

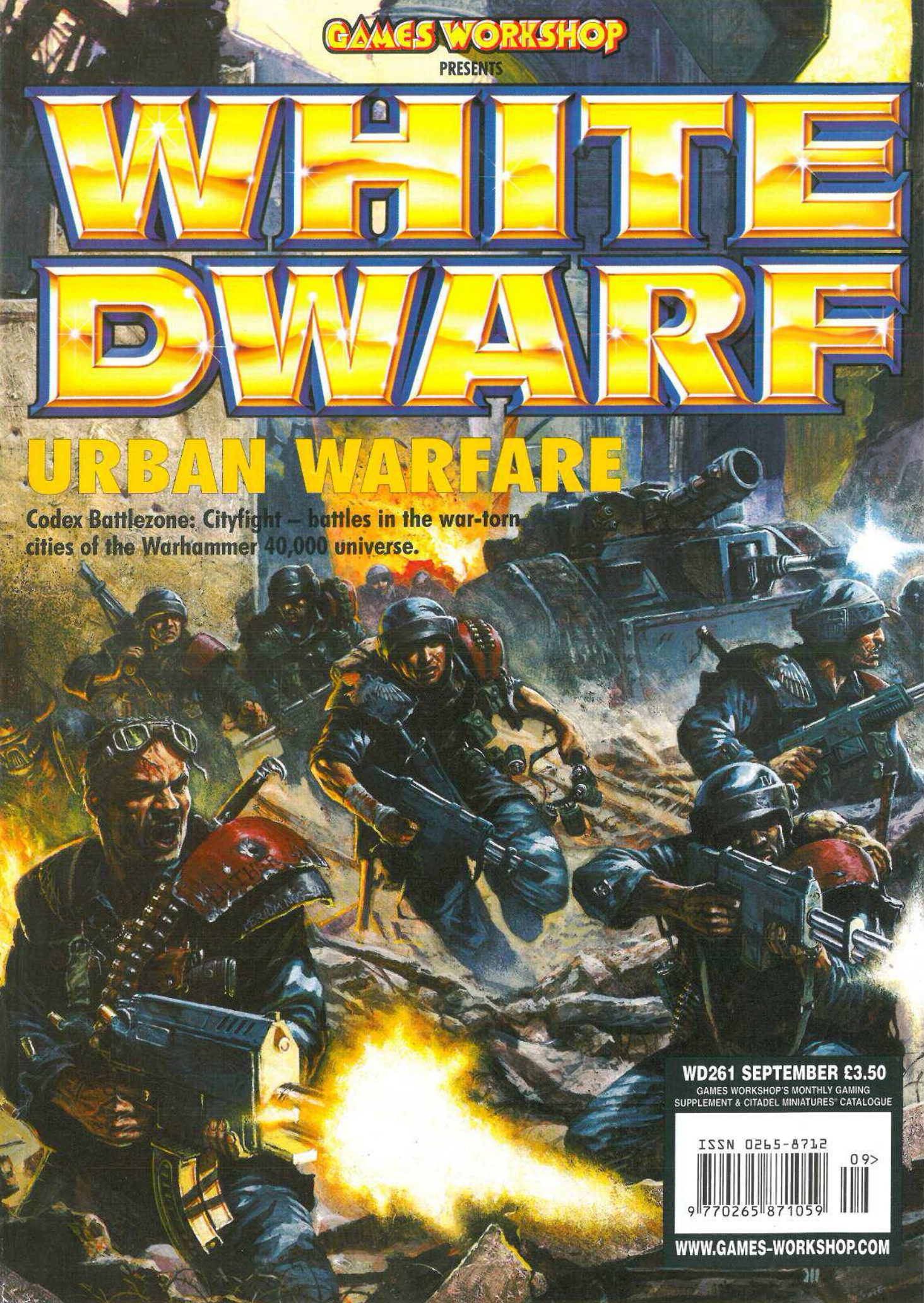
GAMES WORKSHOP

PRESENTS

WHITE DWARF

URBAN WARFARE

Codex Battlezone: Cityfight – battles in the war-torn cities of the Warhammer 40,000 universe.



WD261 SEPTEMBER £3.50

GAMES WORKSHOP'S MONTHLY GAMING
SUPPLEMENT & CITADEL MINIATURES® CATALOGUE

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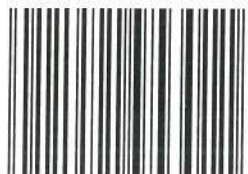
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THE WHITE DWARF EDITORIAL



Paul Sawyer

It's a time for new faces and old friends...

Everyone likes to see new additions to their army and we all revel in the extra depth this adds to our favourite game.

So this is what we're going to get!

This issue sees the first of a long line of planned releases that will help to add diversity and depth to the existing army books for both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.

Later in this month's White Dwarf, you'll find the rules and background for the Cursed Company. An all new Undead Regiment of Renown, these relentless skeletal warriors have an intriguing history.

You can see how they fare in next issue's battle report as they join the army of the Empire against the flower of Bretonnian chivalry.

This is only the beginning of our commitment to add further models and material to the Warhammer world and Warhammer 40,000 universe.

Next issue sees the return of an old favourite – the Empire Steam Tank. This new metal kit is quite simply awesome! It contains over thirty parts and is truly massive, dwarfing the previous model. There are also add-on components available through Mail Order to help customise your version. This too will join the Empire army in next issue's battle report.

We have plenty more planned releases for Warhammer but you'll have to keep your eyes on these pages and on our website (www.games-workshop.com) for further details.

What about Warhammer 40,000 though? Fear not – we also have a significant number of releases to keep Warhammer 40,000 players in rapture!

One of our plans is a set of miniatures representing Gaunt's Ghosts. Immortalised by the Black Library's series of novels written by

Dan Abnett, Commissar Ibram Gaunt and the Tanith First and Only Imperial Guard regiment are long overdue being seen on gaming tables. So you'll see the likes of Larkin the sniper, Colonel Colm Corbec and the murderous Major Rawne, as well as Gaunt himself.

It doesn't stop there though – as part of our Index Astartes series, which takes a closer look at Space Marines (be they Imperial or Chaos), we'll be compiling this essential material into a series of books.

The first of these is due for release at the end of the year and contains details of the first four First Founding Legions amongst other things. Even better than this compilation is the plan to release miniatures to represent the First Founding Legions themselves! So expect to see new Dark Angels, Slaaneshi Noise Marines, White Scars bikers and Iron Warriors all making an appearance over the coming months.

See you again next month,

HELP TO DECIDE THE FATE OF ALBION!

Throughout this month 'Commissar' Chris Bone will be running the Dark Shadows Roadshow. For details of the stores which his entourage of Studio celebrities will be visiting, check out the advertisement featured later in this

issue. His Dark Elf force, led by Malus Darkblade, will be carving a bloody path across the mysterious isle of Albion. The culmination of this UK tour will be at Games Workshop's very own Warhammer World on Saturday 1st September. The massive hall is opening its doors to the public, and welcomes you to come along and join in the fun to help decide the fate of the mystical isle of Albion.

The Nottingham gaming club will be meeting each Wednesday night at Nottingham HQ as a precursor to the final big battle. Throughout the summer, members of the club will be fighting it out against opponents to reach the grand final, which will be held on the day. A massive 16 foot table will be set up on which you will be able to join in the Plain of Battles, the final scenario in the Albion campaign booklet. Many smaller gaming tables will be spread around the hall for gamers to fight against an opponent of their choice. If you would like to join in then bring along a 2000 point army. You can either fight for the

Dark Emmissaries as they attempt to take control of the stone circles that hold the key to possession of Albion, or fight alongside a Truthsayer and defend Albion against the tides of Darkness.

The event will also be your last chance to get hold of the limited edition Malus Darkblade models sculpted by Juan Diaz. Exclusively designed for the roadshow, they are a must for all Dark Elf players and collectors alike.

Even if you don't have an army and just fancy popping along for the day, you can be guaranteed of witnessing one of the biggest and most bloody battles of Warhammer ever played. For details on ticket availability and prices, contact:

**Warhammer World
Games Workshop HQ
Willow Road
Nottingham
NG7 2WS**

Tel: 0115 916 8410



Malus Darkblade

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

Always eager to bring you the latest Studio developments, once again we have risked life and limb to sneak out some early previews of the Lords of the Rings miniatures development. The project has been moving along with some speed, and work is almost complete on the first year's planned releases.

The task of faithfully recreating the heroes of The Fellowship of the Ring was largely given to Brian Nelson. With his fine eye for detail you can be sure that they will be something special. He has designed multiple versions of each character as they appear in different scenes throughout the film, so you can look forward to seeing your favourite hero in various

dramatic poses. We managed to prize Gandalf and Boromir from the hands of the figure painters, with the paint barely dry, to bring you these exclusive shots. Each figure has to be sent off to the film company, New Line Cinema, and the actors themselves for approval before we are able to start full casting production.

Rick Priestley is the man behind the brand new rules system, and his army of eager playtesters have been hard at work ironing out the last few game play issues. The rules manuals are pouring off the printing press as we speak and, with any luck, next issue we will be able to feature a preview of the game. Our web team have also been busy and new features are appearing on their pages regularly. If you want to see the other Hobbits and their companions, check The Lord of the Rings section on our web portal:

www.games-workshop.com/lotr



Gandalf the Grey™



Boromir™

PROMOTIONS ASSISTANT

The Production Studio is looking to fill a vacancy in the Promotions Department to help with the research and production of promotional material and point-of-sale items. The successful candidate will be responsible for producing inter-company marketing briefs, and a host of external promotional material and point-of-sale items. The work is carried out on an Apple Mac computer.

Ideally the successful candidate will have A Level qualifications or higher, drive and initiative, but more importantly a creative eye, as well as desktop publishing skills and experience with Quark XPress and Adobe Photoshop.

The position offers a competitive salary, 25 days per annum holiday, company pension scheme, free life assurance, sports and social club, on-site bar, gym and company restaurant as well as a generous product discount!

To apply, please send a comprehensive CV along with a letter explaining why you consider yourself ideal for either of these positions along with your salary expectations to:

Human Resources, Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

Closing date for applications: 28/09/01

IMPERIAL ARMOUR II

ALIEN ARMOUR IN THE 41ST MILLENNIUM

After the success of the first Imperial Armour book, Forge World and Warwick Kinrade from Fanatic have once again joined teams to release Imperial Armour II. Featuring full details for a wide range of new and old Ork, Eldar and Dark Eldar vehicle variants, available as resin models or

tank conversion kits, Imperial Armour II includes rules by Jervis Johnson and a short story by Gav Thorpe.

Priced at £10 it is available to buy in the shops now.

www.forgeworld.co.uk



AIR TATTOO WINNERS

In White Dwarf 257 we ran a competition to win tickets for the Royal International Air Tattoo. Thank you to all those who entered the competition. The following lucky people have all won a pair of tickets to the event.

D. Ewington, David Howell, Ross Gray, Lee Forke, Matt Seaborn, Ian Osborne, John Spence, Peter Seaborn, C. A. Mosley, Jonathan Halsall, Kathryn Roden, Jack Wride, S. Kirby, Dan Martin, K. Byard.

SIFTING THE MUD

News and rumours from Wolfenburg, the Warhammer MUD: This computer-based adventure game allows you to explore virtual cities and valleys in search of fame and fortune.

Terror has raged through the streets of Wolfenburg as the citizens find themselves under siege from hordes of Gobbos. Greenskins have been mounting sneak attacks throughout the city and making off with as much Bugman's beer as they can get their little green claws upon.

Dark clouds have gathered around Lord Vangrath's castle giving weight to the hushed rumours that the dark Vampire Count is once again set to roam the night. The Goblin raid carried out last month left one vital clue, a parchment with instructions for the Goblins to find and remove any item containing alcohol, in particular to be on the look out for any crystal decanter that bears the Count's coat of arms.

Heroes are desperately required to help repel the Greenskin army and halt the threat from the Count.

Join the battle at www.wolfenburg.com

ORKS JUST KEEP GETTING BIGGA

The sculptors at Forge World have been exceptionally busy this month. They have commissioned Daniel Cockersell to sculpt a special addition to the Collector's series. Based on the popular model from the Citadel Ork range, the large-scale resin model of Brian Nelson's Ork Nob in mega armour stands at an impressive 12cm tall. It is a must for all Greenskin collectors and fans of the Forge World range. It will go on sale at £80 and will be made available first at this year's Games Day.

www.forgeworld.co.uk

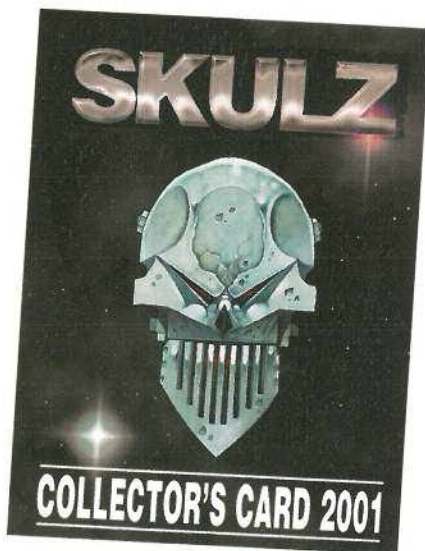


GET 'EM WHILE THEY LAST

The current SKULZ scheme is coming to a close at the end of September. To give everyone the opportunity to collect as many stickers as possible before the closing date, Double SKULZ will be available all day on Sunday 30th September 2001. So each £10 spent will get you two SKULZ instead of one! If you are going to be at Games Day on Sunday 30th don't worry, Double SKULZ will also be available on all purchases there.

SKULZ Redemption

To make sure that everyone has plenty of time to choose their prizes and send in for their SKULZ gift, we'll accept redemptions up until 30th November 2001. All offers subject to availability.



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: events_diary@games-workshop.co.uk

Details need to be submitted by:

1 September for WD 263
(November 2001 issue)

28 September for WD 264
(December 2001 issue)

30 October for WD 265
(January 2002 issue)

27 November for WD 266
(February 2002 issue)

Record Breaking Charity Extravaganza

Starting at 12.00 pm on Saturday 6th October, running through until 12.00 pm on the following Sunday, Weeton Barracks near Preston are hoping to host a Warhammer 40,000 game of mammoth proportions. THEY NEED YOUR HELP. If you would like to take part in this event, which is being run for Children In Need, then please contact:

The Manager
GW Blackpool, 8 Birley Street.
Tel: 01253 752 056

Britcon 2001

Once again the British Historical Games Society will be running the National Wargames Convention from the 16th -19th August. The event will be held at Loughborough University. Of course Games Workshop will be down there promoting the Summer Dark Shadows campaign and the newly released Cityfight. The Warhammer Players Society will also be running a large Warhammer and Warhammer Ancient Battles tournament. For details on how to enter the WPS tournament contact www.players-society.com. For general details on how to get tickets for the Britcon 2001 check out www.bhgs.co.uk/nationals/intropage.htm

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER 40,000

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR
WARHAMMER 40,000:

CITY RUINS ▼

£20.00

Sculpted by Mark Jones.

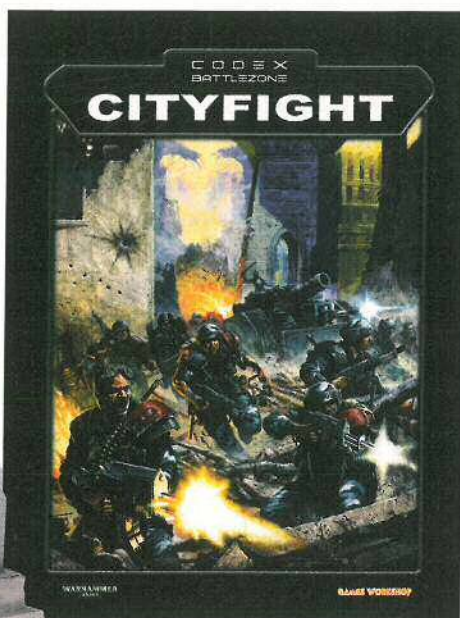
This pack contains one complete
City Ruins terrain piece.



CITYFIGHT ▶

£10.00

Cityfight, the Warhammer
40,000 supplement that
enables you to set your
battles in the deadly
confines of a city.



◀ FURIOSO DREADNOUGHT £25.00

The Furioso is a
Heavy Support choice.

*Sculpted by Jes Goodwin
and Dave Andrews.*

This boxed set contains
one complete Blood
Angels Furioso
Dreadnought.

This model requires assembly.



WOLF SCOUT WITH ASSAULT WEAPON ▲

£4.00

Wolf Scout squads can include one assault weapon.

Sculpted by Mark Harrison

This blister pack contains one Wolf Scout with assault weapon and
one Wolf Scout with bolt pistol and knife.

WOLF SCOUTS ▼▶

£4.00

Wolf Scouts are an Elites choice,
with 4-6 models in a squad.

Sculpted by Mark Harrison

This blister pack contains two
Space Wolves Scouts.



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

WARHAMMER

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER:

CURSED COMPANY £5.00 ▶

The Cursed Company Regiment of Renown is a Rare choice, with 10-30 models in the regiment.

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

This blister pack contains three Cursed Company models. These models require assembly.



CURSED COMPANY COMMAND £6.00 ▼

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

This blister pack contains three Cursed Company Command miniatures.

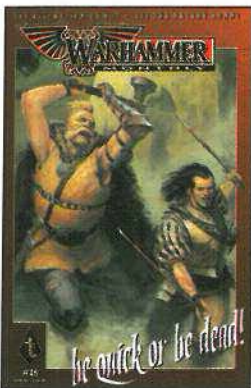
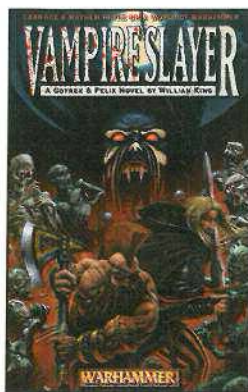
These models require assembly.



VAMPIRESLAYER £5.99

A Gotrek and Felix novel by William King
Published by the Black Library

As winter claws at the ruins of Praag, the blooded hordes of Chaos plunge southwards towards the heartland of the Empire. But the doom-seeking Dwarf, Gotrek, and his human companion, Felix, are shaken from their pursuit and beset by a new foe. An unholy cloud is forming over darkest Sylvania and an evil is forming that threatens to tear out the heart of the Empire. Their gripping saga continues in this epic tale of deadly battle and tragedy.



WARHAMMER MONTHLY ISSUE 46 £2.20

Comic published by the Black Library
There's blood on the streets in the explosive finale of Mordheim: Crusade! The mists of Albion draw back for the Old World's toughest mercenary, Hellbrandt Grimm, as he steps in the Wake of Giants. Forced to fight for the howling crowds of Commorragh, Ephrael Stern waits for her salvation in Daemonifuge. Also there's the next gripping instalment of Inquisitor Ascendant, competitions, features, interviews and more.

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FROM THE BULLDOG BUCKLE COMPANY:



SPACE WOLVES FANG ▶

(Antique Pewter)

Mini Badge	£2.75
Earrings	£2.75
Zip puller	£2.75
Mega Badge	£5.00
Keyring	£5.50



DARK ELVES WINGS AND TAIL

(Antique Pewter)

Mega Badge	£5.00
Keyring	£5.50

DARK ELVES SKULL ▶

(Antique Pewter)

Mega Badge	£5.00
Keyring	£5.50



VAMPIRE COUNTS BLOOD DRAGON

(Antique Pewter)

Mega Badge	£5.00
Keyring	£5.50
Pendant	£6.00

VAMPIRE COUNTS VON CARSTEIN ▶

(Antique Pewter)

Mega Badge	£5.00
Keyring	£5.50
Pendant	£6.00



SPACE WOLVES FANG ▶

(Antique Pewter)

Buckle	£13.50
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DARK ELVES HELMET AND WINGS

(Antique Pewter)

Mega Badge	£5.00
Keyring	£5.50
Pendant	£6.00

Products not shown at actual size.

OR VISIT OUR ON-LINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER
40,000

NEW ARMY DEALS FOR WARHAMMER 40,000



SPACE MARINE ARMY BOXED SET £110.00

The Space Marine army boxed set contains:

- 1 Space Marine Chaplain
- 1 Space Marine Tactical squad
- 1 Space Marine Combat squad
- 1 Space Marine Terminator squad
- 5 Space Marine Devastators
- 1 Land Raider
- 1 Space Marine Landspeeder
- 1 Space Marine Dreadnought

These models require assembly.

The Space Marine army boxed set is a special edition release to complement Codex Space Marines.

IMPERIAL GUARD ARMY BOXED SET £110.00

The Imperial Guard army boxed set contains:

- 1 Colonel 'Iron Hand' Straken
- 1 Catachan Lieutenant
- 1 Leman Russ Battle Tank
- 1 Chimera
- 40 Catachan Jungle Fighters
- 2 Catachan Missile Launchers
- 3 Ogryns
- 1 Catachan Sentinel

These models require assembly.

The Imperial Guard army boxed set is a special edition release to complement Codex Imperial Guard.



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

WARHAMMER

NEW ARMY DEALS FOR WARHAMMER



EMPIRE ARMY BOXED SET £110.00

The Empire army boxed set contains:

- 1 Empire Grand Master
- 1 Empire Engineer
- 1 Empire Soldiers Regiment
- 2 Empire Knightly Orders
- 20 Empire Militia
- 5 Imperial Pistoliers
- 2 Empire Cannons or Mortars

ALSO INCLUDED IS A LIMITED EDITION EMPIRE BATTLE STANDARD BEARER!

These models require assembly.

The Empire army boxed set is a special edition release to complement the Warhammer Armies: Empire book.

ORCS & GOBLINS ARMY BOXED SET £110.00

The Orcs & Goblins army boxed set contains:

- 1 Black Orc Warboss
- 1 Orc Battle Standard Bearer
- 1 Orc Shaman
- 1 Orc Warriors regiment
- 10 Goblin Wolf Riders
- 1 Goblin regiment
- 2 Night Goblin regiments
- 3 Night Goblin Fanatics
- 1 Goblin Doom Diver
- 1 Goblin Rock Lobber

ALSO INCLUDED IS A LIMITED EDITION ORC BATTLE STANDARD BEARER!

These models require assembly.

The Orcs & Goblins army boxed set is a special edition release to complement the Warhammer Armies: Orcs & Goblins book.



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NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

INQUISITOR

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR INQUISITOR:

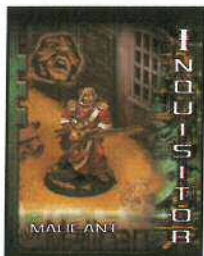
DEVOTEE MALICANT

£12.00

Sculpted by Mark Harrison

This set contains one Devotee Malicant model.

This model requires assembly.



HUNT TEAM LEADER LUCRETIA BRAVUS

£12.00

Sculpted by Michael Perry

This set contains one Hunt Team Leader Lucretia Bravus model and one cyber-mastiff.

These models require assembly.



AVAILABLE FROM MAIL ORDER ONLY

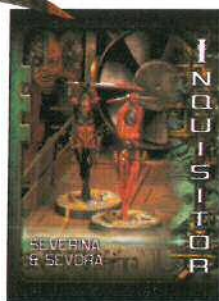
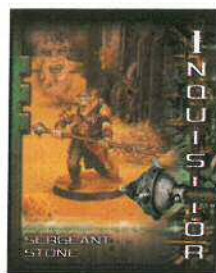
SERGEANT STONE

£12.00

Sculpted by Alan Perry

This set contains one Sergeant Stone model.

This model requires assembly.



SEVERINA AND SEVORA DEVOUT

£15.00

Sculpted by Brian Nelson

This set contains one Severina Devout model and one Sevora Devout model.

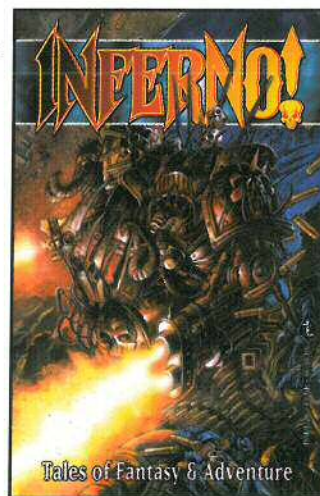
These models require assembly.

INFERNO! 26

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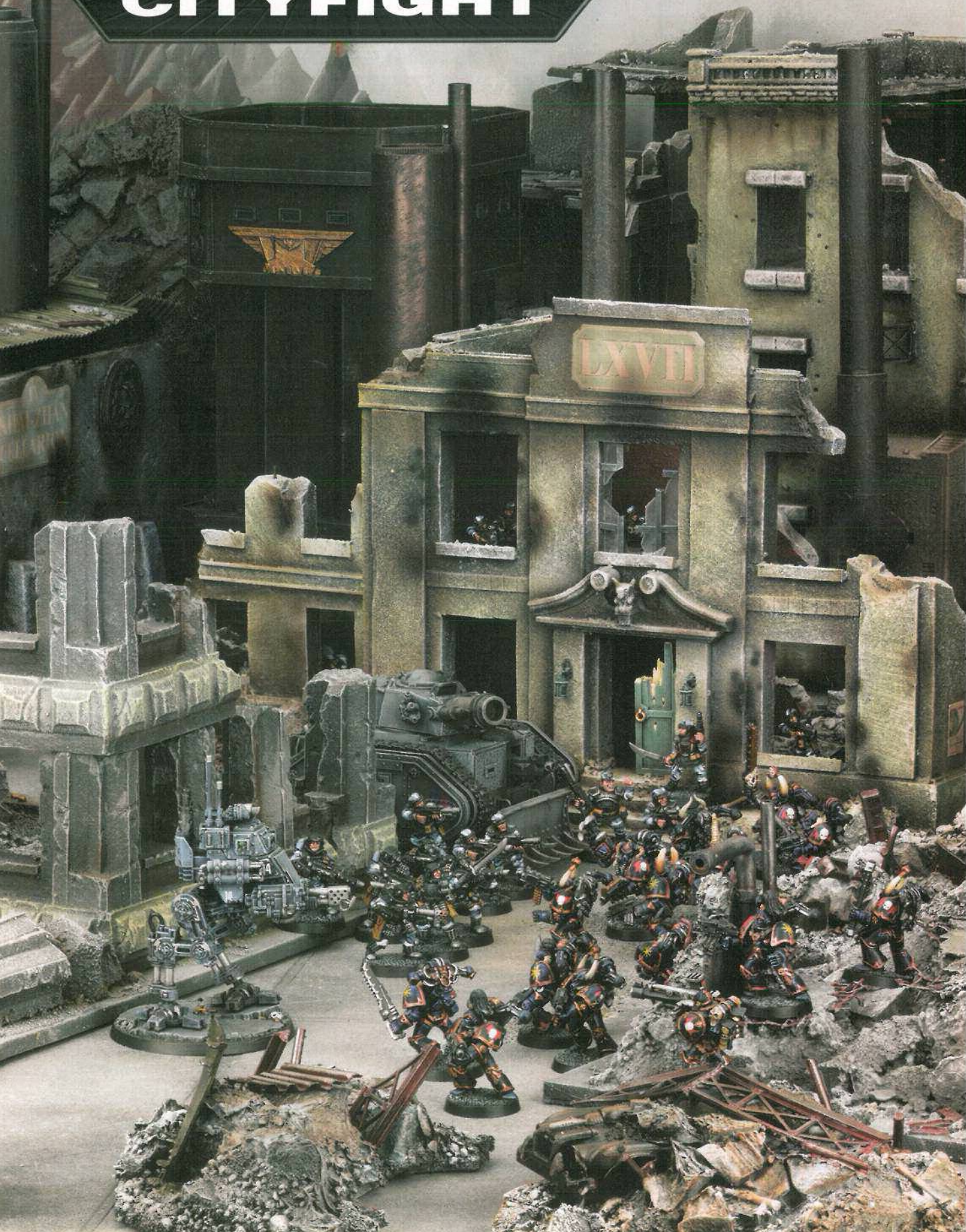
Waaagh! Dakka Dakka Dakka! Humies beware, Uzgob, Killboy and Deff Skwadron are back on another mental mission for Warboss Badthug. There's also chilling Warhammer fiction from novelist Brian Craig and C.L. Werner. Meanwhile the action reaches boiling point for the meanest bounty hunter in the underhive, as Doc Haze finds himself in hot water in Nathan Creed's latest adventure 'Firestarter', courtesy of Jonathan Green.



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CITYFIGHT



Andy Chambers, as Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend, is now a veteran of many cityfights, and has cast his unflinching gaze over the project from beginning to end.

Jervis Johnson, formerly a Games Development stalwart, is now the head of the Fanatic team, having given much of his energies to the creation of the new supplement.

Pete Haines is reckoned to be among the most experienced Cityfight players in the known galaxy. Listen well...

CHAPTER APPROVED

BY ANDY CHAMBERS, JERVIS JOHNSON AND PETE HAINES

Greetings, most humble citizens of the Emperor, and welcome to a most unique edition of Chapter Approved. This month, Scribes Chambers, Johnson and Haines are forced to reveal their methods in the crafting of Cityfight, a tome enabling desperate warfare to take place in the battle-torn streets of the 41st Millennium.

CITYFIGHT DESIGNER'S NOTES

ANDY'S BIT

I first started thinking about doing a Cityfight supplement for Warhammer 40,000 way back when I was working on the third edition rules in 1998. I liked the way that the Siege supplement had worked for Warhammer Fantasy Battle, giving an entirely different way of playing games with fantasy armies by placing them in a new environment. The best parallel I could think of for a siege in Warhammer 40,000 terms would be

fighting which took place through the streets and ruined buildings of an embattled city, quite literally a siege in more modern terms. This had the bonus that the kind of cityscape fighting I was thinking about looked really groovy on the tabletop too, as numerous city boards I had seen and played on down the years could testify. The more I thought about it, the better it looked – tanks grinding along rubble-choked streets, hardened assault squads struggling to clear shattered buildings of dug-in defenders, lurking snipers and concealed machine gun nests... oh yes, I was hooked.

As time and capricious irony would have it, myself, Gav Thorpe and Jervis Johnson have ended up writing both a battle book about the Armageddon War, and jungle fighting rules in Codex Catachans before getting to Cityfight. However, we've used the time usefully and come up with what I think is an excellent supplement for the Warhammer 40,000 game. The development of Cityfight has been an epic in some ways, and I'll let the others tell you about their parts in it. For me it was an experience that taught me (again) that...

YOUR FIRST IDEA ISN'T ALWAYS YOUR BEST (OR IS IT?)

After the initial hot flush of excitement I started to look more carefully at just how you would do Cityfight rules for a Warhammer 40,000 game. One of the many things we had stripped out from the second edition Warhammer 40,000 rules while working on the third edition were the rules for troopers hiding and going into overwatch (basically delaying their shooting until their enemies' turn). Experience had taught us that in

'open field' games these rules tended to make players go to ground a lot, hiding in the available pieces of cover all too readily and just reacting to enemy moves with overwatch fire. Since the third edition Warhammer 40,000 rules were aiming to make the game more dynamic by using larger numbers of units, it seemed wise to keep overwatch and hiding out of it, a decision which seems to have worked as no one appears to miss it very much. However, I could see that in a cityfight, with its alternating streets and buildings where units would be moving by short hops, overwatch would be essential, and conversely hiding for those concealed snipers and so forth.

At some point when I was discussing the idea with Jervis and Gav, the thought percolated through that all overwatch really represented was a way of short-circuiting the standard Warhammer 40,000 turn sequence (the 'I go, You go' system where each player does all his movement and shooting all at once). This got me thinking that Cityfight could work with a different kind of turn sequence where players alternated taking actions with their units in a similar way to the old Space Marine epic rules.

As I started to work on rules for this I encountered various far more practical problems with cityfighting; there were buildings everywhere! The games I played were always dominated by a succession of grunts, hisses and curses of frustration as I and my opponent tried to get at the miniatures we were moving, place them exactly where they should be, keep them in coherency and squeeze them behind bits of cover (always liberally scattered with rubble of course) all at the same time. We also

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



The Eldar of Biel-Tan spring a lightning ambush upon a Steel Legion armoured column.

constantly had to worry about whether they could scramble up and down on bits of floors and what lines of sight they had (and nearly losing an eye when we bent over the table to check).

I wrote a series of abstractions to make it easier to deal with the terrain, basically treating ruined buildings more like patches of woodland and assuming that individual troopers would take up the most useful positions within them. This left players more freedom to place their miniatures artfully where they looked good and would show that they were occupying the building. In close combat all opposing models within the building fought as if they were in base-to-base contact with the enemy, which helped avoid having to balance figures precariously and also neatly showed how deadly assaults in buildings can be. Bumping up the cover save for being in buildings to a 4+ meant that squads became really hard to shift with anything but the most concentrated firing.

Applying the same cover save to everyone in a building regardless of

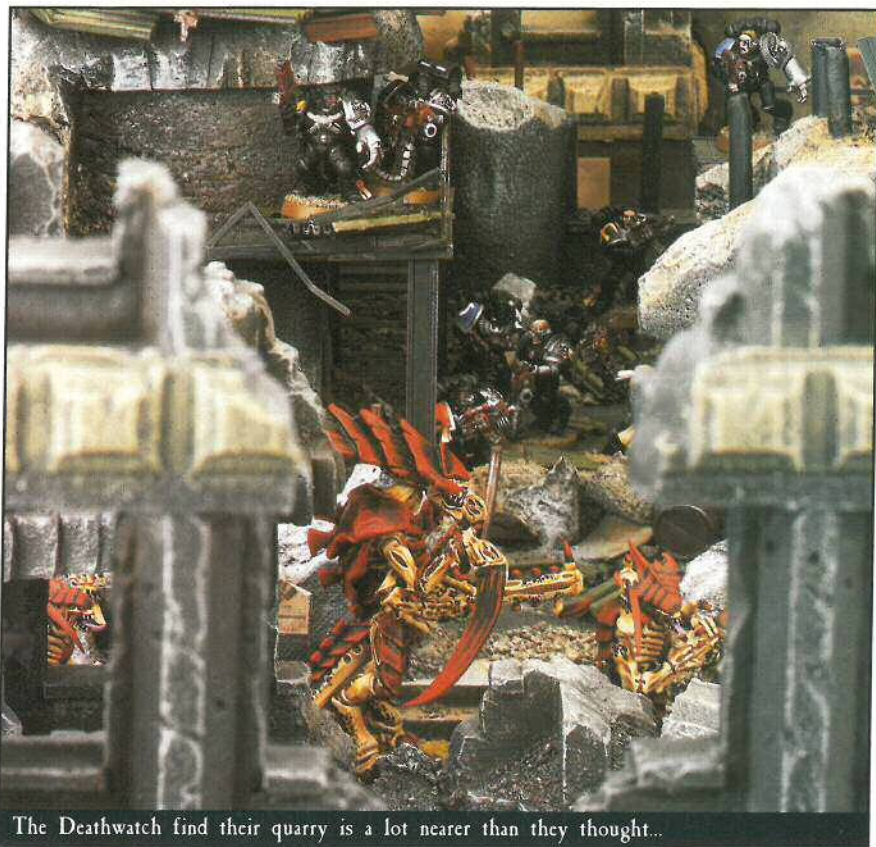
where they stood again made it easier to keep the game snappy and fast flowing by removing the necessity for squeezing miniatures behind girders and so forth. Since the exact positioning of models had been abstracted somewhat, it wasn't particularly appropriate to use templates and blast markers either, so I replaced a lot of squinting and knocking off models with templates by simply rolling to see how many casualties were inflicted by a hit. A number of other minor modifications removed most of the irritations out of the standard Warhammer 40,000 rules given the terrain, and left me free to pursue the action-based rules I had been working on.

One day, months later, I was having a Cityfight game with Jervis and he gave me one of those insights you can only really get from somebody else. "Maybe you don't need the actions stuff at all," says he (I blink with surprise, and get ready to argue vociferously against him) "The game works pretty well just with the modifications you've made to the basic rules." And you know something,

I didn't argue with him (this time) because he was absolutely right. We tried a game and there it was, the normal rules worked fine, no hiding, no overwatch, no action based system. You got a game of Warhammer 40,000 that anyone could understand immediately, with just a few basic modifications and the tactics and units required altered dramatically.

What I'd overlooked, y'see, was the fact that all those buildings meant that units spent most of their time moving through difficult ground. Attacks foundered and units got split from their support naturally and all too often a unit of troops would get caught as they tried to cross a street in the teeth of enemy fire. The way buildings blocked line of sight meant that units could hide behind them too. With a few final modifications to give troops in high vantage points a requisite advantage for their commanding position, the games were getting pretty darn good.

Gav wrote up some scenarios to try out and this left me with plenty of



The Deathwatch find their quarry is a lot nearer than they thought...

opportunities to emphasise some different aspects of cityfighting. For example, there's a fair bit of special cityfighting equipment if you ask anyone who's trained in the army: breaching charges, scaling ladders, remote mines, barricades are important, sentry guns would be cool etc, etc. Fred Reed was most taken with the whole Cityfight idea and bombarded me with sewer movement rules, scenarios and a host of other things. Bo Tolstrup gave me some fascinating insights into city conditions too (he trained for recon in the Danish army) and how ludicrously dangerous they are. Reading about historical cityfights like the battles for Stalingrad and Berlin in the Second World War illustrated how dogged desperate men fighting in a city become, cut off from their friends and support by a maze of rubble-strewn streets and lurking foes. This convinced me to alter the morale rules slightly so that even decimated units could regroup and continue the bitter fighting.

Unfortunately by this time I was busy with Codex Orks, Codex Armageddon and Codex Tyranids, and couldn't quite manage to fit in Cityfight as well. Although the basic frameworks were in place, it still needed lots of the rules explaining in proper English, and details about skimmers, jump packs

and all sorts of other things needed ironing out. Scenarios needed adding, also background and, of course, the modelling and painting side of things. Fortunately Jervis came to my rescue and heroically volunteered his services for one last job, to finish off Cityfight before taking up the reins at Fanatic.

JERV'S BIT

I was more than happy to become directly involved in the Cityfight project when asked as, like Andy, I've always found this kind of combat fascinating and had really enjoyed all of the play-testing games I'd been involved with so far. I was also fresh off Codex Catachans, and had been really impressed with the way that the jungle fighting rules in that book had forced players to change the way they went about creating an army and the tactics they used with it. It was almost like learning how to play the game all over again, or like getting a completely new game for the price of a Codex.

Anyway, when I started work on Cityfight there wasn't really all that much left for me to do in terms of 'games development', as pretty much all of the rules changes needed had already been sorted by Andy. Instead I concentrated on developing the scenarios and turning Andy's notes

into a more formal manuscript. In the process I started writing a background story to illustrate the nature of city fighting and to put the rules we were writing into a 'real life' context. We still kept on play-testing of course, and made a few tweaks and tiddles to Andy's rules and the scenarios we were working on. Most of these were of a minor nature and not really worth going into here, but there was one thing that underwent major change, and that was the way that close combat is dealt with in Cityfight.

As Andy has already said in his designer's notes, one of the things that can cause problems when fighting in dense terrain like a city is having to worry about the exact position each of your models occupies. Andy had already made a number of changes to deal with this problem, but we found that close combat was still very fiddly to sort out, even with the modifications he had made. While talking about this with Andy and Gav we decided it would be much easier if we could come up with rules that simply allowed a unit to fight another unit in close combat, without having to worry too much about the relative positions of the models. After all, combat in Warhammer 40,000 is meant to be a huge swirling close range gunfight, with models moving about, ducking and diving, so their exact position at the start of the Assault phase was really pretty irrelevant anyway, if you think about it.

Inspired, I went home and wrote up a new set of close combat rules based on this concept and, although much evolved from that first draft, the close combat rules you will find in this book are pretty much what I wrote down then. I must say that I really like them, and keep telling Andy that he should make them the rules used in normal games of Warhammer 40,000 too.

But then, all too suddenly, the time I had to spend on Cityfight was up and I had to move down to the Fanatic bunker. Unfortunately I hadn't quite managed to finish all the work needed on the book before I had to go, so it was just as well that Pete Haines (my replacement in the Warhammer 40,000 team) was ready, willing and more than able to take over the project once I left. Over to you Pete...

PETE'S BIT

Imagine the scene in the Games Development office: the team new boy, yours truly, is grappling with his

first few assignments when the jaded and mercurial Overfiend (that's Andy C by the way) turns to him and says, "Oh yes, I thought you could finish off Cityfight."

"No problem," I said, blithely. I was familiar with the approach taken to the game and had been aware of its development, but figured it was finished, leaving nothing for me to do.

Oh, the naivete of it all! The mere fact that the game mechanics were developed disguised a catalogue of tasks to be completed before Cityfight could be unleashed on the public.

My main task was to get the unfinished sections finished, primarily the hobby and battle report section and ensure that the book gelled together. I really liked Jervis' 'Battle for Vogen' narrative. I have noticed that players are always interested in the history of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, but don't necessarily want to refight 'historical' scenarios. I decided to use Vogen as an example of the sort of thing that Cityfight allows you to do. I was pleased that, although it had some strategic importance, Vogen was not a mighty hive city. It is quite deliberately an unremarkable city and that to my mind was its strength; all players could realistically play their games in their own equivalent of

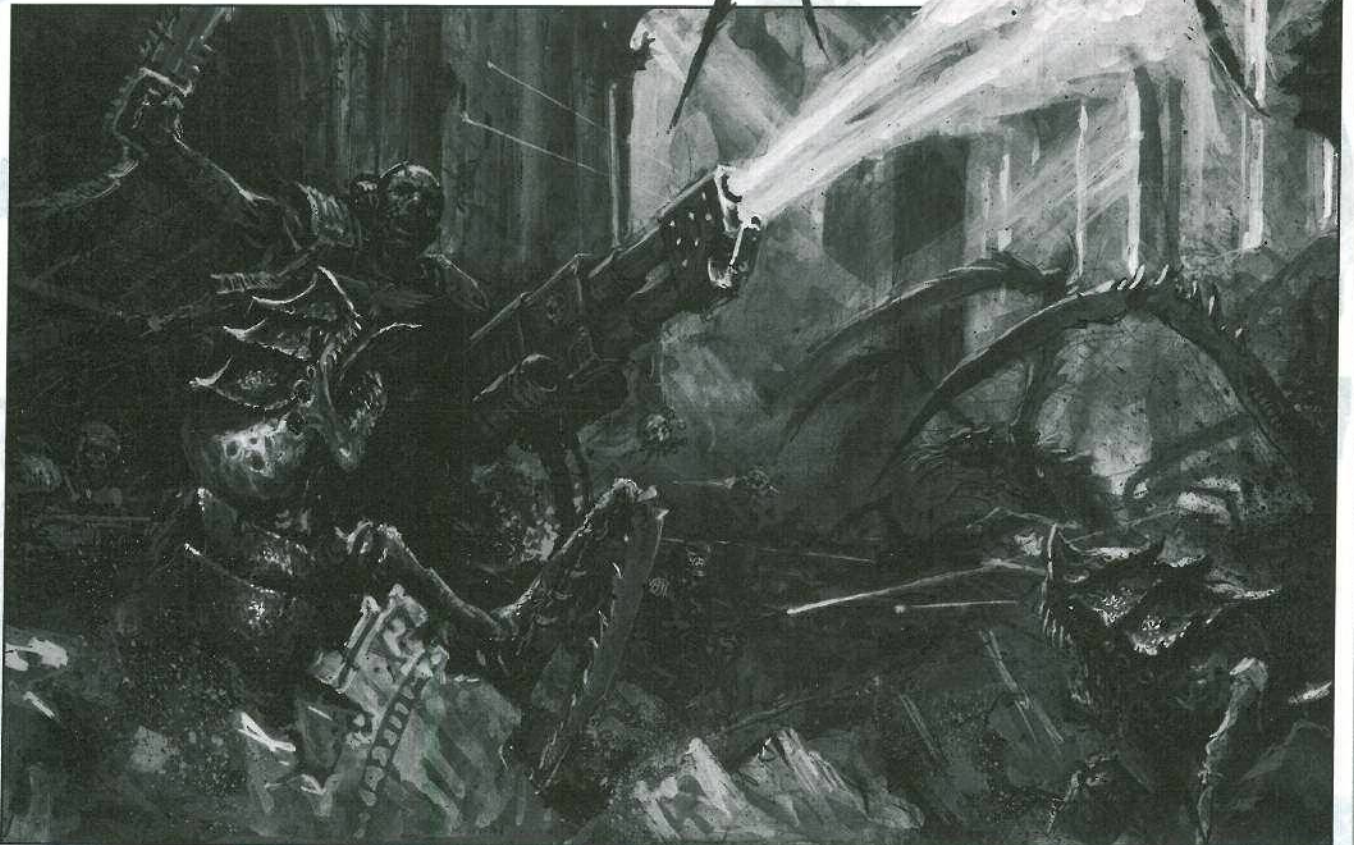
Vogen. It was accessible in all the important ways, its architecture could be modelled using simple techniques, and the battle itself was not dominated by Titans or siege artillery. In short everything about it made it a good practical example of how to go about playing Cityfight, so I used Vogen as the sticky stuff that binds the book together, a common view on a range of issues from modelling Cityfight scenery to playing campaigns.

What I avoided was the urge to make the missions relate to Vogen directly. Cityfight is a Warhammer 40,000 supplement and not a campaign pack so, whilst I was happy to use Vogen as a recurring topic, it was important to keep the core game open to all types of armies in all types of cities. Cityfight is all about creating a different flavour of Warhammer 40,000 game by putting armies into a new environment where the old tactics may not work.

The one big obstacle I could foresee was the terrain itself. I was certain that we had to provide some guidance on manufacturing terrain to make the game

accessible to players. Ultimately this led to a second colour section in which we focused on explaining a set of simple techniques which could be used to make a wide variety of buildings. Dave Andrews and Mark Jones, the Studio model making gurus, did an excellent job of taking these techniques and creating the Vogen cityscape. One look at this terrain sums up the sheer aesthetic pleasure of Cityfight and provides the strongest possible incentive to gather together all that polystyrene packing, get down to the DIY store for some textured paint, and get stuck in.

Hope you enjoy the game!



WARHAMMER WORLD TO BE REBUILT

Warhammer World has been a great centre for the hobby and a venue for events since its opening over three years ago. As well as housing the Warhammer museum, life-sized exhibits, and giant Games Day displays, it also hosts the enormous Nottingham Games Club every Wednesday night, and numerous Open Days and Tournaments. However, in our constant drive to improve our facilities and provide an even better centre for the hobby, we're starting work to improve and rebuild the whole venue to create the greatest wargaming arena in the world.

Keep your eyes on White Dwarf for further information on the development work in Nottingham, and pictures of the work in progress.

Please note that this work will cause some disruption to the Warhammer World services, so to avoid disappointment, you should call Warhammer World (0115 916 8410) before making a visit.



TAU CAMPAIGN

TAU PREVIEW EVENING - 30TH AUGUST

Check out the new Tau in action on a special Games Night. The Games Night on Thursday 30th September will feature the brand new race for Warhammer 40,000. See the awesome firepower of the Tau Fire Warriors in action, and the devastating Kroot in hand to hand combat, before they're even released!

The preview evening will also set the scene for a brand new Warhammer 40,000 nationwide campaign in September. The 'Eastern Rim' features the emerging Tau Empire in conflict with the Imperium for the rich planet of Kleist in the Lithesh sector of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, and will be run throughout the month in every Games Workshop store across the country. Just pop into your local store or give them a call for more details.



THE SIEGE OF MUSKOVITZ

With the Stalinvast War at a critical stage, Chaos Warmaster Grubenbock executes a lightning strike on the poorly defended administrative centre of Muskovitz. Following his defeat at Chiev, Group Marshal Konew of the Imperial Guard withdraws to the city to await reinforcements from General Dhukov and his Valhalla veterans. Defeat threatens to divide the Imperial forces and spell doom for the planet.

August 27 – Empire, Kings Lynn

August 29 – Esdevium, Aldershot

August 30 – Hammicks, Bracknell

August 31 – Fareham Toys, Fareham

Please note: This campaign day is exclusive to the independent Games Workshop stockists listed above. Contact the appropriate store for details.



THE SIEGE OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE

THE SUNDERING OF THE IMPERIUM

THE GATHERING STORM

The Horus Heresy was the single greatest challenge humanity has ever been confronted with. The most terrifying thing about it was the unholy speed with which it divided the Imperium. The rebels struck with an intensity that left the loyalists stunned and confused. Uncaring of loss, the traitors engaged in apocalyptic battles on a score of worlds. Everywhere Chaos cults rose up, in open rebellion where they could, otherwise engaging in acts of terrorism, sabotage and assassination. Units of the Imperial Guard and Imperial Navy with decades of loyal service behind them turned traitor and lashed out at their former comrades. The extent to which the Dark Gods had spread their influence among the institutions of the Imperium was completely unanticipated. On Mars, even the Adeptus Mechanicus were sundered by civil war.

Yet, when the conflict is rendered down to its essential truths it is clear

that all the slaughter and all the destruction was nothing but a diversion. It was intended to grant Horus time to bring his forces to Terra and destroy the Emperor, without whom humanity would have no shield from the creatures of the warp and would certainly be damned.

THE BATTLE FOR TERRA

The history of the ebb and flow of this legendary battle is as fragile as the perceptions of the witnesses. Facing death is one thing but these witnesses saw things that they should never have seen: loathsome mutants, bestial abhumans and howling cultists, all led by hosts of Daemons and the traitor Chaos Marines themselves. Their accounts mostly reflect their horror and revulsion and contain little hard information.

