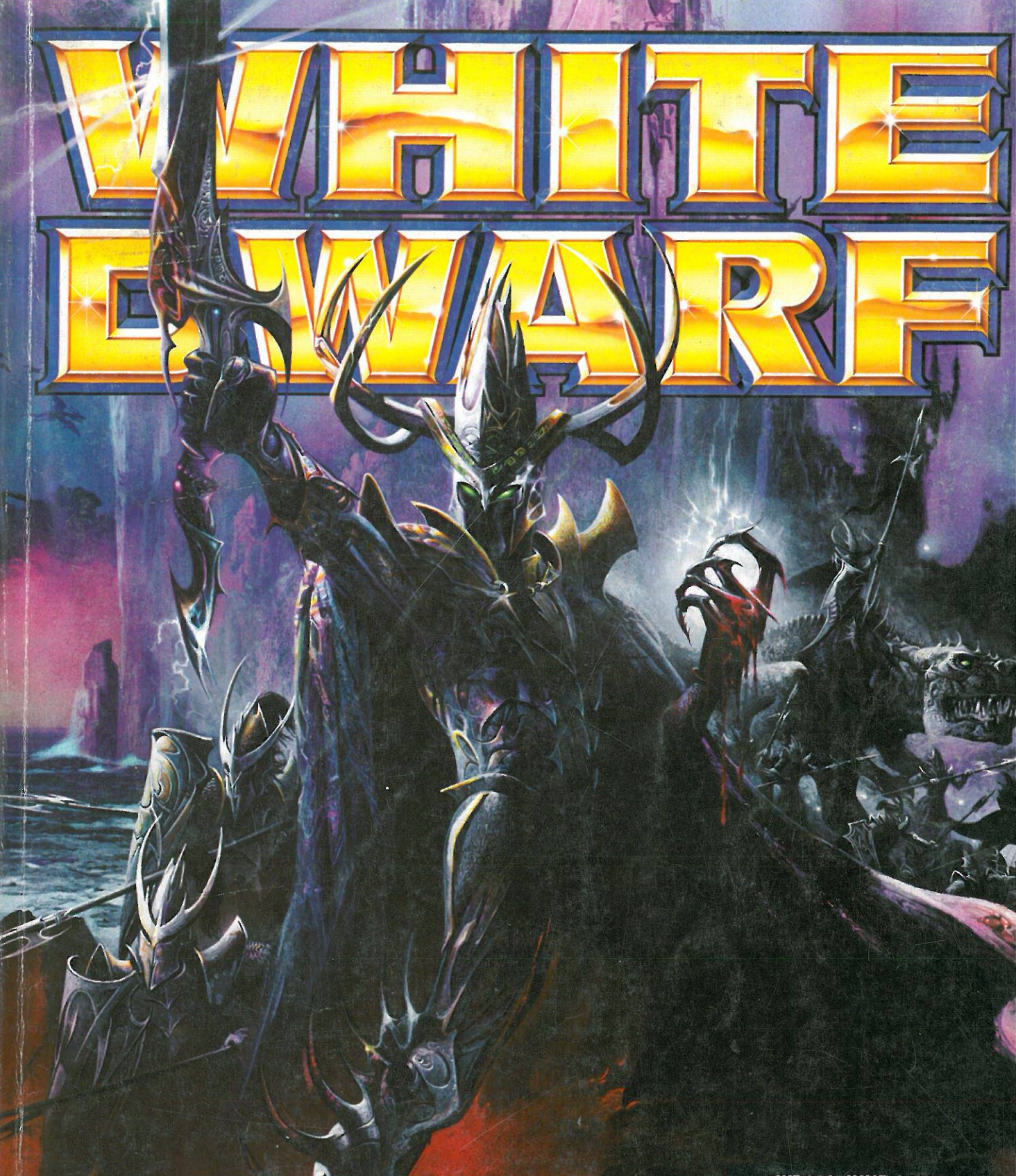


WARHAMMER NEWSLETTER



The Armies of the Witch King Return...

DARK ELVES

PLUS: Index Astartes – Librarians AND Space Wolves • New Inquisitor Rules •
Tactica: Assault part 2 • Battle Report: The Hunt For Ghazghkull

WD258 JUNE £3.50

GAMES WORKSHOP'S MONTHLY GAMING
SUPPLEMENT & CITADEL MINIATURES CATALOGUE

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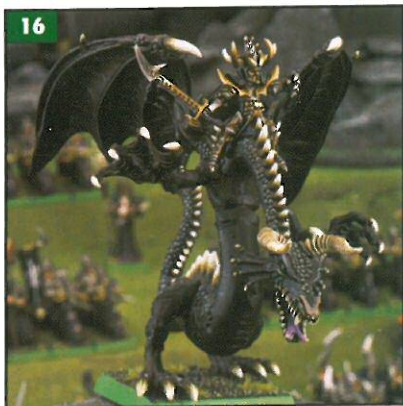
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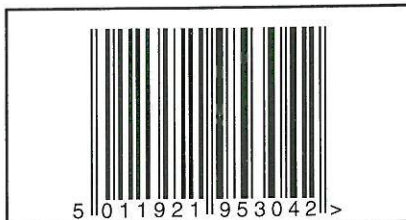
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THE WHITE DWARF EDITORIAL



Dark Shadows gather...

It's summer on the mystical isle of Albion and that can mean but one thing – fog and rain. Nothing all that unusual you'd think – Albion is fabled for its inclement weather. Except that this season there is a little more to it and the scene is set for a massive invasion as all races clamour for control of this island. And this is where you come in!

Over the summer we'll be running this invasion as a worldwide campaign named Dark Shadows. Dark Shadows is a Warhammer and Warmaster campaign that will run from 23rd July to 2nd September. You'll not only be fighting for the honour of your race but also for the powers of Light or Darkness. We'll bring you more details next month of how you can get involved but, suffice it to say, you should reinforce your army with fresh troops and get painting in earnest lest you fall behind in the race for power...

As a precursor to the start of the Dark Shadows campaign I'll let you in on some of the stuff we have planned – it's not all by any means, but something of a taster.

For a start we'll be bringing you the

Dark Shadows campaign booklet in White Dwarf 260. This 24 page book is vital for anyone wishing to play in the campaign as it covers new army list entries, six new scenarios, new rules for the winds of magic and a host of magical items up for grabs.

The Dark Shadows website (www.games-workshop.com/albion/) allows you to register your victories, directly affecting the fate of the beleaguered island. It also lets you check the state of Albion's notorious weather; it's quite likely that your forces will clash in the middle of a thunderstorm!

With the new rules in the Dark Shadows booklet it would be rude if we didn't have new miniatures sculpted! Truthsayers, Dark Emissaries and Fenbeasts have all been designed for both Warhammer AND Warmaster.

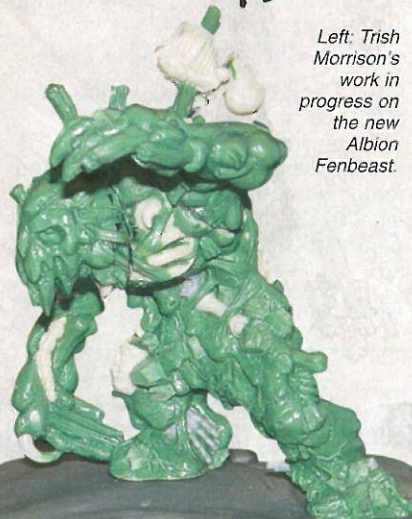
To get you in the mood for the Dark Shadows campaign we're holding a special preview evening on the 19th June here at Warhammer World in Nottingham and at Games Workshop stores across the UK. The preview will be the only place you'll be able to see the Dark Shadows campaign booklet ahead of White Dwarf 260 and could be vital for planning your dash for glory! As well as getting to see the new miniatures, you'll be subjected to an intense evening of Warhammer and Warmaster gaming. No tickets are required –

just come along and enjoy yourself!

No doubt having read this editorial you are already champing at the bit and are planning to add that extra war machine or regiment of cavalry to your army. Good! The coming campaign will be a true test of your command skills and, as everyone knows, planning and preparation wins wars! Personally I can't wait and neither can my Dwarf army. I'm already planning on adding Thunderers and Iron Breakers to the Kazad Bolg Expeditionary Force...

See you again next month,

Left: Trish Morrison's work in progress on the new Albion Fenbeast.



CITYFIGHT

The Games Workshop Design Studio is currently diving headlong into the next supplement for Warhammer 40,000: Cityfight. This Codex-style book does not focus on any race or world in particular, but on how the densely-packed terrain of a city affects combat in the 41st Millennium. We're all enjoying the opportunity to see how our armies fare in the big city; many a hard-fought battle has taken place already. Although we can't disclose too much at this stage, suffice to say that close-quarter fighting is very bloody indeed! Watch this space...

INCOMING!

Next month sees the release of the Chapter Approved Compilation, an indispensable tome of articles collated from past issues of White Dwarf. This book will not only put an end to those rules disputes that involve searching frantically through back issues of White Dwarf, but incorporates a great deal of brand new material and rules, including a comprehensive Sisters of Battle army list, daemonic gifts for Daemon Princes and a new look at the mysterious Necrons.



BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

For four days this Easter, Games Workshop staff held a roadshow in the impressive confines of the Royal Armouries building at Leeds.

More than 12,000 people visited the roadshow and over 800 painting lessons were held at a 10 seat painting table, which was fully booked for thirty-two hours. There was also eight 6,000 point display and participation games.

The show was such a success that we're planning on returning to the

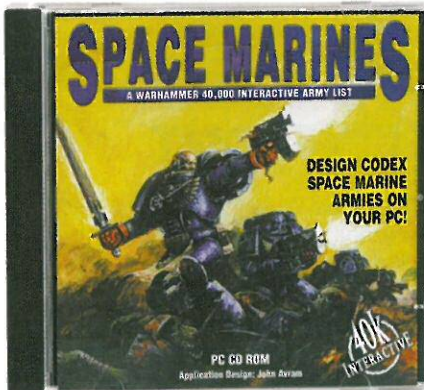
Royal Armouries to hold three more roadshows in the near future.

The first of these will be on the May 5th bank holiday and will form part of the upcoming Dark Shadows campaign. We also plan an event in August and another around Christmas time (which we hope will be showcasing the Lord of the Rings game).

We'll be bringing you more details of these events in White Dwarf so keep your eyes peeled!



MORE INTERACTIVE ARMY LISTS!



The Space Marines Interactive Army List (IAL) allows you to easily and accurately create valid armies for use in games of Warhammer 40,000 from the comfort of your own computer. Featured in WD254, the Interactive Army List allows you to easily select

and upgrade your troops and vehicles with the equipment necessary to vanquish the enemies of the Imperium, originally including army lists for the Space Marines, including three Space Marine Chapters; Blood Angels, Dark Angels and Space Wolves.

However, since the IAL's release, the minds behind its production have not been idle! It is now possible to download a 'patch' for several different armies and add it to the IAL software. Each patch holds all the information contained in a particular army list, enabling you to use the same software to design your army list for whatever race you play. As it stands, almost all Codex army lists are available, with

more being added as time goes on. The army list patches available are as follows:

- Black Templars Space Marines
- Salamanders Space Marines
- Imperial Guard
- Imperial Guard Deathworld Veterans
- Imperial Guard Catachans
- Eldar
- Craftworld Eldar
- Dark Eldar
- Chaos Space Marines
- Orks
- Tyranids
- Imperial Guard Steel Legion

If any of the above is the army you play, why not take a look at the website at:

www.blacklibrary.co.uk/40kinteractive/Armies.html

WEB UPDATE

Great news for all those with access to the internet: the Games Workshop website now hosts more information and cool features than ever before.

The White Dwarf section enables users to access articles from back issues at the click of a button, so you can track down that elusive article with ease.

On-line webchats with such luminaries as Andy Chambers, Paul Sawyer and Alessio Cavatore have already taken place, with more Games Workshop celebrities lined up for the future (if you missed out, the transcripts of their interviews are also on the site).

All the latest news and Games Workshop gossip is also available, including a progress report on the Lord of the Rings project scheduled for release at the end of the year (see WD255 News).

Regular features such as on-line shopping, new releases, GW exclusives, free downloads and links to other Games Workshop fan sites means that the Games Workshop website is a must for all GW gamers:

www.games-workshop.com

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Collecting, painting and tabletop wargaming is the Games Workshop Hobby.

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Chat with Paul Sawyer!
Hobby and Gaming In News!
LOTR Progress Report!
Vote In Poll of the Week!

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Games Workshop... the name conjures images of mighty armies meeting headlong on the field of battle. If you haven't been lucky enough to play a Games Workshop game yourself, or you aren't very familiar with the Games Workshop Hobby, then you've come to the right place.

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THE INQUISITOR'S REPORT

The Inquisitor's Report is Games Workshop's very own e-mail newsletter.

Each week, information is compiled into a top-secret Inquisitor's Report,

which is circulated for the greater glory of the Emperor. Each week, the Inquisition sends out the latest findings, including details of events, new releases, on-line chat sessions and unique web special offers. This report can now be accessed from the Games Workshop UK website. Simply go to the 'UK News' page and type in your e-mail address under GW Newsletter to sign up.

Remember, no one can hide from the Inquisition...

EVENTS DIARY

The White Dwarf Events Diary is a forum whereby we advertise upcoming events and tournaments. If you are organising an event, feel free to let us know by e-mailing us at:

eventsdiary@games-workshop.co.uk

Details need to be submitted by:

29 May for **WD 260**
(August 2001 issue)

27 June for **WD 261**
(September 2001 issue)

2 August for **WD 262**
(October 2001 issue)

1 September for **WD 263**
(November 2001 issue)

28 September for **WD 264**
(December 2001 issue)

GAMES DAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2001 30th September 2001

Yes, it's time to get out the diary and note down the most prestigious Games Workshop event of the year: Games Day 2001! Not only will we have all the usual attractions, such as massive participation gaming tables, new releases, eye-popping displays and the Golden Demon competition, but we will also be unveiling a new race of aliens for the Warhammer 40,000 universe! Details of how to get to this mammoth event will be published nearer the time.

For more information, phone Mail Order on

0115 91 40000

DUTCH ROADSHOW

16th, 23rd, 30th June & 7th July 2001

The cruel hosts of the Dark Elves invade the Netherlands this summer in the shape of a linked roadshow. 'Dark Days of Marienburg' not only includes hordes of marauding Dark Elves intent on enslaving and killing everyone in the Empire that they come across, but a 2 foot Warhammer scale Black Ark!

Dates are as follows:

June 16th - Harlem Store - Beachhead West
June 23rd - Niejmegan Store - Beachhead East
June 30th - Rotterdam Store - Harbour Assault
July 7th - Amsterdam Store - Raze the Fortress

For more information, phone

0031 206223863

BLACK LIBRARY OPEN DAY Sunday 15th July 2001

This summer sees a prestigious event to showcase the very best of Black Library, Fanatic and Forge World with particular interest for veteran gamers and enthusiasts. Held at the **Warhammer World Exhibition Centre, Willow Road, Lenton**, the day includes participation gaming, masterclass demonstrations, the full range of Fanatic and Forge World products, plus a chance to meet many designers and writers. Special guests include Gav Thorpe, Jervis Johnson, Gordon "Bloodquest" Rennie and Dan "Gaunt's Ghosts" Abnett. Tickets cost £5 and are available from your local store, Mail Order or our on-line store. For more information, check out the Black Library website at

www.blacklibrary.co.uk

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER:



WITCH KING ON BLACK DRAGON ▶ £25.00

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick and Trish Morrison.

The Witch King on Black Dragon boxed set contains one Witch King model and one Black Dragon.

These models require assembly.



DARK ELF REAPER BOLT THROWER ▶ £10.00

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick and Dave Andrews.

This blister pack contains two Dark Elf crewmen and one Reaper Bolt Thrower.

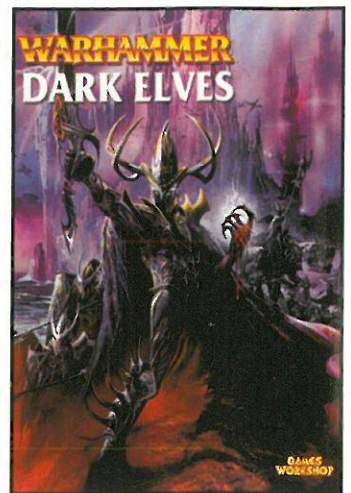
These models require assembly.



WARHAMMER ARMIES: DARK ELVES £10.00

This book contains all the information you need to field an army of sadistic, murderous Dark Elves against their prey, the denizens of the Warhammer world.

Also included is a wealth of background material, special characters and devastating new magic items.



DARK ELF CORSAIRS COMMAND £6.00 ▼

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains one Standard Bearer, one Musician and one Champion.

These models require assembly.



◀ DARK ELF CORSAIRS £5.00

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains three Dark Elf Corsairs.

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



DARK ELF WITCH ELVES COMMAND £6.00 ▲

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains one Standard Bearer, one Musician and one Champion.



DARK ELF WITCH ELVES £5.00 ▲

Sculpted by Chris FitzPatrick.

This blister pack contains three Dark Elf Witch Elves.

THIS MONTH FROM FANATIC:

CITADEL JOURNAL ISSUE 43 £2.20

Published by Fanatic

This issue of the Citadel Journal kicks off with a new editor, Warwick Kinrade, and new contents. The Journal has now amalgamated the Blood Bowl magazine and every issue will include up to twelve pages devoted to this game. Also in this issue there are tips and model conversions on how to build an Empire Crusader army for Warhammer.

All the new miniatures will be available via GW Mail Order and direct from the Fanatic website.

TOWN CRYER ISSUE 13

£2.20

Published by Fanatic

This issue of Town Crier magazine continues the exploration of the new setting, Lustria – Cities of Gold, with more scenarios, a new warband and more gubbins. Also in this issue you'll find the usual mix of special rules and modelling tips.



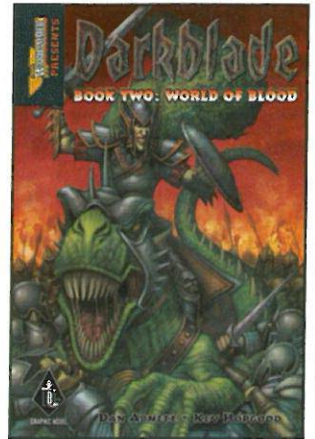
CHECK OUT THIS MONTH'S NEW RELEASES FROM FANATIC ON THE GAMES WORKSHOP WEBSITE!

DARKBLADE BOOK 2 £7.50

by Dan Abnett and Kev Hopgood.

Graphic novel published by the Black Library

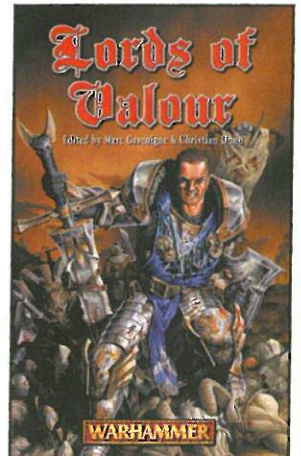
The second chronicle of the outcast Dark Elf Malus Darkblade and his search to reclaim his soul, stolen by the Daemon Tz'arkan. Confronted by perilous obstacles and pursued by the Witchguard, who are sworn to stop him no matter the cost, Darkblade has only the Dark Orb of Malkin and its twisted prophecies to guide him. It is a journey that will lead him deep into the unearthly realms of Chaos, and to the ends of creation.



LORDS OF VALOUR £5.99

A Warhammer anthology published by the Black Library

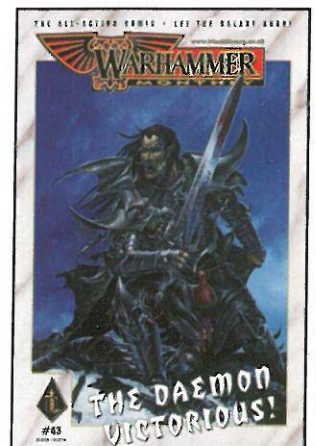
In the grim world of Warhammer, the savage warriors of bloodthirsty gods terrorise the land wherever their armies tread. But the human realms have their own shining defenders. Noble men of epic deeds, sworn to fight to the death for those under their protection. Lords of Valour is a storming collection of all-action fantasy short stories set in the never-ending war between the champions of darkness and light.



WARHAMMER MONTHLY ISSUE 43 £2.20

Comic published by the Black Library

Elves to the slaughter! In Darkblade, renegade Dark Elf Malus must prove himself by undertaking a suicidal mission to assassinate an enemy general. Still on the trail of his old mentor, Interrogator Gravier journeys to the grave world of Sepulchris in Inquisitor Ascendant. Titan – Ground Zero continues as Imperius Dictatio is met by a warped and corrupted machine. And Ulli and Marquand come face to face with their nemesis in Mordheim: City of the Damned. Plus interviews, features, letters and more.



NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE



DARK ELF ARMY BOXED SET £100.00

The Dark Elf Army boxed set contains:

- 1 Malus Darkblade Special Character
- 16 Dark Elf Warriors including Champion, Musician and Standard Bearer



- 16 Dark Elf Warriors including Champion, Musician and Standard Bearer
- 12 Corsairs including Champion, Musician and Standard Bearer
- 12 Witch Elves including Champion, Musician and Standard Bearer
- 5 Cold One Knights including Command figure
- 1 Reaper Bolt Thrower including 2 Crew
- 1 Dark Elf Sorceress
- PLUS a special edition, new Dark Elf Army Standard Bearer!

These models require assembly.

The Dark Elf Army boxed set is a special edition release to compliment the Armies book.



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



DARK ELF WARRIORS

£15.00

*Sculpted by
Aly Morrison,
Chris FitzPatrick
and Mark Bedford.*

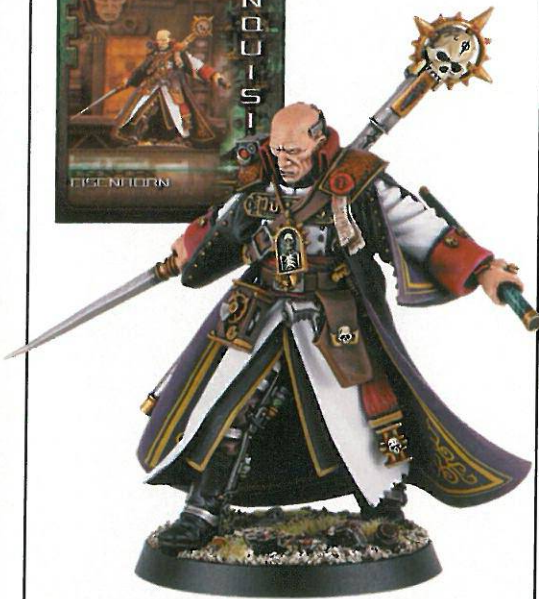
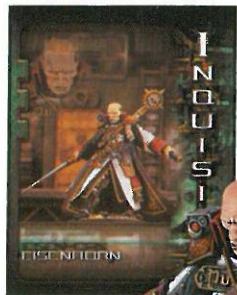


This boxed set contains all the parts you need for a unit of sixteen Dark Elf Warriors. Dark Elf Warriors can be assembled armed with either spears (above) or repeating crossbows (above left).

These models require assembly.

INQUISITOR

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR INQUISITOR

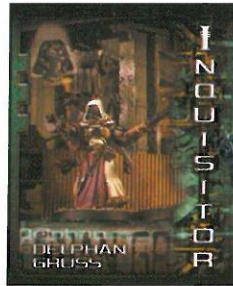


INQUISITOR EISENHORN £15.00

Sculpted by Brian Nelson.

This boxed set contains one Inquisitor Eisenhorn model.

This model requires assembly.



MAGOS DELPHAN GRUSS

£12.00

Sculpted by Gary Morley.

This boxed set contains one Delphan Gruss model.

This model requires assembly.

QUOVANDIUS

£12.00

*Sculpted by Michael Perry
and Trish Morrison.*

This boxed set contains one Quovandius model and one Cyber-rat.

These models require assembly.



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DARK ELVES

"We are the most civilised race in the world. We have more exquisite ways to kill than any other."



WARHAMMER

Arcane Lore is a series of ruminations and cogitations by the Warhammer Games Development team on different aspects of the Warhammer game. This month, Gav Thorpe talks about the development of the Warhammer Dark Elves book.

ARCANE LORE

The new Dark Elves army book



Gav Thorpe has been staying late to work on Warhammer Armies: Dark Elves. GW Security have reported strange lights and noises emanating from Gav's window during the night, and many of the braver Studio staff have raised questions about the suspicious bloody rags accumulating behind Gav's desk.

along the lines of 'make sure you keep them nasty'. As briefs go this was, well... brief. I have to admit, I've not had much to do with Dark Elves in the past, so I read through what Tuomas had left behind, buried my nose in the old Armies book and gazed in awe at the lovely new miniatures created by Chris FitzPatrick. Nasty. Very nasty. Very, very nasty. That's what I wanted to achieve. Along the way I made some contentious decisions, so I'll explain some of my thinking here. Some of you will still think I'm mad, some of you might agree. That's between you and your therapist...

THE AIMS

Breaking the Dark Elves into 'rules' and 'background', my aims were actually quite simple. Ruleswise, I wanted to have an army that was very Elven. This means that they should be highly skilled, very magical, but expensive in points and not very resilient. In addition, the Dark Elves are a 'monster army'; so they should have access to a variety of large beasts to unleash upon their foes. As I was working on the Dark Elves, Jake Thornton began planning the High Elf project. We wanted there to be a very deliberate connection between the

The Dark Elf project was already underway when I took over as Warhammer Loremaster, and Tuomas Pirinen entrusted me with something



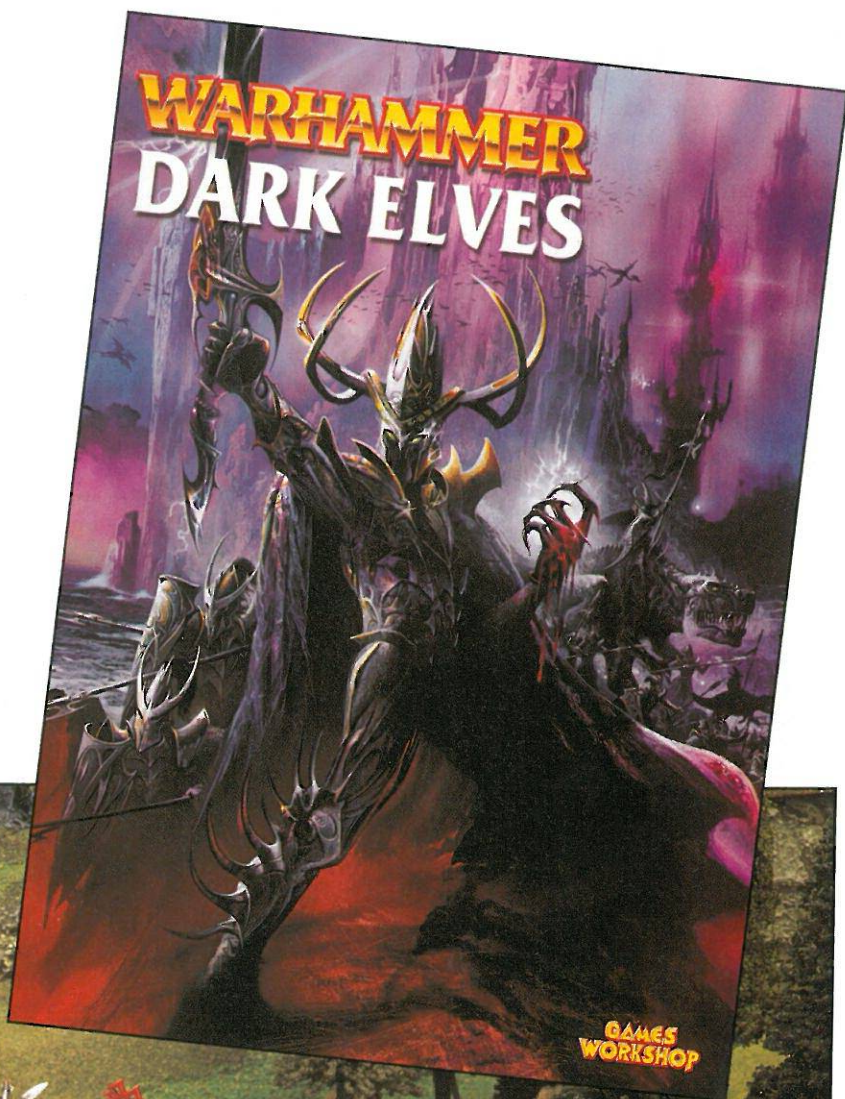
The Dark Elf army prepares to send the Undead hordes back to the graves from whence they came.

two armies, to show that they are light and dark versions of the same race.

For the background, I wanted to convey the tyrannical nature of Malekith's rule, the politicking and infighting inherent in the Dark Elf character, their bitterness towards the rest of the world for being expelled from their homeland, and their utter disdain and ruthless attitude to all living creatures. As with the army list, the history of the Dark Elves is entwined with that of the High Elves, and this was the perfect opportunity to present their viewpoint and version of events, something which hadn't really been done before.

SIXTH EDITION CHANGES

In general, we've tried to take out many of the special rules that existed in the fifth edition army lists, using the opportunity of rewriting all of the Armies books to get back to basics.



During playtesting, some players kept asking me about various rules which I've stripped out. I ask players to look at what they have, rather than what they haven't got. They have basic troops who have a Movement of 5, Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill of 4, high Initiative and good Leadership. Who needs special rules when you've got units like this? Add to that the awesome repeater crossbow, and you're looking at a force that can hold its own even before adding Special and Rare units.

T3 OR NOT T3?

An edict I made early on was to limit Elves (of all varieties) to Toughness 3. I felt that this was by far one of the easiest and most direct ways to get across their fragile nature. There was of course some opposition to this; wild claims that this made them useless, I'd ruined the Dark Elves, and so on. Nonsense! If the strength of the Dark Elves (or any Elves) lay in their characters having Toughness 4, then there were far more serious problems to worry about.

What the Toughness limit does is focus players' attentions on what is important – manoeuvrability. That extra point of Movement seems like a small benefit on paper, but when used properly on the battlefield it allows you all sorts of options, including making sure that your characters fight who you want them to fight. I like an army which encourages the player to get into the mindset of the race they are fighting, and I think having Toughness 3 characters does this. As a Dark Elf player, you have to become self-centred and concerned for your General's survival. You'll sacrifice minions and other units to protect yourself, which is all very appropriate, don't you agree?

To allay some peoples' fears, there are some rather good suits of armour available to protect your characters if you wish.

COLD ONE CONTROVERSY

Cold Ones were another bone of contention between myself and some of the players – because I made them worse. In *Ravenging Hordes*, the Cold Ones continued to have the profile from the fifth edition, which included 2 Attacks. However, a ground rule we had set ourselves when working on the new *Warhammer* was that basic Core troops were restricted to a single Wound and a single Attack except in very, very special cases. It seemed perverse to me that we would ignore

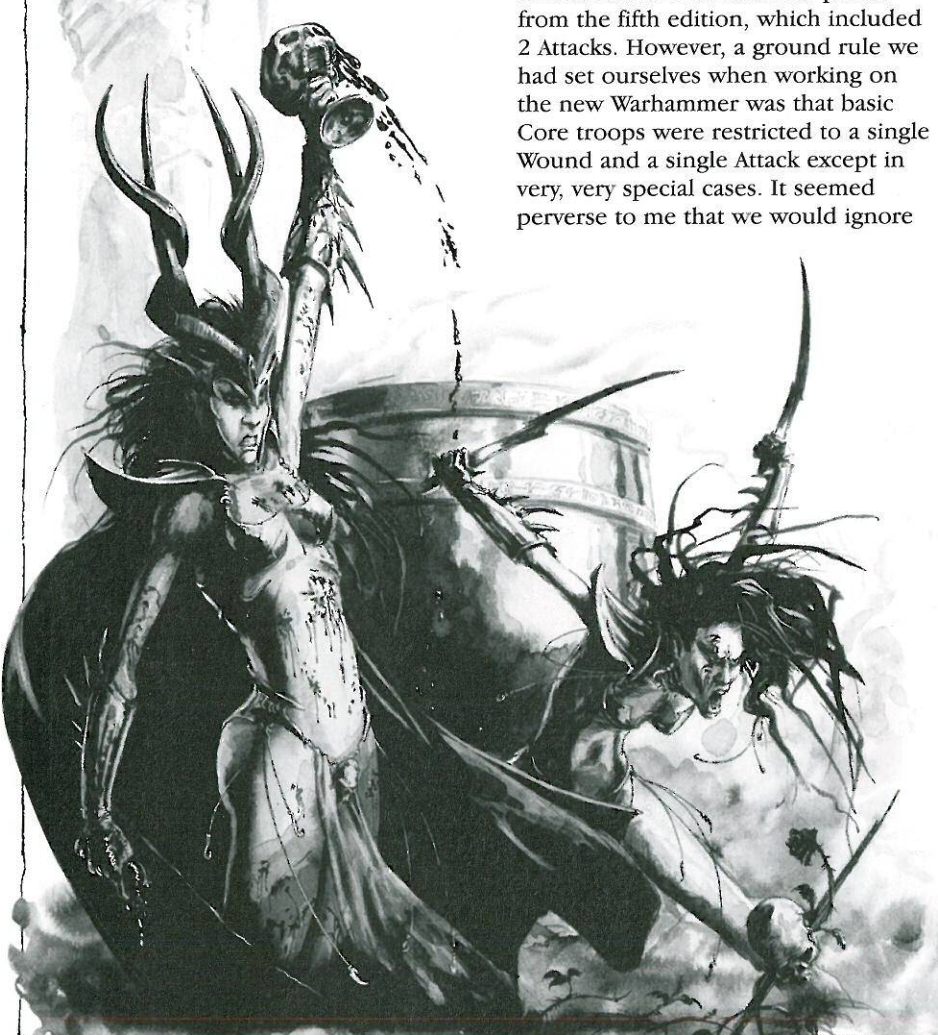
this for what is essentially a steed. Added to this, the old profile meant that the Cold One was probably better than its rider. Now, for Gobbo Wolf Riders that's amusing, but not for Dark Elf Knights. Also the more games we played using using Cold One Knights, the more it became clear that they were too good for their points cost in *Ravenging Hordes*, and that to charge the correct value for them would make their points value prohibitively high – almost as much as Chaos Knights, in fact!

Therefore, the Cold Ones had to be toned down, and so the extra Attack went. Also, when I looked at the new plastic models, the Cold One seemed to be more heavily set, less rapid than its predecessors and so I dropped the Movement value down by 1". This wasn't so much of a problem, as this, combined with the extra saving throw bonus they confer, gives them a kind of in-built barding. I still think they are amongst the most effective shock cavalry in the game, mainly due to their ability to cause *fear* combined with having a Unit Strength of 2 each. Players of all armies have to remember that cavalry (even Chaos Knights) can no longer charge into large units of enemy infantry and expect to break them on the charge every single time. Used wisely, in combination with other units, a unit of Cold One Knights can still win a game for you.

THE ARMY LIST

I drew on my experiences with the Eldar in *Warhammer 40,000* to some extent when looking over the army list. Part of the character of any Elven race is that they excel at what they do. Therefore, their missile troops are great missile troops, their magic users are great magic users, etc. However, to balance this out, their units are generally tailored to a particular role and the army must coordinate fully to exploit the strengths of the whole host rather than focusing on a single unit.

As an example, the Dark Elves' hand-to-hand units can be split into defensive and offensive troops. If you want your army to concentrate on repeater crossbow fire and magic to blast the enemy from afar, units such as Spearmen and the awesome Black Guard are more suited to that role. Their weapons and rules mean that they are more effective than other units when the enemy attacks. Conversely, Witch Elves, Cold One





A ferocious charge by a unit of Cold One Knights can cause even a Dwarf defensive formation to break.

Knights and Corsairs are much more offensive, having a high number of attacks or a devastating charge, which encourages you to take the fight to the enemy.

It was this thinking which, in the end, led me to remove the option for City Guard (spear and crossbow units). For me, the City Guard provided a no-brainer army choice where you could have your cake and eat it. Why make that decision between Spearmen and Crossbowmen when you can take both at the same time! Some people suggested limiting them to Special choices, which would put them in competition with far too much cool stuff like Witch Elves, Cold One Chariots and Shades. Others said that perhaps I might allow one unit of Warriors to be City Guard, but this would just make them a mandatory choice – here's a Dark Elf army, and oh, look there's the City Guard regiment. In the end, the City Guard were a fussiness that wasn't necessary, and didn't really add anything to the army's character, so they went.

The rest of the army list is pretty much as you'd expect, with the troop types detailed in *Ravenging Hordes*. I had some fun with the names of the characters and some of the background, so that the 'fighty' characters have typically hierarchical names such as Noble or Lordling. Another slight change was to make the majority of magic users Sorceresses (ie, female), as this tied in

nicely with the idea of Malekith jealously protecting his position by being the one of the few male Dark Elves allowed to wield the Dark Arts.

THE MAGIC

I wanted Dark Magic (or the Dark Art as it's properly known) to be scary, like the rest of the Dark Elf army. It is very attack orientated; all the spells are cast on the enemy rather than your own troops. I wanted to get across the idea that Dark Magic is about channelling raw chaotic forces, and so named each spell after a daemonic patron who grants power to the Sorceress. As some of the most accomplished practitioners of magic in the Warhammer world, it was also fitting that Dark Elf magic users benefited from having +1 to all their rolls to cast spells. Old classics such as Arnizipal's Black Horror make a reappearance, while new additions such as Word of Pain (which wracks the victim's body and reduces their WS and BS) add some variety and freshness!

For the magic items, I wanted a fairly balanced mix of armour, weapons and other types, rather than a predominance of one category in particular. Personal favourites include the *Armour of Eternal Servitude* which regenerates the wearer, and the *Dark Sword* which renders its victims subject to *stupidity*.

THE OTHER BITS

As well as the magic items, there is a special section called the Temple of Khaine, which contains upgrades available for Assassins and Witch Elf Hags. These are split into a variety of poisons – such as *Black Lotus*, which knocks 1 off of all the victim's characteristics except Movement – and artifacts and skills, such as *Cry of War* which can reduce the enemy's Weapon Skill with a screeching battle cry.

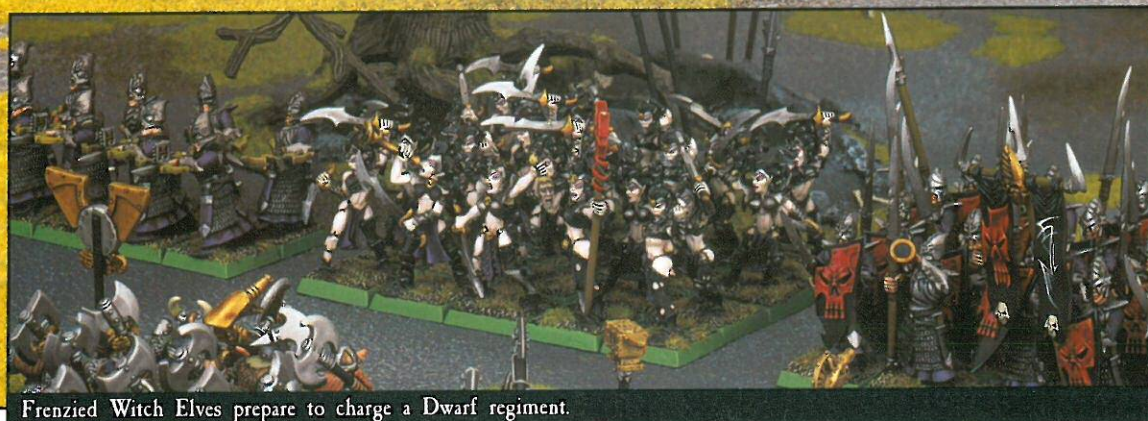
We also have a completely redesigned miniatures range, and a book lovingly illustrated by Dave Gallagher (look out for the evil pixies!).

THE RESULT?

I think the Dark Elves have come out of their update spikier, slicier and meaner than ever. If ever an army sneered at you across the battlefield, and then proceeded to cut your army apart in an efficient manner, it's this one. Though I'm a Dwarf player at heart, I must admit that there were many occasions when I caught myself thinking, "Well, just a 1,000 points wouldn't take too long to paint". Dark Elves – love 'em or hate 'em, just don't ignore 'em.

Cheerio

The Dark Host of Naggaroth



Frenzied Witch Elves prepare to charge a Dwarf regiment.



A unit of Harpies attacks the deadly Dwarf war machines.



A Manticore and its Beastmaster assault a unit of Goblins.

The Witch King, ruler of the Dark Elves, has once again turned his attention towards the mystical isle of Ulthuan. Space McQuirk has a brief look at the background history of Malekith, the Lord of Naggaroth.

DARK CLOUDS OVER NAGARYTHE

Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth

Since the dawn of their creation, Malekith has ruled over the Dark Elves, casting his sinister shadow over their homeland of Naggaroth. There are many who believe that should Malekith fall then the Dark Elf race will also collapse. He is their lord and master, every Dark Elf bows before him and even his closest advisors

tremble lest he grow bored with them, casting them down from their high ranking positions into one of his terrible dungeons. The Dark Elf people are his to do with as he so chooses and there are none who dare to defy Malekith's will.

No one can truly guess whether Malekith's heart has always been so

cold. Like his father before him, the mighty Aenarion, Malekith has a mastery of the art of warfare and is one of the finest generals of his time. His mother is the infamous Morathi, a sorceress of awesome talent. She became the second wife of Aenarion, after he rescued her from a marauding Chaos war party.

The Black Dragon soared above the clouds, invisible to the world below. Massive muscular limbs beat slowly to steer it along its course. Once airborne, Dragons used their massive leather wings to glide on the thermal currents. Their immense size belied their agility; they were skilled flyers capable of the most articulate turns which they could perform with a grace that could match even the smallest and nimblest of birds. Fast, agile and powerful, the Dragon was truly the master of the skies.

A single Dragon was capable of striking terror into the hearts of entire armies. High above the oceans that surrounded the mystical isle of Ulthuan not one but five of these monsters soared in the bright blue skies. At the front of the spear-shaped formation, Malekith the Witch King, cruel master of the Dark Elves, gave the signal to dive. Peeling off in a downwards spiral, one by one the Dragons folded their immense wings and plummeted to the ground below.

As they pierced through the lower cloud level, the isles of Ulthuan came into view, a hollow ring of massive snow-capped mountain peaks surrounded by clusters of small islands. Four to five miles from the north-east edge of the mainland, approaching the barren broken shore of Nagarythe, several immense black rocky spires protruded from the ocean. Surrounding the sinister vessels, gigantic sea beasts writhed in the waters. Each of these monsters were hundreds of feet in length but from the Dragon rider's perspectives they appeared as small dark shadows hidden deep beneath the foaming ocean surface.

The Witch King stared at the island before him. This land had once been home to Malekith, and the thought sent a bitter flash coursing through his mind. He had

revelled in his time spent here as a youth, mastering swordplay and the art of war. Nagarythe had been a cruel realm to grow up in. Unlike the kingdoms that were protected by the impassable mountain ranges, Nagarythe was open to invasion. A child had to quickly learn to defend himself as a warrior or would die before reaching maturity. Many millennia had passed since those childhood days, but the hatred he felt at having been exiled from his own land had not lessened.

The Dragon continued its ferocious descent. To the Corsairs on the Black Arks it seemed as though their master was intent on a suicidal dive into the cold waters, but at the last moment the Dragon arched its horned back, opening its wings to their full extent and soared across the surface of the ocean. The tip of its wings touched upon the waves as it flew Malekith on a direct course to the shores of Ulthuan. Once more Malekith was intent on taking back his kingdom, but this time a host of Dragons would lead the assault. For over a millennia his plan had been slowly coming to fruition, and finally the time of conquest had arrived.

Malekith thought back to the day he began his scheming. Rakarth, the most skilled of his beast handlers, had been the first to report the incredible find. A clutch of over a dozen Dragon eggs had been located within the Spiteful Peaks. Instantly Malekith's twisted mind had begun to plan how he could use the find against his hated enemy. It had been many centuries since his Black Dragon Kaliphon had been slain by a lance which had pierced its dark heart. In his rage at the death of his steed, hundreds had perished. Malekith had not been able to bring himself to ride another

Dragon, though many nobles had offered him theirs as gifts. Instead he had ordered the construction of a terrible scythed chariot, pulled by Cold One beasts. In his spite he had ordered that he alone could ride a chariot to battle. All others were to be destroyed.

The discovery of the eggs had brought a rare moment of pleasure to Malekith. Now he would be able to hand rear a Dragon to serve him as he saw fit. He and a select few of his finest and most favoured nobles would, over the coming centuries, train these monsters to carry them into battle and wage a war upon Ulthuan like none other.

As the dark beaches of Nagarythe came into sight Malekith glanced down at his Dragon's fearsome horned head. Seraphon had been the first to hatch and, as such, Malekith had laid claim to him. The firstborn was the strongest and the ruler of the Dark Elf people would ride nothing less. It had taken many centuries for the Dragons to hatch and even longer for them to grow to maturity, but their training had begun immediately. Malekith had assigned Beastmaster Rakarth himself to the task, demanding that Seraphon be trained to the highest level.

The other nobles were commanded to remain with their beasts whilst they underwent training. The many decades of hardship as beast grew to understand its master and master learned to control beast were now about to pay off. From the saddle Malekith spied a small coastal town. Pointing towards it, each of his Dragon riders knew instantly their objective. Keeping their flight path low they veered off, still in formation, towards the unsuspecting settlement.

Malekith was brought up in the political intrigue of court life, yet he bore little interest in this aspect of noble Elven society. Instead, he preferred to prove himself on the battlefield, winning glorious victories in his father's name. Also, he had inherited some of his mother's aptitude for magic and he became a fine mage under the tutelage of Morathi.

With the death of his father, the kingdom of Ulthuan was left without a ruler and Malekith was the obvious heir to the throne. Unfortunately, the political intrigue which had for so long been ignored by Malekith became his undoing. Amongst the court of Lothorn there were those who felt that Malekith was unsuited to rule. He was headstrong like his father, and preferred to sort out disputes with violence. The High Elves were in a time of rare peace and many nobles thought that Malekith did not fit in with this new order.

Assuming that the legacy of his father would guarantee his ascension to the throne, Malekith agreed to let the council vote on whether he should rule. The council voted against him and placed Bel Shanaar in his place. Bitterly accepting the decision, Malekith was appointed Commander of the High Elf forces. He proved to be a brilliant young general, gaining power and allies with his glorious victories. But, during all this time he brooded, jealously coveting the throne for himself, and in the dark winter of -2751 he made his move to take back the crown that was rightfully his.

The whole of the High Elf court had gathered for the Feast of Purity, a religious festival celebrating the power and glory of the great phoenix. At the height of the festival, Malekith stood as if to raise a toast to the Phoenix King but instead denounced him with venomous hate. He claimed that the Phoenix King was a follower of Chaos. Bel Shanaar's guilt seemed confirmed when he took his own life, although in fact it was Malekith who had poisoned the Phoenix King's goblet. Any who defied Malekith's claims were led outside and killed by his own elite guard. None dared oppose Malekith as he stepped into the flame of Asuryan, to prove himself worthy of the title of Phoenix King. But the sacred flames would not accept his polluted body. The holy fire cast him out, searing his soul and leaving his mortal body horrendously scarred.



Malekith, Witch King of Naggaroth

Placing the shattered and burnt body of her son on her winged Pegasus, Morathi fled from the temple and went into hiding in the north. Ulthuan was torn with civil war, brother fought brother; some sided with Malekith, believing that a strong warrior was needed to lead Ulthuan; others fought for Caledor, the Council's new choice to rule as king. Whilst the war raged, Morathi cared for her son, nursing him back to health. With the aid of dark sorcerous powers he made a

swift recovery, but his already embittered mind had become twisted beyond all recognition and sanity. He saw the need to lead his supporters but knew that his body was too weak to withstand the rigour of battle.

Fortune smiled upon Malekith. A renegade priest of Vaul had landed on the shores of Nagarythe, and Malekith commanded him to forge a suit of armour that would lend strength to his withered frame. The suit, still white hot from the furnace, was fused

Seraphon is the terrifying Black Dragon which the Witch King rides to battle. After a band of Shades found a clutch of unguarded eggs, deep within the Spiteful Peak mountain range, Malekith ordered them brought back to Naggarond. There they were ritually tended by the priestesses of Khaine for almost a century until they hatched. Seraphon was the first to emerge and before the Witch Elves could stop him, he had destroyed many of the other eggs. Malekith was impressed by the Dragon's ruthless instincts and decided that he would take the Dragon as his own mount. Now the Witch King has abandoned his chariot in favour of Seraphon.

The few remaining Dragon hatchlings were all given to Malekith's most favoured generals. These nobles have spent many decades training to fight with these monstrous beasts in preparation for the Witch King's next assault on Ulthuan.

Now Malekith feels that the time is right for his people to wage war once again. Malekith and Seraphon fight at the fore of a highly trained flight of Dragons, whose surprise strike attacks have ravaged the shores of Ulthuan and the Old World.

to Malekith's body. After the torment he had suffered within the flames of Asuryan, he felt little pain as the priest worked upon the glowing metal.

Malekith then sent word to all of his supporters to join him at the fortress of Anlec, and on the eve of battle stood before them. Even his most loyal supporters shied in horror at the dark sorceries that sustained his terrible, scarred form, and from that day he has been known as the Witch King.

For over a decade the armies of Malekith warred against the nobles who had joined Caledor. Even though Malekith's generalship was far superior, the limited resources his army could muster meant that neither side was able to gain the upper hand and countless numbers of Elves were slain as the war intensified.

In a bid to end the hostilities, Caledor challenged Malekith and his army to meet on the Field of Maledor. The two armies faced each other across the battlefield. Both generals were mounted on Dragons and as the combat began they took to the air. The battle was bloody and many thousands of Elves died; neighbours who had once drunk merrily together now slew each other. As the war raged below, Malekith and Caledor fought a savage duel in the skies and many of the warriors ceased their fighting to stare in wonder as Dragon attacked Dragon. Just as it looked as though Caledor's strength was waning, his lance pierced the heart of Kaliphon, the Witch King's mount, and the two fell tumbling from the skies.

Malekith survived the fall but was in no condition to fight on. His army, having seen their general defeated, fled the field and barricaded themselves within their fortresses. Even in defeat Malekith defied the High Elves. If he was not to sit on the throne of Ulthuan then nobody would. He sent word to each noble to instruct their sorceresses to concentrate their magical powers in order that the spells that bound the Realm of Chaos to the Northern Wastes would be undone. The sky shimmered with a thousand different hues as he and his followers struggled, but even their combined might was not strong enough.

As their powers weakened, a surge of raw magical energy hurtled back at the Witch King and his coven. Many died as the blast engulfed them. The land buckled and heaved, and the winds of magic coursed down from the mountains, unleashing their powerful forces on the realm. Earthquakes devastated the fine cities and a great tidal wave over a thousand feet high crashed down on the northern shore of Ulthuan dragging thousands out to sea to drown, and leaving most of the northern continent underwater.

The fortresses of those who followed Malekith broke from the land, but, protected by powerful spells, they floated off, away from Nagarythe. Drifting on the oceans they eventually grounded on a continent to the northwest. Each of these became the cities of the Dark Elf people. The sorceresses found themselves able to steer the smaller fortresses, which in turn became floating citadels. The sorceresses then enslaved the monsters cast up from the ocean floor by the sinking of Nagarythe and Tiranoc and even now these monsters are in the service of their dark master.

The Witch King claimed the new continent for his own, naming it Naggarothe, the Land of Chill. The fell kingdom of the Dark Elves had been born and death and destruction were the legacy it would bring to all the races in the Warhammer world.





Malekith confronts the Vampire Zacharias and his Undead minions.

Netariah's eyes felt heavy. He had been on watch since sunrise and his shift was nearly over. He longed to catch some sleep before joining in the village festivities as today was the Festival of Light and the streets of Caldor were lined with ribbons of all colours. It was a tradition for the young Elves to run free through the town, throwing small bags of coloured dye at any passers-by. As a result, everybody wandered through the town with their clothes spattered in a mass of bright hues. Tonight there would be much fine wine drunk to celebrate the anniversary of the glorious defeat of the Witch King and his exile from this fair land. For the moment, Netariah was content to watch the festivities unfurl in the dusky light.

He smiled at the thought of the tales that his children would greet him with on his return. The image of their wide grins was broken by a shout from the relief watch who stood waiting at the foot of the ladder. It was the welcome signal that his shift had finished. As he turned to climb down the ladder, the sky above him darkened. An immense black shadow soared past the tower and the following blast of wind caused Netariah to lose his balance, sending him tumbling to the ground below. The Dragons flew into Caldor without the alarm having been raised.

On the ground below, Malekith spotted the unwary townsfolk gathered in the market square. The other riders had now split off from the formation, but it no longer mattered. He directed Seraphon down towards the packed festivities. Laughing as he saw the first of the people scream in horror as they spied the terrible forms above them. Seraphon let out a ferocious screech and together the townsfolk realised too late the menace that was upon them. What moments earlier was a happy scene of Elves dancing in the open turned into a frenzy of fear. Tables were overturned and Elves trampled upon each other in their desperation to flee. Hovering above the panic-stricken High Elves, Malekith whispered a command to his beast.

Seraphon drew in a deep breath, holding it momentarily before exhaling. A cloud of black gas poured from the Dragon's mouth immersing nearly the entire square. One by one the villagers fell to their knees clutching at their throats as they vainly tried to draw breath. Again the Dragon let out its deadly noxious cloud, and as it did so Malekith scanned the skies above the village roofs. The other four Dragons were coursing up and down the streets mimicking his own Dragon's actions. Within minutes the brightly decorated streets were enveloped

in a deathly black mist. Those who managed to escape the gases were quickly chased down by the Dragons. A lone brave but foolish warrior thrust his long spear at one of the monsters as it hovered above him. His face was swathed in a rag in an attempt to stop himself from inhaling the poisonous acidic gas. Malekith mused to himself, the gas was the least of this fool's worries. The Dragon bit at the spear snapping it as though it were a twig. As the warrior turned to run, the long neck of the mighty beast extended and its massive jaws tore the fleeing warrior clean in two.

Seraphon remained hovering above the village for a few minutes until the mists slowly cleared. Malekith smiled at the carnage below, the bodies of hundreds of Elves lay sprawled where they had fallen. Already the corrosive acid had begun to eat away at the brightly coloured clothing and flesh of the dead. Ordering his Dragon to land, Malekith looked around the square. Amongst the mayhem he could not spy a single survivor.

"Such a waste," he uttered to Seraphon, who was panting heavily after his extraordinarily long flight. "They would have made such fine slaves. Still, what are a few hundred captives here or there. Soon the whole of Ulthuan will be mine to command."

