captured was sacrificed to the Dark Gods in return for Perturabo's elevation to Daemon Prince. One insult had been avenged, and since then the Iron Warriors have lived only to settle accounts with the corpse on the Golden Throne.

Once they have an opponent at their mercy, the Iron Warriors are content to surround them and destroy them at their leisure, always preferring to let shell and laser beam do their work for them.

The Iron Warriors are expert sappers, engineers and miners and have acquired a formidable siege train of specialist equipment over the centuries. This includes Termite tunnellers, a Leviathan transport, Dreadclaw assault boats adapted for planetary landings and a large assortment of

Imperial-built artillery. These are used very sparingly and are maintained and guarded by the 1st Company. Additionally they have a number of Corvus assault pods which allow them to make use of any supporting Titans as siege towers. The Iron Warriors are so frequently supported by Titans that some Imperial experts have asserted that they are part of the same formation. This is not widely accepted, but the theory is a reflection of the Legion's predilection for heavy barrages.

Organisation

The Iron Warriors are organised as a number of Grand Companies each commanded by a Warsmith. Originally each Grand Company would have had a similar organisation totalling approximately a thousand Space Marines, but now they vary in size enormously. The Warsmiths themselves are all extremely gifted in combat engineering, many maintaining a large contingent of slave-mechanicians to perform the more menial work.

It is uncertain how many Grand Companies there are at any given time. At the time of the Heresy, the Legion had at least twelve Companies, although with the widespread deployment of many small detachments of the Legion at the time it is impossible to be sure.

Like many of the Traitor Legions, their current organisation is completely non-standard. A Grand Company will often be divided into component detachments led by lesser champions. A tendency towards operating in multiples of three has been noted, although this is far from being verified. Suitable recruits are taken (willingly and unwillingly) to Medregard where they are selected periodically by Warsmiths for their Grand Company and subjected to ordeals until they prove themselves worthy.

The first Obliterators witnessed amongst Chaos forces were amongst the Iron Warriors and, on very rare occasions, Iron Warriors have manifested the ability to 'morph' weapons, although with nothing like the versatility of the Obliterators.

Beliefs

The Iron Warriors believe that the Emperor used them to fight the bloodiest battles of his Crusade and then let the other, more favoured Primarchs take all the glory. They also believe that Rogal Dorn turned Olympia against them so that they would be disgraced and discarded after they had served their purpose. They will have vengeance on both.

They see themselves as titans of old who are loose in the universe, doing whatever they like, knowing that no natural or man-made law can stop them. They honour the Chaos gods as a pantheon but are not truly devout themselves. Their greatest loyalty is to Perturabo who they believe saved them from being sacrificed by the false emperor.

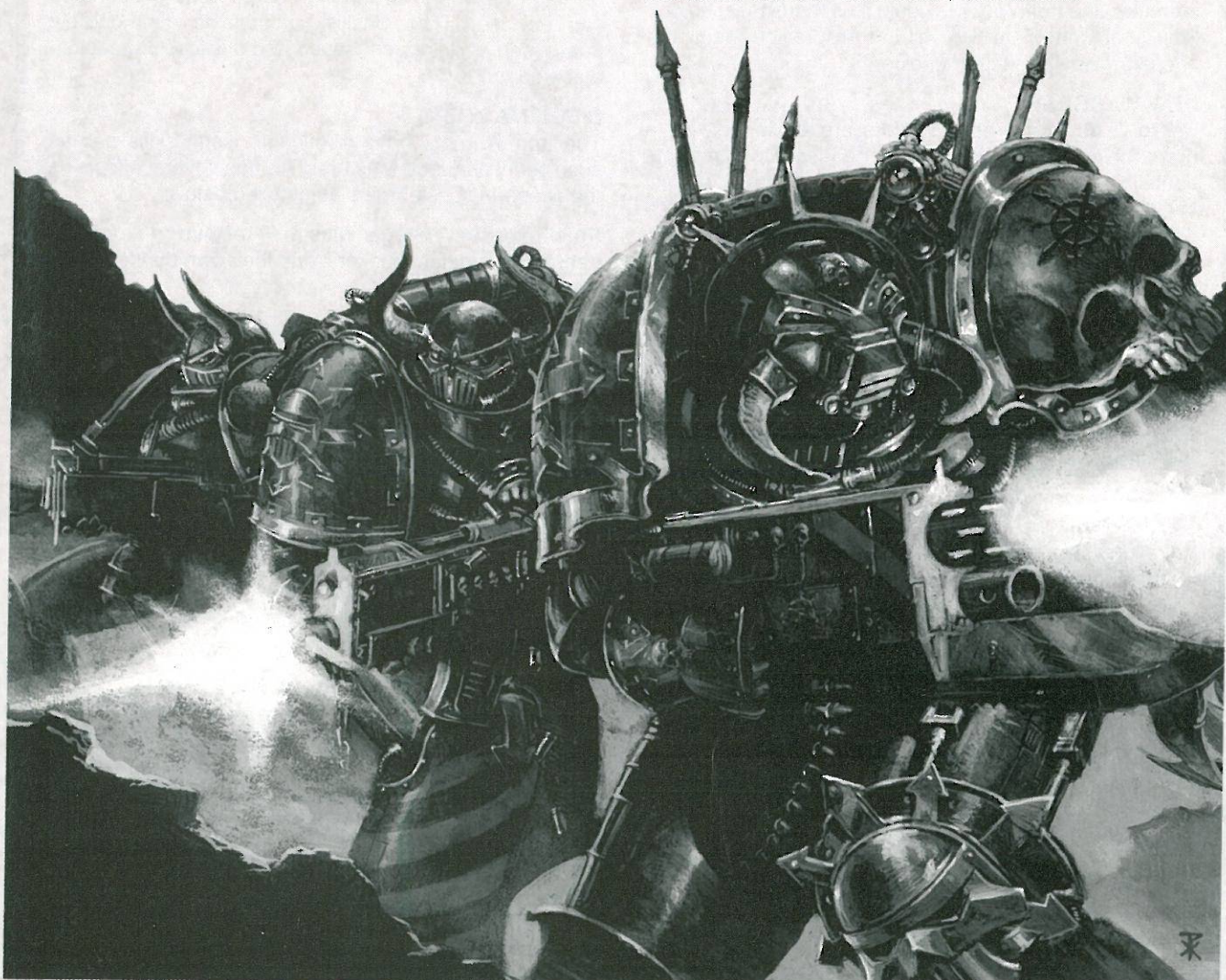
Gene-seed

The Iron Warriors are a first founding Legion and bear the gene-seed of Perturabo. Since turning to Chaos they are subject to varying degrees of mutation and have been known to replace mutated limbs with cybernetic ones.

They have a marked tendency toward suspicion and paranoia but are also extremely intelligent with naturally well-developed problem solving abilities.

Battle-cry

Monotone chant of "Iron Within, Iron Without".



USING AN IRON WARRIORS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Iron Warriors use the following units from Codex Chaos Space Marines.

HQ (see special rules below)	Warsmith or Daemon Prince, Sorcerer.
ELITES	Chaos Obliterators, Chaos Terminators (no Cult Terminators), 0-1 Khorne Berserkers, Chaos Space Marine Veterans.
TROOPS	Chaos Space Marine Veterans, Chaos Space Marines.
FAST ATTACK	Chaos Space Marine Bikers, 0-1 Chaos Raptors.
HEAVY SUPPORT	Chaos Havocs, Chaos Dreadnoughts, Chaos Predators, Chaos Land Raiders, 0-1 Corrupted Vehicle (see below).

The following rules and Codex changes apply when using an Iron Warriors Chaos army. Note that the entire Chaos army must be Iron Warriors, not just one or two squads.

FORCE ORGANISATION

Whichever Force Organisation chart is being used, the Iron Warriors may drop two choices from the Fast Attack section and replace them with a single extra Heavy Support choice. They may not reduce the number of Fast Attack choices below one. On Standard Missions, therefore, the Iron Warriors could limit themselves to one Fast Attack choice which will in turn provide them with one extra Heavy Support choice.

NEW WARGEAR

Servo Arm: Some Iron Warriors are equipped with a powerful servo-arm which can be used to carry out battlefield repairs. The servo-arm counts as a power fist in close combat, always attacking once and hitting on a 4+. It may be used at the start of any Iron Warriors turn to repair an immobilised vehicle that is in base contact with the Space Marine on a D6 roll of 6. **30 points**

Bionics: Bionics allow a Space Marine who has suffered a crippling injury or debilitating mutation to return to action. There is a chance that an attack or shot will hit a bionic part – when the model loses its last wound, put it on its side. At the start of the next turn, a roll of 6 on a D6 will allow the model to continue fighting on with one wound. **5 points for Iron Warriors**

SPECIAL RULES

- A Warsmith replaces the Chaos Lord entry. They are identical apart from the name change.
- With the exception of Berzerker Aspiring Champions, no member of an Iron Warriors army can bear a Mark other than that of Chaos Undivided. Berzerker Aspiring Champions may bear the Mark of Khorne and use Khorne gifts.
- The only Chaos vehicle gifts permitted to an Iron Warriors army are Daemonic Possession and Destroyer, although Destroyer may only be fitted to a Rhino transporting a Berzerker squad.

Heavy Support

0-1 Corrupted Vehicle

This can be either a Vindicator (see Codex Space Marines) or a Basilisk (see Codex Imperial Guard). The Iron Warriors prize these weapons highly and repair wrecks for their own use.

A crew of thralls and servitors operates the Basilisk, so its BS with its hull heavy bolter remains at 3, and it is still open topped. All the weapon options in the list entry can be used although no Imperial Guard vehicle upgrades can be used. The Basilisk cannot be daemonically possessed as it is open topped and possession requires a sealed hull.

SIEGE MASTERS

The Iron Warriors have formidable siege skills and as such count as Siege Masters. This has several effects on the scenario special rules as detailed below.

Fortifications: Siege Masters receive +1 armour penetration against bunkers, and their own bunkers have Armour Value 14.

Hidden Set-Up: When moving over a minefield, Siege Masters only trigger a mine on a 6+.

Obstacles: A Siege Master tank trap has an Armour Value of 12.

Preliminary Bombardment: When resolving preliminary bombardment, Siege Masters are better able to direct their supporting fire. They receive one extra roll for every 500 points being used. This can result in a single unit being hit several times. The Siege Master cannot choose to roll extra dice against a unit that has already been attacked; all the dice attacking a particular unit must be rolled together.

Stubborn Defence: When occupying fortifications in missions where they are the defenders, Siege Masters are treated as being *stubborn*. They will automatically pass any Morale checks even in situations where normally they would automatically fail. They may never use the Voluntary Fall Back optional rule but test for pinning as normal. Outside fortifications and in fortifications built by the enemy (ie, when attacking) they get no benefit.

"Let the galaxy burn!"

"Let its charred, smoking husk join that of the corrupt Imperium of the false Emperor as it falls beneath the tracks of our all-conquering legions."

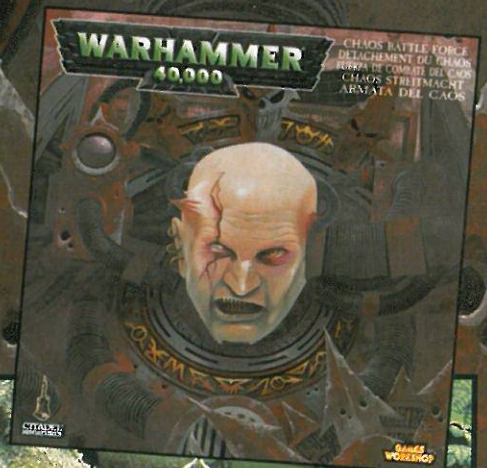
"No-one can stand before us as we rip the still-beating hearts from star systems and watch victoriously as they weep their last pain-ridden tears. Debase yourselves before us for we are the Legions of Chaos – rightful masters of the galaxy!"

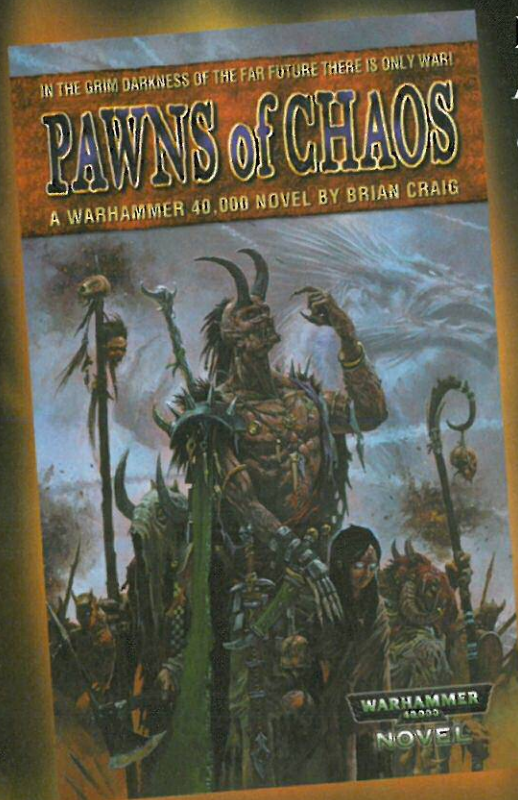
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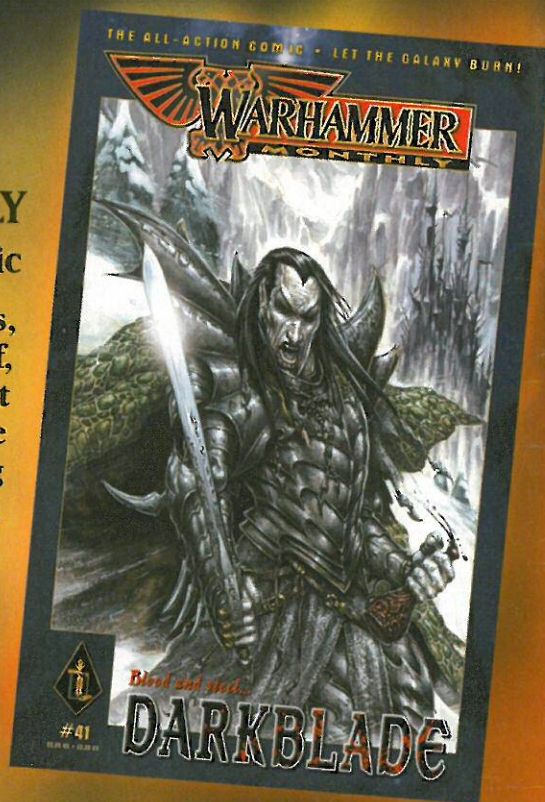
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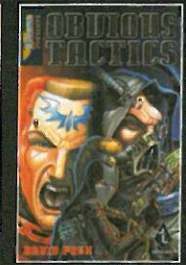
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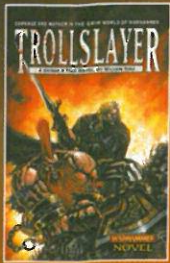


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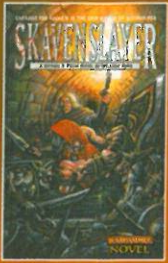


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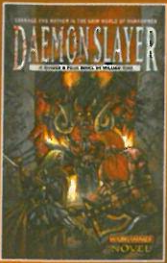
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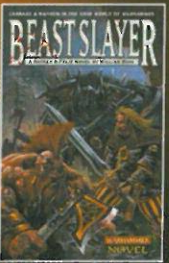
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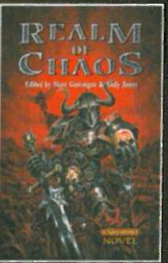
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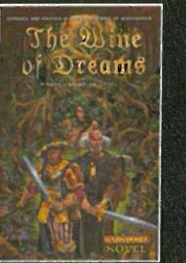
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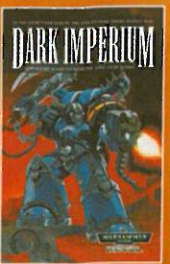


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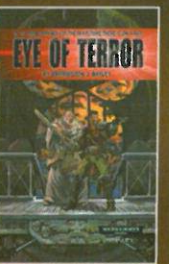
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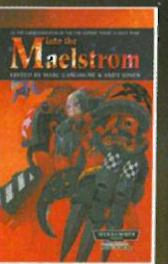
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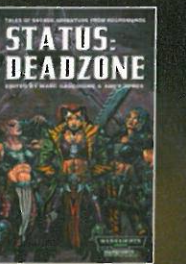
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Any rules queries, etc, will be shredded for Skaven bedding, so send them to the Roolzboyz at Games Workshop Mail Order and not to Warhammer Chronicles.



Warhammer Chronicles

Scrivened and presented by Gav Thorpe

Welcome, my Elucidated and Favoured Brotherhood and Sisterhood, to the pages of the Warhammer Chronicles. This month, Rules-Scribe Thornton and I have delved into the humid jungle to lay before you the ancient mysteries of the Lizardmen, strange bipedal denizens of the exotic continent of Lustria. Detailed within is an account of their military capacity and their musterings in time of war, in addition to a brief overview of their peculiar race.

Enjoy, if you will, our exhaustive research into the anthropology of this most ancient race.

Lords of Creation

By Jake Thornton and
Gav Thorpe

It's been a while since we said much about the Lizardmen in these pages, but they've been lurking there all the while. Secure in the verdant jungles of Lustria and the Southlands, the ancient Slann have been biding their time, studying the stars for signs of the Old Ones' plan. Now their time has come again.

This list isn't the final one that will be in the army book, but it's a lot closer than the Ravening Hordes list. At least, we think it is. What with the Vampire Counts, the High Elves and their Dark cousins we've not been able to test this army as much as we'd like. And that's where you can help. If you have a Lizardman army and want to give this list a try then please let us know how you get on. I'm afraid that we won't be able to answer all your letters, but we will read them and add your comments to the melting pot for when we get back to the Lizardmen and write up the final version for the book.

A quick note on Cold Ones: the ones you see here are as they'll be in the Dark Elf book. The more we played with Cold

Ones as you see in Ravening Hordes, the more we thought they were simply too good. This slight reduction in their profile leaves them still one of the most fearsome cavalry units in the Warhammer world, but not quite so unbalanced. And while I'm about it, there's also the question of the famous mixed units of Skinks and Kroxigor. These were not only better at fighting than the Saurus Warriors (which was odd), but also caused problems with the rules. After several days trying to come up with a way of making them work, Rick Priestley had a great idea which we've used here. Rather than having one unit with two different types of model in, you have two units that fight together in a special way. All in all both a lot easier in rules terms and more fitting in background terms.

Finally, as this list is for those of you that already have a Lizardman army (and therefore the old army book), I've concentrated here on the rules and army list rather than on background information. Of course, we'll do loads of cool new background info when the new book comes out, but the general sweep of the history and culture remains the same. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent...

WHAT'S UP?

With fifteen armies to go through, it's going to take a while before all the army books are out for the new Warhammer. Of course you have the Ravening Hordes army lists to use in the meantime - that's what they're there for. Everyone would like to have the full army book for their army right now, but unfortunately that just isn't feasible, so to keep everyone happy we're going to do a 'work in progress' version of some of the lists that are further off in the distance. The first of these is the Lizardman list you see here.

With a flourish the standard bearer plunged the banner pole into the hot sand, the golden threads of the flag glinting in the morning light. Beside it El Cadavo stood proudly with one foot on the pay chest, wishing that one of those fancy court painters was there to capture his moment of glory. New lands! Riches aplenty! All would be his. There just remained the small formality of quelling the natives.

He eyed the treeline at the edge of the beach. Nothing there, even the birds in the palms had stopped their shrieking to admire his army as it came ashore. And a splendid sight it was too. El Cadavo's heart swelled with pride.

"Alright men" he called, a smile splitting his gaunt features, "let's get these boats unloaded and the tents set up."

An hour hadn't passed when one of the sentries came running into the growing camp. "Sir, sir! Lizardmen, dozens of 'em!" El Cadavo emerged from his tent and blinked in the noonday sunshine. "Time to amaze the natives," he said. "Enrico, bring that chest." With that he strode off to meet his guests.

The Lizardmen deputation was a dramatic sight. In the centre was their leader, a vast bloated toad of a creature on a palanquin, surrounded by bone-crested warriors and borne up by more of their breed. Around them swarmed dozens of smaller creatures, all the same blue-green hue as their larger brothers. Several Lizardmen carried brilliantly coloured feather banners and crests, and the whole group was laden with golden jewellery. They were a feast for the eyes.

As El Cadavo stared at this spectacle, one of the smaller creatures stepped forwards and in heavily accented Tilean said "Greetings most glorious master-of-warriors, most noble of travellers on the World Pond. My lord Xtinki bids me welcome you to the hospitality of our sun-kissed shores. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Greetings to your noble lord" replied El Cadavo, bowing to the toad-thing.

"I have come from across these wide waters to bestow wondrous gifts upon you." With that he took the chest from Enrico and carefully placed it in front of the palanquin. "Such valuables are plentiful where we come from," boasted the grizzled general, winking to Enrico and opening the chest. Inside were all manner and colour of cheap glass beads.

"Behold" cried El Cadavo, "Riches to decorate your... er... majestic brow." He began to hand the baubles to the nearest Skinks who looked decidedly unimpressed, but handed them round nonetheless. "And these looking glasses" said Cadavo, waving a piece of broken mirror to catch the light. "Their like has never been seen on these shores. All I ask in return is that we be allowed to march inland unmolested and perhaps collect a few mementos to remind us of our visit."

The Skink interpreter spoke again. "My lord Xtinki instructs me to thank you for your most generous gifts, but is afraid that he cannot possibly accept offerings of such... quality." As if on cue, the Lizardmen dropped all the trinkets into the sand and turned to stare at El Cadavo.

"Why, you ungrateful wretches" cried El Cadavo. "Enrico, bring up the cannon. That'll impress them." Then, turning back to lord Xtinki, he said "I'm sorry you dislike my gifts. Perhaps this will be more persuasive." He turned and nodded to Enrico who had readied the cannon. There was a deafening roar.

"There" said El Cadavo, turning back to the Lizardmen with a wolfish grin, "That is the power we bring with us. Why don't you take your stone spears and feather skirts and run along now. I promise you shan't be hurt if you stay out of our way." Lord Xtinki blinked slowly, obviously unimpressed.

Stepping forward, the Skink interpreter pointed to the sky saying "You have

insulted our gods. To show his displeasure Lord Sotek will swallow the sun. All will be in darkness and the world will fall into perpetual night."

As one the Tileans burst out laughing, clutching their sides and roaring until tears poured down their cheeks. Eventually El Cadavo managed to pull himself together long enough to blurt out "Alright lads, enough of these primitive savages..." But before he could finish the command a cry went up from his men. "Look! The sun!" Everyone turned to follow the pointing finger. As they watched, a black stain began to cover the sun. "Sotek, Sotek" chanted the Lizardmen.

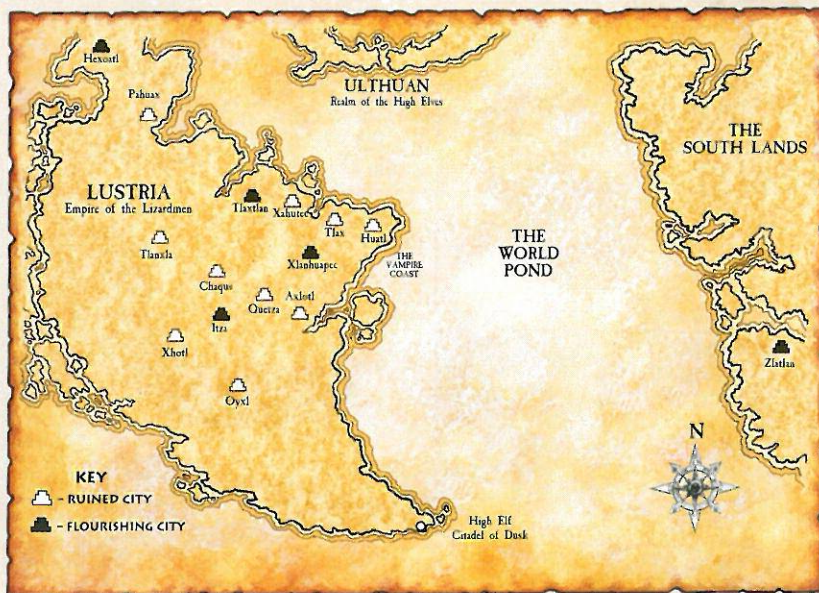
"Aaaaaaagh!" cried the Tileans. "Save us!", "Help!", "Disaster!", "The end of the world has come!"

Panic spread through the Tileans as the air grew chill and the darkness became complete. El Cadavo stood frozen among his panic-stricken men who dashed about tearing their hair, screaming for forgiveness or offering up prayers.

"Ye gods! What have we done?" muttered El Cadavo under his breath. Then louder, "Back to the boats!" There was a stampede.

As the Tileans frantically rowed away the sun began to show its face once more, but they weren't about to stop. 'Row, damn you! Row!' cried the captain, and they rowed even harder.

On the shore the Skinks watched the eclipse complete its divine cycle, grinning as only Lizards can.



Each temple-city of the Lizardmen is like a separate independent country, ruled by a Mage-Priest and defended by its own army of warriors. The armies of the Lizardmen are very exotic and colourful. The cohorts of Skinks and Saurus warriors line up in their serried ranks, each with a standard depicting one of their ancient jungle gods and led by officers bedecked in feathered headdresses. Regiments are distinguished by the vivid colours and markings of the warriors' scaly skin and everywhere is the glint of gleaming gold and bronze weapons and armour. Towering above these hordes are the swaying howdahs on the backs of the awesome Stegadons, and the ferocious Kroxigors. Commanding the army is the Slann Mage-Priest, borne aloft on his golden palanquin.

Spawnings

Slann, Saurus Warriors, Skinks and Kroxigors are spawned in ponds and swamps, whereas the various reptilian beasts which serve them, such as the Stegadons and Terradons, are hatched from eggs.



Every Lizardman city has its sacred ponds and expanses of marsh where the spawnings occur. Skinks and Kroxigors tend to spawn in ponds and swamps open to the sky, whereas Saurus are usually spawned in dank subterranean caverns. Pyramid temples are frequently built over the top of the entrances to such caverns and outlying swamps are sometimes made into rectangular sacred ponds. Some days after the spawn has been laid, it hatches into tadpoles which grow larger and more powerful by the day, feeding on the enormous number of tropical insects that hover above the waters. When the Lizardmen are fully developed they emerge onto dry land in enormous numbers.

The interval between spawnings can be very long and usually a spawning will

not recur in the same pond within the lifetime of the last generation to be spawned there. Thus each city is surrounded with ponds which spawn at different times, so that a particular pond will be given a name such as 'Sacred Pond of the First Generation' referring to the first spawning of a new cycle of spawnings. Since generations emerge from different ponds at different intervals of time, there are always several age-groups of Lizardmen living in the population of a city at any time. The Mage-Priests keep detailed records of the spawnings but can still be taken by surprise by sudden spawnings occurring in ruined cities where the records have been lost in antiquity!



Clockwise from bottom left: three Saurus warriors demonstrating various colour schemes, a brightly-patterned Skink Standard Bearer, a mighty Kroxigor and the fearsome Stegadon with its howdah full of Skink riders.



Slann Magic: the Wisdom of the Old Ones

The ancient Slann are the most potent wizards in the Warhammer world, able to move entire planets if they put their minds to it. Fortunately for their foes, their minds are usually occupied on more important matters than merely fighting the lesser races.

When Slann Mage-Priests come to select their spells before a battle they are allowed more freedom than normal. They may use any lore from the Warhammer rulebook. What's more, a single Slann can choose from more than one lore instead of being limited to just one. Truly they are masters of magic!

How do you do this? Pick a list, roll a dice to see what you get, choose the default instead if you like and then choose another list or the same one again. You cannot have the same spell from the same list more than once per Wizard as normal, so re-roll duplicate results. However, you could have the same effect from two different spells, eg. *Fire Ball* and *Dark Hand of Death*.

In addition, Slann are so powerful that they add +1 to their attempts to both cast and dispel.

SKINK MAGIC

The Skink Shamans are far less potent wizards than their Slann masters and rarely achieve more than a rudimentary understanding of magic. Their training focuses on astronomy and astrology, observing the movements of the heavenly bodies and divining the plan of the Old Ones from them. Appropriately, Skink Shamans use the Lore of Heavens for their spellcasting.

MAGIC ITEMS

You may choose magic items for your characters and units from the following

list and/or the common magic items on page 154 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Piranha Blade (magic weapon):
+2 Attacks. 50 pts

Dagger of Sotek (magic weapon):
Skinks only. +1 Strength. In addition, when fighting Skaven each wound inflicted by the dagger counts as 2 towards combat resolution instead of the normal 1. 50 pts

Sword of the Hornet (magic weapon):
Always strike first. 25 pts

Bitametl (magic armour):
Counts as wearing armour (5+ armour save, combines as normal with other armour saves).
Re-roll failed armour saves. 35 pts

Stegadon Helm (magic armour):
May be worn in addition to other armour (5+ armour save, combines as normal with other armour saves). 15 pts

Glyph Necklace (talisman):
5+ Ward save. 30 pts

Amulet of Itzl (talisman):
2+ Ward save against the first wound suffered. One use only. 40 pts

Amulet of Xapati (talisman):
Gives its wearer Magic Resistance (2). 40 pts

Cloak of Feathers (enchanted item):
Skink on foot only. Model can fly. 40 pts

Bane Head (enchanted item):
Nominate an enemy character at the start of the battle. All unsaved wounds caused by the bearer on the nominated target are doubled. 20 pts

Plaque of Dominion (arcane item):
Adds 1 extra dice to the Lizardman army's pool of Power and Dispel dice in each player's turn. 50 pts

Totem of Prophecy (magic banner):
The unit causes *fear*. 75 pts

Sun Standard of Chotec (magic banner):
Missiles fired at the unit carrying the banner are at -1 to hit. 40 pts

Totem of the Crested Ones (magic banner):
The unit gets a 5+ Ward save against normal and magical missiles with a Strength of 5 or more. 30 pts

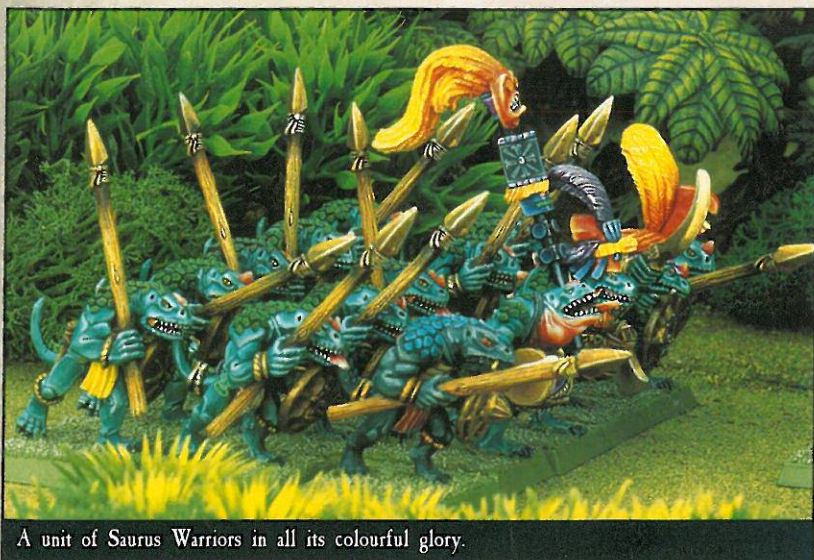
Jaguar Standard (magic banner):
The unit pursues an extra D6". 20 pts

MARKS OF THE GODS

The many gods of the Lizardmen are sometimes moved to mark out one of their followers for greatness. These marks are carefully examined and compiled by the Skink scribes so that they may pick out the chosen ones from each spawning and assign them to duties that befit their status.

Skink and Saurus characters may choose marks from the following list instead of/as well as taking magic items. The cost of the marks is taken from the points allowed to each character to spend on magic items. Each character may only have a given mark once, though he may have several different marks. More than one character in an army may have the same mark of the gods.

You should paint these markings on your models. Note that the gods are not always predictable in these marking, so whilst one of Tepoc's chosen may have a purple crest, another may be completely purple or have purple spots or stripes. Particularly fortunate characters may have more than one mark and so are a combination of these colours.



A unit of Saurus Warriors in all its colourful glory.

Mark of the Old Ones (albino):
+1 Wound. 50 pts

Mark of Tlaxcotl (yellow):
+1 Leadership. 50 pts

Mark of Chotec (vermillion):
+1 Attack. 25 pts

Mark of Sotek (blood red):
Frenzy. 25 pts

Mark of Itzl (great crest):
+1 Strength. 20 pts

Mark of Tepoc (purple):
Skink Shaman only. Knows 1 more spell than normal for his level. 15 pts

Mark of Huanchi (black):
+1 Movement. 15 pts

Mark of Tzunki (mottled):
+2 Initiative. 5 pts

Lizardmen Special Rules

The following special rules apply to the Lizardmen army.

- **Cold Blooded.** Lizardman units roll all Psychology and Break tests on 3D6 and discard the highest dice score.
- **Aquatic.** Skinks and Kroxigor can move over marsh, rivers, streams, lakes or other water features without penalty, and will benefit from soft cover if in such terrain.
- **Scaly Skin.** Many Lizardmen have an armour save from their scaly skin. This may be combined with armour and shields as normal. Saurus and Salamanders have a 6+ armour save; Kroxigors have a 5+ armour save and Stegadons have a 4+ armour save.
- **Blowpipe.** These have a range of 12" and 2 x Multiple Shots at strength 3. They suffer penalties for long range, moving and shooting, etc, as normal.
- **Poisoned attacks.** All attacks from Skink arrows, javelins or blowpipe darts count as poisoned attacks. Note that this only applies to shooting attacks, not those in close combat.
- **Mixed size units.** This is not a new rule, but a reminder of the ones on pages 59 & 98 of the main rulebook. When shooting at units containing a mixture of different sized models (such as Salamanders or units containing Slann) you may choose to target either one troop type or the other. So you could, for example, choose to fire on the Salamander rather than the Skinks around it. In this case the -1 to hit for being a skirmish unit would still apply.

SLANN

Slann are the leaders of the Lizardmen, directing their efforts towards a completion of the Old Ones' plans. A Lizardman army will often be the personal retinue of a particular Slann Mage-Priest or Lord.

Large target.

Palanquin: Treat the Slann and his bearers as a single model with a single profile, rather like a chariot. Use a base size of 75mm wide and 50mm deep.

If the Slann has joined a unit of troops, the unit counts rank bonuses as if the space taken by the palanquin were taken by normal troops.

Note: *Poisoned Attacks wound their targets automatically when they score a 6 on their to hit roll (as described on page 114 of the rulebook). But what happens if you need a 7 or more to hit in the first place?*

In these cases the poison has no effect, and so such hits cannot wound automatically.

The Slann has a Unit Strength of 8.

Contemplation: Slann are concerned with the plan of the Old Ones and the workings of magic rather than fighting the lesser races. Consequently Slann will not use magical armour or weapons.

Shield of the Old Ones: Slann are protected by potent magical defences which give them a 2+ Ward save. However, models in base contact with the Slann are slightly inside the mystical shield and the save against their attacks is reduced to a 4+ Ward save.

SAURUS WARRIORS

Saurus Warriors were bred specially to fight for the Old Ones many millennia ago, and they still form the backbone of Lizardman armies today.

Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+).

TEMPLE GUARD

Each Slann has a personal retinue of Saurus Warriors whose duty it is to protect him whilst he lies in contemplation of the Old Ones' sacred plans.

Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+).

Sacred duty: If the Temple Guard unit is joined by a Slann then it is suffused with his power and becomes *stubborn*.

SKINK WARRIORS

Skinks are nimble and intelligent, leaving the main job of fighting to the sturdier Saurus Warriors. Instead the Skinks form clouds of skirmishers, nimbly dodging the enemy units and skirting round their flanks where they can pepper them with poisoned javelins and arrows.

Cold Blooded, Aquatic, Skirmish.

Scouts: This works exactly as explained on page 112 of the rulebook with the following additions. Scouting Skinks count as out of sight if they are deployed within a water feature, and more than 2" from its edge. They must still deploy 10" or more from enemy troops as normal.

Skink characters may be held back from normal deployment and be placed as Scouts after the rest of the army has deployed.

CHAMELEON SKINKS

These rare and secretive Skinks are masters of stealth and camouflage. They can stand motionless for hours, evading all but the most thorough of searches, biding their time until they are ready to unleash a hail of venom-coated darts to slaughter their enemies.

Cold Blooded, Aquatic, Skirmish.

Chameleon: With skin that shifts colours to match their surroundings, the

Chameleon Skinks are very hard to spot. This means that the enemy suffers an additional -1 to hit when shooting at them.

In addition, they are able to sneak up extremely close to the enemy. Chameleon Skinks are deployed at the same time as Scouts, and can be placed in one of two ways. Either place them exactly like Scouts, but with no minimum distance between them and the enemy, or place them in sight of the enemy (even in the open), but more than 12" away from them.

COLD ONES

Although they are difficult to train, Cold Ones are the perfect mount for Saurus Warriors. Both rider and mount are deadly killing machines and the combination is devastating.

Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+), Cause Fear, Stupidity.

Thick-skinned: A warrior mounted on a Cold One adds +2 to his armour save instead of the normal +1 for being mounted.

KROXIGORS

These fearsome creatures are far bigger and stronger than the other Lizardmen, towering above the tiny Skinks and even the burly Saurus. Normally their huge strength is used to carry the giant stones which make up the pyramid temples of the Slann, but in battle they are equally happy to carry huge bronze axes.

Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (5+), Cause Fear, Aquatic.

Skirmish Screen: Skinks and Kroxigors often fight in closely linked formations, the smaller Skinks scouting out the enemy for the Kroxigors to charge. When the Skinks find the enemy they whisper back to the Kroxigors who then charge through the screen of Skink skirmishers.

Both Skinks and Kroxigors are separate units and follow all the normal rules. In addition, Kroxigors may see and charge through Skink units (including Chameleon Skinks). Unfortunately, though the Skinks know the Kroxigors will charge, sometimes they don't get out of the way in time and are killed in the stampede. Roll a D6 per Kroxigor in the unit charging through the Skinks. For each roll of a 1 a Skink is crushed underfoot by the lumbering Kroxigors.

SALAMANDERS

Despite the many dangers of goading these fractious creatures, such is the skill of the brave Skinks that herd Salamanders to battle that they are only seldom eaten by them.

Cold Blooded, Skirmish, Scaly Skin (6+).

Salamanders spit venom up to 24" range using their BS to hit as normal and with the normal penalties for long range, moving, etc. Units that are struck suffer 1D6 Strength 4 hits with no armour save possible. Salamanders may not stand and shoot.

If all the Skinks are killed, the Salamander is treated like a ridden monster that has lost its rider. However, when it comes to rolling its Leadership test, assume it fails and just roll on the Monster Reaction chart (page 105) to see what it does.

TERRADONS

These ancient reptiles are trapped and trained by the Skinks who ride them. Soaring above the jungle canopy, the Skink messengers and scouts can move from city to city with ease.

Cold Blooded, Flying Unit.

Mounted: Skinks riding Terradons get a 6+ armour save. One Skink per Terradon may shoot his short bow each turn.

STEGADONS

Stegadons are huge and terrifying monsters from the depths of the jungle. In battle they are used as living battering rams to smash holes in the foe's line.

Treat Stegadons as ridden monsters with more than one rider. If the Stegadon is killed then the Skinks form a small unit of skirmishers. If all the Skinks are killed, the Stegadon is treated like any other ridden monster. For Victory points purposes only the Stegadon itself counts. Slain Skinks are ignored.

Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (4+ for Stegadon), **Poisoned Attacks** (from Skinks' javelins), **Causes Terror, Large Target.**

Howdah: The combined effect of the armoured howdah, shields and giant bony crest on the Stegadon is to give the Skinks (or character) riding it a 2+ armour save. This armour save cannot be improved, though a character could also have a Ward save from a magic item.

Mixed weapons: The Skinks carry a variety of weapons in the howdah. For

the purposes of the game count these as hand weapons, javelins and shields.

Impact hits: The Stegadon causes D6 impact hits when it charges, like a chariot.

Giant bow: Treat this as a bolt thrower with Strength 5 that can move and fire. Check the line of sight for the giant bow from its position on top of the howdah.

JUNGLE SWARMS

Lizardman armies often march to battle amidst swarms of deadly serpents, poisonous toads and other reptiles. Many thousands of these creatures infest the Skaven tunnels beneath Lustria, protecting the Lizardmen nations from attack by the rat-men. Sotek himself is said to direct these creatures to aid the Lizardmen in ensuring that the plans of the Old Ones continue to be carried out.

For gaming purposes you can use any mixture of snakes and reptiles on a 40mm base. The exact number and type of models isn't important, but it should look like a swarm.

Unbreakable, Poisoned Attacks.



Skinks and Terradons pour from the undergrowth to attack an Empire raiding party

See p238-9 of the Warhammer rulebook with the following additions and amendments when choosing your army:

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

Characters are divided into two broad categories: Lords (the most powerful characters) and Heroes (the rest). The maximum number of characters an army can include is shown on the chart below.

Army Value	Maximum Characters	Maximum Lords
< 2,000	3	0
2,000-2,999	4	up to 1
3,000-3,999	6	up to 2
+1,000	+2 max	1 max

IMPORTANT: The number of characters is the total number of characters allowed in the army including Lords. For example: a 2,500 point Lizardman army may have up to 4 characters in total, of which 1 may be a Lord (ie, 1 Lord + 3 Heroes).

An army does not have to include the maximum number of characters allowed, and can always include fewer than indicated down to a minimum of one (the General). Similarly, an army does not have to include Lords, it can include all of its characters as Heroes if you prefer.

CHOOSING TROOPS

Troops are divided into Core, Special and Rare units. The number of units of each type that are available to you depends upon the points value of your army. This is indicated on the chart below.

Army Value	Core	Special	Rare
< 2,000	2+	0-3	0-1
2,000-2,999	3+	0-4	0-2
3,000-3,999	4+	0-5	0-3
+1,000	+1	+1	+1

For example, if you are choosing a 2,000 point army you must take a minimum of 3 Core units and could choose to take up to 4 Special and/or up to 2 Rare.

In addition, if an individual entry has a number limiting it, eg 0-1, then you may only have that many in your army.

UNIT ENTRIES

Each unit is represented by an entry in the army list. The unit's name is given and any limitations that apply are explained.

Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the troops in each unit are given in the unit entry. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if, as in many cases, they are optional.

Unit Sizes. Each entry specifies the minimum size for each unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size.

Equipment. Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The value of these items is included in the points cost.

Options. Additional or optional weapons and armour are listed here together with their extra cost.

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules which are described in this section.

LORDS

SLANN MAGE-PRIEST 405 points each

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Slann Mage-Priest	4	4	3	5	5	8	2	4	9

Equipment: Slann ride palanquins and are guarded by their bearers. Count the bearers' weapons as hand weapons. Their attacks are included in the profile of the Slann Mage-Priest himself.

Magic: A Slann Mage-Priest is a Level 4 Wizard.

Options:

- One Slann Mage-Priest may be upgraded to a Battle Standard Bearer for +25 points. A Battle Standard Bearer may carry any magic banner (no points limit) in addition to his other magic items. A Battle Standard Bearer may also be your army general.
- May choose magic items from the Common or Lizardman magic item lists, with a maximum total value of 100 points in addition to any magical battle standard.

Special rules: *Palanquin, Large Target, Shield of the Old Ones, Contemplation.*

HEROES

SAURUS HERO 100 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Saurus Hero	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May choose either a great weapon (+4 pts), spear (+4 pts) or halberd (+4 pts).
- May wear light armour (+2 pts) and may also carry a shield (+2 pts).
- May ride a Cold One (+28 points).
- May choose marks of the gods and/or magic items from the Common or Lizardman magic item lists, with a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+).* Cold Ones *Cause Fear*, are *Thick-Skinned* and are subject to *Stupidity*.

Note: Saurus heroes are rare and powerful individuals and therefore each of them counts as 2 Hero choices instead of 1.

SKINK HERO 70 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skink Hero	6	4	4	4	3	2	5	3	6

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May choose either an additional hand weapon (+4 pts) or spear (+4 pts).
- May also choose either a short bow (+8 pts) or javelins (+8 pts).
- May wear light armour (+2 pts) and may also carry a shield (+2 pts).
- May ride a Stegadon chosen as normal from the Rare units section of the army list at the points cost shown there.
- May choose marks of the gods and/or magic items from the Common or Lizardman magic item lists, with a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Aquatic, Scout.* Skink arrows and javelins count as *Poisoned Attacks*.

SKINK SHAMAN 65 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skink Shaman	6	2	3	3	2	2	4	1	5

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Skink Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard.

Options:

- One Skink Shaman in the army may be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard for +35 points.
- May ride a Stegadon chosen as normal from the Rare Units section of the army list at the points cost shown there.
- May choose marks of the gods and/or magic items from the Common or Lizardman magic item lists, with a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Aquatic, Scout.*

CORE UNITS

SAURUS WARRIORS 11 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Saurus	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7
Champion	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	3	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon and shield.

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with spears (+2 points per model).
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Musician for +6 points.
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Standard Bearer for +12 points.
- Promote one Saurus Warrior to a Champion for +12 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+).*

SKINK SKIRMISHERS 8 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skink	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5
Champion	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5

Unit Size: 10-20

Equipment: Hand weapon and short bow.

Options:

- Skinks may exchange their short bows for javelins and shield (+2 pts).
- Promote one Skink to a Champion for +5 points.

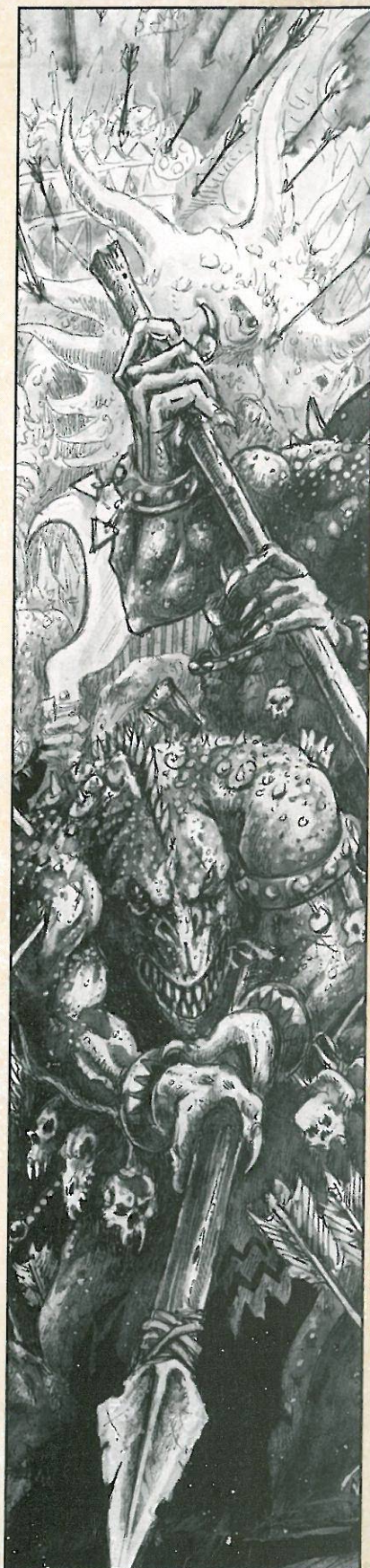
Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Aquatic, Skirmish, Scouts.* Skink arrows and javelins count as *Poisoned Attacks*.

0-1 UNITS OF JUNGLE SWARMS 55 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jungle Swarm	4	3	0	2	2	5	1	5	10

Unit Size: 1-6

Special rules: *Unbreakable, Poisoned Attacks.*



SPECIAL UNITS

0-1 TEMPLE GUARD 15 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Temple Guard	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	7
Champion	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	3	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon, halberd and light armour.

Options:

- Upgrade one Temple Guard into a Musician for +7 points.
- Upgrade one Temple Guard into a Standard Bearer for +14 points.
- A Standard Bearer may carry a Magic Standard worth up to 50 points.
- Promote one Temple Guard to a Champion for +14 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+), Sacred Duty.*

KROXIGORS 50 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kroxigor	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	7
Champion	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	4	7

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment: Great weapon.

Options:

- Promote one Kroxigor to a Champion for +20 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Cause Fear, Aquatic, Scaly Skin (5+).*

SALAMANDERS* 70 points per unit

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Salamander	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	5
Skink	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5

* You may take up to 2 Salamanders as a single Special choice.

