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19

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ISSUE 119 NOVEMBER 1989

WHITE DWARF™

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Bryan Ansell



Tony Cottrell



Graeme Davis



David Gallagher



Jes Goodwin



Rick Priestley

CULTURE SHOCK

ORKS

The Orks are coming! You'll soon be able to see the fruits of this huge *Warhammer 40,000* project when the first of Kev Adams' new Ork miniatures are released. These miniatures are Kev's finest work to date - you won't believe the range of expressions and the great character of these Orks until you see them. When it's finished, the full range of Orks will include metal miniatures, a plastic boxed set, and metal bodies with plastic arms and weapons.



At the same time, we're working on the **Ork Battlewagon** - a plastic kit of the formidable Ork tank. Plans include conversion packages that allow you to make huge Battlewagon variants.



And to top it all, there's **Waaargh the Orks**, the definitive guide to Ork kultur. Written by Bryan Ansell and Nigel Stillman, *Waaargh the Orks* is packed with great illustrations from our best artists, like Paul Bonner and David Gallagher, with colour plates showing the uniforms of the major clans, details of every aspect of Ork life, and the full Ork army lists for *Warhammer 40,000*.

WHITE DWARF 118 COVER

Last month we credited the cover of *White Dwarf* to Les Edwards. In fact, the *Advanced Heroquest* cover was painted by **John Sibbick**. Many apologies, John.



DEATH WING

Death Wing, the first *Space Hulk* supplement is now nearing completion. It's packed with board sections, including new rooms and junctions, wider corridors, and features such as cryogenic tanks, pitfalls, ladders and bulkheads, with a set of ready-to-play Missions that use the new sections

The rules present a system for generating Missions using card geotiles (there's a full set in the box) that can be arranged to produce a vast number of different maps. And there are army lists that allow the Marine player to design his own forces for both the existing and new Missions.

To round it all off, there's also a wealth of fascinating background information on the **Death Wing** - the Terminators of the Dark Angels - written as a novella by William King.

To follow on from *Death Wing*, we're soon to begin work on **Genestealer**, the second *Space Hulk* supplement. *Genestealer* will include new plastic models of Terminator Librarians and Genestealer Hybrids, more new board sections, and additional *Space Hulk* rules.

GAMES WORKSHOP US

There's a special three-day promotion at our US retail stores on Friday, Saturday and Sunday the 8th, 9th and 10th of December. Anyone who comes along wearing a **Games Workshop T-shirt** will receive a 10% discount on any purchases in the stores.

So make sure you get along that weekend to **Games Workshop Washington/Baltimore**, 14858 Laurel Center Mall, Baltimore Washington Boulevard, Laurel, Maryland and **Games Workshop Fairfax**, Fair City Mall, 96009 Main Street, Fairfax, Virginia.

GAMES WORKSHOP BRIGHTON

The Brighton Games Workshop store is holding a **Charity 24-hour Warhammer Fantasy and Warhammer 40,000 Battle**, with all proceeds donated to Children in Need. The battle will begin at 6.30 pm on Friday the 17th of November and will carry right on through to Saturday evening.

We're looking for players and sponsors for the event - if you're interested in participating or helping out, get in touch with Guy Carpenter at the Brighton store (7 Nile Pavilions, Nile Street, Brighton - Tel: 0273 203333). And if you can't join in, get down to Brighton on Saturday to see how everyone's holding up.

NEW FACES

There have been a couple of new arrivals at the Design Studio this month: **William King** and **Matt Forbeck**.



William King has joined us to write fiction, both for the anthologies of short stories and for games and rulebooks. He's been a full-time writer of fantasy and science fiction for the last year, with work published in *Interzone* magazine and the *Zenith* and *Starfield* anthologies. He cites writers such as Frank Miller, William Gibson and Gene Wolfe as his favourite authors.

You'll soon be seeing some of William's tensely-plotted, action-packed *Warhammer Fantasy* stories in the **Ignorant Armies** and **Wolf Riders** anthologies - in fact he's written the title story of *Wolf Riders*. Both books include the continuing adventures of Gotrek the Trollslayer and his companion Felix Jaegar, and we're looking forward to seeing much more of them in future anthologies. When he's not writing, William's a keen gamer and plays a lot of *Adeptus Titanicus* and *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* - he finds his WFRP campaigns are great source material for his fiction.