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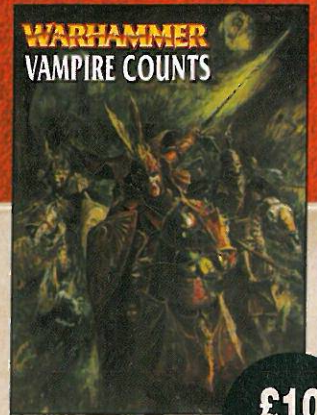
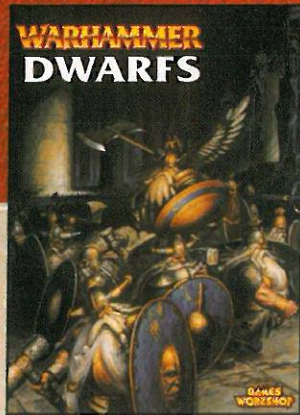
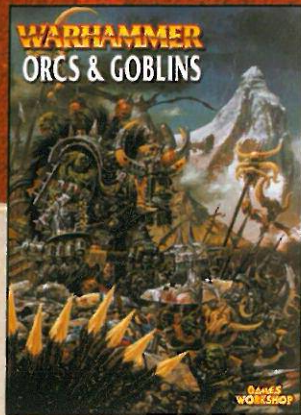
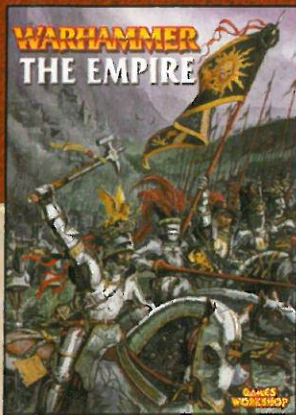
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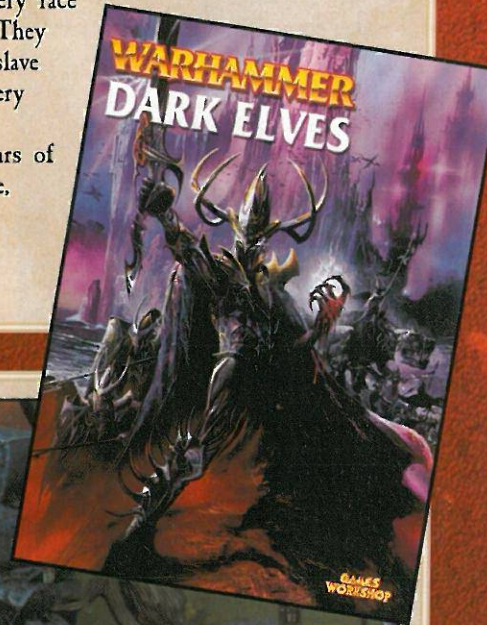
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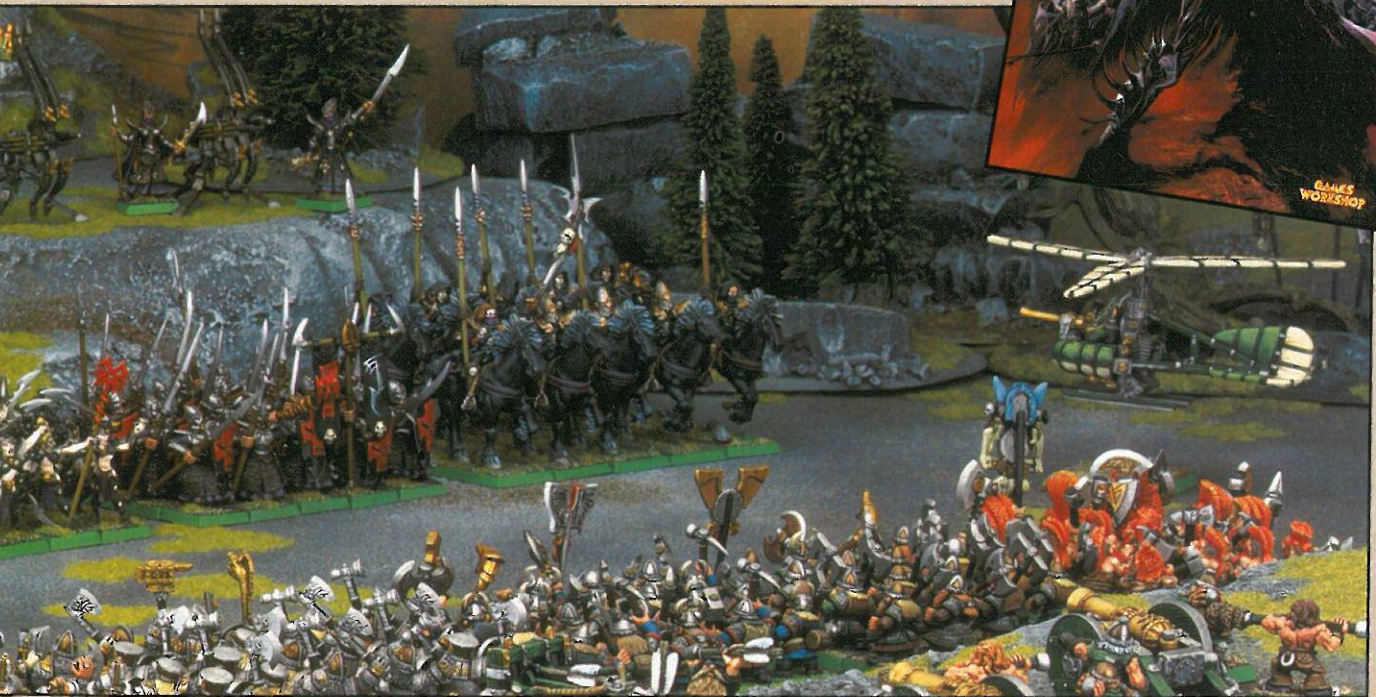
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Index Astartes

First Founding



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

WOLVES OF FENRIS

The Space Wolves
Space Marine chapter

by Phil Kelly

Since the Imperium came into being, the Space Wolves have fought tooth and nail for the cause of the Emperor. Among the most famous of the Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, their name and actions are known from one side of the galaxy to the other. As headstrong as they are fierce, the Space Wolves are experts at close-quarter fighting, and their warriors compete keenly for glory on the battlefield. The Space Wolves live to fight, and death holds no fear for them.

Origins

The cornerstones of the Imperial creed are related across a hundred thousand worlds. Although the details vary, it is widely acknowledged that, millennia ago, the Emperor of Mankind walked upon the face of Terra. His mighty deeds unified the race of Man in a spiritual golden age, and legends of his greatness have been told across the galaxy for countless centuries. The vaults of the Library Sanctus contain many truths such as these, held sacred by the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes since the birth of the Imperium. One of the most coveted and respected of these legends concerns the creation of the Primarchs.

The Emperor, at the height of his powers, was virtually omnipotent. Yet the Emperor of Mankind could not be in every place at once, the blinding beacon of his light could not illuminate all the dark corners of the galaxy. And so the Emperor created the Primarchs, sons born from his holy blood, each a paragon of humanity that surpassed Mankind in every way. Each of these first-born were brought into being as leaders, warriors whose might was tempered by serenity and wisdom.

There are no records as to how the Primarchs became so widely spread across the galaxy. The prevalent theory maintains that as the Primarchs were still incubating in their nascent state in the laboratories of Luna, they were scattered to the far corners of the galaxy. One certainty to arise from this foundation of mystery is the fact that the Emperor subsequently used the lost Primarch's gene-seed as a template for a genetically engineered species of superhumans, the Space Marines.

Every one of these enhanced warriors were many times more powerful than an ordinary human soldier, and it was with these elite troops that the Emperor intended to unite the galaxy. Legion upon legion of the Legiones Astartes were created in their Primarchs' image. One of the greatest of these legions would become the Space Wolves.

Many of the Imperium's records concerning the Space Wolves' heritage owe much to the life's work of Gnauril the Elder, a contemporary of the ancient

Fenrisian king Thengir. His sagas have been retold word for word across continents where possessions are scarce and the written word completely unused. That such records remain, even after millennia had passed, is a testament to the awe that the Fenrisians reserve for their mythology. Gnauril tales, many of which detail the early years of Leman Russ' life, have passed into the folklore of Fenris itself.

In the far north-west of the galaxy, on a remote and frozen ice world named Fenris, one of the infant Primarchs came to rest. Given the harshness of the climate, it is safe to say that a lesser being would have died almost immediately. It seems highly likely that the Primarch was adopted by a Fenrisian she-wolf; Leman Russ himself mentioned his lupine parentage on more than one occasion. Russ' wolf companions, Freki and Geri, are widely believed to have been his original pack-brothers, growing to maturity at much the same time.

Gnauril's saga, *'The Ascension of the Wolf-King'*, tells of one fateful Helwinter when the young Primarch joined his pack in a raid on a nearby settlement. Running into the village on all fours, a pack of lean, howling wolves behind him, he smashed his way into the village storehouse and gorged on great shanks of salted meat. The wolves were attacked by the villagers before they could carry the spoils to their starving kin, and the Primarch fought with unfettered ferocity to allow his fellow wolves to escape. The villagers had not seen the like, and petitioned their liege, King Thengir of Russ, to rid them of this menace. Within the week, a hunting party was sent out 'with drake-poison on their arrows and knives sharp enough to slice through oak.'

Many of the Primarch's pack died as a result of this action, pierced by the spears and arrows of the hunters. Even the venerable she-wolf that defended the litter was impaled through the throat, ending the lives of five hunters before she finally succumbed to their poisoned arrows. But the wolf-child was spared as he crouched growling over the she-wolf's corpse, the poison slowly affecting his iron constitution, barbed arrows sticking like quills from his face and back. The wolf-child was bound and

gagged tightly with strips of gut and sinew cut from the corpses of his pack, and thrown before King Thengir himself.

The saga continues in detail, telling of the Primarch's first contact with the royalty of Fenris:

"In the evening the wolf-man was ungagged, and the King demanded that the feral creature grovel for his life like a dog. The strange beast drew itself up

to its full height and roared so loud and so long that some of the younger men had to leave the hall. The wild-eyed creature spat a great goblet of blood and poison at King Thengir, his golden eyes shining with regal pride."

Over the next few years, the wolf-child was taken into the care of the King himself. He was taught how to use a battle-axe, how to fish and, soon after

that, how to speak. The Primarch matured quickly, absorbing knowledge at an incredible rate. He also showed a natural aptitude for weaponry, in addition to being unmatched in unarmed combat. Quick to roar with laughter or bellow tunelessly in song, the Primarch slowly realised that he was more human than wolf, and that he was far greater than either. When Russ handed the Champion of the King's

Chapter Approved Access Level: 8 sixteen

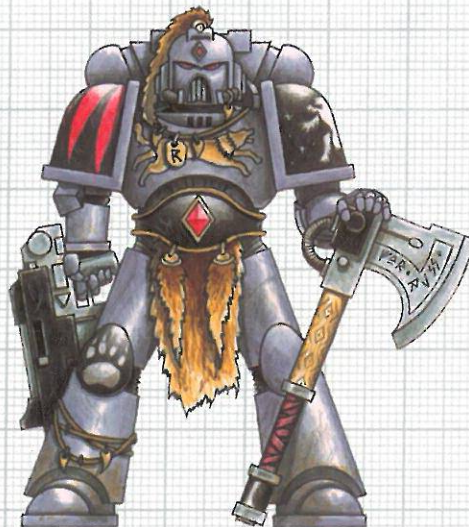
Space Wolves, Progenitor Legion M31



Fenrisian Wolf pelt

Crusade pattern bolter assault attachment

Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of grey power armour



Contemporary Space Wolves colour scheme



Space Wolves Chapter icon



Wolf totem artifact



Shoulder plate. Long Fang markings



Shoulder plate. Grey Hunter markings



Shoulder plate. Logan Grimnar's Great Company



Shoulder plate. Bran Redmaw's Great Company markings



Shoulder plate. Ragnar Blackmane's Great Company markings



Fenris pattern power axe 'Frost blade'

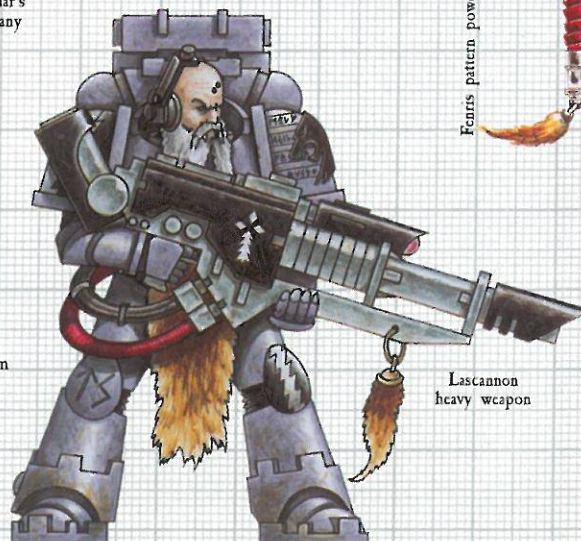


Fenris pattern chainsword



Crozius Arcanum close combat weapon

Space Wolves Wolf Priest



Lascannon heavy weapon

Space Wolves Long Fang

Thought for the day: Burn thyself in the flame of purity

Guard his battle-axes during their third sparring session, Thengir admitted to himself that the young man was destined for greatness. The Primarch soon spoke with powerful eloquence, and one evening, King Thengir deemed him worthy to receive a true name.

Thus it was that Leman of the Russ was truly born.

Much of what is known of Leman Russ's early years is borne of hearsay and legend as his fame quickly spread throughout the land. The legends of Fenris cite him as being able to pluck an oak from the earth and snap it in twain over his back, facing armies of the King's enemies and sending them running without sustaining a scratch, wrestling a Fenrisian Mammoth to the ground and roasting it whole for his meal that evening. When Thengir died, there was no question as to the succession. King Leman Russ took his place on the throne.

Each Allwinter's Eve, in the halls of the Fang, the Space Wolves' Fortress-Monastery, the Rune Priests recount in great detail the saga of Leman Russ. Every one of the Space Wolves knows the tale by memory, and the legends are passed down from solemn Priest to naive cub with the greatest of reverence. In this way the saga of Leman Russ is kept alive to this day.

Due to their oral tradition, the following legend has not been written down in any form by the Space Wolves. However, the clandestine introduction of a vox-corder to the Feast of the Wanderer by Inquisitor Chalfont, a guest at the table of Cormack Wolf tongue, has provided Imperial scholars with the following transcription:

"Thus it came to pass that Russ was hailed as King of all Fenris, his judgement as strong as his sword-arm and his authority indisputable. No man nor beast could best the Wolf-King. No tribe could stand against his armies. Within Russ's kingdom a truce existed between man and wolf. His court was attended by the fiercest of warlords and the most beautiful of maidens. Tales of his mighty conquests spread like forest fires, and it was not long before the eyes of Terra turned upon his deeds.

Such was Russ's fame and so great were his accomplishments,

The Holy Emperor of Terra did take it upon himself to meet with the Wolf-King. He believed, in the core of his soul that this mighty warrior was one of his true sons.

He knew well that Russ would not bow to his rule without being beaten in a contest. The Emperor was convinced of his own power, and knew that such a challenge

would be as nothing to him. Who could best a living god? Who could stand firm in the presence of Humanity's king? And so it was that the great, sky-spanning ships of the Emperor Travelled to the centre of the sea of stars Settling on the hard, cold skin of Fenris scant years after Russ's ascension to the throne.

The Emperor, clad in a long, plain robe, entered King Leman Russ' court Through a yawning cave mouth in the south of Fenris he came. His divine aura was hidden from the curious eyes of the King's court And his towering physique was cloaked with runes of disguise and confusion. Half his face was within the shadow of his hood, In his hands he carried the oaken staff of the wanderer. But to the sharp-eyed and sober, his nature was clear; The great wolves of Fenris slunk away at the stranger's passing.

Slouched on his oaken throne sat Leman Russ, A flagon of fine mead in one hand and the leg of a roast bear in the other. Freki and Geri, the Kin-Wolves, lay curled about his bare feet, and a great pool of blood glittered in the torchlight around the base of his throne. The court had been hunting, and did not take kindly to the interruption of their feast. The wanderer approached the gnarled wood of the throne and its gargantuan occupant, and stood firm, staring hard at where Russ was presiding over the feast. The court grew silent as the Wolf-King's growl reverberated around the walls. Freki stood at the sound, baring his fangs, Geri, old beyond his years, proved wiser than his brother. The stranger was meeting their master's gaze unflinchingly.

It was then that the stranger offered his Challenge. The nature of the contest was for the King to decide.



If he won, the stranger asked for nothing but to be allowed to drink at the right hand of Russ during the feast.

The shouts of the household rang against the shields strung around the roof, the laughter at this preposterous suggestion shared by all present.

Russ demanded that should the wanderer fail, he would serve at the King's behest for a year.

Grimly, the stranger accepted.

The Wolf-King did not wish to spoil a good feast;

His first challenge was to an eating competition.

The food was brought forth on vast brass shields, and the stranger ate well indeed, consuming many times more than the stoutest warriors present without pause.

But by the time he looked up from his platter, Russ was finishing his third Auroch.

The vast, red bones lay around him, not a morsel of meat to be seen.

Giving voice to a thunderous belch, Russ grinned at the wanderer, Fangs glittering red in the torchlight. The stranger bowed his head.

But the King was enjoying his sport. He realised that the brown-cloaked traveller had the spirit of a Fenrisian, And so challenged the newcomer to a drinking bout.

The second contest began, sounded by a clarion horn,

But by the time the wanderer had reached his sixth barrel of strong Fenrisian mead, there was no more to drink.

The Wolf-King had drained the entire feast dry,

Consuming enough to fell a whole Great Company.

The light of anger appeared in the wanderer's eye.

If he was not to be given the chance, how could he prove his mettle?

If all that would greet him was derision and scornful laughter,

How could he welcome this warrior, so fond of his mead, as his lost child?

Driven by disappointment, the wanderer called Leman Russ a drunkard and a glutton,

Able to achieve nothing more than filling his face and bellowing hollow boasts.

At this, the court fell silent.

None even dared to breathe as the Wolf King drew himself up to his full height, The bloodied carcass of his meal crunching beneath his feet.

Russ drew his greatsword and stepped onto the banqueting table, a growl rising in his throat.

The Wolf-King calmly laid down the consequences of his last challenge, and his court backed away as one.

Time seemed to stop as the Emperor of Mankind threw away his cloak, the hood falling from his face, his true form revealed.

Standing far taller than any man present, swathed in light and clad in baroque golden armour,

The God-Emperor stepped onto the banqueting table.

His sword shimmered as it was drawn from its gem-encrusted scabbard.

With a roar that shook the walls of the court, the Wolf-King leapt.

Battle was joined between the two titanic figures.

The Emperor fought gracefully and with precision,

His every act like liquid fire, his swordsmanship faster than the eye could follow.

The Wolf-King attacked with the force of pure fury,

Tempered by years of living by his skill and wits alone.

The lustrous gold of the Emperor's burnished armour

Reflected the glimmers of torchlight and the eyes of a thousand onlookers.

The Wolf-King's skin glistened with sweat and blood,

His matted hair flying around him as he roared and howled.

The speed and passion of Russ's attack. A perfect fusion of martial prowess and a focus that was nothing less than total. Convinced the Emperor without doubt that this was one of his lost sons.

Swinging his power fist around in a blurring golden arc

The Emperor struck Leman Russ full in the face.

(It has been noted in the transcription that at this point in the recording a great cheer erupts from all present. This part of the legend seems to be the cause of much mirth amongst the audience, all of whom have evidently heard the tale before).

It is testimony to the fortitude of our Lord Russ

That within the hour he was able to think clearly once more,

Recovering quickly from a blow that would have destroyed any mortal man.

Russ made little show of his headache. It was as a result of ingesting mighty quantities of Fenrisian mead

Rather than the result of the duel.

But nevertheless, with bloodied smile and broken fang,

He swore fealty to the Emperor of Mankind.

It is well known among Imperial scholars that, when given proof as to his origins, Leman Russ did indeed pledge his sword to the Emperor. His teaching and training went swiftly; it was a matter of weeks before the Emperor judged Russ worthy of leading his armies in the holy war across the galaxy. Leman Russ was introduced to the warriors who bore his mark within their very genes. And so it came to be that Leman Russ became the father, progenitor and Lord of the Space Wolves of the Adeptus Astartes.

Leman Russ settled into his role as the Primarch of the Space Wolves. He was gifted with a great suit of armour blessed thricefold by the Emperor himself. His greatsword was replaced with the legendary Frostblade Mjalar, whose teeth were fashioned from the maw of the Great Kraken Gormenjarl and whose blade, it was claimed, could cleave the very ice mountains of Fenris in twain. It was without question that the Space Wolves Legion accepted the towering Wolf-King as their Primarch and leader and, over the next few years, they became as sons to Leman Russ.

In time, all of the Primarchs were united with their respective Legions; the records of that time speak of a golden age of conquest and success. The forces of the Imperium were unstoppable in their quest to unite the galaxy in the worship of the God-Emperor. Russ plunged headlong into the fighting at the forefront of every battle, vanquishing all before him. Throughout the long and various battles of the Great Crusade, the Space Wolves and their lupine allies were at the front line. Russ strode at the head of his Legions, slaughtering all who dared stand before him, his coming announced by the howling of the pack.

The Horus Heresy

Russ's actions met with such rampant success that his conquests led him into the far corners of the galaxy, many light years from the Segmentum Solar. Thousands of worlds were reclaimed in the Emperor's name, and it seemed that the Golden Age would never draw to a close. Until, in an act that would scar the galaxy forever, Russ's brother Primarch Horus, the progenitor of the Luna Wolves, turned from the light.

The Horus Heresy was a time of total war, a great schism rent across the Imperium in the wake of the Great Evil One's folly. Horus' trickery and deceit ensnared no less than nine Space Marine Legions, whether by coercion, misdirection or corruption.

The Space Wolves, although not present for many of the final battles

when the forces of Chaos laid siege to the Emperor's Palace itself, were heavily involved in the foundations of the Horus Heresy. It was in the disastrous beginnings of this time that the Sons of Russ began their ages-long blood feud with the Thousand Sons Space Marines Legion.

In contrast to the Space Wolves, the Thousand Sons Space Marines were fixated with the pursuit of lore and, as a result, much can be gleaned from the tomes recovered since their fall. There are even accounts of the ruination of the Legion; most notably the Fall of Prospero, but all are tinged with the bitterness of defeat. Within these rotting texts, the Space Wolves are painted in the worst light imaginable. However, with the careful integration of the legend of the Space Wolves that portrays this time, and the collation of events that appear in both accounts, it is possible to put together a fairly accurate picture of what truly started the blood feud between these two Legions.

Magnus the Red was a giant of a man, standing far taller than even his brother Primarchs, his hair and complexion a livid red. Most remarkable of all was the enormous cyclopean eye set deep into the Primarch's forehead; where normal men have two eyes, Magnus had one. His strength was lauded as rivalling that of Russ, but he preferred to expend his energies learning and pursuing ancient arcana than the art of battle. His physical peculiarities were never remarked upon by the other Primarchs; after all, Sanguinius was blessed with wings and Leman Russ himself bore the sharpest of fangs. Nonetheless, the Wolf-King feared that the taint of Chaos was ingrained within the giant's soul. But the Emperor would not hear of his suspicions, as Magnus was one of his own sons.

As the events leading up to the Horus Heresy ripened into terrible fruition, Magnus the Red sent a psychic message to the Emperor. No records exist as to what the message was, but more than one source theorises that it was a warning against the treachery of Horus. Although the message was said to be of great import, it inadvertently revealed the true extent of the practices of the Thousand Sons. The Emperor refused to believe that Horus, his favoured son, would betray him, and he rose in anger against Magnus's warning. As the flame-haired Primarch opened a psychic connection to the Emperor, the Emperor was aghast at the extent of the research Magnus had conducted into heretical and blasphemous arts. In the Emperor's eyes, the Thousand Sons had probed too deeply into mysteries better left alone, willingly walking into the lair of the beast. Magnus'

explanations did not pacify the Emperor, and Russ' worst suspicions were confirmed. At Russ' insistence, the Emperor was persuaded that Magnus was the traitor, not Horus. Horrified, the Emperor commanded Russ to leave immediately for the Thousand Sons' home world. The Wolf-King mustered his Legions about him, and prepared once more to go to war.

Prospero was once the very image of paradise. Great towers of ice and ivory studded the landscape, and beautiful gardens and peaceful lakes were abundant. Russ believed that this veneer of civilisation and culture hid a roiling foundation of evil. In his eyes, every scholar, scribe and sorcerer had delved too far into the mire of Chaos, had drunk too deeply from the blasphemous waters of forbidden knowledge. There was no option; the Wolf-King knew that he must follow the Emperor's command to the letter: cast down the Thousand Sons.

After a lengthy and punishing series of bombardments, the legions of the Wolf-King fell upon the inhabitants of Prospero in an avalanche of howling fury. The savagery and ferocity of the Space Wolves' attack enabled them to strike through to the heart of Prospero's capital, but the Thousand Sons had prescience enough to prepare their final defences. By the time the Space Wolves had slaughtered their way to the gates of the largest citadels, the Legions of Magnus the Red were waiting for them.

The ensuing battle raged day and night without pause, the Space Wolves fighting with furious zeal, the Thousand Sons battling for their very home world. By all accounts, although there is little in the way of specifics, the war between the Legions took many days and cost thousands of lives.

Ultimately, for all their wisdom, the Thousand Sons could not stand against the fury of the entire Space Wolves Legion in the field of war. At the forefront of the Space Wolves' battlelines, led by Jorin Bloodfang, was the Thirteenth Great Company. They were those who adopted the form of the Wulfen, their bestial souls transforming them into nightmarish half-wolves in the heat of battle. The sheer scale of the carnage the Thirteenth Company caused opened a massive hole in the lines of the Thousand Sons, and soon the verdant pastures of Prospero ran red with streams of blood. Magnus' brave warriors were slowly but surely culled, their numbers melting under the intense fire of the Space Wolves' assault. Although they did not fear for their lives, they fought to their last breath to protect their lore and their home world.

The loss of each and every Space Marine is recorded in Prospero's Lament, and although its veracity is in question, it remains the only account of the cyclopean Primarch's horrifying bargain.

"Magnus, squatting in his vast tower, watched in agony as his sons were torn to pieces by the barbarian Wolves of Russ. The howls of the pack resounded in his ears, destroying his concentration, breaking his psychic wards and driving him to the edge of madness. Bounding from his ebony throne, he flung his arms in the air and roared a plea for help, to save his Legion and their great works. As if something malign had been waiting for the Cyclops' call, the sky grew dark and the air boiled with energy. Magnus was infused with eldritch power, his frame buckling as vile changes were wrought upon his body and his soul. He gazed out from the parapets of his citadel at the landscape of pain stretching before him, and screamed.

Hundreds of the Sons of Russ lost their minds completely as the magicks of Magnus took their toll. The skies cracked open, kalcidoscopic lightning blasting apart squad after squad of the savage Space Wolves. The very soil of Prospero sprouted ten-fingered hands like obscene fungi, clutching at the legs of the beast-warriors. And yet, they fought on regardless, sheer bloodlust inuring them against the numerous terrors now defending the citadels."

It can be presumed that this tale is continued from the Space Wolves' perspective of the titanic battle between Russ and Magnus, as related by the legend *'The War of the Giants'*, committed to memory by Inquisitor Bastalek Grim (1087345.M41/5586741.P12).

"Magnus the Red took to the field of battle. The ravaged ground liquefying under his mighty strides
As he cut a swathe through the ranks of the Space Wolves,
Crushing everything in his path.
Where his gaze fell, even the stoutest Long Fang turned white and died.
The single orb in his forehead pulsed with an unnatural light,
And his red mane stood on end with the energies coursing around him.
Truly, this was an abomination in the eyes of the Emperor.

Leman Russ leapt from the thick of the mêlée to intercept the rampaging giant. As he turned, Russ grabbed one of the traitors by the throat and flung it at the giant's face. Magnus' petrifying gaze was blocked for a moment, and with celerity unheard of, Russ charged bodily into the crimson behemoth.
And yet he did not fall.

The giant moved far faster than a being of such size might.

Smashing his fist into Russ's chest with force enough to splinter his breastplate, pushing slivers of ceramite into Russ's heart.

But the Wolf-King was undaunted.

Grabbing the giant's arm as Magnus reared back for another blow,

Russ was brought near to the giant's face, and kicked him squarely in the eye.

Magnus's roar of pain shattered the sky above, and thick black blood began to rain from the heavens.

Russ took his chance, and grabbed his blinded foe about the waist.

Lifting the Cyclops clean off the ground, teeth grinding in a grimace of pain,

The Wolf-King broke the Cyclops' back. The Thousand Sons, seeing their

Primarch broken and cast down, turned and fled.

But as Russ raised the Frostblade Mjälnar to deliver the killing blow,

Magnus gasped a word of power and sank into the iridescent ground."

As for the conclusion of this epic battle, the accounts vary wildly. Some sources maintain that the sorcerers of the Thousand Sons opened a gate into the warp, fleeing into the jaws of Chaos rather than face the fury of the Space Wolves. Some claim that as his quarry escaped, Leman Russ swore an oath that he would destroy the legion to a man. Some claim that the traitor Legion became as ghosts, their diabolic patron protecting them from further harm.

But there are certainties about the flight of the Thousand Sons. They were not destroyed, and they salvaged much of their knowledge and arcane literature. Magnus himself was not killed, as he and his minions have plagued the Imperium for thousands of years since that day. Also, however they escaped, the Thirteenth Company, the Wulfen-Kind, were in pursuit. They have vanished from Imperial records since that time. The Space Wolves honour their loss by a blank stone in the Grand Annulus (cf. *Observations from the Fang* by the late Erasmus Bosch, Inq.8726/M40), and the Thirteenth Company has never been replaced.

The Disappearance of Russ

Once every 1,000 years, the ancient Dreadnought Bjorn the Fell-Handed is awoken from his dreamless sleep. He gathers the Chapter's Rune Priests to him, and retells the ancient sagas, testing them on their remembrance of their heritage. The following text is a direct transcription of Bjorn's account of Russ' disappearance, recorded by Vagnair Ravenmane in 7662/M35.

"The Feast of the Emperor's Ascension was as fine as any Space Wolf had seen. In celebration of the Emperor's final victory over the Great Evil One, thousands of his sons joined in the revelry. The torches that lined the walls were as stars in the night sky, and our spirits soared high as the vaulted roofs. The halls rung loud with song and laughter. At the head of the feast, surrounded by his closest friends, sat the Wolf-King himself, Leman Russ.

The Great Primarch climbed once more onto the ancient oaken banqueting table, the very same one on which he had fought the Emperor in a titanic and desperate struggle for his life and pride centuries before. One by one, the raucous voices stopped. Russ's speeches were legendary.

Seconds passed. Then minutes. The Great Hall was as silent as a barrow-tomb. All eyes were fixed on Russ.

But the Primarch made no sound, and his body remained frozen. We who were closest to him could see that his great yellow eyes were glazed over, that his iron muscles were locked in spasm. Slowly a sussuration of noise bled into the natural amphitheatre of the Hall as his warriors questioned what in the Eye of the Kraken could be happening. Surely this was a joke? Surely at any moment our roaring, charismatic King would bellow with deafening laughter, calling for more ale? Was it some kind of challenge, or something worse? We could not tell, and none dared to ask.

Suddenly, Russ fell heavily to his knees, a resounding crack reverberating around the hall and bringing utter silence once more. He turned to his most faithful retainers and, in a voice that no others could hear, not even I, issued his instructions. His face lined with sorrow, he addressed the throng, and his grave words sank deeply into every one of the Space Wolves' souls. As one, Russ and his retinue turned on their heels and strode out of the Great Hall. Only I, the youngest of the Primarch's favoured, was left behind.

Every year hence his place was laid at the feast. Every year his drinking horn was filled should he return. Seven long, painful years passed, and still Russ did not come home to us. It was a bleak time, and many say that the worst of all Helwinters raged outside the walls of the banqueting halls on the night when the Wolf Lords came to their decision. If Russ would not come back to us, then we would find him ourselves. Elected as Great Wolf, I led the Space Wolves in the search for our forefather. And thus the first of the Great Hunts began.

The Companies of the Space Wolves took to their ships, and sailed on

different headings far into the Sea of Stars. The tale of the battles we fought and the worlds we discovered is a long one indeed, too long for any time save Allwinter's Eve. But ultimately, our search was in vain, earning nothing more than stories and hollow prophecy. And thus it was that the first Great Hunt ended in sorrow.

It is not unheard of for the spirit of Russ to grant a senior Rune Priest a vision, to speak directly into his mind. Their words are then the words of Russ himself, and it is then that a new Great Hunt is called. Although none have succeeded in our ultimate goal, many victories have been won, and many mighty tasks have been accomplished in the name of Russ. And we are left with the comfort of his final words: at the end he will return to us. For the final battle. For the Wolf-time."

Home World

Fenris is a world of pain and hardship, swathed forever in freezing ice or unforgiving fire. It drifts in the far north-west of the galaxy, perilously close to the Eye of Terror, and yet its denizens remain pure. From space it is apparent that the vast majority of Fenris is covered in ice-cold water, and what little land mass there is floats as small islands of frozen earth and snow. Imperial scholars have wondered at the fact that, in the dark, long days of the Fenrisian winter, the oceans freeze over completely, swathing the planet in a hard, white skin.

One small continent is the only area of land that remains stable throughout the years, the land of Asaheim, which sits atop the crest of the world. The planet orbits its sun in a pronounced ellipse; as a direct result, the climate on Fenris ranges from ice cold during the most part of the year to searing heat in the summer. Even at the time when Fenris reaches its perigee, the primary continent remains intact, although it is ravaged by blazing lava and rivers of magma. Tectonic plates grind, mountains are thrown up, and chasms rend deep gashes in the skin of the planet. Yet somehow, amongst the shifting ice floes and fierce tides, the men of Fenris thrive.

As the constant ravages of a cruel and constantly changing climate harden its people, so too does it harden the native species. The prey, such as the herds of giant Fenrisian elk with their majestic and razor-sharp antlers, and the hulking mammoths that can crush a man's body to a pulp, are dangerous indeed. However, extensive observation has revealed the predators of Fenris to be among the most ferocious in the galaxy.

Ancient drakes and wyrms soar on the thermals above the shifting islands, thriving in geothermally heated caves. Sea serpents and kraken haunt the deeps, terrifying tentacled leviathans that can grow thousands of yards in length. The respected Magos Biologis Anatole Leviticus has theorised that these 'kraken', one of which is said to have been caught by Russ himself, are remnants an unsuccessful Tyranid invasion from the past.

Great white bears, raging beasts that weigh as much as an ice shark and are almost invisible in a blizzard, can be found prowling the frozen tundra, fully capable of smashing apart the strongest buildings to feed on the unwary occupants. But most dangerous of all, a predator so advanced that it is known throughout the galaxy, is the Fenrisian wolf. These iron-furred monsters range from the mass of a small horse to that of an armoured personnel carrier, and are possessed of a singular cunning. A brief series of studies proved that their jaws can leave impressions in plasteel. Perhaps the most terrifying thing about these beasts is that they live in packs and, when they are hunting, their prey has little hope of escape.

Given that many Space Wolves wear the pelts of these vicious creatures, having killed one such beast with their bare hands, the warriors of Fenris can be surmised to be mighty indeed. Born into a world of such omnipresent danger, only the toughest can thrive. Few worlds in the breadth of the galaxy hold any fear for the Space Wolves.

Organisation

In defiance of the Codex Astartes, the Space Wolves Chapter is split into twelve Great Companies. Each of these is led by a Wolf Lord, who answers only to the Great Wolf himself (for the last eight hundred years, the position has been occupied by the infamous Logan Grimnar). Each Great Company has its own headquarters or 'lair' within the Space Wolves' Chapter-fortress, the Fang. This mile-high edifice of steel dominates the mountain ranges of Asaheim, and is said to be the most steadfast Imperial fortress outside of Terra. The Fang serves as headquarters, cathedral and fortress to each of the Great Companies. In almost all respects, each of the twelve Companies is a free-standing body of troops, with its own weapons, spacecraft, forges, customs and heroes settled within the depths of the Fang.

These Great Companies take much from their current Wolf Lord, including his name. When the Wolf Lord dies in battle another is chosen to replace him,

and so the Company will reinvent itself. This provides a fluid command structure within the Chapter (the mortality rate of Space Wolves is unsurprisingly high, given their yearning for close-quarter fighting, although a few particularly stalwart Wolf Lords have seen out their thousandth year). Each Wolf Lord chooses a symbol from the mythology of Fenris as his personal sigil, and it is this symbol that adorns the Company's banner.

Presiding over the twelve Great Companies is the household of the Great Wolf himself. This is comprised of all the Chapter's most venerable heroes; the Rune Priests, Iron Priests, Wolf Priests and Dreadnoughts. Their badge remains constant; the Wolf that Stalks the Stars, the personal emblem of Leman Russ himself.

Gene-seed

The Space Wolves' gene-seed is as unique as it is deadly. The frightening potency of the first gene-seed to be implanted into an aspiring Son of Russ is legendary, and has accounted for the lives of hundreds of Fenris's warriors; those it does not kill, it transforms into a slavering monster.

The Canis Helix is necessary, however, as without this essential part of Leman Russ' heritage the other gene helices cannot be implanted at all. Unfortunately the genetic coding of the Canis Helix contains a number of acids that are not synthesised by the human body, and they have a dramatic effect on the physique of the potential Space Marine. The ravages of this unique gene first take effect during the aspirant's indoctrination. Ultimately, he is cast out into the wilderness to make his own way back to the Fang. The gene works hideous changes on the warrior's mind and body; he reverts to a primal state where his bones split and buckle, thick hair sprouts from across his body and his only desire is to gorge on fresh meat and glut himself on hot blood. His body mass grows by up to eighty percent, many of his bones fuse, and vestigial fangs sprout from his gums as he undergoes the transformation. Whilst his body is wracked with pain, the warrior must overcome the gene lest it overcomes him. It is common knowledge that the nights of Fenris are prowled by giant, feral creatures, known as the Wulfen, who failed to overcome the curse. To become one of the Wulfen is to fail, and truly become a monster.

If the aspirant manages to find his way back to the Fang across chasms and glaciers populated by snarling predators and blasted by freezing winds, he is implanted with the remainder of the

Space Wolves' gene-seed, stabilising the Canis Helix and completing his genetic indoctrination into the ranks of the Sons of Russ. A minority of these warriors do not completely conquer the gene-seed's original effects, however, and in times of great stress, they revert to the hulking, bloodthirsty state that haunts their genetic structure like a ghastly shadow. This is the Curse of the Wulfen, and it is rightly feared.

Beliefs

The warriors of Fenris are brought up on tales of monsters and heroes, sky-straddling wolves and world spanning sea-beasts. They have a proud tradition of storytelling, and value a good tale almost as much as a good fight. The mythology of Fenris is crowded with the deeds of heroes, and many of their legends stem from the Fenrisian Wolves that prowl Asaheim. These pagan beliefs are looked upon with scorn by the Ecclesiarchy, but the Sons of Russ refuse to give up their beliefs even when their fangs are long and their skin weather-beaten and wrinkled. Superstition is rife, and the Space Wolves regularly enter battle festooned with totems and talismans to bring luck and ward off evil spirits.

Central to their belief system is Leman Russ, who they look upon as more than just a man, and to whom they attribute the deeds of a god. Heroes are held in the highest esteem, and none more so than their Primarch, who they believe will return to fight alongside them at the end of the world.

Combat Doctrine

The forces of the Space Wolves have a very different approach to martial strategy from their brother Space Marines. There are several distinct types of squad, or pack, in each Great Company, and each fulfils a different role in battle. As a Space Wolf progresses through his life, he may rise through the ranks until he is old and his fangs are long. If his bravery and might are without question, he will be asked to join the Wolf Guard, or even become a Wolf Lord himself.

Most Space Wolves begin their careers as Blood Claws, hot-headed young warriors who cannot wait to prove themselves, charging in howling packs at the front lines of the enemy in their efforts to garner personal glory. The Blood Claws are the shock troops of the Space Wolves and spearhead the majority of assaults. If they survive to become mature and capable warriors, they will be elevated to the ranks of the Grey Hunters, tempered by battle but nonetheless ready to give their lives in

the name of honour. When the Space Wolves are fully mature, their hair grey and their canines pronounced, they are likely to be inducted into the Long Fangs, veteran soldiers who are disciplined and steady even in the heat of battle, and hence are entrusted with the Company's heavy weapons.

The bravest and strongest of the Space Wolves, after proving themselves in a feat of exceptional valour or martial prowess, may become Wolf Guards. The Wolf Guard either lead less experienced packs of warriors into battle, or form a retinue for the mightiest warrior of the battleforce, the Wolf Lord. Few can stand against these heroic warriors, equipped as they are with the best wargear in the Company's armoury, making them virtually unstoppable in close combat.

The Space Wolves' combat doctrine is unfortunately nowhere near as organised as their brother Chapters. Given that they live for the honour of battle, it is almost certain that the younger Space Wolves will abandon a standard tactical structure in favour of simply rushing headlong at the enemy, howling at the tops of their voices. This has been known to aggravate many allied commanders over the millennia, including Lord Solar Macharius himself, who famously recorded his displeasure in the *Tactica Ultimatum*.

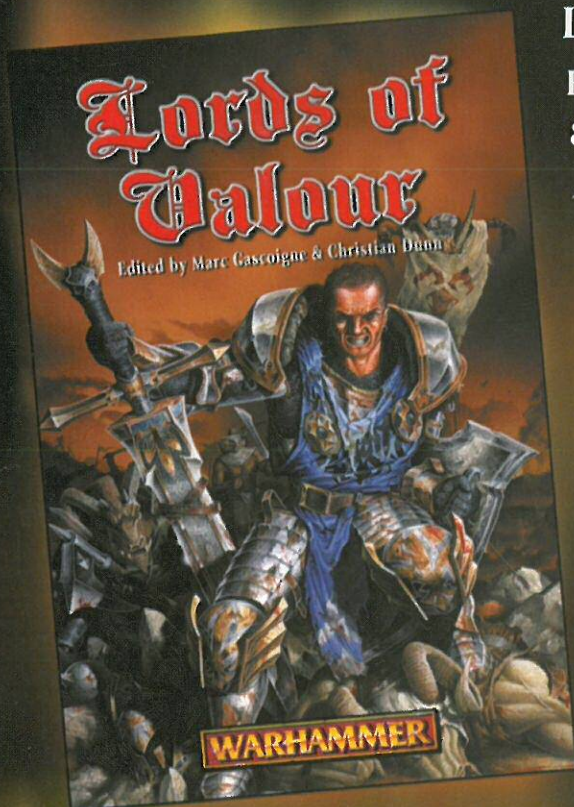
"The Blood Claws of the Space Wolves endanger not only themselves but the lives of their comrades in arms. If they are so eager to die, and they will not heed the words of their superiors, then let them rush headlong into the jaws of the lion. We can only hope some of them get caught in its throat."

However, far from being uncontrolled berserkers, the Space Wolves as a Chapter simply relish the thrill of close combat above all else. Nonetheless, their battle tactics are undeniably effective; the Space Wolves have fought in a similar manner on a hundred thousand battlefields since their conception, and are unlikely to stop merely to conform to the precepts of the Administratum.

Battle-cry

The battle-cry of the Space Wolves varies from Great Company to Great Company. However, it is certain that when the assault is launched, every member of the attacking force will raise his voice in a blood-curdling howl.





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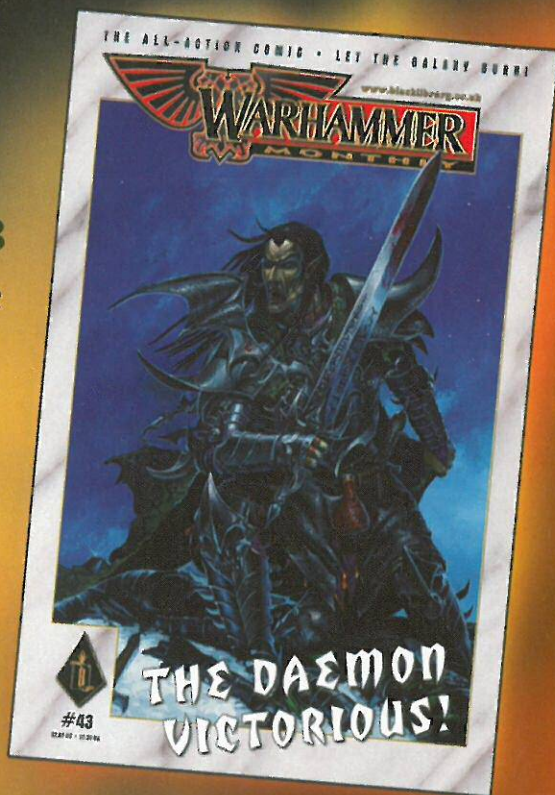
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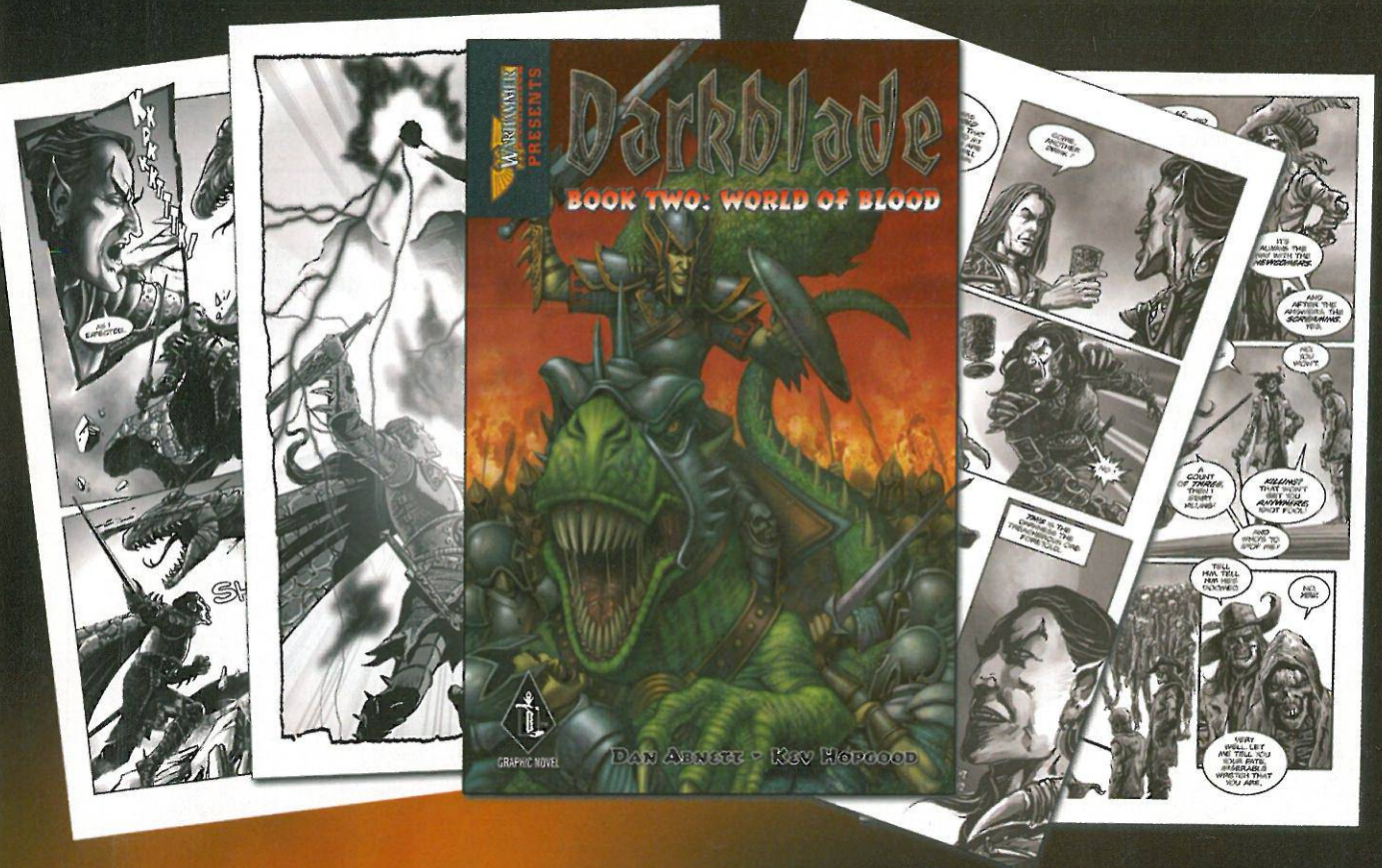
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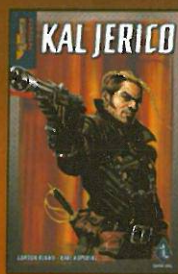


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LET THE GALAXY BURN!

Phil Kelly presents a second article following the exploits of his Inquisitor warband and its evolution throughout a campaign. This month, Phil talks us through the repercussions of last month's battle report.

DIARY OF AN INQUISITOR

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN INQUISITOR WARBAND



Phil Kelly is White Dwarf's Warhammer 40,000 Features Editor and is busy mucking about with paint and green stuff whilst fiercely maintaining that he is hard at work.

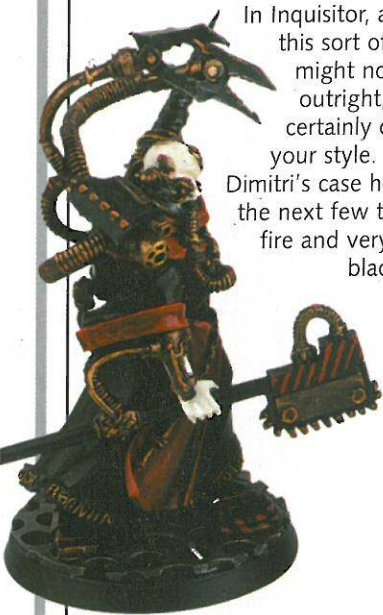
After the titanic clash between Inquisitor Lichtenstein and Witch Hunter Tyrus, my warband was suffering a little. Such a desperate battle could not be without its casualties (luckily, most of them were in Tyrus's camp!). Nevertheless, I had a few changes to make as I wanted to reflect the after-effects. Added to this was the fact that the bases of my miniatures looked decidedly plain, so I gave them a bit of an overhaul – from Gryx's rat to the spent bullet casings on Lichtenstein's base. I also put together an entirely new addition to the warband...

MAGOS DIMITRI – ADEPTUS MECHANICUS

In the battle report Magos Dimitri was shot in the head by a flaming bolt pistol shell.

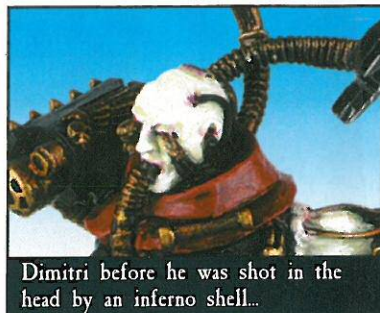
In Inquisitor, although this sort of injury might not kill you outright, it will certainly cramp your style. In

Dimitri's case he spent the next few turns on fire and very nearly blacked out.

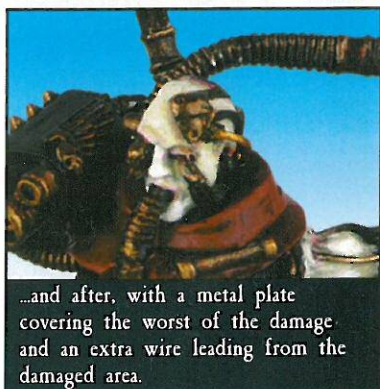


As a result of this injury, Graham McNeill (as the Gamesmaster of the battle report) ruled that Dimitri should take a Toughness test or lose D10 points from his Toughness characteristic. Luckily, he passed. I reasoned that he should have a metal plate covering the horrific wound, so out came the Green Stuff and a bit of wire. A lick of paint later and Dimitri had yet more metal in his head. Battle scars like this really help add to the character of a model. I also repositioned his mechadendrites (ok, so one broke off, and I took the opportunity to change the pose!) and remodelled his base with two pieces of florist's wire.

Perhaps the most profound change was his development of a psychic power. After being exposed to a wild psychic force (the Daemon Pharaa'gueotla) Graham ruled that Dimitri's ability with machines manifested into the power Machine Empathy. Excellent news!



Dimitri before he was shot in the head by an inferno shell...



...and after, with a metal plate covering the worst of the damage and an extra wire leading from the damaged area.

GRYX – SERVITOR-WARRIOR

Aside from being stunned for a turn, Gryx suffered little in the way of injury in the last game, and is not the kind of



I've added a torn piece of Barbarett's shield – a trophy from last month's battle report.

character to progress and gain experience: he is essentially mindless. However, his mental stats depreciated considerably as a side effect of using the combat drug 'Slaughter. An occupational hazard for a servitor-warrior and, let's face it, he was never really a contender for Mastermind in the first place.

His base has been heavily remodelled, including wires, torn mesh and a rat that veteran gamers may recognise – it once sat on the plastic and cardboard bookshelf from the original Heroquest game!

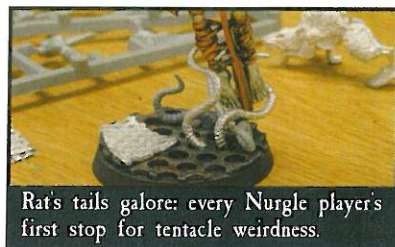


GHAUSTOS - DAEMONHOST

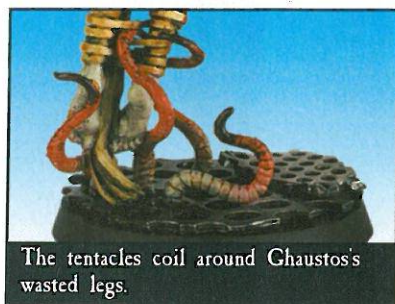
Over the course of last month's game, a badly botched psychic power reduced Ghaustos' Willpower by a nasty -7 points to 80. This is a very dangerous side effect of using psychic powers as it is a permanent loss. However, Ghaustos' exposure to the tremendous warp energies of Lichtenstein's Daemon

summoning ritual meant that Ghaustos's own daemonic form could come closer to the surface. As a result, he is now able to attack people with his slimy, freezing tentacles, leeching away their life force with each hit (he can now use his Vampirism power even when his opponent is not stunned). This is undeniably a bonus.

So to the modelling bench I went, and after slicing off many a rat's tail (Quovandius has a companion rat ideal for this purpose, and the two plastic Skaven frames provide tons of options) I had a base full of writhing tentacles. I positioned them so that it looked like the Daemon possessing Ghaustos was reaching up from beneath the grate, controlling the host body like a sinister marionette. Gruesome, but cool.



Rat's tails galore: every Nurgle player's first stop for tentacle weirdness.



The tentacles coil around Ghaustos's wasted legs.

INQUISITOR LICHTENSTEIN

Lichtenstein suffered virtually no ill effects from his conquest of Inquisitor Tyrus. In fact, quite the opposite; he learned a lot from his encounter with the Daemon he summoned. Graham, as Gamesmaster, ruled that he could add D10 to his Sagacity rating to represent what he had learnt. Naturally I rolled a 2, but it was better than nothing. More importantly, he developed the psychic power Banishment, very useful in future encounters with Daemons (especially if Ghaustos turns against his master...).