Unit Size: 1 Salamander with 4 Skink Runners.

Equipment: Skink Runners have a hand weapon (goad or prodger).

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Aquatic, Scaly Skin (6+ for Salamanders), Spit Venom.*

TERRADONS 26 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Terradon	2	2	3	3	3	2	4	3	5
Terradon & Champion	2	2	4	3	3	2	4	3	5

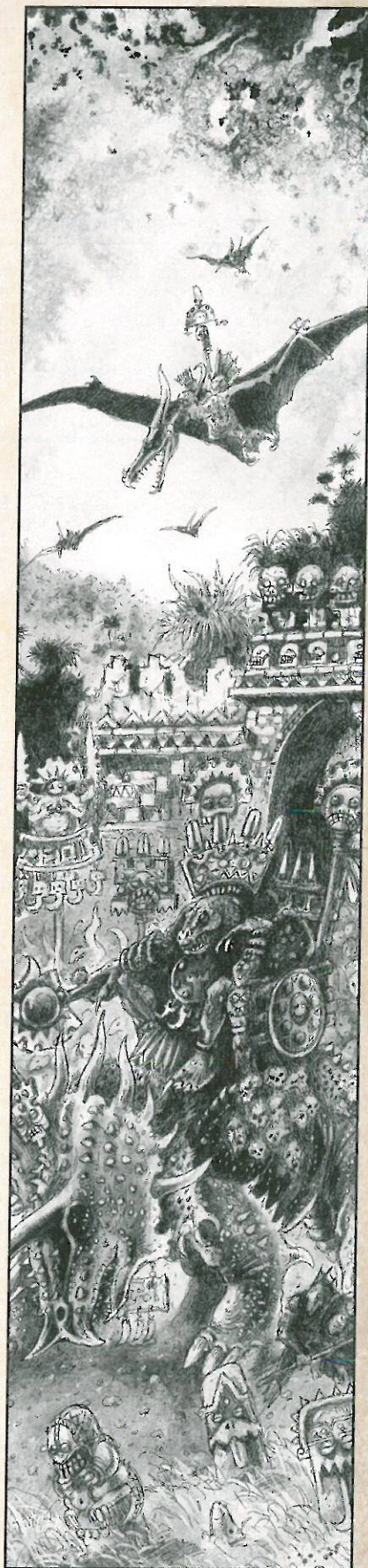
Unit Size: 3-10.

Equipment: Skink Riders have a hand weapon and short bow. Their attacks are included in the profile of the Terradon.

Options:

- Promote one Skink Rider to a Champion for +10 points.

Special rules: *Flying Unit, Cold Blooded, Mounted.* The Skinks' arrows count as *Poisoned Attacks*.



RARE UNITS

0-1 CHAMELEON SKINKS 15 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chameleon	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	6
Champion	6	2	5	3	2	1	4	1	6

Unit Size: 5-10

Equipment: Hand weapon and blowpipe.

Options:

- Promote one Skink to a Champion for +6 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded*, *Aquatic*, *Skirmish*, *Chameleon*. Blowpipe darts count as *Poisoned Attacks*.

STEGADONS 265 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skink	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5
Stegadon	6	2	0	5	6	5	2	4	5

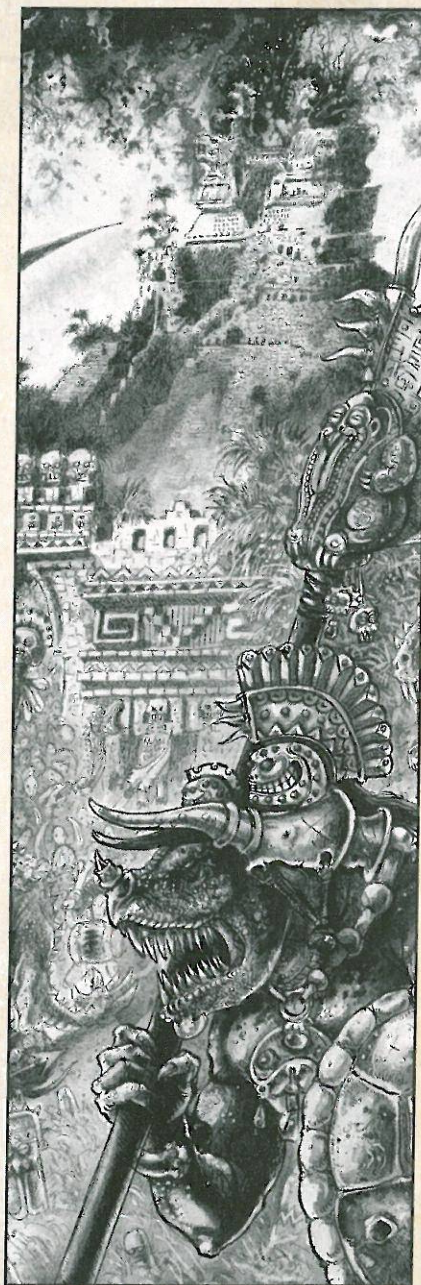
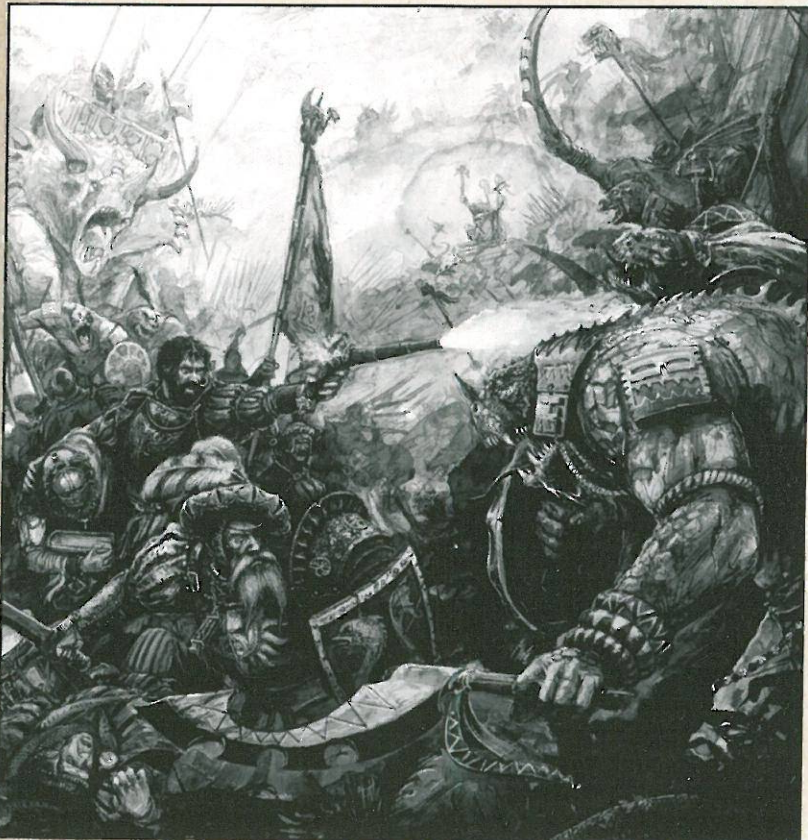
Unit Size: 1 Stegadon with either 6 Skink crew *or* 1 character chosen from the Heroes section of the list.

Equipment: Hand weapon, javelin and shield. If the Stegadon is not ridden by a character then it will have a giant bow (crewed by 2 of the 6 Skinks).

Special rules: *Cold Blooded*, *Howdah*. The Skinks' javelins count as *Poisoned Attacks*. Stegadons *Cause Terror*, have *Scaly Skin (+)* and are *Large Targets*.

DOGS OF WAR (points variable)

See White Dwarf 250-1. Tichi Huichi's Raiders would be a particularly appropriate regiment for this army.



Well, that just about wraps it up for this edition of Warhammer Chronicles. Next month myself and Scrivener Thornton take a look at the eldritch wonders of interactive magic, and the peculiar advantages of 'wobbly' terrain...

Cheerio until next time,

TACTICA shines the spotlight on one particular army every month, with a veteran player taking you through some tactics and strategies for their favourite force. This month, **Matthew Sprange** looks at the advantages and disadvantages of fielding a **Dark Angels Ravenwing** force.



As well as being a regular player of the much underrated Sisters of Battle, Matthew Sprange also fights with the difficult to use Dark Angels Ravenwing.

The 2nd Company of the Dark Angels, known throughout the galaxy as the Ravenwing, are noted for their experience in reconnaissance and fast strike missions. Their skilful use of bikes and Land Speeders enables them to engage armies many times their size and emerge victorious.

Within Warhammer 40,000, the Ravenwing represent a truly unique force. They are not simply another Space Marines army but instead have a completely different mode of warfare, forcing players who use them to adjust their normal tactics appropriately. Whilst they are usually regarded as a niche army, the Ravenwing does have a lot to offer to the discriminating gamer.



A Ravenwing bike squad 'jinks' its way through a storm of heavy fire.

TACTICA

DARK ANGELS RAVENWING

ADVICE FOR USING THE DARK ANGELS ELITE SECOND COMPANY

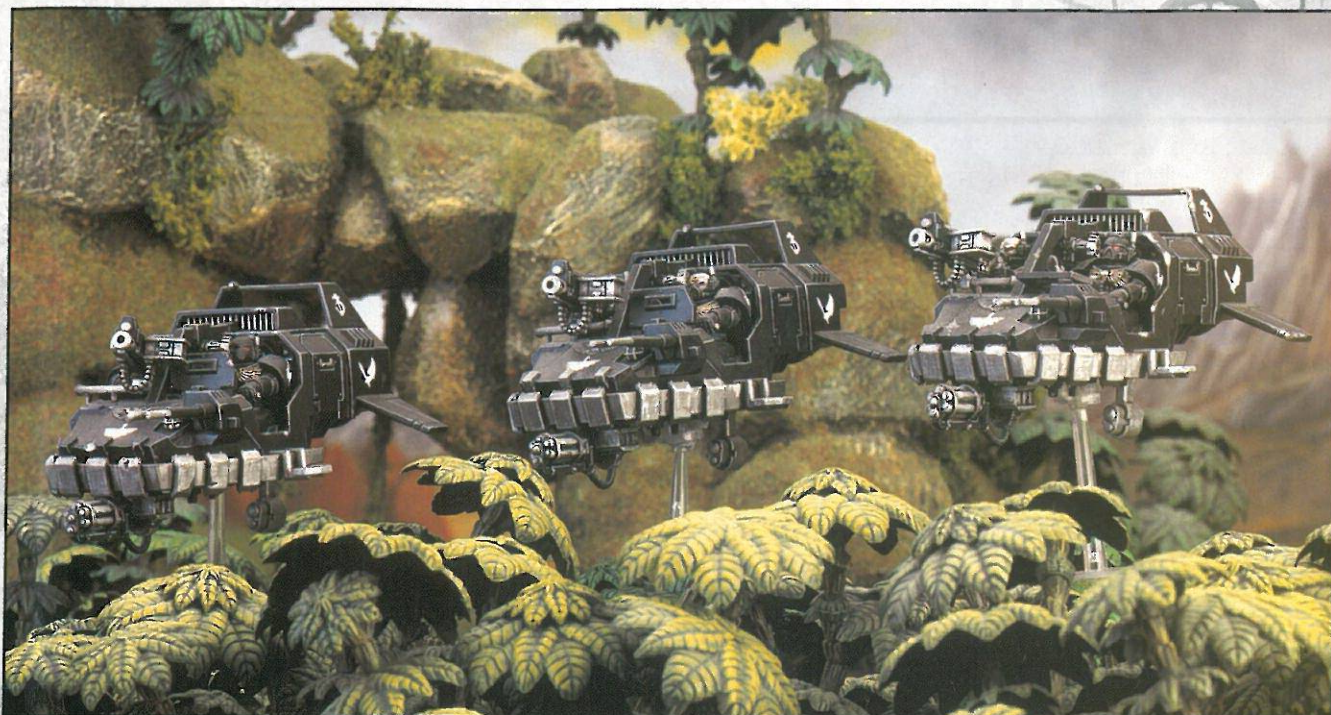
1. They are fast. Ravenwing units have the ability to keep an enemy totally off balance, feinting attacks, then striking in weak positions. They are also superb at taking objectives, absolutely necessary in Take & Hold and Cleanse missions.
2. They are tough. Every biker has a Toughness of 5, enabling them to withstand a great deal of punishment. Even elite units such as Eldar Howling Banshees, the bane of many Space Marine armies, need a 6 to wound them in combat. Also, every unit receives a 6+ jink save and this must not be underestimated. It has won me more games than I care to remember!
3. You need very, very few models in a Ravenwing army, allowing players to assemble a force in an incredibly short space of time. A standard 1,500 points army is likely to have less than twenty models – you could paint the entire force inside one weekend!
4. They are an elite force from the greatest Space Marine Chapter in the Imperium. What more needs to be said?

FIELDING THE RAVENWING

When putting together a Ravenwing army, you need to keep several things in mind. Your force will be very small and, whilst you may be able to paint it quickly, your opponent can destroy it even faster on the open battlefield. It is imperative that you maximise on the destructive capabilities of your units in order to ensure that when you strike, your opponent will feel it.

The Master of the Ravenwing is a compulsory purchase but, in a normal 1,500 points game, steer away from giving him a Command squad. You will find that he is far more flexible if he can join and leave squadrons at will throughout the battle, rather than being tied down to just one. You are also required to take two Bike squadrons and these will end up forming the core units of your force, so do not skimp on the upgrades. Make sure that you have the maximum five bikers in each squadron, with an attached Attack Bike if you have the points to spare. A Veteran Sergeant in each will allow you to field power weapons and fists, essential tools as the bikes will spend much of their time assaulting the enemy. Furthermore, the chance to take two special weapons in a single squadron greatly increases their firepower. I tend to choose a mixture of flamers and meltaguns, as you will rarely have the opportunity to use the rapid firing plasma gun to full effect. As an aside, it is usually worth having a Chaplain or Librarian leading one of these squadrons, as their lethal close combat prowess will be enough to crush entire enemy squads and could well swing a vital combat in your favour.

The periphery of your army will be comprised of Attack Bikes and Land Speeders, but these must still be considered essential units. The Land Speeders are the fastest units you have at your command, whilst the Attack Bikes grant a much needed



A Ravenwing squadron skims across the canopy of a jungle planet.

anti-tank capability. Their Toughness and armour can also be used to stall lethal close combat squads for many turns, allowing the rest of your army to deal with weaker enemies.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD

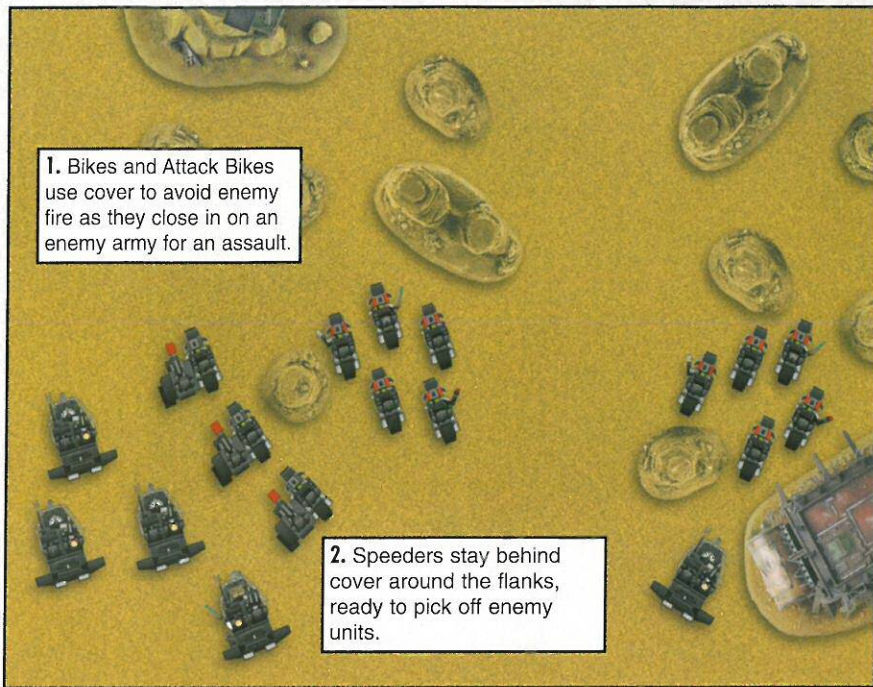
It may be presumed that the Ravenwing will excel at some missions at the expense of others. However, you really do have the tools to tackle every mission in the rulebook with a degree of success, though you must accept that command of the Ravenwing is not for the faint-hearted. Your enemy will always outgun and outnumber you. It can be very daunting to set up twenty-odd models on the table when the other player has well over a hundred!

It has to be said that the Ravenwing is not for the novice player. However, once they understand the key strengths and weaknesses of this force, any player with a good grasp of the rules may find the Ravenwing to be an extremely capable army.

The first mistake many players make is to assume that, as a fast attack force, the Ravenwing operates best as a stand-off type of army, using speed and concentrated firepower to achieve mission goals. This is not strictly true and players using these tactics will find themselves outgunned and running for cover every time. It is necessary for you to get your Bike Squadrons into assault as quickly as

possible. After all, if they are in close combat, they cannot be shot at! Use terrain to cover your advance and do not be afraid to dash through a thick wood or overgrown ruin if it gets you into contact with the enemy a turn sooner. I have yet to lose a biker from failing a Difficult Terrain test (I am going to regret saying that!). Aim to get a shot off from the squadron's special weapons before the assault is launched, destroying that all-important tank with the meltaguns or annihilating a counter-attacking squad with the flammers. Once in the thick of things, your Veteran Sergeants will make short work of their opponents, whilst the high Toughness of the bikers will allow them to survive the inevitable return attacks. Once the enemy breaks, the bikes' movement will enable the squadron to run down most units.

The Land Speeders should be kept further back and used to attack enemy flanks and grab objectives. In this way, the Land Speeders will ultimately win more games for you than any other unit. But to do this, they must stay alive, as obvious as it sounds. It should go without saying that a Land Speeder must always move over 6" every turn so will only take glancing hits, even if it carries two weapons. They will lose firepower, but will certainly last a lot longer. On top of that aid to survivability, you also have the famed 6+ 'jink' save.



combination of shooting and assault, targeting the greatest threats to your army – tooled-up close combat characters, heavy tanks and large numbers of basic troops which can overwhelm your units by sheer numbers.

A MOST ELITE FORCE

Admittedly, a Ravenwing army is not for everyone and they do not forgive any mistakes you may make in play. If you like your units charging into the teeth of enemy fire, explosions blasting all around them, then the Ravenwing is not for you. If you like the sort of army that can gouge out huge holes in the enemy's line in the first turn, then the Ravenwing is not for you.

However, if you are looking for a new force that you can take the time to get to grips with and actually makes you think whilst you are playing, then the Ravenwing may well be suitable. You may have to persevere, but remember that no matter how many troops, guns or tanks the enemy has, the Ravenwing does have the capability to overcome them and win.

There is one last thing to consider. Any player who can take a Ravenwing force to a tournament and do well – say, come within the top 10% – is, without a doubt, an extremely good Warhammer 40,000 player. The challenge is there, if you are up to it!

Now, when reading Codex Dark Angels, many players dismiss this ability as almost useless. However, you really do have to field an entire Ravenwing force to fully appreciate it. You see, when your opponent fires a missile launcher or similar weapon at your Land Speeder, he will automatically assume that it is going to be destroyed or at least be unable to fire next turn and will start hunting for another target. When you make that 6+ 'jink', it will cause a degree of consternation as he will now have to find another weapon to fire at it. When you start making consecutive 'jinks', he may well start tearing his hair out. As the Land Speeders are usually so important to achieving mission objectives, this little ability is a potential game winner.

I must make another note about Land Speeders at this point. Players generally detest using their heavy weapons against them, as they know full well that multiple bolters, shuriken catapults and the like, tend to be far more effective at bringing them down and it leaves the big guns to fire at more important targets – such as your Attack Bike squadron which is sneaking behind a hill, trying to get a good shot at an armoured vehicle. The Land Speeder's own guns outrange these weapons, especially when the enemy starts moving about in reaction to your fast moving forces, so there is no reason to get within their range. At all. Make him concentrate his heavy weaponry on

your Land Speeders, rather than your bikes, as they can certainly take it. Remember that a heavy bolter is just as good at supporting your advancing bikers at a range of 36" as it is at 12".

In the early stages of battle, you must try to get your bikes into close combat, whilst your Land Speeders stay in the rear and on the flanks, preferably hidden from the bulk of the enemy army by large pieces of terrain. Try to destroy key units with a

EXAMPLE OF A 1,500 POINTS RAVENWING FORCE

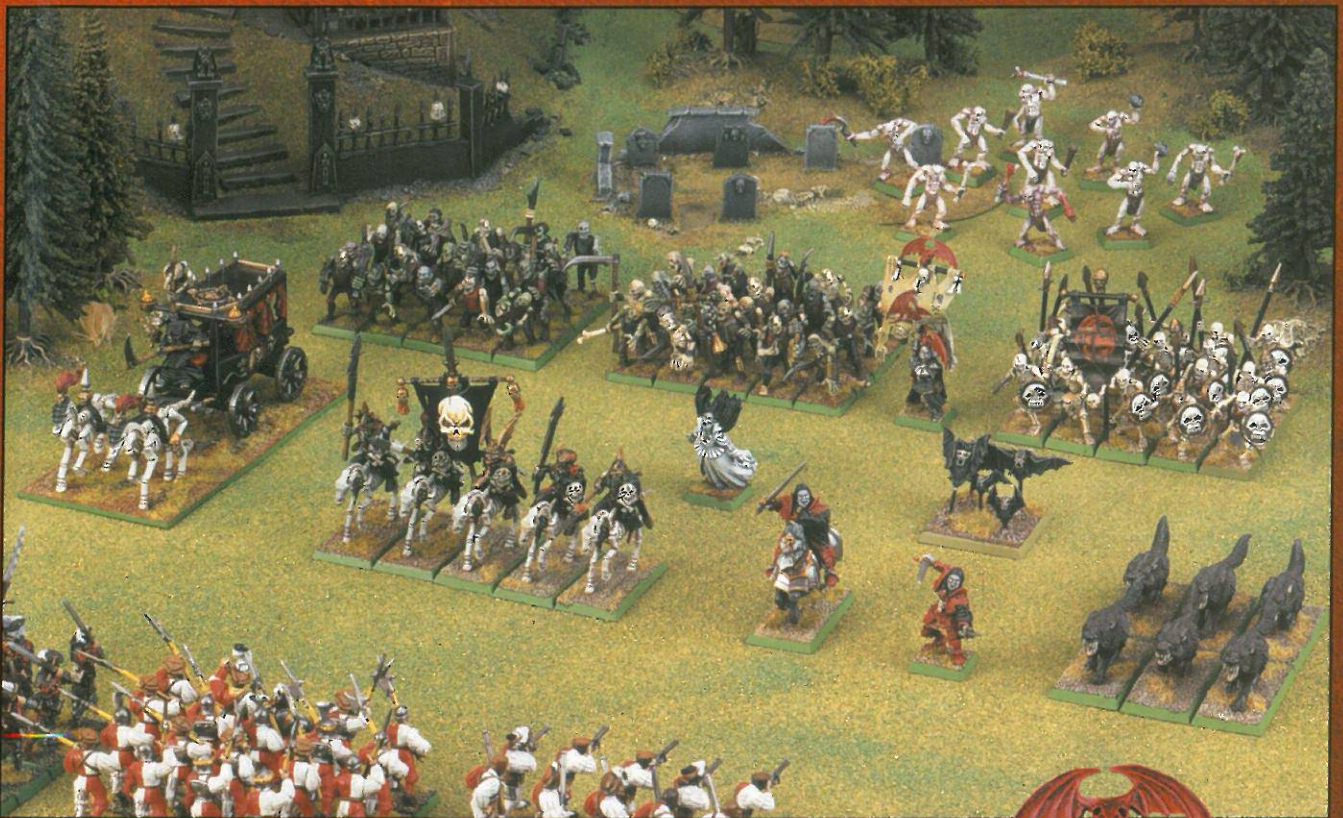
HQ	
Master of the Ravenwing	255
Interrogator Chaplain with bike, artificer armour, bolt pistol, Blades of Reason, melta bombs.	156
TROOPS	
4 Ravenwing Bikers with twin-linked bolters, bolt pistols, 1 flamer and 1 meltagun.	258
1 Veteran Sergeant with power weapon who is <i>stubborn</i> .	
4 Ravenwing Bikers with twin-linked bolters, bolt pistols and 2 meltaguns.	285
1 Veteran Sergeant with power fist who is <i>stubborn</i> .	
FAST ATTACK	
Ravenwing Land Speeder with heavy bolter.	60
3 Ravenwing Land Speeders with heavy bolters & assault cannons.	255
HEAVY SUPPORT	
3 Ravenwing Attack Bikes with twin-linked bolters and multi-meltas.	225
TOTAL COST:	1,494 points

WARHAMMER

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Mike Walker takes a regular look at the finer points of Warhammer, in his own unique way.



Mike, a regular White Dwarf contributor, has been examining the Warhammer world through the shattered lens of his gaming club for many a year, but has only recently started inflicting the details upon unwary readers.

Very bad ideas:

"Let's build a bigger and even more powerful Death Star."

"What is needed to make this show funnier is another cartoon canine – Lets call him Scrapy-Doo."

"Why don't we invite that nice Mr Poirot to join the shooting party this weekend at our somewhat remote house in the country."

"You can just ignore Joe's Dire Wolves."

* * * * *

In last month's issue you may have come across my piece on setting up a league. Well, this month the league games have begun and the early results are in. Points are scored as follows:

Draw (No one wins by more than 299 Victory points):
Both players earn 2 points.

Marginal victory (Game won by 300-599 Victory points):
Winner earns 3 points.
Loser earns 1 point.

Solid Victory (Game won by 600-1,199 Victory points):
Winner earns 4 points.
Loser earns 0 points.

Massacre (Game won by 1,200 Victory points or more):
Winner earns 6 points.
Loser earns 0 points.

Eight of the fifteen league games have been fought. Eight opportunities for

DANSING WITH WOLVES

Mike's league players find that the dead can dance

players to display tactical brilliance, demonstrate extreme jamminess and to refuse the offer of some taste bud threatening tortilla crisps from Alan.

The early league leader is Joe and his vampireless Vampire Counts army. Somewhere near here is a copy of the army list he is using (*it shows how some players 'experiment' with the army lists – Fat Bloke*).

My first game (using Grok Greenshanks and his Savage Orcs and Goblins army) was against Joe and I had lost it by turn two. During the practice games it had become pretty obvious that the main threat in Joe's army comes from the *Danse Macabre* powered Dire Wolves and Wight Cavalry.

Using the ability to re-cast (and re-cast, and re-cast, and re-cast) the very cheap *Danse Macabre*, Joe was able to double the movement of any of his fast moving troops that he wished, bringing them into positions from which he could launch devastating flank attacks. Okay, there was also the small matter of a vast quantity of offensive spells ripping through your units (the Zombies were basically barely mobile walls of rotting

flesh, brought along to stand between any threat and Joe's cowering Necromancers).

During the first few moves of my first league game I displayed all the tactical acumen and intellectual prowess of a slightly stunned Telly Tubby¹.

If your main combat units can only march move forwards a bit faster than an athletically challenged Dwarf, sending them on a mission to have a close encounter of the stabbing kind with opponents who are cowering several feet away across the table is not a terribly good idea. Add to this the fact that at any moment they might decide to have a perfectly justified and necessary (but nevertheless mightily frustrating) movement-halting squabble, it makes even less sense.

But that's what I did.

Of course what I should have done was used my Savage Orc Boyz and Big 'Uns to protect my faster moving stuff and to kill Joe's. But by the time the Telly Tubbiness had worn off, my Boyz were well out of position and I was done for. Joe scored a minor victory and three league points.

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

Hollowhand's Vengeance (aka Joe's Homophobic Horde)

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
HOBARTH HOLLOWHAND Level 4 Necromancer	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8	-	Ring of the Barrows, Staff of Plaguesman	310
MORSHAI Level 2 Necromancer	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	-		100
ESSTHAN Level 2 Necromancer	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	-		100
VAN ORKLEIGH Level 2 Necromancer	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	-		100
30 Zombies	4	2	0	3	3	1	1	1	5	-		150
30 Zombies	4	2	0	3	3	1	1	1	5	-		150
30 Zombies	4	2	0	3	3	1	1	1	5	-		150
30 Zombies	4	2	0	3	3	1	1	1	5	-		150
10 Dire Wolves	9	3	0	4	3	1	2	1	3	-		110
10 Dire Wolves	9	3	0	4	3	1	2	1	3	-		110
10 Dire Wolves	9	3	0	4	3	1	2	1	3	-		110
5 Wight Cavalry	4	3	2	3	4	1	3	1	8	2+	Unit includes Standard Bearer, Champion, Wight weapons, heavy armour, lance, bonded Nightmares. Magic Item: War Banner	155
1 Banshee	6	3	0	3	4	2	2	1	8	-		100
1 Banshee	6	3	0	3	4	2	2	1	8	-		100

TOTAL 1395 points

¹Suggestions on how you slightly stun a Telly Tubby are welcomed. The best we came up with was a football sock stuffed with some of Little Dave's mum's cold mashed potato – which has an abnormally high density for a vegetable-based compound.

Stopping Alan's incredibly fast moving Lizardmen requires three things:

- Concentrated and effective firepower.
- Aggressively positioned fast cavalry and flying troops to strip away enemy units' ability to march.
- Tough combat units moved to intercept the fastest of the attackers.

Instead, Stuart, in his first turn, achieved a misfiring Mortar, combined volleys of Handgunners and Crossbowmen who felled but a single Skink, a panicking Pegasus and a unit of Flagellants positioned so far from the action that they were nearer my troops on the next table than any of Stuart's.

Alan's army swept across the board, paused momentarily to beat the snot out of any Empire troops they came across and celebrated a solid victory. Only Stuart's Greatswords equipped with a Griffon Banner stubbornly prevented a massacre by seeing off countless waves of assorted reptiles.

These games were fought on a Saturday morning so naturally there was a break to consume giant battered sausage and chips. Between all the munching on fried food, the post game analysis² discussed the benefits of fast moving troops, how artillery should be deployed and if the battered sausage experience was best enhanced by tomato, brown or chocolate sauce.

The artillery question is an interesting one. Stuart, Craig³ and I all have very different ideas about how to place these important war machines.

For Stuart, survival is important. His guns go where he can protect them. They will be placed in cover (behind a stone wall is an absolute favourite). On one occasion two of them ended up being deployed behind a hill. What they can fire at is a secondary consideration. Stuart hates giving away easy points. His guns are protected until they can unleash a vital shot. The rest of his army is deployed to protect his guns⁴.

Craig is the absolute opposite. His Dwarf guns go wherever they can get

the best shot. Often this is at the extreme ends of his army's line. This enables them to send cannon balls careening along the width of the tabletop. It is very hard to deploy in a formation to lessen potential casualties. A shot fired from the board corner will often be able to bounce along the line of troops rather than through them. Naturally these guns are often isolated and make reasonably easy targets to pick off. That was until the new Dwarf Miner rules. Many is the time a unit of skirmishers are about to enthusiastically massacre a lone gun crew only to be suddenly confronted by a unit of grimy warriors with muck-encrusted tools and sweaty beards.

As for me, I use my guns as bait. The guns are there to annoy the enemy. My Great Cannons and Mortars roar "come and get us" with each discharge. In close attendance (but not always too close initially so as to dissuade an attack) are my main combat and missile units ready to assault or pour fire into attackers. Knowing where the main battle will be fought is a huge advantage. I can ensure that my troops are going to be there in force. Attempts to fight the battle elsewhere merely means that I get to lob loads of extra cannon balls and mortar shells enemywards.

Interesting conversation over the afternoon's play resumed with a commentary on the two massacres.

It is just possible that thanks to a couple of summoning spells, Joe actually finished with more figures on the table than when he started his battle against Ron. Ron's army (Chaos Warriors, Chaos Knights, Marauders and Dragon Ogres) moved forward in a tight clump in an effort to prevent Joe's flanking manoeuvres. This ruse failed utterly.

Observers winced their way through the last couple of moves as Joe clinically dispatched the last of Ron's troops. It was rather like watching something unnecessarily harsh being done to an Andrex puppy.

Scott and I were about level in points at the end of turn three. By the end of turn four all that Scott had left were two Wizards.

My Giant killed his General and then terrified two units of Archers. Having entirely failed to dodge three comets, Greenshanks and the only surviving Big 'Un hacked through just enough Handmaidens to rout them. The Boar Boyz did for the other archers and the game was over. Six lovely league points for me and a big casualty box for Scott.

The fight between my Giant and the High Elf General on his pet Griffon was the subject of a steward's enquiry. I had rolled 'Jump Up and Down' on the Giant's Special Attacks, and because Scott's general was man-sized in every respect other than the ear department, I claimed that my Giant had snatched him from his Griffon-top position, thrown him to the ground and jumped up and down on the hapless prince.

After everyone read slowly and with moving lips the relevant section in the Orc and Goblin book (the bottom of page 22) I was vindicated and it was accepted that the attack that reduced the Elven General by a dimension was legitimate.

Further debate ensued concerning cavalry models. The official line turns out to be that they are treated as man-sized targets, as the Giant is attacking the rider rather than the mount.

The next game perfectly illustrates that 'importance of the first move' thing.

Scott crammed his whole High Elf army into the left corner of his deployment zone⁵ (he was drawn to the hill located there like a cat to my freshly made tuna sandwich).

Joe piled all the Dire Wolves and Wight Cavalry at the opposite end of the table. He planned to make a massive sweeping move around some woods and away from all the bow fire.

To keep the Archers entertained and held in position, the Zombies and Necromancers were ordered to shamble directly towards them.

²Our post game analysis mostly consists of comments stating the utterly obvious or of barely disguised insults, but just occasionally an interesting new insight will sneak through into the conversation. These are a bit like those on Match of the Day, obviously without the participation of any silver-haired, crunchy snack sponsored, ex-international players or some Scots bloke whining on about inadequate defensive manoeuvres.

³Craig was present this Saturday, not to play but to indulge in his other favourite hobbies: photography and Stuart baiting.

⁴The Telly Tubbiness proving to be momentarily contagious when Stuart positioned those wayward Flagellants.

⁵Scott is renowned for his love of raised terrain. Ridges, billocks, hills, cliffs, and escarpments; Scott loves them all. If one turns up in his deployment zone it is usually subject to gentle words and a soft caress, just prior to having every available archer plonked on it.

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

Prince Gerriky's Elven Host

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
PRINCE GERRIKY/ Elf Prince	5	7	6	4	4	5	8	4	10	-	Lance, longbow, Griffon, Armour of Protection, Radiant Gem of Hueth.	431
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	7	-		
MAGHARAI Level 2 Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8	-		125
TIAESTRO Level 2 Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8	-		125
THREGLION Level 2 Mage	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	1	8	-		125
20 Archers	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	-		240
20 Archers	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	-		240
20 Archers	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	-		240
10 Shadow Warriors	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	-		150
15 Handmaidens of the Everqueen	5	5	5	3	3	1	5	1	8	-		270

TOTAL 1846 points

after unit opportunistically charged an exposed flank or rear. Alan displayed an ability to expose his rear rather less frequently than Ron and eventually became the marginal victor.

All of which gives us a league table looking like this:

Player	League points per game			Total
Joc	3	6	4	13
Mike	1	6	1	8
Alan	4	3		7
Stuart	0	3		3
Ron	0	2	1	3
Scott	0	0	2	2

Joe prevailed. The wide sweeping flanking attack worked and a single unit of Dire Wolves was able to munch through a large chunk of the Elven army. During the obligatory after-battle review there was a majority agreement that Scott could have prevented it. On turns three and four his Griffon and General destroyed two units of Dire Wolves. Had they moved into position on the left flank during Scott's first move they could also have smashed the other Dire Wolf unit before it struck. Instead Scott opened the battle by moving the monster so as to allow a *Fireball* attempt on Joe's Banshees from the Elven Mage.

This was a fascinating game and one in which Joe had a simple plan which he was able to execute well. This was a solid victory for Joe and puts him in a very strong league position (thirteen points after his first three games).

Should you wish to recreate this encounter, Scott's army list is above⁶.

The next opponent for Greenshanks was Stuart's Empire army. I knew it was going to be a duff game when, during turn one, Stuart's first Great Cannon shot made a cannon ball-sized hole right through my Giant. Moments later five of my units failed their Animosity tests and spent a precious turn bickering rather than advancing. Throughout the game I was plagued with Animosity (I think my Boar Boyz failed three times in six turns). Only on the very last turn did a number of my Boyz finally manage to bring choppa

and Human in contact with each other. My army's last minute acts of brutality reduced Stuart to a marginal victory and earned me a league point.

On the adjacent table, Scott and Ron had slaughtered each other to a standstill. Just as a devastating volley of Elven arrows would remove a unit of Marauders, so the Chaos Knights would plough messily through another unit of pointy eared bowmen. A half empty matchbox was all that was required to carry away the battle's survivors. Thirty two Victory points separated the contestants, indicating a draw and two league points each.

The final battle this month found Ron and his murderous horde facing Alan's pond spawn. Once again Ron caused bin liners of blood (both hot and cold) to be shed. The battle swirled as unit

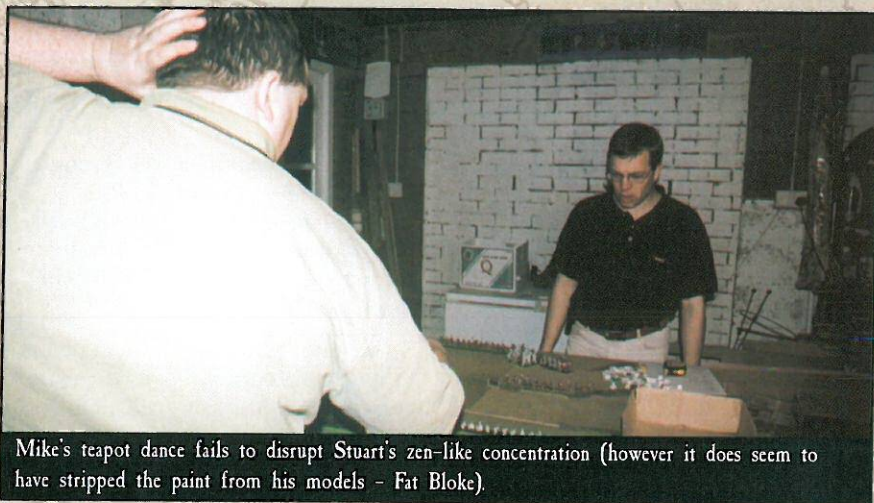
I am quite satisfied with my second place, one massive victory and two close losses seems okay to me.

Join me next month for more battles, footnotes and fast food consumption.

Will Joe or Alan remain unbeaten? Can Scott move off bottom spot? The excitement is almost undetectable.

Right I'm off to clean some dirty finger marks off my hills (and what looks disturbingly like dried drool). See you next month.

Mike

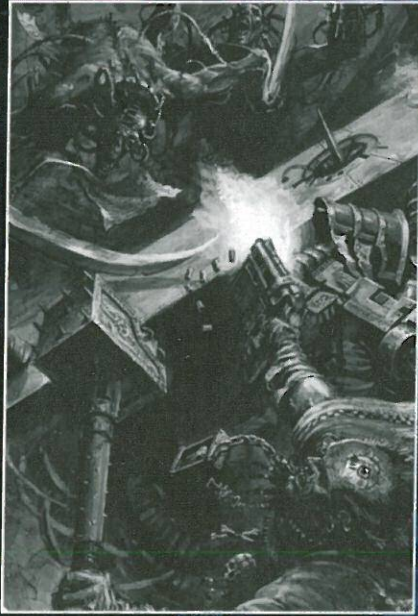


Mike's teapot dance fails to disrupt Stuart's zen-like concentration (however it does seem to have stripped the paint from his models - Fat Bloke).

⁶Should you wish to truly recreate this encounter you will need to get loads of plastic High Elf archers (the ones with the ankle-length skirts) and smear them with bright yellow paint. This colour is hardly in keeping with the more noble whites and blues of conventionally coloured High Elf armies, but as Scott is quick to point out, none of his Archers have ever been involved in a late night road accident in a poorly lit country lane.



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YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

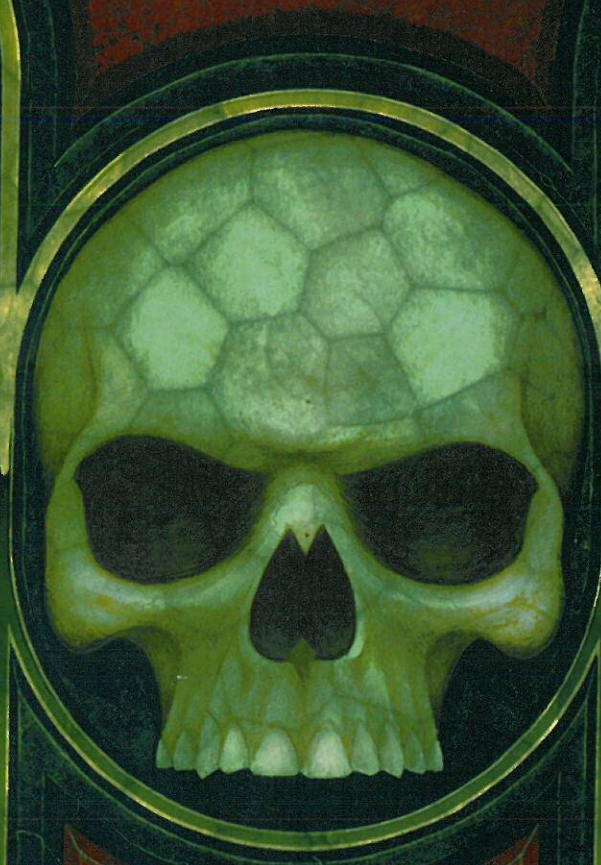
the Inquisition are the bright saviours in an eclipse of evil; purest and most devoted warriors of the Emperor.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

the Inquisition is united in its cause to rid the galaxy of any threat, from without or within.

EVERYTHING YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD IS A LIE





EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD
IS A LIE



Che prepares his Tyrannid army to enter a few club tournaments.

GAMING CLUBS

By Che Webster

Visit the gaming club website at:

www.gamingclub.org.uk

The madness never ends! It's been another fantastic month of processing all those Registration forms you've been sending in, working alongside gaming clubs from across the country, and taking part in the all new tournament season. To add to all of that, we've started to look into some new ideas, like finding ways to encourage even more inter-club activities. As I am writing this I am planning to attend the Student National Tournament in Leicester, and the Spiky Club's home grown Warhammer 40,000 Tournament. I'm ashamed to admit it – but I can't keep up with you all!

WHAT MAKES A GAMING CLUB?

A gaming club only needs three things to make it work:

- 1 - Three or more people with a common interest.
- 2 - Somewhere to meet regularly.
- 3 - Something to do when you meet.

With that in mind, it's easy to see that three mates meeting each week around someone's house to play Warhammer is an example of a small club – a gaming group in the jargon of our hobby. Simply by calling yourselves a club and being open to attract new members, you can quickly create yourselves a great and exciting place to build your hobby.

If you're lucky enough to be at school, college or university you can very easily turn your small group into a large one by moving the venue onto the campus and advertising on the notice boards that you exist. You'll be surprised how many other people you haven't met yet actually enjoy our games too.

However, some of us are left not knowing who plays GW games in our areas, and can't find any local clubs. This is where Games Workshop can offer a little help.

FINDING A LOCAL GAMING CLUB

The hardest thing about clubs is finding them. Clubs are by their very nature quite hard to locate – specialist interests like ours don't always find it easy to make themselves known.

Games Workshop has set up a special database to try and locate every single club that exists in the UK.

An ambitious aim, the point is to publish the location of every club that wants to be known, and to know the whereabouts of those that are a bit more shy. We've set up a special website, which can be found at www.gamingclub.org.uk, and we are working to place the gaming club list there

for anyone to be able to log on and search for their local group.

HOW TO START

Gaming clubs are great things to get involved in. If you feel you would like to set up your own group, why not get your hands on the Gaming Club Toolkit, a custom-made package designed for the total club beginner.

You can get yours by either calling Mail Order (0115 91 40000) or by popping into your local Games Workshop store.

JOIN THE NETWORK

If you're already running a gaming club, but haven't got around to registering yet, here's how:

Option 1: Log on to the Gaming Club Website.

Option 2: Call Mail Order now!

Option 3: Pop in to your local Games Workshop store and ask for a registration form – then simply post it to us.

CONTACT DETAILS

If you would like to send in your news and photos, ask Clubguy a question, or just drop him a line, you can:

E-mail: clubguy@games-workshop.co.uk

Or write to:

UK Clubguy,
Games Workshop HQ,
Willow Road,
Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS.

The Club Toolkit has been put together to give clubs loads of ideas & gear that will get them going.



The new plastic Space Marine Dreadnought kit presents plenty of possibilities, be it on the modelling table or on the battlefield.

HEAVY DUTY

Modelling options with the new plastic Dreadnought kit



The new plastic Dreadnought kit, although essentially mirroring its metal predecessor, has one main advantage: versatility. Jes Goodwin, whose plastic kits are renowned for the numerous modelling options they present, has ensured that the new kit is extremely adaptable.

Provided within the kit are the principle weapons of the Space Marine Dreadnought. The four different weapon arms allow you to choose from an assault cannon, a twin-linked lascannon, a missile launcher and a power fist. The power fist can be augmented by the heavy flamer or storm bolter attachments, both of which can be attached as underslung secondary weapons beneath the primary armament.

The equipment options provided include smoke launchers and a searchlight, and there are a number of icons and purity seals with which to adorn your armoured behemoth. There is a choice of three intricate sarcophagi, allowing you to really go to town on the front of your Dreadnought. The kit also contains one Space Marine transfer sheet, ensuring that your Dreadnought bears the appropriate Chapter markings as it strides into battle.

Finally, the kit comes with a fully detailed scenic base, complete with rocky terrain, spent ammunition cartridges and even some unfortunate's skull!

Space Marine Dreadnoughts are armoured bastions of sheer martial power, many of whom have fought in the Emperor's name for millennia. When a revered Space Marine hero falls in battle and is deemed so grievously wounded that he is beyond even the skill of the Apothecaries, he may be bestowed the honour of interment within one of the Chapter's ancient Dreadnoughts. His broken body is held suspended within an armoured sarcophagus, housed within a towering adamantium killing machine that enables him to fight on for many centuries in a twilight existence of darkness and war. Thus it is that the heroes of the Adeptus Astartes can cheat death itself.

The options available to the Dreadnought tend towards its various roles on the battlefield. For instance, a Dreadnought can act as a mobile firebase, able to fire two heavy weapons even whilst on the move. In this capacity, it can be armed with the twin-linked lascannon and missile launcher (see right). This provides you with an exceptionally durable and mobile tank hunter, capable of penetrating the thickest armour whilst withstanding enemy fire. However, due to the exceptionally long range of these weapons, a wise player can ensure their Dreadnought can pick off its targets with impunity.

Another weapons combination in the plastic kit can provide you with an unstoppable close combat machine (above left). The assault cannon, although relatively short ranged, can rip through heavily armoured infantry with alarming efficiency, whilst the infamous power fist ensures the Dreadnought can tear open tanks as if they were armoured in nothing more than tin foil.

Needless to say, other combinations of these armaments are also undeniably effective.

So don't be afraid to experiment, grab some polystyrene cement and get building, so you can wreak some serious havoc on the gaming table!



This Black Templars Dreadnought is equipped with twin-linked lascannon and missile launcher arms; the Imperium's deadliest heavy weaponry.



Dark Angels Dreadnought with both long range and close quarter armaments.



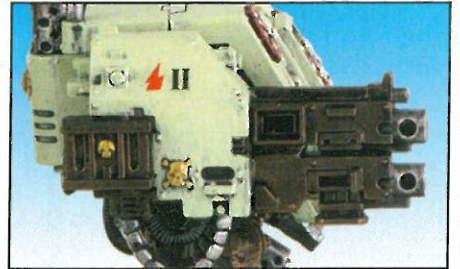
The Storm Giants Dreadnought provides covering fire as its battle brothers advance.

STORM GIANTS

Jim Butler equipped his Storm Giants Dreadnought with twin-linked heavy bolters.



