



WHITE DWARF

ISSUE
455

**TOME CELESTIAL:
THE JAWS OF
MORK**

**REALMS
OF CHAOS:
TZEENTCH**

**ENTER THE WAR
ZONE OF THE
PARIAH NEXUS**

**ADEPTUS
TITANICUS
BATTLE REPORT**

**TOME KEEPERS:
THE WHITE
DWARF CHAPTER**

**AND MUCH
MORE FOR**



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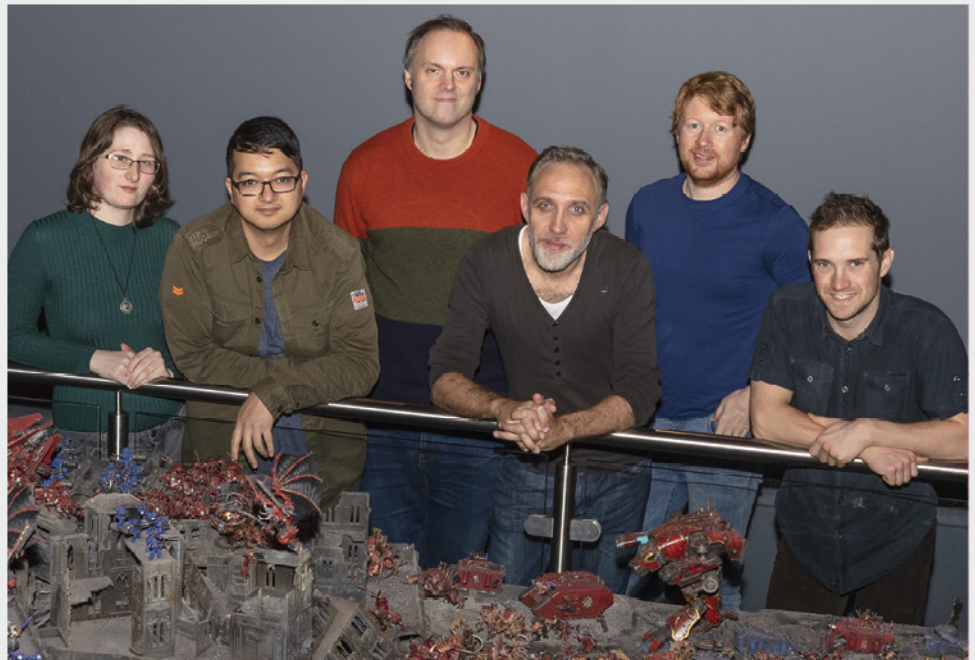
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MEET THE WHITE DWARF TEAM

From their secret sanctum, itself hidden deep within the Warhammer Studio, the White Dwarf team works tirelessly to craft everyone's favourite Warhammer hobby magazine each month.



From left to right: Sophie Bostock (Designer), Lyle Lowery (Managing Editor), Matthew Hutson (Senior Designer), Shaun Pritchard (Reprographics), Jonathan Stapleton (Photographer) and Dan Harden (Staff Writer).

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

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EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIBER COVERS!

If you subscribe to *White Dwarf*, you may have noticed that you have a different cover on your magazine compared to the ones found in shops. Subscriber copies feature a piece of artwork without the contents listing down the side, allowing you to appreciate the art in all its glory. This month's cover features the Thousand Sons overwhelming the opposing Blood Angels, illustrated by Johan Grenier.

If you would like to subscribe to *White Dwarf*, turn to the end of the magazine for more information.



The home of Warhammer on the web, the Warhammer Community website brings you the latest news on Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer Age of Sigmar, the Horus Heresy, Forge World, Black Library, and more!

www.warhammer-community.com

WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 455

SOUND THE WARHORNS!



I love a good Battle Report, and I also love Adeptus Titanicus. But it's rare that the two come together. Those stars have aligned in this issue, and we've got an exciting clash of Legions to show you. We had a lot of fun creating this one, and we really went to town creating visual representations of the display feeds a Princeps might see when commanding his maniple. All of the game's manoeuvring, reactor management and detailed damage effects really lend themselves to a vivid minds-eye view of the action. The photos, maps and information displays we've created that track reactor heat and Titan damage will make you feel like you're a Princeps plugged into the MIU. We hope it's an engaging read for all fans of the Far Future, not just Adeptus Titanicus players.

Speaking of the Far Future, there are two new articles that begin to explore a new front in the ongoing Warhammer 40,000 saga. It is known as the Pariah Nexus, and it is a mysteriously null area of space

dominated by the Necrons, who seem to have unleashed a weapon that is anathema to the warp. The significance of this new war front has yet to be fully revealed, but a weapon that can render psychic power inert and disable travel through the warp is a threat to the Imperium that cannot be overstated, and it threatens to alter the balance of power in the galaxy.

Your new favourite Space Marine Chapter, the Tome Keepers (we hope!), see their organisation revealed in this issue, as well as their first named character. We're really enjoying the journey of a new Chapter coming to life, and we hope you are, too.

Far from the Far Future, there's lots to love for Sigmaphiles as well! The Realms of Chaos shines on Tzeentch, the Tome Celestial is buried in a Squigalanche, and the final part of the Hallost serial campaign waits in these pages!

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Cover art by Johan Grenier



Subscription cover art by Johan Grenier



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WARHAMMER 40,000

64 SONS OF THE WARMASTER

A stunning Sons of Horus army painted by Golden Demon winner Simon Elsen.

WARHAMMER 40,000

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The Architect of Fate brings much knowledge in the shape of conversions and painting advice. Heed his words well.

WARHAMMER 40,000 / AGE OF SIGMAR

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The Great Conspirator also blesses us with painting guides for his daemonic minions. Pink paint is required.

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CONTACT

Where we feature your thoughts, questions and painted miniatures. Send us your letters and pictures, and we'll print the best ones we get.

PAINTING QUESTION: THE ORDERS MINORIS

In the new *Codex: Adepta Sororitas*, there are images of some of the Orders Minoris on page 67. One of the sisters is from the Order of the Ashen Shrine, and I'd love to know what colours were used on her robes.

Leo Robertson
Los Angeles, USA

Hey Leo, thanks for writing in. And that's a good question, too! The Battle Sister of the Order of the Ashen Shrine was painted by John Wilson, one of the members of the 'Eavy Metal team. Below, we've

provided the colours he used for both the inside and the outside of the Sister's habit. We included the colours John used on her power armour and bolter for completeness. John also had these words of wisdom:

'I recommend using a Chaos Black undercoat, seeing as most of the model is quite dark,' says John. 'I painted the armour to completion first, then carefully re-basecoated the robes. I painted the Sororitas symbol on her robes red rather than gold to make it stand out from the ochre robes. I painted the base separately so that I could drybrush it silver.'



POWER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Stegadon Scale Green

Layer: Dark Reaper

Layer: Dark Reaper & Deepkin Flesh

Layer: Celestra Grey

HABIT (OCHRE)

Basecoat: Zandri Dust

Wash: Seraphim Sepia

Wash: Balor Brown & Doombull Brown

Layer: Zandri Dust & Wraithbone

Layer: Ushabti Bone

HABIT (CREAM)

Basecoat: Ushabti Bone

Wash: Ushabti Bone & Steel Legion Drab

Layer: Ushabti Bone

Layer: Screaming Skull

WHITE BOLTER

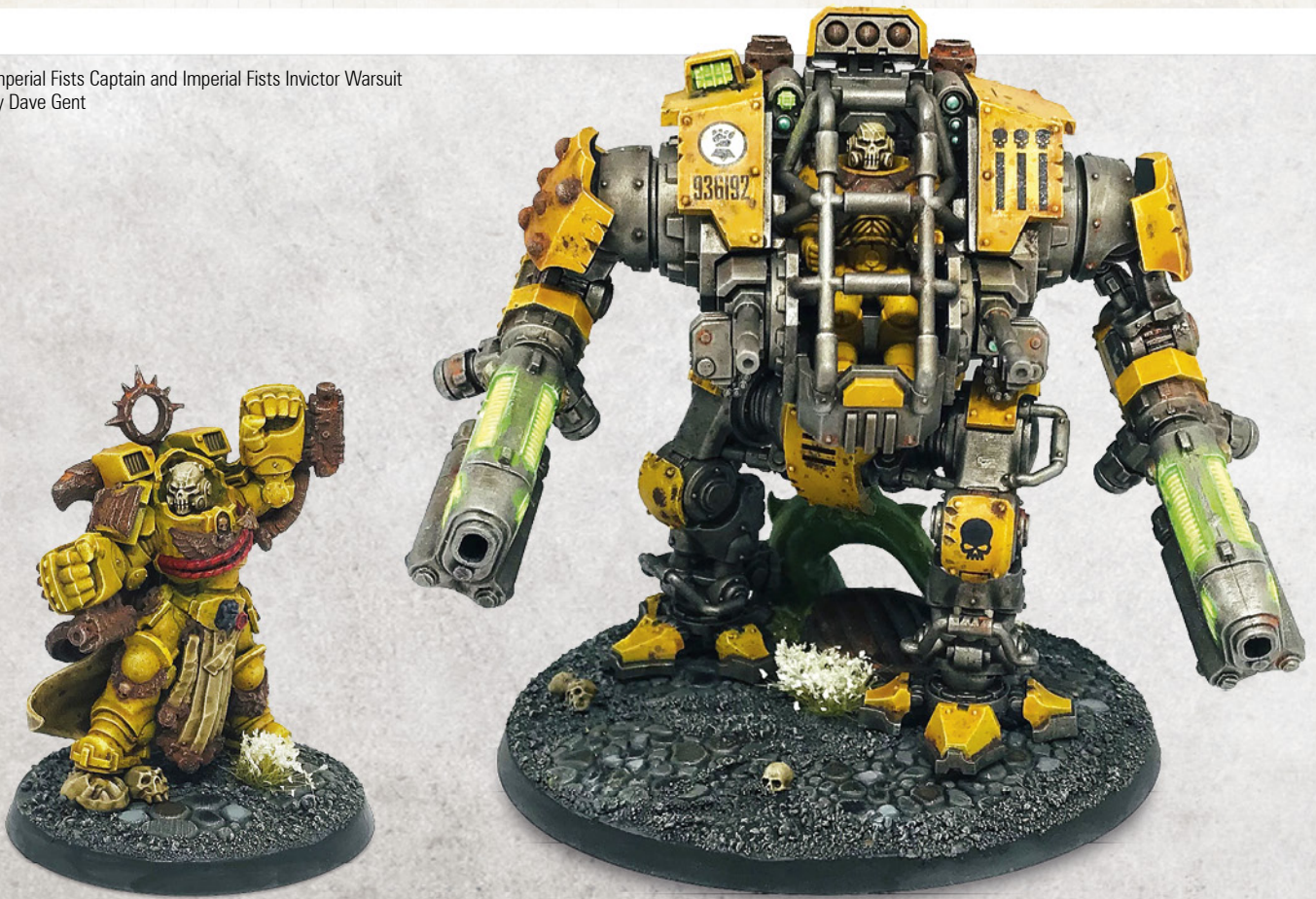
Basecoat: Celestra Grey & White Scar

Wash: Dark Reaper & Celestra Grey

Wash: Dark Reaper

Layer: White Scar

Imperial Fists Captain and Imperial Fists Invictor Warsuit by Dave Gent





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INSPIRING INSPIRATION

Hey all! Loving the current magazine format, in particular the articles about Warhammer Underworlds and Age of Sigmar (as a fantasy fan of thirty years, I always appreciate seeing more of the Mortal Realms). These days I am mainly a painter, and I've been really inspired by the Fantastical Realms and Galactic War Zones articles. For me, Warhammer has always been enhanced and defined by great stories and great miniatures, and painting an army is the culmination of both of those elements.

As an example, I've begun a dual army project, painting Stormcast Eternals of the Bloodied Dawn Stormhost and their current enemies, Beasts of Chaos. At the time, I was reading the short story 'Gods' Gift' in which Hamilcar hunts a monster in the Gorwoods. I immediately chose those mountainous, blood-drinking woods as the setting in which my armies would clash – it has such great atmosphere. I began to paint my first test Stormcast – a Liberator Prime – when I noticed that a shoot was growing out of his base. I thought it would be excellent if my Stormcasts had been tasked by Sigmar to clear the Children of the Gorwoods from the slopes of the Gorkoman, and as they cleanse the slopes of the taint of Chaos, the plants sprout and grow anew in a purer form. All of this from a short tale and a single shoot. I have now painted several Stormcasts, my Knight-Azyros (right) being my favourite to date.

Thomas Pape
Sheffield, UK

We think your Knight-Azyros looks brilliant, Thomas, and you've got an excellent idea for the background of

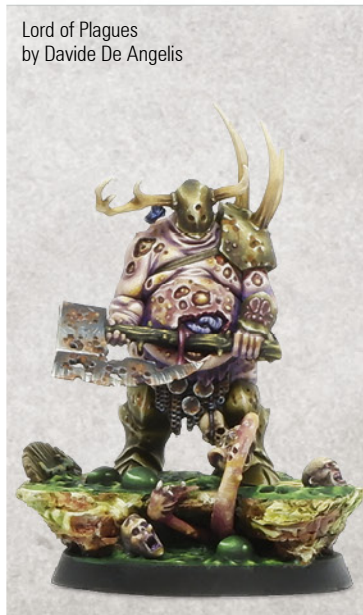
your army. You say Fantastical Realms is inspiring, but we reckon your letter and model will inspire even more people to give converting a go. Congratulations!



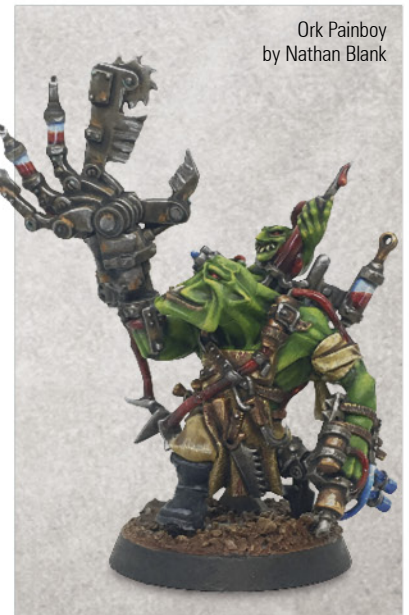
Ogroid Thaumaturge
by Loïc Cessey



Lord of Plagues
by Davide De Angelis



Ork Painboy
by Nathan Blank



ASK GROMBRINDAL

I play Dark Angels, and with the latest codex we've finally been allowed to field Scout Bikes and the Land Speeder Storm. But here lies the problem. Does one paint those vehicles in the green livery of the regular Dark Angels, or should they be painted in the colours of the Ravenwing?



Tim Bos
Arnhem, The Netherlands

Angels? Ravens? All sounds a bit un-duardin to me. Nevertheless, I will answer your question, for it is my solemn duty. Put simply, Scouts are not fully initiated battle-brothers, so they are part of the 10th Company, not the 2nd. Therefore, their bikes and Land Speeders (and their armour) should be painted green. If a Scout were ever to see something that he shouldn't (such as a Fallen), it's likely he would be taken away for a stern chat and then never seen again. Such is the peril of being an aspirant of the Unforgiven.

Grombrindal

ALL HAIL THE GATHERER!

First off, thank you all for Warcry. It's been an absolute joy for me to throw down with this mechanic, and I'm so thoroughly enjoying the terrain and warbands – particularly the Corvus Cabal. I would love to read more lore about them, especially the Gatherer, whom it is stated they see in Archaon. But surely there must be more to it. Perhaps an emerging god or Greater Daemon that might see a mini in its own right? Maybe you would consider an ongoing spotlight on each warband and offer up a little more background on all of them. Corvus comes first, right? Either way, love what you've given us. Thanks again. I'm so looking forward to anything else pertaining to my little band of bird murderers. *White Dwarf* for life!

Jason Petrini
Baltimore, MD (USA)

Thanks for your thoughts, Jason, and what a great idea! There is a little background on each faction in the Warcry core book, but there can never be too much background about them. We've already passed on your suggestion to the Age of Sigmar team, and they're going to have a think about it. Fingers crossed, eh?

TOP PHOTO TIPS

In Contact, we want to show off the very best miniatures painted by you, our readers. Of course, great miniatures need great pictures, so we came up with a useful guide to help you out:

www.warhammer-community.com/the-model-photo

If you follow all the advice in that article, you really can't go far wrong. Our top tips are:

Always use a white background.

Make sure you've got good lighting.

Ensure the whole model is in focus, including the base and all its weapons.

Find the model's golden angle. If in doubt, take a look at the same model on the Games Workshop website to see how it was photographed.

WHAT A CONTRAST!

I'm an avid reader of *White Dwarf*, and I've recently found myself plunging into the depths of the Age of Sigmar since reading your articles on the Eight Realms. Even though I've not tried my hand at theming a particular 'realm style' yet, I can positively say that it inspired me to sink my teeth into this side of the hobby. Therefore, I purchased the Feast of Bones boxed set and painted up the Tyrant.

In the theme of trying out new things, I was reluctant to give Contrast paints a go, because I was worried they would drastically change my painting style to something I would be uncomfortable with. I am happy to say that this was not the case, and after much practise, this Tyrant has been painted only with Contrast and Technical paints except for a little bit of White Scar used for the lightest points on the miniature. Both *White Dwarf* magazine and Contrast have made my hobby time far more efficient. It was hard before to enjoy it to its fullest due to limited time, but you've really allowed the hobby to open up for me. Thanks, *White Dwarf* and Games Workshop!

Liam Bye
Haverhill, UK

Just Contrast and Technical paints? Wow! Just goes to show that even when you've established your painting style, there's always something new to learn when it comes to painting miniatures. You should try out your new-found skills on the Mortek Guard in the set, too.



Magnus the Red
by Simon Greatorex



Salamanders Leviathan Dreadnought
by Jordan Marshall



A LETTER OF THANKS

I just wanted to extend a word of heartfelt thanks for the amazing job you are all doing with the magazine. I am a teacher, and I also run the school's Warhammer club. Every Friday evening my classroom is abuzz with cheering, whoops, groans, dice, clippers, paint and glue. It sounds hectic, but I always get a game in as well, so its a blast for me! The big thing I have noticed though is the energy the week after a *White Dwarf* release. Everyone comes along with their copy, and over the usual excited chatter, there are people setting up new missions that your have come up with, new rules they want to test, or new scenarios or stories they want to play. The magazine truly is a catalyst for their creative imagination. We even

had mini A Tale of Four Warlords last term where the team competing in the School League painted a new mini each week for their kill teams!

PS: Grey Knights rule! (They bet I wouldn't say it.)

Tom Crowther
St Albans, UK

Thanks for the kind words, Tom, and we're glad your school club is going strong. If there are any other aspiring teachers out there who want to start up a club, check out this site for more info: warhammer-alliance.com

Ultramarines Intercessor and Death Guard
Plague Marine
by Sam Adams

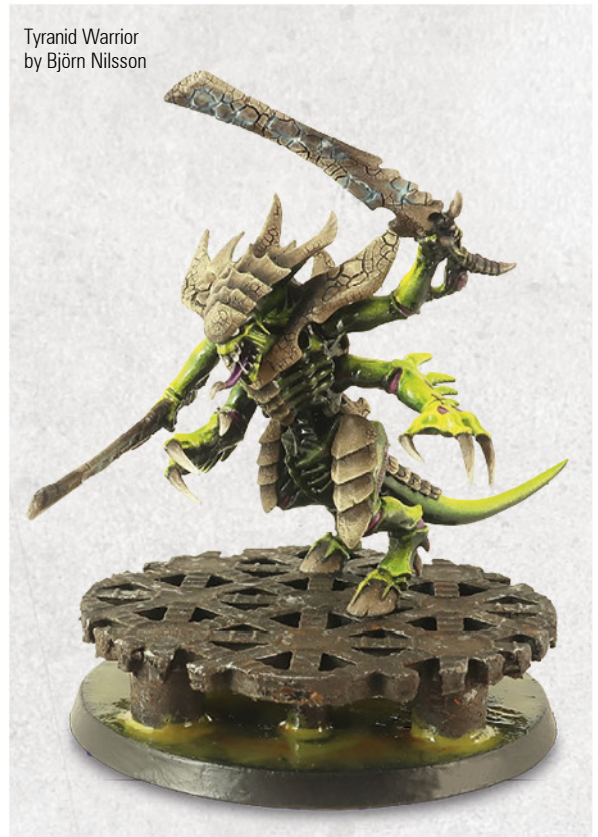


Orruk Maneater
by Oliver Grimwood





Lord-Arcanum on Gryph-charger
by Kyle Dim Hopkins



Tyranid Warrior
by Björn Nilsson

WHITE DWARF IN THE WILD

I've been catching up with my latest *White Dwarf* at the Mayan ruins of Xunantunich on the Belize/Guatemala border.

I'm pretty sure there's a skink or two hiding in the jungle here ...

Casey Pollock
Lost in the jungle

Nice to see *White Dwarf* out there in the Seraphon temples, Casey. Then again, perhaps it's actually a ziggurat-ship piloted by a newly awakened Slann Starmaster intent on purifying the world of Chaos. Hopefully the star-lizards will welcome Grombrindal like an old friend from the world-that-was. We can't make any promises for your safety, though ...



Shadow Warriors
by Eric Serra



MODEL OF THE MONTH

Our model of the month is this fantastic rendition of Abaddon the Despoiler painted by Sam Jones. We asked Sam how he went about painting him.

'It was painted in separate components using standard brushes and took around forty-five hours,' says Sam. 'I took inspiration from the 'Eavy Metal paint job, but I changed a couple of parts to make it my own, such as painting the loincloth red instead of black and the dead Primaris Marine as a Blood Angel instead of an Ultramarines Lieutenant. I naturally like to paint with a high contrast and bright colours – a nod back to the classic 'Eavy Metal colour schemes of the 1990s that I absolutely love.

'I really tried to push my painting on Abaddon by adding some subtle textures to the inside of the cape, which is something I've not done before. I also used glazes on his head to give it more life. My favourite part to paint was the black armour and black metallic areas. I used subtle, warm glazes on it to contrast with the cold, gold tones.'



A PLAGUE ON ALL YOUR HOUSES!

Hi there, *White Dwarf*.

Please find attached an image of the first (of very many) Poxwalkers I'm currently working on, and which I'd humbly like to submit for consideration for *White Dwarf*.

With a horde of these things being needed, it seemed like a great idea to try out Citadel's Contrast paints, so the majority of these models were painted using them. After all of the messy fun stuff was done, I just added a few final highlights to define some of the details on the faces, skin and weapons.

A nice tip: use Snakebite Leather on surfaces that are supposed to be bone, then wipe the majority off with your finger or a cloth after a few seconds. This gives you a nice fade towards the tip and edges.

Keith Ainslie
Karlsruhe, Germany

They're looking awesome, Keith, nice work! Poxwalkers are the perfect models for Contrast paints, as they have loads of textures (metal, cloth, pox-riddled flesh ...) that the paint can settle into nicely. Your tip about the horns sounds like great advice, too. We'll have to give it a go some time. Good luck with getting the rest of the shambling horde finished. Make sure you send some more pics when you're done!



WORLDS OF WARHAMMER



NICK HORTH

Nick has been a background writer in the Age of Sigmar team for several years now, his most recent work being the campaign book *Wrath of the Everchosen*. As of late, he has been spending his weekends in the Varanspire, recording the many victories of Archaon the Everchosen, though there are fewer victories to record lately.

The Warhammer universe is packed to the brim with larger-than-life characters, heroes and villains who wield arcane powers or raw physical might to lay waste to their foes. From the top-hatted and moustache-gunned Lord-Magnate Brokk Grungsson to the noble Vandus Hammerhand and the downright terrifying Lady Olynder, all of them are protagonists in their own story, determined to seize victory in the name of their own particular cause. Of course, there's only one problem with having so many iconic heroes all battling for victory – nobody can win all the time!

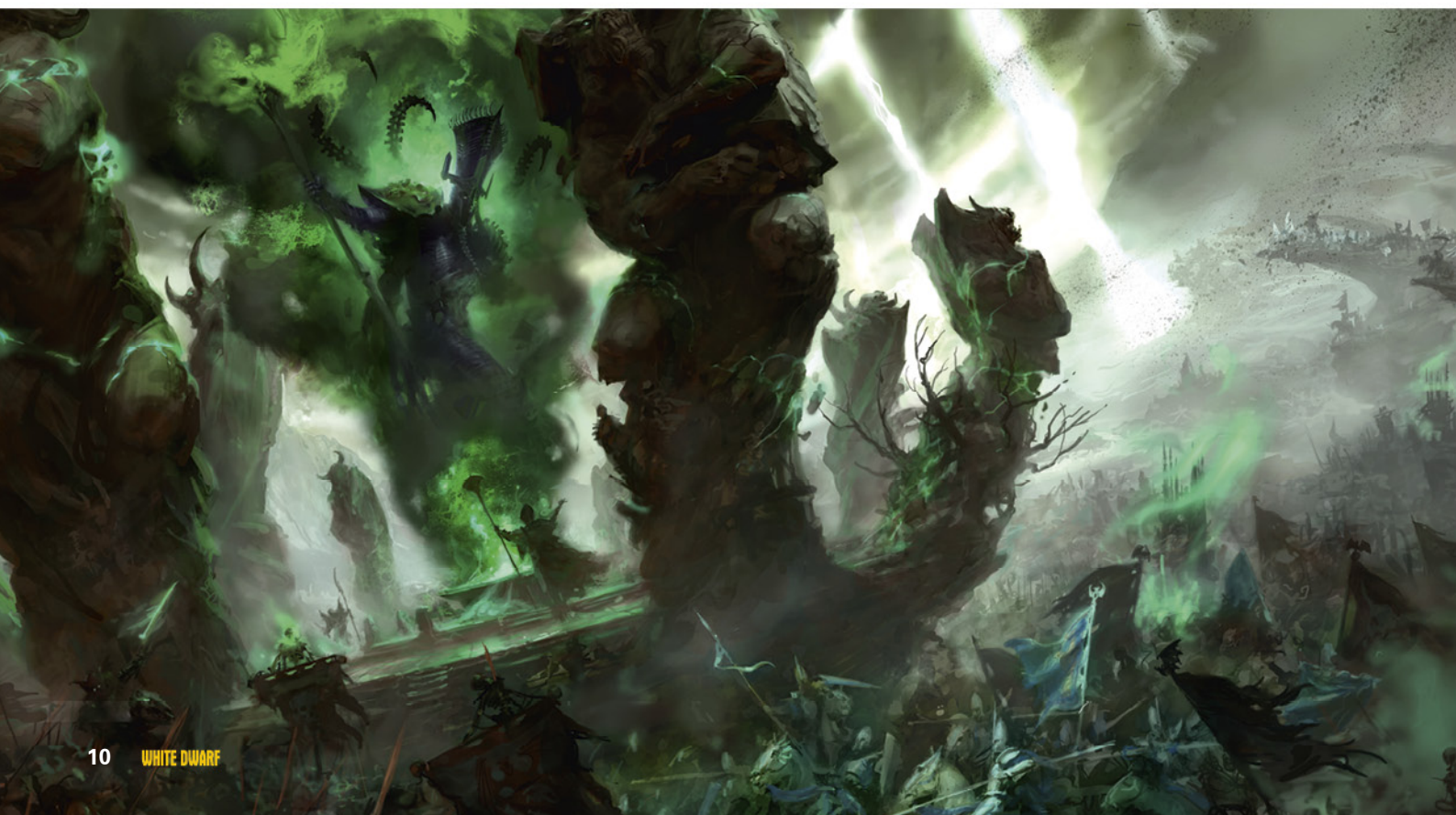
As background writers, we face a constant balancing act to ensure that our characters – and the factions they belong to – are treated with equal reverence and that none of them slide into

an endless series of humiliating defeats or a predictable and repetitive winning streak.

Let's take one of our central conflicts: the centuries-long struggle between Sigmar and Nagash, which has been raging ever since the days of the world-that-was. Would that epochal conflict have quite so much resonance if Sigmar had simply smashed Nagash to bits with Ghal Maraz every time they met in battle? You can imagine how fans of the realms' boniest ultra-tyrant might feel, seeing the Great Necromancer humbled again and again. Not only would such an occurrence dilute the threat of the legions of Death, but also it would render the ongoing saga stale and predictable. That is something we are keen to avoid.

It's down to us to make sure that every character and faction gets their time in the spotlight, complete with their own triumphs and losses, flaws and heroic victories. This requires a delicate touch, and it's not simply a matter of balancing the scales; if everyone simply exchanges wins and losses on an entirely fifty-fifty basis, then such concepts quickly lose their meaning. That makes for a tension-free story without consequences.

So how do we go about solving this dilemma?



Worlds of Warhammer delves into the background of the Age of Sigmar and the 41st Millennium, looking at how stories are created and legends are born. This month, Nick Horth has taken over to discuss the importance of victory and defeat.

MAKING LOSSES MATTER

It's important to realise that defeat – in itself – needn't be a disastrous outcome. After all, Sigmar suffered the absolute mother of all losses at the outset of the Age of Chaos, when the Dark Gods and Archaon broke his armies at the Battle of Burning Skies and caused him to lose the legendary hammer that was the source of his power. Did that destroy him? Absolutely not! In fact, this defeat has come to shape the God-King, adding fascinating depth to his character and informing every decision he makes. Sigmar did not sink into despair, but came back even stronger, with a fresh determination to reclaim the Mortal Realms from the clutches of Chaos. Would it have been as interesting if the God-King's empires had never fallen? If he had held the daemonic tides at bay through sheer force of will, and never been forced to admit that his might alone could not solve all the world's problems? It's an old adage that failure tests the true value of a person – or in this case, a god.

So yes, all of our heroes can afford to take a loss, even a number of them. But there is a tipping point. Defeat after defeat slowly saps the character's legitimacy. Ultimately and fatally, it runs the risk of turning them into a joke.

This is an incredibly easy trap to fall into when you're writing one of Warhammer's more darkly humorous races, such as the conniving skaven or the gribbly horrors of the Gloomspite Gitz. Sure, part of the inherent fun of both of these factions is their gleeful lack of honour, their fondness for back-stabbing and their natural tendency to do a runner as soon as the tide turns against them. But it's all too easy to push that element of dark humour a little too far and turn them into nothing more than an easily defeated punchline. This negates all the things that make them terrifying – including, for just one example, the skaven's swarming multitudes of filthy Clanrats and the spiteful, gruesomely inventive cruelty of grots. If these factions are to remain credible threats, they cannot be reduced to simple comic relief.

This is true on a character level as well. Abaddon the Despoiler, Warmaster of Chaos, was often painted as a perennial loser due to the repeated failures of his Black Crusade. Yet as we discovered during the events of the Gathering Storm, each apparent defeat had in fact been a step in a millennia-long plan to unpick ancient xenotech devices across the galaxy, allowing the

DICING WITH DEATH

In the worlds of Warhammer 40,000 and Age of Sigmar, death is a constant, all-pervading threat. Yet, for obvious reasons, permanent destruction is typically off the table for our signature models. We're hardly likely to off Nagash for good, not just because he threw off the shackles of mortality long ago, but also because we happen to sell a rather lovely model of the old curmudgeon, which many of our fans are quite attached to. That's not to say our characters can never, ever die, but that we have to be very careful when we pull that trigger. It's not a decision a single writer can make, even when it pertains to a seemingly minor player.

Fortunately, in a world of magic and mystery, there are plenty of ways around this. Creatures of Chaos by their very nature do not obey any quaint, natural laws of mortality. The undead are already, well ... dead. The Stormcast Eternals are reforged at agonising cost each time they fall in battle. This means that many of our characters can be physically destroyed without actually disappearing forever or being forced to flee the battlefield in a humiliating manner (never a strong look).

That said, overuse of such 'get out of jail free' cards can be unsatisfying and predictable for the reader, so we always make sure to buck these trends every now and then. Lord-Celestant Jactos Goldenmane of the Hammers of Sigmar met a very definitive end when he underestimated the mighty Korghos Khul, greatest mortal servant of Khorne. It turns out that getting your perfectly coiffed head chopped off by a cursed axe is enough to finish even one of Sigmar's champions for good. And even those Stormcast Eternals who are remade in the forges of Azyr don't come back quite the same ...



warp to spill into reality. In the age of the Great Rift, it's easy to argue that Abaddon – so long maligned – has been more successful in his war against the Imperium than his progenitor, Horus, ever was!

The essential thing is to make loss feel meaningful, and to ensure that even in defeat, our heroes get a chance to show their most laudable and heroic qualities. When we're talking about glorious failure, I think of Lord-Celestant Thostos Bladestorm charging at the three heads of Dhorgar during the Battle of the Ironholds, knowing that defeat would surely mean his total obliteration. I think of the Fall of Cadia. I think of the words 'Settra does not serve'. These are the moments that stick in the minds of Warhammer fans, as much or perhaps more so than any glorious triumph.

THE PITFALLS OF VICTORY

The counterpart to condemning a character or faction to constant failure is making them the star of the show at everyone else's expense. Winning is not everything. Indeed, constant, consequence-free triumph can be more debilitating to a character or a faction than any defeat. Moreover, it can spell the creative death of the setting itself. If the forces of Order were always triumphant, there would have been no Age of Chaos, no necroquake, and – worst of all, in my opinion – Mortarch Katakros would still be twiddling his fingers beneath the city of Lethis, locked up snug in a Stormvault.

That's not to say that we don't see the value of an undisputed triumph. Each of our battletoes focuses upon a single faction, and – unsurprisingly – most of the battles described within are weighted fairly heavily in that faction's favour. No one wants to pick up a shiny new

Lumineth Realm-lords battletoe only to read about their aelven heroes getting thrown about by Mega-Gargants or turned into an attractive writing desk by an Ossiarch Soulmason.

Yet neither is it particularly interesting to read a hagiography in which the Lumineth are depicted as shining exemplars of perfection with zero personal flaws and immaculate hair – peerless masters of blade and spell who win every battle at a canter. Therefore, it's important to balance a thrilling showcase of the army's capabilities with a few examples of their obvious weaknesses. In the Lumineth's case, it's their towering conceit and tendency to underestimate enemies and allies alike as backwards simpletons.

The same goes for our characters. Archaon the Everchosen is a being of unrivalled focus and willpower, a tyrannical warlord who has conquered vast swathes of the Mortal Realms in the name of Chaos. Sigmar, Nagash, Alaricelle – none of these godly figures could hold back the Everchosen's dark crusade. Nation after nation fell to his armies, and his cursed blade, the Slayer of Kings, more than lived up to its name. As far as triumphs go, the Age of Chaos was about as decisive as they come for Archaon. In many ways, it could be seen as the culmination of his story. Of course, that would render the Everchosen an inert character without prospect of growth, and thus not particularly interesting.

Rather than continuously extend his winning streak, then, it's far more interesting to see how such a formidable character deals with a reversal of his fortunes – and the looming possibility of defeat. The Everchosen might possess the dark charisma to unite the disparate forces of the Dark Gods under one banner, but he cannot be everywhere at once. In the Age of Sigmar, it is Archaon's turn to see the far-flung borders of his empire under relentless attack, and not just from his old nemesis Sigmar.

In the recent narrative campaign book *Wrath of the Everchosen*, the unthinkable happens. The Ossiarch Bonereapers – commanded by the legendary strategist Orpheon Katakros – launch an invasion of the Eightpoints, the heart of Archaon's domain. For perhaps the first time, the Everchosen is attacked in his own backyard, and without wishing to spoil anything, the forces of Death prove a most formidable prospect.

The story of this book is one of Archaon, the greatest warlord in the realms, coming up against a foe that might just prove his equal. It showcases just what a terrifying force of ruination the Everchosen is, but it by no means functions as a mere showcase for his triumphs. Instead, it challenges the character in a new





and exciting way by asking how he responds to a genuine crisis. Hopefully, readers will come out of *Wrath of the Everchosen* feeling like both of its stars have received their just due. This is the key to satisfying storytelling in the worlds of Warhammer.

SHIFTING TIDES

I mentioned earlier in this column that simply ensuring a strict fifty-fifty ratio of victories to losses for all of our characters is not a workable solution to the issue of balance and momentum. Our fans are a clever bunch, and they can always spot when we're cooking the books to ensure that we don't have to pick a definitive winner. Fortunately, the cyclical nature of the Warhammer setting offers us a way to avoid this problem.

Let's examine the history of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. We begin with the Mortal Realms pretty much entirely controlled by Chaos. The Dark Gods' daemonic legions have run roughshod over civilisation, burning and pillaging to their hearts' content. The story of the Realmgate Wars – our first narrative cycle – is that of Sigmar returning to the shattered realms, driving back the forces of Chaos in a few vital locations and claiming control over enough arcane pathways that he can lay the foundations of a new empire. It's very much the God-King's story, and although Archaon the Everchosen gets to display just what makes him such a fearsome adversary along the way, ultimately Sigmar's opening crusade ends in victory.

Fast forward to the second edition of Age of Sigmar, and the God-King's new civilisation is slowly gathering strength. Sigmar is in the ascendancy. And that's when Shyish erupts in a shock wave of death energy that surges out across reality with catastrophic results. Ghosts and shambling undead are everywhere. Magic goes haywire, and voracious spells of fire and ruin erupt into being and devour their creators. Suddenly, Sigmar's free cities are under assault from an entirely new kind of menace.

I think we can all agree that the Soul Wars was, on the whole, a bit of a win for our old friend Nagash, what with the undead rising all across the Mortal Realms and the Ossiarch Bonereapers and Nighthaunt being unveiled in all their terrible glory. Yet Nagash didn't have it all his own way. Sigmar's desperate gambit of unleashing the Sacrosanct Chambers kept Shyish from being entirely reconquered by his old nemesis, and once again the skaven proved a speck of grave-sand in the Great Necromancer's eye, as their corrupting presence ensured his grand spell didn't go off quite as planned.

It was an unquestionable victory then, but by no means an absolute one. This has the dual effect of ensuring that Nagash emerges looking like the superpower that he absolutely should be, without relegating everyone else to also-rans. I think it's fair to say that going forward we will see other major players step forward and make their play for domination of the realms.

A LITTLE EXTRA READING

What would you like to read about in Worlds of Warhammer? Let us know your thoughts and we'll pass them on to Phil!

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WARHAMMER

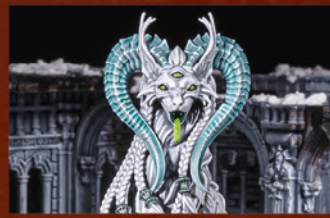
AGE OF SIGMAR

From the maelstrom of a Sundered World, the Eight Realms were born. And with their birth began a war to claim them. This month: squigs, painting guides, Warcry and the final part in the Hallost campaign.





THE TOME CELESTIAL
Skrag 'em, ladz! This month, the Tome celestial takes a closer look at the Jaws of Mork – an army of Squig-mounted grots. You can find them on page 16.



A TALE OF FOUR WARBANDS
The four warlords continue their campaigns in the Bloodwind Spoil. But this time they've been joined by monsters. Turn to page 44 to see them.



THE TOME CELESTIAL

The Jaws of Mork are a Squigalanche of such prodigious size that they are more akin to an entire nation of cave-beast riders than a conventional army. This horde of boggle-eyed loons is united by a single deranged desire – to jump clean over the Bad Moon itself. Woe betide any who stand between the grots and their goal.



THE JAWS OF MORK

By Jordan Green and Louis Aguilar

It begins with a shuddering of the ground, faint at first but soon powerful enough to shake peasant hovels apart at the seams. A pall of dank and cloying cave scent wafts across the land, followed by a chorus of hideous growls and whooping, high-pitched cackles. As the ominous celestial entity known as the Bad Moon casts its sickly glare onto the realms below, the Gloomspite Squigalanches crest the horizon. By the time they are spotted, it is already too late to flee. Those in their path must pray to the gods for the strength to endure the maelstrom of bouncing bloodshed these beast-riding grots spread wherever they go.

It would not be beyond the pale to say that all grots are a little bit mad. One would have to be to revel in living amongst the dankest environs imaginable and to worship a maniac moon-god that spreads anarchy and horror in its wake. But even so, there are those grots who prove a few stabbas short of a skrap even by the standards of their kind. These shroom-addled greenskins dedicate their typically short and miserable lives to rearing the deadly cave creatures known as squigs. The most manic will dare to climb atop the bounding beasts, riding them into battle like a bizarre form of shock cavalry. Such grots are capable of sailing right over a shieldwall in a single jump from their mount, and crushing whatever unfortunate they land on to boot. Where these loonatics meet, they form eclectic Squig Rider Stampedes – and when several



Stampedes come together as one, the dreaded Squigalanches are born.

It would be wrong to think of a Squigalanche as a formal army. For starters, the Loonbosses who command these nomadic hordes tend to have very little control over where they and their lads are actually going – that is decided almost entirely by the crazed creatures upon which they ride. Hanging onto a bounding squig while fighting to survive and being under the fevered influence of the Bad Moon is no easy feat, and so few of these grots have time for such things as cunning stratagems or the finer arts of generalship. Only a fool, however, underestimates the raw destructive capacity of a Squigalanche. The sheer force of one's impact can buckle even a determined shieldwall, and that is before the jaws of the squigs set about their grisly work. More dangerous still is the bedlam a Squigalanche spreads by its mere presence. They are nearly impossible to predict on the battlefield, guided by no discernible logic or overarching strategy. Even veteran commanders can find themselves vexed by the disorienting rampages of a Squigalanche, their cunning plans and clever ambushes thwarted and overwhelmed by the mania of the mounted grots.

Over the years since the emergence of the Gloomspite Gitz, many Squigalanches have bounded into infamy across the Mortal Realms. The Badgob Batters loudly boast to any who will listen of having fought at the side of the

THE TAXONOMY OF THE SQUIG

The archetypal image of a squig is that of a rotund mass of rubbery flesh, typically red in colouration, from which sprouts all manner of strange cave fungi. Their eyes – of which there is no uniform number – are beady and yellow, and aside from two powerful legs their most distinctive feature is an oversized gob full of drool-coated fangs that can punch through even meteoric plate. In size, squigs range from small enough to perch on a leering Loonboss's shoulder to slaving colossi the size of a Sigmarite chapel. Though famed for their ill tempers and a tendency to run rampant at the slightest provocation, squigs fulfil several key roles in Moonclan grot society, and they have done so for as long as any can recall. As well as being beasts of war they also serve as food, ingredients in the fungal brews cooked up by the Madcap Shamans, and on occasion toothy mascots for particularly brave or unwise grot skulkmobs.

As the biggest and baddest Squigalanche around, at least according to the Overbunder, it is unsurprising that the Jaws of Mork count many breeds of squig amongst their rowdy ranks. The most famous of these is the Yskian Bounder, known to the grots as the Kommon Git-Snappa. Though similar to the classical cave squig in appearance, these ravenous creatures are suffused with motes of Ghyranite magic that coalesce within the fecund caves of Yska. When coupled with the magically fertile soils of the Yskian Veldt, this strain of squig is bestowed with a truly remarkable ability to grow from fungal spore to full maturity in a matter of days – or even hours, under the gaze of the Bad Moon. It is this quality that has made them the workhorse of the Jaws of Mork. After all, even should a hundred of the beasts fall, there are always more where they came from – much like the grots themselves.





Above: A horde of squig riders from the Jaws of Mork invade the leafy forests of the Everspring Swathe in search of fresh ingredients for their latest madcap concoctions. The Sylvaneth that reside there are less than accommodating.

Loonking himself, while Zaggit and his mounted minions bring war to the Sylvaneth of western Ayadah in search of their mystic treasures. Few Squigalanches, however, have matched the reputation of the Jaws of Mork. Led by a mysterious boss known only as the Overbouncer, this vast horde of loons has trampled entire cities beneath their deranged advance. In the pursuit of their singular obsession – to leap right over the Bad Moon itself – they will doubtless crush more still before they are done.

LAND OF BOUNDING DOOM

In Ghyran's Everspring Swathe, across the Potence river that demarcates the boundaries of Thyria, stands the Jade Kingdom of Yska. It is a land of swaying grasses, sloping hills and barren shrub, dotted with glistening lakes and the ruins of fallen civilisations. On its southern shores stand the monasteries of the Deepspring Chanters. Tattooed with swirling viridian sigils, these sages are known to treat with the mysterious water-born naiads that dwell along the archipelagos and within the depths of the Tendril Sea. Many Thyrians risk the journey to seek the wisdom of the Chanters – but any attempt to cross the Yskian Veldt is forever fraught with peril, for this is the bounding ground of the Jaws of Mork.