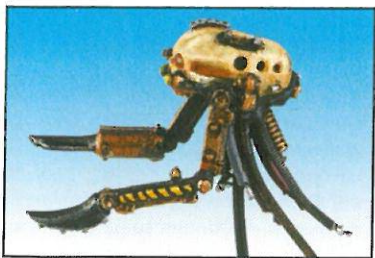
The hovering skull familiar is a servo-skull, converted up from the model due for release in the near future. It is the skull of a deceased but devout Imperial servant allowed to serve the Emperor in death as he did in life, and was created by Dimitri after his full talent with machinery was emerged. It is linked to Lichtenstein telepathically and does his bidding.

Although there are several types of servo-skull in the game, this particular creation is a Med-skull, able to stitch up Lichtenstein's wounds even as he blazes away at the enemy.

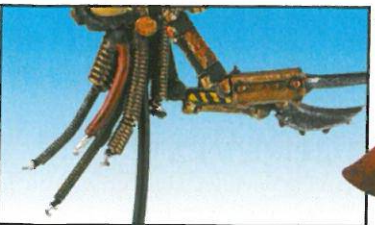
Right: Bases for unbalanced miniatures can be weighted with coins or bits of metal. Effective and very cheap (1p in this case).



SERVO-SKULL NESTOR



Nestor's wires were cut down pieces of guitar strings and florist's wire. The ends of the guitar strings were pulled open with clippers to represent terminals.



CHARACTER SHEET

Name: *INQUISITOR LICHTENSTEIN*

Starting	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sq	Nv	Ld	Speed
Current	94	75	71	73	89	84	90	91	88	5

Ranged Weapons								
Weapon	Type	Range	Firing Mode	Accuracy	Damage	Shots	Reload	Weight
STURMGR	INFAN	7	SINGLE/SEMI (2)	-	2D6-2	15	2	15
SHOTGUN	BASIC	7	SINGLE/SEMI (2)	-	2D6-2	15	2	15

Close Combat Weapons			
Weapon	Reach	Damage	Parry/Parry
SHINGA	3	2D6-2	10

Special Abilities & Psychic Powers

WARRIOR **TEACHER**
AMBIDEXTROUS **PSYCHIC SENSE**
ROCK STEADY ARM **BANISHMENT**
FORCE OF WILL
HEARD

Equipment, Reloads, etc

SHOT SELECTOR
 HEADLAMP SIGNAL (2)
 BURN DIALS (2)
 DAM STOPPERS (2)

MWP IMPULSE UNIT
 MOTION PROJECTOR
 PS BOOSTER
 PHTOL POSE (1)
 MWP SKULL NESTOR

Game Record (Status, fired, injury effects, etc)

RELOAD STURMGR
 RELOAD SHOTGUN
 DAEMON SWORD "SCHLACTA"
 WARRIOR
 HEARD
 HP 12

Damage		Injury Table																																																	
Knockout (N20): 7	90-100 (100%)	Continuance (22): 30																																																	
True Injury Value (L50): 7	100-100 (100%)	Injury Table																																																	
System Shock (S5): 12	100-100 (100%)	<table border="1"> <tr> <td>01-05</td> <td>01-05</td> <td>01-05</td> <td>01-05</td> </tr> <tr> <td>RIGHT ARM</td> <td>RIGHT ARM</td> <td>RIGHT ARM</td> <td>RIGHT ARM</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> </tr> <tr> <td>06-10</td> <td>06-10</td> <td>06-10</td> <td>06-10</td> </tr> <tr> <td>RIGHT HAND</td> <td>RIGHT HAND</td> <td>RIGHT HAND</td> <td>RIGHT HAND</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> </tr> <tr> <td>11-15</td> <td>11-15</td> <td>11-15</td> <td>11-15</td> </tr> <tr> <td>RIGHT LEG</td> <td>RIGHT LEG</td> <td>RIGHT LEG</td> <td>RIGHT LEG</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> </tr> <tr> <td>16-20</td> <td>16-20</td> <td>16-20</td> <td>16-20</td> </tr> <tr> <td>RIGHT FOOT</td> <td>RIGHT FOOT</td> <td>RIGHT FOOT</td> <td>RIGHT FOOT</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> <td>Damage</td> </tr> </table>		01-05	01-05	01-05	01-05	RIGHT ARM	RIGHT ARM	RIGHT ARM	RIGHT ARM	Damage	Damage	Damage	Damage	06-10	06-10	06-10	06-10	RIGHT HAND	RIGHT HAND	RIGHT HAND	RIGHT HAND	Damage	Damage	Damage	Damage	11-15	11-15	11-15	11-15	RIGHT LEG	RIGHT LEG	RIGHT LEG	RIGHT LEG	Damage	Damage	Damage	Damage	16-20	16-20	16-20	16-20	RIGHT FOOT	RIGHT FOOT	RIGHT FOOT	RIGHT FOOT	Damage	Damage	Damage	Damage
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Recovery: Success (2) Damage: Bleeding (2) to Injury total in next turn. Includes Damage D10 (-4) for every 100 Daemons over 50.

Warhammer Chronicles takes a look at the Warhammer game, its rules, background and game mechanics, frequently stolen from in-progress developments here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated Warhammer players who have produced inspired, well thought out and exciting additions to the game.

If you have a good item for Warhammer Chronicles then write to:

*Gav Thorpe
(Warhammer Chronicles)
Games Workshop
Willow Road, Lenton
Nottingham, NG7 2WS*

Please note that any letters containing rules queries, requests for a Mercedes Benz or cooking recipes etc. will be terminated with Extreme Prejudice. You have been warned.



Warhammer chronicles

By Gav Thorpe

No doubt inspired by my own dabblings with Inquisitor, this month I have led the intrepid Warhammer team into a flurry of skirmishes using the rules in the Warhammer book. Here's how we got on.

Skirmish rules

By Gav Thorpe

Now, having a set of Warhammer skirmish rules is all fine and dandy, but how do you actually use them? This is just the question we asked ourselves when we had the idea to use these rules to create a Vampire hunting scenario. We thought it'd be a good idea to give you an account of what we did, hopefully to inspire you to do the same and pass on the lessons we learned.

THE INSPIRATION

Inspiration comes from many places, but is basically the core idea of the scenario. You'll probably already have this thought out – in our case we wanted to do a Vampire Hunt, but there are many others. For example, a Bretonnian Knight's quest in the Massif Orcal, tomb-raiding in Khemri, Goblin-bashing in Karak Azgal, and so on.

You also have to consider who is going to write the game. We all got involved in designing the scenario, but it can work equally well if one player writes up their idea and then runs it for a couple of their mates as a Gamesmaster.

DECIDE CHARACTERS

As the heroes and villains of any scenario, the characters you use will play an important part. However, remember that, in a skirmish game, characters are more potent than in a massed battle. We recommend you limit yourselves to one or two Hero-level characters per side (ie. Dwarf Thane, Empire Warrior Priest, Orc Big Boss, Marauder Chieftain etc.). Obviously for our Vampire Hunt game we needed a Vampire, and liked the idea of a Strigoi Thrall (not too powerful) skulking around in the graveyards. We were pondering how to create the illustrious witch hunter when Alessio remembered Johann and Wilhelm, a Witch Hunter Regiment of Renown from the last edition of Warhammer. We dug out the appropriate issue of White Dwarf and updated them to use in our scenario (see the full rules later).

DECIDE OTHER FORCES

Once you know who the stars of the show will be, it's time to cast the supporting actors. Like the characters, the narrative of the skirmish will suggest certain troop types, and you can use the points values in the army list to make sure each side has roughly an equivalent number of fighters – unless of course you deliberately want one side to be outmatched! With a witch hunting party in mind, it became clear that some torch-bearing, pitchfork-wielding peasants would be in order. Unfortunately, there's no 'Torch-and-pitchfork Peasants' entry in any of the army lists, but the Empire Free Company seemed to fit the bill nicely. To balance them out, the Strigoi Vampire would have some of his slaving Ghouls to accompany him. To add a bit of variety and more of a tactical element, we also gave the forces of light a couple of archers, and upgraded one of the Free Company to a Sergeant and one of the Ghouls to a Ghast.

THE SETTING

Once you know who's involved you have to work out where the skirmish takes place. Like the forces, this will probably be informed by the scenario you are going to recreate. Treasure hunting in Khemri? That'll be tombs, pyramids and the like. Cold One hunting under Naggaroth? You'll need tunnels and caverns then. Obviously, you'll need to consider what is actually in your terrain collection – although some gamers will make the odd piece of terrain specifically for special scenarios, which is a good way of expanding your scenery collection. For our Vampire Hunt, we wanted the haunt of a Strigoi vampire, and so decided on the semi-ruined outskirts of an Empire town, with a graveyard in one corner and a spooky wood with an ancient barrow in the middle.

DEPLOYMENT

Having decided what terrain you are using, you'll have to decide where

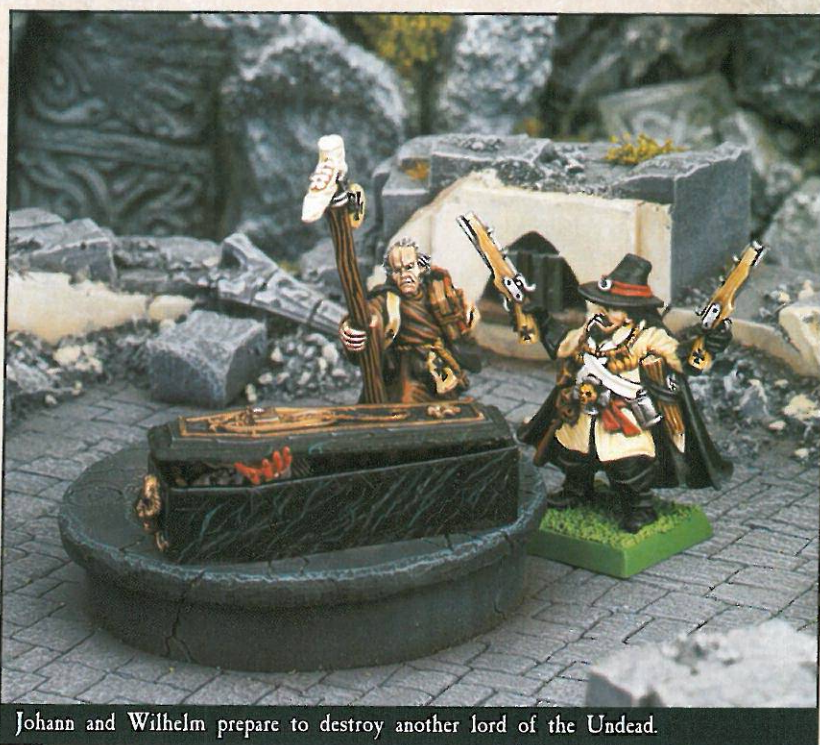
everyone is going to start the battle. Is everyone deployed at once, or are some held as reinforcements? Part of this is also deciding who goes first. Something else to bear in mind is whether models can start the game hidden, whether models that move onto the table later can charge in the same turn, and so on.

We came up with the idea of the Vampire being hidden to start with to add an element of uncertainty, bluff and double bluff. It was also more entertaining to impose a time constraint, and we could picture the Witch Hunter and his retinue battling his way through the Ghouls in a desperate attempt to find the Vampire before the sun set.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

As with any game, you need to know who won at the end. Sometimes this may be as straightforward as using victory points, adapting the values given in the scenarios section of Warhammer. Other times you may want to just fight it out until one side fails a rout test and therefore loses. Some scenarios may need more specific objectives, such as capturing a certain place or object, escaping with a proportion of your force, slaying a particular enemy and so on.

For our game, it was obvious that killing the Vampire was the most important thing the Witch Hunter was trying to achieve. By extending this, we thought that once the Witch Hunter and his Warrior Priest friend were dead, the peasantry would soon flee, and so the victory conditions were brutally simple.



Johann and Wilhelm prepare to destroy another lord of the Undead.

If the Vampire dies, the Empire player wins, if Van Hal and Wilhelm are killed, the Vampire player wins.

OTHER SPECIAL RULES

With relatively few models on each side, you can add a little extra detail to your scenario to help the story develop and to provide some interesting gameplay alternatives. There's too many things you can do to list them all here, but dicking with the magic, weather, night-fighting, ambushes, hiding rules

and all manner of other factors you can turn a relatively simple fight into a really interesting scenario.

Having decided to start the Vampire's location unknown to the Empire player, we then carried this further and devised a way to randomly determine when he arose from his slumber. Also, we thought it appropriate that the graveyard would provide plentiful corpses for raising from their eternal sleep and made the Invocation of Nehek spell more effective when cast in the cemetery.

How to design a Warhammer skirmish scenario

By Alessio Cavatore

While Gav, Jake and I were designing this 'Vampire Hunt' scenario, we thought it would be interesting to offer readers an insight on the process of creating a Warhammer skirmish scenario.

I will hereby present a series of guidelines we came up with and we felt were a good start towards making your own enjoyable little game. Keep in mind that these are not hard and fast rules, but just a set of suggestions. After all, you must leave some of your competitive spirit out of this and be prepared to play something that will probably not be as well-balanced as the battle game. The only way I can imagine the self-designed small skirmishes to be

competitive is for the players to swap sides at the end of the first game and see who can play better with both sides.

But now let's look at our recipe for the perfect Warhammer Skirmish scenario:

- Keep the number of models under control (try not to field more than fifteen per side).
- Try and use only infantry. Do not include cavalry (not too good at moving in buildings and broken terrain) and large monsters (unless it's a classic 'Hunt the Troll' scenario).
- Do not use War Machines or Chariots.
- Stick to simple troops (Core units preferably, try to avoid Special and Rare stuff).
- Be careful with Lord level characters (use Heroes, unless it's a Lord and a few followers against lots of enemies).
- Do not use anything capable of flight (too scary!).
- Keep the magic levels low (preferably none to a maximum of a level one per side).
- Do not include banners (including Battle Standards!) and musicians. If you really want to upgrade the odd warrior to a champion, that's not a big problem.

- Be careful with ATW. The vast 'Anything Too Wacky' category includes all those units that are bound to ruin a scenario by being too hard or too strange. Unfortunately the only guideline we can offer here is "use your common sense" (yes, I'm sure than even in wargamers there is such a thing, isn't there?). Examples of these weird troops are: Ethereal creatures (has anybody remembered to take a magic weapon?), Swarms, Night Goblin Fanatics and Squig Herds (Noooooo!!!), disguised Assassins and so on.

Vampire hunt

We wanted to represent the following situation: a Witch Hunter's band, led by Johann van Hal and Wilhelm Hasburg, has reached the ruins of an abandoned town, where they know a Strigoi Vampire is hiding. They have to cut their way through the many servants of the Undead abomination and finally destroy it.

THE FORCES

Witch Hunters:

- Johann and Wilhelm
- 7 Free Company fighters and 1 Free Company sergeant, all armed with two hand weapons.
- 2 Archers

Vampires:

- Rametep (Strigoi Vampire Thrall, choose his bloodline powers as normal, with the exception that he cannot be given Bat Form).
- 4 Ghouls and 1 Ghast

Table set-up: see map.

Forces set-up: The Vampires player sets up the Ghouls anywhere more than 6" away from the Witch Hunter deployment zone (they can start the game hidden) and writes down if the Vampire is sleeping in the Mausoleum in the graveyard or in the Barrow in the forest. Do not place the model on the table.

Then the Witch Hunters set up everything they've got in their deployment zone.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Vampire wins by killing both Johann and Wilhelm. The Witch Hunters win by killing the Strigoi Vampire. If both side achieve the victory conditions during the same player's turn, the game is a draw.

SPECIAL RULES

The Witch Hunters move first. At the beginning of the third Undead turn, roll a dice, the Vampires wakes up on a roll of a 6. If he doesn't, roll a dice at the beginning of the next turn, when he wakes up on the roll of a 4+. If he still

does not stir, he will automatically wake up at the beginning of turn 5. When the Vampire wakes up he can move normally out of the Mausoleum/Barrow (but cannot charge in the turn he wakes up). Neither side needs to take Rout Tests; the game continues until one side achieves the victory conditions.

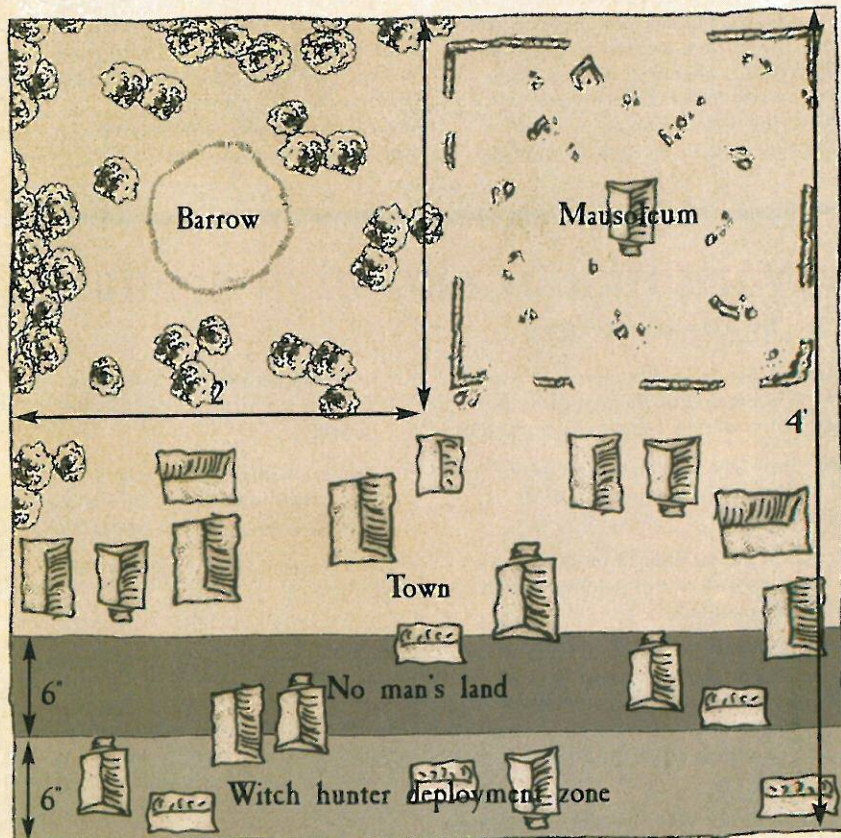
If the Witch Hunters enter the Barrow or the Mausoleum while the Vampire is still sleeping, then the Vampire must be revealed if he's present and immediately placed face down in the building, counting as stunned. In the next Undead turn's Recovery phase he will wake up and turn to the Knocked Down position (face up) and the game continues as normal. Good Luck!

Rules clarifications for Skirmish

by Jake Thornton

While we were playing our Vampire Hunt we came across a few unforeseen wrinkles in the rules. Some of these are covered in Alessio and Gav's bits of this article, but the following should be considered official amendments and clarifications to the Warhammer Skirmish rules:

- The turn sequence on page 242 has 5 phases not 4 as stated (fairly obviously).
- Models may hide on the edge of woods just as if they were behind a wall or hedge.
- Models mounted on horses or other steeds have a 90 degree arc of sight as normal. Single models on foot have a 360 degree arc of sight, again, as normal.
- The -1 for shooting at single man-sized models on foot does apply. And it still applies if 2 or more of such models happen to be standing in base contact.
- You may still intercept a failed charge.
- Killing Blow takes precedence over critical hits and will take the victim out of action. Don't roll on the injury table, just take the headless corpse off the battlefield.
- Charge reactions are allowed as normal in the battle game.
- Do not use combat resolution.
- Overruns are not allowed.
- If a model flees off the table it is counted as out of action for purposes of calculating when to take Rout tests.



WITCH HUNTERS

By Gav Thorpe

DOGS OF WAR

Just as there are regiments of mercenaries to hire, there are just as many lone freelancers wandering the Old World, selling their skills to the highest bidder. Many are thieves and brigands, and some are hard bitten mercenaries who will not (or cannot) join one of the many mercenary regiments. For more details about Dogs of War armies refer to White Dwarf 251 and 252.

Witch Hunters are a secret order of scattered men, obsessed with the destruction of Chaos, Undead, mutants, deviants, unbelievers, blasphemers and potentially anyone else except other Witch Hunters. The Witch Hunters are rarely welcome to stay anywhere for long. Who knows who will fall under suspicion next? A single wrong word may condemn you!

Johann van Hal is perhaps the most famous of all the Witch Hunters of the age, the slayer of Vampire Gunther von Blodfel and the man who purged the haunted castle of Reikwald. It is unwise to question this grim and moody man about things he does not want to discuss. But those who are well versed in the lore of the Empire know that he shares the name of the infamous Vanhal, the dreaded Necromancer of ancient times. All the descendants of Vanhal have strived to atone for the evil deeds of their ancestor, but without success. For each evil Sorcerer destroyed ten new ones step onto the path of Damnation. For every Vampire slain an entire noble family will be infected with the curse of Vampirism.

Johann has only one companion, and he is not part of the order of Witch Hunters. He is Wilhelm Hasburg, a priest of Sigmar whose temple was burned by Chaos worshippers. Some say he became insane watching his life's work go up in flames, but none dare to dispute his faith and piety, which he shows with horrific self-mutilation and ceaseless prophecies of the end of the world. It is believed that his faith and continuous prayers protect him from evil magic.

When facing supernatural foes, many desperate generals draw the Mark of the Hammer on road signs and town gates, calling the legendary Witch Hunter to come to their aid. Johann will offer his services to anyone who is willing to pay. All the gold that he does not need himself is donated to the church of Sigmar. So when the forces

of Undeath threaten or the darkness of Chaos falls upon the Old World, Johann van Hal and Wilhelm come. They face the most terrible foes without fear, and attack foul Undead or

terrifying Daemons with cold fury and hatred burning in their eyes. After the battle they claim their prize and depart without a word – and most men are happy to see them go.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Johann van Hal.

Motto: Burn them all!

Battle-cry: "It's a witch!" is not Johann's official battlecry, but is often the last thing his opponents hear.

For Hire: The following armies may hire Johann and Wilhelm as a Rare choice: Empire, Dwarfs, High Elves, Wood Elves, Lizardmen and Dogs of War.

Points: Johann van Hal (200 points) and Wilhelm Hasburg (150 points) cost a total of 350 points and must be taken together.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Johann van Hal	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	9
Wilhelm Hasburg	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8

Equipment: Johann carries two pistols and the Stake of Sigmar, which he must use if he is in base contact with an Undead or a Daemon. Wilhelm is armed with the Holy Staff.

Armour Save: None.

MAGIC ITEMS

Stake of Sigmar

This ancient relic is said to be a fragment of the tree felled by Sigmar with a single stroke when the Unberogen tribe started building the city of Altdorf. It was held in the temple of Sigmar at Obersdorf until the town was sacked by Orcs and Goblins and the relic was lost. Now it is carried by Johann van Hal. Requires two hands. The Stake of Sigmar fills Johann with the strength and purpose of Sigmar himself. It doubles Johann's Strength when he is fighting against any Undead creatures or any Daemons. This gives him an effective Strength of 8. In addition, a single unsaved wound caused by the Stake automatically slays any Vampire outright. A Vampire slain by the Stake of Sigmar cannot regenerate his lost wounds either.

Holy Staff

Atop this ironwood staff is mounted the jawbone which, it is said, was used by Sigmar when he single-handedly destroyed an army of Skaven. Wilhelm found it buried under the ruins of his temple.

Requires two hands. Wilhelm may add +2 to his Strength when fighting in hand-to-hand combat. In addition the staff will automatically wound any Skaven, Daemon or Undead Creature.

SPECIAL RULES

Formation: Johann and Wilhelm always fight together as a unit of skirmishers and cannot join any other unit. Note that they are treated as a single man-sized character for the purposes of not being targeted by enemy missile fire.

Psychology: Johann and Wilhelm are utterly dedicated to their work of hunting down Chaos worshippers and Vampires. During the long, lonely years they have met and defeated the most horrifying creatures and blasphemous monsters. Because of their experiences Johann and Wilhelm are immune to psychology. The only exception is that they *hate* all models in any Chaos and Skaven army and all Undead creatures.

Wilhelm Hasburg: Wilhelm is a fanatical priest of Sigmar, he follows all the rules for Warrior Priests presented on page 16 of the Empire book.

Witch Hunter Weapons: Johann is armed with pistols loaded with silver bullets that have been blessed by Wilhelm one by one. Thus all his shooting attacks count as magical (making him capable of shooting ethereal creatures).



Lord Inquisitor Gav Thorpe has been smiling like this ever since Inquisitor hit the shelves. As the author of the new games system, he is in the privileged position of being right at all times; a games designer's dream.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor

Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents some random character generation rules, power fields, a new optional rule and his own warband leader – Inquisitor Kessel.

CREATING RANDOM CHARACTERS

There are a number of ways to create your character for games of Inquisitor.

Some players like to generate their characters from scratch preferring the challenge of gaming with a character or warrior band that chance and fate have deemed for them. They'll go on to model up the resulting attributes and equipment for use on the tabletop. Random characters are also useful for GMs wishing to knock up a quick non-player character for a scenario.

Some players will prefer to lavish time and effort on painting and converting their model and once this masterpiece is complete set about creating a suitable background based on the look of the model.

Others will fall somewhere between these two camps – generating the attributes randomly but using the equipment as dictated by the model.

So, to help this process along, here is a random procedure for generating characters. Of course, you may want to modify your character a bit after you have finished, just to tidy it up a bit or iron out any inconsistencies. For example, it is possible (though not likely) that your marksman character ends up with no ranged weapons at all. Now, this isn't very appropriate for a marksman, so you may want to jiggle with his or her equipment to better suit their character.

Remember also that your characters need to be modelled appropriately, so bear this in mind when choosing weapons and such. That said, randomly generating a character is a great way to inspire yourself to make a new model which you may not necessarily have considered before.

SEQUENCE

There is a set sequence to follow for randomly generating characters:

1. Decide character type.
2. Generate profile.
3. Generate abilities.
4. Generate equipment.
5. Name them!

1. DECIDE CHARACTER TYPE

There are a few broad categories or types of character. This character type will determine the sort of profile and skills they have.

Fighter: A fighter is big on WS, tough and strong but with not that many smarts or psychic potential!

Marksman: This character is good at shooting, as you might expect.

Scout: Scouts can shoot and fight in hand-to-hand combat with reasonable skill, relying more on stealth, speed and dexterity than brute force.

Sage: Great intellect and knowledge are the prime strengths of a sage, though they tend to be physically weaker than other characters.

Psyker: Psykers are generally less physically adept and brawny but compensate with their psychic powers.

2. GENERATE PROFILE

Opposite are random profile generators for each type of character.

3. GENERATE ABILITIES

Each character gets D6+1 rolls on the appropriate Abilities table. Re-roll multiples of the same skill (profile increases are cumulative).

Note: All psykers start with D3+1 psychic abilities.

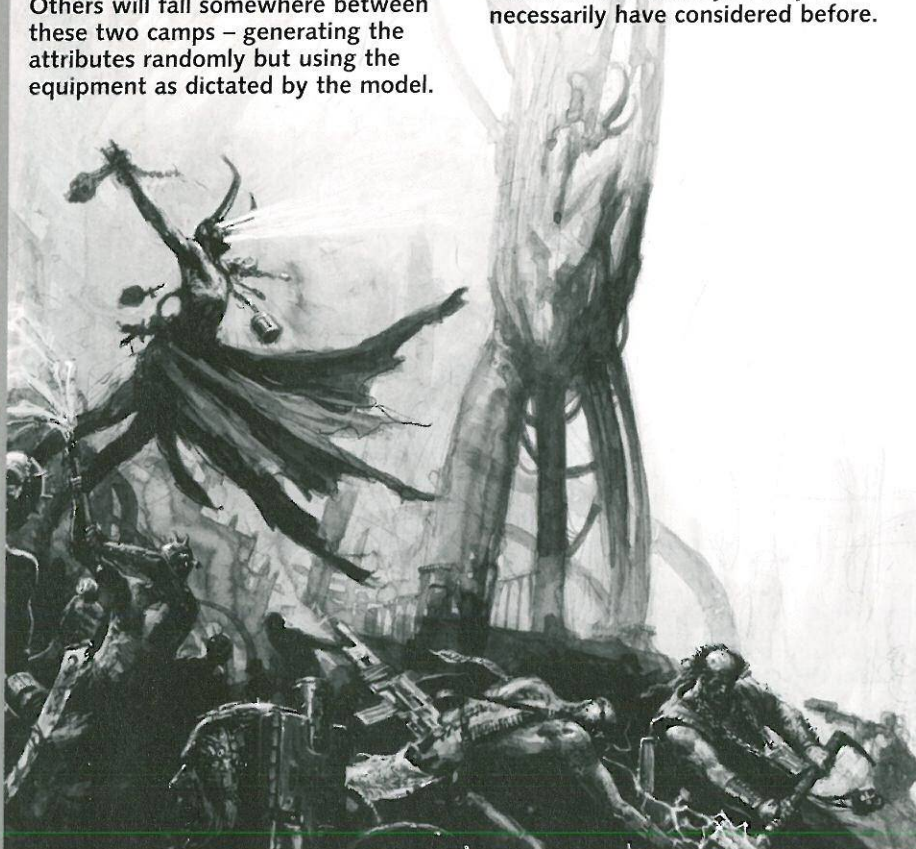
4. GENERATE EQUIPMENT

Each character gets D3+3 rolls on their equipment table. Then roll on the appropriate table.

WEAPONS

Determine a weapon's availability on the Weapons table, and then choose a weapon of the appropriate type from those available.

5. NAME THEM!



2. RANDOM PROFILE GENERATOR

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Fighter	60+2D10	40+2D10	55+2D10	55+2D6	35+2D10	30+3D10	30+3D10	65+2D6	50+2D6
Marksman	40+2D10	60+2D10	45+2D6	45+2D6	45+2D10	30+3D10	30+3D10	67+2D6	45+2D6
Scout	50+2D10	50+2D10	50+2D6	50+2D6	50+2D10	40+3D10	40+3D10	75+2D6	50+2D6
Sage	30+2D6	30+2D6	30+2D10	35+2D6	30+2D10	60+3D10	70+3D10	40+2D6	40+3D10
Psyker	40+2D10	40+2D10	40+2D10	50+2D6	45+2D10	60+3D10	40+3D10	55+2D6	55+2D6

3. ABILITIES GENERATOR

Fighter	Marksman	Scout	Sage	Psyker	Ability
01-07	01-03	01-05	-	-	+10 WS
08-10	04-10	06-10	01-03	-	+10 BS
11-15	11-13	11-13	-	-	+5 S
16-20	14-17	14-17	-	-	+5 T
21-24	18-21	18-22	04-08	-	+10 I
-	-	23	09-11	01-14	+10 Wp
-	-	24-25	12-21	-	+10 Sg
25-28	22-27	26-29	22-24	15-19	+10 Nv
29-31	28-29	30	25-26	20-23	+10 Ld
32-33	30-32	31-34	-	-	Acrobatic
34-37	33	35-37	27-29	24-25	Ambidextrous
38-40	34-35	38	30-31	-	Blademaster
41-43	-	39-41	-	-	Catfall
-	36-42	42	32-33	-	Deadeye shot
44-46	43-44	43-45	-	-	Deflect Shot
-	45-46	46-48	34-36	26-29	Dodge
-	47-51	49	37	-	Fast Draw
47-51	-	50-51	38-40	-	Feint
52-56	-	52	-	-	First Strike
57-59	52-53	53	-	30-34	Force of Will
60-64	54	-	-	-	Furious Assault
-	55-59	54-55	-	-	Gunfighter
65-67	60	56	-	35	Heroic
-	61-66	57-58	-	-	Hipshooting
68-71	67	-	41-50	36-39	Leader
72-74	68-71	59-64	51-54	40-42	Lightning Reflexes
-	72	65-67	55-60	43-44	Medic
75-80	73-74	68-71	61-62	45-47	Nerves of Steel
-	75-79	72-73	63-64	-	Quickload
-	80-85	-	-	-	Rock Steady Aim
81-84	86	74-75	65	48-49	True Grit
85-88	87-89	76-78	66-69	50-59	Exotic ability (see table on next page)
-	-	79-80	70-74	60-77*	Psychic power (see right)
-	90-92	81-86	75-79	78-81	Roll again on Fighter table
89-92	-	87-91	80-85	82-85	Roll again on Marksman table
93-96	93-95	-	86-90	86-90	Roll again on Scout table
-	96	92-95	-	91-00	Roll again on Sage table
97-00	97-00	96-00	91-00	-	Roll again on Psyker table

PSYCHIC DISCIPLINE TABLE

A psyker has abilities from D3 different disciplines

D100	Discipline
01-16	Misc
17-35	Biomancy
36-50	Telepathy
51-70	Telekinesis
71-90	Pyromancy
91-00	Daemonology

MISCELLANEOUS ABILITIES

D100	Ability
01-40	Detection
41-00	Gaze of Death

BIOMANCY ABILITIES

D100	Ability
01-18	Blood Boil
19-35	Choke
36-55	Enfeeble
56-70	Hammerhand
71-80	Regenerate
81-90	Storm of Lightning
91-00	Warp Strength

TELEPATHY ABILITIES

D100	Ability
01-10	Demoralise
11-25	Distraction
26-30	Embolden
31-38	Enforce Will
39-44	Mesmerism
45-50	Mind Scan
51-60	Psychic Shriek
61-69	Psi-track
70-72	Puppet Master
73-90	Telepathy
91-00	Terrify

TELEKINESIS ABILITIES

D100	Ability
01-20	Machine Empathy
21-35	Psychic Impel
36-50	Psychic Shield
51-60	Psychic Ward
61-00	Telekinesis

PYROMANCY ABILITIES

D100	Ability
01-35	Blinding Flash
36-50	Burning Fist
51-80	Fireball
81-00	Firestorm

DAEMONOLOGY POWERS

D100	Ability
01-34	Banishment
35-49	Instability
50-84	Sanctuary
85-94	Teleportation
95-00	Vortex of Chaos

EXOTIC ABILITIES TABLE

D100	Ability
00-05	Daemonic
06-11	Possession
12-18	Familiar
19-35	Fearsome
36-42	Frenzy
43-50	Regeneration
51-67	Spit Acid
68-75	Terrifying
76-82	Vampirism
83-90	Word of the Emperor
91-100	Wyrd (generate power)

4. EQUIPMENT GENERATOR

Fighter	Marksman	Scout	Sage	Psyker	Equipment table
01-30	01-05	01-15	01-05	01-10	Close combat weapon
31-50	06-20	16-30	06-25	11-20	Pistol
51-55	21-45	31-45	26-35	21-25	Basic weapon
-	46-55	-	-	-	Heavy weapon
56-65	56-60	46-55	36-40	26-30	Grenade
-	61-70	56-60	41-50	31-35	Special ammunition
66-80	71-80	61-70	51-60	36-45	Armour
81-90	81-85	71-80	61-75	46-55	Bionics and implants
91-95	-	-	-	56-60	Combat stimulants
-	86-90	81-90	76-80	61-65	Gunsights and auspexes
-	-	91-95	81-90	66-80	Cyber creatures
96-100	91-100	96-100	91-100	81-100	Miscellaneous

WEAPONS TABLE

D6	Weapon availability
1-3	Common
4-5	Rare
6*	Exotic

* Roll another D6. If you roll another 6, they have a Legendary weapon.
For grenades, the character has D3 of a Common type, or one of a less available type.

ARMOUR GENERATOR

D100	Armour type
01-10	Padded clothing (2 points)
11-25	Flak
26-30	Carapace
31-38	Powered
39-44	Shield (roll on shield generator)
45-50	Ceramite powered
51-63	2 points ablative
64-73	2 points ablative plus roll again
74-82	Refractor field
83-90	Conversion field
91-100	Power field (see opposite)

Powered armour covers all locations except Head. For other armour types, roll D6 random locations, re-roll duplicate results and Head results.

To see if the character has a helmet, roll a D6. On a 1, 2 or 3 they have no helmet, on a 4 or 5 they have an open helm, on a 6 they have a closed helm. An open helm has a 25% chance of containing D3 randomly generated autosenses (see Gunsights & Auspex opposite). A closed helm has a 40% chance of incorporating D3 autosenses.

COMBAT STIMMS

D6	Dispenser type
1-3	Inhaler (D10 doses)
4-5	Injector (2D10 doses)
6	Gland

Roll D6 to determine type. Re-roll if not allowed with dispenser type generated.

D6	Stimm type
1	'Slaughter
2	Psychon
3	Reflex
4	Barrage
5	Spook
6	Spur

SHIELD GENERATOR

D10	Shield type
1-3	Light shield (2 points of armour)
4-5	Reinforced shield (3 points of armour)
6-7	Buckler
8	Suppression shield
9	Mirror shield
10	Storm shield

MISCELLANEOUS

D100	Equipment
01-14	Medi-pak
15-20	Web solvent
21-30	Psychic hood (non-psykers re-roll)
31-45	De-tox (2D10 doses)
46-74	Filtration plugs
75-82	Gas mask
83-89	Re-breather
90-00	Synskin

GUNSIGHTS & AUSPEX

D10	Gunsight/Auspex type
1-2	Range-finder
3-4	Infrascopes
5-6	Laser sight
7	Motion predictor
8	Bio-scanner
9	Motion tracker
10	Psi-tracker

CYBER CREATURES

D10	Cyber/psyber creature
1-2	Gun-skull
3-4	Med-skull
5-6	Combat-skull
7-8	Hunter-skull
9	Cyber-mastiff
10	Psyber-eagle (non-psykers re-roll)



BIONICS TABLE

D6	Bionic type
1-3	Bionic Limb
4-5	Bionic sense
6	Other implant

BIONIC SENSES

D6	Sense
1-2	Hearing
3	Right eye
4	Left eye
5	Both eyes
6	Both eyes and ears

IMPLANTS

D6	Implant type
1	Implant weapon (D6: 1-3 = left hand, 4,5 = right hand, 6 = shoulder/chest implant)
2	Bionic organ (D6: 1,2 = lungs, 3,4 = heart, 5,6 = brain)
3	Bionic head (+D6-1 armour)
4	MIU
5	Psi-boosters (re-roll if not a psyker or Wyrder)
6	Mechadendrites

BIONIC LIMBS

D6	Limb
1	Left arm
2	Right arm
3	Both arms
4	Left leg
5	Right leg
6	Both legs

BIONIC QUALITY

D6	Quality
1-2	Crude
3-4	Average
5-6	Advanced

NEW WARGEAR & ADDITIONAL RULES

The following is an extra item of wargear to equip your characters with or for use in scenarios.

POWER FIELD

Power fields are the standard energy defence used by the Imperium. They work by throwing up a force wall to deflect incoming energy and projectiles. They provide good protection but are generally heavy devices which require substantial amounts of power. As well as personal protection, they are used for defending vital equipment such as power generators, access portals, vehicles and the like.

Power fields provide a force field defence. Unlike other force fields, they have a variable setting and a limited duration of use. A power field normally provides D10 armour, and each contains sufficient energy for 20 turns use. However, this may be increased to 2D10 armour, which will drain two turns of power every turn, or 3D10, which will drain four turns of energy every turn. A power field generator has a weight of 50.

The following are some extra, optional rules GMs might like to introduce to their games and campaigns.

ENCUMBRANCE

These rules allow GMs to take into account the difficulties of moving swiftly whilst laden down with heavy armour, weapons and equipment. If you find that your characters are taking everything bar the kitchen sink into battle, you may want to introduce the rules to your campaign to encourage more lightly-equipped characters.

A character can carry a certain amount of equipment before their performance is impaired. The amount a character can carry (their Encumbrance value) is equal to their Strength+50, after all modifications for bionics, power armour, combat stims, etc. Add up the weight of all weapons and equipment carried (treat all equipment without a specified weight as 5). In addition, each point of armour (except powered armour) weighs 5 points. This is the total weight of their

equipment. Compare this to their Encumbrance value. For every 25 points, or part, that their equipment is more than their Encumbrance value they are at -1 Speed (minimum 1). No model may carry more than twice their Encumbrance value.

NEW CHARACTER

On the next page are the rules for Inquisitor Kessel, the leader of my own warrior band. He is a quite simple conversion, using Cherubael's head on Eisenhorn's body, Covenant's sword and a repositioning of Eisenhorn's runestaff. As you might expect, he is fairly radical, having been the victim of a daemonic possession which left him physically altered. He is now a dedicated member of the Chaoticians, an old precursor to the Xanthite movement, whose studies into daemonology and the warp have earned him many enemies but much rare knowledge. He is currently one of a number of Inquisitors drawn to the world of Karis Cephalon following widespread rumours of a device called the Angel located on that world.

CHARACTER SHEET

Name: *Inquisitor Kessel*

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld	Speed
Starting:	81	76	62	68	71	88	88	91	94	5
Current:										

Ranged Weapons

Weapon	Type	Range	Firing Mode	Accuracy	Damage	Shots	Reload	Weight

Close Combat Weapons

Weapon	Reach	Damage	Parry Penalty
Daemon Sword	3	2D6	-15%
Force Staff	4	D10 (+2D6 on WP test)	-10%

Special Abilities & Psychic Powers

Leader, Ambidextrous

Vampirism

*Psychic powers - Firestorm
- Blinding Flash
- Terrify*

Equipment, Reloads, etc

*Daemon sword (WP 85) with Lashing,
Mind-Stealer and Warpflame.*

Force Staff

Damage

Knockback (S/10): 6

Base Injury
value (T/10): 7

System Shock (T/5): 14

Consciousness (T/2): 34

Injury Total:

96-100 HEAD Armour: Damage
L H A C

36-50 RIGHT ARM Armour: 2 Damage
L H S A C

81-95 CHEST Armour: 3 Damage
L H S A C

51-65 LBFT ARM Armour: 2 Damage
L H S A C

Right Hand Carrying

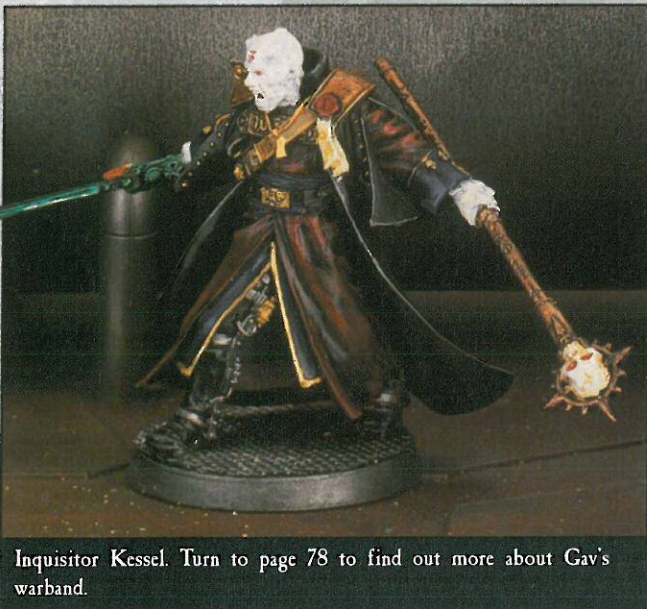
66-80 ABDOMEN Armour: 2 Damage
L H S A C

Left Hand Carrying

01-15 RIGHT LEG Armour: 2 Damage
L H S A C

31-35 GROIN Armour: 2 Damage
L H A C

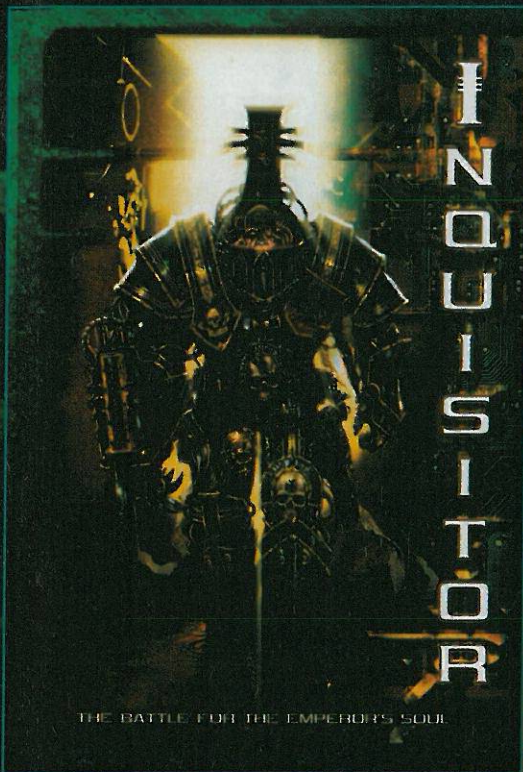
16-30 LEFT LEG Armour: 2 Damage
L H S A C



Inquisitor Kessel. Turn to page 78 to find out more about Gav's warband.

Recovery: Successful Toughness test reduces damage by D3 (+1 for every 10 Toughness over 50). **Bleeding:** 1+D3 to Injury total at end of every turn.

THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S SOUL



THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S SOUL

Across a thousand worlds, the unseen Inquisitors of the Imperium stalk the deep shadows of reality. With utmost authority, the Inquisitors walk unhindered in the darkness, purging their enemies, destroying aliens and furthering their own insidious schemes. A single word from an Inquisitor can doom an entire world. But with that power comes horrific danger...

Inquisitor is a large scale narrative skirmish game set in the dark world of the Imperium's most covert and mysterious agents. Using beautifully crafted 54mm models, each player takes the role of an Inquisitor and his warband as they clash with the enemies of humanity, alien forces and frequently other Inquisitors!

Remember, no-one can hide from the scrutiny of the Inquisition.

INQUISITOR RULEBOOK £20.00

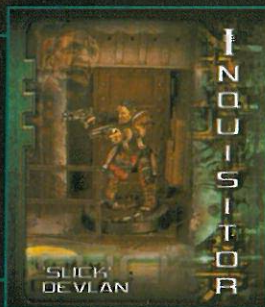
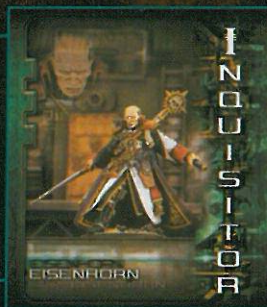
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- Comprehensive armoury and details of many special talents, abilities and psychic powers.
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- 15 fully detailed sample characters.

INQUISITOR STARTER SET 1 £45.00

Inquisitor Starter Set 1 Contains:

- An Inquisitor rulebook.
- An Inquisitor Eisenhorn boxed set.
- A Slick Devlan boxed set.
- Six ten-sided dice.

These models require assembly.

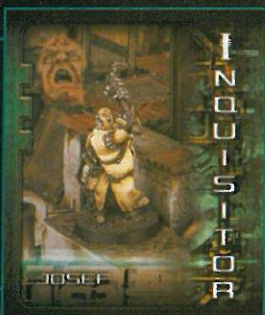
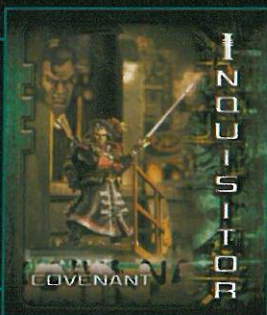


INQUISITOR STARTER SET 2 £45.00

Inquisitor Starter Set 2 Contains:

- An Inquisitor rulebook.
- An Inquisitor Covenant boxed set.
- A Preacher Josef boxed set.
- Six ten-sided dice.

These models require assembly.

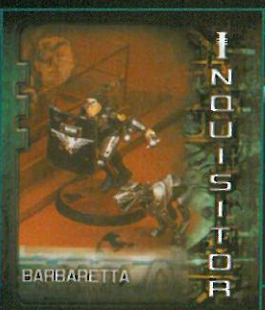
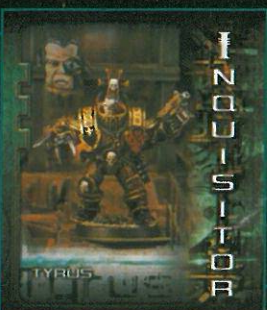


INQUISITOR STARTER SET 3 £45.00

Inquisitor Starter Set 3 Contains:

- An Inquisitor rulebook.
- A Witch Hunter Tyrus boxed set.
- A Special Security Enforcer Barbaretta.
- Six ten-sided dice.

These models require assembly.



INQUISITOR

Starter Sets available only while stocks last.

Transmitted: Magos Biologis
Research station: New Hallefuss
Received: Talasa Prime
Date: 3208839.M41

Astropath: Prime Derius
Ref: INQ.XB:07858/W
Collated by: Scribe Sherman Bishop

Subject: Debate on the validity of the conventional theory on the Tyranid 'hive mind'

>>The 'hive mind' is an aspect of the Tyranids which is not well understood and which often sparks heated debates. In an attempt to 'explain' to the masses the nature of the enemy, many liberties have been, and continue to be, taken with the 'truth' and 'fact'. The conventional theory of the hive mind doesn't stand up to any scrutiny. Grand generalizations were used to classify the phenomenon of telepathic group consciousness presumed to exist within the various hive fleets.