Matt Forbeck has come over from the States to join us as an editor and we've put him straight to work on **Death Wing**. He's just finished his degree in English, specialising in Creative Writing, at the University of Michigan. Matt has previously been employed by a variety of US games companies and most recently worked as an editor for *New Infinities*.

GAMES WORKSHOP™

1989/90

GAMING LEAGUES



RULES AND GUIDELINES

The new gaming leagues have their origins in a number of associated projects: the Warhammer Register, the Golden Demon Awards and Games Day.

The Warhammer Register was our first attempt to put Warhammer players across the country in touch with each other. The response was so huge that we now have a very impressive, but somewhat unmanageable, list of hundreds of gamers and their armies.

The solution to this problem combines your obvious enthusiasm for our games with the proven structure of the Golden Demon Awards. Leagues will be run on a regional level, with Games Workshop stores co-ordinating the players in their area. Your local Games Workshop manager will be in charge of registration, results, promotion and relegation, so try not to get on the wrong side of him...

Having decided to organise the leagues in this fashion, our next problem was to decide which games to run. There was no reason to limit proceedings to *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, and, after lengthy discussions, we decided to include *Space Hulk*, *Warhammer 40,000* and *Blood Bowl* as well. So, whatever your favourite game, you should be able to find something suitable.

If you'd like to register in any of the leagues, simply pop along to your local Games Workshop store and ask the manager for a rules booklet. He'll be able to answer all your questions, and put you in touch with other gamers. The rules booklet tells you how to generate your forces from the army lists provided, and gives you details about progressing up the league. As you are awarded points for each game you play, whether you win or lose, it stands to reason that the more games you play the more points you accumulate.

Every time you win a game, you will be awarded honour points. These can be saved up and spent at the monthly in-shop auctions, where you can bid for extra equipment for your forces (but remember, before bidding, that you've got to acquire and paint the relevant miniatures ready for your next battle). If you don't succeed, you needn't despair - you may be able to loot something from your next vanquished opponent! If you find that an item of equipment isn't as useful as you thought it might be, you can always try to swap it by placing a message on the special league notice board in the shop. The notice board is there for your benefit. You can use it to issue challenges, set up grudge matches, exchange players and equipment, or just to boast about how brilliant your forces are! Remember that a little propaganda goes a long way.

You'll have to plan your strategies carefully each month, as you can't replace any casualties until the next league day. Careless play costs lives - and you might find yourself facing a hoard of angry Genestealers with only two Terminators and no heavy weapons - but just imagine the kudos if you won! Consistent failure can lead to investigation by an Imperial Chaplain or Commissar, so all you 40K generals better be careful with your troops and your equipment.

Take care to write good battle reports, and there's nothing to stop you taking photographs if you like - we may be featuring reports of really well-fought battles in future issues of *White Dwarf*. The shop managers will also be pleased to look at any new *Space Hulk* or *Warhammer 40,000* scenarios which are played.

The new leagues will be run on a yearly basis. Though there's no signing-up date, the later you join, the more catching up you'll have to do. The initial response has been very enthusiastic, and there are only so many places available in the leagues.

The top players in each league will qualify for entry to the prestigious Games Day competitions, with the chance of winning the national league trophy.