No outsider knows when the first grots came to the Veldt. Considering their habit of infesting every nook and cranny they can get their grubby little hands on, it is likely they were present before the first human tribes settled the region, but beyond that, all is conjecture. The grots themselves have no real recollection of their earliest days, though this is largely because most grots struggle to remember what they did yesterday. What oral histories they do possess are gabbered at great git-meets when the assembled grot spell-flingers have ingested unfortunate quantities of hallucinogenic deffcaps. These tales tend to vary wildly based on how many weirdly glowing fungi the shaman has stuffed down their gob before commencing. However, these shamans can agree on two things: the Jaws of Mork are the greatest grot horde for leagues around, and that this fact is due in no small part to the apparent favour shown by the Bad Moon.

The shamans of Shiver's Pit proclaim that it was from their lurkclair that the first boss of the Jaws, Norg Nasty-necka, rose to infamy. The legend goes that Norg took great umbrage with the passage of the stalker moon Kurnalune through Ghyran's skies each night as it was, to quote the shamans, 'proppa mugging 'im off'. Seeking to imitate his hero Boingob, the godbeast father of

squigs who supposedly attempted to devour the light of Hysh in one massive leap – and burned to a crisp for his efforts, not that Norg really thought too much about that part – the Loonboss fed his giant squig Gitsnappa on an exclusive diet of puffgut-balls and hopsplatter fungus until gastric build-up saw it balloon to an impressive degree. On one particularly dark night, the Loonboss and his squig clambered to the top of the tallest of the Veldt's hills, took two or three probing jumps and launched themselves skyward towards the arcing orbit of Kurnalune. No one is really sure what he intended to achieve through this, though it likely involved stabbing the moon in the back when it wasn't looking. Norg was never seen again, but the Bad Moon was so amused by the whole affair that it has kept a portion of its boggle-eyed gaze on Yska forevermore.

It is possible that there is some truth to this legend. However, given the suspiciously similar moon-jumping motives of Norg and the Overbouncer, it is equally likely that these shamans spread the legend in an effort to curry favour with the renowned boss, or to bolster their own reputations off his success, or simply because they have got their timeline somewhat confused. A more likely explanation is to be found in the qualities of the Yskian Veldt itself – more specifically, within its soil. Whether due to the natural mystical traits of Ghyran, a by-product of rituals performed by ancient druidic civilisations or the enchanted waters of neighbouring Aquia trickling into the land over great distances, the Veldt has always possessed an astounding degree of fertility. Even now armies from the Living City are regularly dispatched to re-colonise the grasses, though thus far they have met with negligible success.

The Bad Moon has risen over the Veldt on numerous occasions, and in doing so wrought great changes. Where once hale crops and swaying wheat-stalks dominated, now mould and fungi sprout in luminous clumps across the plains. The scent of mildew hangs in the air, and much of the life-giving soils possess the consistency of a clammy quagmire, sucking in the unwary and leaving them easy prey for roaming grots and even nastier critters. In this dank environ, the Yskian Bouncer squigs thrive. Already suffused with Ghyranite magics, these beasts grow incredibly swiftly from the mouldering soils of Yska, bursting from fungal sacs before sprinting or hopping great distances to catch up with the erratic rampages of the Jaws of Mork. Even when the Squigalanche passes into other realms these squigs are sure to follow, passing through Realmgates and even active war zones in bizarre and terrifying migrations. How exactly they find their way is unclear, but since the coming of the Overbouncer, more and more

SQUIGS OF THE REALMS – SYARI SCREAMERSQUIGS

The Hyshian Great Nation of Syar is renowned for the quality of its artisans. Its aelven inhabitants craft blades and mystical prisms of breathtaking artistry, spending many mortal lifetimes in pursuit of mastering their art. Some choose to train amid the most rugged and inhospitable regions of their homeland, reasoning that only here can true greatness be brought forth – and amongst other dangers, they must contend with the Syari screamersquigs. These fungal beasts possess a great loathing for light of all kinds; whenever its rays touch them, they will break into ear-splitting howls that can scramble the brains of any who dare too close. Dwelling as they do in Hysh and being regularly hunted by the radiant Lumineth, it is unsurprising that screamersquigs are relatively rare. The greatest bosses of the Jaws of Mork possess a limited number of this strange breed, however, acquired after they pursued the Bad Moon along the Tourmaline Coast. The wisest grots stuff their ears with all sorts of unpleasant waxes – or, alternatively, simply refrain from picking their ears clean until they become naturally clogged – before exposing screamersquigs to the light, using them to overwhelm their foes through sheer auditory onslaught as they bound in for the kill.



have flocked to the Squigalanche's seething mass. This has led to something of a vicious cycle. The Jaws of Mork are a truly vast horde who, in their pursuit of the Bad Moon, have regularly fought beneath its glare and apparently pleased it with their loonatic antics. In turn, this apparent favour leads more and more squigs to bounce into their service, swelling their ranks and increasing the scope of their destructive rampages further still.

TO JUMP DA MOON

Given that grots tend to be a bunch of self-absorbed little hooligans, the fact that the greatest bosses and gitlords from their race's chequered history inevitably become the stuff of awed legends to the greenskins suggests just how dangerous these spiteful champions can be. The Overbouncer – the crazed master of the Jaws of Mork – has already earned his place amongst this veritable rogue's gallery. His origins, however, remain shrouded in mystery. It is known that he bounded over the horizon one loonlit eve, mounted atop the snarling Mangler Squigs Gobbitt and Chompa. He defeated the previous overboss of the Jaws of Mork, Rizza da Red, in a deadly race through caverns infested by irate adult scorpisquigs, leaving the screeching Rizza to be viciously stung to death by the creatures. Squigs of all kinds heed his will. Indeed, some

grots claim that the Overbouncer can speak the squigs' growling tongue – and as such they are far more pliable than those of most Squigalanches, albeit still prone to the occasional rampage through hapless grots should the mood strike. Sigmar's Knights Excelsior, Contagiums of Nurgle Rotbringers, even other greenskins who get too big for their iron-shod boots – all have been crushed upon the killing fields of Yska at the command of the Overbouncer.

Gloomspite warlords are prone to displays of ostentation, festooning themselves with all manner of showy gubbinz or granting themselves overblown titles such as Under-Emperor or Great Grotlord. The Overbouncer, however, has taken this one leap further by armouring himself from head to toe – quite literally – in jagged armour and moon-shaped paraphernalia. None have ever seen his face, which the bossgrot claims is quite deliberate. After all, by going 'in cognee toes', there is no way the Bad Moon will be able to see him coming before he leaps straight over it on his trusty Mangler Squigs Gobbit and Chompa. This is the all-consuming obsession of the Overbouncer, and considering that grots are highly impressionable beings, it has become the

obsession of the Jaws of Mork also. Certainly many of the loons that follow in the Overbouncer's wake have been sufficiently awed by the Morkish kunnin' of his 'disguise' that they will do anything he says with only a minor degree of complaining. If there are those who mutter that this intentional obfuscation is to hide the Overbouncer's identity as one who failed beneath the gaze of the Bad Moon before – and didn't have a good enough excuse to offset it – then they are drowned out by the many shrieking converts to the Loonboss's deranged desires.

Just why a grot should want to jump over the Bad Moon is unclear, but the Overbouncer is not the only one seized by this madcap scheme. Most Squigalanches are formed from members of the 'Bruvvers of da Biggest Bounce', or more simply 'Loons', nomads who are outcast from wider Gloomspite society due to their moon-jumping – or in the most extreme cases, moon-biting – urges. The Jaws of Mork are no exception to this, and whenever they are encountered by other Moonclan skraps there are always those grots who become enthused with the need to join in the Loons' bizarre quest. These greenskins will wander into the deepest caves surrounding their

Below: The grot Loonboss known as the Overbouncer leads the Jaws of Mork into battle. Quite where his Mangler Squigs Gobbit and Chompa may take him is anybody's guess, but then perhaps that is part of the Overbouncer's kunnin' strategy ...



lurklairs, searching out the most impressive squigs to ride upon. The fraction who survive will race along upon their new mount after the Jaws of Mork, eager to catch up to the Overbouncer's erratic path.

A SCOURGE OF SQUIGS

It is those travellers and armies who dare cross the Yskian Veldt who have most reason to fear the Jaws of Mork, but they are certainly not the only ones to have suffered at the malicious hands of the grots and the fangs of their unruly mounts. In his quest to leap the Bad Moon, the Overbouncer has directed his followers – as much as their squigs allow, anyway – into the heartlands of Thyria, across living islands to the wider Jade Kingdoms, and even through Realmgates to menace other lands entirely. Where they search, the Bad Moon never seems far away – or perhaps it is the moon that in turn follows after the Jaws of Mork, amused as ever as it watches them reduce everything in their path to dank and mouldering rubble.

It is almost impossible to miss the coming of the Jaws of Mork, though to most, the Squigalanche is less a distinct cultural entity than a manifestation of unthinking ruin come to trample all they know and love. Quite apart from the thunderous shaking of the ground, the presence of the Bad Moon brings with a sense of creeping, cloying malice that drives men to madness. Likely more through luck or the unconscious will of their lunar deity than any tactical sense, the Jaws of Mork tend to attack during the twilight hours. It is here that shadows loom largest and strangest, even before the warping effects of the Bad Moon's gaze are taken into consideration. Animals flee before the Jaws of Mork – or perhaps more accurately, the voracious and unnatural squiggly beasts upon which they ride – in numbers uncountable, and more than one fledgling township of Order has been trampled into oblivion by the moon-crazed stampeding of these beasts alone.

The tactics of the Jaws of Mork are not complex. Chief amongst their strengths is raw numerical might. No matter how many ravaging fungal beasts are slain there always seem to be more, a snapping storm of fangs that can drag down even the greatest titans of the battlefield. Where the fighting looks thickest, the Overbouncer directs his Mangler Squig riders and elite – by grot standards – Boingrot Bouncerz to quite literally crush the foe. The vast majority of these bloated beasts are of Yskian Bouncer stock. Whatever magical process sees this class of squig grow to violent maturity so quickly can, if left unchecked, lead them to grow larger and larger in a shockingly swift amount of time, giving the Squigalanche an unparalleled degree of access to squiggly colossi of war. Some wise-grots of the

SQUIGS OF THE REALMS – MOON CITY KLANKASQUIGS

When the sky-port of Barak-Khazzar was overrun by a horde of Gloomspite grots, the vindictive greenskins wasted no time before breaking into the great guild laboratories of the Kharadron and looting their technological gubbinz. Most were soon trashed by the grots, but some were experimented upon more successfully – and thus, the Moon City klankasquigs were born. These half-mechanical monsters are equipped with an arsenal of 'loony know-wotz' that are invariably as dangerous to the riders as they are to the enemy. Fungus-burnas, mecha-chompas, soopa-thrusta-bouncers and many other 'marvels' are crafted by the tech-bosses of Moon City and grafted onto the toughest and surliest squigs, if only to see what they'll do. They are typically employed at the forefront of any siege escalade, since the untried and untested upgrades built into them are capable of blasting a fortress wall to smithereens – along with everything else in the immediate vicinity.



Jaws of Mork attribute this quirk to their steeds being of the lineage of mighty Boingob himself, and none see fit to gainsay the frothing loons on the matter. Gabbit and Chompa, the twin Manglers ridden by the Overbouncer, are certainly fierce enough to claim descent from the godbeast, and they typically leap into battle alongside packs of their oversized kin to form a force of disaster like no other.

The Jaws of Mork originally favoured red garb, a mark of affinity with their voracious mounts. However, given their propensity for picking up other grot mobs wherever they go, much of the Squigalanche still wears the traditional black of the Moonclans – and the Overbouncer has bigger things on his demented mind that enforcing anything so civilised as a uniform. Many Jaws of Mork are eternally covered in a fine coating of dust and stone flakes, a by-product of the Squigalanche's favoured tactic of biting clean through particular weak points in an enemy stronghold – when they can't jump over the walls, that is. Such was the fate of Dreadhold Rarkenfal of northern Yska, its corrugated iron gates devoured in the maws of hundreds of hungry squigs, and the infected Slaves to Darkness slaughtered by the whooping horde of loons as they attempted to reach the highest points of the fortress and leap for the Bad Moon.

KRONIKLES OF CARNAGE

Where the Jaws of Mork ride, anarchy reigns. In their quest to catch up to the Bad Moon they have rendered the Yskian Veldt into a fungus-addled wasteland – and if they are not stopped, then other regions of the realms will surely meet a similar fate.

COMETH THE OVERBOUNDER

The Jaws of Mork have long bounced across the Yskian Veldt in pursuit of the Bad Moon. Their destiny is to change, however, with the rise of the Overbouncer. No grot knows where the Loonboss has come from, and even he has only a vague idea of where he's going. His supremacy is assured however when he defeats the Squigalanche's former leader, Rizza da Red, in a deadly race through caverns filled with incensed scorpisquigs. Those grots who witness this contest swear blind that the Overbouncer spoke to the squigs, sending the venom-dripping beasts after his rival. Through these tales does the legend of the Overbouncer cement itself – though it is also possible that the squigs just took a fancy to Rizza's bright red cloak.

THE TERROR OF YSKA

The Yskian Veldt has long suffered under the grot hordes cavorting across its expanse, but the ascension of the Overbouncer accelerates its degradation to an alarming degree. Whole swathes of grassland are warped and moulded under the gaze of the Bad Moon as it watches the rampages of the ever-growing Squigalanche. A Vanguard Auxiliary Chamber of the Knights Excelsior, under the command of Lord-Aquilor Thraejen, attempts to collar the rabble-rousing loons by launching a deadly ambush – only to find that they have engaged merely the rearguard of the vast horde, as the main body of the Squigalanche turns about and tramples them into the mire.

WOZZIK'S BIG ADVENTURE

As the Jaws of Mork bound into northern Yska, a Squig Stampede under the control of Loonboss Wozzik are lured into a creeping forest by strange lights. Bouncing through a concealed Realmgate, the grots find themselves in the Magthar Mountains of Hallost – Shyish's Land of Dead Heroes. Jagged shivs are immediately drawn as the grots blame one another and debate what to do; some wish to head north and join up with the great orruk warlord Dakkbad, while others point out that the Ironsunz boss proudly boasts the epithet of 'Grotkicker'. The matter is resolved, however, as the Bad Moon rises over the Endless Boneyard that lies beyond the mountains. The Stampede begins to leap through the canyons of the Magthar Mountains,



and in some cases straight over the heads of the bemused Alarith warriors who maintain Lumineth shrines in the peaks and have mustered to repulse the greenskins. Wozzik and his lads are never seen again. A few weeks later, however, a scouting party dispatched by the Swordthegn Conclave – the leaders of Hallost's mortal communities – discover the mouldering remains of a Khornate war party that would soon have violently spilled into the civilised lands around Vaddenheim. Many of their number have clearly been crushed flat by some great force from above, or otherwise bitten in half by great fang-filled maws.

DA GRAND JOUST

Crashing their way through the Middle Mountains of Ayadah, the vanguard of the Jaws of Mork are confronted by a horde of Boingrot Bounders naming themselves the Loonking's Lancers. Skragrott has heard of the Overbunder's apparent favour with the Bad Moon, and he demands the Loonboss's service. The Overbunder is not inclined to acquiesce. A bizarre battle soon commences as squig riders launch themselves at one another, accidentally careen into their allies, or bound off on different trajectories altogether – including right into the reclaimed Dispossessed Fortress of Ghuzgarm that has the

misfortune of being caught up in the middle of the grots' bickering. Eventually the Jaws of Mork manage to outpace the Loonking's Lancers, who are left to simmer and gripe in the ruin of Ghuzgarm. Though casualties on both sides are heavy, so many grots forget which faction they were supposed to be fighting for during the carnage that neither force actually sees much of a reduction in strength when all is said and done.

THE JAWS CLOSE

While battling against the Ghyran Guard Stormhost on the banks of the Potence river, inspiration strikes the Overbunder as though a Colossal Squig had leapt from atop a mountain and onto his head. The storm-touched warriors of the Hammer God, as the grots know Sigmar, don't stick around after being shanked or trampled, but instead blast up into the heavens. Those greenskins who have tunneled into the God-King's cities even report that there are great shiny castles from which these warriors travel to and from the stars. If the Overbunder could somehow follow in their wake, then he could catch the Bad Moon from an unexpected angle. Like the first stones of an escalating avalanche the outriders of the Jaws of Mork turn north, towards the Living City deep in Thyria – for there the Overbunder intends to put his fiendish plot into action.



JAWS OF MORK ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

If your army is a Gloomspite Gitz army, you can give it the **JAWS OF MORK** keyword. All **GLOOMSPITE GITZ** units in your army gain that keyword, and you can use the following allegiance abilities in addition to the allegiance abilities in *Battletome: Gloomspite Gitz*.

ABILITIES

Running Riot: *The Jaws of Mork are all too eager to unleash themselves upon the enemy, for the sooner they begin their rampage, the sooner they can catch up to the Bad Moon and leap right over it.*

You can re-roll the roll that determines the Move characteristic of friendly **SQUIG** units.

COMMAND ABILITY

'Get Some Loonshine Down 'Em!': *The strange fungal growths that sprout across the Yskian Veldt are used by the Jaws of Mork to work their mightiest war beasts into a terrible, heedless frenzy.*

You can use this command ability at the start of any phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **JAWS OF MORK MANGLER SQUIGS** model. Until the end of that phase, use the top row on that model's damage table, regardless of how many wounds it has suffered.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **JAWS OF MORK** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 62-63 of *Battletome: Gloomspite Gitz*.

Envoy of the Overbouncer: *The presence of the Overbouncer, or one of his favoured bosses, sees the manic and disorganised Jaws of Mork fight with something almost approaching focused courage. Almost.*

You can re-roll failed battleshock tests for friendly **JAWS OF MORK** units wholly within 12" of this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **JAWS OF MORK HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given a Syari Screamer squig.

Syari Screamer squig: *This rare breed of squig screams incessantly when exposed to light, startling even the most resolute warriors and leaving them vulnerable to a sneaky shivving.*

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 3" of the bearer. If you do so, until your next hero phase, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by the bearer that target that **HERO**.

WARSCROLL UPDATE – BAD MOON LOONSHRINE

Add the scenery rule below to the Bad Moon Loonshrine scenery warscroll (this affects all Bad Moon Loonshrines, not just those included in armies that have been given the **JAWS OF MORK** keyword).

Swarms of Lair Lurkers: *The greatest Squigalanches are constantly pursued by packs of slavering cave-beasts that pour from deep and dark places to join in with the carnage.*

If your general has the **SQUIG** keyword, after you set up this terrain feature, you can replace its Moonclan Lairs ability with:

'At the end of each of your turns, you can pick 1 friendly **SQUIG HERD**, **SQUIG HOPPERS** or **BOINGROT**

BOUNDERZ unit that has been destroyed. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 4+, a new replacement unit with half of the models from the unit that was destroyed (rounding fractions up) is added to your army. You must set up the replacement unit wholly within 12" of a friendly **BAD MOON LOONSHRINE** and more than 3" from any enemy units. Each destroyed unit can only be replaced once – replacement units cannot themselves be replaced.'

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These warscroll battalions enable you to field unique formations of Jaws of Mork units on the battlefield.

JAWS OF MORK WARSCROLL BATTALION

MOON-JUMPER STAMPEDE

ORGANISATION

A Moon-Jumper Stampede consists of the following units:

- 2-3 JAWS OF MORK Squig Hoppers units or JAWS OF MORK Boingrot Bouncerz units in any combination
- 0-1 JAWS OF MORK Mangler Squigs

ABILITIES

Crushing Gobs: *The fertile soil of Yska produces not only boulder squigs of immense size, but also beasts with overwhelming power in their fang-lined jaws.*

Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of Fang-filled Gob, Massive Fang-filled Gob and Huge Fang-filled Gobs weapons used by units from this battalion if they made a charge move in the same turn.

JAWS OF MORK WARSCROLL BATTALION

MOON-BITER SQUIGALANCHE

ORGANISATION

A Moon-Biter Squigalanche consists of the following units:

- 1 JAWS OF MORK Loonboss on Mangler Squigs or JAWS OF MORK Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig
- 0-3 JAWS OF MORK Loonbosses on Giant Cave Squigs
- 1+ Moon-Jumper Stampedes
- 1-3 JAWS OF MORK Mangler Squigs
- 0-2 JAWS OF MORK Squig Herd units

ABILITIES

Overbounding Loonatics: *The beady-eyed hooligans of a Moon-Biter Squigalanche lunge at the enemy as if they were the Bad Moon itself.*

After armies have been set up but before the first battle round begins, up to D3 units from this battalion can move up to 6". If both players can move units after armies have been set up, the players must roll off, and the winner chooses who moves their units first.

WARSCROLL	MIN	MAX	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
<i>Moon-Jumper Stampede</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Moon-Biter Squigalanche</i>	-	-	90	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	

PAINTING SQUIG HOPPERS

Everyone loves squigs, right? Studio painter James Perry certainly does. He's created two stage-by-stage painting guides for Squig Hoppers, one using the classic method, the other using Contrast paints. Here's what he's got to say about them.

CLASSIC STYLE

James: Squig Hoppers are pretty quick and easy models to paint, as they are predominantly just three colours – red, green and black (or whatever three colours you choose to paint them in). In fact, they're the perfect models to paint in batches of five, ten or even more. By the time you've finished the last model in the batch, you

can start the next colour on the first model. You should even be able to apply washes pretty quickly this way.

For the classic painting style, I used Chaos Black spray, since most of the model will be pretty dark. I started with the red squig skin first since it's the largest part of the

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, James painted a Squig Hopper to a standard that most people would be happy to play games with.



SQUIG FLESH



Basecoat: Khorne Red
M Base



Wash: Druchii Violet & Lahmian Medium
M Shade

GROT SKIN



Basecoat: Elysian Green
S Base



Wash: Athonian Camoshade
M Glaze

ROBES & CLAWS



Basecoat: Abaddon Black
M Base

PARADE READY

With a few extra highlights to each area of the model, James took the Battle Ready Squig Hopper and made him Parade Ready.



Layer: Wazdakka Red
M Layer



Layer: Squig Orange
S Layer



Layer: Nurgling Green
S Layer



Layer: Krieg Khaki
XS Artificer Layer



Layer: Skavenblight Dingy
M Layer



Layer: Stormvermin Fur
S Layer

model, and I used Druchii Violet to shade it instead of Nuln Oil to give it a more natural tone (if angry red skin can be described as natural).

TOP TIP

I found the best way to paint Squig Hoppers is to adopt a basecoat, wash, basecoat, wash approach. That way you can apply a main colour, then shade it, then apply another main colour and shade that, too. You'll end up with a Battle Ready unit of models very quickly this way.

ANOTHER TOP TIP

When highlighting the grot's skin, use the natural ridges and crevices in its face to determine where you place your highlights. Grots have really expressive faces, so if you place your highlights on its brow, nose, cheeks and chin, you really can't go far wrong. You can use the same logic to paint the squig's face, too.

ALTERNATIVE SQUIG COLOUR SCHEMES

If you're after a few alternative colour schemes or painting techniques for squigs, then why not take a look at the Warhammer TV channel on YouTube? There are loads of instructional videos on there, including squig skin, Mangler Squigs and squig lips and gums. There are also videos for Zarbag's Gitz and Moonclan Grot skin and robes, not to mention countless Ork and orruk videos that you could use for inspiration.



WOOD	DIRTY SILVER	SQUIG GUMS	TEETH & BONES	PURPLE SHROOMS	SQUIG EYES
1 Basecoat: Dryad Bark S Base	1 Basecoat: Iron Warriors M Base	1 Basecoat: Screamer Pink M Layer	1 Basecoat: Morghast Bone S Layer	1 Basecoat: Grey Seer S Base	1 Basecoat: Averland Sunset S Layer
2 Wash: Nuln Oil M Glaze	2 Wash: Nuln Oil M Shade	2 Wash: Druchii Violet M Glaze	2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade M Glaze	2 Wash: Druchii Violet M Shade	2 Wash: Seraphim Sepia M Glaze
3 Layer: Baneblade Brown S Layer	3 Layer: Ironbreaker M Layer	3 Layer: Pink Horror S Layer	3 Layer: Ushabti Bone S Layer	3 Layer: Grey Seer S Layer	3 Layer: Yriel Yellow XS Artificer Layer
4 Layer: Karak Stone XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Kislev Flesh XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: White Scar XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Abaddon Black XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Abaddon Black XS Artificer Layer

CONTRAST STYLE

James: I painted the Contrast-style Squig Hopper using a similar process to the classic style, starting with the squig's skin, then the grot and his robes.

I undercoated this model with Wraithbone spray, then set straight to work painting the squig's skin with Flesh Tearers Red. It's important that you use the right amount of Contrast paint for this stage. Not enough and it will look patchy and you might miss bits of the squig (such as around the rider's hand). Too much and it will run down the squig's leg and onto the scenic base. My advice here is to dip the first few millimetres of a M Shade brush into your pot, then drag the bristles past the lip of the pot as you withdraw it. This should ensure that there's still plenty of paint on the brush, but not too much as to make a mess when it's applied.

Talking of making a mess, it's likely at this stage that some Flesh Tearers Red will get onto the grot's skin. If it does, simply re-basecoat the skin with Wraithbone. Don't be tempted to try and paint the Militarum Green over it like you would with regular Base paints. Contrast paints are translucent, not opaque, so any red you have on the skin will show through the Militarum Green, resulting in a brown mess. Tidy up, then Contrast: that's the best way to get great results.

On that note, when working with Contrast paints, it's worth starting with a fairly large brush, then working down in size as you get to the smaller areas of a model. As you can see from the swatches below, I tend to use a M Glaze brush for the smaller details as it offers better control than a M Shade brush, and you don't use as much paint.

BATTLE READY
Using mostly Contrast paints over a Wraithbone undercoat, James painted this Squig Hopper to Battle Ready status.



SQUIG FLESH



Undercoat: Wraithbone
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Flesh Tearers Red
M Shade



Layer: Wazdakka Red
M Layer



Layer: Squig Orange
S Layer

GROT SKIN



Undercoat: Wraithbone
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Militarum Green
M Glaze



Layer: Nurgling Green
S Layer



Layer: Krieg Khaki
XS Artificer Layer

ROBES & CLAWS



Undercoat: Wraithbone
Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Black Templar
M Shade



Layer: Skavenblight Dingie
M Layer



Layer: Stormvermin Fur
S Layer

PARADE READY
With a couple of extra highlights, James took the Contrast-painted Squig Hopper and made him Parade Ready.



TOP TIP

For the grot's black robes, use two coats of Black Templar to really build up the depth of colour. Don't be tempted to use one thick coat, though, or, as I mentioned earlier, you'll just end up with paint everywhere.

ANOTHER TOP TIP

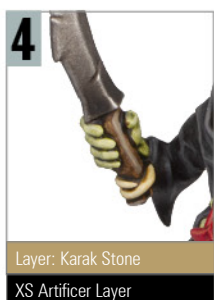
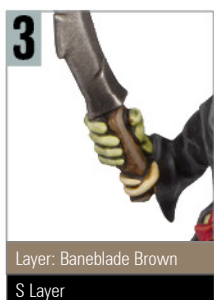
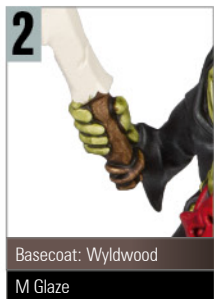
Classic paints and Contrast paints don't have to be used exclusive from one another on a miniature. It might be that you like the flesh colours of the Contrast squig, but the skin tone of the Classic grot. Or vice versa. You can even use Contrast paints over Base paints (such as Militarum Green over Death Guard Green) to achieve different results. Greenskins and their beasts come in all shades, so mixing up the colours and styles you use on a unit is a great way to make them really stand out.

CAVE BASES

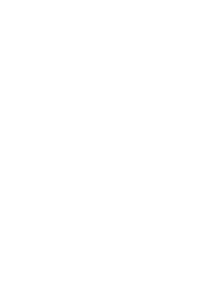
James didn't want to use grass on the bases of these Squig Hoppers, as he imagined them to be fighting underground where there are all kinds of bioluminescent plants. Instead, he took a frame of Barbed Bracken and sprayed it with Grey Seer. Next, he covered the plants in Aethermatic Blue while they were still on the frame. Once the Contrast paint was dry, he clipped the plants off the frame, glued them to the base and highlighted them with Blue Horror.



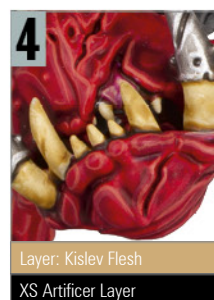
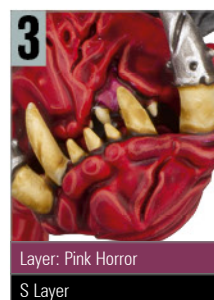
WOOD



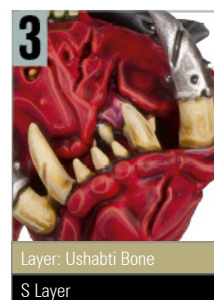
DIRTY SILVER



SQUIG GUMS



TEETH & BONES



PURPLE SHROOMS



SQUIG EYES



RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



SAM PEARSON

Sam has been a member of the Warhammer Studio for almost three years now. He is one of the games developers for Warhammer Age of Sigmar and the lead designer for Warcry. This month's Rules of Engagement is all about Warcry. Here, Sam chats about making rules and breaking rules when playing games.

Towards the end of last year, our ongoing Warcry studio campaign reached a turning point. The first few warbands that had risen to the top of the pile (namely the Everwild, an Untamed Beasts warband led by Kelly, one of our editors, and the Fright Gang, an Unmade warband under the command of product developer Ben), had moved onto fresh hunting grounds, sacrificing their dominated territories in the pursuit of further artefacts and treasure. Meanwhile, a whole host of new warbands had joined in, eager to claim some of the glory for themselves. This left my Iron Golems, the warriors of the Unbroken Chain, as one of the most powerful warbands around. We had completed our quest, and, for the moment, we were enjoying the spoils of our victory – fielding a vast array of fighters every battle due to the amount of territory we controlled. But we were not alone ...

Da Morkagorka Madboyz are a wildly destructive Bonesplitterz warband helmed by background writer (and my Warcry nemesis) Jordan Green. Having recently completed their campaign quest (an epic adventure to find their 'stolen' totem, which, as it turns out, was in the hand of their totem-bearer the whole time), and with the maximum of six dominated territories to their name, they certainly rivalled my own warband. But who was more powerful?

After a week of trash-talking each other, we decided to settle it on the battlefield once and for all. For the battle, we used a few house rules to heighten the drama. We drew a terrain card as normal, but then eschewed the rest of the standard set-up rules in favour of something more unique. We each picked a battlefield edge and set up our entire warband 4" away from it. After all, the reputations of our warbands were at stake, and so we wanted all the fighters to take part. For the twist card, we picked not one but

two that fitted the narrative (Bitter Rivals and Grudge Match), and for the victory, we simply played a fight to the death.

Carnage ensued, with both sides taking heavy losses. As the dust settled, my last fighter – the Drillmaster Crixia – was struck down by now-redeemed totem-bearer 'Dat Boy Wiv Da Flag'. Although I had lost, I couldn't help but feel satisfied at such a bloody conclusion to our warbands' rivalry, and that was all down to tweaking some of the rules of the game to help bring that narrative to life.

That leads me to this article today. Warcry was designed to be a deeply narrative experience first and foremost, and while the standard rules already cater to your warband embarking upon epic quests and developing their own story, sometimes loosening the screws of the rules can bring the game to life in new ways. So in this article, I will be exploring how and when to break the rules of the game, when to add new house rules of your own and all the madness and fun this can lead to.

TWISTING THE NARRATIVE

One of the quickest ways to add some spice and excitement to your games of Warcry is to use the deck of twist cards in different ways. There are thirty-six cards in this deck that cover everything from the weather to rampaging hordes of beasties that will overrun the battlefield. This gives you a wide range of fun options to explore. By the core rules, you'll randomly draw one card from this deck for each battle, but that's not the only way this deck can be used. Like the battle Jordan and I fought against each other, there is nothing wrong with picking the twist card that best suits the narrative. You need not limit yourself to just one twist card, either.

Here are some ideas on house rules you could include based on the twist cards:

- Your gaming group could decide the real-world weather dictates which weather twist card is used in your game (so if it is a particularly windy day, Howling Winds is in play).¹
- Alternatively, you could set a specific amount of time for each season. For example, week one of your campaign could be during winter, with the Blizzard card in play. The next week could be spring with the Deluge card in play, and so forth.

Rules of Engagement – penned by veteran games developer Jervis Johnson – focuses on the creation, design and evolution of the rules for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. This month, however, games developer Sam Pearson has joined us to talk about Warcry.

- You could come up with conditions that dictate which twist cards are used. For example, if a battle results in any fighters being slain on the Injury chart, the next battle involving those two warbands could use the Grudge Match twist card to represent the growing animosity between them.
- Players could secretly bid glory points before each battle, and the player who bids the most gets to choose which Twist card is in play. This would represent warbands spending resources and planning to launch night-time raids on their rivals, enacting an eldritch ritual on the night of the rising Goremoon, and so on.

IDEA #1 – NIGHT OF DAGGERS

You could take the idea of using twist cards to shape the narrative even further by using them in a set sequence over a number of battles to tell a specific story. For example, the following idea uses three twist cards – Dusk, Dead of Night and Dawn – over the course of three battles to tell the story of one blood-filled night on the rooftops of Carngrad. This could be used as the basis for a day's worth of gaming with a friend or a group of friends, or even as the inspiration for a narrative tournament.

Backstory: *One of the Talons, the crime lords of Carngrad, is dead. In their absence, violence erupts across the rooftops and back alleys as various powers vie to become their successor. This night will see enough bloodshed to shake the city to its very core, and only when the dust settles and Hysh rises on the eastern horizon will the victor be known.*

Rules: All players in your Warcry gaming group gather to play a series of three battles. In the first round of battles, the Dusk twist card is used. In the second, Dead of Night is used, and in the third, Dawn is used. The battlefields are set up with lots of buildings to help represent the cramped streets of Carngrad.

Each player records how many glory points they earn over the course of these three battles, and at the end, the player (or players) with the most glory points is declared the winner and picks one lesser artefact from the Lesser Artefact table (Core Book, pg 68-69) as their reward.



- The twist cards that bring on chaotic beasts could unleash all manner of nasties. For example, the battlefield could be overrun by a horde of bloodthirsty Crypt Ghouls or a shambling procession of Plaguebearers. Really, any Age of Sigmar miniature that has a fighter card for Warcry can be used. Just treat them as chaotic beasts for rules purposes, and if it gets confusing as to which abilities they have access to, limit them to the universal abilities.

SETTING THE SCENE

Another way to modify your games of Warcry is to add custom scenery pieces. The *Tome of Champions* 2019 includes full rules for eschewing the terrain cards to allow the use of bespoke pieces, but rather than just adding them as terrain to your battlefield, it can be fun to make them the centrepiece of a battle with a few house rules.

I explored this idea when writing the Challenge Battles² for the *Tome of Champions* 2019. At the time, I was painting up the Age of Sigmar Shattered Dominion objectives and got to thinking about how cool it would be to fight a battle over each of them. The result was that each of those Challenge Battles focused on a different piece from that set, telling a story around it and coming up with a reason to fight over it.

Across the range of scenery sets sold by Games Workshop, you will find a whole host of pieces that would make excellent focal points of a battle. Sometimes these will be big, imposing pieces like the Bad Moon Loonshrine or a Baleful Realmgate, but in other cases they might be the small details and extras that are included in the kit. Here are some ideas to get you started:

The Azyrite Ruins set includes two metal grates. Perhaps when a fighter is taken down in battle, there is a chance the enemy will capture them (for example, by rolling a dice, and on a 1, they have been captured). This in turn could lead to a daring rescue being launched by their comrades to save them before they are sacrificed to the Dark Gods. As you get two grates in the set, the other player could secretly note down which of them holds the prisoner.



¹ Although for players in the UK, you may find that almost all your games end up with the Deluge rule in play!

² Challenge Battles are one-off scenarios in Warcry that any warband can attempt, such as hunting down a Chimera in the wilds or opening up an ancient Stormvault and securing the prize within.

The Azyrite Ruins set also includes two treasure chests. These could be used like treasure tokens, but rather than being picked up, perhaps fighters have to 'drag' these treasure chests by making a Move action near them of D6" in which they cannot jump or climb. At the end of the battle, having more friendly fighters within 3" of the chest than there are enemy fighters wins you the chest, and its reward could be additional glory points or extra rolls on the lesser artefacts table.

Braziers can be found in a few of our terrain sets, such as the Sigmarite Dais and the Timeworn Ruins. Perhaps when all four have been rekindled, the entrance to the Stormvault rises from the ground below. Another idea would be to use the Roaming Beasts rules from the *Tome of Champions* 2019, and set up four groups of Restless Undead fighters that are each tied to one of the braziers. These undead could be immune to damage until their respective brazier has been extinguished.

Larger pieces of terrain can create very evocative battlefields that lend themselves well to all manner of house rules. For example, as two warbands battle in the shadow of a Bad Moon Loonshrine, hordes of angry grots, squigs and troggoths could spew out of its cave mouth. The Roaming Beasts rules in the *Tome of Champions* 2019 will give you rules and abilities for squigs and troggoths, and adding in grots would be simple enough. You can find the Gloomspite Gitz fighter cards in the *Tome of Champions* 2019, too.



Hopefully the ideas in this column serve to spur your imagination as to what's possible.

Take a look through your terrain collection and find interesting pieces you could focus a Warcry battle on.



PHIL KELLY

Phil is the senior background writer in the Warhammer Age of Sigmar team. When he's not writing up weird and wonderful lore for new armies, he can often be found concocting fun scenarios to play.

IDEA #2 – A BATTLE ACROSS REALMS

Phil: Whilst I was deep in a scenery-building frenzy for my gaming group's Warcry campaign, I accidentally bought a pair of Realmgates. These were swiftly converted with spare parts from some Ogor Mawtribes sprues – those spare horns and tusks are really useful for scenery projects – and painted in an aged-sandstone colour scheme to go along with the rest of my Warcry terrain.

My gaming group plays two games at the same time, on the same table, so I thought it would be fun to have one Realmgate on each table. A model that climbs the steps can make the leap into the game next door, as it were, triggering the rules for a three-player game on a roll of a 2+ and dying horribly on a 1. If the opportunistic thief survives, the player that dared take the gamble gets an extra treasure AND a destiny level at the end of the night. It's also a great way to disrupt the plans of your rivals. Such twists of fate are common enough in the Varanspire!





ERIK NIEMZ

Erik is one of the photographers in the Age of Sigmar team. He's always looking for evocative ways to show off Warhammer miniatures, even in his own games.

IDEA #3 – SPELL HUNTERS

Erik: Inspired by the stories of spell hunters, I really wanted to incorporate endless spells in our studio campaign and the campaign I am running with my friends.

I came up with a system that uses a standard deck of cards to control the movement of the endless spell. One card is drawn at the start of each combat phase. A red card moves the endless spell towards one player and a black card towards the other. The number of the card determines which battle group it moves towards (for example, 2–5 moves it towards a fighter in that player's Dagger). Fighters unlucky enough

to be caught in the path of the endless spell are immediately attacked by it.

I used these rules in a battle against Sam with the Shyish Reaper (as I have one painted for my Nighthaunt army), and carnage ensued. The Shyish Reaper carved a bloody path through both of our warbands until the end when Sam drew the ace (allowing him to move it in any direction), and it cut down my last fighter!

I'm going to try coming up with rules for some of the other endless spells next. The possibilities are ... endless!



EXPLORING NEW CHALLENGES

For the more adventurous among you (not to mention the budding rules writers out there), you might want to create house rules for things that exist in the Mortal Realms that aren't yet in Warcry. This might be anything from a miniature in Age of Sigmar (such as a Greater Daemon or a character like Vandus Hammerhand) to something you have read about in the background or a Black Library book (for example, one of the colossal cogforts constructed by the inhabitants of the Cities of Sigmar).

When creating house rules for a miniature, one tip is to find something of a similar size and power level in Age of Sigmar that has Warcry rules

to base it upon. For example, if I was looking to create the rules for a Bloodthirster, I might start with the fighter card for a Chimera. If I wanted the Bloodthirster to be a little more powerful, I would then increase its Wounds characteristic and up its points cost.³ Using existing fighters as a 'template' like this is a great way to quickly create house rules for new fighters and also works when assigning abilities to that fighter.

CONCLUSION

So that's all from me today. Now you know how making a few tweaks to the rules of Warcry (be they big or small) can really bring the narrative of your games alive. Hopefully this article serves as inspiration for you to give it a try!

³ Determining how much you should increase the points value is definitely the trickiest part of all of this. You may need to adjust it after playing a game with your new fighter and finding it is either too expensive or too cheap, but that is what being a rules writer is all about!

THE DREADSCAPE

The expanse known as the Dreadscape once contained cities and settlements in great number, where living settlers dwelt alongside the dead of Hallost. Now it is a domain of unbridled horror, the air itself writhing with the fell taint of Chaos.



From the first hateful days of the Age of Chaos, through the thunderous resurgence of Sigmar's armies, to the deathly terrors of the necroquake and its aftershocks, the Dreadscape has been wracked by unending war. This nightmarish region extends across the entirety of the Western Lowlands, where during the Age of Myth vast numbers of settlers had sought to make their homes in the Land of Dead Heroes. Cities were built amidst fields of stubborn Shyishan vegetation, and through hard work and grim determination, the living populace prospered in their adopted underworld.

The Dark Gods' corruptions first appeared amongst the brimming populations of the Western Lowlands. Greedy landowners were consumed by avarice, and they saw pain and disfigurement as tools to motivate their serfs. Morbid royals encouraged the spread of horrific

THE TAINT OF CHAOS

When a mortal dies, their soul travels to Shyish, whereupon it resides in one of the underworlds. The followers of Chaos, however, dedicate their souls to the Dark Gods, and they are consumed by their deities upon their death. So it is that more souls are denied to Nagash, the gods of Chaos earning his eternal hatred.



diseases to thin the ranks of the rebelling peasantry. Sorcerers and soothsayers used their magics to manipulate the growing anarchy to their own advantage, while the downtrodden and oppressed gave in to rage and slaked their bloodlust by butchering their fellow citizens.

With every depraved act, the power of Chaos grew in Hallost. Eventually, the veil of reality was worn so thin that the daemonic legions of the Dark Gods were able to burst into existence. A horrific onslaught swept across the Western Lowlands, bolstered by Khornate hordes that butchered their way inwards from the coast. For a time, the heroic dead stood firm against the tide of carnage, but though they reaped a toll on their enemies that was many times their own number, their defence was utterly sundered when Archaon's armies carved a path of annihilation through Hallost. In their wake was left the great

swathe of desecrated land that is now called the Dreadscape. Here, the followers of Chaos have fought ever since for dominance.

The enormous fortress of Krag Darrek stands in the mountainous south. It was built by the Khornate Skullfiend Tribe who – by channelling the powers of the Blood God – were able to decapitate and claim the heads of countless thousands of spectral heroes. By caking them in the gore of living victims, their skulls became tangible enough to form the foundations of Krag Darrek. Those souls whose essence is trapped within the citadel's walls howl in constant rage – unable to be born anew, unable to seek vengeance upon their killers – and this din stokes the battle-lust of the living for leagues around. Over long and brutal centuries, the banners of many armies have flapped atop Krag Darrek, though in recent times the Skullfiend have returned to drink deep of the wrathful font.

Rising above the Brittle Forest far north of Krag Darrek is the Spire of Time. This crystalline tower was built by Arcanite cultists as a conduit through which Tzeentch could twist the fate of Hallost's inhabitants. Those who climb the winding spire glimpse the past, present and future of their lives in the shimmering steps, and through arcane rites may even alter these reflections in order to shape their own fates. But the Changer of Ways watches the Spire of Time, and he allows destiny to be rewritten only where it suits his will.

Morguehaven sits amongst the Stagnant Fens in the Dreadscape's south-east. Once the most populous city in all of Hallost, it was transformed into a breeding ground for the plagues spread by Nurgle's servants. The living in Morguehaven became swollen with pus-filled growths and daemonic parasites, while the spirits of the heroic dead rotted away to nothing. Now the city is a congealed mass of festering corpses and semi-living wretches in which

disease and decay run rampant. The streets are so crammed with bodies that it is difficult to pass through Morguehaven above ground, forcing those who battle for control of the city to do so in the cavernous sewer network, where it is whispered that verminous priests of decay seek to brew a potion that will infect all of Hallost.