If we, of the Magos Biologis, analyze the function and effects of the 'hive mind' we will see, however, that it is remarkably similar to our own technological means of communication and government. The mystique surrounding this topic stems from the psychic nature of the hive mind and the complete lack of our ability to intercept, decipher and analyze the signal itself. But placed into more commonly understood forms, the hive mind serves as language (verbal and written), government (local and regional), command structure, infrastructure, data storage and many others seamlessly integrated into the biology and society (if we can use the term in regards to Tyranids). The system affords few if any avenues for quantifiable study and only the rare instances of captured specimens give us any insight into the degree of influence which the 'hive mind' holds over each Tyranid within the hive. Where within the minds of these creatures does instinct stop and cognitive reasoning and learning begin? A difficult question to answer given the best circumstances.++

++ Magos Biologis Alkian,
Dictator Psychic Research<<

>>On the much debated topic of rogue hive fleets; to assume that the sum total of all Tyranidic organisms within the galaxy are under the direct influence of some ubiquitous entity is sheer nonsense. Each hive fleet has distinctive characteristics which individualize it from the collective whole. While they maintain significant similar traits, there can be little doubt that the hive fleets operate autonomously. The theory that the 'hive mind' or 'warp shadow' controls the entirety of the race is unsubstantiated and refuted by many acid tests within the short known history of the Tyranids. In essence, all hive fleets are 'rogue', tantamount to singular predators existing harmoniously with one another so long as territorial boundaries are respected.++

++ Magos Biologis Alkian,
Dictator Psychic Research<<

>>Some argue that the hive mind is akin to the brain within the hive fleet and that the individual creatures are the cells of the hive fleet. While this analogy seems accurate, turn the gaze of analysis back upon the analyst. Does not the Imperium function in a strikingly similar fashion? Do not all organizations of any size also fit into this broad characterization? The individual, within any vast conglomerate, typically operates at the behest of other authorities beyond his control. The Imperial Guardsman accepts the suicidal order from his commanders, who received their orders from even higher echelons. It is the very nature of things. We can say that the common Termagant is significantly less self-aware or 'intelligent' than

the Imperial Guardsman is, but does either hold any more or less power over its fate? Self-awareness in the Guardsman affords him occasions for doubt, fear and question. Tempered by rigid discipline these are overcome. The comparative lack of these problems in the Tyranid model emphasizes the role of the 'hive mind' once more. The 'hive mind' guides, and coordinates the efforts of the hive. It maintains the caste system within the fleet and disciplines the populace to a common goal.++

++ Chief Magos Biologis Salk.<<

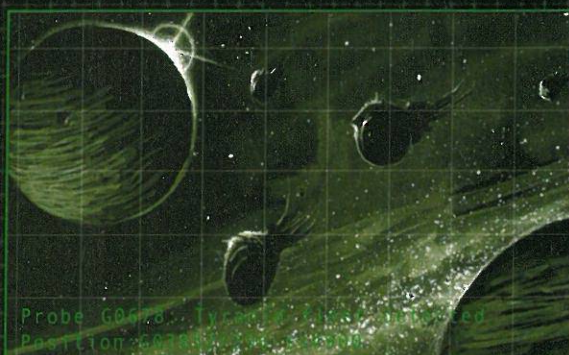
>>The 'hive mind' is ostensibly the biological version of a communications and command grid. It facilitates the efficient transfer of information, relays commands, enforces discipline and collects intelligence. In battlefield theatres it acts as the direct command link by which the orders of the commander are relayed. The extent to which this signal overrides the individual will of the constituent members of the horde is uncertain. What is known is that the most highly developed cognitive abilities evidenced by the Tyranids are in the upper echelons of the developmental range.++

++ Magos Biologis Krian.<<

>>My personal feelings on the matter are that given the biological data obtained, degrees of genetic variance encountered and differing methods of operation employed, the Tyranidic hive mind is simply a biological Command & Control. Placing greater significance upon it by encompassing all Tyranids into some huge cabal or gestalt consciousness simply doesn't fit with the detected differences between hive fleet tactics and observed actions. Tyranidic fleets have been seen to learn from initial encounters with various tactics, but subsequent encounters with other hive fleets have not shown that they too have the benefit of the previous encounters. The separation of the Tyranids into these distinctive hive fleets leads me to

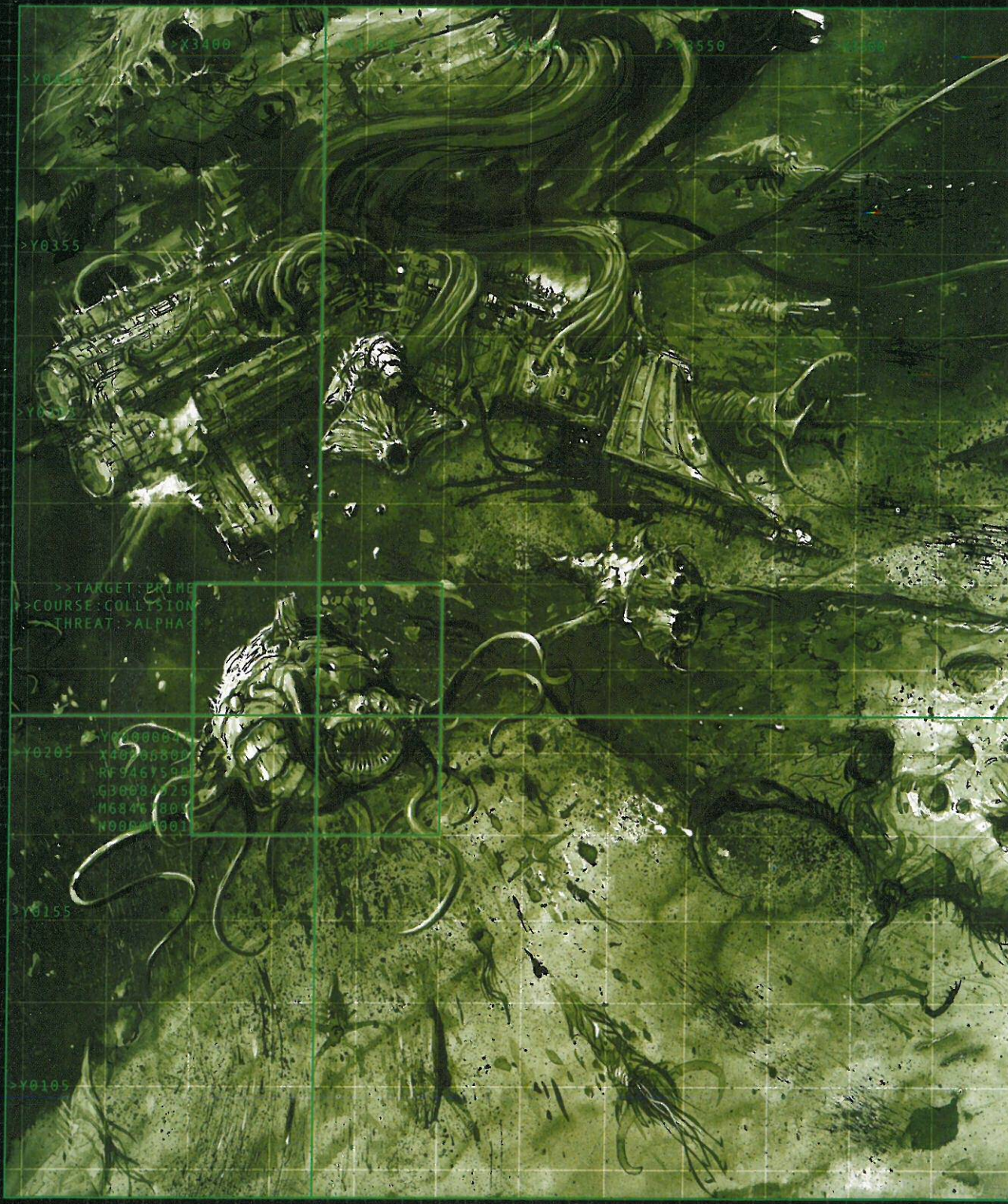
believe that the hive mind, while common to all Tyranids, develops uniquely within each hive fleet. It is obvious that Tyranids can be isolated from the influence of the hive mind and act in a way unmotivated by the will of the hive.++

++ Magos Biologis Adept Vurek.<<



Probe 60678, Tyranid Hive Mind, Position: 60184, 60184, 60184

>>Analytical evaluation of biological components of this system is currently underway. With the help of the Epistolary Drukha, we were able to determine which creatures had 'true' intelligence and which seemed to rely only on rudimentary intellect when isolated from the 'hive mind' signal. Examination and comparison of bestial creatures versus higher organisms noted a significant biological difference within the creatures' brains. All Tyranidic creatures, and especially hive node creatures < Tyranicus Tyranicii 'Tyrants' and Tyranicii Praefeceta 'Warriors'> were found to harbour a complex truncated organ within the brain which seems to be the source of psychic activity and 'control' of lower organisms. Cerebrumea (ie. 'Zoanthropes') have the most pronounced use, allowing them to hurl bolts of force capable of destroying battle tanks. Three types of organs were found, Master, Independent and Slave. Master organs constantly radiate thoughts and commands as well as read stimuli from other organs. Masters are capable of overriding the control of the Slave brain through the organ, spurring them to acts which could be self-destructive or would be avoided were it not for the influence of the 'hive mind signal'. Independent organs receive but do not broadcast any Slave signal. While



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>>TARGET: PRIME
>COURSE: COLLISION
>THREAT: >ALPHA<

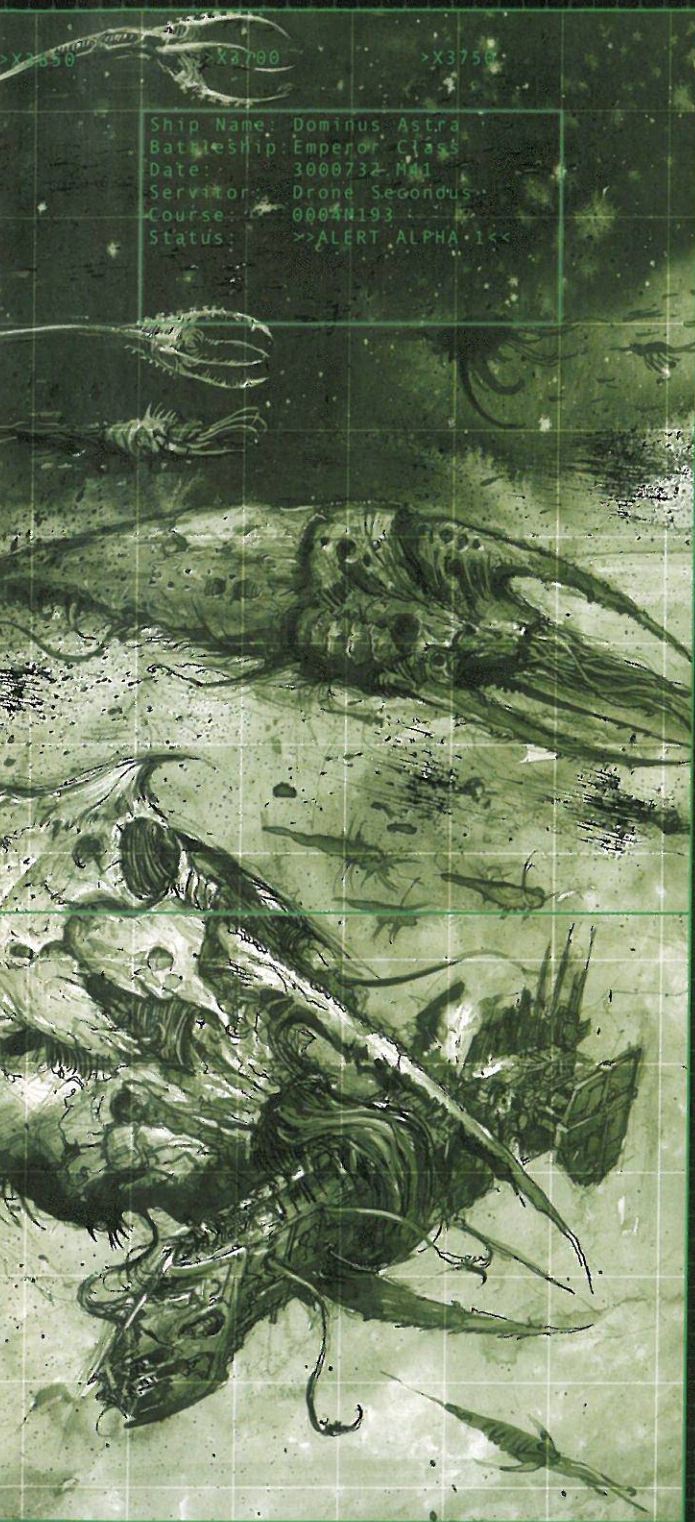
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>Y0155

>Y0105

Last transmission from the Dominus Astra,
Emperor class battleship date: 3000732.M41
Position: G03852/520-54902
Current Status: Unknown





they do not appear to radiate the signal, the presence of these creatures within hordes of smaller creatures bolsters the smaller considerably. Slave organs require stimulus from Master organs, and many creatures with this organ function only on instinct when removed from Master influence.

+++EXAMPLE+++

When placed within 'contact' range of a Tyranicii Preafeceta, all Termagauntii behaved similarly. When the stimulus was removed, the Gargoylisii and Termagauntii both exhibited diminished faculties while the Hormagauntii become completely animalistic. It could be possible to jam these emanations and disrupt the orchestration of the entire attack. We are currently working on developing a modulator which will cause excessive feedback to the source. <Ref.TFK.17534>. NOTE: Individual creatures are unable to manifest the warp disturbances which blanket worlds attacked by the fleet, even at minute levels. Thus this phenomenon has been attributed to either the hive mind circuit overloading the warp with psychic messages, or a constant flux of overwhelming power from an as yet unknown source.

Tests also indicate that there are subtle nuances within the hive signal which might be best described as dialects. Members of Hive Fleet Kraken have significant difficulty in relaying instructions for problem solving to members of Hive Fleet Leviathan. However Hive Fleet Behemoth and Kraken show considerably less difficulty, while Leviathan and Behemoth are barely able to function at all. While other specimens are being tested, these initial findings are remaining the norm. Functional 'communication' via the hive mind signal is more readily accomplished as the development of the creature increases. Tyrants make the transition in a quarter of the time required by Warriors.++

++ Chief Magos Biologis Salk<<

>>I will continue to report on this topic as our theories are tested.<<



A new scale of fantasy wargaming, set in the Warhammer world – Warmaster was launched a year ago. It allows gamers to send vast armies to fight their enemies, marching across panoramic battlefields.

FIRST BIRTHDAY

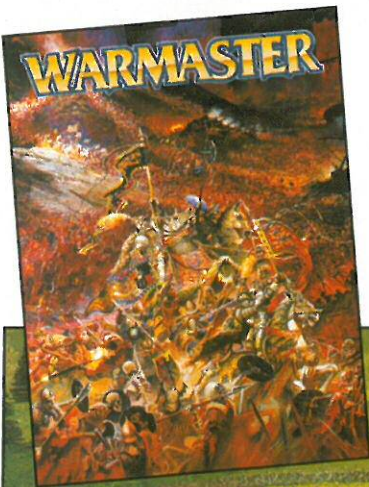
Rick Priestley looks at how Warmaster has progressed over the past year



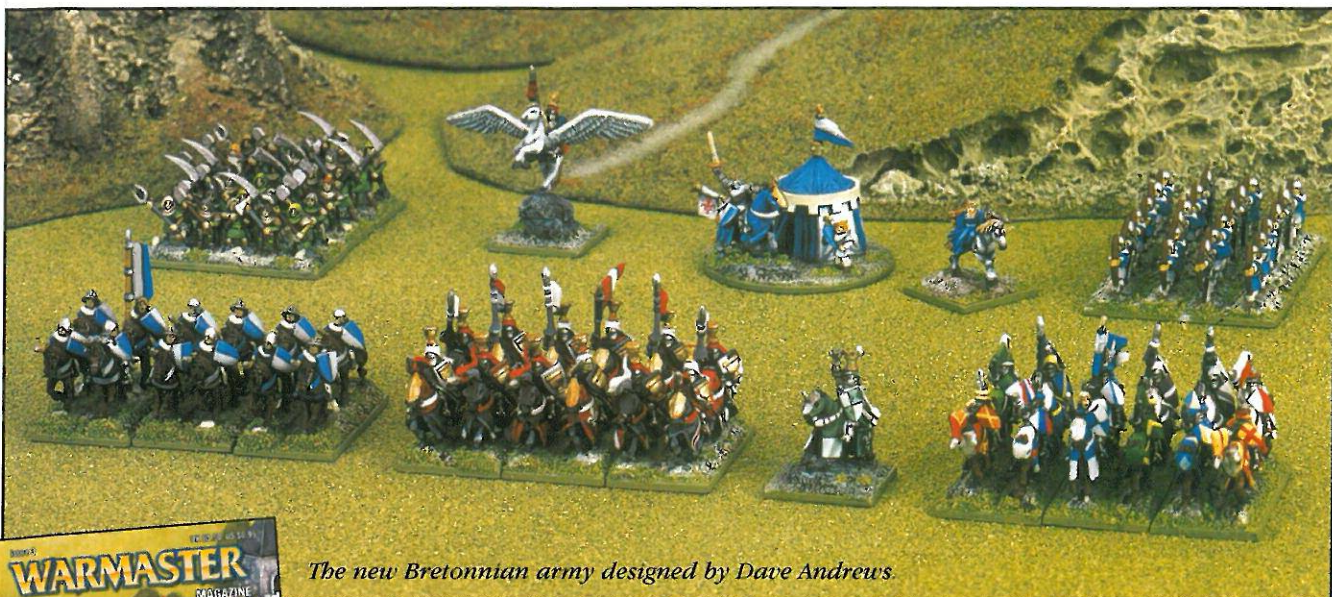
Rick: the Warmaster game was something of a pet project for me and something I'd been hoping to do for some years. Warmaster is all about big battles – and what gamer doesn't dream of fighting really big battles! By making Warmaster models relatively small (a man is about 10mm) the regiments take up less space and the battlefields become HUGE!



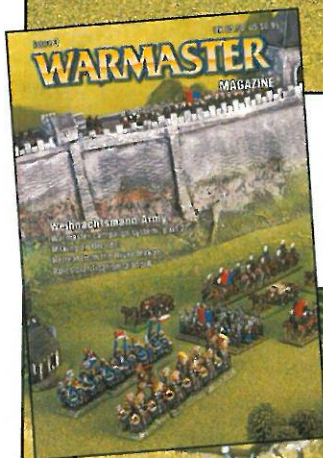
▲ Forge World have also been busy making resin accessories for Warmaster – including fortifications, buildings and a really nice ship. More models currently in design include a Dwarf airship, more buildings, and another ship... but I'm not going to spoil the surprise by telling you what army it's for!



▲ Warmaster kicked off with six different armies: Empire, Orcs & Goblins, Undead, High Elves (above), Dwarfs and Chaos – all released within six months of the game itself. This was quite a big design project for the studio and the designers worked hard to meet the release dates – apparently small things take longer to do. Don't ask me why. It's a designer thing.



The new Bretonnian army designed by Dave Andrews.



▲▼ Since the release of the first six armies, the Warmaster range has been growing steadily, thanks to the efforts of the Fanatic design team. Not only has Fanatic started to publish Warmaster Magazine (generally known as WarMag) but they've also commissioned and produced many new models. These include siege engines, new troops for the existing armies, and two new armies: Kislev and Bretonnians. A Lizardmen army is also currently in design.



An Orc & Goblin army lays siege to an Empire castle.



Kislev Bears

Rick: My own Warmaster web site (www.warmaster.co.uk) appeared last year followed by some other excellent sites. If you haven't seen Stephan Hess's battle reports on his site then you have a real treat in store (www.brumbaer.de).

Fear of missing anyone out makes me reluctant to attempt a full list of sites – but Maximum Warmaster (www.maximumwarmaster.com) is not only a great site but it also has a very good links section.

The Warmaster e-group at www.egroups.com/group/gw-warmaster is also worth a visit.

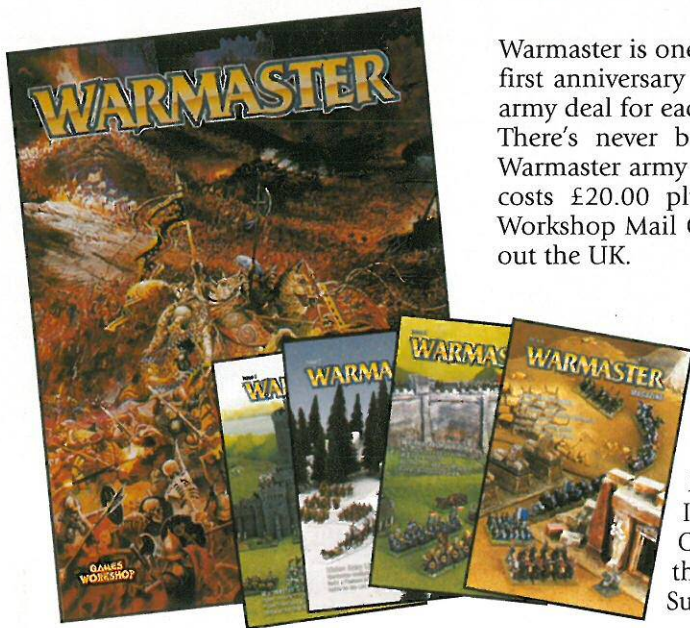
You'll find a great group of friendly and informed players. Whether you have queries about the game rules, painting or scenery making, there's always someone ready with helpful advice. The e-group also runs the official Warmaster Q&A team that feeds queries through to myself and the Warmaster co-authors Stephan Hess and Alessio Cavatore.

► The year 2000 also saw the first Warmaster tournaments and events with USA and UK championships, and a Campaign Day at the GW Warhammer World site. The game was still very new when the tournaments were held, so it was great to see both events so well supported. More tournaments and Campaign Days are being planned for later this year.



WARMASTER

New material for Blood Bowl, Mordheim, Necromunda, Battlefleet Gothic, Warhammer Quest, Warmaster & Epic 40,000



Warmaster is one year old this month, and to celebrate the first anniversary of its release we've put together a special army deal for each and every army in the Warmaster range. There's never been a better time to start collecting a Warmaster army and playing this superb game. Warmaster costs £20.00 plus postage. It is available from Games Workshop Mail Order and all good games stores throughout the UK.

WARMASTER MAGAZINE

Warmaster magazine is released every two months, and contains new rules and articles for the game. It is a vital purchase for any serious Warmaster player. Warmaster Magazine costs £3.50 plus postage per issue. It is available from Games Workshop Mail Order and all good games stores throughout the UK. You can also order on-line. Subscriptions are available.

Games Workshop Warmaster website: www.games-workshop.co.uk/warhammerworld/warmaster/warmaster.htm
Rick's Priestley's Warmaster website: www.warmaster.co.uk

HIGH ELVES

The High Elves are the oldest and most civilised race in the Warhammer World. Their disciplined armies consist of a core of superbly trained archers and spearmen, supported by contingents of fast-moving cavalry and chariots.

WARMASTER STARTER ARMY DEALS
To celebrate the first birthday of the Warmaster game we've put together the following starter army deals. Each deal includes enough units to make a 1,000 pt Warmaster army.



This is the complete army included in this deal. Lack of space prevented us showing the complete armies for all of the other deals but take it from us - they are just as awesome!

High Elf Army Deal
Two units of Spearmen, two units of Archers, one unit of Elven Bolt Throwers, two units of Silver Helms, one unit of Reavers and two units of Chariots for £50.00 plus postage and we will include a High Elf Character set and Dragon Rider free as a 1st Birthday gift!

Available **EXCLUSIVELY** through GW Mail Order.



Brettonnia

The noble Bretonnians are the latest addition to our growing range of Warmaster armies. Bretonnian armies are famous for the impetuous and nigh-on unstoppable charges of their armoured knights.



Brettonnian Army Deal

Three units of Knights, one unit of Mounted Squires, two units of Bowmen, two units of Men-At-Arms and two units of Peasants for £50.00 plus postage and we will include a Bretonnian Character set and Grail Knights free as a 1st Birthday gift!

BRETONNIAN & KISLEV ARMIES ARE AVAILABLE THROUGH MAIL ORDER ONLY.

KISLEV

Kislev is located to the north of the Empire, and its peoples have to fight a constant war against raiders from the Chaos Wastes. Kislev armies are famed for their superb light cavalry and ferocious bears.



Kislev Army Deal

Two units of Axemen, two units of Knights, two units of Bowmen, three units of Horse Archers and one unit of Bears for £50.00 plus postage and we will include a Kislev Character set and War Wagon free as a 1st Birthday gift!

CHAOS

The forces of Chaos are led by grim Chaos Warriors, who command warbands of monsters and brutal human Marauders. Their armies are continually at war with each other and the rest of the world.



Chaos Army Deal

Two units of Chaos Warriors, two units of Chaos Marauders, one unit of Ogres, one unit of Harpies, one unit of Chaos Knights, two units of Marauder Horsemen and one unit of Chaos Hounds for £50.00 plus postage and we will include a Chaos Character set and Dragon Ogres free as a 1st Birthday gift!

UNDEAD

The dread Tomb Kings of Khemri are cursed to fight an eternal battle, where those who die are forced to live again. Undead armies consist of hordes of Skeleton infantry and cavalry, supported by chariots and Undead monsters.



Undead Army Deal

Two units of Skeletons, two units of Skeleton Bowmen, one unit of Carrion, one unit of Skull Chukkas, two units of Chariots and two units of Cavalry for £50.00 plus postage and we will include an Undead Character set and Bone Giant free as a 1st Birthday gift!

DWARFS

The Dwarfs are a long-lived race who never forget a grudge, and who value gold above all other things. Dwarf armies never include cavalry, but this is more than made up for by the legendary stubbornness of their infantry.



Dwarf Army Deal

Four units of Warriors, two units of Handgunners, one unit of Trollslayers, one unit of Cannons, one unit of Rangers and one unit of Flame Cannons for £50.00 plus postage and we will include a Dwarf Character set and a Gyrocopter free as a 1st Birthday gift!

WARMASTER TERRAIN
Available from
Forge World at:
www.forgeworld.co.uk

ORCS & GOBLINS

Orcs are ferocious raiders who descend like locusts upon the civilised lands of the Old World. Their armies consist of masses of Orc and Goblin infantry, flanked by sweeping hordes of Wolf and Boar riders.



Orc and Goblin Army Deal

Two units of Orc Warriors, one unit of Black Orcs, two units of Goblins, one unit of Trolls, one unit of Boar Riders, one unit of Wolf Riders, one unit of Wolf Chariots and one Rock Lobber for £50.00 plus postage and we will include an Orc Character set and Giant free as a 1st Birthday gift!

The Empire

The Empire is the largest and by far the most powerful of the realms of man. The backbone of the Empire's armies are its well-trained infantry, supported by the Empire's knightly orders.



Empire Army Deal

Two units of Halberdiers, one unit of Handgunners, two units of Crossbowmen, one unit of Flagellants, two units of Knights, one unit of Pistoliers, and one unit of Cannons, all for £50 plus postage, and we will include an Empire Character set and Empire Steam Tank free as a 1st Birthday gift!

HOW TO ORDER

All of the army deals are available from Games Workshop Mail Order and our on-line store. You can also buy the army deals in any Games Workshop store and at participating GW stockists while stocks last.

Warmaster models are sold as 'units' which normally consist of enough Warmaster models to make a unit, plus the bases needed to mount them on. Character sets consist of a set of individual character models.

You can get Fanatic models from Games Workshop Mail Order:

☎ UK 0115 91 40000 ☎ USA 1-800-394-GAME (between 8am and 10pm)

On-line store: www.games-workshop.com

Please refer to the Games Workshop Mail Order pages elsewhere in this magazine for details of payment methods and postage rates. If you have any trouble getting hold of Fanatic products then contact us at the e-mail address or telephone number below and we'll sort things out.

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WEB: www.fanatic-games.com E-MAIL: fanatic@games-workshop.co.uk

INQUISITOR EISENHORN

The Inquisition moves silently amongst Mankind, ruthless and uncompromising, striking down the enemies of humanity. Here we look into the darker side of one of its most secretive members, Inquisitor Eisenhorn.

A LOOK INTO THE MIND OF AN INQUISITOR

I looked around, and quickly noted where several inspection hatches had been levered away with pry-bars. The matt-red paint was scored along the frame where the bars had been forced in, and hundreds of years of sacred unguents and lexmechanical sigil-seals applied and tended to by the technomagi had been broken.

I peered in through the open covers, and saw rows of copper-wound cells, vibrating rack-frames, wet with black lubricant, sooty ganglions of insulated electrical routing and dripping, lagged iron pipes. Sprung-jawed clips with biting metal teeth had been attached to some of the cells, and wiring from these clips trailed back to a small and obviously new ceramite module box taped inside the hatch frame. A digital runic display on the module flashed amber.

This was where Eyclone's men had artificially triggered the revival process. That meant he had either turned and

recruited local technomagi, or brought in experts from off world. Either way, this signified considerable resources.

I moved on, and clambered up a ladder frame onto a raised platform of metal grille. There was something else here, a rectangular casket measuring about a metre and a half along its longest edge. It rested on four claw-like feet and had carrying handles built into its sides. The lid was open, and dozens of cables and leads snaked out, linking it to the cryogenerator's electro-mechanical guts, exposed by another pried off hatch.

I looked into the casket, but could make little sense of what I saw there. Circuit boards and complex mechanical elements linked by sheaves of cable. And there was a space, a padded recess in the heart of the casket's innards, clearly waiting to receive something the size of a clenched fist. Loose cable ends and plugs were taped in place, ready to be connected. But a key component of this mysterious device was evidently missing.

My vox-link chimed in my ear. It was Betancore. I could barely hear him over the noise of the cryogenerator as he made a quick report in Glossia.

"Aegis, heavens uplift, thrice-sevenfold, a crown with stars. Infamous angel without title, to Thorn by eight. Pattern?"

I considered. I was in no mood to take any more chances. "Thorn, pattern hawk."

"Pattern hawk acknowledged," he said with relish.

I saw movement from the corner of my eye about a half-second after I broke the link with Betancore. Another of Eyclone's black-eyed men, running in through the main hatch with an old model laspistol raised in his hand.

His first shot, a twinkling ball of pink light, snapped the metal handrail of the platform I stood on with an explosive ping. His

second and third passed over me as I dived down, and ricocheted off the cast-iron side of the cryogenerator with scorching crackles.

I returned fire, prone, but the angle was bad. Two more las shots came my way, one cutting sideways into the edge of the platform deck and cutting a gouge through the grill. The gunman was nearly at the foot of the ladder-frame.

Now a second gunman entered the chamber, calling out after the first, a powerful autorifle in his hands. He saw me, and began to raise the weapon, but I had a cleaner angle on him, and dropped him quickly with two rounds through the upper torso.

The other was almost below me now, and fired a shot up that punched clean through the grill just next to my right foot.

I didn't hesitate. I went up and over the rail and directly down onto him. We crashed onto the chamber floor, the powerful impact throwing my own gun out of my grasp despite my efforts to hold onto it. The man was jabbering some insane nonsense into my face and had a good grip on the front of my tunic. I had him by the throat and by the wrist of his gun-hand, forcing the laspistol away. He fired it twice into the ceiling space above.

"Enough!" I commanded, modulating my tone to emphasise my will as I drove it into his mind. "Drop it!" He did, meekly, as if surprised. Psyker tricks of will often baffle those who find themselves compelled by them. As he faltered, I threw a punch that connected well and left him unconscious on the floor.

As I bent to recover my gun, Betancore voxed me again. "Aegis, pattern hawk, infamous angel cast down."

"Thorn acknowledged. Resume pattern crucible."

I pushed on after my quarry.

From Xenos: Book One of the Eisenhorn Trilogy, by Dan Abnett. Available from the Black Library.



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THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "Far better to die for the Emperor than live for Heresy."

>>>Page 2/6

>>>and that was the end of that. So it was that I found myself in the company of Inquisitor Eisenhorn.

At first I was greatly reassured by his presence, for he is almost unparalleled in the field of psychic exorcisms and anti-daemonic incantations. However, as the manner by which he came about this knowledge grew more apparent, my own thoughts became filled with trepidation. Others have often asked why Eisenhorn does not commit his great knowledge to file so that we might all learn from his experience. I know now why this is not so, for his repository of intelligence is not only his mind, but the mind of another, as yet not fully explored. I write its name with hesitation, for names have power, and beasts of its kind thrive on such power. But write it I must, though I implore that it never be spoken out loud, lest it hear your words and you become known to it.

Cherubael.

A more malevolent entity I have yet to meet. I saw it at first in dormancy, its power was not evident and at the time I believed it to be simply some pitiful mutant. It was chained in a cell beneath Eisenhorn's library, and I thought it to be a captive. It murmured in its sleep, or so it seemed, until I realised with horror that its lips did not move. They never move except to scream such hurtful, soul-destroying things that lesser men would cower in terror. I made the error of judgement to enter the gaol, to closer inspect what I thought little more than an interesting specimen. As I dropped down into the oubliette beside it, Cherubael awoke.

The tiny cell became awash with a gale of energy, unlike anything I have felt, that swirled not only around me, but through me also. I felt a hideous life-force pass through my own body, drawn into the shell of the man who had now become the host for the evil Daemon Prince. Opening its cat-like eyes, it levitated up from the stone flags, ascending towards the opening above. It strained at the heavy links of the chains that held it to thick bolts in the ground, and runes of sanctuary blazed about the ceiling.

Its voice appeared in my head, a screech and a bellow, somehow impossibly low and high-pitched at once. In fact it was like a chorus of voices, speaking with a single tongue. I tried to hold out its telepathic presence, using all the mind-locks and control mantras I knew, but it was too strong and I was forced to listen. I remember every word that it said, in fact I think that was its intention. I have since been scrutinised by a psyk-healer, and she told me that the message was seared into my subconscious, only a full mind-scrub would erase it now. And so I live with that message. It told me,

"Here in the cold void, you have already died. In your world you have fourteen years to live. Fourteen years before a traitor kills you with your own gun. Now, what would you ask of me?"

I have lived on the borders of paranoia since that time, never<<<

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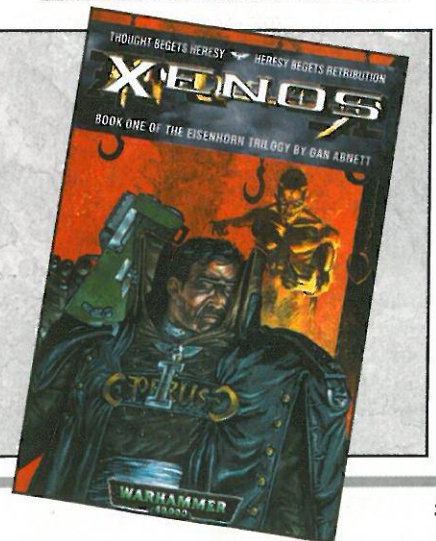


XENOS

A novel by Dan Abnett

The Inquisition moves amongst Mankind like an avenging shadow, striking down the enemies of Humanity with uncompromising ruthlessness. Inquisitor Eisenhorn faces a vast interstellar cabal and the dark power of Daemons, all racing to recover an arcane text of abominable power – an ancient tome known as the Necroteuch.

COMING SOON! PRICE £5.99



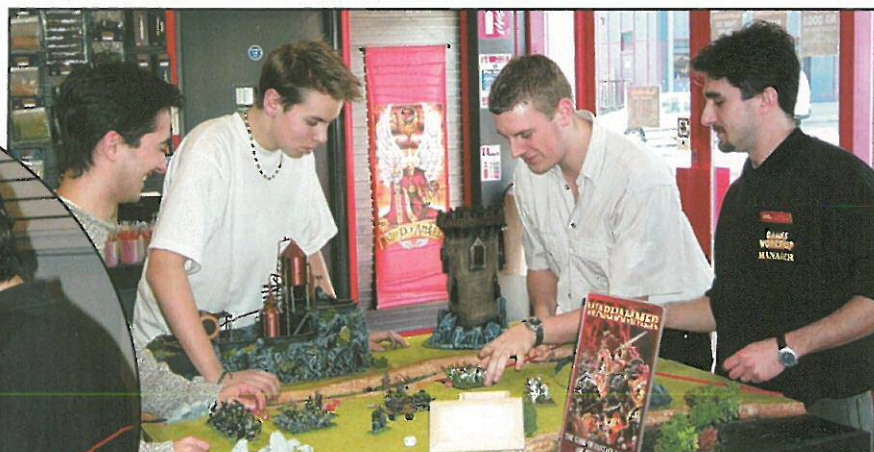
The clash of swords on armour, the thunder of rumbling tanks, the guttural shout of marauding Orcs, and the flash of alien laser fire. All of these are within your grasp.

You can command your resolute spearmen and knights against the forces of evil, lead squads of Space Marines deep into alien territory, assault the high towers of the Elves with your shambling Undead hordes, and grind the bunkers of your foes beneath the treads of your mighty tanks. The battlefield is yours to command.

GAMES WORKSHOP

STORES

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The chance to learn to play Games Workshop games – our staff are ready to show you how!

All Games Workshop stores run introductory games for beginners, so if you're new to the Games Workshop hobby, drop into your local store and one of our friendly staff will be happy to help.

Once you've been introduced to the hobby you can take your first steps towards building your world conquering army! Start by purchasing a boxed set such as the Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 boxed game. Each contains the rules for the game, templates, dice, scenery and enough models to form the core of two opposing forces. These boxed sets are ideal for sharing with a friend – you could even buy a second rulebook and split the set between you.

Once you have decided on which army you wish to lead into battle, you can buy the relevant Armies book or Codex. These books provide all the specific rules, background, stories, painting guides and special characters

for your chosen force, making them invaluable guides for the budding general.

Collecting and painting your army are key points of the hobby. While you can play with an unfinished army, there is nothing to compare to a well painted army taking the field in your chosen colours. You can pick up hints and tips for painting your army from the Armies books, White Dwarf and most importantly from the staff in your local store. The store staff will be

able to offer you advice on modelling and painting your army, and will also be able to give you hints and tips on how to get the most out of your army on the battlefield. In addition to this advice, our monthly hobby magazine, White Dwarf, is packed full of modelling ideas, painting tips, battle reports, new miniatures and a host of other new ideas, events and articles about the hobby. So what are you waiting for? Get down to your local store and join in the fun!

All Games Workshop stores provide:

- A comprehensive range of Games Workshop games, miniatures and accessories.
- Introductory games for beginners; our enthusiastic staff are ready to show you how.
- HUGE games. These are exciting battles for you to take part in, every week!
- Modelling and painting tips, with lessons held in the store.
- A Mail Order service. Get all those single components and older miniatures delivered direct to your door.
- The latest releases! Brand new models every Saturday!



Come and use the Store armies to play with!

GAMES WORKSHOP STORES OPENING TIMES!

If you want to know where your nearest Games Workshop store is then check the list below (stores marked with a green dot stock all Inquisitor products). Give them a call to find out what's going on in the store. We also have Games Workshop stores in 16 different countries across the world – you can call Mail Order on 0115 91 40 000 to find out where they are!

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

Games Workshop stores marked with a star do not open on Sunday; please contact your local store for details.

UK STORES

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: 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

CHELTENHAM: 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

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. Tel: 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

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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

STOKE: 27 Stafford Street. Tel: 01782 205 287

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 525 783.

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).
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SUTTON: Unit 24, Times Square Shopping Centre.
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• **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 Rigghead Gate (at the back of M&S). Tel: 01355 224 680

• **EDINBURGH:** 136 High Street. Tel: 0131 220 6540

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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 47.
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 24 322 7000.

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

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 Raiders of the Black Ark Warhammer participation game and a whole host of events and games.

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

GAMES WORKSHOP

STORES

What's going on in your local store?

VETERANS

ALL DAY TUESDAY!

If you're an older gamer with plenty of experience on the battlefield, then Veterans day will suit you perfectly.

You can play games against equally experienced opponents, share ideas about all aspects of your hobby and play whatever Games Workshop games system you like.

Give the store a call to make sure that there's enough space available to play your game. Alternatively, just come along and chat about the hobby with like-minded individuals.

All you need to do is arrange an opponent beforehand, and check with the store to see what scenery and board space they can provide. Then just come in and play!

GAMES NIGHT

THURSDAY NIGHT

Games Workshop stores stay open late on Thursday to play awesome games – huge battles, vindictive grudge matches and good natured team battles.

You can arrange to play against your friends in the store; just ask the staff what they have planned. 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. The staff are always available to help you out.

WARLORDS

ALL DAY SATURDAY

The Saturday Warlords game is for everyone. Whether you're a complete beginner or a seasoned veteran, everyone is welcome to take part.

The Saturday Warlords game is the highlight of the store's week! All through the week leading up to the game you can get information on the Saturday game, just

ask the staff about what's happening, and where to sign up! Then simply turn up on the day, bring along whatever models you can, and join in the fun!

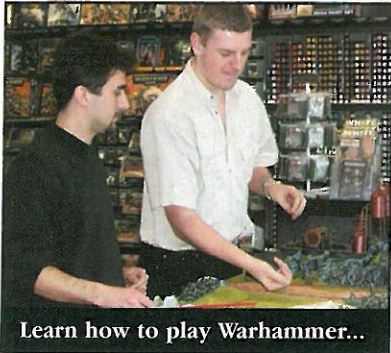
And remember that Saturday is new release day, so make sure you go in to check out the latest new miniatures!

BEGINNERS

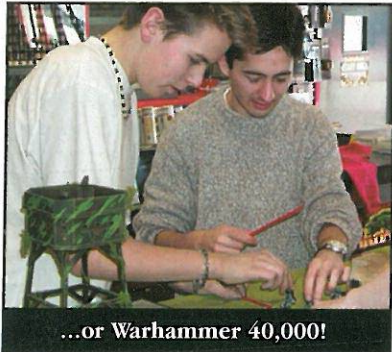
SUNDAYS



Brush up on your painting skills...



Learn how to play Warhammer...



...or Warhammer 40,000!

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. We 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.

Please call your local store for details.

Raiders of the Black Ark

A dark, atmospheric illustration of a winged creature, possibly a daemon or a dark elf, with long, flowing black wings and a pale, skeletal face. The creature is surrounded by glowing purple and blue energy or lightning bolts. The background is dark and moody, with some faint, stylized symbols or runes.

Saturday 26th May
Warhammer participation game

HOLIDAY GAMING

Don't be bored in the school holidays this month!

Throughout the half-term period every Games Workshop store will be a hive of activity.

Whether you play Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, or are brand new to our games, you'll find something for you. There will be battles every day for anyone to join in, but that's just the start of it as each day of the week there'll also be a little something extra!

Just call your local store for details.

Index Astartes



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

PSYKANA LIBRARIUS

Space Marine
Librarians

by Anthony Reynolds

The Librarians of the Space Marine Chapters are mighty warrior-mystics, inspiring figures who wield incredible and devastating powers. They are an integral part of the Adeptus Astartes, outstanding warriors who utilise their psychically enhanced wisdom and knowledge to fulfil the role of oracles and psychic communication within the Space Marine Chapters. Such powers come at a price, however, and only those with the strongest willpower are capable of withstanding the constant pressures that come with psychic awareness. For every successful psyker, there are countless others whose lack of control threatens to doom them to an eternity of torment. Of those psykers whose strength of will enables them to control their powers, the most highly trained and potent are the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes.

The Insidious Curse of the Psyker

The growing number of psykers within the Imperium is seen by some as the next evolutionary step for Mankind. However, these are the very early, tentative stages, for such an advancement will take countless generations to fully evolve, and the powers of the psyker are not yet refined. Psychic ability is both the greatest boon to Mankind and its most dangerous threat. Without psykers, the entire system of interstellar communication and travel would cease to exist, consequently resulting in the fall of the Imperium. Lacking these powers, the Imperium would become nothing more than a series of scattered and isolated systems. Warp travel is only made possible for Humanity with the guiding light of the Astronomican, a psychic beam stretching 70,000 light years across space from its source on Terra. The pure psychic energy needed for this great undertaking is created by the combined 'voice' of ten thousand specially trained psykers, a soul draining labour that exhausts their life-force within months, leaving them little more than shrivelled husks. This 'voice' is focused and directed by the immortal Emperor, who projects the pure psychic energy into the galaxy. This beacon is vital to the specially trained and psychically attuned Navigators, who require it in order for them to have any possibility of steering a safe path through the turbulent and inconsistent non-reality of warp space.

Those of particular strength of mind, if discovered when young, may be nurtured so that their abilities can benefit Mankind in such ways. The psykers schooled by the Scholastica Psykana generally operate within a particular specialised area, whether it be as Astropaths, trained for interstellar communication within the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, or as

Navigators within the Adeptus Astronomican. The Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes, however, fulfil a much more varied and combat oriented role, and as such they are chosen from amongst those of exceptional ability and skill.

Those with psychic ability draw their power from the turbulent realm of the warp, also known as the Ether, the Immaterium or the Empyrean, as recorded in the Scriptorum Arcanum. This alternate dimension is a twisted reflection of the known physical world, a horrific and constantly shifting domain that defies the accepted laws of the material universe, inhabited by malevolent and predatory astral creatures. When a psyker uses his power, he opens a gateway between the two realms, drawing energy from the warp into himself. If a psyker is unprepared or inexperienced he may inadvertently attract the attentions of daemons, drawing them to him like moths to a flame. According to the codices of the enigmatic, daemon-hunting Ordo Malleus, these warp-entities are capable of traversing the link the psyker has formed between the two dimensions, assaulting his mind, ripping the very soul from his body and dragging it screaming to an existence of eternal torture within the warp. As such, the twisted realm of the warp is sometimes referred to as the Sea of Souls. A particularly powerful daemon may attempt to force its way into the physical realm by overwhelming the body of the hapless psyker, and from there endeavour to inflict as much psychic and physical suffering as possible on the material world.

Those with a limited degree of psychic ability, but who lack the strength of will to fully control it, are one of the most dangerous forces threatening the Imperium, and they are hunted down without remorse by the Inquisition. As a matter of course, the number of

minds considered dangerous far outweigh those that are embraced by the Imperium. Some of those condemned are transported to Terra aboard one of the Black Ships, where their sacrifice may benefit all of Mankind. It is said that their life-force is fed to the insatiable needs of the undying Emperor in order to sustain him, enabling his glorious light to remain indefinitely within the physical

realm. Indeed, to be born with psychic ability is a terrible curse, and many attempt to hide their powers from detection. Without the correct training, a psyker teeters on the brink of eternal damnation. Entire planetary systems have been brought under daemonic dominion, creating hellish worlds of tortured slaves, due to a single psyker lacking the mental discipline to not use his gifts.

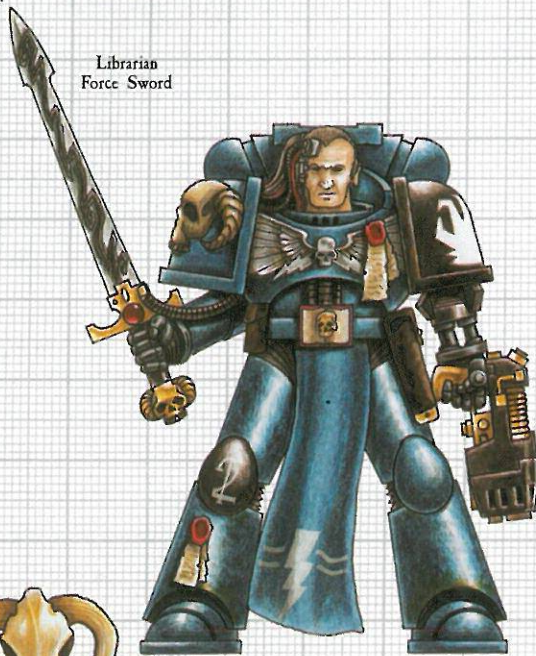
Space Marine Librarians

Space Marine Librarians are amongst the most potent of all Mankind's psykers, highly talented and trained to the highest levels. A highly trained Librarian can manipulate the energy of the warp in extraordinary ways, and with spectacular effect. The Librarians train their minds and bodies constantly to reinforce their willpower, for the danger involved is great. While the

Chapter Approved Access Level 6 seventeen

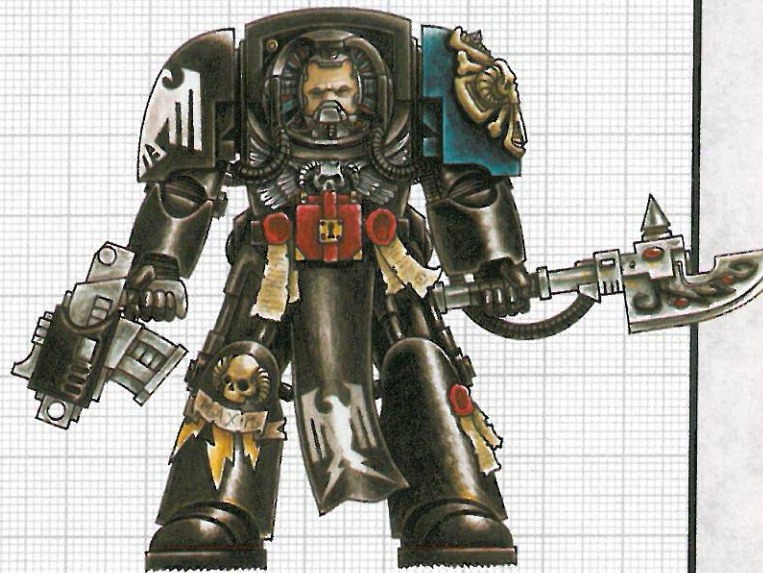
Adeptus Astartes Librarians M41

Librarian
Force Sword



Iron Hands Lexicanium Ranked Librarian

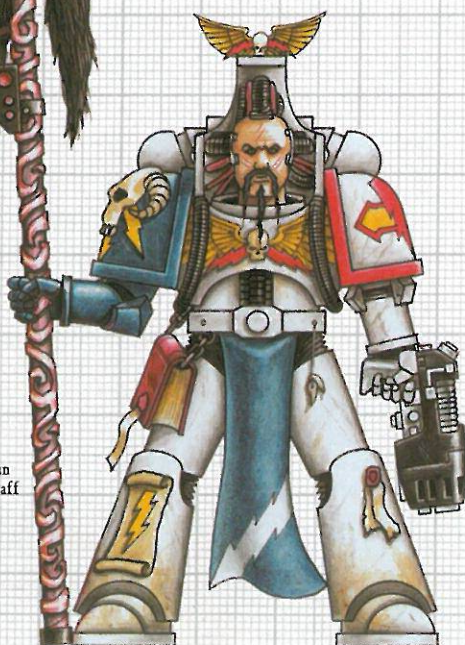
Librarian Psychic Hood



Raven Guard Chief Librarian in Tactical Dreadnought Armour



Librarian
Force Staff



White Scars Librarian 'Storm Secr'

Librarian
Force Axe

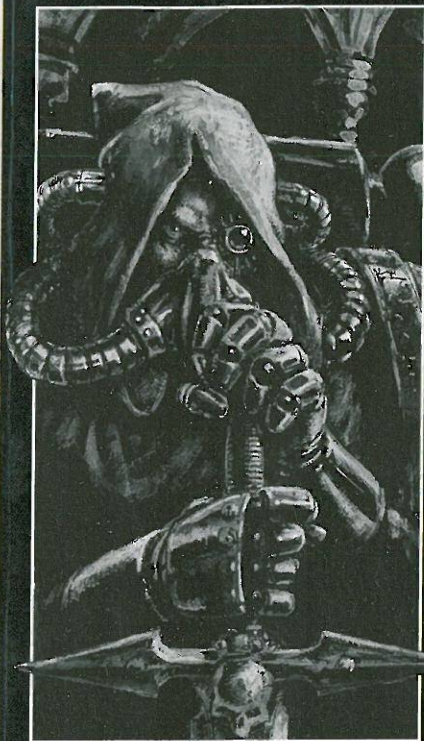


Salamanders Codicier Ranked Librarian



Armageddon
Campaign
Marking

Thought for the day: Damnation is Eternal



EZEKIEL, GRAND MASTER OF LIBRARIANS, KEEPER OF THE BOOK OF SALVATION, HOLDER OF THE KEYS

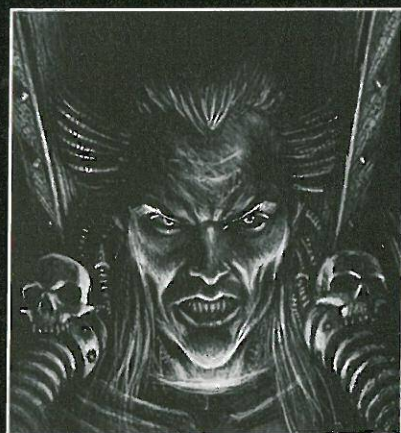
Ezekiel is the present Grand Master of Librarians within the mysterious Dark Angels Chapter. He endures a tremendous burden, being the sole bearer of the darkest and most sinister secrets of this most evasive and insular of Chapters. He determines who may enter the Inner Circle, for he alone can see into the very soul of a man and judge whether he can bear the burden of the knowledge such a position brings. The strength of his will is legendary and he holds the Book of Salvation as a mark of his position. This book lists the names of all those of the Fallen that the Dark Angels have captured over the millennia, and as such is an item of great significance

for the Chapter. The Librarians of the Dark Angels are all members of the Deathwing, and they act as the guardians of the dungeons carved deep within the bowels of the Tower of Angels. Ezekiel was given the title Guardian of the Keys in recognition of the role that he and his brothers fulfil by keeping the dungeons secure. Ezekiel uses his considerable power to aid the Interrogator-Chaplains in their grisly work, invading the minds of the Fallen and undermining their mental resolve. His insidious abilities have driven many foes into insanity as he whispers doubts and confusions directly into their minds. This ability is utilised on the battlefield, worming his way deep into the minds of the enemy and encouraging the growth of their fears, filling them with images of hopelessness and defeat that erode the willpower of even the most disciplined of warriors.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN MEPHISTON, LORD OF DEATH

Mephiston is an awe-inspiring figure, viewed by the Blood Angels with fear and reverence in equal measure. His entrancing eyes penetrate into the very depths of the soul, engaging friend and foe alike with their terrible brilliance. The Blood Angels see him as the spiritual son of their Primarch Sanguinius, and as a great hope for the entire Chapter, for it was he who first overcame the agonising experience of the

Red Thirst. The Blood Angels strive to emulate his courageous strength of will, in the hope that they too will be able to conquer their terrible curse. In the depths of the madness brought on by the Red Thirst, Mephiston re-lived the final agony of his dying Primarch. He arose transcendent from his insanity, suppressing his overwhelming lust for blood through sheer force of will. The mental strength that was needed to survive this ordeal was phenomenal, and he fights a continuing battle to keep it in check.



CHIEF LIBRARIAN TIGURIUS

Chief Librarian Tigurius is the highest ranking of his order within the proud and highly respected Ultramarines Chapter. A fierce and wise warrior-mystic, he attained his exalted position after proving his worth time and again over many years of arduous campaigning, primarily against the savage and brutal Orks. He was one of the few survivors

of the Ork attack on Boros, where he witnessed the mysterious appearance of the black armoured Space Marines known as the Legion of the Damned. His psychic mastery is augmented by the Hood of Hellfire, a uniquely modified psychic hood of ancient design. It is a powerful version of the standard psychic hood, an arcane creation that crackles with barely suppressed energy as it enhances the strength of his devastating mental assaults.

Chapter Apothecaries test the physical gene-structure of potential Space Marines, the Librarians are responsible for testing their psychic ability and willpower. They do this to seek out and nurture those who show talent, but more importantly to weed out those who possess some ability whose untrained minds would endanger the entire Chapter.

Those initiates displaying the required psychic talent and willpower are inducted into the Librarium, where they commence their intensive years of study and development in conjunction with the strict training of their brother Space Marines. These initiates are recruited from a variety of sources, depending on the means and position of the Space Marine home world or Chapter-Fortress. Some Chapters recruit their Librarians solely from amongst those chosen as potential Space Marines, while other Chapters select their number from amongst the most talented and disciplined of young Primaris Psykers of the Scholastica Psykana.

The need for vigilance is never treated lightly, and the Librarians of every Chapter routinely engage the minds of its Space Marines in order to ensure their purity. They are meticulous in their record keeping, chronicling any discovered deviancy for future reference. Space Marines who have been exposed to particular psychic strain and trauma, such as through contact with alien horrors or the warping influence of Chaos, must undergo a series of strict screening and cleansing rituals conducted by the Librarians in order to confirm the integrity of the precious gene-seed. For the Space Marines, gene-seed is the Chapter's life-blood, the most invaluable of possessions, and must be kept pure at all costs. Any trace of perversion or corruption within the gene-seed must be eradicated utterly if the Chapter is to survive.

The Librarium of the Chapter is typically an ancient and immense structure, housing the collective knowledge that the Chapter has acquired over the millennia. Scribes work ceaselessly within its walls, labouring to duplicate the older texts as they are gradually destroyed by time. The Librarians of the Chapter are charged with the upkeep of the Librarium, and it is their responsibility to maintain its integrity. Only they know the full wonders and horrors that are contained within the ancient vellum pages, deeds both heroic and heinous.

Thousand year-old tomes, bound in cracked and faded leather, sit side by side with newer works in an immense and ever expanding collection. Indeed, the Librarium is often enlarged as time passes in order for it to be able to house the perpetually increasing number of volumes held within. Imperial envoys tell fantastical stories of the rare and ancient arcane technologies that reside within a Librarium's hallowed walls, great humming data repositories that store unfathomable amounts of information. The Librarium will often include an archaic catalogue containing countless data crystals, each crystal holding a lifetime of accumulated wisdom. Many Librariums contain a smaller inner Librarium, where the most dangerous and heretical texts are kept. This area is accessible to only a select few of the Chapter's Chief Librarians, as befits the dangerous and blasphemous nature of the texts. Merely glancing at the twisted pages of these dangerous volumes would send most men spiralling deep into insanity, and they can only be viewed under the most controlled conditions and with careful preparations of the mind.

The various official ranks within the Librarians' order serve to describe the particular functions that they perform within the Chapter and within the

Librarium itself. The lowest of the battlefield ranks is the Lexicanium, whose job it is to act as record keepers, creating the initial reports that are to be added to the Librarium. These summary accounts chronicle the history of the Chapter, varying in nature from campaign and battle details to the beliefs and philosophies of the Chapter. The next rank of Librarian is that of Codicier, awarded to the older, more experienced Space Marines who critically evaluate the reports of the Lexicaniums, finalising their form for inclusion in the Librarium. The Epistolary stands a level higher still, and is one of those typically turned to when the need arises for psychic communication. This power can be used to project the mind of the Librarian across warp space itself if necessary. This is a similar ability to that used by the Astropaths of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, who are relatively common throughout the Imperium. However, such is the strength of will of the Librarians that they have no need to undertake the tortuous ritual of Soul Binding that the Astropaths must endure. More commonly, the Epistolary is used to communicate over shorter distances, coordinating attacks and relaying battle orders.

The Chief Librarians are the highest ranking members of their order, and

THE RUNE PRIESTS OF THE SPACE WOLVES

The Rune Priests of the Space Wolves are one notable exception to the doctrines of the Codex Astartes, a comment that can be applied to the entire Chapter. [Other particularly noteworthy exceptions include the Librarians of the Crimson Shades, the White Scars and the Novamarines.] While the role that Rune Priests play within the Chapter is not so different from the traditional Codex role, it is in the methods they employ where they differ significantly. They act as record keepers, much like Codex Librarians, though they memorise their histories in great Sagas rather than in written form. They act as advisors to the Great Wolf as well, counselling him in times of war. The particular psychic powers and practises they employ, however, are based on those of the traditional shamans of their home world, Fenris, and as such are very different to the Codex form. Young skalds are taught the complex and arcane lore of their people by the older Rune Priests, their methods having remained unchanged for countless centuries. The Rune Priests are independent and ferocious warriors, wise and deliberate in their methods and rituals. They cast runes to predict the ebb and flow of events to come, the runes often carved from the bones or teeth of one of the various totem animals of the Fenrisians. The teeth of the great wolves that prowl the icy world are noted particularly for their power.

The Rune Priest holds a different attitude towards psychic powers than that of the other Codex Space Marine Chapters. Where typical Codex Librarians hold to the belief that their power is a manipulation of the pure essence of the warp, the Rune Priest believes that his power comes from the living energy of Fenris, as well as from within. The innate power of Fenris can be channelled into his totems by the Rune Priest, so that he may always carry this power with him wherever he may be within the galaxy.

their mastery and control of the mystic arts is awesome to behold. The Chapter and its commanders rely heavily on the council of these most powerful of psykers and, acting within their role as advisors, the Librarians have countless centuries of experience at their disposal. Through a combination of wisdom and considerable psychic powers of premonition, the advice of the Chief Librarians is greatly respected within the Chapter. On the battlefield, however, is where their abilities truly come to the fore, as their

overwhelming psychic powers devastate the armies and defences of their enemies, rending them apart with pure force of will.