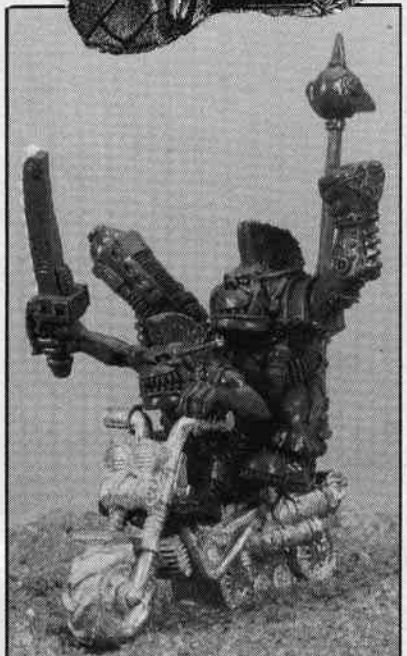
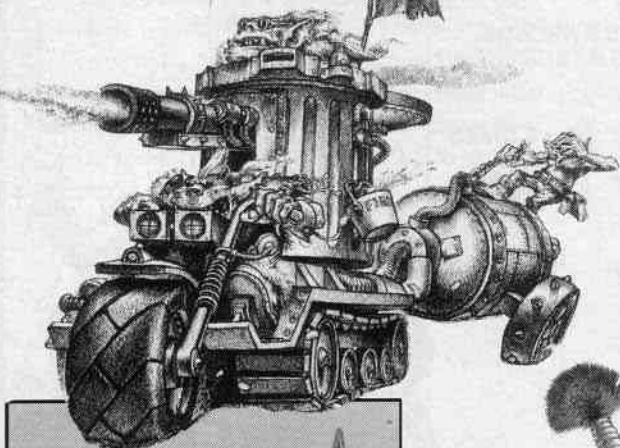
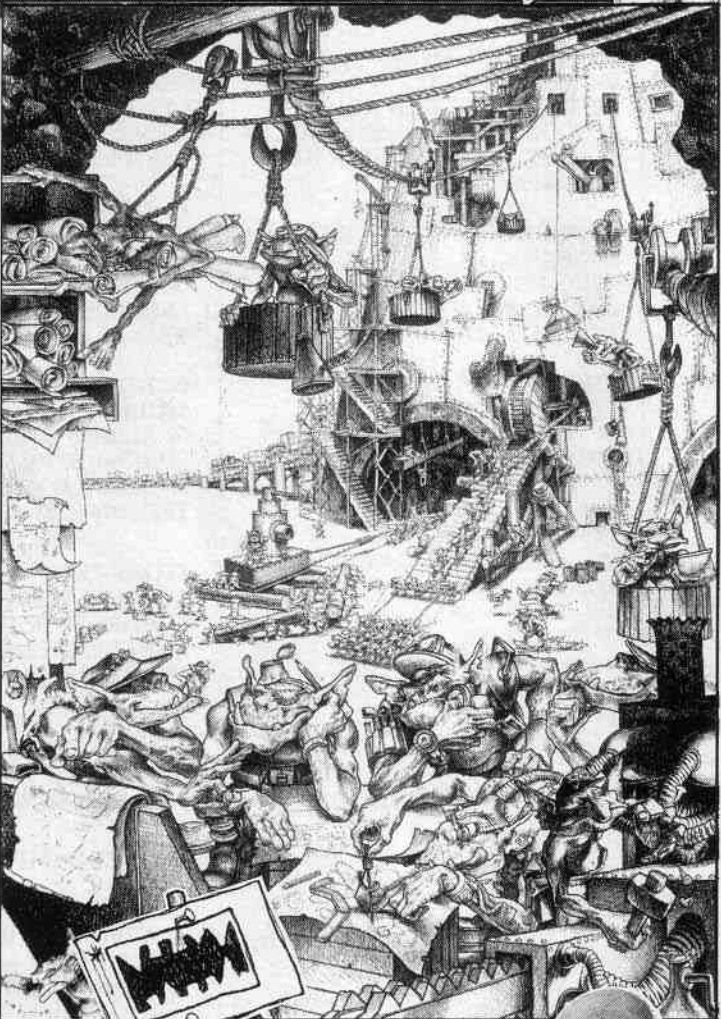
Battle Colours Painting Competition

In conjunction with the Gaming Leagues, the 1989/90 season also sees the introduction of the Battle Colours Painting Championships. Prizes will be awarded for the best-painted force in each of the gaming leagues at regional level, and also at the Games Day final itself. Only forces which have actively participated in the league are eligible. Keep an eye out for further details in *White Dwarf* and in the shops.



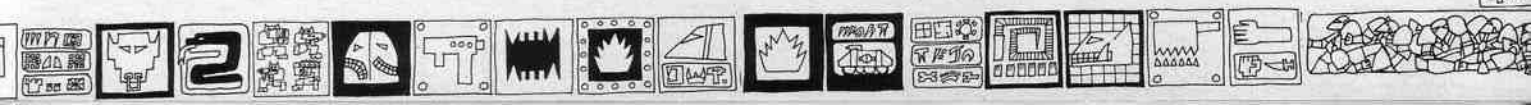


ORKIS



New Ork miniatures from the talented bands of Kevin Adams





HEAVY METAL

MICK BEARD

A great Chaos Chariot conversion and a selection of Space Marines from the brush of Mick Beard.