In the north-east lies Mont Plethoria, the temple-crested mound upon which ritual bacchanals were once held after harvests. During the Age of Chaos, the worshippers of Slaanesh took these revelries to excess as they desecrated the surrounding lands. Greedy merchants covered themselves in molten gold while the vain toasted their own perfection with torturous sacrifices. The depravity grew so intoxicating that the living and the dead for leagues in every direction came to Mont Plethoria. There they carved statues of themselves out of precious jewels and screaming flesh, before bowing down in endless worship of their own baseness.

Within the Dreadscape, the fabric of Hallost itself has become so twisted that even invaders who die here are sometimes reborn, rising like the fallen heroes to join battle once more. Many armies have travelled to this cursed land, but few have fought with the conviction of the Lumineth warhosts. From their embassies established around ruined Vaddenheim to the north, the Hyshian aelves have sent many probing attacks across the borders of the Dreadscape. The mage-lords who command these expeditions burn great sigils of stabilisation into the parched lowlands, little by little pushing back the Chaos taint. Yet these nullifying wards have also bound many native souls to the earth of Hallost in the process, never to rise again as is their just reward. This has caused no small degree of unease amongst the heroic dead who have allied themselves with the forces of Order – and should the armies of the Dark Gods cease their internecine conflicts, then the Lumineth may find themselves hard-pressed indeed.



WAR UNENDING

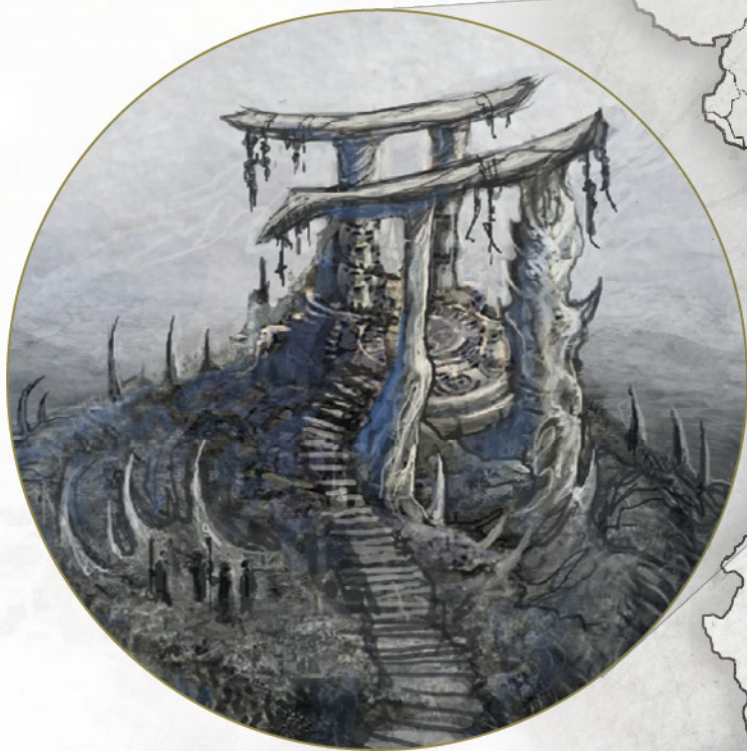
The underworld of Hallost is riven by war. From the Warm soul Uplands to the shores of the Sea of Fading Hope, no region of this grim land has escaped strife.

Thus far, the Swordthegn Conclave – alongside their storm-forged allies in the Anvils of the Heldenhammer and Astral Templars – has begun to purify the lands outside of Vaddenheim. The forces of Chaos reel under attacks from multiple directions, but they now flock to the banner of the resurgent Bloodthirster Khazkhan. In the Booming Scar, the remnants of the Tarkan Warglutt mass alongside the Ironsunz of Dakkbad Grotkicker, all spoiling for a fight and poised to spill south. It is the forces of Death that are the greatest threat to the underworld, however. Alongside the tortured spirits of the Nordyrie, Bonereaper hosts raise necropolises across the land by the will of Vokmortian, Master of the Bone-tithe. If they are not checked, they could well grind all of Hallost beneath their remorseless tread.



THE BOOMING SCAR

The orruk hordes that poured into these lands during the Age of Chaos were obliterated by the Shyish necroquake, and now the region resonates with both spectral and Waaagh! energies.



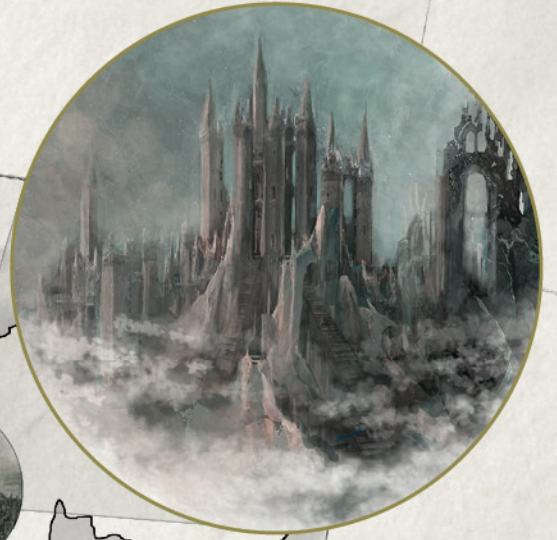
THE NORDYRIE

Once a holdout for fiercely independent warrior spirits, this land was cursed by Nagash even before the necroquake.

HALLOST

VADDENHEIM

The spectral denizens of this region endured the horrors of the Age of Chaos, and now they aggressively repel any and all intruders.



THE DREDSCAPE

This once lush region was transformed into a place of nightmares by the fell servants of Chaos.

DOMINATION OF HALLOST

Over the next few pages, you will find new campaign rules, a new map and two narrative play battleplans for fighting your battles in the lands around the Dreadscape.

Over the past three issues of *White Dwarf*, we have introduced a campaign system for playing games set in the spectral lands of Hallost, with three different campaign maps to fight over and eight battleplans to theme your battles to this ghastly locale in the Realm of Death.

In this issue, we visit Hallost for the last time and complete the series with a new campaign map – the Dreadscape – and the final two battleplans.

INTRODUCING THE DREADSCAPE

From Vaddenheim we travel south, across the Plains of Fear and along the Driftwood Beaches towards the Dreadscape. This land has been irrevocably tainted by Chaos, yet nevertheless it is still worth fighting over, for within the land's great temples and cities lie many great treasures.

On this campaign map, up to four players can battle it out for victory. Here, the Starting Locations are in close proximity to each other.

Furthermore, the scant land between will award the controlling player bonus Campaign Victory points, ensuring that any campaign fought on this map will be an absolute bloodbath!

You can find the Dreadscape campaign map on the next page.

HALLOST BATTLEPLANS

In addition to a new campaign map, there are also two themed battleplans to use in your Hallost campaigns. To use these battleplans, the players roll off, and the winner picks which of these battleplans to use.

Alternatively, if you have issues 453 and 454 of *White Dwarf*, you can use the updated battleplan tables below. To do so, the players roll off. The winner chooses if they will roll on the Pitched Battle table or the Narrative Play table. Then the player rolls a dice to determine which battleplan is used for the battle.

HALLOST NARRATIVE PLAY TABLE	
D6	Battleplan
1	The player with the least CVPs picks the battleplan to play. If players are tied on CVPs, roll on this table again.
2	The Seat of Power
3	Burn and Pillage
4	Endless Souls
5	The Challenger
6	Vows of Battle

HALLOST PITCHED BATTLE TABLE	
D6	Battleplan
1	The player with the least CVPs picks the battleplan to play. If players are tied on CVPs, roll on this table again.
2	Raze
3	Trials of the Dead
4	The Hero's Barrow
5	Spellbreakers
6	Spectral Ritual

CAMPAIGN RULES: THE DREADSCAPE

The lands of the Dreadscape suffered greatly during the Age of Chaos. Khorne's warriors built the fortress of Krag Darrek, Tzeentch's followers erected the Spire of Time, the city of Morguehaven succumbed to the putrescence of Nurgle, and Slaanesh's worshippers turned the temple on Mount Plethoria into a site of depraved revelry.

Key Locations

Players gain the following benefits for holding key locations:

Arcane Dais: A player who holds this location adds 1 to casting rolls for friendly WIZARDS.

Fortress: A player who holds this location receives 1 additional command point at the start of each of their hero phases.

City: A player who holds this location receives 1 initiative point in each battle phase.

Temple: A player who holds this location rolls a dice each time they allocate a wound or mortal wound to a friendly PRIEST. On a 6+ that wound or mortal wound is negated.

Victory Condition











Conquer the Valleys: In each campaign round, each player scores 1 bonus CVP

for each location they control that is adjacent to 2 or more key locations (including diagonally).

After 6 campaign rounds, the campaign ends. When the campaign ends, the player with the most CVPs wins the campaign. If any players are tied for the most CVPs, play an additional campaign round and check the above victory conditions once more.

Number of Players: 4

THE DREADSCAPE

 1 0 PETRIFIED FOREST	 1 0 PETRIFIED FOREST	 2 1 GRAVE PRAIRIE	 0 1 RAVINE	 0 1 RAVINE
 1 0 PETRIFIED FOREST	 0 4 ARCANE DAIS <i>Starting Location</i>	 0 1 RAVINE	 2 2 TEMPLE <i>Starting Location</i>	 1 1 FENLANDS
 2 0 HIGHLANDS	 1 1 GALLOW BARRENS	 1 1 GALLOW BARRENS	 1 1 GALLOW BARRENS	 1 1 GALLOW BARRENS
 2 0 HIGHLANDS	 2 2 FORTRESS <i>Starting Location</i>	 0 1 MARSH	 4 0 CITY <i>Starting Location</i>	 1 1 FENLANDS
 0 1 RAVINE	 0 1 RAVINE	 0 1 MARSH	 1 1 FENLANDS	 1 1 FENLANDS

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BATTLEPLAN

SPECTRAL RITUAL

On the eve of battle, both forces begin a grand ritual, each seeking to harness the arcane power of the afterlives in this region. As battle is drawn, the destructive might of this ritual is unleashed upon the encroaching enemy.

PITCHED BATTLE

Use the Pitched Battle rules in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*.

SET-UP

The players roll off, and the winner decides which territory each side will use. The territories are shown on the map opposite. The players then pick 1 **HERO** from their army to be their ritualist, starting with the player who won the roll-off, and set up the ritualist within 1" of their ritual site.

The players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the player who won the roll-off. Units must be set up wholly within their own territory. Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

RITUAL POINT MODIFIERS

The ritualist is not a WIZARD or PRIEST	-1 ritual point gained
There are enemy models within 6" of the ritualist	-1 ritual point gained
There are any friendly WIZARDS or PRIESTS within 6" of the ritualist, not including the ritualist	+1 ritual point gained
The ritualist did not move that turn	+1 ritual point gained

GAINING RITUAL POINTS

Each player begins the battle with 3 ritual points. At the end of a player's turn they gain an additional 3 ritual points if their ritualist is on the battlefield, subject to the modifiers above.

SPENDING RITUAL POINTS

A player can spend their ritual points on powerful abilities during the battle. To do so, consult the table opposite. The player must have the required number of ritual points to use an ability; when they use the ability, that number of ritual points is deducted from their total number of ritual points.

DEATH OF A RITUALIST

During the battle, if a player's ritualist is slain, they can

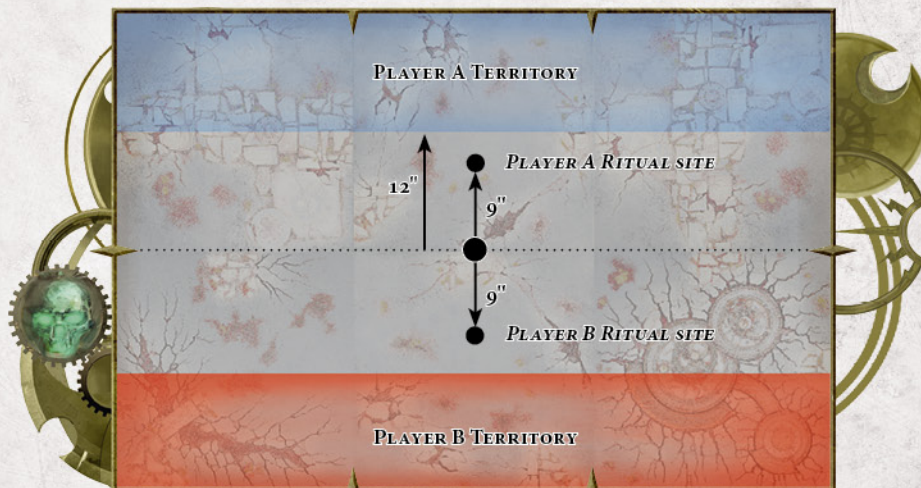
immediately nominate a friendly **HERO** within 6" of the slain ritualist (before the model is removed from play) to become their new ritualist.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The player with the most ritual points at the end of the fifth battle round wins a **major victory**. If the players are tied on ritual points at the end of the battle, then each player adds up the points value of any enemy units that have been destroyed during the battle (excluding any new units that were added to the armies after the battle started). If one player has a higher total, they win a **minor victory**, otherwise the result is a draw.



RITUAL POINTS	ABILITY
1	Healing Blessing: You can use this ability once in each of your hero phases. Heal up to D6 wounds allocated to your ritualist. If your ritualist is a MONSTER , heal up to D3 wounds allocated to them instead.
1	Arcane Null: You can use this ability in your opponent's hero phase immediately after a spell that affects your ritualist has been cast. That spell has no effect on your ritualist.
2	Dazzling Light: You can use this ability once at the start of each of your opponent's shooting phases. Subtract 3 from hit rolls for attacks that target your ritualist until the end of that phase. If your ritualist is a MONSTER , subtract 2 from hit rolls for attacks that target your ritualist until the end of that phase instead.
3	Arcane Explosion: You can use this ability once in each of your hero phases. All enemy units within 6" of your ritualist suffer D6 mortal wounds.



BATTLEPLAN

VOWS OF BATTLE

As the armies prepare to clash, a howling wind begins to whip across the battlefield. On this gale can be heard whispered tales of epic deeds – the sagas of the heroic dead who inhabit this region. Only by matching the past triumphs of these spirits can you hope to gain their favour.

THE ARMIES

In this battle, one player is the attacker and one player is the defender. The territories for the attacking and defending armies are shown on the map opposite.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the attacker. Units must be set up wholly within their own territory, more than 12" from enemy territory. Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

VOWS OF BATTLE

After the armies have been set up, but before the battle begins, players take it in turn to choose a vow of battle for a HERO in their army to swear, starting with the player who has the fewest HEROES in their army. There are two tables of vows, one for the attacker and one for the defender. When it is a player's turn, they first choose a HERO from their army that has not yet sworn a vow; they then either pick a vow for that HERO to swear, or roll a dice to determine which vow from their table is sworn by that HERO this battle. HEROES in the same army can swear the same vow if the player chooses.

When it is a player's turn, but they no longer have a HERO to pick (because all of their HEROES have sworn a vow), both players stop picking HEROES to swear vows.

FIRST TURN

The players roll off and the winner decides who takes the first turn.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The player with the most victory points at the end of the fifth battle round wins a **major victory**. If the players are tied on victory points at the end of the battle, the defender wins a **minor victory**.

VICTORY POINTS

Players score victory points each time a friendly HERO completes a vow that they have sworn. The tables of vows for the attacker and defender list the number of victory points that are scored when each vow is completed. A HERO can only complete a vow once during a battle, but multiple heroes can swear the same vow and may all be able to complete it (Beast Slayer, for example).



D6	ATTACKER'S VOWS	VPs	D6	DEFENDER'S VOWS	VPs
1	Conqueror of the Land A HERO that swears this vow completes it if at the end of the fifth battle round they are wholly within enemy territory.	1VP	1	Protector of the Land A HERO that swears this vow completes it if at the end of the fifth battle round they are wholly within their territory.	1VP
2	Unwavering Bravery A HERO that swears this vow completes it if they are the first HERO to make a charge move.	1VP	2	First to the Defence A HERO that swears this vow completes it if they are the first HERO to suffer a wound or mortal wound that is not negated.	1VP
3	Beast Slayer A HERO that swears this vow completes it if any enemy MONSTERS were slain by attacks made by that HERO.	2VP	3	First Sword A HERO that swears this vow completes it if at the end of the fifth battle round they are wholly within 6" of a friendly general (and they are not a general themselves).	2VP
4	Slayer of Champions A HERO that swears this vow completes it if any enemy HEROES were slain by attacks made by that HERO.	2VP	4	Hold Till the End A HERO that swears this vow completes it if during the fifth battle round the Inspiring Presence command ability is used and the unit picked is a friendly unit within 6" of that HERO (or within 12" if the HERO is a general).	2VP
5	Conqueror of the Realm A HERO that swears this vow completes it if at the end of the fifth battle round they are wholly within enemy territory and there are no enemy HEROES within 12" of them.	3VP	5	Protector of the Realm A HERO that swears this vow completes it if at the end of the fifth battle round they are wholly within their territory and there are no enemy HEROES within 12" of them.	3VP
6	Slayer of Kings A HERO that swears this vow completes it if an enemy general was slain by attacks made by that HERO.	3VP	6	Slayer of Warlords A HERO that swears this vow completes it if an enemy general was slain by attacks made by that HERO.	3VP



WARBANDS OF CARNGRAD

Plots and schemes. Violence and bloodshed. Murder and mutilation. The streets of Carngrad are dangerous at the best of times, but now there are four deadly warbands vying for supremacy amidst its ancient streets. But which of the four will reign supreme?



From back-alley bars and watering holes to fighting pits and blood-drenched shrines, rumours are circulating. Some say that the cult of the Unmade have acquired new recruits and that they are now walking the path of the Flayed Prince in search of enlightenment. Others whisper that the Splintered Fang are gathering up the ingredients required for the deadliest poison known to man. There are even tales of the Corvus Cabal and the Cypher Lords infiltrating the gangs of the Seven Talons in a bid to rule the city.

Quite how much of this is true is open to conjecture. What we do know, however, is that four warbands have undertaken quests across the Bloodwind Spoil in a bid to join one of Archaon's mighty Chaos Legions. Dan has taken command of the Cypher Lords, while Jonathan leads the Unmade. Matt presides over the Corvus Cabal

WARCRY!

Fancy starting a Warcry campaign? All you need is a warband and a Core Book, both of which are available from the Games Workshop website.

To help you out with your campaign, you can also fill in and download a free Warcry warband roster from the Warhammer Community website. Head there now to get started:

warhammer-community.com

and Lyle rules the Splintered Fang. Between them they have played close to thirty games of Warcry over the last few months in their bid to complete their campaigns.

This month, the four warbands have been joined by deadly allies. Dan's Cypher Lords have come under the hypnotic influence of a Mindstealer Sphiranx, while Jonathan's Unmade have recruited a Slaughterpriest (who fits right in with their desire to mutilate everything they touch). An Ogroid Myrmidon has allied itself to Matt's Corvus Cabal, while Lyle's Splintered Fang have been joined by a Fomoroid Crusher. All four warlords have also started painting additional warriors for their warbands so that they can boost their numbers for their final convergences. After all, they've played so many games (including losing a fair few) that most of them can field up to 1,300 (or 1,400) points of warriors now!

DAN HARDEN | CYPHER LORDS

THE JADE EYE

In between battles with rival warbands, the Cypher Lords of the Jade Eye have been following Illucin, the majordomo of Urdesh Rask. Now they seek to eliminate Illucin and infiltrate Rask's inner circle.

After a rocky start, Dan has finally managed to win a game of Warcry! He puts this down to skill rather than luck (though there might have been a bit of that involved, too).

'I've learned a lot about my warband over the last few months,' says Dan. 'Firstly, the ability Acrobatic Leap doesn't look that exciting compared to Throwing Stars and Chakrams, but it is very helpful in terms of getting fighters into position, especially when you're fighting over crowded walkways or rooftops. I think Shadowy Recall is my favourite ability, though. I've successfully used it to get warriors into unexpected combats, and I've unsuccessfully used it to steal a treasure (as you'll find out in our match reports later).

'As this month is monster month, I've also painted a Mindstealer Sphiranx to join my warband. Rather than paint it black like the 'Eavy Metal one, I opted for a pale grey to match the colour scheme of my Cypher Lords. I also gave it green eyes to match the gemstones on my other models. It probably changed its colour to match them. Or perhaps my cultists were manipulated by the Sphiranx to wear those colours – it is a tricky creature. I also painted some more icy scenery to add to my collection.'



NEXT STEPS

Dan: I've started converting a few more warriors for my warband, including a new Luminare. Sadly Incarnadine suffered a terrible (some might say fatal) injury in one of my battles this month.



JONATHAN STAPLETON | THE UNMADE

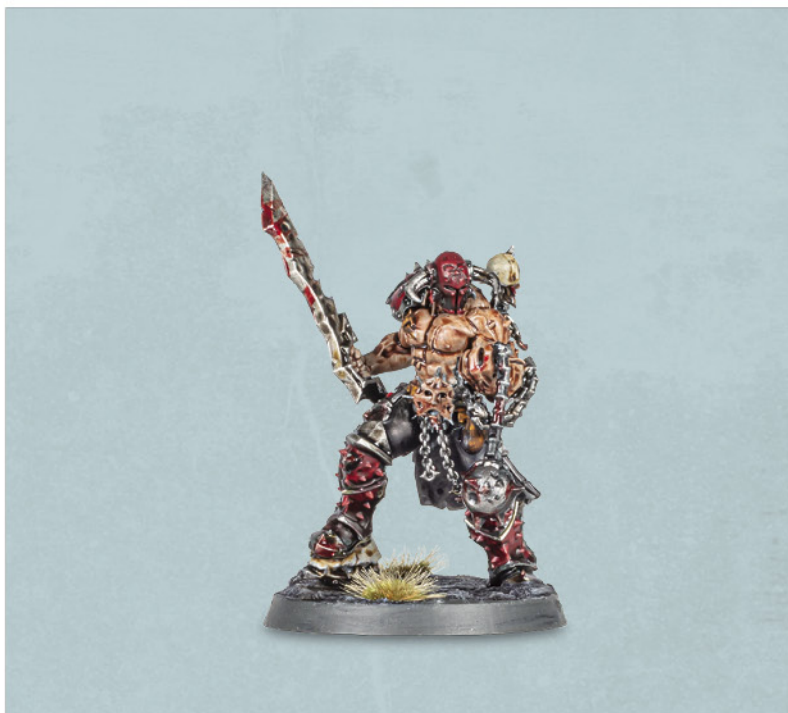
THE JOYOUS AMPUTATION

The Joyous Amputation are heading for the Murderlands, where enlightenment (and loss of limbs) awaits them. They have also been joined by a muscle-bound stranger ...

Jonathan's Unmade warband has had a tough campaign so far, but a victory in their first convergence has seen their luck improve somewhat. Jonathan even won two games back to back!

'I've dominated four territories now, so I can field up to 1,200 points of models in my warband,' says Jonathan. 'While the other warlords have concentrated on adding monsters to their warbands, I've decided to add a mercenary – the Slaughterpriest known as Gullet (see right). I felt that his love of bloodshed and dismemberment would stand him in good stead with the rest of the Unmade. Interestingly, while a Slaughterpriest is only armed with close combat weapons, he does have access to some pretty handy ranged abilities. Bloodbind has a range of 14" and enables him to effectively drag enemies towards him, even if that means pulling them off buildings. Bloodboil also has a range of 14" but can potentially deal out 18 damage – that's a lot of damage at long range.'

'I've also learned something about wild dice. I need to be more casual when I make doubles, triples and quads with them, because every time I place one with a specific ability in mind, the model with that ability dies before I get to use it. I need to be more tactically flexible.'



GULLET THE SLAUGHTERPRIEST

Jonathan: I converted Gullet a little by taking away his Khorne belt and replacing it with a flayed face that I took from the Unmade warband set. It's not his face – he's not crazy – but he really wanted to fit in with the warband and join in their limb-lopping adventures. They go after enemy faces, he gets the skulls – it's a pretty sweet deal for him.

NEXT STEPS

Jonathan: I'm still looking at adding some Furies to my warband. They're pretty fast, so they can fly along next to my Blissful One and act as his bodyguards. Perhaps he won't die in every game then ...

I've also built a second Joyous One to add to my warband. I've found the Flaying Frenzy ability to be incredibly useful in the games I've played so far, so two warriors with the same ability will be doubly nasty. Who knows which of them will turn into a people blender next?



MATT HUTSON | CORVUS CABAL

THE PENUMBRAL HUNTERS

Silent and deadly are the Penumbral Hunters, whose mission of mayhem has put them in good stead so far in the city of Carngrad. Already the streets are stained with the blood of their many victims.

Matt's campaign has progressed well so far, with the Penumbral Hunters winning roughly half of their battles. Despite his successes, Matt still felt his warband was missing something ...

'As I mentioned last month, my warband is fast but fragile,' says Matt. 'They can dish out a reasonable amount of damage, but they really don't like taking it in return. So, because I've dominated enough territory now, I've hired some help – an Ogroid Myrmidon.

'My plan is to storm him right into the middle of every fight and just leave him to it. He's a proper tank, with a Toughness of 6 and 35 Wounds, so it's going to take a lot to take him down. And, if my opponent is fighting him, then they're not killing my other warriors, which can only be a good thing. His abilities are pretty nasty, too – a quad enables me to use Arcane Fury, giving him a potential 14 damage per critical hit!

'As for painting my new monster, I used the same colours as the rest of my warband. I basecoated him Russ Grey, then used Gryph-charger Grey to add definition to the recesses. I followed that up with drybrushed layers of Fenrisian Grey and Blue Horror, then applied a second coat of Gryph-charger Grey to his back for variety.'



EVEN NEWER RECRUITS

Matt: I recently picked up a second box of Corvus Cabal so that I could start adding a few more warriors to my warband. One of the great things about the set is that you get several alternative arms, which means you can equip your fighters differently so they're not all

armed the same. I decided to take this a step further by converting a few of my Spire Stalkers and Cabalists. First, I cut off their hands at the wrists using the edge of their leather vambraces as a guide. I then swapped over the hands between kits so that I had warriors with different-looking weapons.

NEXT STEPS

Matt: I want to hunt Gotrek! I've had the model for a while now, and I've decided I should paint him so I can try and fight him using the rules we printed in *White Dwarf* a while back. I reckon it would be an interesting challenge for my warband to try and peck the infamous Slayer to death. Or, I could fight alongside him and grab a load of treasure! I'm also thinking about hunting down a monster – a Chimera would look really cool painted in the black and blue colours of the Corvus Cabal.

LYLE LOWERY | SPLINTERED FANG

THE VENOMBORN

The Venomborn have brewed the perfect poison. Now they await their foes in the arena of death. Only one battle stands between them and victory. Yet are the eyes of the Everchosen upon them?

Lyle has arguably been the most successful player in our campaign, having won more battles than anyone else. He now stands ready to achieve his campaign goals.

'I think I have pretty much everything I need to complete my campaign,' says Lyle. 'The largest warband you can field is 1,400 points (1,000 points, 100 points purchased with glory points and six dominated territories worth 50 points each), and I easily have enough points now thanks to the inclusion of my Fomoroid Crusher, Jomo. I painted him at the start of the month so I could use him in as many games as possible. He didn't do much in his first game against Dan, but he was more impressive against Jonathan. The only real downside to using Jomo is that he does take up the space of three or four other fighters, and I've found that convergences often require boots on the ground rather than big dudes. My last convergence is an arena fight to kill half the other's warband. I can't be complacent, though – the other guys are not far behind me on their campaign trackers.'

'In other news, I've started work on my Souldrain Forest environment. I'm painting the trees with pink leaves and grey bark for a cherry blossom tree look.'



FOMOROID CRUSHER

Lyle: I painted my Fomoroid Crusher using an airbrush, Contrast paints and traditional techniques like drybrushing. I started by undercoating Jomo black, then airbrushing his skin with Dawnstone and White Scar before tinting and shading with Agrax Earthshade. I then used various Contrast paints to build up the different grey tones on the model.

NEXT STEPS!

Lyle: I'm close to completing my campaign, but I still want to play more games of Warcry with my warband. I've kind of got it into my head that it would be cool to hunt down a monster, then try and tame it so that I can use it my games. Of course, my warband has a fascination with venom, so I guess it would have to be an Arachnarok Spider that I hunt down. I bet it has pretty cool venom. I'm not sure how it would feel about sharing it with my fighters, but I have plenty of spare Clearbloods around to find out.

CH-CH-CH-CH-CHERRY LEAVES



Basecoat: Wraithbone

Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Volupus Pink

M Shade



Drybrush: White Scar

M Dry



ACROBATIC SHENANIGANS

Having passed his first convergence last month, Dan played three games in quick succession so that he could move on to his second convergence. How will the Jade Eye fare this time around?

STEAL THE PRIZE

Dan: My first game against Jonathan was a massacre. I had to protect a treasure carried by my Mirrorblade Celadon, but Jonathan's fighters were utterly ruthless and quickly took him out of action. I came up with a cunning plan to steal the treasure back, using Shadowy Recall to launch a fighter onto it, but sadly Flenser had already grabbed it and skittered off into the distance. A crippling defeat for me.



EBB AND FLOW

My second battle was against Warcry writer Sam Pearson and his Iron Golem warband, which included two Ogor Breachers. The game was surprisingly close, with Sam winning by three points to four. I managed to take out one of Sam's Ogors, which I was very pleased about, but Sam killed (as in proper dead) my Luminare Incarnadine!



NO MERCY

There really was no mercy in this game where both myself and Lyle had to take down half of each other's warband. I got in a few very lucky kills early on, then one of my Mindbound somehow caused 12 damage on Lyle's Trueblood. Lyle tried to run his leader away, but couldn't escape the acrobatics of the Cypher Lords. Victory to me!

THE SECOND CONVERGENCE – THE MAJORDOMO

For my second convergence, my warband was joined by the Mindstealer Sphiranx, Nyanza. This time I was up against *Mortal Realms* writer Tom Horth, whose Corvus Cabal warband had just begun their campaign. I had to take down all the fighters in Tom's Dagger, but he took a gamble and picked three of his weaker fighters, leaving his best warriors free to hamper my attack. I used my Mindstealer Sphiranx to cast Telepathic Threatening a couple of times, stopping Tom's fighters from escaping, then leapt my leader in with two Spinning Somersault Strikes to take out not one, not two, but all three of the fighters in Tom's Dagger. It was a close game, though – I got very close to failing!



FLAYING FRENZY 2 – THE FLAYENING

After a couple of tough months, Jonathan finally got to grips with his warband and rocked out some solid victories. The Temple of the Flayed Prince awaits him and the Joyous Amputation!

STEAL THE PRIZE

Jonathan: My first game this month was against Dan and proved to be a suspiciously easy victory – the dice were definitely on my side! My Blissful One held up his Thrallmaster, while the rest of my warband started stabbing up his other fighters. Once again, Weeping Throat performed a Flaying Frenzy, which contributed to the death of three of Dan's fighters. Flenser then stepped in and claimed the prize. Easy.



BURN AND PILLAGE

My second game against Lyle was much tougher. We were fighting to burn six objectives and Lyle got to them much quicker than me. Also, I hadn't painted my Slaughterpriest by this point, so I had nothing to counter the Fomoroid Crusher. Even worse, I somehow failed to kill the aelf in Lyle's warband despite sending several warriors at him – piecemeal. I should have ganged up on him. I lost the game 5-1, and I didn't have a single fighter left standing by the end.

THE SECOND CONVERGENCE – INSTRUMENTS OF AGONY

Matt accepted the challenge of playing me in my second convergence. I had to find my instrument of agony and hold onto it at all costs. I used Matt's tactics against him in this game by grabbing the prize and running away with it as fast as possible. I used my newly painted Slaughterpriest as a bodyguard for my Blissful One, effectively cordoning him off so Matt struggled to reach him with his fighters. He had a pretty good go, but victory was mine.



THE CROWS ARE CIRCLING

Matt rolled his first quad this month, but it didn't stop Jonathan winning his second convergence. His warband has now been joined by an Ogroid Myrmidon, though, so perhaps his fortunes are changing.

THE GAUNTLET

Matt: My first game this month was against Lyle, and I had to get half my warband off the board to win. I made the mistake of escaping with all my best fighters and leaving the weaklings to fight Lyle. It says something that he still couldn't kill them all, even with his Fomoroid Crusher. My Myrmidon did well in his first game, too, using the Arcane Fury ability to cause 14 damage with just one hit. After four bloody rounds, we agreed to a draw.



JONATHAN'S CONVERGENCE – INSTRUMENTS OF AGONY

Jonathan took a bit of a risk with his convergence and placed the prize close to his Shield, but also close to where most of my reinforcements would come in. His leader (with his long legs) picked up the prize and ran off with it, but one of my Spire Stalkers caught him with the Death from Above quad ability and caused 19 damage to him! Annoyingly Jonathan had the Flask of Aqua Ghyranis and healed most of them back before running off again to secure victory.

THE SECOND CONVERGENCE – WAR IN THE STREETS

I played *Mortal Realms* designer Paul Foulkes and his Iron Golem in my second convergence. I had to take his Dominar out of action, so Paul quickly ran him away from the fighting. Meanwhile, a melee kicked off in the middle of the board, with my Ogroid Myrmidon taking on both an Armator and an Ogor Breacher, while everyone else scrapped around them. I eventually took down Paul's leader using the Death from Above ability, skewering him in the head with a spear.



PREPARING FOR THE ARENA

Having stormed through the games between his second and third convergences, Lyle was almost at the end of his campaign. But would he be able to conquer the Arena of Death?

EBB AND FLOW

Lyle: My game against Dan was also my first game with my Fomoroid Crusher. Jomo proved to be hardy, battling as many as four fighters at a time. Dan quickly took down four of my fighters, while I had only killed a couple. The third battle round got really tight, and I had to withdraw a wounded Ophiuos. But Dan teleported a warrior past Jomo to deliver the final blow to the Trueblood. Dan won 5-3, and Silren Ullinash died in combat.



BURN AND PILLAGE

The first round in this game against Jonathan was entirely bloodless, both of us concentrating on trying to burn the six objectives. Then things got bloody. Thaan'os took down two fighters in one activation while Jomo smashed up four Unmade. The games ended a solid 5-1 to me.

THE GAUNTLET

In this game, Matt had to escape a board edge with half his warband. He got three warriors off in the first round, but his other fighters were quite far away from the escape point. Ophiuos netted Matt's big monster from a distance, preventing it from moving. The rest of my warband then swarmed it, whips, spears and fangs bringing it down. I just wish I'd been able to take down one more fighter!



THE THIRD CONVERGENCE – ARENA OF DEATH

This was the first time I'd fought against Pete McMullin and his Ironjawz, and it was tough. We both had to kill half of each other's warband, and while I had Jomo, he had a Megaboss! Things were pretty even until the third round when Pete rocked out the Duff Up Da Big Thing and Rampaging Destroyer abilities, which saw the death of Jomo and three of my other fighters. Pete scored a victory in the fourth round.



A TALE OF FOUR WARBANDS

Lyle is just one win away from completing his campaign, but the others aren't far behind. Join us next issue to see if Lyle finishes first and how the rest of the warlords' campaigns wind up!

THE VENOMBORN		LYLE	
CAMPAIGN QUEST		GLORY POINTS	DOMINATED TERRITORY
VENOM OF THE GODS		11	
CAMPAIGN PROGRESS TRACKER			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR NAME	DESTINY LEVELS		ARTEFACTS
OPHIOUS PRAGMANTA			Sacred Unguent, Bauble of Shadows
COMMAND TRAIT			
Sibilant Whispers			
FIGHTERS			
FIGHTER NAME	FIGHTER TYPE	ARTEFACTS	DESTINY LEVELS
JERK STRU'GUS	SERPENT CALLER	Bauble of Shadows	
SERPENTS	SERPENTS	Vial of Jabberslythe Blood	
SHAKES!	SERPENTS		
LAM'YA TERTUS	VENOMBLOOD WITH BARBED WHIP		
THAAN'OS	VENOMBLOOD WITH SPEAR AND SHIELD		
MAJAKA SPITFANG	VENOMBLOOD WITH DURLING BLADES	Jar of Chramonic Glowflies	
MA'WTH SPOCKETH	CLEARBLOOD		
SUREN ULITHIAN	CLEARBLOOD		
AGELY PACTYOR	CLEARBLOOD		
PFTY'OS ONTAR	PUREBLOOD	Ur-gold Sigil	
SORENSH AGARBETH	CLEARBLOOD WITH SHIELD		
JOMO	FOMOROCK CRUSHER	Greater Healing Potion	

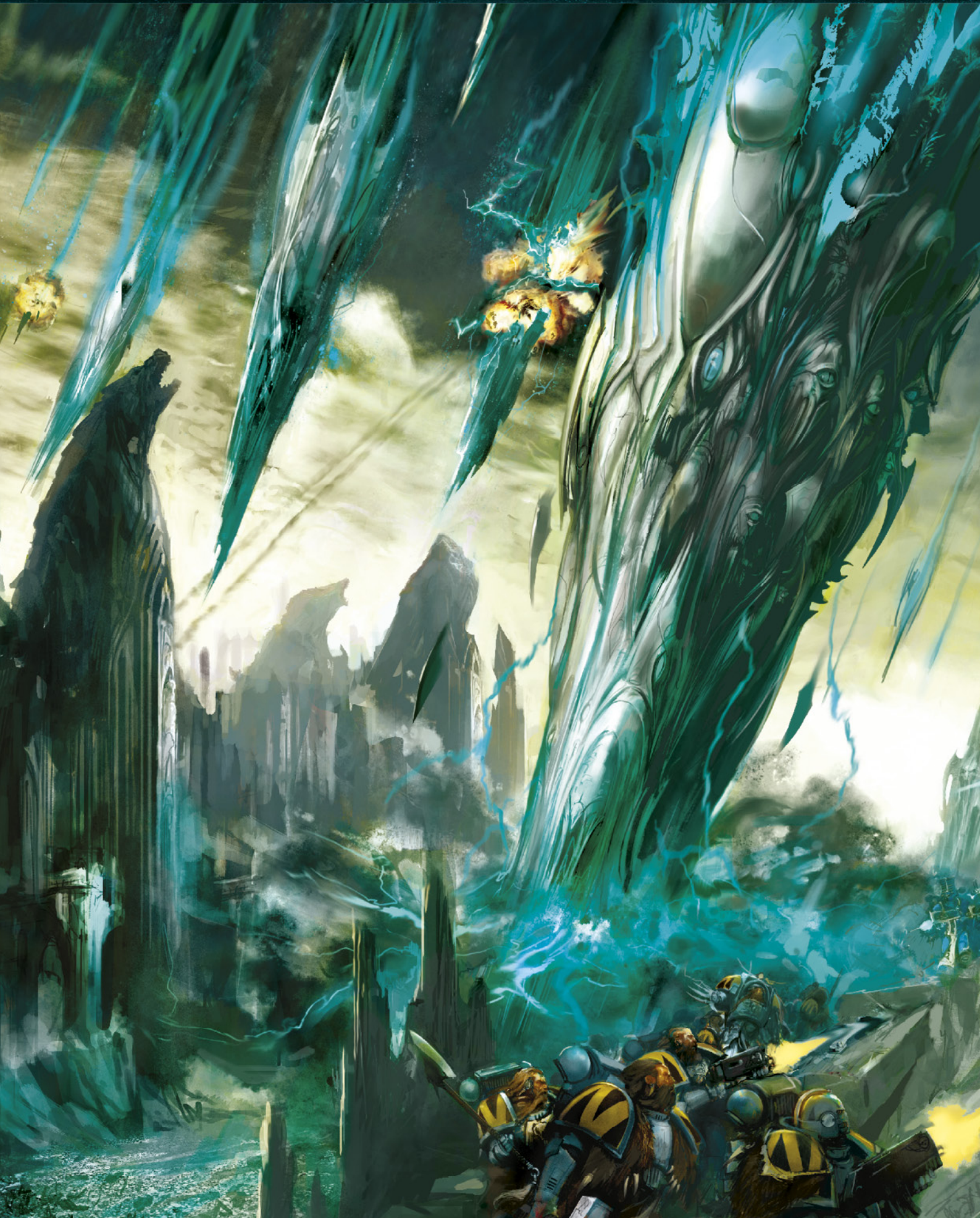
PENUMBRAL HUNTERS		MATT	
CAMPAIGN QUEST		GLORY POINTS	DOMINATED TERRITORY
WAR OF TALONS		1	
CAMPAIGN PROGRESS TRACKER			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR NAME	DESTINY LEVELS		ARTEFACTS
RUSA RANIS			Shadow-blessed Dagger
COMMAND TRAIT			
Prey-bird's Swiftness			
FIGHTERS			
FIGHTER NAME	FIGHTER TYPE	ARTEFACTS	DESTINY LEVELS
DIN DREHIT	SURICK TALON	Bauble of Shadows	
VEIG VEEL	SPIER STALKER		
GRIN CRUL	SPIER STALKER		
CRIS CRIS	CABALIST WITH FAMILIAR		
BRALA BARALA	CABALIST WITH SPEAR		
TYEN YEL	CABALIST		
SHEAK SLAK	CABALIST		
SIV SEL	CABALIST		
MAGNUS POOR	OGROCK MYRMIDON		

THE JADE EYE		DAN	
CAMPAIGN QUEST		GLORY POINTS	DOMINATED TERRITORY
A SPY IN THE HOUSE OF TALONS		27	
CAMPAIGN PROGRESS TRACKER			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR NAME	DESTINY LEVELS		ARTEFACTS
LOQASHOHI AMARANTU			Formless Blade, Jar of Chramonic Glowflies
COMMAND TRAIT			
Strange Physiology			
FIGHTERS			
FIGHTER NAME	FIGHTER TYPE	ARTEFACTS / INJURIES	DESTINY LEVELS
CEBULAN	MIRRORELADE WITH GLAIVE	Swiftwind Dust	
CELADON	MIRRORELADE WITH GLAIVE	Potion of Onslaught	
AURBOLDN	MIRRORELADE WITH DURLING SWORDS	Vial of Jabberslythe Blood, Temporary Gut Wound	
VERIDIAN	MIRRORELADE		
CEBIE	MIRRORELADE		
AKORGA	MIRRORELADE WITH DOUBLE-BLADED SWORD	Raven-feather Necklace	
NYANEA	MIRRORELADE SQUIRE		

THE JOYOUS AMPUTATION		JONATHAN	
CAMPAIGN QUEST		GLORY POINTS	DOMINATED TERRITORY
PATH OF THE FLAYED PRINCE		0	
CAMPAIGN PROGRESS TRACKER			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR			
LEADER / FAVOURED WARRIOR NAME	DESTINY LEVELS		ARTEFACTS
SEVEN'S SPIES			Raven-feather Necklace
COMMAND TRAIT			
Fleeter			
FIGHTERS			
FIGHTER NAME	FIGHTER TYPE	ARTEFACTS	DESTINY LEVELS
WEEPING THERAPY	JOYOUS ONE	Getting Dagger	
GUILTY	SLAUGHTERER WITH HATCHET AND WEAVER'S BAGGAGE		
SLICED-SHIELD	ASCENDED ONE		
TONGUEFEELER	ASCENDED ONE		
FLAYED SPIRIT	ASCENDED ONE		
EYE-CATCHER	AWAKENED ONE WITH FLAIL		
STUMP	AWAKENED ONE WITH BRUTAL POLARISK		
FLEETER	AWAKENED ONE WITH BRUTAL POLARISK		
SLEEPY BOXES	AWAKENED ONE WITH BRUTAL POLARISK		
STUB-TOE	AWAKENED ONE WITH BRUTAL POLARISK		

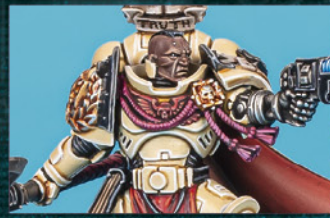
WARHAMMER 40,000

In the grim darkness of the far future, there is only war! Well, not only war. There's also an impressive army gallery, new background, a short story and the next article in our Chapter creation series.





THE PARIAH NEXUS
What is the Pariah Nexus, and why is it so important to the fate of the Imperium? Find out more in this exclusive background article on page 72.



THE WHITE DWARF CHAPTER
We continue our quest to bring the Tome Keepers Chapter to life. Turn to page 80 to read our thoughts on Chapter organisation.



ECHOES FROM THE WARP



ROBIN CRUDDACE

Though laid low by the primitive weapons of lesser races, Robin Cruddace has successfully passed his Reanimation Protocol roll and now returns to pen this issue's article. This month, he discusses some of the questions that have been raised at various events and seminars he has attended over the many solar cycles he has been writing rules.

¹ If you've ever attended one where I'm a guest, you may disagree about the quality of the jokes ...

² If not funnier, see the footnote above.

³ That also includes Kill Team and Apocalypse.

⁴ Well, the rules portion of it at least – I claim no credit for the awesome background section.