The tactical worth of the Librarians is tremendous. The psychic shockwave and turbulence that is created as a ship moves in and out of warp space can be felt by them, and so the actions of an enemy can be effectively anticipated and countered. They are the equal in battlefield prowess of any other Space Marine, and the devastating psychic powers that they wield will often tip the balance in the Chapter's favour in a close fought

conflict. The psychic abilities of the Librarians are utilised in various forms on the battlefield. Most directly, the Librarian can channel the power of the warp through his body, striking at the enemy with devastating blasts of concentrated energy. With their powers of prescience, they can sense and predict the movements of the enemy, providing a distinct tactical advantage. Messages and communications can be relayed using the Librarian's considerable psychic powers, and these types of communications have the advantage over more physical forms, such as comm-links, of being completely undetectable to all but the most powerful of psykers.

Arcane Equipment

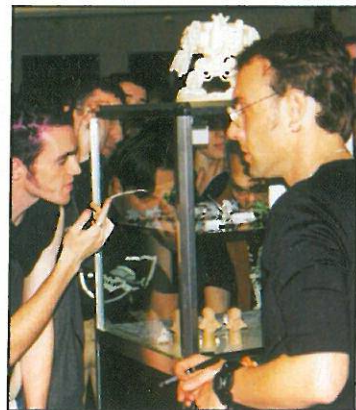
There is a myriad array of equipment that the Librarians of the Adeptus Astartes make use of to amplify and focus their already considerable psychic powers. The variety of these arcane items is so great that it makes a general classification of them impossible, and their use varies amongst the different Chapters, as well as being dependent on the personal preferences of individual Librarians. Some favour the use of the Emperor's Tarot in predicting the twisting paths of the future, a tool used for divination throughout the Imperium. The psychic hood is an intricately designed helmet, fitted with an array of psychically conductive wires and crystals, which is often used by a Chapter's Librarians. This helmet serves to amplify the psyker's abilities, enabling him to disrupt the flow and manipulation of the warp by others. As such, it is an effective counter to the psychic abilities of rogue and alien psykers. Ritually purified force weapons are utilised by the majority of Librarians. They come in a variety of forms, most generally appearing as swords and axes. Psychically attuned to the mind of its wielder, the force weapon is a potent armament that the psyker uses as a conduit through which his power is channelled. Coiling psychic energy flows around the crystalline matrices etched into the weapon, released on impact in an explosive display of power. The weapons have a colossal force when utilised against creatures of the warp, which are particularly vulnerable to attacks made with the same form of energy that makes up their own warp-spawned forms.



GAMESDAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2001

Those of you who have never attended our annual Games Day show in Birmingham may not be entirely sure what you'd be letting yourself in for. Games Day is a time to get together with literally thousands of other Games Workshop hobbyists and celebrate the games, miniatures and achievements of the year. It is also a time to take a peek at what is just around the corner.

Whilst the thought of eight thousand people in one large Arena might seem quite daunting, the opportunity to take part in the very special activities at Games Day is not to be missed. We hope to bring even more of the stuff that you can't quite pull off either at home or in a GW store, and offer the chance to try something exceptional.



Games are run by GW Staff, special guests and the members of several gaming clubs. We aim to present beautiful armies and terrain, coupled with the chance to try a specially written scenario, on each gaming table. Wherever you are in the arena you will be able to find inspiration to take back home.



Games Day is a good time to catch up with the Games Developers, Miniature Designers and Artists. Whether you want to clear up a niggle with some rules, pick their brains for ideas, or browse their portfolios, the team is on hand to meet you.

For many people the chance to get a sneak preview of forthcoming miniatures and games is what attracts them to the show. Additionally, you can squeeze onto the Golden Demon balcony and get a look at the finely painted miniatures submitted by the many hundreds of competition entrants.



Sunday 30th September 2001

National Indoor Arena, Birmingham

Tickets are available to White Dwarf subscribers from 2nd June 2001, and on general release from 30th June 2001.

GOLDEN DEMON 2001

In the last issue of White Dwarf we featured full details of how to get involved in Golden Demon 2001. Here are the categories again. The biggest question on everyone's lips, of course, is "Who will win the Slayer Sword this year?" Could it be you?



Reigning Slayer Sword Champion Matt Parkes



CATEGORY 1: WARHAMMER 40,000 SINGLE MINIATURE

CATEGORY 6: WARHAMMER REGIMENT

CATEGORY 2: WARHAMMER 40,000 SQUAD

CATEGORY 7: WARHAMMER MONSTER

CATEGORY 3: WARHAMMER 40,000 VEHICLE

CATEGORY 8: DUEL

CATEGORY 4: WARHAMMER 40,000 MONSTER

CATEGORY 9: BATTLE SCENE

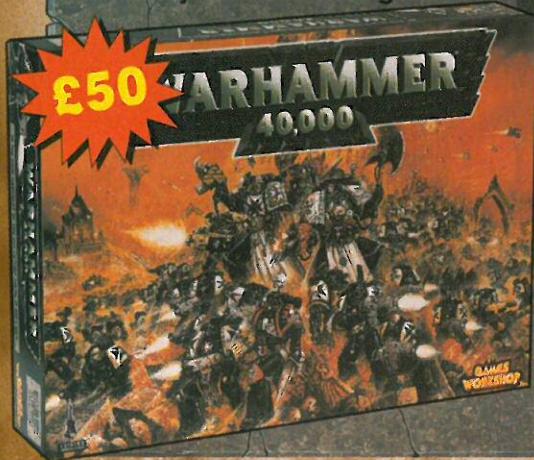
CATEGORY 5: WARHAMMER SINGLE MINIATURE

CATEGORY 10: LARGE SCALE MODEL

www.gamesday.co.uk

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.

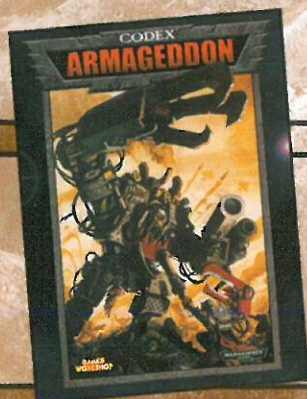


CODEx ARMAGEDDON

£4

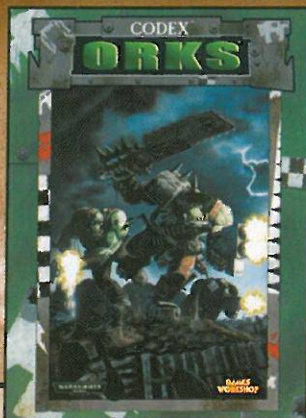
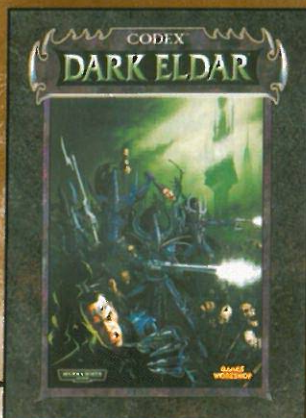
A world is torn apart by the largest Ork Invasion in Imperial history. Arrayed against this mighty Ork horde is the greatest gathering of Imperial might since the time of Lord Solar Macharius. The fate of a hundred worlds will be decided on the blood-soaked ash dunes of Armageddon. This Codex contains four army lists: Ork Speed Freaks, 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 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

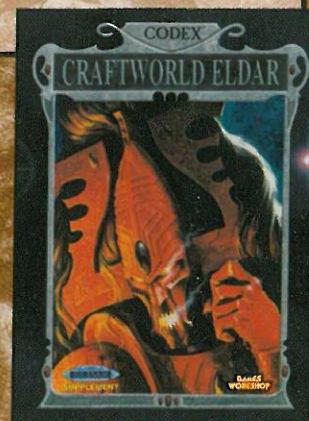
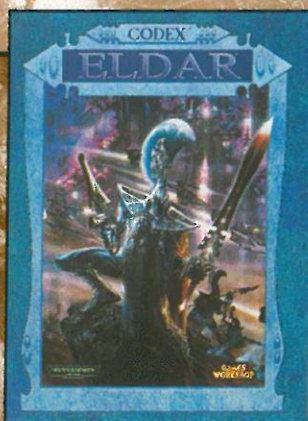
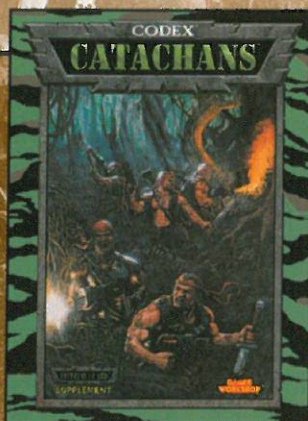
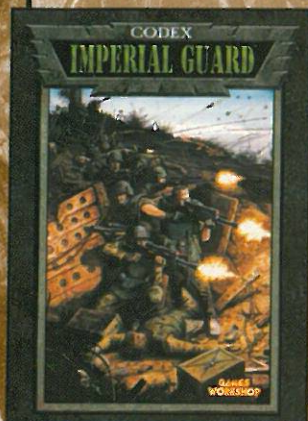
The Eldar are an ancient race, immersed in a battle for survival in a galaxy overrun by barbaric usurpers. Eldar warriors are as deadly as they are diverse, utilising advanced weaponry and mysterious wargear. This Codex details everything you need to know to field an army of these proud, alien warriors.

CODEX CRAFTWORLD ELДАР

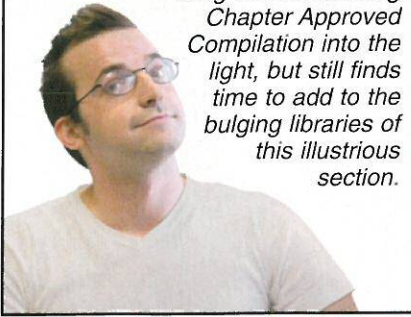
£4

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.



Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend Andy Chambers has recently been slaving away at a hot keyboard to bring the forthcoming Chapter Approved Compilation into the light, but still finds time to add to the bulging libraries of this illustrious section.



CHAPTER APPROVED

BY ANDY CHAMBERS

Greetings citizens of our war-torn Imperium, and welcome to Chapter Approved, a column dedicated to expanding the Warhammer 40,000 game for your viewing pleasure. This joyous month heralds not only experimental, expanded rules for psykers in Warhammer 40,000, but also an image of an artifact of a hitherto unknown alien race for your delectation.

IT'S ALL IN THE MIND

It's sad really – once upon a time (back in the days of Rogue Trader and the second edition of Warhammer 40,000) psykers were the supreme nasties of the 41st millennium – their warp-spawned powers were capable of laying waste to entire armies and sub-continents. Such rampant overkill couldn't last of course; in the third edition of the game sanity prevailed and we deliberately toned down the abilities of psykers to far more mortal levels. This worked fine, and now you

can have battles between armies who don't have to fear instant vapourisation by some ravaging, extra-planar megadeath power unleashed at the end of turn one.

Unfortunately when you wield the knife you sometimes cut a little too deep, and now most peoples' Space Marine Librarians and Chaos Sorcerers have been relegated to the reserves bench in favour of less costly Chaplains and other chainsword wielding lunatics. In retrospect, bringing the psychic powers under control actually made psykers too staid and predictable to be really interesting any more. Some time ago this nagging feeling led me to start pulling together some ideas for additional psychic powers that could be added in order to give the psykers back some zest. Three very wise men in the shape of Jonathan Westmoreland, Doug Foley and Marshall Jansen were good enough to scribe down some ideas for me and, with some judicious cribbing from other sources, I've prepared a selection of extra minor abilities for the warp-inclined.

PSYKER MINOR POWERS

Most psykers manifest a broad range of capabilities from psychometry (object reading), telekinesis and precognition through to weather summoning, temporal distortion and mind control. Training and willpower hugely influence the ability of a particular psyker, but their most heavily practised, highly destructive capabilities will be strictly focused in a battlefield

environment. To attempt the most potent sorceries in the mayhem of combat is to invite predation by warp entities and a horrible death (if you're lucky). However, many psykers are capable of using their weaker abilities in combat to enhance themselves, distract the enemy and help allies nearby in a minor way. It is these powers which will be covered by these rules.

The powers shown below may be chosen by psykers in addition to the major power (or powers) listed in the relevant army list. Many of these powers substitute for items of wargear by producing equivalent effects and the points for minor psychic powers count against the psyker character's wargear allowance. There is no maximum number of powers that can be chosen, but as they count towards a character's wargear allowance this will tend to limit the number a psyker

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 (as reviewed and arbitrated by that well-known model of fairness and balance – me). 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



can choose. As they add a fair bit of complexity to the game and are largely untested at the current time these rules should be considered **optional** (ie, use with both players' prior consent) and are not recommended for tournaments unless the organisers specify otherwise.

The following characters can choose psyker minor powers: Space Marine Librarians, Chaos Sorcerers and Sorcerer Lords, Daemon Princes and Greater Daemons (if they do not have the Mark of Khorne), Inquisitors with psychic abilities and Ork Weirdboyz. Eldar Farseers and Warlocks may not use minor powers as such unfocused use of their abilities would be extremely dangerous.

The minor psychic powers are split into five disciplines. The exact power gained is rolled randomly but the table rolled on is selected by the purchasing player and rolled in front of his opponent before the game starts. Each roll on a minor psychic power table costs **15 points** regardless of its outcome (yes, there are some duff ones on there). If the same power is rolled twice, a different discipline must be selected and the power rolled for again.

USING PSYKER MINOR POWERS

A psyker can use up to one psychic power per phase, either a major one or a minor one. If a psyker is employing a power which has an ongoing effect, he must cease it before using another power. To summarise how the powers work, the following characteristics are used:

Phase

Psychic Test?

Effect

Range

The explanations of each characteristic are as follows:

Phase: Which phase the power can be used in. Unless specifically stated, the power can only be employed in the player's own turn, not his opponent's. Some powers are used before the start of the game, representing psykers scanning the enemy at long range, casting auguries before the battle and so forth, and using these powers does not prevent the psyker using other powers in the first turn of the game (or whenever he turns up from reserve, Deep Strike etc).

Psychic Test? Yes or no; if yes the psyker must pass a Leadership test to make the power work and is subject to the Perils of the Warp if he rolls a 2 or 12. Note that models with the Chaos Gift Mark of Tzeentch still have to roll a Psychic test in order to use minor powers (the Weaver of Fates can still be capricious at times), but do not suffer from the Perils of the Warp if they get a 2 or 12.

Effect: A summary of the power's effect. Powers which improve or lower characteristics cannot take them over 10 or under 1.

Range: Where applicable, this gives the maximum range of the power. A psyker must have a line of sight to his target in order to use a power on it. Powers with a range may be used by the psyker on himself, if applicable. Powers which are noted as having a range of 'battlefield' can be used even if the psyker is not deployed on the tabletop for any reason, such as being in reserve.

On with the show...

TELEKINETIC PSYCHIC POWERS

1. NO USABLE POWER.

The psyker can move coins and light candles with his meagre power but that's about all.

2. THUNDERCLAP

Phase: Own shooting **Psychic Test?** Yes **Range:** 12"

Effect: If successful, one enemy unit is forced to take a Pinning test immediately. This power may not be used on enemy units in close combat.

3. FORCE BUBBLE

Phase: Enemy shooting **Psychic Test?** Yes **Range:** Self

Effect: If successful, the psyker's armour save is increased to 2+ for that phase.

4. PROTECT

Phase: Enemy shooting **Psychic Test?** Yes **Range:** 12"

Effect: If successful, one squad (not vehicle) in range gains a 6+ invulnerable save for that phase. Note that models which already have an invulnerable save use that one instead.

5. HOLOCAUST

Phase: Own assault **Psychic Test?** Yes **Range:** Self

Effect: If successful, place the small blast marker over the psyker. Any models, friend or foe, including the psyker, under or touching the marker suffer a Strength 4 hit, normal armour saves apply. The psyker may not attack in close combat that phase. If unsuccessful, the psyker suffers one wound with no save possible and may not attack.

6. FLAMEWALL

Phase: Own movement **Psychic Test?** Yes **Range:** 12"

Effect: If successful, place a 1" wide, 4" long (or shorter), 3" tall piece of scenery within range. The wall may not be placed on enemy models or between units in an assault. Any line of fire drawn through the wall counts targets on the other side as being in cover. Any models crossing it suffer a S4 hit, normal armour saves apply. The wall lasts until the end of the opponent's next turn (but remember that it will disappear if the psyker uses another psychic power before then). If the Psychic test is unsuccessful, the wall is placed on the psyker and he suffers one wound with no save possible.



An Ultramarines Librarian uses his powers of Thunderclap, Cause Fear and Smite to carve a bloody hole in the Eldar ranks.

MOVEMENT PSYCHIC POWERS

1. SUPERNATURALLY QUICK

Phase: Any

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: Psyker gains +1 Initiative (to a max of 10), for that one phase.

2. TANGLE

Phase: Enemy movement.

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 12"

Effect: If successful, one enemy squad on foot (not vehicles, jump packs, bikes or cavalry) which is moving in the open counts as moving in difficult terrain for that one phase.

3. FLEETFOOT

Phase: Own shooting.

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 12"

Effect: One friendly squad or an independent character on foot (not vehicles, jump packs, bikes or cavalry) may move up to D6" ignoring difficult terrain penalties if it does not shoot. If employed on units with the *fleet of foot* ability or equivalent, they may re-roll the dice to see how far they move.

4. LEAP

Phase: Own movement

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: If the Psychic test is successful, the psyker may move up to 12" as if he were equipped with a jump pack in that Movement phase. An unsuccessful test means that the psyker cannot move in that phase.

5. READ MINDS

Phase: Not applicable

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Battlefield

Effect: If the psyker passes a psychic test during deployment, one unit may be held back and deployed after all others, including infiltrators, have been placed on the battlefield.

6. RELENTLESS

Phase: Own shooting

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 6"

Effect: If successful, any one squad within range counts as stationary for using rapid fire and pistol weapons even if they moved. If unsuccessful the psyker may not shoot in that phase.



TEMPORAL PSYCHIC POWERS

1. NO USABLE POWER.

The psyker's effects on the timestream are mostly coincidental and inconvenient, lengthening times in waiting rooms and during dull social events for example.

2. SLOW TIME

Phase: Own assault

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: base contact

Effect: Cast at the beginning of the Assault phase, after all assault moves have been made. Affects all models in base-to-base contact with the psyker. Affected models count as having Initiative 1 (before any modifiers for bio-plasma, scorpion stings, power fists etc are taken into account) for the remainder of the phase. Does not affect walkers or other vehicles.

3. HEALING

Phase: Enemy shooting

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 2"

Effect: This power may only be used on a model (it may be the psyker) which has been reduced to 0 Wounds. If the test is passed, place the model on its side and roll a D6 for it at the start of the controlling player's next turn, if the dice scores over the model's Toughness, it regains 1 Wound. If the Toughness roll is failed, the model is removed as a casualty.

4. STASIS SHELL

Phase: Own movement

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 6"

Effect: If successful, one friendly unit can neither move, shoot nor assault, but cannot be shot at or assaulted itself until the player's next turn. This power may not be used on units engaged in an assault, and units in a stasis shell do not count towards victory conditions such as claiming objectives, table quarters and so forth.

5. WARP TIME

Phase: Own movement

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: If successful, the psyker adds +2D6" to his movement in the Movement phase. If unsuccessful the psyker may not move at all. In either case, using this power means that the psyker may not shoot or use psychic powers in the Shooting phase.

6. TEMPORAL DISTORT

Phase: Not applicable

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Battlefield

Effect: This power is used before determining who goes first. If successful, the psyker's force is allowed to re-roll the dice in determining who gets the first move. If unsuccessful, the botched attempt causes the psyker's force to automatically go second. This power can only be used in missions where dice rolls are used to determine who goes first.

ENHANCEMENTS PSYCHIC POWERS

1. NO USABLE POWER.

The psyker may have good teeth or neat hair thanks to his powers but nothing of practical use on the battlefield.

2. IRON FIST

Phase: Either assault.

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: Psyker gains +1 Strength for that phase (to a maximum of 10). This is added after all other bonuses and doubling for power fists and the like.

3. WARP SHIFTING

Phase: Either assault

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: Enemy close combat attacks against the psyker only hit on 4+ regardless of relative Weapon Skills or other special rules (like Black Templars vows, hatred etc) for that phase.

4. SHIELD

Phase: Either assault

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: The psyker's armour saving throw is improved by one to a maximum of 2+ for that phase.

5. BLESSING OF THE MACHINE GOD

Phase: Own shooting

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: The psyker's ranged weapon is counted as master-crafted for the phase and may re-roll to hit. An unsuccessful test causes the weapon to not fire. This power only works on weapons, not psychic artefacts such as a Sorcerer's Staff.

6. IRON ARM

Phase: Either assault

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: If successful, the psyker is considered to be armed with a power fist and close combat weapon for the phase. An unsuccessful test causes the psyker to fight with his normal weapon(s) minus one Attack (to a minimum of one).

WILL PSYCHIC POWERS

1. NO USABLE POWER.

The psyker is good at sticking to diet plans and giving up bad habits but nothing more.

2. SENSE MINDS

Phase: Any

Psychic Test? No

Range: Self

Effect: The psyker counts as being equipped with a scanner.

3. INSPIRE

Phase: Any

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: Self

Effect: If successful, the psyker gains +1 Ld (to a max of 10), for that phase.

4. CAUSE FEAR

Phase: Own Assault

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 12"

Effect: If successful, one enemy squad suffers -1 Ld (to a min of 1) for that phase.

5. BATTLE FURY

Phase: Any Assault

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 6"

Effect: If successful, one friendly squad (not walker or other vehicle) gains +1 WS for that phase. If unsuccessful, the squad suffers -1 WS for that phase instead.

6. GLORY

Phase: Own shooting

Psychic Test? Yes

Range: 6"

Effect: If successful, one unit becomes fearless and ignores all Morale checks and Pinning tests until the start of its next turn. If unsuccessful, the unit starts falling back as if it had failed a Morale check.

FIFTEEN WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR COVER

Mike Walker explores the perils of scenery

Warhammer veteran Mike Walker once again delves into the nitty gritty of Warhammer and gives us his own unique and eccentric view of the hobby we all know and love.

Mike has been casting his beady eyes over the wonders of Warhammer for some months now, and continues to enthral and horrify us with his gaming exploits.



The Mountain Stronghold of the Dwarf Lords is an upturned beige plastic bucket, smelling faintly of creosote.

The Lair of the Golden Cave Trolls is a large, yellow, empty foil crisp bag, its mouth propped open with a badly chewed blue biro.

The Elves' Floating Castle of Crystal is three irregularly sized, magnolia glossed flower pots, taped to a not quite square piece of white faced hardboard.

The gently meandering Lower Moot Stream is a piece of black plastic gutter, freshly ripped from an outbuilding, still damp and insufficiently blu-tacked to the tabletop¹.

Brilliant scenery really enhances the gaming experience. A few well made pieces of terrain complement your carefully painted troops. These obstacles will affect your deployment, tactics and enjoyment. So ignore the dodgy examples listed above and gaze in awe at the excellent examples on the pages of the rest of White Dwarf.

I have grappled with wargames terrain for nearly thirty years. Let me share with you one creative frenzy...

One weekend in late summer, about twenty five years ago, I decided to hack a mountain range to rival the Worlds Edge Mountains from polystyrene washing machine packing. What did I learn from this experience?

Firstly: Poster paint will form only the most temporary of attachments to any polystyrene surface it is applied to.

Secondly: Most adhesives dissolve polystyrene mountains rather than stick them to anything.

Lastly: Using a saw on polystyrene is a bit messy.

In hindsight I might also have been better off doing this work outside or in a shed and not in the family living room. I also learned that parents' love for their offspring becomes less evident when they discover a living room that seems to have undergone a light dusting of snow. Even today visitors to my family home still leave with unwanted polystyrene flakes lodged in their clothing.

A couple of tips about making terrain, before we move on. Always make good quality terrain pieces. No one will be inspired by a table top that looks like it has been decorated by a blindfolded Big Dave riding a space hopper using only plasticine manipulated in his mouth.

My second tip is - buy your trees! For three decades I have grappled with sponge, flock, glue, bristle, twig, wire, moss and fluffy string and still failed to create anything that looks remotely arboreal. Little Dave is a black belt in origami, able to conjure scenic marvels from cardboard and paper. Even he has singularly failed to produce satisfactory forest foliage.

The rest of this article is about how to choose and place terrain. Fifteen different ways in fact.

Several hundreds of games on 6' x 4' tables have led me to the three following conclusions concerning this important task:

FAST & EASY

What we want to do is get on and play Warhammer. Whilst important, if placing scenery takes more than a few minutes, that's too long.

MORE & LESS

Sure it's fun sometimes to battle across a table bereft of features, or to struggle between a mass of scenic clutter in an effort to catch sight of the enemy (cluttered tables are best left to those dodging bolter fire or a Carnifex's spiky bits). What is required is about four well placed pieces.

LUCK & JUDGEMENT

It cannot be left to the humans. They are just a bit too clever, dull or unpredictable to be allowed to do the scenery on their own². Luck unfortunately often delivers a battle with all the features in the same corner or enough rivers so that suddenly you are fighting Trafalgar rather than Waterloo. What is required is a smooth combination of both elements to generate an interesting variety of battlegrounds without any extremes.

I've decided to approach this topic in some sort of chronological order, so here is a short history of how I have selected my terrain.

Back we go, to the dim and distant past and the mid-Seventies. The Bay City Rollers drone on in the

¹ I have to confess that fighting for the possession of these landmarks is uninspiring, all of which were created by Big Dave, a gamer whose imagination always far outstrips his practical modelling skills.

² Alan is very predictable and a bit perverse in this area. Let him choose the terrain and within minutes the entire centre of the table will be stuffed up with all kinds of difficult and impassable cover.

background, ties and trouser flares have edges further apart than a Dire Wolf's charge range and hills are made of damp sand.

METHOD ONE: DAMP SAND

Get several sturdy oak beams and make a 6'x4' table with 4" tall sides. Add 3" of sand. Dampen it. Create hillocks, valleys, wadis, crevices and gullies in the damp sand. Don't forget to reinforce the floor with a couple of railway sleepers.

Okay, so this first one is more a way of creating a battlefield than decorating one. When I was just a slip of a lad (young, slim and annoyingly enthusiastic³) I can remember playing on one of these things. As you had plenty of pre-battle sand sculpting time, a realistically undulating playing surface could be created.

The downside of these tables were their weight and the natural tendency for sand to accumulate in anything that it comes into contact with. My oldest figures still cough up a grain every so often. Not really recommended and especially not for gamers with feline companions!

Around the same time my own efforts at creating an aesthetically pleasing battlefield centred around the deployment of an upside-down Subbuteo cloth.

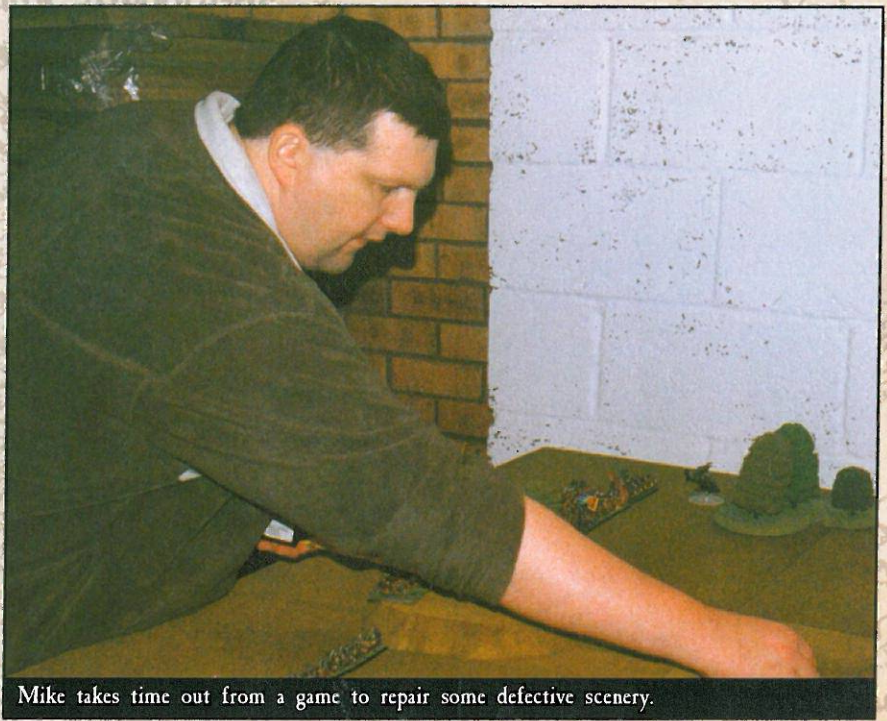
METHOD TWO: THE CLOTH

Bung a few interesting shapes on the tabletop. Cast a cloth over to cover them.

The effect was quite good and during the battle you could have an interesting side game identifying the things your opponent has used to create the features.

Nylon cloths are not recommended⁴.

Things not to use under the cloth: lightbulbs, slumbering pets⁵ or any delicate family heirlooms.



Mike takes time out from a game to repair some defective scenery.

The next phase in most wargamers' terrain development is to start to put things on the cloth rather than under it. I built my first few polystyrene hills and carpet tile based woods and began to think more about how to place the terrain.

METHOD THREE: THE PICK

Each player picks two pieces of terrain and places them in his half of the table.

METHOD FOUR: THE PICK & MIX

As method one and then which side of table a player starts on is randomly determined.

METHOD FIVE: THE INDEPENDENT PICK & MIX

Someone else⁶ plonks three to five bits of terrain on the table and then sides are randomly determined.

All of these are okay, but limited by the human element: two woods and two hills again!

A bit more randomness was needed.

The Subbuteo cloth was relegated to the wardrobe and I began using a painted plywood tabletop. Little Dave had arrived and contributed a small conurbation's worth of cardboard buildings.

METHOD SIX: TABLE & PLACE

One player rolls four times on a Terrain table and then places the terrain. The other player chooses table sides.

This Terrain table resembled the ones in the Warhammer rulebook, using 2D6 to generate the terrain types, except that a roll of 2 or 3 generated no terrain.

The problem here was some klutz rolling four jebels⁷, when I had struggled for several weeks to make just one.

We needed a method that would only select the features we actually had. So we briefly toyed with the following:

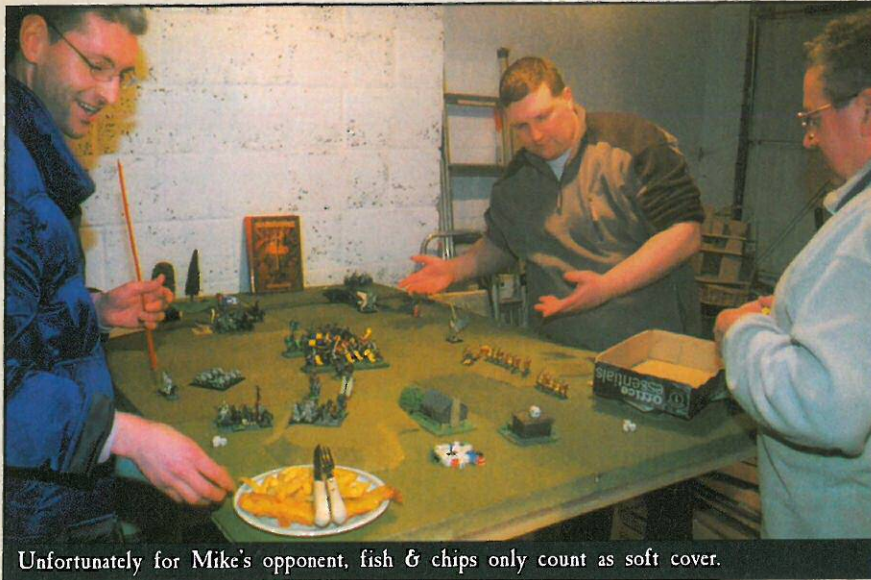
³ I am reliably informed that I still retain one of these characteristics.

⁴ Kill the lights and insufficiently grounded players will be able to create their own version of Uranon's Thunderbolt by moving a hand just above the playing surface!

⁵ Especially not bad tempered, black feline shaped ones, unless you are curious about the penetrative qualities of teeth and claws.

⁶ Using uninterested offspring, neighbours, pets or spouses nearly always leads to a disappointing layout. Improved results can be achieved with these groups by the application of patience and reward based training.

⁷ See 'The Deserts of Khemri and Araby' terrain generator in the rulebook. Mind you, I always thought that this was a mouse-like creature found in the desert (now a popular pet), whose main claim to fame is its ability not to need the loo very often.



Unfortunately for Mike's opponent, fish & chips only count as soft cover.

METHOD SEVEN: BLINDFOLD & PLACE

One player with eyes closed or adorned with sight restricting headwear gropes along the terrain shelf and touches four terrain pieces. These are placed on the battlefield (with visual ability restored). The other player chooses sides.

General clumsiness and occasional over-excitement dampened the enthusiasm for this method as did the blindfold-caused incident that brought one cup of hot chocolate and three pairs of trousers containing gamers into contact with each another.

The Terrain table was okay at choosing the terrain, we just needed a bit more luck involved in the placement side.

METHOD EIGHT: TABLE & MOVE

One player rolls four times on a Terrain table and then places the terrain. For each piece, roll the Artillery & Scatter dice and move the piece the number of inches in the direction shown.

You will need to resolve some issues when the terrain ends up off the table (we removed it if any part ended off the table) or on top of another piece.

It worked pretty well but resolving the exact direction always took much too long...

METHOD NINE: TABLE & DUMP

Each player rolls four times on a Terrain table and then places the terrain on his side of the table. Each player secretly chooses a number from 3 to 5. Roll a D6 once for each piece of terrain (players can roll for any piece in theirs or their opponents' side). If the player rolls the number they chose or more then remove the terrain.

Unintentionally we had invented a whole new sub-game. The tactics of bluff and counter bluff to be used here would fill the rest of this article.

Suffice to say it was a good try, but still took too long.

Time moves on and at last we arrive at the garage. We now play on six 2' x 2' dense polystyrene terrain blocks.

These and much of the terrain are completely flocked. Resin features are prevalent and the woods are made with up to three trees mounted on a textured thick cardboard base.

Since we now have a nice six square grid on the tabletop, there have been quite a few ideas how to exploit this.

METHOD TEN: TABLE & SQUARE

Roll 1D6. That number of terrain pieces will be put onto the table. Roll to see which player goes first. Then each player takes it in turn to roll on the Terrain table and then for which square the terrain has to be placed in.

This method prevailed for nearly two years. It was pretty quick and produced many satisfactory layouts.

Just occasionally you found yourself trying to wedge four large hills into the same square.

A slight revision dealt with this:

METHOD ELEVEN: SQUARE AND TABLE

A person not playing the game rolls a D6 for each 2'x 2' terrain block (there are six of them). On a 1, 2 or 3 nothing happens, on a 4 or 5 roll on the Terrain table for one piece of terrain, and on a 6 roll on the table for two pieces of terrain.

This had all the advantages of the previous method and spread the features better. It was further enhanced by...

METHOD TWELVE: A NEW TERRAIN TABLE

Use method eleven with a new thirty-six item table and items determined by two D6 rolls.

The selection method worked like this: two dice were rolled, the white dice generating the first number and the red dice the second. So that 1,6 is a medium wood and 6,1 is a steep hill.

This allowed all our terrain to be on the same table. There were multiple entries for common terrain types such as hills and hedges, and single entries for river islands and volcanoes.

Very good, but still not quite perfect as the same pair of numbers generated re-rolls. So the search was on for a diceless solution:

METHOD THIRTEEN: LET LITTLE DAVE LOOSE!

Let Little Dave design the terrain.

This is only for those who like to battle on the edge. Often literally!

I remember all too well the freezing plunges through the ice during the Battle of the Frozen Lake, the collapsing ledges, concealed gullies and avalanches of the Grimtooth Mountain scenario and the utterly treacherous quicksand of the Desert Oasis game.

8 Little Dave's thick blue woollen balaclava worn backwards was ideal for this. But as it also restricted breathing, users had to make their selections rather quickly.

With Little Dave you get a unique sort of battle but the terrain is rather too lethally interactive for my taste. Which brings us to the current method in use in the garage.

In the last few months I have scrawled on about sixty 3" x 2" cards. Each has a (just about recognisable) drawing of one of our terrain pieces. One third of the cards say 'Nothing' on them. They are used for...

METHOD FOURTEEN: CARDS

Each player rolls a D6 and takes that number of face down terrain cards. He lays them face down in his half of the table. Turning them over they then replace the card with the terrain feature shown.

It works really well. Terrain features are centred on where the card was and placed in the same orientation as the card indicates. It really seems that we finally have a method that fully meets our needs.

We have enough cards and terrain to generate terrain for up to five tables if needed.

One additional benefit is that careful use of grey printing over the drawing can be used to inform the players of any special rules.

We are continuing with this method, and as new features are added so I draw up extra cards.

Finally...

METHOD FIFTEEN: RULEBOOK

Consult page 218 and use one of the methods found there. Any of these four methods are as good (and in some cases very similar) to those I have already discussed.

But now I've got to go – Little Dave has just arrived with his newly completed 'Firepits' scenario. It features a battlefield strewn with volcanic geysers, set on an earthquake fault line, during a violent electrical storm. I don't think this will take too long.

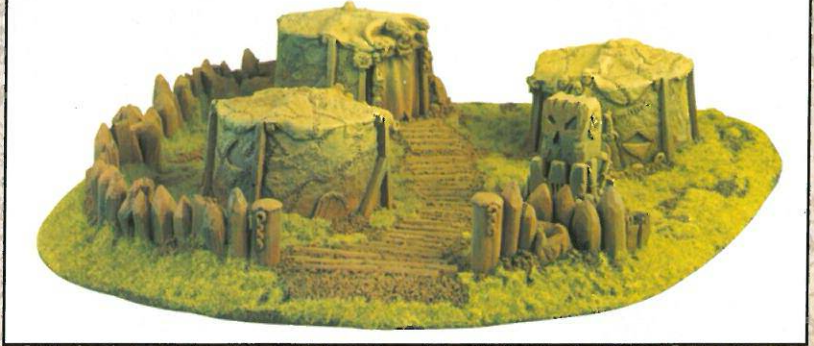
Mike

TERRAIN HOUSE RULES

Included here are the house rules Mike and his club use for the new Warhammer scenery pieces. You can get hold of these and other terrain items from your local store or Mail Order.

ORC VILLAGE

No models in the buildings (far too smelly).
Count the palisade as hard cover. Troops can fight and fire over it.



RUINED TOWER

Only skirmishers, ethereal or individual models may enter.
All (except ethereal troops and flyers) must enter via the steps.
Firers standing next to the outer walls may fire.
All models on the tower count as being protected by hard cover.



DWARF STRONGHOLD

An individual model may deploy in the top tower, but may not move unless they can fly. Models behind the main fortification count as being in hard cover and may fire if adjacent to the wall. Ground troops may attack models in the fortification, but the defenders have the advantage of being uphill until they break. Defended obstacle rules are used as normal.



GAMING CLUBS



Che, caught checking over his latest top secret project. More on that next month...

Over the past months there have been absolutely loads of developments in the Gaming Club Network. Across the country, and on the Internet, groups have begun to work together to create a strong community that is growing each day.

We have started to visit a few of these clubs, and this issue we feature the first report about what we've uncovered.

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 Che 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.*

Visit the gaming club website at:

www.gamingclub.org.uk

A visit to...

GOBSTYKS By Che Webster GAMING CLUB

Arriving in Lincoln on a chilly winter day, and finding the university town quiet, I went directly to the GW Store to say hello.

It was good to meet Stewart, the Store Manager. It was also pleasant to see two of the members of Gobstyks, hanging around prior to the evening's gaming at the club. Immediately evident was the open and obviously good relationship that the store staff and club members have created.

There was a quiet and comfortable confidence in these people, clearly sharing their hobby together.

Once the Gobstyks Secretary, Will Platten, arrived at the store (he always goes to the store in case new members turn up and need a hand to find the venue) we walked over to the hall.

Each Thursday the club meets in the subterranean hall beneath St. Andrew's Church, no more than five minutes walk from the Games Workshop store. It was good to see that the church hall is also right next to a pub...

WHY 'GOBSTYKS'?

The website for the club officially says the following about the name:

"Gobstyk was the name of the club newsletter, and it gradually became adopted as the club name. A Gobstyk is a 'Gob on a stick'. Around here it means someone who is loud, brash, and in yer face. Not that we're at all like that. Oh no!"

There is, however, a deeper thing going on here. Having noticed that members proudly

wear a Gobstyks-green logo-marked shirt for the evening, I asked what this meant to them. The answers suggested heavily that Gobstyks is an identity. Talking to and watching the members, you sense the camaraderie and community. This is so strong they have attached this rather nice name to it all. As someone commented to me, "These folk are not from just any club, you know."

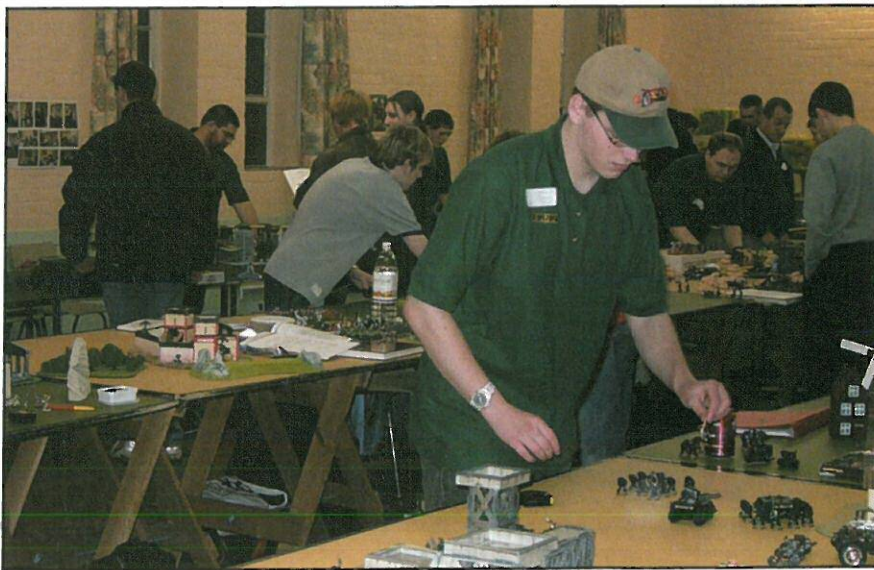
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

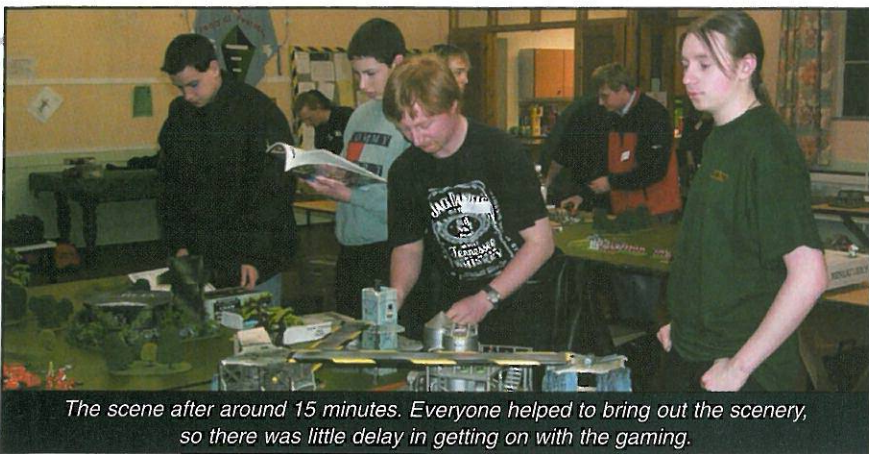
It's only recently that Gobstyks has changed hands. Gary James, the founder of the club, has stepped down from his role as leader and handed the reins to Will Platten.

In many clubs this kind of leadership change has resulted in the club falling apart. Not so here. Will suggested that, "Gobstyks has a life of it's own, I merely guide it, help the members go in the right direction week to week. With the others to help me, like Pete, Anna, Richard and Gary, my job is dead easy."

He went on to say that in practice this is all about, "helping to run campaigns, enjoying being part of the hobby and keeping others involved."

Will is a very active and enthusiastic member of Gobstyks, with an easy going style. Gary James confided to me, "Will helps at the store on Saturdays too. This is something I was never able to do, having a family to worry about. He puts it all into his hobby."





The scene after around 15 minutes. Everyone helped to bring out the scenery, so there was little delay in getting on with the gaming.

Under Will's guidance the club shows every sign of going from strength to strength.

'THE GOBSTYKS GIRLS'

There is at Gobstyks a phenomenon. Having spent only a few minutes within the hall, the matter of meeting 'the Gobstyks Girls' arose. Cautious investigation began.

The 'Girls' are three: Anna, Kelly (aka: Screech), and Chrissy.

Anna is the Club Treasurer and she was described to me as being someone who, when buying vegetables, avoids knotting the bag "because it will weigh more".

Kelly, or 'Screech' as she seems to prefer, is an energetic founder member of Gobstyks. She invented their famous Squig Hopper game, and is currently trying to add as many references to Games Workshop games as possible in her University degree. It was hard to wrest Kelly away from the gaming table, where she was 'almost winning' yet another battle of Warhammer 40,000.

Chrissy is the 'Snack Bar Big Boss'. She is also camera shy (it took me four attempts!). Whilst she likes to show a tough and humorous face, it is also clear that Chrissy looks upon her role with a great deal of care and attention.

CONNECTIONS

Having got talking to a rather nice chap, who revels in the nickname 'Toad', it was refreshing to discover that he is also a local schoolteacher. 'Toad' attends Gobstyks, but also runs his own school club too. We talked at length about the value he saw in having a hobby, which motivates him to put in the extra effort on behalf of his pupils. He confided that coming from a small village outside of the city, many of his pupils were really struggling to keep up with their hobby. "The club," he said, "really helps them to keep going."

SHARING ANY GAME

Gobstyks is mostly a club for Games Workshop hobbyists. However, they also welcome a small group of roleplayers and are happy to allow folk to play any other type of game they choose. This openness has, says Gary James, provided, "the possibility to share our hobby with more people."

On this particular night Blood Bowl was also being run, "to teach someone who has not played before."

TECHNO-MAGI

Sitting in the kitchen at the club was a small, basic desktop computer, purchased by the club from their funds. The machine is used for, amongst other things, designing Army Lists, drawing maps, and keeping track of club funds. Will commented that, "obviously not everyone is totally comfortable with computers, but it is a pretty useful tool to have around."

It was amusing to watch Gareth Hamilton, accomplished painter and gamer, crash the computer as we spoke.

PARTNERSHIPS

The staff at GW Lincoln are no strangers to Gobstyks. Over the years, the club has worked hard to maintain good links with the store. This has resulted in a lot of mutual support and many gaming opportunities rising to the surface. Staff are received as peers, not having to talk 'shop', and instead bring all of their skills and experience as painters, modellers and gamers to the club.

When asked, Stewart, the Lincoln Manager,



Gobstyks reward painting and encourage people to develop their skills at the club.

said, "I feel that the ultimate aim of any of my customers should be to attend a well run club. Our relationship is strong because we have the same aims."

Members from the club can be seen from time to time teaching customers how to play games in the store, talking to customers about the hobby in the hope that they'll get into it, and taking part in local or national events alongside the regular GW staff.

THE COMPETITIVE EDGE

One section of the hall was dedicated to those who were "in training for the club tournament." Many of them are regular attendees at the Grand Tournaments so this was, perhaps, not surprising. It was however very impressive to see how seriously Gobstyks values competition.

There were even members from other clubs "training" too. This culture of tournament play and competition is perhaps another reason for the popularity of Gobstyks. As a fellow who was there for the first time commented, "it's always fun to find new opponents and then beat them."

AND FINALLY...

After two rather pleasant cups of coffee and a good look around it was time to leave, albeit reluctantly.

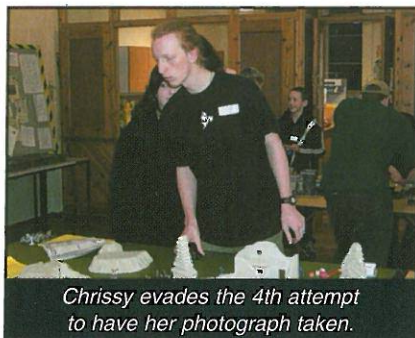
This Gaming Club is infectious in its attitudes, spirit and openness. It was refreshing to spend time with such a strong community of local gamers, and also to note their willingness to share the hobby with anyone they meet.

If you're ever near Lincoln, why not stick your head in?

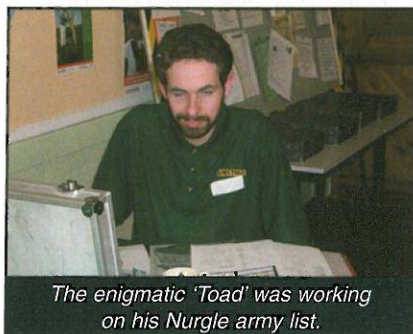
The club meets every Thursday from 6:00pm until 10:00pm, at St Andrew's Church Hall, in Lincoln. The hall is in St Martin's Square, which is next to The Top House pub at the top of the pedestrianised part of the High Street.

Your first visit is free, and thereafter there is a charge of £2.00 per meeting. This includes entry to the Club and use of the gaming tables, terrain, paints and modelling materials.

If you want to know more, either log on to the Gobstyks website or contact the staff at GW Lincoln (01522 548027).



Chrissy evades the 4th attempt to have her photograph taken.



The enigmatic 'Toad' was working on his Nurgle army list.

Visit the Gobstyks website at:

www.gobstyks.co.uk

Not content with merely creating, writing and overseeing our new game, Head Inquisitor Gav Thorpe has been purging heretics in the Studio campaign with his very own warband.

KESSEL'S HEROES

GAV THORPE'S INQUISITOR WARBAND



Gav Thorpe has been contributing to White Dwarf for as long as anyone can remember (we just haven't got the heart to get rid of him). He also presides over all things Warhammer, and is responsible for the development of Inquisitor.

When I first started writing Inquisitor, I made a few mock-up models (inspired by John Blanche) out of 1/32nd scale military models. These served me very well throughout the development of the game, but when we started getting some of the 'real' miniatures through I decided it was time for the old-timers to retire; some fresh blood was needed. Inquisitor Kessel and his warrior band are the result. I didn't really have an overall idea of what I wanted in my warrior band, and each of the following models was inspired by the original miniatures as they appeared from the miniatures designers. Here's what I did.

LOA GORG - DAEMONHOST



Given Kessel's dubious nature, an obvious accomplice would be a Daemonhost of some variety. I wanted something that would be completely off-the-wall and bizarre. Something we had talked about during the development of Cherubael was the fact that he is sustained by psychic energy; the power of it lifts him off the ground. I decided to take this one step further and create a character who obviously did not walk at all but floated around on a current of magical power.

I assembled Loa Gorg completely before attaching him to the base. First of all, I snipped the feet off Damien 1427's legs – a character with no feet obviously wouldn't be walking anywhere! To replace these, I fitted Damien's electro-flails onto the end of the legs, bending them beforehand to appear to be whipping around in Loa Gorg's psychic wash. I got a neat fit on each leg by clipping away where the electro-flails join the arm until a match was made that needed only a little filling.

More tricky was fitting the body to the legs. Although the waistline on both was roughly the same, to get the right angle and sweep to make Loa look as if he'd just swept down from a swooping dive

and was rising again I wanted a definite curve to his back. This was where I employed the most Green Stuff, using bits to bulk out the gap and get the angle right, then waiting for that to dry fully before filling in the spaces to smooth the fit between the two parts. The face is an Arco-flagellant head which sits on top of the collar very neatly, in fact it's just a little bigger which makes it look like the collar is bolted on really tightly and is squeezing into the flesh.

To move the silhouette even further from Cherubael, I repositioned one of the arms so that it was raised. The shape of the hand fitted perfectly with a skull from my bits box, and I could imagine the skull's eyes blazing with unholy light as the Daemonhost focused its psychic energy, terrifying Kessel's foes! As a final touch I glued on an Inquisition symbol hanging from the bindings on the raised arm, just as a small reminder that this creature is one of the Emperor's servants, albeit unwillingly...

I then used a flying base stem to mount Loa Gorg on his base, hiding the join between the stand and his body behind a piece of parchment attached to his waist.

PAINTING LOA GORG

Across my warrior band I wanted some different skin tones and textures. For Loa Gorg the effect I was after was something leathery and ancient, a Daemonhost almost at the end of its life, its physical shell almost totally corrupted. Here's what I did:

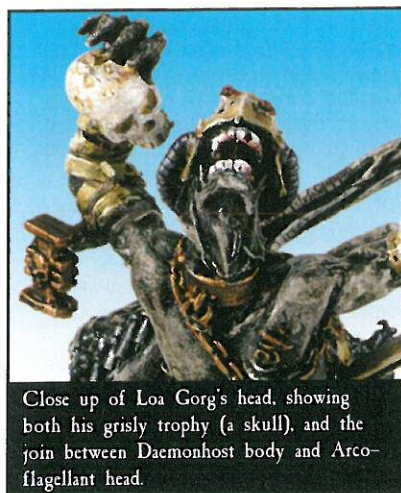
1. The all-important black spray undercoat!

2. The skin was drybrushed with Skull White. Over this I applied a thinned down brown/black wash. When this was dry I used another drybrush layer, this time with a mix of Snakebite Leather lightened with Bleached Bone. Another brown wash smoothed out the colours and it was done.

3. The bindings and hood were painted with Snakebite Leather, highlighted with Bleached Bone and then Skull White. I then used Chestnut ink to add a layer of shading, and a final highlight with more Bleached Bone.

4. To tie in with Kessel (and to keep that theme of colours within the warband), the metal decorations were drybrushed with Dwarf Bronze and then given a Chestnut Ink wash.

5. The implants in the legs were painted flat Mithril Silver over the black undercoat, and then a thinned blue wash added a blue-silver sheen.



Close up of Loa Gorg's head, showing both his grisly trophy (a skull), and the join between Daemonhost body and Arco-flagellant head.

INQUISITOR KESSEL



Kessel was the first miniature that I converted in the warrior band. As Brian Nelson was sculpting the Eisenhorn figure I knew that when I could get my hands on one, I'd want to do something with it. I'd already decided that I wanted a radical Inquisitor rather than some goody-goody Puritan, and initially I thought of Quixos, the daemon-cursed Inquisitor hunted down by Eisenhorn in his early career. In the end, I opted for someone new, but with a similarly corrupted appearance.

First of all I mounted mesh on the base and assembled Eisenhorn's legs and torso, before firmly fitting them to the base too. I snipped Eisenhorn's runestaff from the scroll cases hanging from it, which neatly left two pieces which could be stuck to either side of his hand once the sword-stick sheath was removed. Now, the staff is too thin to pin and the joint is quite weak, so unfortunately it has broken off on a few occasions, but successive regluing has formed quite a bond now!

Eisenhorn's thin blade is kind of a trademark for the figure, and I definitely wanted Kessel to have something a bit heftier to be his daemonblade. Covenant's power falchion seemed perfect and it was quite easy to fit on to Eisenhorn's fist at the quillions (the crosspiece). I snipped off the skull pommel and fitted that to the back of his hand to finish it off.