LEMAN RUSS



CHAOS CHARIOTEER CONVERSION



RAPTOR LEGION BUZZARD SUIT



HOWLING GRIFFONS SIGMAR VI INSURGENCY FORCE COLOURS



SONS OF MEDUSA DESERT WORLD COLOURS



HOWLING GRIFFONS MARINE



SPACE SHARKS MARINE CAMOUFLAGE VARIATION



CHAOS CHARIOT CONVERSION



SPACE SHARKS MARINE



MANTIS LEGION MARINE

PETE TAYLOR

Pete demonstrates his conversion of a Chaos Spawn using components from two Fimir models



1. FIMIR BODY NUMBER 1 WITH HEAD REMOVED



THE FINISHED CONVERSION



2. FIMIR BODY NUMBER 2 WITH HEAD AND ARMS REMOVED



3. THE NEW ARMS AND HEAD ARE ADDED TO FIMIR NUMBER 1 AND WIRE IS INSERTED INTO THE STUMPS



4. MODELLING PUTTY IS USED TO FORM THE TAIL AND FLIPPERS OVER THE WIRE SUPPORTS

PAUL BONNER

Artist extraordinaire turns his talents to miniature painting



OGRE



WH40K ORK



WH40K ORK



CHAOS WARRIOR



SKRAGG THE SLAUGHTERER



PLASTIC MARINE



WH40K ORK



LIMITED EDITION THRUD THE BARBARIAN

"I can tell you a tale," he said. "A tale of Zaragoz. A tale of betrayal which happened long ago, but whose tangled threads extend, as the threads of treason always do, across the centuries to the present day."

• ZARAGOZ •

Characters by Andy Warwick, taken from the novel Zaragoz by Brian Craig

This article is the third in a series that takes the major characters from Games Workshop's range of novels and translates them into game terms. Those presented here are for use with *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*.

The first character, Orfeo, is the hero of the novel. Never one to remain uninvolved, he finds he cannot pass by a priest who is being robbed and quickly finds himself out of his depth. The novel tells of the trials and tribulations he faces as a result of this encounter. Both he and the priest become embroiled in events within the town of Zaragoz.

The second character, Estevan Sceberra, is a major player in the dealings of Zaragoz and Orfeo's chief antagonist. As a minister to Zaragoz, Sceberra will do anything in his power to retain the current Duke's command over the town,



Orfeo assumed the balanced position of a skilled fencer, tempting Sceberra to follow him on to the narrow causeway

however corrupt that command might be. Sceberra resents Orfeo's involvement in the situation, perceiving him as a threat to the status quo, and takes an instant dislike to him.

However, it is Semjaza, the Duke's advisor, who serves as the catalyst for the events that unfold. Though a powerful wizard in his own right, it is Chaos that has endowed Semjaza with the strength to achieve his dreams, and it is Chaos that drives him to sacrifice those who stand in his way.

The only person who can defeat the Duke and bring justice to the realm is Arcangelo, a priest of Law. But, even though he knows he holds the fate of Zaragoz in his hands, the burden is weighing down upon him heavily, and he doubts whether he can achieve his aims without paying the greatest price of all.

Though the statistics given here are for the characters as they appear at the start of the novel, you may wish to alter their details so that they fit in better with your own games. We recommend that you read *Zaragoz* before using these characters, as it provides a better insight into their personalities than the brief summaries we have room for here.

• ORFEO •

"Nor am I, begging your pardon, a minstrel. I could not presume to the skill of an elf, though my art serves well enough for the accompaniment of such songs as humans sing, and for the better forms of dancing too."

Even at 40 years old, Orfeo can still turn the ladies' heads. Standing at just over 6ft 2in and slender of build, Orfeo retains the appearance of a man half his age. His poise and manner have stolen many a woman's heart.