Examined clinically, the battle breaks down into five distinct actions, although these are obscured by the sheer size of the Chaos horde of which some part

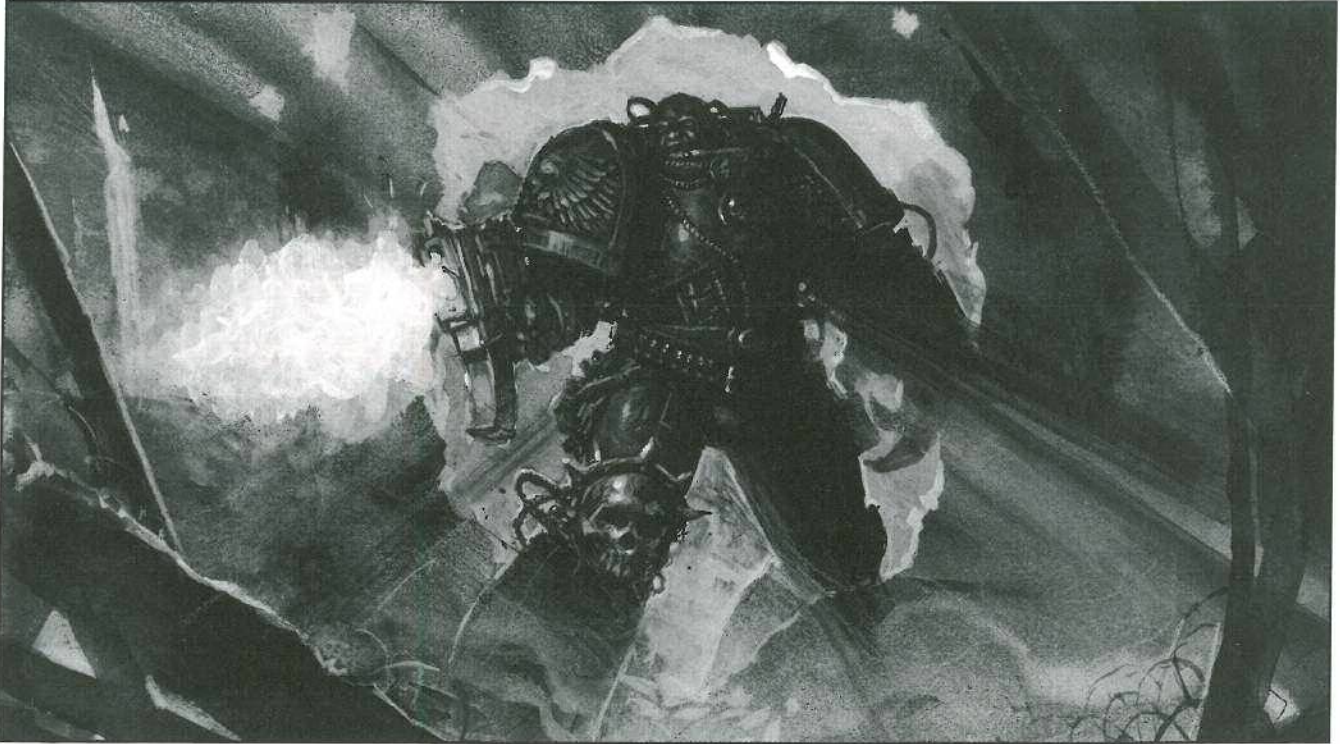
Over the next few issues we delve deep into Imperial archives to report on some of the most famous and often bloody cityfights in the history of the Imperium. The first file to be opened is that of the Siege of the Emperor's Palace.

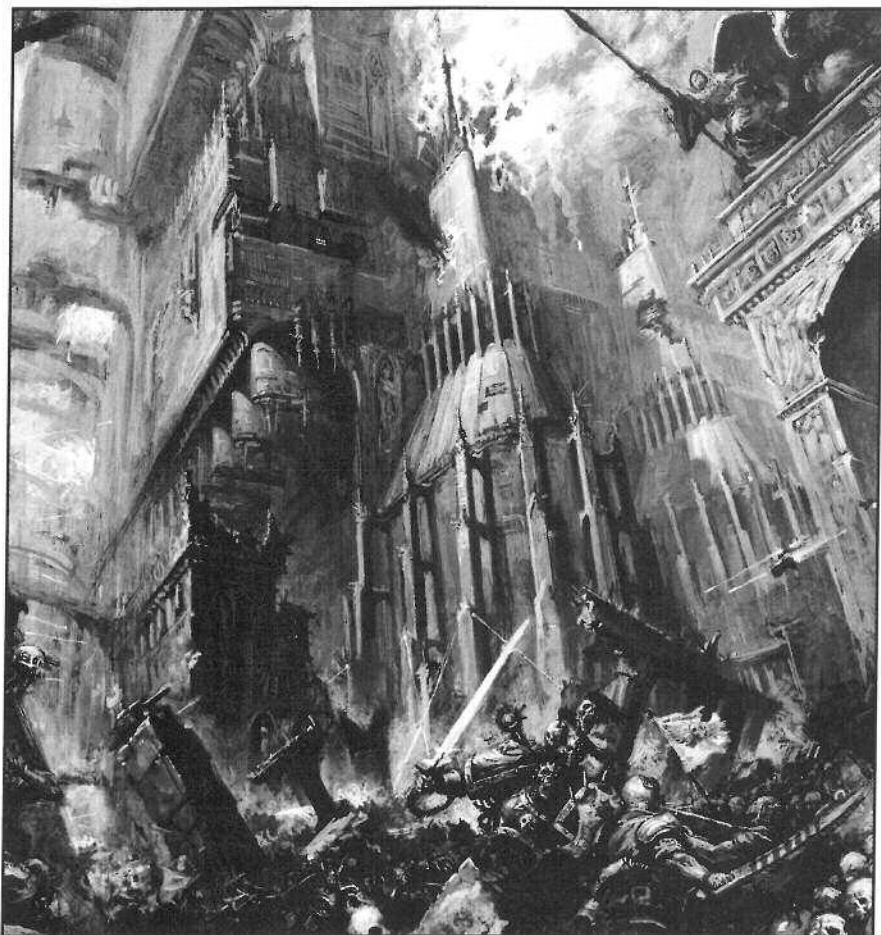
or other was continually in action for the duration of the battle. The five stages were as follows:

PLANETFALL

It was vital for Horus to secure a landing site within striking distance of the Imperial palace, that was suitable for landing heavy transports. After an initial orbital bombardment forced any mobile defenders into deep shelters, Horus unleashed the World Eaters and Death Guard Traitor Legions against the Eternity Wall and the Lion's Gate Spaceports.

Whilst both spaceports possessed good defences, they were betrayed by their defenders. Imperial Guard units in the garrisons had already been tainted by Chaos and, as the onslaught began, they changed sides. This rendered the perimeter defences untenable and the assaulting Traitor forces quickly carried the fighting inside both spaceports.





Once they had a foothold, the Traitor forces quickly overwhelmed the remaining loyalist defenders. The fighting raged from building to building, which was to the advantage of the Chaos Space Marines. The battle became fragmented and confused, with isolated pockets of loyalists desperately holding the defence laser silos in the hope of slowing the main Chaos landing. They undoubtedly disrupted Horus' plan, as the first wave of heavy transports that attempted to land incurred significant losses. It was a defiant gesture by men with no hope of survival. In the context of the battle as a whole, however, these acts of desperate heroism may have made the vital difference between victory and defeat.

With most of the loyal Imperial Guard units penned in by the orbital barrage, no reinforcements were at hand. The Traitor forces, however, could use the death and bloodshed to defile Terra by summoning daemoniac entities. The atrocities committed in this engagement removed any doubts about who Horus was and whom he served.

THE ADVANCE TO THE PALACE

With his landing sites secured, the next units deployed by Horus were the Storm Lords and Flaming Skulls Titan Legions. Just as he chose precisely the right troops to seize the spaceports, once again Horus' military genius was revealed. What he needed now was to press the attack before the loyalists could contain his forces in their drop zones. Horus' army was huge and unwieldy. No commander, even Horus, could coordinate such a horde and so Horus didn't try. Instead, he concentrated on commanding the one or two formations in each phase of the battle that were critical to the success of that phase. The Khornate Battle Titans swept from Eternity Wall to Lion's Gate, linking the two Traitor landing sites. The shattered Imperial forces fell back before them, unable to prevent the Palace from being brought under siege.

DEFENCE OF THE OUTER WALL

The traditional view of the scene at the Saturnine Gate is of the Chaos horde pausing before the wall while Angron roars out Horus' terms for the defenders' surrender, only to be rebutted by Sanguinius. But this does

not feature in the admittedly fragmented contemporary accounts available to us. The Testament of Adept Jannar certainly implies that many loyalists were pinned against the walls by the close pursuit and that no pause occurred in the fighting.

These premature Traitor attacks achieved nothing. Horus will not have worried about this, only his Traitor Marines and Titan Legions were critical to his plans so cultists and mutants could be expended just to wear the defenders down. It is unclear how long Horus allowed the general assault to continue for. He certainly had other considerations.

Loyalist Titans made spirited counter-attacks against the Chaos horde's flanks. When the Titans were halted, the White Scars would sweep down on the long columns, wreak havoc and withdraw. The Death Guard and the Storm Lords were pulled back to counter the loyalists and limit the damage they could do.

There was also disobedience in Horus' own ranks. The Emperor's Children separated from the main Chaos force to satisfy their own dark urges by preying upon the civilian population. Horus could do little about this; with luck the terror which the Emperor's Children spread would work for him and divert loyalists away from the palace. Even so, Horus may have regretted using the pursuit of sensation to turn Fulgrim and his legion, now that it had cost him almost a quarter of his Traitor Marines.

When the attack on the palace was finally launched it was in two distinct forms. Angron and the World Eaters, heavily supported by Khornate Daemon engines, launched a full frontal assault. This powerful force drew all available defenders to the wall in their sector yet still managed to gain a foothold through their uncompromising savagery.

Meanwhile the Death's Head Titan Legion was put at the disposal of Perturabo, Primarch of the Iron Warriors. Perturabo was a master of siege craft and, whereas Angron's assault was primal, his was scientific.

Whilst the defenders were demoralised by the fury of the World Eaters' attack it was the structural integrity of the palace wall that yielded to the Iron Warriors. Perturabo combined an underground assault in tunnellers with a pinpoint Chaos Titan

macrocannon bombardment that cracked the wall open revealing the maze of chambers and corridors within. The rest of the Chaos horde surged forward into the breach while Perturabo organised crews to reload his war machines.

The wall of the Imperial palace was miles across, it contained a labyrinth of offices, workshops and store rooms. Here the fighting took place from room to room and was of the most unimaginable ferocity. Outside the palace, the massed ranks of the traitors stretched all the way back to the Lion's Gate starport where still more were disembarking. Eventually these numbers would have to prevail.

THE WHITE SCARS ATTACK!

It was now that Jaghatai Khan led his White Scars against Lion's Gate. They quickly cleared the streets of the starport, secured key buildings and, as testament to their determination, dismounted from their bikes and dug in. This blocked the flow of Chaos reinforcements to the palace at the most critical moment. Further attacks were launched against Eternity Wall spaceport but with less success. The Death Guard were Horus' principal reserve and he committed them to reopen Lion's Gate. By this time the spaceport had been fought over twice already and had been reduced to a tangled mass of ruins. Although the White Scars and Death Guard stayed locked in battle while the attack on the palace raged on, Lion's Gate remained firmly shut.

THE INNER PALACE

After a great deal of bitter fighting amidst the ruins of the outer wall Horus' troops broke through to the palace grounds. Once again the Titans of the Death's Head legion were decisive. Guided by the mercurial mind of Perturabo, they blasted a path through the wall but sustained terrible losses. By the time the way was open the Titans were in no fit state to continue. Perturabo and the Iron Warriors believed their job was done and, leaving the palace to the horde, attacked the lightly defended Imperial Fists fortress monastery adjoining the palace. Soon the earth shook as the Iron Warriors' demolition charges brought the monastery down from within.

In the palace grounds the Blood Angels and Sanguinius were the rearguard of the Imperial forces.

Angron's World Eaters pressed them very closely and tried to force the Ultimate Gate as the Blood Angels retreated inside. They were stopped by Sanguinius himself; alone he held the gate against a giant Bloodthirster long enough for the loyalists to get inside and shut the gate.

Magnus One-Eye and the Thousand Sons had not joined Horus in force. The Space Wolves' attack on their home world, Prospero, had left the legion disorganised and vulnerable. Those present had fought well though; they had summoned every daemon known to them and cast every invocation in their grimoires. Now they turned to their bolters and advanced to the Ultimate Gate. The outer wall had been breached but the Chaos heavy siege equipment was still stranded beyond it. In the absence of artillery and war engines, Horus turned to the arcane power of the Thousand Sons to break into the Emperor's palace. Before the sorcerers could begin their ritual, however, the Imperial Fists came to the rescue. Rogal Dorn had commandeered the Sky Fortress, a huge gravitically powered bastion, to re-enter the palace. The combined powers of Imperial Fists and Blood Angels librarians were directed by the Emperor to counter the Thousand Sons sorcerers. The opposing psykers were stalemated, Horus' forces stood poised for the final attack but the Ultimate Gate remained closed to them.

ENDGAME

The final attack was never launched. Horus sensed the approach of the

Space Wolves and the Dark Angels. With all his reserves except his own Sons of Horus committed, the arrival of two fresh legions could be decisive. Horus knew that he had but one card left to play. He dropped the shields on his flagship and awaited the Emperor's arrival. Horus had always known that the war must end with the death of the Emperor and that he alone had enough power to accomplish the task. He had hoped to make the task easier by fighting a weakened and demoralised Emperor, but that advantage had been lost on the battlefield thanks to the courage and resolve of the Emperor's soldiers.

There were no witnesses to the final confrontation between the Emperor and Horus aboard the Warmaster's battle barge, but we know of the events and the Emperor's ultimate victory through the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy. With Horus' death the remaining Chaos Legions on Terra broke up. The Chaos Space Marines reacted first, evacuating with practised efficiency, leaving their minions to suffer the wrath of the loyalists.

CONCLUSIONS

Horus needed a quick, decisive battle in which his advantage in numbers would give him victory. By fighting on Terra, the Emperor used himself as bait to draw Horus into battle. This stiffened the resolve of the loyalists and ensured that the battle would be fought in heavily fortified and urbanised terrain, well suited to defensive fighting. In this context, time was the Emperor's ally and with it he won the most important victory in Humanity's history.



FURIOSO

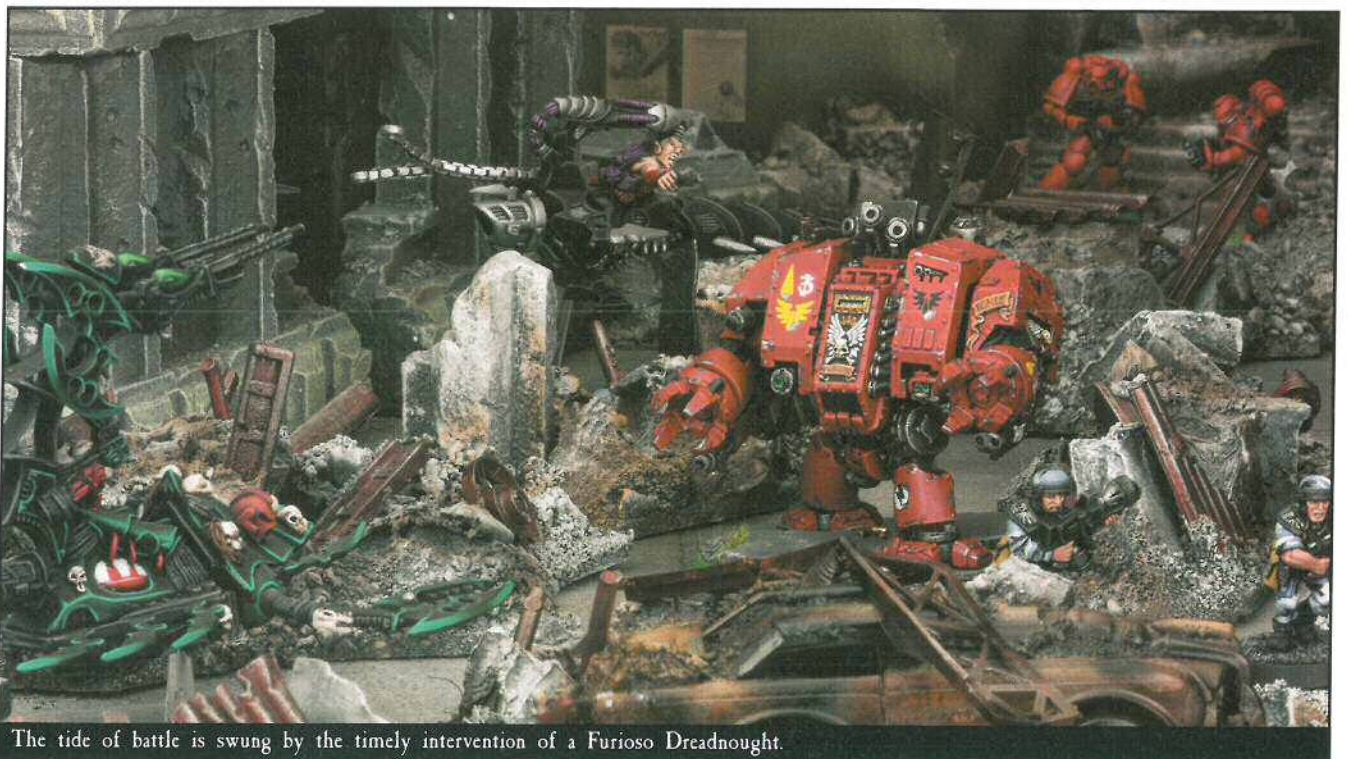
UNDYING WARRIORS OF THE BLOOD ANGELS

This issue, the deadly new Blood Angels Furioso Dreadnought model is released onto the battlefields of Warhammer 40,000. Along with a closer look at the new model is a tale of its potency from Chris Allen and Graham McNeill.

Even shorn from their mortal flesh and incarcerated in the adamantium sarcophagus of a Dreadnought, a Blood Angels Space Marine still lusts for battle and the chance to prove his honour, face to face with the enemy.

The Furioso Dreadnought pattern was conceived by the Chapter's Lord of the Forges many millennia ago to grant this opportunity to the recovered fallen.

Fitted with two Dreadnought close combat weapons and also packing a storm bolter, meltagun or heavy flamer, these armoured behemoths wreak havoc on the battlefield in the name of the Emperor and their fallen Primarch, Sanguinius.



The tide of battle is swung by the timely intervention of a Furioso Dreadnought.

Gasping for breath, Sergeant Toombs herded the crowd of terrified people along the rubble and corpse-choked streets of their city. He hauled an exhausted citizen to his feet as the man's legs gave way beneath him and shoved him forwards.

"Move it!" he snarled, "Do you want to die?"

The man shook his head, more fearful of the scarred guardsman than the pursuing Dark Eldar and forced himself onwards. Toombs signalled his point man to cover them, slamming a fresh charge clip into his lasgun. The man nodded and hefted his weapon, jogging back towards Toombs. A sudden, retina-searing streak of light flashed and the man exploded in a mist of bone and gore.

Toombs cast a shocked glance over his shoulder, realising in an instant they were doomed. The dark warriors had been joined by one of their Talos war constructs, its curved scorpion-like weapon tail already reorienting from having drawn first blood. A wild volley of shots slashed the air, vaporising a handful of his charges in an instant. All semblance of order vanished as people broke and ran from the horrifying war machine. Toombs realised there was nothing more he could do for these people, their own cowardice had killed them. All he could do now was to ensure that enough of his own men survived to launch a counter attack later. Firing on the run, Toombs led his squad further down the street. Rounding a corner into a narrower thoroughfare he felt fresh hope pulse through his veins at the sight greeting him.

Like a giant of legend, the Furioso Dreadnought stood over twice the height of a man, a living engine of destruction, the physical incarnation of the Emperor's wrath. Once it had been Brother Protheus, but now it was much more than that. Its blood red armour seemed to pulse with divine power, a crackling nimbus of lightning arcing around its mighty fists. One of the huge gauntlets rose smoothly, the blue igniter fire of its underslung heavy flamer flashing to life.

The Dreadnought's vox-casters crackled to life as Dark Eldar warriors rounded the corner.

"Get down," it said.

Liquid fire sheeted over Toombs' head to engulf the aliens, melting armour and flesh in an instant and incinerating the remains in the purifying flames. Over the aliens' screams came the insectile trilling of the Talos' approach and a moment later the war machine hove into view, unconcerned with the inferno raging around it.

Toombs began firing his lasgun at the bladed monstrosity as the blood red, armoured leviathan pushed past him.

"Stand aside," hissed the Dreadnought, "this is my fight."

Brother Protheus gave thanks once more that he could still fight the enemies of the Emperor in this way. Though an explosion on Naogeddon had claimed his flesh, his indomitable spirit and will to fight remained undimmed. Entombed within the armoured sarcophagus of the Dreadnought he had fought and killed for longer than he could remember and the wisdom of countless wars was etched on his consciousness. It had been his will that the Dark Eldar reach this place, this trap. They would fight Protheus on his terms and would suffer the fate of all his enemies.

The Talos slid forward, its barbed tail whipping a hail of boiling energy beams at Protheus, but what had proven so deadly to the guardsmen was not the equal of the adamantium sarcophagus of the ancient Dreadnought forged by the great Morleo. Each blast sizzled harmlessly against the unyielding armour and, though Protheus sensed the impacts, he ignored them and raised both power fists in a gesture of challenge. The Talos was a formidable opponent, but Protheus knew it had erred in closing with him. It would not live to make such a mistake again. The alien machine appeared to realise its folly in advancing and attempted to pull away, the grating whine of its motion increasing in pitch as it angled backward. But it was too late, and with a howl of righteous fury from his vox-caster, Brother Protheus charged.

The ground shook with each armoured footfall as the massive Dreadnought thundered into the Talos with both fists swinging. The impact smashed the Talos sideways into the wall, and Protheus clamped the servos of his fists upon its shell, lifting the hell machine into the air. The Talos convulsed, the shrieking, damned souls within its shell falling silent as it struggled in Protheus' death-grip. The servos tightened and mechanically powered muscles flexed, tearing the Talos apart in a shower of violet sparks and squealing metal.

Protheus released a deafening bellow of triumph, tossing the shorn halves of its enemy aside. Though his movements were mechanical and his life maintained by artificial means, his heart was still that of a Blood Angel and he rejoiced in the honour of the kill. Though commanders sought his sage counsel and took heed when he spoke, he knew that this was where he truly belonged, in the crucible of combat with his enemies crushed at his feet. He altered his stance and powered up the meltagun mounted beneath his right fist as his audio cognitors picked up the distinctive humming of alien skimmers.

Two Eldar war transports slewed around the corner, each filled with howling warriors drunk on slaughter and bloodshed. Protheus stood defiantly before them, and the first skimmer died as a short-range blast from his meltagun detonated its anti-grav engines. A white-hot explosion mushroomed from the blazing vehicle, burning warriors falling from its molten decks. The second skimmer heeled round, desperately attempting to turn away from the sudden, unexpected, menace as Brother Protheus charged again, bellowing his defiance.

Splinter-fire pattered from Protheus' adamantium hide as he pummelled his deadly power fists against the reflective armour of the Raider. He drove it backwards, tilting the skimmer's foredeck upward with each ponderous step of his powerful legs, until the prow of the transport passed the vertical. Protheus spooled up both power fists and peeled back the skimmer's armour like paper, hurling torn chunks of metal and alien bodies indiscriminately into the night air. Chemical fire from Protheus' heavy flamer washed over the transport's decks, incinerating the crew and igniting the energy packs on their weapons. A massive explosion tore the pinned vehicle apart in a flaming detonation, briefly silhouetting the Blood Angels Dreadnought, and throwing its massive shadow across the wall, rendering it into something almost supernatural and indestructible.

Protheus felt the explosion. Once he had been destroyed by such a blast, but that was in a previous existence. Now it barely even registered. His lust for battle was yet to be sated, and he smashed through the blazing wrecks of the Dark Eldar skimmers. There were more of the Emperor's enemies to destroy on this world and he knew that he and his fleshy brethren would not rest until the alien taint had been cleansed. The Emperor's Will would be done.

* * *

Sergeant Toombs watched the Blood Angels Dreadnought shrug off the explosion of the Eldar vehicle as the night sky began to streak with the fiery trails of Space Marine drop pods. The warriors of the Adeptus Astartes were coming to liberate this world and he smiled as he pictured the carnage they would wreak amongst the damned aliens. As he watched the Dreadnought march implacably through the flames of the destroyed alien vehicles, he began a mantra of the name he had seen emblazoned on the scroll carved on the armoured sarcophagus of his saviour.

"Furioso... Furioso... Furioso..."

In the grim darkness of the 41st Millennium there is only war.

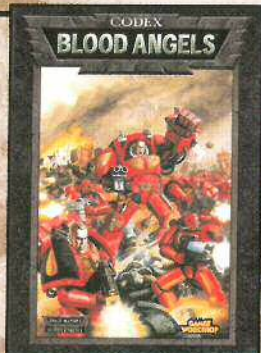
Warhammer 40,000 is a tabletop game for two or more players in which you command the forces of the Imperium (or one of its many enemies) in desperate battles across the war-torn future of the 41st Millennium. The Codex army books are dedicated entirely to collecting, painting and gaming with the various 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!



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CHAPTER APPROVED

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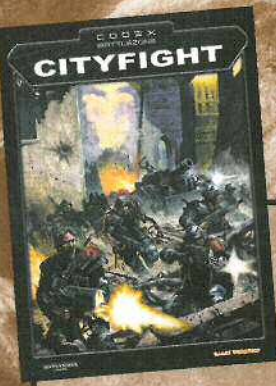
Chapter Approved is a compilation of the best of White Dwarf's Chapter Approved column, plus a number of new articles, all adding to the Warhammer 40,000 game system. It contains army lists for Sisters of Battle, Necrons, Imperial Guard Armoured Companies and the Blood Angels Death Company, as well as updates, clarifications, additional wargear and special characters, vehicle design rules, Tyranid monstrosities, questions and answers on all of the currently published Codexes, plus a host of other bits contributed by players.

CODEX BATTLEZONE: CITYFIGHT

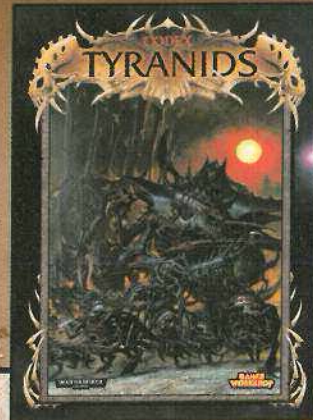
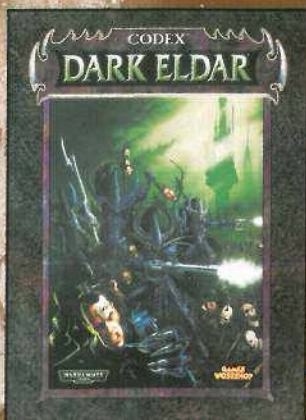
£10

Codex Battlezone: Cityfight contains all the rules you need to fight bloody battles in the crowded confines of a city. It contains full rules explaining how to fight battles in urban terrain, new equipment, 7 new scenarios, a complete hobby section giving instructions on how to make your own terrain and much more.

Codex Battlezone: Cityfight and Chapter Approved are supplements for Warhammer 40,000. You must possess a copy of Warhammer to use the content of these books.



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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.

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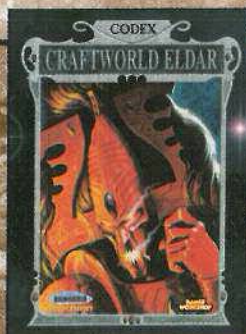
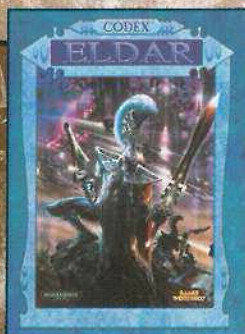
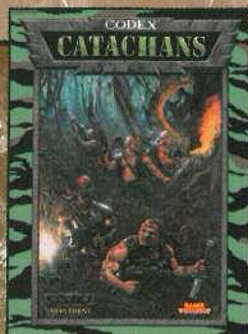
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Welcome to the second instalment of our Albion campaign, following the exploits of Phil Kelly's foul Skaven as they fight their way through Scenarios four and five from last month's Dark Shadows supplement. As ever, storm clouds gather...

GARRISONS, GIANTS AND GENERALS

The bloody campaign continues throughout Albion

Sea of Chaos SCENARIO FOUR: THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY

Phil: Scenarios four and five in the Dark Shadows book are perhaps the most unusual. The Giants' Causeway sets your forces against an army comprised entirely of monsters (anything with three or more wounds), and if this wasn't bad

enough, they set up exactly as in the Ambush scenario on page 209 of the Warhammer rulebook!

This scenario was fought against veteran Orc & Goblin player Space McQuirk. On his travels, Space

managed to collect no less than five Giants to field against my Skaven! Evidently the Truthsayer, disappointed in the performance of Matt Hutson's Dark Elves last month, had decided to return with a posse of his rather larger friends...

After many days of trudging through the sleet and hail along the perceptible lines of magical energy connecting the sacred stone circles, the forces of the Skaven had come across another edifice, deep in the craggy wastelands to the north. Grey Seer Finkel had begun to gloat over his discovery when he spotted a dark figure squatting in the centre of the circle, swathed in rags. He held a gnarled staff, and his glare met the Grey Seer's eyes unflinchingly. A Dark Emissary, thought Finkel. Wonderful.

Finkel could feel the hairs on his back raise. He crouched down, his twisted reflection looking back at him from one of the dark puddles spotting the blighted ground. The pool was rippling rhythmically, like a heartbeat. Under the rumble of the approaching storm, the Grey Seer could hear a series of deep, bass thumps.

Looking up, Finkel could see a massive, humanoid shape looming out

of the mists. A thatched, brutish head the size of a small boulder peered through the mists towards him. The thing was gigantic. And behind it walked another, a deafening roar coming from its vast mouth. The Grey Seer was forced to look again, but yes, it really did have an enormous cow under its arm! The Giants had come to defend their territory in the only way they knew how. As he stood, dumbfounded, another appeared, two heads growing from a thick neck, like the trunk of an oak.

Turning to check his escape route, Finkel was horrified to see another two Giants closing from behind them, the Truthsayer leading them bellowing a challenge as the storm above them broke.

He did not sound happy.

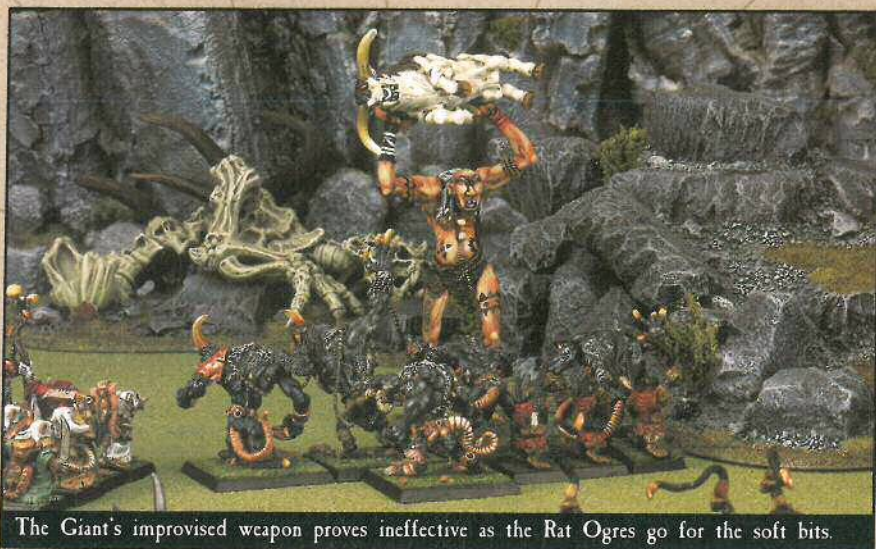
Drawing on the elemental power of the stone circle, Finkel sent a gale of putrid wind into the Giant striding

toward him, choking it with the unclean air of death, but on it came.

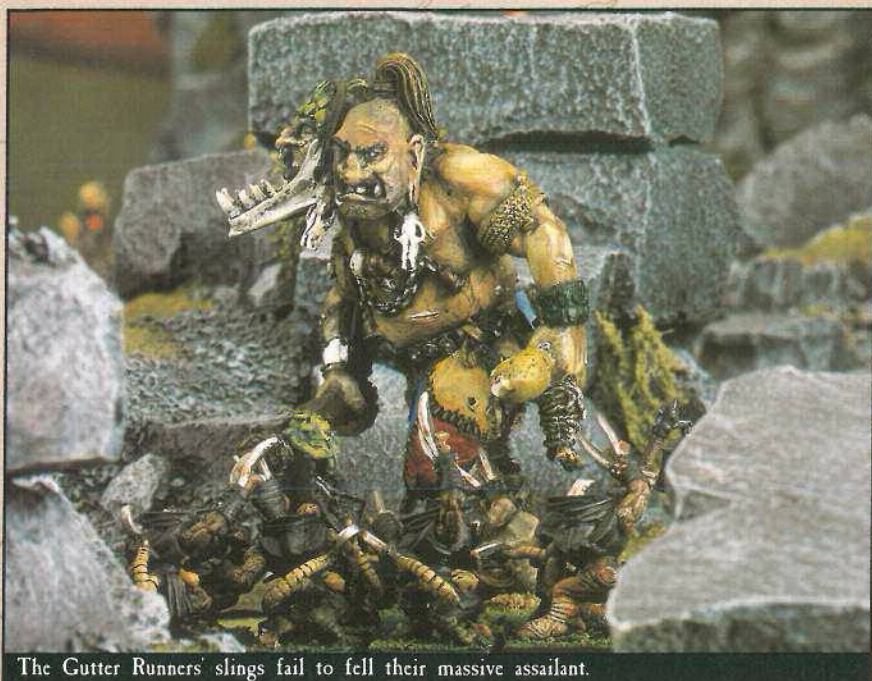
The Rat Ogres and Plague Monks were lurching towards their new foe, intent on initiating the mother of all battles. The Giants responded in kind, one charging headlong into the Rat Ogres, dwarfing even these ferocious beasts. But they held firm, emboldened by the arcane potions of their keepers. The Giant picked one up by the scruff of its neck and headbutted it full in the face. It fell back to the ground, dazed, just as another of the grey beasts lunged forward and clamped its yellow-fanged jaws right onto the Giant's loins. With a scream that shook the crags around them, the Giant turned and ran, the Rat Ogre still hanging grimly from his nether regions. The pack bounded after him, clambering up his back, pulling him to the ground, raking at him with filthy talons. The Giant did not rise.

Behind them, the Dark Emissary had commanded a Fenbeast to rise from the swamp. The arboreal nightmare charged one of the Giants, smashing into it with force enough to wound. The Giant bent down and bellowed at the top of his lungs, enough to scare off the stoutest of foes. The volume increased, the ground shaking, small avalanches starting in the crags, but the Fenbeast held, still barring its way. The Giant looked puzzled. Then, with the inevitable slowness of a glacier, the Giant picked up a nearby menhir and brought it down on the Fenbeast, smashing it apart in a shower of mud.

In the crags, Finkel could hear the sound of another Giant roaring as he spotted the Gutter Runners in the rocks. Slingshot bounced from the Giant's brow, drawing blood, but it stormed on, smashing his club into the scouts and scattering them. The



The Giant's improvised weapon proves ineffective as the Rat Ogres go for the soft bits.



The Gutter Runners' slings fail to fell their massive assailant.

two-headed monster clambered over the mountainous crags as if they were mere rubble.

Finkel could feel the line beginning to waver as another Giant charged the Skavenslaves, their line breaking as they ran for safety. He sent a mental impulse into the minds of the Giant Rats, forcing them to charge the gigantic assailant. To the Grey Seer's surprise, the beast seemed to have a flail comprised of dazed halflings, which he was diligently smashing into the packmasters of the charging unit with unusual intelligence. Finkel soon saw why; the Giant was accompanied by the Truthsayer, who was shouting words of command. That also explained why all of the Clanrats around him were stock still, thought Finkel, breaking the spell with a mental impulse.

The Giant striding around the marsh was horrifyingly close, and building up momentum for a charge. Finkel's craven heart leapt into his throat, but a bolt of dark light from the Dark Emissary shot over his head, impacting with such force that it took the wounded Giant clear off his feet in an explosion of raw power. The ground tremored at his fall as his torso was claimed by the marsh. Impressive, thought the Grey Seer, raising an eyebrow. Most impressive.

The two-headed Giant had reached them now, and Finkel was relieved to see the Censer Bearers of Clan Pestilens charging headlong into the thing, spiked flails smashing into its kneecaps. The infected wounds would fell the thing eventually, mused the Grey Seer as the enraged Giant smashed its assailants into the mud.

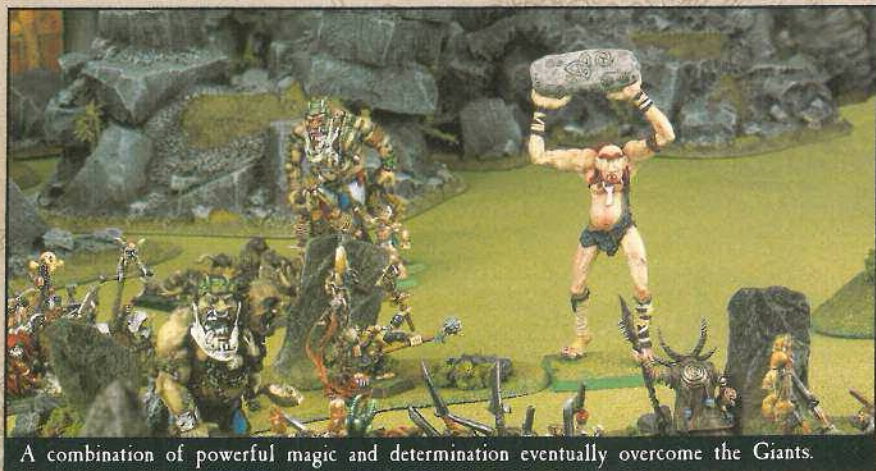
But eventually was not good enough. The roaring beast charged forward, careering into the ranks of the Grey Seer's Clanrat bodyguard. It was huge. It stank. And it was angry.

The Giant started to jump up and down in the ranks of the Clanrats, the thick skin of its feet impervious to the spears snapping beneath it. In a matter of seconds the ground was slick with the crushed remains of a dozen of his bodyguard, their mangled corpses bleeding into the mud. Finkel snarled at the inconvenience. The only reason the unit didn't flee was because most of them were too terrified to move. Marshalling the magics of the circle, he commanded his comrades' bodies to attack even as they died, limbs jerking spasmodically as they stabbed and cut in their death throes. But it was having no effect as the Giant stomped up and down like an enormous child throwing a tantrum, squashing Clanrats with abandon.

Across the threshold of the stone circle, the Giant wielding the bizarre halfling-flail was munching on rats, tails sticking out of his mouth, the vermin swarming over his clothing, ripping and biting but to no avail. A Packmaster's whip lashed out and caught the thing in the throat, ripping a gash across its neck. A tiny rodent face poked out of the hole, gnawing at the beast's throat from within. Another crawled into the Giant's ear, burrowing into the confines of its massive skull. The Giant went cross-eyed for a second, stumbled and fell.

The two-headed Giant jumping up and down on the Clanrats was continuing his rampage. The shattered remnants of the unit fled, and the Giant smashed them out of the way in his eagerness to get to the rallied Skavenslaves behind. Finkel was sent flying, his spine splintering as he smashed into one of the sacred stones. Sheer force of will kept him awake; he could see the Dark Emissary firing crackling bolts of energy into one of the two remaining Giants, blowing away half of its chest. Incredibly, it came on, but then its mind registered the fact that it was dead and the beast fell forward, the impact jarring Finkel's broken spine in an explosion of white-hot pain.

The Truthsayer was running, well aware of the fact that the Dark Emissary was using Albion itself as a reservoir of power. But the dark mage hissed, his mouth distending, and a death-fog belched from within his chest, quickly filling the open ground with black, thick mist. The Truthsayer fell as the insubstantial tendrils crept into his lungs. An unnatural silence descended, and Finkel felt alien presences in the darkness. The ground shook once more as the last of the Giants fell, a low boom sounding the death-knell of their assailants. Evidently the dark master had uses for them yet, thought Finkel, as the pain claimed him.



A combination of powerful magic and determination eventually overcome the Giants.

SCENARIO FIVE: THE BASTION OF THE OLD ONES

Phil: Scenario five of the Dark Shadows book sets your invading forces against a castle garrison in the hope that they can capture the gate. I fought it against Dylan Owen's Dogs of War. Bearing in mind that you are only allowed infantry models and that the only siege equipment you are allowed is ladders and grappling hooks, it

looked like I had my work cut out for me. My opponent, Dylan, was canny enough to make his advantages count, ensuring every inch of castle wall was manned by his capable Dogs of War. My plan was to send in so many troops that, even if he killed four to my one, I could still wear him down and eventually succeed. Here goes...!

Osric sheltered in the lea of the castle's battlements with his Norscan brothers, watching for the Skaven. Without the element of surprise, there was no way these rat-things could breach the castle walls, and he was relishing the battle ahead. The mercenary garrison, hired by the Mad Baron of Averland after his own troops had deserted him, had been stationed in this crumbling citadel for weeks, united under the mighty coin of the Empire. Since the arrival of their expedition in the land of Albion, the appalling weather had forced them to seek shelter. Now it looked as if they would finally see some battle.

Osric could still taste the battle-mead, could feel the blood pounding within his veins, and wanted nothing more than to bury his axe in the flesh of the enemy. He could barely feel the

hailstones striking his exposed flesh, the cold driven out by bloodlust.

The Norscan leaned over the battlements, knowing full well that any missile fire would be next to useless in the pelting hail. He could just make out scurrying figures running swiftly toward the castle walls, the makeshift ladders they carried raised and laid in place in one smooth movement.

All along the wall, the mercenary troops released rocks and stones into the Skaven ranks, bearing the leading ratmen to the floor, breaking ladders and smashing skulls. Yet more of the things clambered upwards from ladders and grappling hooks with alarming speed, undeterred by their losses.

Suddenly, a rat-like face was inches in front of Osric's, an atavistic snarl illuminated by a flash of lightning. The Norscan roared his battlecry, cleaving the thing's head in two with such force his axe struck sparks from the battlement beneath it. Around him, his frenzied comrades manned the walls, rushing to intercept their assailants as they attempted to climb over the barrier. On either side of the Norscans, the boastful Tilean duellists were indeed proving their worth, blades flashing as they cut off the hands of those who appeared before them.

It seemed that the preliminary assault had been repelled and, for a second, Osric was able to take stock of the situation. To the left, the remnants of the Dwarf expedition force that had joined up, not for coin but for a chance to avenge their clansmen, were holding the side of the castle from the teeming Giant Rats that threatened to spill onto the castle walls. Where a verminous head poked over the battlements, a Dwarf would bring his hammer down, cracking its skull. The Dwarfs would be having an easy time of it, but for the fact that the Giant Rats were supported by black-clad Skaven, long claws strapped to their hands. Nevertheless, Dwarfs were noted for their stalwart



The Skaven forces attempt to scale the outside of the mighty bastion, but the mercenaries will not give up their prize without a fight...



The Dogs of War fight ferociously to maintain their grip on the battlements as more Skaven clamber over the walls.

resistance. Osric was confident in their ability.

The hail continued to beat down as the ratmen's assault was renewed. The fighting became desperate; there was barely space to wave a weapon as the vermin pushed forward. But the advantages that the battlements afforded the defenders were proving an insurmountable obstacle for the attacking Skaven. They were dying in droves. Another rat-thing clambered onto the crenellations and was met by Osric's axe, the blow cleaving into its head and sending the corpse tumbling into the ranks below. On the right, the Skaven line broke, plague-ridden berserker-rats running for their lives, the bodies of their comrades adorning the ramparts like grisly trophies.

Below him, the Paymaster was yelling orders, safely ensconced within the ranks of the pike-armed Alcatani Fellowship. Another group of Dwarfs were manoeuvring in the courtyard, nearing the gate in the unlikely event that the Skaven would break through the defensive line of the Norscans and Tilean duellists.

Note: In sieges, although troops do not count rank bonus during combat resolution whilst fighting on the walls, Skaven still count their ranks at the base of the wall for Leadership tests as per their usual special rule.

Phil: Ouch! Two missions definitely not to be taken lightly. Fighting five Giants was great fun, but ultimately it was just that; Giants are too unpredictable for tactics. Rolling a Stone Circle on the Albion terrain generator was also a great help, allowing the Dark Emissary to really flex his magical muscles...

The Bastion of the Old Ones is one seriously tricky scenario. With no way to take down the castle walls, you

A shout from one of his comrades brought him back to the wall just as a golden helmet wrought in the likeness of a horned rat appeared over the battlements. An armoured Skaven far larger than the rest was pulling itself over the ramparts. It seemed impervious to the blows of the Norscans' axes, lashing out with a blade clad in black fire. Next to it was a heavily-armoured figure clutching a banner draped with chains and rotting body parts, and further along the wall a scarlet-clad figure, pustulent and wild, was fighting with a fury equal to any of his berserk comrades. It seemed the leaders of the Skaven had decided to lead the assault themselves.

Osric faced off against the large Skaven in the ribbed golden armour. It was intelligent and agile enough to use the ramparts to its advantage, exchanging blows with no less than three of Osric's clansmen, its sword flicking through the chest of Jarl only to turn an axe aside at the last minute. A blow from Osric's weapon landed true, failing to cut through the armour but impacting with such force that the ladder it was standing on fell sideways. At the last second, the Skaven's prehensile tail lashed out and caught the main beam of the siege equipment, halting its fall. Osric's axe cut through the vile appendage but not before the thing was back on the battlements, renewing the attack. His kinsmen were few in number now, and the

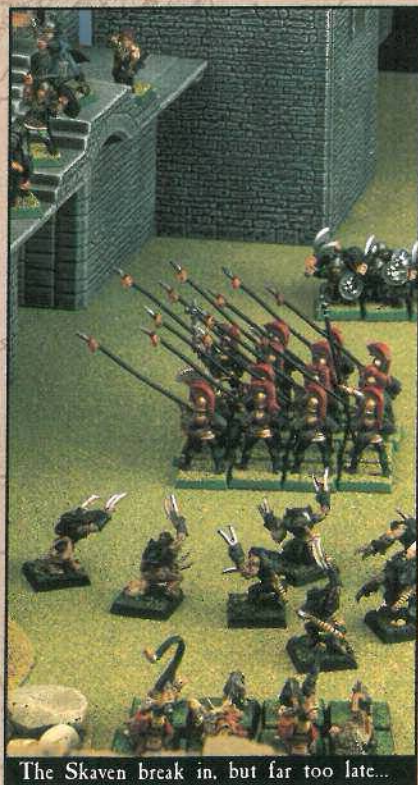
have to think very carefully about your strategy. As it was, Dylan fended me off with a mere quarter of the troops that he had at his disposal. I cracked it about ten minutes after we finished (grrr...). There is a way to win if you're the attacker in Scenario 5, but I think I'll let you work it out for yourselves.

Good luck, and I'll see you next month for the final battle!

duellists dying one by one around him. On the left of the wall, the death throes of the Plague Priest took another two duellists to hell with him. The mercenary line, too thin to hold, broke under the assault just as the flank gave, the doughty dwarfs too few in number to stem the attack of the Gutter Runners.

But the breach had come too late, the damage had been done. Rather than the tide of vermin that Osric had expected to flow over the undefended walls, a mere handful of the Skaven, bloodied and soaked, hauled their way onto the ramparts. The paymaster was leading the second wave of mercenary troops, and there was no way such a small number of enemy troops could mount an effective resistance.

The vermin had been stopped, and the castle remained in the hands of the mercenaries. This day belonged to the humans.



The Skaven break in, but far too late...

Across the Island of Albion there are numerous circles of standing stones carved with winding ogham script. With the Dark Shadows campaign in full swing we show you how to make individual rocks, cairnes, stone circles and dolmens.

SCENERY WORKSHOP

Basic Terrain: Making Albion Standing Stones

WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO MAKE YOUR ROCKS AND STONES AND TO BASE THEM:

- Ready-made rocks of varying sizes – available from any good garden.
- Thick card or hardboard for the base.
- Polystyrene insulation tiles.
- Modelling clay.
- Green flock.
- Citadel paints: Chaos Black, Goblin Green, Snakebite Leather, Bubonic Brown, Bleached Bone & Skull White.
- PVA glue and superglue.

YOU WILL ALSO REQUIRE THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

Large drybrush, undercoat brush, 1/2" paint brush, cutting mat, steel ruler, modelling knife, cutter, clippers & pen.

CAIRNS

A cairn is a pile of stones that acts as a waymarker or serves to mark a particular place such as a grave or a sacred site.

They can be as simple as a pile of stones, but we've made ours a bit more interesting by topping it off with a large flat stone.

First, you'll need a sturdy base. Cut out a roughly circular or oval shape from thick card. If you just want a simple pile of stones the base needn't be too big – about 5cm across should be about right. For a more elaborate cairn, the base can be a bit larger.

For the core of the cairn, you'll need to mould a lump of modelling clay into a squat cone with a slightly flattened top. For a lightweight alternative you could use expanded polystyrene. Glue this to the base and when it's dry, glue small stones or gravel up the sides of the core. Finally, make a cap stone from modelling clay or polystyrene and glue it to the top of the rock pile.

When the glue is dry, paint the entire mound with PVA glue to bond the boulders together. When this is dry, paint the base green, and coat it with

flock. The stones can be painted in a suitable colour such as dark grey, drybrushed with lighter shades to give the effect of weathered boulders.

Your cairn is now finished, but you can always go on to add more little details such as clumps of grass or moss between the stones, or runes carved or painted on the rocks.

MAKING A CAIRN



1. The base, core and top of this cairn have been made from polystyrene. Real stones are being glued up the sides of the rocky mound.



2. After painting and drybrushing, the base was finished off in the normal way by painting and drybrushing.

BOULDERS & ROCKS

Using the basic techniques we've outlined above and in the Stone Circles section on the next page, you can make all sorts of rocky terrain for your games. There are endless possibilities, from rocky outcrops,

stone monoliths, dolmens, or even single boulders.

Model rocks and boulders can be made from pebbles, real stones or pieces of stone, modelling clay or polystyrene. For very small stones you can use gravel or coarse sand.



This clump of two rocks was made from real stones painted with texture paint.



A slightly larger clump of rocks. Notice how the scattering of tiny stones (made from crushed coral available from aquarist stores) round the base of the stones makes them look more realistic.



The patch of tall grass on the edge of this set of rocks was made from frayed rope painted green.

STONE CIRCLES

To make a stone circle, cut out a roughly circular base from strong card, or make one by sticking several layers of thin card together. You will need about half a dozen suitable stones, which can either be real ones, or shaped from modelling clay or polystyrene.

Stick the stones in a circle on the base. Small stones can be stuck at the bottom of the larger stones to wedge them upright. Some stones can be stuck as though they have fallen down. You can leave the centre of the circle empty, or add a low altar mound, a lone monolith, a dolmen, or even a firepit, as we've done in our stone circle.

When the stones are securely stuck onto the base, paint the base green. Then paint the stones so they look like weathered rock, as described earlier. At this stage you might want to paint runes or arcane engraved designs on some of the stones. When they are dry, paint the base again with PVA glue and scatter green flock over it.

The stone circle is now complete but it will look better if it is enhanced with bushes and tufts of grass stuck around the base of the stones to make it look suitably ancient and overgrown.



This dolmen was made from polystyrene 'rocks'.