Getting a head that suited took a while, I wanted something that was a bit off-the-wall and disturbing. When I saw Cherubael's face I knew that I'd found what I wanted. Now, after removing the collar, this left Kessel with no neck, so I

used a small piece of spare metal (I think it was a tag) to lift the head out of the recess inside Eisenhorn's collar. Since most of it can't be seen, this worked very well. It was at this point that I decided to stop.

Part of the beauty of the Eisenhorn model is the elegant lines, and so I decided not to clutter it up with additional wargear and bits 'n' pieces.

PAINTING KESSEL

It was Kessel who established the overall colour theme for the whole warrior band. I wanted something a bit plush, regal-looking. Here's what I did (Oh, by the way I used a Detail brush for most of this – I find Fine Detail brushes too fiddly for my clumsy fingers. All the models were also spray varnished when I was done).

1. Black spray undercoat, with the recesses touched up with slightly thinned down black paint to give an even coverage.
2. I painted the red coat first – any slips could be painted over with black. I painted Red Gore over almost the entirety of the areas, leaving only the deepest creases black. I then did another coat of Red Gore over the higher areas for a first highlight. This gave a nice base for Blood Red on the highest point of the folds.
3. Over the Red Gore and Blood Red base I washed a mixture of Red Gore and Chestnut Ink, with the tiniest of drops of Brown Ink to darken it down even more.
4. With the wash dry, I used more Red Gore to reinforce the highlights that showed through. That was it, the red was done!
5. For the blue areas this was even simpler – Regal Blue over which a wash of Blue Ink and Black Ink was painted (about one part Black Ink to every five parts Blue). No additional highlighting was needed, the wash did it all for me.
6. The coppery metallic areas were painted with Dwarf Bronze for a more aged look than you get with gold. Chestnut Ink over this added a layer of shading and that was finished as well.
7. The actual black coat needed very little – I was very wary of making it too grey or too bluish with lots of highlighting. I restricted myself to a thin line of Elf Grey along the edges of the sleeves and bottom of the coat using the side of the brush bristles. I gently built up three layers of drybrushing on Kessel's trousers and when this was

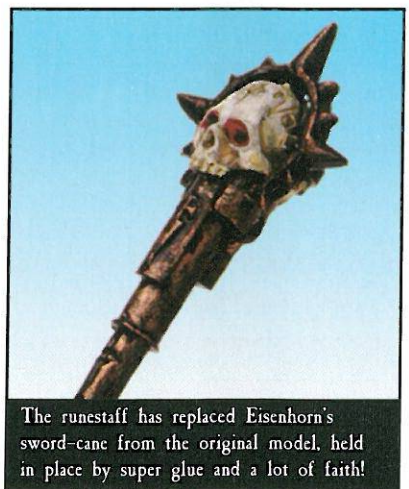
done, picked out the callipers and bionics with Mithril Silver and the odd part with Burnished Gold.

8. I wanted Kessel's skin to appear ghostly and inhuman, so I painted over the Black undercoat with Skull White. Onto this I painted thinned-down Elf Grey with a smidgen of Blue Wash mixed in. When this was dry I used Blood Red for the Inquisition rune on his forehead and in his eyes, and the inside of the mouth is Red Gore. With the red dried, I went over with the Skull White again, highlighting the horns, knuckles and other prominent areas, as well as tidying up a bit around the symbol and his eyes.

9. I drybrushed Skull White over the sword to highlight the edges, and worked this towards the tip so that it got lighter at that end. Over this I painted some fairly rough and ready lightning arcs crackling off the edges. To get the finished daemonsword appearance I used three or four washes of Green Ink to add an unearthly glow through which the energy patterns still show through.

10. Other details: The leather crossbelt was painted with Snakebite Leather, highlighted with a mix of that and Bleached Bone. Burnished Gold was used on the buttons, studs and trim on the inner coat. The wax on the purity seals was Red Gore (for the shoulder) and Blood Red (on the daemonsword). The parchment effect was achieved with Bleached Bone highlighted with a Skull White/Bleached Bone mix, given a thin (very thin) Chestnut Ink wash, and highlighted once more with Bleached Bone.

11. All of my bases were painted black over any earlier spillages and then drybrushed Boltgun Metal.

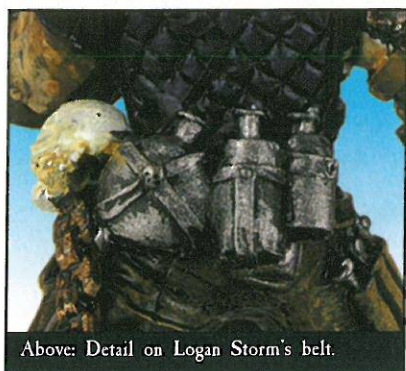


The runestaff has replaced Eisenhorn's sword-cane from the original model, held in place by super glue and a lot of faith!

LOGAN STORM - SKITARIII VETERAN



Logan Storm was a later addition to the warband to give it some ranged firepower – I realised that not one of the characters I had already made actually carried a gun! Parts from Slick Devlan, Sergeant Stone and Preacher Josef soon began to assemble on my cutting board. Grabbing an old Titan weapons frame, a plastic gatling blaster seemed perfect for a multi-barrelled autogun (not an assault cannon, that would be bigger). It was a bit plain though, but sorting through my ever increasing pile of bits, I managed to salvage the belt feed from a Space Marine Land Speeder heavy bolter which matched nicely. Rather than



Above: Detail on Logan Storm's belt.

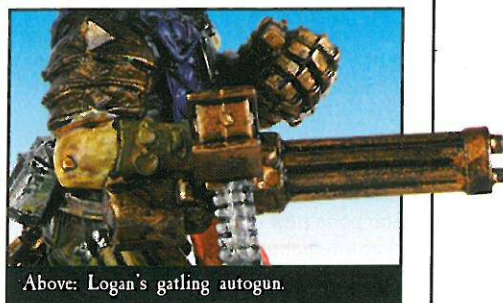
worry about trying to remodel some hands to grip this weapon, I went for the easy option of turning it into an implant. I chopped off the right hand of Stone and stuck the gun in place. It was as simple as that.

The left arm took a little more work and involved chopping off the forearm of Sergeant Stone and swapping it with Preacher Josef's armoured gauntlet. Twisting this slightly allowed me to bring the arm across the body which made for a much stronger pose, than leaving it hanging free. Preacher Josef's face seemed to match the bulk of the model quite well and fitted into the neck space easily enough without any chopping. For a little added character I added the loincloth from Stone and a head with a chain which I think came from a Chaos accessory frame.

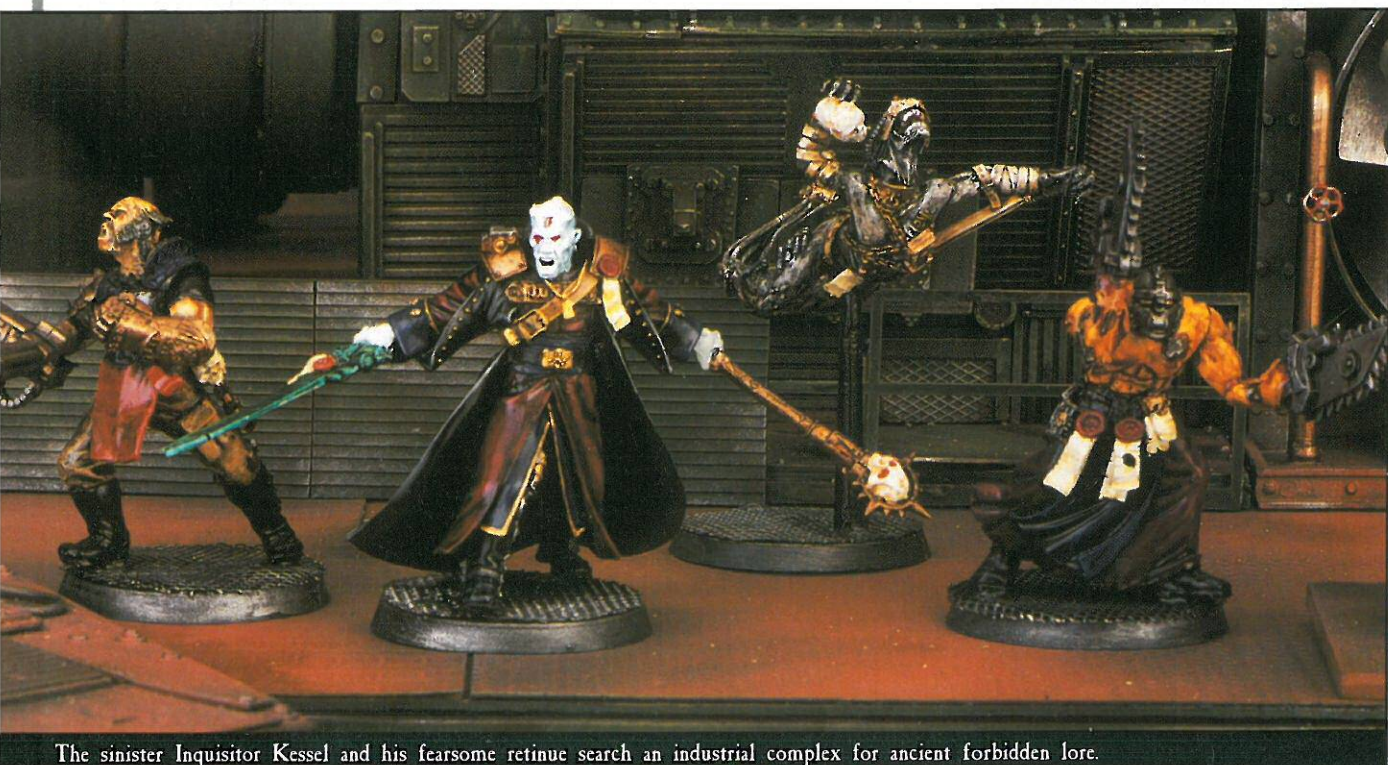
PAINTING LOGAN STORM

Most of the techniques I used on my previous models were duplicated on Logan, so here's what I did differently.

1. I used more Blood Red to highlight the demi-tabard, giving it a brighter finish than on the other characters – I thought that the deep Red Gore was okay for two of the characters but would get too repetitive if used on three out of the four.
2. The trousers were built up with successive layers of Snakebite Leather and Brown Ink wash, then Bubonic Brown mixed with Bleached Bone.
3. The skin was more Bronzed Flesh shaded with a mix of Brown and Chestnut Inks, then drybrushed with Bronzed Flesh and a final subtle highlight with Bronzed Flesh and a little bit of Skull White.

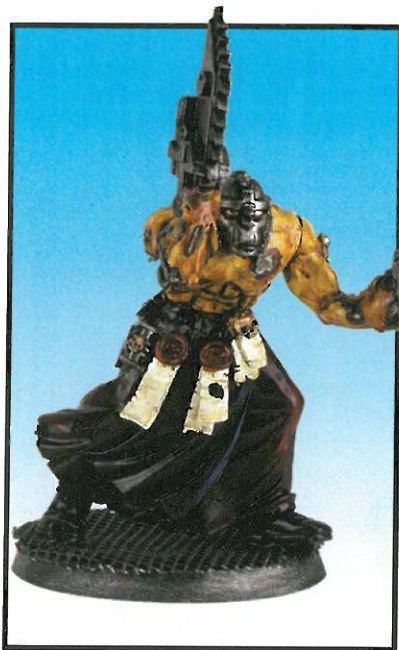


Above: Logan's gatling autogun.



The sinister Inquisitor Kessel and his fearsome retinue search an industrial complex for ancient forbidden lore.

MECHISMUS OILRELIUS - CHRONO-GLADIATOR



When we'd been devising Inquisitor characters there were various modified fighters who we lumped under the heading 'cyber-berserkers'. From these came the Arco-flagellants, but another one that I really like was the Chrono-gladiator. These are bionic pit fighters who have a built-in self-destruct mechanism that can only be forestalled by fighting, thus every second in combat is a second added to their life.

The basic inspiration for Mechismus was finding a really old frame of plastic Titan weapons (the original Adeptus Titanicus

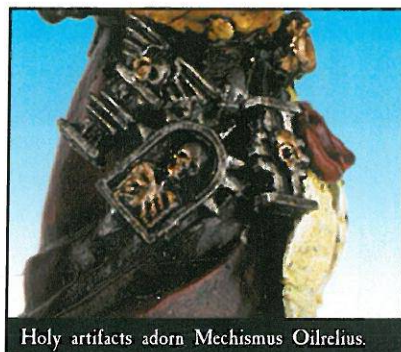
ones, for those whose memories reach back that far). The chainfists looked the perfect size – brutal and unwieldy but small enough to mount on a 54mm character's arms. By odd coincidence (not!) I had Damien 1427's arms without their electro-flails... the joints were covered with Green Stuff to create a mechanical/organic 'weld'. Using a knife, I chopped out the bottom and back of one of the plastic Titan heads to fit between he shoulders of Damien 1427. I envisioned this more of a 'brain pan' than an armoured head – the brain is floating inside the armoured shell, the somewhat fragile skull having been removed long ago. I then pinned the arms to the body and inserted the syringes down the spine, and that was the upper torso finished.

I looked around for some suitable legs, and finally settled on Devotee Malicant's. The bare chest combined with the kilt-like robes of Malicant worked well together. I filed off the rope on the front of the legs hanging over the demi-tabard, and covered the flat area left behind with purity seals stolen from my bits box – much easier than re-sculpting detail! So the seals didn't look too odd, I stuck on some more Inquisition symbols from the same accessory sprues, to make it look as if Mechismus has been passed from one Inquisitor to another over decades of fighting, each conflict putting off his death by a few more years.

PAINTING MECHISMUS

Here's how I painted my Chrono-gladiator:

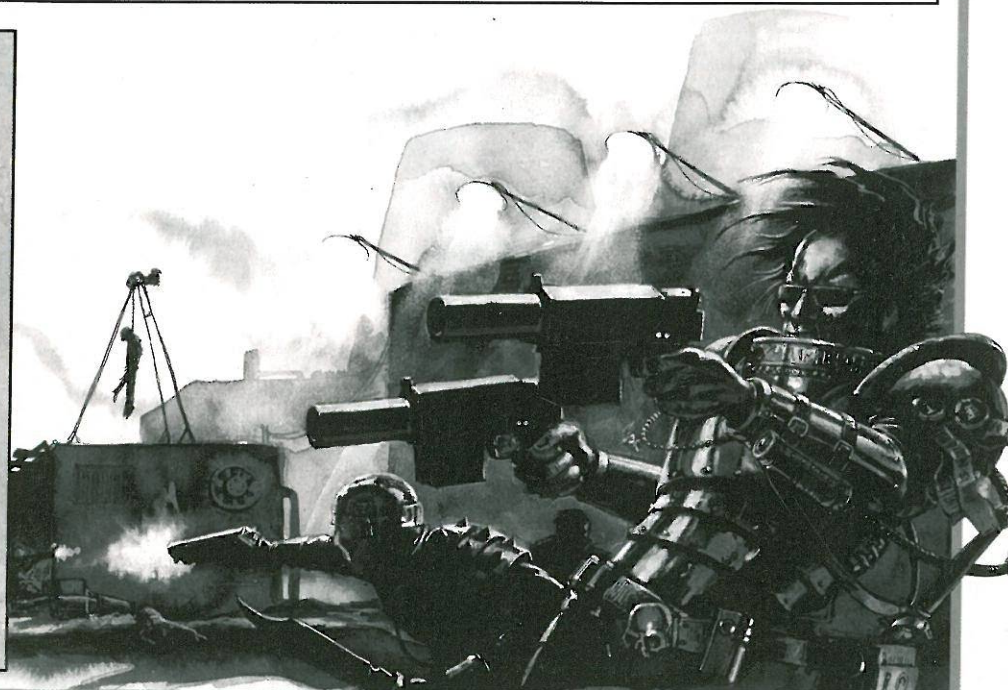
1. Black spray undercoat
2. The red, blue and black areas, as well as the purity seals, were painted using the same methods I employed on Kessel.
3. For the skin I painted over the undercoat with Skull White, then a layer of Bronzed Flesh. For a weathered look, I washed this over with Chestnut Ink.
4. I wanted the metal areas of Mechismus to have a greased, oily feel to them. Mithril Silver formed the base coat and over this I used a mix of Blue Ink and Brown Ink, with a little Chaos Black to thicken it up. I was going to drybrush it after this, but decided I preferred the effect as it was. For the icons and symbols, I drybrushed Mithril Silver over the black undercoat, so that they stood out as slightly different. I then picked out the odd detail with Dwarf Bronze to provide another visual connection to the other warriors.



Holy artifacts adorn Mechismus Oilrelius.

So there you have it, how I assembled and painted Kessel's Heroes. Even as someone who isn't much of a modeller and converter, I found the experience immensely enjoyable and rewarding. Getting the right bits was the most useful thing to start, the actual process of converting and painting I found straightforward and not really any different from Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 modelling. My final piece of advice would be to let your imagination guide you – don't worry about what the rules will be, you can sort those out once you have that character miniature finished!

Well, ta ta for now, you'll be seeing more of Kessel's Heroes in the future.

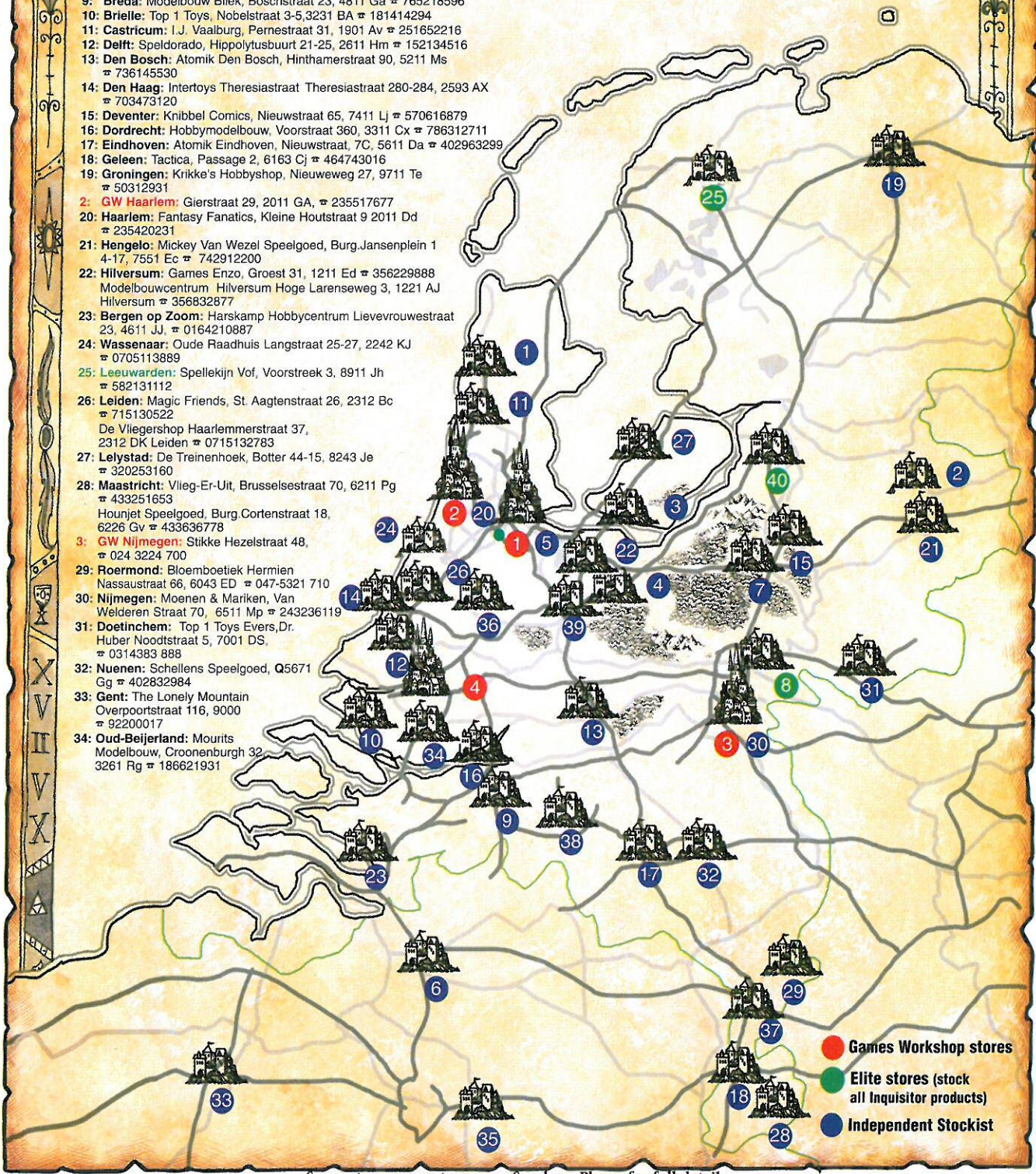


BENELUX

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CALEDONIAN ♦ CONFLICT ♦

Review by Space McQuirk

Standing in a queue that stretched around the Meadowbank stadium, the eager gamers braved the Scottish snowstorms, waiting for the doors to open to the first major Games Workshop event in Scotland – Caledonian Conflict. Over a hundred gaming tables filled the hall and, as the 200 tournament competitors streamed into the venue, the fun began. Once the tournament players were installed, everyone else waiting patiently outside flooded in to kick off the rest of the revelry. There were numerous participation games where players could recreate massive tank battles, join in Dreadnought combats or visit the steaming jungles of Lustria in search of gold (to name but a few). A large contingent of the Scottish Studio staff graced the occasion, welcoming all their kinsmen to join in the day's festivities. Gordon Davidson, Dave Gallagher, Keith Robertson and Graham McNeill were amongst those who survived the long drive from Nottingham to Edinburgh.

There was a sneak preview of the brand new Inquisitor game being played and there were rumoured sightings of Black Library stalwarts Gordon Rennie and Colin McNeil amongst the crowds.

The retail stands were buzzing with people for the whole event and the guys at Forge World brought along a whole host of their uniquely brilliant models and busts.

For those lucky few that got to the Mail Order and retail stands early there was an exciting selection of pre-release models, including some of the brilliant new Dark Elves, Vampire Counts and last but not least the first few figures from the Inquisitor range.

The tournament players all had a great time, and eventually, after long and hard-fought battles, we found the winners.

A great day was had by all and Games Workshop would like to say a big thankyou to everyone who made the day possible.

My first taste of the legendary Scottish hospitality was beyond my wildest expectations and I look forward to returning soon.

Well done to everyone who took part!

Hotly contested and valiantly fought, the tournament players give their all in the first ever Games Workshop tournament in Scotland.



Competition heats up as the tournament reaches its final stages.



Huge games, new miniatures, Forge World, the new Inquisitor game, Mail Order, the Black Library – loads to see and do! Studio staff demonstrate Inquisitor and chat to gamers.

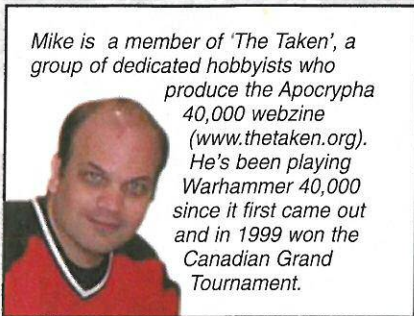


Rob Lane (left) receives the Warhammer Tournament award from Gordon Davidson...

...while Iain Skinner (right) wins the Warhammer 40,000 award.



TACTICA sees a veteran gamer taking a close look at the strategy and tactics for how to get the best out of a particular force or even the game itself. This month, Mike Major continues his look at the tactics he uses in the Assault phase. Be warned, however, that these are advanced tactics for tournament players and experienced gamers...



Mike is a member of 'The Taken', a group of dedicated hobbyists who produce the *Apocrypha 40,000* webzine (www.thetaken.org). He's been playing Warhammer 40,000 since it first came out and in 1999 won the Canadian Grand Tournament.

LAUNCH THE ATTACK!

In the 41st Millennium, wars are commonly won and lost in the bloody mêlée of close quarter fighting. With many forces incorporating assault units as key elements of their offensive and defensive strategies, a general should know how best to employ these key force elements so as to ensure victory. Knowing the abilities of your forces and how best to utilize them in the game can make a significant difference in the outcome of the battles you fight.

The concepts that follow are highly advanced tactics developed through years of games of both the friendly and competitive types including several Grand Tournaments. For the most part they literally came about accidentally through game play – they weren't so much developed as discovered ("Hey! If I set up like this I can do that!"). That said, they require extensive knowledge of the core rules if they are to be used properly. Without that experience and knowledge, you could easily wind up confused, frustrated and could damage your enjoyment of the game. Knowing when not to use a tactic can be just as important as knowing how to use it, so if you're new to the game save the advanced concepts in this article for later when you've a solid knowledge of the rules upon which to base their utilisation. Remember, we're doing this to have fun – and if something isn't fun for either you or your opponent then there is a real problem!

TACTICA

ASSAULT Pt II

ADVANCED ASSAULT TECHNIQUES IN WARHAMMER 40,000

One of the largest misconceptions of a Warhammer 40,000 assault is that it takes place exclusively in the Assault phase. Nothing could be further from the truth. To demonstrate, I've structured these articles in a 'turn sequence' order so as to cover all the aspects of an assault from its planning and inception to the post assault moves and enemy reaction in the following turns. In part I of this series we went over the preparation and ground work of the assault as well as its opening phases. We covered concerns that you should consider during deployment and the early movements of the game. We then discussed the critical preparations for your assault which included a brief discussion of transports, deployment of models during the Movement phase for greatest impact and pre-assault fire in the Shooting phase. Finally, the usage of common assault wargear was attended to.

In the second part of the series we'll continue this trend with a discussion of unusual traits like fearsome troops. Then the nitty gritty of the Assault phase itself and your options within it will be pried open for examination. Finally we'll cover the close of the Assault phase and such things as sweeping advances and post assault positioning, and what happens when the enemy reacts to what you've done.

This should help you to get the most out of your assault forces and also give you some tactics with which to defend against opposing assault elements.

FEAR THIS!
Movement/Assault Phase...

In addition to wargear which allows you to purchase special fighting abilities for some of your models, there are some unusual beings which come with their own. The most common of these effects are those which affect morale such as Fearsome and Fearless. There are a number of tactics associated with such beings:

Offensive Tactics:

1. Run Away!: Fearsome units that win a combat will cause any unit that can fall back to automatically flee. Being able to drive away your enemy can be an incredibly useful effect if you are involved in a *Take and Hold* or a *Bunker Assault*.

2. Fearsome Crossfire: Even more importantly, careful use of crossfire can obliterate enemy units wholesale. If you've disembarked from a transport within their fallback corridor to perform your assault the enemy will run straight into your carrier and be destroyed. Alternately, you might place a supporting unit behind them to provide the crossfire. Teaming Gargoyles with a Lictor can be perfect for this.

3. Heroic Support: You may want to add a powerful independent character to Fearsome units to ensure the success of your force where that is an option. A Chaos Lord with a jump pack backing up a Raptor unit is one of the classic uses of this combination that has proven very successful.

4. Stand Fast: Fearless units are perfect for rock hard assaults where you need to ensure that your unit has the staying power to prevail.

Defensive Tactics:

1. They're Behind Us: Some players will build an entire strategy around Fearsome units. Watch for this when you see those Fear causing units advancing with some type of supporting unit, or when you know he has units that could perform a Deep Strike into a rear area to support them.

2. Fall Back and Fire: If you're able to prevent your opponent from getting his crossfire unit into position and he drives the unit he attacked off he'll have left his Fearsome unit standing in the centre of a shooting gallery for your army. A most unenviable place for him to be! Sometimes you can 'sucker' your opponent into an assault that looks good

and hoist him upon his own fearsomeness with a deadly barrage!

3. Keep 'em busy: Fearless units are wonderful for tying up enemy units that you cannot beat. Since the unit will not break, the enemy will have to kill everything before continuing to their objective. They'll die to the last man but they won't run, which can also be perfect for objective or table quarters-based games, or scenarios like Meat Grinder where everyone HAS to die in order for your opponent to win.

BRING OUT YER DEAD!

The Assault Phase...

The removal of casualties – and who controls that removal – is another key feature that can be used to improve the effect of your assaults. Where you pull your dead can make a great deal of difference to the outcome of an extended fight and it's up to the owner of the models to remove them (Warhammer 40,000 page 66 – Removing Casualties). Normally the control over much of the assault is in the hands of the attacker as it is his units performing the assault, picking the target and having control over which models are engaged. The removal of casualties is where the defender really begins to have options and some control over the results of the Assault phase.

According to the rules for removing casualties, models are removed from base to base contact with the enemy first and then from within 2" and finally further away. Be certain to be reasonable about this as some players can be abusive of this rule particularly where 'invisible' wargear is involved. Remove those models reasonably and stay well within the bounds of good sportsmanship! It's okay to take hits where you want them when receiving damage from the vast mass of combatants – in fact you should do this! However, a character is reasonably going to kill those models near him before those further away! If you really can't agree on how this should be done you should probably resolve that fight model by model as suggested by the rules (Warhammer 40,000 page 66 – Removing Casualties) and apply the casualty removal rules from each base to base conflict. I've found that this clarifies things beautifully and is always fair for both parties.

While the defender normally controls removal of casualties, the attacker has options as well. It is the attacker who controls where his characters go and characters can allocate their attacks.

You'll then have to decide whether to strike at specific models or to hit the unit. This can be critical because if a character allocates even a single attack he can only then strike models in base to base with him (Warhammer 40,000 page 75 – Allocating Attacks) so you've got to be very sure before taking this action.

Offensive Tactics:

1. Reap the Foe: Most times you'll want to have your character slay members of the unit he's fighting, killing man after man as he slashes his way through the unit.

2. Selective Targeting: When faced with a character, you may choose to try to remove him rather than fight with the unit. This is particularly appropriate if he's very dangerous and the only nemesis you have for him is your own character or if he's carrying a slow striking piece of wargear like a powerfist or claw as you may kill him before he ever gets to swing. It may also be wise to do this when facing 'invisible' power weapons or power fists or other specially equipped models as taking them out is usually worth the extra effort.

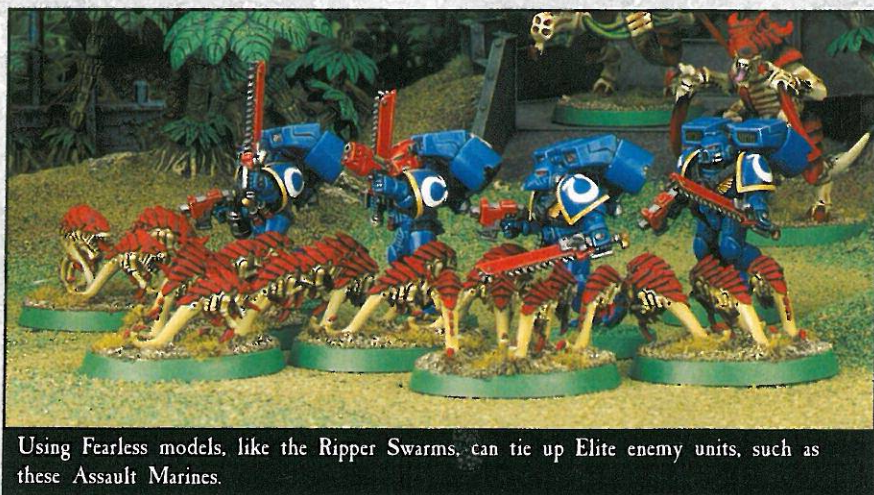
3. Take as many down as you can: At times it may make more sense to strike at the unit even if you are in contact with a character. This depends on many factors such as Victory Points, objectives, tactical situation and the like. Also, if you can hack down enough members of the unit you may force them to break which may allow you to destroy the character in the pursuit along with his unit.

Defensive Tactics:

1. Strand 'Em: The best way to utilize your control of casualty removal is the ability to deny an opponent his more powerful attacks. If a fight has become congested and many models are in

base to base, look for characters who are on the edge of the combat. In such a situation, removing models from base to base contact with a powerful model on the edge of the fight can often leave him stranded. He will always get his attacks on the current turn but you may be able to deny him the ability to reach base to base in a future Assault phase which will dramatically reduce his effectiveness.

2. Pick up the 'Fist: Another way to utilize casualty removal is to protect models with unusual equipment. This could be a model with a special or heavy weapon which you wish to preserve for later use. Some armies also have what I like to call 'invisible' wargear items such as power fists, power weapons and other specialty items, such as close combat equipped models within Deathwing Terminator Squads. Since these specially equipped models are simply 'normal' troops they can always be the last removed as casualties if you are careful – the rest of the squad acting as 'ablative' hits for them. These types of units are extremely dangerous and the only real counter is a character who can reach base to base contact so as to allocate his attacks to the power fist armed models. To demonstrate how this works, let's suppose your Blood Claw unit is facing a Wraithlord. The unit howls and engages, getting six models into base to base contact, two of whom are carrying power fists. Since the power fist armed Space Wolves have the same profile as their brethren and are not characters, only another character would be able to allocate attacks against them. The Wraithlord strikes, killing two of the Blood Claws and the Space Wolves player removes two normal Blood Claws models. The two power fist armed models are now ready to exact revenge for their brethren.



Using Fearless models, like the Ripper Swarms, can tie up Elite enemy units, such as these Assault Marines.

VICTORY OR FLIGHT

The Assault Phase...

Whether you win or lose your fight in the Assault phase, one of two things will happen. One side will break and run or the result will be a drawn combat. Aside from planning your combat properly, sending the best models in to fight and rolling some good dice, there's little you can do to affect this as sometimes the very best planned assaults that should win simply fail because your hero trips over an invisible turtle.

Regardless, you'll have choices to make and those decisions are as much a part of the combat as setting it up was. We'll now discuss what to do if you draw your combat, what to do if you win, and what to do if you lose.

SWIRLING MELEE

The Assault Phase...

When a fight results in a draw there is a roll for 'Moral High Ground' to see which force is more confident of victory. The losers of this roll will make a Leadership check (Warhammer 40,000 page 67 – Loser Checks Morale) and may fall back. If they do, the winner may only consolidate rather than pursuing. See the discussion on consolidation below.

Quite commonly, a fight will not be cleanly resolved either because the Moral High Ground roll was a tie or because the loser of that roll passed their Morale check. When this happens we have a 'drawn combat' and both sides must move unengaged models into the fight. This is critical as the ONLY limitation on this move is that 'unengaged' models must be contacted before ones already in base to base contact (Warhammer 40,000 page 69 – Drawn Combats). This gives you the opportunity to move unengaged models in where you need them. Characters can be engaged in preference to a lowly trooper – even if the trooper is closer. Models with extra Attacks or special equipment can be moved in where they can make use of them. In reverse, an endangered character could wind up deliberately OUT of base to base contact as a trooper is moved in to block his re-entry into base to base contact – sometimes highly useful in 'capture the general' games and the like. Who wins that D6 roll to move in first can be VERY important and both attacker and defender can make use of this effect equally.

PURSUIT OR CONSOLIDATION?

The Assault Phase...

You've won your hard fought fight and your opponents are running. Maybe they attacked you and your gallant troops were able to beat them off, or perhaps your carefully calculated attack across No Man's Land was a complete success. Either way you've choices to make. Sometimes those choices are simple – chase the enemy down and destroy them! But that can be highly dangerous and against some armies it can even be considered playing right into your opponent's hands.

When a unit wins a fight it has two options – pursue or consolidate. We'll discuss each of these in turn.

Pursuit is a choice option only under certain circumstances, so even when it seems the most attractive option, think about it! When you win a close combat and your opponents fall back, most units can be destroyed by a pursuit move which exceeds the distance they fell back. Even better, you can make this choice of whether or not to pursue after you've seen how far your opponent runs! (Warhammer 40,000 page 68 – Winners Advancing and Consolidating) Some units, such as Space Wolves Blood Claws, must pursue, but for the vast majority it is a choice that you must make. If you can merrily shred the enemy and your unit will be safe or is, perhaps, expendable then by all means do so. If the unit is important, consider your options carefully.

When making the decision to pursue your largest concerns are where your forces will end up and who will move next. A pursuit move that turns into a sweeping advance may lead to an undesired mêlée with opponents you didn't wish to engage – perhaps a nasty combat unit placed as a counter-charge measure, behind the unit you've just chased down.

When a fight concludes during your turn, your opponent will have the next go. This gives him the opportunity to move to destroy your attacking force, open fire on it if he can see it, or launch his own assault. In addition, if you performed a sweeping advance into another unit while in pursuit of your victims his ENTIRE ARMY can fire at you if he can trace line of sight and has range (Warhammer 40,000 page 69 – Shooting in Close Combat) despite your contact with his unit. This kind of pursuit is not merely to be avoided – it is often tantamount to suicide.

Offensive Tactics:

1. Sweep Safely: It is best only to perform a sweeping advance when fighting during the enemy player's turn. You then have the next go and can continue to fight without all that withering fire. If it looks as though you'll win a fight easily and be put in that undesirable position of having to sweep when you don't want to, do your best to engage more than one unit to draw out the fight.

2. Pause to fire: Note that if you can sweep safely you may wish to forego doing so in favour of a normal move, fire and assault which gains you most of the advantages of a sweeping advance and allows you a round of shooting as well.

Defensive Tactics:

1. Charge!: One way to avoid your opponent performing a sweeping advance at an inopportune time is to drag out the combat by hurling more units into the fight during your own Assault phase. Be careful, however – if your opponent is already winning the fight you don't want to throw good troops after bad, although this may be necessary to stop a very deadly unit from devouring your entire army.

2. Fall back, troops!: Some very devious players may elect not to take beneficial morale modifiers that are listed as 'optional' or 'may' in the rules so as to allow their badly mauled unit to break at an opportune time. The Imperial Guard, for instance, may elect NOT to use an officer's Leadership rather than the unit's (Codex Imperial Guard Page 5 – Imperial Guard Command Platoons) or may elect not to utilize a piece of wargear such as a comm-link or an upgrade such as a standard bearer, Independent characters do NOT have this option when attached to a unit (Warhammer 40,000 page 76 – Characters as Leaders).

If you should decide not to pursue then your other option is to consolidate. A consolidation move will take your victorious unit 3" in any direction you choose regardless of difficult terrain, and is commonly used defensively in any of three ways – consolidation into cover, returning to your transport if it is close enough or to consolidate into a new combat with a nearby enemy. Should you win your combat during your opponent's Assault phase you should use your consolidate move to further your own ends offensively – either moving toward the enemy with a mind towards setting up a new assault, reforming your defensive line or perhaps taking an objective. Since your own turn



The Imperial Guard Command HQ deploy forward ready to countercharge the Ork attack while the Chimera destroys the Ork Trukk.

is next you will be able to continue this action during the normal sequence of movement, perhaps firing and then launching a new assault.

Defensive Consolidate moves:

1. Cover: You can use your 3" consolidate move to get your models either out of line of sight or into cover which will provide a save to increase your survivability.
2. Back inside: Your move can be used to re-embark into your transport IF the 3" consolidate move brings the entire unit within 2" of an embarkation point (Warhammer 40,000 page 81 – Carrying Troops - Embarking).
3. Attack: You can also consolidate into close combat if the enemy is within 3" (a little known rule and often misinterpreted) – (Warhammer 40,000 'Ultimate Secrets of the Galaxy' – 'Consolidating'). If you perform this type of move into combat you won't gain the extra dice for assaulting but neither will you be vulnerable to sweeping advance fire.

UNDER THE GUNS

The following turns...

Finally, it may be that your tactical position leaves your assault force in the open. Perhaps you fled a lost combat or it may be that a consolidate or pursuit move was insufficient to get you clear. Being under the guns of your enemy is the last place you want to be. The best defence from this position is really to

avoid ever getting into it – look for situations like this a couple of turns ahead and arrange to be any place else but downrange of the enemy's guns. If that fails, get out as quickly as you can! Getting to the initial assault isn't always the hardest part. Against a sharp enemy, surviving the continuance of it will be.

Offensive Tactics:

1. Get back into your transport, under cover or into close combat as quickly as you can!

COUNTER-CHARGE UNITS

The following turns...

Any defensively oriented or 'shooty' army should never be without these units and even balanced and assault armies can benefit from them with suitable tactical modification. When you need to stop an assault in its tracks this type of force is just the ticket. A 'counter-charge' unit is quite simply an assault unit that stays behind to plug gaps or stall assaults. Some armies (the Blood Angels and most Tyranid forces come to mind) have no real need for this type of unit but most others will benefit from it. In static armies it should be centrally placed so as to have the best response coverage. In mobile, flexible or assault based armies it should float behind the main force as a fire brigade unit that can move in to counter enemy offensives or take advantage of weaknesses and exploit successful assaults.

Often even the presence of such a force can cause your opponent to hesitate or

attack elsewhere. If he does it's already doing its job! Many units are suitable for this kind of work – everything from Imperial Guard Command HQs equipped with power fists, to Dreadnoughts, Wraithlords and Sentinels, to units of Eldar Howling Banshees or Space Marine Command squads. The force needn't be large, but it should be there. All the above usual assault tactics will work with a countercharge force save that you will often not get to fire as your target unit is likely already in hand to hand when you attack. Still, don't neglect their firepower as there is always the occasional sweeping advance to be fired at or a character to drop at close range.

AFTERMATH

Victory can be made or broken during the Assault phase. Treating it as a tactical element rather than simply a matter of 'flinging the troops in', will give you victory over a less able opponent far more often than not. Pay close attention to the set-up of your assaults, the placement of your models in the Movement phase, who you fire at, the use of your wargear and how you follow up and you'll see a dramatic improvement in the performance of your assault forces. Tactics such as these should add a new dimension to your games of Warhammer 40,000, giving them a character in close combat that wasn't there before and raising your play to an exciting new level!

Now get out there and hack 'em to bits!

With the Warhammer Vampire Counts Armies book still fresh from the grave, Alessio Cavatore and Space McQuirk bring you a new Warhammer scenario that pits Vampire against Vampire.

VAMPIRE COUNTS BLOOD FEUD

A new scenario for Warhammer

For hundreds of years the accursed lands of Sylvania had been under the fearsome rule of Vlad von Carstein. A powerful and deadly Vampire Count, he had ruled over the province in a reign of terror. Those who dared to oppose him met grisly deaths; Baron Heinz Rothermeyer was attacked and eaten by a pack of wolves whilst hunting, Baron Gorthus de Witt was found dead in his privy, totally drained of blood. Witch Hunters from across the Empire sought to slay Vlad, but of those who succeeded in tracking down the dark count, none ever returned.

Many were the wars that this lord of undeath waged against the Empire. At the battles of Schwartzhafen and Bluthof, Vlad destroyed Empire forces, slaying his captives using all manner

of horrific tortures. Legend tells of an enchanted ring which resurrected the Count from even the most brutal deaths. It was his dependency on this source of magical power that would ultimately lead to his demise. As Vlad prepared to attack the city of Altdorf, the ring was stolen in broad daylight whilst the Count slept, by a foolhardy but brave thief. Vlad flew into a fit of rage. In his anger he raised a massive legion of Zombies and Ghouls and together they marched forward to attack the well-fortified capital.

In a titanic struggle atop the battlements of Altdorf, the Grand Theogonist and Vlad fought. Realising he could never best Vlad, the Theogonist charged the Count knocking him from the parapets; locked in an embrace of death, the

two plummeted down the tall tower walls impaling themselves on the spiked gate of the city.

The following years were a time of turmoil for the land of Sylvania. With Vlad dead the other Vampires vied for power and a series of vicious battles were fought amongst Vampire kind. One of the most bloody and unholy of these fights was to take place in the quiet town of Essen. Founded on a river which ran across the outskirts of the Forest of Shadows, Essen was a quiet town. Once the sight of one of Vlad's most bloody battles, it had since enjoyed a quiet peace under the control of Konrad von Carstein.

For many decades a Necrarch Lord known as Sethep the Merciless had secretly plotted how best to defeat Vlad and his armies but knew that ultimately any such attempt would be futile. Vlad had simply been too great an opponent. At last he spied an opportunity to begin his conquest of the remote province and, after raising a small Undead host, he marched towards Essen. En route he attacked many of the small villages and hamlets that had grown within the forest, swelling his army with the bodies of those slain. The churchyards and burial sites became fields of opportunity for the Necrarch to gather more dead to join his host.

By the time the terrifying horde reached the town of Essen, his force had grown in strength and was thirsty for the blood of the townsfolk. If his Undead legion was set loose in the town then he would soon have an army large enough to threaten the whole of Sylvania. Only a small force barred his way, but at the head of the opposition stood Konrad von Carstein. In one of his rare moments of sanity, Konrad had realised that Sethep's force would have to cross the River Stir. The only crossing available to Sethep was a small ford on the outskirts of the town. It was here that Konrad chose to make his stand. Calling forth his own legions of the

Hertov stirred from his slumber. Over the past few nights his sleep had become restless as terrible visions of a dark figure hunting him down had invaded his dreams. The sound of glass breaking brought him quickly to his senses. Dirt-covered hands grasped through the broken window, reaching out for him. With a loud crack, the door to his small forest hut burst open. As he turned to face the horror that had broken into his home his gaze was met by the lidless eyes of a corpse staring straight through him. Slowly the Zombie took a step towards him, its decayed arms reaching out as though it sought a tender embrace. Hertov knew he faced his doom.

Through the thick haze of mist that clung to the earth, the screams of the last remaining villagers pierced the cold night air. The Necrarch Lord stood on the steps of the small village church. He was able to see the dead lying in their graves as though the soil that covered them did not exist. As he muttered the unholy incantation, each spirit buried deep in the cold earth called back to him. They cried out to be set free from the coldness of death, to return to the warm world of the living. Already the first of the village folk who had been killed in the attack were shambling towards him. Zombies forced to serve his implacable will. Soon they would be joined by the spirits and skeletal warriors that he would summon from this cemetery.

Sethep let a rare and menacing smile cross his sunken face. Before him, entire generations of families stood awaiting his command. Long dead relatives had been united in undeath. The Zombie forms of the village's children, stood beside the rotted corpses of their long dead grandparents, all ready to serve their new master and do his dark will.

"Come my servants, come join us and together we shall extinguish the flame of life. Now we march to Essen."

As one the Undead legion moved, shuffling along the dusty track towards the town. With his numbers swelled by the addition of the dead villagers, Sethep now felt confident that no mortal could stand before his fearsome army.



Konrad von Carstein prepares to stop the advance of Sethep's Undead horde at the Essen Ford river crossing.

dead, he marched his army to the river's edge and prepared to meet Sethep before he could cross the ford.

The only mortal witness of the ensuing battle was a lone woodsman travelling home from the tavern. Before his mysterious disappearance he recounted the dark tale of the battle which has become legend to the folk of Sylvania. As the Necrarch's force tried to cross the river, Konrad unleashed his own minions of death. Skeletons hacked down Zombies and in turn their bones were gnawed upon by Ghouls. It is said that at one point, spirit fought spirit in the ethereal plane, their damned souls doomed to an eternity of torment in the land of the dead.

As the fighting reached its greatest intensity and the carnage of the dead was at its greatest, the two Vampires met. Intense blasts of energy flew from the fingers of Sethep, exploding on the chest of Konrad, but the martial skill of the mighty von Carstein won the day. As Sethep's Zombies crossed the ford, Konrad brought his great weapon down on the Necrarch, beheading him. With no one left to oppose his magical powers he summoned a torrent of water to sweep away the threatening Zombies.

Although still under the fearsome rule of Konrad von Carstein, the entire province, and perhaps the whole of the world, had been saved from eternal service in undeath.

SETHEP THE MERCILESS

The origins of Sethep are shrouded in mystery. It is thought by Imperial scholars that he was one of the students of W'soran, the father of the Necrarch Vampires. After the death of W'soran, it is recorded in ancient Khemri scripture that his students fled the lands of Khemri and made their way north to the Old World. Sethep was a bitter rival of the infamous Necrarch Vampire Melkhior, and the two spent many centuries trying to destroy each other. The name of Sethep spread fear across the whole of the Old World. He was a ruthless killer and cared nothing for the sanctity of life. Wherever he passed, death would follow. The forests where his ruined tomb lay were eerie in their silence. No living creature dared venture near the Vampire Lord, who saw life as a disease that needed to be extinguished.

Whole villages in the province of Sylvania would be found deserted as Sethep tried to create his world of undeath. A cold and calculating killer, Sethep had one of the most twisted and evil minds that had ever walked the face of the Old World. No mortals who crossed his path were ever allowed to live to tell the tale, which lent him his macabre name Sethep the Merciless.

Your army may be led by Sethep, Necrarch Lord. He can be taken as a Lord choice, but will use up one of your Hero choices as well. Taking Sethep counts as taking a Lord and a Hero. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
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Sethep	6	6	6	5	5	4	8	5	10
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Points: Sethep the Merciless costs 485 points.

Equipment: Sethep is armed with a hand weapon and always carries the *Staff of Raukbamon*, a powerful magic item that has the powers of both a *Staff of Damnation* and of a *Cursed Book* (see the Vampire Counts Armies book, pages 50-51).

Armour: None.

Magic: Sethep is a Level 4 Wizard with four spells (because of his Bloodline powers) and can use Necromantic spells or the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES

Bloodlines: Sethep has the following powers from the Necrarch family's list: *Nebekhara's Noble Blood*, *Forbidden Lore*.

THE BATTLE OF ESSEN FORD

Overview: A smaller force of defenders has to stop the enemy from crossing a river at a ford and invading their land.

Armies: Both armies are chosen using the Warhammer army lists. The defender has 50% less points than the attacker, eg 2,000 points of attackers would face 1,000 points of defenders.

Battlefield: The game has to be played on a 6'x4' table. A 6" wide river runs across the centre of the table, as shown on the map. Approximately in the centre of the table, a 12" wide ford lies across the river. The river and ford are the only vital elements of terrain for the scenario. Lay out 3-5 other terrain pieces as you wish.

You can play the scenario with less terrain if you wish (but leave the river there!), however do not increase the quantity of it.

DEPLOYMENT

1. The defender sets up first, anywhere north of the river.
2. The attacker sets up second, at least 12" south of the river.
3. Scouting units are not deployed with the rest of the units. Instead they are placed on the table after all units in both armies have been deployed. They can be deployed anywhere on the table, provided that they are hidden from view by intervening terrain and are more than 10" from the enemy, as normal.

Who goes first? The defender goes first.

Length of game: The game lasts for six turns or until one player concedes defeat.

Special rules: The river is very shallow and is therefore only considered difficult terrain except at the ford, where it's open terrain. In addition, any unit that is not itself in the river and is fighting enemy units that are even partially in the river (even one model will do!) receives the higher ground +1 bonus to combat resolution.

Victory conditions: The attacker wins if he can move two units with standards in their front rank (Battle Standards don't count), off the table from the

defender's table edge. The attacker also wins if all enemy units have been destroyed or are fleeing at the end of the game.

Otherwise the defender wins.

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

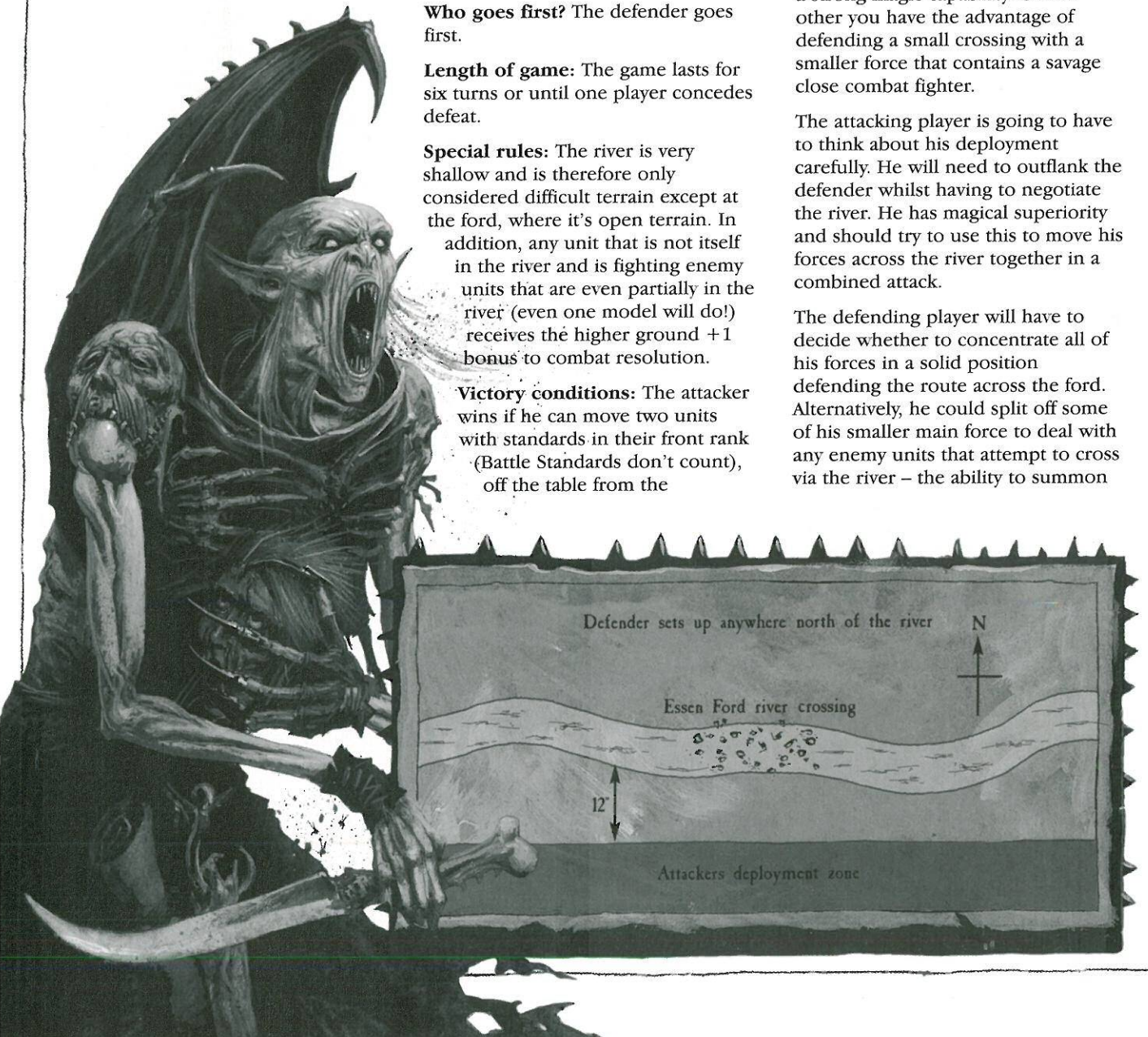
The two characters detailed in this article are to be used in the Battle at Essen Ford scenario, but may also be used in normal games of Warhammer, with your opponent's consent. They must be fielded exactly as presented in this article.

TACTICS

The battle isn't going to be easy for either side to win. On one side you have superior numbers coupled with a strong magic capability. On the other you have the advantage of defending a small crossing with a smaller force that contains a savage close combat fighter.

The attacking player is going to have to think about his deployment carefully. He will need to outflank the defender whilst having to negotiate the river. He has magical superiority and should try to use this to move his forces across the river together in a combined attack.