At the age of 8, Orfeo was abandoned in the forests of Breton. He remained there for the next four years, fostered in a small community of Wood Elves. It was there he learnt how to play the lute to a standard only surpassed by the Elves themselves. But even though he was happy with the Elves, Orfeo knew that he did not truly belong. He decided to make his own way in the outside world, living off his skill as a musician. Since then Orfeo has drifted wherever his fancy took him.

Orfeo is a likeable enough chap. He has a quick wit, a gentle manner, and an unerring feel for what is just and true. What causes him problems and gets him into trouble, is his curiosity: he hates to think he is missing something. He will often be in over his head before taking a breath. Some have even called him reckless. Orfeo himself thinks that's a little strong, though deep down he knows it's true.

Orfeo can be encountered almost anywhere within the Old World. As a wandering player (he is loathe to call himself minstrel), he can be found in any roadside inn plying

trade for a meal and a bed. What's more, given Orfeo's natural curiosity, and suggestion that there is adventure to be had will see him first in the queue to apply.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	50	35	3	3	7	55	1	50	35	35	30	25	40

Skills: Ambidextrous; Animal Care - horses; Charm; Comedian; Concealment - Rural, Urban; Dance; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Jest; Lightning Reflexes; Luck; Mimic; Musicianship - Lute (+20); Public Speaking; Read/Write - Old Worlder; Ride - Horse; Seduction; Sing (+10); Sixth Sense; Speak Additional Languages - Estalian, Fan-Elthárin, Reikspiel, Wood-Elvish; Specialist Weapon - Fencing Sword; Story Telling; Strike to Injure; Very Resilient; Wit.

Possessions: rough travelling clothes; suit of fine clothes; rapier (I +20, D -1); knife (I +10, D -2, P -20); lute; other items as you see fit.

• ESTEVAN SCEBERRA •

"For myself, I do not care whether you are innocent or not. You have done what we warned you not to do, and now you must bear the consequence of that."

As a minister of Zaragoza and master of the Duke's secret police, Sceberra has an immense amount of power. And as the saying goes, power corrupts. Sceberra is the epitome of a man possessed by his position: he is cruel, heartless and totally cold to the feelings of others.

From his build and appearance the dark-haired Sceberra is obviously an accomplished warrior, even though he is now in his early 40's. But while he can certainly handle a sword, he prefers more subtle means to defeat his enemies, such as hiring bandits to murder those who oppose him. What makes Sceberra different from any other well-educated, selfish noble of Zaragoza is his utter contempt for everything and everyone and his total lack of guilt for his deeds.

His manner is brusque and off-hand, and he will condemn a man to death without a thought. He is, quite simply, a bully. What makes him dangerous is that he is a very powerful bully, and there are plenty of men willing to serve him and suffer his taunts to achieve one tenth of the political strength he wields.

Sceberra is most likely to be encountered when the PCs start to move in political circles, unless of course they find themselves in Zaragoza. If they are caught by the watch within Zaragoza's borders, they are almost certain to be brought before Sceberra at their trial.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	35	3	3	6	40	1	40	55	35	20	45	25

Skills: Dance; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Evaluate; Game Hunting; Haggle; Heraldry; History; Law; Luck; Public Speaking; Read/Write - Old Worlder; Ride - Horse; Speak Additional Language - Breton, Reikspiel; Specialist Weapon - Fencing Sword; Longbow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun; Torture.

Possessions: high-quality clothes; sword; other items as you see fit.

• SEMJAZA •

"It is not sensible to call it evil. Evil is a word which humans have made to describe what hurts them. It has no meaning in the greater world."

As the Duke of Zaragoza's advisor, Semjaza, like Sceberra, is in a very powerful position - unlike the minister, Semjaza has achieved this position by means of the power he personally wields, rather than political manoeuvring. He is less worried about losing his status than Sceberra.

Semjaza is, above all, a realist. While he does dabble in the black arts, and has made numerous pacts with Chaos, one couldn't call him corrupt. Indeed, this 6ft 2in corpse-like man could even be described as charming. He is rational, well-educated and will explain his philosophy calmly and simply.

Semjaza believes that change is the natural order of things, and that stagnation is the path to oblivion. As the greatest power for change is Chaos, it's only natural that's where Semjaza's allegiances lie. However, Semjaza maintains that his only reason for worshipping Chaos is a desire to retain his power when circumstances change, not out of any dislike for his fellow man.