Jim: I'd just put together a Land Raider Crusader for my Storm Giants and, as I equipped it with twin-linked assault cannons, I was left with a couple of heavy bolters. All it took was a little sawing and filing and I had a twin-linked heavy bolter that makes a well-fitting replacement for the Dreadnought's original assault cannon.



SALAMANDERS



Dave Thomas's Salamanders Dreadnought is customised to include one of the Salamanders' signature weapons: the multi-melta, taken from a Space Marine Land Speeder.



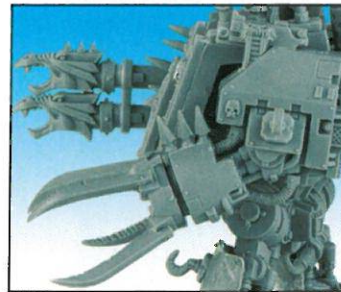
Dave: I wanted to get a bit of narrative into this piece, so I stuck a Tyranid rending claw to the base, covered in chestnut and black ink to

represent ichor (see above right).

The Tyranid's claw marks on the Dreadnought's shoulder were simply scored into the plastic with a sharp knife.



ALPHA LEGION



Rich Baker's hideous Alpha Legion Dreadnought is a prime example of just how different your Dreadnought can look with a bit of conversion work.



Rich: Although many of the additional pieces of this insane creation are from the Spiky Bits frame, I also used plenty of other bits and pieces,

including scythes from the Zombie kit as the Dread's power claw!



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GAMES WORKSHOP

STORES



Lead an army of heroic knights across the battlefield or control a force of Space Marines against the enemies of Mankind.

All of the stores listed on the next page run games for beginners, so if you've never played a Games Workshop game and want to see what it's all about, drop by your local store and ask one of the friendly members of staff for an introductory game!

From there you can begin to collect your first army. You can get help and advice from our store staff along the way. Please drop in at any time and they'll be happy to help.



Visit your local Games Workshop store or stockist (or our website at www.games-workshop.com) and take a look at our range of games and miniatures. Start with purchasing a starter set such as the Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 boxed set. Each comes with all the rules and the core of two armies – you could even share the starter set with a friend and maybe buy a second rulebook. Decide upon an army, get the Army book and start putting your models together. The book and the staff at the Games Workshop stores will help you to decide on how to expand your army. You'll also find helpful articles in White Dwarf.



Painting your army requires commitment and practice, but don't worry – you'll get there. You can play games with an unfinished army to get some practice. Painting and collecting an army is an ongoing process which is half the fun of the hobby. The other part is the gaming itself. White Dwarf magazine is released every month, constantly providing you with new ideas for gaming as well as modelling and painting.

STORE OPENING TIMES

Normal opening hours are:
Mon-Wed & Fri-Sat: 10am to 6pm. Thurs: Midday to 8pm.
Sun: 10am to 4pm.

Some Games Workshop stores have different opening times, please contact your local store for details.

If you want to know where your nearest store is and what's going on there, then just give them a call. We also have Games Workshop stores in 16 different countries across the world – you can call Mail Order on 0115 91 40000 to find out where they are!

All Games Workshop stores provide:

- A comprehensive 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.
- Help with your modelling and painting in the store.
- A Mail Order service for components and older miniatures.
- The latest releases every Saturday.



UK STORES

Use this list of Games Workshop stores to find the nearest one to you.

ALTRINCHAM: Unit 1, 17 Grafton Street.
Tel: 0161 929 9896

BASINGSTOKE: 3 Potters Walk, Wote Street.
Tel: 01256 466 050

BATH: 30 Upper Borough Walls.
Tel: 01225 314 414

BEDFORD: 10 Greyfriars. Tel: 01234 273 663

BIRMINGHAM: 116 Corporation Street.
Tel: 0121 236 7880

BLACKPOOL: 8 Birley Street. Tel: 01253 752 056

BLUEWATER CENTRE: Unit 052B Upper Thames Walk, Bluewater, Greenhithe, Kent.
Tel: 01322 427 880

BOLTON: Unit 13, The Gate Centre.
Tel: 01204 362 131

BOURNEMOUTH: 24 Post Office Road.
Tel: 01202 319 292

BRIGHTON: 7 Nile Street. Tel: 01273 203 333

BRISTOL (CENTRAL): 13 Broad Weir.
Tel: 0117 925 1533

BRISTOL (CRIBBS CAUSEWAY): Unit 129 (next to M&S), Upper level, The Mall at Cribbs Causeway.
Tel: 0117 959 2528

CAMBRIDGE: 8 Bridge Street. Tel: 01223 313 350

CANTERBURY: Unit 5 Iron Bar Lane.
Tel: 01227 452 880

CARLISLE: Unit 2, Earls Lane. Tel: 01228 598 216

CHELMSFORD: Unit 4C, Phase 2, The Meadows Centre. Tel: 01245 490 048

CHELTHAM: 16 Pittville Street.
Tel: 01242 228 419

CHESTER: 112 Foregate Street.
Tel: 01244 311 967

COLCHESTER: 2 Short Wyre Street.
Tel: 01206 767 279

COVENTRY: Unit 39, Upper Level, Cathedral Lanes Shopping Centre.
Tel: 02476 227 311

CRAWLEY: 11 Broadway. Tel: 01293 552 072

DARLINGTON: 78 Skinnergate.
Tel: 01325 382 463

DERBY: 42 Sadler Gate. Tel: 01332 371 657

☆ **DONCASTER:** Unit 10, The Colonnades.
Tel: 01302 320 535

DUDLEY: Unit 36, Merry Hill Centre, Brierley Hill.
Tel: 01384 481 818

EASTBOURNE: 13 Terminus Road.
Tel: 01323 641 423

EXETER: 12 Paris Street. Tel: 01392 490 305

GLOUCESTER: 35 Clarence Street.
Tel: 01452 505 033

GRIMSBY: 9 West St Mary's Gate.
Tel: 01472 347 757

GUILDFORD: Unit 1, 9/12 Tunsgate.
Tel: 01483 451 793

HANLEY: 27 Stafford Street. Tel: 01782 205 287

HARROGATE: 29 Beulah Street.
Tel: 01423 564 310

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: 16 Bridge Street.
Tel: 01442 249 752

☆ **HIGH WYCOMBE:** Unit 29, The Octagon Centre.
Tel: 01494 531 494

HULL: 30 Paragon Street. Tel: 01482 589 576

☆ **IPSWICH:** 2nd Floor, Debenhams, Waterloo House. Tel: 01473 210 031

LEAMINGTON: 22 Park Street. Tel: 01926 435 771

LEEDS (CENTRAL): 12-16 Central Road.
Tel: 0113 242 0834

LEEDS (WHITE ROSE): Unit 28D (near Debenhams), White Rose Centre. T
el: 0113 272 3470

LEICESTER: Unit 2, 16/20 Silver Street.
Tel: 0116 253 0510

LINCOLN: Unit SUA, Saltergate (on outside of Waterside Centre). Tel: 01522 548 027

LOUGHBOROUGH: 22 Biggin Street.
Tel: 01509 238 107

LIVERPOOL: 47 Lord Street. Tel: 0151 258 1404

LUTON: 12 Park Street. Tel: 01582 417 474

MAIDENHEAD: 2 Blandy House, 3/5 King Street.
Tel: 01628 621 854

MAIDSTONE: Unit 6, 1/9 Pudding Lane.
Tel: 01622 677 435

MANCHESTER (CENTRAL): 69/70 Marsden Court, Ardale Centre. Tel: 0161 834 6871

MANCHESTER (TRAFFORD CENTRE): Unit H2, Festival Village, The Trafford Centre, Trafford Park. Tel: 0161 747 2121

MIDDLESBROUGH: Unit 33, 39 Dundas Street.
Tel: 01642 254 091

MILTON KEYNES: Unit 2, West End Extension, 504 Silbury Boulevard, Milton Keynes Shopping Centre.
Tel: 01908 690 477

NEWCASTLE (CENTRAL): 63 Clayton Street.
Tel: 0191 232 2418

NEWCASTLE (METRO CENTRE): Unit B14, First Floor (near the Mediterranean Village). Tel: 0191 461 0950

☆ **NORTHAMPTON:** 38 Princess Walk, Grosvenor Centre.
Tel: 01604 636 687

NORWICH: 12-14 Exchange Street.
Tel: 01603 767 656

NOTTINGHAM (CENTRAL): 34a Friar Lane.
Tel: 0115 948 0651

NOTTINGHAM (WARHAMMER WORLD): Willow Road, Lenton. Tel: 0115 916 8410

OXFORD: 1A Bush House, New Inn, Hall Street.
Tel: 01865 242 182

PETERBOROUGH: 3 Wentworth Street. Tel: 01733 890 052

PLYMOUTH: 84 Cornwall Street.
Tel: 01752 254 121

POOLE: Unit 12 Towngate Centre, High Street. Tel: 01202 685 634

PRESTON: 15 Miller Arcade. Tel: 01772 821 855

PORTSMOUTH: 34 Arundel Street.
Tel: 02392 876 266

READING: 111 Broad Street Mall.
Tel: 0118 959 8693

ST ALBANS: 18 Heritage Close, off High Street. Tel: 01727 861 193

SALISBURY: 1b Winchester Street.
Tel: 01722 330 955

SHEFFIELD (CENTRAL): 16 Fitzwilliam Gate.
Tel: 0114 275 0114

SHEFFIELD (MEADOWHALL CENTRE): Unit 91B, High Street, Upper Mall (next to entrance near Boots). Tel: 0114 256 9836

SHREWSBURY: Unit 1, 2 Bridge Street.
Tel: 01743 362 007

SLOUGH: 101 High Street. Tel: 01753 575 675

SOLIHULL: 690 Warwick Road.
Tel: 0121 705 7997

SOUTHAMPTON: 23 East Street.
Tel: 02380 331 962

SOUTHEND: 12 Southchurch Road.
Tel: 01702 461 251

SOUTHPORT: Unit K2, Marble Place Shopping Centre.
Tel: 01704 501 255

STOCKPORT: 32 Mersey Square.
Tel: 0161 474 1427

SUNDERLAND: 253 York Street, (just off the High Street near M&S). Tel: 0191 567 3646

SWINDON: 17 Fleet Street. Tel: 01793 436 036

THURROCK: Unit 415B, Level 3/Food Court, Lakeside Shopping Centre. Tel: 01708 867 133.

TORQUAY: 12 Market Street. Tel: 01803 201 036.

TRURO: Unit 1, Bridge House, New Bridge Street.
Tel: 01872 320 047.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS: 4A Camden Road.
Tel: 01892 625 783.

WALSALL: Unit 27 Old Square Shopping Centre.
Tel: 01922 725 207

WARRINGTON: Unit 20, Time Square (near Currys).
Tel: 01925 651 984

WINCHESTER: 6 St Georges Street.
Tel: 01962 860 199

WOKING: Unit 3 Cleary Court, 169 Church Street,
Tel: 01483 771 675

WOLVERHAMPTON: Unit 98, Mander Centre.
Tel: 01902 310 466.

WORCESTER: 4 Charles Street. Tel: 01905 616 707

YORK: 13a Lendal. Tel: 01904 628 014

LONDON (INNER M25)

BROMLEY: Unit 8, The Mall, Bromley.
Tel: 0208 466 0678

BRENT CROSS: Unit F9, Lower Mall (near Fenwicks), Brent Cross Shopping Centre. Tel: 0208 202 4979

CROYDON: Unit 35, Drummond Centre (outside at the back of the centre), Keeley Road. Tel: 0208 680 4600

EALING: 52D St Saviours Mall (towards back of the centre), Ealing Broadway Centre. Tel: 0208 840 0171

ENFIELD: 3/5 Genotin Road. Tel: 0208 363 3238

HAMMERSMITH: 161 King Street. Tel: 0208 846 9744

HARROW: 296 Station Street. Tel: 0208 861 2350

KENSINGTON: Shop 7, Lancer Square, Kensington Church Street. Tel: 0207 937 7011

KINGSTON ON THAMES: 33 Fife Road. Tel: 0208 549 5224

OXFORD ST (LONDON): Unit F10, The Plaza Shopping Centre, 1st floor, 116-128 Oxford Street. Tel: 0207 436 0839

RICHMOND: Unit 8, Westminster House, Kew Road. Tel: 0208 948 6122

☆ **ROMFORD:** 12 Quadrant Arcade. Tel: 01708 742 140

STAINES: 52D Elmsleigh Centre (at back of M&S).
Tel: 01784 460 675

SUTTON: Unit 24, Times Square Shopping Centre.
Tel: 0208 770 9454

WATFORD: Unit Q, 1A Queen Street, Harlequin Centre. Tel: 01923 245 388

SCOTLAND

ABERDEEN: Unit 1, 30/40 Upper Kirkgate.
Tel: 01224 621 261

AYR: 10 Arran Mall, Dalblair Arcade (behind Hourstons dept. store). Tel: 01292 610 673

BRAEHEAD: 115 Braehead Shopping Centre, King Inch Road. Tel: 0141 885 9440

DUNDEE: 110 Commercial Street. Tel: 01382 202 382

EAST KILBRIDE: 4 Righead Gate (at the back of M&S). Tel: 01355 224 680

EDINBURGH: 136 High Street. Tel: 0131 220 6540

FALKIRK: 12 Cow Wynd. Tel: 01324 624 553

GLASGOW: 198/200 Hope Street. Tel: 0141 332 5588

PERTH: 6 Fleshers Vennel. Tel: 01738 445 840

STIRLING: 14 Barnton Street. Tel: 01786 448 263

WALES

CARDIFF: 31 High Street, Glamorgan. Tel: 02920 644 917

NEWPORT: 25 Skinner Street. Tel: 01633 256 295

SWANSEA: 45 Princess Way. Tel: 01792 463 969

NORTHERN IRELAND

BELFAST: 70A Castle Court (towards back of the Centre).
Tel: 02890 23 3684

LISBURN: 3 Smithfields Square. Tel: 02892 634 150

EIRE

BLANCHARDSTOWN: Unit 249a, Blanchardstown Shopping Centre, Dublin. Tel: 00 353 1 822 3868

DUBLIN: Unit 3, Lower Liffey Street.
Tel: 00 35 31 872 5791

SCANDINAVIA

☆ **COPENHAGEN:** Frederiksborggade 5.
Tel: 45 33 122 217

STOCKHOLM: Regeringsgatan 30, 111 53.
Tel: 46 821 3840

NETHERLANDS

AMSTERDAM: Rokin 36, 1012KT.
Tel: ++ 31 206 223 863

HAARLEM: Gierstraat 29, 2011 GA.
Tel: ++ 31 23 551 7677.

NIJMEGEN: Stikke Hezelstraat 48, 6511 JZ.
Tel: ++ 31 24 3224 7000.

ROTTERDAM: 452 Van Oldenbarneveltplaats.
Tel: ++ 31 102 800 268

WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP STORE!

Every Games Workshop store is the centre of a whole host of games, battles and events. Whether you play Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer or you're a complete newcomer, you'll find something to interest you. This month there's the awesome Living Dead participation games and a whole host of fantastic events and games over the Easter holidays.

On certain days of the week we also focus on gamers' needs. Have a look below to see which day suits you best.



ALL DAY TUESDAY

Think you're a good general? Then check with your store to see what they're playing on Veteran's Day. Whether you want to prove your mettle against other hardened Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 gamers, or try out your Bloodbowl team or Warmaster host, Tuesdays are when we open our doors to all the experienced generals out there, so you can test yourself against the best.

BEGINNERS ALL DAY SUNDAY



We run special games every Sunday especially for beginners. If you want to learn about the world of Warhammer, or lead a squad of Space Marines into battle, all you need to do is come along!

If you already play Games Workshop games, why not ask a friend to come along on a Sunday to introduce them to your hobby.



GAMING

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BEGINNERS SUNDAYS



Keep this card to track the progress of your painting and gaming skills.

YOUR NAME:



We also run our special Beginners program on Sundays, where we can help you take your first steps into the Games Workshop Hobby. You can learn all the basics, like controlling units, painting miniatures and forming battle plans for your army.



THURSDAY NIGHT

Games Workshop stores stay open late to play awesome games. Just come down to your local store on Thursday to join in, particularly if you've just graduated from our Sunday Beginners' program. But we don't just game, you can also get advice on all you need to know about painting and building your army.



ALL DAY SATURDAY

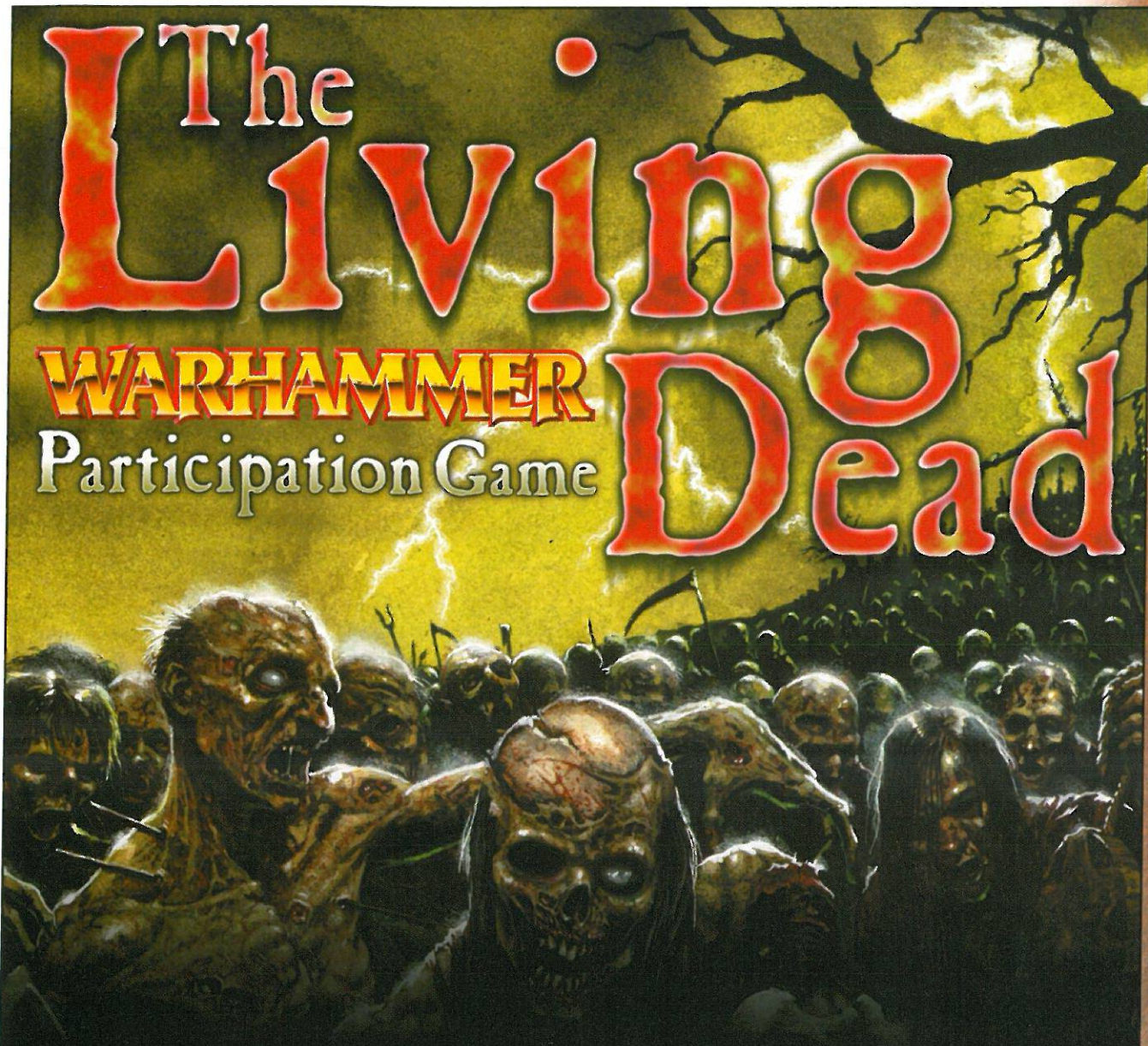
The Saturday Warlords game is for everyone; it's the highlight of the store's week. Just ask the staff about what's happening. And remember that Saturday is new release day, so make sure you go in to check out the latest new miniatures!

Please note that some Games Workshop stores don't open on Sundays or on Thursday nights. Please call your local store for details.

EASTER GAMING

Don't be bored in the Easter holidays this year!

For the two weeks of the Easter holidays every Games Workshop store will be the centre of a whole host of games, battles, activities and events. Whether you play Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, you'll find something that suits you. Every day there will be battles for anyone to join in, but that's just the start of it. Ask in your local store for more details.



The LIVING WARHAMMER Participation Game DEAD

SATURDAY 31st MARCH

The dead rise again. Hordes of mindless Zombies, and rank upon rank of shambling Skeletons gather to assault the lands of the living. Can this tide of murderous corpses be stopped? Or will the lands of the living fall under the sway of the mighty Vampire Counts!

If you want to play all you need to do is turn up! Call your local store for details.

GAMES WORKSHOP

INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS

Here is a list of the best Games Workshop independent 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.

BENELUX

ALKMAAR

Bookers & Strippers, Boterstraat 19, 1811 Hp, ☎ 725121916

ALMELO

Somberg Modelbouw, Grotestraat 136, 7607 Cw, ☎ 546812981

ALMERE HAVEN

Fantasia, Kerkgracht 41, 1345 Ae, ☎ 365316017

AMERSFOORT

• Spellenwinckel, Bloemendalsestraat 32, 3811 Es, ☎ 334700322

AMSTERDAM

The Game Keeper, Hartenstraat 14, 1016 Cb, ☎ 206381579

AMSTERDAM

Sir Ludemus, Kinkerstraat 16, 1053 Dv, ☎ 204121083

ANTWERPEN

The Lonely Mountain, Nationalestraat 29, 2000, ☎ 32260401

APELDOORN

De Collector, Marktstraat 20, 7511 Ch, ☎ 555214796

ARNHEM

• Spelkwartier V.O.F. Nieuwstad 34-36, 6811 Bl, ☎ 263517669

BREDA

Modelbouw Bliet, Boschstraat 23, 4811 Ga, ☎ 765218596

BRIELLE

Speelboom, Nobelstraat 3-5, 3231 BA, ☎ 181414294

CASTRICUM

I.J. Vaalburg, Pernestraat 31, 1901 Av, ☎ 251652216

DELFT

Speldorado, Hippolytusbuurt 21-25, 2611 Hm, ☎ 152134516

DEN BOSCH

Atomik Den Bosch, Hinthamerstraat 90, 5211 Ms, ☎ 736145530

DEN BOSCH

Modelbouw Centrum, Oude Vlymenseweg 84k, 5223 Gp, ☎ 736220469

DEN HAAG

Bleijenberg, Theresiastraat 280-284, 2593 Ax, ☎ 703473120

DEVENTER

Knibbel Comics, Nieuwstraat 65, 7411 Lj, ☎ 570616879

DORDRECHT

Hobbymodelbouw, Voorstraat 360, 3311 Cx, ☎ 786312711

EINDHOVEN

Atomik Eindhoven, Nieuwstraat 7c, 5611 Da, ☎ 402963299

GELEEN

Tactica, Passage 2, 6163 Cj, ☎ 464743016

GRONINGEN

Krikke's Hobbyshop, Nieuweweg 6, 9711 Te, ☎ 50312931

HAARLEM

Fantasy Fanatics, Kleine Houtstraat 9 2011 Dd, ☎ 235420231

HAARLEM

Intertoys Marco, Rivieradreef 38-40, 2037 Ah, ☎ 235334273

HASSELT

Christiaensen Hasselt, Maastrichterstraat 1, 3500, ☎ 11222178

HENGELO

Mickey Van Wezel Speelgoed, Burg.Jansenplein 14-17, 7551 Ec, ☎ 742912200

HILVERSUM

Games Enzo Hilversum, Groest 86-31, 1211 Ed, ☎ 356229888

Modelbouw Centrum, Hoge

Larenseweg 3, 1221 Aj, ☎ 356832877

HOOFDORP

De Film Shop, Tuinweg 30, 2130 AG, ☎ 235633982

LEEWARDEN

• Spellekijn Vof, Voorstreek 3, 8911 Jh, ☎ 582131112

LEIDEN

Magic Friends, St. Aagtenstraat 26, 2312 Bc, ☎ 715130522

LELYSTAD

De Treinenhoek, Botter 44-15, 8243 Je, ☎ 320253160

LEOPOLDSBURG

N.V.Moestermans, Maarschalk Fochstraat 12-14, 3970, ☎ 11393846

MAASTRICHT

Vlieg-Er-Uit, Brusselsestraat 70, 6211 Pg, ☎ 433251653

MAASTRICHT

Hounjet Speelgoed, Burg. Cortenstraat 18, 6226 Gv, ☎ 433636778

NIJMEGEN

Moenen & Mariken, Van Welderen Straat 70, 6511 Mp, ☎ 243236119

NUENEN

Schellens Speelgoed, Parkstraat 24, 5671 Gg, ☎ 402832984

OUD-BEIJERLAND

Mourits Modelbouw, Croonenburgh 32, 3261 Rg, ☎ 186621931

SITTARD

Atomik, Stationsstraat 19, 6131 Ax, ☎ 464515074

TILBURG

Spelkwartier 'Het Labyrinth', Langestraat 176, 5038 Sh, ☎ 135443700

UTRECHT

The Cave, Oude Gracht 194, 3511 Nr, ☎ 302333010

WADDINXVEEN

Van De Wal Speelgoed, Passage 23, 2741 HB, ☎ 182631882

ZWOLLE

• Spelkwartier Zwolle, Luttekestraat 36, 8011 Lr, ☎ 384216385

FINLAND

ÅLAND

Ancis Lek & Hobby, Skarpansvägen 29, ☎ 0358 18 21470

FORSSA

Fun Stuff & Cards, Turuntie, ☎ 03-435 65 85

HANKO

Hobby-Jobi, Vuorikatu 10, ☎ 019-284 54 98

HELSINKI

Fantasiapelit, Kaisaniemen Metroasema, ☎ 09-650 803

HYVINKÄÄ

Royal Toys, Torikatu 7, ☎ 019-439 376

HÄMEENLINNA

Sheriffi, Sibeliuksenkatu 11, ☎ 03-682 48 18

IISLAMI

Taikatalo, Savonkatu 12, ☎ 017-826 358

JOENSUU

Fantasiapelit, Torikatu 24, ☎ 013-284 31 44, Päivänsäde, Kauppakatu 30, IlKrs, ☎ 013-126 297

JYVÄSKYLÄ

Korttikulma, Vainonkatu, ☎ 014-620 477

JÄMINKIPOHJA

Vanha Kaarti, Sahantie 5, ☎ 03-476 28 86

JÄMSÄ

Jaakko Saari, Välitie 1, ☎ 014-749 72 15

KERAVA

Antikvariaatti Kersa, Torikatu 1, ☎ 09-294 42 10

KOUVOLA

Muoviepox, Valtakatu 3, ☎ 05-311 79 55

KUOPIO

Crazy Station, Puijonkatu 37, ☎ 017-264 00 53
Game House, Suokatu 30, ☎ 017-580 05 60
Kirja - ja Lehtilinna, Kuninkaankatu 23, ☎ 017-261 97 95

LAHTI

Puolenkuun Pelit, Rautatienkatu 16, ☎ 03-751 51 51

Lappeenranta

Luolamestari, Koulukatu 25, ☎ 040-724 42 46

LOHJA

Lohjan Kirjakauppa, Laurinkatu 48, ☎ 019-324 150

MIKKELI

Muppela, Porrassalmenkatu 21, ☎ 015-361 611.
Stuntman, Mannerheimintie 10, ☎ 015-365 490

NAANTALI

Kirjakauppa Birgitta, Tullikatu 13, ☎ 02-431 07 55

OULU

Fantasiapelit, Koulukatu 28, ☎ 08-374 906
Game Group, Aleksanterinkatu, ☎ 08-311 24 06

Puolenkuun Pelit, Hallituskatu 11, ☎ 08-336644

ORIPÄÄ

Papru, Keskustie 27, ☎ 03-335 71 41

PAIMIO

Vistan Divari, Vistantie 15, ☎ 02-470 64 86

PIETARSAARI

Pietarsaaren Kirjakauppa, Isokatu 11, ☎ 06-723 08 89

PORI

Fun & Games, Antinkatu 10, ☎ 02-641 53 00

RAAHE

Hittimaatti, Fellmannin puistikatu 18, ☎ 08-223 83 88

RAISIO

Raision Kirjakauppa, Tasalanaukio 1, ☎ 02-438 11 31

RAUMA

Kirjameri, Valtakatu 3, ☎ 02-549 40 00

ROVANIEMI

Liigacenter Jassi, Sampokeskus, ☎ 016-356 05 45

SALO

Kuisma, Kauppakeskus Plaza, ☎ 02-777 66 29

SAVONLINNA

Kirjakauppa Knut Posse, Olavinkatu 44, ☎ 015-540 900
Savonlinnan Antikvariaatti, Olavinkatu 51, ☎ 015-534 412

SEINÄJOKI

Pitkakiello, Sampokeskus, ☎ 06-417 78 80

SOMERO

Someron Datapiste, Joensuuntie 12 ☎ 02-748 82 47

TAMPERE

Fantasiapelit, Rongankatu 5-7, ☎ 03-222 52 00
Game House, Tuomiokirkonkatu 34, ☎ 03-223 13 33
Kirja kärkkäinen, Koskikeskus, ☎ 03-225 18 00
Player One, Tuomiokirkonkatu 30, ☎ 03-222 36 66
Player One, Koskikeskus, ☎ 03-223 06 66

Tornio

Kattentaika, Lansiranta 9, ☎ 016-572 727

TURKU

Fantasiapelit, Yliopistonkatu 33 A, ☎ 02-232 84 13

VAASA

Nirunaru, Rauhankatu 19,
☎ 06-312 70 27
Pitkakiekko, Rewell-Center

VANTAA

Game House, Unikkotie 9,
☎ 09-873 36 91

VALKEAKOSKI

Valkeakosken Kirjakeskus,
Kauppatori 3, ☎ 03-584 51 35

ICELAND**REYKJAVIK**

Nexus ,Hverfisgata 103,
☎ 552 9011

NORWAY**ARENDAL**

P M Danielsen, Torvet 10,
☎ 27009833

BERGEN

Valhall, Olav Kyrres Gt.28,
☎ 55314822

Bodø

Underholdningsmagneten
Sandgt.3, ☎ 75525070

DRAMMEN

Elkjøp, Bj.Bjørnsonsgate 60,
☎ 32819670

Havgesund

Centro Handel, Haraldsgt 125,
☎ 52724028

KONGSBERG

Hobbyhjørnet, Storgt 19,
☎ 32731783

KRISTIANSAND

Gustav Pedersen, Henrik
Werglandsgt 27, ☎ 38023622

LARVIK

Sokrates Lekeland, Torvet 8a,
☎ 33185437

MOSS

Frisenfeldt, Dr.Gt 10,
☎ 69251290

OSLO

Outland, Østbanehallen
Jernbanetorget, ☎ 1 22177010

OSLO

Avalon Bok As, Karl Johans Gt.
37-43 (2etg), ☎ 22333308

SANDNES

O Saeland, Langgatan 44,
☎ 51661509

SANDVIKA

Hobbylarsen, Sandvika Storsenter,
☎ 51683350

STAVANGER

Veslefrikk, Skagen 12,
☎ 51895232

TROMSØ

Tromsø Bokhandel, Kirkegata 6,
☎ 77686974

TRONDHEIM

Outland, Munkeg.58,

TRONDHEIM

Dreamlands, Konges Gate 29
☎ 73512888

POLAND**BIALYSTOK**

P.H. Gomis, Lipowa 6,
☎ 85 7322011

ELBLAG

Ksiegarnia Quo Vadis, 1 Maja 35,
☎ 55 2325791

GDANSK

Maciej Petriw - Iskra,
Miszewskiego 16,
☎ 58 3412431 ext 31

GLIWICE

Alibi, Sztabu Powstanczego 7,
☎ 32 3316351

GLOGOW

Centrum Gier, Al. Wolnosci 42,
☎ 76 8354166

GORZOW

Daniel, Bolesiawa Chrobrego 9,
☎ 95 7203758

KATOWICE

Ono-1, Kochanowskiego 5,
☎ 32 2517107

KRAKOW

Bard Centrum Gier, Batorego 20,
☎ 12 6320735

Firma Handlowa Szeherazada,
Mikolajska 6, ☎ (mobile) 6014776683

LODZ

'Ajk' Firma Ksiegarska,
Piotrkowska 90, ☎ 42 6398301

Oddzial B., Piotrkowska 107,
☎ 42 6301579

LUBLIN

Krzys, Kapucynska 6, ☎ 81 5311986

POPOLE

Hms Computers II S.C.,
Krakowska 41a, ☎ 77 4547413

POZNAN

Pantera, Sw. Marcina 61,
☎ 61 8330468

PC Serwis, Kmicica 6, ☎ 61 8535928

RZESZOW SOSNOWIEC

Gnom, Rybna 6, ☎ 32 2665850

SZCZECIN

Elf S.C., Piaskowa 20,
☎ (mobile) 602763357

TORUN

Sklep Papierniczy, Szeroka 46,
☎ 56 6522593

WARSAWA

Bellona Krakowski Przedmiescie 11,
☎ 22 826 1707

Strefa 51, Dlugosza 2/16,
☎ 22 6549811

Sklep Morion S.C, Powstancow
Slaskich 124 (Pawilon 155),
☎ (mobile) 602276219

Faber Faber Sc, Pulawska 11,
☎ 22 8491265

Argus Sp Zoo, Malczewskiego 18,
☎ 22 8445215

Firma Ksiegarska Centaur,
Modzelewskiego 81,
☎ 22 6175746

Mag Jacek Rodek, Cypryjska 54,
☎ 22 6428285

WROCLAW

Centrum Gier,
Kazimierza Wielkiego 27,
☎ 71 3421217

P.H.U Rekman Sc, Wisniowa 83/87
☎ 71 3372119

ZAKOPANE

Upominek, Krupowki 34a ,
☎ 18 2063425

SWEDEN**ALINGSÅS**

Active Kid, Färgaregatan 18,
☎ 0322 634511

Borlänge

Spel & Hobby, Bragegallerian,
☎ 0243 88855

ENKÖPING

TV-Spelsbörsen, Rådmanngatan 11,
☎ 0171 479494

ESKILSTUNA

TV-Spelsbörsen, Kungsgatan 20,
☎ 0161 25225

FALUN

TV-Spelsbörsen, Falugatan 2,
☎ 023 27775

GÄVLE

Hobby & Presentboden, Nygatan 40,
☎ 026 186299

Spelbrädet, Norra Kungsgatan 29,
☎ 026 102044

GÖTEBORG

Flammans Spel, Tegnersgatan 8,
☎ 031 180387

Tradition, Femmanhuset,
☎ 031 150366

Tradition, Järntorget,
☎ 031 241468

HÄRNÖSAND

Escape Data, L.
Nordströmsgatan 2A,
☎ 0611 15956

HELSINGBORG

• Spel & Sânt ,Norra Kyrkogatan 10,
☎ 042 242494

JÖNKÖPING

Playoff Card & Games,
Barnarpsgatan 31 ☎ 036 711213

KALMAR

Lek & Hobby, Södra Långgatan 32,
☎ 0480 24717

KARLSKOGA

Leklådan, Bergsmansvägen 17,
☎ 0586 33333

KARLSKROMA

Serieslussen, Riksvägen 34,
☎ 0455 29959

Simsalabim, Norra Kungsgatan 4,
☎ 0455 311463

KARLSTAD

New Toys, Drottninggatan 15,
☎ 054 210215

KATRINEHOLM

Narren, Prinsgatan 2,
☎ 070 5546848

KIRUNA

Kiruna Lek-City, Kupolen,
☎ 0980 80801

KNIVSTA

Data & TV-Spelsaffär'n, Särsta Torg,
☎ 018 292460

Leknet, Forsbyvägen 6D
☎ 018 347786

KRISTIANSTAD

Hönan Agda, Västra Storgatan 39,
☎ 044 102288

LIDKÖPING

TV-Spelsbutiken, Skaragatan 4,
☎ 0510 66657

LINKÖPING

Lekia, IKEA-Huset, ☎ 013 1 3570

Tradition, Storgatan ,
☎ 54 013 137840

LJUNGBY

Gamesmania, Föreningsgatan 9,
☎ 0370 10646

LULEÅ

Spelkällan, Köpmansgatan 48,
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Fanatic



By Bo Tolstrup
Northern European
Hobby Manger

Fanatic is a Danish Tournament for gamers by gamers, an event for new generals and gnarled veterans of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, including numerous events, games and competitions.

You can still enjoy the games even if you don't have any models of your own, as we will supply all of the necessary miniatures.

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ARAGA STOOD UPON the crest of the hill, leaning on his spearstaff, and looked out across the savannah. The rolling grasslands stretched for miles in every direction, a yellow sea swaying gently in the wind, broken only by the occasional tree or rocky outcrop. On the horizon he could make out the darker green of the jungle canopy. The tribesman took out a red-coloured root from an animal skin pouch around his neck and began to chew it. As he crushed the root between his teeth, he felt its juices spreading their effect through his body, loosening the ties between mortal flesh and spirit. His limbs began to go numb and he felt his mind ready itself for the journey to the world of the gods. He looked vaguely up into the yellow sky, his gaze attracted by movement.

From out of the heavens dropped a star, rapidly falling towards him, straight as an arrow towards the ridge. This was an omen, but Araga was not sure if it was good or ill. For almost a hundred heartbeats the tribesman watched the object growing larger and larger, until it impacted into the ground at the base of the hill in a shower of mud and dust. It looked like a gigantic egg, made of thick leathery skin and ribbed bone plates. As Araga watched, the egg cracked open, its upper half peeling apart like a grotesque flower. There was a spray of purplish ichor, and a large, gangling shape flopped from the star-egg onto the ground.

The shape stretched itself up to its full height, the fluids of its cocoon dripping from its body. It was over twice Araga's height, and as it stood on two thick legs it unfolded four upper limbs, two of them wicked-looking claws over a man's height in length. Its purplish flesh was protected by overlapping chitinous plates, and powerful muscle and sinew rippled under its dark skin. Araga's heart began beating faster and faster and he felt cold sweat prickling all over his body, making him shiver uncontrollably as the creature looked around, seeming to sniff the air. With a sudden snap of its monstrous insect head, the beast fixed its hellish glare on Araga, snaring him in the gaze of its red eyes. With a pace startling for its size, the star-beast bounded up the slope, its forelimbs ripping at the earth to increase its speed.

Araga found himself transfixed, unable to move or shout. He realised this must be one of the creatures from beyond the Void which the newcomers had warned his people about, a predator from beyond the distant stars which had come for his soul. As the monster sped towards him, Araga felt something nagging at the back of his mind, and realised he could hear a rumbling from off to his right. He wanted to look but could not tear his eyes away from the demon of destruction racing towards him. The creature was only a few great strides away from Araga, its claws arching back to deliver the killing attack.

Without warning, a dazzling storm of light lashed into the Void Demon, blasting it sprawling to the ground, its limbs flailing wildly. Snapped out of the beast's hypnotic

spell, Araga span to see metal creatures advancing along the ridge, spitting fire at the monstrous intruder. The Sky Spirits had arrived to save him!

THE NATIVE JUST keeps on staring dumbly at us as we open fire again. I guess it ain't that surprising, considering that to these guys a simple mono-edged knife is a creation of the gods. Dumb locals. If they weren't so stupid they'd be able to fend for themselves and we wouldn't be here risking our necks to protect them. My attention's distracted away from him when the Lictor gets to its feet again and the Chimeras have to fire another volley into the creature. I order the rest of the platoon to take up firing positions, keeping up a steady stream of las bolts as we advance. The Lictor then leaps at Franx's squad, but even as it races towards them, hissing like some damned Oviran cobra, they tear it apart with their lasguns and heavy bolter. It kind of collapses in on itself, those huge killing claws folding over its body.

I walk up to make sure it's truly dead. You can never tell with these fragging Tyranids. Some of them have got powers of regeneration you wouldn't believe. Its dark blood is spattered all over the thin grass, and it certainly looks like a corpse. To make sure, I level my laspistol at its head and fire six shots.

"Okay, Last Chancers!" I call to my platoon. "Mount up and move out!"

Some of them begin to walk back to the Chimera transports, but Franx, Letts and some others walk over to where I'm standing. It's Letts who speaks first.

"We've been thinking, Kage. We've got the perfect opportunity here. I mean, we've got a great chance to get the hell out of this fragging outfit, once and for all."

I look at them, not knowing what they mean. "What've you got in mind?"

"Well," Franx says, "It's two leagues to the jungles. The Colonel would never find us in there, and there's plenty of food to forage, shelter, everything we need to survive. We just have to turn the Chimeras south and we're free men again."

His eyes are intense now beneath his thick curls of hair, and he takes another step forward.

"Think of it!" he continues. "No more Last Chancers! No more fragging suicide missions for the Colonel. No more spending every minute wondering which of a thousand kinds of hell we're going to end up in next. Free men, Lieutenant, free men!"

I can hardly believe it. I've been fighting with Franx for a year, and Letts has been with the XIIIth Penal Legion for twice as long. Like me, like all the Last Chancers, they were thrown out of their regular units for breaking the Imperial Guard's rules in a big way, to serve the rest of their lives in a penal legion. We've walked across a dozen battlefields together, in the worst fighting you can imagine. We've been through them all – suicide assaults, rearguard actions and any other no-hope situation you can think

of. It takes more than guts and brawn to survive for that long and I can't believe they're being so stupid now.

"What kind of fraggin' scheme is that?" I snap, and their jaws drop. Franx starts getting angry, and I can see the blood rushing to his face. He's gonna start trouble if I don't do something right now.

"Look, boys," I say, trying to calm them down, "you haven't thought this through, really. There's a Tyranid hive ship up there, full of specially evolved killing machines, all hungry to eat you up as soon as look at you. The only reason the sky isn't full of mycetic spores yet is 'cause we've managed to pick off the Lictors before they found Deliverance, so they ain't sure where to commit their forces. But it's just a stalling action, 'cause we can't get them all, no way – and even if we could, as soon as they find out there's more Imperial transports on the way, they'll send every bio-engineered little fragger they've got onto the planet. So the way I see it, you've got two choices. There's your plan, which means hanging around in the open. I know it's jungle but they'll still find you when they come down, and then what kind of chance are you gonna have? Or, you can come back with me to Deliverance, where there's a big wall to hide behind, three hundred more Last Chancers, the Battle Sisters and two thousand natives to help us fight. Your choice, but if you ain't going my way I'm gonna have to insist you go on foot. The Colonel would skin me if I let you take the Chimeras. It's only midday, so you've got eight hours walking to sundown, plenty of time for you to hole up and wait for the damn Tyranids to come."

I see realisation dawning on their faces like the sun breaking out from behind a cloud. I thought I'd taught them better than this, but it just goes to show that some people never learn anything unless they get taught the hard way. Unfortunately, when you're in the Last Chancers, most people who learn the hard way are food for the worms.

They don't say anything, they just turn around and start walking back to the Chimeras. I take one last look at the Lictor, just to be safe. It's strange, 'cause any other type of cadaver would be crawling with flesh-ants on this damn planet by now, and there'd be a flock of carrion birds circling overhead. But there's nothing; not even the bugs will touch a Tyranid. Frag, of all the things in this galaxy, those fraggers make my skin crawl the most.

SO WE FINISH the firesweep, and I'm back in Deliverance, debriefing with the Colonel in the central keep. I can see the rest of the missionary station out of the window, the mid-afternoon sun blazing down fiercely. It's not big, little more than a large village really, half a mile across, with a large central compound, some scattered buildings and, of course, this keep which doubles as an Ecclesiarchy shrine. I can see the men walking sentry on the curtain wall and even at this distance I reckon I can feel their tension.

"Kage!" Colonel Schaeffer barks, and I snap back from the outside world. There's him,

me and the other two Lieutenants – Green and Kronin.

“As I was saying,” the Colonel continues pointedly, “We’ve had contact with the relief force. They are no more than two days away. If we can hold for just forty-eight hours, there will be two whole regiments of Imperial Guard. The wall should be fairly straightforward to defend. It is eighteen feet high, so we just have to worry about their Hormagaunts and Lictors leaping straight up it; the others we can pick off as they climb up the walls. That leaves only the gate, but that is flanked by two towers with emplaced autocannons, and we can park a Chimera behind the gates themselves to make them harder to force. Any questions?”

Kronin clears his throat nervously and wipes a hand through the thin hair plastered across his scalp. He’s a skinny man, kind of jittery in my experience. Emperor alone knows how he had the guts to have his squad incinerate an Imperial temple after stealing the artefacts inside. Even more of surprise is that the Ecclesiarchy didn’t demand his head on a pole and his entrails decorating the roadway.

“What about Gargoyles, sir?” Kronin asks.

“No problem,” the Colonel assures us. He’s ice cold, as usual, as calm as if we weren’t going to be fighting for our damned lives in a few days, perhaps even in the next few hours. As always, he’s wearing his full dress uniform, clean shaven like he was fresh out of the barracks. He’s a big man, physically I mean, but there’s more to him than that. Those cold blue eyes and his own force of will make him seem twice as tall as anyone around. I wouldn’t call it charisma, ‘cause he’s an uncommunicative and surly man. He just has this sheer presence that fills the room. “We have two Hydras and this keep has four point-defence emplacements. If anything tries flying over the walls, we have the firepower to gun them down. In any case, Kage and his platoon are acting as mobile reserve behind the walls. If the Tyranids get a breakthrough at the walls or gates, or we get some unexpected visitors dropping down, he’ll move in and bolster the defence. Anything else?”

I glance out of the window again and see the sunlight glittering off highly polished armour, which makes me think of something.

“The Sisters. What’s the deal there?” I ask, already knowing the answer.

“The Adepta Sororitas are under Ministorum authority, so we have no direct control over their actions. I have spoken to the Sister Superior in charge and outlined our plan. I am sure they

will play their part. The same applies to the levies. They will be manning the walls, and we will concentrate our guns around the gatehouse. That is where the fighting will be fiercest. If you need to see me, that is where you will find me.”

No surprise there, then. The Colonel is always in the roughest of the fighting, and he always walks out, too. Emperor alone knows what makes him do it. We’re here because we did wrong, and got caught. But him? What did he do wrong? I mean, what kind of man would choose to lead an Imperial Guard Penal Legion? What kind of mind do you need to walk into so many situations where you must be blessed by the Emperor to ever take another breath again, and then march straight out and into the next one? He must be mad, I mean seriously insane. They say he spends his time on board ship practising ways to kill himself in the event that he’s wounded. I take it back about the Tyranids. There are some things which are a hell of a lot more scary, because they’re in human form. That’s what they say he is, a devil in human form, and when he’s ready for a fight like now, and you look into his eyes like I’m doing now, you can believe it.

IT’S ABOUT NOON the day after and the Tyranids have found us. Maybe a Lictor slipped through the net, which wouldn’t be surprising considering that for big brutes they can be really sneaky. They can sniff you out ten miles downwind, and they’re covered in scales which shift colour so that you can’t see them. Or maybe the ‘Nids just got fed up with waiting and decided to come and get us, wherever we are.

I stood on the wall last night and watched the spores dropping down. Scary sight, believe me. It was like ten meteor storms all at once, these falling stars coming down, wave after wave of them. There’s an old saying, if you see a shooting star you can offer a prayer to the Emperor and he’ll grant it. Well, with all of those flaming stars that’s one hell of a lot of prayers to be delivered on, but I decided to use them all in one go, for one big, huge prayer to the Emperor. Do you want to know what I prayed for? I prayed that those shooting stars would stop coming down. But they didn’t, so I guess a murderer like me hasn’t got the right to pray to the Emperor anymore, which is why I’m here fighting now, serving Him in the only way I know.

Frag, being here, in this missionary station with all these Ecclesiarchy types, it must be

having an effect on me. I mean, I know the Emperor’s our Lord and is watching over us, but I’ve always figured that those of us who can, have to watch out for ourselves, ‘cause he’s there to watch out for those who can’t watch out for themselves. Just like we’re here to defend the tribespeople from the Tyranids, ‘cause all they’ve got are crappy knives and spears and brave warrior hearts, which is all well and good if you’re fighting amongst yourselves, but against the Tyranids is going to be about as effective as trying to stop a Sabre shell from blowing you away by holding up your hands. But I guess, when

you’ve stood there for an hour and watched your doom come down out of the stars in a constant flow, it’d be nice to know that if this is the time when it goes wrong and you end up with your guts torn out on a Lictor’s flesh hooks, or some Hormagaunt stabs those dagger-talons through your chest, it ain’t really the end, that there’s someone waiting for you and it wasn’t all a waste of time.