I've mentioned in previous articles that I'm very fortunate that I get to attend various Games Workshop events across the globe. There I get to meet and chat with lots of enthusiastic hobbyists, and I do my best to answer any questions about rules writing they may have. I'm also typically invited to take part in various Warhammer 40,000 seminars or design-studio panels, of which there is always a large question-and-answer element and sometimes even the occasional funny joke.¹ Over the years, certain questions have cropped up numerous times, and I thought it would be interesting to jot them down in this article so everyone has the opportunity to read the answers. Even if you have attended such a seminar, you may find that the answers have either evolved or indeed changed as new editions of rulebooks and codexes are released and we all (hopefully) get a little bit wiser.²

WHAT DO YOU DO AT GAMES WORKSHOP?

My role at Games Workshop is to lead the team that writes the rules for Warhammer 40,000. That means that as well as creating rules myself, I'm the custodian, or caretaker, of the entire Warhammer 40,000 rules set.³ That includes every article that appears in *White Dwarf* and each codex or campaign book that is released. It's essentially my job to make sure that the Warhammer 40,000 gaming hobby is as fun and great as I can make it.

In addition to writing the core Warhammer 40,000 rulebook,⁴ I help to shape the overall direction, style and feel of all the game's rules. That means I'm involved with the planning, writing and reviewing of the rules for every Warhammer 40,000 codex. I by no means write each and every single rule myself – there are three other very talented rules writers who also do this, and typically each project will be assigned a single writer as 'lead' – but I do spend much of my time reviewing the other writers' rules and generally pushing for ways for us to write our rules better.

I also liaise with an evergrowing pool of external playtesters, coordinating the flow of draft rules sets going out and collating the feedback coming back in.

Very occasionally, I find time to sleep.



Echoes from the Warp is a regular column about the rules, tactics and ongoing development of Warhammer 40,000, hosted by games developer Robin Cruddace. This time he's answering some of the questions that he gets asked at events. Like what happened to the Squats.

DO YOU WORK ON ANY OTHER GAMES?

Over the past twiddly-umpteens⁵ years of writing rules, I've worked on many games, from Warhammer Age of Sigmar and The Lord of the Rings to Assassinorum: Execution Force and Deathwatch: Overkill. However, for the past five years or so I've worked solely on Warhammer 40,000, Kill Team and Apocalypse.

HOW DID YOU BECOME A GAMES DEVELOPER?

The answer is rather mundane, I'm afraid. There was a job advertised on the Games Workshop website, and I applied for it. I had just finished my postgraduate degree and was applying for lots of different jobs,⁶ and the role of Games Developer was the 'wild card' – the job the excited ten-year-old inside of me really (really) wanted. There were several stages of submitting written examples of work, an assessment day and various interviews that followed, at the end of which I was fortunate enough to be offered the job. I haven't looked back since.

Sometimes I'm asked what qualifications are required to be a games developer. This is misleading – it certainly helps to have a good grasp of mathematics (especially probability) and experience of writing professionally, but there are few (if any) degrees in writing board games or tabletop miniatures battle games. The job necessarily involves a lot of on-the-job training, and so it's far more important to show a passion for Warhammer 40,000 itself and a creative flair for writing rules. My best advice for people aspiring to become a games developer is to practice writing rules whenever you can. Write some missions, come up with some special characters, try writing a campaign system or expansion. Then go get as much feedback as you can and rewrite all your hard work. Do this over and over again, and if you still love doing it, then keep an eye out on the Games Workshop website for the next rules writer opening.

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF BEING A RULES WRITER?

Feedback. It's absolutely crucial to get someone else – be it your work colleagues or external playtesters – to read over and playtest what you've written and get their feedback. When I write a particular rule, I of course think that **a)** it's going to be good fun and cool and **b)** it will work functionally in the manner I intended. However, if someone else reads it and doesn't

think it is cool, or if they read it and then execute the rule incorrectly on the tabletop, then that rule is either not good or not clear enough. Getting feedback, redrafting and refining ideas, and perhaps most important of all, being able to wholesale discard your favourite ideas if needed, is a vital part of being a good games developer.

WHAT'S THE BEST BIT OF THE JOB?

This is a tough one. I really love planning out the rules for a new book – right at the start where the goals and aims of a book are first hammered out and we then get to design and create all the army rules, mechanics and new datasheets to make that happen. We talk through everything⁷ – every ability, every Stratagem, every relic, everything. We review the previous editions of the book, look at all the ideas and feedback we've had on that book since it was last released and discuss all the new things we'd like to do this time around.

If any new miniatures are being released alongside the project, we spend a long time first gawping at how cool they are, then get down to working out how they'll fit into that particular army and what profiles and abilities they should have. We take down copious notes and write up a detailed plan for the rules for any given project, and then it gets handed over to a lead writer to work that up into a playtestable draft, refining and developing as they go along. I like the planning stage because it involves a lot of problem solving, and I like to think that's one of the biggest strengths I bring to the rules writing team.

However, I think the absolute best bit of the job is getting to watch everyone playing the game you've created and getting to bask in the shared hobby experiences of others – whether it is the stories told of particularly memorable moments in games, cool armies devised to try out new tactics, or people just talking about the latest cool new rules. It is extremely humbling, and very rewarding, to walk into the gaming hall of a Warhammer 40,000 event and watch several hundred people playing and enjoying 'your' game. I don't ever take that for granted.

WHAT'S THE WORST BIT OF THE JOB?

For me? FAQs. It's an absolutely necessary part of the job, but I wish 'past me' was smarter or had spotted the few errors that crept through before we went to print.

⁵ About thirteen or so by now.

⁶ Including what I'm sure my careers advisor at school (and my parents) would consider 'proper' jobs – like scientist, analyst, etc.

⁷ I'm an extroverted thinker, so this really fires me up. I get quite loud and animated in these meetings. There's often a lot of caffeine and sugary snacks – and I've been known to start doing (bad) impressions of 40K characters to 'get into the right mindset'.

⁸ Many battles have been waged across the war-torn landscape of Kitchenia.

⁹ I actually tend to fare better at Age of Sigmar games, perhaps because I'm less distracted about getting it right (that's Jervis's primary responsibility, not mine). I wonder if the same is true for Jervis? Perhaps we should do a double Battle Report sometime, one game of Age of Sigmar, one of 40K, and really put this theory to the test.

¹⁰ It's worth saying that we are also constantly talking to the sculptors as well. And the artists, the photographers, the book designers, the editors, etc. There are a lot of people involved in creating the grim darkness of the far future, and we can't do this in isolation.

¹¹ That's a lie. It's Howling Griffons. For Mancora!!!

DO YOU GET TO PLAY FOR FUN, AND WHAT'S IT LIKE USING YOUR OWN RULES?

I do, for both Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer Age of Sigmar. I get to play games over lunchtimes for fun here in the studio, and I often go round to a friend's house to play a game on their dining table.⁸ I also attend several events here at Warhammer World each year, from campaign weekends to tournaments, but I am particularly keen on team events at the moment.

As for using my own rules, it's usually fine, though there is always a part of my brain that can't switch off from being a games developer. It's kind of like having a program running in the background of your brain that's always analysing whether that rule worked as you intended, whether that combo was more or less effective than you planned and so on. I like to use this part of my brain as the reason for losing so many games – I was distracted by thinking of ways of making the game even cooler. That's my excuse, anyway, and I'm sticking to it.⁹

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO WRITE A RULEBOOK OR A CODEX?

From when the project starts and the initial research-and-development stages all the way through to when a book hits the shelves can be anywhere between nine to twelve months for a codex, and up to twelve or eighteen months for a rulebook (and sometimes even longer!). Now, we're not working purely on the rules for all of that time. It is in the hands of other departments, like editors, translators, reprographics, etc. for a chunk of that time, but that is how long a project can be live within the studio.

We split the rules-writing time into several stages. The first is the planning and research-and-development stage I mentioned above, and that typically involves the entire games development team. What follows is a lengthy first-draft process, where initial ideas are penned by the project lead before being playtested and reviewed in an iterative process of feedback and rewrites until we have a final draft that is sent off for editing, translating, etc. Rulebooks are similar in terms of process, but they have much longer lead times and require longer to draft (and redraft) and test each time.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU REVIEW EACH CODEX, AND HOW DO YOU DECIDE WHEN TO UPDATE THEM?

We are actually reviewing the codexes all the time. We get to update the codexes roughly once per edition, but the scheduling and release dates are not really things we as games developers control. That's driven by a host of other factors, not least the release of new miniatures (we like the book releases to coincide with the miniature releases wherever possible for obvious reasons). But that doesn't

stop us from coming up with great ideas, making note of things that aren't working as we would have liked, and generally making plans all the time. It all goes into a big melting pot, and once a project goes live, we then open the top and get to work.

HOW CLOSELY DO YOU WORK WITH THE BACKGROUND WRITERS?

Very closely. They sit one row of desks behind me, in fact. It's absolutely a collaborative process. For example, whenever new models are created by the miniatures designers,¹⁰ rules and background writers sit down together to work out what that model does, how it fits in with the army, what kind of abilities it might have and so on. The rules don't come before or after the background; they are created together.

ARMY X AND ARMY Y HAVE REALLY SIMILAR BACKGROUND AND THEMES. WHY ARE THEIR RULES SO DIFFERENT?

To put it simply, we want to try to make sure that the different armies in the 41st Millennium all feel different to play with, and one way of doing that is in not repeating the same rules mechanics too often. A good example is the idea of faith and how that works in the grim darkness of the 41st Millennium. Faith is a very common theme across several factions, but it manifests itself in rules very differently. For Chaos Space Marines, their faith manifests directly in the form of a Dark Apostle's prayers, which are – (sometimes), depending on a dice roll – answered by the Dark Gods to grant a powerful boon. In Adepta Sororitas, the perfervid nature of their belief manifests in battlefield miracles – Acts of Faith in the form of miracle dice that transform failed rolls to successes. For Genestealer Cults, their faith is what transforms an army of miners and factory workers into a unified army of zealous fanatics capable of overthrowing entire worlds. In this case, their faith is not represented by any additional abilities, but it is represented with an improved profile on their datasheets. There are other abilities that represent faith in Warhammer 40,000 – like the army-wide Canticles broadcast across the battlefield by the Adeptus Mechanicus – but the point is that they're different, and that results in a different play style and mechanics to use.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE ARMY TO WORK ON?

I like all of our armies exactly the same ...¹¹

This is actually my favourite 'trap' question, because it suggests that there are some armies I don't like working on. While there are certainly some armies I prefer collecting and playing with, from a rules-writing point of view, I like working on all our armies. Every codex presents a different set of challenges, and they are all



genuinely interesting to work on. Sometimes an army is well established, with very defined strengths and weaknesses, but you need to expand it and find room to insert brand-new units and abilities without making the existing ones redundant. Sometimes an army is completely new, or it has been so long since that codex has been revamped that it is to all intents and purposes brand new, and you need to define those strengths and weaknesses and design a set of army rules in your existing ecosystem of armies that will provide a bespoke gaming experience.

It's worth saying that I've yet to either write or review a codex and not be so excited by it that I haven't started to mentally plot what units I'd have in my new army as I immediately plan collecting it.

WHAT'S THE BEST BOOK YOU'VE EVER WORKED ON?

The last one we worked on. I don't mean that flippantly. The goal of a rules writer is to make sure the book you're working on is the very best

book you've ever written. That isn't to say that it's the most powerful. Best in this context means the most fun, the one that most reflects the background and that gives the most rewarding, exciting gaming experience. That's what we are always aiming for, and if a games developer doesn't think the book they're working on is the best one they've ever worked on, I'd suggest they haven't finished working on it yet.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SQUATS?

The Zoats ate them.¹²

IN CONCLUSION

Hopefully that gives you a little insight to some of the questions that are commonly asked (and answered) at seminars. As always, if you get the chance to get to an event where a rules writer is attending, you should pop along to any seminars that are being run, or just come and find us to have a chat, and ask any questions about rules writing you like. You never know, we may even have learned a new joke or two (but I don't guarantee they'll be any better).

¹² This joke worked a lot better before we released the Archivist. But still, see footnote 1 on jokes.


WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE?

What would you like to read about in Echoes from the Warp? Let us know your thoughts, and we'll pass them on!

team@
whitedwarf.co.uk

FAITH UNDIMMED

When the Sisters of Battle and the Astra Militarum come face to face with a Necron threat, they find their faith sorely tested. Will their devotion to the Emperor protect them, or will their souls be at the mercy of the xenos threat? Find out in this short story by Callum Davis.



Sister-Hospitaller Sarane slumped against the rear interior wall of a small shrine dedicated to Saint Palmerinah. She rested her forehead against her knees and wrapped her arms around them. She held her blood-caked hands together in prayer. On each side of the shrine a pair of statues stood in alcoves. Two depicted Saint Palmerinah as judicious, the first carrying weighing scales and the second a headsman's axe. The other two depicted her as zealous, one wielding a sword ready to strike and the other holding a copy of a holy book with its pages facing outwards. Cracked frescos showing dozens of Imperial saints adorned the walls. Partially destroyed mosaics depicting Saint Palmerinah's deeds formed the floor. The air smelled of battle, where once the scent of burning incense would have filled the shrine.

'God-Emperor, I praise your holy name, your everlasting glory, your generosity to your people and your righteous hatred of your heinous enemies.'

All the others were dead. Slain by the Necrons – shredded to ribbons by impossibly sharp blades or flayed to bloody pulp in seconds by beams of coruscating viridian energy. Or worse.

Worse? Sarane wondered. She could not tell if it was worse or not to be affected by the ... malaise. A sudden, strange anxiety had beset all of the Imperial soldiers she fought with. All eventually succumbed to a deep lethargy that made them unresponsive even to the presence of the enemy. She had never seen anything like it before the war with the Necrons here.

She remembered seeing others affected – both soldiers and civilians taken by the Necrons. They had been very much awake, though their limbs were limp, as if they were dead.

Being taken by those foul abominations? To be left unable to fight? To be denied a good death in the Emperor's name? That is worse than death, Sarane decided. A hatred at the thought of what the xenos would do to those people stirred within her. She could not say that she had not felt a weight, or a burden, since the fighting against the Necrons began in earnest on Paradyce VI. But she and her Sisters had not become catatonic like many others seemed to. Whenever she prayed, she felt better, more hopeful, more alive.

There must be a connection, she thought. *The Emperor has always steeled my heart and hardened my resolve when I have prayed to him. This is surely no different.*

'God-Emperor, my sins are numberless. I have failed you on too many occasions to count. I swore to preserve the lives of my Sisters, or to grant your perfect mercy to those who could not live and who heard you call their name. Sister Junicia, Sister Ionel, Sister Dylia, Sister Lipensia, Dialogus Josefene, Sister Galswina, Sister Enna, Canoness Ada ... all dead. I failed every single one of them. And thus I failed you.'

Sarane would have wept, had she not seen such weakness as repugnant and contemptible. Years of training in the Schola Progenium had helped harden her to the horrors of the galaxy.



Zinmann was gone in moments. She was reduced to nothing, molecular layer by molecular layer. Sarane roared in frustration. When she had seen the Guardsman was hit, she immediately ran to her, but she could not even get close before the soldier was dead. Out of the corner of her eye she saw a ghoulish, flesh-draped Necron ramming a fistful of bladed fingers through the chest of Hulfen, another Guardsman. After the abomination let Hulfen's body slump to the ground, Sarane emptied the entire magazine of her bolt pistol into the horror. The final round brought it down when it detonated in the Necron's head, sending shards of xenos alloy in all directions.

Around Sarane the battle raged on, her Sisters and accompanying Astra Militarum troops of the 23rd Paradycian Peltasts holding a road intersection against relentless Necron attack. An ornamental fountain dominated the centre of the junction. Uniformed corpses floated face down in its waters, which had turned from crystal clear to putrid brown. Barricades and obstacles had been hastily assembled out of wrecked and burnt-out transport vehicles. Once, this area had been planted with a number of tall trees with emerald-green leaves. All had been reduced to blackened stumps.

The Necrons were breaking through. Sarane saw a multi-legged walker blast an enormous hole in the central barricade, sending a dozen Guardsmen flying. Many were blown apart by the blast. The vehicle climbed over the twisted wreckage like an insect negotiating leaf litter.

It is over, she thought. This was not an anguished statement; it was a mere acceptance of what she saw as reality. The thought of retreat or of how to keep herself alive barely entered her mind. Continuing about her work was her only concern. She rushed to one wounded Guardsman, who was missing an arm and both legs. He was writhing in agony, screaming. Sarane knelt beside him. She rested one palm on his forehead, another over his heart. His breathing slowed down as he looked into her eyes, tears streaming down his face and blood dripping from his mouth.

'Receive the Emperor's peace,' she said, before driving her awl through his heart. The man died instantly. She closed his eyes delicately, giving the dead soldier a modicum of dignity even in this hellish place.

'Lipensia, smite the infernal engine!' ordered Canoness Ada over the vox. Sarane watched her Battle Sister race towards the walker.

Lipensia leapt over bodies and blast craters, holding her bolter in one hand and a melta bomb in the other. 'Junicia, Dylia, distract it!'

The two Battle Sisters fired bolt round after bolt round at the monstrous engine. All bounced harmlessly off its shielding. But the tactic worked. The walker turned to face where the fire was coming from, its heavy cannons throbbing with pulsating energy.

'Run, Sisters!' Sarane screamed down the vox, but it was too late. A hail of green lightning engulfed her Sisters, so bright that Sarane had to shield her eyes from its glare. When she could look again, nothing was left of them. She felt as if she had been struck in her solar plexus with a shock maul and that a hungry serpent was crushing her lungs. It is the Emperor's will, she thought to herself, repeating the mantra twice more. The idea helped a little, but doubt nagged at her. She turned her mind to the task at hand.

As Sarane moved to the other wounded troops around her, she kept one eye on Lipensia, who had reached her target unmolested. With a calm efficiency, the Battle Sister applied her melta bomb to the walker's foremost limb. As she turned, the spider-like construct's android pilot saw her. Lipensia had barely taken a few paces before a bronze, metallic limb punched through her body in a burst of gore.



When Sarane remembered what had happened to her Sisters, the throb in the pit of her stomach returned. Her eyes grew heavy. She nearly broke her hands apart. All this mingled with her fear and exacerbated her loneliness. She could feel the compulsion to just give in, to abandon her worries forever, to rest.

What was their sacrifice for? She wondered. This world is lost.

She shook her head, angry at herself for even entertaining such an idea. 'Such thoughts are the ideas of traitors and weaklings,' she said.

'God-Emperor, saviour of Mankind, our everlasting light in a place of near-boundless dark and evil. I give my unworthy gratitude for your sacrifice. I thank you for the Schola that raised me, the Convent that trained me, and the Order that made me. I thank you for the life of service you have given me. I thank you for enabling me to do your will. I thank you that you preserve me still, and I thank you for the purpose you have planned me for.'

Though I am without my Sisters, I am never truly alone, she thought. The Emperor is with me always.

'Thank you God-Emperor, for being with me now, and for keeping me strong, and for not allowing me to be ... stilled.'



Zinka, Lires and Buhnk were slowing them down. They were the only Paradycian Peltasts left with the Battle Sisters after fighting to defend – and being ordered to withdraw from – six more road intersections. Every stand had gone the same way. More dead, more ground lost to an enemy that never ceased and never tired. All three survivors were haggard and unkempt. Their uniforms, once a golden yellow, were near black with encrusted filth and dust.

Sarane could see how exhausted the Paradycians were. They had been taking stimms, but were suffering from their overuse. Together, the Sisters and Astra Militarum had been ordered to fall back to another defensive position where they were expected to meet with survivors from another company of Peltasts, but progress was slow going.

Lires inched from cover to cover, her eyes wide as if in a constant state of paranoia and fear. 'They can see us they can see us they can see us,' she whispered over and over. Zinka walked down the middle of the road without care for military order and discipline. He didn't respond to anyone who spoke to him, following behind the rest of the group slowly, his lasgun slung over his shoulder and his head bowed. If Sarane had ever seen anyone embodying the phrase 'dragging their feet', it was Zinka.

Then Buhnk stopped altogether.

'This is pointless,' he said. He dropped his lasgun to the ground. He untied his belt, which his spare cartridges were attached to, and dropped it as well.

'What did you say, Guardsman?' said Canoness Ada.

'This ... is ... pointless,' he said. His tone of voice wasn't angry or frustrated. It was exhausted. He sat down gently, as if taking a well earned break during a hard day's work.

'Stand up, Guardsman,' said the Canoness.

The Guardsman said nothing. He lay down and closed his eyes.

Ada drew her bolt pistol and pulled the trigger, putting a round through Buhnk's head. It burst in a shower of warm blood and brain matter. The sound of the bolt's detonation reverberated around the architecture that bordered the road. The Adepta Sororitas were too hardened to jump. The Astra Militarum too did not respond, too preoccupied by whatever had caused them to behave in the way they did.

'What is making them this way, Sister-Hospitaller?' Ada asked her.

'I cannot be sure, Canoness. This goes far beyond any standard patterns of battle weariness. Though I have little patience for the condition, it is not unheard of. A mind not protected by the kind of training and faith we have is naturally more susceptible to weakness. This ... malaise ... they suffer is strange. I observed inefficiencies in their behaviour much earlier in the fighting. I believed it to be shock, given what's happened to their world, that they would become hardened to conflict. But it has only gotten worse. It is as if their souls are withering.'

'Keep a close watch on them, Sister-Hospitaller,' said the Canoness. 'I suspect blasphemous xenos machinations. I observed that they targeted us more than the Peltasts. With our allies more and more affected by this ... withering, we are the greater threat to them. They seek to wipe us out more swiftly. They have even sought out and found us when we have taken cover for our rest periods. I do not see coincidences. Something about us is different to them – they may well be hunting us.'



Their fate will not be mine, Sarane thought. My purpose is to serve the Emperor, no matter what horrors I must descend into to do so. Wherever I am sent, I will do my duty – whether that be desert, factorum or hive bowel. I know it is not by my strength that I do this, but by the God-Emperor's. Why am I still alive? Why is my soul not withered like the others? I know only that the Emperor has kept me here by his will, and that it is my duty to accomplish whatever purpose he has for me.

Does it even matter why? The Canoness was surely right. They will find me eventually. And I will be ready for them. I will avenge the fallen. I will achieve justice for the lost.

It was then that she realised what her Emperor-given purpose here was. To slay the xenos. Avenge the fallen. Achieve justice for the lost. The realisation struck her like a thunderbolt.

'God-Emperor, I beseech you. Grant me the strength to best these foes that kill your worshippers and take your people. Arm me with your sword of hatred and your spear of fury. Clad me in the armour of zeal.

'Your wisdom is incomparable, I question it not. I ask only that with your divine guidance and aid I smite your foes, these abominations that dare claim your realm for their own. Their existence is blasphemy, and it must be purged. Let me be the vessel of your glorious vengeance. In your holy name, I pray.'

She opened her eyes. Eerie green lights emerged in the shrine's entranceway. Ducking their heads through the fresco-ringed doorway, a group of Necrons strode in. They were led by a figure that had a green orb in place of an eye, his bronze-coloured metal body glinting in the flickering of weak candlelight. Though he was tall, the chamber's painted ceiling was high enough that he did not have to stoop. The other Necrons that accompanied him

had similarly coloured armour, bore colossal shields and hefted evil-looking blades that surely could carve her in two with little difficulty. Each appeared to be wearing something that resembled a mockery of a crown. They arrayed themselves in a single rank behind the Necron that Sarane assumed must be their master.

Sarane felt no fear. She knew this was all part of the Emperor's task for her. She rose to her feet, holding her head high. At her command, her surgeon's bone saw snarled into life, and her hypo-awl pointed at the xenos, as if eager to punch through their metal bodies. In her hand she clutched her bolt pistol. She raised her sidearm to her lips, closed her eyes and kissed it.

She opened her eyes. She looked the leading Necron figure dead in its single, glowing eye.

She charged.



SONS OF THE WARMASTER

The Sons of Horus were hailed as one of the mightiest Space Marine Legions of the Great Crusade, their roll of victories a wonder to behold. Much like this impressive Horus Heresy army painted by Simon Elsen. Turn the page to read more about Simon's collection.





THE HORUS HERESY

Simon: My Sons of Horus army is one of my most recent creations. When I started in the hobby I collected Tyranids, and I've painted three different armies of them over the years. Then I read the Horus Heresy novels, and everything changed! I love the depth that they give the Great Crusade-era Space Marines, and I find a lot of the characters really interesting and relatable. I especially like the brotherhood aspect of the Legions, with warrior pacts, lodges and things like that.

Initially I thought about collecting the Emperor's Children – I'm a big fan of Fulgrim – but in the end I was swayed by the Sons of Horus. They've got so much character (and so many characters!), and they're the main Legion in the first three novels, so there's loads of background on them. I also have a bit of a taste for the bad guys, so that definitely appealed to me.



SIMON ELSÉN

Simon's work has graced the pages of *White Dwarf* many times over the years. He was one of the very first people to be featured in *Readers' Models*, and most recently featured in the *Golden Demon Winners Challenge 2018*.

CHARACTER FOCUS

At first, I focused on painting loads of rank-and-file models. But it wasn't long before I started exploring the background and seeking out characters that I liked. Tarik Torgaddon particularly interested me, but there is no miniature for him, so I converted my own. I really like to convert models, and I find the process very rewarding, taking the artwork and descriptions of the characters in the novels and bringing them to life as a miniature. My aim is to have a model of every single Sons of Horus character from the novels. The ones I've made so far have their names written under their bases and their initials on their right greave so you can tell who is who. Some who become captains later on in the novel series are modelled as sergeants – my collection depicts the Sons of Horus pretty early on in the Great Crusade, round about the time that Loken joined the Mournival.

The Justaerin Terminators are led into battle by Ezekyle Abaddon, who Simon converted out of a Terminator Captain with the addition of a power sword and power fist (and his all-important topknot). On the right of the picture can be seen the Warmaster Horus.



PAINTING THE XVI LEGION

We love the colours that Simon used on his Sons of Horus, so we asked him how he painted them. Here are the paints he used for their armour so you can have a go yourself!

Simon started by airbrushing all the armour to completion. He will often paint thirty or more models in one go to ensure the armour is consistent. He also doesn't like cleaning an airbrush! The battle damage is Abaddon Black stippled on with a sponge, while rust and dirt were achieved with Typhus Corrosion.



GREEN ARMOUR

Basecoat: Kabalite Green

Airbrush: Sybarite Green

Airbrush: Sybarite Green & Wraithbone

Wash: Coelia Greenshade & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Wraithbone & White Scar

BLACK ARMOUR

Basecoat: Abaddon Black & Stormshield

Layer: Mechanicus Standard Grey

Layer: Wraithbone & White Scar

GOLD TRIM

Basecoat: Retributor Armour & Abaddon Black

Wash: Nuln Oil

Layer: Retributor Armour

Layer: Stormhost Silver

Wash: Incubi Darkness & Lahmian Medium



THE HORUS HERESY



1

The core of Simon's army is made up of several Legion squads, including Heavy Squads, Support, Tactical, Reconnaissance and Veteran Tactical Squads (1). Every unit is led by a character named in the Horus Heresy novel series, including Taloc Thorne, Grael Noctua, Nero Vipus and Luc Sedirae.

A Leviathan Siege Dreadnought leads a pair of Contemptor Dreadnoughts into battle (2). Simon also converted a Drop Pod into a Dreadnought Drop Pod by taking out the internal seats.

A selection of Simon's units, including a Sicarian Battle Tank, a Fire Raptor Gunship, a Veteran Tactical Squad and a trio of Jetbikes (3). Simon converted his Jetbike unit before the Scimitar Jetbike models came out, using the old Ork Deffkopta kit as a starting point. The front grav plates are tank tracks!



2



THE HORUS HERESY



1



2



FINDING MY PAINTING STYLE

While I do play games with my Sons of Horus every now and again, my main passion in the hobby is painting. When I started out all those years ago, my goal was to paint all of my models in the 'Eavy Metal style. I've attended six or seven painting workshops over the years with renowned painters such as Ben Komets and Roman Lappat, and they helped me get closer towards my goal.

It was then that I discovered Blanchitsu in the pages of *White Dwarf*, and I found another source of inspiration. I love the gritty, dirty look – I feel it captures the look and feel of the Warhammer 40,000 universe perfectly.

That year at Games Day (*the predecessor to Warhammer Fest.* – Ed), I chatted to one of the Forge World studio painters, who explained how they painted large batches of models using stippling, washes and weathering powders. This interested me greatly, and from there I started developing my own painting style.

I experimented a lot with different colours and techniques, coming up with recipes that I liked. And when I found them, I stuck to them! I paint the metal on all my models in exactly the same way. The same for skin tones, too. I have a range

of colours, but the technique for painting them is the same every time. I particularly like using battle damage as an armour highlight, and I use a lot of Seraphim Sepia and Typhus Corrosion for weathering. I tend to use blue tones for shading, too. That's something I picked up from Ben – he often uses dark blue when he shades his models, and that style definitely influenced my style.

HAVE MAGNETS, WILL TRAVEL

Another feature of my army is that pretty much everything is magnetised. The first reason for this is so that I can equip my units however I like for my games. If I need a Rhino, cool, but I can easily make it into a Predator if that's what I need. The second reason is for transportation. When I do play games, I normally end up travelling to an event, so everything is magnetised to make fitting them into carrying cases easier. My Leviathan Dreadnought, for example, has a magnetised base and a magnetised banner to make transporting it easier.

I've still got a lot of plans for my Sons of Horus army, including conversions of Maloghurst, Falkus Kibre and Kalus Ekaddon. I don't think the army will ever be truly finished, but as with most aspects of this hobby, it is the journey that is the reward. First, though, I've got eight Imperial Knights to paint!

Just like his infantry units, all of Simon's tanks are magnetised so that he can swap their turrets and sponsons depending on what weapons he needs for his next battle (1).

Just a few of Simon's many Sons of Horus characters (2). On the far left of the picture is Apothecary Vaddon, who Simon converted out of a Primaris Apothecary with an old Bretonnian head. Also on the front row is Tarik Torgaddon, who Simon converted out of a Terminator Captain in Cataphractii Armour. His shield is from a Stormcast Eternals Liberator. Next to him stands Garviel Loken, who was converted out of a Space Marine Chaplain with the addition of a chainsword and a Blood Angels head. Two of Simon's other characters on the back row are converted out of Stormcast Eternals.

WAR ZONE PARIIAH NEXUS

The psychic shockwave of the Great Rift's opening was so catastrophic that it left the Imperium temporarily blind to the horrors unfolding in the galaxy. Yet as the veil slowly drew back once more, the nightmares revealed were worse than any could have imagined.



Wherever the High Lords of Terra looked, they saw destruction and disaster. The vast expanse that would soon be known as the Imperium Nihilus was feared lost altogether. From Terra the Great Rift at first appeared to have consumed all that had once existed beyond its leading edge. In those first days, then, the horrified gaze of the High Lords was focused almost exclusively upon the Imperium Sanctus, for that, at least, could still be salvaged.

Even this seemed a desperate hope, for as the psychic darkness drew back it was replaced by a tidal wave of

terrified screams. Desperate cries for help inundated the astropathic conduits around the Sol system in such maddening profusion that they utterly overwhelmed the minds of those attempting to receive and decipher them. Many Astropaths were slain or driven mad by their appalling task, but they did their duty all the same. Slowly, painfully, the scale of the catastrophe became apparent. As it did, a disquieting anomaly was revealed.

ZONE OF SILENCE

Amidst the tapestry of screams, there lay a region of total silence. Across much of the Nephilim Sub-sector and

some of its neighbouring Imperial systems, a shroud seemed to have fallen. No astropathic communication had emanated from the region since the Noctis Aeterna receded from it, and no attempt to project messages into the region had met with an answer.

By this time, Primarch Guilliman's plans for the Indomitus Crusade were in motion, his Officio Logisticarum gathering momentum. The unnerving silence from the Nephilim sub-sector was noted, recorded and transmitted on to Crusade Command. There, it was deemed portentous enough to warrant urgent investigation. Screams, cries for aid, desperate prayers – all these, the Imperium could quantify and comprehend. An entire sub-sector lingering in darkness and silence, though? What if some new and deadly threat lurked behind that veil? The Imperium Sanctus teetered on the brink of absolute disaster already; it could ill afford to sustain another blow from an unexpected quarter. Something had to be done.

THE PSYCHIC AWAKENING

The opening of the Great Rift sent waves of upheaval, disaster and war rolling across the

known galaxy. Perhaps its most insidious effect, however, was not immediately apparent. With so many immense rents now sundering the fabric of realspace, the energies of the warp flowed like never before. Some of their effects were gradual and subtle. They were also inexorable. Instances of psychic mutation became more and more prevalent throughout the Emperor's realm, the evolutionary leap seemingly triggered by increasing levels of background empyric energy. Nor was Humanity the only race touched by this phenomenon. The ferocity of the Orks reached a boiling point in countless war zones, one Waaagh! after another erupting across space. The Aeldari found themselves offered bounties of psychic puissance unlike anything they had known in millennia, though to seize upon the opportunity was perilous indeed. Genestealer Cult Magi and heretical Rogue Psykers proliferated. Meanwhile, those races who knew no connection to the warp, or who considered it anathema, were driven to confront this new age of psychic apocalypse by increasingly desperate and violent means. Amidst all of this churning psychic madness, the hollow nothingness blanketing the Nephilim Sub-sector seemed stranger still.

BATTLE GROUP KALLIDES

An entire battle group of Crusade Fleet Primus was dispatched to pierce the veil of silence hanging over the Nephilim Sub-sector. Its muster and outfitting were given top priority. Servitor maniples, Tech-Priests, Logisters and Departamento Munitorum adepts laboured tirelessly to see to it that the warships, supply craft and soldiery of Fleet Primus Battle Group Kallides would be ready to depart with all speed.

To lead this battle group on its secret mission, Primarch Guilliman personally selected Admiral Marran, a veteran of Battlefleet Solar. Marran was infamous for his uncompromising zeal and utter belligerence. Both intimidated by and proud of their master's formidable presence and fierce temper, his subordinate officers referred to him as 'the Bull Grox'.

Groupmaster Marran was permitted to retain his personal flagship, a formidable battleship named *Hammerblow*. Within its strategium his war council included lords of the Ultramarines and Black Templars Chapters as well as the Deathwatch, august Nobles of the Knightly Houses Terryn and Mortan, Princes of the Legio Castigatum and the noted Ordo Xenos Inquisitor Lord Kyria Draxus.

Groupmaster Marran's mission was straightforward, if potentially perilous. His battle group was to make all speed for the Nephilim Sub-sector, eschewing all other cries for help or ongoing wars along its route. It was to discover what lay beyond the silence and eliminate any threat to the Imperium Sanctus there discovered.

'You will be my champion in this. You will be the one who bears the light of Imperial vigilance into this dark and silent void. To you I entrust the advance guard of my Fleet Primus, in the certain knowledge that you will drive back the shadows and defeat whatever evils they conceal. To you I entrust this hope.'

- Roboute Guilliman to Groupmaster Marran



OFFICIO LOGISTICARUM

Clearance Code: *****//****

Audio Verification: CONFIRMED

** Logged In - 05:32.18 UTC **

//Originator: Officio Logisticarum Infoprelate First Class Magridette Hep-Gholt
//Clearance: Primus-Alpha-Umber
//Dataconduit: KL-887-**-3498/H
//Recipient: Groupmaster Marran

> My lord Groupmaster, may the Emperor's light shine upon you and bless all those who fight beneath your banner. As per your urgent request I have compiled a summary of the information-screeds returned to us by the scouting craft. I can confirm that, as per your express orders, the Captains of those craft have avoided embroilment in any of the situations developing along the fringe of the phenomenon we are now calling The Veil. At this time I refrain from including analysis or personal speculation, either mine or belonging to the scout ship Captains. I would humbly submit that the information argues loudly enough for caution in its own right.

Item One: Being extracts from astrospectral augury of phenomenon [Classification: Veil] by Claymore Class Corvette Unstinting Wrath. Testimony by ship's Navigator Lunst Vandorgrephen.

'This phenomenon [the Veil]... unlike anything I have ever seen... utterly invisible to the naked eye within realspace yet one can feel its presence with absolute and skin-crawling certainty... a presence or perceived barrier that speaks to the deepest reptilian hind-brain of the Human organism... to go no further, to turn back and to flee... perceived through the third eye of my Guild, its true and terrible majesty is revealed... like a wall of whirling fog aglow with lambent, somehow empty light... like a shimmering dome of crystal through which one should be able to see, but... there is nothing beyond. I am a loyal Imperial servant, but... [Extract utility expires]

Item Two: Being remote observational intelligence culled from localised planetary vox networks and noospheres — ref — Imperial worlds bordering the Veil.

[Note for context, my lord, that our observations suggest the Veil is an expanding phenomenon whose encompassing region has increased by a factor of 0.03 since our observation began five shift-cycles ago].

- Planet Ref: Halcyos. Current geopolitical status observed to be highly disrupted. Open rioting in most major urban complexes. Doomsday Cults [sub-ref: The Last Day, Children of the Quietude, Heralds Apocalyptic] preaching perversions of Imperial creed centred around the funereal shroud of the Imperium descending and all being judged wanting. Extreme internecine violence, especially around all official and private void-transportation and docking facilities. Planetary Enforcers stretched beyond breaking point. Planetary Defence Regiments deployed.



- Planet Ref: Kesperia II. Currently repelling invasion through local space by xenospecies [sub-ref: Yhemyr Voidshoal]. Significant damage to localised infrastructure, Imperial and Xenos casualties both substantial. Food and fuel supplies especially depleted by Voidshoal attentions. Strategic note: Yhemyr observed not to seek planetary conquest, but instead exiting region of Veil in haste and giving appearance of picking over Kesperia II for supplies in significant haste before continuing their exodus away from zone of silence.

- Planet Ref: Threfenia's Reach. Declared Interdictio Extremis by Ordo Hereticus agents. Partial reports extracted regarding heavy Imperial refugee influx from zone of silence followed shortly thereafter by widespread instances of uncontrolled psychic mutation. Unclear at this time whether mutative symptoms caused by exposure to silent zone, passage through Veil, or were previously extant amidst refugees but somehow concealed until planetfall. Purgatory civil war ongoing.

Additional observational data is available on further Imperial worlds in sub-file: adjunctus/Gamma/989. However, I have intentionally selected these three as representative of broad general trends.

I pray that this information aids in the decisions you and your advisors must make regarding our mission. The Emperor shall doubtless guide you with regards to the decision when and if to attempt passage through the Veil, whether under realspace engine power or upon the tides of the warp.

I remain your faithful servant,

M. Hep-Gholt

<<End of Transmission >>
<< Entry 3456 - Text Concludes >>

++ THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: THE REWARDS OF TOLERANCE ARE TREACHERY AND BETRAYAL ++

BEYOND THE VEIL

Though his aides urged caution, Groupmaster Marran knew his orders and was moved by the absolute conviction that nothing was to be gained by prevaricating. Thus, after a bare minimum of observation and scouting while his battle group came to full order, he commanded a warp jump into the zone of silence.

The results were unexpected. From Terra all the way to the Nephilim Sub-sector, the sea of souls had been as turbulent and inimical as even the irascible old Groupmaster could ever remember seeing it. It had only raged more violently as the edge of the silent zone drew near. Now, as the ships of Battle Group Kallides translated into the warp and surged ahead, the Navigators reported a sudden and shocking becalming of the warp currents. The ships' warp drives themselves laboured to operate. Several craft suffered sudden and shocking collapses of their Geller fields, not due to violent pressure from without but rather due to the sudden and absolute lack of it. More than one craft simply fell back into realspace well short of the planned jump coordinates, while others struggled violently to drag together the energy to successfully translate back to realspace.

Worse was to follow as the battle group painstakingly drew itself back together within the galactic north-western fringe of the silent zone. Navigators, Astropaths, indeed psykers of every stripe throughout the battle group reported a sudden feeling of smothering oppression, a sensation akin to losing one's breath and being singularly unable to recover it. Worse, they reported in panicked tones that their abilities had become difficult if not impossible to access. Many felt as though they had been struck suddenly dumb or blinded. Astropaths could force through only the most short-ranged and briefest of communiqués, complaining all the while of feeling as though they were trying to scream words through throats constricted with terror.

Nor were the psykers the only ones affected. Every single Imperial servant in Battle Group Kallides felt a strange spiritual numbness gnawing at them, a creeping lassitude that had to be shaken off in order to concentrate on their tasks or remember their duties. The Space Marines and Adepta Sororitas amongst their number seemed less affected by this phenomenon than were their unaugmented comrades, but none were entirely unaffected by the numbing, tiring, enervating sensations assailing them. Regardless, Marran ordered an immediate advance, under the power of their far-slower realspace engines where necessary. Battle Group Kallides had a duty to do, and he would see it done.

THE STILLING

The strange sensations experienced by Battle Group Kallides during their first days within the silent zone were but a taste of what was to come. The phenomena worsened the further their ships penetrated into the Nephilim Sub-sector. Though warp drives could function and Navigators could still guide, it was a torturous process comparable to a galleon attempting to sail through thick fog without a puff of wind to fill its sails. Astropathic communication was restricted to short-ranged blurts at most and, as the battle group moved deeper into the sub-sector, the Astropaths suffered worse and worse for their efforts. Non-psykers, too, found themselves ever more imperiled by a syndrome that began with confusion, paranoia and worsening periods of listlessness and depression then escalated in the worst cases to a collapse into a comatose state. This effect came to be known as the Stilling, and it beset Battle Group Kallides more severely every day.



DEAD WORLDS AND DREAD MEGALITHS

Advancing as best they could along faltering warp routes, the battle group pushed into the outer systems of the sub-sector. What they found was chilling: world after world where Imperial civilisation appeared to have been abandoned. They found planets whose natural environment remained intact and which, in many cases, showed little or no signs of any armed struggle. Yet the Imperial citizens, and all the warriors who should have defended them, were simply missing. It was a riddle that became all the more desperate and frustrating as Battle Group Kallides pushed deeper in search of answers, the Stilling growing more cloying and debilitating by the day. They found answers, at last, on the planet of Mesmoch in the Zeidos System, and then the war began in earnest.

THE MESMOCH OFFENSIVE

It was a force of Ultramarines Vanguard who finally made the discovery of an immense xenos structure that rose from the semi-colonised jungles of Mesmoch. So titanic that its peak scraped the world's troposphere, this mountainous megalith shimmered with glyphs unmistakably Necron in nature. Auspex readings revealed that it was formed from noctilith, known commonly throughout learned Imperial circles as blackstone. It was further ascertained that the crippling waves of the Stilling effect were rolling off this towering structure, which was soon designated the Mesmoch Pylon. More traditional Necron tomb structures clustered around the monolithic pylon's base, themselves huge yet rendered mere foothills by its mountainous immensity. There could be little doubt that this Necron structure was responsible for the zone of silence, or at least for its localised projection.

Champing at the bit for a military target to strike at, Groupmaster Marran ordered an immediate and overwhelming offensive. Forces from the Deathwatch and Black Templars led the attack, backed by an enormous force of Astra Militarum soldiery and armour, and even a Warlord Titan of the Legio Castigatum. Initial bombardment cleared two landing zones amidst

the jungle, and beachheads were rapidly established. Localised Necron resistance was encountered from the first, but initial Imperial progress was good despite the vastly increased Stilling effect so close to the pylon.

The battle turned, however, when Imperial warships attempted to bombard the Mesmoch Pylon from orbit. The damage to morale was crippling in its own right as a city-killing barrage flashed from the pylon's ethereal shielding without leaving a scratch. Worse was to follow as the bombardment was met by an immediate and enormous Necron counter-attack. The battle ground to a halt amidst the burning jungles and blasted Imperial ruins to the south and west of the pylon, the Imperial forces driven back by wave after wave of Necron soldiery while the Stilling continued to take its toll.

At last, the Imperial retreat was ordered. It soon collapsed into a rout that was only saved from utter disaster by a spirited counter-attack led by Marshal Gehart of the Black Templars. Still, by the time the Imperial forces fled back to the void through whirling swarms of Necron attack craft there could be no hiding the fact that the defeat had been a crushing one.



WAR IN THE PARIAH NEXUS

In the wake of the Mesmoch Offensive, the war began in earnest. Until this point the Necrons had held back, allowing the Humans to blunder deeper into their 'contra-empyric matrix' while observing its effects upon what they saw as sentient vermin. Now, however, the Humans had located one of the Necrons' pylons. Shortly after, further Imperial advance forces found others on other worlds, and the realisation followed that the zone of silence was somehow being projected by these mighty structures. Unwilling to risk damage to their carefully sited installations, the Necrons launched their counter-attack in earnest. Fleets of tomb ships struck at Imperial task forces. Previously concealed Necron legions emerged from hiding, while their defensive structures and tomb complexes rumbled up from beneath the bedrock of Imperial worlds throughout the sub-sector. Brutal battles soon raged through the Zeidos, Paradyce, Shen'Tai, Vertigus and Vie Almus systems. Necron and Imperial forces clashed across deserted worlds, whose Stilled inhabitants it slowly became clear had been harvested by the Necrons for their own horrible purposes.