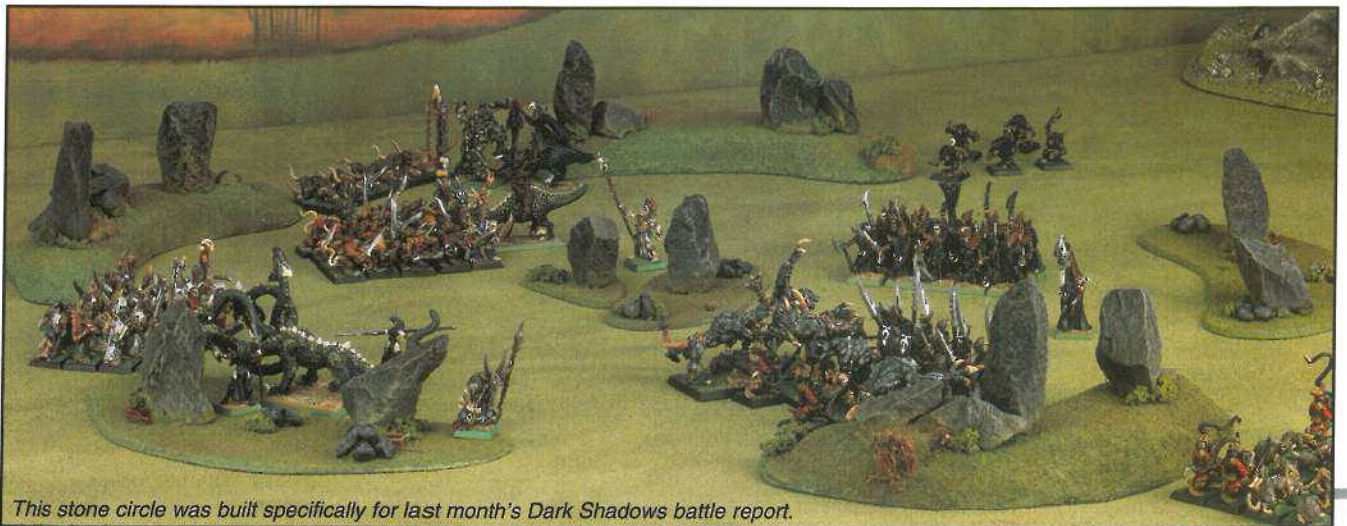
MAKING A STONE CIRCLE



1. *The stones on this stone circle were made from modelling clay – the advantage of doing this is that you can make the bases flat so they can be more easily attached to the base. The sides of the base and the raised circular area are being covered with filler to fill in the holes and smooth them over.*



2. *In the finished model, you can see that small areas of loose stone have been added round the bases of the large stones.*



This stone circle was built specifically for last month's Dark Shadows battle report.

This month we take a look at the new range of miniatures which accompany the Dark Shadows summer campaign. We ask Dave Thomas and Kirsten Mickelburgh how they went about painting these natives of Albion.

EA VY METAL MASTERCLASS

THE DARK EMISSARY

Dark Emissary painted by Dave Thomas



highlight stage, blending through until I had achieved the desired effect.



For his cowl I used a basecoat of Codex Grey with a small amount of Scorched Brown mixed in. I highlighted the edges by adding Skull White to the mix. His flesh was painted with a base tone mix of Dwarf Flesh and a very small amount of Chaos Black. This

again was highlighted by adding Skull White to the mix.

FINE DETAIL

His horns were painted with a basecoat of Scorched Brown. I then made a mix of Bestial Brown and Scorched Brown in equal measures and painted this onto the horns. With each ascending spiral on the horn I added a small amount of Skull White creating a smooth blend that gradually lightens towards the tip of the horns.



The spiral plate on his back was painted with a basecoat of Boltgun Metal. I then gave this a glaze of watered down Black Ink. I



highlighted the plate by mixing increasing amounts of Mithril Silver to Boltgun

Metal and highlighting outwards from the recesses to the edges. Once this was dry I glazed the plate with Green Ink mixed with a small amount of Brown Ink.

The scroll is painted with a basecoat of Vomit Brown. I then gave it a glaze of



Brown Ink before re-coating with Vomit Brown. I added a small amount of Bleached Bone to the basecoat and highlighted it. I continued to add more

Bleached Bone to the mix, gradually highlighting outward until the very edges of the scroll were painted with pure Bleached Bone. I painted a text that suggests writing using small dots and squiggles.

FINISHING TOUCHES

His staff was painted with a basecoat of Scorched Brown which I highlighted by adding Bestial Brown. I then shaded this with Brown Ink before



adding a small amount of Bleached Bone to the mix for a final highlight. For the decoration I sketched a design onto paper before copying this onto the staff using Bleached Bone.

The gems on his jerkin I painted with Liche Purple and highlighted with Tentacle Pink on the bottom edge. I then painted a small dot of Skull White for the gemstone effect.

I based the model by gluing sand to the base with PVA. This was then painted with Bestial Brown and drybrushed with Bubonic Brown. After giving it a final drybrush with Bleached Bone, I glued on some static grass and sprayed him with clear varnish.



PAINTING THE MODEL

After undercoating the model with Chaos Black I decided to start by painting the largest section. In the case of the Dark Emissary this is the leather jerkin. I gave this a basecoat of Scorched Brown & Chaos Black which I blended up with Bestial Brown. I then added small quantities of Skull White to the mix for successive highlights. Once this had dried I made a mix of Brown Ink with a small amount of Black Ink added to it. I then watered

this down a lot and gave the jerkin several thin glazes. To finish off I went over the jerkin again with the final highlight mix.



His inner robes I painted with a basecoat of equal parts Scab Red and Scorched Brown. I added Bleached Bone to the mix with each additional



THE TRUTHSAYER

Truthsayer painted by Kirsten Mickelburgh



PAINTING THE MODEL

I glued the model to a base before spraying it with an undercoat of Chaos Black. The flesh of the Truthsayer makes up a large part of the figure so I decided to paint this first. I began with



a basecoat of Dwarf Flesh which had a small amount of Dark Flesh mixed in. This was then highlighted using Dwarf

Flesh on its own. I then added further highlights with Elf Flesh, mixing increasing amounts of Skull White to the Elf Flesh for each successive highlight, before giving him a final highlight of Skull White on its own.



I concentrated on painting his hair next. The shade tone was an equal part mix of Bestial Brown and Leprous Brown. I painted the hair with a coat of Leprous Brown rather than drybrush it, as I find that drybrushing can create a

grainy effect. I added Skull White in small amounts to Leprous Brown for each successive highlight until I was happy with the result.

For the tabard I made a shade tone mix of Bestial Brown and Bubonic Brown with a small amount of Skull White. Adding increasing amounts of



Skull White to the original mix, I painted successive highlights finishing with a highlight of Skull White on the very edges of the folds on the tabard.

FINE DETAIL

The staff was painted using an equal mix of Scorched Brown and Red Gore, and I added Bleached Bone to the mix to paint the highlights. The tattoos on



the Truthsayer's body were done by drawing my design in pencil on the model first. I painted over the pencil lines with Chaos Black and then down the centre of the black lines painted Ultramarines Blue.

Again I painted the embroidery on his tabard using a fine pencil to draw out the design before painting over it with Chaos Black.

FINISHING TOUCHES

The metal parts were painted with a basecoat mix of Tin Bitz and Shining Gold. The highlights were painted using Shining Gold, with Mithril Silver added to it for the final touches. The centre stone of his gold necklace I painted with a Red Gore basecoat painting the bottom section Blazing Orange moving up to Blood Red. The top part is painted Scab Red with a small dot of Skull White added to create the gemstone effect.

THE FENBEAST

Fenbeast painted by Kirsten Mickelburgh



PAINTING THE MODEL

After I had pinned the arm of the Fenbeast and glued the head and back section, I filled any gaps with green stuff. Once this was done I glued it to a base and undercoated the model with Chaos Black.

For the basecoat I used an empty pot to make up a large quantity of Dark Angels Green mixed in with a small amount of Chaos Black. I added Camo



Green to this mix for each successive highlight. For the brighter highlights I added a small amount of Rotting Flesh to the pot before using Rotting Flesh on its own as the final highlight.

FINE DETAIL

The rock parts of the model were painted Chaos Black, this was then drybrushed with Codex Grey. A final highlight drybrush of Skull White was added to the edges of the rocks.

The wood parts I gave a basecoat of Scorched Brown followed by drybrushing Bestial Brown then Bubonic Brown with a final drybrush highlight of Bleached Bone.



The bones were painted with a shade tone of Bestial Brown. I went over this with a basecoat of Bubonic Brown adding Bleached Bone in increasing

amounts for successive highlights. As a final touch I highlighted the prominent sections with Skull White.

FINISHING TOUCHES

I sprayed a clear varnish coat onto the model and then painted gloss varnish on the head and rear sections of the Fenbeast to give it a wet appearance.

I based both of the models by gluing sand to the base with PVA. This was then painted with Bestial Brown which I drybrushed with Bubonic Brown before giving it a final drybrush with Bleached Bone. I glued on some static grass and some chunks of rock cut out from pink insulating foam. I added spots of Dark Green Ink and Brown Ink to represent that this was an Albion themed base before giving them a gloss varnish. Finally, where the Fenbeast's feet touched the base, I painted on gloss varnish to give it the appearance that it had just surfaced from the boggy moor.



The fate of the mystical isle of Albion hangs in the balance. What was once sacred ground has been washed by the blood of every race of the Old World, as the forces of good fight tooth and nail to hold back the encroaching darkness. But will they succeed?

DUEL OF THE GUARDIANS

The struggle for the power of Albion continues

The charred timbers of a small tower, half buried beneath the wet marshes, were all that remained of the ancient fishing village of Ohbuhu. Similar sights were now commonplace across the moors and fens of Albion.

The island, which had remained untouched for countless centuries, had been ravaged by the onset of war. Entire communities that for generations had lived in harmony with the land were forced to flee their settlements as battle spread across the isle. Sacred sites that had stood undisturbed for millennia had been destroyed overnight. Even the Truthsayers, who had for so long acted as guardians of the isle, had been unable to prevent the wanton destruction that had fallen upon their homeland.

Beneath a ragged cowl, Kh'nar let a malicious grin spread across his face. All was as planned; even the Dark Master could not have foreseen such devastation. Each drop of blood spilled in violence tainted the sacred earth and brought the plans of his master a step closer to completion. With the fall of Albion, no one would be able to prevent the tide of darkness enveloping the world. It would sweep all before it and the world would be helpless against the wave of terror and despair that would follow.

Kh'nar dug the tip of his crooked staff into the soil, tracing a mark into the wet earth. It was a simple spiral, the symbol of his dark brethren. All who saw this symbol would know that this village had been claimed by his kind. Across the whole of Albion more

and more of these marks appeared each day. Victory was in their grasp. As he completed the spiral, a voice called out from the rocks in front of the Dark Emissary.

"This village is not yours, dark one." It was spoken in the native Albion tongue, a crude and simple language which Kh'nar had grown to despise. He looked up and spied a half-naked warrior staring down from an outcrop of stone.

"You have no army to protect you now, dark servant of evil. I am

the one they call Dural Durak, and I command you to leave my isle lest I am forced to pollute the soil with your vile blood." The stranger motioned for Kh'nar to leave, pointing his staff out to the stormy sea.

"Fool! Do you really think that I fear to wander these paths alone?" Kh'nar spat. He recognised him as one of the Truthsayers, the protectors of Albion. This man was easily capable of killing Kh'nar, but the Dark Emissary would not give him the chance. With a quick motion of his hand a thick mist instantly rose from the earth. It enveloped the Emissary, hiding him from the Truthsayer. The few seconds of distraction he had created allowed him time to throw a carved stone into a nearby bog, completing the ritual the Truthsayer had interrupted. There had been a battle here and Kh'nar could sense the souls of the dead trapped in the magic-saturated moors.

Seconds later the Truthsayer burst through the fog, his staff now wielded as a weapon, and Kh'nar had little doubt that it would be aimed for a killing blow. As the Truthsayer closed in, an inhuman moan froze him where he stood.

From the moor behind Kh'nar a great shadow loomed from the mist. It was as though the ground itself had woken and was intent on destroying the Truthsayer. Long tendrils of weeds clung to rocks, ancient bones and clumps of soil. Easily twice the height of a man, the nightmarish creature bore down on the one called Dural with a speed belied by its appearance.

"Kill him, kill him now." Kh'nar shouted at his creation. It was a Fenbeast, an earthly manifestation of the tormented souls of the dead. Whilst Kh'nar lived this beast would be held under his spell. It would obey his every command, a mindless being serving the Dark Emissary until it was destroyed or Kh'nar wished it to collapse.

Dural dodged to one side as a huge arm-like protrusion ruptured from the monster's side and thrust out at the human warrior. Again the Fenbeast lunged at the Truthsayer, this time the blow striking him squarely in the chest. As the powerful blow stuck Dural, a circlet on the brow of his head glowed brightly. The beast's arm disintegrated instantaneously, sending small fragments of soil and rock scattering to the ground. To Dural's horror, the mud and soil beneath his feet rippled and flew upwards, weeds binding it in place as the Fenbeast regenerated its destroyed limb.

The Fenbeast barrelled forward with the force of a battering ram, smashing Dural to the floor. A limb as thick as a tree trunk burst from its chest, lifting for the killing blow as a mire-encrusted skull embedded in its shoulder chattered madly. Thorned tendrils tore at the Truthsayer as the beast loomed over him, blotting out the weak rays of the sun.

With an upward thrust Dural drove his staff into the midriff of the Fenbeast. It was not powerful enough a blow to destroy the creature but it gave him some valuable time. He stretched out his arm and mouthed words of power taught to him as a child. The air around his hand sparked with magical energy. A small flock of grey-feathered birds coalesced from thin air, flying around the monster and diving at it, each one furiously pecking at the beast. A single bird could do little damage to such a huge creature but the flock worked together, targeting it in a frenzy of attacks. The flock dispersed, and in a matter of seconds the creature collapsed to the floor leaving just an oozing puddle of mud, rock and bone.

Dural turned to face his foe but there was no sign of the Dark Emissary. Raising his staff he chanted a few words and the fog dissipated instantly. Still he could not spot the sorcerer but the parting of the mists had revealed a small cave beneath the rocks on which he had earlier stood.

Dural cautiously stepped into the shadowy tunnel. Even though the Dark Emissaries were weak and frail, Dural knew from experience that they were as deadly a threat as the Fenbeast that he had just fought.

They had a fine grasp of magic, better even than his own, and he had little doubt this one could destroy him if he let his guard slip.

At his command the Truthsayer's staff shone bright, illuminating the cavern. Crude glyphs had been gouged into the walls and the stench of death hung in the air. The tunnel opened up into a large cavern. The bloodied bones and rags of humans recently killed were scattered across the floor. Dural guessed that these men must have fled from battle only to be discovered and brutally killed. In a far corner, the Dark Emissary crouched, hunched over a strange metallic glowing chest.

"There will be no escape for you now, evil one." Dural spoke calmly. The Emissary stood and turned to face him. His right arm was enclosed in a huge gauntlet that glowed with an unnatural light. The gauntlet hummed menacingly as the Dark Emissary brought his arm down in a sweeping punch aimed at Dural's broad chest. The Truthsayer raised his staff to deflect the blow, but as the enchanted wood met the gauntlet, it was blasted into splinters. Dural was sent flying across the chamber, smashing with considerable force into the far cavern wall.

As he regained his senses he knew instantly the blow had broken his ribs but, with pain wracking his entire body, he forced himself back on his feet. Again the Dark Emissary threw another punch at Dural, this time aimed at the Truthsayer's head. Dural ducked and the gauntlet smashed into the cavern wall. The force of the blow shook the ground on which Dural stood, and the whole cave trembled with the impact.

Chunks of rock fell from the roof and a great crack split up the length of the wall. The malicious smile on the Dark Emissary's face was replaced by a look of

sheer horror as he realised that the gauntlet had become wedged deep into the rock.

Dural sprinted from the cavern as the tunnel behind him collapsed, diving into the light with a cloud of dust in his wake. When the debris settled he walked over to the pile of rubble that had once been the cave mouth. What was the mysterious magical artefact the Dark One had used? Now it was lost, sealed forever in the collapsed cave. He knew he must travel at once to the Forge of the Old Ones and report his find to the council. Other Truthsayers had reported such finds, and within the deep vaults of the Forge they guarded many similar relics. Where they came from and why these strangers so eagerly risked their lives to possess them, Dural could not guess, but whilst he was alive he would make sure that they remained on Albion.



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Supreme General's name: Army:

FORCES OF THE DARK MASTER - DARK EMISSARIES

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WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

Truthsayers' victory Dark Emissaries' victory Draw

Which Lore of Magic did the victor use?

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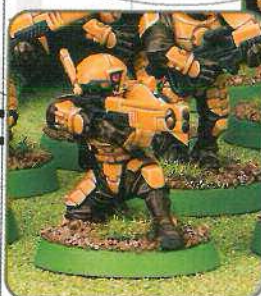
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Before being destroyed, scout units manage to record these vid-logs of the alien forces.



(Below) The mercenary Kroot provide fearsome close combat support for the Tau.



(Above & left) Fire warriors make up the core of any Tau force – their firepower is rightly feared.



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Initial Release 22nd September

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This boxed set includes a Special Edition Tau Ethereal.

Miniature shown actual size.

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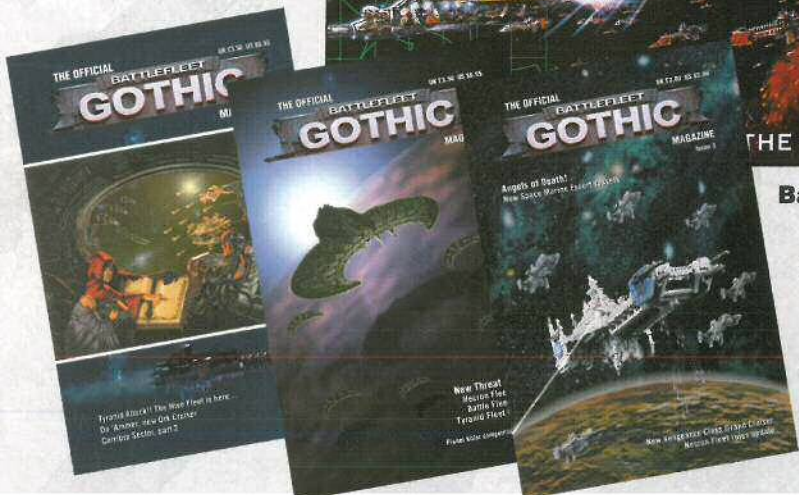
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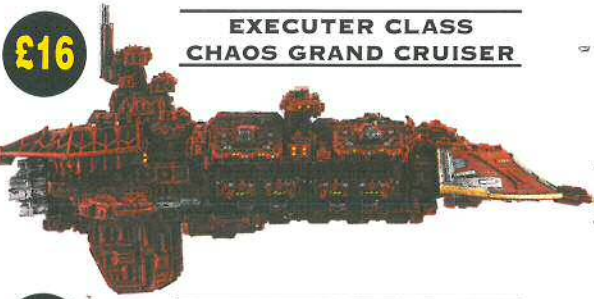
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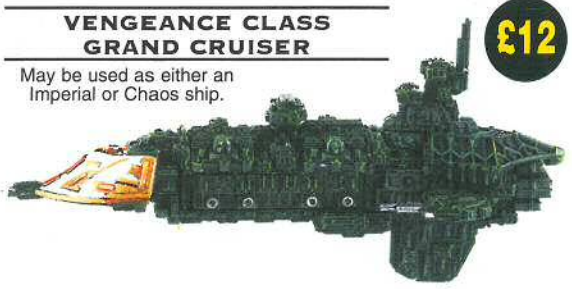
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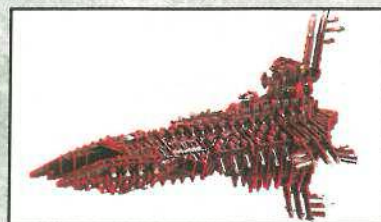
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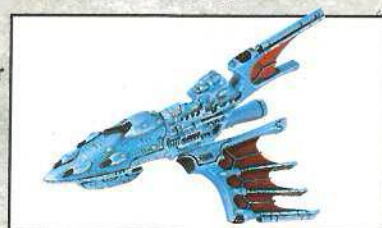


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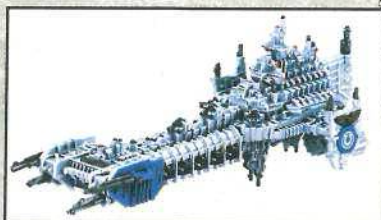


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Index Astartes

First Founding



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

ANGELS OF DEATH

The Blood Angels
Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

The Blood Angels were once regarded as the most blessed of all the Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, possessed of the bravery and puissant skill of their Primarch, Sanguinius. But the events of the Horus Heresy dealt them a terrible blow, the loss of their angelic forefather himself. His death was so terrible that it left a deep scar in every member of the Legion, and ever since that dark day, it is whispered that the Blood Angels have carried a terrible curse within their veins.

Origins

Perhaps the most heretical belief whispered in the shadowy corners of the Imperium is that the Primarchs were touched by Chaos from their very infancy. It is generally thought, among Imperial scholars, that the genetic predecessors of the Adeptus Astartes were indeed taken from their cryochambers by the powers of Chaos. Some give credibility to the belief that the powerful magics ensorcelling the infant Primarchs, wrought by the divine Emperor himself, protected them from the depravations of these powers. Yet others would have you believe that, instead of being destroyed, they were cast out to the far corners of the galaxy, denied the shelter and succour that Terra could bestow.

It seems plausible that the powers of Chaos had attempted to pervert and distort the perfect works of the Emperor, but the possibility that one or more of the Primarchs were altered by Chaos at the very beginning of their lives must surely be preposterous.

The inhabitants of the desolate planet of Baal and its twin moons has never been culturally advanced enough to maintain written records of their history. Nevertheless, the oral tradition of the Baalite tribe known as The Blood describes the infant Sanguinius as bearing tiny vestigial wings even when he was first found, in the place now known as Angel's Fall. And not without reason, for Sanguinius was indeed angelic, not just physically, but also within his unblemished soul.

Many of the parables and psalms still recited by The Blood have been transcribed by Blood Angels Librarians over the years (the contemporary equivalents of the first Baalite tribe claim to house remote descendants of the original line), and are kept with reverence in the most holy shrine-archives of the Blood Angels.

Alas, the history of the tribe is unrecorded until the time of Sanguinius's descent. It can only be assumed that they were typical of the tribes of Baal Secundus, a miserable, godless group of individuals

attempting to eke out some kind of existence upon their harsh, irradiated world. Baal Secundus has levels of radiation that would debilitate an unprotected man in seconds. As such, it can be surmised that when the tribe-brothers of The Blood found an unblemished cherub lying safe but naked on the scalding sands of their home world, his back adorned with tiny feathered wings, they considered him a mutant.

Ironically, it is said that many of the tribe wanted to put the one who would later show them salvation to a quick death. Although such ultimate blasphemy is difficult to credit, it must be remembered that at this stage the inhabitants of Baal were little more than barbarians. However, they must have felt the divinity of Sanguinius even before he could speak; compassion prevailed and the child, in every other respect more perfect and complete than any of those around him, was taken in.

Although the details of Sanguinius's early life are lost to time and memory, the notable events of his childhood have been told and retold so many thousands of times by the Baalite tribes that they are ingrained in racial memory. One of these tales describes how, before he had seen three weeks, he was the size of a child of as many years, fully capable of walking. He exhibited this capacity by wandering from the tribe's vigil, as curious as he was fearless. When his wards finally found him, he had strayed into the lair of a Baalite Fire Scorpion, a grotesque predator which, when rearing up, is twice the height of a man. The unarmed infant bested the creature, despite repeated blows from a sting coated with virulent poison that is said to burn a man from within in seconds.

Allegedly, the tribe ate well that night.

Like the other Primarchs, Sanguinius grew at an incredible rate, and his wings grew also. The feathers were as white and pure as a swan's, but as strong as those of the Imperial Eagle itself. His wings ultimately became mighty pinions that could bear him aloft through the scorching desert air,

inspiring awe and devotion from the lesser beings beneath.

A single year after his discovery at Angel's Fall, Sanguinius stood taller than any man the tribes of Baal's shrivelled moons had ever seen. His form was perfection, his beauty such that many could not look upon him lest their impure gaze be blinded. He could walk under the fiercest rays of the sun whilst his adoptive family scuttled at his feet, encumbered by the weight of their rad-suits. He could smash a path through a rockfall with the blade of his hand, best wild animals with but a glance and soar high into the sky on his mighty wings to observe the land below from the perspective of a god.

As Sanguinius reached maturity, the tribe prospered and grew under his guidance.

The transcription of Baalite myth provided by the ancient and venerable scholar Hyriontericus Lucidio (2342345M33) has been preserved with the greatest care since its interment in the altar-tomes of the Blood Angels. Hence, the following quote remains in its rawest form, transcribed from the words of Elder Imrait'il'thax directly into Lucidio's Baalite Scripture.

"They, the cannibal-mutants, numbered in their hundreds, far more than we. Blade sprouted from mouth, curdled eye stared, buckled hand

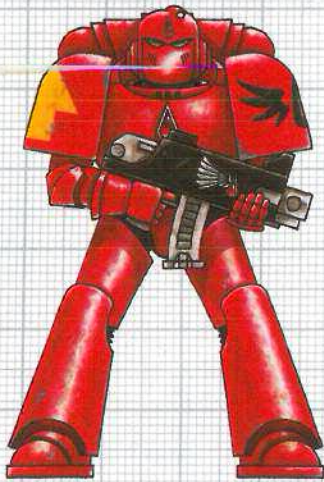
clutched rusted sword. We knew death in that moment. Then the Angel started his work.

He, the Pure One, wanted no harm to befall us. He raged, at first a white, blazing light, then, as death walked beside him, a terrible red thing. His eyes and crown seemed to burn, intense, a corona of bright violence, a sandstorm of destruction. We were caught in the deadly beauty of his dance. And then there were no mutants, only silence, and he stood before us, dripping, still as the cairn."

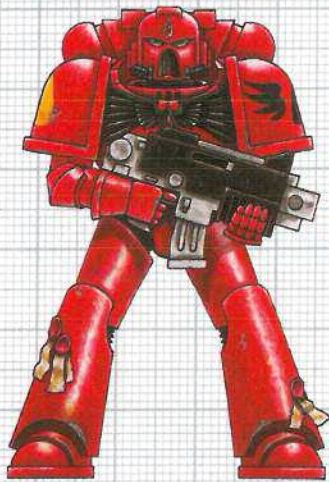
Sanguinius soon rose to the pinnacle of society upon Baal Secundus, and under his leadership, the pure-blooded Baalite tribes soon united against the

Chapter Approved. Access Level: Ω ninety eight

Blood Angels Legion, Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Blood Angels colour scheme



Contemporary Blood Angels Codex power armour



Tactical Marine helmet colour



Devastator Marine helmet colour



Chapter symbol



Assault Marine helmet colour



Honour Guard helmet colour



Inferno pistol



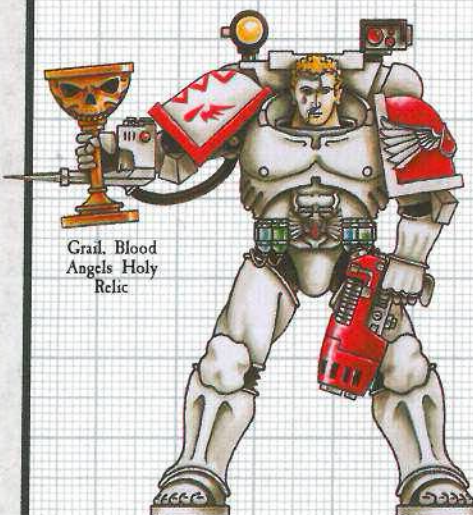
3rd Company sergeant shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



3rd Company sergeant shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



2nd Company sergeant shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography

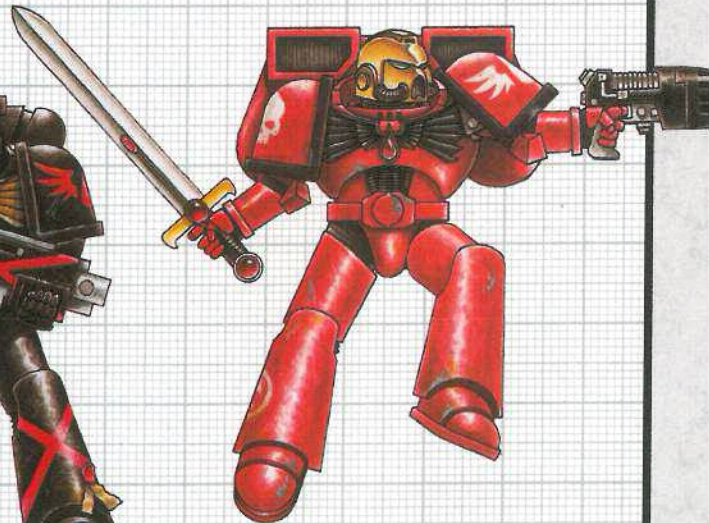


Grail, Blood Angels Holy Relic

Blood Angels Sanguinary Priest



Blood Angels Death Company Space Marine



Blood Angels Honour Guard Assault Marine

Thought for the day: What is a lifetime of servitude next to an eternity of damnation?

infestation of mutants that had begun to plague the radioactive wastes of Baal. Despite being grossly outnumbered, those of the pure blood won the war against the foul mutants. Sanguinius's perfect and divine leadership, coupled with his total mastery of physical combat, drove back the tide of filth that threatened to drown the true people of Baal Secundus. In battle, his wrath was total and unstoppable. Perhaps inevitably, Sanguinius was worshipped as a god by his followers. They were convinced that paradise would follow in the crimson footsteps of the Angel.

And so it came to pass that, by the time the Emperor came to Baal, his lost son sat at the head of the Conclave of Blood. The High Majesty of Mankind had correctly divined the presence of one of his Primarchs upon the blighted planet of Baal Secundus, and led the finest of his men to the surface.

Note: At this point, scholars cease having to rely upon conjecture and the myths of primitives (however diligently recorded), as the entourage of the Father of Mankind included many distinguished persons and scrivener-artisans.

It is therefore known that, at the climax of the Conclave of Blood, the Emperor entered the massive natural amphitheatre carved from Mount Seraph by the ponderous tides of Baal's geology. Those of the pure blood attended Sanguinius' address in their tens of thousands. The Emperor stood within their ranks, a shining golden figure among the tattered warriors of The Blood. But the Emperor knew humility as well as divinity, and he listened as intently as any warrior there. Sanguinius gave a speech which lifted the very souls of his people, giving them more than hope, at its conclusion soaring into the air above them with a shout that every man there echoed. Thus, the Emperor was convinced without a doubt that this was indeed one of his missing sons.

It is also recorded that, when approached, Sanguinius recognised the Emperor immediately. Many believe that Sanguinius's reputed ability to foresee future events informed him of the Emperor's visit, explaining his reaction. He fell to his knees, crystal tears falling from his cheeks into the dust. Where they fell, alabaster flowers thrived upon the barren and foul soils of Baal Secundus. And so the Emperor bade him stand, and looked upon the myriad

faces raised unto Him, proud and resolute. He saw that they were both fair in mind and deed, possessed of a small part of the nobility and strength of their leader.

So it was that, under Baal's blistering sun, the Blood Angels were born.

The Angels of the Blood

Imperial history recognises that the Emperor subsequently selected the best of Sanguinius' warriors and took them into his Great Crusade, raising them up into a full Legion of Space Marines. They were implanted with the very core of the Primarch's physical being; his pure and precious gene-seed. Under such a blessing no man could fail in his duty, and the Blood Angels added their might to those already fighting in the Emperor's crusade.

Those that remained upon Baal Secundus were entrusted with the holy duty of defending Mankind's birthright upon the planet, and ensuring that future generations of warriors were taught the Imperial creed and the truth of the gods that once walked amongst them. So it is that even now, with millennia passed since those fateful days, the Blood Angels take their new recruits from the moons of Baal.

To ascertain who is worthy to join the ranks of the Blood Angels, the youths from the tribes of the pure blood must take part in violent games and magnificent tournaments, battling against both the harsh landscape of their home world and, ultimately, their peers. This has been established practice since the very first time new recruits were summoned from The Blood, and the rituals remain much the same even now. The contests are held once every generation at Angel's Fall, the forbidding cliff where Sanguinius was first found, and are announced by 'great flying chariots' (the Thunderhawks of Veteran Blood Angels).

Aspirants must reach the Place of Challenge by whatever means they can, a process that itself weeds out the weaker warriors hoping to join the ranks of the Blood Angels. They must race across uncharted miles of hostile desert and leap from high cliffs with only their Angels' Wings to support them, a primitive assembly of skins and thin canes barely able to support the aspirant's weight. They must find their way through canyons infested with gigantic Fire Scorpions and Thirstwater, a liquid species that drains moisture from anything it comes

into contact with. The desiccated husks of previous hopefuls speak well of those who have underestimated the danger posed by this threat. Once they reach the Place of Challenge, gladiatorial contests similar in scale to those held in the Ultramar system are held. Only the most skilled fighters survive.

Once the fifty or so victors have been separated from the unsuccessful aspirants, they will be taken up in the Thunderhawks to fulfil the next stage of their trials. Those that fail go on to occupy places of honour in their society, or to guard the Place of Testing until the next generation of aspirants is ready.

The successful aspirants are taken to the fortress-monastery of the Blood Angels upon Baal itself, where they see sights of such magnificent glory that many lapse into speechless states of awe. They are marched in front of their future battle-brethren, and it is here that the contrast between aspirant and Space Marine is truly made clear.

The atmosphere and climate of Baal's moons are known to have severe and debilitating effects on those who have lived on their unforgiving surfaces. Most of the aspirants bear the physical marks of their old lives; it is all but impossible for an ordinary man to live in such conditions and not feel the terrible kiss of radiation. Despite their youth, they are often bent and stunted, their rosy physiques riddled with lesions and blemishes, their growth stunted by malnutrition and constant hunger. In contrast, the towering physiques of the Space Marines around them are a sculptor's ideal of beauty, with smooth skin, sleek features and fine white teeth.

The aspirants are taken to the Great Chapel of the Blood Angels, where they observe a vigil for three days and three nights without rest. Some fall asleep despite their best efforts, and are taken away; their fate is unrecorded. Soon after, the Sanguinary Priests enter the candlelit chapel. These noble individuals fulfil the role of Apothecaries for the Blood Angels, but with a far more unusual duty. The Sanguinary Priests are entrusted with the care of Sanguinius's own blood. The chalice they offer the aspirants at the conclusion of the vigil is said to contain a small portion of this precious liquid. Once the aspirants have partaken of the Sanguinary Chalice, they fall into a profound, timeless sleep, and their heartbeat all but stops. They are then taken by

hooded Blood-Servitors to the Apothecarion, where the holy gene-seed of Sanguinius himself is implanted into their recumbent bodies.

The Blood-Servitors, chanting the *Credo Vitae*, take them to the Hall of Sarcophagi. This breathtaking chamber resembles a gilded cathedral in design, but could house many lesser structures with nary a spire touching its embossed roof. The walls are adorned with a vast array of mighty golden sarcophagi, each twice the size of a man. The sleeping aspirants are entombed within, dwarfed by the size of their caskets, and attached to a large network of life-support nodes. There they remain for a full year, fed intravenously with nutrients and injected with the Blood of Sanguinius.

Many aspirants die at this stage, their feeble forms unable to accommodate the incredible changes wrought upon them by the gene-seed. These unfortunates are best left undescribed. Those able to stand the trial of the blood grow swift and true, reaching proportions reminiscent of their spiritual forefather in a similar timescale. It is rumoured that occasionally an entombed aspirant will awaken well before the casket is opened, and live out a hideous existence of claustrophobic, blood-sodden darkness, emerging from their imprisonment catatonic, insane or worse.

If the aspirants' bodies adapt, they put on extra muscle mass and assimilate the organs implanted into them in the Apothecarion. As they slumber, they are gifted by vivid and strange dreams depicting the memory of Sanguinius himself. Thus the very essence of the Primarch permeates the minds of his new sons, and ever afterwards these potent emotions and memories will be permanently imprinted upon their souls.

When the aspirants are finally removed from their sarcophagi, they have changed so thoroughly that few could believe they were once the twisted creatures rescued from the living hell of Baal Secundus. They have become tall, immensely strong and superhumanly powerful. Their restructured bodies have taken on a haunting beauty reminiscent of their angelic forefather, their senses keener and their muscles stronger than tempered steel.

And yet, they have only completed the first step on the road to becoming a Blood Angels Space Marine.

THE DEATH COMPANY

Deeply ingrained within the Blood Angels' gene-seed is the encoded experience of Sanguinius, and many say that most deeply imprinted of all is the memory of his final battle with Horus. Sometimes an event or circumstance will trigger this 'race memory'. This appears to happen only rarely, often on the eve of battle, and it is likely to be a fatal experience for the warrior whose mind is suddenly wrenched into the distant past. What has become known as the Black Rage overcomes him, the memories and consciousness of Sanguinius intrude upon his mind, and dire events ten thousand years old flood into the present. This we know to be true.

To others a Space Marine overcome by the Black Rage appears half mad with fury: he is unable to distinguish past from present, and does not recognise his comrades. He may believe he is Sanguinius upon the eve of his destruction, and that the bloody battles of the Horus Heresy are raging around him. As well as Sanguinius's memories, the Space Marine is touched with a small portion of the Primarch's unearthly power, boosting the warrior's already prodigious strength and vitality to superhuman levels.

In order to keep the Black Rage in check, on the eve of battle the Blood Angels bend their thoughts to prayer and to the sacrifice of their Primarch so many centuries ago. Chaplains move from man to man, blessing each in turn and noting those amongst the brotherhood whose eyes may appear a little glazed, or whose speech is slurred or over excited. Some, almost all, overcome the ancient intrusion into their minds. All their warrior's training is directed at controlling it, beating it down into the depths of their being. But for some the imprint of Sanguinius is too strong, the memories too loud and demanding. As the Chaplains chant the *Moripatris*, the *Mass of Doom*, the chosen ones fall into the arms of their priests, and are taken away. The afflicted Space Marines are formed into a special unit called the the Death Company.

Suffused with the dying memories of their Chapter's Primarch, the warriors of the Death Company seek only one thing: death in battle fighting against the enemies of the Emperor. The Death Company paint their armour black with red saltires, crosses of blood red which symbolise the sacrifice of Sanguinius. The company is led into battle and directed towards the foe by the Chapter's Chaplains. The warriors fight with the certainty of death and are completely fearless, ignoring wounds that should fell even a Space Marine. Should they survive the battle they will probably die of their wounds afterwards, once the frenzied slaughter is past. It is thought that the Blood Angels welcome this death, as they fear their madness will later lead them down the darkest path of all. Better by far to die cleanly and quickly in battle than suffer such a fate...

The Horus Heresy

Perhaps more than any other Loyalist Chapter, the terrible events of the Horus Heresy had a horrifying and permanent effect upon the Blood Angels, and it is this tragic fate that has shaped the Chapter since that time. Warmaster Horus, once the Emperor's most trusted and beloved son, turned to Chaos, and plunged the dagger of betrayal so far into the heart of the Imperium that it is yet to recover from his evil deed.

In a tragic sequence of events, the corrupt and evil being that Horus had become managed to manipulate and coerce several other Primarchs, turning them against their own father and mentor, the Emperor himself. These events culminated in the combined attack of Warmaster

Horus's forces upon the Emperor's Palace. Space Marine fought Space Marine, traitor battled loyalist until the fortifications of Terra's finest monument to divinity itself looked set to fall. Chaos was ascendant; the powers that Horus had allied himself with had given him power beyond imagining at the cost of his immortal soul.

Sanguinius is immortalised in the magnificent stained glass windows of the Sanctus Praetoria Imperator as fighting high above the raging battle, facing daemons so powerful they could unhinge the minds of great heroes with but a word. He single-handedly held the crenellations from the tides of daemonic filth attempting to wash into the holy chambers of the Emperor's Palace. Many accounts of the time praise the Blood Angel's

valour and unceasing efforts in their defence of the Eternity Wall space port. Although hundreds of Blood Angels died, they stemmed a sea of foulness the like of which had never been seen before. Many speak of the bright light bathing Sanguinius' sons as the Primarch slew his foes in the skies above with his mighty blade of fire. And yet, it was upon Horus's battle barge that Sanguinius was to fulfil his greatest duty.

In his victory, Horus became complacent, watching the battle from the bridge of his bloated leviathan of a command ship. He wanted to experience the Emperor's defeat first hand, to force him to his knees before he fed on the father of Mankind's soul.

And in his folly, as his forces breached the defences for the last and final time, spilling into the corridors and chambers of the palace, Horus relaxed the psychic

defences around his ship. At the speed of thought, the Emperor was aboard the hellish craft, Sanguinius close behind him.

It is known that Sanguinius was gifted with the power of foretelling, able to see visions of what lay ahead. His soul was pure, and the prophesies he spoke of inevitably came to be. It can thus be surmised that he knew full well he was going to his doom when he confronted the Warmaster, and yet he went without hesitation. Whether this act was prompted by fatalism or loyalty to the Emperor is a point debated by many Imperial theologians lacking in faith, however there is no doubt in the minds of the Blood Angels. They maintain that he walked into the lion's den out of duty, knowing full well what the outcome would be.

And thus it is that the Blood Angels alone know the details of their Primarch's fate. The sacrifice of their founder is echoed in the soul of every one of their number, and their souls burn with troubled dreams of Sanguinius's death. These inherited memories are so powerful that the Blood Angels are known to lapse into a fugue state known as the Black Rage, experiencing horrific visions of death and pain that they share with Sanguinius himself.

It is true that as a Blood Angel ages, as he sees more bloodshed and battle, he becomes more and more prone to the onset of the Black Rage. Chaplain Lestrallio, a great and tragic martyr of the Blood Angels, instigated a method that enabled those unfortunate few who fell into the Rage when the Chapter was in deep space to be of service nonetheless. The Lestrallio Procedure involves giving oneself to the Sanguinary Priests when all attempts at stemming the Black Rage have been unsuccessful, and there are no enemies for the victim to slaughter in the throes of a heroic death. The volunteer is restrained, shackled in adamantium often at the cost of many Blood-Servitors, and brought into the bowels of the craft. There, in the darkness of the ship's Apothecarion, he is encouraged to talk of what he sees around him, his visions echoing those witnessed by Sanguinius within the unholy depths of Horus's battle barge.

The following account is an excerpt from the descriptions of Chaplain Lestrallio himself, recorded by a Blood Servitor in 2432053.M36. It remains the longest recorded example of the visions granted by the Black Rage, a testament to Lestrallio's great strength of will.

"It's dark... aagh! It burns! The taint is so strong... the smell... rot, foul rot and death... it's hot. So hot... I feel my feathers singe, furling against me to avoid touching the walls, the walls... this is Hell... thorns, spines pushing through wet flesh <subject goes into spasm> <subject screams in rage> What's that... What's that!?"

So fast! Aaaaah! For the Emperor! Die! DIE!"

<subject falls still, mutters unintelligibly, possibly a prayer>

"Where is he, where is he, you cannot stop me foul CHAOS FILTH! AAAGH!"

<subject spasms, gnashes teeth> "curse this light..."

"Burn! BURN! All of you! <indecipherable> the walls, there are no walls, this tunnel made of flesh, rotted flesh, bursting underfoot, bleeding, the stench of pus...<subject screams, then calms>

"I will find you, coward."

<six seconds pass, subject's eyes open>

"I name you Traitor! Face me! For the Emperor! FOR THE EMPEROR!"



of alliances shifted constantly. Extinction awaited the slow and the weak. Where once the moons had been close to paradise, now they were close to hell.

For the few surviving humans, life must have been a constant struggle to exist. For a long time it must have seemed that Baalite humanity was doomed, and soon there would only be an endless desert ruled over by the feuding mutant tribes. Although we can only guess as to when, the miracle of Sanguinius's descent onto the planet introduced a new hope into a barren world.

Organisation

Although the Blood Angels share much of their organisation with their brother Space Marines, adhering in many ways to the precepts of the Codex Astartes, there are notable exceptions. The Blood Angels have several specialist units they do not share with any Chapter other than their successors: the Angels Vermillion, Angels Sanguine, Angels Encarnine, Blood Drinkers and Flesh Tearers. It is worth noting that, unlike the others mentioned here, the Blood Drinkers are strict followers of the Codex Astartes. Their markings are similar to those of the Ultramarines chapter.

Perhaps the most notable exception that the Blood Angels exhibit in their ranks is a preponderance of close combat troops. The chance to become one of the Blood Angels' Assault Marines is much sought after, as it is in close combat that these Space Marines can exorcise the ghosts of their ancestral memory. Even Devastator squads, those entrusted with the duties of fire support, have been known to run towards the enemy in an attempt to engage them in close combat (cf. the Tracheseal Massacre, 230.M34).

The members of the Blood Angels' 1st Company fight as assault troops when not equipped as Terminators, rather than as tactical squads as is the case with many of their brother Chapters. The entire 8th Company is dedicated to close combat, many of their members being amongst the finest assault troops in the Imperium. Those Space Marines not equipped with jump packs often make use of Land Speeders and Bikes to support their brethren. The 10th Company, consisting of a variable number of Scout squads, is unusual in that its members are extremely aggressive. They work their way into forward positions, infiltrating enemy positions

picture of life on Baal through architectural remains.

It is still unknown as to what exactly happened to change this idyllic state of affairs, a cause of great consternation among Imperial historians. All that is certain is that the cataclysmic and fearful events that changed the face of Baal forever happened at roughly the end of the Dark Age of Technology.

The moons of Baal suffered terribly. Evidence of ancient weapons both viral and nuclear have been found, perhaps accounting for the incredible rad-count of the moons. The strata of blackened glass and vast tracts of polluted desert. What were once seas became poisoned lakes of toxic sludge, now covered in layers of pallid dust. The folk of the system must have died in their millions. But somehow humanity has prevailed. The populace became scavengers, picking the bones of their own once-great civilisation. Without their now characteristic rad-suits many must have perished still, growing sickly and feeble as the atmosphere was radically altered. It is theorised by many Imperial scholars that in the dark time that followed the collapse of all order, some became worse than scavengers, and turned to cannibalism.

One side effect from the ensuing radioactive atmosphere was inevitable, however. In time, the accumulated chemical and radioactive toxins that built up in the survivors' bodies led to them devolving into mutants, shambling parodies of the men their forefathers had once been. The disintegration of society can be seen depicted at the Lasquo Caves of Baal Primus, grotesque images of mutants and madmen butchering the more wholesome members of the populace, drawn in ancient blood onto the parched walls.

But, as we know from the Baalite Scripture, there were some who held on to their humanity and preserved some semblance of sane behaviour, forming tribes the like of which adopted Sanguinius upon his descent. But these were the embattled few, as a new and savage culture evolved amid the ruins of the old. The only social unit left was the tribe. For human and mutant cannibal alike, the only folk they could rely on were their own kin. The folk of the Baal system became nomads, shifting from place to place, picking the ruins clean, warring to preserve the spoils they had gathered. The tribes fought constant wars. Webs

At this point, after a violent spasm that lasted longer than any before and nearly shook his body to pieces, Chaplain Lestraillo died of massive physiological trauma. This is a regrettable side effect of the Lestraillo Procedure, but one deemed fitting by many among the Blood Angels.

From the collated results of these experiments, it is possible to draw conclusions from the valuable evidence provided by those suffering the Black Rage. Sanguinius is thought to have undergone unimaginable psychic damage at the hands of the Warmaster who, it is believed by many Blood Angels, could not best him in personal combat.

Horus, in his limitless malice, made sure that Sanguinius's death was the most painful and foul that the boundless evils in his service could administer. The Warmaster's psychic assault echoed not just throughout space, but also throughout time, resonating in the souls of his children. The Primarch's sacrifice is thought to have kept Horus occupied long enough for the Emperor to reach the traitor in the very depths of his lair, where the Emperor eventually bested him at a terrible cost. The pain inflicted upon one of his sons carries the echo imprinted deep within their soul to this day.

And so it was that the Blood Angels came to bear their blood-curse, and they bear it still.

Home World

In ancient days Baal and its moons all had earth-like atmospheres. Several Explorer teams, equipped with state-of-the-art rad-suits, have studied Baal's moons in some detail. Beneath their blackened crusts was a wealth of information, as the strata bear very different patterns to what was originally expected. It was concluded that Baal itself was always a world of red rust deserts, but its moons could potentially have been paradises for mortal men, where folk concentrated on art and science rather than survival and conquest. The surface of Baal is dotted with ruined edifices, incredible monuments that must have been constructed with incredible skill to have stood the test of time. It is obvious that the people of Baal spent their time creating mighty monuments, carving the mountains themselves into statues of their rulers and their gods. Thus the Imperium was able to build a

and relishing every opportunity they can take to close quarters and tear their enemies apart in a storm of blood. The other companies of the Blood Angels conform to the structure established by the Codex Astartes, although many of their Rhinos are customised with over-charged engines so that their passengers can reach the front line with haste. (Note: No doubt this straying from the precepts set out in the Rhino STC has an adverse effect on the vehicle as a whole). Specialist squads are distinguished by the colour of their helmets: Tactical squads are marked in red, Devastator squads in blue and Veteran Assault squads in yellow.

The Blood Angels Headquarters division includes a number of ranks that are not found in any other Chapter, reflecting their unique nature and organisation. These include the Sanguinary Priests, custodians of the holy blood of Sanguinius. It has been known for a Sanguinary Priest to

administer a potent blood transfusion to a battle brother with his Exsanguinator, even in the midst of combat.

Another exception to standard Codex organisation is the inclusion of squads of Honour Guard, the high elite of the close assault cadres of the Blood Angels and the bodyguard of their most revered heroes. These warriors take the place of the usual command squad, and may include a Standard Bearer or Sanguinary Priest. It is said by some that few more formidable units exist in the entire pantheon of the Adeptus Astartes. The members of the Honour Guard are denoted by their helmets, marked in shining gold, a sign of hope for their allies and despair for their foes.

The Blood Angels are also famous for the Furioso pattern Dreadnought, a design perfected by the Chapter's Lord of the Forges many millennia ago to grant the opportunity of slaking the blood-lust of Space Marine heroes even when their bodies are broken beyond salvation. The mighty twin power claws of the Furioso are a match for any opponent, and are capable of tearing open the adamantium hide of a Land Raider when the Furioso is gripped by battle-lust.

Finally, and perhaps most notably, the organisation of the Blood Angels is often disrupted by those who suffer from the Black Rage. These

unfortunates are formed into the infamous Death Company. Alas, there is no way to predict exactly how this phenomenon will affect the Chapter's organisation until the battle itself.

Combat Doctrine

The companies of the Blood Angels generally fight as one would expect from a disciplined force of the Adeptus Astartes. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th are Battle Companies, and these four companies form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. The specialist companies are kept in reserve and only deployed when necessary.