I know I’ve got to ditch these morbid thoughts. Got to stay sharp, otherwise this is gonna be my final trip with the Last Chancers. It’s hard though, so hard, ‘cause I was there on Ichar IV, I saw what they can do to a world, how they fight. There were six thousand Last Chancers back then. Less than five hundred of us made it out. The regular troops, I hear, lost over a million men defending Ichar IV. There were Titans there, and Space Marines too, if the rumours are true, and even those Eldar turned up, I heard someone say once. All those guns, all those men and we only just won the fight. I’ve seen

DELIVERANCE

by Gav Thorpe

second firing line. Most of the action seems to be going off around the gatehouse, just like the Colonel said it would. The men are three ranks deep on the walls on the south side, while the Battle Sisters are holding the west wall. There's about half as many of the Sororitas as there are Last Chancers but they seem to be holding out better than we are. Then again, give me a bolt gun and power armour and I'd show you just how mean and nasty a Last Chancer can get.

It's about a quarter of an hour since the attack begun when the Tyranids get their first breakthrough. I'm watching the eastern end of the south wall when I see a horde of Termagants running around and I realise there's nobody else up that end anymore.

"Okay, Last Chancers! Time to die!" I bellow as usual, and then we're running across the killing ground towards the wall, fast as we can. The gunners in the Chimeras take the hint and suddenly there's a fusillade of heavy bolter fire and multilaser shots directed at the Termagants. Thirty heart-pounding seconds later and we're leaping up the steps, snapping off shots with our lasguns as we close in. The supporting fire from the Chimeras stops as we reach the top and suddenly I'm surrounded by the creatures.

I see one of them levelling its living gun at me and just manage to take it down before it can fire. All of a sudden, they charge at us, and I rip my chainsword from my belt and get the blades whirling, while the others make ready with their bayonets. The Termagants are biting and clawing at everything in their path, and I'd swear they were mindless if it wasn't for the coordinated fashion of their attack. As they sweep around me I feel like I'm going to get washed away in the wave, and panic hits me, bile rising out of my stomach as I see those fanged, nightmarish faces all around me. One of the Termagants leaps at me, its four upper limbs drawn back ready to attack, but I bring the chainsword round and the blades crash through its carapace, sending thick, alien blood splattering across my face. It tastes foul and I'm almost sick with the stench of it. I put a shot through the bulbous head of another one and then something hits me hard in the back. This thing is latched onto me, and I can't get at it. I feel its claws scrabbling at my flak jacket, hear the material tearing away, and its hot breath is on my neck, a long pointed tongue slithering over my neck. Its jaws latch onto my shoulder and I try to angle my laspistol round for a shot, desperately trying to rip this beast off of me, 'cause I don't want to be killed by some damned Termagant. I'm not going to go like this, not like this.

Before it gets the killing blow in, Truko is there, one of Franx's squad, his bayonet skewering the Termagant, and I feel it let go and drop to the floor. There's no time to thank him, though, as he gets thrown to the ground, half his face ripped off by a vicious claw. The creature is hunched over him, all six limbs on the ground ready to spring, and its red eyes turn to look up at me. I shoot its legs from beneath it then drive the

chainsword into its soft, unprotected guts. Truko's screaming, wailing his head off, but there's no time to give him peace. No rest for the wicked, as they say.

We push them back, inch by bloody inch, to the edge of the wall. I see Franx pick one of them up and hurl it bodily over the parapet, its limbs and tail still flailing around even as it plummets down. I look over the edge of the wall, and I see how they managed to get up. A pile of their bodies stretches two-thirds of the way up the wall, almost ten feet high, body upon body upon body, creating a ramp of corpses for the others to run up.

"Grenades! Blow those bodies away from the wall!" I shout, even as I dodge aside to avoid a barbed tail lashing towards my throat. My chainsword bites again, making an ear-piercing screech as it shrieks through chitinous plates. The others heard me, though, and they're tossing frag grenades over the parapet, trying to dislodge the fleshy pile. I see Marshall standing atop the wall, gripping his lasrifle by the barrel and swinging it from side to side like a club, battering away at the brood as it scuttles up towards us. The grenades blossom, sending bits of torn flesh flying, and something gives. The pile of bodies slides outwards along the walls, falling to the ground leaving smears of blood along the rockcrete.

Then the Termagants are falling back, away from the wall. But things aren't over yet, there's something else coming towards us, coming at us real fast. With long flea-like leaps and bounds the Hormagaunts speed in, almost flying over the litter of corpses leading up to the wall. We're trying to shoot as many of them as possible as they close in, but there's still twenty, maybe thirty of them when they get to the base of the wall. They stop there for half a heartbeat, bunching those powerful leg muscles and then they spring up, clearing the wall by a good two or three feet, those four deadly dagger-talons jabbing out. One of them punches its claw into Marshall's shoulder and he grabs its arm in one hand, holding it close. He wraps his other arm around the throat of another as it tries to push past, and then throws himself off the wall, taking them both with him. A serrated claw sweeps up towards my groin, but I manage to get there with the chainsword, lopping off the limb, my laspistol scoring a hit through one of its glassy red eyes. The rest of the fight just blurs into a waking nightmare of hacking and slashing and stabbing, kicking and shooting, punching and screaming, bestial faces and hot breath, flailing talons and ripping claws, blood and filth and guts slick across the walkway, a constant fight until your arms are leaden with fatigue and your brain can't process the information anymore, you're just fighting from instinct and nothing else.

WE MANAGE TO stave off the assault and as the Tyranids fall back across the plain a cheer starts up by the gatehouse and spreads along the wall. I let my men cheer along as well, though we've got little to celebrate. The shock of the close call with the Termagant is beginning to creep up on me and I look around for something to do to

so much blood and guts spilled in my life I don't have nightmares any more, but if there's one thing that would give me nightmares, it's Tyranids.

They're just so different to us. Even Orks fight for territory and conquest, but the Tyranids, they just consume everything, like they're here to wipe out every single living thing in the entire galaxy and they'll never, ever stop until that's done.

Which is why I was stood up on the wall last night, in the freezing wind – you'd never guess that it could be so hot in the day and so cold at night – watching them coming down.

Watching my doom come, 'cause I've got a seriously bad feeling about this one.

The hairs on my neck prickle constantly and I feel like I'm dead already, it's just my body that's gotta catch up with the plan. Which is why

I'm standing there hoping there really is an Emperor, that he listens to our prayers

and comes to our aid. But I can't count on that, which is why I'm here now as the sun starts dipping towards the jungles, ready to fight like I've never had to fight before, ready to do anything I can, because death is stalking across those plains right now.

THE MAIN ASSAULT wave has hit the walls. The sun's low on the horizon and they attack from that direction to blind us. The Colonel was right about the Gargoyles, our air defences were more than a match. About a hundred of them came flying in, diving down onto the fort. The guns opened up, blowing them out of the sky. Some managed to get over the walls, and then the Hydras got them, firing high explosive shells into the broods, blasting them apart. That was horrible, pieces of bloodied and charred meat dropping down on you like obscene hailstones. No time to clear up the mess, though, 'cause the rest of the swarm has just arrived. It's hard to tell what's going on from back where we are in reserve, a couple of hundred paces from the wall. We've cleared a killing zone, demolishing the buildings inside the perimeter and using them to make a redoubt around the keep so that if the Tyranids get inside we've got a

keep my mind occupied and not thinking about how close I came to going down this time. I see the Colonel striding along the walkway towards me, his face as grim as ever. I've never seen him break into a smile, not once.

"Kage! Clear away the dead. I'm sending flamer teams to clear the front of the wall." Then he's gone again, issuing orders, getting the wounded divided into those that can fight and those that need to be given the Emperor's grace. That's it, no thanks, no "Well done, Kage; you held the wall." Just more orders, more work, more fighting and dying to be done. I detail some of my men to start throwing the bodies over the parapet, and see that the flamer teams are already at work, jets of fire turning the piles into pyres. I leave them to their dirty work and seek out the Colonel.

I find him outside the keep, talking to Nathaniel, the missionary in charge of the station. They seem to be arguing about something.

"But these men need treating, you cannot make them fight again," Nathaniel's complaining.

"If these men cannot fight, they are dead, missionary. We need every single man we can have for the walls," the Colonel replies in that low, grating voice of his. It's the first time I've had a chance to get a proper look at him since the fight began. His uniform is soaked in blood, alien and human, but none of it appears to be his. There's not a scratch on his skin, not a fragging scratch. My spine goes to ice and I try not to think about it.

Nathaniel's still arguing, but the Colonel holds up his hand to stop him.

"These men do not deserve your pity," he says, his eyes flashing like sun on ice. "They are thieves, murderers, looters, rapists, insubordinates and heretics. Every sin you can conceive of has been committed by at least one man here. More than that, they are traitors. They once served as free men in the great Imperial army. But they betrayed the trust placed in them by the Emperor and his servants. They have broken the proscriptions of Imperial Law and have profaned the Emperor's benevolence with their selfishness and I will, I *must*, punish them for it."

"Only the Emperor can judge our sins," argues Nathaniel.

"And only in death can we receive the Emperor's judgement," the Colonel completes the catechism. Nathaniel takes a long look at him, then turns away.

"Remember, Nathaniel," the Colonel calls after him, "Serve the Emperor today, for tomorrow you may be dead!" And then, just for an instant, a tiny fraction of a second, there's a ghost of a smile on Colonel Schaeffer's lips, a minuscule hint of satisfaction, like he knows something the rest of the galaxy doesn't.

"Kage!" he calls, like he must have sensed I was there, beckoning me over with a finger. "As I am sure you know, that was just the

first assault. I do not know when the next one will come, so stay ready. It is only an hour until the sun goes down, so I think they will wait until nightfall. I want you and your platoon to stay near the gate. This first attack was just to test out our defences, to count our guns. They know we were most hard-pressed around the gate, so they'll throw the bulk of their forces there next time. We must hold the gate at all costs, Kage, otherwise it's all over. Stay close to the gate, but wait for my signal. Do not, at any costs, allow yourself to get drawn away from the gate. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly, sir!" I reply, as if I couldn't see the scenario for myself. This time we just faced Gargoyles, Termagants and Hormagaunts. They're all expendable troops. Next time, it'll be much worse. They'll come in with the Warriors, the Carnifexes, and maybe even the big bug himself, the Hive Tyrant.

"You have your orders then, Lieutenant. Snap to it, I want clear fire for everyone in half an hour." Then he's off again, shouting for Green and Kronin.

THE COLONEL WAS RIGHT, as I knew he would be. He's always so damned right. Nightfall comes sharply, the Tyranids waiting us out for the moment. I help Kronin's platoon rig up some searchlights scavenged from the Chimeras and get them set up on the wall. The constant hum of the portable generators fills the air, but listening won't do us any good, 'cause those Tyranids can move as silent as you like when they want to. That's one of the scariest things about them – the silence. No battlecries, no war chants, just waves of them sweeping on towards you. When they're fighting, they hiss a lot, but I doubt if they've got any real language to speak of. They're just animals, bugs, but they're well organised for all that. They're like the wasps I saw on Antreides, who seemed to know what each other were up to. When one of them found you, the rest would soon come buzzing in, just like the Lictors finding the prey for the rest of the swarm.

So I'm up on the wall checking everything is okay, when the searchlights blaze on at last. The stupid grunts start angling them far away from the wall, like they want to get the earliest warning possible, which I can understand. Problem is, the light doesn't hit the ground before it's too weak to show anything. I grab the nearest one and point it further down, about seventy yards out. I catch a glimmer of movement and shout for the others to train on that point. What I see makes my spine tingle with fear. A sensation, I might add, that I'm not all that familiar with, though far too familiar for my own liking. There's a big brood of Termagants out there, crawling through the grass on their bellies, sneaking really close. Behind them are crouched the Warriors, big beasts twice as tall as a man, their four upper limbs evolved into a variety of deadly ranged and close combat weapons. They're creeping forward, bony joints and chitinous plates shown up in the white glare of the searchlights. The light glitters off their eyes, countless shining orbs reflected back at me. Those eyes seem dead, there's no emotion,

nothing. Not even a touch of hunger, which is what you'd expect considering that this race devours whole planets. No, the only eyes I've ever seen colder than those white-fire stares are Colonel Schaeffer's, and we all know he's not really human.

"Mark your targets! Open fire!" I bellow. I see them opening up, first with the missile launchers and autocannons and then with volleys of lasgun fire as the 'Nids realise the game's up and they rise up out of the grass and charge towards us, a wave of multi-limbed monstrosities intent on our destruction. I take one last look as they come streaming over the plain, blossoms of fire exploding in their mist, showing up their snarling faces in brief glimpses of hellfire, before jumping down the steps three at a time to get back to my platoon.

"Right, men," I tell them, "Stay steady. Follow my lead, stay tight. If you get separated, they'll pick you off, no problem. When you shoot, aim for the flesh. Your lasguns will have about as much effect on their carapace as punching a Leman Russ. Watch your ammo counters too, 'cause tonight's gonna be a long haul and I don't want to face those fraggin' bugs with just my bare hands. One final thing: don't get yourselves killed, 'cause otherwise I'm gonna have to put up with another fresh draft of no-hopers. If you let me go down, sure as hell I'm gonna come back and haunt you for the rest of your miserable lives, reminding you just what a bunch of fraggin' slack-jawed sons of Orks you are!"

That gets a smile. Personally, I couldn't give a frag about all this pre-battle speeches dung, but some of them need it, I can tell. Just like me, they're getting awful nervous. I mean, they're a bunch of hard-nosed, thick-skinned meatheads for the most part, but even when you've got nothing but air between your ears you can't get over the unreasoning horror that the Tyranids bring out in you. It's not just like they kill you. They devour you, take everything you are, everything you ever were gonna be, and change it and pervert it into something else. It's a horrible thought, I don't mind telling you.

The fire's still pretty steady from the top of the wall, so I guess we're holding out okay. I give myself the luxury of watching the Battle Sisters for a while, fighting alongside the natives. It's a really bizarre scene, I can tell you. You have a thousand or so of those dark-skinned warriors, hurling spears and firing bows, their skin glistening with sweat, their booming war chants echoing down from the wall. And then there's the Sororitas. They're chanting too, their voices raised in constant prayer to the Emperor, a choir all singing as one. I can't make out the words, but it reaches inside me, lifting my spirits. It's a song of defiance and devotion, and as they sing they fire methodical bursts from their bolters, fusillade after fusillade pouring into the darkness, every round sending a streak of light into the shadows from its internal propellant.

Then I see a swathe of the natives jumping in all directions, screaming like mad, clawing at their faces and chests. That'd be

a deathspitter then, fires some kind of explosive bug that sprays acid all over the place. Burn through near enough anything, given time, and against the exposed flesh of the native irregulars it's utterly lethal. Dragging my eyes away from the scene, trying to turn a deaf ear to their agonised screeches, I watch what's happening around the gatehouse.

There's hand-to-hand fighting going on now, and I pick out the Colonel, a glowing power sword in one fist and a bolt pistol in the other. While the others are desperately hacking and slaying, he's just stepping to and fro, felling a foe with every blow or shot, as if the chaos going on around wasn't happening at all. I see the shape of a Lictor rise up behind him, but he just turns on the spot, fills its face full of bolts and then chops its legs from underneath it with two swings of the power sword. Calm as you like, as if he were just taking a stroll in the morning airs. Damn, but he's so cold, it makes the Battle Sisters seem positively emotional, and the glance they reserve for scum like us would freeze worse than a night on Valhalla.

Then something appears on the western gatehouse that almost makes me swallow my tongue in terror. Silhouetted against the rising moon is the figure of the Hive Tyrant. It's almost three times as tall as the men around it. Two arms are moulded into some kind of massive living gun, while the other two end in enormous, wickedly curved scythes. A thick tail lashes between its legs, tipped with a sting the size of your arm. Mandibles that can chew a man in two snap hungrily in its jaw and its body is covered in chitinous armour and bony protrusions.

It fires the venom cannon into the packed mass on the gatehouse, blasting apart Guardsmen and Tyranids alike. Its head stretches back and lets loose a horrifying bellowing screech, which seems to roll along the wall like a wave, sending men staggering in fear, making them pause in their fight so that they're cut down with ease by the Termagants and Warriors they're fighting. The Tyrant steps down from the parapet, its hooved feet sending splinters of masonry flying as it stamps down with all of its massive weight. Gazing around, it fixes its evil eyes on the Colonel as he musters his men for a counter-attack. They charge in, las bolts bouncing harmlessly off the monster's armoured hide, their bayonets snapping against its chitinous plates. Then one scything talon sweeps down and I see a spray of blood fountain into the air as four men are cut down with that single blow. The thing lashes out again, tearing across the chest of another Guardsmen, his ragged corpse flung from the wall to land in a limp heap in the courtyard. Surely even the Colonel has met his match this time. He's chopping his way through a brood of Warriors to get at the Hive Tyrant. There's a pause in the fighting and he glances over the parapet to the ground outside. He stops for a moment and looks over to where we're positioned. With a wave of his arms, he signals us to attack.

"Here we go again, Last Chancers!" I shout out, and start heading for the wall. I've taken perhaps five steps when something seems wrong. I realise that I'm alone and I stop and look around. They're all just standing there, looking up at the Hive Tyrant as it butchers another squad of men.

"What the frag is this?" I howl. I grab Sergeant Feonix by his lapels and push him towards the wall, but he turns round and snarls at me.

"This is madness!" he shouts over the cries from the slaughter on the wall. "That's a fraggin' Hive Tyrant, it's gonna kill every one of us! We've gotta get the hell out of here while we can. Deliverance has fallen, Kage, face it." He calms down a little and fixes me with an intense stare. "There's nothing more we can do! We've gotta save ourselves. You ain't no fraggin' martyr, Kage, and you know it."

He's right, but then something catches my eye over their heads. There's lights dropping down from the stars again, curving down from orbit towards Deliverance in a long arc. I glance back at the gatehouse, and see the gates shuddering as some titanic beast tries to break them down. I make a decision.

"Look," I tell them, pointing up to the pinpricks of light falling to the south. "There ain't no escaping Deliverance, boys. That's more mycetic spores coming down, we're gonna be surrounded. There's no way we can get clear of the area before those things reach here."

Kruzo, from Letts's squad, opens his mouth to argue but I cut him off.

"There ain't no getting outta this one, lads. We're all gonna die in Deliverance. Now I see it two ways. You can die running from the fight, like the thieves and cowards everyone thinks we are. Sure, you can do that, just get over the wall and hide out. But it won't take them long to find you, when you're all alone out there in the night, cowering in the grass, trying not to sh..." A crash from the gatehouse distracts me and I turn around to have a look. The Chimera behind the gates is rocking heavily on its tracks now, it's gonna go over any second, so I better make this quick.

"For frag's sake! We ain't got anything worth fighting for 'cept our pride. Right now I don't give a frag about the natives, or the Emperor, or the Colonel, but what I do care about is how I'm gonna die, and it ain't gonna be with my back turned or on my knees. I'm gonna go down fighting like a man. If there's any men here with me, then you better come too, otherwise you boys can just go running off to cry, dying on your bellies like the scum you are." I spit on the ground in front of them and then start walking towards the gate. I'm taking a hell of a risk, 'cause if they don't follow me I'm gonna be standing in front of the gate on my own when whatever it is that's so big and nasty to batter its way through three feet of plasteel gets through. Then I hear the thud of boots and they're there with me, so I guess the suckers fell for it.

I look up and see that the Hive Tyrant's gone from the gate tower, but I can still see the Colonel, slicing away with that big power sword of his. Emperor knows how the frag he managed that one. Well, if I live to see the dawn, I might just find out. With a screech of tearing plasteel the gates are torn apart and the Chimera gets shunted towards us. There's a sound like a tank ramming a building and the personnel carrier is flung upwards, spinning through the air. It crashes down and its fuel goes up, a massive fireball that shoots a hundred feet into the air. In the flames and smoke I see a sight that will follow me to my grave, long may it be before I get there.

In the red glare comes this huge Tyranid creature, about twelve feet tall and just as wide. It's some kind of Carnifex, but nothing I've ever seen or heard of before. It's got four massive scythe-like arms as normal, but the bony extrusions across its shoulders jut forward, rows of spikes thrust outwards like it's some kind of living battering ram. Nestled between its immense shoulders, its head is kind of fused with its chest, a large fang-ringed mouth open in a permanent roar. Pieces of twisted metal hang from the spines as it stomps through the smoke and flames like some monstrous devil from the pits of hell. Without pause, it shoulders aside the wreck of the Chimera and I'm horrified to see that some of the burning vehicle tears off along one of the creature's armoured plates. The debris carries on burning, the flames crawling along the Carnifex's carapace but it just keeps advancing steadily as if nothing was happening.

"Blow that fragger away!" I shout, and everyone snaps out of the spell. Breiden opens up with the lascannon, a bolt of energy powerful enough to cripple battle tanks scoring a wound across the Carnifex's armoured skull making thick, dark blood dribble down the exoskeleton of its body. The heavy bolter in Franz's squad kicks in, explosive shells rippling across legs as thick as tree trunks in a shower of detonations. But it still comes on, the ground shaking as those massive feet thud down into the dirt. It pauses for a second, its beady eyes reflecting the flickering flames and fixes us with a stare. Its arms arch back, spreading wider than the length of a tank and its cavernous mouth opens to bellow forth a roar that can probably be heard offworld. It breaks into a run, gathering momentum. Lasgun fire, heavy bolter shots and lascannon shots bounce off as it lumbers towards us. Once more its mouth opens for another terrifying roar, but Breiden picks his moment precisely, his aim guided by the Emperor I'm sure, and the next lascannon bolt lands in its mouth, smashing its head to a pulp, scattering fragments of skull across the courtyard. For a moment I think that even that isn't enough to stop it, as it comes rumbling on towards us, but then the rest of the body catches up with what's happening and it collapses to the ground with dark, thick ichor oozing out in a gigantic puddle around the mammoth corpse.

I breathe a sigh of relief, glad that those useless fraggers decided to follow me after

all, otherwise I'd be little more than a smear along those claws by now. However, just as my heart rate drops to something just below a million beats a minute, the rest of the Tyranids start to pour through the opening. At the front is a brood of Warriors, deathspitters and devourers firing as they advance. Men are going down all around me and a stray spatter of acid splashes onto my arm. The pain is almost unbearable and I stoop to grab a handful of dirt to rub the acid off. My right arm's almost numb, so I drop my laspistol and grab my chainsword in my left hand. The lead Warriors go down to fire from the lascannon and heavy bolters, but there's more and more of the things pouring through the gap now. I look around to see how the platoon's holding out, and I see there's only about two dozen of us left now. Franz catches my gaze and I see his desperation turn into fierce pride in that single glance. As if a subconscious order is given, we all charge forward, throwing ourselves at the tide of beasts sweeping into Deliverance. My chainsword bites flesh and I hear an inhuman shriek of pain. I'm not really looking at what's happening, I'm just chopping left and right, hacking blindly, knowing that I can't miss in the tight press of alien creatures swirling around me.

Then a massive clawed paw, larger than a Cthellan Cudbear's, comes out of the darkness, smashing me across the face. My head spins and I only dimly feel a sharp blade cutting across my thigh. I feel something wet and sticky pouring down my legs and I gaze down numbly, seeing my blood spilling to the dirt. I try to take a step forward but all my strength seems to have been sapped from me. I drop to my knees, feeling rough alien skin rasping against me, pushing past, leaving me for dead. Then a shadow descends and I feel like I'm falling, falling down a deep, dark hole.

My ears pick up singing, my mind ringing to the sound of angelic voices singing the praises of the Emperor. So this is what it's like to die. There is an Emperor after all, and I shall receive my judgement, just like Nathaniel and the Colonel said. My thoughts are getting slow, but for the first time in ten years of fighting I feel proud. I didn't run this time, I stayed. I'm dying, but I went down fighting. Surely that's got to count for something.

I CAN HEAR VOICES, shouting, orders being bellowed. So I guess I'm alive then, and I really was right about those falling lights. I try to open my eyes, but the left one seems closed up. I raise an arm, feeling so weak, and touch my temple. Instant pain tells me that there's a bruise the size of a small moon up there, and it's probably blood crusting up my eye.

My right arm is swathed in bandages and won't move at all.

Through my good eye I see there's troops running backwards and forwards,

and I watch a line of three Leman Russ tanks warming up, ready to go out of the gate. I guess I'm propped up against the redoubt; I can feel rough stonework poking into my back. I turn my head slowly left and right, wary of dizziness and nausea, and I see that there's others like me, bandaged and bloody, all along the redoubt. The Colonel walks past and he notices that I'm awake. He strides up and stands in front of me, thankfully blocking out the bright light of the sun. I can't see his face, it's in shadow, but he's looking down at me.

"Still alive then, Kage?" he demands, his voice as gruff as ever.

"Fraid so, sir. Guess I can't kick the habit just yet." I try to manage a smile, but my face is just a mass of aching and pain.

"I heard what happened," he says, dropping down on one knee so that I can see those icy eyes as they fix me with their stare. "Tell me one thing, Kage. You could have run out on me, you had the chance and you have done it before. What made you fight?"

I fix him with my good eye, returning his gaze with a steady look of my own.

"Well, sir, it's like this," I explain. "I saw the lights coming down, and I knew they were Imperial Guard transports. Mycetic spores just come straight down, whereas these had a landing trajectory. So I knew that Deliverance was saved. Thing was, though, we had to hold out, 'cause if the Tyranids got into the compound we'd all be dead. There's nowhere to run from those creatures."

The Colonel frowns at me.

"So why did you tell your men that there were more spores coming down, rather than the relief force?" he asks.

"You must know why, sir," I reply, because it seems so obvious to me. "If I told them that help was on the way, they'd lose what little stomach they had left. They'd think they could give up, get away from here. But like I said, there wasn't any escape from Deliverance, not a chance. So I did the only thing I could. I stripped them of that false hope, I gave them nothing to live for except life itself. You see, sir, when you ain't got frag-all worth fighting for, you'll still fight to be alive. Give a man a chance to back down and he'll take it, but give him nothing and he'll grab what he can with both hands and not let go for as long as he can. He'll fight to his last breath just to take one more breath, to feel his heart beat just once more before he dies. If you stick a man in the middle of a fight and give him a gun, he'll fight like a cornered rat 'cause there's nothing else he can do. That's the way the

Last Chancers work, sir. It's exactly what you do to us all. We ain't got no choice but to fight, and fight good, 'cause if we don't, we're dead. None of us wants to die so we'll do all we can, everything that's possible including going on your damned suicide missions just to breathe one more time. It's why I fight, why they fight."

He just grunts and stands up. He turns to walk away but I call after him.

"There's another reason why I'll fight my damnest, sir!"

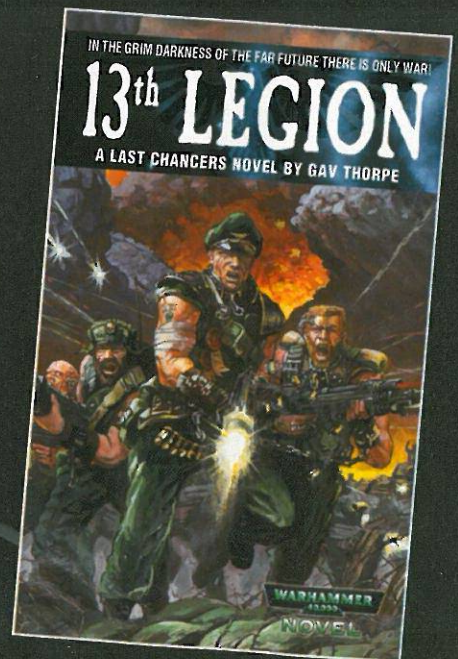
He spins around and looks at me, an eyebrow raised in question.

"I ain't gonna give you the fragging satisfaction of seeing me dead just yet!"

'Deliverance', which first appeared in Inferno! 12, is set scant minutes before the start of '13th Legion', the Black Library novel by Gav Thorpe...

Across a thousand blasted war zones, upon a thousand bloody worlds, the convict soldiers of the 13th Legion fight a desperate battle for redemption in the eyes of the immortal Emperor. In this endless war against savage Orks, merciless Eldar and the insidious threat of Chaos, Kage and the Last Chancers penal battalion must fight not only to win but to survive!

This is the first novel from the Black Library by chief Warhammer developer Gav Thorpe, and it's a cracker!



WARHAMMER

REGIMENT SETS

Warhammer Regiment Sets are the best way to collect or add to a Warhammer army. All of the Regiment Sets are Core units so they will form the basis of your army. Each set contains a variety of plastic legs, torsos, arms, heads and weapons along with lots of optional parts like extra weapons, shields, cloaks and pouches. This allows for a great variety of poses and detailing.

Many sets also have extra parts like gravestones, mushrooms or even rats!

Most sets in the range include the parts to build a Champion, Standard Bearer and Musician model. As all models are made up of multi-part plastic components, converting couldn't be easier. In fact, many parts are interchangeable with those of other Regiment Sets.

ALL REGIMENT SETS COST £15



Artwork by Adrian Smith

The Skeleton Warriors Regiment Set contains:
20 Skeleton Warriors (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).



Miniatures designed by Aly Morrison



Artwork by Karl Kopinski

The Zombies Regiment Set contains:
20 Zombies (including Standard Bearer & Musician)

ZOMBIES
Zombies are corpses brought back to unlife by foul necromancy. Animated by the will of a dark sorcerer, they are slaves to his slightest whim. Their necromantic overlords drive them into battle in their thousands, using them to exhaust the armies of their enemies. The Regiment Set allows you to raise a unit of Zombies.



Miniatures designed by Aly Morrison & Mark Bedford

WARHAMMER



Artwork by Adrian Smith

The Dwarf Warriors Regiment Set contains:
16 Dwarf Warriors (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

DWARF WARRIORS

Dwarfs are unarguably the doughtiest warriors of the Warhammer world. Their sturdy physique makes them incredibly tough in a fight! They use their master-crafted axes and hammers in battle with devastating effect, cleaving or crushing armour, flesh and bone with equal ease. The Regiment Set contains enough weapons to arm your Dwarfs with hand weapons, two-handed weapons or crossbows!



Miniatures designed by Colin Dixon & Aly Morrison

WARHAMMER



Artwork by Adrian Smith

The Goblin Wolf Riders Regiment Set contains:
10 Goblin Wolf Riders (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

Goblin Wolf Riders are vicious opponents, the howling of their wolves barely audible over the cackling of the Goblins as they pursue their prey. Mounted on feral, snarling Giant Wolves they are able to harass the enemy battle line at any point. The Regiment Set gives you the parts to arm your Wolf Riders with either shortbows or spears.



Miniatures designed by Brian Nelson, Aly Morrison & Trash Morrison

WARHAMMER



Artwork by Karl Kopinski

The Goblin Regiment Set contains:
20 Goblins (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

GOBLINS

Goblins are small, green, vicious, mean-spirited and generally unpleasant creatures. They are often unwilling fighters. However, they are dangerous in large numbers and quite capable of overwhelming far better troops by sheer weight of numbers. The Regiment Set gives you the option to arm your Goblins with either spears or short bows.



Miniatures designed by Brian Nelson & Aly Morrison

WARHAMMER



Artwork by Adrian Smith

The Orc Warriors Regiment Set contains:
19 Orc Warriors (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

ORC WARRIORS

Orcs excel at close combat, and boast some of the toughest warriors in the Warhammer world. In battle they wield huge weapons known as 'choppas'. These great cleavers are far larger and more dangerous than the mere swords and axes of Men. The Regiment Set contains enough weapons to arm your Orcs with choppas, spears or even with a weapon in each hand!



Miniatures designed by Brian Nelson, Aly Morrison & Mark Bedford

WARHAMMER



Artwork by Adrian Smith

The Night Goblin Regiment Set contains:
20 Night Goblins (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

NIGHT GOBLINS

The subterranean Night Goblins emerge from their dark network of mountain tunnels and gather into large mobs for battle. Whilst not the toughest of fighters, their sheer numbers, as well as the Fanatics hidden in their ranks, often give an opponent cause to stay clear. The Regiment Set gives you the option to arm your Night Goblins with spears or short bows.



Miniatures designed by Brian Nelson & Aly Morrison

WARHAMMER



Artwork by Karl Kojanowski

The Empire Knightly Orders Regiment Set contains:
8 Knights (including parts to make a Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

EMPIRE KNIGHTLY ORDERS

There are many Knightly Orders in the Empire. The most famous Orders are the Reiksguard, the Knights Panther and the Knights of the White Wolf. The Knightly Orders set gives you enough models and bits to make a regiment of any of the above Orders or, if you like, invent your own Knightly Order.



Miniatures designed by Alan & Michael Perry

Artwork by Karl Kopinski



The Empire Soldiers Regiment Set contains:
19 Empire Soldiers (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

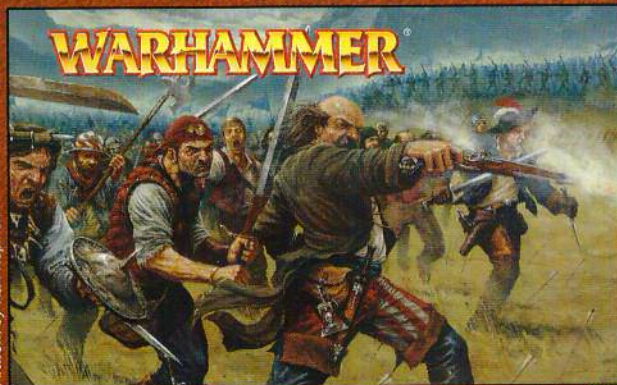


Miniatures designed by Alan & Michael Perry

EMPIRE SOLDIERS

The armies of the Empire are professional, well-disciplined and led by some of the finest generals in history. A typical Empire army is based around units of highly trained Halberdiers or Swordsmen. This boxed set gives you the option to arm your unit with either swords or halberds.

Artwork by Karl Kopinski



The Empire Militia Regiment Set contains:
20 Empire Militia



Miniatures designed by Alan & Michael Perry

EMPIRE MILITIA

The Empire Militia is made up of local militia, civilians whose homes are under threat, adventurers, bandits and other dregs of society, all pressed into service to meet the needs of the Empire. This boxed set gives you the option of arming your unit as a Free Company or splitting it into smaller units armed with bows or crossbows.

Artwork by Adrian Smith



The Chaos Warriors Regiment Set contains:
12 Chaos Warriors (including a Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

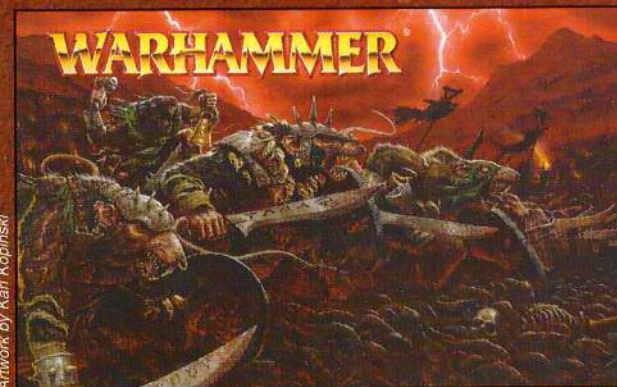


Miniatures designed by Dave Andrews & Aly Morrison

CHAOS WARRIORS

Chaos Warriors gather together in bands to ravage and plunder the lands of the Old World, all in the name of their dark gods. The Regiment Set contains enough weapons to arm your Chaos Warriors with halberds or hand weapons and shields.

Artwork by Karl Kopinski



The Skaven Clanrat Regiment Set contains:
20 Skaven Clanrats (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).



Miniatures designed by Aly Morrison & Colin Dixon

SKAVEN CLANRATS

Clanrats form the vast bulk of the Skaven armies that pour forth in times of war. Individual Skaven are vicious but rather cowardly. In huge hordes, however, they turn into an unstoppable mass. The boxed set gives you the option to arm your Clanrats with spears or swords and shields.

Whilst the terrifying abilities of the Vampire Bloodlines are legendary, few have ever learned from whence these dark creatures came. Space McQuirk uncovers the origins of the Vampire.

BORN UNTO DAMNATION

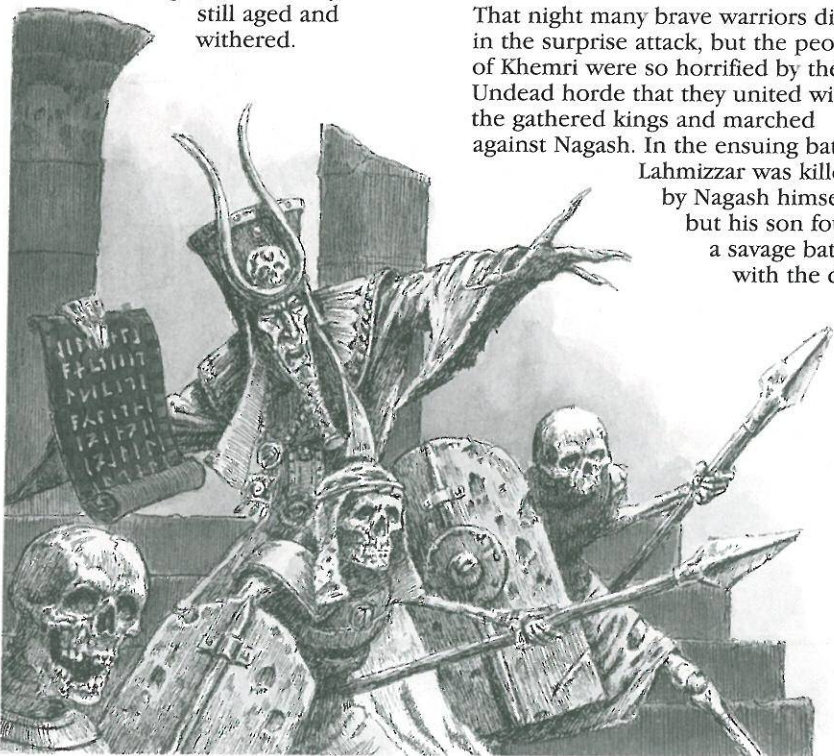
The Origins of the Vampires – Part One



Space McQuirk has contributed to Warhammer Armies Books including Orcs & Goblins, Dwarfs and Vampire Counts.

The tale of the dreaded Vampire begins many thousands of years before the reign of Karl Franz, millennia before the coming of Sigmar and the founding of the Empire. It begins in the realm of Nehekara, now an arid desert, known as the Land of the Dead amongst men, Tar Uritharhain to the Elves and Grimaz-Ankor in the Khazalid of the Dwarfs.

Most mighty of the Nehekharan cities was Khemri, ruled over by the Priest King Nagash. Nagash rose to power after murdering his brother, and it was he who first created the lore of magic now known as necromancy. Nagash used his knowledge to raise up army of dead warriors and usurp the throne of Khemri. Yet Nagash had not achieved true immortality with his magic, for his body was still aged and withered.



To channel the dark energies he needed, the renegade Priest King began the construction of a monolithic black pyramid that dwarfed even the mightiest existing tombs.

The other Priest Kings of Nehekara feared Nagash, they grew suspicious of his longevity and knew that he was growing too powerful. Soon he would no doubt conquer them. Prince Lahmizzar of Lahmia gathered the other nobles together for a secret council and they decided to unite their forces against Nagash.

Nagash hid inside his new monument and Prince Lahmizzar set guards outside the pyramid to wait for his inevitable surrender, but Nagash had other plans. The Black Pyramid had been constructed at the heart of the Necropolis of Khemri and that night Nagash used his dark powers to summon a vast legion of skeletal warriors. Soldiers and kings who had been buried centuries before rose from their tombs and warred against their descendants. Nagash led them, striking fear into the brave Lahmians' hearts as he rode at the fore of his army in a chariot made of bone.

That night many brave warriors died in the surprise attack, but the people of Khemri were so horrified by the Undead horde that they united with the gathered kings and marched against Nagash. In the ensuing battle

Lahmizzar was killed by Nagash himself but his son fought a savage battle with the dark

Necromancer and avenged his death. As Nagash's body fell to the ground, the Undead horde collapsed.

The victorious warriors raided the pyramid seeking to destroy the dark works of Nagash. Neferata, Lahmizzar's daughter and now Queen of Lahmia, was at the head of this raid when she came across one of the Nine Books of Nagash containing all of the Priest King's necromantic lore, now infamous across the world.

The cursed tome called out to her, beckoning her to save it from the purging flames. She took the book with noble intent, thinking to use the knowledge it contained to fight the evil that Nagash had unleashed, but the book was saturated in dark energies. She soon became fascinated by the macabre experiments which Nagash had worked on his slaves and, before long, Neferata found herself copying some of his simpler theories. At first it was innocent fascination but over time she became obsessed by Nagash's quest for immortality.

Neferata was foolish in her pride and believed that she could succeed where Nagash had failed. She followed his macabre rituals and created an elixir, its liquid was as black as night and stank of grave dust. Uttering a prayer to her ancestors, she drank deep of it. For a moment nothing happened. Then she was gripped by a fearsome pain, her veins screaming with agony. The torture turned to ecstasy, her senses filled with vibrancy, her body quivering with unnatural energy. She felt her heart stop beating, though she continued to live and breathe.

Suddenly she felt her soul pulled to another world, the world of undead. A whole new plane of existence opened and her mind raced as she marvelled at the beautiful images of the spirits of the dead. Her initial exhilaration was replaced by stark fear as Neferata realised that her weak and fragile soul attracted these spirits who surrounded her, seeking the warmth of the living.

They sought the essence of life that they once possessed and tore at her unprotected soul. Neferata tried to fend them off but was unprepared for

such an assault and before long one spirit broke through her defences. When the Queen awoke, she found herself in the chamber where she had collapsed, but could feel the malicious spirit inside her. It was thirsty and sought the warm blood of the living to ease its pain.

For many years the young Queen managed to conceal her secret, limiting her nightly predations to slaves, servants and others who would not be missed. After a time, though, she could no longer contain her thirst, and it was then that she began to lure courtiers to her chambers, supping on their warm blood for relief from the torment of her possessed soul.

As the nobles of Lahmia grew older they began to question their queen's eternal youth. Neferata realised that alone she was vulnerable and so, one by one, gave her dark gift to the others by means of the elixir. Amongst those nobles were her brother Ushoran and her High Priest Wsoran. Together they ruled over the people, believing themselves to be gods. And gods they were to the populace of Lahmia, undying rulers ordained to reign for eternity. Slowly the old religion died away, to be replaced by the worship of the living ancestors, the Eternal Queen and her Deathless Court.

As time passed the vampiric aristocracy discovered more of their powers. The sun hurt them bitterly, but the dust of the deserts was theirs to command and could be summoned to shroud them during daylight hours. They had the strength of a dozen men and no disease, blade nor accident could harm them. Their bodies changed, growing fangs so that they might better feast on the lifeblood of their unwilling victims. Soon they found that the gift of eternity could be passed with their own blood – the creation of a lesser Vampire called the Blood Kiss.

Each Vampire in turn created more of their kind and the temple of Lahmia became refuge to a whole host of such creatures. They commanded that the people worship them and would feed off these unfortunate souls.

One dark night, as she hunted the streets, one of the King's former guards, who went by the name of Abhorash, discovered Neferata drinking from a victim. He fled in terror at the unrecognisable creature he found, body awash with blood, fangs and claws bared for the kill. The following evening she summoned him to her temple and bade him drink from a chalice which, unknown to him, was filled with her blood. He was

a loyal captain and drank without question, thus his fate was sealed.

Abhorash was horrified by Neferata's trickery but was helpless against the thirst that overcame him. For many days he tried to fight his desire for blood but one dark night he could not help his craving and slaughtered many of his own people.

Realising the futility of denying his fate, Abhorash had little option but to join Neferata in her terrible court. He was still loyal to his people and decreed a set of laws for the Vampires of Lahmia to follow. They would hide their presence and only feed off those worthy of death. Although Abhorash abided by his own code of honour, the other Vampires thought themselves above such laws and carried on as they had before. The people were too fearful to stand against them and so they continued a reign of terror.

For many decades the Vampires ruled over the people of Lahmia in this manner but rumour spread that Nagash had been seen walking the lands again. The other Priest Kings called a council to unite against the threat, but the nobility of Lahmia sought to welcome him back. They allied themselves to his cause and in doing so incurred the wrath of the other Priest Kings. King Alcadizaar united the Priest Kings and roused the downtrodden people of Lahmia against their rulers, bringing a great army to assault the Vampires' temple.

Abhorash led the defence of the temple, and none could stand against the unliving warrior. He had been Lahmia's greatest fighter in life, and in undeath he was nigh unstoppable. The high steps to the temple poured with the blood of his foes, their bodies heaped at the bottom in a great mound of death. In his anger, Abhorash fed wildly, and his strength grew even more.

At Wsoran's word, the slain rose once more, Undead things bound to his will, and assailed their still-living friends and comrades. Many legends say that Nagash used his vast magical powers to aid the defence of his allies. Myths speak of a mighty storm that gathered above Abhorash, lightning crackling around the Vampire as he fought, striking down those who opposed him. Abhorash's blade felled a foe with every blow, and not the strongest armour nor the most skilled parry could defend against him. Khemrians brought forth machineries of war and, though battered by rocks, burned by alchemical fire and transfixed with bolts, he was impossible to destroy. The High Priests





of Zandri invoked ancient magics to curse the unliving warrior, and yet he fought on.

For a full week the Vampire general and his host of dead fought against the bronze-clad army of the Priest Kings, tenaciously defending the temple and launching devastating counter-attacks mounted on a nightmarish steed. But for all his ferocity and skill, and the death of thousands of his foes, Abhorash was unable to stop the Nehekharans storming the court of his Queen.

The temple of Lahmia was put to the torch and many Vampires died in the flames. Those who managed to flee most were hunted down and killed by the vengeful Nehekharans. Only the strongest and oldest Vampires escaped, amongst them Neferata, Abhorash, Ushoran and Wsoran.

Abhorash was grief-stricken and vowed vengeance upon all of humankind for what they had done. His once proud realm, which used to be scattered with oases and desert gardens, was now a torched, barren land. Nothing living stirred in Lahmia, though to this day the dead do not rest in their graves, such was the strength of the magic unleashed during the titanic battle.

The former commander of Lahmia's army went northwards with four companions, slaying all who crossed their path, and fed like wild animals, gorging themselves after years of denial and restraint. To this day, the Orc Shamans of the Badlands regale their Greenskin cousins with myths of the Throatrippers who slew five whole tribes. The Dwarfs greatly feared Abhorash, for often they would send supplies to an isolated stronghold or mine only to find that all the inhabitants had been butchered by the merciless killer.

The others fled to Nagash who was pleased with his new allies and bade each of them fight at the fore of his Undead horde. The Great Necromancer had become mighty indeed, and the Vampires of Lahmia were his most deadly warriors. They learnt much of the Necromantic arts from their creator, and in turn became able to raise a host of the dead with their own magic.

Nagash had spent many decades gathering together an Undead horde the likes of which has never walked the earth since. With the Priest Kings ignorant to his presence he had raided the necropolises and his army of darkness was set to march south. He had sworn vengeance on the Priest Kings and was set to exact a terrible toll.

An army of chariots and skeletal regiments descended upon Nehekharah but the brave people of that desert land were not about to give up. They had been roused by the defeat of the Lahmian Vampire temple and were prepared to fight. Under the leadership of Alcadizaar they fought valiantly and Nagash was forced to retreat. As Nagash fled back to the north the first seeds of discontent had been sown. Already the Vampires blamed each other for the defeat. Ushoran wanted to rise against Nagash and take control of what little remained of his army, Neferata saw wisdom in allying with Nagash and returning to found a new city of Lahmia. Wsoran argued against both these courses of action, and sought to go into hiding once more with their dark lord, in order that together they could take control of the world through magic.


Nagash ignored the petty rivalry amongst his most trusted servants, and spread a plague across the land. He raised those who died from the terrible disease to create another vast

army, but on the eve of the great battle the Vampires' divisions turned to conflict. The six trueborn Vampires who had survived the burning of their temple fought with one another. The fight was savage, no single Vampire able to better the next. For the whole night they battled but, as the sun rose, the Vampires fled from each other, hiding for fear that they should be destroyed by their enemies' minions as they slept. So it was that the Vampires were split apart. There is little doubt that together they could have conquered the world but, because of their arrogance and vanity they were destined to become bitter enemies for the rest of eternity. Each now vies for power, creating their own army of Vampire thralls which became known as the bloodlines.