It was early in this new phase of full-blown war that battle group command named the region. Inspired by the soul-smothering effects of the hated mutants known as Pariahs, and their similarity to the Stilling effect projected by the Necrons' pylons, the region was christened the Pariah Nexus. If battle group command had hoped that putting a name to their warriors' fears would lessen them somehow, they were to be disappointed.



Blackstone

It is feared, by those in the Imperium who know of such things, that Humanity has come late to an appreciation of noctilith. Known more commonly as blackstone, this strange substance has long been associated with the ancient Blackstone Fortresses, and with the mysterious pylons of Cadia that were said to have held the Eye of Terror at bay for so long. Yet it was not until very recently that the Adeptus Mechanicus gained a better understanding of the process by which noctilith can channel cosmic energies, and can be – for want of a more scholarly term – 'polarized' to either attract or repel the energies of the warp. Some amongst the Inquisition and the Tech-Priesthood now believe that many more pylon-structures exist scattered across the galaxy, and that Abaddon the Despoiler laboured long to see them razed and cast

down the better to trigger the opening of the Great Rift. Moreover, it has now become horrifyingly apparent that the Necrons have long understood what noctilith is and how to use it. Indeed, experts in the Ordo Xenos claim that the substance lies at the heart of many Necron technologies. Amongst them are the towering pylons now raised upon key worlds throughout the Nephilim sub-sector and beyond.



SZERAS' MASTERPIECE

Unbeknownst to the Imperium, Illuminor Szeras had led a vast assemblage of Crypteks and the allied legions of multiple Dynasties to begin work on the Pariah Nexus soon after the Great Rift opened. To the Necrons, this undertaking was known as the contra-empyric matrix, and its purpose was twofold. By carefully siting noctilith pylons of immense size – and employing quantum-gravitic engines to re-align or halt planetary orbits where necessary – the Necrons were fashioning a region of realspace that could not be affected in any way by the warp. The effect could be envisioned as an expanding sphere of interposed energies through which entities in realspace could not contact the warp, and through which the warp in turn could not impact realspace. As yet, the effect was still highly unstable and far from complete. However, even this was enough to cut psykers off from their

powers, stifle the operation of warp travel, becalm warp storm activity and daemonic manifestation, and – most horrible of all – gradually suffocate the souls of all living beings within its radius. The Illuminor's lieutenants were aware that this plan had two goals. The first was to drive back the deleterious effects of warp encroachment on realspace and, eventually, to cut the galaxy off from the empyrean altogether. The second, as a happy by-product, was to spiritually trepan every sentient biological being in the galaxy, leaving the Necrons with a near-infinite resource of living but vacant bodies which they could use in their ongoing quest to reverse biotransference.

What few but Szeras himself knew was that they did this at the behest of a shadowy and incredibly powerful patron ...

THE ARMOUR OF FAITH

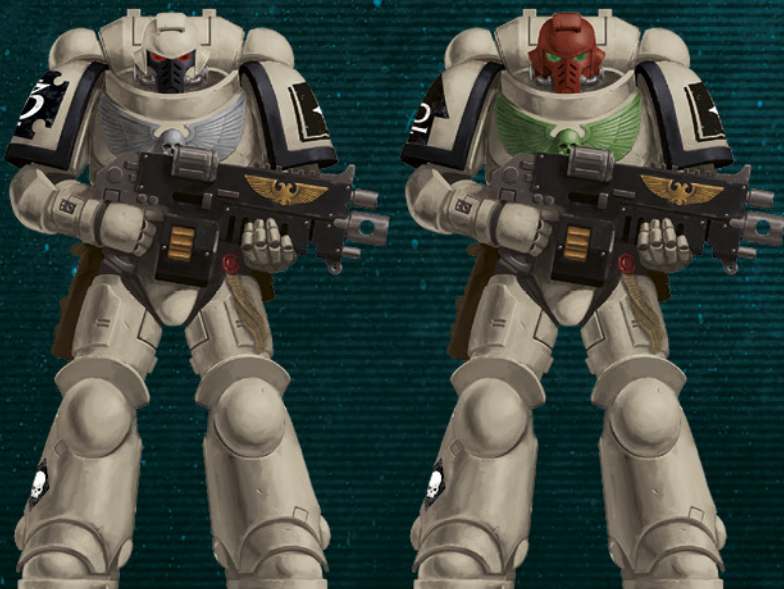
Only one factor was found to aid the warriors of Battle Group Kallides in resisting the Stilling – faith. Though none could explain why – least of all the nonplussed Necrons – individuals of particularly vehement faith such as the Battle Sisters, the Black Templars or the regimental Priests of the Astra

Militarum appeared more resistant to the Stilling. They were not immune, it is important to note. Yet as the numbing pull of the Pariah Nexus grew ever more terrible, it was these beacons of the Emperor's holy light who held out best against it, and who inspired their comrades to do the same.



ORGANISATION OF A CHAPTER

According to Imperial records, there exist one thousand Space Marine Chapters. Keen to tell the story of one, the White Dwarf team are founding a Chapter of their very own: the Tome Keepers. In the third article of the series, we look at the organisation of our fledgling Chapter.



The Tome Keepers are a brand-new Chapter of Space Marines being created right here, right now by the *White Dwarf* team. Our goal is not only to design, write about and paint models for a new Chapter, but to detail the process we've gone through in the hopes of empowering other hobbyists to do the same. Last month, we delved into the history of the Tome Keepers, discussing how we came up with their background and the features that make them unique. This month, we're taking a closer look at the organisation of the Chapter.

Organisation is one of the defining points of any Space Marine Chapter, and it is an important consideration when creating a new one, not least because it may affect how you paint your models. For example, how will you show what company your battle-brothers are in? Will their company colours be shown on their shoulder trims, chest eagles, knee pads, helmets or none of the above? (More on this later.) Maybe they use symbols instead of colours like the Dark Angels. Maybe they don't show company markings at all like the Crimson Fists. Chapter organisation goes deeper than this, though. Is the Chapter based on a home world or are they fleet-based? Are their specialists (Chaplains, Librarians, Techmarines) part of the Chapter hierarchy, or are they attached to a company? What about rank markings for Sergeants and Captains? How are units numbered – do they use Roman numerals, Western Arabic numerals or something else? There's a lot to think about!

IN GOOD COMPANY

ADHERENTS OR DEVIANTS

When it comes to Chapter structure, most Chapters follow the Codex Astartes, fielding ten companies with roughly one hundred battle-brothers in each. Some Chapters deviate from that, such as the Salamanders, who have seven companies, while the Space Wolves have twelve. Some Chapters even change their company organisation. The Black Templars don't have a Scout Company, for example, as their novitiates fight alongside their battle-brothers. The Dark Angels field the Deathwing and Ravenwing as their 1st and 2nd Companies respectively. We decided early on that the Tome Keepers would stick pretty closely to the Codex Astartes and would maintain the traditional ten-company structure, but we wanted to do something different with it, too.

A CHAPTER ON THE BRINK OF DESTRUCTION

One of our first ideas was that the Chapter would be badly under-strength. This fitted the ongoing narrative of the Warhammer 40,000 background pretty solidly – the Great Rift had torn the galaxy

apart, the Imperium was split in two and every Space Marine was on the front line trying to stop the Imperium from falling apart. It seemed only right that the Tome Keepers were a part of that.

The idea of being an under-strength Chapter developed along two lines. As we mentioned last month, we liked the idea that the Tome Keepers were involved in some heavy fighting pre-Great Rift, and that their numbers had been badly thinned by the experience. For various reasons, their rate of attrition exceeded their ability to replenish their ranks and equipment. This also tied in nicely with the idea we'd had about the Chapter having a strained relationship with elements of the Imperium. Perhaps war materials weren't getting to the Chapter for some reason and their armoury was depleted as a result. Then the Great Rift came along, and they were hammered even more to the point that there were only a couple hundred combat-ready Space Marines left in the Chapter, all of them regular Space Marines, not Primaris Marines.

NEW BLOOD

Being under-strength also meant that there was scope for a large infusion of new blood to the Chapter in the form of Primaris Marines. Inspired by some of the short stories the background writers have given us to feature in *White Dwarf* (such as 'Ravens' Blood' in last July's issue), we decided that a Torchbearer task force would be sent to reinforce the Chapter. It would deliver a

company of Greysields as well as the technology for the Tome Keepers to start making their own Primaris Marines. But how to integrate those Space Marines into the Chapter? In the end, we decided that the existing Tome Keepers – the veterans – would leave their existing companies and merge into the 1st and 2nd Companies. Essentially, the Veteran Company and first Battle Company would be made up almost entirely of the Chapter's original battle-brothers. The 3rd Company would comprise of a few squads of original Tome Keepers, with the rest of its ranks being made up of Greysields. The 4th Company would take the remaining Greysields and the first of the newly created Primaris Tome Keepers.

By the time we get to the present day – roughly fifteen years post Great Rift in our Chapter history – the 1st through to 5th Companies are now back to full strength, boosted by new recruits. The 6th Company contains only thirty or so battle-brothers, who are normally seconded to other companies. The 7th Company is currently empty, as is the Reserve Close Support Company, while the Reserve Fire Support Company is pretty much full, having taken on all the new recruits from the Scout Company (after being promoted to full battle-brother status, a Space Marine normally serves in a fire support squad before joining a battleline or close support unit). The Scout Company is full to overflowing with neophytes at various stages of training in an attempt to rebuild the Chapter's strength.



CHAPTER ICONOGRAPHY

PRESENTING A GOOD IMAGE

Iconography is a key feature of any Space Marine Chapter, and the Tome Keepers are no exception. Below, we explain our thoughts on Chapter iconography, while over to the right we show off the fruits of our labours.

THE CHAPTER SYMBOL

Hopefully you will have seen our initial ideas for the Chapter symbol in issue 453. The symbol features an open black book with a white four-pointed star in the centre, sitting on a bone backdrop. This reflects two parts of the Tome Keepers' background – their reputation as chroniclers and historians, and the special significance of the white dwarf star that their home world orbits. It also has a double meaning in that it is a nod to *White Dwarf* magazine itself. You'll notice that the Chapter symbol is pretty simple. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, heraldry needs to be recognisable at a distance; otherwise it becomes indistinct and confusing. Secondly, it needs to be easy to replicate, whether it's painted by hand or made into a transfer. We also created a variant symbol featuring a skull to represent the Chapter's fixation with mortality. This symbol would be for Sergeants and characters.

SQUAD MARKINGS

Squad markings follow the Codex Astartes – an upward-pointing arrow for battleline units, crossed arrows for close support, an inverted V for fire support, a cross pattée for veterans and a skull for command squads. These are shown in black on the right shoulder pad.

SQUAD NUMBERS

Our original plan for squad markings was Roman numerals to match those of the Ultramarines – the parent Chapter of the Tome Keepers. Yet while Roman numerals are very neat and easy to fit around squad markings (a key consideration if you're hand-painting them), they didn't quite fit the scripture aesthetic of the Tome Keepers. So instead we opted for the Arabic numerals like the ones used by the Raven Guard, Blood Angels and Dark Angels. We considered various placements for the squad number, including the back of the power pack, the knee and the front of the right pauldron, but we ultimately stuck with the common placement over the squad marking.

COMPANY MARKINGS

Company markings have proven the most contentious issue in the *White Dwarf* team. Many conversations have been had about where they should go, what colours they should be or even if we should have them at all. Company markings are often featured on a Space Marine's pauldron trims, though they sometimes appear on knee pads, helmets or chest eagles. Some Chapters use different indicators altogether, and some use none at all. Our initial plan was to keep the pauldron trims black and use the colour of the chest insignia as the company indicator. For some people, distinct company markings are a defining part of a Chapter's look. But some people aren't so keen on them. What happens, for example, if you want to paint three fire support squads for your collection when a Battle

Company only traditionally has two? Or two Captains, or three Lieutenants? Do they have to come from different companies and therefore have different company markings? Some don't like the look of mixed companies, but free of company markings, hobbyists would be able to paint their Tome Keepers in one scheme and have them represent any company they like, even switching from game to game. A pair of Captains could represent the same character in different gear, or when fielded together, Captains from different companies. In this respect they would be much like the Crimson Fists (*and Novamarines, Storm Giants, Howling Griffons, Sons of Orar and surely many more – Ed.*) who also don't display company markings.

After much debate, there was one factor that tipped the scales of us using the chest device as the company colour. We get a lot of emails from people wanting to show us pictures of their models, and the possibility of someone writing in to say, 'I've just started collecting Tome Keepers 4th Company, and I've painted my first unit of Intercessors. What do you think?' was something we liked the idea of seeing. There's a sense of pride that comes with collecting a particular company, and we wanted to encourage that. So, chest insignias it was.

RANK MARKINGS

Rank markings are traditionally shown on helmets, and we wanted to follow that convention. Not only does it make squad leaders easy to find in the heat of battle (both from an in-world point of view and from a gaming perspective), but it also provides hobbyists with something visually different to paint. As such, Lyle's Tome Keepers feature bone-coloured helmets on the battle-brothers and red helmets on the Sergeants as recommended by the Codex Astartes. We soon started discussing what other rank markings could look like, but immediately encountered a problem with veterans. They traditionally wear white helmets, but we felt that the white didn't show up that well next to the bone armour. Instead we opted for black faceplates, leaving the rest of the helm bone. This meant that Veteran Sergeants would have red helms with black face masks. For Lieutenants, we simply reversed the Veteran Sergeant colours.

CAMPAIGN BADGES AND BATTLE HONOURS

To help differentiate between campaign badges and battle honours, we decided that campaign badges would be featured on greaves and knee pads, while an individual warrior's battle honours would be featured on their vambraces, chests or shoulder pads where they are more visible. From a collecting perspective, we liked the idea that people may revisit their models over time, adding new battle honours to them as the story of their collection – or their Crusade force – progresses. The battle-brothers shown to the right both wear a campaign badge on their right greave – a black diamond with a skull in the centre. We deliberately picked a badge that could be created using simple freehand techniques combined with a transfer – a factor always worth considering if you're creating a campaign or crusade symbol for your own army.

INSIGNIUM ASTARTES

The Codex Astartes has a list of recommended insignia for all Space Marine Chapters. The Tome Keepers follow the Codex pretty closely, but with a few notable exceptions.



Battle-brother Eriba, 3rd Company, 2nd Squad (battleline)



Battle-brother Zerín, 6th Company, 5th Squad (battleline)

LIVERY AND HERALDRY

The Tome Keepers wear armour the colour of ancient vellum. Their Chapter symbol is displayed on their left shoulder pad unless otherwise supplanted by a Crux Terminatus.

BATTLEFIELD ROLE

The battlefield role insignia follows the dictates of the Codex Astartes to the letter.

RANK MARKINGS

Rank markings are shown on helmets, though there are a few deviations from the Codex. Instead of white helmets, Veterans wear black faceplates. Veteran Sergeants also wear black faceplates but with a red helmet, as laid down in the Codex. The most notable deviation from the Codex is the Lieutenant's helmet, which is a reverse of the Veteran Sergeant colours. The Company Captain typically wears the traditional bone of the Tome Keepers, but with the addition of a skull or laurel. Personal heraldry is also allowed.

BATTLEFIELD ROLES



Battleline



Close Support



Fire Support



Veteran



Command

RANK MARKINGS



Battle-brother



Veteran



Sergeant



Veteran Sergeant



Lieutenant



Captain

COMPANY COLOURS



SQUAD NUMBERS



2nd Battleline Squad



5th Battleline Squad



3rd Veteran Squad

COMPANY COLOURS

Company colours are the same as those used in the Codex Astartes but displayed on the aquila (or chest device) instead of the shoulder trim. Note that the 1st Company wears white or silver.

SQUAD MARKINGS

These are displayed in white over the squad symbol using Arabic numerals. Company squads number 1 through to 10. Additional units added to the company adopt the numbers 11 to 20 consecutively, with the first additional unit being 11, the second 12 and so on.

A COMPANY OF HEROES

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CHAPTER

Something you'll notice about most Space Marine Chapters is that there is often one company talked about more than the others. For the Ultramarines, this is the 2nd Company – the traditional poster boys of Warhammer 40,000. Blue armour with gold trim and red details makes for a striking and instantly recognisable colour scheme in both artwork and photography. There are similarly vaunted companies in other Chapters. For the Imperial Fists it's the 3rd Company led by Captain Tor Garadon. The Iron Hands have Clan Raukaan and Iron Father Feirros, while the Dark Angels' most infamous Battle Company is the 5th Company led by Master Lazarus. If you own one of the codex supplements for *Codex: Space Marines*, you will no doubt have seen some of these models in the colour sections. They look pretty great, don't they?

And so we decided that we needed a company that represented the Tome Keepers – one that we could paint and feature in the pages of *White Dwarf*. Lyle quickly set about painting some models, which you will have seen last month. His Tome Keepers all have red chest insignias, which, depending on our team debate on how to represent company markings, would either indicate 3rd Company or just be their chosen colour. Those original Tome Keepers were ready for either result, because red was our tertiary colour from the start. Aged white for vellum, black for ink, red for history written in blood. It also synced up with the background we'd been writing for the Chapter – about the 3rd Company taking on the Primaris Greyshields.

Other companies may make an appearance in the future, but for now the 3rd would be our project. But there was something missing – something important. Characters.

WHO'S THE BOSS?

One of the most exciting aspects of designing a new Space Marine Chapter is creating the heroes that lead it into battle, be they Captains, Librarians, Chaplains or even the Chapter Master himself. More often than not it's these high-ranking characters that enact the most heroic deeds on the battlefield, and it's through their actions that our armies come to life. In some cases, these characters metamorphose from tabletop miniatures into named characters with great pedigree – paragons of battle who epitomise what it means to be a hero of their Chapter. Characters such as Captain Erasmus Tycho and Marneus Calgar are great examples of this.

So we started talking about the characters who would join our army. We didn't get very far. Weirdly, it was hard to create characters without seeing them first, without knowing what they looked like or even what weapons they carried. So Dan went away and started converting.

THE FIRST CAPTAIN

The result is the Captain conversion you see on the opposite page (*You can read more about the conversion and*

painting in a bit. – Ed). Seeing a Captain in front of us sparked our imaginations and threw up loads of questions. Who is he? Where did he come from? Why is he a Primaris Marine? How did he lose his arm, and why does he have a scar on his face? Could he have been attacked by a Tyranid monster or a Chaos daemon? Why does he wear Sternguard shoulder pads? Maybe he inherited them from a former battle-brother. Why does he carry a huge axe into battle? Is it a Chapter relic or some kind of special weapon?

And so, some answers. We liked the idea that he was a Chapter veteran, having served for several centuries in various companies before rising to the rank of Veteran Sergeant in the 1st Company. When the first Greyshields joined the Chapter, he was awarded the position of Captain and given command of the newly forged 3rd Company. To better understand his new charges, he elected to cross the Rubicon Primaris, emerging stronger and more powerful than ever before.

His armour includes the pauldrons he wore in the 1st Company, while his Crux Terminatus hangs from an aiguillette across his chest. His injuries have yet to be documented, but they clearly show that he gets stuck into the action. His axe is a Chapter heirloom crafted many thousands of years ago by his ancestors and held in the Chapter armoury. The Tome Keepers put great stock in the work of their forebears, and our Captain's ancestors were clearly weaponsmiths of great renown. Due to their short lifespans, dozens – perhaps hundreds – of them helped forge this axe. It has a great deal of history, which suits the Tome Keepers nicely! He also carries a dog-eared book on his belt that recounts his life's work.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

But what to call our new Captain? Every Chapter has a naming convention – Ultramarines have Roman-styled names, Dark Angels have biblical or angelic names, Blood Angels have Renaissance-era Italian names, Imperial Fists have Germanic names and so on. These conventions reinforce their identity and help define their character, setting them apart from the other personalities of the Imperium. Before we could name our Captain, we would need to decide upon a naming convention for our Chapter. We initially started with Roman names because the Tome Keepers are an Ultramarines Successor Chapter. But that didn't really fit their background. We considered Greek names on account of their many famous chroniclers. We also considered Celtic, Native American and Japanese mythological names. It was while we were looking through a list of ancient libraries online that we discovered the Royal Library of Ashurbanipal, which contained many Babylonian texts. We researched ancient Babylonian names, liked what we found (particularly Post-Neo-Babylonian era), and the future of our Chapter's names was sealed.

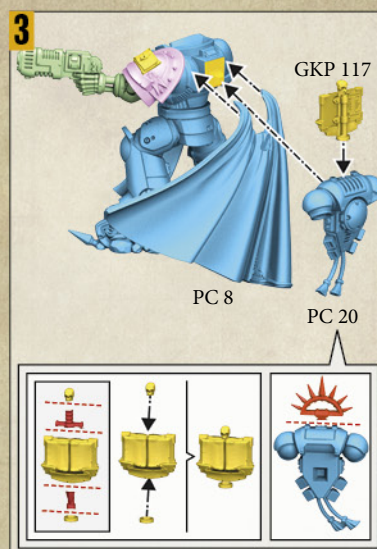
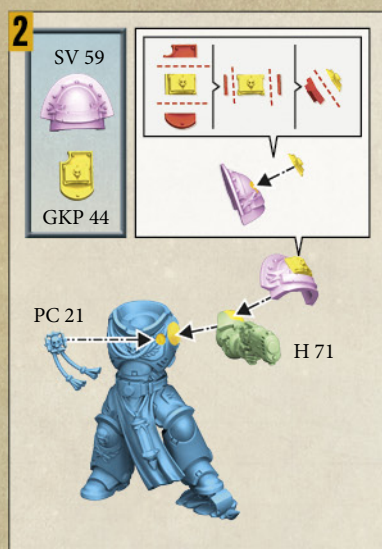
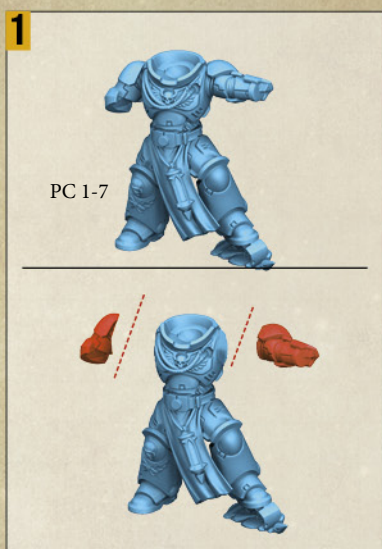
And so we have the great pleasure of introducing the very first named character of the Tome Keepers ...

CAPTAIN NASIEM BAL TERGU

CAPTAIN OF THE 3RD COMPANY

Dan: I picked the Primaris Captain model for this conversion, as I've used it a few times and always found it very easy to work with. I knew right from the start that I wanted Nasiem to look battle-damaged, so I hunted for a bionic arm and a scarred head to give him the look of a proper brawler. I also wanted him to hold a distinctive weapon, which eventually became an axe. There's a brutality to an axe that indicates he's a front-line fighter, and I modelled him holding it by his side to suggest its weight. Captain Nasiem was painted by studio army painter Tom Moore, who picked a dark skin tone for the model that helps his head stand out from his armour. He also used red for the model's cloth components to reflect his company colours.

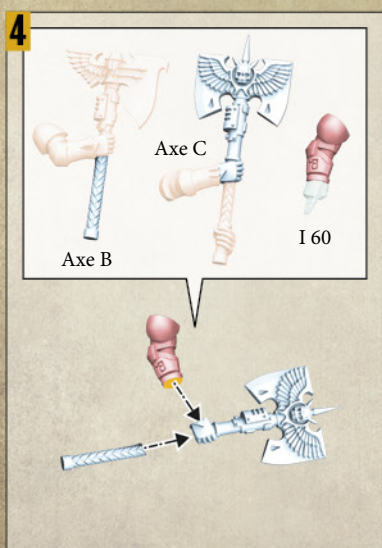
The diagrams below show how I converted Captain Nasiem. Each stage shows the parts used, with the component number next to them so you can build your own version of him.



We took the Primaris Captain and built his body (1). Using a Citadel Saw, we cut off the model's arms where they meet the shoulders.

The bionic arm from the Hellblasters was glued in place (2). A shoulder pad from the Sternguard Veterans kit sits on top, while the book icon comes from a Grey Knights Paladin's shield.

The Primaris Captain's cape and backpack were attached (3). The Iron Halo was cut off with Fine Detail Cutters and replaced with another slightly converted book from the Grey Knights Paladins set.



Two Sanguinary Guard and one Intercessor arm were needed to make the right arm holding the power axe (4). The arm was then glued in place with a Sternguard shoulder pad on top (5). The bare head is from the Intercessors kit. The helmet is from a Primaris Lieutenant with Power Sword.

A book was cut from the Librarian model and glued in place (6).

Key: Primaris Captain (blue), Sternguard Veterans (pink), Grey Knights Paladins (yellow), Hellblasters (green), Sanguinary Guard (white), Intercessors (red), Primaris Lieutenant with Power Sword (light green), Librarian (purple)

THE REALM OF TZEENTCH

Realms of Chaos is a series exploring how you can build and paint your models to show what realm they come from. Steel your minds, for this month we are travelling into the Crystal Labyrinth, the mind-bending domain of the Changer of the Ways.



The Realm of Tzeentch is madness made manifest, an unexplainable and illogical place that drives even the hardest minds insane. The realm is in constant flux, its landscape forever changing at the whim of its capricious deity. One moment the ground writhes with tentacles, fanged maws gnashing at those who pass. The next it is an iridescent field of razor-sharp crystals made of coalesced lies. Deserts of twinkling dreams about mountains of towering ambition. Glittering spires hang upside down in skies wracked by sorcerous storms. The air roils with magical energy, shifting hue at the blink of an eye. Endless stairways lead nowhere and everywhere at the same time as seas of confusion lap at the shores of possibility. And at the heart of this overwhelming land lies the Impossible Fortress – the manse of Tzeentch himself – where physicality is an illusion and knowledge always comes at a high price.

THE EYE OF TZEENTCH

Like all things Tzeentchian, quite what the Architect of Fate's rune represents is a mystery. Some say that it is an eye. Others a serpent, a bird or a fish. Whatever it may be, it is often displayed as a facial tattoo, or sometimes as a trinket or pendant.



CHILDREN OF CHANGE

The followers of Tzeentch come in many shapes and sizes, for the Architect of Fate welcomes all who have ambition, no matter their background. They are invariably bedecked in glorious raiment, from glittering rune-embroidered robes to shining suits of gold-chased armour, for Tzeentch is an arrogant god who revels in the perceived superiority of his servants over those of other gods. They carry only the best weapons and wargear, their surfaces shimmering with magical energy. Of all the mortals who dedicate themselves to Chaos, those who follow Tzeentch are the most mutated, for theirs is a benevolent god who rewards loyalty. Gibbering faces appear in torsos. Slender limbs grow from those arms that already exist. Feathery wings sprout from muscular shoulders. Eyes blink into existence on foreheads, palms and chests – all the better to spy on Tzeentch's enemies and witness their fall.

CREATING A SCINTILLATING LEGION

So what would an army dedicated to Tzeentch look like? Imagine Renegade Guardsmen converted using parts from Kairic Acolytes or Cypher Lords. Perhaps you could add a few choice mutations to Chaos Warriors or Chaos Space Marines – the Exalted Sorcerers kit has loads of spare arms and heads for that kind of thing. How about a radical Inquisitor covered in books and parchments. Maybe your army has been inadvertently corrupted by Tzeentch – a Cities of Sigmar army that is hiding some strange mutations, perhaps, or even an Aeldari force that has delved too far into their own fates and become warped and twisted by the Changer of the Ways. You could even create an army fighting on a world tainted by Tzeentch – how about Space Marines with crystalline bases, or Ironjawz wading through swamps of tentacles and fanged maws?

As we all know, there are infinite ways to build and paint your models. We hope this article will provide you with some useful inspiration for how to create an army of Tzeentch. If you have an idea you would like to share with us, send us some pictures of your own creations to: team@whitedwarf.co.uk

SORCERERS OF TZEENTCH

This Exalted Sorcerer (page 36 of *Codex: Thousand Sons*) is a great example of what a servant of Tzeentch can look like. They wear armour engraved with runes, and long stoles covered in hand-stitched incantations. Many wear robes to cover their mutations, be they extra arms (as shown here), faces protruding from stomachs or fungoid stalks instead of legs. Many wear the colours of Tzeentch, such as blue or purple trimmed with gold. Icons of serpents and birds (as seen on this sorcerer's breastplate) are commonplace, as are all-seeing eyes that are often worked into fiery gemstones.



THE COLOURS OF TZEENTCH

Tzeentch is all the colours all the time, but the Changer of the Ways tends to favour cool shades of blue, purple and pink, often with lighter tints and darker shades of the same hues. Contrasts are often pushed to pure white and pure black. Despite this, the colours of Tzeentch are often quite subtle, featuring seamless blends between them.



PAINTING AND CONVERTING YOUR ARMIES – WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

The followers of Tzeentch revel in bright and riotous colours, and they are often highly mutated, too. Here are a few ideas for how you can paint and convert your Age of Sigmar Tzeentch models.

Though blue and gold are favoured by Tzeentch's minions, their clothing, armour and even their skin can take on all manner of hues, from pastel pinks and royal purples through to vibrant greens and fiery oranges. When using such a wide range of colours, it's worth taking the time to look at a colour wheel and find out what colours work best with each other. A cool blue and a warm gold are a great combination because they're both primary colours, while

purple and blue are harmonious colours that sit next to each other on the colour wheel. Consider using spells and mutations as the spot colours on your models. Or perhaps you could use black as your main colour with blue as the spot colour. Would an army of Tzeentch fighting in Chamon take on a metallic appearance with metal skin tones? Maybe they would be almost pure white if they were fighting in Hysh. There are lots of possibilities.

A REALM OF POSSIBILITIES

The Eyes of the Nine feature a traditional Tzeentchian colour scheme. Blue (in all its many shades, tints and tones) is the primary colour, while gold has been used as a secondary colour. Purple, green, yellow, orange and even red have been used as spot colours.



SHIMMERING WARRIORS

Multiple glazes of pink and blue have been used on this Cypher Lord's white headdress, creating a pearlescent look. Magenta has also been worked into the model's blades to give them a pink tone that makes them look magical.



THE PATH OF FATE

This Chaos Warrior wears sea-green armour, which was achieved by painting Aethermatic Blue and Warp Lightning over Leadbelcher. The end result is a shimmering, magical-looking armour.



FEATHERED FOLLOWERS

The Corvus Cabal wear a lot of dark colours, but all of their clothing and feathers have a hint of blue in them. This is a more subtle colour scheme than the others, with a warm red being used as a spot colour.



KAIRIC ACOLYTES

Because Tzeentch's traditional colours are quite bright, a strong contrast can be achieved by painting the skin of his followers in darker tones. This leaves you free to paint their clothes and armour as radiant as you like.



THE OMNISCIENT ORACLES BY STEVE WREN

Below, you can see a small selection of Steve Wren's Disciples of Tzeentch army, which is painted using pretty much every colour in the Citadel paint range. Steve's army features four Lords of Change so, to differentiate between them on the battlefield, he painted each of them a different colour – red, yellow, green and blue. Steve then decided to take things a stage further and painted the Horrors that follow them

into battle in the same colour, giving him units of red, yellow, green and blue horrors, plus actual Blue Horrors and Brimstone Horrors. Steve used purple as the unifying colour across his army. It features on the wings of his Lords of Change, the beaks of his Horrors and the flames of his Flamers (as seen below). He used a traditional Tzeentchian gold for all the fancy bangles, icons and weapons.



Steve is well known around the studio for his impressive bases. For his Tzeentch army, he used several shades of clump foliage and loads of tiny flowers (all of which are available from model railway shops) to make his bases as colourful as his miniatures. The rocks are made from chunks of tree bark, while the skulls come (unsurprisingly) from the Skulls set.



BRAY-SHAMAN BY STEVE PARTY

Steve converted this Bray-Shaman to join his Corvus Cabal warband. He swapped the model's cloven hooves for bird feet and its beast face for a bird one. He also swapped the top of the model's staff for a symbol of Tzeentch.



SKINK STARPRIEST BY ASHLEY LOWE

Ashley used a spare Pink Horror head and some Brimstone Horrors on the base of this model to show where the Skink Starpriest is driving back the taint of Chaos with heavenly magic.



CYPHER LORDS BY STEVE PARTY

Steve has painted several Warcry warbands recently, and this is his latest creation – a Cypher Lords warband in which all of his warriors are wearing sinister face masks. Steve converted them by cutting off the fronts of their helmets, then replaced them with spare Aeldari Harlequin masks. He then used modelling putty to resculpt the gaps underneath the masks so that the fighters are wearing cloth ventails. Steve also removed

the plumes on the Mindbound members of the warband to indicate their lower status and added extra spikes to the Luminate's helm to make her stand out. He painted his warband using Zandri Dust as a basecoat, then drybrushed all the models with White Scar to help define the details. Most of the other colours were achieved with controlled washes and a few final highlights.



CORRUPTED LEVIADON BY ASHLEY LOWE

On initial inspection, Ashley's Leviadon looks like it is simply flying over a landscape tainted by Tzeentch. But when you turn the Leviadon over, you can see that eyes have grown on the underside of its carapace. Even more disturbing, they're looking directly at the eyes protruding from the rocks on the base! Ashley painted his Leviadon almost entirely with Contrast paints – the Leviadon's carapace is Talassar Blue, while the fighting platform is Aethermatic Blue over Ironbreaker.



PAINTING AND CONVERTING YOUR ARMIES – WARHAMMER 40,000

Tzeentch's influence on the armies of the 41st Millennium is just as pronounced as on those of the Mortal Realms, giving you loads of great opportunities to create some suitably sorcerous paint jobs.

The colours of the 41st Millennium tend to be a little more gritty and realistic than those of the Mortal Realms, but that doesn't mean your Tzeentchian warriors have to be any less resplendent. After all, most of them do live in the warp! Perhaps you could paint your daemons black with pink or blue fire. Maybe your Renegade Space Marines retain the colour of their armour but engrave it with glowing Tzeentchian runes or scripture. Bases are an important

consideration, too. Neutral bases help keep the attention on the miniatures, but a few crystals (or maybe even an eyeball) poking out of the ground are a great way to show Tzeentch's influence. Little touches like this can help to show that an army such as T'au, Orks or Necrons are fighting on a planet corrupted by Tzeentch. Grey Knights would look excellent with daemonically tainted bases – you could almost turn each model into its own diorama.

COLOUR REVERSAL

The Blades of Magnus wear gold armour with blue trim – a reversal of the traditional Thousand Sons palette. This colour scheme was especially easy to achieve, as it mostly involved spraying the model with Retributor Armour.



PURPLE HORROR

Not all Pink Horrors are necessarily pink! A shift of tone and hue towards purple creates a very different looking model to the traditional bright pink Horror. Pastel blue has been used as a spot colour, along with dark gold.



HARMONIOUS DISCORD

This Helbrute features a harmonious colour scheme of purple, blue and green – colours that all sit next to each other on the cool side of the colour wheel. These colours are complemented by the warm gold trim on the armour, which helps define the individual panels of the model. Deep shading and stark highlights also provide a strong light-dark contrast on the model.



THE SCOURGED

The dark blue armour of this renegade Chapter contrasts well with their bright gold trim. Red has been used as a spot colour on their helmets, hands and shoulder pads to draw attention to the focal points of the model.



HISTORICAL COLOURS

This Rubric Marine of the Crimson Sons wears the original red and gold of the Thousand Sons Legion. While these are unusual colours for Tzeentch's followers, they do provide a great thematic link to the history of the Thousand Sons.



ISKANDAR KHAYON AND THE KHA'SHERHAN BY JAMES ROSE

James was inspired to convert this Thousand Sons Sorcerer and his bodyguard of Rubric Marines after reading the *Talon of Horus* and *Black Legion* novels by Aaron Dembski-Bowden. Rather than paint his Thousand Sons in Heresy-era red, or post-Heresy blue, James painted them just like the cover of the novel, wearing black armour to show their allegiance to the Black

Legion. James basecoated them with Retributor Armour spray, then drybrushed them with Liberator Gold and Necron Compound. A wash of Reikland Fleshshade Gloss mixed with Agrax Earthshade gives the gold an old, worn look. James then painted in all the armour panels with Abaddon Black and glazed them with Soulstone Blue to give the black a shiny, almost iridescent appearance.



SCREAMERS OF TZEENTCH BY LOUISE SUGDEN

Louise wanted her Screamer of Tzeentch to look like 'an incomprehensible rainbow that's always shifting, moving and breaking minds' (*Her words, not ours.* – Ed). She started by painting the centres of each Screamer with Kantor Blue, then working up through Temple Guard Blue, Kabalite Green, Moot Green and finally Yriel Yellow. In the other direction, she blended

through to Screamer Pink, then Emperor's Children (with a mix Louise calls 'Screaming Children'. – Ed), then finally Troll Slayer Orange. As Louise points out, she doesn't blend any of the colours on the model, she just makes mixes that are close in colour, then applies each one before making another mix. She also painted the Screamer's eyes to look 'happy'.



SCARAB OCCULT TERMINATORS BY MATT HUTSON

Matt painted this unit of Scarab Occult Terminators to act as a bodyguard for Magnus the Red. While the Terminators themselves are not converted, Matt put a lot of extra work into their bases. He used bases from the Shattered Dominion set because he felt their arcane look suited the aesthetics of the Thousand Sons perfectly and could easily represent the city of Tizca on the Planet of the Sorcerers. He then added loads of

magical flames and tentacles to the bases, which he cut from some Flamers of Tzeentch.

Matt painted the flames using the same colours as the armour on his Terminators, starting with a basecoat of Sotek Green, followed by layers of Temple Guard Blue and Blue Horror. He added a final highlight of Flash Gitz Yellow to the flames to make them look more fiery.



BLACK TEMPLARS CHAPLAIN BY ANDY BARLOW

Andy converted this Chaplain from the Dark Angels Master Lazarus model. The base was inspired by the flects mentioned in the Ravenor novel series, which are actually shards of warp-tainted glass. Andy painted the base using the advice shown on the Warhammer TV video for Blackstone Fortress but with pink instead of blue as the main colour.



THOUSAND SONS SORCERER BY ROBIN MCLEOD

Robin painted this Sorcerer for Golden Demon a few years ago. It features some very clever conversion work, including a head from the Curseling, a staff from the Sorcerer Lord model and a walking fish from the Silver Tower game. You can see plenty more beautifully painted and converted Tzeentchian models like Robin's at golden-demon.com.



THE SILAS SONS NECROMUNDA GANG BY ALEXANDRE DUMILLARD

Alexandre built this gang of Tzeentch cultists using the models from the Corvus Cabal Warcry warband. Because the models normally carry blades, Alexandre cut off their arms and hands and replaced them with arms and weapons taken from the Cultists of the Abyss, House Cawdor (for the male gangers) and House Escher (for the female gangers). All the models have Necromunda bases.

To paint his gang, Alexandre used blue as the predominant colour. The clothing is basecoated with Stegadon Scale Green, shaded with Druchii Violet, then highlighted with Sotek Green and Sotek Green mixed with Screaming Skull. He painted their skin using Magos Purple over Grey Seer, followed by a wash of Reikland Fleshshade and a layer of thinned-down Pallid Wych Flesh as a highlight.



Alexandre's gang includes a specialist converted using the arms from the Cultists of the Abyss Firebrand. His leader features arms from an Escher ganger, while another specialist is converted from a Spire Stalker with a sniper rifle arm taken from a Genestealer Cults Sanctus. Cawdor arms make several appearances, too.



BASING YOUR ARMIES

Bases are an important part of any Warhammer miniature. Not only do they keep your models standing, they also help to tie them to the worlds they fight over. Here are a few Tzeentch-influenced examples.

Tzeentch has a corrupting influence on everything he casts his eye over, warping, twisting and mutating people and lands to suit his whim. One moment the earth is open fields and meadows, the next a writhing hellscape of tainted flesh and unblinking eyes. Temples are consumed by magical fire, ancient stone shifting rapidly through

different hues as it changes with Tzeentch's mood. Dark sorcery forms into malevolent crystals while shards of warp-tainted glass seed thoughts of ambition and power into malleable minds. All these ideas (and more besides) can be shown on the bases of your Tzeentchian models. Here are a few examples for inspiration.

TAINTED MALACHITE



1 Sand the base smooth using a piece of fine sandpaper. This is to take away the rough surface detail.



2 Undercoat the base with Chaos Black Spray. This will provide the dark contrast on the base.



3 Stretch out a wet baby wipe until the fibres fray and it looks like a web. Then let it dry out completely.



4 Stretch the baby wipe tightly over your base and secure it underneath the base with sticky tape.



5 Spray the base with a high-contrast colour such as Corax White or Grey Seer. Remove the baby wipe stencil.



6 Paint the base with your chosen Contrast paint. We used Warp Lightning for a malachite effect.



7 Pick out a few of the darker veins with Auric Armour Gold using your S Layer or XS Artificer Layer brush.



8 Paint the rim with Abaddon Black. Once dry, coat the whole base with 'Ardcoat to make it look shiny and polished.

TEMPLE OF FIRE



1 Pick a few bases from the Shattered Dominion set. The ones with cracks in work best for this effect.



2 Take a couple of pairs of Brimstone Horrors and cut the tops off their heads with a pair of Fine Detail Cutters.



3 Glue the flames into the cracks using Plastic Glue. You may need to trim the flames a little to get them to fit snugly.



4 Spray the base the colour you want the temple floor to be. We used Zandri Dust for this to give it a sandstone look.



5 Paint the metal in your chosen colour and wash the whole base. We used Hashut Copper and Agrax Earthshade.



6 Lightly drybrush the base to add texture. We used Screaming Skull and Wraithbone in our example.

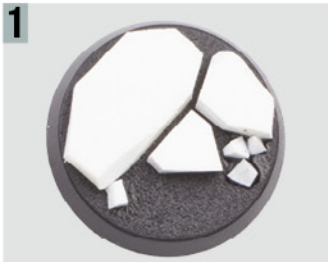


7 Re-basecoat the flames and the bottom of the crack with Wraithbone. Use two thin coats of paint if necessary.



8 Paint the flames in a magical colour. We picked Aethermatic Blue and Talassar Blue Contrast paints.

FLECTS OF CHAOS GLASS



1 Cut up a sheet of 4mm plastic card with a Citadel Saw so it resembles shards of glass. Stick it to a base using Super Glue.



2 Spray the whole base with Chaos Black, being sure to get between the chunks of plastic card.



3 Basecoat the whole base with Kantor Blue. Again, make sure you paint right down between the shards.



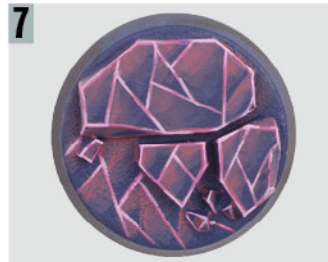
4 Paint the edges of the shards with Pink Horror. Next, apply straight lines to the shards to create a pattern.



5 Mix Pink Horror with Lahmian Medium, then use it to create a gradient across each individual shard.



6 Paint the edges of each shard and carefully paint over the pattern with Emperor's Children.

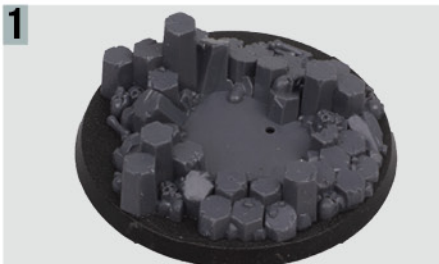


7 Use Fulgrim Pink as a final highlight on the edges of the shards and around the convergence points on the pattern.



8 Use White Scar to pick out the corners of the shards and the convergence points. Varnish with 'Ardcoat to finish.

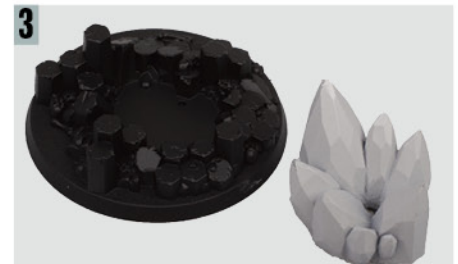
CRYSTAL FIELDS



1 A lethal hex tile from Warhammer Underworlds: Beastgrave makes the perfect scenic base. First it is glued to a 60mm round base.