However, these Companies cannot be relied upon to fight in the structured, disciplined way of the Imperial Fists or the Dark Angels, for the strength of their genetic curse can turn even the most taciturn veteran into a berserker, wishing only to rend his enemy apart and slake his overriding thirst for battle. The Black Rage can possess any and all Blood Angels during the heat of battle, be they a Devastator squad or the driver of a Vindicator. As such, it is always uncertain as to whether a Blood Angels contingent will hold a position. It is just as likely that they will run screaming forward in an attempt to rip the enemy limb from limb with their bare hands. This has in the past led to the total massacre of the Blood Angels' foes on unnumbered occasions. Possibly one of the most famous of these was the Battle at Hive Tempestora, where the Blood Angels assaulted en masse with such undaunted ferocity that their charge smashed apart the enemy line, enabling them to establish a beachhead in a situation considered

hopeless by Imperial tacticians. It is said that the fanatical zeal of the

Blood Angels also enabled them to achieve the impossible throughout the Armageddon campaign. This unpredictability makes them extremely unpopular with other Imperial commanders, but

the Blood Angels care not. They know that their constant struggle against the Black Rage makes them stronger, not weaker.

Battlecry

"By the blood of Sanguinius!"



Beliefs

Sanguinius was a visionary. During his early life he desired to lead his people to a new and better life. When he joined the Great Crusade he transferred this vision to a greater arena, but did not abandon it. He wanted a better life for all Mankind and an end to the strife brought on by the collapse of human civilisation during the Dark Age of Technology.

We have established that the outlook of Sanguinius did much to shape his Chapter. There is a mystical streak to many of the Blood Angels' doctrines, and also a strong belief that things can be changed for the better. After all, the process of transforming a scavenger into a tall, proud and handsome warrior is living proof of this tenet.

This belief can be seen in everything the Blood Angels do: they strive for perfection. Their works of art are things of beauty and symmetry. Their martial disciplines are practised unceasingly. Their doctrines are permeated with a sense of mortality and the fallen greatness of Man.

Physically the Blood Angels are among the longest lived of all the Space Marine Chapters. One of the peculiarities of their gene-seed is that it has vastly increased the lifespan of those who possess it, so it is not uncommon for Blood Angels to reach a thousand years of age. Indeed, the current Chapter Master, Commander Dante, has lived for nearly 1,100 years. These vastly extended lifespans allow the Blood Angels to perfect their techniques in art as well as in war. They have centuries in which to perfect the disciplines to which they turn their minds, and this accounts for the fact that Blood Angels' armour and banners are among the most ornate ever produced.

Perhaps the strangest of all the Chapter's traits was witnessed by Inquisitor Garillion on his sojourn to the fortress monastery on Baal in 1929734.M40. The Blood Angels have a habit of sleeping whenever possible in the sarcophagi used to create them. They apparently believe that in this timeless slumber, they are one step closer to Sanguinius, and seek to gain some insight into the psyche of their forefather. While the Blood Angels sleep in their sarcophagi their blood is cleansed and purified. The Chapter thus hopes to slow the long process of possible genetic degeneration until a permanent solution for the Black Rage can be found.

Nevertheless, it is clear to any who study the martial record of the Blood Angels that they enforce the Emperor's will with a fervour and zeal that equals or exceeds that of any other Chapter. In fact, these records point to the fact that the Blood Angels are responsible for many of the Imperium's successful actions, and that the number of aliens and heretics they have killed in the name of the Emperor is beyond count.

Gene-seed

This Chapter, once among the most blessed of all the Chapters, now shuns the company of the other Adeptus Astartes where possible. Some Imperial officers have reported suspicions that they are afflicted by a terrible thirst, a craving for blood, which paranoid scholars claim may be the first signs of a descent into Chaos. It is known that the Blood Angels themselves spend much of their time seeking a cure for their condition, but surely this does not mean that they are a Chapter trying in vain to keep the insidious tendrils of Chaos from their very blood.

The trials of their inheritance may well be the Blood Angels' greatest salvation, for it brings with it a humility and understanding of their own failings which make them the most truly noble of the Adeptus Astartes.

The fate of those unfortunates overtaken completely by their Primarch's legacy is known only to the Chapter itself. There are tales of a secret chamber within the Fortress Monastery on Baal, and of howling cries that demand the blood of the living. Unsurprisingly, none are willing to say for certain what secrets lie hidden in this haunted, desolate place.

There have been incidents when the Blood Angels have been stationed on distant worlds, where members of the local population have gone missing only to turn up later drained of blood (Rukh's Paradise, Ameriella Belt, Q34/9/4503/RT/Ultima Segmentum, 6569347.M36). It is possible that this is the work of cultists seeking to discredit the Chapter. It may even be that some of the more superstitious local citizens have taken to offering up sacrifices to their god-like visitors. However, those Imperial historians possessed of dark and fervent imaginations claim it is possible that these folk have been killed by Blood Angels overcome by an unholy thirst.

Some among those who entertain such unwholesome beliefs say that it

is because Sanguinius was more touched by Chaos than the other infant Primarchs. They cite the fact that he possessed wings – an obvious mutation – to support their case. Their argument runs that the gene-seed which was extracted from him was flawed even before the first Blood Angels were created, and thus terrible consequences were preordained.

At the time when the First Founding Chapters were created, the Emperor himself oversaw the process of transferring gene-seed from Primarch to Space Marine. However, since the Emperor's interment in the Golden Throne, each Chapter has had a different method of controlling and managing the change. The Blood Angels originally practised Exsanguination, a process initially triggered by injecting aspirants with tiny samples of the Primarch's blood. Alas, this process ground to a halt after Sanguinius's death, but fortuitously some of his blood was kept in the relic known as the Red Grail. This living blood, even possessed of such incredible power, could not last for long in an unprotected state. Thus it was that the vitae of their dead Primarch was injected into the veins of the Sanguinary Priests. They became living hosts to the power of their Primarch. Even today, drinking the blood of the assembled Sanguinary Priests from the Red Grail is part of the ritual used in inducting new Blood Angels Priests. In turn, it is from these custodians of the pure lineage that the blood given to aspirants is taken.

It is possible that over the countless generations since the time of the Heresy, the cells within the blood of the Sanguinary Priests have mutated, slowly at first, but more quickly in recent years. As it is, the blood used in the induction of the aspirants to the Chapter is technically vulnerable to degeneration. It is theorised by some that errors in replication have resulted in the Blood Angels' development of a genetic flaw.

There are very few records of the occurrence of genetic instability in the early years of the Imperium, or throughout the long millennia during which the Blood Angels were shaped. In the present day, however, it is for their unstoppable thirst for battle that the Blood Angels are considered unstable. Their fearsome reputation precludes them from many alliances with other Imperial forces. Thus it is that the curse has spread like a cancer not only through the Blood Angels' body and psyche, but also through their honour.

Blood Angels players will be in raptures by now. Not only have we published their Index Astartes First Founding this issue but also released the new Furioso Dreadnought. To cap things off nicely, here is a wondrous spread of beautifully painted Blood Angels models, painted by our 'Eavy Metal team.

'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE



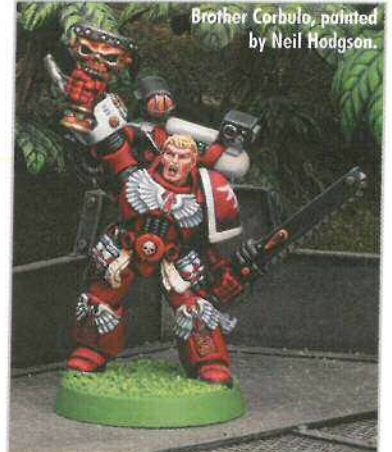
Commander Dante



Captain



Techmarine



Brother Corbulo, painted by Neil Hodgson.

Blood Angels Honour Guard



Furioso Dreadnought



Librarian



Blood Angels Standard Bearer



Death Company Blood Angels



Brother-Captain Tycho



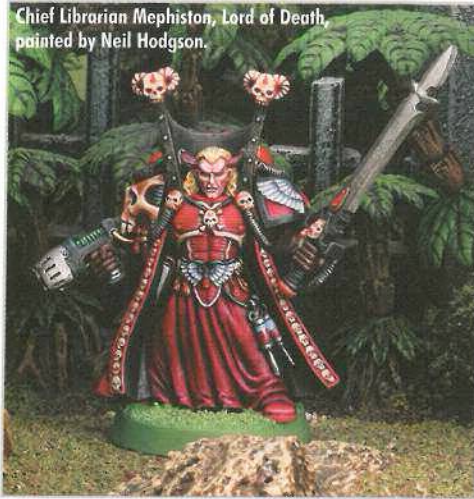
Chaplain, painted by Darren Latham.



Assault Squad Terminators



Chief Librarian Mephiston, Lord of Death, painted by Neil Hodgson.



Chaplain



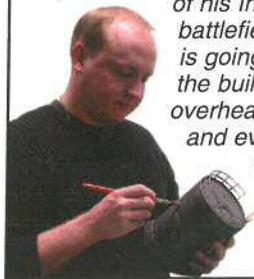
Forge World's Captain Leonatos, painted by Dave Thomas.



Blood Angels Tactical Squad



This month Paul sets himself the task of creating the bulk of his Inquisitor battlefield. In fact, he is going to construct the buildings, overhead gantries and even a board for it all to be placed on.



Let's see how he did it.

SCENERY WORKSHOP

Building an Inquisitor battlefield, part 2

WHAT YOU WILL NEED FOR THIS MONTH'S SCENERY WORKSHOP:

- Rabbit hutch wire (available at pet shops)
- Three sheets of 4' x 2' MDF board
- Foamboard
- A selection of textured wallpaper, card and plasticard
- Ready mixed filler
- Masking tape
- Right angled plastic rod
- Plastic tube (an old pen tube will do)
- Your bits box
- Textured paint (sand, water and PVA glue)
- Chaos Black spray paint
- Chaos Black, Codex Grey, Skull White, Boltgun Metal, Tin Bitz, Dwarf Bronze, Chestnut Ink and Black Ink Citadel paint
- PVA glue, superglue

YOU WILL ALSO NEED THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

A 2" brush, small drybrush, tank brush, detail brush, cutting mat, metal ruler, modelling knife, modelling saw, metal file, pin vice, sculpting tool, clippers & pen or pencil.

Most of these tools are available in our Tool Kit available at your local Games Workshop store.

With the completion of the storage tanks in last month's Scenery Workshop I was eager to see how they could be used in a game but, of course, the five tanks that I had created so far were simply not enough terrain to fill a battlefield. With that in mind I set myself the task of bulking out the board by creating the main elements of the battlefield (well, enough terrain to cover an area 4' x 4' at least). The one particular aspect of this project that I had been looking forward to creating since my very first drawings was the long corridors with their very dark and enclosed feeling. However, I could only create the corridors by constructing the buildings that ran their length and the overhead gantries that enclosed them.

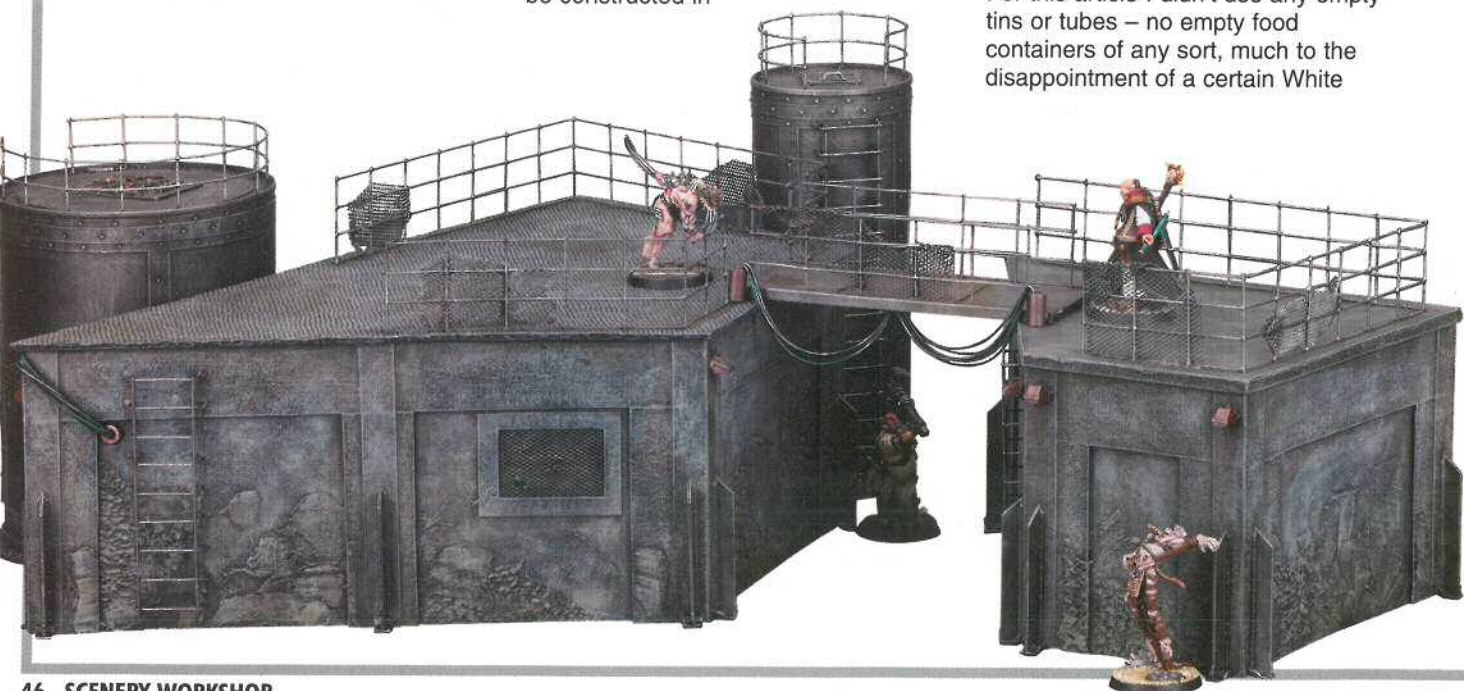
With so much terrain planned for construction, another element of the battlefield required my attention: a themed board for the finished terrain to sit on would also have to be built.

Because of the large amount of terrain that needed to be constructed in

such a short time (nine Inquisitor scale buildings, seven gantries and a 6' x 4' themed board) I made the decision to keep the construction very simple (no rivets this month!). The buildings themselves would be simple boxes constructed from foamboard. However, I would then add very simple and quick architectural details to my boxes with layers of card. Then I'd create some interesting effects for the walls using textured wallpaper and ready mixed filler, and of course the occasional embellishment from my bits box wouldn't hurt.

The decision to make all the scenery free standing was made at the earliest stage of the project. This was so that we could make different battlefields by simply rearranging the terrain to form new and varied set-ups. This, of course, meant that the overhead gantries which connected the buildings together would also need to move around but still be free standing. To help with the construction of the battlefield there would have to be a very definite plan.

For this article I didn't use any empty tins or tubes – no empty food containers of any sort, much to the disappointment of a certain White



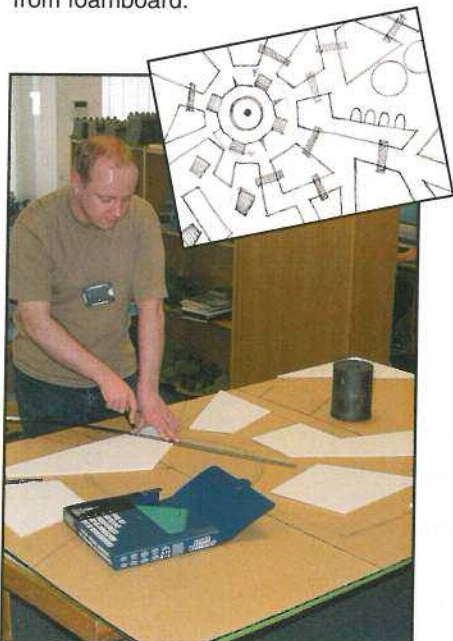
Dwarf editor. Everything was going to be built from basic materials such as foamboard, card and, of course, my favourite and ever useful rabbit hutch wire!

Before you begin building anything you are going to need a large flat area for you to do your modelling on. If you are using the kitchen or dining room table, make sure it's well protected before you start. A couple of layers of newspaper will protect against spillage but if you do any heavy cutting I suggest you use a piece of wood or a cutting board (available from craft shops) to protect the table's surface. Next, make sure that the tools you need are at hand and any unneeded clutter is removed.

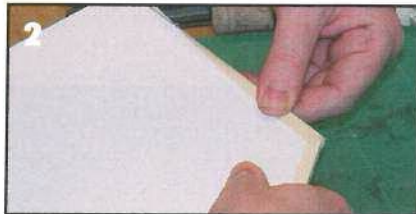
Before you start have a read through this article. Remember, this is only a guide to the terrain that I made – feel free to experiment and try your own ideas.

1. The first thing I would need was the actual board itself. For this I visited the local wood supplier and picked up three sheets of 4' x 2' MDF which would make our 6' x 4' board. Having three smaller sheets makes it much easier to store and you can, of course, use a smaller board for a game if you wish.

With my three 2' x 4' sheets of MDF arranged before me, and using my original drawing as a guide, I began transferring the plan directly on to the board. This allowed me to see for the first time the actual size and positions of all the buildings. I then cut the basic shapes of all my buildings from foamboard.



2. Foamboard is made from two pieces of thin card which sandwich a layer of expanded foam. Unfortunately, when this is undercoated with a spray paint it melts. So, to stop this from happening, I covered the exposed edges of my foam board with a layer of masking tape.



3. For the walls of my buildings I cut lengths of foamboard 120mm wide and then glued these together to create my basic box shapes.



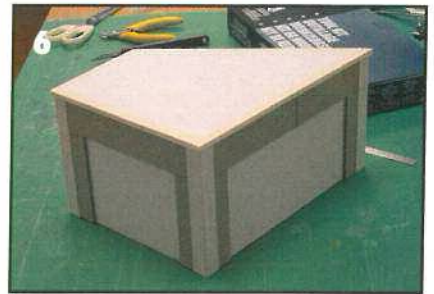
4. To help with later stages of construction I allowed the roof to overlap the walls, and with that my simple box was complete. Now it was time to add some detail.



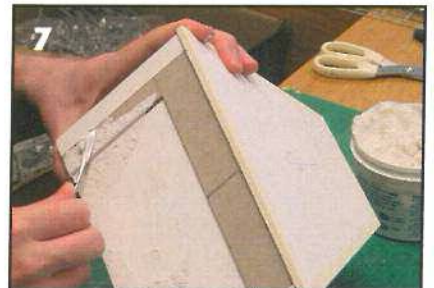
5. To create the impression of large reinforced columns holding my buildings together, I cut strips of thick card 30mm wide and glued these just below the roof and to all the corners of my boxes.



6. I then cut lengths of thin card 30mm wide. After folding these in half I cut and glued one piece to each corner of my buildings creating a second layer of detail.



7. I then applied texture to the walls of my buildings by sticking on small patches of textured wallpaper, which I had torn into small irregular shapes. Onto this, using my handy sculpting tool, I applied a very thin layer of ready mixed filler.



TOP TIP

Plasticard is a very versatile material to use, and is available in a variety of styles and textures, which represent everything from water to stone walls but, when using large quantities, it can be quite expensive. However there is an inexpensive alternative – wallpaper!



Next time you are in your local DIY store have a good look through the different styles of wallpaper that are on display. You'll probably find that the humble roll is available in a variety of textures, some of which have textured effects comparable to that of plasticard and for only a tiny fraction of the price. Furthermore, if you turn your paper over you'll find that the underside has a completely different effect from the front, giving you two textures for the price of one.

DETAILING YOUR BUILDINGS

You can, of course, add extra little details to your own buildings and after a quick rummage through my bits box, I came up with the following ideas:



I used garden wire to create exposed, sagging cables.



Hanging chains.

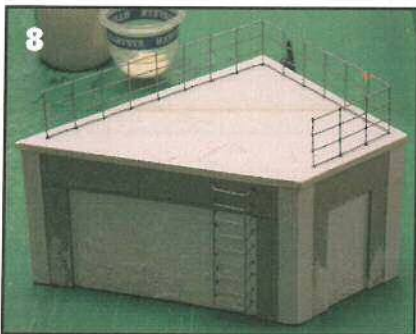


I made this vent from a piece of mesh.

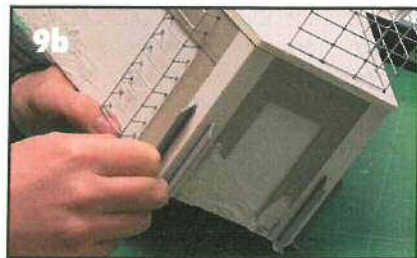


The sensor array from the Vindicator tank makes a perfect wall lamp to light darkened corridors.

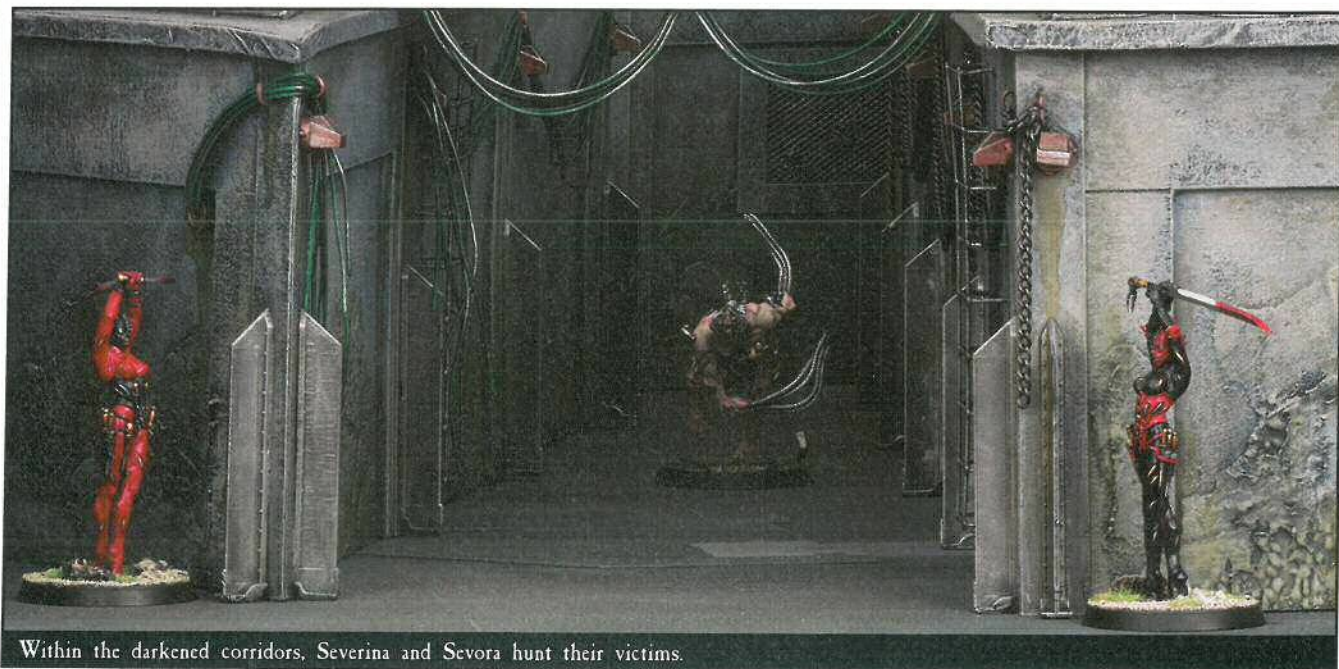
8. To add some detail to the very flat and featureless roof of my building, I cut and glued on a piece of finely detailed wallpaper. I then created a set of safety railings and a ladder using my favourite material of all – rabbit hutch mesh (for more details on how I created railings and ladders see last month's Scenery Workshop). When attaching the railings I left open areas so that I could place my gantries.



9. To emphasise the architectural nature of the buildings I decided to add another level of detail, using my clippers I cut the metal tank traps from the barricades frame into separate metal struts and glued these to the corners of my buildings.



10. My building was now ready to be painted so I undercoated it using a black undercoat spray and, using Codex Grey, I drybrushed over the whole of it. I then picked out the metal railings with Boltgun Metal, and pieces from the Vindicator with Brazen Brass and, to emphasise the textured effect on the walls, I applied a mixed wash of Black and Chestnut Ink.

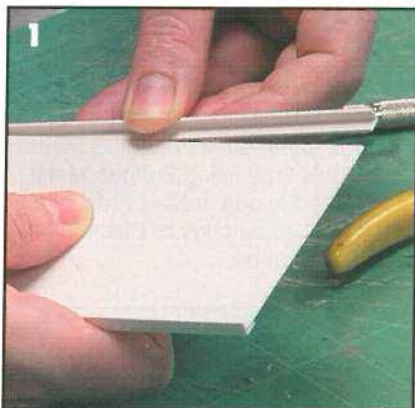


Within the darkened corridors, Severina and Sevora hunt their victims.

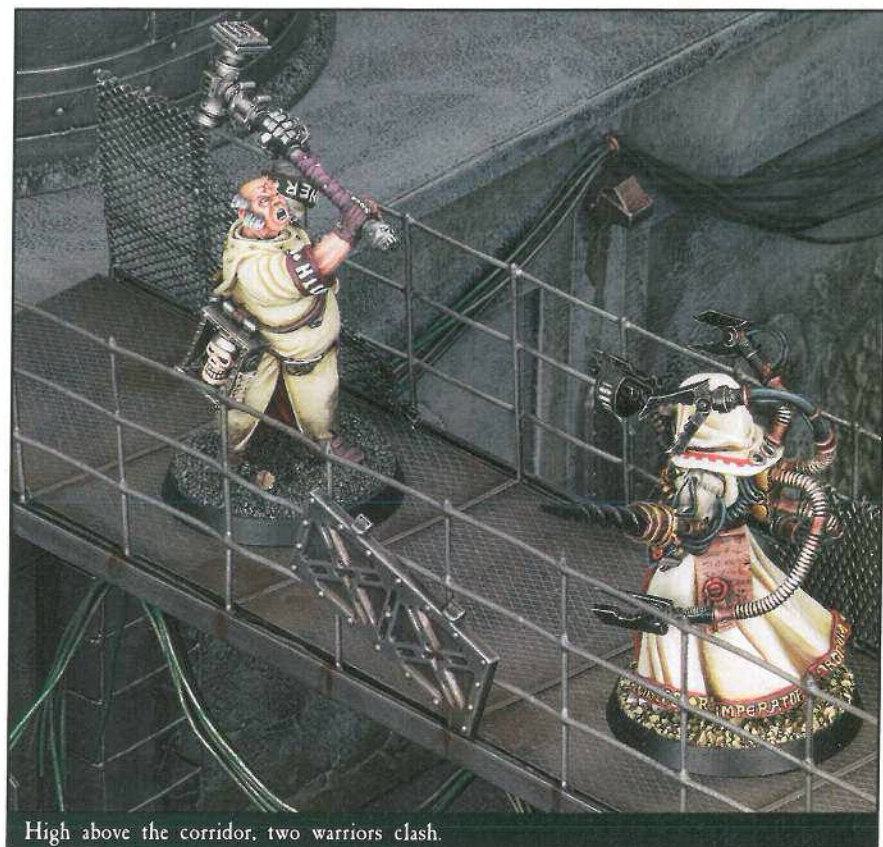
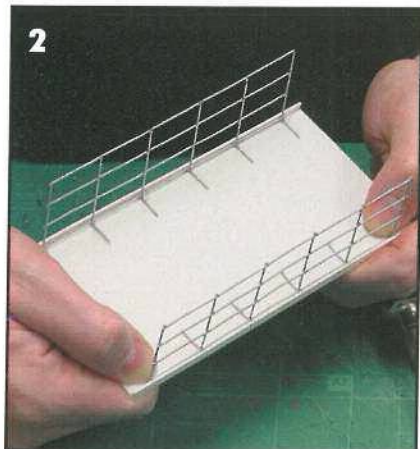
GANTRIES AND WALKWAYS

Walkways would connect the buildings together and allow Inquisitor models to move around on two levels, but most of all they would help to create enclosed corridors and give me a platform from which I could hang cables and chains. However, because I was building free standing terrain I would also need to create a set of gantries which could be placed in different positions. Having planned out the board and its buildings I was able to measure the width of the corridors and get an average distance which I would use to build all the gantries. All that was left now was to build them.

1. To start with I cut a length of plasticard 150mm in length and 65mm wide. This would form my platform and be long enough to bridge the gap and overlap by a small amount. I also cut two pieces of right angled plastic strip and glued one piece along each long edge of the platform.

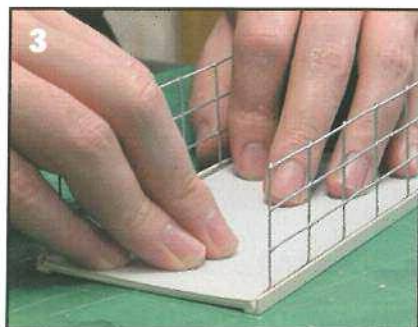


2. I then created a set of railings from the rabbit mesh and attached these to the platform (again, for more details of how I did this take a look at last month's Scenery Workshop).



High above the corridor, two warriors clash.

3. Using a sheet of plasticard with a heavy industrial texture, I cut a piece 150mm in length and 60mm wide which would make the floor of the walkway and once glued would hide the legs of the railings.



4. To create the hanging cables I cut six strands of garden wire of roughly equal lengths, and grouped them together using masking tape.



DETAILING YOUR GANTRIES

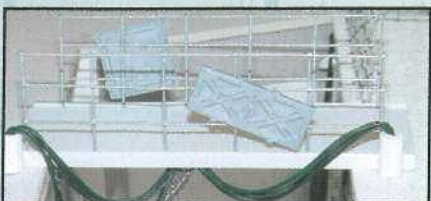
You can of course add extra details to your own overhead gantries. After a quick look through my bits box, I built the following examples:



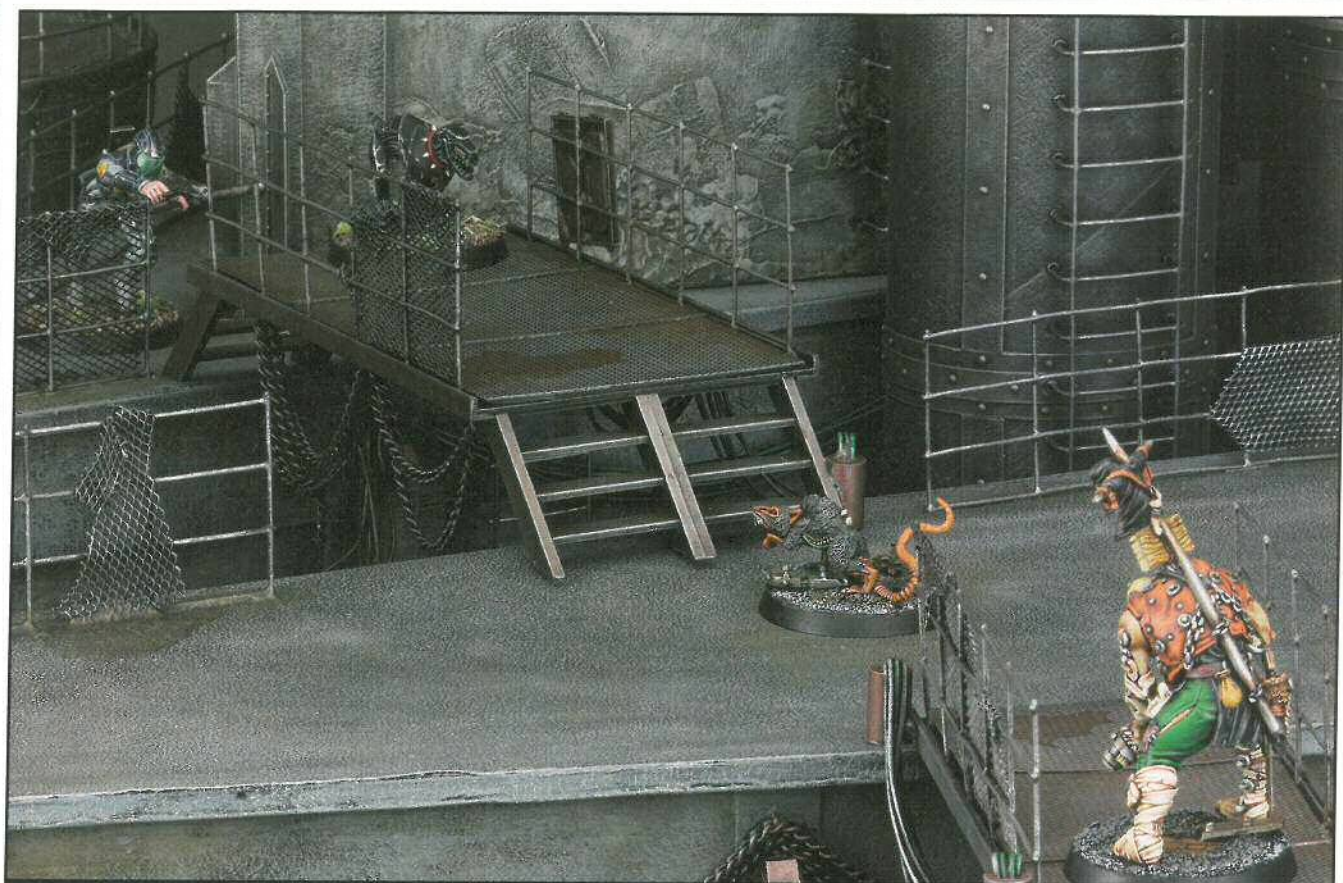
Again I used some old chain hung loosely from the underside of this gantry.



Here I attached a set of ready made steps available from model shops.

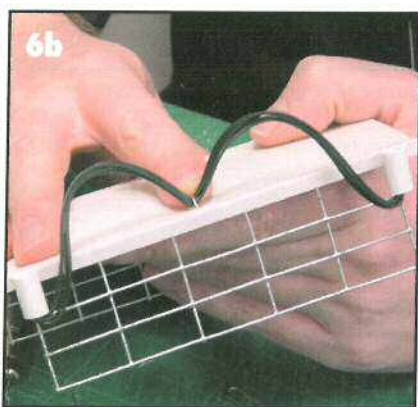
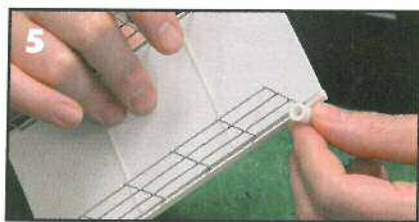


To provide a small amount of protection for any model caught in the open I glued the hatch covers from the ammo crates frame to the railings of this gantry.



Within the maze of steel and concrete, Lucretia locates her quarry.

5. I took a piece of plastic tubing (a tube from an old pen is perfect for this) and cut two small pieces. These were then glued to each end of the gantry.



6. I then glued the strands of garden wire into the tubes. This now means that when the gantry is placed on a building it will look as if the wire is running into and out of the buildings. I then bent the wire to create hanging loops of heavy cables and secured it in place with the rounded end of a of a paper clip, which I drilled two holes for and glued in place.



7. My gantry was now ready to be painted, so I gave it an undercoat of Chaos Black spray. When the undercoat was dry I drybrushed the entire piece with Tin Bitz.



8. I then drybrushed the entire model again, this time using Boltgun Metal. To create the odd areas of rust and dirt, I applied patches of Black Ink and Chestnut Ink.

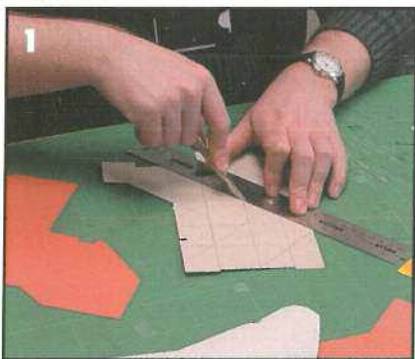


THE BOARD

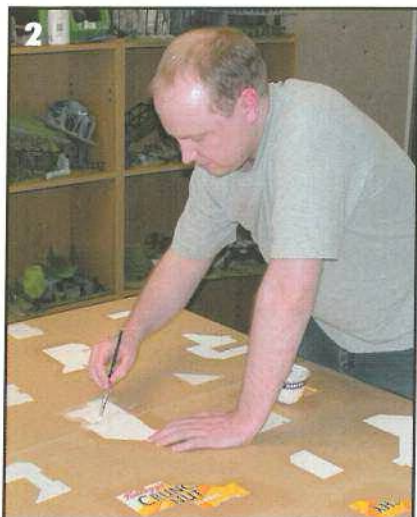
The only problem with free-standing terrain, is that the board it is to be used on must remain flat so that you can place your terrain in any position. However, a flat featureless board would just be too boring, so the question arose of how to make it interesting?

For this, I took inspiration from the Inquisitor board that Dave Andrews and Mark Jones had already built for the Inquisitor game featured in the battle report in WD257. To add interest to what was basically a flat board, they used textured wallpaper, plasticard, textured paint and a lot of careful drybrushing to bring it to life.

1. First I took a selection of textured wallpapers and plasticard and cut a variety of geometric shapes in different sizes.



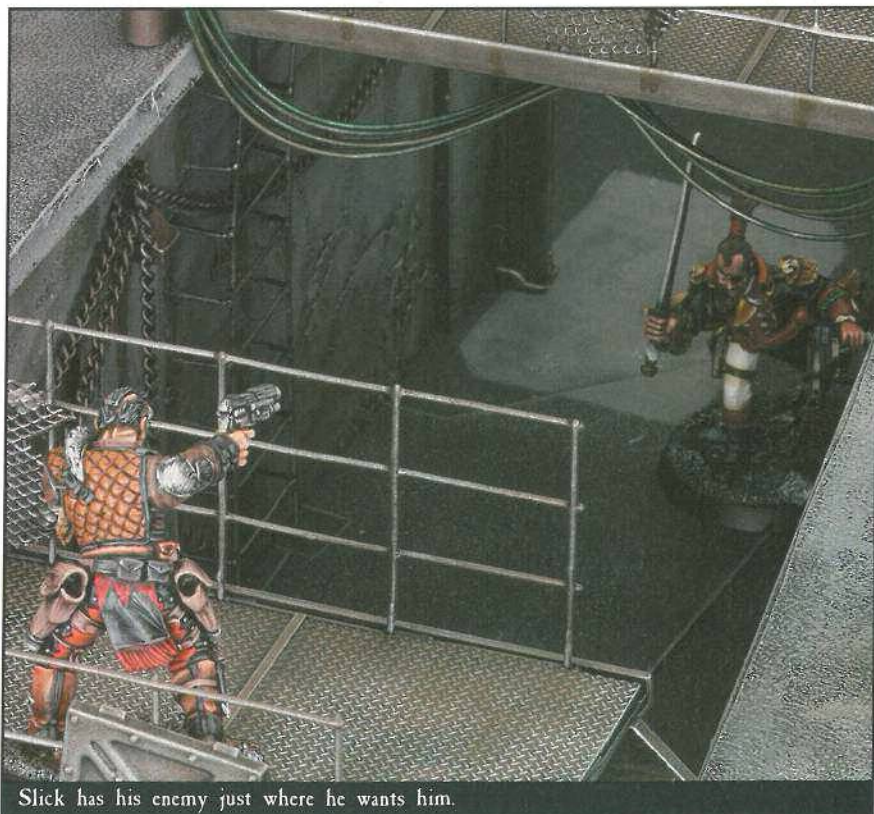
2. I then glued my collection of shapes randomly to my three sheets of MDF and, to give the space between my shapes some detail, I painted the entire surface of the board with textured paint.



With the buildings under construction it was time to think about the board.

3. Starting with Chaos Black as my base colour I drybrushed the entire board with Codex Grey. This would highlight all of the geometric shapes I had glued down earlier, but to highlight them further and pick them out as the main feature of the board I lightly drybrushed their edges with Boltgun Metal.

4. For a final touch I made some stencils from thin card and used these to add geometric blocks of colour to the board. To help it survive the rigours of gaming I sprayed it with a layer of Matt varnish and with that, the board was finished.



Slick has his enemy just where he wants him.

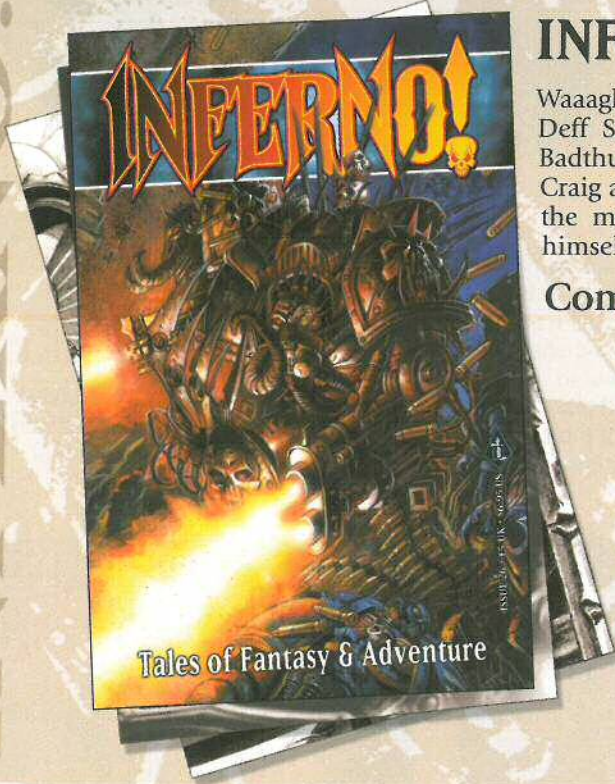
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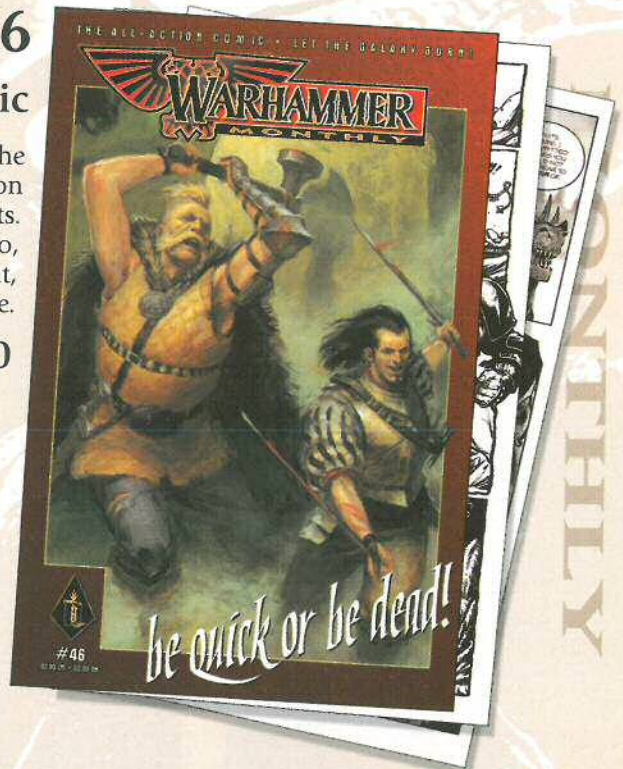
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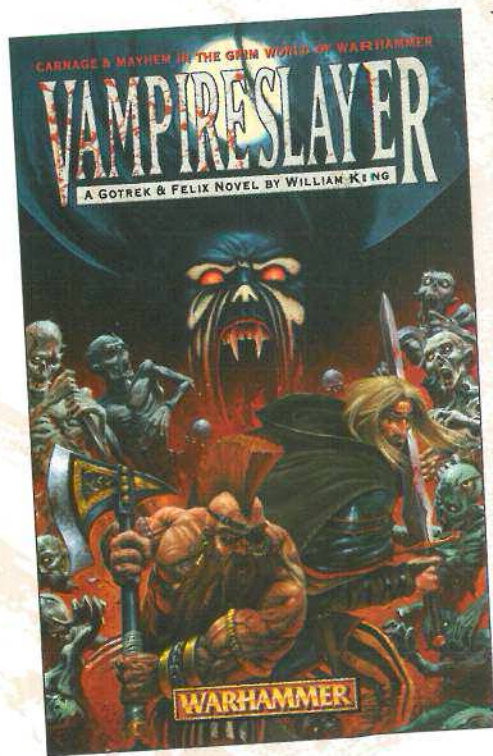
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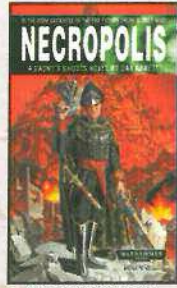
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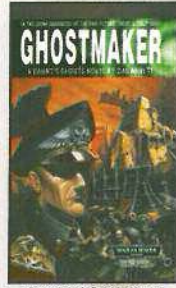
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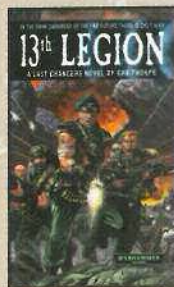
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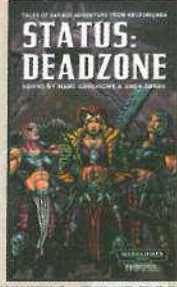
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The campfires of the Old World have long played host to dark rumours of an Undead legion whose deadly swords can enslave their victims to eternal servitude. Anthony Reynolds tells of this Regiment of Renown, and their terrible, never-ending curse.

THE CURSED COMPANY OF RICHTER KREUGAR THE DAMNED

A tragic tale of betrayal, greed and revenge

The dark legend of Richter Kreugar the Damned and his Cursed Company has been told for countless years across the Empire. A tragic tale of betrayal, greed and revenge, the details and truth behind the stories have long become hazy and unclear as the story has been told and retold for generations.

The most common tales revolving around Richter Kreugar's tragic curse tell of a young mercenary captain, proud, talented and ruthless. He hired out his services freely, uncaring who he fought for as long as the price was right. Centuries ago in the history of the Old World, Richter was said to have allied with a powerful Necromancer, aiding him in his diabolical campaign against the Empire, terrorising the heavily forested area around Wolfenburg.

Within the leather-bound annals of the Historiata Imperiatus, it is said that the Empire army of Wolfenburg was suffering horrendous casualties in a war of attrition that they could not hope to win. However, they struggled

on regardless and began to wear down the Necromancer, taking the offensive and pushing him deeper into the forest, denying him the time needed to strengthen his Undead forces. Seeing the Necromancer faltering, Richter accepted the bribes of an Empire agent, the calculating young mercenary seeing a chance to make some easy money and be on the winning side. As the titanic battle hung in the balance, Richter played his hand, striking out at the foul Necromancer, who fell beneath his blade. However, with his dying breath the unholy sorcerer gasped a curse that was to be the eternal undoing of the enterprising sell-sword.

Before his horrified eyes, Richter's skin began to wither and within moments he collapsed to the ground, a lifeless pile of bones and armour. The day was won for the Empire forces, and the tale of Richter's betrayal may well have been forgotten, had his death not been accompanied by a tragic twist.

The very next night, Richter rose from the ground. He stared at the world

with hollow eyes, and all he surveyed appeared in shades of grey. In anguish and despair, Richter saw his own skeletal limbs, and the full horror of the Necromancer's incantation began to dawn on him.

And so it is that Richter stalks the Old World and beyond. Hundreds of years since his death he is still seeking oblivion and peace, yet he is never able to achieve his final rest. Countless times he has been cut down, only to awake again the following night to his never-ending, hellish torment. A terrible element of the curse is evoked each time he slays an enemy, for his defeated foes rise immediately to serve him in undeath, slaves to his will. He travels the world, living out a tragic parody of his former mercenary career, fighting wherever he finds battle. His anger and despair momentarily lost in the bloodshed, he continues his doomed existence in the desperate hope that one time when his skeletal body is slain, he will finally know the relief of true death.



Richter Kreugar leads the Cursed Company against a rampaging Orc & Goblin warband.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Richter Kreugar the Damned

Battle-cry: The battle-cry of Richter Kreugar has long been forgotten by the people of the Old World. The silence of the grave hangs over the Cursed Company as it traverses the land, marching to war accompanied only by the sound of creaking ancient leather and the scrape of rusted metal.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army other than Bretonnians, Vampire Counts and Tomb Kings of Khemri may hire the Cursed Company, and the regiment counts as a Rare Troops choice. (Richter has an eternal hatred for those who subjected him to his fate, and so will not fight for the Undead.) Dogs of War armies may choose the Cursed Company, in which case it counts as a Special choice.

Points: Richter Kreugar and nine of the Cursed Company including a standard bearer and musician cost a total of 305 points. This is the minimum size regiment you can hire. The size of the regiment may be increased at the cost of 10 points per model, up to a maximum unit size of 30.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Richter Kreugar	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	9
Cursed Company Skeletons	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3

Weapons/Armour: Richter Kreugar is armed with a shield, heavy armour, the Dark Gem of the Cursed and his unholy sword, Blight. The Skeletons of the Cursed Company are equipped with shields, light armour and hand weapons, and the standard bearer carries the Banner of Malediction. (Note: Despite the armour that appears on the individual models within the Cursed Company, it is assumed for the sake of simplicity that all the models are equipped with light armour.)

Armour Save: 5+ for the Cursed Company Skeletons, 4+ for Richter Kreugar.

MAGIC ITEMS

Blight *Magic Weapon*
Blight is a darkly powerful blade, centuries old and suffused with unholy magic.

Blight confers +1 Strength to all close combat attacks made by Richter. In addition, the weapon has the Killing Blow special rule (see page 112 of the Warhammer rulebook).

Dark Gem of the Cursed *Talisman*
The Dark Gem of the Cursed glows a blood-red shade that intensifies when a blow is directed towards Richter, protecting him from harm.

4+ Ward Save.

The Banner of Malediction *Magic Standard*
The sinister banner of the Cursed Company has been carried for centuries by various enslaved warriors of Richter. It is a dark parody of his original, disgraced mercenary company banner.

The Cursed Company suffers one less wound than they normally would when defeated in combat. Eg, if the Cursed Company loses a combat by 3, they should lose 3

extra models, but because of the Banner of Malediction, they lose only 2 models.

SPECIAL RULES

'Join us in damnation...'

As part of Kreugar's curse, any foe slain by him or one of his company are withered by dark magic, their flesh ageing as if decades had passed in the blink of an eye. The lifeless victim is instantly enslaved to the will of Richter, rising to accompany him in his eternal curse.

If any model within the Cursed Company (including Kreugar himself) slays a model with only 1 wound on its starting profile, then one Skeleton is created in its place. Models created in this way are added to the Cursed Company, and are armed in the same manner as the Company. The Victory points value of the unit is unaffected. This rule counts only for models that are killed in close combat, and not for models killed in any other way (for example, running down fleeing troops).