The defending player will have to decide whether to concentrate all of his forces in a solid position defending the route across the ford. Alternatively, he could split off some of his smaller main force to deal with any enemy units that attempt to cross via the river – the ability to summon



From the forest edges, Konrad spied the first signs of movement. Far too nimble for the hordes of Zombies that would surely emerge from the darkness, he guessed that these must be Ghouls. Within minutes the dull moans of Zombies could be heard as they marched towards the town, craving the brains of the people of Essen. Soon Konrad would be fighting Zombie in an embrace of death as each of them sought the warm flesh of the living. Konrad laughed at the irony.

Only a few months ago Konrad had visited this town, feasting by night on the citizens. Now he stood at the borders of that very same town, this time seeking to protect the people. He cared nothing for their safety and, had Sethep's intention been only to destroy the town, he would not have stood in his way. But Konrad knew that should Essen fall then the whole of Sylvania would fall into Sethep's grasp, and he could not allow any but a von Carstein to rule.

His thoughts were broken as a slight throbbing sensation touched his mind. He had experienced similar feelings before, always in the presence of other Vampires. The Necrarch Lord was close by. Drawing his mighty sword, Konrad moved into position at the edge of the ford. Whilst he stood with sword in hand, none would cross the ford.

Bats and Wolves will provide some help in this aspect. Konrad is a close combat monster and will perform at his best in the thick of the action at the ford crossing point, but his tendency to go into a frenzy of slaughter could prove disastrous if it goes out of control.

Creating your own themed scenarios is not as difficult as you may think. With a little inspiration, and by following the general structure of the other scenarios, you'll find that before long you have a wide number of entertaining battles to play. As a general rule it is best to stick to the format of the other scenarios in the book, but the most important factor is that your scenario is fun to play. You can often find sources of great inspiration for battles from the army books. You may, for example, decide that the fight for possession of a vast cemetery on the outskirts of Drakenhof would make a great battle. In this scenario the Vampires must defend the cemetery from attack on all sides. A small group of Ghouls must protect their Lord for a predetermined number of turns before the Zombie reinforcements surface from their earthy graves. Alternatively you could recreate a great siege outside a mighty Blood Dragon fortress. Not only would the attackers have to concentrate on penetrating the thick stone walls but they would have to fight off hordes of Skeletons and Zombies summoned into service outside the keep walls. Of course, not everyone plays with a Vampire Counts army. You could easily substitute the Vampire Counts for any other forces. The ford could be substituted for a Empire bridge spanning a fast flowing river, the winner being the player in control of the bridge. Instead of fighting the usual pitched battle in your next game try something new. Your games will most definitely benefit for it.

KONRAD VON CARSTEIN

Konrad von Carstein was completely mad even compared to the other members of his Vampire family. When he walked amongst the living he had gained the reputation of being a blood-mad butcher, cold, merciless and insanely ruthless. For his pleasure he had once ordered that every cat within his realm be used as target practice for his crossbowmen. On at least two occasions he had peasant villagers put to the torch because their smell offended him. Having tried his own mother for giving birth to him without his consent, he had her bricked up alive in her own tower, threatening death to any who tried to save her.

Acquiring power and longevity through the Blood Kiss did little to strengthen his already shaky grasp on reality. His reign of terror lasted nearly a century and now his name is used by parents to frighten children across the whole of the Empire. Lacking any great degree of skill in the art of Necromancy himself, he enslaved any magicians that his forces captured and forced them to do his evil will. Soon he headed a huge army that ravaged the length and breadth of the Empire. He looked upon the humans within his realm as a cruel sportsman would regard a herd of deer, but nonetheless Konrad was very territorial, marking the borders of his realm with the staked heads of his enemies. The people he ruled over were his to do with as he chose and he would not tolerate any other Vampires encroaching on his land.

Your army may be led by Konrad von Carstein, Vampire Lord of Sylvania. Konrad can be taken as a Lord choice, but he will use up one of your Hero choices as well. Taking Konrad counts as taking a Lord and a Hero. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him.

In the Battle of Essen Ford scenario, Konrad can still be taken by the defender even if the defending force is smaller than 2,000 points, and in that case he uses up two Hero slots.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
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Konrad	6	9	6	5	5	4	8	6	9
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Points: Konrad von Carstein costs 440 points.

Equipment: Konrad is armed with a great weapon and always carries the *Ring of the Night* (see the Vampire Counts Armies book, page 50).

Armour: none.

Magic: Konrad is a Level 1 Wizard and can use Necromantic spells or the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES

Bloodlines: Konrad has the following powers from the Carstein family's list: *Summon Bats*, *Walking Death* and *Summon Wolves*. In addition he has the *Red Fury* power from the Blood Dragon's list.

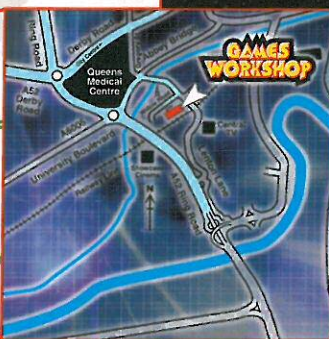
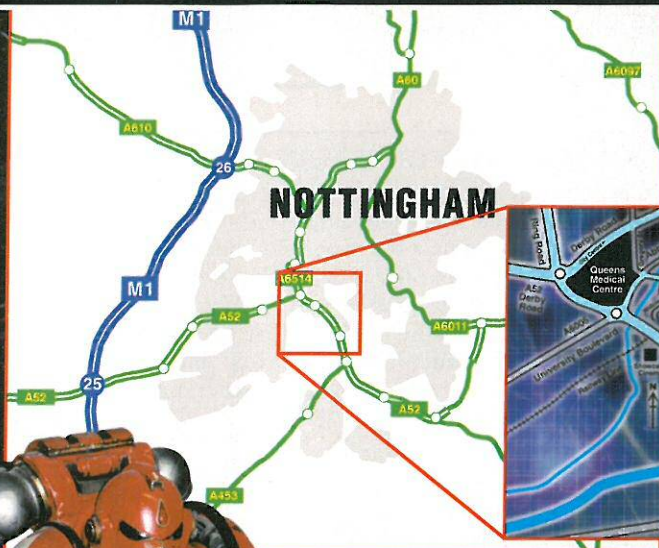
Fits of rage: Konrad must take a Leadership test at the beginning of each of his turns. If he fails it, he will be affected by *frenzy* until the beginning of his next turn, when he will have to test again.

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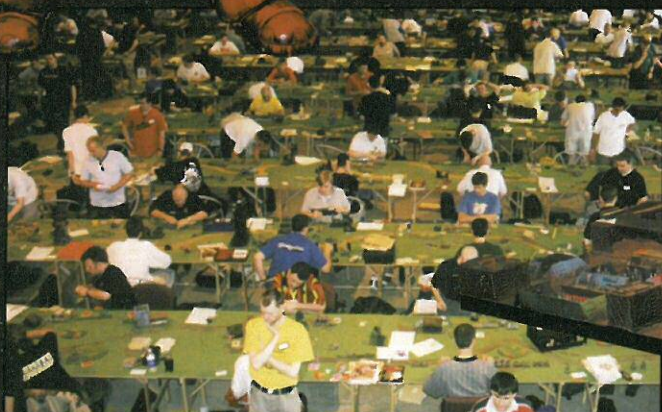
◀ The Warhammer World Museum features awesome, life-sized Warhammer 40,000 characters in amazing settings, such as the Blood Angels Space Marine pictured here.

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27th MAY

Games Workshop Open Day, tickets available now, priced £8, from Mail Order.

15th JULY

Black Library Day, tickets available soon, priced £5, from Mail Order.

THE HUNT FOR GHAZGHKULL

Phil Kelly reports on the violent battle when Matt Sprange's elite force of Black Templars achieved planetfall in the midst of Andy Chambers' Ork Speed Freek army, set within the dusty confines of an Ork airfield.

Welcome to the latest battle report, as we revisit the war-torn battlegrounds of last year's Armageddon campaign. The war across the Armageddon sector still runs rife, although Ghazghkull has left the system with a massive army of followers.

We stray no further than the system of Golgotha, Ghazghkull's temporary base, for this blood-soaked clash between the Imperium and the warmongering hordes of the Orks.

At the close of the Armageddon campaign, Helbrecht, the High Marshal of the Black Templars, had joined Commissar Yarrick in his quest to hunt down Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka as he escaped in his space hulk the *Perversion of Pain*.

An entire Imperial fleet was despatched to pursue Yarrick's indomitable foe, and it was not long before the forces of the Black Templars traced the hulk through the Immaterium to its orbit around Golgotha. The hulk was disgorging a large contingent of Ork warriors to the surface, and Imperial intelligence from the Ork-held Golgotha system indicated that a Warlord of immense status had disembarked. He was consolidating his forces at the airfield concealed within Lagrot's Gulch, a barren valley at the heart of Golgotha's desert. The Black Templars mobilised immediately, led by the Black Templars Marshal Albrecht, in the hope that they could finally destroy Ghazghkull.

The mantle of Ork Warlord was donned by Andy Chambers, ever ready to administer a beating to any Imperial whelps that take on the might of the Greenskins. Taking command of the Black Templars was Matt Sprange, a regular contributor to White Dwarf and a veteran Templars player. The mission they were to play through was *Planetfall*, but after looking carefully at the scenery available and the possibilities provided, we decided to modify it slightly. With a fully detailed Ork airfield provided by Dave Andrews and Mark Jones and a fantastic selection of Ork Fighta-Bommerz and Drop Pods from the lads at Forge World, we took the plunge, incorporating rules for aerial carnage as well as hard-bitten battle on the airfield itself!

Gaszbak's heavy brows furrowed and bunched, his beady, black eyes almost disappearing into folds of thick green flesh underlit by the pale blue glow of the display dials. His protuberant lips parted in a snarl, exposing rows of sharp yellow fangs. Earlier, he could have sworn he had it cracked; most of the equipment in the dusty airfields of Lagrot's Gulch was working fine despite its age. But there was definitely something wrong with this one. White dots were appearing, seemingly at random.

"Oi! Blatrog! Wake up and get over here! Dis one's givin' out dots all over da place!"

His hugely-muscled companion shifted his considerable bulk, the seat screeching under the strain as he swivelled to face the flickering displays. He ambled over to the instrument-covered desks, one long claw picking the remains of his latest meal from between his teeth. For a second, he stared at the flickering dots as they crawled across the glowing face of the main dial. Gaszbak looked up nervously at the brute's thoughtful scowl, points of light traversing the jagged landscapes of his face.

Suddenly, Blatrog smashed the ball of his bony fist into the side of the machine bank with such force that Gaszbak nearly fell out of his chair. Leaning forward, the larger Ork scrutinised the dial for a long moment before turning to face Gaszbak. The readings were still there, and the old Ork's face was split in a hideous grin.

"Gaszbak, it's working alright! We're under attack! Sound da alarms!"

A minute later, Gaszbak looked across the airfield, frantically pumping the ancient siren's handle, its sickening wail echoing across the airfield. All around the landing strip Orks scrambled towards buggies, Battlewagons and Fighta-Bommerz, and shouts and battlecries filled the air. Gaszbak felt the Waaagh! building inside him as the revving engines grew in pitch. Three Flyboyz soared overhead in their crudely-daubed aircraft, contrails describing dirty

arcs across the sky. The noise level was already deafening. As he rushed to his mob's truk, he looked up, and saw distinct points of light. He made it to Nashbad's ramshackle vehicle just as the first of the drop pods thundered into the earth.



START YOUR ENGINES!



Andy Chambers

Andy: Well now, we did the dirty on Matt in this particular scenario as Ghazghkull Thraka is not on the airfield. In fact, the Templars have been pursuing the infamous Speed Freek Warboss Razored and

part of his warband by mistake and that's who they are going to find on the surface – assuming they get close enough to spot the difference. For the game, the role of Razored would be fulfilled by my own ignoble Ork leader, Gorbag Gitburna, and I had to put together a Speed Freek army based on my normally footslogging horde.

Fortunately this proved rather easier than I had thought, mainly because my Orks have way too many units for the army these days (including eight Heavy Support choices, which is just silly). I was also not too worried about creating a hyper-efficient Space Marine killing army for what was basically a narrative battle so I was happy to work with what I had without plundering the Studio army for extras if I could help it. I started by picking Razored himself and his bodyguard. Given that the *Planetfall* scenario basically means that the Space Marines have to hunt down and kill the opposing HQ in order to win, I wanted to ensure that Razored was as well protected as possible. This made it imperative that he have a surly bodyguard of Nobz and a bulletproof bulletproof command vehicle.

The command vehicle (boss wagon) was easy, my Land Raider-based Battlewagon would fit the bill nicely; naturally festooned with extra armour plates, force field generators and so forth. Early experiments with a bodyguard of mega armoured Nobz proved too expensive in points to be viable – I felt that it was important to have a reasonably creditable army to throw at the Black Templars when they arrived just so that they couldn't concentrate all their efforts on Razored. So the Nobz ended up being fairly economical, with only one equipped with mega armour and the rest having basic choppas and sluggas. I also included a Mekboy in the bodyguard with a kustom force field for even more protection, plus Mekboy's tools and some Grot oilers so he could have a go at fixing the Battlewagon if it was damaged.

Razored, his bodyguard and the Battlewagon gobbled up over a third of my available points, so everything else was going to have to work extra hard. I definitely needed more firepower and more troops, the question was how to

get them. First off I chose two Trukk Boyz mobs that have seen plenty of action as part of my footsloggers army in the past, Nashbad's and Slugrat's boyz. Both mobs were ten strong, including a Nob armed for close combat (Nashbad with a power claw and Slugrat with a choppa and slugga) plus a burna each and trukks equipped with bolt-on big shootas for extra firepower.

I had a third Trukk left over from my warband's humble beginnings as a Gorkamorka mob so, acutely aware of my lack of anti-armour weaponry, I mounted up my Tankbusta mob in it. The Tankbustas were led by Boss Ruknar who was equipped with a rokket launcha to take the mob total up to four, but again points constraints (and the titchy size of the Trukk) persuaded me to keep the mob down to a mere six models strong. They probably wouldn't last long but would kick out an impressive number of rockets until Matt did something to shut them up.

Having bolstered the fighting arm somewhat I turned to adding additional firepower. My looted Basilisk was just too tempting to leave out, both because it looks cool and because its deadly earthshaker cannon is quite capable of annihilating an entire Space Marine squad in one shot. My fast dwindling points wouldn't stretch much further so I eschewed the temptations of Deth Koptas, Warbikes and Gun trukks (which I didn't have models for anyway) and chose two mobs of Wartraks with big shootas. Big shootas are not very impressive against Space Marines but with nine dice to hit with re-rolls these mobs could put enough bullets into the Black Templars to severely test their armour saving throws. My final purchase was impossible to resist given the battlefield; a Fighta-Bommer raid which might just score a few hits and maybe pin down some Templars squads as they deployed from their drop pods.

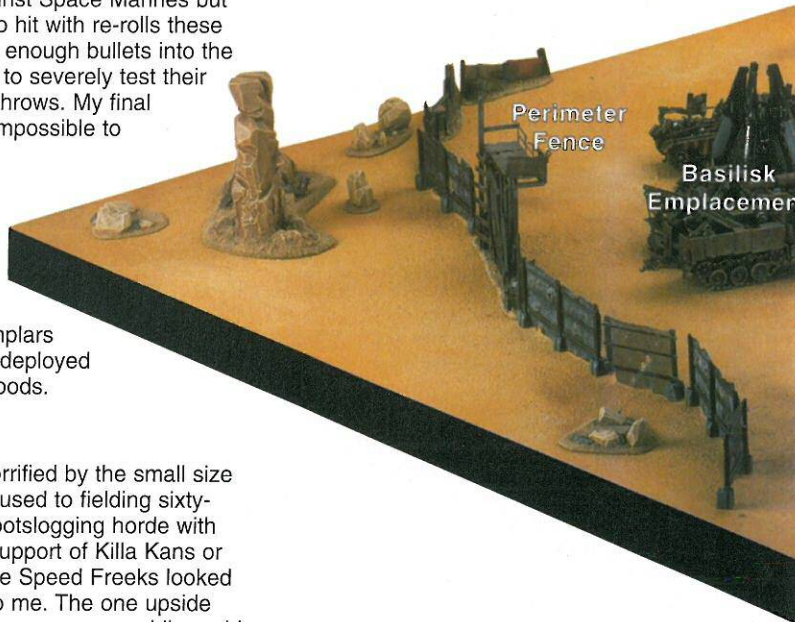
DA PLAN

Overall I was horrified by the small size of my army. I'm used to fielding sixty-plus Orks in a footslogging horde with the comforting support of Killa Kans or big guns, and the Speed Freeks looked horribly fragile to me. The one upside was that the army was very mobile and I knew that the Black Templars would be on foot with only the possibility of a few Land Speeders and jump packers to give them the speed to catch me. A recent

battle against Matt Hutson's Black Templars force had convinced me that getting involved in a big brawl with them was a very bad idea. This is quite a horrifying thought for any Ork Warboss, but sometimes you have to modify your tactics and NOT just assume that Greenskins are harder in close combat than anything else in the galaxy.

This meant that I would have to rely on my mobility to stay out of reach and use my firepower to whittle down the Templars from a distance. I would only enter close combat to finish off isolated remnants. Land Speeders and jump packers would be priority targets to make sure that I could win the 'mobility war' and, most of all, Razored must be protected at all costs.

For deployment I split my warband into two groups. The smaller one comprised just the looted Basilisk down near the end of the runway with Slugrats' Trukk Boyz nearby for some protection. Just about everything else was parked up near the hangars, forming a protective cordon around Razored. I was hoping that the Basilisk would hammer the Black Templars while they were still tightly packed after deploying, and persuade Matt to commit some units to destroying it, buying valuable time for Razored. Meanwhile the rest of the force would concentrate their fire on whatever was looking most threatening to Razored and (yeuch) back off as the enemy closed in. Matt would be playing against the clock and I was determined to make sure that any indecision on his part would be fatal.



PURGING THE ALIEN



Matthew Sprange

Matt: The mission – to capture Ghazghkull. The men to perform this heroic act – the Black Templars. Paul Sawyer had already told me the scenario to play out this battle would be a slightly modified *Planetfall* mission.

Planetfall can be a very tricky mission to succeed in as you must not only score more Victory points, but also ensure that each of the defender's HQ units are destroyed. On top of that, whilst you do have the first turn, you have to make do with reduced shooting effectiveness as all your troops count as moving, then suffer the full weight of the enemy army as they retaliate to your landings. In short, I needed a force that could withstand a lot of punishment and yet retain a degree of mobility, even though every unit would be coming down via drop pods.

As the Emperor's Champion is a compulsory choice for the Black Templars, I tend to look at the HQ slots first. The Champion would be joined by a Marshal sporting a power weapon to defeat the expected mega armour and a storm bolter to grant a little extra range, particularly in the first turn. Terminator

honours and melta bombs were added to this to make the Marshal a little more potent in close combat, and also give the ability to crack open any troublesome Battlewagons. Both of these characters would be placed in squads dedicated to assault, the better to enhance their unique abilities.

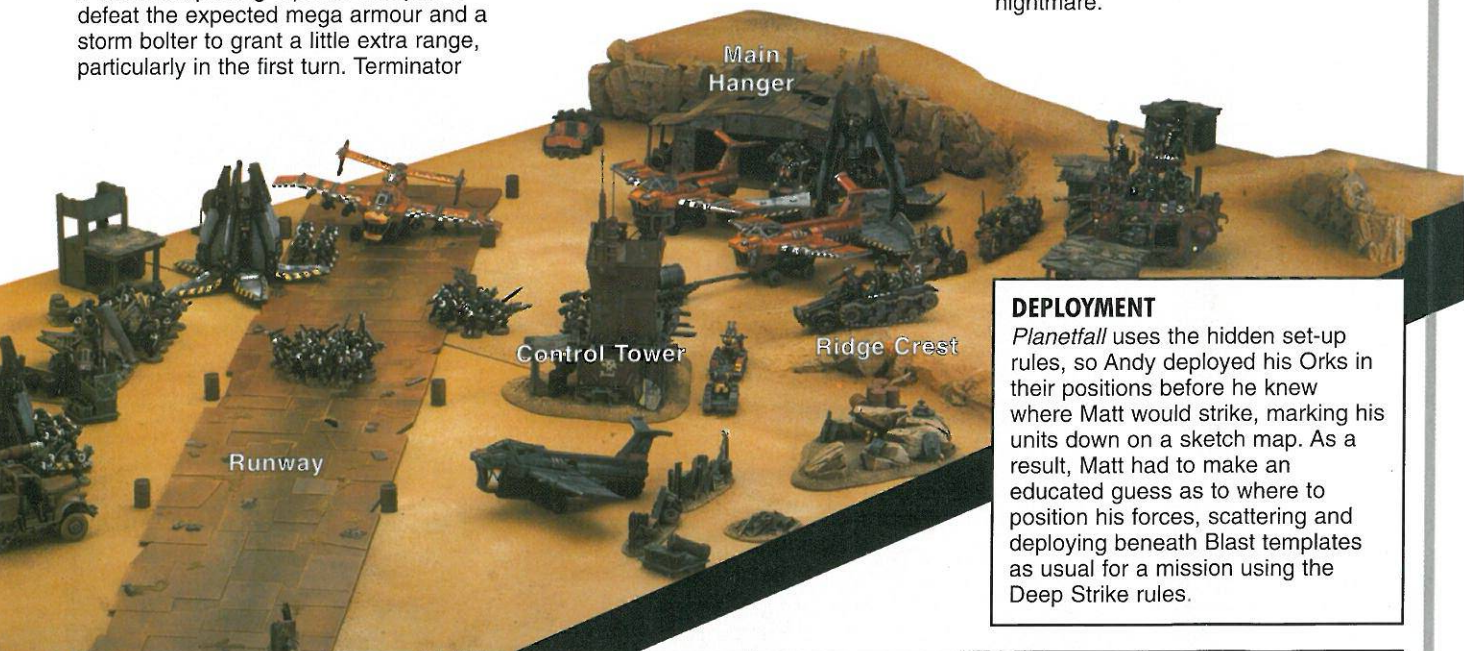
With many heavier units denied to me in the *Planetfall* mission (oh, for a Land Raider Crusader), I wanted this to be a troop heavy army, so I ended up taking four Black Templars squads. The first two were large and designed primarily to support the Marshal and Emperor's Champion. I opted for a mix of a flamer, a meltagun and a power weapon to give me a good spread of damage when I closed range with Ork units, with a lascannon thrown in to counter Ghazghkull fleeing in a Battlewagon or Trukk when my Space Marines got near.

The other two squads were more 'stand-off' types with a missile launcher and plasma cannon. Their role would be to bombard the Ork forces and destroy any troublesome units I could not afford to send any troops to deal with.

For mobility and hard-hitting power, I went for two Assault squads, a choice I hoped would surprise Andy, as few Space Marine players take more than one due to their expense. However, I knew I would really miss my beloved Rhinos in the *Planetfall* mission, and the extra speed of jump pack troops could pay dividends. With two power fists in each squad, I was ready to go toe to toe with the hardest Nobz Andy could throw at me. With one squad carrying five storm shields, I felt sure that I could weather a hail of blows from power claws.

The last choice was a Dreadnought. Armed with a storm bolter and assault cannon, this beast could churn its way through squads and light vehicles alike, but its main value would be in close combat. I knew there were very few units that could face the Dreadnought in assault and so if it could survive the hail of fire I expected, it would surely give Andy a real headache!

So, with my force ready, I loaded my Space Marines into their drop pods and prepared to give Ghazghkull a real nightmare.



DEPLOYMENT

Planetfall uses the hidden set-up rules, so Andy deployed his Orks in their positions before he knew where Matt would strike, marking his units down on a sketch map. As a result, Matt had to make an educated guess as to where to position his forces, scattering and deploying beneath Blast templates as usual for a mission using the Deep Strike rules.

FLYBOYZ

Due to this battle taking place on an airfield, and us having access to those cool Bommerz from Forge World, we decided to allow the Ork pilots a chance to reach their aircraft. They would start at the control tower and head directly toward their respective vehicles.

- Each Flyboy has the stats of a standard Ork Speed Freek, moves 6" each turn, and can be shot or

assaulted the same as any other model.

- They have no weapons.
- If they get within 6" of the plane's cockpit they are considered to be aboard. On the subsequent turn, they may taxi the aircraft onto the runway. On the turn after that, they may take off. The turn after that, they may perform a Fighta-Bommerz raid as detailed in Codex Armageddon.
- Routing Flyboyz retreat toward their

own vehicles, just like any other Speed Freeks.

- Fighta-Bommerz have an Armour Value of 10 on all locations.

The chances of the Flyboyz reaching their vehicles in time and intact were pretty slight, so we didn't expect them to affect the game's outcome too much. These rules were improvised and are in no way official, so use them at your own risk!

RAZORED'S SPEED FREEKS

HQ

Warboss Razored with mega armour, mega boosta, big horns, cybork body, kustom shoota (more dakka, shootier, blasta). **125 pts**

Razored's Retinue

1 Mekboy with Kustom force field, Slugga, Mekboy's tools and Grot oiler.

1 Nob with mega armour, mega boosta, power claw and shoota.

4 Nobz with sluggas, choppas, frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz. **207 pts**

Razored's Battlewagon with zzap gun, 2 twin rokkits, 2 bolt-on big shootas, armour plates, Grot riggers, red paint job. **170 pts**

Troops

Ruknar's Tankbustas

Boss Ruknar with rokkit launcha, choppa, iron gob, frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz.

6 Tankbusta Boyz with sluggas, close combat weapons, frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz. **114 pts**

Wartrukk with rokkit launcha, Grot riggers and armour plates. **42 pts**

Nashbad's Trukk Boyz

Boss Nashbad with big horns, 'eavy armour, power claw, kustom slugga (shootier), frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz.

10 Trukk Boyz with sluggas, choppas and one with burna. **152 pts**

Wartrukk with big shoota, bolt-on big shoota and Grot riggers. **50 pts**

Slugrat's Trukk Boyz

Boss Slugrat with iron gob, 'eavy armour, choppa, shootier slugga, frag stikkbombz, tankbusta bombz.

10 Trukk Boyz with sluggas, choppas and one with burna. **127 pts**

Wartrukk with big shoota, Grot riggers, bolt on big shoota and red paint job. **53 pts**

3 Warbuggies/Watraks, each with big shoota, Grot riggers, armour plates. **159 pts**

3 Warbuggies/Watraks, each with big shoota, Grot riggers, armour plates. **159 pts**

Fast Attack

Fighta-Bommer raid. **30 pts**

Heavy Support

Looted Basilisk with earthshaker artillery gun, hull-mounted heavy bolter and Grot riggers. **112 pts**

1,498 pts





BLACK TEMPLARS EMPYREAN CRUSADE

HQ

Marshal Albrecht with power weapon, storm bolter, melta bombs, purity seals and Terminator honours. **85 pts**

Emperor's Champion with artificer armour, Terminator honours, purity seals, iron halo, master-crafted bolt pistol and the Black Sword. **105 pts**

Elites

Dreadnought Thectus with assault cannon, Dreadnought close combat weapon, smoke launchers and extra armour. **113 pts**

Troops

Black Templars squad

6 Initiates with bolters, one with plasma cannon and one with plasma gun. **111 pts**

Black Templars squad

10 Initiates with bolters, one with missile launcher and one with flamer. **166 pts**

Black Templars squad

10 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, one with power weapon, one with flamer plus:
3 Neophytes with bolt pistols and close combat weapons.

199 pts

Black Templars squad

8 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, one with lascannon and one with meltagun.

145 pts

Fast Attack

Black Templars Assault squad

10 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons and two with power fists. **280 pts**

10 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, two with power fists and five with storm shields. **295 pts**

1,499 pts

Battle-Brother Godwyn felt the screaming metal around him groan with the tremendous forces exerted upon it as they penetrated Golgotha's dust-choked atmosphere. The metre-thick walls of the drop pod would hold fast, he knew, and the seals had been consecrated thricefold in the name of the Emperor. This conveyance would not fail, and would deliver them into the midst of the foe. His fingers itched, and his augmented muscles strained against the thick rail holding him in position.

Despite the retro-thruster arrays, the drop pod slammed into the canyon with such incredible impact that Godwyn's vision flashed black for a second, a lance of pain shooting through his spine. He blocked it out. The walls of the drop pod fell outward with hydraulic hisses, guide-lamps blinking, and his auto-senses quickly compensated for the noise and light flooding in. Inside his helmet, Godwyn's lips twisted into a snarl.

08.52: PERIMETER FENCE

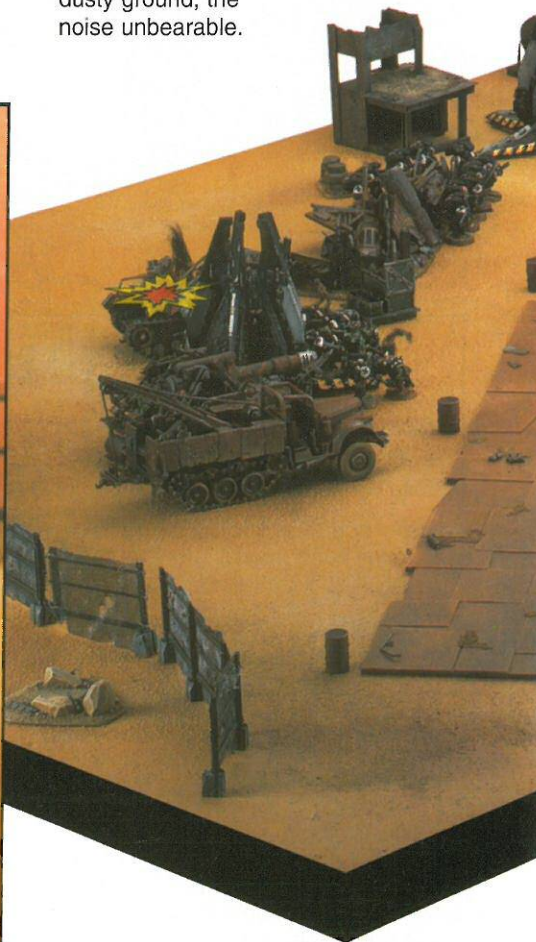
All around the airfield drop pods were thudding into the ground, clouds of superheated dust billowing from the impact sites. Black Templars were pouring from the crew compartments, grabbing their weapons and opening fire on the Orks careening around the airfield, plumes of dust thrown up by the wheels of their oily red trucks. Across the battlefield a vast drop pod had smashed into the runway behind two ramshackle aircraft. The armoured walls fell open. Dreadnought Thectus had already opened fire upon a crude Ork vehicle before the ramps hit the ground, blowing it apart in a punishing storm of assault cannon rounds.

Black specks descended from the azure sky, coalescing quickly into two full squads of Assault Marines, their free fall halted at the last second by searing lances of heat from their jump packs. One squad landed off to the left and started blasting away at a group of Orks as they clambered into the shelter of their vehicle. The other touched down by the dusty aircraft, bolt pistols rattling as explosive rounds tore into the three wartraks racing up the ridge. A fuel tank ignited, and one of the trucks pinwheeled over the ridge in a billowing column of flame.

Unclicking his missile launcher from the drop pod, Battle Brother Godwyn looked round sharply as his squad

opened fire on the Orks in the truck scant metres away. Their bolters chattered over the Templars' chanted litanies of hatred. The large squad ahead of them on the runway, led by Marshal Albrecht, also opened fire, one of the bolts finding its mark and blowing apart the vehicle before it could flee. Orks spilled out from all sides, howling and running toward their position.

Out of the corner of his eye, Godwyn saw a winged red shape veering across the sky in his direction. His helmet magnified the image of an Ork fighter plane heading straight for the drop pod, machine-guns flaring white. He raised his missile launcher to his shoulder, but the thing was moving too fast, strafing bullets across the runway in parallel lines, crossing either side of Godwyn. He loosed the missile a split second after obtaining target lock. The fighter veered sideways at the last moment, and the krak missile flew harmlessly beneath its wing, its emission trail betraying Godwyn's haste. Then the plane was overhead, and explosions blossomed around him, two of his battle brothers were blasted apart, their blood spattered across the dusty ground, the noise unbearable.



A squad of heavily armed Black Templars disengage from their drop pod, weapons ready.

08.53: RIDGE CREST

Gaszbak howled in delight as the truck careened down the ridge into the thick of the fighting, firing his slugga into the blue sky out of sheer exuberance. Marine-boyz were thundering onto the runway in huge black pods, and a group of the warriors with jet-packs had landed unwisely in front of Warboss Razored's Battlewagon. Ahead of him, Nashbad kicked the driver squarely in the back of the head, and the Trukk sped forward. He laughed to see Radgraf's Wartraks speed past them in the other direction, armour plates buckled and split. The big shootas were swivelling, gunners hanging out the back, the traks lifting onto two wheels as they spat shells at the exposed rear of the Dreadnought. Ruknar's Tankbustas had got clear of the smoking wreckage of their truck in the hangar, but their rockets could not penetrate the thick skin of the Dreadnought either. It was shaking off

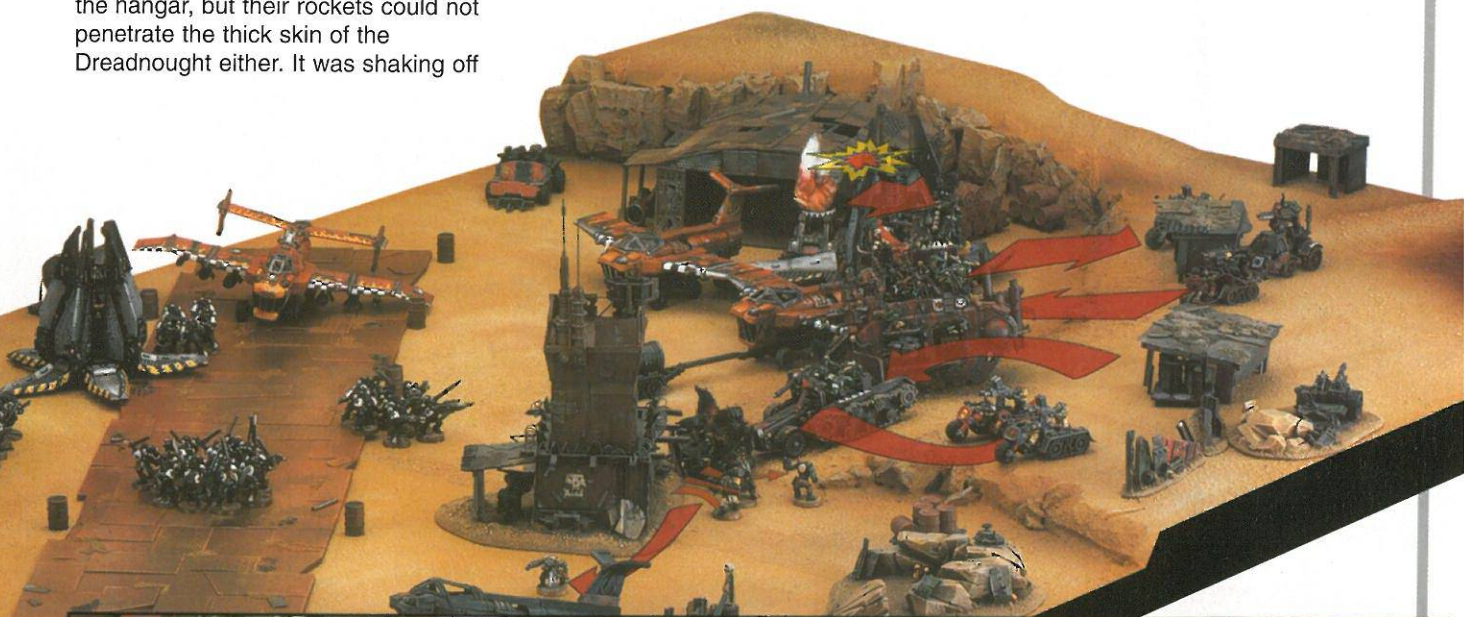
direct hits from rokkits, shootas, big shootas... Ruknar's boyz piled in, nail-shod boots clanking up the metal grille of the ramps, but even as they attacked, the thing caught Ruknar with its blunt fist and dashed his head open on the girders of its drop pod, his power claw hanging limp.

The Basilisk on the other side of the battlefield fired its lethal shell wide, and the other squad of Wartraks, behind the control tower, were thudding shells into a heavily-armed squad that had just emerged at the end of the runway.

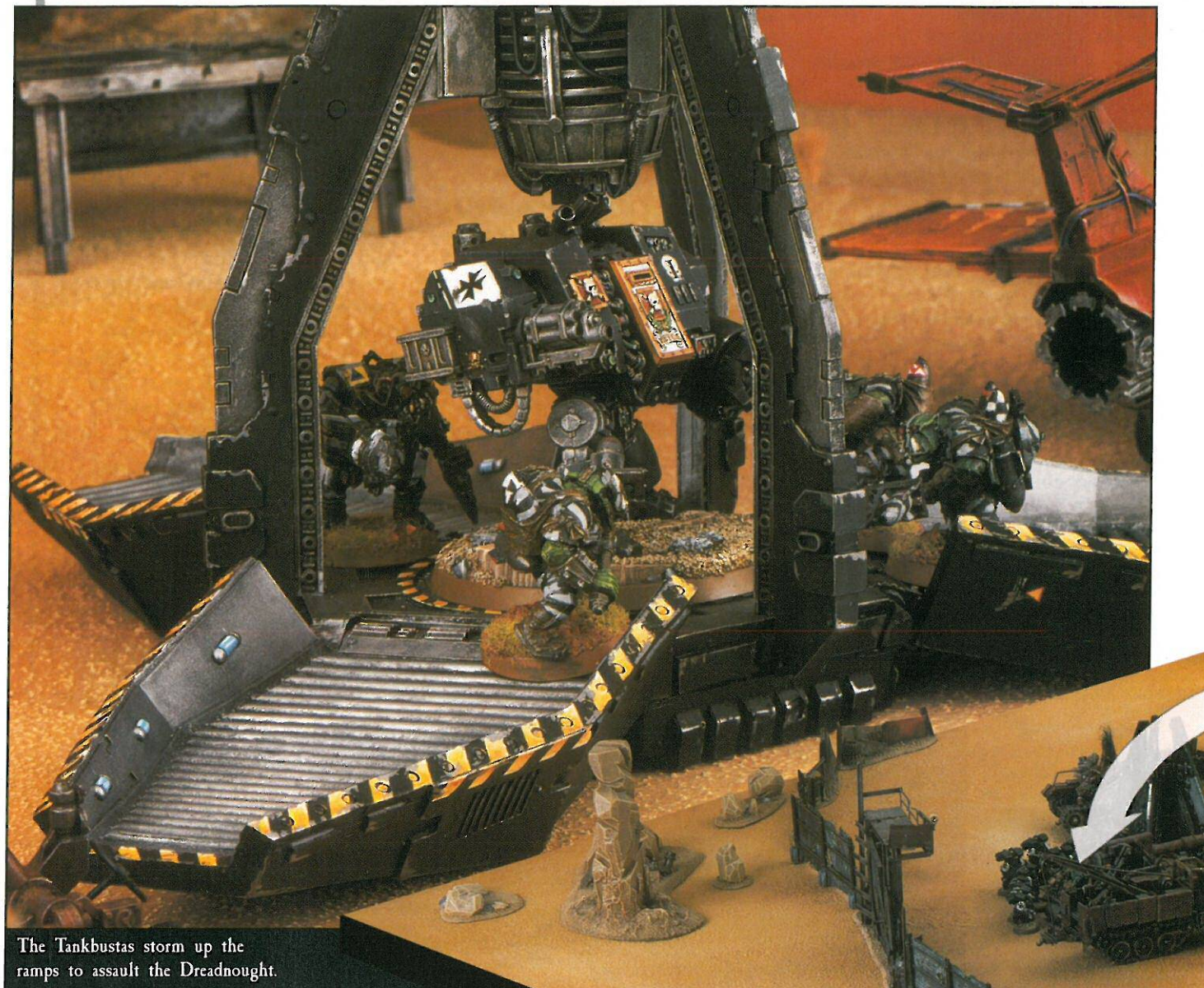
Suddenly they were at the bottom of the ridge, and Lugbrag was bathing the jet-pack Marines with fire from his burna. Gaszbak opened fire, felling one with a large calibre shot to the head. They piled out, smashing into

the enemy as the Warboss's huge Battlewagon rolled forward and disgorged a mob of bellowing Nobz and two clanking mega-armoured Orks into the mêlée. Four of the Space Marines went down under the frenzied force of the Trukk boyz attack, Gaszbak accounting for one with a vicious blow to the back of the head with his choppa. They gave a good fight, taking down three Orks with well-placed blows, but by the time Razored brought his power claw to bear the fight was all but over. He saw the hulking Warboss grab one Templar by the neck with his cruel pincer, force him to his knees and keep pushing, crushing him within his armour.

Laughing cruelly, Razored stamped back into the boss wagon, leaving broken black-armoured corpses behind.



Over the other side of the airfield, Trukk Boyz descend upon the Templars, and bloody combat erupts.



The Tankbustas storm up the ramps to assault the Dreadnought.

08.55: PERIMETER FENCE

The Orks were upon them. Battle-Brother Godwyn saw the beasts ahead of him and they appalled him. They hit the Templars with tremendous force, the narrow blue welding flame from one Ork's weapon cutting through Batrius' armour as if it were mere chainmail, another's greataxe taking Siegmond's head clean from his shoulders. But they held fast, fighting with the butts of their bolters, even their bare hands. One of the aliens sprung at him. He swung the heavy missile launcher from his shoulder like a club, smashing it out of the air before breaking its corded neck with an armoured knee.

Bolt pistols spitting, Assault Squad Lavernius rocketed from behind a mound of scrap toward them,

smashing into their Ork assailants, chainswords screaming as they cut deep into Ork flesh and bit into tough bone. Godwyn's squad fought with all the more vigour. He turned just as an Assault Marine with a power fist punched straight through the back of a large Ork as it fled, spraying his armour with strings of thick red gore.

In the course of a few seconds, there were no Orks left. Across the runway, Templars were assuming formations, marching toward the Battlewagon that Marshal Albrecht believed contained Ghazghkull. Dreadnought Thectus was engaged, busily smashing Orks to the floor without having stepped outside his drop pod.

As one, the Assault Marines that had joined the fight fired up their jump packs and soared off behind them, weapons spitting. As Godwyn turned, he saw that what he had taken for a rusted pile of junk was in fact an Imperial Basilisk, its silhouette broken by numerous Ork 'modifications'. With a roar, his squad charged toward the new threat.

09.01: LUGRAT'S GULCH

The Grots manning the Basilisk scabbled frantically to load another shell into the breech as the Assault Marines arced towards the rear of the rusted tank. With a deafening crack, the Basilisk spat its lethal projectile high into the air, landing with horrific force right in the centre of a squad of Templars. Black armoured limbs were flung high, blood and dust spraying across the runway. The Emperor's Champion picked himself up, as did one of his battle brothers, all that was left of the ten-man squad.

Gaszbak chortled as he watched the Battlewagon open fire on the survivors, a storm of bullets punctuated by crackling green lightning from the zzap gun. The

fancy-armoured marine-boy with a seriously large pigsticker had started striding forward, the green energy bolt crackling around him harmlessly. Gaszbak elbowed Lugbrak out of the way and grabbed the big shoota, swinging it around to face the defiant champion. As the large-bore bullets smashed into the figure he broke into a run, a roar rising from his throat. Gaszbak's jaw dropped.

The Wartraks racing beneath the ridge were having more success, their bullets taking down one of the large squad of Templars heading towards the

control tower. Gaszbak could see Flyboyz bolting from the doorway, heading directly for their Fighta-Bommerz. He didn't rate their chances of getting past the indomitable marine-boy heading their way. The raging Dreadnought was occupied in trashing Ruknar's boys as they frantically tried to fix their bombs to its rear, but apart from that everything seemed to be going their way; most of the Templars were a good long way off. The truck left the ground for a second as it ran back over the ridge. This was turning out to be a good day.



09.01: BASILISK EMBLACEMENT

Godwyn joined in the chanted litanies, playing counterpoint to the whine of the Assault squad's chainswords as they cut through the controls of the Basilisk and butchered its crew. Slave-runts ran towards him from under the tank; he lashed out at one with his armoured foot, breaking its spine. He felt bile rising in his throat and he gave in to the irresistible urge to destroy the aliens, his squad surging toward the tank. Within moments it was destroyed, a rusted husk, its machine spirit finally free from the perversions of the Orks.

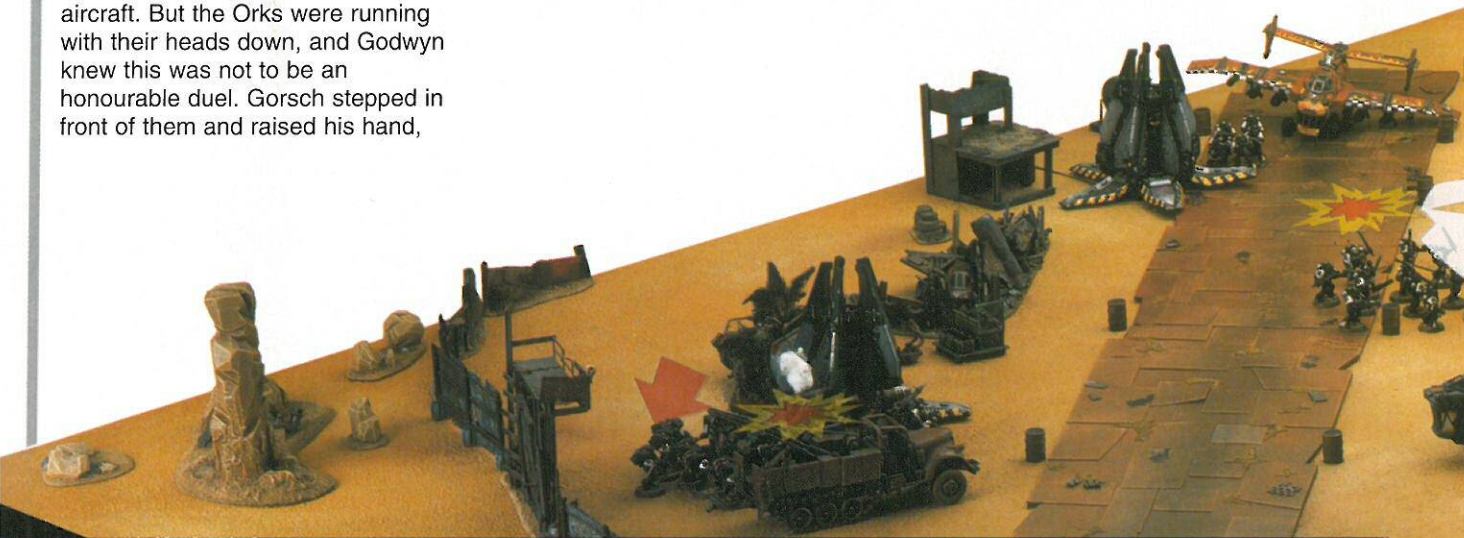
Across the airstrip, Marshal Albrecht led his men forward, but Godwyn feared they were too distant to support Champion Gorsch and the survivor of his squad. He could see that Gorsch had given in to his divine rage, charging forward into the scattered aliens heading for their aircraft. But the Orks were running with their heads down, and Godwyn knew this was not to be an honourable duel. Gorsch stepped in front of them and raised his hand,

commanding them to fight, lest they die cowards. One leapt at Gorsch barehanded, his fanged mouth open wide. The Champion rewarded it with a lunge from the Black Sword, impaling the Ork like a boar on a spit. One of its companions broke and ran to his craft, the remaining Ork grappling with Brother Caemon. Godwyn prayed to the Emperor that Marshal Albrecht's reinforcements would arrive before the Battlewagon disgorged its deadly cargo against the lone hero.

Dreadnought Thectus had accounted for most of his assailants; as Godwyn watched the unstoppable machine it took another Greenskin by the throat and crushed it, emptying countless rounds of its assault cannon point blank into the remaining Ork's chest. The creature burst apart in a spray of gore. The grills of the drop pod were flooded red with Ork blood.

Each step resounding around the nearby hangar, the Dreadnought strode down the ramp of the drop pod toward the Warboss's Battlewagon.

Godwyn flinched as a sudden storm of fire smashed into his squad, the crude projectile weapons of the truck-mounted Orks racing along the ridge spitting bullets with uncharacteristic accuracy. His brothers stood firm, the bullets rebounding from their blessed armour. His missile launcher raised, Godwyn uttered the catechism of accuracy and loosed a krak missile, the projectile tearing off the tracks of one of the vehicles. They would all pay soon enough.



As the Emperor's Champion confronts two of the Flyboyz, one pilot escapes and bolts for cover... his waiting Fighta-Bommer.

09.03: MAIN HANGAR

+++THREAT ELIMINATED+++

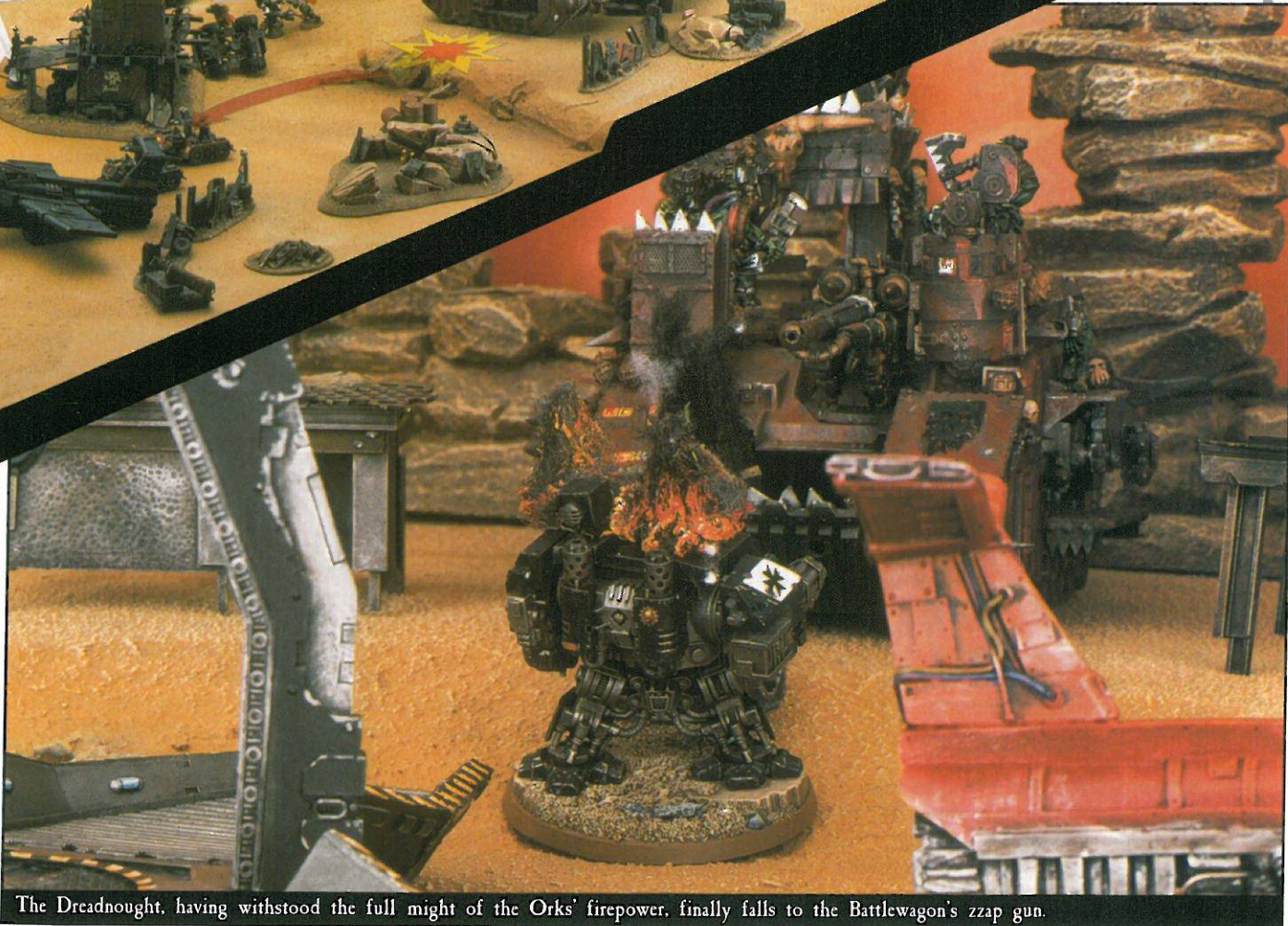
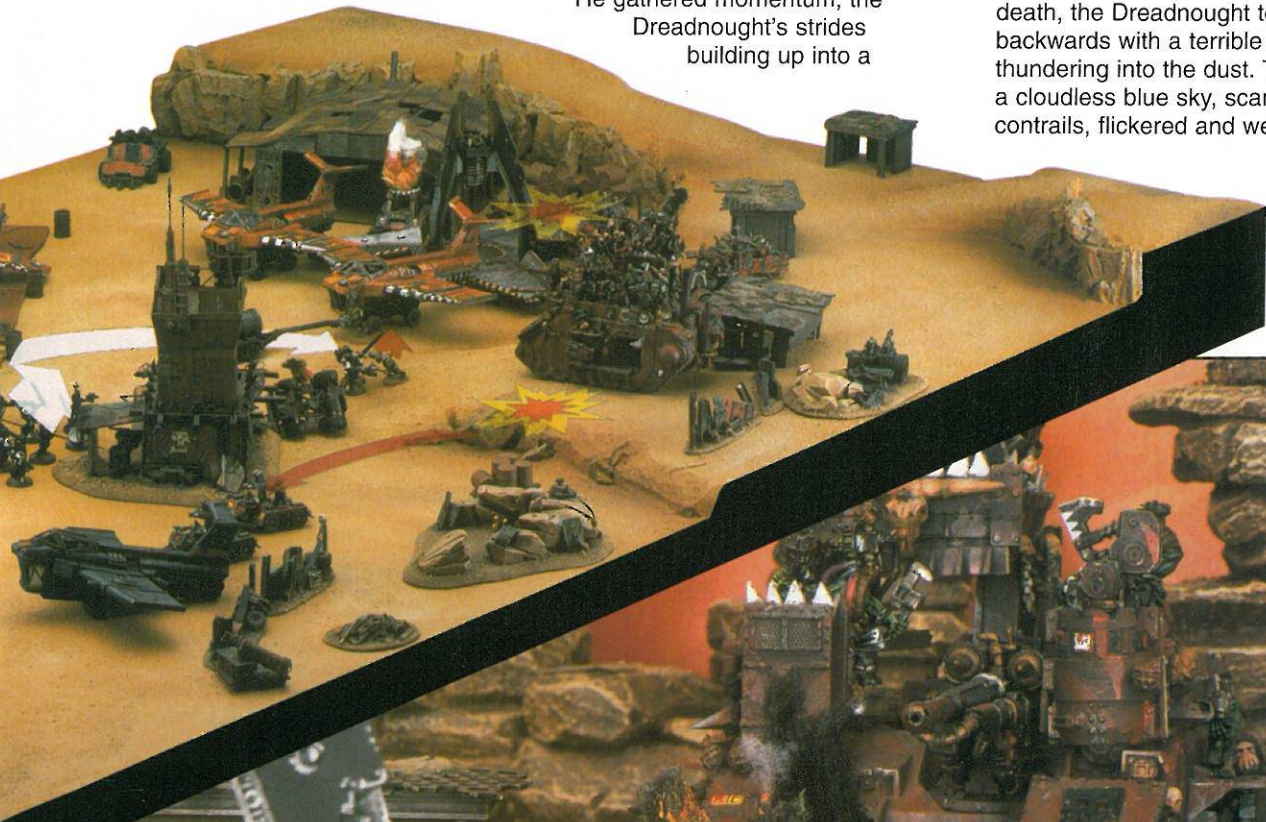
Battle Brother Thectus felt his blood warm within his damaged skull as his Dreadnought's assault cannon thundered death into the chest of his last assailant. The Orks had no chance, their dirty weapons no match for the consecrated instruments of the Emperor's will. Free of their futile assault, fresh target data flashing across his mind-screens, he strode purposefully out of the towering drop pod across the broken, twisted bodies of the aliens. Their blood stained his adamantium skin up to the waist. It made him feel unclean.