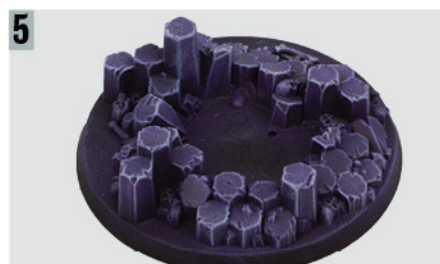
2 The crystals that sit in the middle of the base are cleaned up. A Citadel Drill is then used to drill out the centre so that a flying stand can sit snugly inside.



3 The crystals and the base and undercoated separately to make painting them easier. The base is sprayed Chaos Black and the crystals Grey Seer.



4 The rocks are basecoated using Naggaroth Night, then drybrushed lightly with Xereus Purple and Genestealer Purple.



5 Two further drybrushes – one of Fenrisian Grey, the other of White Scar – help define the top edges of the rock formations.



6 The crystals are given a heavy basecoat of Volupus Purple mixed with Contrast Medium. The medium helps make the pink more translucent.



7 The hard edges of the crystals are picked out with Corax White, then the points where the edges meet are highlighted with a dot of White Scar.



8 The skulls on the base are re-basecoated with Wraithbone, then washed with Skeleton Horde mixed with Contrast Medium.



9 The crystal is glued in with Super Glue, and the rest of the base is covered in Valhalla Blizzard. The flying stand is also glued in with Super Glue.

MULTI-COLOURLED MADNESS

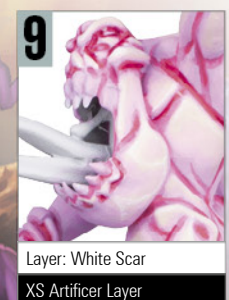
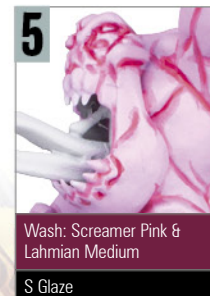
Following on from *Realms of Chaos: Tzeentch*, our painter James came up with some painting tips for Pink and Blue Horrors that are fighting in different realms. We even gave him a little bit of space to show how to paint a Tzeentchian Endless Spell.

PAINTING PINK HORRORS

James: Rather than just painting these models pink, I wanted to show the influence of the Mortal Realms on Tzeentch's daemons. I imagined there was some kind of magical merging going on, the Horrors adopting some of the attributes of the realm they are fighting in while still retaining their innate Tzeentchiness. Really it's my excuse to show you there's more than one way to paint pink!

The Horror below is fighting in the Realm of Light, which is why it's almost white in colour. I started with a basecoat of Fulgrim Pink, which is a really pale colour, then carefully shaded the recesses with darker pinks to build up the definition before rehighlighting the top edges of the skin with white. I painted the Horror's eye and tongue blue, as if a pair of Blue Horrors are trying to burst out of it.

REALM OF LIGHT



The Horror on this page is fighting in the Realm of Shadow, and I wanted it to look like a magical ball of darkness, but with a hint of pink to its skin. I picked much darker colours for this Horror, using Nuln Oil to keep the base colours dark so that the final highlights would contrast with them. I also freehanded some runes onto the Horror's skin using Fulgrim Pink. These I saw as Tzeentch's influence slowly

infecting the Realm of Shadow and asserting itself over the magic there. The symbols are copied from the Ogroid Thaumaturge model, which has loads of interesting runes all over it. The last touch was the metalwork on the Horror's vambraces and bangles. I picked Iron Hands Steel as the basecoat and washed it twice with Nuln Oil to make it look really muted.

REALM OF SHADOW



1
Undercoat: Chaos Black
Citadel Spray Paint



4
Layer: Screamer Pink
M Layer



7
Layer: Fulgrim Pink
XS Artificer Layer



2
Basecoat: Barak-Nar Burgundy
L Base



5
Layer: Pink Horror
S Layer



8
Layer: White Scar
XS Artificer Layer



3
Wash: Nuln Oil
L Shade



6
Layer: Emperor's Children
XS Artificer Layer

TIME FOR A CHANGE

If you're excited about painting an army of Tzeentch, but you're not sure where to begin, then why not take a look at the Warhammer TV YouTube channel? On there you will find painting guides for Pink Horrors, Blue Horrors, Screamers, Flamers, Kairic Acolytes, Tzeentch-marked Chaos Knights and Warriors, the Gaunt Summoner and Lord of Change, magical smoke and even a Shattered Dominion board. Seems like the Changer of the Ways is a fan of social media ...



PAINTING BLUE HORRORS

Just like the Pink Horrors on the previous page, I wanted this Blue Horror to come from a specific realm. This time, I picked the Realm of Beasts.

In the real world, animals often display a type of camouflage called countershading, in which their skin, fur or feathers are darker on the upper side and lighter on the underside of the body. I wanted to apply this look to a Blue Horror to show that its magical nature has been affected by the bestial magic of the Realm of Beasts. Admittedly, this was much harder to do on a flailing Horror than it would have been on a conventional animal, but I was willing to give it a go!

After undercoating the model with Corax White, I started marking out the line where dark blue skin would end and light blue skin would begin. On the main body, this was

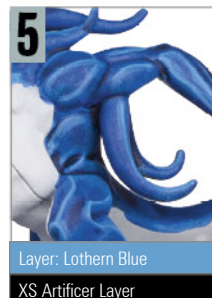
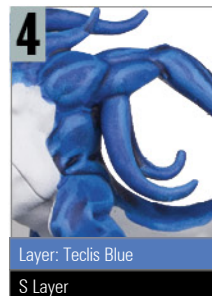
quite easy – I just painted around the Horror's face (or belly depending on how you look at it). For the arms and legs, I painted the outsides, but not the insides. It takes a little bit of getting used to painting this way, but if you start from the hands (they're flat, so it's easy to tell what's the inside and what's the outside) and work up towards the body, it's much easier. I painted the top of the tail and the Horror's tentacles dark, too. To give the Blue Horror an even more bestial appearance, I also added a freehand pattern to its back. Once all the dark areas were complete, I tidied up a few lines with Corax White, then painted the lighter underside using the colours shown below.

The finishing touches were the flames and dagger. The flames are painted with Fire Dragon Bright and Fulgrim Pink, then shaded with Fuegan Orange. The dagger is painted as bone – another link to the Realm of Beasts.

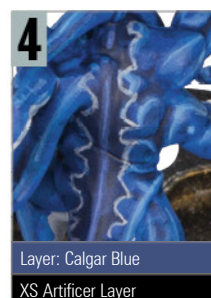
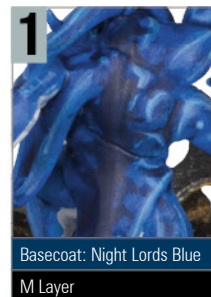
REALM OF BEASTS



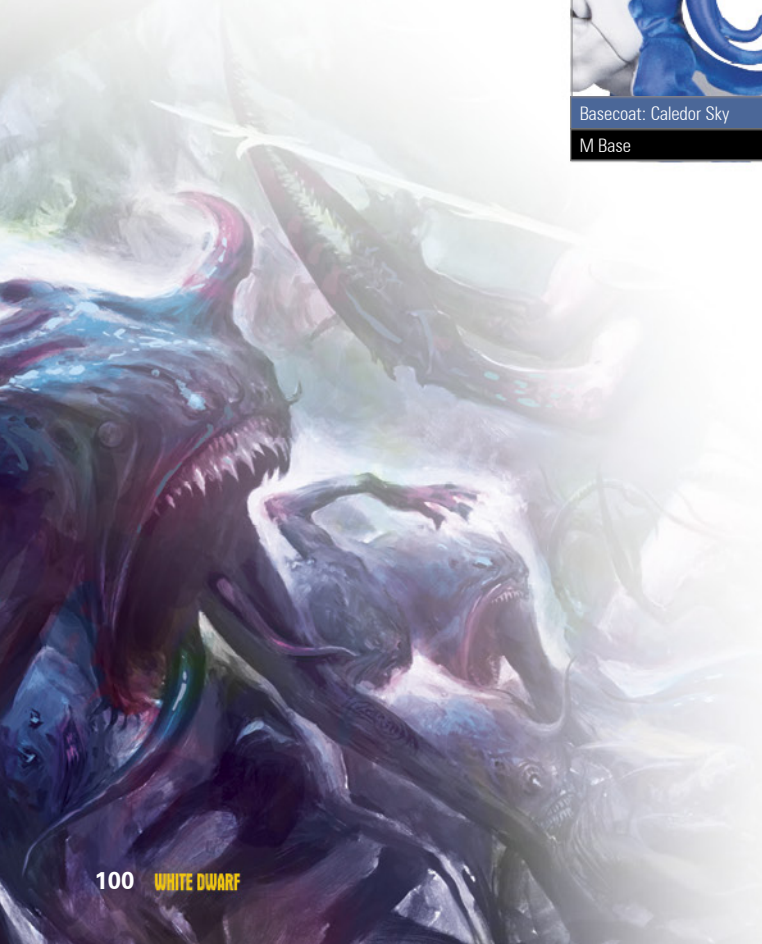
DARK-BLUE BACK



PATTERN



PALE-BLUE FRONT



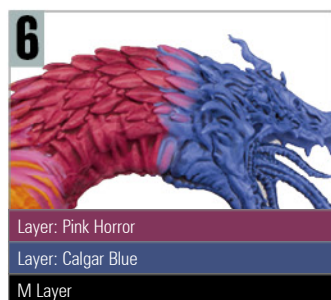
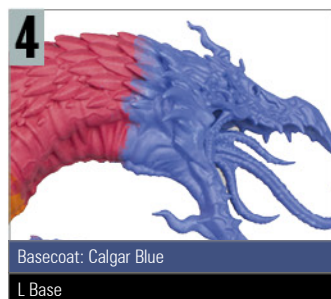
TRI-COLOUR FIRE

My goal with this Daemonic Simulacrum spell was to show that not all fire is orange. Tzeentch is all about constant change, and I wanted this spell to look like it was midway through a transformation, like it was evolving from a magical flame into the visage of a Lord of Change. I chose orange as the traditional flame colour, plus pink and blue as they are the two colours most closely associated with Tzeentch's minions.

Once the basecoats were applied, I washed each colour to give them depth (stage 5), then started blending them together to show the colour transition. Stages 5 and 6 below take a bit of back and forth to get right – you need to apply blue into the recesses of the pink feathers, then paint pink onto the raised areas of the blue feathers. At the other end of the pink section, you need to paint pink into the recesses of the fire and orange onto the pink feathers. A few final highlights and drybrushes help add definition to the colours on the spell.



MAGICAL FLAMES



BETRAYAL AT ITHRACA



JASON LEE & OWEN PATTEN

Jason and Owen are long-time adversaries and have played many battles of Adeptus Titanicus against each other. This will be their largest battle to date.

During the era of the Great Crusade, the Emperor's armies were supported by the god-machines of the Legio Titanicus. With their formidable firepower, these huge war constructs could obliterate enemy formations and reducing entire city blocks to rubble with a single salvo. When the renowned Warmaster Horus turned against the Emperor, he led not only Space Marine Legions and Imperial Army groups into rebellion, but Titan Legions, too. It wasn't long before the Titans went to war against each other, marching in their hundreds in huge battles that raged for weeks on end.

And that's what this month's Battle Report is all about. Two Titan Legions – the loyalist Legio Praesagius and the treacherous Legio Infernus (formerly the Legio Suturvora) are going to war, commanded by Princeps Seniores Owen Patten and Jason Lee, respectively.

THE THEATRE OF WAR

Jason and Owen will be fighting the Betrayal at Ithraca mission from the *Shadow and Iron* campaign book, albeit with a few minor adjustments to accommodate their existing collections. Jason is including a Knight Banner in his force, for example, while Owen is using a selection of Titans from his collection, not just Warlords. You can see their army lists over the page, and the full rules for the scenario on [pages 106-107](#).

There are two key special rules in this scenario. Firstly, the attackers (in this case, Jason) can return destroyed units to the battlefield, representing reinforcements from the Legio Infernus joining the fight. The defender (Owen), can share the void shields on his Titans as long as they are in base contact with each other. The Legio Praesagius will be a tough nut to crack, but the Legio Infernus are nothing if not zealous!

On the surface of Calth, the Titans of the Legio Infernus have declared their allegiance to the Warmaster and turned on their fellow god-machines of the Legio Praesagius. In a bid to save the Legio from destruction, a valiant Praesagius rearguard fights to hold the line.



'All power to the locomotors!' yelled Princeps Chrysaor. 'Bring us into cover!' The moderati below him nodded an affirmative and moved his hand deftly across the motive controllers of the Warlord Titan Honores Verax. A deep thrum reverberated through the Titan's superstructure as the reactor powered up, sending power to the war machine's legs. The Titan strode into the city, crushing the streets of Ithraca beneath its colossal feet.

'On my mark, full stop and divert power to the shields,' ordered the Princeps. Both moderati nodded assent this time, then complied with the Princeps' instructions. Honores Verax slowed, then planted both feet solidly in the ground. There was a distinctive whine as the shields powered up to their maximum capacity. From the outside, the Titan appeared to shimmer in the dawn light.

'Contact made,' came a voice over the vox. It was Ceto, Princeps of the Reaver Titan Deliverance. 'Infernus marches against us. Two Warlord-class engines sighted. Confirmed as Ardent Dominus and ... Gehenna. Sending data now.' A stream of information spooled across Chrysaor's command terminal. He took it all in at a glance. He knew these god-machines well – he had fought alongside them once. The fury of betrayal still burned deep inside him. Honores Verax shared his anger, the temperature of the Titan's reactor rising as the Princeps relived the moment that Legio Suturvora – now renamed the Legio Infernus – turned traitor.

But Chrysaor did not have time to reflect on past treacheries. More Infernus war machines were appearing on the auspex. Battle would soon be joined.













LEGIO INFERNUS THE FIRE MASTERS

<p> Igniculus 310</p> <p>Reaver Battle Titan (Venator Maniple) Laser blaster (L arm) Volcano cannon (R arm) Apocalypse missile launcher (C) Legio-specific wargear: Dark Blessing Personal trait: Methodical</p>	<p> Ardeo & Peruro 450</p> <p>2 Warhound Scout Titans (Venator Maniple) 2 Vulcan mega-bolters Inferno Gun and Plasma blastgun Legio-specific wargear: Clinging Phosphex</p>
<p> Gehenna 480</p> <p>Warlord Battle Titan 2 Macro-gatling blasters (L+R arms) Paired gatling blaster (C) Legio-specific wargear: Dark Blessing</p>	<p> Leto & Caedo 450</p> <p>2 Warhound Scout Titans (Venator Maniple) 2 Plasma blastguns Vulcan mega-bolter and turbo laser destructor</p>
<p> Ignis Regem 495</p> <p>Warlord Battle Titan 2 Sunfury plasma annihilators (L+R arms) Vulcan mega-bolter array (C) Legio-specific wargear: Dark Blessing</p>	<p> Agvain's Marauders 245</p> <p>5 Knights Questoris</p> <p>Legio: Legio Infernus Legio Alliance: Traitor Maniple: Venator Light Maniple Maniple trait: Opportunistic Strike Knight Household: House Mordred</p>
<p> Ardenti Dominus 475</p> <p>Warlord Battle Titan Mori quake cannon (L arm) Belicosa Volcano cannon (R arm) Paired apocalypse missile launchers (C)</p>	
<p> Tenebris Proles 510</p> <p>Warlord Battle Titan 2 Belicosa Volcano cannons (L+R arms) Paired apocalypse missile launchers (C)</p>	

Battle Rating: 3415 points



LEGIO PRAESAGIUS THE TRUE MESSENGERS

<p> Honores Verax 510</p> <p>Warlord Battle Titan (Myrmidon Maniple) 2 Belicosa volcano cannons (L+R arms) Apocalypse missile launchers (C) Personal trait: Crusader</p>	<p> Fortitudo Domitor 395</p> <p>Nemesis Warbringer Titan Volcano cannon (L arm) Laser blaster (R arm) Quake cannon (C)</p>
<p> Ecocatus 525</p> <p>Warlord Battle Titan (Myrmidon Maniple) 2 Belicosa volcano cannons (L+R arms) Paired gatling blasters (C)</p>	<p> Ursa Praedo Banner 250</p> <p>3 Cerastus Knights</p>
<p> Gyrfalcon 310</p> <p>Reaver Battle Titan (Myrmidon Maniple) Laser blaster (L arm) Volcano cannon (R arm) Apocalypse missile launcher (C)</p>	<p> Belua Praedo Banner 350</p> <p>2 Knights Porphyrian</p> <p>Legio: Legio Praesagius Legio Alliance: Loyalist Maniple: Myrmidon Battleline Maniple Maniple trait: Overwhelming Firepower Knight Household: House Vornherr</p>
<p> Sullis Vestra 320</p> <p>Reaver Battle Titan (Myrmidon Maniple) Melta cannon (L arm) Gatling blaster (R arm) Turbo laser destructor (C)</p>	
<p> Deliverance 300</p> <p>Reaver Battle Titan Gatling blaster (L arm) Laser blaster (R arm) Apocalypse missile launcher (C)</p>	

Battle Rating: 3130 points

BETRAYAL AT ITHRACA: HOLDING THE LINE

This mission represents the valiant defence offered by the 'Nine Paragons of Ithraca', where nine Legio Praesagius Warlords sacrificed themselves to delay the advance of Legio Sutturvora. Chosen as the mustering point for the principal strength of both Legio Praesagius and Legio Sutturvora, the barren lands surrounding Ithraca City played host to over 200 god-engines drawn from both Legios. Mustered in preparation for an assault upon the Ork-infested Ghaslakh xenos hold, the two forces were, to all appearances, allies in both purpose and belief. This was to be proven false as the *Arutan*, a colossal orbital lifter bearing much of Legio Praesagius' strength, took to the air and the flow of information from Calth's planetary data manifold fell silent, cutting off communication across the planet. As many force commanders sought to re-establish contact with the network, Legio Sutturvora awoke, reactors flaring into life even as fire rained from the sky.

The opening salvo of orbital fire was both precise and deadly, laying waste to key infrastructure across the city of Ithraca and felling the *Arutan*, the vessel ploughing into the ground and carving a destructive furrow in the city below. As confusion reigned amongst the Loyalists, the Fire Masters bellowed their triumph, marching upon those True Messengers still present upon the muster fields. Unaware of the danger about to befall them, a score of Titans fell to the weapons fire of their once-allies before a response could be mounted. Were it a less disciplined Legio, it is likely that the True Messengers would have fallen that day. Instead, those of Legio Praesagius that still stood formed into a defensive position, the larger Warlords locking shields to protect those weakened by the onslaught unleashed by the advancing Fire Masters. Together, these Warlords marched to meet the assault of their new foes, offering their lives to cover the retreat of their Legio.

Battlegroups

One player controls the Legio Praesagius forces, while their opponent controls those of Legio Sutturvora. Each player selects a battlegroup as described on page 53 of the *Adeptus Titanicus* rulebook. The Legio Praesagius player's force should have a Battle Rating of up to 2,500 points and can only include Warlord Titans, while the Legio Sutturvora player's Battle Rating should be up to 3,000 points. Each force must consist of at least one maniple, plus any reinforcements. Neither side can include Knight Banners.

DESIGNER'S NOTE:

The Nine Paragons of Ithraca

Historically it was the Nine Warlords of Legio Praesagius that marched against the Fire Masters in order to buy time for the rest of their Legio to retreat into the streets of Ithraca. If the players wish, the Legio Praesagius player can build a Battlegroup of nine Warlord Titans armed as they see fit. The Legio Sutturvora player should then have a Battle Rating equal to 500 points more than the Legio Praesagius player. It should be noted that such a battle would be a large one and ideal for several players, or a gaming club, wishing for a grand affair.

Battlefield

The battle is played on a 6'x4' board. The battlefield represents the barren plains surrounding Ithraca and should be set up with rocky outcrops, cracked ground and piles of rubble representing those Titans already destroyed.

Stratagems

The Legio Praesagius player has no Stratagems for this battle. The Legio Sutturvora player has 2 points to spend on Stratagems (see page 64 of the *Adeptus Titanicus* rulebook). They may not choose any Ground Assets or Tertiary Objectives Stratagems.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

Paragon's Bastion: Those Warlord Titans of Legio Praesagius that survived the Fire Masters' first onslaught shielded the retreat of the rest of their Legion. For the duration of the battle, Legio Praesagius Titans may share void shields as if they were part of the same squadron.

Traitorous Ambush: Unprepared for the betrayal perpetrated by their supposed allies, the god-engines of Legio Praesagius suffered significant damage before they could answer in kind. After deployment, but before the game has started, roll a D6 for each of the Legio Praesagius player's Titans. On a 1-3, the Titan lowers its Void Shield level by D6. On a 4-6, a random location loses D3+1 points of Structure or, if it is a weapon, it is disabled. This damage can cause Critical Damage if there are no Structure points left at the location indicated but cannot result in Catastrophic Damage. If a roll would cause Catastrophic Damage, any excess damage is ignored.

Till Duty's End: The Warlords of Legio Praesagius know they cannot survive and must fight until the bitter end to ensure they do not die in vain. For the duration of the battle, Legio Praesagius Titans ignore the effects of Critical Damage to their Head and Legs.

Tide of Traitors: The majority of the Fire Masters advance upon their once-allies with numbers far greater than their foes. In the End phase of each round, the Traitor player chooses up to 600 points of their force that has been destroyed and places it back on the battlefield within 6" of their battlefield edge.

Deployment

The Legio Praesagius player deploys their forces within 6" of a long battlefield edge of their choice. The Legio Sutturvora player then deploys their forces within 6" of the opposite battlefield edge.

The First Round

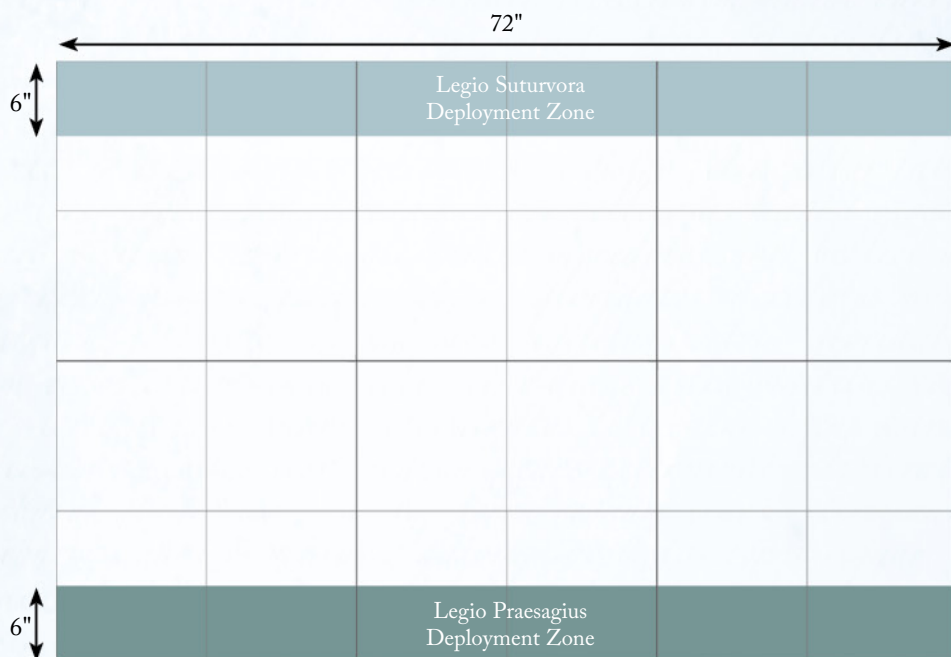
In the first round, both players roll off to see who takes the Opus Titanicus.

Battle Length

The battle lasts for seven rounds, after which either the Legio Praesagius force has delayed their foe long enough for others to escape or the Legio Sutturvora have broken through with little delay. If all the units controlled by either player are destroyed at any point before this, the battle ends immediately.

Victory

At the end of the battle, if less than 25% of the total points value of the Legio Praesagius force remains on the battlefield, the game is a draw. If all the Legio Praesagius Titans have been destroyed, the Legio Sutturvora player is victorious. Otherwise, the Legio Praesagius player is victorious.



DEPLOYMENT: TRAITOROUS AMBUSH

As the Titans of the Legio Praesagius prepare to sell their lives dearly, the treacherous Legio Infernus begin their advance. Their arrival in Ithraça is heralded by long-range artillery bombardments.

Owen deploys first, placing the Warlord Titan *Honores Verax* (1) to the north-west, along with the Reaver Titans *Sullis Vestra* (2) and *Gyrfalcon* (3). The *Lupus Praedo* banner of Cerastus Knights stand to their west (4).

The *Belua Praedo* banner of Knights Porphyriion stand on the north edge of the battlefield behind a complex of buildings (5).

The Warlord Titan *Ecocatus* (6) stands to the east, flanked by the Reaver Titan *Deliverance* (7) and the Nemesis Warbringer *Fortitudo Domitor* (8). They are joined by the *Ursa Praedo* banner (9).

Jason deploys his units second. He places *Agvain's Marauders* on the far western flank (10), with the Warhound Titans *Ardeo* (11) and *Peruro* (12) nearby.

He deploys the Warlord Titan *Tenebris Proles* (13) where it has a good line of sight to both of Jason's Titan groups.

The centre of Jason's line is dominated by the Warlord Titan *Ignis Regem* (14), the Reaver Titan *Igniculus* piloted by his Princeps Seniores (15), the Warhound Titans *Leto* (16) and *Caedo* (17) and the Warlord Titan *Gehenna* (18).

The Warlord Titan *Ardenti Dominus* (19) deploys on the eastern end of Jason's battleline.

Princeps Seniores Chrysaor of the Legio Praesagius moved his Warlord Titan into position, the huge war machine only a few yards away from the Reaver Titans in his maniple. As the god-machines drew closer, their void shields overlapped, forming one huge bubble of energy that sparked and crackled around them. To the east, *Ecocatus* was enacting the same protocol, having moved to stand between *Deliverance* and *Fortitudo Domitor*. Their void shields merged with a distinctive snap.

Chrysaor looked over his rearguard force. There were just six Titans and seven Knights under his command – a small force, but hopefully they would be able to give the rest of the Legio

Praesagius time to escape the guns of the traitorous Legio Infernus.

The Princeps Seniores checked his many data terminals once again. His Titans were in position, but their guns were still coming online, their reactors cold. Knowing they had the upper hand, the Legio Infernus were pressing the advantage, firing at Chrysaor's battlegroup before they could fire back. Warning lights lit up his terminals as the first shots found their marks. Chrysaor watched aghast as shot after shot slammed into his Titans, every one of them bypassing their shields. He wondered what madness had overcome the Legio Infernus. He would not have to wait long to find out. In the distance, Legio Infernus advanced.





ARTILLERY BOMBARDMENT

According to the scenario, Jason can spend 2 Stratagem points before the game. He spent them on an Artillery Bombardment (page 64 of the *Adeptus Titanicus* rulebook), as he felt it was thematic to the mission that he and Owen were playing. Combined with the Traitorous Ambush special rule (see previous page), Jason planned to give Owen's Titans a pummeling before the first shots were even fired!



Plasma Reactor

Void Shield

+++ Incoming Data: Sullis Vestra +++

- > All Legio Praesagius Titans taking damage.
- > Void shields bypassed.
- > Fortitudo Domitor reports damage to cockpit.
- > Ecocatus and Deliverance report severe damage to legs.
- > Gyrfalcon and Honores Verax report damage to torsos.
- > Sullis Vestra reporting severe damage to torso.
- > Advise further action.

BATTLE ROUND ONE: FIRST TO FALL

Legio Infernus begin their advance on the Legio Praesagius, but they find their foes unflinching in defence. The True Messengers respond with firepower that could flatten a city.

PARAGON'S BASTION

During this battle, Owen's Titans can share their void shields as if they are part of the same squadron. The only restriction is that they must remain in base contact to do so, and it's for this reason that Owen's Titans are so closely clustered around each other.

The trio of Titans to the east share a grand total of seventeen void shields, making it extremely tough for Jason to penetrate them, especially considering his Traitorous Ambush didn't take down any shields at the start of the game. The Reavers and Warlord to the west are an equally daunting prospect, with sixteen void shields to knock down before any damage can be done to them. Perhaps Owen has a chance after all!

Princeps Zaelor of the Legio Infernus watched in anticipation as his battlegroup advanced on the Legio Praesagius. To the east, *Gehenna* advanced alongside *Leto* and *Caedo*. To the west, the Warhounds *Ardeo* and *Peruro* were attempting to outflank the Legio Praesagius' commander.

A sudden flash of light announced that *Leto* and *Caedo* were being shot at by a pair of Knights Porphyron in the far distance. The Warhounds' void shields sparked furiously, then exploded, leaving the war engines vulnerable. Zaelor did not have time to watch over his lesser charges, however. Nearby, the Warlord Titan *Tenebris Proles* was engaging *Honores Verax* at long range, but the Legio Praesagius Titans had combined their void shields, making them virtually impossible to penetrate. Zaelor added the firepower of *Igniculus* – his own Titan – to the onslaught. The enemy's shields flared, and Zaelor could feel the rage of their Titans as their reactors began to overheat.

Yet the Legio Praesagius were clearly not giving up without a fight. Several shots found *Ardeo* and *Peruro*, but the majority of their firepower was aimed at *Ignis Regem*, which had advanced at full stride to get its plasma annihilators in range. With deadly precision, the Legio Praesagius targeted the Warlord's torso, their missiles shorting out the Titan's shields before their volcano cannons detonated its magazine. *Ignis Regem* disappeared in a colossal nuclear explosion.



Owen's Princeps and his maniple (1) come under attack from *Tenebris Proles* and *Igniculus*. Their combined sixteen void shields are reduced to just one (on *Honores Verax*) by the barrage of firepower aimed at them (2).

They soon return fire, aiming the majority of their shots at the Warlord Titan *Ignis Regem* on account of 'Owen having a bad experience with plasma once'.

+++ Strategic Update +++

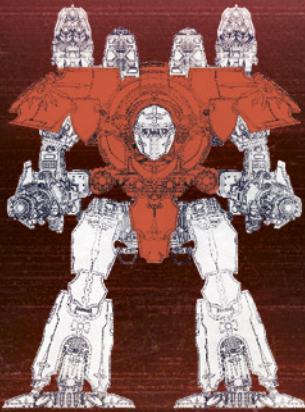
Legio Infernus

- > Igniculus: First Fire.
- > Tenebris Proles: First Fire.
- > Ardenti Dominus: First Fire.
- > Gehenna: Full Stride.
- > Ignis Regem: Full Stride.
- > Ardeo and Peruro: Full Stride.
- > Agvain's Marauders: Full Stride.
- > Leto and Caedo: Full Stride.

Legio Praesagius

- > Honores Verax: First Fire.
- > Gyrfalcon: First Fire.
- > Sullis Vestra: First Fire.
- > Fortitudo Domitor: First Fire order failed ...
- > Ecocatus: no orders ...
- > Deliverance: no orders ...
- > Ursa Praedo Banner: no orders ...
- > Lupus Praedo Banner: no orders ...
- > Belua Praedo Banner: no orders ...





CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor +++ Incoming Transmission: Ignis Regem +++

Void Shield

- > Incoming missile fire. Voids to full!
- > Push the reactor - all power to the locomotors.
- > Incoming missile fire. Void shields down!
- > Critical damage to body from Honores Verax volcano cannons.
- > Critical damage to body from Gyrfalcon volcano cannon. Reactor leak and VSG burnout.
- > Critical damage to body from Sullis Vestra turbo laser destructor. Magazine hit. Detonation imminent!

The combined first fire of *Honores Verax*, *Gyrfalcon* and *Sullis Vestra* overload the shields of *Ignis Regem* (3). Owen then fires at the Warlord Titan again in the Combat phase, aiming every shot he has at the Titan's body. Following a string of critical hits, the Legio Infernus Titan's magazine explodes.

The Warhounds *Leto* and *Caedo* move at full stride, followed closely by the Warlord Titan *Gehenna* (4). All three send power to their locomotors in a bid to close the distance with the Legio Praesagius. Both Warhounds are subsequently hit by the two Knights Porphyron. Their void shields are knocked out, but the Titans are unharmed.



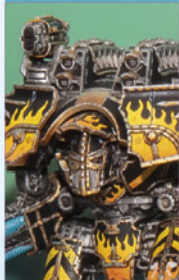
To the west, *Ardeo* and *Peruro* lead *Agvain's Marauders* into the industrial complex (5). Owen moves his Cerastus Knights banner to intercept them, but only knocks down a single shield on the Warhounds.

BATTLE ROUND TWO: SHIELDS OF FAITH

With enemy fire coming from all directions, and the Warhound Titans of the Legio Infernus nipping at their heels, the Titans of the Legio Praesagius raise their shields and prepare for the oncoming storm.

TIDE OF TRAITORS

In this scenario, the Legio Infernus far outnumber the rearguard of the Legio Praesagius. For this reason, Jason can bring back up to 600 points of his force at the end of each round, representing the next wave of treacherous Titans joining the battle. The first god-engine to reappear is the Warlord armed with sunfury plasma annihilators, who was destroyed in the first round by Owen's Myrmidon maniple. Now renamed *Impetu Solis*, the Titan deploys in the south-east corner of the battlefield.



Chrysaor ordered his servitor clades to make immediate repairs to *Honores Verax*, while next to him *Sullis Vestra* fought to re-engage its shields. Their flank was taking the worst of the enemy fire; following the destruction of *Ignis Regem*, the Legio Infernus were out for blood.

Sending orders across the vox, Chrysaor bade the Knights Porphyrior of House Vornherr to engage the Warhound Titans advancing up the centre of the battlefield. As their magna lascannons tore the Warhounds apart, Chrysaor directed the firepower of his own maniple at the Warhounds trying to outflank them. Several Knights of House Mordred were caught in the crossfire, but miraculously the two Warhounds survived. Their return firepower was just enough to tear down the shields that protected the Legio Praesagius Titans. Almost immediately, warning messages began to appear on Chrysaor's MIU as the Legio Infernus Titans opened fire. *Honores Verax* shuddered as it was hit by the volcano cannons of *Tenebris Proles*, the first shots causing critical damage to the Warlord Titan's torso, the second barrage disabling one of its own volcano cannons. *Sullis Vestra* suffered a far worse fate, however. Blasted from its feet by the Princeps Seniores of the Legio Infernus, the Reaver Titan toppled over, its guns blazing as it fell. Chrysaor groaned as he surveyed the carnage – *Sullis Vestra* had destroyed two of House Vornherr's Knights as it fell, leaving the western flank wide open to attack.



CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor
Void Shield

+++ Incoming Transmission:
Leto +++

- > Caedo destroyed following magazine detonation.
- > Taking damage from Knights Porphyrior. Damage critical.

+++ Strategic Update +++

Legio Infernus

- > Igniculus: First Fire.
- > Tenebris Proles: First Fire.
- > Ardent Dominus: First Fire.
- > Gehenna: Full Stride order failed ...
- > Impetu Solis: no orders ...
- > Ardeo and Peruro: no orders ...
- > Agvain's Marauders: no orders ...
- > Leto and Caedo: no orders ...

Legio Praesagius

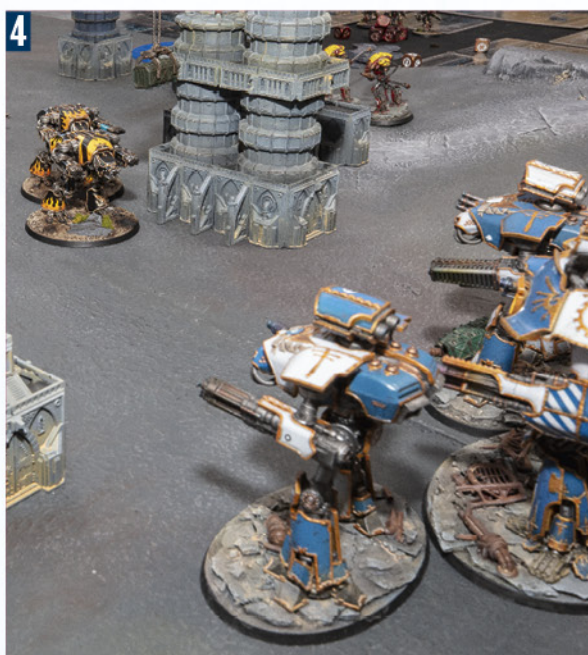
- > Honores Verax: Emergency Repairs.
- > Sullis Vestra: First Fire.
- > Gyrfalcon: Emergency Repairs.
- > Deliverance: First Fire.
- > Ecocatus: First Fire.
- > Belua Praedo Banner: First Fire.
- > Ursa Praedo Banner: Full Stride.
- > Lupus Praedo Banner: Charge order failed ...
- > Fortitudo Domitor: no orders ...



With their shields down, *Leto* and *Caedo* are targeted by the Knights Porphyron (1) and taken out of action.

Gyrfalcon fires its volcano cannon at the Warhound Titans on the western flank. The shot scatters and obliterates three Knights instead (2).

A new Warlord Titan arrives on the battlefield and is immediately ambushed by the *Lupus Praedo* banner (3). They cannot charge because Owen failed the command check to issue them an order.



CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor ●

Void Shield ●

+++ Incoming Transmission: Sullis Vestra +++

- > Shields taking hits from Tenebris Proles. Holding.
- > Push the reactor - voids to full! Repairs ... failed.
- > Shields taking hits from Ardeo. Shields down.
- > Critical damage to legs from Igniculus volcano cannon. Destabilising, damage fatal!

Honores Verax, fires at *Ardeo* and *Peruro* (4), stripping away their shields and leaving *Ardeo* critically damaged. The Warhounds respond, shorting out the shields on the Legio Praesagius Titans. Igniculus makes the most of the shield blowout and blasts off *Sullis Vestra*'s leg. The Reaver Titan staggers, fires, and wipes out the *Lupus Praedo* banner in the process.

+++ Incoming Transmission: Legio Praesagius Battlegroup Status +++

Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●
Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●

+++ Incoming Transmission: Legio Infernus Battlegroup Status +++

Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●
Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●

+++ War Engine Status Update +++

- > Honores Verax: Critical damage to body.
- > Deliverance: Significant damage to legs.
- > Sullis Vestra: Destroyed.
- > Gyrfalcon: Significant damage to body.
- > Igniculus: Reactor overheating.
- > Tenebris Proles: Reactor overheating.
- > Ardeo: Critical damage to body.
- > Leto and Caedo: Destroyed.

BATTLE ROUND THREE: REACTOR LEAKS

As their shields begin to fail, the Titans of the Legio Praesagius push their reactors to capacity in a desperate bid to hold off the encroaching war machines of the Legio Infernus.

NEW ARRIVALS

Following the deaths of the Leto and Caedo in the previous round, a new pair of Warhound Titans turned up to replace them. Feeling his war on the western flank was going well, Jason deployed *Fornax* and *Incus* to the eastern end of the battlefield where they could help *Impetu Solis* eliminate the Knights Cerastus.

Honores Verax shook violently as an artillery barrage struck its shields. Chrysaor's crew were fighting a losing battle against the damage his Titan was taking, but they were still in the fight. Bringing his belicosa volcano cannon back online, Chrysaor prepared to target the Warhound Titans that were plaguing his flank of the battlefield.

Yet even as he calculated a firing solution, his MIU lit up with target locks. The closest Warhound overloaded the shields that protected the Legio Praesagius Titans. Almost immediately, a volcano cannon shot smashed into *Honores Verax*'s torso, fired by the distant Reaver Titan of the Legio Infernus. Warning lights lit up Chrysaor's cockpit

as his Titan reeled. Further shots found their mark, fired by the treacherous *Tenebris Proles*. Chrysaor order emergency repairs and somehow brought his Titan's reactor leak under control and stabilised the void shield generator.

His emergency repairs did not last long. The Legio Infernus opened up once again, their firepower hammering the Legio Praesagius rearguard. The last surviving Knights of House Vornherr were obliterated, and *Ecocatus*' taskforce to the east took punishing fire that almost stripped them of their shields. Chrysaor's own god-machine took the worst of the enemy fire, though, *Honores Verax* left barely standing by the fusillade of fire aimed at it.

+++ Incoming Transmission: Legio Praesagius Battlegroup Status +++

Honores Verax	Ecocatus	Fortitudo Domitor	Deliverance	Sullis Vestra	Gyrfalcon
Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●
Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●

+++ War Engine Status Update +++

- > Honores Verax: Vent plasma. Bring volcano cannon back on line. Repair reactor leak.
- > Gyrfalcon: Raise shields.
- > Ecocatus: Raise shields.
- > Igniculus: Repairs failed. Reactor overload. Power failure.
- > Tenebris Proles: Vent plasma.
- > Ardeo: Plasma leak. Reactor meltdown. Destroyed.

+++ Incoming Transmission: Legio Infernus Battlegroup Status +++

Igniculus	Gehenna	Ardenti Dominus	Tenebris Proles	Ardeo	Peruro	Impetu Solis	Fornax	Incus
Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●
Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●



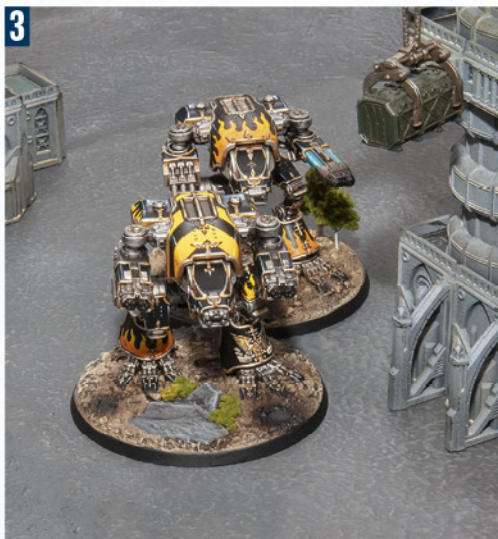
+++ Strategic Update +++

Legio Infernus

- > Igniculus: First Fire.
- > Fornax and Incus: First Fire.
- > Tenebris Proles: First Fire.
- > Ardent Dominus: First Fire.
- > Gehenna: First Fire.
- > Peruro: Emergency Repairs.
- > Agvain's Marauders: Full Stride
- > Impetu Solis: Orders not required.

Legio Praesagius

- > Honores Verax: Emergency Repairs.
- > Gyrfalcon: Emergency Repairs order failed ...
- > Sullis Vestra: no orders ...
- > Deliverance: no orders ...
- > Ecocatus: no orders ...
- > Belua Praedo Banner: no orders ...
- > Ursa Praedo Banner: no orders ...
- > Lupus Praedo Banner: no orders ...
- > Fortitudo Domitor: no orders ...



The Warhound Titans *Fornax* and *Incus* join the battle alongside *Impetu Solis* in the south-east corner of the battlefield (1). Between them they wipe out the Knights Cerastus.

Gehenna targets the Knights Porphyron (2), obliterating one and crippling the other. *Igniculus* blasts the second Porphyron apart, but it pushes its reactor into the red in the process.

Ardeo uses the First Fire order to take down *Honores Verax's* shields with its Vulcan megabolter (3). *Igniculus* uses the Opportunistic Strike maniple ability to fire its volcano cannon, causing both a devastating and a critical hit to *Honores Verax's* body. *Ardeo* then suffers a reactor leak and collapses.

Peruro is hit by both *Honores Verax* and *Gyrfalcon*, but incredibly survives the barrage of shots (4). However, its legs are pushed onto the critical damage tracker.

Plasma Reactor

Void Shield

+++ Incoming Data: Igniculus +++

- > Reactor overheating.
- > Void shields collapsed.
- > Structural damage to body.
- > Laser blaster disabled.

Plasma Reactor

Void Shield

+++ Incoming Data: Honores Verax +++

- > Void shields collapsed.
- > Critical damage to head. Disruptive MIU feedback.
- > Critical damage to body. Reactor leak. VSG Burnout.
- > Critical damage to legs. Stabilisers damaged.

BATTLE ROUND FOUR: TITANDEATH

With their reactors in the red and their shields failing, the Legio Praesagius know that their time is almost up. They must do whatever it takes to hold the line and stop the Legio Infernus!

THE HOUNDS OF WAR

Following the destruction of *Ardeo* in the previous round, the Warhound Titan returned to the battlefield in the south-east corner, now renamed *Arulam*. It immediately moved at full stride towards the enemy lines, pushing its reactor to get as close as it could to the *Nemesis Warbringer*.

Zaelor fired, then fired again. The volcano canon of his Reaver Titan, *Igniculus*, glowed red hot. The reactor of his Titan was overheating dangerously. Warning lights flared across his MIU. Zaelor did not care. The enemy were holding their ground, the rest of the Legio Praesagius escaping into the night. Zaelor had to destroy these last few war machines and continue the assault.