Independent

The Cursed Company is a completely independently acting unit. Richter and the Cursed Company will never use the Leadership of the General, even if it is better than his own. Additionally, the Cursed Company cannot be joined by any characters.

Hatred

Richter Kreugar *bates* all other Undead. This applies to Richter only.

Undead

The Cursed Company is Undead, and as such the following rules apply to them:

Leader

If Richter is killed, the Cursed Company will quickly begin to crumble to dust. At the end of the phase when Richter is killed, and at the beginning of each of their turns thereafter, the Cursed Company must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit suffers a number of wounds equal to the number they failed the Leadership test by. No saves of any kind are allowed against these wounds.

Break Tests

The Cursed Company cannot be broken. If the Cursed Company is beaten in combat, it suffers one extra wound for every point they lost the combat by, with no saves of any kind allowed (remember that with the Banner of Malediction, this number is reduced by one).

Immune to Psychology

The Cursed Company is Immune to Psychology. The only exception to this is that Richter Kreugar *bates* Undead.

Charge Reactions

The Cursed Company can only react by holding their ground.

Marching

The Cursed Company can march as long as Richter is still alive. If Richter dies, the Cursed Company cannot make march moves.

Cause Fear

The Cursed Company and Richter cause *fear*.

The near-naked, savagely painted warriors hurtled over the frozen ground, huge weapons gripped tightly. Their hair was matted into spikes, their eyes wild with the fury of battle. Nightmarish drumming filled the air, joined by harsh warhorns that blared their challenge. The Undead legion stood statue-still as the wild roar rising from hundreds of throats rolled over them. The ancient figure of Richter Kreugar stood unmoving at the head of the Undead legion, the empty sockets of his skull lit with a baleful, menacing glow as the marauders of Chaos charged.

The brutal weapons of the ferocious warriors carved through the Skeleton legion. Chips of bone filled the air as skulls and ribs were smashed with savage force before the Undead reacted. Richter stood unmoveable, swinging his ancient sword, Blight, as the marauders swept around him. Glowing with an unholy, red light, the dark weapon cleaved through one warrior, whose painted chest erupted in a shower of crimson blood. Reversing his swing, Richter sliced the magical blade in a vicious arc that severed the head from another. Even as the bodies fell to the ground, their skin began to wither, tightening over their skeleton frames. Hair fell from their heads and eyes rotted in their sockets. Screams died in throats that disintegrated into dust. Hardly a moment passed, and the first fallen marauder was rising again to its feet, flesh completely absent from its now skeletal body, followed in an instant by his headless companion. Hefting weapons in fleshless fingers, the newly risen Undead warriors turned on their former comrades.

Master Engineer Siegfried stared in horrified fascination as the ranks of the Undead grew. The powerful charge of the foul Chaos raiders had faltered, stopped in its tracks by the relentless Skeletons. Fighting next to the Undead, the Halberdiers were faring badly, being pushed steadily backwards by the savage attack of the marauders. Raising his long-barrelled Hochland rifle, Siegfried squinted through its crystal eyeglass. He sighted a demonic-looking barbarian, covered with swirling blood-tattoos and screaming incoherently as he raced towards the battle. Pulling the trigger, Siegfried was satisfied to see the figure fall, kicked from his feet as the lead bullet struck home.

His gaze returning to the battle that raged on the plains below, Siegfried saw that the Undead ranks continued to swell as Richter hacked his way through the unarmoured, blood-hungry warriors. He had heard stories of the cursed Richter Kreugar - who in the Empire had not? - but he had never really believed them. Stories told



to frighten children, fantasies exaggerated beyond any shred of truth, he had thought. And yet here he was, a nightmarish fairy tale brought to life. Brought to unlife, he corrected himself.

The Ostermark scouts had spotted the raiders from the north, and Baron Duchenoff had decided that this was the best place to stand against them. While the Empire army were readying their defensive lines to face the approaching Chaos force, the Undead legion had emerged from the forest and panic spread. Turning to face this unexpected threat, the Ostermark Knights of Sigmar were readying themselves to charge when the Baron called for them to halt, for the Undead had appeared unconcerned with the humans before them. The figure leading them wore ancient and battle-worn Imperial styled armour. As the skeletal legion had marched into position alongside the Ostermark formations, word had quickly spread through the ranks that this was the legendary Cursed Company of Richter Kreugar, damned in an age long past to stalk the world for all eternity.

A deep rumbling sound echoed over the battlefield, and Siegfried turned to see a troop of hellish black-armoured knights appear over the hill to the east. Their midnight-black mounts

snorted and tossed their armoured heads, their hooves kicking up great clods of frozen earth. The Knights of Chaos thundered down the hill, and terror touched its cold hand to Siegfried's heart. At the head of the dark knights rode a figure that exuded raw power, a great double-headed axe held aloft in his mailed hand. Wisps of steam rose from the weapon into the cold air.

The knights thundered into the side of the Cursed Company, smashing skulls and shattering bones with their immense axes and spiked maces, their fearsome steeds trampling others to dust beneath their black hooves. The lord roared a challenge, his voice echoing from within his enclosed helmet. His unholy red eyes matched those of his steed, burning deep within the darkness of his helm.

Richter casually chopped down on the shoulder of a Marauder, blood spraying before the flesh withered from the savage's body. He turned to face the challenge of the Knight of Chaos, his cursed minions opening a corridor between the two powerful beings.

The hellish steed of Chaos stamped its hooves impatiently as Richter made his way towards the towering armoured figure. Without delay, the Lord struck downwards with a mighty swing of his steaming, double-headed axe. The blow was met with Richter's blade and there was a crackling sound that Siegfried

could hear, despite the distance, as the dark energies of the two sorcerous weapons met. A

series of deadly blows rained down on the

Undead warrior, and dark hooves flashed towards him. The

Champion of the Dark Gods feinted a strike to the left, turning his axe in mid-air and striking a sweeping blow towards the right side of Kreugar's skull. The ruby-red gemstone hanging around the skeletal neck of the Undead figure glowed brightly for an instant, and the axe rebounded scant inches from its target as if it had hit a stone wall.

The Knight of Chaos reeled backwards off balance at the unexpected resistance. Kreugar stepped in close to the

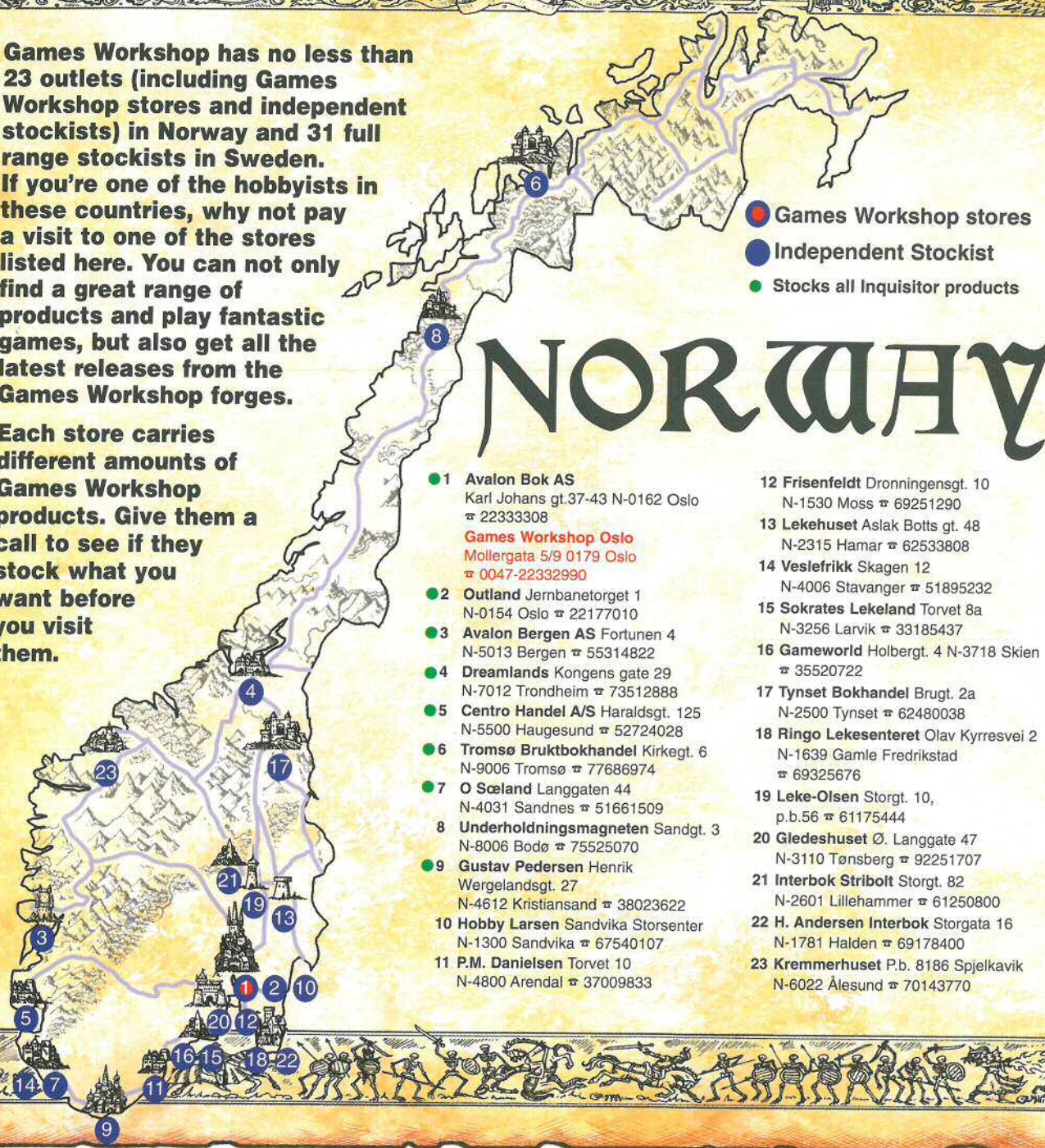
chaotic steed, sweeping his weapon towards the dark beast as it reared above him. His sword slashed across the creature's chest, and it screamed in torment, midnight skin shrinking back to bare pale bone. Muscles and flesh withered from the beast's body, and it toppled to the ground, leaving a pile of bones and dark barding. The champion of Chaos staggered to his feet, raising his axe defensively before him as Blight swept towards his face. The first blow knocked the axe to the side, the knight still struggling to regain his feet. The second blow arced down onto the black armoured helmet. With a sickening sound, the helmet was cleaved in two. In an instant, the visible pale flesh withered away to nothing, leaving only an empty skull and a suit of lifeless black armour where the mighty champion stood scant moments before. A spark of awareness shone briefly in the hollow eyes of Richter; the deep yearning pain of a soul trapped for all eternity.

Siegfried stood at the edge of the trees overlooking the carnage that was the aftermath of battle. The field was strewn with countless bodies, and the sinister black shapes of crows were already fighting over the pickings. The Chaos raiders had fled back towards their frozen wastes. He raised his telescopic eyeglass to watch the last ranks of the skeletal Cursed Company disappear into the trees. The regiment had stood motionless for hours after the battle had concluded, until on an unspoken signal the regiment, larger now than it had been at the start of the battle, turned towards the south. It was a strangely sedated mood Siegfried found when he returned to the Ostermark camp. The Empire had won a great victory, and yet they did not celebrate. Siegfried found himself thinking of Richter Kreugar, the cursed one. No word had been spoken amongst the Empire ranks of the mysterious, terrifying Undead warrior. It was an unspoken fact that the day would certainly have been lost had it not been for the timely arrival of Kreugar's Cursed Company.



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Other Inquisitor articles in this issue include part 3 of Creating Worlds, rules for a new character – Lucretia Bravis, and 'Chosen of the Gods', which contains new background for the many cults of the Imperium.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor

Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents expanded rules for experience and training, as well as a new skill.

CAMPAIGNS

Following last issue's expansion on the rules for injuries, in this article we'll look at experience and training.

TIMEFRAME

In my mind I think of Inquisitor campaigns in two different ways. There are those I call 'short burn' campaigns which represent a lot of activity within a short space of game time. These

types of campaigns only have a couple of days (if that!) between scenarios, and might cover maybe a month at most of 'game time' (ie, time passed in the Warhammer 40,000 universe as opposed to here). In short burn campaigns, experience isn't likely to be much of a factor. After all, learning a new psychic power or skill is a time-consuming matter and not likely to be

undertaken in the midst of urgent fighting. Characters will gain experience between short burn campaigns, but generally not during them. Short burn campaigns are measured in days.

The other type of campaign is the 'long term' one. These campaigns spread over weeks, months and years. They represent much longer investigations, possibly taking in many different locations and with more 'between scenario' activity. In these campaigns, characters are much more likely to pick up new skills and abilities between scenarios. Long term campaigns are measured in weeks, or perhaps even months.

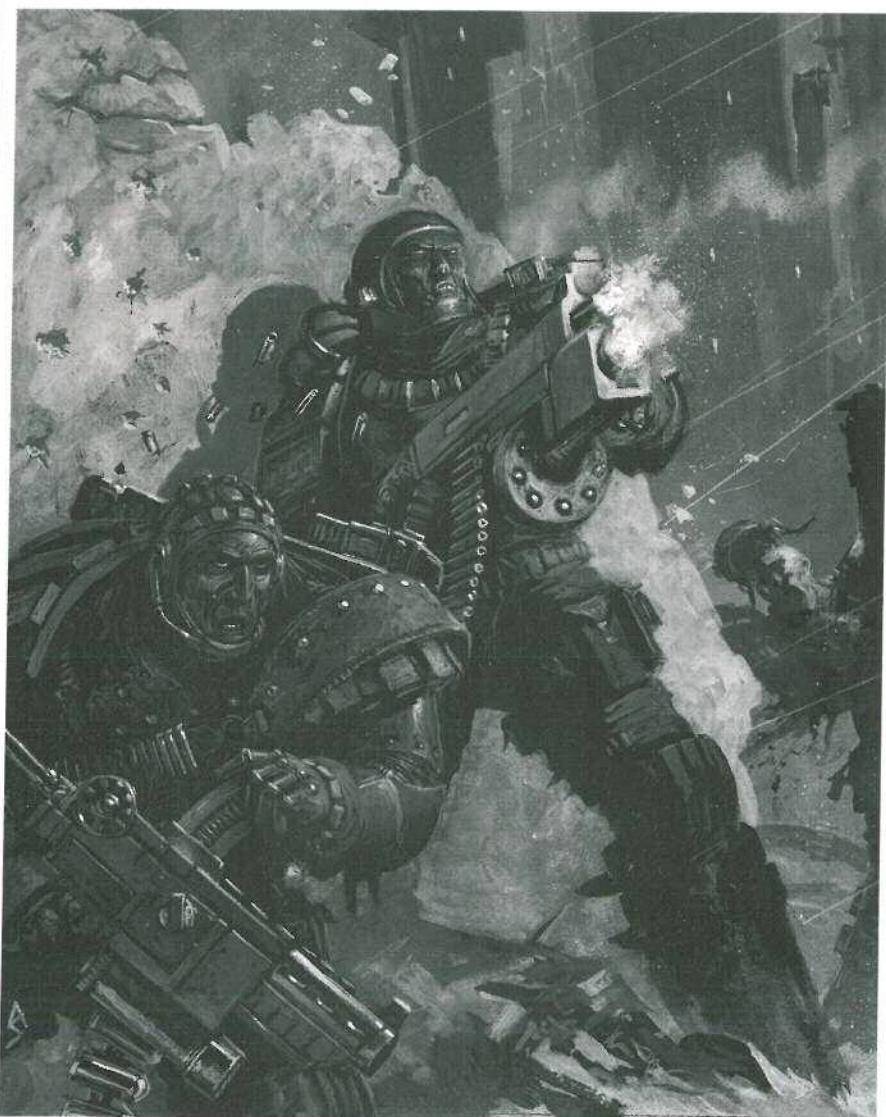
A lot of campaigns are a mix of the two, with long term gaming finishing with fast activity as it comes to a conclusion. For the purposes of campaigns I've split learning new skills, psychic powers, gaining profiles increases and so on into two categories – experience and training.

EXPERIENCE

Experience is just a posh way of saying 'practice makes perfect'. The more a character performs certain activities, the better he will get at them. Also, experience covers characters gaining near-instantaneous knowledge through their encounters and adventures.

If you are using experience in your campaigns, both the player and the GM should keep track of experience gained. After the scenario is over, you then work out whether the character's abilities have improved due to the experience they have gained over the course of the fight.

The way these improvements are recorded is through increases to the character's profile. Certain actions allow the player to make one or more Experience tests after the game is over. Each action is linked to a particular characteristic, against which the Experience test is taken.



To take an Experience test, roll D100 and compare it to the relevant characteristic. If the score is over the characteristic's value, then the character has improved and they add +5% to the value of the characteristic. If the score is equal to or under the characteristic, then there is no improvement for this scenario. This means that it gets increasingly more difficult to improve your characters, which is how it should be – becoming good at something is not too difficult, but becoming a master at it takes a long time.

Below is a list of common activities that allow the character to take an Experience test. Of course, GMs will need to interpret if other actions allow the characters to gain more tests for the same characteristic. A character can only make one Experience test per characteristic per scenario.

EXPERIENCE TESTS	
Action	Experience test
Surviving without going out of action	I
Firing a ranged weapon	BS
Making a close combat attack	WS
Using a psychic power	Wp
Passing a Pinning test	Nv
Achieving a scenario objective	Ld

100+ CHARACTERISTICS

Human characters cannot have a characteristic above 100. However, not all characters are human... if the characteristic being tested against is 100 or more and can be increased further (for example, a super-human Space Marine) then use the following procedure. Roll a D100 as normal. If the score is 96-00, then you may add another D100 to the total. If the second score is also a 96-00 you may add a third D100, and so on until you roll less than 96-00. Compare the total of the rolls to the characteristic to see if the Experience test is passed.

SPECIFIED EXPERIENCE

As well as general experience as detailed above, as part of the scenario the GM may specify certain bonuses or Experience tests for particular activities. If the character achieves the particular objective or attempts the specified action, then they will either get some kind of automatic increase or benefit, or be allowed a test of some kind to see if they learn from it. For example, in the battle report 'The Dweller Beneath' (WD257) Graham agreed that

Phil's Inquisitor Lichtenstein learnt the Machine Banishment psychic power through his conversing with the daemon Pharaa'gueotla (and probably a crash course in pronouncing daemon names as well!).

TRAINING

While experience reflects the natural improvements that a character may feel by continued conflict, training represents the characters going out specifically to learn a new skill or better themselves in some way.

Training takes weeks, even months, and occurs between scenarios. A character can train in a number of different areas. These are: improving characteristics; learning new skills; learning new psychic powers; rehabilitating from injury. Most characters can train in more than one thing at a time, be it several related skills, a particular skill and a characteristic increase, and so on. The maximum number of different areas a character can be training in at any one time is equal to half their Speed. For example, a Speed 4 character can train in two areas without losing any benefits, and so might choose to try to learn the Quick Draw skill and improve their BS.

Each campaign week spent training, the character takes a Wp test to see if they apply themselves adequately to their studies. If they pass they earn one Training Point which they can allocate to any skill or area they are currently training in. If the warrior band's leader spends the first day of a week lambasting and cajoling his warriors, they may use his Ld skill instead of their Wp if you desire.

At the end of any week, the player can trade in a character's Training Points in

a particular area to see if they have improved, learnt the skill or whatever. All training points in a given area have to be spent at the same time and only one test is taken (for example, you can't spend four Training Points on four separate tests at 1 point each). The chance of learning a given skill, psychic power, etc is based on a characteristic test, modified by the number of Training Points spent. If the characteristic test is passed then the characteristic improves by 5%; or the skill/psychic power is learnt; or the character rehabilitates his injury (see below for more details of this). All training tests of this kind pass automatically on an unmodified roll of 01-05, and fail automatically on a roll of 96-00.

TRAINING TESTS	
Training test modifiers	Modifier
1 Training Point spent	-50%
2 Training Points spent	-40%
3 Training Points spent	-30%
4 Training Points spent	-20%
5 Training Points spent	-10%
6 Training Points spent	-5%
7 Training Points spent	+5%
8 Training Points spent	+10%
9 Training Points spent	+20%
10 Training Points spent	+30%
11 Training Points spent	+40%
12+ Training Points spent	+50%
Another character in the warband has this skill/psychic power. +20%	

FAILURE

If the training test is failed, this could signify a number of things. Look up the amount the test was failed by on the chart below:

FAILURE	
Fails by	Effect
51% or more	The character cannot learn any more, regardless of how hard he tries. He may not train in this area again.
41-50%	The character must train much harder but may start again if he likes.
31-40%	The character may continue to train, and gets back D3 of the Training Points he spent.
21-30%	The character may continue to train, and gets back D6 of the Training Points he spent.
11-20%	The character may continue to train, and gets back all but D6 of the Training Points he spent.
01-10%	The character may continue to train, and gets back all but D3 of the Training Points he spent.

NEW CAMPAIGN SKILLS

Quick Learner: This character is very quick on the uptake, soaking up new knowledge and skills with a passion. At the end of every full four weeks of training, the character gains an extra D3 Training Points in all areas being trained for.

Mentor: The character is very good at helping get the best out of others. Each week the character is not training, he allows one other character in the warrior band to earn an extra training point for that week.

Tutor: The character is very good at passing on what he knows to others. When not training himself, the character may tutor one other character in a skill or psychic power which he possesses. The characters combine their Training Points, so in effect the pupil gains one extra training point a week.

PSYCHIC POWERS

Characters can learn psychic powers within a discipline they already know as they would a skill. If they wish to learn a new discipline, they must first learn the general principles of the discipline as if it were an individual psychic power itself (ie, they must first learn Pyromancy in general before they can train in specific Pyromancy powers).

REHABILITATION

A character can train to rehabilitate a location suffering from a permanent injury effect (see last issue). If the training is successful, then the character regains the highest injury level he had previously lost. For example, if he had a permanent injury to his left leg which had removed the light and heavy injury results, a successful rehabilitation test means that he would recover the heavy injury box on his leg.

NEW SKILLS

Characteristic	Used for training in
WS	Blademaster*; Feint; First Strike
BS	Deadeye shot; Gunfighter; Hipshooting
S	Furious assault
T	True grit; Rehabilitation**
I	Acrobatic; Ambidextrous; Catfall; Deflect shot*; Dodge; Quickload
Wp	Heroic; any psychic power
Sg	Medic***; Mentor*; Tutor*; new psychic discipline
Nv	Fast Draw; Lightning Reflexes; Nerves of Steel; Rock Steady Aim
Ld	Force of Will; Leader

*These skills can only be learnt from a tutor (see the box on new skills).

**These skills require specific facilities to train.

*** Both of the above!

As a final note to GMs, remember that Inquisitor is about playing scenarios, and training can give continuity to a

campaign but should never become more dominant than getting out your miniatures and playing!



NEW SKILL

The following is a new skill your characters might possess, and is used by Lucretia Bravus detailed elsewhere in this issue.

SUBDUE

This character is adept at stunning his foes and taking them in alive. This is obviously a very useful skill for a member of an Inquisitor warrior band, for knowledge is power and a captured foe is far more valuable than a dead one.

Subdue is a special action that can be used by the character when in close combat (not at arm's length, even if armed with a reach 4 or greater weapon). The character attacks as

normal. If he hits his foe, the blow automatically lands on the head location (no need to roll). Regardless of the weapon used, the attack only does D6 damage. As he has been hit in the head, the enemy character will have to pass a Toughness test or be stunned. If a character with this skill manages to subdue an enemy who is already stunned, the target is knocked unconscious. However, the subdued character counts as having the True Grit skill, and so may attempt to recover consciousness (it's a good idea to have someone keep an eye on subdued enemies to avoid nasty surprises!).

CHARACTER CAMPAIGN RECORD

Name: _____

Character History

Experience Points

Training Points

Kills

Permanent Injuries

Location	Effect
Right Arm	
Left Arm	
Chest	
Abdomen	
Right Leg	
Groin	
Left Leg	

Campaign Notes

There are untold hundreds of thousands of cults, sects and secretive religions across the Imperium. Cults are perfect for including in your Inquisitor scenarios and campaigns, and here Gav Thorpe discusses a few that your characters may come across in their adventures.

EMPEROR'S BLADES

One of the oldest Death Cults in the Imperium, the Emperor's Blades, are only found on the world of Acanon, not far from the Terran system. The legends of the cult claim that it was founded when the Emperor still walked as a man. He fought a great battle against the forces of Chaos on Acanon, and millions died in the conflict. It is supposedly after this battle that the

Emperor said, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of humanity's future," more commonly misquoted as the "seed of the Imperium". The Emperor's Blades are the archetypal death cult, revering the use of the blade. They are a hereditary cult, in that no one can be inducted; only those born to cult members can join in their worship. The cultists themselves use only a sign language to communicate, having neither speech nor written word. Their ceremonies of devotion are thus eerily silent, the stillness broken only by the scrape of blade on whetstone and the drip of blood into the offering cups. The assassins of Inquisitor Eisenhorn, Severina and Sevara Devout, were raised by the Emperor's Blades and exemplify the sect's values.

HAEMOVORES

To become spiritually strong, one must be physically strong. To be physically strong, one must be at the top of the food chain: the ultimate predator. The Haemovores seek to improve themselves, to gain their rightful positions of power, by consuming those they perceive as powerful. They are cannibals, glorifying in their internecine gluttony, preaching that their unwholesome acts condense humanity's magnificence into a few individuals. Many Haemovores have sharpened teeth or metal jaws, most carry marrow-spoons and brain forks, whilst the highest-ranking may even have limb-grinders and flesh-strippers fitted directly to their digestive system. Occasionally, a Haemovore may be fitted with additional tanks of bile and stomach acid so that he may consume all the faster (pre-digestion by others is not allowed).

THE FACELESS

Be unremarkable. Be average. Don't stand out in a crowd.

The Faceless originally sprang from paranoid fears that swept through the galaxy

CHOSEN OF THE GODS

CULTS OF THE IMPERIUM

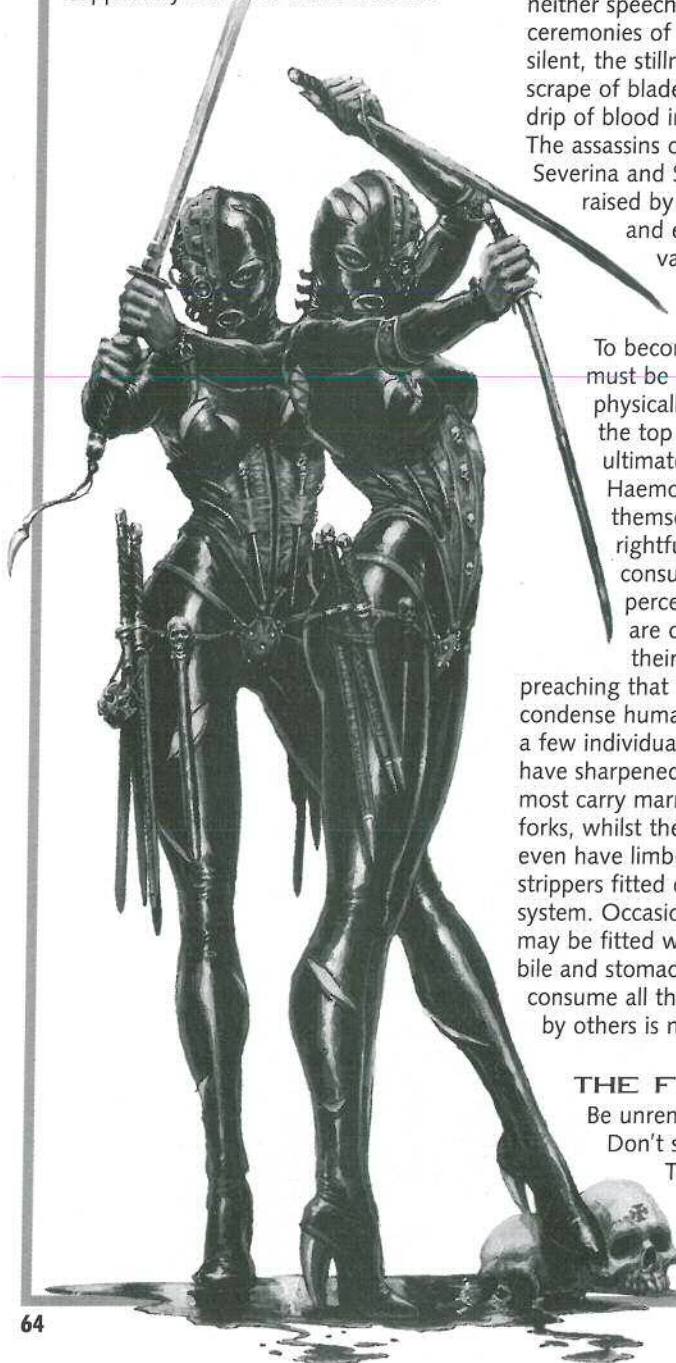
during the Age of Apostasy and Vandire's Frateris Templars purging whole worlds for perceived heresies. Their philosophy of normalcy has unfortunately become perverted over time to the point that they now aspire to become everyone and no one. Ritual brainwashing combines with surgical techniques to remove any evidence of individuality or personality. Physical characteristics are interchangeable, and it is not uncommon for members of the Faceless to have their own skins, eyes, and other features removed, to be constantly replaced by those of their victims. Thus the cultist's face often appears stitched on, stretched or floppy.

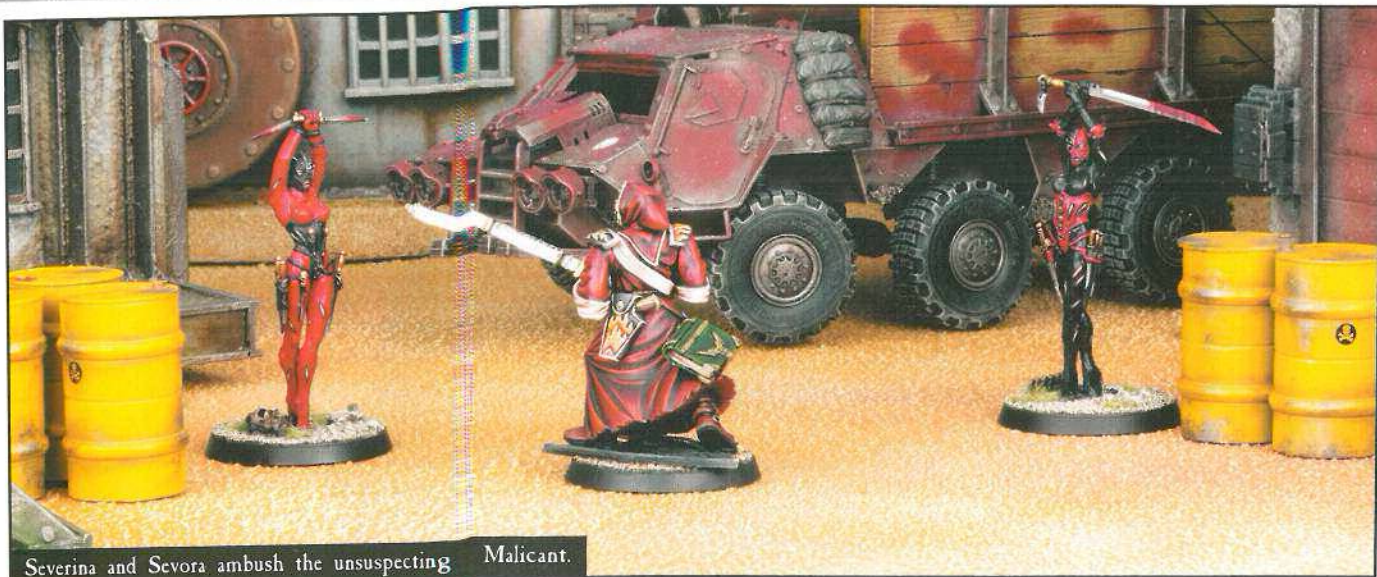
GOURDIANS

The Emperor sat at the table and at His right hand was the plate with the bread upon it and at the left hand was the gourd brimming with His wine. Upon the eve of battle against the serpent Horus, thus did He sit in quiet contemplation of his fate to come. The Gouradians believe that they own the vessel from which the Emperor drank the night before he faced the traitor Horus and ascended to godhood, his last drink as a mortal. Not content with this, the Gouradians now seek out other relics, first of the Emperor, then of the Primarchs, then Saints, searching further and further abroad for any and all holy artefacts they can find. Their home world is Terra, but their reach stretches far across the Imperium. A network of traders who believe in the Gouradian faith scour the worlds of the Imperium for anything to add to the immense collection in the Gouradian chapel. The chapel now houses over half a million relics, many of dubious provenance, yet still the Gouradian quest goes on.

THE CREEPING SHADOW

Fear is the key. Terror brings understanding. The Creeping Shadow believe that Mankind should be scared, terrified of what waits for it in the galaxy and beyond. They decry the ignorance perpetuated by the





Severina and Sevara ambush the unsuspecting Malicant.

Inquisition and other Imperial authorities, seeing a lack of knowledge as a weakness, forewarned is fore-armed, after all. The Creeping Shadow works by spreading discord and panic, believing that any kind of terror is beneficial, that Mankind should be paranoid, afraid and phobic. Sabotage, mass poisonings, terrorism, kidnapping, nailing dead cats to the front of shrines, mass hysteria and warmongering are all the tools of the Creeping Shadow. The darkness holds the horror, and there are great gulfs of darkness between the stars.

RESURRECTIONISTS

The Emperor shall come again. Once more His mortal shell shall be invigorated by His Divine Will. His great spirit can be brought back from heaven and He shall throw away the shackles of the Golden Throne and step forth once more to finish the Great Crusade to make the galaxy Humanity's forever. The resurrectionists are one of the oldest and most heretical cults, springing from a common foundation with the Holy Inquisition itself. They believe that certain rites and rituals can return the Emperor's soul to His body, imbuing it with true life again. Such an occurrence, should it ever happen, would be Mankind's downfall, as a schism of believers and disbelievers would tear the Imperium apart. The Resurrectionists have powerful allies in the Ecclesiarchy, the Adeptus Terra and even amongst the Inquisition itself.

REDEMPTIONISTS

To live is to sin, and to be a sinner is to be cleansed. Only the fiery wrath of the Emperor, as pronounced and

executed by his mortal followers, can save Humanity from destroying itself in a morass of carnal wantonness and tolerant servitude to those who have been corrupted. The Redemptionists will bring fire and they will bring death, and those who oppose them are sinners themselves for they shield the dark and unholy from the righteous works of the Redemptionists. Repent and join, or be cursed and die.

THE DEVoured

From the blackness of our souls comes the Great Devourer. It is here to purge our sins. Pure in its unending appetite, the Great Devourer shall consume us all and we will be reborn into the future in glorious new bodies. Welcome the Great Devourer, feel your soul cleansed as its mighty shadow passes over us. The chosen of the Great Devourer walk amongst us unseen, worship them as you would worship the Great Devourer itself.

DISCIPLES OF MANDRAGORA

Stagnate and die, revolt and survive. Mandragora, the Ever-Shifting God, shall come from the heavens and nothing will remain the same. All will be changed, adapted and fashioned in his image, to overcome the tribulations of the future. The alignments of the mundane world must be prepared to allow his traverse from the Realm of Many Faces, the foes of change must be removed to pave the way for the Great Upheaval. Wield his magicks with pride, glorify in the transformation of your physical shell, and bring down his servants so that you might be a host to an aspect of Mandragora.

THE HIDDEN HAND

Upon the pyres of the dead and dying, we shall light a fire to the heavens that the gods themselves might see us once more. Thus spake the founder of the hidden hand, the Plague Lord. Mankind is a disease, spreading across the galaxy like a stain. The gods have turned from the filth of their presence. It must be cleansed so that the gods will pour their bounties upon Humanity once more, and pestilence and plague shall be the tools for a thief to catch a thief, a plague to kill a plague. Poison the wells, defile the air, pass contagion by touch to all those who pass by. When the corpses outnumber the living, light the fires of purification and pass their souls unto the netherworld to take your pleas and prayers to the gods.

MARTYRS OF THOR

The Martyrs of Thor were a small sect located on the world of San Sebastian in the earliest years of the 38th Millennium. All of them believed themselves to be descended from the mighty Saint Sebastian Thor himself, despite the fact he was known to be chaste for his entire life. The Martyrs of Thor were a suicide cult, who believed that only through the ultimate sacrifice could Humanity be accepted by the Emperor. They believed this so strongly that even unbelieving Imperial citizens would be borne up to Him in the great conflagration they would create. Unfortunately, the cult was a victim of its own success, its founders having killed themselves with a series of suicide bomb attacks only a few years after they had formed. With no one left to carry forward their teachings, the sect simply became another notation in the history books of San Sebastian.



Lucretia Bravus

The world of Gabrydon has been torn apart by brutal and bloody civil war for nearly seven hundred years. Throughout the reigns of over one hundred Imperial Commanders, dissident guerrilla forces have waged a constant terrorist war against the Emperor's servants. The original reasons for the insurrection have been long forgotten but the bitter fighting continues unabated.

Gabrydon is a cold world, with polar ice caps that extend two thirds of the way to the equator. Mineral-rich rivers flow beneath the ice, and harvesters traverse the cold wastes grinding through the permafrost and leeching out this wealth. Several hive worlds and the forge world of Strathrax Fort require regular supplies of the minerals provided by Gabrydon to produce weapons and machinery for the Imperial Guard and other organisations. The Brotherhood of Deliverance guerrillas, offspring of centuries of anti-Imperial hatred, regularly attack these harvesters from their fastnesses in caves deep within the expanse of snow. These attacks are merciless. Centuries of war mean that no quarter is asked and none given. Traditionally, the Imperial Commander's forces have responded in kind, slaying any they find breaking the planet-wide curfew and defending the harvester convoys to the last man.

This changed roughly ten years ago, when Imperial Commander Vasten, descended from the original settlers of Gabrydon, was ousted

and executed by the Adeptus Terra for incompetence (along with his immediate family). This followed an Inquisitorial review of the Gabrydon situation, and a new Imperial Commander, an off-worlder approved by the Inquisition, was put in place to deal with the problem. The new ruler, Imperial Commander Astilles, was given an ultimatum: he had twenty years to put down the rebellion or face a similar fate to his predecessor.

After spending some time with Inquisitorial and planetary defence advisors, Astilles realised that much of the problem was the endemic bitterness between the two sides. The policy of 'no prisoners' meant that, far from rooting out the terrorists, his forces were merely reacting to attacks. Astilles wanted to take the offensive, but to do this he required intelligence about the enemy. Thus hunt-teams were formed to capture Brothers of Deliverance for interrogation. All but a few native Gabrydons were incapable of even grasping the concept of capturing such detested foes, and Antilles looked further afield. He originally brought in five hundred Royal Guard from his home world of Karox, and this has subsequently swelled to a force of nearly three thousand hunt-team members.

Lucretia Bravus came to Gabrydon in the second draft of enforcers, some eight years ago. In that time she has risen from hunt-team trooper to leader. It was her job to locate enemy encampments, capture

prisoners for interrogation and, when necessary, detain Gabrydon commanders who impeded the hunt-teams in their duties.

That was until a year ago, at which point she was brought to the attention of Inquisitor Hammenstein after receiving a commendation for acting above the call of duty. Hammenstein was making an impromptu visit to assess the ongoing anti-guerrilla measures. Out in the wastes, Hunt-Team Leader Bravus had fallen prey to an ambush by the Brothers of Deliverance. She and her team had been following them after an ice-harvester assault, when they turned and attacked. Seriously outnumbered, the hunt-team put up a brave fight and drove the rebels off, but Lucretia was the only one to survive. Rather than heading for base, she went after the enemy survivors. For two hundred and fifty miles she tracked them across the tundra until she caught them during a blizzard. There were eight of them but this did not stop her, and using the cover of the snowstorm managed to capture three and kill the other five. She then escorted her prisoners a further one hundred and twenty miles to the nearest Gabrydon forces base and handed them over.

Impressed by this resilience, Hammenstein ordered Bravus to be seconded to his entourage when he left Gabrydon, and since then her skills have aided him in every investigation and battle he has participated in.

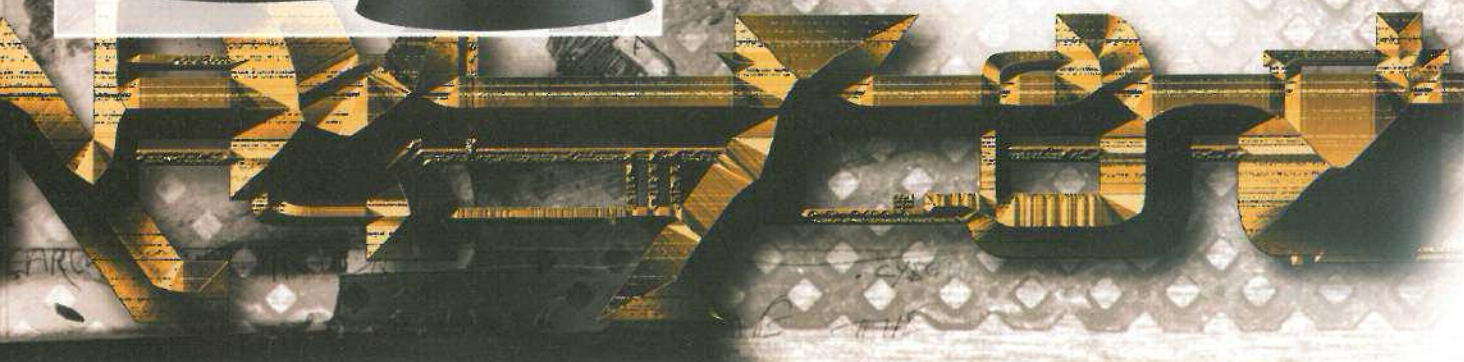
Hunt Team Leader Lucretia Bravus

Equipment: Pump action combat shotgun with 8 normal rounds and 5 scatter shells; shock maul; stubber loaded with dum-dum bullets; carapace armour on legs, chest and arms; full enclosed helm with re-breather and advanced auto-senses including bio-scanner; cyber-mastiff.

Special Abilities: Hipshooting; Subdue (see this month's Exterminatus); True Grit.

Left Handed: Bravus is left-handed.

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Bravus	74	68	59	61	65	77	79	75	78



Gav Thorpe continues his look at creating your own campaign settings. This month Gav looks at how to go about creating characters for your world by looking at the key personalities that populate the world of Karis Cephalon.

In the last two articles I looked at creating a planet and then adding some scenario locations to it. This month I'll be getting even more detailed, looking at people for your characters to visit, perhaps for aid or equipment, or just for information.

CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS PART 3

WHO ARE THEY?

Planets have populations (well, normally), and by interacting with people on a world, your players will become more involved with your setting than if they simply use it as a battlefield. For the most part, the players will be dealing with characters belonging to other players (most likely shooting at them!) but the odd between-scenario encounter or visit helps provide some context and continuity to your games. These people are called non-player characters (NPCs), because they are characters controlled by you, the GM, rather than a player.

As you might expect, there's no limit to the number and variety of these NPCs, but you should really limit yourself to a few who are likely to crop up again and again, like the supporting actors in a film. The idea of the setting and NPCs is to add a backdrop to your scenarios, and you have to be careful that they don't start to dominate the proceedings, which may happen if you have too many NPCs popping up between every scenario.

Opposite I've detailed a few of the more important NPCs that can crop up on Karis Cephalon, but these are just a small selection of those you might want to include in your own campaigns.

WHERE DO YOU FIND THEM?

This is as much a question of, "how do I tie them in with my players' warrior bands?" There are two basic ways to look at using NPCs between scenarios. Firstly, the characters seek them out. Secondly, they seek out the characters.

In the first instance, the results of a scenario may mean that the characters have to go and see someone. Now, this may be as simple as trying to find more ammo and getting patched up by the local sawbones, or it might be important to the ongoing plot. As far as plot-driven encounters go, the relevance of the NPC depends on who they are and your storyline. Do they have important information? Do they possess a vital artifact or piece of

equipment? Also, is the NPC an enemy, co-operative, open to bribery, etc? It's important that you spend time thinking about the NPCs in this way as much as you would an ordinary character. If you're looking for a 'cardboard cut-out' NPC to fill a role, they're probably not worth including at all – a simple line in the next briefing to cover the meeting will be enough.

FOR A FEW CREDITS MORE...

For buying guns and other equipment, your characters will need a contact. This may be officially, such as local military forces or an Arbites Courthouse. It may be a slightly more dubious connection, through the black market, rebels or perhaps a Rogue Trader. When attempting to get ammo and equipment, availability is important. As I mention in the 'Wargear in Campaigns' section of *Inquisitor* (p.176), access to different equipment varies from place to place. It is this variation you need to sort out for your campaign, and will add a particular flavour to your setting.

The most straightforward way of adjusting the availability of equipment is to increase or decrease the percentage chances of particular types of wargear. It may be as simple as saying that the chances of finding Rare equipment at Finnegan's Wares is increased to 60%. On the other hand, wouldn't it be far more characterful to say that there is a 60% chance of finding Rare equipment at Finnegan's Wares, but there is a 10% chance at the start of the next scenario that the wargear is faulty and must be discarded.

You can get more specific than this, isolating particular weapon and equipment types for special treatment. It may be that instead of all Rare weapons being more available at Finnegan's Wares, he specialises in shotguns, so all Rare shotgun ammunition comes in batches of 2D6 rounds, rather than D6 rounds as is normally the case. He doesn't care



much for las weapons though, and any las weapon reload counts as Rare for the purposes of availability.

For bionics, you should have a Techpriest or surgeon NPC with both the equipment and the spare parts. Depending on where the campaign is set, there may be a chance of the implantation going wrong, or a cap on the level of technology available (ie, only crude bionic arms are available, and no advanced bionics of any sort). The same can be said of medical treatment. In last issue's Exterminatus column I detailed some permanent injury rules which you can use to

characterise your medical NPCs, giving them either a better or worse treatment rate or chance than normal.

'THIS ISN'T MY PROBLEM!'

So far I've talked about NPCs off the battlefield, but now and then you might want to drag them into the firing line. The important thing is that you'll need a miniature for them. Scenarios involving NPCs can revolve around rescuing them, protecting them, kidnapping them, assassinating them and doing all sorts of other unpleasantness. Or perhaps, the NPC is just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe they're caught in

the crossfire by a surprise ambush attempt on one of the characters, or they could unwittingly be carrying a vital clue, and they must run the gauntlet to get to safety.

The inclusion of an NPC or two in a scenario can add a flavourful twist to an otherwise pretty straightforward fight. Also, as GM, it's the opportunity to flex your playing muscles and push some miniatures around, which can never be a bad thing!

Anyway, that's me done for now, but remember to check out www.exterminatus.com for more stuff on campaigns and Karis Cephalon.

USEFUL PEOPLE TO KNOW ON KARIS CEPHALON

CHIRURGEON MONQUE

Once physician to the Imperial Governor, Monque mysteriously went into hiding several years ago. The reasons for this remain unclear, and many rumours abound concerning his hurried departure. These theories range from him escaping the Governor's wrath after an unsuccessful operation, to fleeing for his life after trying to blackmail the Governor with information that reveals he is a mutant.

Monque now runs a surgery somewhere in the old royal quarter, and is believed to provide medical assistance to the mutie terrorists known to be operating in the area. He is highly skilled, but has little equipment and so his results can be erratic at times.

Chirurgon Monque has the ability to fit bionic parts supplied to him, but any characters requiring such an operation will need to provide the necessary components as Monque cannot get them himself. Monque also manufactures his own pharmaceuticals, and for the right price can provide medi-paks, all types of combat stimms in injector or inhaler form, de-tox doses and his own pain suppressor known as Ease. Ease can be used just like a combat stimm and each dose reduces the character's injury total by D6.

CARDINAL KODAZCKA

A major official amongst the Lucid Tendency faction of the Ecclesiarchy, Kodazcka is pretty much joint ruler of Karis Cephalon, although technically he has only spiritual authority over the

populace. The Lucids are a minimalist, puritanical sect, opposed to indulgence of any kind. Karis Cephalon is one of the heartlands of the Lucids, with a stranglehold over religious belief in the surrounding systems that has lasted for hundreds of years. It is a brave Inquisitor who crosses Kodazcka on his home ground without good reason.

The Cardinal Palaces of Kodazcka are part of the much larger Amethyst Palace, protected by his own elite guard. Recently, the purely ornamental arms of this guard have been supplemented by more practical weapons – a sure sign of the growing tension across the capital and beyond. Should he be called upon to provide forces, he will delegate authority of his personal guard, and may even supply one of the four arco-flagellants kept within the palace dungeons. It is rumoured, that he can also call upon a squad of Battle Sisters supposedly hidden somewhere within the Amethyst Palace's meandering corridors and rooms.

LATHESIA, MUTIE FREEDOM FIGHTER

Lathesia is a fiery teenager, who recently took control of the mutant resistance fighters, who until then had been operating in scattered bands. She is wanted by the Imperial authorities for a long list of charges, but has yet to be captured. Her latest hideout, in the old royal quarters, was raided recently and several of her underlings were killed and others captured. Their interrogations describe Lathesia as a pretty young woman, whose only visible mutations are a slight scabbing of the skin around her joints and jet

black eyes. Some claim she is a prophetess and that her strange eyes allow her to see into the souls of others, but many discount this as wild speculation and legend-building.

Lathesia is a potent enemy and a valued ally, depending on whether she sees you as friend or foe. She has connections throughout the mutant community, and has stockpiled many firearms over recent months. She is a little flighty, however, and likely to charge off on some noble crusade without thinking through the consequences properly. Some believe she craves martyrdom.

'RED' IVAN, ARMS MERCHANT

Ivan Constantine, or 'Red' as he is commonly known due to his many burn scars from a explosion several years ago, is one of the few merchants licensed to sell weaponry on Karis Cephalon. He has access to a wide variety of equipment, and is not above risking his license on occasion to provide arms with no questions asked, or to seek out more exotic wargear.

Ivan can be found in Cephalon, the planet's capital, where he has a large warehouse protected by a veritable army of guards. His irregular shipments from offworld arrive at the local spaceport, and would make a perfect target for a heist if planned properly. On the other hand, Ivan bears a grudge like no other, and if you cross him he will do everything in his considerable power to ensure that one morning you don't wake up, whether you're a scabrous mutie rebel or an Inquisitor.

INQUISITOR WARRIOR BANDS

Cyber-berserkers

Chrono-Gladiator - Fitted with numerous bionic weapons and attachments, the Chrono-gladiators have a pre-set self-destruct deadline, which is only extended when they are in battle, so they thirst for battle as they thirst for life itself.

CHRONO
GLADIATOR



NUMEROUS NEURAL IMPLANTS & PLUNGED ORY POWER CLAWS

WARDEN

ENFORCERS ✓ 9 SUCH LIKE TRAINING BY ARBITERS.