The aliens' leader was safely couched in his tank on the ridge, the holy form of a Land Raider broken and enslaved to the beast's will. It was festooned with glyphs and crude weapons, slave-runts scampered in the recesses of the Orks' blasphemous modifications. Thectus swore that such a mockery of the Imperial will would not go unpunished. Upon the ridge, Ork munitions-trucks were joining the Battlewagon in its attempts to cut down Marshal Albrecht and his squad. Most of the shots were to no avail, the battle brothers confidently striding through the hail of fire. One Templar fell, however, and Thectus swore his death would be avenged.

He gathered momentum, the Dreadnought's strides building up into a

charge. Inside the amniotic sac of his sanctum, litanies of war formed on Thectus' ruined lips.

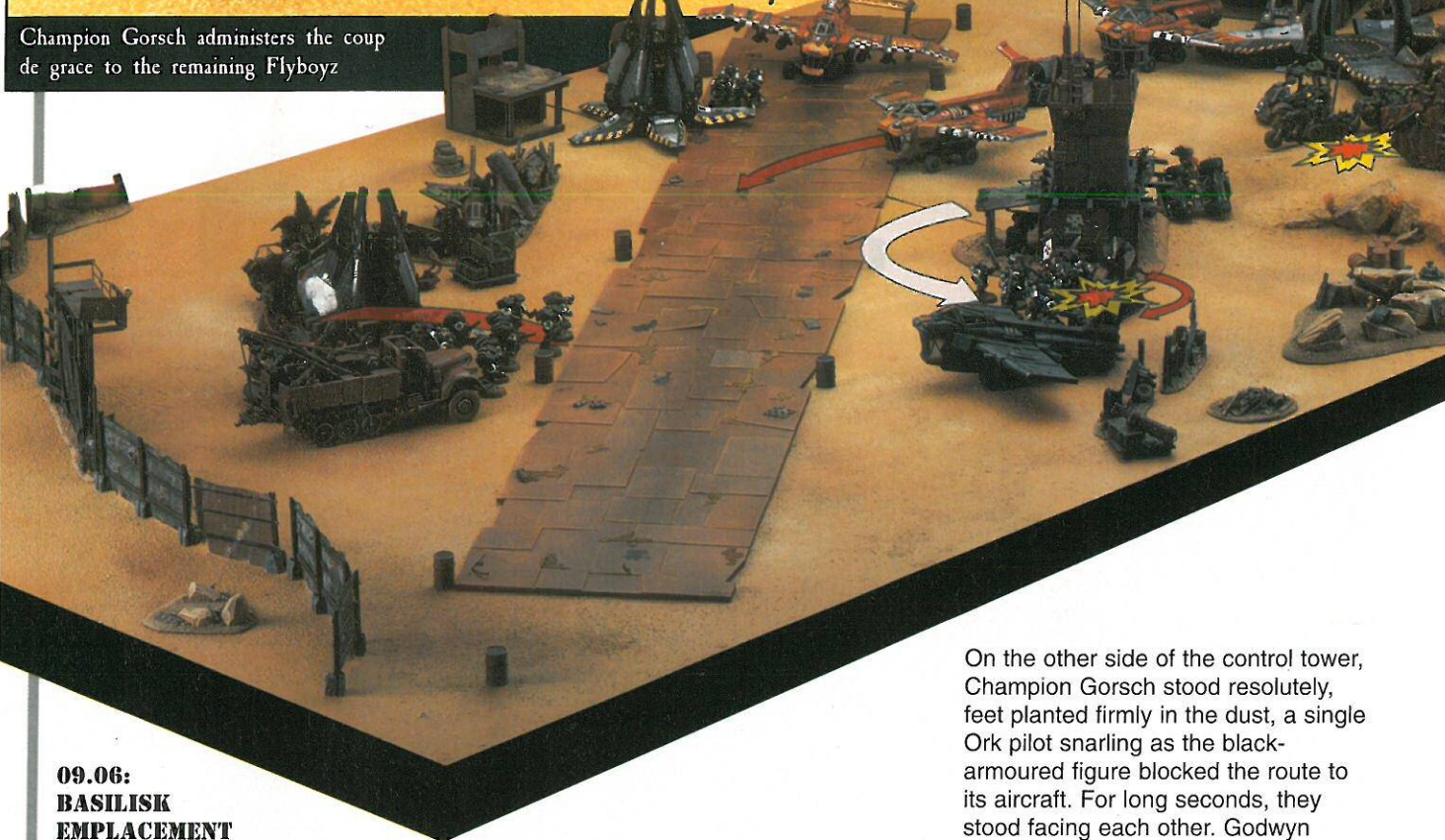
Suddenly, the Battlewagon emitted a crackling pulse of green lightning that arced through the air and grounded on the armoured front of his sarcophagus. The stench of ozone filtered into his frantic mind as the actinic energy danced across his armoured form, overloading his senses, blinding him, the screens linked to his mind flashing white. The Dreadnought had stopped in its tracks, joints frozen, the torrent of electricity shorting out its electronic synapses. As the circuit breaker kicked in, saving Thectus from certain death, the Dreadnought toppled backwards with a terrible slow grace, thundering into the dust. The image of a cloudless blue sky, scarred with dirty contrails, flickered and went black.



The Dreadnought, having withstood the full might of the Orks' firepower, finally falls to the Battlewagon's zzap gun.



Champion Gorsch administers the coup de grace to the remaining Flyboyz



**09.06:
BASILISK
EMPLACEMENT**

The battle-lust lifted from Brother Godwyn as he heard the squad leader's vox-message: every alien at this end of the battlefield had been executed. Turning, he realised with sick certainty that the fight had carried to the far side of the airfield, that the assault squad passing overhead were too far away to reinforce Marshal Albrecht and Champion Gorsch. He swore an oath as he hefted his missile launcher to his shoulder. In the shadow of the control tower, Albrecht was leading his squad to a pair of munitions-trucks that skidded toward them, the Orks

jeering as they drew the Templars away from the Battlewagon. Marshal Albrecht answered with a well-placed shot, blowing the vehicle's filthy weaponry apart in a blistering explosion. The squad's flamer engulfed the tracked vehicles in righteous flame, the driver howling as his thick skin was covered in burning chemicals. The rest of the squad concentrated disciplined fire on the other vehicle's tracks, blowing them apart, the primitive gun-truck skidding to a halt. The Templars charged, their chainswords screeching as the teeth bit into plates of thick, rusted metal.

On the other side of the control tower, Champion Gorsch stood resolutely, feet planted firmly in the dust, a single Ork pilot snarling as the black-armoured figure blocked the route to its aircraft. For long seconds, they stood facing each other. Godwyn realised that the interminable delay was due to Gorsch's honour; he would not strike an unarmed foe unless it attacked him first. But this was an alien, by the Emperor's Throne! It was folly not to kill it immediately! To his relief, the Ork roared and ran straight toward Gorsch, breaking left at the last minute. But Gorsch was fast, faster than any man on this battlefield, and he broke into a sprint, the black sword whistling out as he ran toward the Battlewagon. Behind him, a roar of defiance issuing from his throat, the Ork's chest fell open, dark blood spraying from his ruined lungs.

09.11: RIDGE CREST

Racing over the ridge once more, the wheels of the truck left the ground completely as Nashbad's driver tortured the protesting engine, pushing the rusting vehicle to its limit. Ahead, a Grot rigger laboured hard to fix one of the Wartraks. He was about to climb back in when all three Wartraks belted down the slope, their riders screaming obscenities as they thundered bullets into the Marine-boys at the far end of the landing strip. Gaszbak could hear the ricochets as they rebounded from the black armour

of the squad, relieved to see a bullet smash through one Templar's throat, knocking the figure to the floor.

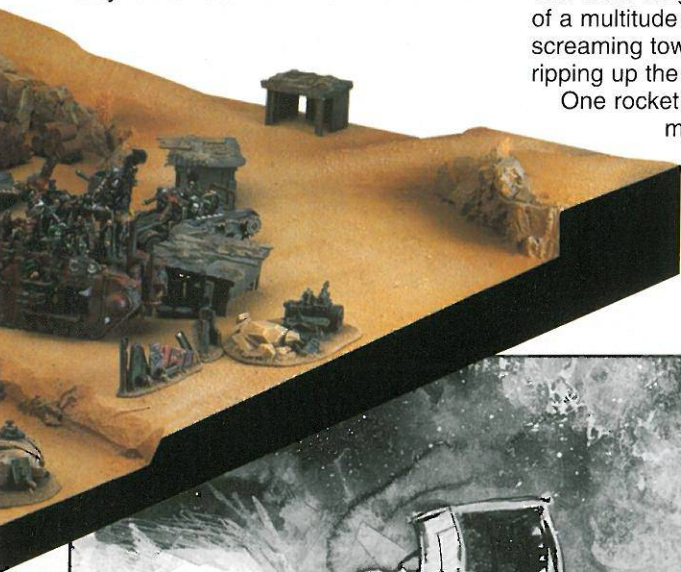
At the bottom of the slope, the seemingly unkillable Marine-boy in the flash armour was shouting at the top of his lungs as he charged the massive Battlewagon. Brave, but very, very stupid. Razored loved that wagon like a favourite pet and, if Gaszbak was any judge, that Space Marine was about to come under the full force of its firepower.

The Boss Wagon shook with the recoil of a multitude of guns, rokkits screaming toward the ground, bullets ripping up the earth around the figure.

One rocket hit home, and did no more than wreathe the figure in licking flame for a second. Still the damn thing came forward, its sword raised. The zzap gun, set to

maximum power, emitted a rising whine as the energies crackled around its peculiar barrel, diffusing with a sharp crack as it overheated. Plumes of smoke wound into the air, and Gaszbak could hear Razored's enraged scream as the figure came within scant feet of the Boss Wagon. It hadn't slowed. Gaszbak swung the big shoota around on its pinion, his eyes squinting as he compensated for the motion of the Trukk. Leaning forward, teeth bared, he pulled the trigger.

Bullets smashed into the side of the Marine-boy, stitching upward as the big shoota bucked and spat. Two bullets hit his ornate helmet with so much force that his head was torn around and bent sideways. The figure slowed, legs buckling, then slumped to its knees, dropping face down into the dirt just front of the rusted tracks of the Battlewagon. That wasn't so difficult, thought Gaszbak, as all sixty tons of Razored's looming behemoth rolled forward.



09.14: PERIMETER FENCE

Battle Brother Godwyn screamed in rage as he saw the Emperor's Champion fall to the guns of the craven Orks. This was unprecedented! Virtually every recorded instance of Ork combat doctrine showed them as assault specialists who relished every chance they had to engage the enemy at close quarters. And yet they had hung back, drawn the Templars in to the teeth of their guns, pounded them methodically with superior firepower. Godwyn could hardly believe such martial prowess could be displayed by a herd of howling, brutish aliens driving hunks of scrap held together by rust and grease.

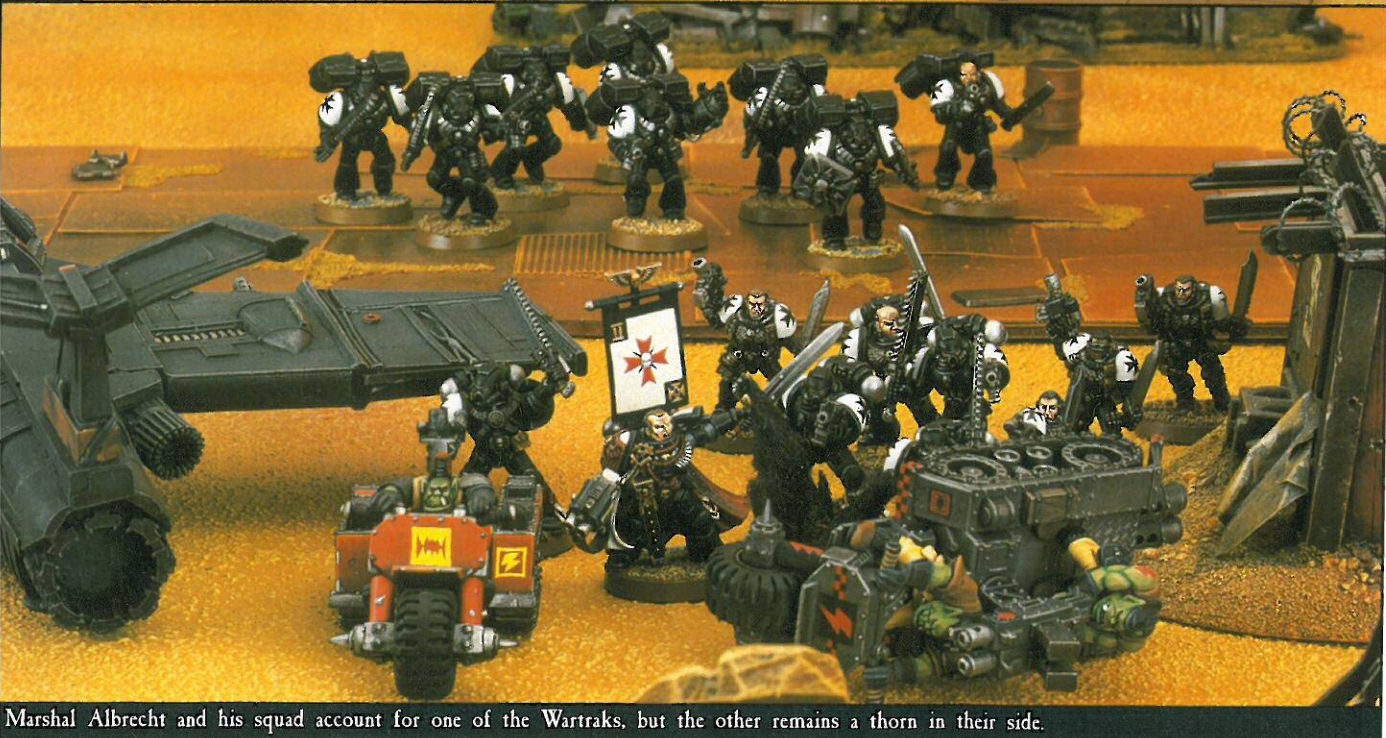
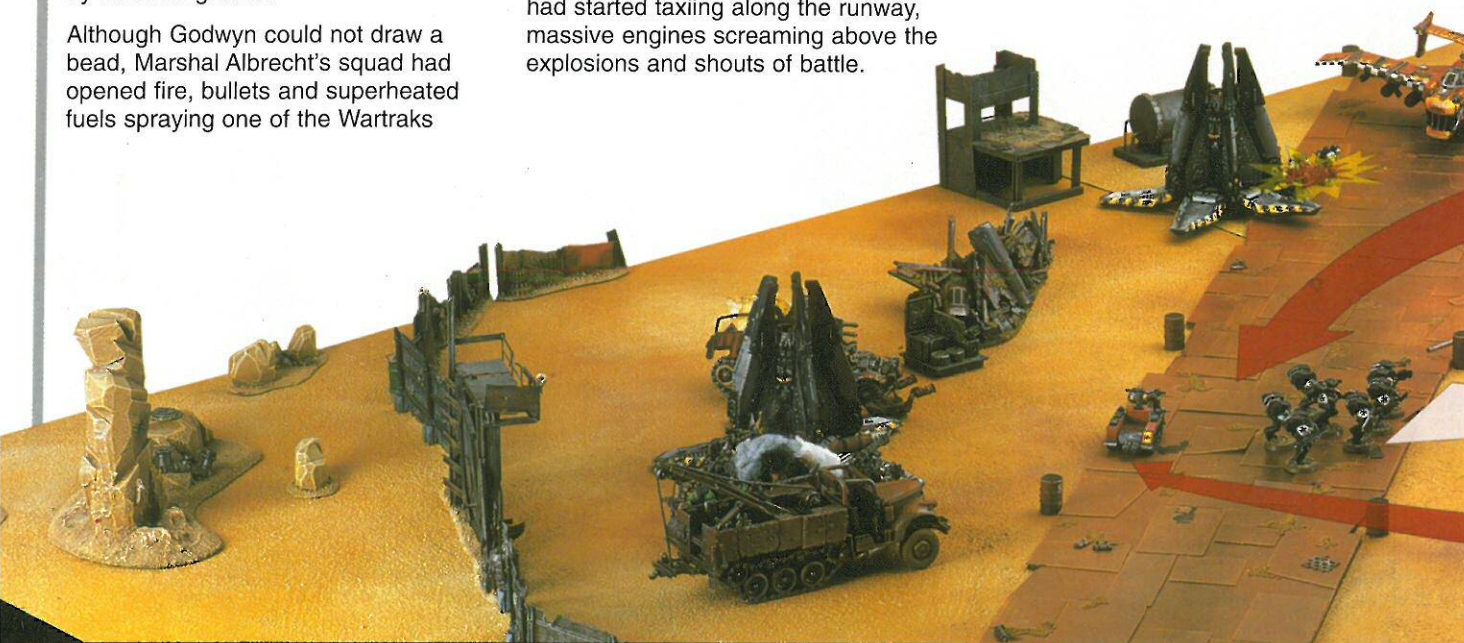
Although Godwyn could not draw a bead, Marshal Albrecht's squad had opened fire, bullets and superheated fuels spraying one of the Wartraks

which plagued them. The chemical fire from the flamer ignited the vehicle's fuel canisters, the resultant explosion sending it high into the air on a column of flame and debris. The other gun truck disappeared from his viewfinder, hidden by the charging Templars.

The Assault Marines were racing through the sky towards Marshal Albrecht's squad, the backwash of heat from their packs rippling the air and whirling dust about them as they opened fire on the Wartrak spinning in the dirt ahead. A rising roar blotted out the sound of their jump packs, and Godwyn saw that one of the aircraft had started taxiing along the runway, massive engines screaming above the explosions and shouts of battle.

He swung the missile launcher around as the plane accelerated fast, calmly obtaining a lock on the pilot's cabin. He could see the pilot's evil, grinning face through the filthy cockpit.

Godwyn squeezed the trigger just as bullets from the plane's machine guns slammed into his chest plate. His missile flew wide, rocketing past the plane and blowing apart the corrugated iron of the hangar behind the aircraft in a blossoming explosion of flame. His roar of frustration was lost in the din of engines as the bloated, rusted underside of the aircraft passed over his head.



Marshal Albrecht and his squad account for one of the Wartraks, but the other remains a thorn in their side.

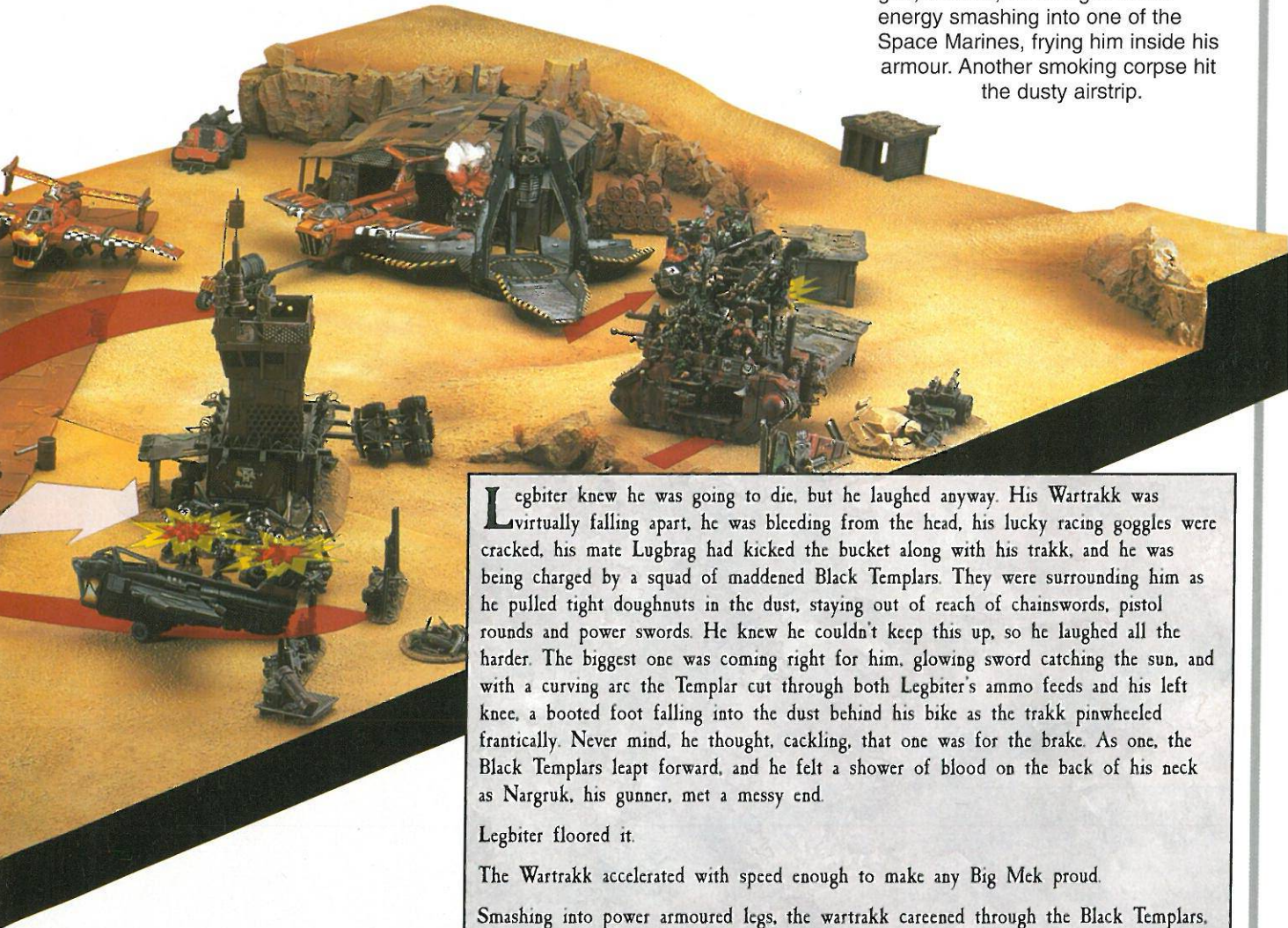
09.18: RIDGE CREST

Gaszbak groaned inwardly as Razored's Battlegon reversed up the slope, the massive mega-armoured form of the warboss waving them back with his power claw. It looked like they would finish this battle without feeling the comforting thump of choppas smashing through bone. The scent of blood was in his nostrils,

and he fervently wished that they would meet the approaching squad of marine-boyz head on. Not only that, but there was still some heavily-armed Templars at the end of the runway, aiming their plasma weapons at the Battlegon with impunity. And they were retreating!

But the Boss knew best, thought Gaszbak, as the Wartraks raced around them, jeering and making

obscene gestures. Nashbad's driver span the Trukk in a full circle, roaring between the rocks. He consoled himself with sending a volley of shots into the squad on the runway, bullets smashing into drop pod and Space Marine alike. The Wartraks evidently took to the idea, their twin-linked big shootas riddling two of the squad with bullets, bodies collapsing into the dirt. The Boss Wagon had fixed its zzap gun, a lethal, crackling beam of energy smashing into one of the Space Marines, frying him inside his armour. Another smoking corpse hit the dusty airstrip.

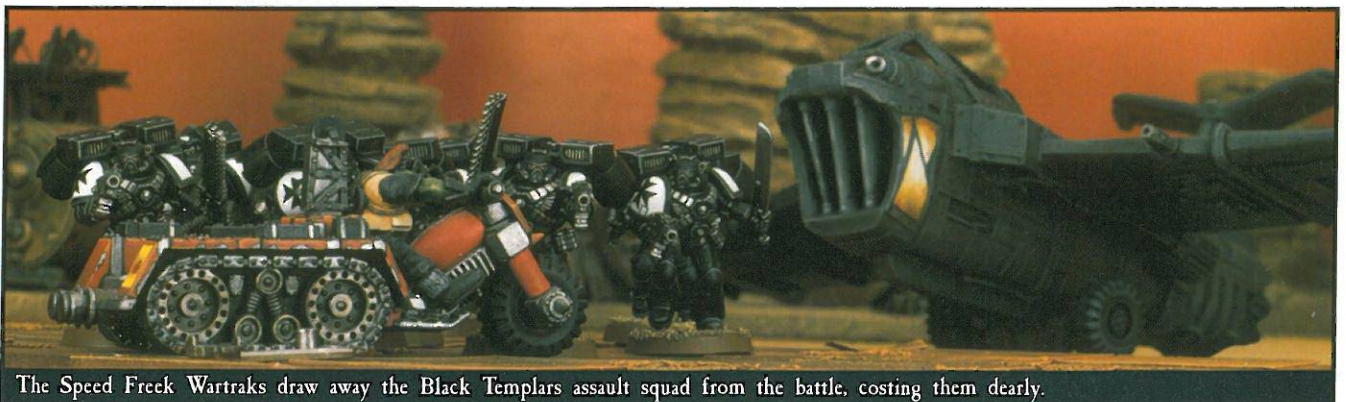


Legbiter knew he was going to die, but he laughed anyway. His Wartrakk was virtually falling apart, he was bleeding from the head, his lucky racing goggles were cracked, his mate Lugbrag had kicked the bucket along with his trakk, and he was being charged by a squad of maddened Black Templars. They were surrounding him as he pulled tight doughnuts in the dust, staying out of reach of chainswords, pistol rounds and power swords. He knew he couldn't keep this up, so he laughed all the harder. The biggest one was coming right for him, glowing sword catching the sun, and with a curving arc the Templar cut through both Legbiter's ammo feeds and his left knee, a booted foot falling into the dust behind his bike as the trakk pinwheeled frantically. Never mind, he thought, cackling, that one was for the brake. As one, the Black Templars leapt forward, and he felt a shower of blood on the back of his neck as Nargruk, his gunner, met a messy end.

Legbiter floored it.

The Wartrakk accelerated with speed enough to make any Big Mek proud.

Smashing into power armoured legs, the wartrakk careened through the Black Templars, dust billowing from behind it. Legbiter sped into the distance, still laughing maniacally.



The Speed Freck Wartraks draw away the Black Templars assault squad from the battle, costing them dearly.

09.23: PERIMETER FENCE

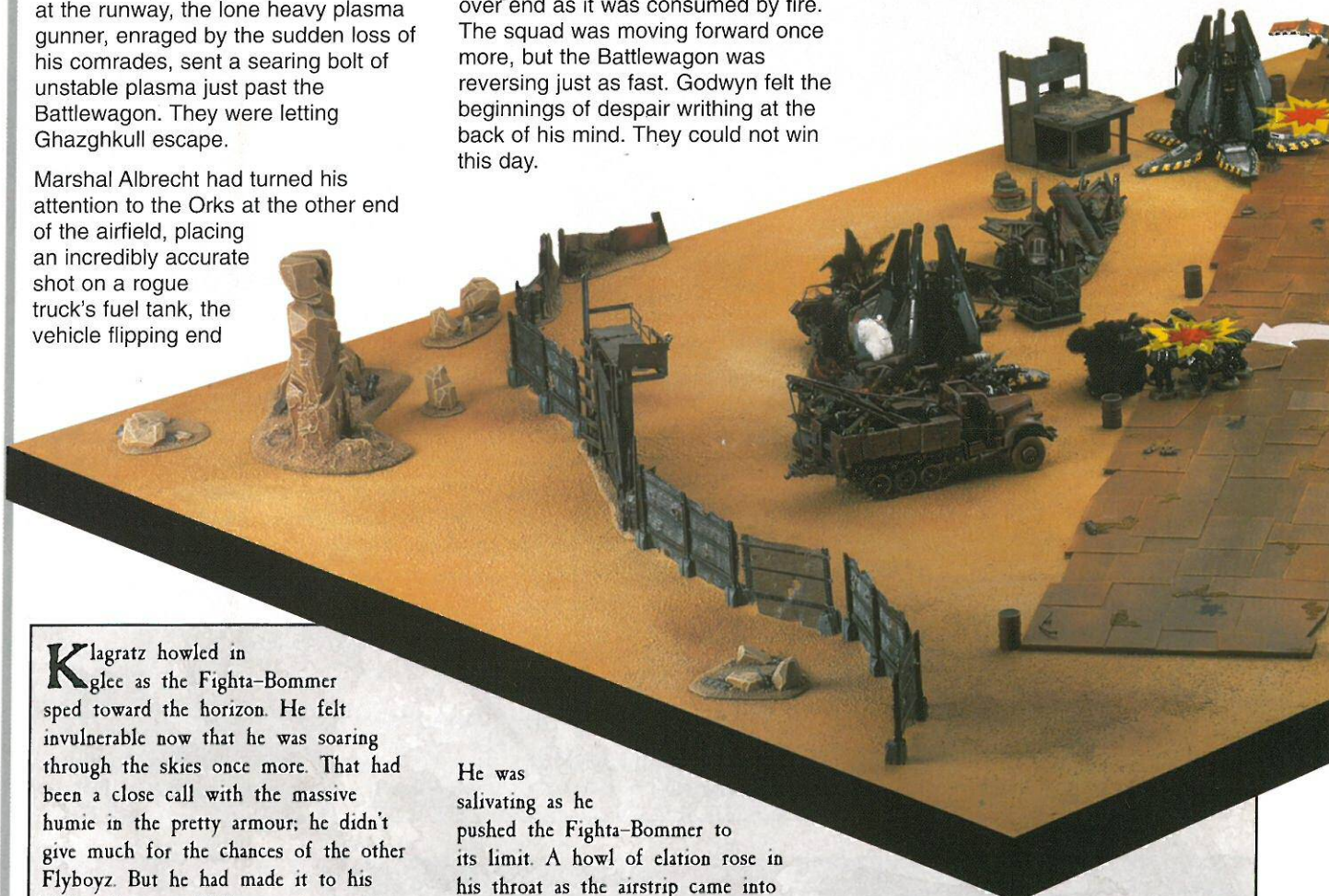
Somehow, against all possible reason, the last munitions truck had escaped the press of Albrecht's squad, and was accelerating hard beneath the Assault Marines. It slewed to a halt a safe distance from the Marshal's squad, its rider shouting and gesticulating obscenely. The Assault squad turned a tight arc in mid-air – they could not let this impudent alien belittle the might of the Black Templars. Bolt pistols spitting, they fell upon the lone Ork like avenging angels. Chainswords sliced into the driver, power fists tore metal apart like paper. But they were still too far away from the command Battlewagon, the truck costing them valuable time. Over at the runway, the lone heavy plasma gunner, enraged by the sudden loss of his comrades, sent a searing bolt of unstable plasma just past the Battlewagon. They were letting Ghazghkull escape.

Marshal Albrecht had turned his attention to the Orks at the other end of the airfield, placing an incredibly accurate shot on a rogue truck's fuel tank, the vehicle flipping end



The remaining Wartrak is finally crushed by the power fists of the Assault squad.

over end as it was consumed by fire. The squad was moving forward once more, but the Battlewagon was reversing just as fast. Godwyn felt the beginnings of despair writhing at the back of his mind. They could not win this day.



Klagratz howled in glee as the Fighta-Bommer sped toward the horizon. He felt invulnerable now that he was soaring through the skies once more. That had been a close call with the massive humie in the pretty armour; he didn't give much for the chances of the other Flyboyz. But he had made it to his Fighta-Bommer. Well, now it was his turn. He had a full complement of bombs. He had one of the fastest planes on the airfield. But best of all, he had an excuse.

The plane executed a tight turn, carving a path in the sky until it was directly facing the runway. Klagratz laboured to get the cockpit open, bombing was always better that way.

He was salivating as he pushed the Fighta-Bommer to its limit. A howl of elation rose in his throat as the airstrip came into view, black-armoured figures running like insects, bright flashes of gunfire peppering the dusty battlescape.

The Waaagh! rising in his throat, Klagratz punched the cargo release plate repeatedly until his knuckles broke.

Below him, bombs dropped on Space Marine and Ork alike, exploding in the midst of the Templars, tearing up the

runway, smashing apart the hangar, obliterating an outhouse.

Fire raged in jagged streaks across the runway, fusing sand into glass.

As he raced into the blinding rays of Golgotha's sun, Klagratz climbed onto his seat and leaned out to see the destruction he had sown. Laughing like a drain, he came around for another pass.

09.24: MAIN HANGAR

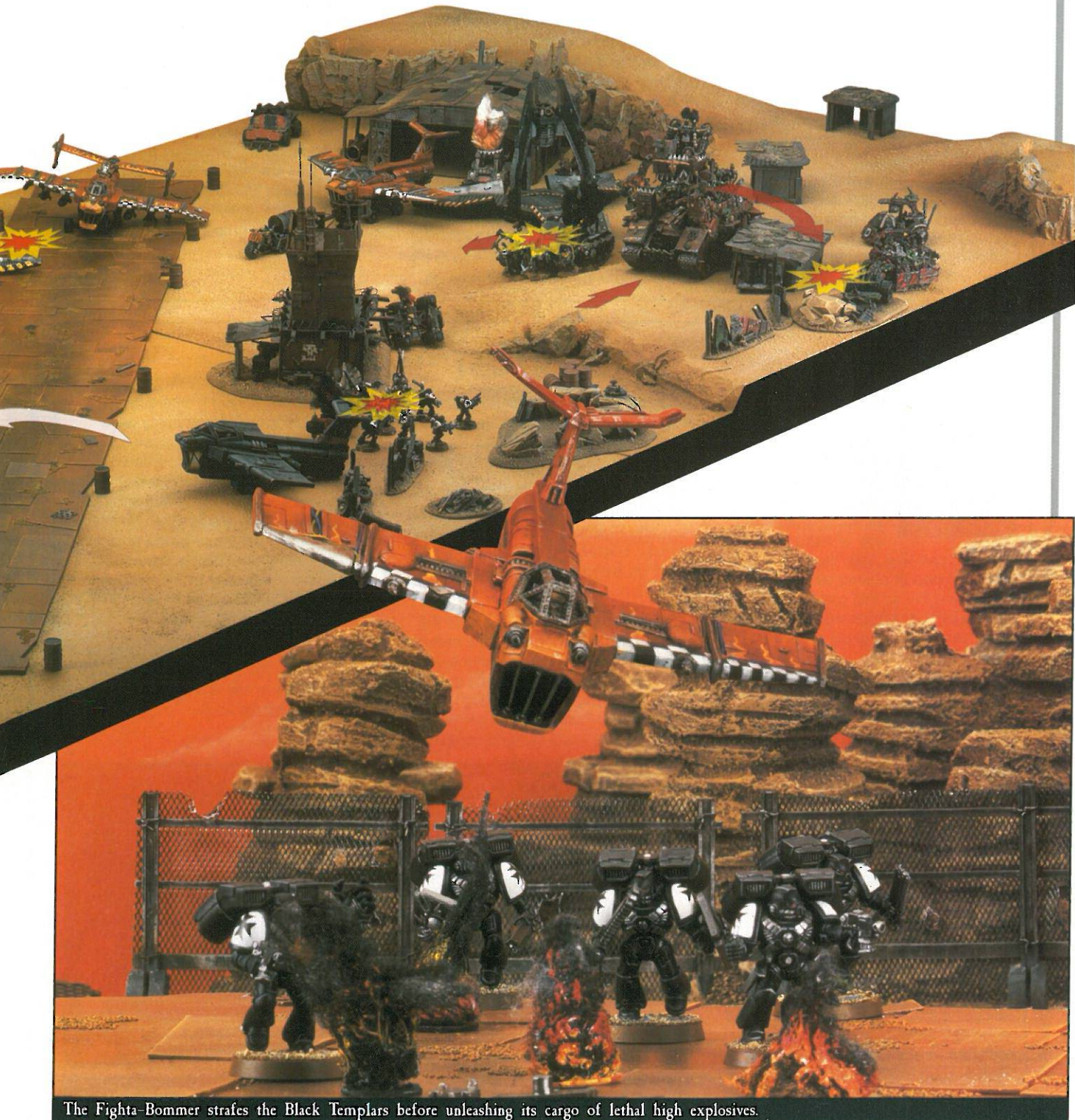
Gaszbag was flung bodily from the Trukk as the fuel tank ruptured, curling into a ball and rolling in the dust. A lucky shot from the Marine-boyz leader had sent the Boyz sprawling in all directions as the vehicle flipped, landing in a burning heap ten feet away. Picking a long sliver of metal out of a deep gash on his shoulder, Gaszbag took stock of the situation. Nashbad was obviously unharmed, he

was laying the boot in to the other Boyz lying on the floor, telling them to get up and get moving. Most of them complied, but being as Nashbad had kicked Blatrog's blackened head three times without reaction, Gaszbag reckoned they were a boy down.

Razored's Battlewagon seemed practically untouched, nothing a bit of red paint wouldn't sort out. The massive machine rumbled backward,

still firing into the battle-torn infantry squad slogging it up the hill. He severely doubted that Razored would allow them to make it to the top, and their reinforcements were a good way off. The day was in the hands of the Orks. Still, whilst there was gunfire there was always a bit of fight left.

Grinning, Gaszbag limped off towards the battle.



The Fighta-Bommer strafes the Black Templars before unleashing its cargo of lethal high explosives.

DA WINNA!



Andy Chambers

Andy: Well, a not-so-glorious victory, but still a victory. The plan was sound enough, although I ended up having to pounce into close combat almost

immediately in order to take out the Black Templars Assault squad which landed virtually on top of Razored. The Basilisk ploy worked well, its glorious sacrifice in nuking the squad containing the Emperor's Champion proved to be worth it, even though the Basilisk was left immobile and helpless in the face of some very angry Black Templars afterwards. Slugrat's Boyz put up a pretty putrid showing but fortunately it was irrelevant, the Assault squad being diverted from heading after Razored was a critical moment in my mind, ensuring that Matt's only remaining really mobile unit was well

out of the running. After that I didn't have to do anything too clever except keep moving and shooting.

The biggest upset was the Dreadnought which so steadfastly refused to die despite me throwing everything I had at it. I was lucky that the Tankbustas managed to hang on in close combat as long as they did, once again buying me valuable time through their sacrifice. I was lucky again to destroy the damned thing as soon as it finished off the Tankbustas. The zzap gun on the Battlewagon can be devastating at times, but (like most Orky shooting) it's a chancy weapon and I hate to have to rely on it.

Turning to the other side I think that Matt did suffer quite a bit of bad luck – his heavy weapons fire was just appalling and I became so used to his plasma gunners suffering overheats

that I was rather shocked when they actually hit anything. We won't even mention the Marshal's problems with finishing off the Wartraks or the Emperor's Champion and the Flyboyz. However, dice rolls aside, I do think Matt failed to really focus on the job in hand and scattered his forces a bit too widely during deployment. By the end of the game, the only unit that I had which was still intact was my HQ and I'm afraid that speaks to me of an opponent who didn't pay full heed to his victory conditions.

Regardless of outcome it was a fun game, played in very good spirit and tremendously enhanced by having a really well themed battlefield. Now all I have to do is figure out just what badness Ghazghkull can get up to now that the Black Templars have been given the slip.

ALL IS LOST



Matthew Sprange

Matthew: It was going so well during the first turn! The game, overall, was one of great tactical thought for both of us, with the ebb and flow of battle

swinging one way, then the other. Andy was very wise in putting his Warlord in a Battlewagon, as this gave him both protection and enough mobility to keep away from the bulk of my army's assault forces.

I could go on about the lack of heavy weapons in my army, or the fact that the looted Basilisk pulled away two squads to deal with it but, overall, there is one unit alone I will blame for defeat – the Flyboyz!

They were just placed in the game for a bit of fun, but they became the nemesis for the greatest of the Black Templars. When the group of three ran in front of the Emperor's Champion and the lone Space Marine with the meltagun, I thought I was playing it so smart by assaulting them! By spending a turn in close combat, the two Space Marines would be safe from the Orks' firepower, and they could then use a sweeping advance to rush towards the Warlord's Battlewagon. Using a meltagun or the Black Sword, the Battlewagon would have been cracked wide open and the Emperor's

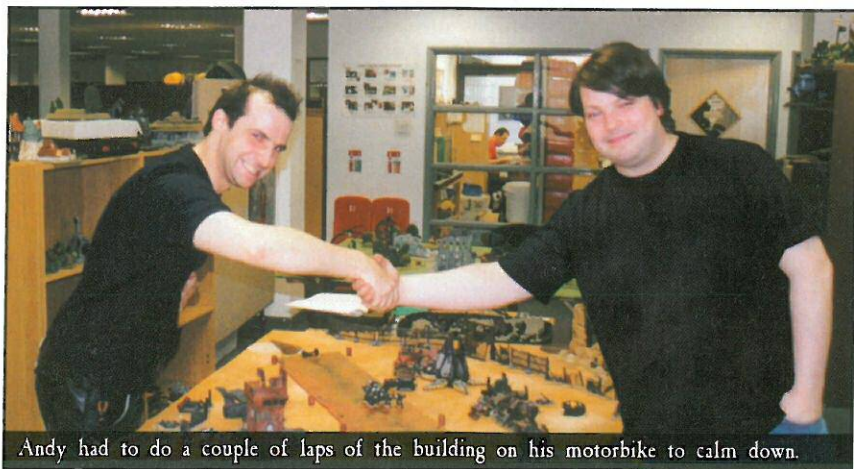
Champion could then spend the rest of the battle in close combat, steadily hewing his way to the Warlord.

That, at least, had been the plan. As it transpired, the Emperor's Champion had immense problems dealing with just one Flyboy. When the Ork had (finally) been dispatched, the Space Marines faced Andy's waiting guns, with predictable results.

After that, the battle fell apart for the Black Templars, with their few heavy weapons proving highly ineffective ("there is no way I'll miss with this plasma cannon twice in a row" – ha!) and the last Assault squad getting distracted by Wartraks and Buggies.

Could I have played it differently? Well, the Black Templars may have benefited from being deployed closer together in order to support one another more fully, but I was a little paranoid about that looted Basilisk that I just knew Andy would take. Taking more Space Marines instead of sinking a huge amount of points into two Assault squads may also have been an idea, but I think I would have definitely missed the mobility.

Overall, the *Planetfall* mission can be a difficult one for the Space Marines, so all I am left to say is: next time, Mr Chambers, next time.



Andy had to do a couple of laps of the building on his motorbike to calm down.



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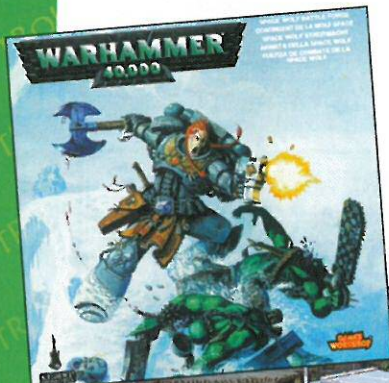
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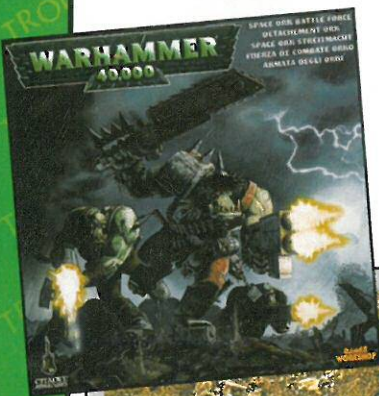
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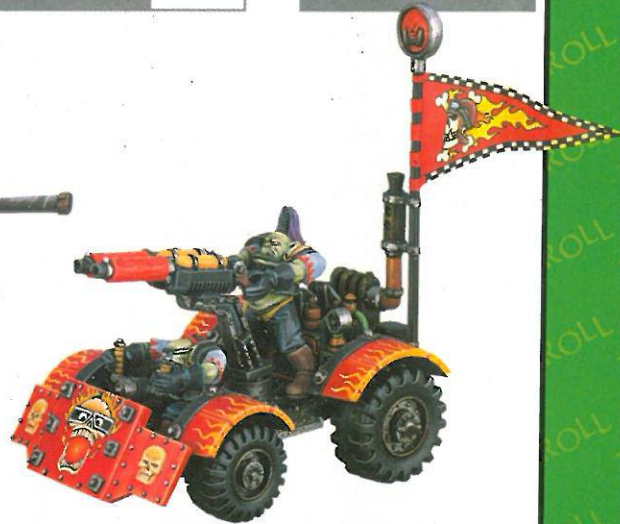
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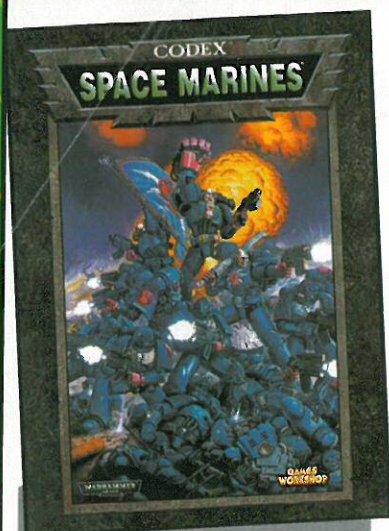


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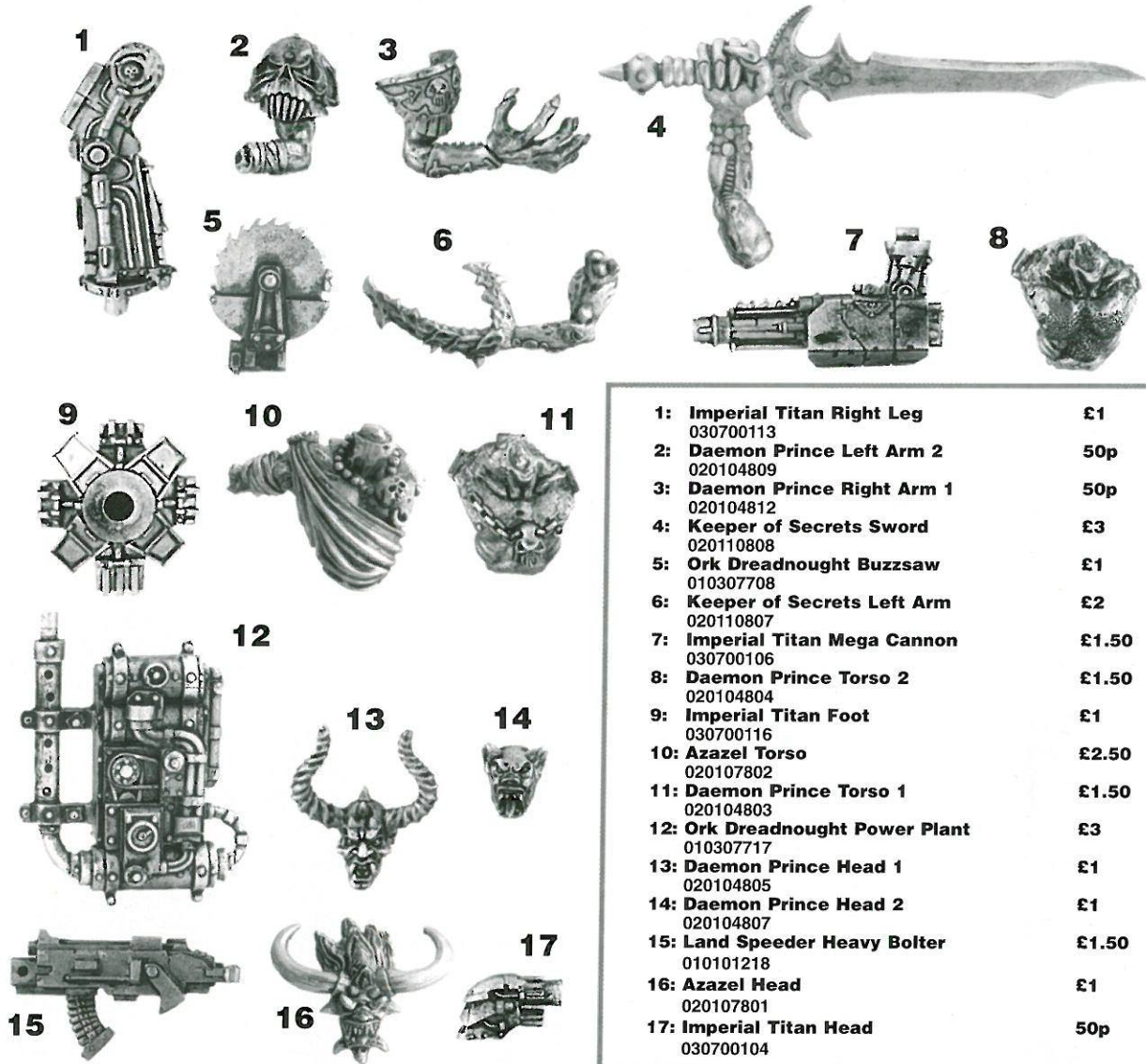
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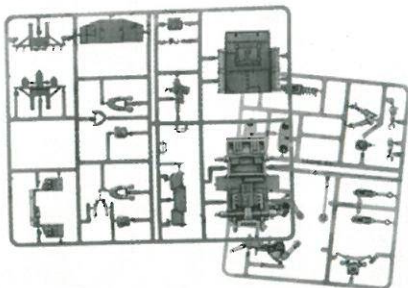
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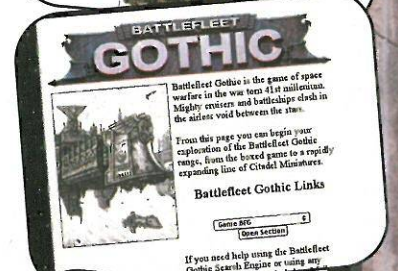
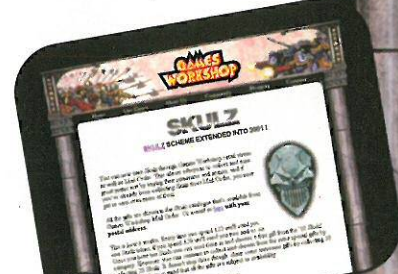
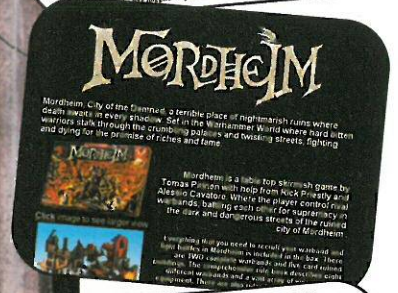
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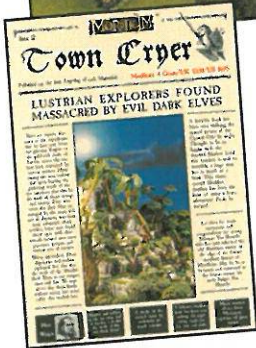
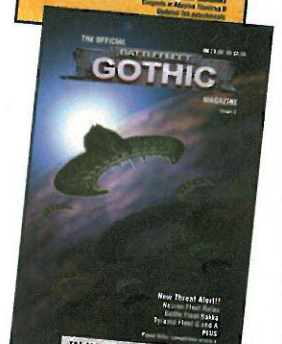
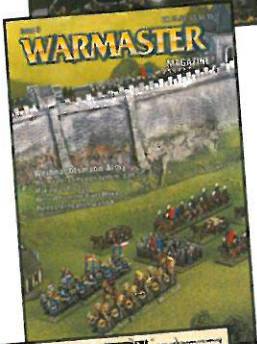
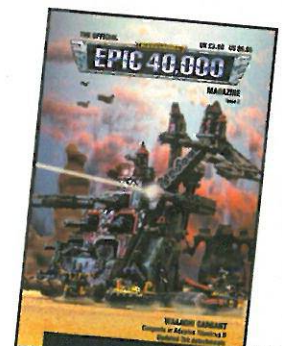
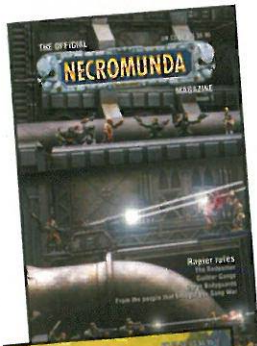
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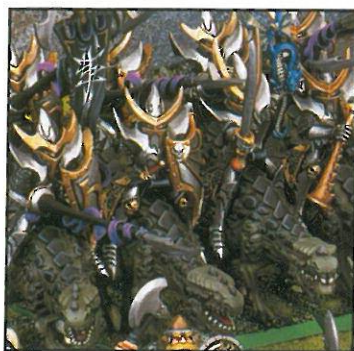
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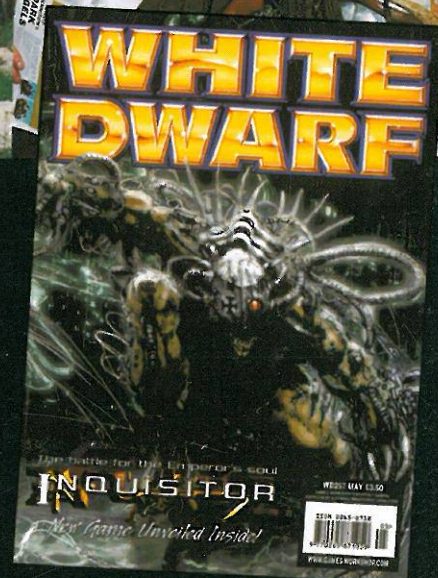
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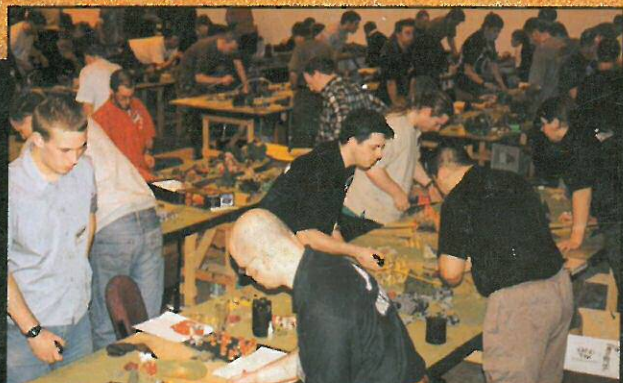
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