Neferata went northwards, and now the Eternal Queen and the Deathless Court hold counsel at the Silver Pinnacle. Here the Lahmian traditions are upheld to this day, an army of Undead warriors stands ready to guard against attack. Neferata's descendants can be found all across the Old World, as companions to dukes and barons, consorts and advisors to rich merchants and military leaders. Thus Neferata's web extends and grows, unfolding to some distant and mysterious plan that only she knows.

Elsewhere is told the tale of how Abhorash slew a great dragon in single combat and rid himself of the curse by drinking its blood. His greatest disciple, Walach Harkon, founded the Blood Dragons, who roam far and wide from their home in Blood Keep, honing their skills in battle so that one day they may emulate their master.


Next month: The history of the Strigoi and Necrarch bloodlines.



· Codicium ·
Imperialis



Volume IX. part I of the Liber Victorum
→ The Battle of Macragge ←



Defenders of Ultramar

by Imperial scribe Graham McNeill

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

Roboute Guilliman

Prior to the Tyranid attack on Ultramar, the Adeptus Mechanicus filed this report on the home worlds of the Adeptus Astartes:

Recommendations on the model of Human Society, based upon cogent and pertinent observations of the stellar realm of Ultramar

Ref.704/89: In my time researching the varied and multitudinous home worlds & bases of the Adeptus Astartes, it has been a constant struggle to obtain the cooperation of the Chapter Masters. Information to date has been scant and based largely on hearsay from other units fighting alongside them. It was therefore with extreme surprise that I was extended every courtesy by Marneus Calgar, Master of the Ultramarines Chapter when I submitted my request for information regarding the realm of Ultramar.

Situated deep in the galactic south-east in the Ultima Segmentum, Ultramar is unique amongst all the Chapter headquarters of Space Marines, in that while most Chapters operate from asteroid bases, lonely fortress monasteries and isolated worlds, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight nearby systems from their home world of Macragge. Each of these worlds has

Honoured Lords, it is with the utmost vigour that I urge you to consider the contents of this document vital to the survival of our beloved Imperium. The words it contains impart information gleaned at terrible cost from the defeat of the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth in the Ultima Segmentum. The stellar realm of Ultramar, controlled by the Ultramarines Chapter of Space Marines, bore the brunt of the Tyranid fleet and it is in no small measure thanks to the dedication, bravery and sacrifice of the Ultramarines that so much was learned and the invasion halted. A leading authority on the Tyranid race, the learned Inquisitor Kryptman saw at first hand the full horror of these aliens and he realised that the threat posed by these monstrous extragalactic creatures cannot and must not be underestimated. The knowledge he and others gained in the fight against Hive Fleet Behemoth prompts me to compile the surviving records from those dark times as a warning against future lapses in vigilance.

As a prelude to this report I have attached the following extract from the Explorer files authored by Explorer Magos Dana Aquila.

Scrivener McNeill, 001.M2

its own government, armed forces and individual cultures, but all are utterly loyal to the Ultramarines Chapter. Initially I was highly suspicious of the manner in which the Chapter has extended its control over such an unusually high number of planets. Indeed when I questioned the people of these worlds in regards to this, I was met with stony silences if not downright hostility. Such 'empire building' would be frowned upon under conventional Imperial doctrine, but my investigations have convinced me that no such desire exists within the Ultramarines.



Master of the Ultramarines,
Marneus Calgar

The worlds surrounding Macragge are largely industrial in nature, though they are not polluted, poison choked wastelands such as Necromunda and Armageddon. I firmly believe that this is largely due to the organisational skills and far-sightedness of the Chapter's legendary Primarch Roboute Guilliman. Under his guidance these worlds were revolutionised into prosperous, productive planets where honest toil and virtue were rewarded and the populace flourished like never before. I found the inhabitants of these worlds to be industrious, disciplined and intensely loyal Imperial citizens.

Unlike other planets of the Imperium, these worlds are not required to pay Imperial tithes. When looking to their defence each world can rely on the protection of the Ultramarines, but, as would be expected, each one raises its own troops. These worlds are not required to levy troops for the Imperial Guard, but such is the prosperity and highly organised nature of the Ultramarines realm that it maintains hundreds of regiments which can fight as and when required throughout the galaxy. As well as their own defence, the worlds of Ultramar provide recruits for the Ultramarines and it is a source of fierce pride when a particular family can point to an ancestor who became a Space Marine.

Some twelve millennia ago, in the glorious days of the Emperor's Great Crusade, the worlds surrounding

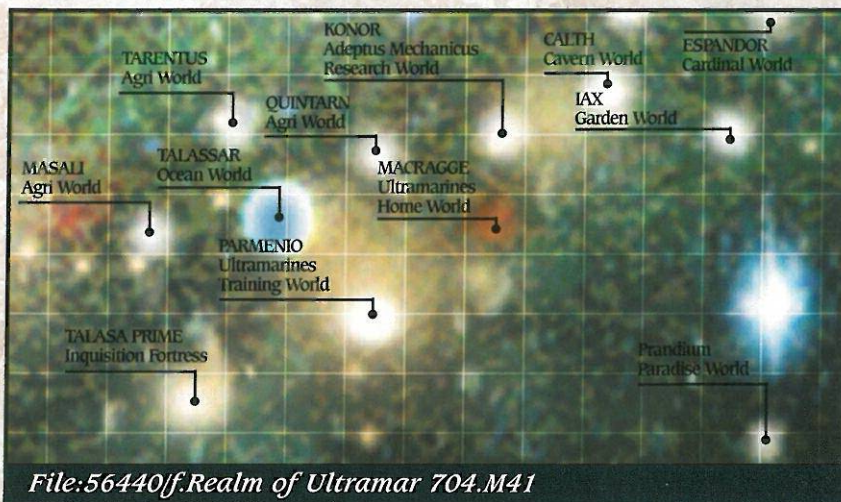
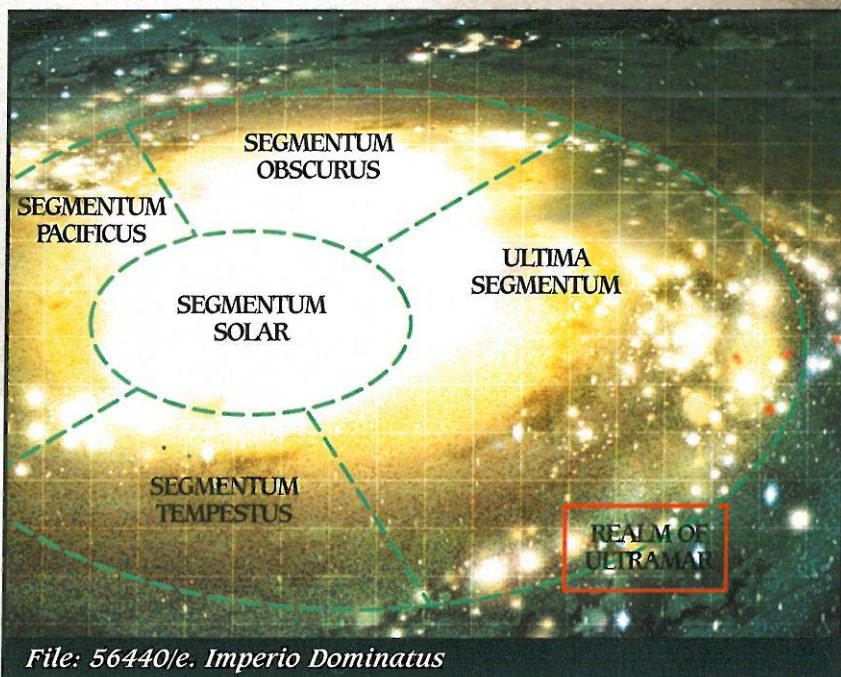
Macragge provided the Chapter with hundreds of new recruits, raw materials, supplies and all manner of support. Following the break up of the old Space Marine Legions into the Chapters we recognise today, this tradition has continued throughout the millennia. Close ties have been maintained between Macragge and its surrounding planets, and it is not surprising that many of these worlds share a commonality in language, culture, architecture and governmental styles.

It should not be thought that these worlds are identical. Each has its own particular character and distinctiveness which is dealt with in a later treatise. I shall confine myself to only the most general traits of each planet for now.

Macragge is a rocky world, protected by numerous orbital defences and two vast polar defence grids. It is on this planet, in the harsh and unforgiving mountains that the Ultramarines have their fortress, housing the shrine of the Primarch himself. Here the legendary Primarch's body is held within a stasis field and is a place of great pilgrimage for all loyal citizens of the Imperium. I myself had occasion to visit this shrine and can honestly say that I was deeply moved by the experience. Truly was the Primarch a giant amongst men.

Talassar is a turbulent planet of tempests and violent seas, with but a single continent named Glaudor that saw the defeat of the base Orks in battle following the Great Betrayal. In contrast, the three worlds of Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali orbit a common centre of gravity and outside the huge, enclosed agri-cities are desolate and arid. Wind traps collect water for these domed cities that protect verdant greenery and hundreds of square miles of agricultural land. Calth's populace live below the planet's surface, far from the deadly rays of its blue sun. Vast subterranean caverns, so fresh and spacious as to make a man forget that he is underground, honeycomb the planet's crust and though the planet, like all others in Ultramar, is self-sufficient, a great deal of food is shipped in from nearby Iax. The planet's shipyards are justly famous and construct a sizeable proportion of the ships in the Ultramarines fleet as well as those used by other arms of the Imperium.

Both Iax and Espandor are sparsely populated worlds towards the edge of Ultramar. Iax is a model of how an agri-world should be managed and is one of the most productive worlds in the



Northern Polar Defence Fortress

Fortress of Hera and Shrine of the Primarch

MACRAGGE

- UL01.01
- Orb. Dist. 2.01AU
- 1.48G/Temp 23°C
- Adeptus Astartes Home World
- Tithe Grade: Adeptus Non
- Aestimare: D0
- Population: 400,000,000

File: 56440/g. Macragge, Ultramarines home world.

Imperium. Other Imperial commanders should take note! Espandor is primarily composed of forests and is rumoured to have been settled when traders were blown off course by a warp storm during the Age of Strife.

The crowning glory of Ultramar is without doubt, Prandium. Its climate is temperate and the natural beauty of its geography mark it as one of the most exquisite planets I have ever had the good fortune to visit. My duties permitting I shall certainly return to the realm of the Ultramarines again.

Scribe's Note: Prandium was destroyed in the First Tyrannic War, stripped bare by Hive Fleet Behemoth.

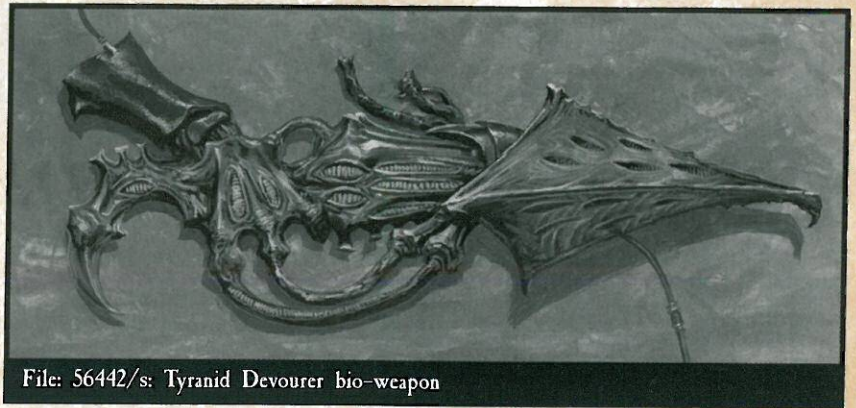
Initial investigations into the emerging threat were undertaken by Inquisitor Kryptman.

Personal Log: Inquisitor Kryptman

The first recorded contact with these aliens was at the Tyran Explorer Base, in the farthest reaches of the south-eastern arm of the galaxy. It is from this world that they finally acquired a name – Tyranids. Reports of devastated worlds and planets laid waste were logged and filed by the Explorer Base for many years until I began to see an underlying pattern emerging. I took ship to the Tyran outpost to further investigate these disturbing reports. During the journey I received a garbled report from Tyran, forwarded by Astropaths on Earth. A terrible vision of the sky turned black by monstrous swarms of hellish creatures. It was a dire warning of things to come.

When my vessel arrived in the Tyran system, the navigational auguries could not at first divine the location of the Imperial outpost. Where I had expected to find a world covered by oceans, I instead found an airless dead rock, stripped bare of all life. A weak transponder signal was the only sign that this world had once been Tyran. I led an exploration team to the surface and discovered no survivors, no bodies and no trace of the planet's attackers. Determined to uncover the truth of what had occurred on Tyran, I refused to give up and at last discovered a data codex, buried in a deep bore shaft some 3,000 metres below the planet's surface.

The things I saw on that codex chilled my blood like never before and my admiration for Magos Varnak, Tyran's commander, grew as I learned how he and his men had fought to the last against this terrifying foe before sealing the codex away so that others might learn from their deaths. Armed with this information I left dead Tyran and set out to warn the Imperium of this deadly new



File: 56442/s: Tyranid Devourer bio-weapon

enemy only to find that the psychic wake caused by this alien fleet had disrupted the warp to such a degree that communication was impossible. I immediately set course for the Thandros telepathica booster. By the time I arrived at Thandros, the Tyranids had already attacked and once more there were no survivors. I made one discovery of note aboard the telepathica matrix. In the crew quarters I chanced upon a translucent, filmy material, like shed skin, and a colourless ooze dripping from a bulkhead. Samples of these were taken and although it was clear they were of alien origin, nothing more could be discerned without proper laboratoria facilities. The adepts of the Machine God aboard my ship were able to salvage the telepathica matrix (obviously the Tyranids had no use for such a device) and my Astropath was finally able to pass word of the invaders and my discoveries to the Imperium. In return I received orders to travel to Macragge, planet of the Ultramarines in the realm of Ultramar.

Events had been set in motion even before my ship had arrived and a dozen vessels already hung in orbit around Macragge. Mile long Space Marine battle barges dwarfed strike cruisers arriving from the furthest reaches of Ultramar and every day more ships arrived from the warp. The static orbital defences were also impressive, ringing Macragge with a cordon of fire that, against a conventional opponent, would prove impossible to breach. It remained to be seen how they would fare against the Tyranids. To further augment the system defences, a battlefleet from the Segmentum Tempestus sector base at Bakka was dispatched. I prayed that it would arrive in time.

On Macragge I met with Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines and even after I had appraised him of the horrors approaching his realm, he was unperturbed. He merely stated that the

men of Ultramar would serve the Emperor until their last breath had been crushed from their bodies. I must confess that I found Calgar to be a man of great courage and could hope for no one better to lead the defence of Macragge.

Further information had come to light with a survivor's eye witness account of a Tyranid attack on the stellar liner *Galactis Luxor* and the discovery of a complete Tyranid organism aboard the derelict freighter *Hammer of Foes*. Adeptus Mechanicus Genetors at the Inquisition fortress of Talasa Prime had deduced that while the creature was definitely of Tyranid origin, it was not of the same force that had attacked Tyran. The implications of this were truly terrifying. It was now clear to us that there were in fact two Tyranid fleets, one leapfrogging the other in their consumption of worlds.

A month later, with no sign yet of the Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet, the Tyranids attacked Macragge.

At the forefront of the initial space battles, the captain of the Vae Victus witnessed much that will be of interest to starship captains who may soon have to face these aliens.

Vox-Log Record of Captain Lazlo Tiberius, Ultramarines Strike Cruiser Vae Victus. 745.M41

<<295/18:45> Emperor's mercy, what are these things? We are but ants attacking a Grox against them! Every attack we make is swept aside. Gigantic craft, like disgusting sea dwelling monsters with curled shells and questing tentacles are surrounded by tiny, darting... shapeless things that I cannot find the words to describe. Each volley of torpedoes we fire is intercepted by swarms of these

creatures and our weapon decks are befouled by them. >

<<296/5:30> Whole squadrons of fighters and bombers are destroyed in a heartbeat and while our lasers burn gaping tears in the chitinous hides of these beasts we cannot bring enough fire to bear on any one bio-ship to count. I saw the Emperor Rex pass too close to one of the hulking craft, becoming ensnared by some loathsome organ that dragged the ship into the embrace of thousands of tearing claws and scything blades that broke the mighty vessel in two. For every one of the smaller craft we destroy, a hundred times that number are vomited from the belly of the larger bio-ships. We must retreat back to Macragge, we cannot fight in this manner and survive. To die this way is no service to the Emperor and we may yet find a way to fight this foe more effectively another day.>

<<298/03:23> We are now committed on a perilous course of action. With no sign of the Tempestus battlefleet, Lord Calgar has ordered the fleet to disengage and move outsystem in a bid to draw the aliens onto the orbital and polar defences of Macragge. With the Tyranid fleet spread out around the planet he believes we may yet be able to cause enough damage to stop the aliens. May the Emperor prove him right, for we are lost if he is not.>

<<298/06:23> The hive fleet scatters before us! As though guided by the Emperor's own hand our divine weaponry cuts a swathe through the alien vessels. Spread out, they are much more vulnerable to our righteous fire and our manifest supremacy is now becoming clear.>

<<300/11:59> We have to give our fighters more time! Concentrate all firepower on the main hive ship! It is almost ready to go! See how it spills it's lifeblood into space. Kill it, kill it now! Reload damn you! Full spread of torpedoes. Fire! Fire! Fire!>

<<300/14:59> There! You see it perish? Our fighters deliver the killing blow and it dies. Such is the fate of all invaders! Wait... the other ships, they drift now as though they cannot function without the guidance of the larger ships. We must strike while we have the advantage. Launch all remaining fighters and bombers, prepare to attack! We shall reap a bloody harvest this day!>

<<300/17:11> Hundreds of the Tyranid ships are dying. Without the main hive ship to direct their attacks,

they fight in an uncoordinated manner and are easy meat for my gunners. Many of the hive ships have pulled back behind a screen of the smaller ships and are disgorging what appears to be a hail of spore-like organisms above the polar regions of the planet. What exactly they are, our divination auguries cannot tell, but I fear they must be some new and terrible weapon. My prayers are with the defenders on the planet's surface.>

<<301/16:11> The Tyranids are withdrawing! Their battered ships fall back before us. The order has come to give pursuit and eradicate them. Though we are outnumbered we shall prevail and destroy the Tyranids. Through the flames of perdition and for the Emperor we shall follow the aliens to the edge of the galaxy if need be! The victory shall be ours.>

This fragment of a soldier's personal journal was discovered on his dismembered body within the southern polar defence fortress.

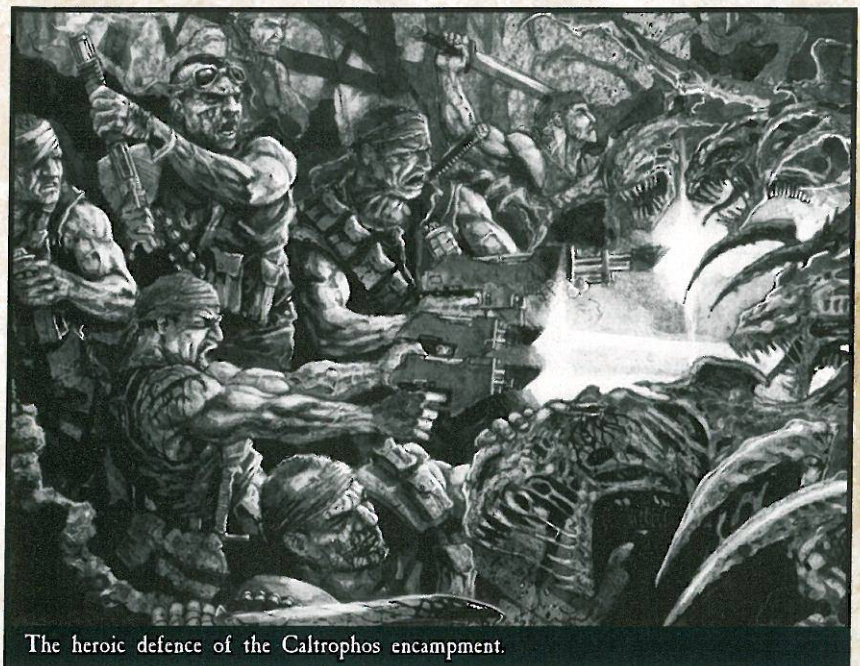
Journal of Captain Reno Sebastien, Ultramar Defence Auxillia

Day 26: I was looking along the barrel of my lasgun, trying to keep my breathing even. I knew I mustn't show any fear in front of the men. I couldn't see anything yet, but that didn't make me feel any better. Worse in fact. I knew

the aliens were out there; we'd all watched as millions of spores dropped from space and turned day into night. The sky had burned with defence laser fire, but the massive guns couldn't hope to down all of them.

The sun was low and you had to squint against the glare of sunlight on snow to make sure you didn't go snow-blind. I checked left and right along our position. Thousands of fellow Defence Auxillia troops manned the firing steps of the trenches, our strength bolstered by the presence of veteran Space Marines from the Ultramarines 1st Company. I felt immensely proud to be fighting alongside them. Surely whatever was coming could not stand before such legendary warriors. How little I knew.

The ground shook as the Titans of the Legio Praetor shifted position, bracing their legs into a firing stance. The enormous machines must have seen something I couldn't. The air around them shimmered as their void shields powered up and their huge weapons, locked in place. I peered out onto the ice plains again and in the distance saw the Tyranid swarm for the first time. On the horizon I saw a shifting, blurred motion, a swarm of creatures too numerous to count speeding across the ice fields towards us. A low, buzzing, skittering noise came from the approaching horde, insistent and grating on the nerves. I grabbed a pair of magnoculars from Trooper Park and trained them on the horizon, zooming in on the mass of creatures.



The heroic defence of the Caltrophos encampment.



Ordnance barrages proved to be extremely effective at disrupting the Tyranid swarms.

I'm not ashamed to say that my knees sagged and my heart skipped a beat as I saw the horrors that scuttled, leapt and thundered their way towards us. Beasts that defied any classification of form swarmed forwards, stretching as far as the eye could see in all directions. Shadowy forms, lost in a haze of ice crystals came after the smaller creatures, massively built with scything legs and jaws as big as dropships. A suffocating fear rose in me, paralysing my limbs and turning my blood to ice. It seemed to me that there was no way we could fight these creatures. Nobody could stand against these numbers, I had to get away...

Then from amongst the lines of Defence Auxillia, a Space Marine Chaplain, as if sensing the beginnings of panic amongst us, began to sing the Battle Hymn of the Imperium in a loud, clear voice. Amplifiers in his suit of powered armour carried his voice across the trenches. Along the line, Space Marines and Defence Auxillia troopers began to join in and, like water poured on a fire, the mounting panic was quelled. A resolute determination filled me and I could feel it spread to all the men of Macragge who stood shoulder to shoulder in the trenches.

A deafening salvo of shells and rockets shrieked overhead and impacted square in the centre of the alien horde, throwing up great chunks of ice and broken alien bodies. The whole swarm was momentarily obscured as every Titan and artillery piece fired and engulfed the aliens in fire and smoke. A huge cheer went up from our line, but died just as quickly as the aliens came on undaunted and apparently undiminished.

Heavy weapon fire tore huge holes in

the alien charge as the range closed still further and I shouldered my rifle, watching the range counter on my rifle's scope unwind impossibly quickly. The numbers flashed green and I pulled the trigger, a powerful blast of laser energy burning a hole in one of the smaller aliens. Their speed was unbelievable and I only managed to fire about three shots before they smashed into our line.

Then they were amongst the trenches. Sickle armed beasts with sinewy arms, slicing and eviscerating. Six limbed creatures with slashing sword-like claws and whips that coruscated with a crackling purple energy. Shark-faced living battering rams with giant razor claws and screaming roars. Blood splashed bright on the snow, armour cut through like paper and men running insane with fear. The sky darkened with drooling creatures borne aloft on leathery wings, vomiting corrosive gobs of acidic fire.

I fought with my bayonet, hacking and killing. I ducked as a snarling creature came at me, slashing with razor sharp claws like scythes. I desperately parried and stumbled backwards, falling to the trench floor. The beast hissed, ready to pounce and disembowel me. Powerful muscles uncoiled as it launched itself at me. I screamed, thinking that this was my time to die when a swipe from a Space Marine's power sword chopped the creature in two. Its severed thorax slammed into my chest and still its fanged maw sought to bite me. I pushed the bloody mess away, repulsed beyond words. The Ultramarines Space Marine who had saved me dragged me to my feet, thrust me back towards the firing step and moved on, firing his bolter at the aliens.

I was terrified, but damn it, I'm a soldier of the Emperor and began firing into the swarm once more. Soon I established a rhythm, firing until the rifle's energy pack was dry, slamming a fresh clip in and repeating the process. Wave after wave of the aliens broke themselves against our defences and how long we fought for, I honestly couldn't say. My vision blurred with fatigue and snow-blindness, but it didn't matter, there were too many to miss. I fired mechanically, any sense of my surroundings dulled by sheer terror.

Suddenly it was over. Hissing defiance, the aliens pulled back out of our weapons' range, leaving huge mounds of corpses piled high against the defence line. A cheer went up from the Auxillia troops, a cheer that came not from a sense of victory, but the simple elation of survival. A wailing siren from the base loudspeakers sounded the fall back signal and I cast my gaze around the trenches. I fell to my knees retching, overcome by the sheer scale of the slaughter. Thousands were dead, ripped to shreds and huge gaps had been torn in our line. If the aliens attacked this position again, there would be no way of holding it. I gathered up my remaining energy packs and joined the surviving defence troopers and Space Marines streaming back to the secondary line of bunkers and trenches. As I ran, I vowed that I would make these abominations pay a fearsome toll in blood for every yard they dared to advance.

The Tyranids use bio-constructs of comparable size to the God-Machines employed by our own holy Titan Legions. This extract demonstrates the lethality of these abominations in graphic detail.

Neuro-path engrams of Princeps Sidarius Calvin, Legio Praetor Warlord Titan Semper Sanctus. Northern Polar Defence Grid. 745.M41

03:34 hours: Channel 564/1v13.
Moderati! I read a jam on the carapace rocket launchers! Fix it immediately! Salvo on grid reference 236 alpha, 303 omega. Maximum burst. All other weapons cycle auto loaders and continue to fire on sectors Tertion and Primus. Watch for overheating! *Deus lux!* Look at the size of that thing! It's

bigger than an Emperor Titan! By the Emperor's holy rule, we cannot suffer such a thing to live. Moderati Araya, concentrate your mega-cannon fire on that beast to our forward quarter!

03:58 hours: Channel 564/lvl3. Damn it, I said to watch for overheats Moderati Decius! Assign yourself one hour in the shriving chamber upon this battle's conclusion. Princeps Calvin to Engineer Calder give me striding speed, we take the fight to the alien scum! I see fluid leaking from its hide. Ready chain fist generators! And someone clear the smaller creatures from the legs of my titan! They slow us down...

04:01 hours: Channel 564/lvl3. Death to all enemies of the Emperor! Free up those turbo lasers Moderati Decius, burn through the tentacles! Get that chain fist free! Stepping back. No! We cannot move! Engineer Calder what the hell are you doing down there? Give me power to the legs! What do you mean we have power? Then why are we not moving? Emperor! The joints are clogged with the corpses of the smaller beasts... Emperor save us!

04:24 hours: Channel 525/lvl6. Left arm gone. Moderati Araya dead and Moderati Decius mortally wounded. The beast is upon us and I commend my soul

and those of my crew to our beloved Emperor! The beast has destroyed us! Like swarms of ants they climb the body of the God Machine and tear me down. I see them now at the armoured glass of my control centre, clawing their way in. They will tear me apart. They will not take the Semper Sanctus from me I swear! Activation of reactor overload. Princeps Sidarius Calvin. Authorisation code [classified]. May the Emperor and the Machine God forgive me for what I do now. Finis Rerum!

Scribe's Note: The Semper Sanctus was destroyed in a self-initiated reactor overload that destroyed the Titan and the Tyranid construct now classified as a Hierophant bio-Titan.

Compiled from the surviving powered armour suit logs, the following text tells of the destruction of the Ultramarines 1st Company.

The Lament of the First

"And thus were the battle brothers of 1st Company tasked with the final defence against the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth. The ferocity of the Tyranids was unmatched save by the determination of the Company to defeat

them. Even those brothers honoured with Tactical Dreadnought armour could not stand against the foe in close combat. Only the righteous fire from storm bolters and heavy flamers kept the foe at bay. Multi-limbed creatures with claws and swords of chitin moved like quicksilver and their blades ripped open armour and bodies with equal ease.

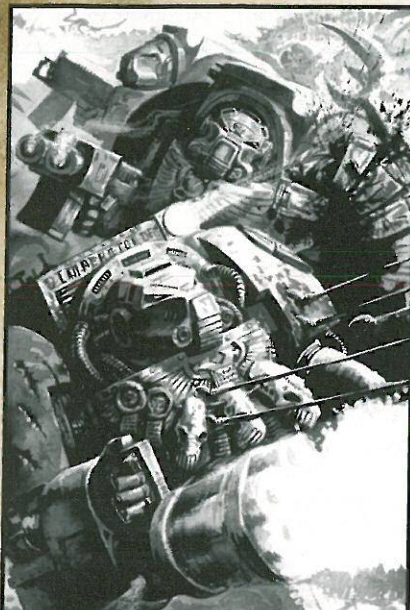
At the southern polar defence fortress, the vital Eagle Bastion had fallen to the Tyranids and the honour of retaking it was accepted by the surviving detachments of the 1st Company based in this region. The Eagle Bastion provided a solid base to anchor the defences of the fortress and without it there would be almost no chance of continued resistance above ground. Situated on a rocky bluff overlooking the entrance to the underground silos, the bastion had been considered impregnable, but a Tyranid organism was able to infiltrate through the oxy-recyc ducts and slaughtered the valiant defenders of Planetary Defence Auxillia tasked with its defence. The vile creature was eventually destroyed, but not before an uncannily well-coordinated attack carried the walls of the bastion and saw every one of the defenders killed.

Brother Captain Dardinus led his brothers in prayer in the hours before dawn and began the assault on the Eagle Bastion at first light. Unbeknownst to Captain Dardinus, the deviant aliens had laid a trap for him and, as the men of 1st Company stormed the bastion, they found themselves surrounded, every avenue of escape blocked by terrifying creatures bigger than a Dreadnought. Though they knew they were doomed, not a man amongst them was cowed and each vowed to sell his life as dearly as possible. Fighting back to back, the men of 1st Company battled for six hours until at last only Captain Dardinus remained. A beast from the darkest of nightmares faced the brave captain. Fully six metres tall, with four arms and a giant maw filled with serrated fangs, the Hive Tyrant seemed to regard Dardinus with interest as though deciding upon his worth as a foe.

Suddenly the creature's scything talons lashed out and there was a burst of electrical discharge as the captain's power sword parried the blow. The alien screeched and hissed, circling Captain Dardinus more warily now. The beast's claws again struck at the brave captain, but he ducked, rolling beneath its attack and slashed his sword across the Tyrant's flank. Acidic purple ichor sprayed from the wound and the vile creature shrieked in pain. Captain Dardinus scrambled to his feet and



Last recorded image from Brother Captain Dardinus' power armour log.



Penitorium vid-log: Last stand of Captain Adrasta, 1st Company detachment.

parried another strike of the Tyrant's claws. He bled from a score of cuts, but fought with the strength of the Primarch. The Tyrant attacked again and its barbed tail whipped forwards, punching through the captain's breastplate. As Dardinus reeled, the creature's chest spasmed and fleshy lengths of tough muscle fibre fired out to ensnare the captain. Serrated hooks tore into Dardinus' armour and dragged him into the Tyrant's embrace. The beast's talons plunged deep into the captain's body and tore through his flesh, ripping him in two at the midriff. Thus it was that the Eagle Bastion was lost.

At the top of the world, in the northern polar region, the 1st Company detachments were under the command of Brother Captain Adrasta. Despite the bravest resistance, the men of the company were forced underground. Unstoppable waves of the aliens poured over the defence silo, overrunning the surface outposts and bunkers and all subsequent contact with the men of the 1st Company was lost. By this time, the Tyranids were forced to pay a heavy price for every foot they advanced. Running battles were fought amongst the gigantic coolant stores and capacitors of the defence laser batteries. The darkness was lit by the flash of lasers, bolters and the white heat of flamers. Screams, weapons fire and alien howls were the only sounds and many heroes were made in these dark and desperate times. Ultimately, there could be only one outcome to the battle and as the surviving members of 1st Company were pushed back into the

Penitorium, every man knew that this was the moment of his death. Chanting the Catechism of the Warrior, the Space Marines fought like heroes of legend and sold their lives dearly. When the brethren of 3rd Company retook the defence silo they discovered a mound of Tyranids, six deep, surrounding the Terminators who died to a man in the subterranean darkness of their home world. The men of 1st Company had broken the Tyranid attack, but at the cost of their own lives.

As the last warrior of 1st Company fell it is said that the flame that burns in the Chapel of Heroes in the Fortress of Hera guttered and died. And for a hundred nights, it could not be relit, a day of darkness and lament for each warrior of 1st Company".

While battle raged on Macragge, the war in space was still being fought. Marneus Calgar commanded the Ultramarines fleet and filed this report following the Battle of Circe.

Post Action Report: 5U/ST/Bakka/745.m41

My order to pursue the retreating Tyranid force was not given lightly. Though the fleet under my command was vastly outnumbered, I knew that were I to permit the alien menace to escape, we would only have to face it again. The fleet harried the Tyranids to the edge of Ultramar, giving them no succour or respite from our weapons. With no sign yet of the Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet, I knew that constant pressure was the only way we could prevent the Tyranids from regrouping and destroying us.

As we reached the outermost planet of Ultramar, my Astropaths warned me of a great turbulence in the warp. It was approaching at speed, but whether it was the Tempestus battlefleet or the second Tyranid fleet, they could not say. I swear the next few minutes that passed were the longest in my life. Then a storm of torpedoes and a veritable fusillade of laser fire heralded the arrival of the Tempestus battlefleet. Nearly two hundred vessels, led by the Emperor class battleship, the *Dominus Astra*, emerged from the warp, the anvil to the Ultramar fleet's hammer. Caught between the two fleets, the fate of the Tyranids was sealed, but the alien neither knows or understands the concept of defeat and continued to fight on. In the first moments of battle the *Pax Imperator* and *Clavis Regni* were

overwhelmed by swarms of monstrous creatures that completely obscured the massive Imperial cruisers with their numbers.

Our experiences in fighting the Tyranids had taught us that the aliens needed the largest hive ships to function effectively and I ordered all ships to concentrate their firepower on a tentacled leviathan that lurked in the centre of the swarm. Our ships punched a hole in the Tyranid centre, scattering them in all directions. Screens of smaller ships blocked the way and though our losses were grievous our vessels were finally able to fight their way through to the hive ships and strike at the vile craft with every weapon that could be brought to bear. Caught in the crossfire of two fleets the Tyranids were finally overcome and after a brutal hour of constant bombardment, the remains of the hive fleet was destroyed and the battle won.

In triumphal procession, the two fleets began the journey back in-system. As we passed the gas giant Circe, the fabric of space was torn aside as the second Tyranid fleet emerged from the warp behind us. Realising that the Tempestus battlefleet could not outrun the Tyranids, Lord Admiral Rath decided to make his stand within the upper atmosphere of Circe. With the fate of the defenders on Macragge uppermost in my mind, I ordered the Ultramar fleet not to engage and to return to Macragge. The Tempestus fleet would stand or fall regardless of whether my few cruisers remained.

The previous Tyranid fleet had been weakened and trapped. This one was fresh and undamaged and as the Tempestus fleet turned at bay, the destruction wrought by the Tyranids was fearful. The Imperial craft could not breach the solid wall of creatures that protected the hive ships, the great bell tolled along the length of the *Dominus Astra* and it seemed as though all was lost as the hive fleet closed for the kill. The enormous firepower of the Emperor class warship punched great holes in the Tyranid fleet but for every hit that was scored, another Imperial vessel was overwhelmed and destroyed by the hive ship's protectors and, watching on the hologlobe, I believed that our desperate gamble had failed.

The Tempestus fleet simply could not bring sufficient weight of fire to destroy enough of the hive ships to disrupt the Tyranids. Suddenly the *Dominus Astra's* engines flared as it powered deep into the heart of the Tyranids and a fleet-wide communique sounded within the Sacristy of every Imperial vessel:

"Attention all vessels, this is Lord Admiral Rath. It is clear to me that we cannot win this fight by utilising conventional methods of warfare. I order you all to disengage and withdraw. The *Dominus Astra* shall be the fiery sword of retribution that ends this war. I repeat, disengage and pull away. The Emperor's blessing be upon you always!"

Realising the Admiral's plan, the remaining captains pulled their vessels away from the battle. The *Dominus Astra* collided with the largest of the Tyranid craft and as the hive ship's tentacles ensnared the vessel, the Admiral triggered his ship's warp engines. Space was torn asunder as an uncontrolled warp vortex erupted and engulfed the hive fleet in its destructive embrace.

The Tyranids were sucked into oblivion by the vortex and when the coruscating warp field died down, not a single hive ship remained. The *Dominus Astra* was gone also. The great Bell of Souls on Terra shall chime a thousand times in recognition of the Admiral's sacrifice and his name shall be entered in the Chapel of Heroes as a Defender of Ultramar.

The Battle of Circe had been won, but it had claimed nearly the entire Tempestus battlefleet. A small force of cruisers remained to destroy any surviving bio-ships, while the rest of the fleet limped back to Macragge. Contact had been lost with the defenders in the northern polar regions and thus I ordered the 3rd and 7th Companies ahead to bolster the beleaguered defenders. Only time would

tell whether or not they would arrive soon enough.

With the return of the Ultramarines, the remaining Tyranids were soon eradicated. Inquisitor Kryptman returned with them to begin the task of cataloguing the various Tyranid organisms.

Personal Log: Inquisitor Kryptman

Upon arrival on Macragge following the defeat of the hive fleet in space, my first impression was of a hitherto unseen scale of slaughter. So numerous were the Tyranid corpses that a man could walk from one end of the ice fields to the other without once setting foot on the planet's surface. By the time I arrived from Talasa Prime, Ordo Xenos battlefield cleansing units had the situation under control and were following my strict quarantine and species classification protocols. The defences of the polar regions were heavily damaged and bore all the hallmarks of a truly titanic struggle. Gazing upon the disgusting countenance of these aliens for the first time, I realised that not only must we resist them when they invade our space, we must seek them out and destroy them also.

Venturing within the hallways beneath the polar fortresses, I was repulsed to find the internal architecture altered in ways too numerous to count. Obscenely organic constructions filled the corridors and despite their destruction it was impossible not to feel that some presence of the aliens remained. Everywhere I looked, there were

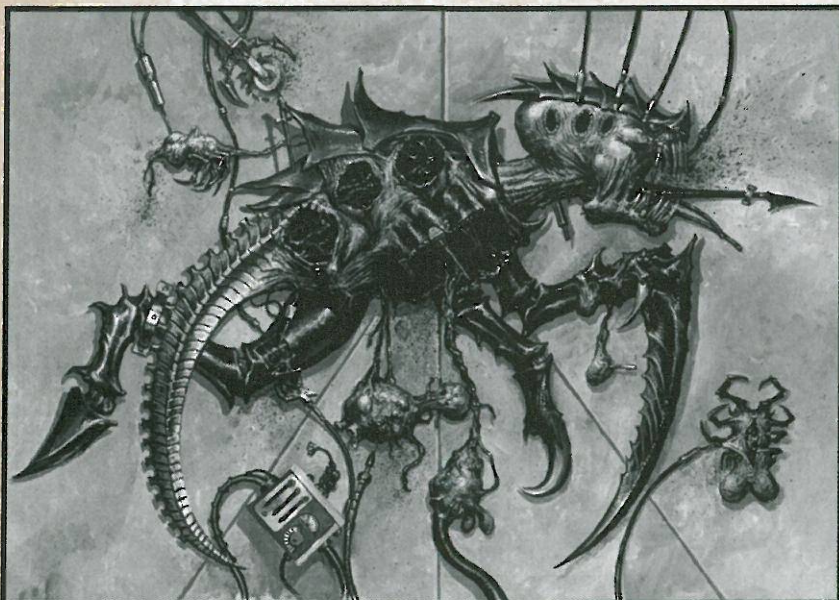
signs of fighting. Not an inch of ground had been yielded without fierce resistance. Fire blackened walls and the stench of cooked flesh permeated every surface and I doubt I shall ever truly be rid of that foul odour.

I began cataloguing the many and varied Tyranid creatures in an attempt to gain some kind of understanding into this abominable new race of aliens. The Techno Magi of Mars arrived with commendable speed and began the long task of collecting specimens from amongst the dead creatures. It will take many years of careful study before the true nature of the Tyranids becomes clear, but several things are immediately apparent.


Firstly, the presence of Genestealers in the alien horde seems to point to them being creatures of Tyranid origin. Early genetic scans appear to indicate this, but it will require a more detailed investigation to verify it. These creatures have long been thought of as indigenous to the moons of Yngarl, and how they came to be there when they are possibly of Tyranid origin remains a mystery. In light of this new information, I recommend a xenocidal campaign against this species be mounted immediately by the Adeptus Astartes and that all Inquisitors increase their vigilance in regards to Genestealer infestations.

Secondly, having seen the destruction wrought by the Tyranids against the realm of Ultramar, I cannot stress enough the danger posed by these creatures. They are the ultimate race of predators, consuming with no thought for anything except the absorption of the next race. Knowing what I know now, I cannot help but feel that this may not even have been a true invasion. As incredible as it seems, this may have been a learning experience for the Tyranids. I have perused several post-action reports all claiming that the Tyranids would rapidly adapt to whatever the defenders could throw at them. If this is the case and the assault on Ultramar was but a probing thrust, then we must maintain a constant vigil on the galactic rim and strengthen our military presence tenfold if we are to resist a more determined Tyranid invasion.

Thus I submit my report and again urge you to act with all possible haste in this matter. I believe that should we underestimate this foe it will be the beginning of the end for humanity. The Tyranids cannot be bargained with, reasoned with or forced to surrender. They absolutely will not stop and the only way we can defeat them is to be ready, to use the time the Ultramarines have bought with their lives to better prepare ourselves for the next Tyranid invasion. It may not be soon, but it will come. And we must be ready for it.



Recovered Xeno specimen, classified 'Hormagaunt'.



A man may die yet still endure if his work enters the greater work, for time is carried upon a current of forgotten deeds, and events of great moment are but the culmination of a single carefully placed thought. As all men must thank progenitors obscured by the past, so we must endure the present so that those who follow may continue the endeavour.

Garbo Mojaro

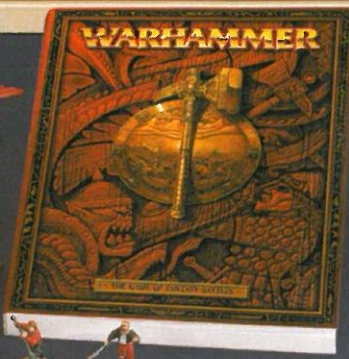


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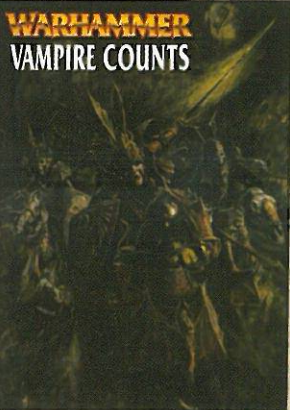


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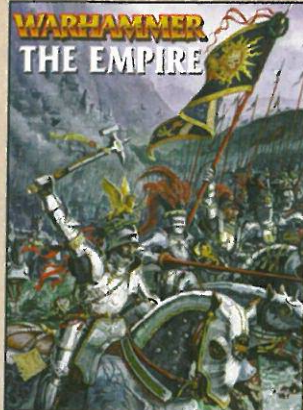
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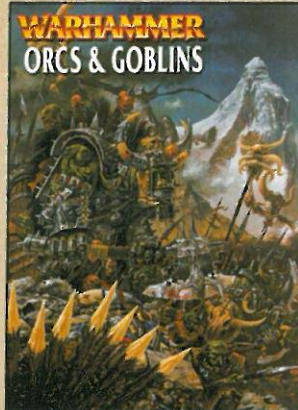
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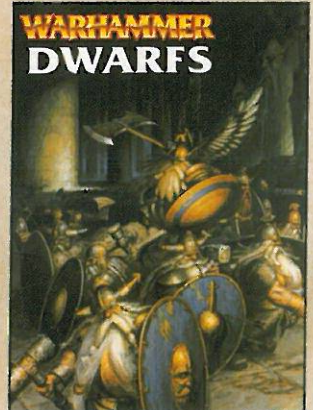
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SPOTLIGHT ON ALESSIO CAVATORE

Break out the garlic! This whole issue carries the unsavoury reek of putrefaction and, with our crucifixes held high, we now meet the man behind those fanged denizens of the night. Say hello to the Games Developer responsible for the new Vampire Counts armies book, Alessio Cavatore.

Come on then, Alessio, introduce yourself!

Well, I was born in Turin, Italy. I have always had a strong love for model soldiers. As I grew up, I was fascinated with gaming books of all kinds and before long I began writing my own scenarios for them. I guess the games developer was lurking inside me even then!

Can you remember your first exposure to Warhammer?

When I was old enough, I joined my local roleplaying games club. It was at this club that I saw a game of Warhammer being played for the first time.

Around this time, a bad accident of my own doing (the gory details have been left out to protect the innocent) left me with a badly broken leg and I found myself stuck in hospital. A friend of mine gave me a copy of Warhammer while I was there and from that point on I was hooked.

So, how did you proceed from playing games to writing them?

I didn't really have a writing background as such before joining Games Workshop. My first love was playing the game itself. I used to field a Skaven army, although generally I prefer playing the good guys. After many years of playing, I decided to enter the Italian Grand Tournament. To my surprise I won and, in doing so, got to speak with the people who were at the time setting up Games Workshop Italia (which was based at head office). After a brief chat, they decided that my grasp of English was good enough for the job of translator, so I set off for Nottingham.

How did you find moving to a foreign country and straight into a new job?

It came as a big shock to my system. I had taken a big gamble in dropping out of my last year at university to pursue a career here at Games Workshop. I was working on translating the Warhammer fifth edition Magic supplement, and spotting some inconsistencies in the initial print run of the English version brought me into contact with the Games Developers. I found myself working with Tuomas Pirinen (author of Mordheim and the driving force behind the sixth edition of Warhammer) and Rick Priestley, and forged a solid friendship with them. Then came the staff tournaments and I surprised everybody by winning in 1998 with a Bretonnian army. By the time the 1999 Staff Tournament was played, I was the firm favourite to win and did not disappoint. This, in combination with an opportune discussion with Rick and Tuomas, led me down the hallowed path to Games Development.

The first original written piece you produced was fiction (the 'field surgeon' story for the Dogs of War Empire book, back in 1998). Is writing fiction something you want to move into?

I don't see myself as much a writer as I do a games developer, although I do enjoy writing stories very much. For me, writing is the ability to make people dream. To be able to give people dreams is a dream in itself. One of the biggest problems I came across as a writer was building up the confidence to write in English. It is a definite psychological barrier, but the more I wrote, the greater my confidence grew. I don't get enough time to write as much as I would like as I am busy finishing my degree (in biology).

You used to have a reputation as a bit of a 'power player'. Do you feel that this is undeserved?

I will freely admit that my style of play is that of a power player, or 'rules lawyer' as they are often known. Being so competitive has, however, given me a distinct advantage in my job. By pushing the rules to their furthest definitions you can see how easy they are to bend and in doing so you can try to combat that abuse. I think my tenacity to stick by the strict letter of the rules combined with an attention to detail honed from my time spent as a translator allows me to pen rules that make sense without the need for lengthy discussion.

The whole process of games development is very rewarding, it makes me feel great to create these games as they are better than any computer game. In a computer game you play against a machine, whereas with Warhammer you meet real people who have real lives.

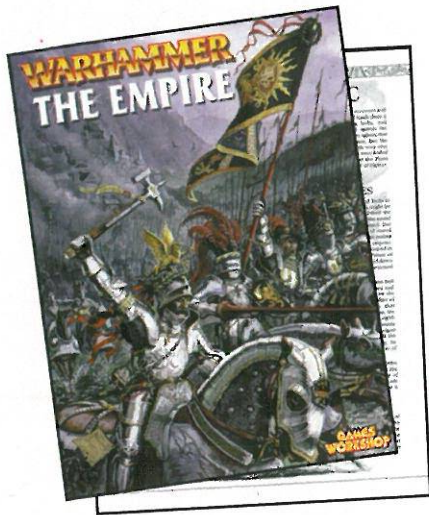
Tell us about your first big projects for Warhammer. The Dogs of War army list, for instance.