ENFORCER



ENFORCER



POWER MAJUL


SEARCH 9 FIND MISSIONS

CRIMINALS ARE THE SCUM OF THE GALAXY.

cyberhounds spots

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

- Rules for Inquisitor, a large scale narrative skirmish game.
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- 15 fully detailed sample characters.



INQUISITOR

THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S SOUL

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TAUCET

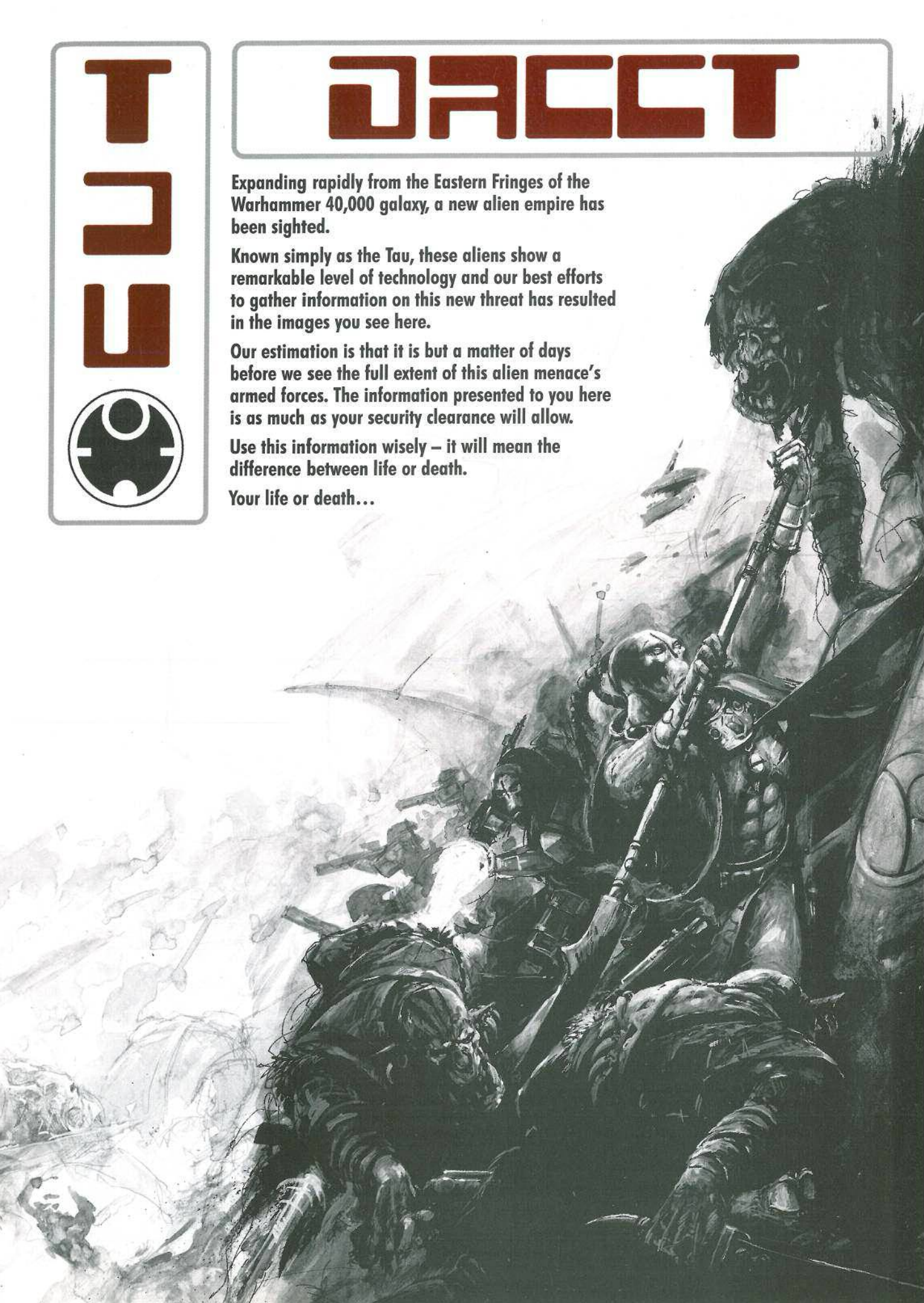
Expanding rapidly from the Eastern Fringes of the Warhammer 40,000 galaxy, a new alien empire has been sighted.

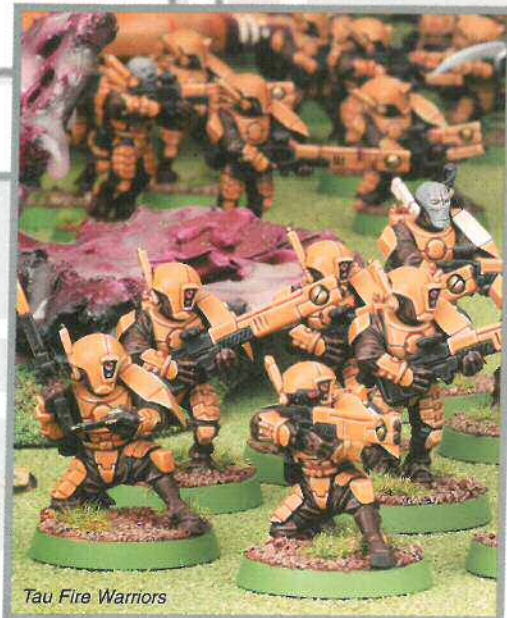
Known simply as the Tau, these aliens show a remarkable level of technology and our best efforts to gather information on this new threat has resulted in the images you see here.

Our estimation is that it is but a matter of days before we see the full extent of this alien menace's armed forces. The information presented to you here is as much as your security clearance will allow.

Use this information wisely – it will mean the difference between life or death.

Your life or death...

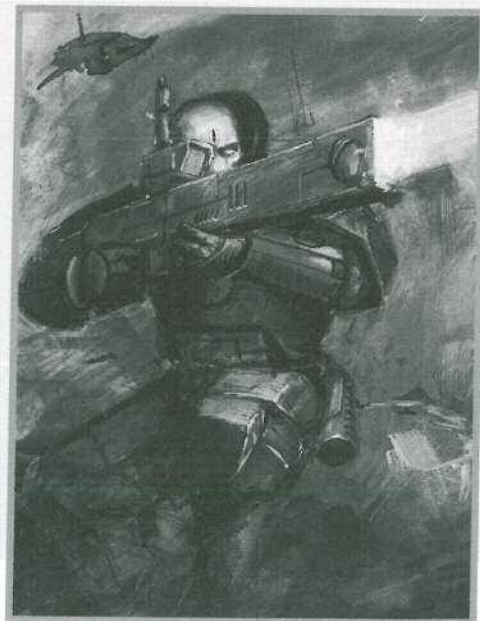
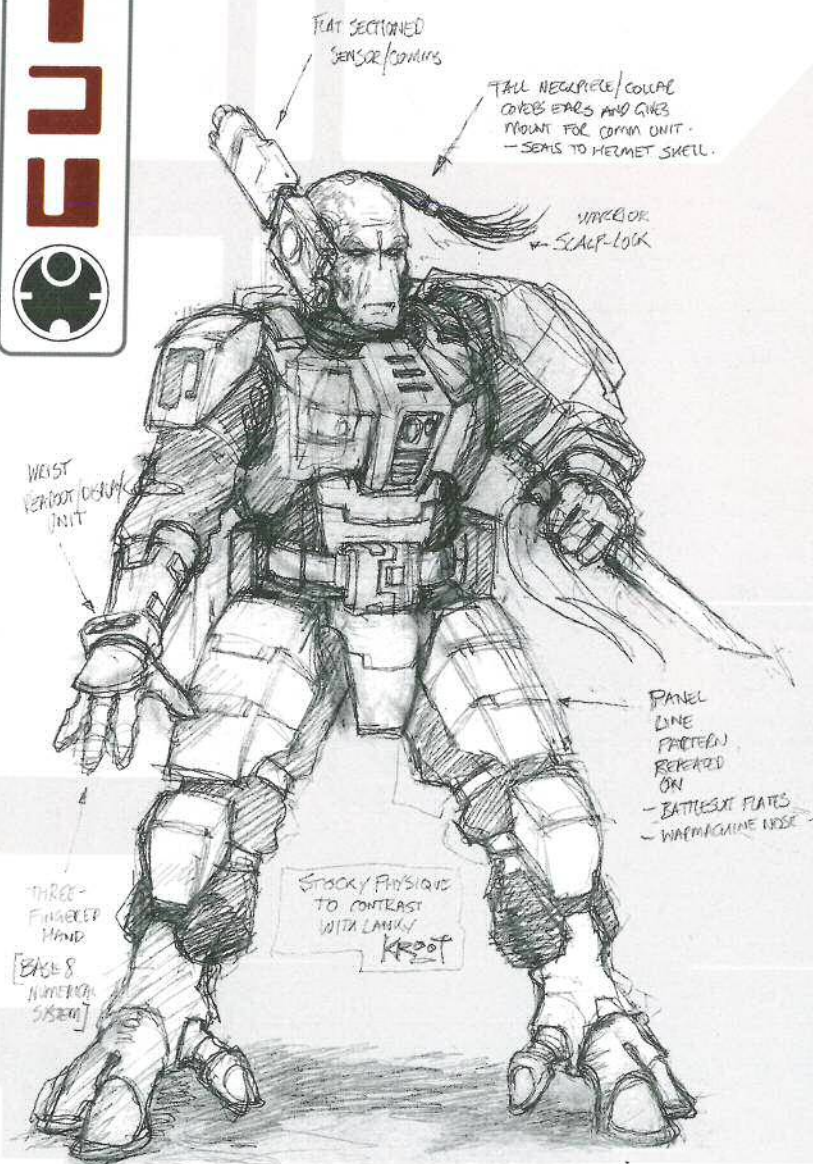




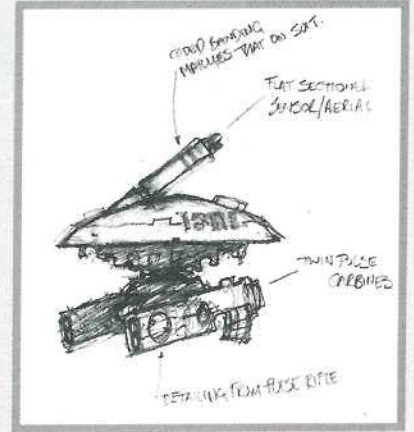
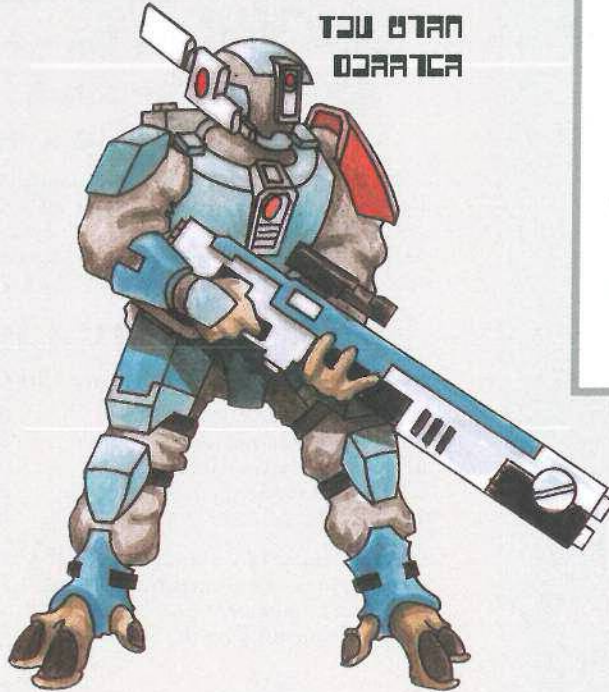
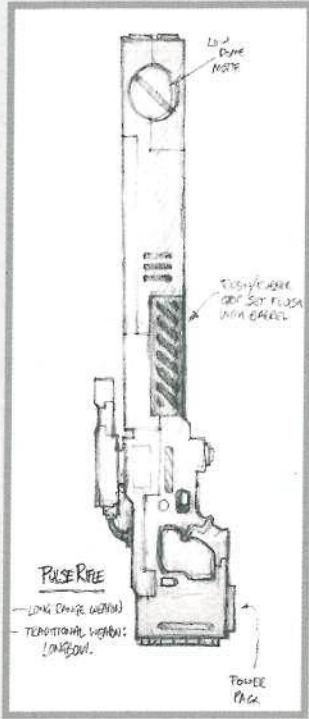
Tau Fire Warriors



Kroot Carnivore squad



לרכשתם זלזם התרסה כנד חט



Despite the curt reassurances from the taciturn Space Marine Captain that they were quite safe, Colonel Konstantin Griffin of the 17th Brimlock Dragoons was worried. The Kroot ambush had cost him thirty men and two scout vehicles, and Commissar Eurbayn had been seriously wounded. He himself bore a painful wound in his side where one of the aliens had cut him with the bladed butt of its rifle. The Kroot had vanished into the forests after his force had linked with Space Marines from the Scythes of the Emperor Chapter, but Griffin couldn't help feeling they were still being hunted.

As if in confirmation of his fears, a hurried contact report crackled over the vox-net and twin darts of light flashed from behind a stunted wood some two hundred metres ahead. The missiles nosed over, twisting as though sniffing the air like the Colonel's hunting dogs, before streaking towards the lead tank in their formation. Both missiles struck the vehicle's topside, punching through its armour and detonating the ammunition in a spectacular fireball. Griffin saw a flurry of similar missiles launch on the right flank as several sand coloured skimmer tanks hovered into view ahead. Sick horror

settled in his gut as he realised his force had been ambushed again, this time by a force with armoured support.

Mechanised battlesuits flying on trails of fire dropped from the sky, surrounded by zipping, disc-like objects that spat bright pulses of energy at his men. Griffin flinched as bolts of weapon fire impacted on the side of his Chimera and he watched, disbelieving, as armoured alien warriors emerged from a patch of ground he could have sworn was unoccupied a moment before. He dropped into the tank as more explosions sounded and grabbed the handle on the vox-unit to send a warning to following regiments, but a thunderous detonation rocked him back, smashing his head into an iron stanchion. Shrieking pain exploded in his arm and blood streamed into his eyes. Smoke boiled into the crew compartment along with the stench of seared flesh. Screams of pain sounded and he tried to wipe the blood in his eyes clear, but found he could not as his arm ended in a bloody stump just above the elbow. He slammed his body against the crew escape mechanism and tumbled from the blazing Chimera, rolling to extinguish the fires on his uniform. Gritting his teeth, he pushed

himself to his knees, cradling his wounded arm to his chest and blinking away tears of pain. He saw Kroot butchering his men with great disembowelling strokes of their rifle blades, and struggled to draw his laspistol. Something landed heavily on his back, slamming him into the ground, and he heard a cawing shriek of triumph. Thick fingers dragged his helmet clear and wrenched his head back. He felt something sharp and metallic touch his throat and then he knew nothing more.



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*

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



Warhammer Chronicles

By Gav Thorpe

Welcome, my valiant friends! This month Alessio Cavatore has returned from his sacred quest to the distant lands of Bretonnia to bring you reports of the honourable knights who protect its borders (and fair maidens!), their highly disciplined fighting formation, the Lance, and rumours of a mystical entity referred to by the people of that noble land as the Lady of the Lake.

Preview Army List: Bretonnians

By Alessio Cavatore

Knights! I love knights! The Bretonnian army is my favourite and the Bretonnian background is definitely the most appealing to me in the entire Warhammer world.

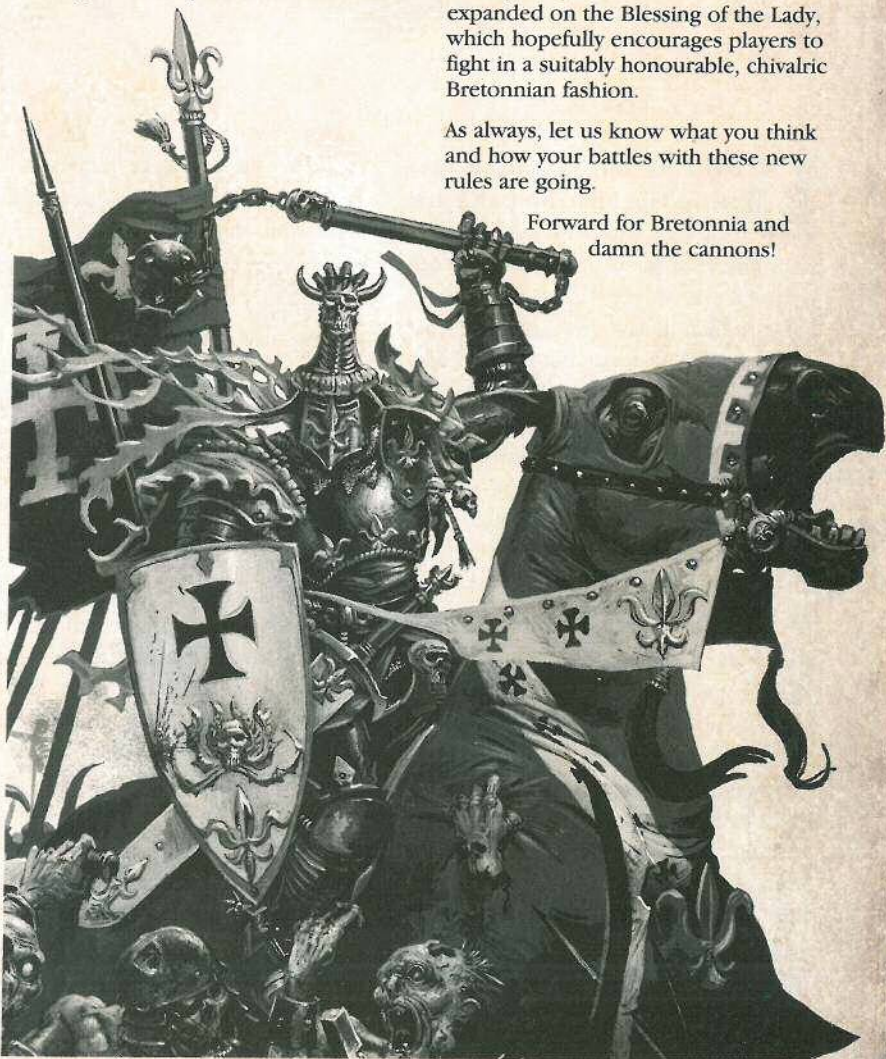
After the release of Ravening Hordes I kept an eye on the Bretonnian Knights. There were a number of problems, most prominently with the new Lance

formation rules, which is what I've focussed my attention on here. So here we have our work to date on the Bretonnians and as ever, we'd love to hear what you make of it.

I think these revised Lance rules make Bretonnian knights as effective as they should be, making them a great choice for any army commander. I've also expanded on the Blessing of the Lady, which hopefully encourages players to fight in a suitably honourable, chivalric Bretonnian fashion.

As always, let us know what you think and how your battles with these new rules are going.

Forward for Bretonnia and damn the cannons!



The Lance Formation

The Bretonnian army can make use of a powerful special formation: the Knightly Lance.

The Lance is a formation of Bretonnian Knights, consisting of a single valiant Knight in the front, with two Knights behind him, three behind them, and so on forming a pointed wedge. At full charge the Lance can pierce through the enemy ranks and send foes scattering from the field in rout.

Diagram 1

Key:
 C Champion
 M Musician
 SB Standard Bearer
 K Knight
 D Damsel
 P Paladin



RANK BONUS

In a Lance formation the unit gets a rank bonus depending on the number of models in the unit as follows:

models	rank bonus
1-5	none
6-9	+1
10-14	+2
15+	+3

When arranging the Lance formation, the unit's Champion is always placed in the leader's position. If the unit contains one or more characters then the most important must be the leader (Dukes first, then Paladins). The unit's Standard Bearer, Musician, Champion and any other characters are placed as near to the leader as possible. These models must be placed on the external edge of the formation, in a position where they can fight.

The exceptions to this are Damsels and Prophetesses. The Bretonnian player is allowed to place these vulnerable models in the centre of the Lance, in a position where the enemy cannot get in base contact with them (see diagram 1) if possible. This is because the Knights would always gallantly defend the ladies at the cost of their own life. If at any point there aren't enough Knights left to shield the ladies, then they will have to move into an exposed position. Note that the Knights in front of the damsels will block their line of sight, stopping them from casting magic missiles and other spells that require a line of sight to the target.

The rearmost rank may be lacking sufficient Knights to fill it. In this case, place the models on the edge of the formation so that they can still fight (note that this is an exception to the normal rules, where spare models in a rear incomplete rank must be placed as centrally as possible).

MOVEMENT AND MANOEUVRING

A Lance can manoeuvre by wheeling forward as normal, measuring the wheel from the widest complete rank. The Lance cannot turn, but it can move sideways or backwards counting every inch moved as two. It can also wheel backwards, always counting every inch moved by the rearmost complete rank as two. The Lance can march move only when moving/wheeling forward.

In order for the Lance to charge, the leader must be able to see the target – it does not matter whether other models can see or not as they simply follow their leader. The Lance is allowed only one wheel during a charge, as normal.

FORMING A LANCE

A unit of Knights can deploy in Lance formation at the start of the game. Alternatively, a unit of Knights can adopt Lance formation during their Movement phase by reforming. The leader (the model that will be at the tip of the Lance) remains where he is. He may be turned around to face any direction and the unit is rearranged around him. Knights in Lance formation can adopt a normal formation in the same way, the unit reforming around the leader. A reforming manoeuvre takes a unit's entire Movement phase, so a unit which forms into or out of a Lance cannot move further that turn.

Diagram 2

This lance would be trapped if it wasn't able to brush aside the skirmishers on the right and the lone Wizard on the left (W).



MAKE WAY, PEASANTS!

Because of its unusual shape, a unit in Lance formation could move forward and come into contact with enemies that it couldn't charge because they were out of sight of the leader at the beginning of the move (see diagram 2). Normally a unit cannot move within 1" of an enemy without charging and therefore the Lance in this situation has to stop before the enemy and cannot move forward. In effect it is trapped! The only solution is for the Lance to move backwards or to reform, getting ready for the incoming enemy charge. This is fine, being an inherent weakness of the otherwise powerful Lance formation, and feels all right as

long as the enemies in question are solid units. However it seems wrong that light units such as skirmishers and single characters should be able to trap the Lance (it's much easier for them to do so because of their great mobility). To solve this problem we introduce the Make Way, Peasants! rule. When a Lance formation moves forward (including wheeling forward and charging forward) and comes into contact with an unengaged light unit that the leader could not see at the beginning of the move, then the light unit is moved slightly aside, in order to create just the necessary space for the Lance to move through. A unit of skirmishers that is split into two parts as a result of this must go back into a legal formation in their next Movement phase. For 'light unit' we mean units of skirmishers as well as single models with a Unit Strength of 1 or 2.

FLANKS, REAR AND CHARGING AGAINST THE LANCE

A Lance formation has no flanks as such – the long sides of the wedge are counted as its front. A Lance does have a rear and its rear arc is measured from the last complete rank. Charging it in the rear will have the same devastating effect it has on normal units.

Enemy units that are mostly in the arc of sight of the leader of the Lance must charge the Lance to the front of the model at the head of the Lance, if the front is free (see diagrams 3a and 3b). By 'mostly' we mean having the majority of the models in the unit within the arc of sight of the Lance's leader (see page 46 of the Warhammer

book). If the front is already engaged in combat from a previous turn, then such units can charge the Lance's closest side (see diagram 3c). Enemy units that are not in the arc of sight of the Lance's leader can charge against the Lance's closest side or against the rear if they are mostly in the Lance's rear arc (see diagram 3a). An enemy charging the

sides of the Lance does not count as charging the flank of the unit, therefore no bonuses are earned on combat results and no Panic test is required when already engaged in combat.

If a Lance is charged from the side, the enemy is aligned against the side of the Lance formation.

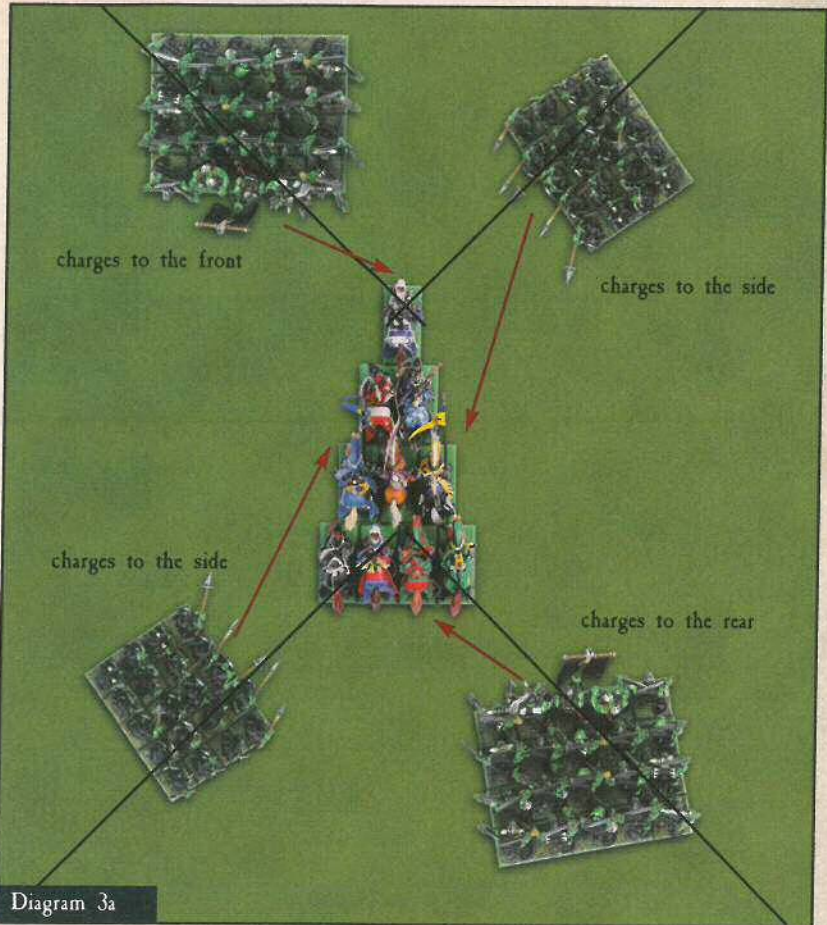


Diagram 3a

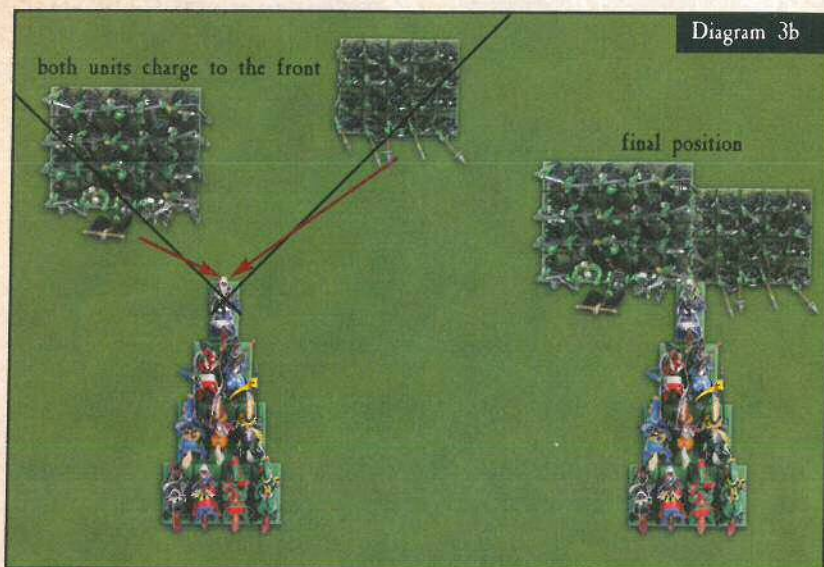


Diagram 3b

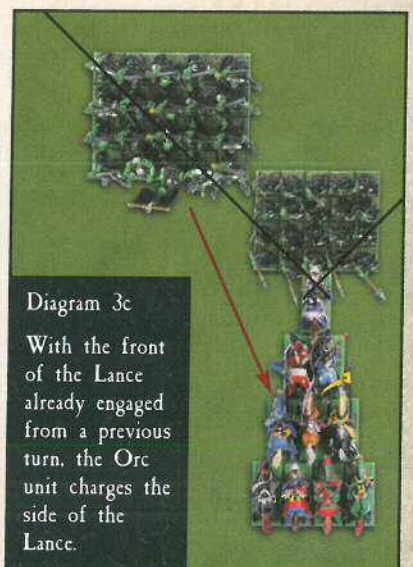


Diagram 3c

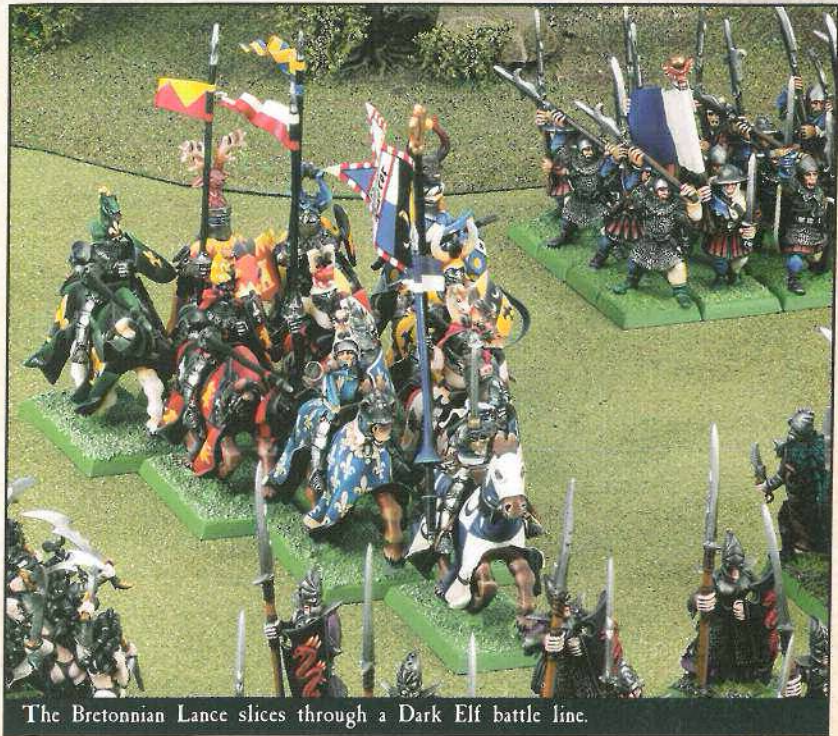
With the front of the Lance already engaged from a previous turn, the Orc unit charges the side of the Lance.

CLOSE COMBAT

When charging, the Lance formation is positioned against the enemy unit with the leader in contact and the wedge arrayed behind him. This represents the moment of contact – the Lance could pierce the enemy ranks and break through, or the Knights could be halted by the enemy's stout resistance.

All the models at the edge of the Lance can fight if there are enemy directly in front of them and no friendly models are in the way, as shown in diagram 4 (you can download a detailed movement/combat tray from our website at games-workshop.com). All enemy models directly in front of the wedge can fight back against models that could have attacked them. All fighting models are considered to be 'touching' the enemy where such a distinction is called for.

In the case of multiple fights, enemy models aligned against the side are allowed to fight, and models directly in front of the Lance can fight if there are no friendly models in the way as shown in diagram 5. In this example model A can fight, but model E cannot fight because there are friends between him and the Knights directly in front. The Knights facing models in both enemy units can fight either the ones to their front or the ones to the side if they can draw an unobstructed line to them, and they can divide their attacks if you prefer.



The Bretonnian Lance slices through a Dark Elf battle line.

CASUALTIES

Casualties are removed from the rearmost rank in the usual manner, assuming that Knights who fall in combat are replaced by those pushing forward from behind. When removing casualties, take models from the centre of the rearmost rank first and leave models at the edge of the formation so that they can continue to fight. If a

character is slain, his position must be taken by another model from the rear ranks of the lance.

LAPPING AROUND

Knights in a Lance formation cannot lap round an enemy's flank as can a regular unit, nor can the enemy lap around a Lance formation.

Diagram 4

The models in the Goblin unit have been named A to E. Each Knight displays which Goblin he counts as being in base contact with.



Diagram 5

The models in the Goblin unit have been named A to M. Each Knight displays which Goblin he counts as being in base contact with. Note that the last Knight on the left in the rearmost rank of the lance cannot fight Goblin A (and vice versa) because of the Paladin in front of him who has also charged the Goblins.



The Lady's Blessing

SUMMONING THE BLESSING – THE PRAYER OF BATTLE

Before a battle the Bretonnian Knights kneel and pray to the Lady of the Lake, avowing to fight to the death for honour and justice. It is an awesome sight to behold as the mists of magic seep from the ground in response to the Bretonnians' affirmation of faith. The enemy can but watch with dread as rays of sunlight break through the clouds, glinting on the armour and dancing upon the lance tips of the Bretonnian host, stirring an otherworldly chorus from the very earth itself. The foes of Bretonnia know that they face divine as well as Human forces, and uncertainty gnaws at their resolve and their hearts sink within their quailing breasts.

The Bretonnian player may petition the blessing of the Lady before the battle begins, after both sides have deployed their army, but before they deploy scouts. If he chooses to pray, then the Bretonnian must immediately deploy any Foresters inside his own deployment zone and the enemy can deploy his own scouts as normal. The enemy can then choose to go first or second (first being a popular choice!), as the whole Bretonnian army must kneel to pray before they begin to fight. The Lady's

blessing is automatically granted so long as the army remains true to the Bretonnian laws of chivalry.

THE BLESSING

The Lady's blessing takes the form of a powerful curse upon the enemies of chivalry, and in particular upon those who make use of foul and dishonourable weapons of mass destruction and vile sorcery against her Knights.

Consequently, before the enemy can shoot against Bretonnian Knights or characters with a war machine, whether a stone thrower, bolt thrower, cannon, or machinery of any kind, he must roll a D6 and score 4, 5 or 6 to overcome the blessing. He must roll each time each war machine wishes to shoot, and if he fails the test he may not fire with the war machine that turn. The machine's crew is momentarily overcome with dread, or their senses are befuddled and confused by the Lady's curse, so that they stand around in confusion and are unable to proceed.

Other shooters, such as enemy bowmen or crossbows, that are targeting Bretonnian Knights or characters must first roll a 4, 5 or 6 to overcome the blessing. Roll for each model, and proceed to work out shots from only those models that successfully overcome the curse. The remaining individuals are unable to confront the power of the Lady.

LOSING THE BLESSING

The Lady's blessing is immediately lost for the rest of the game if one of the following things happen during the battle.

- A unit of Knights or a Knightly character chooses to flee as a reaction to an enemy charge.
- The Bretonnian player refuses to meet a challenge in a fight where a Knightly character (or the Champion of a unit of Knights) could have accepted it.
- The Bretonnian army shoots with missile weapons at a unit of cavalry with an armour save of 4+ or better, or an enemy character.
- The Bretonnian Battle Standard is captured by the enemy.
- A Prophetess is killed.
- Two Damsels are killed (the blessing is lost as soon as the second Damsel is killed).

Note that by 'Knightly Characters' we mean those who have a Virtue.

Magic items

You may choose magic items for your characters and units from the following list and/or the common magic items on page 154 of the Warhammer rulebook.

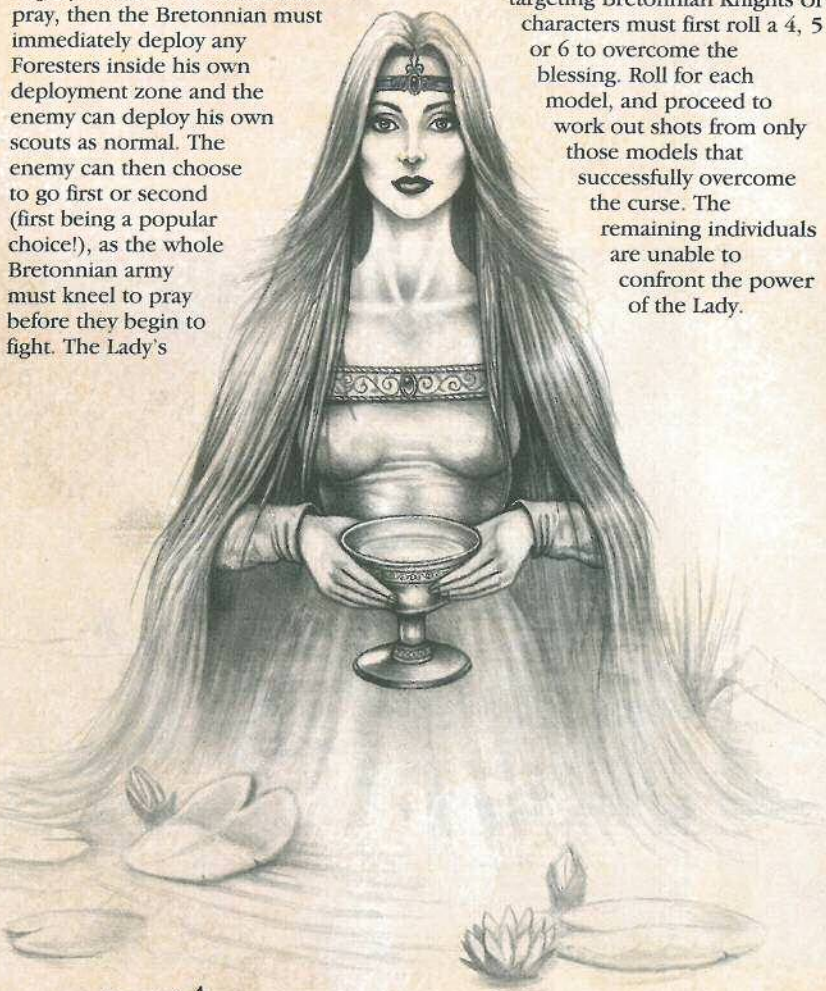
MAGIC WEAPONS

Sword of Heroes 50 pts
Against opponents with T5 or above the bearer gets +3S and each unsaved wound is multiplied into D3 wounds.

The Lady's Champion Sword 40 pts
As long as the army has the Blessing of the Lady, the bearer may re-roll all failed rolls to hit and to wound. If the army does not pray for the Blessing at the beginning of the game or loses the Blessing, the sword counts as a non-magical hand weapon.

Morning Star of Fracasse 30 pts
Bearer has +2S in the first round of combat. For each hit on a close combat opponent roll a D6. On a 4+, if the opponent has a magic weapon, it is destroyed.

Lance of the Quest 20 pts
Bearer has +2S on the turn he charges. In addition the bearer can re-roll failed rolls to hit in the turn he charges.



MAGIC ARMOUR

Armour of Brilliance 100 pts
Gives a 4+ armour save and may be combined with other armour as normal. Opponents are at -1 to hit the wearer and his mount with both close combat and shooting attacks.

The Grail Shield 50 pts
Gives a 6+ armour save and may be combined with other armour as normal. Also gives a 4+ Ward save. Models with the Grail Virtue only.

Cuirass of Fortune 40 pts
Gives a 5+ armour save and may be combined with other armour as normal. Also gives a 5+ Ward save.

Mithril Great Helm 30 pts
Gives a 6+ armour save and may be worn in addition to normal armour. The wearer may re-roll failed armour saves.

TALISMANS

Dragon's Claw 50 pts
The bearer and his mount have a 5+ Ward save and immunity to Dragon Breath.

The Mantle of Blood 30 pts
Any attack that causes multiple wounds will always cause only one wound against the wearer. In addition, if the wearer is automatically killed by any kind of special attack (Killing Blow ability, spells etc.), he will only lose one wound (no saves allowed), but the mantle itself will be destroyed.

ENCHANTED ITEMS

Tress of Isoulde 25 pts
Nominate one enemy model at the beginning of any Close Combat phase. The bearer hits that model on an unmodified 2+ for that phase. One use only.

The Ruby Goblet 25 pts
This magic item will start to work at the end of the first phase during which the bearer/unit he is with has suffered an unsaved wound. The bearer and the unit he is with have a 6+ Ward save.

Holy Icon 45 pts
As long as the army has the Blessing of the Lady, the bearer and the unit he is with have Magic Resistance (3). If the army does not pray for the Blessing at the beginning of the game or loses the Blessing, the item loses all its powers.



The Bretonnian Duke proudly leads his army to battle.

ARCANE ITEMS

Chalice of Malfleur 25 pts
At the start of each player's Magic phase, the bearer may drink from the chalice. If she does so, roll 1D6. On a 1 the bearer takes 1 wound with no save possible. On a 2-6 add 1 extra dice to the pool.

Potion Sacré 10 pts
Drink before rolling the dice to cast or dispel a spell. After the dice are rolled, the player may add +1 to the result of one dice. This may cause an Irresistible Force or prevent a Miscast. One use only.

The Silver Mirror 50 pts
The bearer may use the mirror against a single enemy spell successfully cast against her/the unit she is with (even if cast with Irresistible Force). The spell is reflected back against the caster/the unit he is with. The enemy can try to dispel his own spell normally (using his Power dice as Dispel dice) unless the spell has been cast with Irresistible Force. Note that this item has no effect on spells that are not targeted specifically at the bearer/unit she is with. One use only.

MAGIC BANNERS

Banner of the Lady 100 pts
All enemy units with at least one model in base contact with the banner bearer get no combat bonus for ranks.

Banner of Defence 50 pts
All models in the unit carrying the banner have a 4+ Ward save against normal and magical missiles with a Strength of 6 or more.

Valorous Standard 50 pts
The unit rolls 3D6 for all Leadership-based tests (including Break tests) and discards the highest.

Errantry Banner 25 pts
All Knights Errant in the unit get a +1 Strength bonus on the turn they charge (no effect on steeds and on characters who have joined the unit). *Knights Errant only.*

The Banner of Chalons 10 pts
The enemy cannot choose the Stand & Shoot charge reaction against the unit carrying the banner.

BRETONNIAN SPECIAL RULES

The following special rules apply to the Bretonnian army.

- Bretonnian Knights often fight in a special formation called a Lance. See the previous pages for the rules on this unique formation.
- Bretonnian armies can benefit from the Blessing of the Lady of the Lake. See the previous pages for the rules on this special protection.
- Dukes and Paladins equipped with a normal lance and a magic weapon will always use their lance when charging and then use the magic weapon in the second and subsequent turns of a close combat.
- The army must always include a Paladin Battle Standard Bearer. This model does not count towards the maximum number of characters included in the army.
- Bretonnian warhorses do not suffer -1 Movement for barding.
- The Knight's Virtue: The model is immune to *panic* caused by units that are not Knights.
- The Questing Virtue: The model is immune to *panic*.
- The Grail Virtue: The model is *Immune to Psychology*.

SELECTING THE ARMY

See page 238-9 of the Warhammer rulebook with the following additions and amendments when choosing your Bretonnian army:

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

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

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

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

An army does not have to include the maximum number of characters allowed, and can always include fewer than indicated down to a minimum of one (the General). Similarly, an army does not have to include Lords; it can include all of its characters as Heroes if you prefer. Remember that on top of the characters allowed in the chart, the Bretonnian army must include a Battle Standard Bearer.

LORDS

DUKE 100 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Duke	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Hippogriff	7	4	0	5	5	4	4	4	8
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	7

Equipment: Hand weapon. May have a great weapon (+6 pts) or a lance (+6 pts). May wear heavy armour (+6 pts) and may carry a shield (+3 pts).

Options:

- A Duke may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 100 pts.
- A Duke may ride a Hippogriff (+200) or a Pegasus (+50 pts). If not mounted on a Hippogriff or Pegasus, the Duke **must** ride a barded warhorse (+21 pts).

Special Rules: A Duke has the Knight's Virtue. He can be given the Questing Virtue (at +10 pts) or the Grail Virtue (+20 pts).

A Hippogriff or Pegasus can *fly*. A Hippogriff is a *large target* and causes *terror*.

PROPHETESS OF THE LADY 160 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prophetess	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	7

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Prophetess is a level 3 Wizard. This may be increased to level 4 at a cost of +35 points. Prophetesses may use the lores of Beasts, Life, Heavens or Light from the Warhammer rulebook.

Options:

- A Prophetess may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 100 pts.
- A Prophetess may ride a Pegasus (+50 pts) or a warhorse (+15 pts), which may have barding (+6 pts).

HEROES

1+ PALADIN 60 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Paladin	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	3	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	7

Equipment: Hand weapon. May have a great weapon (+4 pts) or a lance (+4 pts). May wear heavy armour (+4 pts) and may carry a shield (+2 pts).

Options:

- A Paladin may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 50 pts.
- A Paladin may ride a Pegasus (+50 pts). If not mounted on a Pegasus, the Paladin **must** ride a barded warhorse (+14 pts).
- The army must include one extra Paladin, who must be upgraded to a Battle Standard Bearer at no additional cost. He may carry any magic banner (no points limit), but if he does so he may take no other magic items. He may not be given any extra equipment except heavy armour and the mandatory barded warhorse. A Battle Standard Bearer may not be your army general, nor may he ride a Pegasus.

Special Rules: A Paladin has the Knight's Virtue. He can be given the Questing Virtue (at +10 pts) or the Grail Virtue (+20 pts).

DAMSEL OF THE LADY..... 60 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Damsel	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Damsel is a level 1 Wizard. This may be increased to level 2 at a cost of +35 points. Damsels may use the lores of Beasts, Life, Heavens or Light from the Warhammer rulebook.

Options:

- A Damsel may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 50 pts.
- A Damsel may ride a warhorse (+10 pts), which may have barding (+ 4 pts).

CORE UNITS

KNIGHTS ERRANT..... 21 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight Errant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Champion	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armour and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to a Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+8 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+16 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 25 pts.

Special Rules: Knights Errant have the Knight's Virtue.

KNIGHTS OF THE REALM..... 25 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Champion	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armour and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to a Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+9 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+18 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 50 pts.

Special Rules: Knights of the Realm have the Knight's Virtue.



A Damsel of the Lady.

CHOOSING TROOPS

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

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

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

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

UNIT ENTRIES

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

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

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

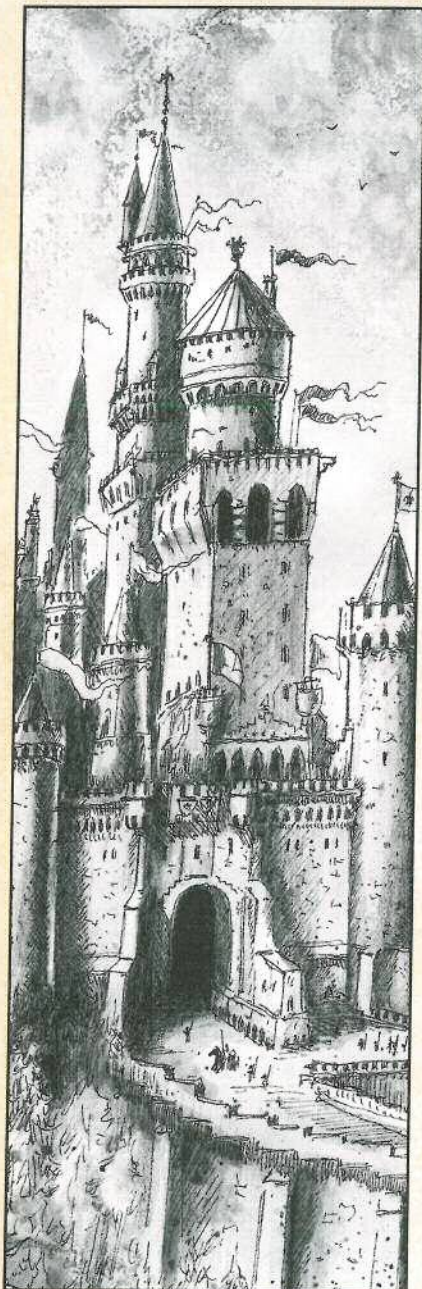
Equipment. Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The value of these items is included in the points cost.

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

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



Men-at-arms march forward.



MEN-AT-ARMS..... 4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Man-at-arms	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon and light armour. May have halberds (+2 pts/model) or spears (+2 pts per model). May carry shields (+1 pt per model).

Options:

- Upgrade one Man-at-arms to Musician (+5 pts).
- Upgrade one Man-at-arms to Standard Bearer (+10 pts).
- Promote one Man-at-arms to Sergeant (+10 pts).

SPECIAL UNITS

BOWMEN 8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bowman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon and longbow. May have light armour (+1 pt/model).

Options:

- Upgrade one Bowman to Musician (+5 pts).
- Upgrade one Bowman to Standard Bearer (+10 pts).
- Promote one Bowman to Sergeant (+10 pts).

SQUIRES 9 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squire	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Gamekeeper	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7

Unit Size: 5-15

Equipment: Hand weapon and longbow.

Options:

- Promote one Squire to a Gamekeeper (+5 pts).
- One unit of Squires in the army can be upgraded to **Foresters** at a cost of +1 pt per model.

Special Rules: Squires are *Skirmishers*. Foresters are *Skirmishers* and *Scouts*.

MOUNTED SQUIRES 16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squire	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Gamekeeper	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, spear and bow. Ride Warhorses. May carry shields (+2 pts per model).

Options:

- Upgrade one Squire to Musician (+7 pts).
- Upgrade one Squire to Standard Bearer (+14 pts).
- Promote one Squire to Gamekeeper (+7 pts).

Special Rules: *Fast Cavalry*.

RARE UNITS

QUESTING KNIGHTS 29 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Champion	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

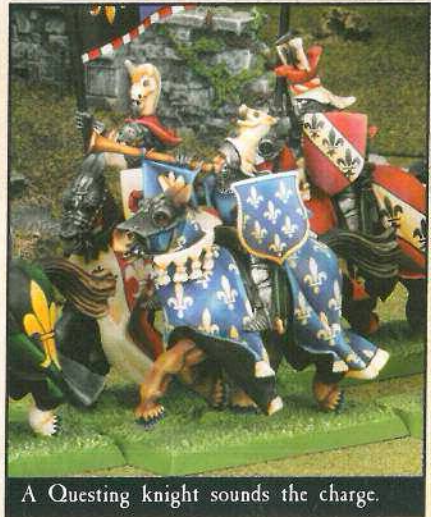
Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armour and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+9 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+18 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 50 pts.

Special Rules: Questing Knights have the Questing Virtue.



A Questing knight sounds the charge.