To the east, *Tenebris Proles* was engaging *Chrysaor's* Warlord at range, hammering the Praesagius Titan with its colossal firepower. Zaelor could tell that *Honores Verax* would not last much longer. The Reaver Titan clinging desperately to it was on its last legs, too, and Zaelor fired into it as its shields

collapsed once more, his shot hitting the Titan clean in the head. Unbelievably, the god-machine stayed standing.

A sudden flash lit up his MIU, and Zaelor turned to watch as the void shields protecting the Titans to the east collapsed dramatically. Almost immediately, *Ardenti Dominus* fired on the Warlord known as *Ecocatus*, obliterating half the war machine's torso and causing its magazine to explode. The explosion damaged the other Legio Praesagius Titans nearby. Zaelor grinned with feral delight as the Warlord fell, then roared with unsuppressed emotion as *Tenebris Proles* finally felled *Honores Verax*. There were just three enemy Titans left standing. Victory was in Zaelor's grasp.



CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor
Void Shield

+++ Incoming Transmission: **Ecocatus** +++

- > Taking fire from *Gehenna*, shields failing.
- > Severe damage to body.
- > Critical damage to body from *Ardenti Dominus*.
- > Magazine detonation immi-

+++ Strategic Update +++

Legio Infernus

- > *Igniculus*: Emergency Repairs.
- > *Tenebris Proles*: First Fire.
- > *Ardenti Dominus*: First Fire.
- > *Impetu Solis*: Full Stride.
- > *Fornax and Incus*: Full Stride.
- > *Arulam*: Full Stride.
- > *Gehenna*: Orders not required.
- > *Agvain's Marauders*: no orders ...
- > *Peruro*: no orders ...

Legio Praesagius

- > *Honores Verax*: Emergency Repairs.
- > *Fortitudo Domitor*: First Fire.
- > *Gyrfalcon*: Emergency Repairs.
- > *Ecocatus*: First Fire order failed ...
- > *Deliverance*: no orders ...



Owen raises the shields on *Gyrfalcon*, knowing that if *Peruro* knocks them down, *Igniculus* will have to fire at his Reaver instead of his Warlord (1). This is exactly what happens! While *Gyrfalcon* is hammered by *Igniculus*, *Honores Verax* is blasted from its feet by *Tenebris Proles*.

Jason uses *Gehenna*'s gatling blasters to take down *Ecocatus*' shields and those of all the other nearby Titans (2). He then fires the Warlord's macro-gatling blasters at *Ecocatus*, causing enough damage to push the Titan's body onto the critical damage tracker. *Ardeni Dominus* (3) takes full advantage of this and aims its quake cannon at *Ecocatus*' body, detonating the Titan's magazine.

Peruro's reign of terror finally ends as it is targeted by *Gyrfalcon* (4). The Warhound suffers a catastrophic meltdown that kills a nearby Knight.



CRITICAL HIT!

+++ Incoming Transmission: Plasma Reactor Void Shield
Honores Verax +++

> Incoming fire from Tenebris Proles. Shields down.

> Repair reactor leak, vent plasma.

> Shields up on Gyrfalcon.

> Shields taken down by Peruro.

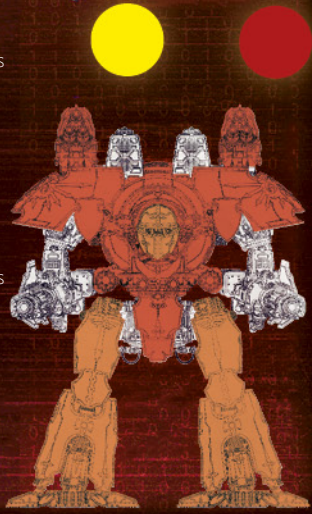
> Incoming fire from Tenebris Proles. Apocalypse missile launchers disabled.

> Critical damage to body.

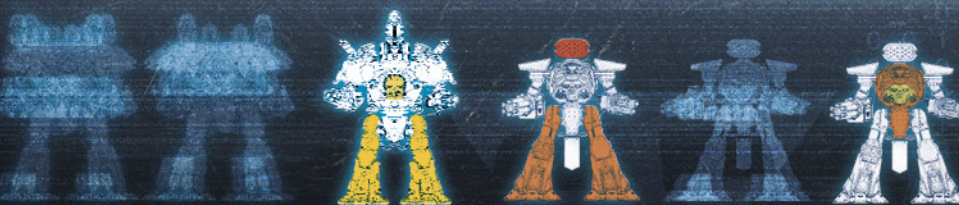
> Critical damage to body.

> Fatal damage to body.

> Gyros destabilised. Titan down!



+++ Incoming Transmission: Legio Praesagius Battlegroup Status +++



Honores Verax	Ecocatus	Fortitudo Domitor	Deliverance	Sullis Vestra	Gyrfalcon
Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●
Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●

+++ Incoming Transmission: Legio Infernus Battlegroup Status +++



Igniculus	Gehenna	Ardeni Dominus	Tenebris Proles	Peruro	Impetu Solis	Fornax	Incus	Arulam
Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●	Reactor ●
Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●	Shield ●

+++ War Engine Status Update +++

> Honores Verax: Critical damage to body. Destroyed.
> Ecocatus: Critical damage to body. Magazine detonation. Destroyed.
> Deliverance: Carapace weapon offline.
> Gyrfalcon: Damage to head. On fire.
> Gehenna: Shields down. Damage to legs.
> Peruro: Critical damage to legs. Catastrophic Meltdown. Destroyed.

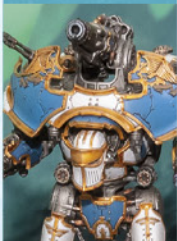
BATTLE ROUND FIVE: THE LAST STAND

As the Warlord Titan Honores Verax falls, Princess Hilaine of the Reaver Titan Gyrfalcon takes command of the Legio Praesagius rearguard. She knows that her own death will not be long in coming.

THE FINAL PHASES

As the fifth round begins, Jason brings on one final Warhound as a reinforcement, but he knows that it will never get into range to fire its guns. He places it on the southern board edge anyway, just in case.

Owen, meanwhile, is down to just two damaged Reaver Titans and a damaged Nemesis Warbringer. With three rounds still to play (five, six and seven), he can still score a victory if all three of his Titans survive to the end of the game. If even just one Titan survives, he can claim a draw ...



Venting plasma from her Titan's reactor, Princess Hilaine turned *Gyrfalcon* to face the Warlord Titan threatening to break through the Legio Praesagius lines. The traitor Warlord was already partially accountable for the destruction of *Ecocatus*, and now it was turning its many gatling blasters on *Deliverance*. Hilaine watched in horror as *Deliverance's* shields blew out, then the Reaver Titan itself collapsed as it was targeted by *Ardenti Dominus*. The fire coordination of the Legio Infernus had always been good, but now they seemed guided by some darker power.

Firing every gun she had at the Warlord known as *Gehenna*, she managed to take down its shields as *Fortitudo Domitor* brought its guns to bear. The Nemesis Warbringer's volcano cannon and laser blaster hit the Warlord in the head, sending shards of armour flying. Then the earth shook as the god-machine fired its quake cannon, the colossal shell hitting *Gehenna's* right leg and blasting the thigh apart. Hilaine was about to cheer when she noticed the Warlord Titan turning towards her, its gatling cannons already firing as it fell. A storm of shots smashed into *Gyrfalcon's* carapace, hitting the cockpit and legs. Hilaine barely had time to think before her Reaver Titan was glanced again, this time by *Tenebris Proles*. Warning lights flashing, Hilaine looked at her MIU. *Fortitudo Domitor* had been lain low by the enemy Warhounds nipping at its heels. *Gyrfalcon* now stood alone. Hilaine prepared for her last stand.



CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor
Void Shield

+++ Incoming Transmission: Deliverance +++

- > Taking damage to the body from *Gehenna*.
- > Critical damage to legs from *Ardenti Dominus*.
- > Fatal damage to legs. Fire, fire, fire! Titan down!

+++ Strategic Update +++

Legio Infernus

- > Igniculus: Orders not required.
- > *Ardenti Dominus*: First Fire.
- > *Gehenna*: First Fire.
- > *Tenebris Proles*: First Fire order failed ...
- > *Impetu Solis*: no orders ...
- > *Fornax and Incus*: no orders ...
- > *Arulam*: no orders ...
- > *Agvain's Marauders*: no orders ...

Legio Praesagius

- > *Deliverance*: First Fire
- > *Fortitudo Domitor*: Orders not required.
- > *Gyrfalcon*: Orders not required.



Deliverance and *Gehenna* trade shots in the movement phase, both having chosen the First Fire order (1). Both take down the other's shields. *Ardenti Dominus* then fires on *Deliverance*, blasting the Reaver Titan apart.

Gyrfalcon turns to face *Gehenna* as it is attacked from behind by the Knight *Agvain* (2). A scattered shot from *Tenebris Proles* accidentally kills the Knight before he can fight.



CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor Void Shield

+++ Incoming Transmission: **Gehenna** +++

- > Raising void shields.
- Taking hits from *Gyrfalcon*. Shields down.
- > Direct hit to legs from *Fortitudo Domitor*.
- > Direct hit to head.
- > Critical damage to legs. Irreparable. Titan down!

CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor Void Shield

+++ Incoming Transmission: **Fortitudo Domitor** +++

- > Shields compromised by *Arulam*.
- > Taking fire from *Igniculus*. Critical damage to legs. Locomotors seized.
- > Taking damage to cockpit.
- > Taking hits from *Fornax* and *Incus*. Leg integrity failure. Collapse imminent.

The Warhound *Arulam* sneaks up on the *Nemesis Warbringer* and shreds its shields with its *Vulcan mega-bolters* (3).

With *Gyrfalcon* having taken out *Gehenna*'s shields, *Fortitudo Domitor* fires at the Warlord, causing critical damage to its legs (4). As *Gehenna* falls, the Warbringer is also brought down by the combined fire of *Ardenti Dominus*, *Igniculus* and the Warhounds *Fornax* and *Incus*.

BATTLE ROUNDS SIX AND SEVEN: THE FINAL SALVO

With the majority of the Legio Praesagius now safe from the guns of the Legio Infernus, the rearguard must hold out only a little longer. But now, only one Titan remains ...

Zaelor's victory was almost assured. The wreckage of five Legio Praesagius Titans now littered the battlefield. Just one now defied him: *Gyrfalcon*. He checked his targeting array, but the enemy Reaver was taking cover behind a city block. *Ardeni Dominus* could not draw line of sight, either, but *Tenebris Proles* could still see their target. Levelling its guns, the Warlord Titan smashed *Gyrfalcon's* shields down once more but could not fell the war engine.

With a snarl, the Princeps Seniores ordered the Legio's Warhounds to hunt down their prey. He needn't have bothered. As he watched, an orbital artillery barrage plummeted from the sky towards where *Gyrfalcon* stood. Zaelor's MIU registered the Titan kill, and new orders appeared on his data screens. The Legio Infernus were victorious.



With *Gehenna* dead, *Gyrfalcon* miraculously survives the sixth turn as only *Tenebris Proles* can draw line of sight (1). The Titan suffers further damage to the body and weapons but stays standing ...



...until the seventh and final turn when Jason's artillery bombardment lands on its head (2). Owen holds the blast template over his Titan, much sadness in his eyes.

CRITICAL HIT!

Plasma Reactor
Void Shield

+++ Incoming Transmission:
Gyrfalcon +++

- > Head: critical. MIU feedback.
- > Body: critical. Reactor leak.
- > Laser blaster: Inoperative.
- > Legs: critical. Stabilisers damaged. Locomotors seized. Immobilised. Unable to remain standing. Fatal damage.

Darkness. Just darkness.

Chrysaor fumbled around in the pitch black of his Titan's cockpit. He could not tell up from down, but he got the impression that everything was on its side. He had been thrown from his command chair as Honores Verax fell, but he was still plugged into the war engine's MIU, his mind linked to its machine spirit. Through the manifold, he could feel the Titan's life force. It was weak, but still there, teetering on the edge of oblivion. There was hope, then.

Reaching behind his head, Chrysaor began unplugging himself from the manifold. The input jacks that connected to the sockets in his head were fused in place, and he had to jerk them violently to extract them, leaving him with a splitting headache. He pulled the wires out that ran into

his arms, too, the pain of his Titan being replaced by the aches in his own body. He knew some were psychosomatic, but he knew that others were not. He had several broken fingers, possibly a fractured wrist. His uniform was wet, and he could smell the metallic tang of blood.

*The ground shook nearby. It was the footfall of a Warlord Titan; Chrysaor would recognise it anywhere. He scabbled around blindly and discovered, more by luck than judgement, the access hatch behind the Titan's cockpit. Pushing himself up into the adjoining corridor, Chrysaor found a security hatch, unlocked it and awkwardly pushed it open. The sunlight burned his eyes as he glared upwards at the colossal form of *Tenebris Proles*. Chrysaor did not cry out. He did not even move as the armoured foot of the traitor Titan came crashing down on the cockpit of Honores Verax.*

AS THE DUST SETTLES

Owen and Jason discuss the brave rearguard action of the Legio Praesagius and how they almost held out against the treacherous Legio Infernus.

‘I was playing two games - one on the table with the Titans, another off the table with the command terminals.’ - Owen

‘Note to self: kill the Knights Porphyrior first next time, because they are nasty little war machines!’ - Jason



Owen: I knew a victory would be tough in this game, but I was gunning for a draw right at the end. To have my last Titan killed by an artillery bombardment, though ... the shame!

At the start of the game, I really thought I was done for when Jason caused so much damage to my Titans. But actually my void shields were still online, and it took him a long time to take them all down. It was his Warhounds that cracked my westernmost void bubble, and that was the beginning of the end for my force. Never underestimate Warhounds. They may not pack the punch of larger Titans, but Jason used them well, keeping them out of the fire arcs of my Warlord and Reavers so that I had to pivot them instead of using the First Fire order. His Knights also started to worry me when they snuck round the back of my Titans, but fortunately I was able to kill enough of them that they didn't cause me too much trouble. Things might have been very different if my own Reaver hadn't died and, in its death throes, fired wildly into my Cerastus Knights, killing them both. They could have held those Warhounds up and kept my Titans' shields online for another round at least. War can be cruel sometimes.

I think my tactics worked pretty well overall, and I'm genuinely amazed at the punishment my Titans took. At one point it felt like I was playing two games - one on the table with the Titans, another off the table with the command terminals, trying to manage my plasma reactors, damage, void shields, orders and so on. I've never seen such critically damaged Titans in a game before. It really felt like they were taking a proper beating. I reckon a vengeance match against the Legio Infernus is required!

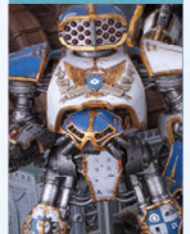
Jason: Well I had an awesome time! One of the things I love about Adeptus Titanicus is that you never quite know what's going to happen in a game. You're always having to think on your feet and find solutions to problems that didn't exist only moment before. Point in case was losing one of my Warlord Titans so early on in the game. I really didn't expect Owen's unaimed firepower to be so devastatingly accurate - every shot hit my Titan's torso, and it exploded in a massive magazine detonation. My second Titan death also resulted in a magazine detonation, too!

Interestingly, one of the key strategic problems I faced occurred right at the start of the game. My Traitorous Ambush caused loads of damage to Owen's Titans (18 Damage in total) but incredibly didn't knock down a single void shield. This meant I had to smash them down the old-fashioned way, and with Owen's Titans all sharing shields, that was not easy! It took me three rounds of shooting to finally crack one of the shield bastions, and that was only because I finally got my gatling Warlord into the fight. *Gehenna* has really short-ranged guns, but when they start firing, they can pound a void shield apart with ease. On that note, I was actually really impressed with *Gehenna's* performance. It was a major contributor in the death of one of Owen's Warlord Titans and sorted out those horrible Knights Porphyrior. Note to self: kill the Knights Porphyrior first next time, because they are nasty little war machines!

Overall, I think the Legio Infernus fought well, and I was really pleased with my choice of the Venator maniple. I think the maniple's Opportunistic Strike ability - with the Reaver Titan taking free shots - might well have won me the game.

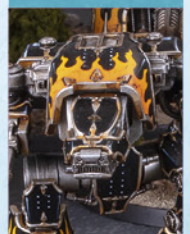
TITAN OF THE MATCH

Owen: It has to be *Gyrfalcon*, the Reaver that somehow made it to the seventh round. She scored the first kill in the game and bagged a few more later on. She also took a colossal amount of punishment. She died honourably!



TITAN OF THE MATCH

Jason: I'd say the Warhound *Ardeo* - the one with the Vulcan mega-bolters. He managed to knock three shields down throughout the game, enabling my Reaver to take free shots. He was an invaluable strategic choice, I feel.



THE RUINS OF OSGILIATH

This Osgiliath board was made by Middle-earth architect Matt Davies, who created it for his Mordor army to be displayed on. Here, Matt talks about how he built and painted the display, and he even provides a stage-by-stage modelling guide for the Orc rafts.



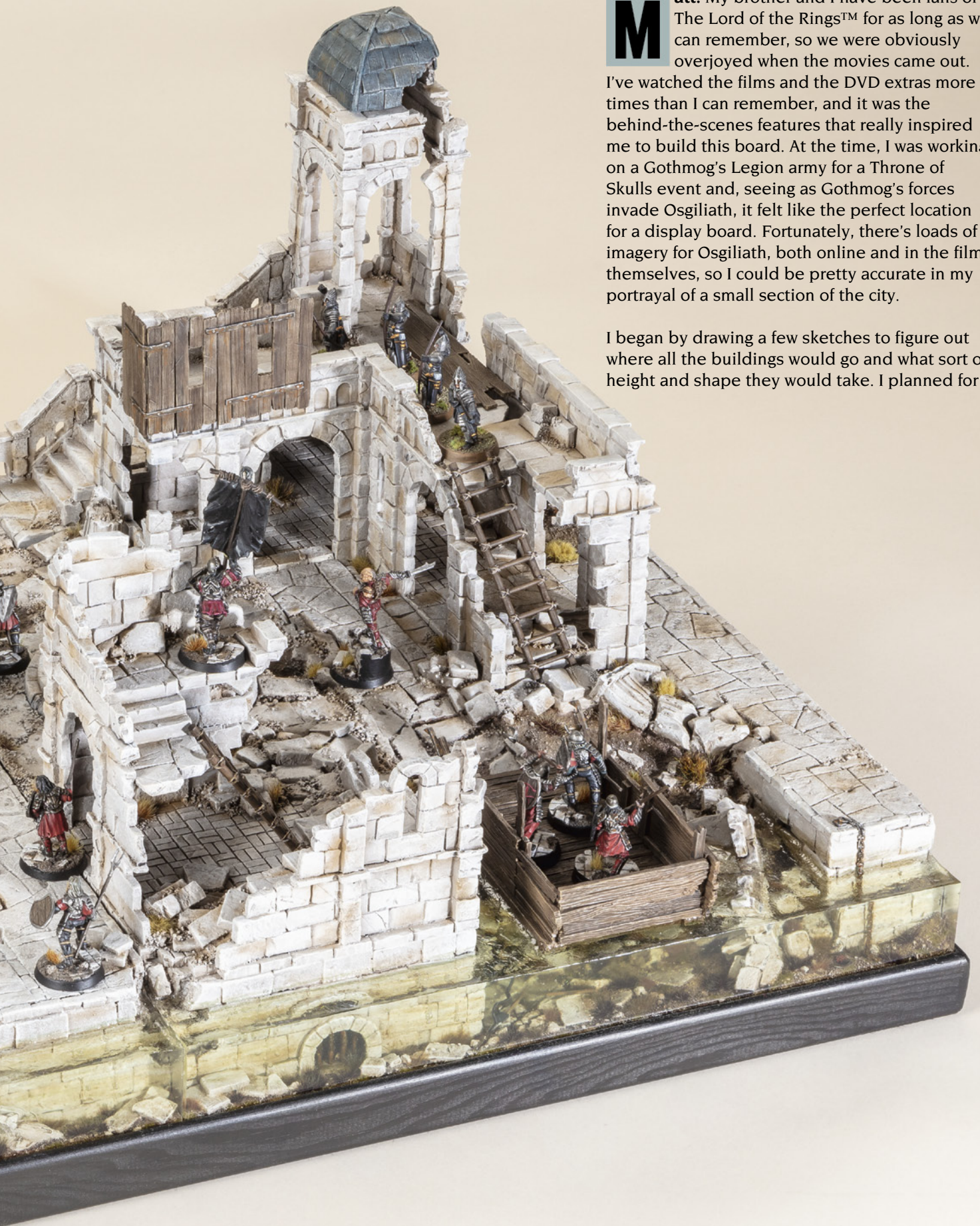
THE CITADEL OF THE STARS

Matt used two different kits to create his board. He used four of the Ruins of Osgiliath sets as the basis for the buildings and two Goblin-town sets for the rafts. Both kits are available from the Games Workshop webstore: games-workshop.com

Matt: My brother and I have been fans of The Lord of the Rings™ for as long as we can remember, so we were obviously overjoyed when the movies came out.

I've watched the films and the DVD extras more times than I can remember, and it was the behind-the-scenes features that really inspired me to build this board. At the time, I was working on a Gothmog's Legion army for a Throne of Skulls event and, seeing as Gothmog's forces invade Osgiliath, it felt like the perfect location for a display board. Fortunately, there's loads of imagery for Osgiliath, both online and in the films themselves, so I could be pretty accurate in my portrayal of a small section of the city.

I began by drawing a few sketches to figure out where all the buildings would go and what sort of height and shape they would take. I planned for



each building to have a purpose, so the building at the top left of the board is a marketplace, while the one below it is a dock. On the right-hand side of the board is a barracks, with the remains of a watchtower in the foreground. Figuring out what each building was once for and what it looked like before it was ruined was really important to me. It helped me figure out what shape they should take to be believable.

Most of the buildings are based on the Osgiliath Ruins with the addition of a lot of XPS (extruded polystyrene) foam, which is both pretty cheap and really easy to use. I started by making a rough outline of the building I wanted to create, then cut up the Osgiliath kits using a Citadel Saw to produce some of the key features of the buildings, such as archways or walls. I then filled in the gaps with individually cut bricks. As you can imagine, this did take some time, but I feel it's worth it for the end result. This ensures that all the stairways go somewhere, that all the battle damage is consistent, and that there is plenty of rubble lying around. I was also constantly checking that there was enough space on the walkways and inside buildings for miniatures to stand. It's one thing having a nice display board, but it needs to be fit for purpose, too.

The last stage of the display was adding the water to the base. Because it's made from resin, I had to build a mould around the two board sections, then pour the liquid resin in. Before I did, though, I tinted the mix with blue, green and brown washes to make it look murky and unclean.



1

BUILDING OSGILIATH

Matt was kind enough to share some of his work-in-progress pictures of his board with us. On the left, you can see the stairway that leads up to the first floor of the barracks (as seen above). The grey areas are the original Osgiliath kit, while the blue pieces are scratch-

built bricks made from foam. As you can see, Matt has matched the aesthetic of the kits perfectly. The image on the right shows the docks before the water and rafts were added. Matt's attention to detail is extraordinary – he even built ruined pillars under the water to show where the dockyard building once extended to.





2



3

All the wooden palisades and walkways (1) are magnetised so that Matt can remove them for transportation or even for gaming purposes.

Matt ensured that there was plenty of space in each building for models to stand and fight. He added several ladders for accessibility (2).

The scratch-built rafts disgorge their Orc cargo (3).

The stone streets of Osgiliath are all handmade by Matt, providing corridors between the buildings. Note all the rubble that has been submerged in the water (4).

A well sits behind the ruined watchtower. This central plaza makes for a perfect battleground between the Orcs and the men of Gondor (5).

The inhabitants of Osgiliath would once have walked through the open arches to access the market. Now the market is full of rubble, its tower repurposed by the city's defenders (6).



4



5



6

PAINTING OSGILIATH

Matt used the following colours to paint his buildings and rafts. He painted each terrain piece individually, basecoating them with Zandri Dust, then airbrushing on the main colours.

BUILDINGS	RAFTS
Basecoat: Zandri Dust	Basecoat: Zandri Dust
Airbrush: Rakarth Flesh	Layer: Rhinox Hide
Airbrush: Pallid Wych Flesh	Drybrush: Steel Legion Drab
Wash: Agrax Earthshade, Nuln Oil & Athonian Camoshade	Wash: Agrax Earthshade
	Drybrush: Baneblade Brown
	Drybrush: Karak Stone
	Wash: Nuln Oil
	Wash: Athonian Camoshade
	Basecoat: Leadbelcher (metalwork)

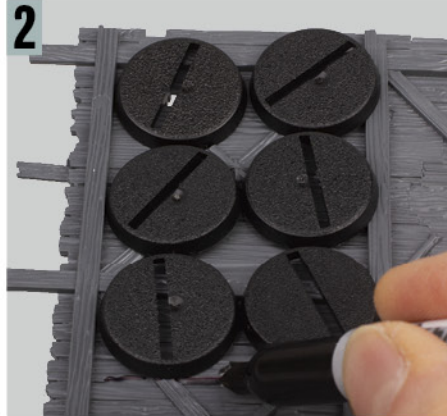
HOW TO BUILD GOTHMOG'S INVASION RAFTS

Earlier this year, the Middle-earth team released *The Best of White Dwarf Magazine* book. It features loads of fantastic articles from the long history of *White Dwarf*, including one about using rafts in your games of (at the time) *The Lord of the Rings™ Strategy Battle Game*. Excitingly, the rules are still perfectly applicable for the more recent *Middle-earth Strategy Battle Game*. Many of you will have noticed that the

rafts in the original article were scratch-built using a variety of materials, but Matt has come up with a brilliant stage-by-stage guide to explain how he made the ones on his display board out of the Goblin-town kit. Following the guide below, you too can build the iconic rafts that Gothmog uses to assault the Gondorian City of Osgiliath in *The Lord of the Rings™: The Return of the King*. Thanks, Matt!



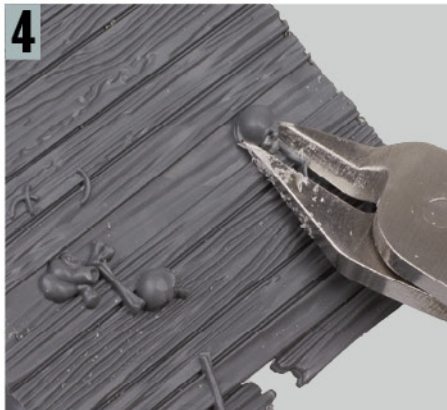
1 Find the largest platform in the Goblin-town set and remove it from the frame using Fine Detail Cutters. You don't need to clean off the sprue gates at this point. Just flip it over and ...



2 ... mark out the size of the raft you want to build. We recommend using 25mm bases to figure out how many Orcs you can fit inside it. Conveniently, the support beams underneath the platform are just the right width apart.



3 Using the large blade of the Citadel Saw, cut along the outsides of the wooden support planks. Then cut along the length of the planks where you've marked them. Clean up the cuts with a Mouldline Remover tool.



4 Flip over the newly cut section of walkway and remove any skulls, bones and entrails with a pair of Fine Detail Cutters. Ensure you cut them off with the blades of the clippers facing away from you.



5 Use a Citadel File or the Mouldline Remover to clean up the cut marks. If you can be neat, great, but don't worry about being super tidy. After all, Orcs are pretty untidy creatures at the best of times!



6 Clip out some of the walkways from the frame. Look for sections of planks that are four or five planks high with as few skulls on them as possible. These will be the sides of the landing craft.



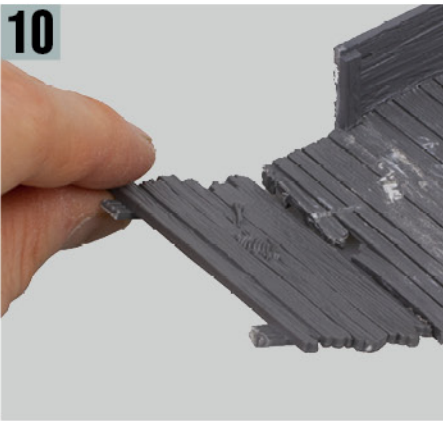
7 Cut out a five-plank section using the Citadel Saw. Then, using Fine Detail Cutters, remove around 5mm of the support struts from the bottom of the section. This is so the planks will butt up neatly to the base piece.



8 Check the side planks to make sure they fit neatly against the base. You may need to use a Citadel Knife to trim off any excess plastic around the bottoms of the support planks to get everything to fit.



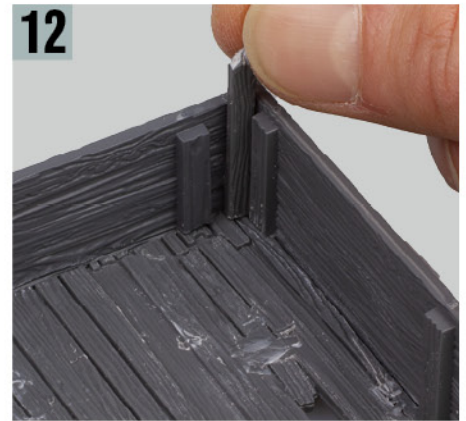
9 Repeat the process! You will need at least two sections of walkway for each side of the landing craft and one for the rear. Again, make sure you clean off any skulls and bones before you glue the sides to the base of the landing craft.



10 Use the same method to create the front ramp of the landing craft. It will need to be slightly longer than the side walls of the raft, so aim to make it six or seven planks wide. Don't stick the ramp on yet.



11 Use Fine Detail Cutters and a Citadel File to cut the forward-facing planks of the landing craft so that they match the angle of the ramp beams. This will help give the landing craft a more boat-like appearance.



12 Add individual planks around the base of the walls and as upright struts. This will provide additional strength and add more narrative to the piece. Imagine the Orcs holding on to them as they make their river crossing.



13 Cut another two beams out and mount them at 45° angles on the front of the landing craft. If the landing ramp was raised, it would sit against these beams. Make sure both beams stick out at the same angle.



14 Glue the ramp in place so that it is lowered. Then use Fine Detail Cutters to remove the winch handle from the Goblin-town scenery kit. Mount it on the ramp support beams and match up the chain so that it reaches the ramp.



15 Add extra details. The hooks from the top of the Goblin-town ladders look great on the ramp support beams. You can cut them from the ladders using Fine Detail Cutters, then clean them up with a Mouldline Remover.



FAITH & FIRE

BY JAMES SWALLOW

As the world of Neva is overcome by revolution, the Order of Our Martyred Lady is called upon to join the fighting. Yet Sister Superior Miriya has begun to wonder if the Sisters of Battle are just pawns in a much bigger game ... Part V of IX.

CHAPTER NINE

The assault force left the highway as the gates of the Staberinde Pass loomed large through the forest. Forward scouts reported that Sherring's Household Cavalry had placed explosive charges on the sheer walls of the cutting, and Canoness Galatea was in no mood to give them cause to use such a crude tactic. With clipped orders, she sent her commands down the line to the Rhinos, Repressors, Exorcists and Immolators; in careful, lockstep precision, the armoured vehicles proceeded to force their way through the trees. From the brass grilles of a dozen winged speaker horns came the opening cantos of the Fede Imperialis, the battle hymn of the Adepta Sororitas.

Miriya crouched on the roof of the Canoness's transport, the view through her magnoculars bobbing as the tracked tank rode over the dark earth. They were advancing up a gentle incline, passing through the collar of trees that surrounded Metis City in a thick ring. At first glance, the settlement appeared to be a formidable target; Metis was built into the basalt bowl of a dead volcano, a caldera-city encircled by a natural shield wall. There were few points of entry, and huge gates guarded each one. But on closer inspection, there were myriad weaknesses. In places the stone walls were thinner, enough that a sustained missile barrage would be able to crack them. The Metiser soldiery, although noted for their fine uniforms and skills with ornamental cutlasses, were ill trained to face armoured assaults and zealous attackers. Baron Sherring's troops were largely local fops with just a handful of Imperial Guardsmen grown fat in a comfortable posting. The Sisters of Battle did not expect to be challenged here.

The Celestian's viewpoint drifted down to the upper edge of the timberline, to where the drum-shaped defence bunkers studded the lower slopes of the city wall. Dean Venik had provided intelligence records showing that the baron's pillboxes were only manned by automated gun servitors. Miriya wondered idly why the church felt the need to keep detailed tactical data on Metis; clearly Lord LaHayn had long suspected that Sherring might one day secede.

The glassteel dome of the gunnery hatch levered upward to allow an armoured figure to present itself. Canoness Galatea turned in place, sharing watchful, comradely nods to the Sisters matching beside her Immolator. Pooled about her shoulders and cascading down her back was a lustrous cape made from night-black velvet and stark white fur. The Cloak of Saint Aspira was one of the Neva convent's most sacred artefacts, blessed in the great Eccleisarchal Palace on Terra itself. The mantle was fabricated with a strange mesh-like metal beneath the finery, a form of near-weightless armour the creation of which was lost to the ages. It was said that the sanctified cape could turn away a killing shot by the Emperor's will.

The Canoness caught her awed gaze. 'I dislike the pageantry of this,' she said in a low voice, fingering the cloak. 'Such a relic is too holy to be dragged into battle with so unworthy a foe.'

Miriya holstered her magnoculars. 'The power of an artefact is not only in its physical strength, honoured Sister. To see the cloak upon you gives courage to our kinswomen and sows doubt in the mind of our opposition.'

Galatea sniffed. 'It is beneath us. The honour of this mantle is cheapened.'

'Only if we are not victorious.'

The Canoness laid a hand on the twin mutli-melta cannons at the hatch. 'Interesting days, Miriya. You have brought me interesting days, yet again.'

'I could not foresee—'

'That Vaun's escape would spark a revolt?' snapped Galatea. 'Of course not. To you, the mission was simply to take a criminal into your custody. How were you to understand the web of politics and subterfuge that thunders unseen over everything on Neva?' She shook her

head. 'I have served the order here for years and still the secret contests of kingdom and society on this world are clouded to me. Sherring, LaHayn, Vaun... All of them are cards in some peculiar tarot.'

Despite herself, Miriya bristled. 'We are Daughters of the Emperor, not tokens on some game board!'

Galatea smiled. 'Exactly, Sister Superior. And that is why this will be an interesting day.'

The column mounted a shallow rise and they were quiet for a moment, the Fede Imperialis sounding about them. At last, Miriya leaned closer to the Canoness and spoke in low, serious tones. 'The issue of Sister Verity. You vouched for her before Dean Venik even though you knew nothing of her venture into the library.'

'If you have to ask me why I protected her, then perhaps your understanding of our sisterhood is unclear, Miriya.' She surveyed the horizon. 'Venik has never been a friend to the Adepta Sororitas. He would prefer men of the Nevan PDF or his *frateris milita* defend his chapels, soldiers more directly influenced by his will than the word of the God-Emperor. He is like every cleric born under Neva's sky, ambitious and narrow in view. I would not give him opportunity to oppose us.'

Miriya blew out a breath. 'I will speak plainly, Canoness. This artifice, the doubletalk and power play surrounding every word and deed here, it chafes at me! I have but one mission and that is to bring Torris Vaun to justice – I have no wish to be come ensnared in politics!' The Celestian's face wrinkled in disgust at the very thought of it.

Galatea gave a rueful smile. 'Then I would advise you, Sister, never to allow yourself to advance beyond your current rank. I have learned to my cost that of all the challenges to the power of His Word, it is the obfuscation of those who claim to serve Him that vexes me the most.' She looked away. 'The rigour of honest battle is a welcome respite.'

'This Sherring. If his sway over Metis is so strong, how was he ever allowed to gain such a position of authority? Surely his tendency to sedition should have been noted?'

'Neva's nobility have always engaged in skirmishes and duels. Baron Sherring's avarice is no different from others of his kind.'

'Except he has made a pact with a witch.'

'If Sister Verity is correct, so it would seem.'

From below Miriya caught the crackling hum of an open vox channel; then Sister Reiko's voice hissed in her ear bead. 'Canoness, your pardon, but I think you ought to hear this.'

'What concerns you, Reiko?' Galatea looked toward the head of the formation, to where her adjutant rode in a Rhino with the banner bearers.

'A blasphemous broadcast is being sent on the general frequency. I believe it is directed at the defenders of Metis.'

The Canoness gave Miriya a look. 'Let me listen.'

There was a bark of static that shifted into the sound of a man's voice, strong with emotion. '...love for my citizens! And with that ideal, I cannot in good conscience continue to pledge the loyalty of my house and citizenry to a man whose abuse of the Imperial Church knows no bounds! It has been made clear to me that the self-declared Lord Viktor LaHayn is abusing his posting as lord deacon of Neva's diocese! My sources have brought me evidence that he and his corrupt lackeys pay fealty not to Holy Terra, but to a plan of such staggering disloyalty that I dare not utter it aloud! Even now, our sanctuary of Metis is threatened by LaHayn's misguided servants, blinded by their own shortsightedness. We do not wish open war, but that is what has been forced upon us! For our future, for our Emperor, we must reject the twisted rule of the traitor priest! Our city must be a torch of light in this darkness! We must fight and expunge this contagion! *We must fight!*'

Miriya recognised Baron Sherring's voice at once; but the arch confidence he had exuded in the Lunar Cathedral was gone now, replaced with a kind of manic intensity. 'He's afraid,' she thought aloud.

'Yes,' agreed Galatea, 'and so he should be.' She tapped the vox tab on her armour's neck ring and silenced the babbling feed from the city. 'Reiko, sound the alert. He's whipping those poor fools into battle frenzy. The battle will not be long in coming.' The Canoness beckoned Miriya. 'Come below, Sister. We should take a moment to bless our ammunition before we engage them.'



Verity looked up with a start as the Rhino lurched to a halt, reflexively clutching at the medicus ministerium case on her lap. As the order had begun its gathering for the advance on Metis, Reiko had come to Verity and offered her the sanctuary of the convent until the matter

of Sherring's insurrection had been dealt with. Her answer had come swiftly, without conscious thought. She believed that the baron was conspiring with Torris Vaun, even more so now that the city-lord had openly defied the church. In her heart she knew that if Vaun were anywhere, he would be there behind the black stone walls of the caldera. It seemed impossible for her to be elsewhere; Verity had no choice but to see this chain of events through to its conclusion. Sister Reiko did not challenge her on her choice – instead, she entered the Hospitaller's name on the roll of battle and found her a post. One more medicae in the assault force would be welcome.

Securing her gear, she pushed past the Battle Sisters crowded into the transport with her and pressed her face to a firing slot in the thick armoured hull. Her eyes were drawn instantly to a troop of women who moved in a tight flock, their heads bowed and hidden beneath makeshift hoods cut from rags of old battle cloak material, tatters of broken armour barely covering the pale nakedness of their bodies. The Hospitaller's heart leapt into her throat; she had never seen the Sisters Repentia at such close hand before. They walked like women condemned, arms folded at their chests to hold their lethal-looking chainswords as a priest might carry a cross or totem. She saw the blink of black iron chains around their limbs and torso, some with fan-folds of sanctified parchment drooping from their backs like diseased wings. Each of the faceless Repentia bore the marbling of countless scars across their bare flesh, some self-inflicted and others given in ritual before battle. Verity could not help but shudder as her mind connected this sight with the horrors she had witnessed during the Games of Penance.

The vicious, snake-hiss crack of neural whips gave her a start; the Repentia Mistress advanced through the midst of her charges, calling out a litany. 'If I must die,' she snarled, 'I shall welcome Death!'

'I shall welcome Death as an old friend,' chorused the Repentia, 'and wrap mine arms about it.'

'Only in death does duty end!' The Mistress crossed her hands and let the neural whips in her hands flick over the exposed skin of her Sisters, kindling the holy hate and righteous zeal within them. Verity heard some of the women release gasps that were closer to ecstasy than they were to pain.

The devotion of the Repentia was at once awe-inspiring and terrible. The Hospitaller could sense the burning need in them for the virtuous glory of unfettered combat.

Other Sisters of Battle parted without words and without looking upon them, allowing the Mistress to guide her cadre forward. Even among the Sororitas, the respect the Repentia were shown was rooted as much in fear as it was in esteem. All Sisters in service to the Emperor aspired to the same purity of fervour, but only a few could truly surrender themselves to the terrible power of it as these women had.

One of the Repentia turned her head and from rips in her crimson hood, ice blue eyes in a pale face looked out at Verity. The Hospitaller gasped; then the woman turned away again and went on with the rest of the squad.

With a rumble, the Rhino began to move again, following the Repentia toward the battle lines. On the wind, Verity heard war cries and the report of gunfire.



The Metis Household Cavalry had laid an ambush for the Order of Our Martyred Lady. Just beyond the places where chokepoints had been planted with stands of tough nalwood trees to slow any armoured advance, a squad of Salamander scout mobiles were concealed beneath camouflage netting, ranged optics peeking out of the fake leaf-pattern material to spy on the Battle Sisters.

There had been a few officers in Sherring's soldiery that raised questions when told their guns were to turn on the Adepta Sororitas; those men had been the first casualties of the conflict, quietly killed and replaced with captains who better understood the nature of loyalty to the barony.

As one, the Salamanders discharged their primary armaments, a spread of punishing autocannon fire ripping through their temporary cover to strike at the Battle Sister's forward line. Women died in streaks of orange fire, and back behind the copse, the scout commander ordered his units to fire up their engines and start the retreat. The cavalry tanks fired again as they moved, lining the perimeter with falling steel.



'Incoming fire!' Reiko voice called from the vox. Aboard Galatea's Immolator, Miriya shook as the driver crashed the gears, splitting from the skirmish line to minimise any splash damage. The Canoness was pressed to a

complex device that mingled a periscope scanner with an auspex and targeting cogitator. 'Beyond that thicket,' she grated, 'scouts on the move.' She glanced back over her shoulder at Miriya. 'Exorcists! I want that tree line burnt off! All units, pitch to attack posture and advance!'

The Battle Sister heard the prayers of acknowledgement from the missile-carrying units ranged behind them and she hauled herself up the short ladder and into the vehicle's empty cupola. Miriya was in time to hear the hoots and clarion chimes from the launch tubes of the Exorcist tanks behind them.

Built, like so many of the Imperium's armoured vehicles, upon the standard template construct that formed the basis of the Rhino, Exorcists were among the longest serving tactical units in existence. Almost all of them dated back the turbulent years of the Age of Apostasy, when they travelled the battle zones of the Wars of Faith as mobile shrines-cum-attack units. Where most of the order's war vehicles were liveried in reds, blacks and whites, many Exorcist units had gold and silver about them in infinite detail. Their planes of ablative armour were worked with inlaid castings such as those found on the walls of a chapel or convent, and sprouting from their rear of some were towering organ pipes stained copper in the light of the Nevan sun. From these instruments came not music, but judgement and destruction; with shrieks of fire at their tails, fountains of missiles emerged from the launch tubes, describing an arc up from the launchers, then down upon the Salamanders and the intractable trees. The hardy nalwoods were split apart or felled, clearing the way for Sisters and Retributors to advance. With them came the spike-mawed prows of a dozen Repressors and Immolators.

A second barrage was unnecessary. The surviving Salamanders fled in full retreat, random snaps of laser fire lancing back from men in the cockpits who dared to test the patience of the Sisterhood. Galatea's tank circled about one of the enemy units. The scout car had been flipped on to its side by a near miss, and Miriya caught the vague noise of movement inside as they passed. She paid little mind to it; her Sisters on foot would deal with any survivors. The Immolator's gun turret turned easily, letting her track the fat-barrelled meltaguns back and forth across the horizon. The Salamanders were quick off the mark, and there was a chance they would get out of range before the Sororitas could find a clear shot.

'They're trying to draw us into the teeth of those emplaced weapons,' Miriya noted. 'Perhaps we might seek a place to breach the shield wall elsewhere?'

'I do not concur,' replied Galatea, 'The West Gate is on this axis. We will collapse it and progress into the city.'

A lasgun beam flew wide of the tank, striking a tree and making it a torch. Miriya cranked the meltas to track the culprit, dialling in the focal length and waiting for the right moment. 'With respect, a breach would be the swifter option. The Exorcists could—'

'My orders are cast, Sister Superior.' The Canoness's tone brooked no argument. 'You are correct, but this is a matter of show as much as it is of tactics. If Baron Sherring's hold over this city is to be broken, we must be seen to penetrate his strongest bulwark, not to enter by guile. The gate will fall, and for that the guns will need to be silenced. Press on.'