I was given the Dogs of War project for a variety of reasons. Firstly many of the units are from Tilea. They're part of the family (Tilea in the Old World corresponds to Italy in the real world!). Secondly, having recently completed the Empire Armies book, writing the updated Dogs of War was an obvious choice. They are mostly human mercenaries and share many of the same traits as the men of the Empire, they are all humans



WD251
(November 2000)
Dogs of War

after all. One of the biggest problems I faced with the Dogs of War is that there are too many obscure units, each with its own special rules. This posed a problem in that each unit has the potential to fundamentally mess around with the original Warhammer rules and create horrible complications.



Ok, let's talk about Vampire Counts. For over 200 years, the vampire has been an integral part of our popular culture. Are you a big fan of the vampire in literature?

I am not a massive follower of vampire mythos but I would class myself as a fan nonetheless. I saw *Bram Stoker's Dracula* (by Francis Ford Coppola) and was inspired to read the book. The book is fantastic and has all the elements of every vampire that has ever been created in film.

You contributed to the first Vampire Counts book, but this time you were the main writer. The Vampire Counts are still quite new as a Warhammer race in their own right (previously being part of the generic Undead Armies book). When working on the rules and background, did you have free reign?

On the Vampire book, I have been given far more autonomy than ever before. However, Games Workshop has a very defined style of writing and imagery and there are a number of particular 'do's and 'don't's. The whole of the Warhammer world has a dark underlying tone to it. Personally, I would prefer to write about definite good guys, but understand the need to keep with the theme of the dark world that we have created.

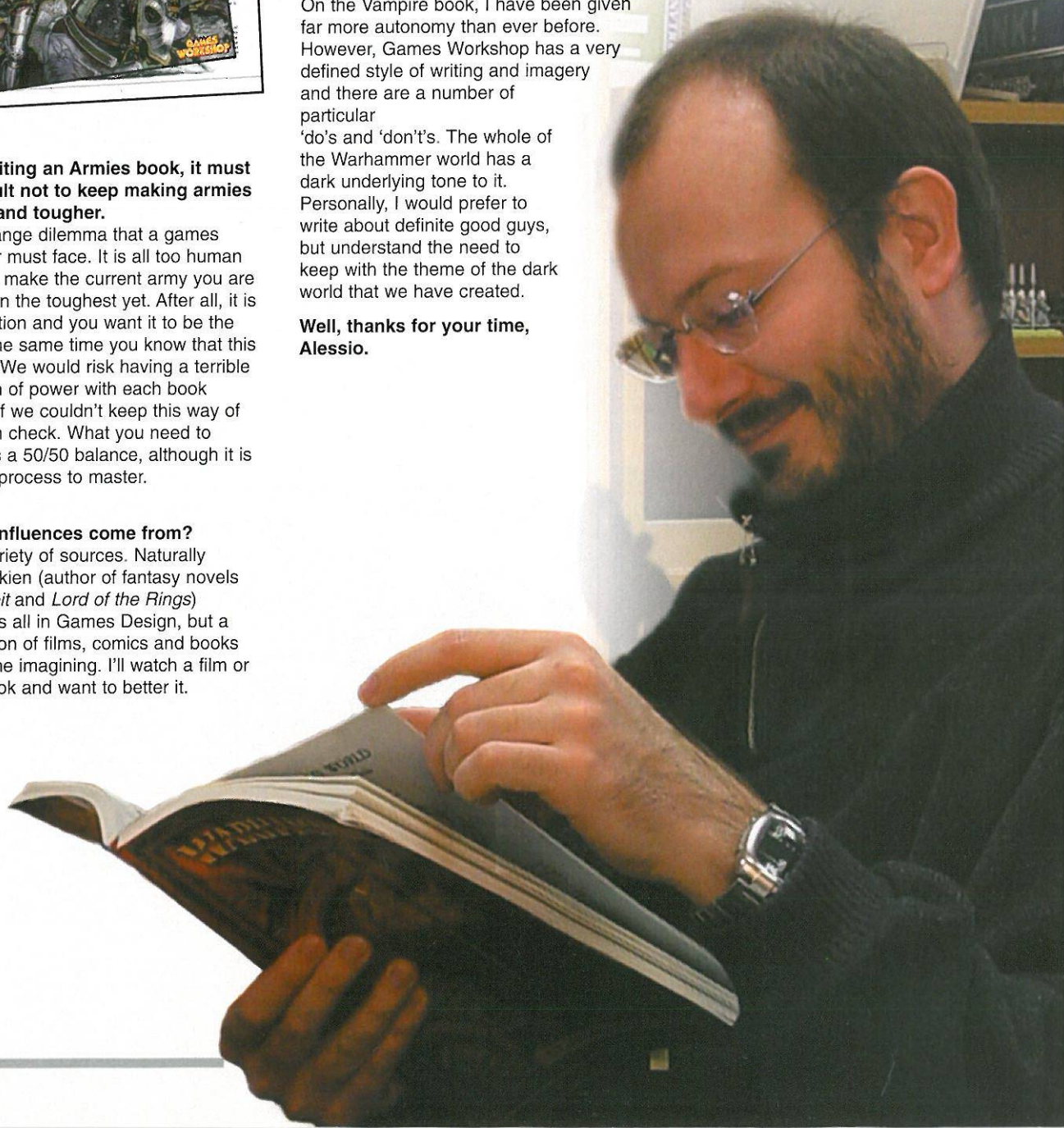
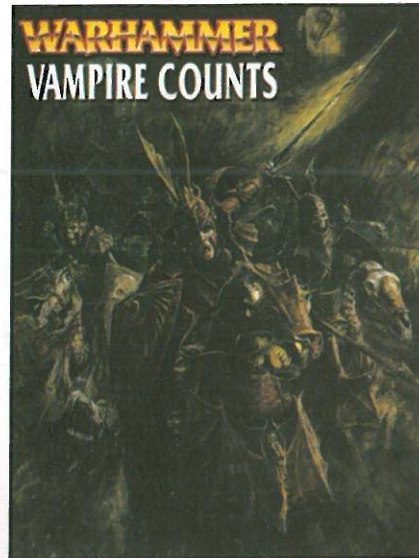
Well, thanks for your time, Alessio.

When writing an Armies book, it must be difficult not to keep making armies tougher and tougher.

It is a strange dilemma that a games developer must face. It is all too human to try and make the current army you are working on the toughest yet. After all, it is your creation and you want it to be the best. At the same time you know that this is wrong. We would risk having a terrible escalation of power with each book released if we couldn't keep this way of thinking in check. What you need to achieve is a 50/50 balance, although it is a difficult process to master.

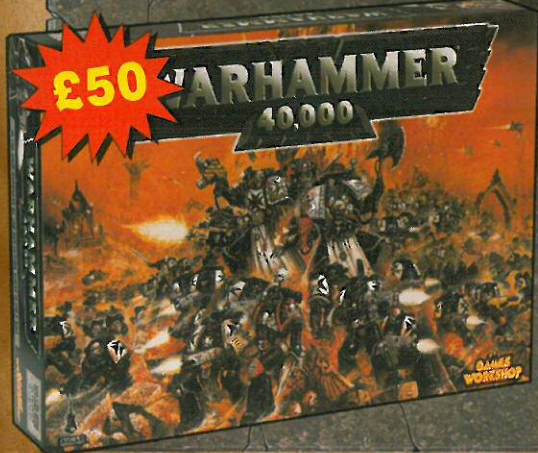
Where do your influences come from?

A wide variety of sources. Naturally J.R.R. Tolkien (author of fantasy novels *The Hobbit* and *Lord of the Rings*) inspires us all in Games Design, but a combination of films, comics and books all keep me imagining. I'll watch a film or read a book and want to better it.



In the grim darkness of the 41st Millennium there is only war.

Warhammer 40,000 is a tabletop game for two or more players in which you command the forces of the Imperium (or one of its many enemies) in desperate battles across the war-torn future of the 41st Millennium. The Codex army books are dedicated entirely to collecting, painting and gaming with the various different races and armies of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Every Codex highlights one particular army and expands upon the rules published in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Inside each Codex you will find army lists, a section full of ideas for painting and modelling an army, plus exotic wargear and special characters to use in your battles. In addition there is a wealth of background information— all in all enough to satisfy the most avid gamer!



CODEX SPACE MARINES

£8

The Space Marines are the finest troops in the Imperium. Their genetically engineered bodies have been honed far in advance of any human, and their battle skills are second to none. Combined with the best wargear mankind can offer and a lifespan lasting hundreds of years, these champions of the Imperium are feared and respected throughout the universe.

Each Chapter of the Space Marines has its own distinct history and background, and as such this Codex forms the basis for several supplementary Codex army books (see right).



You will need Codex Space Marines to use the following three Codex army books as they further highlight an individual Space Marine Chapter.

CODEX BLOOD ANGELS

£4

The Blood Angels are the most bloodthirsty of all the Space Marine Chapters, unstoppable in their fury and infamous in their quest to spill blood in the name of the Emperor.



CODEX SPACE WOLVES

£4

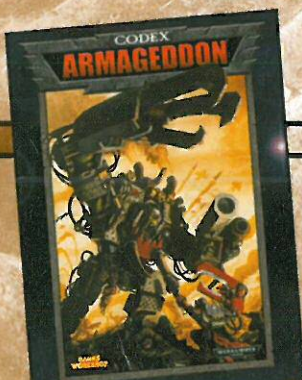
The ferocious warriors of the Space Wolves are famous throughout the Imperium for their bravery and willingness to fight no matter the odds.



CODEX DARK ANGELS

£4

The Dark Angels are stubborn and relentless champions of the Imperium, faithful but with a terrible secret. This Codex reveals some of the dark history of one of the most mysterious Space Marine Chapters.



CODEX ARMAGEDDON

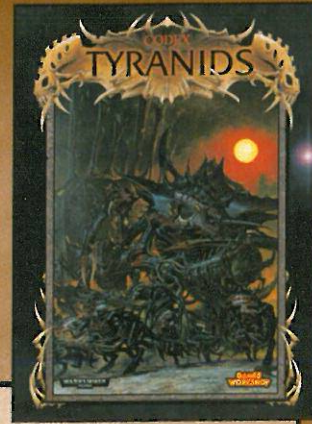
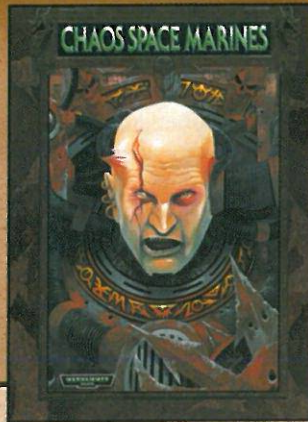
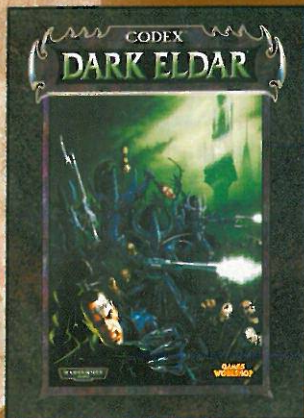
£4

A world is torn apart by the largest Ork invasion in Imperial history. Arrayed against this mighty Ork horde is the greatest gathering of Imperial might since the time of Lord Solar Macharius. The fate of a hundred worlds will be decided on the blood-soaked ash dunes of Armageddon. This Codex contains four army lists: Ork Speed Freeks, Armageddon Steel Legion Imperial Guard, Black Templars and Salamanders Space Marine Chapters, plus the complete battle-scarred history of Armageddon.

Codex Armageddon is a source book for Warhammer 40,000, with additional material that supplements Codex Space Marines, Codex Orks and Codex Imperial Guard.

WARHAMMER®

40,000



The Codex army books are supplements for Warhammer 40,000. You must possess a copy of Warhammer 40,000 to be able to use the contents of these books.

CODEX DARK ELДАР £8

Spawned in the darkest pit of the universe, the cruel Dark Eldar are a curse upon all races of the galaxy. For untold thousands of years they have preyed upon unsuspecting settlements, stealing forth from the shadows on their raids of terror, massacring or enslaving all whose paths they cross. This Codex reveals the darkest secrets of these sadistic killers, with advice on how best to begin your own reign of terror across the universe.

CODEX ORKS £8

WAAAGH! The Orks are the most brutal race in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Across a thousand worlds the deafening cries of battle-crazed Ork warriors ring out as they declare war on everything in their path. From unstoppable Warlords to the lowliest Gretchin, this Codex details everything an aspiring Ork Boss needs to know to take the galaxy by storm in a tide of green death!

CODEX CHAOS SPACE MARINES £8

The Legions of Chaos are twisted renegades and traitors, sworn to overthrow the Emperor and mankind whom they once served. The armies of the damned boast mighty Daemons, crazed berserkers, possessed vehicles and squad upon squad of foul Chaos Space Marines, bound forever to destroy all in their path. Death to the False Emperor!

CODEX TYRANIDS £8

From beyond the edge of the galaxy, these voracious alien predators come. The Tyranid swarm is a nightmare of lowering monsters, scuttling bio-constructs and hideous living weaponry. Within the pages of this book you'll find all you need to create your own brood of mutated terrors.

CODEX IMPERIAL GUARD £8

The Imperial Guard is the largest and most diverse fighting force in the galaxy, fighting across a hundred warzones upon ten thousand planets. Famous for their disciplined troops and devastating battle tanks, the Imperial Guard form the mainstay of the Imperium's standing army.

CODEX CATACHANS £4

You'll need Codex Imperial Guard to use this supplement.

Catachan is the most infamous deathworld in the galaxy and its inhabitants use the jungle itself as a weapon against the enemies of the Imperium. If hunting your adversaries with booby traps and ambushes or incinerating your foes with heavy flammers and demolition charges appeals to you, this Codex is ideal. Inside is a wealth of background information and scenarios for desperate jungle and deathworld fighting.

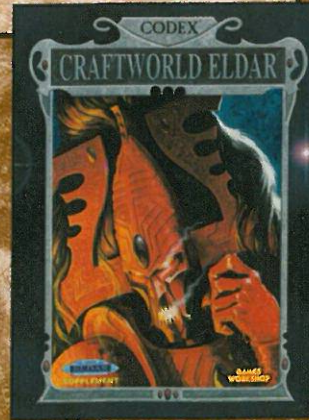
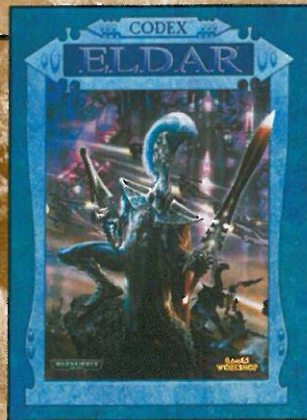
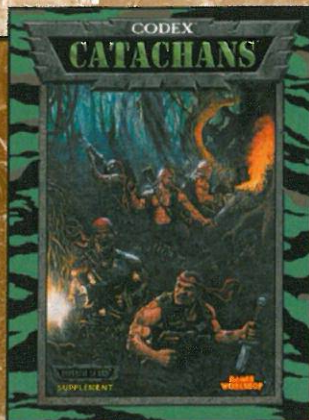
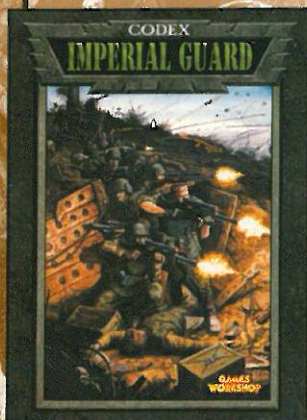
CODEX ELДАР £8

The Eldar are an ancient race, immersed in a battle for survival in a galaxy overrun by barbaric usurpers. Eldar warriors are as deadly as they are diverse, utilising advanced weaponry and mysterious wargear. This Codex details everything you need to know to field an army of these proud, alien warriors.

CODEX CRAFTWORLD ELДАР £4

You'll need Codex Eldar to use this supplement.

The Eldar of the Craftworlds are a diverse race, in culture, traditions and military structure. This Codex uncovers the details and specialised forces of the five major Craftworlds – the Biel-Tan Swordwind army, Ulthwé the Damned, the Saim-Hann Wild Rider host, the Iyanden Ghost Warrior army and the Alaitoc Ranger force. Each variant includes alterations to the army's organisation along with special rules and new unit types.





Andy Chambers, the Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend, has been overseeing the hallowed pages of Chapter Approved since time immemorial (or at least WD 227).

CHAPTER APPROVED

BY ANDY CHAMBERS

Greeting citizens of the Emperor, and welcome to His most hallowed Chapter Approved column. For this month's missive I have taken the opportunity to cease studies of foul and malignant aliens in order to revisit some of the great heroes of the Ultramarines Space Marine Chapter. The Ultramarines are without doubt one of the most widely known and respected Space Marine Chapters of the 41st Millennium. Ultramar, a substantial realm on the eastern fringes, has already been subjected to attacks from the Tyranid Hivefleets Kraken and Behemoth, but remains a staunch bulwark of Imperial authority in an otherwise chaotic and rapidly disintegrating corner of the galaxy. To accompany the details of these heroes of the Imperium, Scrivener Haines has compiled an exhaustive report on Tyranid Seeding Swarms, the vanguard of the Great Devourer.

ULTRAMARINES SPECIAL CHARACTERS

ANCIENT HELVETICUS, BEARER OF THE BATTLE STANDARD OF MACRAGGE



ANCIENT HELVETICUS										
	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Helveticus	190	5	5	4	4	2	5	4	9	3+

A Ultramarines army of 1,500 points or greater may include Ancient Helveticus (it is assumed that the army represents only a part of the entire Chapter in combat). If you decide to include him then he counts as one of the HQ choices for the army but the army must still be led by a Hero, Chaplain or Librarian. Ancient Helveticus must be used exactly as described below, and may not be given additional equipment from the Space Marine Armoury. Helveticus can be used regardless of whether the players have agreed on the use of special characters (don't worry, the rules are balanced!).

Note: Although this character entry portrays Ancient Helveticus it can be used without modification to represent any of the Ancients who carried the Banner of Macragge over the long history of the Ultramarines.

Wargear: Banner of Macragge, Terminator honours (bonus included above), bolt pistol, frag grenades, krak grenades, power fist.

SPECIAL RULES

Banner of Macragge: The Banner of Macragge is the Ultramarines' Chapter banner and as such has the combined effect of both the Sacred Standard and Holy Relic wargear items (see Codex Space Marines for details). In addition, Ancient Helveticus and any Ultramarines squad he joins becomes *fearless* and automatically passes any Morale check or Pinning tests that he/they have to take. Even effects which normally force a fall back move to take place with no Morale check taken are ignored by the banner bearer and the unit he accompanies. Finally, the presence of the Banner of Macragge is an unwelcome sight to their enemies – it tells them that they are facing the entire might of the Chapter. This is represented by all enemy units within 12" of the banner bearer suffering -1 to their Leadership values for any Morale checks they are forced to make. If Ancient Helveticus is killed, these benefits no longer apply to whoever picks up the banner (see below). Also these benefits do not apply if Ancient Helveticus is inside a vehicle, bunker or off-table in reserve.

Banner of Macragge summary:

- 1) Counts as a Sacred Standard (6" range, +1 combat resolution) and a Holy Relic (2D6" range, +1 Attack once per battle).
- 2) Helveticus and unit joined become *fearless*.
- 3) -1 to enemy Morale checks within 12".

Foresworn: Only the most devout and dedicated of the Ultramarines are even considered for the position of Ancient. Those that are chosen have the weight of ten thousand years of sacred tradition to fulfill, never to dishonour the banner, never to take a step back, and certainly never, ever to lose it in battle. The fierce dedication of the Ancients mean that they will overcome even death wounds to fight on to protect the banner. To represent this, Ancient Helveticus' armour save counts as being invulnerable, so he may ignore any wound he suffers on a D6 roll of 3 or more, even ones which allow no armour saving throw.

Protect the flag!: If Ancient Helveticus is killed, leave the model in place to show where the banner has fallen. Regardless of the mission being played, the Ultramarines player now also has to fulfill the victory conditions for a 'Rescue' standard mission (see page 143 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook), treating the sadly departed Helveticus miniature as the objective. If the Ultramarines player is not in possession of the banner at the end of the battle, he loses regardless of any other victory conditions. If he has the banner then he only wins if he has fulfilled the victory conditions of the original mission as well (hey, you're the one who chose to bring the thing in the first place), but he can be secure in the knowledge that he hasn't stained the honour of the Chapter by losing the banner.

Independent Character: Ancient Helveticus is an independent character and follows all the special rules as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

The vault reached up beyond sight in the gloom. Slanting shafts of light alive with dancing dust-motes lent it a spectral grandeur which outshone even the darkly clustered pillars and adorned stonework. In the shadows lay mounds of ancient armour, torn banners, corroded weapons and shattered machines which gave it the air of some forgotten battlefield. Chaplain Cassius knew better, as did the youthful Sergeant Tortalus who dogged his heavily armoured boot prints as they wound their way to the centre of the vault. This detritus of war was a collection of the most valued trophies from uncounted campaigns across the galaxy in the service of the Emperor. They had been laid here in honour of one of the Chapter's most sacred relics. It stood proudly at the centre of the vault, bathed in a pool of light. A tall banner, intricate beyond measure with victory scrolls and honorifics, the Ultramarines insignia formed of glittering gold on a field of purest, deepest blue. It hung from an adamantium shaft which was scored and pitted in many places, as though it had been burned by acids.

Cassius turned and fixed the sergeant with a baleful stare. His tough, leathery skin twisted into a network of scars beneath the half-mask of bionics which replaced his right eye and upper jaw as he spoke.

"See here boy, the Banner of Macragge. Touched by the Emperor's own hand when he presented it to our Primarch Roboute Guilliman at the beginning of the Great Crusade. A magical thing is it not? We Ultramarines have preserved it for ten millennia through fire and war and decimation, each generation passing it on to the next as a burning torch of our love for the immortal Emperor who made us. It has languished in dull stasis chambers and flown beneath the suns of

a thousand alien worlds. It has flown here on Macragge itself, whenever the whole Chapter is gathered together and it has been carried forth whenever our brethren have fought as one against the direst of foes.

It is said to be made of a stuff known only to the ancients; light as silk but strong as steel, flame cannot burn it and where it is rent asunder it re-spins itself as perfect as the day it was first made.

It is marked with the names of all seventy seven Chapter masters; beginning with Guilliman and ending with young Calgar, it carries an honorific for each Victorix Maxima of the Chapter which has been declared at the Imperial palace on sacred Terra. I myself have had the honour of being present at nine of those victories, at once great and terrible times which I shall carry with me to the end of my days. I was there when we raised it over the ruins of Corinth, I was there when we carried it aboard our ships at the Battle of Macragge."

Tortalus stiffened slightly at the name. No Ultramarine would not have done so. The Battle of Macragge was both the Chapter's greatest victory and its most terrible loss. The Ultramarines' home world had been saved and the Tyranids defeated but at such a cost that it had taken over two centuries for the Chapter to fully recover. Cassius let that sink in for a moment before continuing.

"After Macragge, young Calgar declared that the Banner would not be carried forth again until we had rebuilt our strength, until we were a whole Chapter again. It has taken us two centuries to bring the 1st Company back to full strength after its sacrifice at Macragge. Only now does our Chapter Master believe that we are fit to carry the Banner of Macragge to war once more."

The old Chaplain turned, went down

upon one armoured knee and intoned a brief prayer before reverently touching the pitted banner shaft.

"You know what it is to carry this banner in war. You become the vessel of all of us, the symbol of our unity and strength. You know the vows and paths, the words of what it is to be the Ancient, the bearer of the battle standard of the Ultramarines. But do you know the reality of it? See here,"

Cassius drew out the shaft of the banner from the hole it rested in and showed it to the young Space Marine.

"You see these bright gouges, that is where Ancient Galatan had his arm shorn off by an Ork Warlord as he fought through the breach at Corinth. He picked up the banner with his other hand and went onward, taking three more mighty wounds to the fore. He did not, would not die until the battle was won and never took a backward step.

These burns are from Macragge, when young Calgar's barge was boarded by Tyranids and Ancient Helveticus led the counter-assault. He was poisoned and burned unto death, but still his grip was so tight that he did not let the banner fall, even in death he did not dishonour his Chapter. Do you understand?"

Sergeant Tortalus' eyes were bright with reverence. He nodded once, curtly as if afraid to express himself further. But Cassius had four centuries of experience of reading the hearts of his Brother-Marines, he knew that this Ancient would die defending the banner if necessary, as the others had. He held forward the shaft.

"Bear it with pride Ancient Tortalus, you will take your oaths and carry it before the Chapter at sunset, as they load the ships for war."

WHAT'S CHAPTER APPROVED ALL ABOUT?

Each month, Chapter Approved takes a look at the Warhammer 40,000 game and its rules, introducing new scenarios, weapons, rules and army list entries of all types, frequently stolen from Codexes in progress here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated players of Warhammer 40,000

who have produced inspired, well thought out and just plain brilliant additions to the game. If you've got something good for Chapter Approved then write to me at the address given here.

Note: Please don't include rules queries etc, with your letters, as the volume of mail means that in most cases I won't be able to send individual replies.

Andy Chambers
(Chapter Approved),
Games Workshop,
Willow Road, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS, UK

ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAIN CASSIUS

Chaplain Cassius is amongst the oldest members of the Ultramarines Chapter, discounting those who fight on with the blessings of internment within Dreadnought armour. Although close on four centuries old, his eye remains sharp and his aim steady, and his sturdy presence within the Ultramarines battle lines fills the hearts of his younger brethren with pride. Cassius can recall tales of the first Tyrannic war when he fought alongside Marneus Calgar, always "young Calgar" to Cassius, to purge Ultramar of the horrific denizens of Hivefleet Behemoth. His impassioned words have carried the Ultramarines forward into battle on a thousand worlds, firing them with his own deeply-held passion and belief.

CHAPLAIN CASSIUS

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Cassius	142	5	5	4	4	2	5	4	9	3+

An Ultramarines army of any size may include Chaplain Cassius. If you decide to include him then he counts as one of the HQ choices for the army and may act as the army's commander if desired. Cassius must be used exactly as described below, and may not be given additional equipment from the Space Marine Armoury. Cassius can be used regardless of whether the players have agreed on the use of special characters (don't worry, the rules are balanced!).

Wargear: Bolt pistol, frag grenades, crozius arcanum (counts as power weapon), rosarius (4+ invulnerable saving throw), Terminator honours (bonus attack included above), bionics.

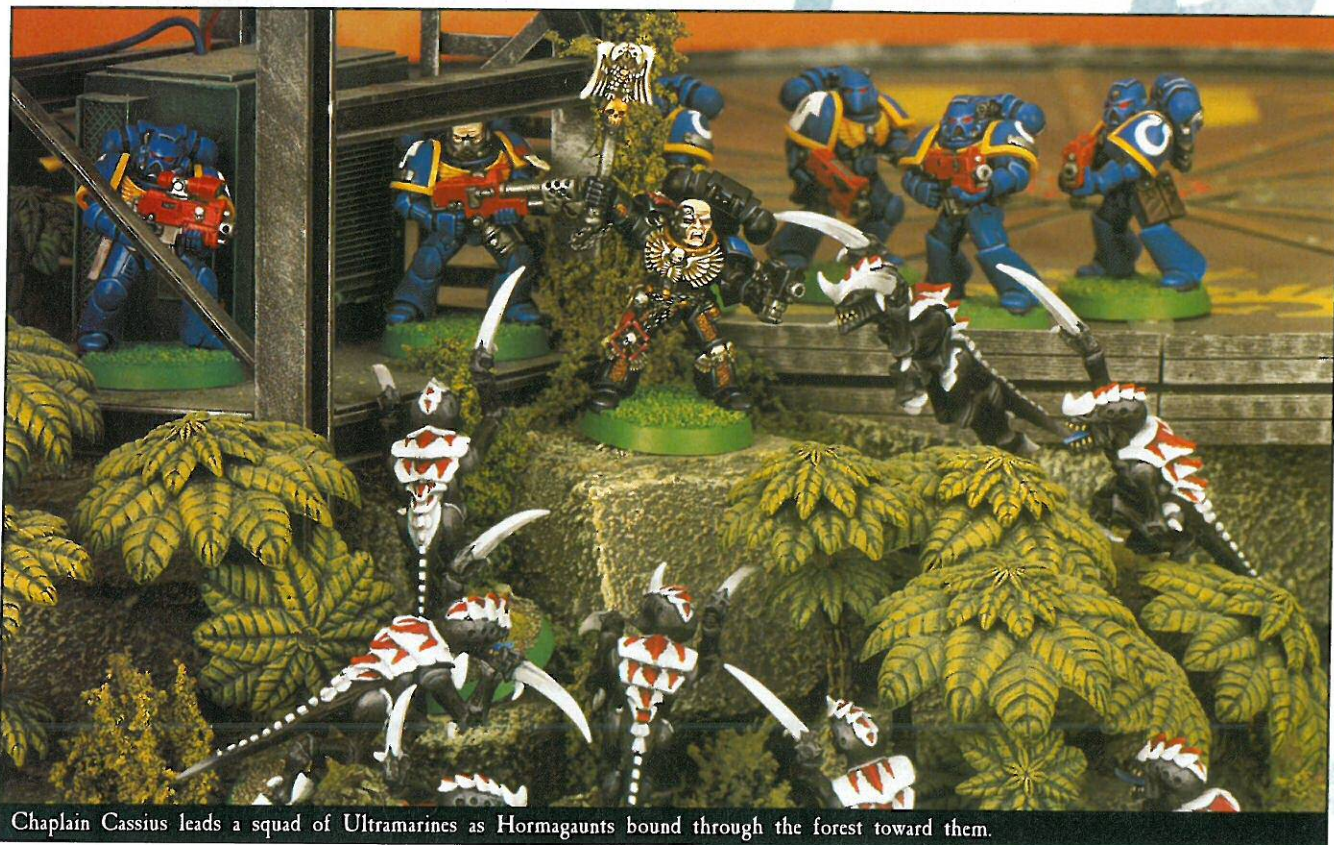
SPECIAL RULES

Tyrannid Hunter: Cassius is one of the few surviving veterans of the first Tyrannic war. He has fought in many battles against the Tyranids and understands them all too well. His hard won experience has led the Ultramarines to victory against these aliens, overcoming both their heinous weaponry and inhuman constitution. Cassius and any Ultramarines squad led by him may re-roll its dice to wound against Tyranids for any shots taken using rapid fire and/or pistol weapons. If the second roll still fails to wound, the dice may not be re-rolled again.

Great Knowledge: Any Ultramarines unit within 6" of Cassius may re-roll its Morale checks, accepting the second result as final. Note that this ability can be used even if a Morale check is passed on the first roll, so you can use it to try to make sure that the Ultramarines fall back in disadvantageous or outright dangerous situations (Cassius counsels with both strength and wisdom).

Independent Character: Unless accompanied by a bodyguard, Cassius is an independent character and follows all the special rules as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Bodyguard: Cassius may be accompanied by a bodyguard as detailed for a Chaplain in the Codex Space Marines army list.



Chaplain Cassius leads a squad of Ultramarines as Hormagaunts bound through the forest toward them.



Captain Invictus and a few loyal Terminators hold back the alien hordes.

CAPTAIN INVICTUS OF THE ULTRAMARINES FIRST COMPANY

CAPTAIN INVICTUS

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Invictus	142	5	5	4	4	2	5	4	10	2+

An Ultramarines army which contains ten or more Veterans or Terminators (including his bodyguard) may include Captain Invictus. If you decide to include him then he counts as one of the HQ choices for the army. Captain Invictus must be used exactly as described below, and may not be given additional equipment from the Space Marine Armoury. Invictus can be used regardless of whether the players have agreed on the use of special characters (don't worry, the rules are balanced!).

Wargear: Terminator armour (save shown above, also gives 5+ invulnerable save), teleport homer, Terminator honours (bonus included above), plasma blaster, power fist.

SPECIAL RULES

Plasma blaster: The plasma blaster was a specially built combi-weapon crafted by the famed Artificer Putus in the 38th Millennium. It incorporated two plasma guns on a weapon mount suitable for replacing the storm bolter on a suit of Terminator armour. The plasma blaster counts as a linked plasma gun which is always stationary. This means it may always rapid fire as if stationary even if Invictus moves, and re-rolls his To Hit dice, minimising chances of an overhear.

Weapon	Rng	Str	Ap	Notes
Plasma blaster	24"	7	2	Linked weapon, rapid fire, gets hot! always counts as stationary

Independent Character: Unless accompanied by a bodyguard, Invictus is an independent character and follows all the special rules as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Bodyguard: As captain of the 1st Company, Invictus is able to equip his personal troops to the highest standard. As such he may either choose to be accompanied by a Command squad which must be upgraded to wearing Terminator armour (+25 pts per model) or accompany a unit of Terminators or Veterans instead. If a unit of Terminators or Veterans is chosen, each model in the unit may be given up to 50pts of additional equipment from the Space Marines Armoury. In either case, Invictus ceases to be an independent character as he leads the unit instead. **Designer's note** – this opens up a lot of unique options for equipping squads, particularly veterans. However many of the more... esoteric combinations may well require some heavy miniature conversion work to achieve, you have been warned!

Captain Invictus was the head of the Ultramarines 1st Company when it was destroyed defending the polar fortresses in the Battle of Macragge during the first Tyrannic War. Invictus had honed the Company carefully after the losses of the Corinthian Crusade, gradually expanding it with stolid veterans drawn from the rest of the Chapter in accordance with the edicts of the sacred Codex Astartes. As such it suffered none of the failings of many reformed Companies; squad cooperation was flawless and fire discipline superb. Invictus was fanatically committed to ensuring that his battle brothers deserved the respect they gained from the rest of the Chapter, and drove them with relentless energy. Invictus also acted as Regent of Ultramar, and oversaw much of the rulership of Macragge itself when the Master of the Ultramarines was busy with other duties.

As such it was he who requested that the 1st Company be assigned to protecting the two polar fortresses, the vital lynchpins in Macragge's orbital defence network. He judged, rightly as it transpired, that the Tyranids would attempt to make landings at these places to neutralise the defences, opening the door for untold numbers of the creatures to swarm down and infest the planet. The presence of the elite veterans of the 1st Company ensured that the Tyranids suffered unsustainable casualties overrunning the fortresses, delaying the inevitable for long enough that Calgar and the rest of the Chapter could forge a victory in space. Captain Invictus' body was discovered among those of the last stand of the 1st Company in Silo 8 of the northern fortress. It is said that the bodies of their enemies stretched six deep for twenty yards all about them, and every pace from the silo to the entrance four levels above.

TYRANID SEEDING SWARMS



Big Pete Haines has been putting a lot of thought into the variant army lists for Codex Tyranids recently. Coincidentally he has been behaving rather strangely, and was last sighted clutching his head and howling "They're coming!" over and over in a despairing voice.

The Tyranid hive fleets have now been assailing the Imperium for 250 years. In this time, whole Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes have been lost in the maelstrom of battle along with countless millions of Guardsmen. But now deeper knowledge of the Tyranid way of war is being gathered, every fragment paid for with human flesh and blood.

One realisation has been that the swarms that descend from the hive fleets in the early stages of an attack are often significantly different from those that follow. The list in Codex Tyranids is designed to represent a typical swarm. This article, however, features a variant Tyranid list that deals with the first wave – the seeding swarms – the harbingers of doom to countless worlds and their cultures. Note that you will still need Codex Tyranids to use the seeding swarm.

Mycetic spores are more than just the Tyranid versions of drop pods, they are a vital part of their ecology. The Tyranids are a space-dwelling race but their prey is terrestrial. Mycetic spores are one of a number of different spore types used to seed target planets. Some types affect the weather, others the flora and fauna, and some even introduce new species. Militarily, without mycetic spores the hive fleet's ships and their Norn Queens would have to risk planetary defences and waste valuable energy to feed. With mycetic spores the hive fleet can gather around the prey planet and bombard it with seeding swarms, only descending themselves when all resistance is crushed and all the juicy bio-matter is ripe for consumption. The release of seeding spores is analogous to a person pouring, sniffing and sampling a fine table wine before

drinking it. The main course may be yet to come, but the meal has started.

Mycetic spores are not as sophisticated as drop pods, but the sheer numbers of spores dropped ensure that some will get through the planetary defences. As with any contested landing, the first few minutes are critical. If the seeding swarms can establish safe landing sites then Tyranid reinforcements can be directed to those locations and, in short order, massive concentrations of Tyranids can be built up ready for the hive mind's signal to attack. If, however, the seeding swarms can be defeated then there is nowhere safe for successive Tyranid swarms to land and planetary defences will continue to claim a high toll. With no chance to build up, the Tyranids that have landed can be counter-attacked and driven from the planet altogether.

No two hive fleets are exactly alike and no two swarms from the same hive fleet need be exactly the same. Subject to this, seeding swarms have some similarities because of the job they do. If you think of a swarm as a

single large predator then, if it is a complex swarm relying on several genus operating almost symbiotically, it can be hamstrung by planetary defences upsetting its balance. Even against a planet with minimal planetary defences, heavy losses can be incurred, so the creatures in the first swarms down have to be robustly simple in their approach.

If robustly simple sounds right up your street, read on, because the seeding swarm is a different type of Tyranid army. It relies on the most numerous creatures in the swarm – those that occupy the Troop slots on the Force Organisation chart. Heavy losses during planetfall are cancelled out by launching successive waves, with each subsequent brood having the same role as its predecessor. If one is destroyed the next will replace it. Other broods manifest a chemical imbalance that ensures that they are unusually hyperactive. They are faster, stronger and even more ferocious than their kindred, but the rate at which they expend their energy causes them to burn out within minutes of their landing. These plays are represented in game



terms by some changes to the way the mission to be played is selected, variations in army composition and, most importantly, two special rules which characterise seeding swarms.

SEEDING SWARMS – CHOOSING A SCENARIO

The seeding swarm has a Strategy rating of 4. This means that when determining the scenario category the Tyranid seeding swarm player will roll four dice and select the highest rather than simply rolling a single dice. If the seeding swarm player gets to choose the scenario then the Tyranids will automatically be the attackers and the scenario category will be *Battle*. Page 129 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook explains the rules for choosing a scenario and mission more fully.

All three Battle scenarios use the Deep Strike special rule. This is detailed on page 132 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. All models in Tyranid seeding swarms MUST arrive on the table by this method with two exceptions: broods with the *Infiltrate* ability may deploy conventionally in accordance with the mission rules. Lictors may use *Secret Deployment* as described in Codex Tyranids.

Mariner Weiss heard the screams above the roar of the storm and crash of the waves around the ship. He checked the emergency transmitter for the fifth time and found it was still inoperative, before drawing a laspistol and opening the communications cabin door. Five metres away from him along the hallway a growling Hormagaunt sat on the chest of an armsman, gnawing at his throat. To Weiss it looked like the worse parts of a wood scorpion and a redback-hunting lizard, only ten times bigger.

With a hiss it turned and leapt. Weiss slammed the door but to his dismay the creature had got its claws between the door and the frame. Weiss jabbed his laspistol into the gap and fired frantically until the snarling stopped, he then carefully opened the door and fired two more shots into the twitching monstrosity. Stepping gingerly past it he made his way carefully to the main deck to report to the captain.

Across the night sky the engorged clouds dispensed an endless torrent of viscous green globules which pulsed as they fell.

The Faithful Traveller was 400 clicks out from Mhakkam and still some 700 clicks from its destination port, Kirishi, in the middle of the roughest, coldest ocean on the planet. The spores had been dropping for the three days during which the Faithful Traveller had been at sea. They had listened to the broadcasts but it had never occurred to them that they could be in danger this far off the coast.

Even here, though, the crew was falling to the Tyranids. Unknown viral conditions, fevers brought on by the oppressive, unseasonable temperatures and finally the horror of facing the Hormagaunts released when a spore hit the ship. After the one he had killed there were still nine unaccounted for lurking in the depths of the super-freighter. Other things were in the ocean too – the engineers reported scratching noises against the hull. Even the water was changing, a sickly purple crust spread for miles across the ocean like a mauve plague. Weiss saw Captain Balfour and doubled towards him trying to stay icy calm, but he couldn't shake the thought that this wasn't their planet any more.



The Tyranid broods swarm from all directions, pouring from mycetic spores into the Space Wolves' firebase.

For other scenario categories if there is a Deep Strike option in the scenario then it may only be used by Tyranids such as Gargoyles, that can Deep Strike as part of their normal profile. Other broods are set up as specified for the mission. These missions can be considered to represent the seeding swarm being attacked when it is already on the ground.

SEEDING SWARMS – COMPOSITION

Seeding swarms use the following units from Codex Tyranids:

HQ

0-1 Hive Tyrant, Tyrant Guard may accompany the Hive Tyrant but cannot be an HQ choice themselves.

HQ OR ELITES

Tyranid Warriors.

ELITES

Tyranid Warriors, Lictors (no more than one Lictor per brood).

TROOPS

Hormagaunts, Termagants, Genestealers.

FAST ATTACK

Gargoyles, 0-1 Ravensers.

HEAVY SUPPORT

0-1 Zoanthropes (no more than one Zoanthrope per brood),
0-2 Carnifex.

The only Tyranid models excluded from a seeding swarm are Biovores and Ripper Swarms. Biovores are not included as the hive fleet will already have saturated the target planet with a spore mine preparatory bombardment if the mission calls for it. Ripper Swarms will come later when organised resistance is crushed and the business of consuming the planet's bio-matter is begun.

If you use a personalised Hive Fleet you may still use it as a seeding swarm. If you have a new genus of Hive Tyrant or Carnifex then you may use 0-1 Hive Tyrant and 0-2 Carnifexes as shown on the Seeding Swarm Composition chart. Ripper Swarms never feature in seeding swarm forces so cannot be used. New genus's of Tyranid Warrior or Gaunt can be used freely in whatever category of the force organisation chart Codex Tyranids specifies (see Hive Fleet List Force Organisation on pg38).

The twin suns were blotted out by Tyranid spores. Thousands of deafening, wet detonations sounded as the pulsating spores slammed into the ground and split apart like overripe fruit. Sergeant Reilly rolled onto his front and wiped mud and sticky ichor from his eyes. He watched in disgust as the spore that had landed in the midst of his squad oozed a glistening amniotic fluid from the myriad cracks in its outer shell. Reilly knew the drill. He'd destroyed spores like this before. He unsnapped a Krak grenade from his combat webbing and pushed himself to his feet as the spore began to ripple with inner life. This was when the creatures were vulnerable, before they had a chance to break free of their protective cocoons.

The rest of the squad began picking themselves up as Reilly shouted,

"Fire in the hole!" His arm drew back to plunge the grenade home when a three fingered claw ripped through the spore's outer membrane and punched through the sergeant's chest, bursting from his back in a shower of blood and bone. A blur of motion, almost too quick to follow and the creature was free. Its talons and claws tore through the squad as its mutated adrenal sacs pumped horrifying vigour through its alien metabolism. Within seconds the infantrymen were dead, shredded strips of bloody flesh, no longer recognisable as human. The genestealer did not pause to savour its handiwork, the chemicals thundering through its body drove it onwards in a frenzy of slaughter.

Soon it would be dead, but until then it would exist only to kill. The perfect predator.

FEROCITY

Some broods may be mutated to maintain terminally-high adrenaline levels. This state is induced quite deliberately by the hive mind to turn a brood into even more vicious killers than normal.

Any normal Troops choice can be selected to be **Ferocious**. To do this they replace a Fast Attack choice on the Force Organisation chart. The Troops choice is now a Fast Attack choice, leaving the vacated Troops choice free and reducing the number of Fast Attack choices remaining by one. A unit may not be both *Ferocious* and *Without Number* (see later).

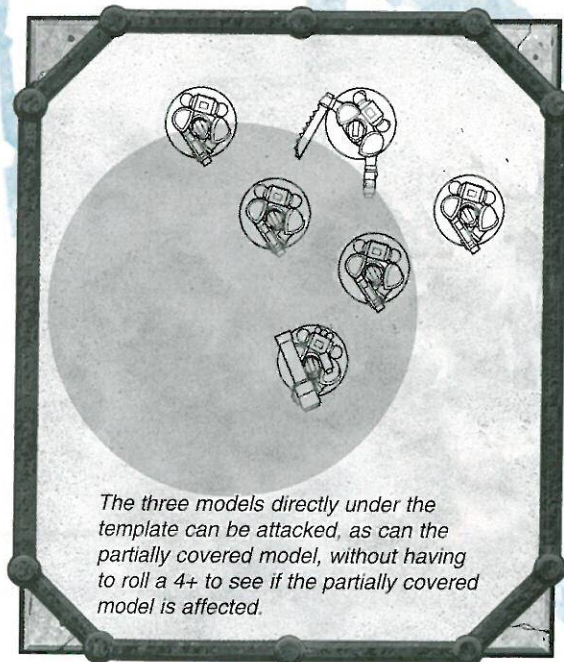
The effect of *Ferocity* is boosted Strength and speed (+1 Strength, +1 Initiative). *Ferocious* troops move in a blur, their bodies wracked with uncontrollable shaking and their eyes lit by berserk rage.

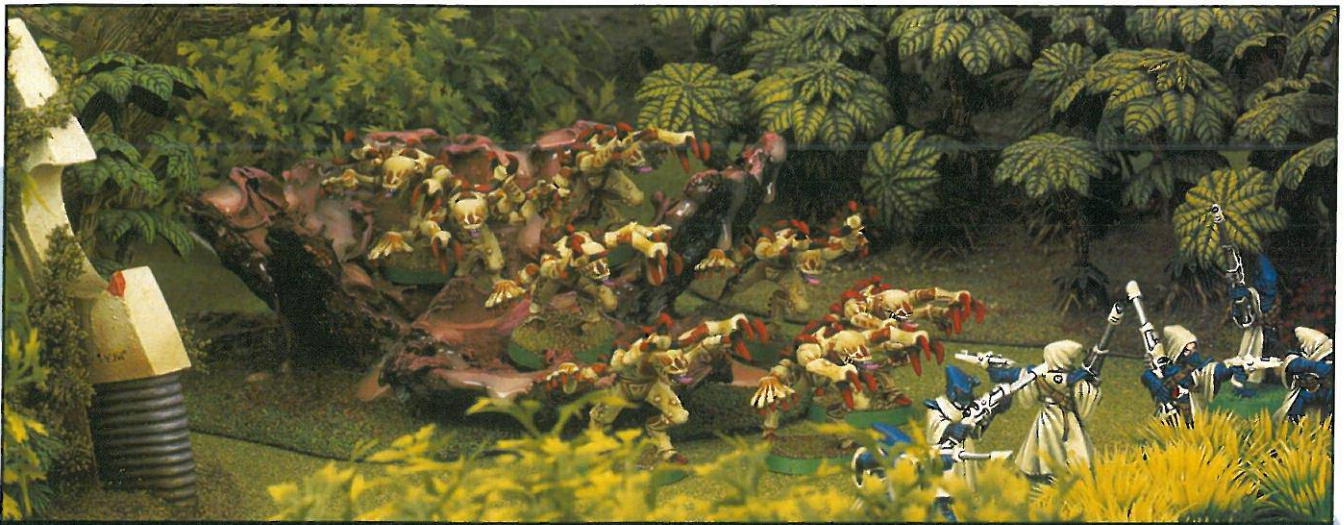
Ferocious troops must assault if there are any targets in range and must perform a sweeping advance instead of consolidating whenever the option exists.

When a brood is subject to *Ferocity* the normal proviso that Deep Striking troops are destroyed if they land within 1" of an enemy model does not apply. When deploying a *Ferocious* unit using the

Deep Strike rules, any enemy models that are also under (or partially under) the large template may be attacked in close combat. This is done in the Assault phase and is conducted normally with the Tyranids counting as charging. Such is the *Ferocious* troops' state of agitation that they burst from the spore almost as soon as it lands and leap on the nearest enemies without hesitation.

This is shown in the diagram below. The large circle shows the Ordnance template used to deploy the Deep Striking Tyranids.





A ferocious brood of Genestealers instantly pours from the shattered remains of a mycetic spore.

Tyranids cannot live long in such an agitated state and *Ferocious* broods suffer appalling attrition due to biological system failure. At the end of each Assault phase of the Tyranid player's turn, whether the unit has been in close combat or not, resolve a Strength 2 hit on each boosted brood member, with no Armour save. These tests do not begin until the brood is actually on the table.