0-1 GRAIL KNIGHTS 32 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Champion	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armour and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

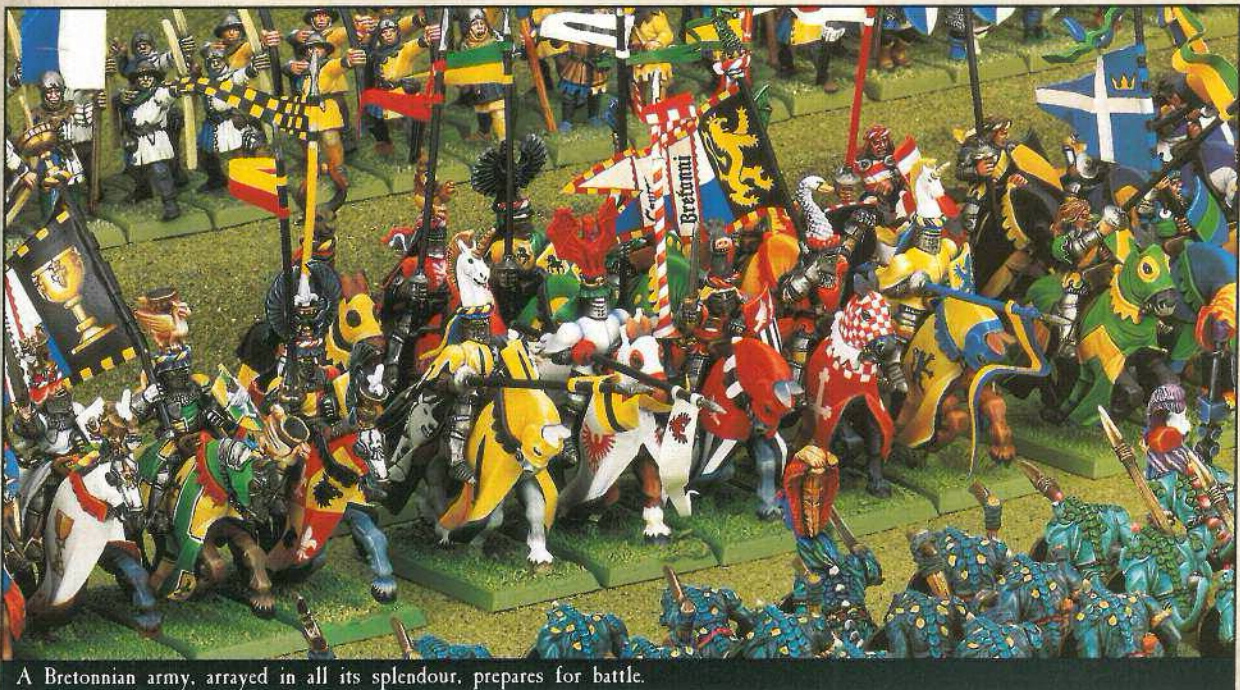
Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+10 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+20 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 75 pts.

Special Rules: Grail Knights have the Grail Virtue.



A Grail knight champion.



A Bretonnian army, arrayed in all its splendour, prepares for battle.

To coincide with the work in progress Bretonnians army list in this month's Warhammer Chronicles, a veritable army of noble Bretonnians painted by the 'Eavy Metal team have thundered onto the showcase this month!

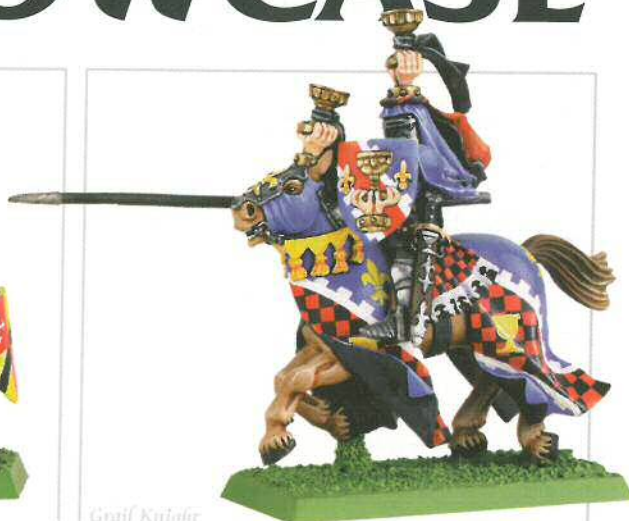
'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE



Grail Knight



Questing Knight



Grail Knight



Knight and Orc Big 'Un, painted by Anthony Bath.



Grail Knight



Damsel of the Lady



Knights, painted by Dave Andrews.





Questing Knights in lance formation



The Green Knight, painted by Mike McVey



Dave Andrews' incredible Joust Diorama won the open category of Golden Demon in 1996.

WARHAMMER

THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

£50
starter set

£25
rulebook
available
separately



Citadel Miniatures supplied unpainted and unassembled.

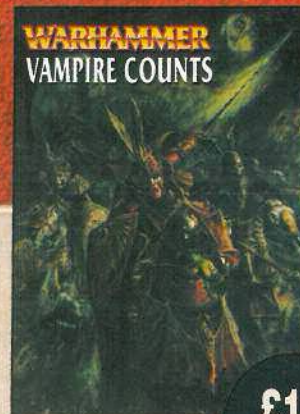
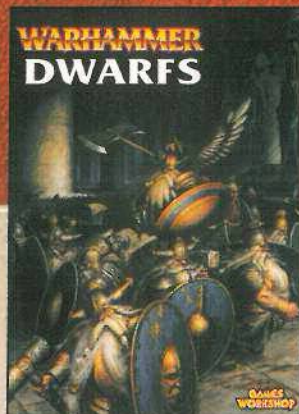
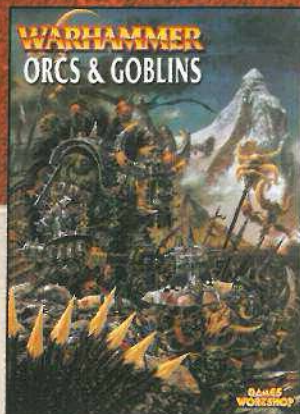
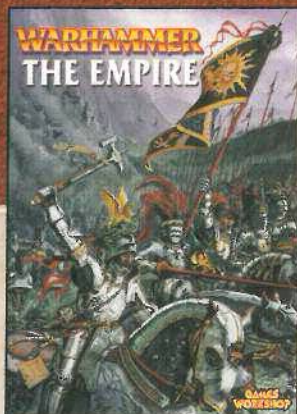
Warhammer is a tabletop game for two or more players where you become the fearless commander of a mighty army – assembling and painting your own army in readiness for battle!

The huge starter set contains the following:

- 288 page rulebook (available separately)
- 38 Empire Soldiers
- 1 Empire Cannon
- 1 Empire General
- 1 Orc Warboss
- 35 Orc Warriors
- 1 Orc War Chariot
- 1 ruined building
- 3 weapon templates
- 8 assorted dice
- 2 range rulers



Available from Games Workshop stores, Games Workshop Mail Order and independent stockists



£10
army books

WARHAMMER ARMIES: THE EMPIRE

The Empire is the largest realm of men in the Old World. The Emperor's powerful armies form the the bastion that keeps the marauding Orcs and forces of Chaos at bay.

WARHAMMER ARMIES: ORCS & GOBLINS

In every forest and under every mountain lurk the warlike tribes of Greenskins – countless Orcs and Goblins who love nothing more than a good fight.

WARHAMMER ARMIES: DWARFS

Deep within the heart of the mountains, the Dwarfs have carved their ancient empire. Surrounded by all manner of vile foes, they have been at war for countless centuries.

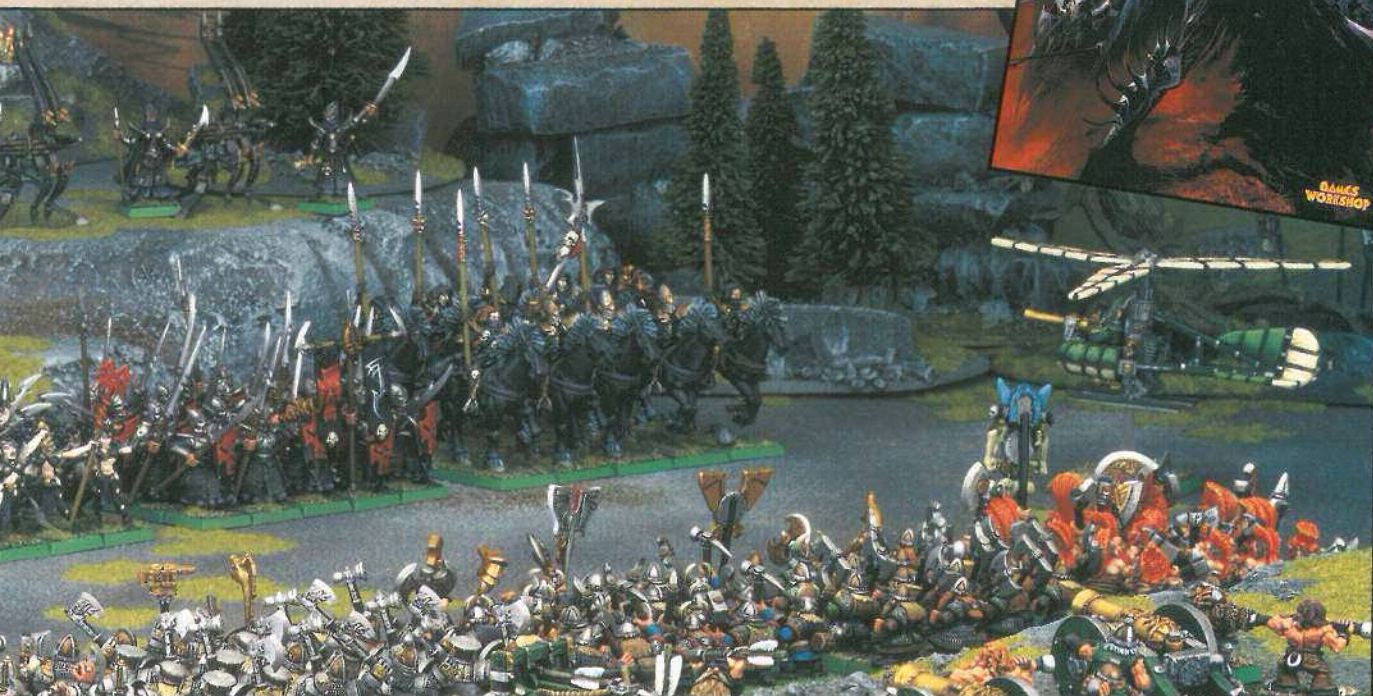
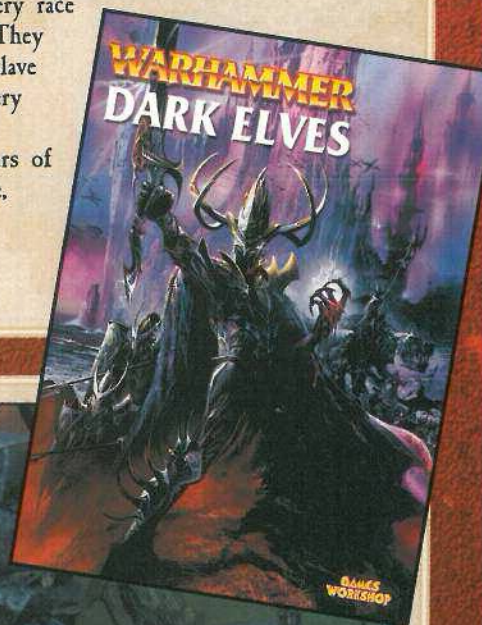
WARHAMMER ARMIES: VAMPIRE COUNTS

The Vampire Counts are sinister lords of the night – truly terrifying opponents. Their armies of the newly-risen dead evoke terror in all those they face.

WARHAMMER ARMIES: DARK ELVES

The Dark Elves strike terror into the heart of every race in the Old World. They launch raids that enslave thousands, whilst every day hundreds are sacrificed on the altars of the dark god Khaine, Lord of Murder.

The Warhammer Armies books are supplements for Warhammer. You must possess a copy of Warhammer to be able to use the contents of these books.



Check out these and other Warhammer items at www.games-workshop.com

Every Games Workshop store is a centre for gaming, painting and modelling. No matter what your level of experience, from complete newcomer to experienced veteran, you'll find something to interest you.

Throughout each week, the focus of the store is aimed towards different gamers' needs. If you browse through these pages you will be able to see which activities suit you best.

This month, our stores are featuring our special activities for the summer holidays, focusing on the end of the Dark Shadows campaign, and the release of Codex Battlezone: Cityfight.

Some stores are unable to stay open late or open on Sundays.

Please contact your local store for details.

GAMES WORKSHOP

STORES

What's going on in your local store?

BEGINNERS

ALL DAY SUNDAY

Our Sundays are especially devoted to helping those new to the hobby. 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! To help those just starting, we run our special Beginners' program, where we can help you take your first steps into the Games Workshop hobby.

You can learn everything you need to know to get started in the Games Workshop hobby, from learning the basic rules and controlling units, to painting miniatures and forming battle plans for your army.

If you're already a hobbyist, why not ask a friend to come along on a Sunday to introduce them to your hobby.

WARLORDS

SATURDAY

Every Saturday our stores play a massive Warlords game. 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 gaming schedule. 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, bringing along whatever models you can, to join in the fun!

Saturday is also the day when new products are released, so make sure you're there to check out the latest new miniatures!

GAMES NIGHT

THURSDAY EVENING

Most Games Workshop stores stay open late on Thursday's so that you can play your favourite games. Thursday's games feature team participation battles for you to take part in, painting workshops for those who have the basic principles and want to develop their painting skills, and a forum for gamers to talk about the hobby. This month the games focus around the Dark Shadows Warhammer campaign.

VETERANS

TUESDAY EVENING

Some Games Workshop stores run Veteran's Nights. They are aimed at older gamers with plenty of experience on the battlefield. You can play games against equally experienced Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 opponents, share ideas about all aspects of your hobby and also play Games Workshop's more specialised gaming systems.

To play a specific game, check with the store to see if they have the space that evening and what scenery and boards they may be able to provide. Then just bring an army, and an opponent, and play!



FATE OF ALBION

Warhammer participation battle - 1st September 2001

These are the final weeks of the Dark Shadows campaign. Armies from every race and corner of the Old World have been fighting non-stop for the rich rewards that Albion has to offer. Will the Truthsayers succeed in protecting their mystical standing stones from the invading armies? Or will the twisted Dark Emissaries bring forth the evil powers of the mysterious Dark Lord, to wreak havoc on the Warhammer world!

Make your mark on the world of Warhammer this summer!

Join the campaign at your local Games Workshop store.



WARHAMMER



WARHAMMER 40,000 GAMING LEAGUE

Every Games Workshop store is running a Warhammer 40,000 gaming league this summer.

The league is organised in divisions, so that you can take part whether you're a beginner, or an experienced veteran.

Don't miss out on your chance to play new gamers and different armies. The challenge awaits.



WARHAMMER 40,000

Dark Shadows Roadshow

The Dark Shadows roadshow reaches its final leg this month. Malus Darkblade's Dark Elf force strikes further inland in its attempt to plunder the mystical isle of Albion.

This is your last chance to see the custom built Albion battlefield. It's also your last chance to get the special edition Malus Darkblade miniature, the special edition Malus Darkblade art print, and the Dark Elf skull badge!

WARHAMMER

Visit the roadshow at...

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| 24th August | GW Portsmouth. |
| 25th August | Harrods, Knightsbridge, London. |
| 26th August | GW Plaza, Oxford St, London. |
| 27th August | GW Kingston, London. |
| 28th August | Cyberdyne, 63a Northbrook St, Newbury. |
| 30th August | Little Shop, 12 Conway Street, St Helier, Jersey |

CITYFIGHT WEEK

3rd to 8th September 2001



STALINVAST

Cityfight Battle

Saturday 8th September 2001

This Warhammer 40,000 participation game is the final apocalyptic battle of Cityfight Week. Join the deadly house to house fighting and sweeping street engagements in the shattered ruins of Stalinvast. Ring your local store for more details.

WARHAMMER 40,000

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, send waves of Tau Drones against evil Chaos Space Marines, or command your Tau Fire Warriors and Kroot Carnivore squads against the invading Imperial Guard.

The battlefield is yours to command.

GAMES WORKSHOP STORES

Find out what's happening near you!



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

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!

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

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 40000 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. Some Games Workshop stores have different opening times, or don't open on Sunday; please contact your local store for details.

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- AYR:** 10 Arran Mall, Dalblair Arcade (behind Hourstons dept. store). Tel: 01292 610 673
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- BELFAST:** 70A Castle Court (towards back of the Centre). Tel: 02890 23 3684
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- BRIGHTON:** 7 Nile Street. Tel: 01273 203 333
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- BRISTOL (CRIBBS CAUSEWAY):** Unit 129 (next to M&S), Upper level, The Mall at Cribbs Causeway. Tel: 0117 959 2528
- **BROMLEY:** Unit 8, The Mall, Bromley. Tel: 0208 466 0678
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- DERBY:** 42 Sadler Gate. Tel: 01332 371 657
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- ENFIELD:** 3/5 Genotin Road. Tel: 0208 363 3238
- EXETER:** 12 Paris Street. Tel: 01392490305
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- LINCOLN:** Unit SUA, Saltergate (on outside of Waterside Centre). Tel: 01522 548 027
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- MAIDSTONE:** Unit 6, 1/9 Pudding Lane. Tel: 01622 677 435
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- OXFORD:** 1A Bush House, New Inn, Hall Street. Tel: 01865 242 182
- PETERBOROUGH:** 3 Wentworth Street. Tel: 01733 890 052
- PLAZA:** Unit F10, The Plaza Shopping Centre, 1st floor, 116-128 Oxford Street. Tel: 0207 436 0839
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- PRESTON:** 15 Miller Arcade. Tel: 01772 821 855
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- YORK:** 13a Lendal. Tel: 01904 628 014
- Tel: 0113 272 3470

The Gotrek & Felix novels are the Black Library's most successful series to date, with no less than five books already published with the sixth, *Vampireslayer*, going on sale this month.

GOTREK & FELIX

Heroes of the Warhammer world



William King is one of the Black Library's most successful writers. With the release of Vampireslayer, the time is ripe to delve into the heroic saga of Gotrek and Felix.

preying on the huddled survivors, butchering its victims and leaving them drained of their blood. Gotrek & Felix are approached by Prince Andriev, a distant relation of Felix's sometime paramour, the Kislev noblewoman Ulrika, to guard his collection of obscure Arabian antiquities from a threatening stranger. It is a mission which will lead them far from the staunch defenders of Praag, through the Chaos-ravaged wastes of Kislev and deep into the heart of Sylvania to combat the brewing storm of the powers of undeath.

Gotrek

Gotrek Gurnisson is certainly the most, or the least, successful Slayer in this age of the world. His quest to find death at the hands of a worthy opponent has yet to be fulfilled, but in his search he has slain monsters, Skaven, Orcs, Beastmen and Goblins beyond count.

His many adventures have taken him from Tilea in the south to Norsca in the north and across the Western Sea to the lost continent of Lustria. It is said that in the early days of his wandering he ventured into the Chaos Wastes and returned with his axe. This weapon rivals that of the legendary Axe of Grimmir borne by the Dwarf High King. No Runesmith has been able to decipher or duplicate the ancient runes upon its blade, nor has any foe ever been able to withstand its killing power.

Since acquiring it Gotrek has become all but invincible in battle, his most serious wound losing an eye while holding the gate of Fort Diehl single-handed against an entire tribe of Goblin wolf riders. Rumour has it that he was once a member of the Dwarf Engineers Guild, but he never talks of his past either to confirm or deny this. No one knows why he shaved his head and took the Slayer's Oath and no one has ever had the courage to ask, not even his only real friend, Felix Jaeger.

Felix

Felix is the youngest son of the wealthy Jaeger clan of wool merchants. He was a student at the University of Altdorf and despite his pretensions of poetry seemed destined to follow in the family business. That was until the day the bullying Wolfgang Krassner challenged him to a duel. From there things swiftly went downhill.

He accidentally killed Krassner and was expelled from the University in the ensuing scandal. Felix's upright and respectable father disinherited him. Embittered, he took to politics, becoming a street corner agitator and was one of



the instigators of the now infamous Window Tax march, which first degenerated into a riot, and then a bloodbath when the Imperial Cavalry intervened.

Felix was pulled out from under the horses' hooves by the drunken Gotrek who easily cut them a path to safety. They made their way to the Maze: the seedy, criminal quarter of Altdorf and when Felix awoke after an epic pub-crawl he was horrified to discover that he had sworn to accompany Gotrek and record his death. Since he was being pursued by the authorities and knew the Dwarfish attitude to oathbreakers, the strange-fated young man had no choice but to leave the city in the company of the Slayer and thereby begin his most extraordinary adventures.

William King

The man behind the muscle of Gotrek is author William King, who once worked as a Games Workshop staff writer, where he first got the idea for the adventures of a death-seeking Slayer and his human companion:

"Originally I ran a Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay campaign (which was how I got into Warhammer in the first place). Slayers were very popular character types with my players and I really, really liked the idea of them so I just ran with it. When I wrote the earliest version of *Geheimnisnacht*, Gotrek died, but I wanted somebody to survive and tell his tale to the world. (If you look closely in the story you can actually tell where Gotrek gets it.) Of course, then I thought - wait a minute, what am I doing? There's a series in these two. So Gotrek survived in the rewrite and by the end of that first story, Felix had become a character in his own right. They both just took on a life of their own after that."

Gotrek, the eponymous doom-driven Dwarf Slayer, and his human companion Felix, the articulate university student turned hardened renegade, are true heroes of the Warhammer world. They wander from place to place, ever alert to the seeds of evil, Gotrek never faltering in his quest for a glorious death in battle against impossible odds and Felix honour-bound to accompany him and record his fate.

Vampireslayer

As the icy Kislev winter claws at the rubble of Praag, Vampireslayer rejoins our heroes after their heroic victory over one of the mighty armies assailing the Empire in the Great Chaos Incursion. But the citizens of Praag are left with little chance to enjoy their success. The city teeters on the brink of anarchy: Witch Hunters stalk through the ruins, cultists flushed out during the

fighting run wild in the streets but, most terrifying of all, a new terror has emerged,





Other appearances

Gotrek & Felix are the Black Library's longest running characters, having been carving their way through the spawn of Chaos since the first line of GW novels back in the 1980s. Happily, most of their adventures from these early volumes now lost to the mists of time found their way into the first of the new range of Gotrek & Felix novels, *Trollslayer*. Not content with staying on the printed page, the pair have been immortalised as miniatures twice. The latest models, shown above, and rules for their use in your Warhammer games, are available exclusively on the Games Workshop website:

WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

Twelve years and over five hundred thousand words later, the pair have fought their way across the Old World and back again. They've developed far from the original concept, but they've never lost the dramatic contrast which makes their adventures so compelling:

"Originally it was the old chalk and cheese thing. You know, the contrast between a demented suicidal and very hard dwarf and a fairly nerdy intellectual human poet. Over the years, Felix has got a fair bit tougher and more cynical so it has become more of a case that he provides the brains and Gotrek provides the brawn. Between the two of them, they make about one fairly competent hero, most of the time.

"As a series premised upon the despair of a Dwarf so great that his only wish is for an honourable death in battle, the Gotrek & Felix series has always had a strong element of doom and tragedy. Surprisingly perhaps there's also a rich vein of humour to be discovered there as well.

"A fair number of readers seem to like it. However one or two don't even spot that there is an element of humour. One review I read actually thought Grey Seer Thanquol, Lurk and the assorted Skaven were completely serious characters. I think as the series progresses it's getting grimmer. *Beastslayer* is certainly a very dark book, and *Vampireslayer* more so. I may try to lighten up a little on the next one."

Having long-departed the dreary shores of Britain, Bill now lives in the glorious city of Prague in the Czech Republic and finds his surroundings are not short on inspiration.

"The Czech Republic has a great advantage for me as a fantasy writer, in that a lot of it looks like it comes straight out of Warhammer. The description of Nuln in *Skavenslayer* actually is based on the area around Prague Castle. I confess also that I have based certain alehouses on Prague

pubs. In *Beastslayer*, though, I did not have Prague in mind. The city is far too beautiful to be the Praag in the book."

Despite the swathes of foes that have bitten the sharp end of Gotrek's axe and half-a-dozen novels under his belt, Bill's not short of ideas for the pair's continuing adventures.

"I confess that I originally considered doing one story set in each of the Army Book settings, but that would have meant three *Elfslayers* and a *Lizardmanslayer* so I dropped the idea. I would like them to reach Ulthuan one day, simply because it would be such torture for Gotrek, and maybe Naggaroth – which would mean real torture for them both. The Land of the Dead is a pretty attractive tourist destination too."

Gotrek & Felix, though they provide the central core of each story, have not been alone on all their travels. Increasingly, they've acquired a band of fellow-minded champions of good including Max the sorcerer; Ulrica the daughter of a noble Kislev family and the cause of some friction between Felix and Max; Malakai Makaisson the engineering mastermind behind the experimental Dwarf airship; and a whole band of other Slayers. All of whom have not only generated more action and adventure but also allowed the exploration of entirely new locations and relationships:

"It's getting difficult to keep track of them all. Seriously, this extension of the supporting cast just sort of happened. I had no idea that any of them were going to last as long as they have when they first appeared. They just showed up and hung around, doing their thing and eating all the



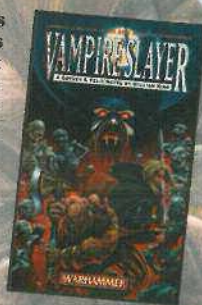
chocolate biscuits. Soon though they are going to start dying off or wandering away on their own. That process will begin in *Vampireslayer*."

Ominous words indeed, but find out more for yourself at Games Day 2001. Bill will be jetting in from Prague to sign copies of *Vampireslayer* and talk about the future plans for Gotrek & Felix and his other novel series, *Space Wolf*.

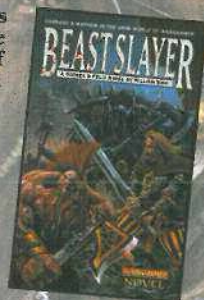
Read the full interview with William King at www.blacklibrary.co.uk



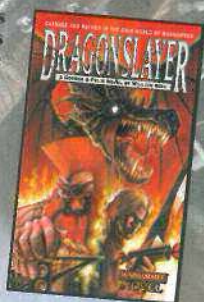
An unholy evil is gathering its forces in darkest Sylvania, which threatens to tear the heart from our intrepid band of heroes.



Storm clouds gather around the frozen city of Praag as the foul hordes of Chaos lay ruinous siege to the northern lands of Kislev.



The adventurers find themselves aboard an arcane Dwarf airship in search of a golden hoard – and its deadly guardian.



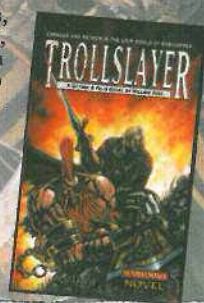
In search of a long-lost Dwarf hall, Gotrek & Felix face a daemonic power awoken to fulfil its ancient, deadly promise.



Undermining the very fabric of the Empire, the Skaven are at large in the reeking sewers beneath the mighty city of Nuln.



Monsters, Daemons, sorcerers, mutants, Orcs, Beastmen and worse are to be found in *Trollslayer*, the first book of Gotrek's death saga.



TACTICA sees a veteran gamer taking a close look at the strategy and tactics for getting the best out of a particular force or even the game itself. This month, Christian Augst takes a look at the tactics he uses for Space Wolf Scouts.

INTRODUCTION

Wolf Scouts are very different from the Space Marine Scouts found in other Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes. Rather than inexperienced recruits learning what it is to be a Space Marine, Wolf Scouts are full Marines that have left their pack brothers and the formal organisation of the Space Wolves Chapter in favour of the life of the lone wolf. Wolf Scouts are called upon to perform missions of infiltration and sabotage. They are self-sufficient and operate in small packs, using surprise and hard-hitting weaponry to their advantage.

The flexibility of their entry in Codex Space Wolves allows you to do a great many things with your packs of Wolf Scouts. However, you need to decide how your Wolf Scouts will work with your army and overall strategy. How you equip your Scouts should complement the rest of your army and help you achieve your strategic goals.

With the options available, a commander can be tempted to equip his Scouts with all manner of wargear. The downside, though, to giving them too much gear is that often much of it is not used and the points invested end up being wasted. Those points are likely to be better spent on other units. The fact that they are more vulnerable than their powered armour brethren also makes

TACTICA

SPACE WOLF SCOUTS

GETTING THE MOST FROM YOUR WOLF SCOUTS

them an easy target for the enemy. To get the most out of your Scouts, it is vital to equip them to handle a specific role, and to use them wisely.

ROLES

The roles of the Wolf Scouts generally fall into two broad categories: anti-armour and anti-personnel. Whichever role you choose will dictate what weapons your Scouts should be equipped with. Anti-armour units should have weapons with a high strength, like a meltagun or melta bombs. Anti-personnel units can be equipped with things such as power weapons, frag grenades and possibly a flamer. Plasma weapons offer a flexible choice, being good against both armour and personnel. A word of caution: the risk of casualties due to plasma overheating is even greater for Wolf Scouts with their lighter armour, but the rewards often outweigh the risks.

The range at which you decide to fight with your Scouts will also dictate what weapons they employ. Bolters and sniper rifles will allow you to fight at range, while bolt pistols and close combat weapons are clearly for units that will reach close combat. Shotguns allow your scouts to manoeuvre and keep up a high rate of fire, and are most effective against lightly armoured troops.

One unit of Wolf Scouts may also be equipped with the wargear options from Codex Space Marines. This makes them one of the few units in the Space Wolves army that are allowed a heavy weapon. Using their Infiltrators ability, they can be deployed to target the weaker side or rear armour of enemy vehicles, or to target troops hidden from the rest of your forces.

WOLF GUARD LEADER

Wolf Scout packs may be led by a Wolf Guard Leader, who then gains all of the abilities of the Wolf Scouts he's joined. This puts them on a par with a normal Space Marine Veteran Sergeant. Their higher Leadership and fighting abilities are a welcome addition to the Wolf Scouts, as the pack will be more likely to win assaults, and less likely to fail Fall Back tests – very important when operating behind enemy lines.

DEPLOYMENT

How you deploy your Wolf Scouts depends again on many factors. Their role and equipment will be the biggest factor, but you also need to consider the mission and the enemy army. Just because you can operate behind enemy lines, doesn't mean you should in every mission. Sometimes



Space Wolf Scouts emerge from cover, after destroying the Leman Russ from behind.

the circumstances exist where infiltrating or even deploying them normally can be to your advantage.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

Operating behind enemy lines has its risks and rewards. Caggy opponents can go to great lengths to protect their vulnerable units from attacks from the rear, sometimes even deploying units as a rearguard, thereby ignoring the rest of your army in favour of covering their assets. Be sure to take advantage of this with the rest of your forces.

Rearguard forces are generally going to be unable to respond to other events on the battlefield, effectively keeping them immobile, with poor lines of sight to the enemy. Take advantage of this by moving your units to areas where these rearguard forces do not have line of sight. Having the rest of your army launch an assault in the vicinity of these rearguard units presents your opponent with a very tough decision, as moving them will open up the units they are guarding to a potential Wolf Scout attack.

Far too often Wolf Scouts are wasted trying to take out a single vehicle or powerful squad. A few bad dice rolls can leave them deep in enemy territory surrounded on all sides by hostiles with no way out. This should be avoided at all costs. Enemy units will be able to shoot and assault the vulnerable Scouts and a failed fallback check could wipe out the entire unit in a disastrous cross-fire. It should be also noted that having your Wolf Scouts wiped out in such an assault gives your opponent the opportunity to make dramatic moves with his units, thanks to the advance moves at the end of the Assault phase. To avoid the worst of this a good tactic is to pick on a flank, avoiding the bulk of the enemy and potential counter-attack.

Sometimes, the risk of taking a shot at a juicy target like a tank is worth it, but try to have an enemy unit nearby to assault to make the most of your surprise attack. Wolf Scouts are safer stuck in combat than stuck in the open. Picking on isolated units is also a good idea, as enemy units will be unable to respond quickly to your attack.

Operating behind enemy lines isn't a sure thing. The unpredictable nature of bringing them on from reserve can mess up your plans, exposing your units to fire from threats you had earmarked for your Scouts to deal with. It could be several turns before your Scouts do in fact turn up or maybe even not at all, those times when the dice are not cooperating! The bottom line: don't let your entire battle plan rest on the shoulders of your Wolf Scouts.

SUPPORT

Wolf Scouts can support your forces by engaging threats that the rest of your army may not be in a position to deal with. A good example of this is a squad of Eldar Dark Reapers screened behind a squad of Guardians. By engaging the Dark Reapers, the rest of your forces are spared the fire from not only the

Hemlar's eyes shone in the reflected light from the dozen fires that lit the darkened avenue. The acrid scent of expended ordnance complemented the thunder coming from the nearby rebel artillery positions. A partially collapsed building offered cover for Hemlar and his pack of Wolf Scouts as they surveyed the deserted street for rebel soldiers.

The arrival of the Space Wolves to quell this rebellion had forced the rebel commander's hand, leading to the destruction of much of the city by the heavy shelling. Skirmishes in the streets brought the attention of the rebels' big guns, forcing the Imperial forces to resort to hit and run tactics and eventually withdraw. In the confusion over the course of the day, Hemlar and his Wolf Scouts had managed to avoid much of the fighting and eventually outflank the rebels, swinging around behind their big guns. Hemlar knew the rest of the Space Wolves would launch a new offensive under the cover of darkness and it would be up to his pack to silence the artillery, throwing the rebels into confusion.

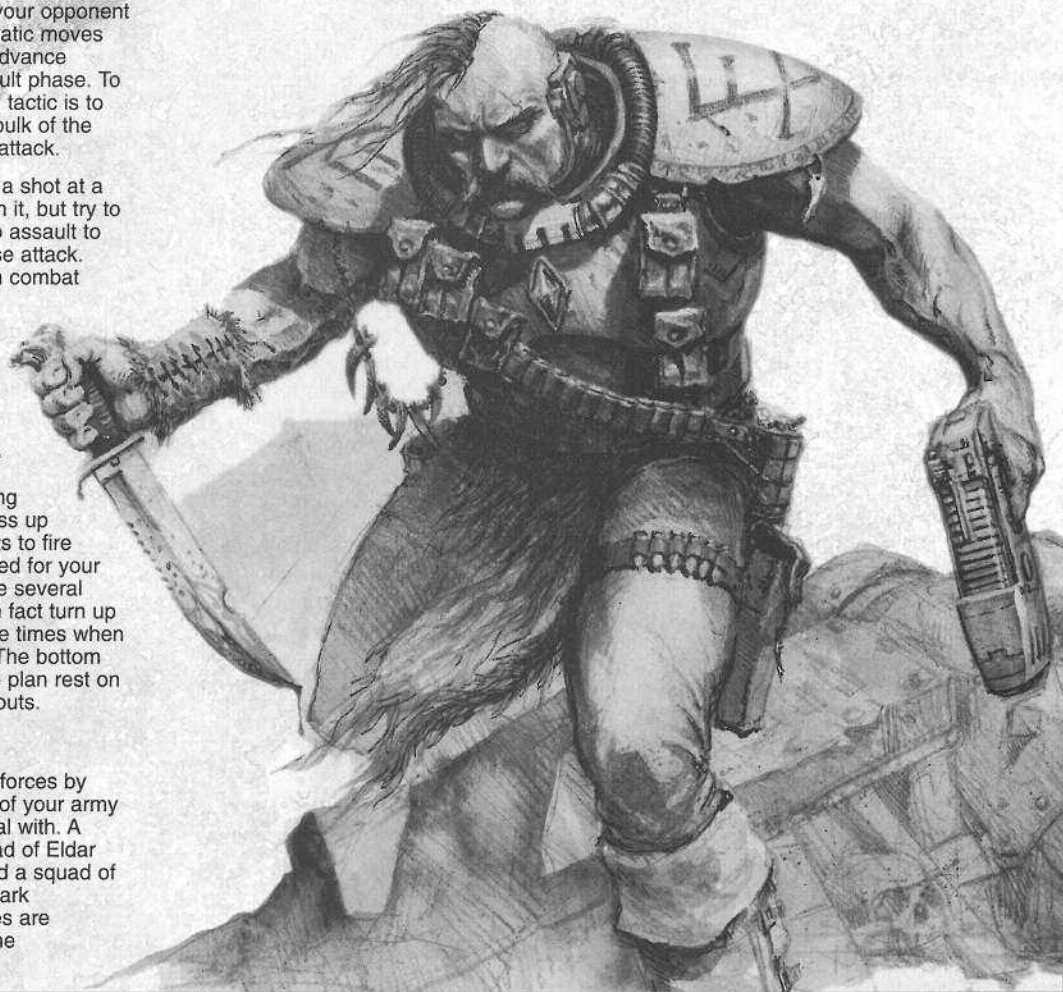
With darkness now upon them, Hemlar and his Wolf Scouts silently rose from their position. Staying deep in the shadows, they made their way up the street toward the unsuspecting rebel guns.

Dark Reapers, but from whatever other enemy units are sent to deal with your Scouts.

Wolf Scouts need the support of friendly units perhaps more than those units need the Wolf Scouts. Their light armour won't hold up forever against the enemy, so the rest of your Space Wolves need to do their part. Having your Scouts deploy near a friendly unit, allows both of them to support each other. This mutual support forces your opponent to deal with two threats on a narrow front and concentrates your forces against a weaker enemy.

CONCLUSION

Wolf Scouts are a versatile unit in the Space Wolves army. Whatever role they fill is an important consideration when designing your army, for their skills can turn the tide of battle – but they can't win the battle by themselves. The rest of the army has to be able to capitalise on any advantages gained by the Wolf Scouts, and should still be able to fight effectively without them.



Following on from last month's article detailing the process of painting the new Inquisitor Eisenhorn figure, this month we focus on the awesome Magos Delphan Gruss. We spoke with Martin Footitt, of our *Evay Metal* team, on how he went about painting the model.

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS

slightly to make it easier to manipulate.

Finally the model and components were ready for an undercoat spray of Chaos Black.

PAINTING THE MODEL

I usually take my inspiration for a colour scheme from a wide number of sources. Historical books, films and even the internet I find to be great places to generate ideas. Fortunately, in the case of Magos Delphan Gruss, I was able to talk to Gary Morley to gain some insight into his conceptual themes behind sculpting the character. (For a more detailed insight into the colour scheme behind Delphan Gruss see page 128 of the Inquisitor rulebook.)

I usually start a figure by painting the largest area first. With Gruss this was his robe which I painted with a shade tone of Bestial Brown. I mixed Bestial Brown in equal parts with Snakebite Leather for the next stage in the highlighting process. After this was dry, I painted Snakebite Leather on its own, then made a mix of equal parts of Snakebite Leather and Bubonic Brown, highlighting over the Snakebite Leather with this. I repeated this process, gradually lightening each mix, moving from Bubonic Brown to Bleached Bone, then through to Skull White for the final highlights on the very edges of his robes.

To create the pallid flesh colour on his arms, I used a small amount of Chaos Black mixed with Dwarf Flesh. Over this shade tone I painted Dwarf Flesh on to the model. I lightened the mix by adding a small amount of Fortress Grey with a small quantity of Skull White mixed in for the final highlight.

The shade tone for the tabard was Chaos Black mixed in equal parts with

Scab Red. I then basecoated this with Scab Red on its own. The highlights were done with a small quantity of Fiery Orange added to Red Gore which I painted on the outermost folds and edges.



FINE DETAIL

Next I decided to concentrate on painting the metallic cables on the figure. For these I selected three different metal finishes to use, deciding beforehand which pipes would be painted in which colours.

The first of the metallic finishes I created using Boltgun Metal as a basecoat. I highlighted this with Chainmail before giving it a further highlight of Mithril Silver. Once dry, I gave the cables a Chestnut Ink wash to create a rusted appearance.

For the second set I painted a basecoat of Chaos Black, highlighting with Fortress Grey before giving the cable a Blue Ink wash.



Magos Delphan Gruss by Martin Footitt



GETTING STARTED

I fitted the pieces together in a dry run before fixing the figure to its base. First I glued the legs, then the body and then the head. After pinning the arms into place I filled any gaps I found with green stuff. The tabard would cover much of the front of the model so I was able to leave this area. I left off the extra components such as the book, parchment and tabard until later.

I had a choice of which mechadendrites I wanted to use and six locations on the figure to place the four cables. It is worth playing around with some different combinations to decide which ones you want to use and where you want them to be attached. I bent the cables into shape before pinning my chosen attachments with copper wire. At this stage I did not want the cables fixed to the model, so I did not glue them into place. Instead I made a note of which one went where, before attaching them to flying stands to be painted separately.

The parchment and the tabard needed to be slightly modified for the best possible fit. I was able to bend the tabard with pliers, but the parchment was a little thicker so I filed this down



The last set I gave a basecoat of Tin Bitz which I drybrushed with Beaten Copper. I added a small amount of Mithril Silver to the Beaten Copper as a final highlight. I also used this finish to paint his feet but added a final glaze with a mix of Black and Flesh Wash inks.



I used a combination of the first two methods to paint his face mask, taking care to avoid painting the hood, although I knew if I made a mistake it would be easy to

cover over with Bleached Bone and Skull White. The lens on the eyes I painted with a basecoat of Red Gore, using a highlight of Fiery Orange.

The weaponry was painted next and I wanted to give the impression of an enamelled surface. This was a simple process of painting a basecoat of Chaos Black, then painting the sharp edges with a small amount of Chainmail and a final highlight of Mithril Silver.



To paint the ancient parchment I used a basecoat of Dark Flesh, then I highlighted this with Vermin Brown using horizontal brush sweeps. Finally I used Bleached Bone mixed in equal parts with the Vermin Brown to



highlight the edges of the parchment. I didn't try to write any proper text; instead, with a fine detail brush, I painted archaic symbols using small, intercrossed lines.

The writing on the hem of the robe I painted by going over the raised wording with a basecoat of Chaos Black. Once this had dried, I painted over the words with Shining Gold followed by a highlight of Burnished Gold.



THE FINISHING TOUCHES

For the cog around his neck, I carefully painted a thin line parallel to the edge of the hood with Red Gore. I thickened this line up before painting small marks equidistant from each other. I then carefully painted these marks to represent the square teeth of the cogwheel.



Stage 1



Stage 2



Stage 3



Stage 4

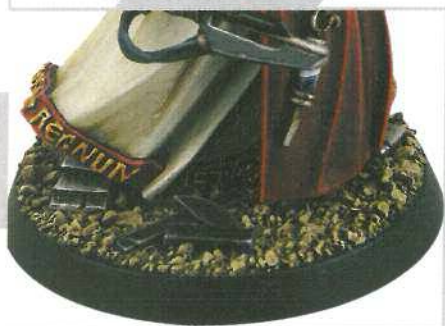


The only piece on the model left to paint was the vial on his tabard. I painted the liquid in this so that it lay horizontal. I based the figure with the model still attached to the base. Gluing some small pieces of cut up plasticard onto the base, I painted



these using the same techniques I had used for his feet. Next I painted the base with a layer of PVA, using a wet brush to wipe away any glue that had come into contact with the model, before dipping the base into a container of coarse sand.

Once the glue was dry I used Snakebite Leather as a basecoat, adding increasing amounts of Bleached Bone as a highlight colour and drybrushing this on a number of times until I achieved the desired effect.



Finally, I sprayed the model with matt varnish and, once dry, I used a brush to paint a gloss varnish over the metallic sections such as the cables and weaponry. I also painted gloss varnish on his red eye lens and on the vial to give them a glassy effect.

VARNISHING



GAMING CLUBS



Che and Chris Bone plot Games Day 2001.

Each time Games Workshop presents an event we invite the gaming club community to get involved and run some participation games. This month's report comes from a group who custom design and build battle tables and armies just for shows.

This year the community as a whole is looking to add at least twenty such battles to Games Day. It's a great demonstration of what gaming clubs can achieve with a little bit of planning and a great idea.

STARTING A GAMING CLUB

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 CLUB 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 and fill in the online form.

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 Gaming Clubs,
Games Workshop HQ, Willow Road,
Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

Visit the gaming club website at:

www.gamingclub.org.uk

BUILT IN A DAY

Making a multi-purpose gaming table

by Che Webster

The Crazy Bear and Ragged Staff club (named after General Picton of Napoleonic fame) don't see themselves as a club. Rather they are a bunch of very enthusiastic wargamers who create demonstration games as an expression of their hobby.



The team: Liam Lagan, Roger Court, Stewart Waller, Sebastian Rogers, and Andy Thorn.

Created together in 'crash sessions', the displays they build have become well-known additions to many wargaming shows. Of course, they do play regularly too, often at other clubs.

They invited us to come and witness the creation of their new 'city terrain' which is destined for two uses: a rather exciting Warhammer 40,000 scenario, to be shown at Games Day 2001, and also for Inquisitor battles. The challenge to build a gaming table that can accommodate two scales of model and very different needs was something we couldn't resist.

The team arrived laden with the scavenged parts from various refuse skips, an old photocopier, and several ancient computers. They also carried a pile of polystyrene, MDF, sturdy foam and several power tools. It all looked very bizarre and improbable and we were intrigued.



What they used...

Hot glue gun
Electric jigsaw
Polystyrene cutter
2" and 4" brushes
Saw and chisel

and why!

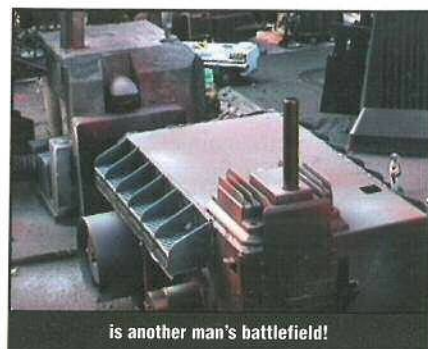
It will stick anything!
It will cut most materials.
Prevents polystyrene "going crumbly".
For paint coverage and drybrushing.
For ad hoc use if the power fails.

MDF for the boards
3mm and 6mm plastic
Polystyrene blocks
PVA glue
Scavenged machinery

It holds its shape and is cheap.
Holds its shape and is light.
Can be carved as required.
For covering polystyrene prior to painting.
Great for industrial shapes.



One man's junk...



is another man's battlefield!

CLEAN UP

A Crazy Bear and Ragged Staff Warhammer 40,000 Participation Game.

Background

The strike against PKD processing plant by a force of Eldar came as a complete surprise to the Imperial Garrison who had no idea that a webway portal existed deep within the structure. After two weeks of intense fighting this area is now one of the worst warzones. However, the tide has turned and the Eldar are on the retreat pursued by units of the Imperial Guard.

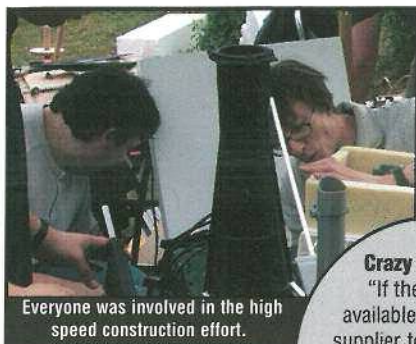
Playing the Scenario

Each player will be given two mission cards based on the toughness of their squad.

Each mission card details an objective that must be secured; an item to be retrieved; an enemy to be killed; a trophy to be taken or a task to be undertaken. Whoever completes all their missions is deemed to have won and may do a victory dance and feel smug.

If you want to play this scenario on the scenery featured in this article, simply find the Crazy Bear and Ragged Staff team at this year's Games Day.

See you there!



Everyone was involved in the high speed construction effort.



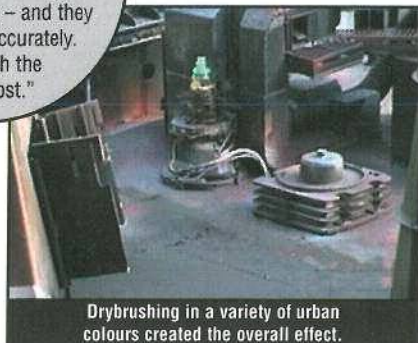
One by one, the board sections were spray painted, ready for detailing.

Crazy Bear Says:
"If the service is available, get the MDF supplier to cut the wood for you, as it saves you time and effort – and they cut it more accurately. It's worth the extra cost."

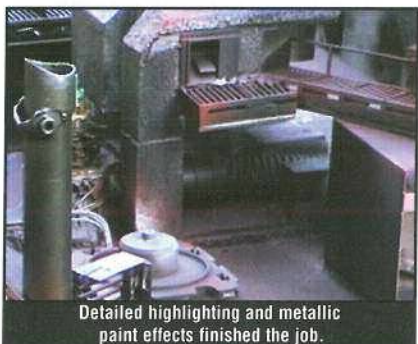
Sebastian explained the plan to build several sections of terrain using the assorted techno-refuse, and then spray and drybrush it into completion.

As the day progressed we witnessed the sawing, drilling and hot-gluing together of the terrain. It was interesting to talk about what they were making as they did it, and bit by bit it all came together. Stuart and Liam, the creative ones, kept repeating their mantra "You can't judge scenery until it's all finished."

The team, five guys who have rediscovered wargaming over the past couple of years, is clearly experienced and shares a common goal. Above all else, by the end of the day, their spirits were still high and the end product was very impressive indeed. As we left, we felt inspired by their open and simple approach to the hobby.



Drybrushing in a variety of urban colours created the overall effect.



Detailed highlighting and metallic paint effects finished the job.

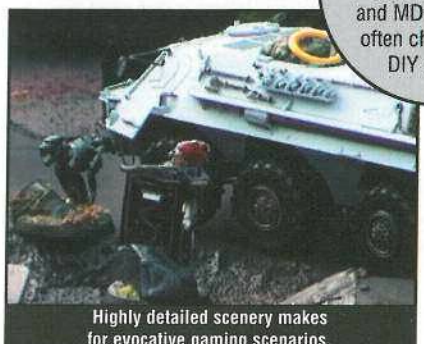


The team have turned a variety of technological junk into great scenery.



Polystyrene packaging makes for excellent urban building shapes.

Crazy Bear Says:
"Builders Merchants are great suppliers for polystyrene, plastics, and MDF – they are often cheaper than DIY stores."



Highly detailed scenery makes for evocative gaming scenarios.



The boards work equally well for games of both Inquisitor and Warhammer 40,000.

CHAPTER APPROVED



Chapter Approved is a compilation of the best of White Dwarf's Chapter Approved column, plus a number of new articles, all adding to the Warhammer 40,000 game system. It contains new army lists, updates, clarifications, additional wargear and special characters, vehicle design rules, questions and answers on all of the currently published Codexes plus a host of other bits contributed by players.