'Ave Imperator,' said the Celestian, and squeezed the twin firing bars on the turret. Four lines of shimmering energy burst from the melta cannons and came together, falling like arrows of pure heat. The microwave blasts struck the rear of the trailing Salamander and excited the molecular structure of the scout in nanoseconds. Metal warped and outgassed, while inside men screamed as searing fumes tore their lungs. The Salamander veered sharply off course and collided with a grove of trees.

Miriya threw a look over her shoulder at the force riding up behind them. At their backs there were dirty clouds of grey smoke coiling into the air. Small blazes started in the woodlands by indirect fire were taking hold.



The hatch was twisted on its mounts, so it took the driver four attempts to kick the thing open. His limbs were trembling and he couldn't see very well, so touch and a little sight were all he really had to go on. The missile salvos had rocked the Salamander like a dingy in a storm, and along the way he had planted his head on the metal walls a half-dozen times. He was deaf now; there was nothing but a curious squealing going on inside his skull. Just to make sure he could still speak the driver let out a couple of curses worthy of a day in the stockade, and picked his way out past the wet paste of remains that was all that was left of his crewmates.

The busted hatch let him out close to the churned dark mud and he scrambled wildly, adding more streaks of soil to the rust-brown, red and oil-black coating the busy heraldry of his cavalryman's uniform. He had lost his stubber pistol somewhere inside the upturned tank, and

after finally rolling down a little incline, he came to rest face up.

When the man wiped the blood from his eyes, he saw the circle of women about him, and cried out. They all wore death's head hoods the colour of new blood and dressed in rags. One of them leaned down to examine him, as a child might consider an insect beneath a magnifying glass.

'Puh-please!' the driver managed to spit out. 'Emperor, please! I am no heretic!'

The woman's lips moved and he struggled to understand what she was saying to him. Finally, the hooded female snatched his hand and pressed it flat to her bare chest so he could feel the vibration as she spoke. He struggled in her grip as he realised she was not speaking, but singing.

'A morte perpetua, domine, libra nos,' intoned Sister Iona. 'That thou wouldst bring them only death, that thou shouldst spare none, that thou shouldst pardon none.'

He saw the glitter of the eviscerator chainsword as she raised it, and then his body lit with pain as she used it to sever the hand pressed to her torso. The driver reeled away and screamed as the rest of the Repentia brought down their blades and cut him apart.



The turret emplacements were hungry for them, and across the open killing zone before the western gate autocannon tracer left purple dashes in the air, chopping at the boots of the Battle Sisters as they used a grounded Salamander for cover. Spent rounds rattled off the armoured scout, clattering like stones in a tin cup.

Glassy cogitator eye-lenses on iron stalks extended from the tops of the flat turrets and there were wires connecting some of them together so that the servitor-minds inside each could share target data. The guns were elderly and ponderous, but still their accuracy was enough to rip apart Sisters who dared to press too far forward, too quickly. The surviving Salamanders retreated behind the lines of the guns, past trenches where heavy stubber cannon were being belt-fed by more of Sherring's overdressed soldiers. The occasional laser bolt showed where Imperial Guard troopers had joined the cavalry in the ill-informed defence of Metis.

Sister Reiko directed the women under her direct command to zero in on the las-fire and kill the guardsmen first; their training was better than the

second-rate locals, whose martial skills turned mostly to parade ground drills and regimented displays. Precise shots on the turncoat guards also had a demoralising effect on the cavalymen, letting them watch the abrupt and brutal death that they themselves faced if they continued to fight.

Canoness Galatea did not halt the advance. The momentum behind the Sisters of Battle was high, and foolishly Sherring's commanders had staked their tactics on using that against the women; but these were not the common soldiers from other city-states that the Household Cavalry had faced in years past. The Order of Our Martyred Lady moved with the speed of passion, divine zeal welling up in all their hearts.

'Light of the Emperor upon us!' cried Reiko, 'censure the fallen and chastise!' Her flamer shrieked as she leapt from the hatch of her Rhino, and at her side came a banner bearer showing the hallowed standard of Saint Katherine. Rolling through the broken landscape surrounding the gate, a phalanx of Immolators swept in behind Reiko's unit and a squad of Sister Retributors.

The Retributors were faceless valkyries, their helmets sealed against the smoke and fury of the battle. Many of them carried the bulky slabs of heavy bolter guns and multi-meltas. Reiko urged them on with a sharp gesture from her flamer, writing a sweep of orange fire across the enemy lines. As one, they unleashed the force of their guns, fording the spines of steel tank traps and pouring death into the outer trench lines. Blunt-nosed bullets from the ballistic stubber rifles came off the armour of the Battle Sisters in clatters, falling away like hail. Reiko gave flame in return, torching men too slow to run. Some dropped to their knees and begged; those she killed as well, her face turned away in disgust as she granted them absolution.



Repressors in the front rank nosed into the tank traps and shoved them aside with steady progress. The rusted metal caltrops left gouges in the roadway as they tumbled, rolling into muddy gullies like jacks discarded by a child giant. The Exorcists continued a steady fusillade at the gates, setting the broad metal doors ringing with every solid impact; the Immolators were the edge of the spearhead, fire bolts and microwave energy lances blanketing the ferrocrete until it began to warp and boil.

Miriya heard the clanking of her tank's rear hatch and felt the vehicle rock as the Canoness leapt up on to the

dorsal surface. In her hand Galatea held a war-worn volume of *The Rebuke*, one of the many books of sanctified combat doctrine adhered to by the Sisters of Battle. The woman held it high, so that every Sororitas on the field would be able to look up and catch sight of the shimmer-ink illuminations on the open pages. 'We are the reproach of Holy Terra, cut from burning steel!' she roared, 'Show these wastrels the edge that never dulls! The flame's eternal kiss!'

The war cry was old, but it still touched the Celestian as if it were new to her ears, sparking a vicious elation inside her. Her blood singing in her veins, Miriya placed the tank guns on deserving foes and disintegrated them.

The autocannon fire from the turrets hummed through the air as the tanks came into their range, shells punching fists of black earth into slurry.



The city-lord's residence was based on an ancient royal house from the distant past of Old Terra. Wide and low, the front of Baron Sherring's home presented a dozen tall windows of armoured glassteel to the ornamental grounds beyond and the shadow of the caldera wall. The baron himself continued as he had for the last few hours, orbiting between the windows and the collection of monitor tubes inset by the bookshelves of his chambers. The door banged open to admit Vaun, who had ignored Sherring's instance that he don a cavalry uniform and instead remained cloaked in a tunic and trousers of deep midnight blue.

'My lord baron, still pacing? You will wear a trench in that expensive carpet.'

Sherring flushed red with anger and almost threw the monocular in his hand at the psyker. The baron's bodyguards tensed, unwilling to draw weapons against Vaun without a direct command from their employer.

Vaun gave a rude wink to the three figures that followed him into the chambers. Sherring knew the young lad with the unruly ginger hair – Ignis, he was called – but the rat-like woman and the hooded man, these other two were just more nameless hooligans from the corsair's gang of thugs.

'The engagement is not progressing well!' snapped the baron. 'Your estimates of the Sororitas numbers in Noroc was low! You told me they would not commit so much of their order's forces!'

Vaun gave an off-hand nod. 'Yes. The Order of Our Martyred Lady has been most devout in their deployment. I understand they sent almost everything they have in this region. The women of the Ermina Mantle have remained to defend Noroc in their stead, so Canoness Galatea might come here and *chastise* you.' A smirk threatened to rise on his face.

'Do you find this amusing?' spat Sherring. 'We are embarking on a battle for the very soul of this planet, against an enemy that you and your cadre are all victims of!' He swept his hand over Ignis and the other two. 'Emperor's blood, there is no more serious a matter!'

Vaun gave a contrite bow. 'Forgive me, baron. I meant no disrespect. It pleases me that I have been able to light the path to bring you to this most important decision.'

Sherring's train of thought faltered for a moment. 'The Sisterhood are more dangerous than I expected. They... They advance without fear...'

'Yes,' agreed Vaun, 'Zeal is a powerful weapon, isn't it?'

'If only I could show them what lies LaHayn makes them fight for—'

'That would be a mistake,' snapped the psyker. 'As much as it pains us to take the lives of these dedicated servants of the God-Emperor, their misguided faith has blinded them to the truths that we have uncovered. They would never accept your word on the lord deacon's perfidy.' He nodded to himself. 'Take heart in the fact that they will go to the Golden Throne with honour, for their only error is to believe too blindly in the church.'

'This course I have taken... ' Sherring's words were leaden with effort. 'I pray that the Ecclesiarchy will see the merit of it, or else we will all be damned as traitors.'

'I am convinced of it, baron. The Ordo Hereticus will call you a hero for the stand you dare to take today.'

Sherring eyed him. 'And you? What of the help that you promised me? Where are the weapons of LaHayn's own creation you said we would turn on him?'

'Here,' smiled Vaun, gesturing at the woman and the man. 'Presenting my comrades Abb the Blinded and the girl Suki.'

It was the baron's turn to be amused. 'Surely you jest? A skinny female and a sightless man? What use are they?'

Vaun inclined his head. 'Show our friend Holt, will you?'

Suki shrank in on herself, and for a moment Sherring thought she might vomit on his rich carpets; but then she let out a deep-throated yowl from her mouth and brought a gout of stinking fire along with it. The nearest of his bodyguards was caught in the nimbus of her dragon breath and he died on his feet.

The second guardian had his gun in his hand as the blind man pointed a crooked finger at him. Milky eyes surveyed the room as if they could still see, centring on Sherring's man. Veins on Abb's brow throbbed and the soldier screamed. Smoke plumed from his nostrils and mouth, and he fell to the floor, roasting from within.

'Terra protect me!' whispered the baron. 'Pyrokenes!'

Vaun's smile grew. 'Impressive, yes? I'm granting you the service of these two as a gesture of solidarity.'

'Of... Of course...!' Sherring recoiled, the smell of burnt human meat sickening in his nostrils.



They sent in the flyers to strafe the Sisterhood's war machines, the same flight of oval coleopters that Vaun had used to sweep into Noroc during the Blessing of the Wound. That night, the capital's city guard had been slack and paid for their inattention with death; but Galatea's troops were more than ready for an aerial bombardment. Baron Sherring's affection for flyers and aeronefs was well documented, and the Sisters of Battle had come prepared.

The coleopters thrummed through the cowl of smoke growing up about Metis's tall West Gate, lighting up the slow-moving lines of tanks with bolter shells and laser fire. They came in low, counting on surprise; but that tactic had already been exhausted of its value.

Units of Sister Dominions, the special weapons caste of the Sororitas, switched targets from the turret emplacements and gun servitors of the cavalry. Storm bolters and meltaguns converged and brought the first of the disc-shaped aircraft out of the sky, shedding turbine blades and hull metal as it tumbled end over end into the smouldering tree line. The flames outside Metis were spreading now, coiled around the southern and western slopes in a flickering orange torc about the neck of the city.

Two more of the ships collided in panic as their pilots realised too late that the Sisters were not the easy targets they had bombed in Noroc. A third, burning fuel trailing out behind it in a blazing comet tail, turned into the line

of armoured Rhinos and metal met ceramite plate as the two vehicles collided.



The blast made the ground ripple and twitch. The shockwave of the explosion fanned up the hillside and tucked under the rear quarter of the Rhino where Sister Verity rode. Her world turned about as the steel box suddenly rotated around her, throwing the women and hardware inside into disarray. Blood streaked her vision as Verity's head rang off the decking and she was whipped about. The clinical, detached part of her mind caught the sound of somebody's neck snapping as one of the Battle Sisters in there with her was struck by a loose ammunition crate. A warm darkness stole the rest of the dizzying impacts from her; and then abruptly, with no apparent dislocation between moments, the young woman found herself lying in the ankle-length grass, her body tight with dozens of new bruises.

Verity moved and took a wave of agony from her joints. A strong set of hands cupped under her armpits and helped her to her feet. She blinked, blurred vision clearing gradually to reveal a flock of red-pink shapes. There was a peculiar noise hereabouts, a tinny insect buzzing.

'Hospitaller, heal thyself,' she mumbled thickly, the words bubbling up with an edge of hysteria. She struggled to make her eyes see properly; and when they snapped back into focus, she regretted it. There before her was the wreckage of the Rhino, volatile promethium fuel pooling beneath it amid a paste of Sororitas corpses. Her gut turned over and she gasped.

'The Emperor watches over you,' said a voice close to her ear, 'He has a plan for you, Sister. No other survived from that transport.'

Verity focussed on the speaker, the grogginess in her mind fading with every passing second. She looked down to see a pale, scarred hand holding her up. She followed it to a face beneath a torn red hood and choked out a breath. 'Repentia...'

'By the Emperor's grace,' replied Iona, hefting her idling eviscerator chainblade. 'Your life will be forfeit if you remain here. He did not spare you so that could happen.'

The Mistress, a dark armoured figure with neural whips heavy in her hands, rose into sight and pointed toward the melee. 'The medicae is in our care. Take heed as we press forth! Her life is to be protected!'

Then they were advancing forward, women in red rags and high rage all about her as the battle swung closer.

CHAPTER TEN

A backwash of raw heat seared Sister Miriya's cheek and she leaned into the firing controls, bringing the turret ring of the Immolator about in a hard arc. In the lee of the closest autocannon emplacement, a cavalryman with more bravery than intellect worked at a portable mortar, jamming a fresh shell into the breech. The Battle Sister lit up the meltas and drew a line of wavering heat across the ferrocrete and mud to where he stood, burning him down in a flashing scar of detonation.

Attracted by the activity, the cogitator brain in the turret began a ponderous turn to bear on the tank. Miriya kicked at a control switch by her feet and spoke a quick prayer to the God-Emperor and his tech-priests. The switch brought the blessing of power to a single-shot tube launcher that clung to the flank of the Immolator. Words of consecration wrapped about it on streams of parchment and the shapes of holy seals in red and white wax sheathed its exhaust vents.

Miriya pointed at the gun emplacement and glanced at the Canoness. 'With your permission, honoured Sister?'

'You may remove the obstacle,' nodded Galatea. 'The hunter is yours to command.'

'Aye!' Miriya needed no more encouragement, turning an ornate brass key inset on the turret's nalwood dashboard.

The tube chugged out a fat flower of white smoke, and from the middle of that bloom came a wicked projectile, the tip saw-toothed and barbed. Through a means that was beyond Sister Miriya's understanding, the hunter-killer missile spoke directly to the machine spirit of the Immolator and its auspex, there in the few seconds between leaving its birth chamber and turning to its target. The rocket went up into the grey air as a salmon leapt from a river, then turned about its own axis and penetrated the top of the autocannon turret.

The gun emplacement burst open in a black and red flash, unspent shells ripping the air as they ignited in the inferno. Along the line of enemy turrets, a ripple of electric shock streaked through the cables connecting the servitor-brains inside each, and the maws of guns twitched in confusion.

'Press the attack!' screamed Galatea, vox microphones in her armour taking her words and amplifying them through the laud hailers of her tank.

'Faith unfailing!' Every sister on the field replied in kind, backing up their war cry with bolt shell, fire and fury. The Exorcists and Immolators angled and fired upon the mechanical gun bunkers one by one, opening them so that the butchered masses of once-human brains within were boiled into the air.

The echo of multiple detonations sank into the smoke, falling at the feet of the charging Adepta Sororitas. In their trenches and boltholes beyond the towers of the West Gate, soldiers broke and ran at the sight of the women. Red cloaks snapped at the backs of the Battle Sisters and what faint sunlight that made it through the war mist flashed off their black power armour. Those who were unhooded showed faces of wrath framed by tresses in ashen or jet. The passion of the God-Emperor was among them, the spirit of Katherine the Martyr their shield and their sword.

The defenders of Metis gave return fire; but on came the women, a force of nature made manifest.



The Repentia carried Verity with them as a wave might have carried a piece of driftwood out to sea. She was beyond her own control, guided and pushed by the hands of the red hoods and their Mistress, inside but isolated from their small band. The Hospitaller pulled her own robes around her, better to cover her face from the roaring madness of the battle. There was nowhere she could look that the bloody ruin of war was not laid out for her to see. Here, the illustration from a medicae script made real, where the shattered glass egg of a servitor was spread about the ferrocrete; there, a man cored like an apple, bones white in a red mass of singed meats. Verity had come across wounds as savage as these and more so, but those had always been at a distance. She had seen the dead and the dying once removed from the field of conflict, the thought of where those wounds had originated some abstract, dislocated concept. Now, she watched the inflicting of those damages, she smelled the familiar burnt-copper aroma made new and horrible by those sights.

Verity staggered and the Mistress caught her arm and stopped her from falling. On before them the Sisters Repentia stormed, throwing themselves heedlessly over barbed wire bales and into the depths of trenches behind. Lesions covering them across every centimetre of skin, the Repentia called down death in banshee wails. Their heavy eviscerator chainswords made short work of the men down there, spinning razors of teeth shredding

flesh, bone and cloth on the down stroke, the blunt iron edge on the weapon's other face caving in skulls and ribcages on the upswing.

The one called Iona, the woman that had invoked the Catechism of the Penitent after failing to save Lethe from death, worked at the craft of killing with blank frenzy. Verity watched her drive her sword through the sternum of a screaming cavalry officer, and found the most terrible thing to behold was the empty, doll-like glaze in Iona's eyes. The Hospitaller felt the conflict of emotions returning, the same hurricane of anger, sorrow and regret that had taken her the day she arrived on Neva. Had Iona felt the same? Had she been so scarred by Lethe's brutal killing, that all she could do was throw herself to the mercy of a blood-spattered redemption? Verity was troubled to realise that on some level, she could empathise with the pale woman.

'Advance!' screamed the Mistress. 'Take only sins, not prisoners! Leave only flesh, not corruption! Onward! Onward!'

Verity was taken with them, into the trenches and tunnels that led to the city.



Local legends said that the West Gate of Metis had been forged from the hull metal of the first human colony ship to arrive on Neva, back in the time of expansion when the stars were new to mankind's touch. They were, in their own way, relics of great import to the people of this planet; but the gate dared to bar the way of the God-Emperor's chosen agents. The steel which had travelled a million light years from the place of its forging was shattered by a hundred Sororitas guns, and with a sound like the collapse of heaven, the four-storey gate was felled.

The razor-prowed Repressors bit into the debris scattered across the highway, tracks spinning as they fought to gain purchase on the ferrocrete. Dead men and killed machines were forced into gutters as the Daughters of the Emperor marched in skirmish lines behind an armoured fist of tanks. Their blood was up, and down the streets before them the wind carried their hymnals.

The last line of defence left by panicked officers, laser-armed snipers in the outer buildings stitched crimson threads into the Sisters. Miriya and the other women in the tank turrets paid them back tenfold with plasma and rockets, tearing the upper floors from stone tenements and razing the wood and tile of others. At their backs, the

fires from the forest advanced in with them, the curling smoke and flames hissing over the bloody trenches.

Metis was a city of riches. Like so many conurbations on Neva, the scars of poverty and lawlessness that touched the faces of many hive worlds and colonies were absent; or, at least they were *elsewhere*, shifted to the factory moons where the poor and the desperate could be corralled. The most down-market districts here were veritable palaces compared to the rat-warren hovels that Sister Miriya had seen on some rim worlds. Still, they burned just as well. A bow wave of civilians, new refugees made this day by the arrival of the Sororitas, raced from their homes as the Immolators tore past them. Those that dared to stand in defiance to the Sisters of Battle were given the ritual censure of holy shot; those that made proper obeisance were left by the roadside.

The Canoness rode tall atop her tank at the head of the castigation legion, the cloak of Saint Aspira billowing out behind her and snapping in the breeze. She coiled her book in one hand, directing the Dominions in the forward lines to places where errant cavalymen challenged their procession. Some of the baron's soldiers threw down their arms and prayed for mercy when they saw the Sororitas coming. Men twice Miriya's age mewled like children as they met her gaze, finally understanding what crime that had committed. Some of them laid eyes on Galatea's cloak and knew it for what it was, a holy relic touched by the aura of their Eternal Lord. The Canoness was the Emperor's avatar here this day, swift and terrible with her justice.

Miriya could read the questions they asked of themselves in their faces – How could we ever have thought to defy the church? What will become of us? Will we be forgiven? The staccato cracks of bolt pistols answered for her. Those in Sherring's brocade and brass-button finery were being culled for their disloyalty.

'From the lightning and the tempest, our Emperor, deliver us.' Galatea quoted the verse from the battle prayer by rote. 'From plague, deceit, temptation and war, our Emperor, deliver us.'

Sister Miriya tasted cordite and burnt wood in the air and turned away to run her gaze over the Sororitas lines surrounding the slow-moving tank. On foot, Reiko caught her eye and gave her a grave nod. The veteran Superior walked with Isabel and Portia at her side and a wounded banner bearer behind. Among the red robes, Miriya realised that she saw no sign of the Hospitaller Verity, and on reflex she made the sign of the aquila. 'Terra protects the faithful,' she whispered, watching the newly dead roll by beneath the Immolator's treads.



'Torris!' Ignis's strident voice carried along the marble corridors and stopped the psyker dead in his tracks. Vaun turned on his heel, claspng a pict-slate in his hand.

'Calm down, boy, you'll catch something alright. What's the panic?'

The ginger-haired youth gulped air. 'The baron is coming apart at the seams in there.' He jerked a thumb at the door to the chambers. 'Sent me off to find you.'

Vaun tapped his lips with a forefinger. 'It's my estimation that our welcome is about to be worn out for good. It's time to take steps.' He glanced around; there were no guards in earshot, as one of Sherring's first frantic orders had been to send all available men to fortify the mansion house gates. 'Where are those bloody nuns?'

'West Gate's been breached, all vox traffic from that quarter is nothing but dead air or weeping. Fires are spreading, too.'

'This isn't a raid of punishment, then,' the criminal replied. 'The Sisterhood won't leave a stick unburnt here. Our dear pal Holt is going to be made an example of.'

Ignis's fingers crawled over his shirt and plucked nervously at his collar. 'I don't want to be here when they arrive.'

Vaun shrugged. 'Who does? Don't worry, we'll be long gone by then. In my capacity as the baron's "special consultant" I'm going to have his racing 'nef fuelled and put on the roof pad. Once we see the tanks rolling up the mall we'll kite out of here and go for the Keep.'

The youth's eyes went wide with surprise. 'The Keep? You found it?'

The psyker waved the pict-slate at him. 'Not me, laddie. Sherring did. All part of the agreement I made with him. This is his price for my good company.'

'But how? That old bastard LaHayn kept it hid—'

'Doesn't matter how, Ig, just matters that we know where it is. The honourable lord deacon's dirty little secret is ours now, and it's ripe to be plundered. Sherring was busy while we were off planet – sure, he's an oily little tick, but he's connected on Neva. Must have cost him big to get this.' He weighed the slate in his hand. It seemed such a small thing to be so important, and yet inside the

primitive bio-cell memory of the device were strings of numbers that meant more to Torris Vaun than any other prize he had taken.

'Sherring won't just let us go.' Ignis frowned. 'We're supposed to help him win this battle.'

'Yes. How sad.' Vaun pocketed the slate. 'That just shows how big a fool he really is. Beneath all the braggadocio, the airs and graces, Sherring doesn't see past the end of his own nose. So while his back is turned, while he's making enough noise to wake the dead, we take what we want from him and slip away real quiet, like.'

A smirk flickered on Ignis's face. 'You set him and LaHayn at each other like dogs! All this kicking and screaming here, Metis seceding and all, this is just your smokescreen!'

'You're learning, laddie, that's good. Best way to get men to work for you is to have them think the job is their idea.' Vaun patted him on the shoulder. 'It's all about weakness. You find it in your mark, then you break them with it.' The sound of distant shellfire reached them, rumbling through the walls and setting the molycrystal chandeliers above their heads twittering with vibration. 'This little bloodbath is going to cover our tracks nicely. By the time the confessors and the cardinals are through sifting the ashes of Metis, we'll be kings of the Null Keep and everything in it. And then... Then, Ig, we'll cut our names into the galaxy.'

'Do you think... Could we... destroy a planet, maybe?'

The psyker smiled. 'You know, I've always wondered how that would feel. It's going to be interesting to find out.' Vaun gestured down the corridor. 'Go keep the baron busy. You'll know when it's time to go.' He was two steps away when the younger man's question came after him.

'What about the others? They're still out there in the thick of it. Abb and Suki, I mean.'

'I know who you mean.' Vaun said, without turning around. 'There's always sacrifices to be made, Ignis. You know that.'

'But we lost Rink already. If there's just us two—'

'There'll be plenty of new recruits in the Keep,' he snapped, 'more than enough.' He threw a hard look over his shoulder. 'Do as I said. Can't afford to play favourites, not this late in the game.'

Vaun stalked away, leaving Ignis rubbing gingerly at the scarring behind his ear, and remembering.



The central avenue from the breached gate guided the Sisterhood to Metis's grand plaza, within the confines of which stood the fenced grounds of the baron's stately mansion. The circular city was arranged like a wheel, with spokes radiating out from the centre and concentric rings of boulevards growing ever smaller as they contracted inwards. At some of the crossroads along the line of the advance, the armoured vehicles and the Battle Sisters met makeshift barricades that were stormed by concentrated attacks, or hastily emplaced Leman Russ tanks drawn from the token Imperial Guard garrison. The line soldiers who had agreed to stand against the Sisterhood were ritually burnt alive, denied even the mercy of a bolter shell. They moved on, ever on, leaving the tanks afire or in fragments.

From giant speaker horns hung from the city's boxy buildings, Baron Sherring's hysterical speeches played in loops, his words nearly shrieks. Galatea ordered each one of them destroyed with rocket or laser, and in turn made the laud hailers on the Sororitas vehicles broadcast songs of penitence and admonishment. Panic warred with the Battle Sisters for mastery of the streets as they moved ever closer to the core of Metis, like a slow arrow toward its heart. The edges of the caldera were enveloped in fire now, and to observers on ships in orbit the plume of smoke appeared as if the dead volcano had returned to life.



Crossing into the outer gardens of the plaza, Miriya saw flashes of red in the near distance and caught the whirring of eviscerators; the Repentia had pressed on and taken the first kills of Sherring's personal guard, the golden sashes and ribbons the men wore soaking their blood as the tireless blades took them. Galatea leapt down from the back of the Immolator, and Miriya dropped back through the gun turret hatch to follow her out into the battle. *I've ridden long enough, she told herself, it is time to face the traitors close at hand.*

Desultory laser fire and bolt shots hissed through the air around them, missing cleanly as the baron's men tried to beat the women back. Galatea was snapping out orders. 'Sister Reiko, take the Retributors and assault the southern flank. Sister Miriya, have your Celestians come together and follow in the path cut by our Repentia.'

'Aye,' chorused Reiko and Miriya, saluting with a balled fist to the fleur-de-lys on their chest armour.

A jerk of motion from Portia caught Miriya's eye. The Battle Sister was looking skyward, and she pointed with her gun, her tawny face split in a grimace. 'Dominica's Eyes! What in Hades is that?'

There was a shape coming toward them, swooping low through the drifts of haze. It was a woman, arms open to them, buoyed on thin sheets of orange fire. Portia did not wait for an answer to her question and fired at the apparition. The flying woman brought her hands close to her chest and forced a gaseous breath from her lungs. She spat choking flames down at the Sisters with a rattling crackle of noise.

Miriya reeled away, the stench of burning bile washing over her. She felt acid mist prickle her eyes and ground the heels of her hands into them, throwing herself as far as she could from the blast.

Portia and Reiko fired, lancing shots after the woman. 'Witchkin!' spat the veteran Battle Sister. 'A psyker freak!'

Blinking the stinging miasma away, Miriya drew her plasma pistol and threaded hot flares of white light at the dragon-breath woman. The psy-witch described a lazy loop in the misty air and dropped to the ground in a crouch, rolling to avoid bolt fire. Miriya saw a second figure now, a portly little man, advancing with purposeful steps from the smoke. He raised stubby fingers in a claw-like gesture, humming to himself. 'Careful, Reiko!'

Her warning had scarcely left her lips when the veteran superior turned her bolter on the fat man. The air about him wavered and the shots deflected away; it was the same trick that Vaun had used to protect himself during the attack on the Lunar Cathedral. Around the man's feet, circles of coloured ornamental grass and flowerbeds crisped and wilted. His face turned florid with hard effort and sweat beaded on his broad brow. All in the space of heartbeats, the psyker who called himself Abb used his preternatural talent to excite the molecules inside the sickle magazine of Sister Reiko's boltgun. In a throaty roar of detonation, every shell in Reiko's weapon exploded at once; the crash of flame took off her gun arm and ripped away most of her breastplate and the flesh beneath. The woman was punched back into Miriya and the Celestian was thrown against a stone plinth.

The aromas of ash and cooked flesh filled Miriya's senses. She pushed Reiko off her and the woman's head lolled to one side, a ruined face in mute shock. In that moment, as she clutched at her Sister, the light faded from Reiko's

eyes and she went slack. Cursing, Miriya let the body slip away and stepped forward, leading with her plasma gun.

Abb saw her coming and marshalled his power again, drawing from the pool of inhuman energies at the heart of his psyche. For Miriya, it was as if she had suddenly stepped into an oven, the dreary, moist warmth of the day crushed under a punishing heat. The Celestian had a moment of old sense-memory from a battle in the deserts of Ariyo, as if a pitiless sun had turned its full might upon her in that single instant. The plasma pistol sang in her mailed grip, the bright blue-white emitter coils along the breech sparking wildly with eager power. Plasmatic energy weapons were infamous for inopportune failures and catastrophic overheats, but in all the years that Miriya had used this handgun, she had never once had cause to regret it. It was a daily ritual of hers to pray over the firearm and ask the Emperor's forbearance in its use, so that she might employ it to exercise His displeasure.

'With this flame, I purify,' she murmured through dry lips.

Abb screamed as he forced the charge of burning energy from his mind, turning the power on the Battle Sister. Miriya's finger twitched on the trigger plate and the plasma pistol obeyed her. Psy-force and superheated, sun-hot plasma crossed in the air and split the day with thunder. The Sororitas reeled back, burnt and snarling; Abb became a thing of smouldering black meat, dying as the energy shot enveloped him.

The stench of the psyker-woman's coarse exhalations turned on the wind and Miriya followed her Sisters as they engaged Vaun's pyrokene killer in combat. Portia, Isabel and a dozen other line Sororitas stitched bolt shells in the air as the witch threw herself here and there, bobbing and weaving on pinions of fire. A fresh gushing spew of loathsome, steaming bile splattered among them. Miriya marvelled that so dainty a frame could continue to emit tides of flaming vomit; the foetid dragon-breath claimed the life of another Sister as she watched, cutting off her screams as it melted away the meat of her throat.

'Converge!' cried Portia, 'All guns to bear on the psy-whore!'

It was difficult to predict where the sylph-like girl was going to go next, the glowing flex of her fire wings confusing the eye of the shooters. For a moment, Miriya wondered if the venerable Sister Seraphim would be needed to down her; but the order's swift attack cadre were elsewhere in the battle, engaging the few remaining

flyers still circling high above. Taking heed of Portia's cry, the Battle Sisters turned on the psyker, and in seconds she ran out of places to fly. Shots from Isabel's gun, Galatea's inferno pistol and the bolters of a dozen keen women crossed at a point where the witch's flight took her, and ripped her open in mid-air. The fiery toxins in her chest ignited and she blew apart, raining down gobbets of torn flesh.

Miriya averted her eyes and shielded her face; she had no desire to become dirtied by the fallout from the death of a creature such as that one.

'Suffer not the witch to live,' Isabel spoke the words with grim finality.

'Aye,' said the Canoness, 'but there are more than these two to bring to their end. My orders have been given. Advance and take the mansion.'

'Are we free to kill Vaun?' Miriya asked, a little too eagerly.

'The lord deacon's commands were clear. Torris Vaun is to be taken alive.' She turned away. 'Baron Sherring and any other conspirators are to share the fate of these mutant freaks.'



All the watchtowers of Metis had been cut down or torched, and the overcomplicated pipeworks that controlled the city's rainbirds – the water nozzles for damping down the dry season – were severed. There remained nothing but wells and water buckets left to quench the encroaching fires, and those too were soon abandoned when the people understood that the conflagration would not be beaten. Sherring's subjects fled, choking the main avenues to the gates; but they streamed out into the woodlands only to find the trees ablaze there as well, the crackling necklace of heat beating at them with heavy hands. The Sisters of Our Martyred Lady had come to bring fire to the faithless, and they would only quit this blighted place when every building in Metis was ash. The flames reached high into the darkening sky, fingers of orange and black rising like hands in supplication and prayer. The city cried out for forgiveness, begging the Throne on distant Terra for respite that would never come.

Deep in the centre of the caldera, the Sisterhood heard the calls and closed their ears to them. Baron Holt Sherring had disobeyed the Nevan diocese, and so by

order of Lord LaHayn, he was declared excommunicatus. The Ecclesiarchy had signed the warrant at dawn, charging that Sherring had turned his face from the Imperial Church and made a myriad of false accusations. No matter how strong his belief might be, no matter how misguided, Sherring was a traitor and a heretic in the eyes of the Sisterhood – and in the object lesson that would be his death, LaHayn had ordered that the baron’s citizens share in his punishment.

Metis burned, the city slowly surrendering to the unstoppable flames as street after street turned to hell.



Sister Miriya led with Cassandra, Portia and Isabel at her side, moving low and swift across the gentle rise of the ornamental lawns. The rattle of shots came from somewhere ahead of them, and the Celestian saw puffs of exhaust gas lick out from arrow slots in the walls of the mansion house. She surveyed the structure, looking for a means of approach, for a place where a breach might be made.

Cassandra was turning over the same thought, her eyes pressed to her magnoculars. ‘There, the two ornate doors. Do you see them?’

Miriya nodded. ‘Heavily guarded, though. I see storm bolters. We’ll need to take those down before we can enter the building.’

Further up the rise shapes in red and black emerged from the smoke and charged at the cavalrymen’s barricade. ‘What is the name of Celestine is that?’ Isabel pointed a finger. ‘Look there, do you see them?’

Cassandra gasped. ‘The Repentia! By my blood, they’re attacking them with just their blades!’

Miriya sprang to her feet. ‘We’ll not let them throw their lives away! To arms! Follow them!’

The Battle Sisters scrambled to take up the slack behind the red-hooded fighters, adding bolter and plasma gun to the chorus of strident death that came from the chainswords. Ahead of them, Miriya saw streaks of firepower from the storm bolters hammer into the Repentia women; some of them were killed instantly, others wounded mortally, but only those who died faltered. Their Mistress cracked her whips at their backs or turned the punishing neural lash on the enemy.

Isabel and Portia took up a flanking position while Miriya and Cassandra fell in behind the Mistress. The Sister Superior marvelled once more at the righteous fury the Repentia exhibited, the masked women beheading and gutting any one of Sherring’s soldiers too slow to avoid their ceremonial eviscerators. Backing them with gunfire, the two units quickly made short work of the barricade’s defenders. The cavalrymen were wheat before the scythe of their holy vengeance.

Stepping over the broken barrier, Miriya saw a Repentia drenched in blood as she struggled to get to her feet, the stuttering blade of her chainsword still buried in the skull of turncoat officer. By reflex she extended a hand and helped the woman stand. The face shadowed by the red hood turned to hers and she saw pale skin dotted with scarlet, shaved straw-blonde hair fine against a scarred scalp. ‘Iona?’

‘Sister Miriya...’

The harsh sting of a neural whip darted at Iona’s back and she stiffened, but did not cry out. ‘You will not speak!’ shouted the Repentia Mistress. ‘The edicts forbid communion with those of your life before the oath!’

Miriya’s hand shot out and caught the end of the whip, the barbed tip spitting out pain through her armoured glove. She jerked it, hard. ‘What say you?’

The Mistress tore her lash from the Sister Superior’s grip. ‘You know the lore as well as any of us, Miriya! She may not speak to you!’

The Celestian opened her mouth to spit out some rebuke, but one look from Iona’s hollow gaze silenced it. ‘Yes. Of course.’ She turned away and let the Mistress reassemble her women.

Cassandra was speaking into the vox pickup on her armour. ‘Canoness. The way in to the mansion lies open at the doors beside the gardens.’ She flinched; there was a livid laser wound along her forearm.

‘Sweep and clear,’ Galatea’s voice crackled through a dozen ear beads. ‘Find Vaun. No survivors.’

Miriya acknowledged the command with a nod and glanced at her second’s injury. ‘Can you fight with that?’

‘I will compensate—’ began Cassandra.

‘Let me help,’ the new voice brought the Celestians to a halt, and Sister Verity emerged from her concealment in the lee of an overturned half-track. Miriya was without

words for a moment. Verity's eyes were haunted, and there was blood of many hues across her robes even though she appeared to be unhurt.

'You should not be here!' snapped Portia.

'They brought me,' said the Hospitaller, indicating the Repentia.

'A miracle she lives still,' said Isabel in a low voice.

'Yes,' agreed Miriya, 'a miracle.' She stooped and found a lasgun close to the slashed corpse of the man who had once owned it. She offered it to Verity. 'We shall not test the whims of the fates further. Defend yourself.'

The Hospitaller shook her head. 'I'm not a combatant.' She clasped the scentwood case of her medicus ministorum to her chest to make more of the point.

'It was not a request,' said Miriya, an edge in her tone. 'Take the gun. I cannot have a Sister at my side who will not fight.'

'In the God-Emperor's name, my remit is to save life, not destroy it.' Verity's voice was quiet but it was as steady as a rock.

'Even traitors such as these?' The Sister Superior swept her hands about at the dead men. 'Their lives are forfeit.

The Emperor's church has declared it so.'

The other woman nodded. 'That is true. But still, I am not an instrument to bring death.' She met Miriya's gaze. 'That is your job.'

Miriya's eyes narrowed. 'It is. But perhaps you have been spending too much time carrying out more secular duties. You forget yourself. Vaun and his traitors will not make so keen a definition between a Sister Hospitaller and a Sister Militant.'

'That is why the Emperor has you walk with me,' replied the nurse.

'Take the gun,' repeated the other woman.

For a moment, it seemed as if Verity would deny her again; but instead, she took the lasgun and tucked it into her habit.

The Repentia Mistress's call to arms stopped the Celestian from answering. 'A spiritu dominatus! Domine, libra nos! Death to the heretic and witchkin!'

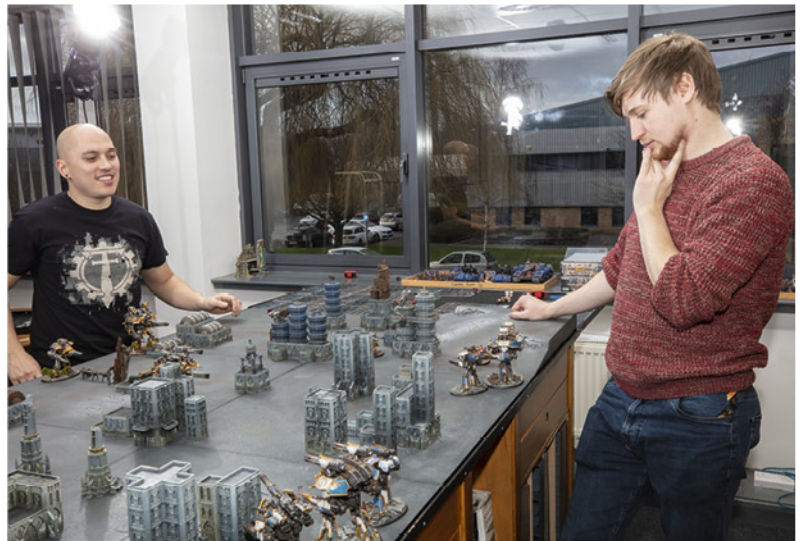
Miriya held her plasma gun high and pointed after the raging Repentia. She could think of no battle cry, no stirring quote at that moment. In silence, the Battle Sisters followed their hooded kin into the echoing halls.

Continued next month



INSIDE THE STUDIO

And so we come to the end of the magazine, where we catch up on all the miscellaneous activity taking place around the Warhammer Studio. The Warhammer 40,000 army painting challenge has stepped up a gear, while there seems to be a lot of Warcry action taking place in the gaming room every lunchtime. We like to think we spurred it on thanks to *A Tale of Four Warbands* but, truth be told, everyone just loves playing Warcry! There's been a lot of painting going on, too, be it new Warhammer 40,000 models, new Age of Sigmar armies, or even Titans and Aeronautica aircraft. Lyle was so excited by Jason and Owen's game in this issue (see right) that he even dusted off the Reaver Titan he started a while back. Enjoy the last few pages!



HUNTING FOR XENOS

Dan and his friend Damien caught up for a game this month, with Dan bringing his Orks and Damien his new Deathwatch army (which we're hoping to feature in an upcoming issue). With 2,400 points a side, the two of them slugged it out for most of the afternoon until only thirty or so models were left standing. Damien won the game 10 victory points to 9. So close, Dan!



FIRST OF A NEW ARMY

Age of Sigmar games developer Louis Aguilar has started a Kharadron Overlords army. His first model is this Endrinmaster, which he converted to be hovering over an Azyrite Ruin, a slimy tentacle from the Necromunda Barricades set lurking nearby. To paint the metalwork, Louis sprayed the whole model Leadbelcher, then washed it with Nuln Oil and drybrushed it with Stormhost Silver. The bronze areas are Castellax Bronze highlighted with Sycorax Bronze.



As we come to the end of the magazine, we take a look at the games people have been playing and the models they've been painting in the studio over the past month. This issue: a Titan, a Phoenix Lord, loads of metal and a really big game in a couple of small pictures.

PHOENIX RISING

Matt has painted Jain Zar this month to add to his Craftworld Telennar army. He basecoated her with Wraithbone spray, then covered the whole model in Skeleton Horde straight from the pot. Next, Matt painted her bodysuit with Black Templar before highlighting her armour with Flayed One Flesh, Pallid Wych Flesh and, finally, White Scar. He picked out the tassels on her blade in orange so they match the colour scheme of his craftworld. He also didn't use any metallic paints on the model.



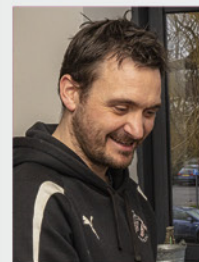
THE LEGIO MARCHES AGAIN

Inspired by this month's Battle Report, Lyle painted a Reaver Titan for his growing Legio Astorum force. Like all his other Titans, Lyle painted the armour panels separately from the chassis, enabling him to undercoat them with Macragge Blue spray, while painting the rest of the titan with Leadbelcher. Next, Lyle used a sponge to stipple on Altdorf Guard Blue and Calgar Blue, building up a patina of aged paint on the carapace. For the white stripes, he masked off the blue and then re-stippled the armour with Ulthuan Grey before washing everything with Agrax Earthshade to make it look worn and grimy.



WHAT'S GOING ON?

The people behind White Dwarf are always engaged in hobby activities behind the scenes. Here's what some of them have been up to recently.



PAUL FOULKES

Paul's Iron Golem warband made a brief appearance in A Tale of Four Warbands earlier in the mag. Recently, though, they've been back on the campaign trail in a Golem-off against ...



ERIK NIEMZ

... Erik Niemz's Iron Golems! The two of them fought a weirdly symmetrical battle in which Ogor fought Ogor and Dominar fought Dominar in a battle to complete an arcane ritual.



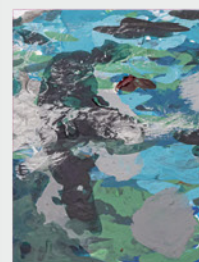
NEIL SNOWBALL-HILL

Warhammer Underworlds kingpin Neil has been preparing for a tournament in which he'll be using the Wurmspat. His latest practice game was against ...



JES BICKHAM

... Jes Bickham, who was using Mollog's mob. We arrived right at the moment that Sepsimus stabbed Mollog to death, leaving Jes to muse that he 'may need better tactics.'



JONATHAN STAPLETON

Jonathan's been engaged on a secret project as of late. You'll get to find out what very soon, but for now, this is what his painting palette looks like. It's got a bit of red on it.

THE NOVOKH DYNASTY AWAKENS

Our back page has been given over to packaging designer Dean Lettice, whose newly painted Necrons caught our collective eyes as we walked past his desk.

'I actually started them for Kill Team a while back, then developed them into a full force,' says Dean. 'I've always liked the colour scheme of the Novokh Dynasty because the red really makes them stand out from the crowd – they

look more regal than plain silver. I gave all the models Necromunda bases to give them an industrial feel, which also gave me the excuse to paint them dirty and rusty to contrast with the clean Necrons. The red armour is basecoated with Khorne Red, shaded with Agrax Earthshade, then highlighted with Mephiston Red and Squig Orange. The glowing green orbs and power blades are Warpstone Glow shaded with Biel-Tan Green and highlighted with Moot Green.'



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