Whilst the negative effects of augmented *Ferocity* is potentially crippling, these broods are able to swiftly overwhelm key positions while other Tyranids are still emerging from their mycetic spores, their sacrifice opening up the defences for those that follow. If the Tyranids are not arriving by mycetic spore then they deploy normally, but otherwise follow the *Ferocity* rules.

WITHOUT NUMBER

Any normal Troops choice can be selected to be *Without Number*. To do this they replace a Heavy Support choice on the Force Organisation chart. The Troops choice is now a Heavy Support, leaving the vacated Troops slot free and reducing the number of Heavy Support choices remaining by one. A unit may not be both *Ferocious* and *Without Number*.

Without Number has the effect of making the brood the first of a series of waves, each consisting of an identical brood. *Without Number* broods are always subject to the Sustained Attack special rule (see page 137 of the rules). When the brood is destroyed or if it is falling back and the Tyranid player chooses to remove it, then an identical brood re-enters play during the next Tyranid turn, arriving by

mycetic spore. The replacement brood can therefore Deep Strike even if this is not allowed in the scenario being played. If the scenario allows Sustained Attack anyway then *Without Number* broods re-enter play using the Deep Strike rules rather than coming on the table edge.

If one of the incarnations of the *Without Number* brood is lost while performing a Deep Strike then its replacement arrives in the following turn.

TACTICS

A seeding swarm arrives from reserve in a piecemeal fashion, so early on in the game you will have to play according to what arrives. Taking a Lictor and some Genestealers to deploy conventionally can be quite effective as it gives the enemy something to focus on and ensures that at least part of your force is immediately available.

Because you will be landing amongst the enemy, firepower is not as important as normal, a seeding swarm

The first Chimera skidded to a stop. Clay's squad dismounted while the rest of the Company roared on. Sergeant Clay formed them up facing the power station administration building in a loose skirmish order and began to advance. Mycetic spores had penetrated the planetary defences and landed in and around the hydro-electric facility. The upper floor of the administration building had a gaping hole in it; the squad's job was to check it out. They had barely got within 500 paces when a horde of fanged and clawed Hormagaunts leapt from the building's upper windows and bounded at them. The Guardsmen obeyed their training and Sergeant Clay's terse orders – firing short controlled bursts from their lasguns as the Hormagaunts closed. They were too many and too fast to be stopped by lasguns alone though, and the Chimera added its heavy weapons to the salvo, ripping a hole in the brood just as the squad's heavy bolter coughed into

life. The surviving Hormagaunts still came on and were tensing for a final leap when they were enveloped in roaring gout of fire from the squad's flamer. A last Hormagaunt, its hide blackened, made it through the fire and leapt forward landing before a Guardsman, plunging both of its sword-like talons through his torso with a triumphant hiss. Before it could move Sergeant Clay's chainsword swept across its chest knocking it on its back while he calmly put four bolt pistol rounds through its head.

"There you go lads, not so tough eh?" beamed the Sergeant but there was no answer from his squad. Following their gaze he saw another brood as large as the last dropping from the building while yet another seemed to be massing within. Even Nathaniel Clay, twelve years a veteran, hesitated briefly before his stoic sense of duty reasserted itself. "We may need to put some overtime in today men," he said, with a feral grin. "Fire!"



A terrifying Tyranid seeding swarm pours in from all sides as the mycetic spores rain down upon the Ultramarines' battle line.

can get away with being armed solely with tooth and claw but it will need some monstrous creatures or loads of rending claws to deal with enemy tanks.

The hive mind's Leadership is essential to sustain the swarm through the heavy losses it will doubtless take. Don't skimp on Synapse creatures because the consequence of running out is a lot of Morale checks against very low Leadership. Early in the game you may only have a single Synapse brood or creature on at any moment in time. If so, concentrate on keeping them out of the line of fire but within Synapse range of the lesser creatures.

Broods taken as Heavy Support with the *Without Number* rule are very useful and can be hurled into combat secure in the knowledge that they will be back. Large Hormagaunt broods are ideal choices in this regard. Their combat abilities are formidable, being more than a match for Imperial Guard and Eldar Guardians. With an advantage in numbers they can even threaten Space Marines – remember

Space Marines have got to fail their armour saving throws some time!

Ferocious broods are marked for death the moment they are selected, so it does not pay to invest too many points in them. They are great for tying up dangerous enemy units who are in the strongest defensive positions. If they arrive later then they become really useful reinforcements as their spores drop right into ongoing combats or onto enemy fire bases. Small broods of Genestealers can be particularly useful in this role as in their boosted state they are able to lay waste to pretty much anything they can jump on before they die out themselves.

So how do we balance it all up? The best way of showing the true potential of the seeding swarm menace is via an army list. I designed the following list to be representative of a seeding swarm and a swift glance should show how scary this variant of the Tyranids can be. I have used the standard Tyranid list with no biomorphed genuses although there is no reason not to use your own hive fleet. The seeding

swarm is in fact absolutely ideal for a hive fleet that specialises in hordes of the smaller critters.

I have selected one HQ – a very tough Hive Tyrant whose presence should cause a lot of worry. As he is quite likely to appear in the middle of the enemy forces the Psychic Scream should be effective. When playing against Andy Chamber's swarm recently I was impressed by the way Warp Field protected his Tyrant from my missile launchers, so I have casually stolen the idea. There are times when a venom cannon, for all its three shots at Strength 8, just isn't the tool for the job, so I have selected Warp Blast to frighten Space Marines and punish anyone grouping together too tightly.

I really like the new Tyranid Warriors so I have included three broods as Elite choices. I have found the safest place for a Tyranid Warrior is often in *mêlée* rather than being a target, so I have equipped them all with rending claws to ensure that they can hurt well-armoured enemies. Venom cannons



Tyranids arriving. The other Heavy Support pick HAD to be a Carnifex as these rampaging monstrosities have the capacity to rip, rend and tear their way through virtually anything. Even the normally invulnerable Land Raider is just so much food packaging to the Carnifex, so it is certain to draw masses of fire.

For Fast Attack choices I took a standard Gargoyle brood, primarily so that I had a few more things to shoot with on landing, and also because with their bio-plasma the Gargoyles can be surprisingly dangerous. For the other two choices I took Genestealer broods with the *Ferocious* rule. There will inevitably be games where the decision point is whether one or two firebases can be held. The Genestealers will be hurled at the firebases. I don't expect them to live but I do expect them to get their claws bloody very quickly. Ideally the damage done by these broods will be sufficient to give the hordes of Hormagaunts and Tyrant Warriors the chance to get the job done.

As is often true with armies lacking firepower, by giving your opponent lots of difficult target choices you maximise the chance of them getting it wrong at the key time. In this army the Tyrant, Tyrant Warriors and Carnifex are what will really worry an opponent. Everything else is really a decoy but a potentially deadly decoy if not treated with the proper respect.

I make no claims that the seeding swarm is invincible, indeed I can tell you for certain that it isn't. What I do claim is that it's the type of army that will have your opponent watching the game from behind the sofa and developing a tendency to look up a lot, just in case. All in all, seeding swarms have terrifying potential, but throwing your broods at a planet is a gamble that could cost you. The resultant battle is likely to be intense and brutal.

What more could you want? Have fun.

are the only Tyranid guns with decent range so I included one in each brood. Devourers are great close-up and I reasoned that there would be times emerging from a mycetic spore when a hail of death might be useful.

Due to the seeding swarm rules, I knew that I would be using lots of troops and decided to stick to Genestealers and Hormagaunts. The plan is to land in numbers and get into mêlée very quickly. Three Hormagaunt broods make up my Troops selections and I included a mutant Hive Node in each of them. The vagaries of Reserves and Deep Strike being what they are, it is quite possible that these broods will have to operate away from the hive mind for some time, so having a Leadership value of 10 will help prevent them from adopting instinctive behaviour when I least want it.

Two Hormagaunt broods were selected as Heavy Support to benefit from the *Without Number* rule. These will ensure that the swarm will keep coming and that even on the last move of the game there may be more

HIVE FLEET CANTHARIDAE: SEEDING SWARM

HQ

Hive Tyrant with scything talons & venom cannon; Warp Blast, Warp Field & Psychic Scream. **158 pts**

ELITE

3 Tyrant Warriors

Two with devourer & rending claws, one with venom cannon & rending claws. **120 pts**

3 Tyrant Warriors

Two with scything talons and rending claws, one with venom cannon & rending claws. **111 pts**

3 Tyrant Warriors

Two with scything talons and rending claws, one with venom cannon & rending claws. **111 pts**

TROOPS

9 Hormagaunts

with Hive Node mutant **100 pts**

9 Hormagaunts

with Hive Node mutant **100 pts**

9 Hormagaunts

with Hive Node mutant **100 pts**

FAST ATTACK

6 Genestealers

Ferocity **96 pts**

6 Genestealers

Ferocity **96 pts**

9 Gargoyles

90 pts

HEAVY SUPPORT

16 Hormagaunts

with Hive Node mutant
Without Number **170 pts**

10 Hormagaunts

with Hive Node mutant
Without Number **110 pts**

Carnifex

with venom cannon and scything talons **133pts**

TOTAL 1,495 pts

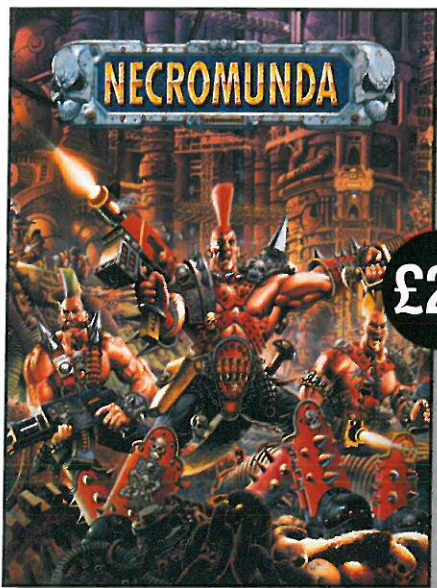
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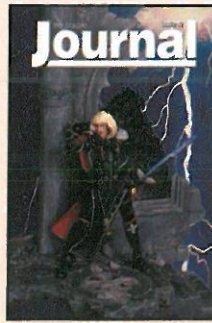


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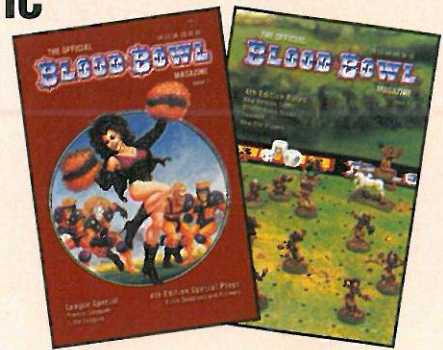


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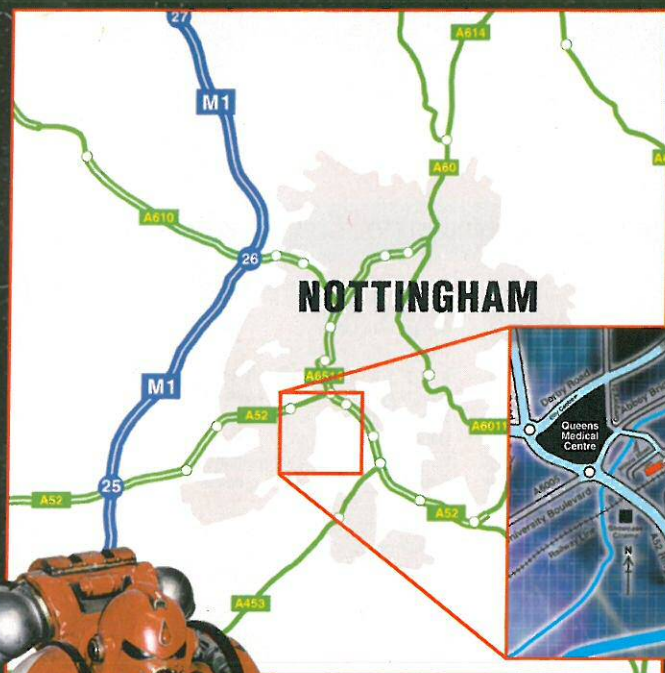
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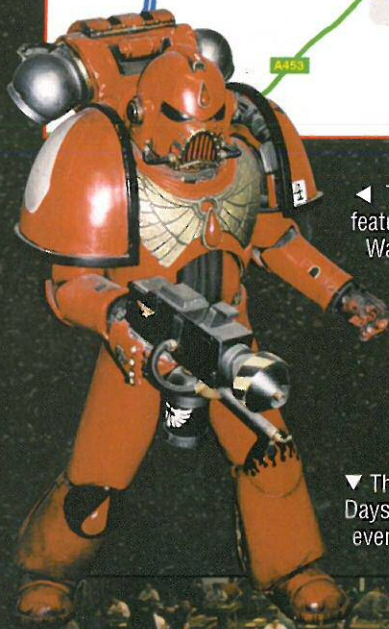


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THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

A Warhammer Battle Report by Phil Kelly and Alessio Cavatore.

Unless you have been hiding behind the sofa, you will know that this month sees the release of the new Vampire Counts, and what better way to celebrate this than a blood-soaked battle report showing off this fearsome army.

The trickiest decision to be made for this battle report was which of the Vampire Counts bloodlines to use. Although many suggested giving the new Strigoi a chance to get their claws dirty, we eventually decided on the Blood Dragons, the quintessential Vampire warriors. The decision was a little biased; it was intriguing to see just how potent the new Vampire Counts army was when the onus is on rock hard troops and

not necromantic magic. The lucky player who led the Blood Dragons on the battlefield was to be Alessio Cavatore, the author of that dread tome, the Vampire Counts Armies book.

To oppose the infernal knights were the Skaven, using the Ravening Hordes army list. Taking the ratmen to the fore was Phil Kelly, White Dwarf's resident Skaven player. The Skaven, renowned for their sneaky tricks and total lack of honour, contrasted nicely with the martial discipline of the Blood Dragons.

The scenario was to be a Meeting Engagement, which is basically very similar to Pitched Battle, but with an interesting twist. Before the battle

begins, each player needs to number his units in a marching order, and must deploy the units in exactly this sequence, the first unit placed in the centre and the rest working out from this point. This provides an interesting mission where the battle can potentially be won or lost before the game even begins.

Given Alessio's tactical wizardry and Phil's predilection for fighting dirty, only one thing was sure: things were going to get very, very messy...

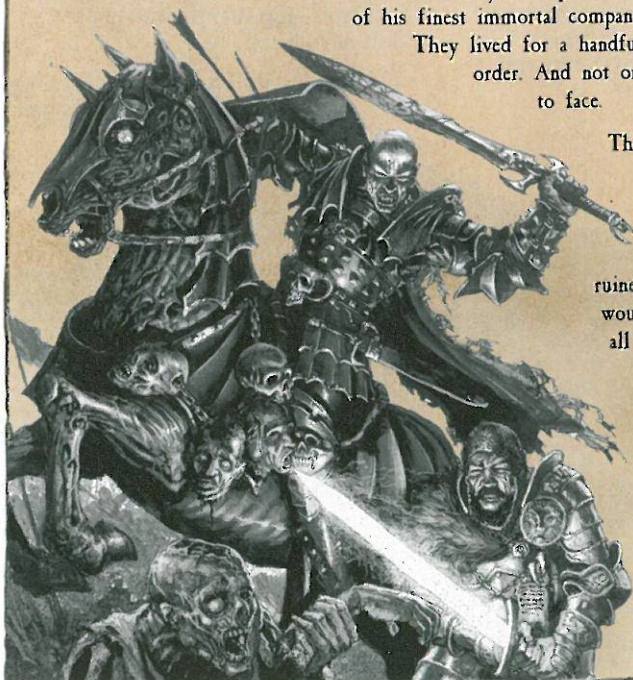
(Note: The Vampire Counts army was still being developed at the time this battle was played and therefore some details and points values may not entirely correlate with those in the Vampire Counts Armies book).

This is demeaning, thought Count Gregor von Dechiel, as his army of the dead crossed Geiden Ford. We march to war once again, but not to plunge a bloody spear into the soft belly of the Empire, not to behead a proud Elven prince and parade it before his troops, not to drown a Dwarf clan in their own blood. We march to rid this land of an infestation.

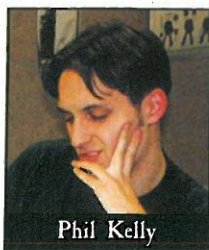
Von Dechiel had fought the ratmen before. They had a nasty habit of bubbling up from underneath the ruins of Geidenheim when they had spawned enough to pose a threat. Every decade or so he had to take a party of his finest immortal companions onto the battlefield and beat the Skaven back into their burrows. They lived for a handful of years, a mere blink of an eye for the eternal warriors of his order. And not one of the vile runts had the mettle or the courage to fight him face to face.

The winding column of his Undead minions stretched behind von Dechiel as he led the way through fields of blighted corn, over black-running rivers and between gnarled, ancient forests. He had sent his most recently reborn thrall to Geidenheim three nights before with the parchment issuing his edict: clear out of the ruined town or die to the last rat on the field of battle. As usual, they would ignore it. They had little in the way of memory and nothing at all in the way of respect.

"Still, it will keep the blade of Vanghai wet, and make for good practice in martial discipline," mused von Dechiel as his Nightmare cantered forward, its step echoed perfectly by the mounted Black Knights around him. He was no fool, and he knew full well that among all the races in the Old World the Skaven were the most likely to resort to underhand tactics and deadly traps. There was more martial honour in his little finger than in an entire burrow of ratmen. But Geidenheim was where he was given the kiss of undeath, and his open grave remained there still. This night, the vermin would have to be culled.



EVEN THE DEAD CAN BURN



Phil Kelly

Phil: The Undead: unbreakable hordes of magically raised corpses, most of whom could not fight their way out of a wet paper bag, but some of whom could take on a Dragon and

walk away with a nice new suit of scale mail. No matter how hard you hit them, they never run away.

The Skaven: potentially extremely powerful, with a good selection of excellent specialised troops. In units, they have a very high effective Leadership, but give them a good hard slap and off they go. Famous for hiding in holes when the going gets tough.

Which is kind of what I felt like doing when I swapped army lists with Alessio. The infamous Blood Dragons. Three of the blighters, and oh, I see they've brought their mates.

In all the armies I've faced since the new Warhammer came out, the Undead are the only ones who have massacred me. I knew what I had done wrong, and it was simple enough: never, ever go toe to toe with troops far harder than your own.

So my strategy, basically, was to ensure that we fought on my terms. The Blood Dragons are infamously bad at magic, so I decided to outclass them in that field at least. Warlocks to the fore! Besides, a Skaven Warlord would end up as so much bad kebab meat in a challenge against a Vampire Count. A Grey Seer with the *Flaming Sword of Rhuin* (Lore of Fire, giving a Grey Seer 3 Attacks, hitting on 2+, with a Strength of 7) seemed like a much better bet. Backed up by a Warlock Engineer with a couple of scrolls, I could be confident of having the monopoly on magic.

Secondly, if I was to engage the Vampire Count and his mounted Wights, I was going to do it in as underhand a way as possible. Hit a unit of cavalry in the flank and you only have to worry about fighting two or three non-character models (god bless cavalry bases). All you need is a nice big unit to be the decoys; when they're charged, you flee with that unit, the enemy fails their charge, you rally the fleeing unit next turn as they pass your General, and hit the offending unit in the flank. Oldest sneaky move in the book. Chances of me successfully pulling it on Alessio Cavatore: nil.

Still, I had plenty of other tricks in the bag. Globadiers, for instance. Against a unit of heavily armed, high toughness elite troops in tight formation, like Grave Guard, they can really earn their points. Back them up with a Warfire Thrower and your units could well be charging low grade charcoal rather than armoured Wights.

I took the Rat Swarms because they are Unbreakable, an excellent trait against really expensive units. Whilst the ancient and powerful Lords of the Night are playing at being sewerjacks, you can concentrate on hitting the rest of the army where it hurts. The unbreakable Doomwheel can tie up big units indefinitely, electrocuting them with impunity. It's best deployed on the flank, so it doesn't zap your own units.

I didn't have much in the way of Jezzails so that freed up a Special choice for my personal favourites; the Rat Ogres. Pump them full of Skavenbrew and off they go! If you're lucky, these monstrous hybrids will then suffer from *hatred*, making them nigh unstoppable due to their high Attacks and Strength. A nice big unit of Stormvermin is also worthwhile; their halberds take them up to Strength 5, worrying even for barded cavalry and heavily armoured infantry.

The Gutter Runners were to infiltrate the other flank, ideal for restricting the Undead's shiny new march moves, and buying me a bit more time. Finally, the ubiquitous Skaven slaves; totally invaluable cannon fodder, completely disposable, underrated and cheap as dirt.

Well, I had plenty of tools for the job. All that remained was to see if I could use them.

SKAVEN DEPLOYMENT

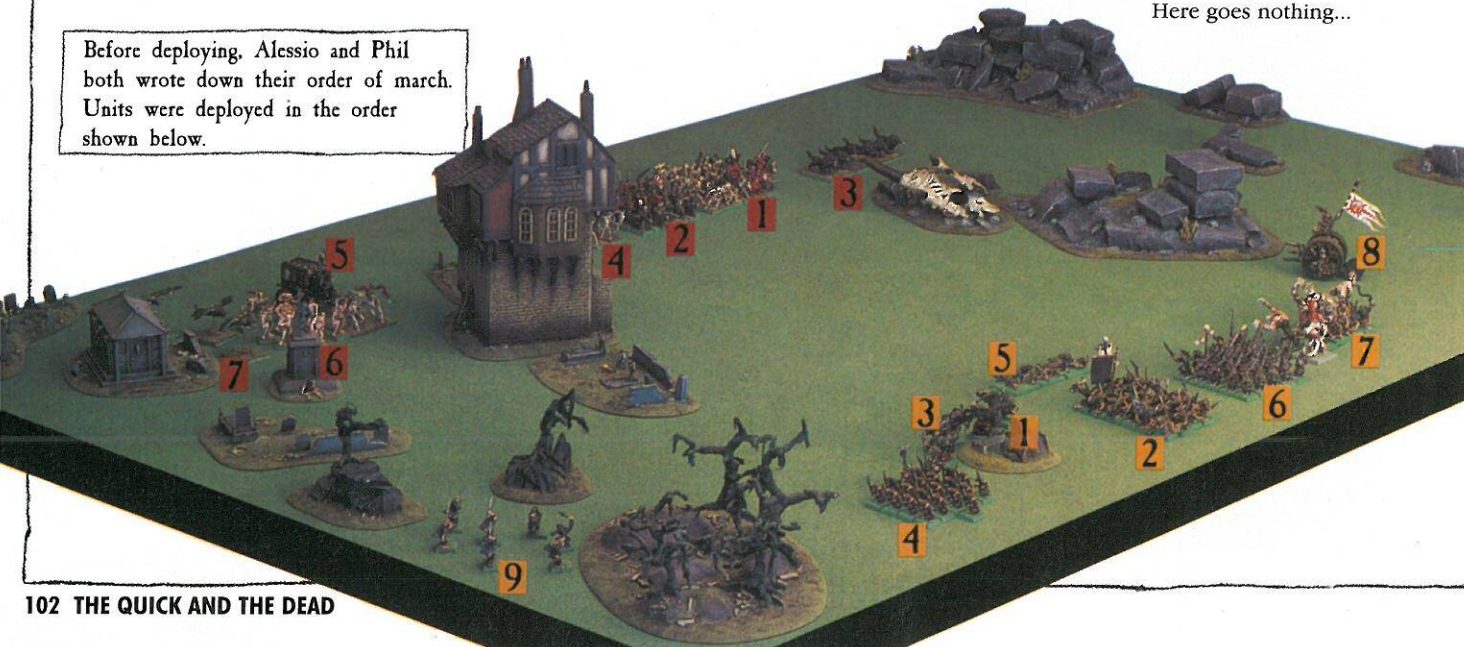
I figured that I had a couple of aces up my sleeve as far as the marching order was concerned. Small units like the Globadiers and especially the Warfire Thrower are invaluable as they both count as units and are extremely manoeuvrable. You can place these troops down first without committing anything at all in the way of manpower, making your opponent respond and hopefully forcing his hand. I chose the Clanrats as the central anchor, a nice big unit for my General to lead, bumping his Leadership right up to 10 whilst remaining within 12" of practically the entire army (always good practice). My Slaves guarded the left flank against the Black Coach; I was confident that so long as they stayed within 12" of the Grey Seer they could hold off the Black Coach indefinitely. The Stormvermin and the Rat Ogres were placed so that the Rat Ogres could hinge round and flank anything that hit the centre of my lines. The Rat Swarms were out front, they were to stop the cavalry in their tracks if possible.

The Doomwheel went far out right, so that it could hug the impassable terrain and ultimately hit the Undead battle lines in the flank. Alessio deployed in a fairly textbook fashion, keeping his hardest units close together to prevent a dislocated battle line.

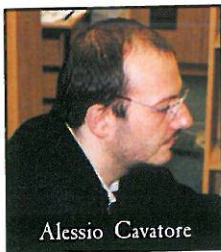
All in all, I was pretty happy with the way deployment had worked out.

Here goes nothing...

Before deploying, Alessio and Phil both wrote down their order of march. Units were deployed in the order shown below.



IN THE NAME OF ABHORASH! CHARGE!



Alessio Cavatore

Alessio: I haven't even finished the army list yet and I already have to play a battle report. Weird. Well, that's the way things go

around here, because we work so many months ahead of the release dates. So don't worry if you see a few differences here and there between my list and the final one that will be published in the book. Hopefully it will only be a few minor details.

Right, let's think about the list. I'll be playing a Blood Dragon army and therefore I'll start with a solid unit of fully equipped Black Knights. As for characters, a Count tooled up to fight and his Thrall Battle Standard Bearer (carrying a War Banner) will lead the cavalry. I normally choose a Wraith at this point, but I just love the Blood Dragon on foot wielding the sword and dagger combination, so he will be my next Thrall. He'll lead one of the infantry units. And to finish, I'll take the mandatory Necromancer, because the Blood Dragons are not great with magic and I need some defence (ie, Dispel Scrolls) in case Phil takes a Grey Seer as his General. As for my Core Units, I'll have a solid block of armoured Skellies. They are a bit pricey, but they have a nice 4+ armour save in close combat due to their hand weapons and shields, and I'll try to raise some more of them during the game. I feel that fewer, better equipped Skeletons fit better with the Blood Dragon theme, and for the same reason I'll be fielding no Zombies. A

pack of fast Dire Wolves is a must to try to outflank the Skaven, and a band of Ghouls will be useful to tackle small annoying Skaven units such as Warfire Throwers, Globadiers and even Gutter Runners.

To match the Black Knights I'll also deploy a unit of Grave Guard equipped with the dread *Banner of the Barrows*, allowing Wights to hit on a 3+ in close combat. That's a unit that can probably hold its own in a fight even without characters leading it.

I then decided to buy a Black Coach, since Skaven cannot easily have Strength 7 hits that would destroy it in one blow. Furthermore, a *terror* causing unit will probably be useful and the extra punch of the Coach will do nicely if I manage to coordinate it with my cavalry. Since my army is mostly comprised of two big blocks of rather expensive infantry, I'm growing increasingly worried about Warfire Throwers. A small unit of Fell Bats should help fight that menace.

The battle plan is simple, I trust my cavalry to smash through anything and I'll therefore try and aim it at the enemy's most expensive unit. The two blocks of infantry should follow the cavalry to engage the Skaven line in the front while my cavalry turns around behind their lines after having broken through. It's vital for your cavalry to have this kind of infantry support, otherwise the enemy will have time to turn and charge your cavalry whilst it's turning around after the breakthrough! With a bit of luck, my Dire Wolves or my Black Coach (or both!) will make it to the Skaven flank and that should spell doom for the ratmen. Of course, I know that Phil is a very clever player and I'm

sure that my carefully thought out plan will soon be reduced to a mess where we are both trying to survive and snatch defeat out of the jaws of victory... or is it the other way around?

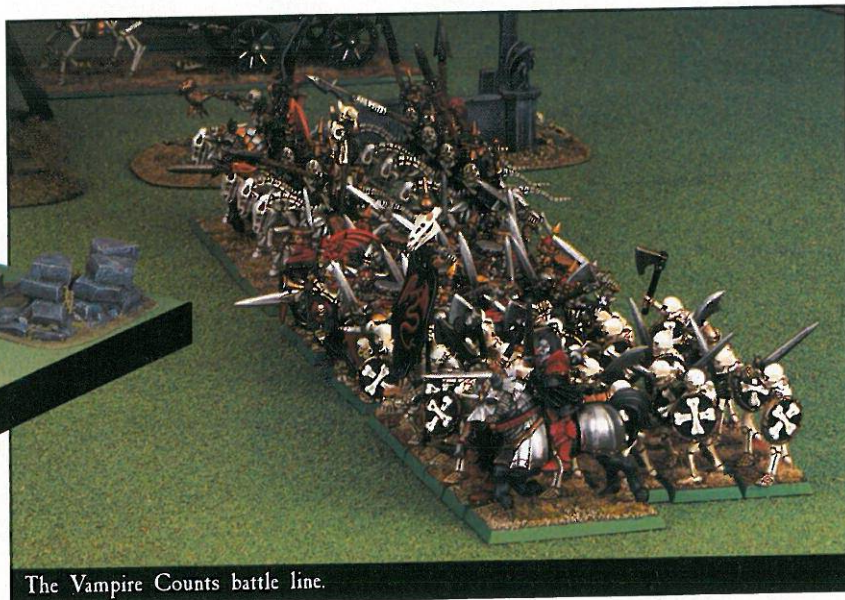
UNDEAD DEPLOYMENT

We started with selecting our spells and my Vampire Count got *Gaze of Nagash* and *Invocation of Nehek*. My Necromancer rolled *Curse of Years* and *Vanbel's Danse Macabre*, but I decided to give up the *Curse* (quite difficult to cast for a second level Wizard) in favour of one more *Invocation of Nehek*, my favourite Necromantic spell due to its versatility and variable casting cost.

Then we moved on to deployment. My first mistake here was thinking that a Meeting Engagement would be easy. It's not. It requires careful planning and you really have to think ahead when you write your order of march. Underestimating this point, as I did, leads to a mess in your deployment. As a result, the initial position of my units was not exactly perfect. If I deployed my General with the Black Knights as planned, my Dire Wolves would have been out of his 12" radius and therefore unable to march. Since I really wanted the Wolves to outflank the Skaven, taking advantage of the entirely open left flank, I had to deploy my General with the Skeletons. If I had been facing an army with a lot of shooting I wouldn't be able to do that, because my Count on his steed would have been a perfect target for missile fire in the middle of a unit of infantry.

At the end of the deployment I was relatively happy with the situation on the flanks. Nothing was set to stop my Dire Wolves, unless the Doomwheel decided to turn and kill them (but that would have taken an Unbreakable unit out of the centre, still an advantage for me). On my right flank I was confident that the Black Coach supported by the Ghouls could take care of the Slaves and Gutter Runners. My Fell Bats were also in a good position to take care of the Globadiers and the Warfire Thrower. I was definitely less confident about the centre, where Phil had too many worrying units. Two Unbreakable units (the Doomwheel and Rat Swarms), a big pack of frenzied Rat Ogres and two large units of Skaven were seriously outnumbering my two units of infantry and one cavalry.

I thought that it was vital to get to the Skaven flanks quickly, before they could overwhelm my centre. Winning the roll to choose who got the first turn was a good start and I decided to seize the initiative and go first.



The Vampire Counts battle line.

SOULGNAWER'S VERMINHORDE

CHARACTERS

LORD: Skaven Grey Seer Soulgnawer (230) with hand weapon, *Warpscroll* (50) and a *Warpstone Amulet* (30). **310 pts**

HERO: Chieftain Finqul (50) heavy armour (4), great weapon (4) and *Skavenbrew* (50). **108 pts**

HERO: Chieftain Einhorne (50) heavy armour (4), Battle Standard (25) (*War Banner* (25)). **104 pts**

HERO: Warlock Engineer Tanq (60) with an extra level (35), hand weapon and two *Dispel Magic Scrolls* (25 each). **145 pts**

CORE

24 Clanrats (120) with light armour, shields (24), hand weapons, Champion (10), Standard Bearer (10) and Musician (10). **174 pts**

24 Stormvermin (168) with heavy armour, halberds (48), Champion (10) and Musician (10). **236 pts**

20 Slaves (60) with hand weapons and Standard Bearer (10). **70 pts**

3 Rat swarms (150) **150 pts**

SPECIAL

5 Rat Ogres (200) and 4 Beastmasters armed with hand weapons (40). **240 pts**

Warpfire Team with heavy armour, hand weapons and one Warpfire Thrower. **70 pts**

4 Poison Wind Globadiers (100) with light armour, hand weapons and poison wind globes. **100 pts**

7 Gutter Runners (98) with 2 hand weapons (14). **112 pts**

RARE

Doomwheel (180) with scythes and an Engineer armed with hand weapon and pistol. **180 pts**

TOTAL **1,999 pts**



THE WARHOST OF VON DECHIEL

CHARACTERS

LORD: Blood Dragon Vampire Count Gregor von Dechiel (205), extra level (35), full plate armour, shield (3), barded Nightmare (18), *Sword of Striking* (30), *Ring of the Night* (30) and *Red Fury* Bloodline power (25). **346 pts**

HERO: Blood Dragon Vampire Thrall Illych von Tchaikov (75) with heavy armour (4), two hand weapons (4) *Blademaster* (25) and *Red Fury* (25) Bloodline powers. **133 pts**

HERO: Blood Dragon Vampire Thrall Piotr Vozht (75) with heavy armour (4), barded Nightmare (12) and a Battle Standard (25) (*War Banner* (25)). **141 pts**

HERO: Necromancer Vacharos (65) with extra level (35), hand weapon and 2 *Dispel Magic Scrolls* (25 each). **150 pts**

CORE

9 Ghouls (72). **72 pts**

6 Dire Wolves (60) with Doom Wolf (10). **70 pts**

24 Skeletons (192) with light armour (24), hand weapons, Champion (10), Standard Bearer (10) and Musician (5). **241 pts**

SPECIAL

21 Grave Guard (252) with heavy armour, shield (21), hand weapons, Crypt Keeper (12), Standard Bearer (12), Musician (6) and the *Banner of the Barrows* (45). **348 pts**

8 Black Knights (184) with heavy armour, shield, hand weapons, lance, barded Nightmare (16), Hell Knight (16) and Musician (8). **224 pts**

3 Fell Bats (60). **60 pts**

RARE

Black Coach (215) drawn by two Nightmares and crewed by a Wraith armed with a great weapon. **215 pts**

TOTAL **2,000 pts**



VAMPIRE COUNTS TURN 1

Alessio: The Dire Wolves started their flanking move on the left, and the Black Coach, Ghouls and Bats advanced at full throttle in the graveyard on the right. They really looked cool among the tombstones!

In the centre my Black Knights moved forward to meet with the General, who left the Skeletons and joined them. The two units of infantry positioned themselves on the flanks of my cavalry. I was not advancing fast, in order to give some time to my outflanking forces. In the Magic phase I got only five dice instead of six, because Blood Dragon Counts generate one less Power dice than other bloodlines. Phil's Fourth and Second Level Wizards granted him the same number of dice as I had! I first attempted to cast *Invocation of Nehek* with one dice on the easiest level to create a new unit of Zombies within 18".

This tactic is a bit of a gamble, I know, with only a fifty-fifty chance of actually raising the new unit even if the spell is successful. The idea was to force Phil into a difficult choice with his Dispel dice. I failed to cast the Necromancer's one, and Phil dispelled the Count's *Invocation*. The Count then cast *Gaze of Nagash* on the Rats. To my surprise Phil gambled on a Dispel roll, failing it, and seven of the fifteen wounds of the Rats were gone! I was really pleased by this. Unbreakable Rat Swarms really are a pain and they were now reduced to a number that my cavalry unit could hope to kill in one go, allowing me a chance for a precious overrun move.

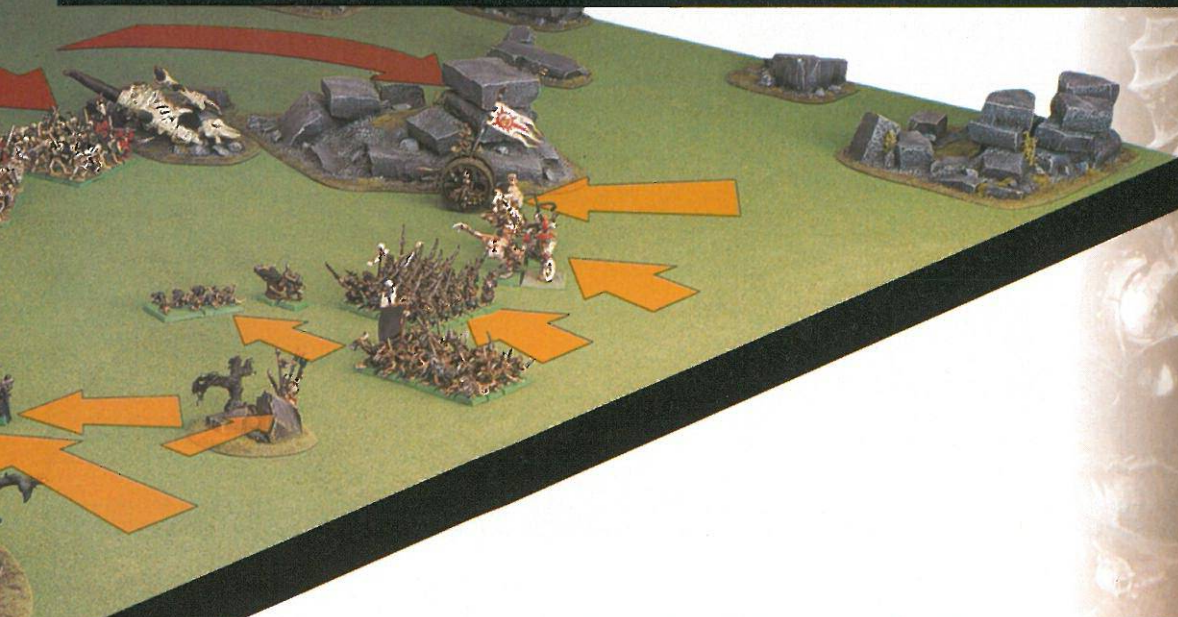
I was still smiling when Phil started to move and only then did I realise a big mistake in my movement. In my eagerness to chase the Fell Bats, I had moved them in front of the Black Coach, so that now I didn't have a line of sight from the Coach to the Slaves. What a stupid thing to do! Now the Slaves would be able to march towards the Coach and maybe charge it in their second turn! Doh!



The Grave Guard and Black Knights manoeuvre into position.



The Gutter Runners sneak around the flank of the Black Coach.



SKAVEN TURN 1

Phil: Well, I'm still not used to Undead moving that fast! I fondly remember the days when redeploying like that would be practically impossible for dead guys.

My Movement phase was a little simpler as I intended to hang back and let them come to me. The Skavenslaves and the Gutter Runners were the only troops to move forward to any real degree, plugging the gap on the left flank so that the Black Coach could not circumvent them and get into the thick of my battle line. The Warlock Engineer left the Slaves when he realised what the Grey Seer had planned for them! The Globadiers stuck close behind them to prevent an aerial charge from the Fell Bats. The Rat Swarms pivoted into the centre of the line, the Warpfire Thrower sticking close

behind them. The rest of the units edged forward into position; with no fast moving troops, it was inevitable that I would have to receive the charge of the Black Knights somewhere along the battle line and I was determined to exploit it when it happened.

My Magic phase began much like Alessio's, with a small decoy spell. I intended to see if I could use up some of Alessio's Dispel dice, and so cast *Steed of Shadows* on the Warpfire thrower. Sure enough, he decided that he could not afford such a dangerous toy whipping around behind his lines, and dispelled it. The Grey Seer's *Fireball*, aimed at the Fell Bats (very valuable to Alessio), was also an attempt to draw out the Dispel dice before I sent serious fiery death soaring into his ranks. It was

successfully cast, and managed to cause an unexpected four wounds, killing two! My initial grin dripped off my face when I saw that this 'success' had left the Black Coach with line of sight to my Slaves. Some decoy; that was not my intention at all.

Still, I was left with four dice and Alessio had none, so I sent a *Conflagration of Doom* toward his nice big unit of Skeletons. Sure enough, out came the Dispel scroll. One down, I thought...

The Shooting phase saw the Doomwheel earth a lightning bolt on itself, causing the machine to lose a wound, and irritatingly it also fried a nearby Beastmaster! The Warpfire Thrower had a bit more luck but, although it inflicted two wounds on the Black Knights, their armour protected them from harm.



The Dire Wolves dart around the Skaven flank, unseen by the ratmen.

VAMPIRE COUNTS TURN 2

Alessio: Strangely enough, it was a great relief to lose my two Fell Bats to the Grey Seer's *Fireball*. My Coach now had a line of sight to the Slaves!

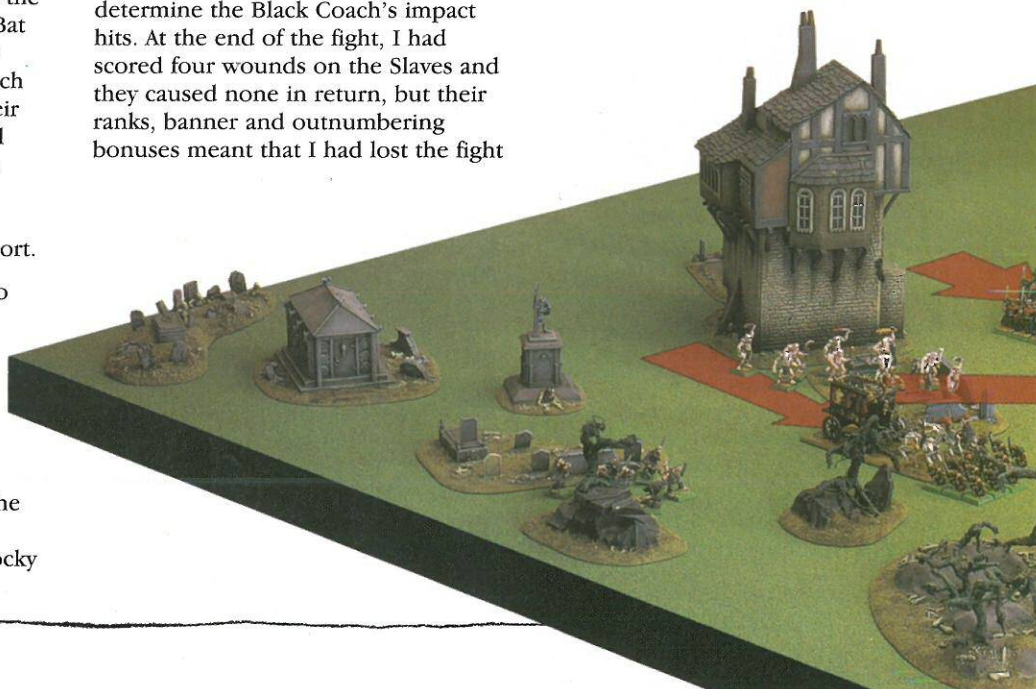
Without hesitation I charged it into the puny Skaven, while my remaining Bat charged the Warfire Thrower. The Skaven war machine fled out of reach of my Bat and the Slaves passed their Terror test. How dare they! Well, I'll just have to slaughter them in close combat, I thought as the terrifying Undead carriage crashed into their ranks, the Ghouls close by for support.

My cavalry inched its way forward to give time for the two infantry units to get into a better position, slightly ahead of the Black Knights, tempting the Skaven to try an uncoordinated charge.

The Wolves, now slowed down by the absence of the General within 12", continued to go around the large rocky hill on my left.

I repeated the same sequence as in the previous Magic phase, but Phil managed to stop me every time. The Close Combat phase started with an appalling roll of a 1 on the dice to determine the Black Coach's impact hits. At the end of the fight, I had scored four wounds on the Slaves and they caused none in return, but their ranks, banner and outnumbering bonuses meant that I had lost the fight

by one! The Coach lost one of its four wounds and I started to have a bad feeling about the fight. Luckily, my Ghouls were not far off.



SKAVEN TURN 2

Phil: The game was beginning to become more interesting, and the next few moves would be crucial. The Gutter Runners, intending to charge the nearby Ghouls and remove them from the equation, failed their Fear test and spent the turn quaking in their boots instead.

The Warfire Thrower rallied, unsurprising as it was only within a couple of inches of the irate Grey Seer. The Globadiers, however, failed their Terror test for being near the Black Coach on a disastrous roll of 11, fleeing toward the table edge. No problem, I thought, they'll no doubt rally next turn and they're not much use just now anyway.

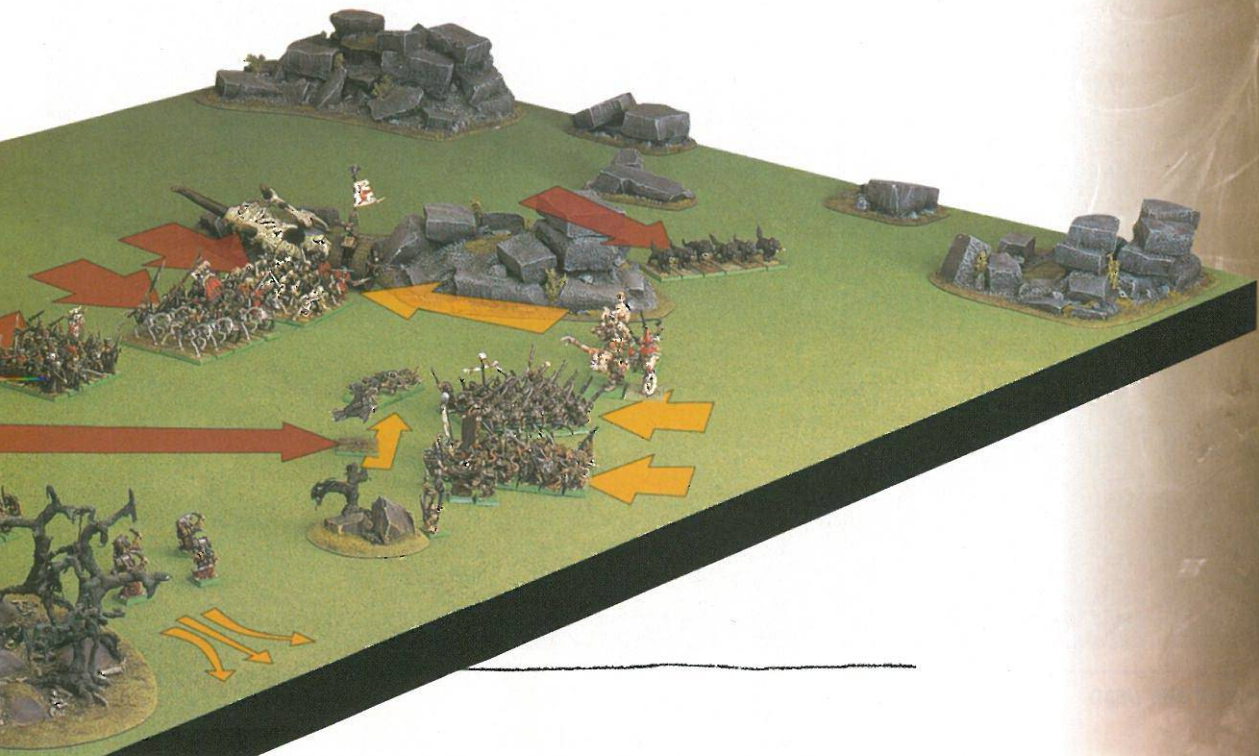
The Rat Swarms again moved into position, ending in front of the big unit of Stormvermin. I was carefully aligning my troops so that if the Black Knights charged the Rat Swarm, they would get a bunch of Rat Ogres in the side for their trouble; and if they charged the Rat Ogres, it would be the Stormvermin that hit them in the flank.

The Clanrats wheeled to face the lone Fell Bat, while the Chieftain with the Rat Ogres ran over to interpose himself in between the rallied Warfire Thrower and the Fell Bat. The Doomwheel managed to sneak itself alongside the flank of the Skeleton unit, ready to trundle into the bony formation in the next turn.



The Black Coach thunders into the Skavenslave regiment.

The Magic phase began in much the same way, Alessio dispelling my *Steed of Shadows* on the Warfire Thrower. The second *Fireball*, seeking to obliterate the last Fell Bat, was also dispelled, leaving me lots of lovely dice for a second *Conflagration of Doom*. If this drew out another Dispel scroll, it would be time for my Warpscroll to rip its way through the Skeleton unit. Sadly, the *Conflagration* miscast, and the Magic phase ended.