ARMY LISTS

- Sisters of Battle
- Necrons
- Blood Angels Death Company
- Imperial Guard Armoured Company

SCENARIOS

- Advanced Mission Selection
- Army of Death
- Assassins
- Battle at the Camp
- Capture the Hulk
- Carnage
- Dawn Assault

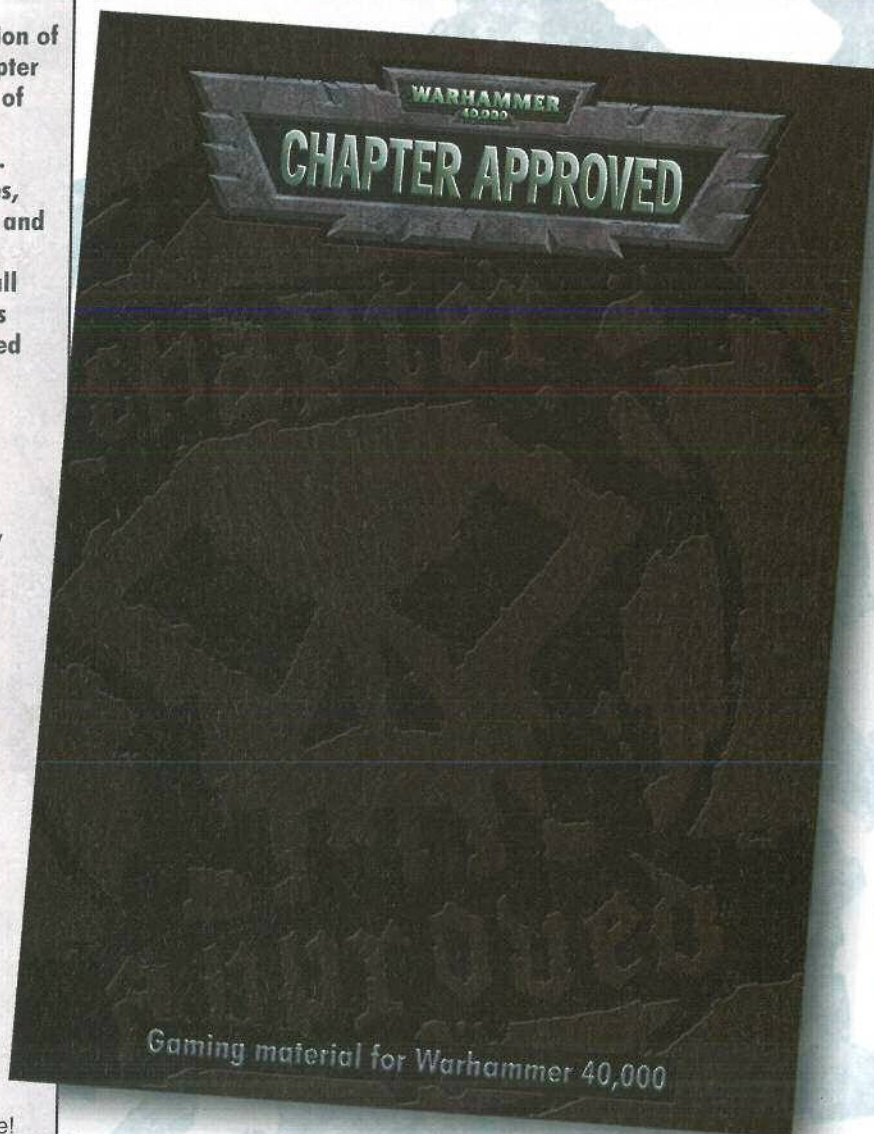
ADDITIONAL RULES

- Dark Lords of Chaos
- Grey Knights
- Cult Terminators
- Night Fighting Expanded Rules
- Ultramarines Special Characters

VEHICLE RULES

- Transport Vehicles
- Vehicle Design Rules
- Tyranid Monstrosities

PLUS questions & answers, letters, battle statistics and much more!



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LORDS OF THE NIGHT

Pete Haines reports on the violent Cityfight battle when Graham Davey's sadistic force of Night Lords Chaos Space Marines encountered the Imperial Guard of Rowland Cox in a Take the High Ground Cityfight mission.

As the battle for the city of Vogen on Kai-Zhann tilted in favour of the liberating Imperial forces, members of the Night Lords Traitor Legion launched a desperate counter-strike. The Arbites precinct house bordering the old city and the administrative quarter had recently been recaptured and repaired by Imperial forces. It was strongly garrisoned and used as an ammunition depot for the continuing advance.

Using a sorcerous trick to draw the garrison out, the Night Lords pounced, closing quickly to seize the precinct house before their deception was exposed.

To fight out this encounter, Graham Davey took the part of the diabolic Night Lords Exalted Champion Gorsameth, and Rowland Cox that of the plucky Captain Fane of the 122nd Cadian. Both are experienced Chaos and Imperial Guard commanders respectively, but this battle was to be fought using the new Cityfight rules and was likely to be a new challenge for them both.

THE MISSION

The Cityfight mission we decided to play was 'Take the High Ground'. In

this mission, the players fight to control the highest point on the battlefield. In this case, the tallest point was (appropriately enough) the central tower of the Arbites precinct house. It was surrounded by ruins which included a cellarion, a hab-block and two wrecked manufactorums, further obscured by smoke slowly spreading from the still burning ruin of the old city. Graham won the roll for choice of table edge and put the old city at his back as the Night Lords advanced under cover of the smoke from the south.

The two Traitor Marines were in shadow, the Sorcerer Asuramandos stood with his legs braced holding his staff out before him, faint tracers of quicksilver glittered in the air around it as the warp obeyed his will. Despite his evident and intense concentration he glanced up to his companion and grinned hawkishly. "Have you noticed, brother, how so much of this battle has revolved around this one accursed building?"

"Of course I have," replied his comrade. "First the Arbites stall our rebel friends there long enough for the defences to be organised. Then, having paid the bloodprice, the fools lose it without a fight when their lines were broken by the Imperial Fists."

Gorsameth was marginally shorter than the Sorcerer, but broader, his shape cloaked by his folded raptor wings, and, despite his steady voice, he flexed his lightning claws impatiently as he spoke.

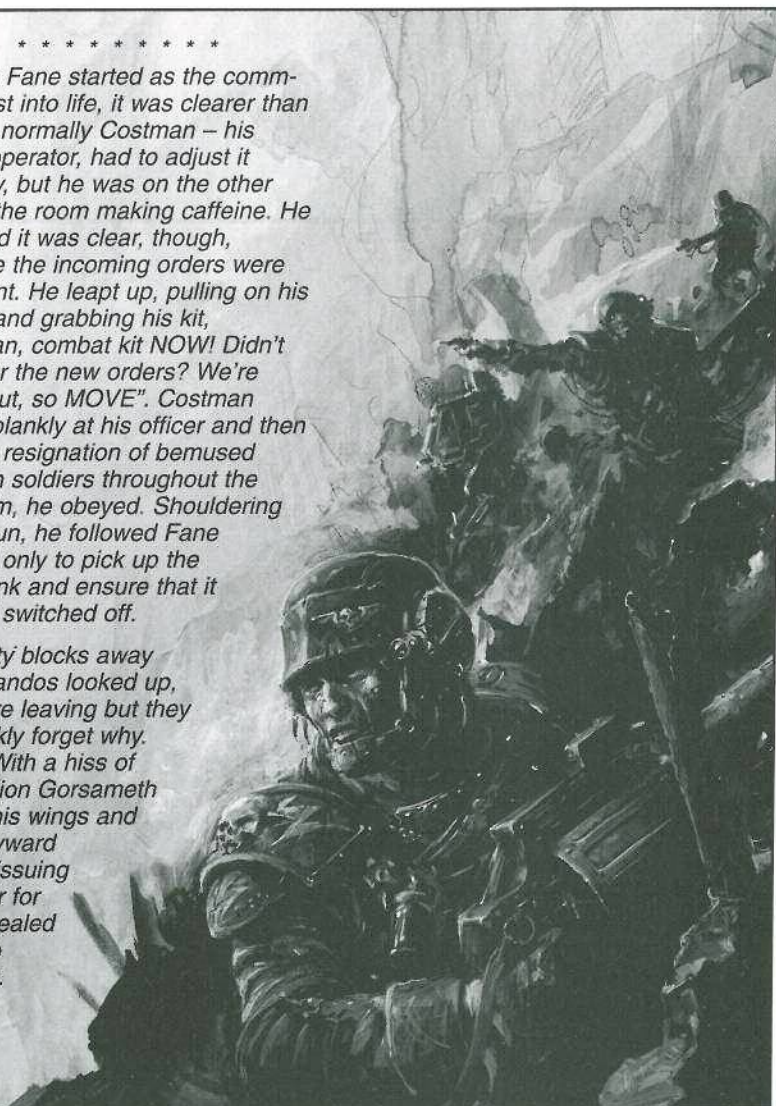
"Sorcerer... I want to send the Emperor's lackeys a message that this is not over, that the fear will always be with them. That precinct house is a symbol of this city's defiance and it must be destroyed. The fools have repaired it to serve as their arsenal and by their actions have served my purpose. Speak, Sorcerer, is it time?"

Asuramandos did not reply – his eyes were far away...

* * * * *

Captain Fane started as the comm-link burst into life, it was clearer than usual – normally Costman – his comm operator, had to adjust it carefully, but he was on the other side of the room making caffeine. He was glad it was clear, though, because the incoming orders were important. He leapt up, pulling on his helmet and grabbing his kit, "Costman, combat kit NOW! Didn't you hear the new orders? We're rolling out, so MOVE". Costman looked blankly at his officer and then with the resignation of bemused common soldiers throughout the Imperium, he obeyed. Shouldering his lasgun, he followed Fane pausing only to pick up the comm-link and ensure that it was still switched off.

A few city blocks away Asuramandos looked up, "They are leaving but they will quickly forget why. Hurry." With a hiss of anticipation Gorsameth spread his wings and leapt skyward already issuing the order for his concealed troops to advance.



FEAR THE NIGHT



Graham Davey

Graham: 1,000 point Chaos Space Marine armies tend to be pretty small. All my favourite units are the most expensive ones, so it would be quite easy to choose an army with only twenty

or so models in it. However, with that few men, you take just five casualties and you've lost a quarter of your army! No – my tactics for small games are to take plenty of models.

Remembering that even basic Chaos Space Marines are better than just about any other normal Troops choice, I took three squads. Next, one squad of Veterans, because their Infiltrate ability can be very useful in a Cityfight. Add to

that a Dreadnought (because they are always entertaining) and five Raptors. The Raptors are pretty expensive and I was torn between taking them or Terminators – the Raptors won out because they have much greater mobility. I went for a reasonably cheap Chaos Lord, with a jump pack so he could move around with the Raptors or go off alone. His lightning claws were added when Rowland decided he wanted to go 'over points' in order to take a Sniper – and it certainly made for a very cool model! Finally, I added enough wargear to make sure that every squad had something to deal with the numerous vehicles which I knew Rowland was fielding – a meltagun, a powerfist, melta-bombs for the Lord, etc. The idea was to keep my army nice and flexible, with each element able to

deal with any target that was available. My tactics were only firmed up as we deployed for battle. This is the best time, as it is vital for a unit to be in the right place for the job you want it to do. The two squads with heavy weapons went straight onto the highest vantage points available to me. I placed the Veterans as close as possible to the objective, knowing that they'd get an extra Infiltrate move. I wanted them to reach the objective before anything else and then hold on to it. The Chaos Lord was deployed specifically to take out the dangerous Griffon, which Rowland had put near the back but unsupported. If he was still alive after that, he had the mobility to reach (and then slaughter) some other stuff too. The remaining squad, Dreadnought and Raptors were placed on my right, as close as possible to the enemy. Their job was to stop the bulk of the enemy army from reaching the objective at all. If I could get them amongst the Imperial Guard infantry, they should make a big hole! Overall, I knew it was a tall order for an Imperial Guard army to seize an objective, especially when faced with a Chaos Space Marines army. My biggest worry was that taking heavy shooting casualties early on would leave me with simply too few Marines to stop the hordes of Guardsmen.



Arbites Precinct House

Hab-block

FOR THE EMPEROR!



Rowland Cox

Rowland: It's not often you have the luxury of choosing an army from scratch, and getting the 'Eavy Metal team to paint it for you. I was lucky: the fact that we didn't have a proper Cityfight army done,

and with time fast running out to paint one, decisions had to be made. So somebody foolishly asked me to choose pretty much what I wanted. Hooray!

Firstly, if I was going to choose an army from scratch then it would have a strong siege/city-fighting theme. Secondly, that meant lots of close ranged weapons, and as my army would be moving to close on the objective, I figured I wouldn't have time to hunker down for a long range fire fight anyway. I have found that flamers work fantastically well, a corking D6 hits per squad they hit. Toasted traitor, perfect! Thirdly, I would need hard, survivable tanks and troops to survive any lethal crossfires which Graham might plan.

To theme the army strongly, the inclusion

of plenty of troops was essential, an easy thing with Imperial Guard, so one Infantry Platoon, supported by an Armoured Fist squad seemed to fit the bill. Obviously I equipped them with as many flamers as I could, including a double heavy flamer on the Chimera (they don't call me Rowland 'Burn Them' Cox for nothing!). Next, infantry support in the form of a Sentinel, equipped with an armoured crew compartment to make it more survivable, and a Griffon for long range firepower. Continuing the fiery assault theme, a Hellhound would provide excellent scare factor. Lastly I needed some real punch, so I chose a tooled up Command HQ, backed up by the hardest things available to me. Nothing fits the bill better than the Demolisher Siege Tank, backed up with some 'Big Toy Soldiers', a hardy Storm Trooper Squad. My army was chosen.

One important factor to consider for a Cityfight is the amount of terrain, and its effect on vehicles. If you can't get to where you want to be, then you can't win. All of my tanks, which I was going to move around with, had rough terrain modifications. This would allow them to re-roll failed difficult

terrain tests, a very useful thing!

Extra armour would allow my tanks to

keep moving as well. After all, I didn't want my tanks to get stuck and then ambushed by power fist wielding Chaos Berzerkers!

Having played this mission a few times, I decided that the best chance I had of winning was with a well-timed charge towards the objective at the end of the game. Too soon, and I would get swamped by Chaos Marine scum. Too late would mean no chance of wresting the objective from dug-in squads of Night Lords. My plan was simple, advance en masse to the objective, engaging Graham's Traitorous Legions in close-ranged firefights, where my superior firepower would really take its toll. I could then finish any survivors off with a massed assault (remember, all models within 6 inches get to fight, and with Imperial Guard that's a lot of attacks!) I could feel this battle report was going to be great fun. With fire and steel I would cut a swathe through the Traitors!

To my right, I stationed the Griffon lurking behind a ruined building, its mortar loaded and ready to fire. On the left, the Hellhound moved up to the corner of the manufactorum, while above it, covering the gantry over the pipes, was a sniper. The Demolisher advanced down the main street, flanked on either side by Storm Trooper teams.

Behind the Demolisher, the Armoured Fist squad advanced in their Chimera. In the Cadian centre, the first platoon and Captain Fane's Command squad crawled forward through the ruins.

Already ahead of them, due to its scouting ability, the Sentinel reached the corner of the precinct house.



GORSAMETH'S NIGHT LORDS



HQ
Exalted Champion Gorsameth with two lightning claws, frag grenades, melta bombs, jump pack, spiky bits and the Mark of Chaos Undivided. **125 pts**



7 Chaos Space Marines with bolters and one with a lascannon. **120 pts**



Fast Attack
5 Raptors with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, frag grenades, krak grenades and one with a flamer. **178 pts**



Elites
8 Chaos Space Marine Veterans with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, frag grenades and one with a meltagun. **162 pts**



Troops
10 Chaos Space Marines with bolters, frag grenades, one with a flamer, including **Aspiring Champion Gothvell** with a power fist. **203 pts**



7 Chaos Space Marines with bolters and one with an autocannon. **115 pts**



Heavy Support
Chaos Dreadnought with a plasma cannon and Dreadnought close combat weapon. **115 pts**

1,018 pts





122nd CADIAN IMPERIAL GUARD

HQ

HQ

Command HQ

Captain Fane with a bolt pistol, power weapon and carapace armour.

4 Guardsmen, one with a standard, one with a meltagun and two with flammers. **110 pts**

S/1

Elites

Storm Trooper squad with hellguns, targeters, carapace armour, one with a flamer, one with a meltagun including:

S/2

Veteran Sergeant with a hellpistol. **145 pts**



Sniper with a sniper rifle. **15 pts**

Troops

Infantry Platoon

COM

Command Section

Lieutenant with a shotgun.

4 Guardsmen with lasguns, two with meltaguns and one with a comm-link. **62 pts**

1/1

Infantry Squad

10 Guardsmen with lasguns, one with a flamer, one with a missile launcher and one comm-link.

1/2

83 pts

2

10 Guardsmen with lasguns, one with a flamer and one with a comm-link. **68 pts**

AF

Armoured Fist Squad

10 Guardsmen with lasguns and one flamer.



Chimera with a turret heavy flamer, a sponson heavy flamer, smoke launchers, extra armour and dozer blades. **160 pts**

Fast Attack



Sentinel with a heavy flamer and armoured crew compartment



Hellhound with a turret-mounted inferno cannon, extra armour, a dozer blade and smoke launchers. **83 pts**

Heavy Support



Griffon with a heavy mortar and hull-mounted heavy bolter. **75 pts**



Demolisher with a turret-mounted demolisher cannon, a heavy bolter, extra armour, dozer blades and smoke launchers. **168 pts**

1,029 pts

SPLITTING SQUADS

In Cityfight games the Imperial Guard are able to split their normal ten man squads into five man teams. This enables them to advance alternately with one team providing covering fire. Two of Rowland's squads had split in this way to provide greater flexibility.

NIGHT LORDS TURN 1

Graham won the roll for first move, and the Night Lords seized the initiative. Lord Gorsameth's leap took him to the foot of the ruins behind which the Griffon was lurking. He sheltered from view for a moment while he prepared a meta-bomb. In the centre of the precinct, the Veterans effortlessly scaled the precinct house wall and advanced into the crate-filled courtyard.

Because the wall posed a serious obstacle to men on foot we decided that when crossing the wall, two D6 would be rolled and the LOWEST taken as the distance moved. Graham wasn't that worried as he rolled two 6s!

The Dreadnought Medraut lumbered, to a pile of covering debris, blazing away at the Cadian Platoon Command squad, supported by the lascannon in the ruined hab-block. Gothvell's squad broke cover, sprinting toward the manufacturum, firing on the run at the Storm Troopers. Two fell, and the rest turned on their heels, promptly fleeing to the jeers of the Guardsmen. More decisively, the autocannon on the cellarion roof rained shells on the Chimera, ripping its left track off, immobilising it, and disabling its turret flamer. The Raptors doused the Hellhound with their own flamer but their hopes of sparking a greater conflagration were thwarted by the Hellhound's armour. The Raptors fired their jump packs again and, rising high, they suddenly swooped down to the manufacturum gantry where the Cadian Sniper was lining up a shot at Gothvell. The Raptors shrieked with glee as they cut him down.



From their high vantage point, the Night Lords immobilise the Chimera



122nd CADIAN TURN 1



The 122nd Cadians advance through the ruins.

The wave of Cadian infantry swept impressively from the ruins, their ancient flag unfurled. In the vanguard, the Platoon Command squad's meltaguns immobilised the Chaos Dreadnought. The 1/2nd Squad, the Demolisher and the Griffon all fired on the rapidly closing Squad Gothvell, but only the Griffon found the range, killing three. The Hellhound rattled around the corner, returning the Raptors' flame attack with a far more potent one of its own. The Raptors' power armour saved them from the worst, although one still fell, and the remainder had no choice but to fall back before the furnace heat of the inferno cannon.

The retreating Storm Troopers refused to regroup and fled the battlefield. In the vanguard of the Imperial Guard advance, the Sentinel moved up to the precinct house ramp, but the Armoured Fist squad declined to move, staying under cover in their immobilised Chimera.



The Raptors slaughter the lone sniper; the Hellhound takes revenge.

TEMPLATE WEAPONS

In Cityfight, ordnance, blast, barrage and template weapons work slightly differently to normal. Because of the difficulty of accurately placing the various plastic templates over the crowded city terrain, the number of casualties is assessed by rolling a dice. Ordnance weapons and flammers cause D6 hits, blast and barrage weapons cause D3 hits. When firing the inferno cannon, Rowland rolled a 6. Because it is not possible to hit any single model more than once, all excess hits are discarded. There were only five Raptors, so a roll to wound was made for each and the sixth hit was discarded. Blast and barrage weapons, including ordnance, use a similar system though they must first roll to hit. This represents the fact that in a city a slight miss can cause a shell to burst high above the battlefield or be deflected by rubble. This turn, the Griffon hits squarely and, as an ordnance weapon, rolls a D6 scoring 5 hits. After saves, three men from Gothvell's squad are removed, testament to the Griffon's deadliness.



The Griffon rains death upon the Night Lords.

NIGHT LORDS TURN 2



From their eyrie on the cellarion, the squad with the autocannon took careful aim at the Hellhound beneath them and scored a penetrating hit that saw the tank erupt in flame. The Raptors regrouped, using the tangle of pipes for cover. Gothvell's squad immobilised the lightly armoured Sentinel with a hail of bolt pistol shots prior to charging the surviving team of Storm Troopers. The Dreadnought, roaring his frustration at being unable to rampage amongst his enemies, gunned down the front two members of the Platoon Command squad. The lascannon squad in the hab-block ruins continued to fire on Fane's Command squad as well, killing their meltagunner.

In the Assault phase, Gothvell's power fist shattered the spine of a Storm Trooper, but the combat was otherwise indecisive and the Storm Troopers stood their ground. On the left flank of the battle lines, Lord Gorsameth flipped over the ruins ahead of him landing in front of the Griffon, where he deftly attached a melta-bomb. The Griffon shuddered as the charge ripped through it, incinerating the crew.

At this point the Night Lords looked to have the Guard pinned down, but they reckoned without the rugged determination of the 122nd Cadian.



VANTAGE POINTS

The Chaos squad is at least 8" above the ground. This enables them to overlook lower buildings and fire on the weaker top armour of enemy vehicles. This made it an excellent covering position for the squad's autocannon.

From their perfect vantage point, the Night Lords destroy the Hellhound.

122nd CADIAN TURN 2

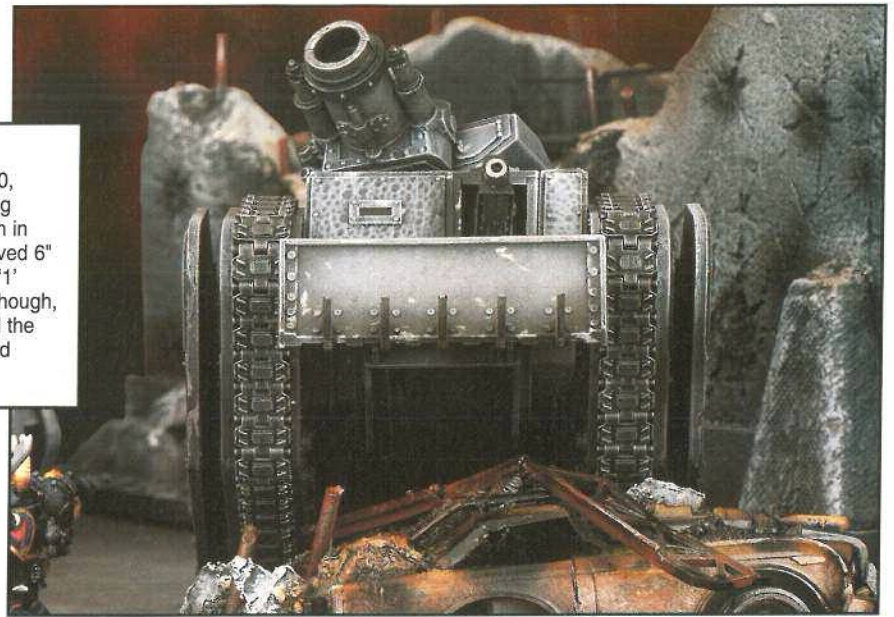
The Demolisher rumbled forward, its hull-mounted heavy bolter blazing, crushing abandoned ground cars beneath its tracks.

DIFFICULT GROUND

In Cityfight, just like in normal Warhammer 40,000, vehicles like tanks can be immobilised by crossing rubble. This type of terrain is much more common in Cityfight though. In this case, the Demolisher moved 6" and had to test to cross difficult ground, rolling a '1' which would normally immobilise it. Fortunately, though, it was equipped with dozer blades, which allowed the dice to be re-rolled. The Demolisher rolled a 4 and negotiated the debris successfully.

While the Demolisher and 1/2nd tried in vain to suppress the autocannon squad on their rooftop, Fane issued the order to fix bayonets. Gothvell gazed around his position to see dozens of Cadians charging at his squad. The Armoured Fist squad disembarked from the Chimera and rushed to complete the trap. The street was filled with fighting men, the Guardsmen swarming around their giant adversaries, stabbing and shooting.

One by one the Night Lords fell, but though they died to a man they fought back desperately, slaying several Cadians. Gothvell himself fell with a Cadian neck still in the grip of his power fist. The Cadians consolidated toward the precinct house, wiped their bayonets



The Demolisher effortlessly rumbles through the debris.

and checked their clips. The advance was back on again.

The power of numbers had been impressively demonstrated. Now fully deployed, the Cadians presented a formidable sight with little apparently standing between them and the Chaos Veterans in the precinct house.

CLOSE COMBAT

In Cityfight the normal requirement to be in base to base contact or within 2" of the enemy in order to fight is relaxed. Instead, you can assault as long as one member of your unit can reach the enemy. When fighting, all models within 6" of the enemy get to fight with their full number of attacks. Hits cannot be allocated and all casualties are removed by the owning players. This results in bloody but decisive combats. This is because when fighting on city terrain, it can be almost impossible to balance models in exactly the right positions. Consequently the system is more forgiving and assumes that unit to unit combat is a swirling affair in which everyone is hacking at one another. The massed mêlée in this game is an example of how numbers can prevail in these circumstances.



The Imperial Guard wipe out the Night Lords in close combat through sheer weight of numbers.

NIGHT LORDS TURN 3

Its fury beyond control, Medraut raged at the puny Guardsmen as he went into fire frenzy and swept their ranks with plasma fire. The Raptors flanked the Guard to the right, firing into the press as the overlooking Chaos squads added to the salvo. Great holes were torn in the Guard's ranks as they advanced across the open ground. Gothvell's fatal charge had drawn the Guard platoon into a killing field. While the Guard wavered under the devastating fusillade, the Raptors swooped into the Armoured Fist squad at the rear of the Guard formation. By striking at the Guardsmen from the rear, the Raptors hoped to draw them away from their objective if they were tempted to counter-attack again. The Raptors killed two Guardsmen and the rest fled, chilled by their piercing screams.

The lascannon squad in the hab-block had run out of targets, so they climbed down to ground level and headed for the street.

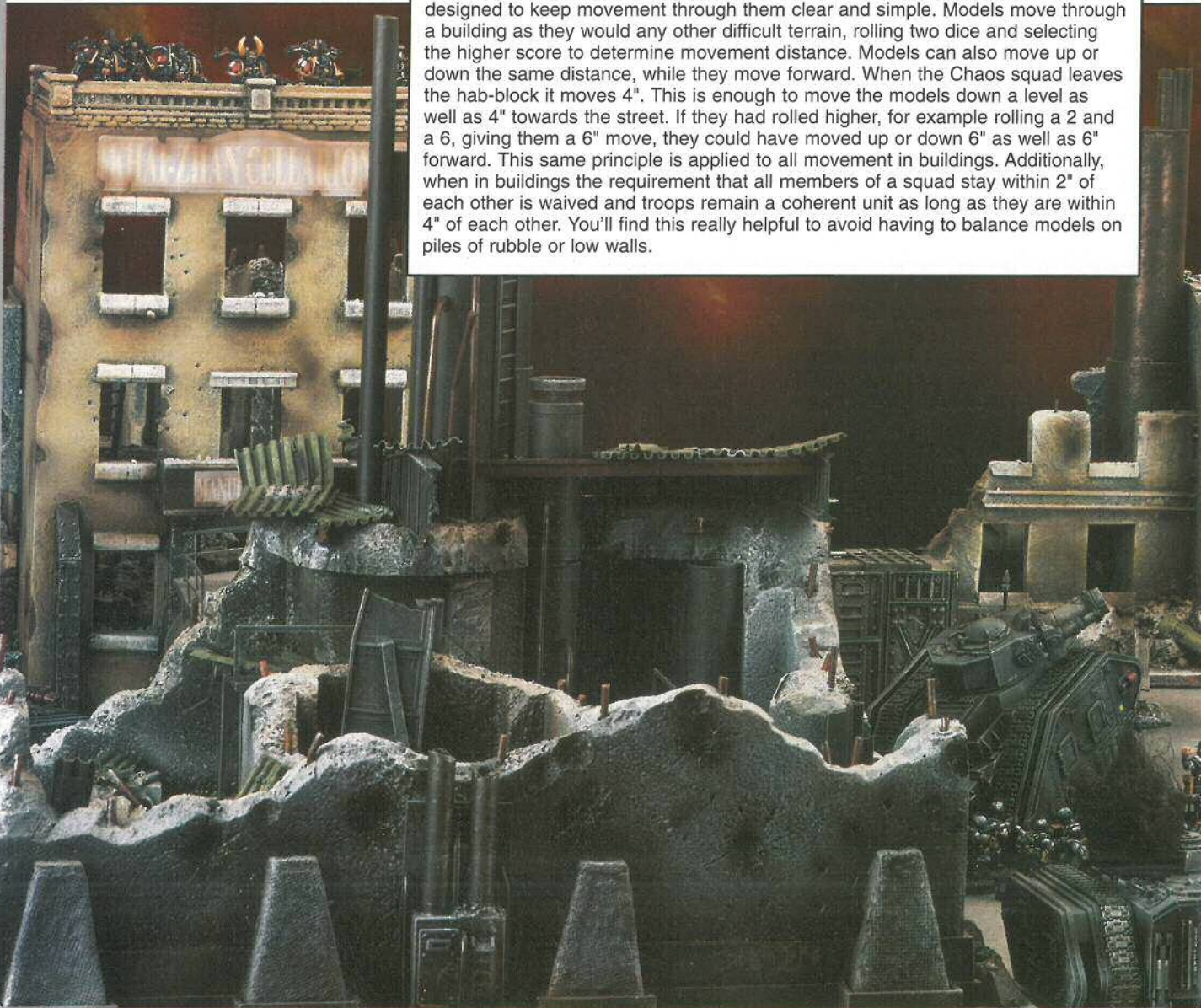
The street echoed to the amplified roar of the Chaos Dreadnought, its plasma cannon glowing like a small sun as it disgorged raw energy, each bolt creating bubbling pools of molten matter where the road once was. The Cadians flinched from the heat only to find themselves under fire from the roof of the cellarion, the storm of explosive bolts forcing them back. A further burst from the roof of the precinct house forced them back the other way, men clutching at their flak jackets as the long range shots struck home. The whole platoon swayed under the terrible volley, cut down like wheat before the scythe. The high-flying Raptors landed to the rear of their formation and rushed into them shrieking like daemons. And yet through the din they heeded Fane's words,

"Are you not Cadians? Stand up and fight!"

One by one, they rose to their feet. Ignoring the sickening sight of the Armoured Fist squad being ripped apart by the Raptors, the 122nd turned once again to face the precinct house.

BUILDINGS

Detailed buildings add enormously to the enjoyment of Cityfight and the rules are designed to keep movement through them clear and simple. Models move through a building as they would any other difficult terrain, rolling two dice and selecting the higher score to determine movement distance. Models can also move up or down the same distance, while they move forward. When the Chaos squad leaves the hab-block it moves 4". This is enough to move the models down a level as well as 4" towards the street. If they had rolled higher, for example rolling a 2 and a 6, giving them a 6" move, they could have moved up or down 6" as well as 6" forward. This same principle is applied to all movement in buildings. Additionally, when in buildings the requirement that all members of a squad stay within 2" of each other is waived and troops remain a coherent unit as long as they are within 4" of each other. You'll find this really helpful to avoid having to balance models on piles of rubble or low walls.



NIGHT LORDS TURN 4

In the shadow of the ruined buildings the lascannon squad exited the hab-block, and Lord Gorsameth leapt into position to charge into the Cadian rearguard.

Medraut fired on the Armoured Fist squad, killing four Guardsmen. Since its immobilisation, the Guard had ignored the Chaos Dreadnought, and this decision was proving to be very costly indeed.

The squads atop the cellarion and the precinct tower continued to fire on the embattled Cadian platoon, dropping the standard bearer. The remaining Raptor despatched the last Storm Trooper and prepared to return to the fray. Lord Gorsameth leapt at the Armoured Fist squad, a blur of motion dealing death at every side. All four surviving Guardsmen were killed, leaving the bloody-handed Chaos Lord and the last Raptor standing side by side after consolidation moves.



The Night Lords redeploy to find a better firing position.



The Chaos Lord rips into the Armoured Fist squad.

CONSOLIDATING AND SWEEPING ADVANCE

In urban warfare, all troops quickly learn the importance of looking before they leap. Unlike open-field battle, there is no sweeping advance in City fight. It is too easy for troops to fall back around a corner and be waiting ready for an over-eager pursuer. Consequently, the winner of a hand to hand combat can only perform a consolidation move and cannot use this to contact another opponent.



122nd CADIAN TURN 4



The Demolisher opens up on the precinct tower.

The Cadians were running out of options; the bulk of their infantry moved up the ramp into the precinct house courtyard. Those in range, supported by the Demolisher, fired on the Veteran squad in the precinct house tower, but their fire was hurried and inaccurate.

The Chimera's flamer fired at the Raptor but once again it survived. The Cadian 1/2nd had little choice but to fire at the Chaos Lord. Fortunately for him, the krak missile missed, but he was still wounded by a lucky lasgun shot.

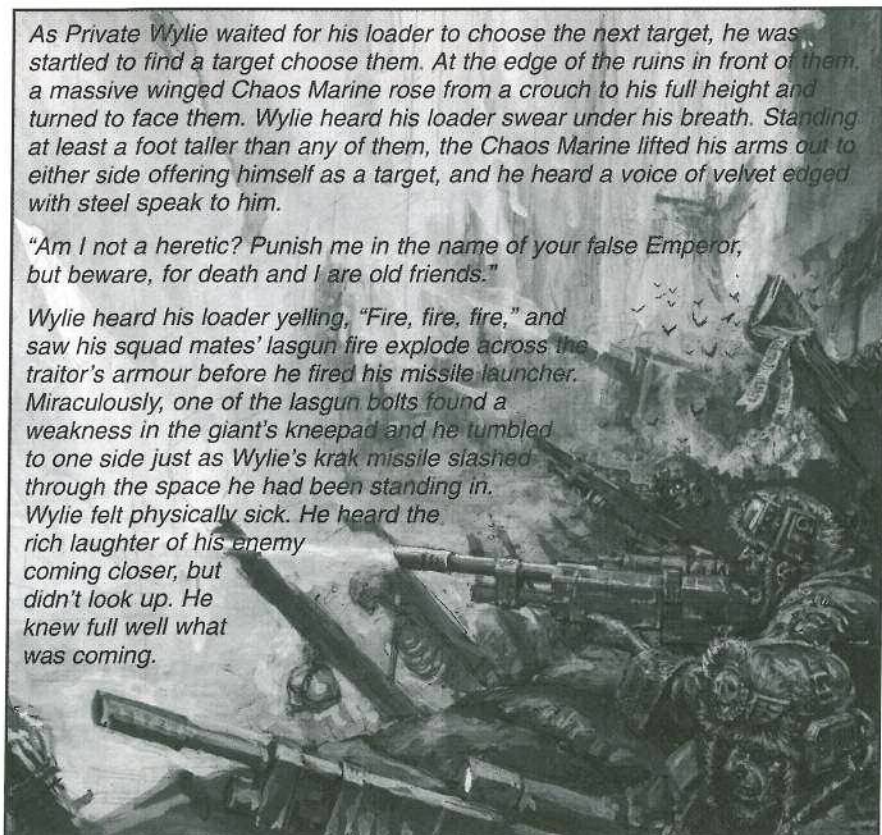
The Demolisher finally managed to hit its target (the amount of collateral damage done by its misses to the surrounding district can only be guessed at!) and rolling a D6 for effect, scores 3 hits. Clearly the shell has hit the side of the bastion and caught three of the Chaos Marine Veterans in its blast. Rowland was not as successful when rolling to wound though, as two of the three dice were 1s, resulting in only one wound.

Even if more of the hits had wounded the Veterans, they could have still survived by making cover saves. In Cityfight, buildings confer a 4+ cover save.

As Private Wylie waited for his loader to choose the next target, he was startled to find a target choose them. At the edge of the ruins in front of them, a massive winged Chaos Marine rose from a crouch to his full height and turned to face them. Wylie heard his loader swear under his breath. Standing at least a foot taller than any of them, the Chaos Marine lifted his arms out to either side offering himself as a target, and he heard a voice of velvet edged with steel speak to him.

"Am I not a heretic? Punish me in the name of your false Emperor, but beware, for death and I are old friends."

Wylie heard his loader yelling, "Fire, fire, fire," and saw his squad mates' lasgun fire explode across the traitor's armour before he fired his missile launcher. Miraculously, one of the lasgun bolts found a weakness in the giant's kneepad and he tumbled to one side just as Wylie's krak missile slashed through the space he had been standing in. Wylie felt physically sick. He heard the rich laughter of his enemy coming closer, but didn't look up. He knew full well what was coming.



TURN 5

NIGHT LORDS

The Night Lords hungrily pressed on their attack, the objective within reach of their black claws. While one squad moved up to the precinct house compound wall, the two in elevated positions continued to pick off the Cadians desperately charging up the compound ramp.

Lord Gorsameth turned away from the Guardsmen and decided it was time to remove the threat of the Demolisher before its luck turned. He leapt towards its rear, preparing another melta-bomb.

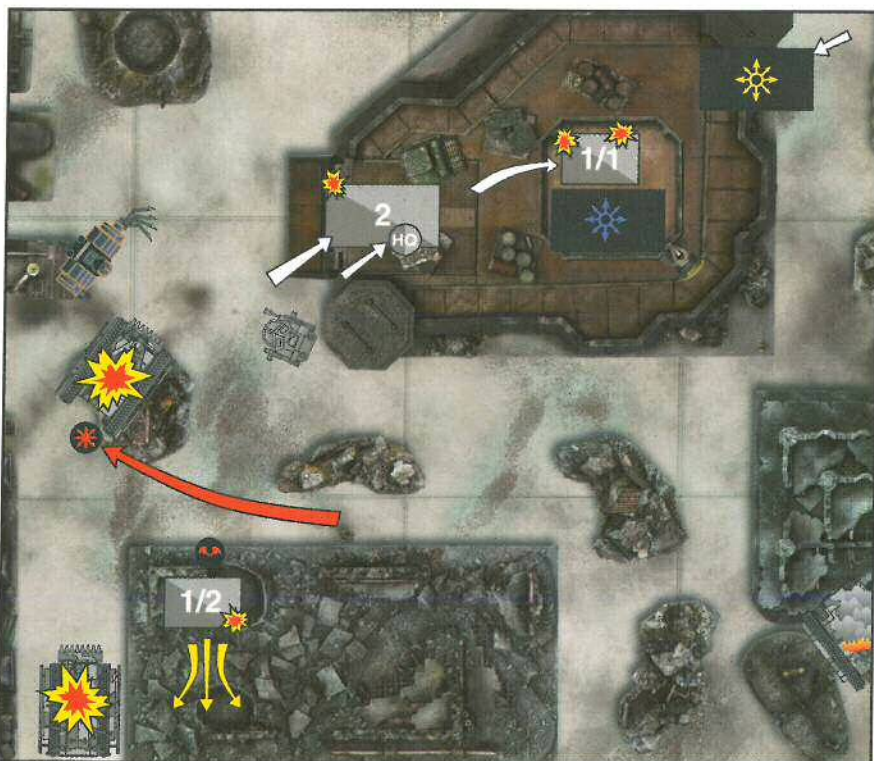
Behind him, the lone Raptor continued to pass his 'All On Your Own' test and fired his flamer at the Cadian 1/2nd, killing one of them. The survivor fled, badly burned by the Chaos Marine's fire.

The Dreadnought, still immobilised, but with a view to plenty of targets, turned its steaming plasma cannon on the Chimera, destroying it with a fortunate shot.

Nearby, Lord Gorsameth calmly attached a melta-bomb to the stationary Demolisher and stood back as the shaped melta charge exploded. At first the siege tank just rocked on its tracks, but then a secondary explosion far greater than the first ripped through it as its ammunition detonated, flipping the massive machine over.

CADIAN 122ND

Left with a tiny handful of troops, Captain Fane prayed to the Emperor for a miracle, but didn't take his eyes off the objective.



The Cadians finally make it into the precinct tower.

Remarkably, the 1/1st actually got into the precinct house keep and, climbing the ladder, burst onto the roof. The Veteran Chaos Marines on the rooftop were grouped at one end of the tower, firing down into the courtyard. Sensing their last opportunity, the Cadians fired. Simultaneously, the remains of the 2nd squad down in the courtyard added their fire. But despite firing three flammers at the Chaos Marines, the Cadians did no damage whatsoever.

All hope had now gone for the Cadians, surrounded and outnumbered, they still refused to abandon their mission. Captain Fane drew his power sword and prepared for the inevitable counter-strike.



The Dreadnought targets the immobile Chimera.

"Traitors, heretics, turn and face us, it's cleansing time" Sergeant DeJano roared like a madman as he triggered his flamer. The line of Chaos Marines were engulfed in flame. From below the parapet, two further gouts of flame roared up and over the crenellated wall, wreathing the Night Lords in a sea of living flame. DeJano laughed and cried at the same time, certain that after their charge through hell to get here, the 122nd had once again triumphed. Then the flames died and the Chaos Marines turned to face DeJano and his comrades. Their ceramite armour was blackened but not one had fallen. With a precise click, a line of bolters was brought to bear.

Down in the courtyard Captain Fane heard the voice of Sergeant DeJano crying out in despair, ended by a burst of bolter fire and cruel laughter.

TURN 6

NIGHT LORDS

Urthvass' Veterans turned to face the Cadian 1st Squad on the tower. Laughing insanely, they emptied their bolt pistols into the Imperial Guardsmen, firing long after the bodies had stopped moving. There was no mercy in the army of the Night Lords.

The immobilised Sentinel stood helplessly at the bottom of the ramp, none of the Night Lords coming within range of its heavy flamer. The Sentinel driver gripped his laspistol and crouched down in the cockpit hoping not to be seen, wishing he had kept the multilaser rather than refitting with a heavy flamer. The single surviving Raptor leapt over to the walker and, in the cover of its shadow, planted Krak grenades. Explosions rocked the Sentinel, but its armour held.



Lord Gorsameth and Captain Fane finally meet in close combat.

From above, the autocannon killed another Cadian, leaving only a desperate group of four Guardsmen and Captain Fane. It was time for a last stand.

With a deafening roar, Lord Gorsameth charged into the surviving Cadians in the precinct house courtyard as they gathered around their Captain.

Gorsameth screamed his triumph. Apart from the Storm Troopers who fled at the outset of the battle and the Sentinel pilot cowering in his cockpit, every Cadian was dead. Their bodies formed a gruesome trail from their start position in the ruins, up the ramp, to the position of Fane's last stand in the courtyard. The Cadians had proven extremely valiant, but their courage was no match for the cunning and power of the Night Lords.



The Lord Gorsameth continues to slaughter the beleaguered Cadians.



Rather than flying into combat, the Chaos Lord landed on the ramp to the courtyard and ran toward Fane in a low crouch. The first Guardsmen thrust too soon, a slight twist of Gorsameth's left claw deflected the bayonet, and before the Guardsman could recover his weapon the right claw raked his throat and he fell, gurgling, to the floor. The second Guardsman was more careful, waiting for the traitor's rush before stabbing. His bayonet glanced off the ceramite breastplate, jarring his shoulders and entangling in the raptor jump pack wing. A lightning swift slice of the assailant's claws cut off his hands, leaving the lasgun dangling from the towering Night Lord. With a sudden change of balance, Gorsameth kicked out, sending a crate of ammunition that must have weighed as much as a man flying at the surviving Cadians. The last Guardsman, Corporal Reille, shouldered Fane aside

and grunted as the crate smashed into him. He'd already thrown away his flamer, and a long fighting knife with a notched wooden handle was in his hand. Instinctively he dropped, rolling with the crate's impact just as the claws parted the air above him. Stabbing upward, he grappled with Gorsameth, desperation granting him the strength to hold back the massive Chaos Marine and shout "Captain. Now!" Back on guard, Captain Fane raised his power sword and saw that Gorsameth's guard was down as he shifted his grip on the brave Guardsman, his barbed claws slicing through armour.

From a nearby street the Sorcerer Asuramandos watched the battle through his minds' eye, and spoke quietly. "No, not before we have your soul," he said, his body tensing briefly and then relaxing.

In the precinct house courtyard, Fane's hand twisted involuntarily on the hilt as the blade descended, catching Gorsameth with the flat of the blade only. The next thing Fane heard was the Guardsman being crushed in Gorsameth's cold bearhug. Reille's bones cracked and he was dropped like a broken rag doll at Fane's feet. Fane stood alone, his sword hanging limply by his side, the bodies of his platoon stretching out before him. He felt despair and terror all around him like a shroud as the gaze of the Chaos Lord fell upon him. The urge to cower and beg, to promise anything to prevent his doom welled up inside him. Just then, his eyes glimpsed the banner of the 122nd lying in the dirt and a decade of martial pride pushed the tendrils of dark sorcery from his mind. Straightening, he met Gorsameth's gaze and spat "Traitor!" before the claws tore out his heart.

CONCLUSION

Pete: Having specifically armed most of his squads with flamers and meltaguns, one of the major problems that Rowland faced was his lack of ranged firepower. From their commanding positions, the Night Lords were able to pick the Guardsmen off while their assault specialists kept them in the open. The Cadian vehicles were relatively ineffective, although this was really due to accurate fire from the roof of the cellarion by the autocannon. Overall, Graham's squads fought a coordinated action, combining close assault and fire support, while Rowland's infantry were forced into an unwieldy mob that was gradually worn down.

Well, that's my take on the game, lets see if the guys agree.



The players shake hands after a well fought game.

ANNIHILATED!



Graham: The forces of Chaos have wiped out their enemies to a man!

Obviously the game went well for me — by my second turn I had more or less neutralised four out of Rowland's five vehicles, fatally reducing his firepower. Surprisingly, it was the Guardsmen that took most killing. The cover saves gained from being in buildings in a Cityfight are far more

beneficial to poorly armoured troops than they are to power armoured Space Marines. Also, the modified assault rules allowed practically every model in Rowland's army to counter-charge with 2 Attacks each, completely wiping out the squad that was supposed to hold up the Guardsmen. That combat also allowed all those men to get much closer to the objective with their assault and consolidate moves. This effect led to my favourite ploy of the game, when I charged the remaining Raptors into the back of the Imperial

army instead of the lead units that were nearest the precinct tower. Rowland was forced to choose between pushing on to the objective or turning back to deal with the threat. Then my Lord arrived and proceeded to chop up what was left of the Guardsmen (helped by the fire-frenzying Dreadnought!). A handful of men did make it to the top of the tower, but it was nowhere near enough to shift the elite Veteran squad that was waiting for them.

Victory for the forces of night!

NOT IN THE FACE...



Rowland: Which fool let me choose this army! It was obviously broken, and cursed with bad luck! I lost the dice roll for choosing sides, for

deployment, and going first. Well, at least I was consistent. I think things went wrong somewhere between when I moved my army forward, and Graham destroying it to a man. In summary, Ouch. This must be the shortest battle report conclusion ever!

These insignificant misgivings aside, the whole battle went according to plan. The one very important consideration I underestimated was the sheer effectiveness of Graham's shooting; the crossfire from the Arbites tower and ruined buildings

reduced my assault to a trickle. I could overpower his heretical Legions at close range, even decimating a squad in close combat (a moral victory for any Imperial Guard commander!), but by the time I was close enough to the objective, my force had been whittled away. My own long-range firepower was terribly ineffective, my sniper got the chop on turn one, the Demolisher Siege tank accounted for only one Chaos scumbag, the missile launcher squad were just as incompetent, whilst the Griffon suffered the attention of Graham's all-conquering Chaos Lord. A special mention should go out to this regent of darkness, who accounted for virtually half my army! Damn him!

The inclusion of a powerful independent character can add a great tactical flexibility to your force

in a Cityfight. I just didn't know what to do about the Chaos Lord, and Graham positioned him so well that I couldn't put any effective firepower on him.

Cityfight is a great opportunity to revisit your army, and the rules and scenarios reflect siege and city fighting excellently, whilst not slowing down the game at all. I am currently going through my own Imperial Guard army and readying it for city fighting, and after some hard lessons I think elite infantry like Ogryns and Storm Troopers may be the answer. Ultimately, Graham was a cunning opponent, we both had a great game, and the squaring off of our commanders on the last turn was about as climactic as it comes. Who knows, next time I might even win!

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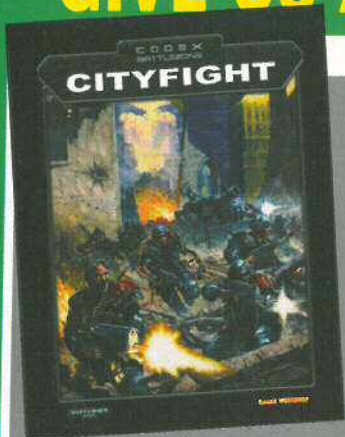
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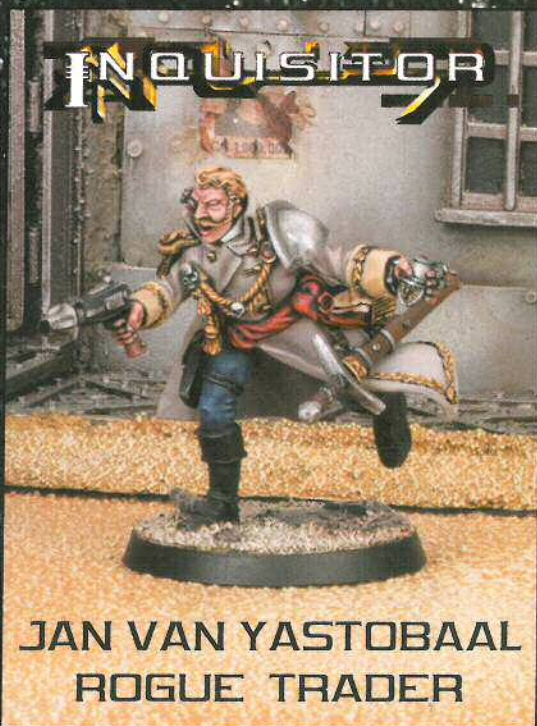


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