VAMPIRE COUNTS TURN 3

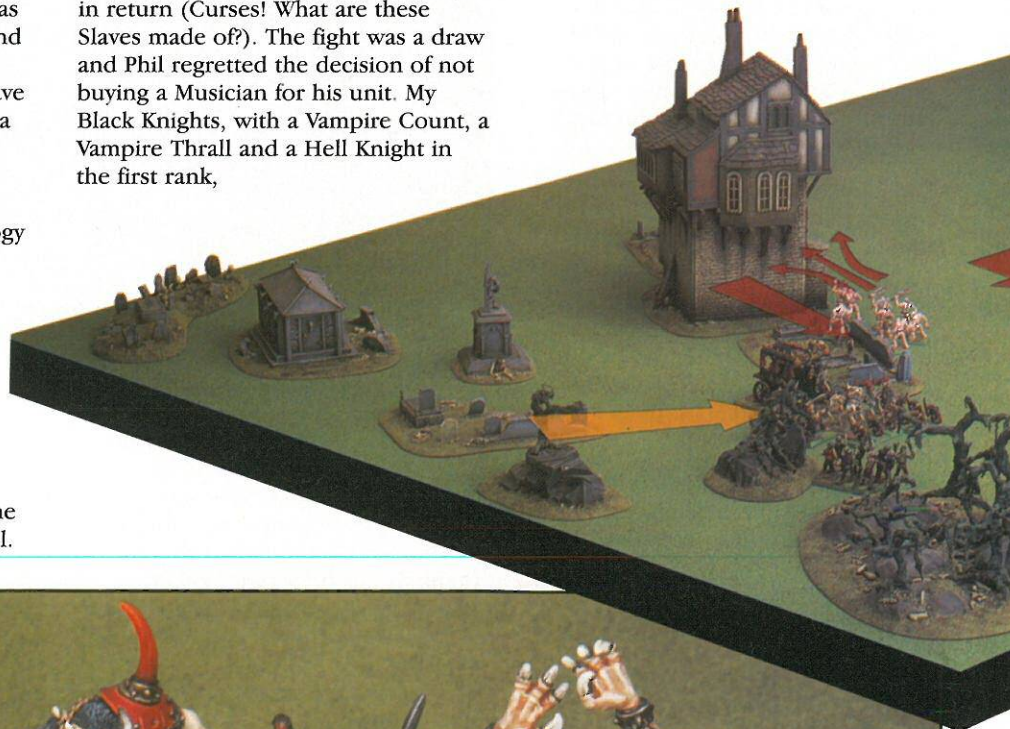
Alessio: My Ghouls charged the Slaves in a desperate attempt to save the Black Coach from the accursed rat-things that were destroying it!

My Black Knights were now too close to the Rat Swarm and charged in. To cover their left flank, my last Bat sacrificed itself by flying in front of the Rat Ogres. I angled the frontage of my model so that the Rat Ogres would have to align themselves by facing the hill on the right and, since they had to overrun because of their *frenzy*, I was hoping that they would run up to and into the sheer cliff (very difficult terrain!). If it worked, that would have taken a big threat off my left. It was a worthy sacrifice! This was a clear example of how *frenzy* can be a double-edged weapon. The extra attack and the immunity to Psychology make it powerful, but the fact that *frenzied* troops have to charge and overrun also makes it easy for the opponent to lure part of your force away with some expendable troops. The Grave Guard advanced to protect the Knights' right and the Skeletons placed themselves between the Doomwheel and the cavalry, while the Wolves finally made it around the hill.

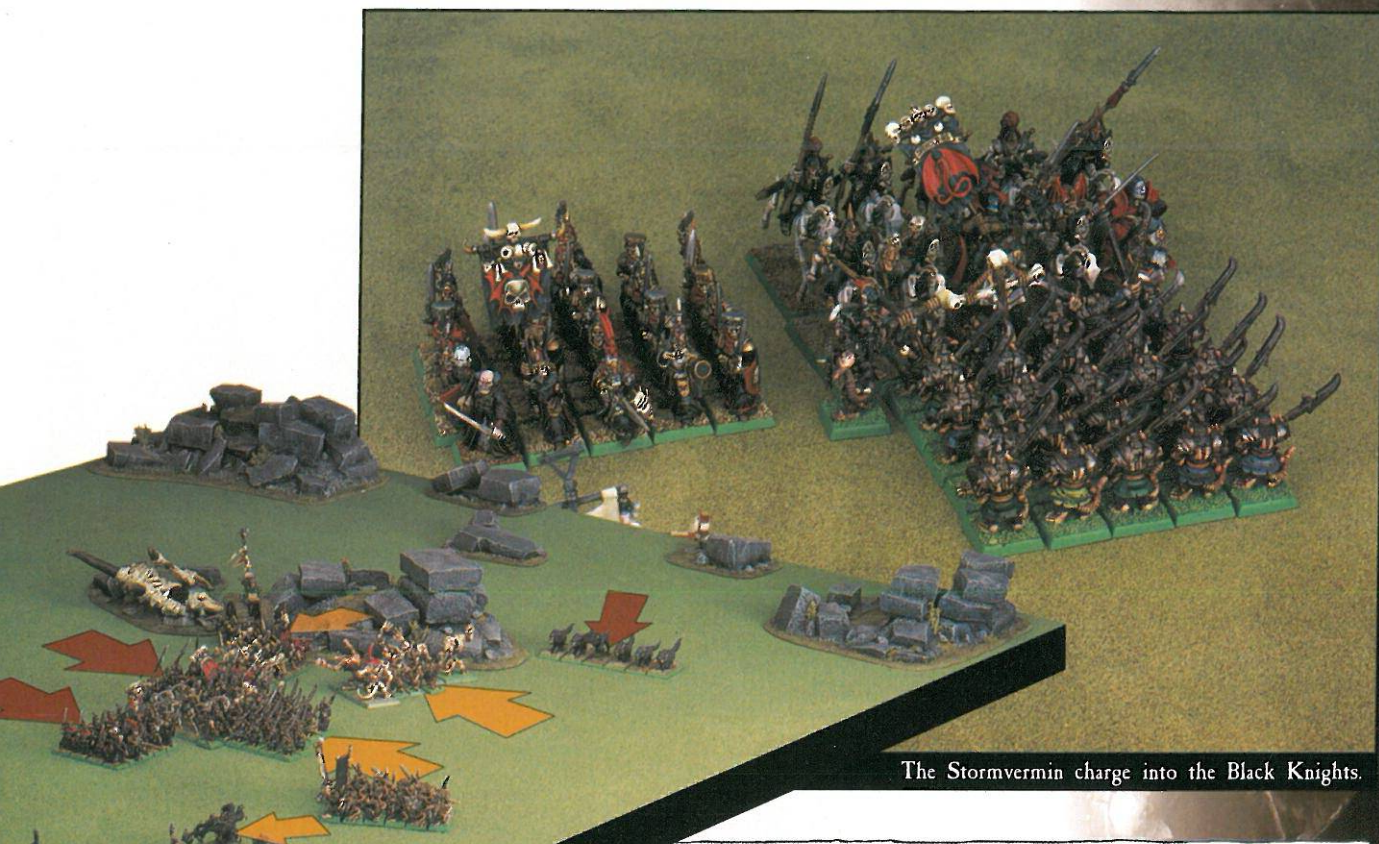
In the Magic phase I twice tried to raise a new unit of Zombies to help the Coach and my second attempt (a mighty 16 with three dice!) was successful. A new unit of eight Zombies appeared from the woods on the Slaves' flank. I was suddenly more hopeful about the situation on the left flank.

My hopes faded again when the charging Ghouls only managed to kill a single Slave and suffered a casualty in return (Curses! What are these Slaves made of?). The fight was a draw and Phil regretted the decision of not buying a Musician for his unit. My Black Knights, with a Vampire Count, a Vampire Thrall and a Hell Knight in the first rank,

unsurprisingly wiped out the remaining Rat Swarm. They decided not to overrun though, because if they had done that and charged into the Stormvermin, they would have also offered their flank to the Rat Ogres. I'm sure that, given the chance, the Rat Ogres would have preferred to slam into my General's unit rather than having to waste their strength on the waiting Fell Bat.



The Fell Bat lands in the midst of the Skaven as part of some despicable plan.



The Stormvermin charge into the Black Knights.

SKAVEN TURN 3

Phil:

Alessio

had charged my Rat Swarms and, according to my plan, the Stormvermin were there to back them up, and the Rat Ogres were in a position to flank them. My plan had come to fruition. Apart from one perfectly placed spanner in the works; Alessio's irritating Fell Bat. And so my Rat Ogres spent their considerable strength ripping an overgrown flying mouse into pieces rather than supporting my poor old Stormvermin.

As the Chieftain with Skavenbrew had to charge the Black Knights, due to being *frenzied* (I was getting a bit tired of that...) I felt I ought to support him, so in went the Stormvermin. I stuck the Doomwheel into the flank of the Skeleton unit too, as it would also tie up this unit and stop it smashing into one of mine.

Again, I failed the Globadiers' test on Leadership 10 and off they ran, taking a neat 100 points off the field without causing a single casualty. However,

the Gutter Runners had finally mustered the courage to charge into combat with the Black Coach, which was a blessing.

My Magic phase began with a failed *Creeping Death* at the Grave Guard and a dispelled *Fireball*, and ended catastrophically with my Grey Seer miscasting a *Wall of Fire*, sending the Grey Seer smashing into the Clanrat behind him with unholy force. He would only regain his spellcasting abilities on the roll of a 6 in my subsequent Magic phases. Oh joy, I thought.

My spirits were raised slightly when the Warfire Thrower torched six of the Grave Guard, and the Doomwheel shattered two more of the Skeletons with electric force. Its impact hits accounted for four more and, because it was Unbreakable, it stayed firmly embedded in the unit's side.

The combat in the centre of the battlefield was a mess. No matter what I threw at the Black Knights, it bounced off their armour save. The Blood Dragon Count, bound by honour to challenge, was faced by the unfortunate Stormvermin Champion, who was duly reduced to ribbons by

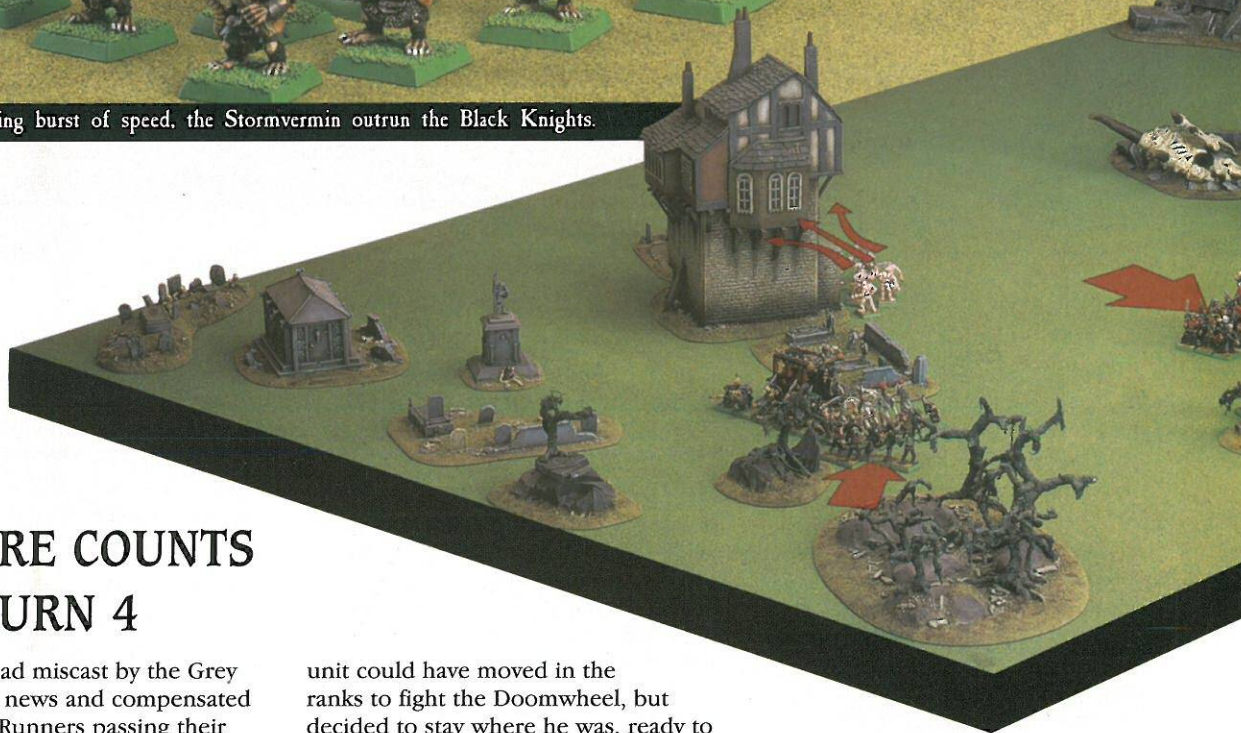
the Vampire and his Sword of Power (5 Attacks, hitting on 2s and wounding on 2s? Oh come on!). The Thrall by his side killed a further two, and the rest of the Black Knights impaled another. Nonetheless, my elite ratboys held their ground.

As for the Black Coach fight, the Slaves would most likely have scared off those Ghouls if I had only invested in a Musician. Always pay the points for a Musician. Sorry, I don't think I stressed that enough: ALWAYS BUY A MUSICIAN! Just do it! Every time I think I can get away with it and save some points (10 points to upgrade a Slave, which would normally buy you another 3 Slaves) I get into a combat that comes down to the wire and regret it. At the end of the day you'll hate yourself if your elite unit runs away from a man with a pair of bongos or a knackered trumpet.

This turn the Slaves held their own again, mainly due to the timely intervention of the Gutter Runners, and finally put paid to the Ghouls. But it had not been a good turn, not at all.



With an amazing burst of speed, the Stormvermin outrun the Black Knights.



VAMPIRE COUNTS TURN 4

Alessio: The bad miscast by the Grey Seer was good news and compensated for the Gutter Runners passing their Terror test which I was really hoping they would fail. I charged my newly raised Zombies into the Slaves' flank and they managed to pass both their Fear tests (they managed to pass the one for the Ghouls as well!) and their Panic test for being charged in the flank. These stubborn Slaves just refused to give ground! I wondered what kind of horrible death the Grey Seer had promised them in case they fled.

Both the Grave Guard and the Dire Wolves attempted to charge the Clanrats with the enemy General, but were miles out of range (I didn't have anything to lose in declaring the charge, because I couldn't march anyway). The Thrall in the Skeleton

unit could have moved in the ranks to fight the Doomwheel, but decided to stay where he was, ready to receive the Rat Ogres' charge (a very wrong decision in hindsight).

The Ghouls failed to rally and kept running like the cowards they are. The Magic phase was ineffective as both my attempts to boost the numbers of the units of Zombies and Skeletons were dispelled by the traumatised Grey Seer. The Close Combat phase looked better as the Count chopped the frenzied Chieftain to tiny bits in a challenge (four wounds!). The Stormvermin managed to drag down only one Black Knight before being cut down in return and they lost the fight. Now outnumbered by *fear*-causing enemies, they had to flee, and my Black Knights pursued them, but could not match the Stormvermin's amazing speed

(they rolled a 12; Skaven are certainly good at fleeing!), ending up 2" behind them. Well, at least we captured the Rats' Army Banner.

The charge of the braindead Zombies proved not terribly effective as the Slaves managed to kill one of them before they could attack and kill two of the Skaven. The Black Coach managed to score not a single wound and the fight ended once more in a draw. Alas! I was destined not to conquer these unbelievable Slaves!

The fight between the Doomwheel and the Skellies carried on with both sides doing nothing and then refusing to break. The Rat Ogres in front of my unit looked ominously huge and ferocious...

SKAVEN TURN 4

Phil: With the greatest of glee I charged the Rat Ogres into the Skeleton unit, I knew what these beasts were capable of and I was confident that even the Blood Dragon Vampire Thrall, five Attacks or no, would not blunt their frenzied assault. The rest of the Movement phase was basically my Warlock Engineer meandering out of charge range and my Warfire Thrower getting into position.

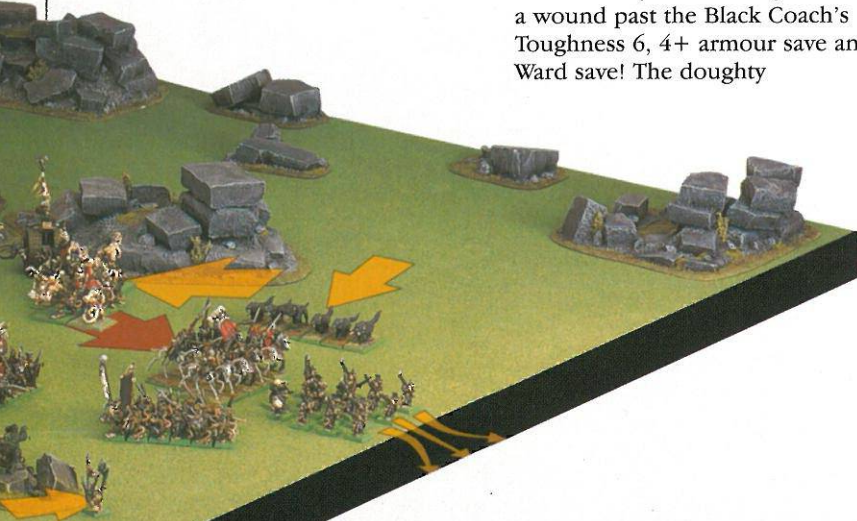
The Magic phase was paltry indeed as my Grey Seer was still trying to recover; for the time being he couldn't outwit a Zombie.

The Warlock, now spoilt for dice, irresistibly cast *Creeping Death* on Alessio's Grave Guard, but then caused no wounds. Typical! The Warfire Thrower overshot, killing only one of the Grave Guard, and the Doomwheel failed to fry any Skeletons on the right flank (Skryre war machines either work magnificently or not at all. Sometimes they explode).

The Close Combat phase was far more eventful; with the Gutter Runners hitting with 13 of their 14 attacks. They even managed to sneak a wound past the Black Coach's Toughness 6, 4+ armour save and 5+ Ward save! The doughty

Slaves, holding the flank up permanently it would seem, killed another Zombie and, despite the Wraith reaping Slaves like corn with his scythe, the Skaven won the combat by two. Yet more Zombies collapsed back into the earth.

The sinking feeling that had begun to set in evaporated when my Rat Ogres thundered into the Skeletons. Two of the beasts set about the Blood Dragon Thrall, causing four wounds and killing him before he could fight back! The rest of the Rat Ogres munched three Skeletons, and the Engineer and his Rats even managed to kill one. Alessio lost the combat, and four more Skeletons crumbled as their necromantic magic faded. Although I was in deep trouble in the centre of my battle line, the two battles on the flanks were looking pretty good.



The Rat Ogres annihilate the Skeletons in an orgy of destruction.

The Beastmasters had little need to crack their whips. Their hulking charges were bounding forward at such speed that the handlers were hard-pressed to keep up. Slickrit had just witnessed one of the Rat Ogres lash out as a giant bat crossed in front of them, tearing it out of the sky and throwing it to the floor. Slickrit had wisely stepped back as the heaving, barking monsters had pounced on the broken thing, burying it in a mass of blood-flecked muscle.

Ahead of them, he could see a large unit of dead warriors marching toward them in perfect step, led by a grim figure in red armour. He knew full well what that was, and his hair stood up as it met his gaze. Suddenly the Doomwheel crashed into the side of the unit, bone splintering as lightning crackled across their shields. Slickrit saw one of the Rat Ogres look up from its meagre feast at the noise. The Beastmaster gingerly poked it in the appropriate direction with his pointed stick. It turned to look at him, and growled. Behind his back, he crossed his fingers.

One by one, the entire pack sprang forward, ploughing into the precise ranks of Undead warriors. Two of them attacked the armoured Vampire, catching him in their massive claws, the Skeletons around him denying the recourse of evasion. With a bestial roar, the monsters ripped the unfortunate warrior apart, blood raining onto the dry bone beneath him.

Beside them, two more of the monsters stamped through the forest of brittle limbs, ignoring the Skeletons' slashing swords, smashing the Undead warriors apart in a shower of splintering bone.

Slickrit thanked the Horned One. He was exactly where he felt safest. Behind them.

VAMPIRE COUNTS TURN 5

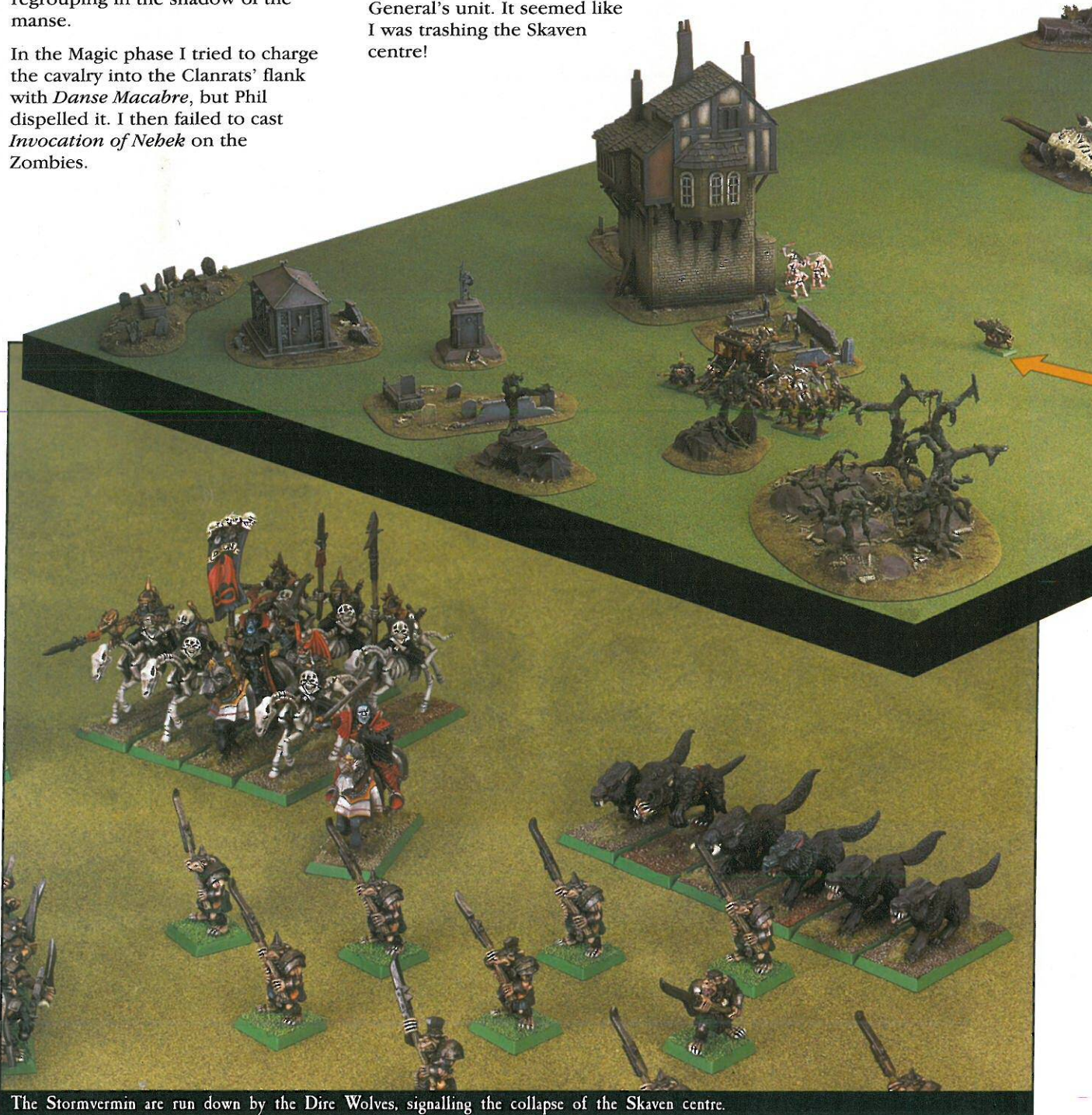
Alessio: The Wolves abandoned the Skeletons to their bitter destiny and charged the Stormvermin's exposed flank, while the Count separated from the Black Knights and charged the elite Skaven in the front. The cavalry reformed on the spot facing the Clanrats' flank while the Grave Guard charged them in the front. Things were looking bad for the Grey Seer!

To my surprise, the Ghouls rallied, regrouping in the shadow of the manse.

In the Magic phase I tried to charge the cavalry into the Clanrats' flank with *Danse Macabre*, but Phil dispelled it. I then failed to cast *Invocation of Nebek* on the Zombies.

The Grave Guard managed to kill a single Clanrat and had one of their number slain by the humble Skaven warriors, losing the fight to the rat-men's ranks and numbers. Next turn, the Skaven wouldn't be that lucky, because the Stormvermin were cut to bits by the Vampire Count, fleeing towards the Clanrats. They were run down by the slaving Dire Wolves and the enraged Blood Dragon, who both then impacted into the flank of the Skaven General's unit. It seemed like I was trashing the Skaven centre!

On the sides, the situation was somewhat different: the Skeletons got wiped out by the rampaging Rat Ogres and Doomwheel, and the Black Coach and Zombies managed to lose by 3 against the Gutter Runners and the invincible Slaves! My left flank was falling to pieces!



The Stormvermin are run down by the Dire Wolves, signalling the collapse of the Skaven centre.



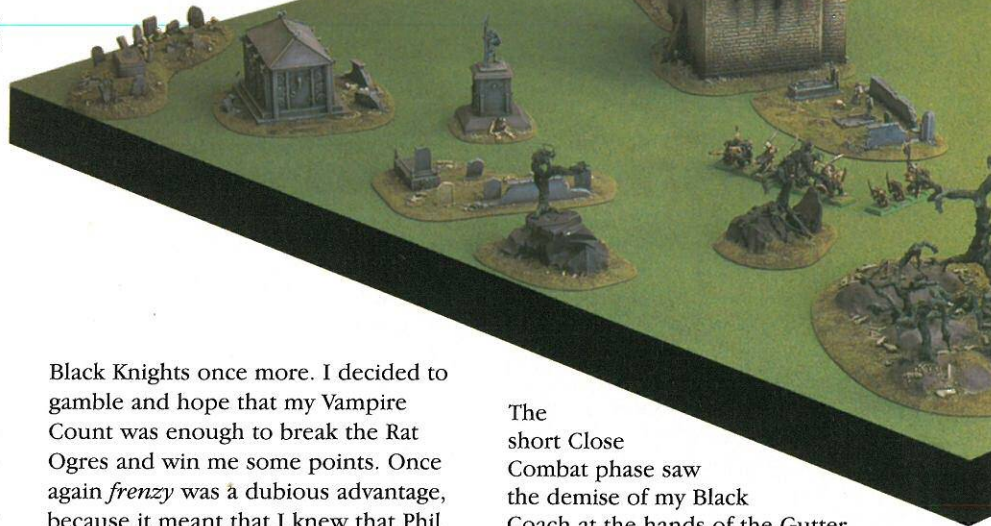
The Black Coach finally meets its end at the hands of the Skavenslaves and Gutter Runners.

VAMPIRE COUNTS TURN 6

Alessio: AAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!

The coward had fled! He abandoned his men and fled away to hide behind the big Rat Ogres. He spoiled my victory plan, taking all the Victory points he represented beyond my reach. Blood red hatred filled my eyes! After swallowing my impotent frustration I had to admit that such a sneaky act was extremely in character with the Skaven and, at the end, I even saw the funny side of it. The Ghouls made a last (very desperate) attempt to charge the Gutter Runners fighting the beleaguered Black Coach, but were far out of reach. It was too late for the Coach!

My units of Wights were now facing an empty table edge and had nothing to charge, so I turned my Black Knights to face both the Doomwheel and the Rat Ogres, making sure that the unavoidable final charge would have to hit them in the front. At this point I had to decide whether I wanted to risk my General against the might of Clan Moulder and Clan Skiryre by joining the



Black Knights once more. I decided to gamble and hope that my Vampire Count was enough to break the Rat Ogres and win me some points. Once again *frenzy* was a dubious advantage, because it meant that I knew that Phil had no choice and had to throw his Rat Ogres at my waiting Vampires and Knights in the last turn of the game... a risky business indeed. Would it also give them the impact they needed to defeat my armoured cavalry? We would soon find out.

In my last Magic phase I first tried to fry the Doomwheel with *Gaze of Nagash*, but failed to cast, and then tried to charge my Black Knights into the Rat Ogres with *Vanbel's Danse Macabre*, but Phil dispelled it.

The short Close Combat phase saw the demise of my Black Coach at the hands of the Gutter Runners and, of course, of the two Slaves left, still proudly carrying their tattered banner! I could hardly believe what these scum had achieved!

To add insult to injury, the Ghouls running to the rescue of the Coach panicked because of its destruction and fled, with no chance for me to rally them! No comment!

Now all that was left was to brace for impact and wait for the final charge that would probably decide the outcome of the game...

SKAVEN TURN 6

Phil: Wahey! The Slaves finally killed the Black Coach, forcing the Ghouls to run on the last turn! Excellent news! That was such a bonus. I knew that they would hold it up but I had no idea that they would eventually take it down. It just goes to show how no matter how hard the assaulting force is, how many special rules it has, or whether it has a grinning *terror-causing* meat grinder sitting atop it, you can always rely on the combination of Standard, rank bonus and outnumbering. But, in reality, I was very lucky as Alessio could have smashed my centre to pieces had the infernal thing got through.

Of course, he had anyway! Well, it was *frenzied* charge time again with the Rat Ogres, and I thought it only decent to support them with the Doomwheel for the impact hits. The Gutter Runners sneaked forwards slightly, claiming a table quarter, and the Warfire Thrower manoeuvred round to take a parting shot at the Grave Guard.

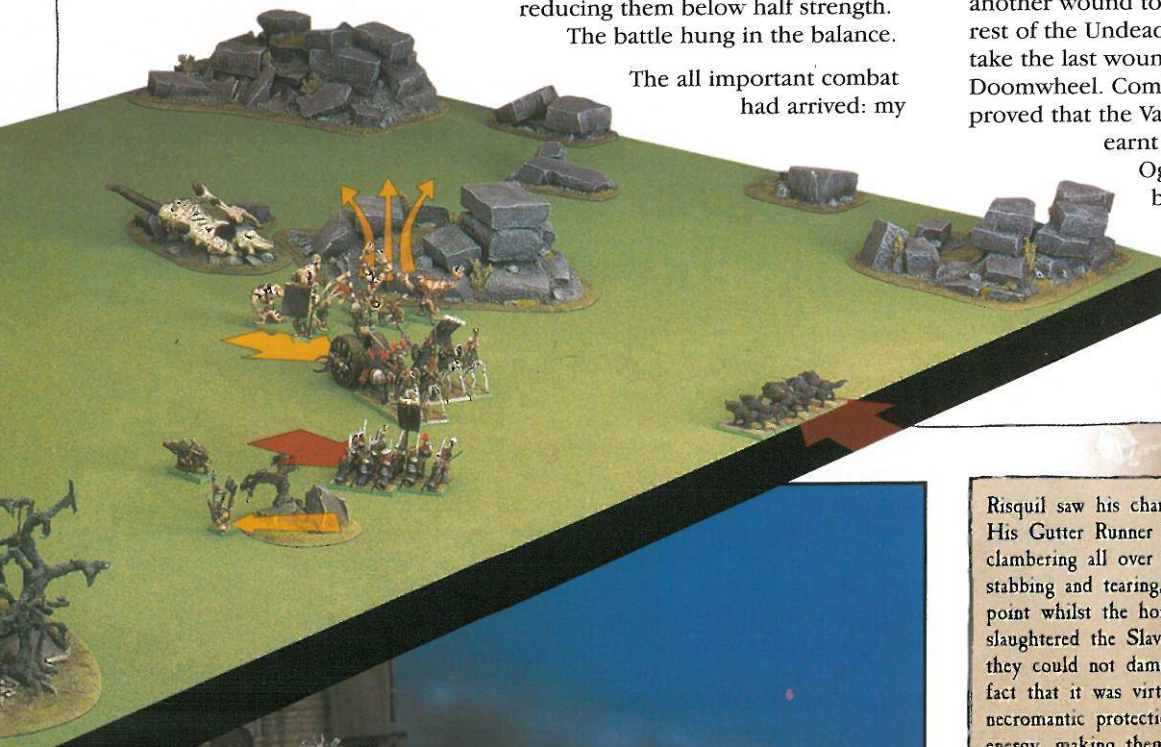
The Magic phase was uneventful; my Grey Seer still couldn't get it together and my Warlock Engineer's *Creeping Death* was dispelled.

The Warfire Thrower, utterly reliable all through the game, spewed a stream of vicious flame into the ranks of the Grave Guard, killing four and reducing them below half strength.

The battle hung in the balance.

The all important combat had arrived: my

frenzied Rat Ogres and the damaged Doomwheel against the Vampire Count, the Thrall with the Battle Standard and the Black Knights. The Doomwheel's four impact hits smashed one Knight apart, but the majority of the damage clanged off their unholy armour. The Engineer atop the Doomwheel and his swarming charges were unable to make their presence felt. Although the Rat Ogres caused a mighty five wounds, the Black Knight's revoltingly reliable saving throw saved all but one from a gory death. In return, the Vampire Count slashed his way through the Rat Ogres until he was awash with gore, causing five wounds by himself! The Thrall added another wound to the tally, but the rest of the Undead forces could not take the last wound from the Doomwheel. Combat resolution proved that the Vampire had truly earned his title, the Rat Ogres ran, tails between their legs, and all that remained was to count the cost...



In the climactic finale, the Rat Ogres charge the Black Knights.

Risquil saw his chance and went for it. His Gutter Runner brethren were clambering all over the infernal coach, stabbing and tearing, trying to find a weak point whilst the horrifying coachman slaughtered the Slaves one by one. But they could not damage it. Aside from the fact that it was virtually invulnerable, its necromantic protection was sapping their energy, making them weak. How in the Horned One's name did you kill a coach?

But it had become clear to him. Sprinting around the back, he saw a coffin inside, ornate and foreboding. Inside was what gave it the power, he thought, inside was the treasure that must be seized. He darted into the coach, through lush velvet drapes that smelled of antiquity and rot. Emblazoned upon the casket was the image of a red dragon, twisting upon itself, a crown set above its horned head. Risquil overcame his fear and lifted the lid, it opened with surprising ease. Something hideous grabbed him by the throat.

In a blur, the Gutter Runner was pulled inside, and the lid slammed shut as the coach began to collapse.

RIDE THEM DOWN!



Phew! That was close. If the final charge of the Rat Ogres had been more successful and they did not break, we would have probably ended up with a draw.

My General proved to be a veritable killing machine, but that's appropriate for a Blood Dragon Count. Of all Vampires, only the Strigoi can match the Knights of Blood in close combat.

I was astonished by how easy it was for the Rat Ogres to rip my Thrall apart and then proceed to wipe out my Skeletons, but then my Count exacted a bitter revenge on those monsters and finally broke their fighting frenzy.

My Black Knights were splendid and, led by the powerful Count and his personal Battle Standard, carved a red path through the Skaven army and certainly won the game for me. The Grave Guard took a few full hits from the Warfire Thrower and still made it to the end of the game: a remarkable feat in itself. The Dire Wolves and Fell Bats performed well, but the Ghouls and the Black Coach really disappointed me, not being able to take care of a unit of Skavenslaves!

To their credit I have to say that Phil's Slaves were the toughest Skaven I've ever seen, fighting on against *fear*- and *terror*-causing enemies until there were only two of them left. How very un-Skavenish of them!

My offensive Magic phase was a bit weak (I got only two spells through in all the game!), but that's normal with Blood Dragons. There is a price to pay for being a WS 9 armoured Wizard! Thanks to Phil's bad luck with his miscasts though, I managed to defend myself quite well from the Skaven magic (except for that damned *Steed of Shadows* on the Grey Seer!).

Overall the battle was great fun. It was quite a competitive game, with both me and Phil playing hard to win (the sort of games I really like), but we managed to keep it very friendly and we both really enjoyed it. Combined with the splendid models and scenery we were playing with, it really was Warhammer at its best and I hope you enjoyed reading about our battle at least as much as we did playing it.

E EK!



Okay, so the bulk of my Skaven ran away. Hands up who's surprised!

Seriously, though, I failed to punish Alessio for his few mistakes. A lot of the

things that went my way were due to luck. But the major thorn in my side was not the indomitable Blood Dragons, not the cowardly Globadiers running off on Turn 2, and not the horrible outnumbered-by-a-fear-causing-enemy rule. It was the magic.

What a damp squib. One lousy *Fireball* and my Grey Seer's brain dribbles out of his ears. A bit of a waste of points. It just goes to show how thoroughly miscasts can ruin your game if you rely on magic, and I hate to say it but I was doing just that. A well placed *Wall of Fire* can completely stymie your opponents advance, the *Conflagration of Doom* can chew through whole units, the *Flaming Sword* can cut down the hardest character. But it was not to be, my magic was extremely ropey throughout. Although admittedly the well-timed use of *Steed of Shadows* to haul my Grey Seer's furry butt out of the fire was a highlight and definitively Skavenesque.

It was worth it just for the look on Alessio's face...

I think that I played better towards the end of the game, as at one point it looked like I was in for a real drubbing, but I managed to pull things back and nearly walked away with a draw. If my expensive Rat Ogre unit hadn't charged on the last turn as a consequence of them being *frenzied* from the *Skavenbrew*, I might have got away with it. *Frenzy* can be a real pain in the tail sometimes; for all its benefits, a canny player will use it to draw your unit out into an awkward position and then smack into them so hard that their frenzied grins are wiped off their faces (or get them pursuing a cheap unit into the middle of a marsh, over a cliff, or into the midst of several hundred angry troops).

For me, one of the most outstanding aspects of the day was the left flank; it seemed to be a Battle Report in its own right, centring around the Skavenslaves and the Black Coach. The tide of that mini-battle swung back and forth continuously, and ultimately my Slaves were my 'unit of the match' due to their incredible tenacity. I love these scabrous little runts, they never fail to bug your opponent and when they are near

your General they can tie up pretty much anything. Oh yeah, and they eventually killed off that nasty old Black Coach, a major bonus.

Also on the plus side, it made me grin to see the Rat Ogres munch that Blood Dragon Thrall like so much dog meat; if the Vampire had been given time to retaliate it would have been quite another story. It's a real shame I didn't get the hyperactive monsters into the Black Knights' flank in conjunction with the Stormvermin on Turn 3, instead of having to charge the awkwardly placed Fell Bat (nice move Alessio...). That was my best chance by far as the Doomwheel would have tied up the Skeletons on the right flank for at least a turn, and that lone Bat could well have been the fulcrum that tipped the game. As a result, my carefully prepared flanking manoeuvres came to nothing and I ended up doing exactly what I didn't want to do; taking on the Vampire Counts face to face. And they aren't pretty.

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VAMPIRE COUNTS	1,462
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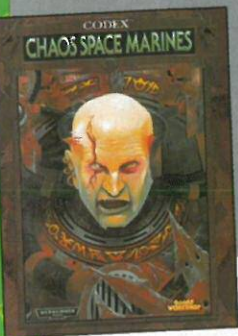
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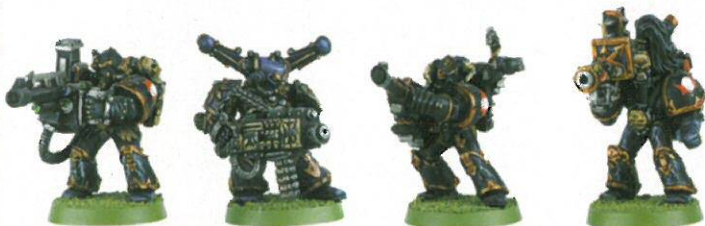
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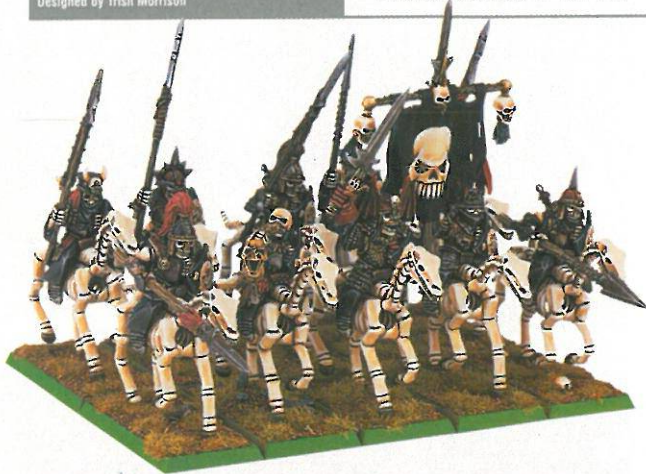
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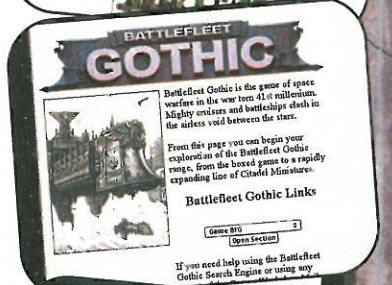
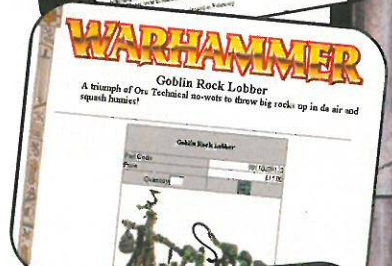
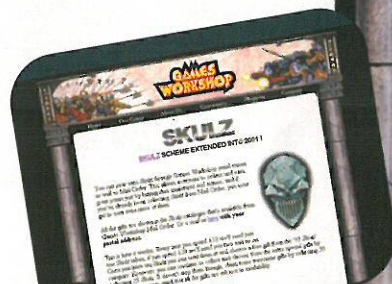
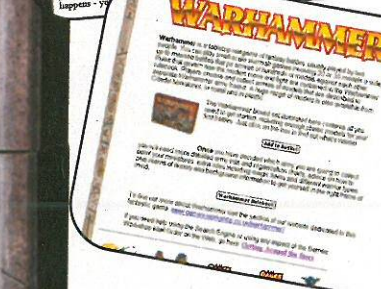
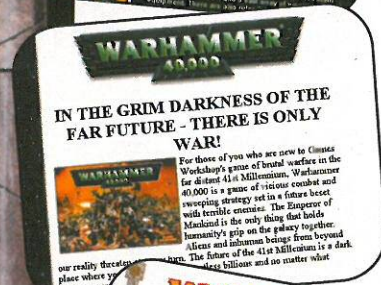
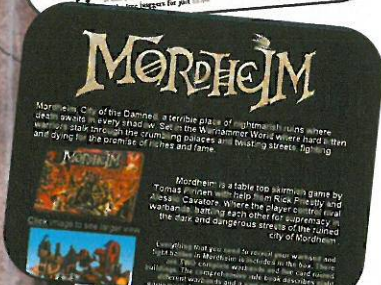
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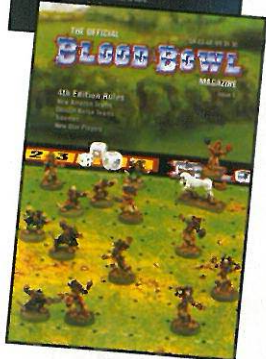
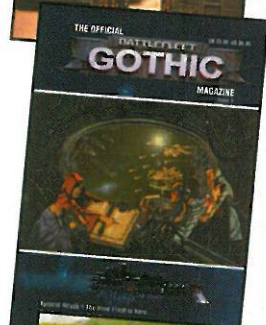
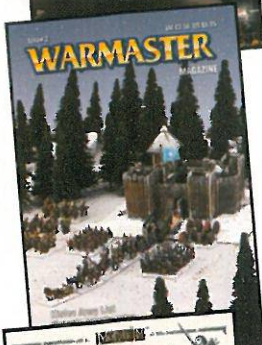
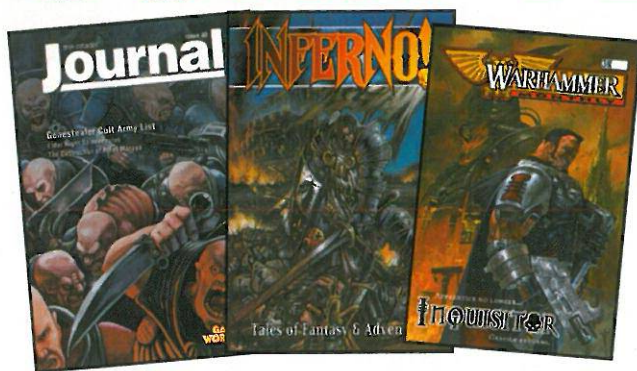
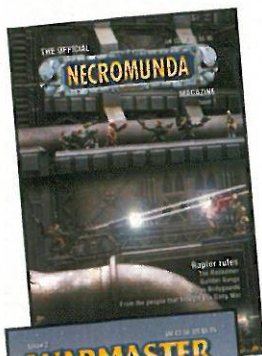
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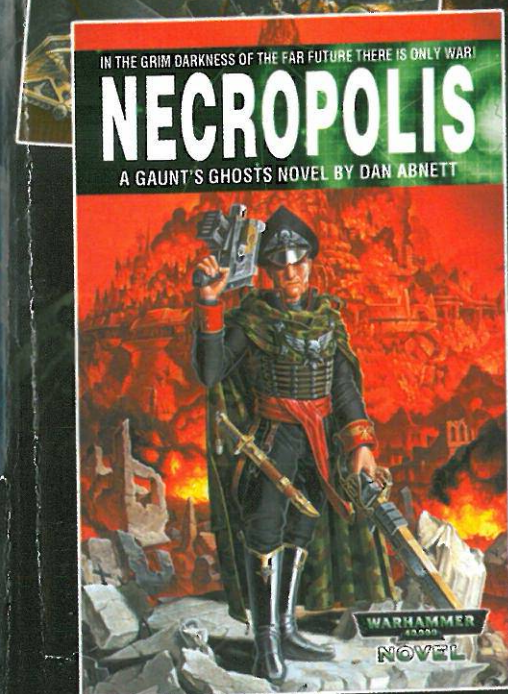
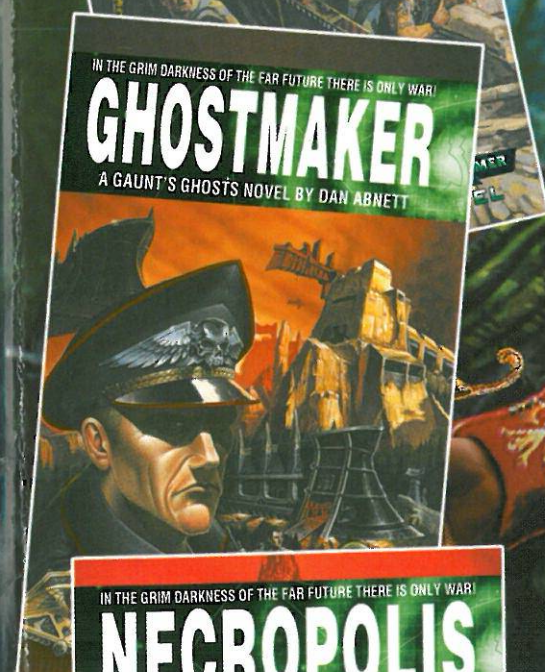
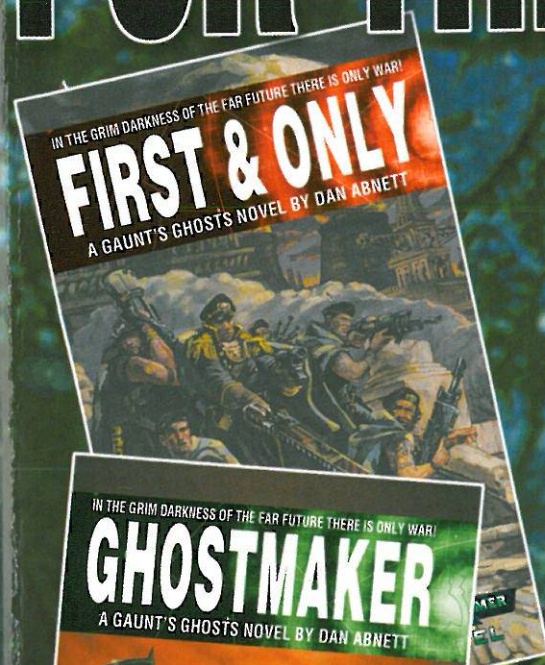


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