Semjaza can best be used as a patron for the PCs. The retrieval of a magical item or of books for his studies are ideal starting points for interesting adventures.

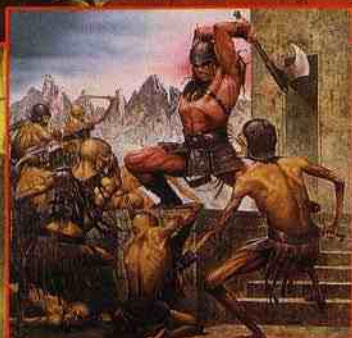
While Semjaza will acknowledge he worships Chaos if asked directly, he isn't open in his beliefs and usually appears as nothing more than a slightly eccentric, if a little unnerving, wizard.



Semjaza looked up, and his strangely-contorted face moved into a grotesque parody of a smile

LES EDWARDS'

BLOOD & IRON



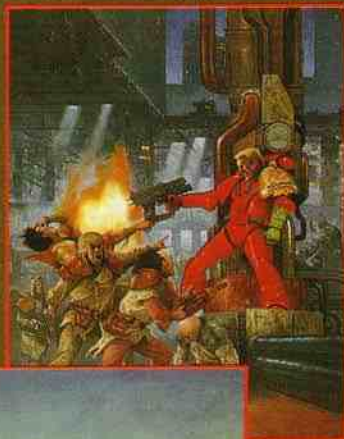
Blood & Iron is Games Workshop's second art anthology, and features the dynamic and exciting work of Les Edwards, one of Britain's leading Fantasy and Horror artists. This hardback book, printed on high-quality art paper, contains over 100 pages of pictures, dozens of which are in full colour.

The art is supported by explanatory text describing aspects of Les's work, artists who have inspired him and the techniques he uses. As a special feature, the book includes a step-by-step illustrated account of the creation of the cover art for *The Lost and the Damned*, the second volume of *Realm of Chaos*.

The book is packed with powerful visions of Dark Fantasy, evident in both the artwork commissioned for book and record covers and in the images Les has produced for Games Workshop.

Blood & Iron confirms Les's position as a master of the Gothic Horror genre.





RELEASED WINTER 1989

ZARAGOZ CHARACTERS

The party may serve him faithfully for many months before the truth dawns upon the them. The moral dilemmas they have to face when they realise should provide the PCs with some very interesting gaming sessions.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	35	4	3	8	50	1	45	40	55	40	40	20

Skills: Arcane Languages - Daemonic, Magick; Astronomy; Cast Spells - as listed below; Daemon Lore; Divining; Dowsing; Etiquette; Evaluate; Excellent Vision; Herb Lore; History; Hypnotise; Identify Magical Artifact; Identify Plant; Identify Undead; Immunity to Disease; Law; Linguistics; Magical Awareness; Magical Sense; Manufacture Drugs; Meditation; Metallurgy; Night Vision; Numismatics; Palmistry; Prepare Poisons; Public Speaking; Read/Write - Old Worlder; Ride; Rune Law; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Sixth Sense; Speak Additional Language - Breton, Dark Tongue, Reikspiel; Theology.

Possessions: robes; staff (D -1); other items as you see fit.

Special Rules: Suffers from *Morbidity* and *Cadaverous Appearance* (stage 1); does not need to use spell components to cast spells.

Spells: 45 Magic Points

Petty: *Curse, Glowing Light, Magic Alarm, Magic Lock, Open, Remove Curse.*

Battle Magic 1: *Aura of Resistance, Cause Animosity, Fire Ball, Steal Mind, Wind Blast.*



The blast shattered Archangelo's staff into a dozen pieces, hurling the shards to the four corners of the room.

Battle Magic 2: *Lightning Bolt, Mystic Mist, Smash, Zone of Steadfastness*

Battle Magic 3: *Cause Instability, Dispel Aura*

Daemonic 1: *Bind Daemon, Dispel Lesser Daemon*

Daemonic 2: *Summon Energy, Summon Lesser Daemon*

Illusionist 1: *Assume Illusionary Appearance, Cloak Activity*

Necromatic 1: *Hand of Death*

· ARCANGELO ·

"No. It is barely begun - and the hardest work is yet to do... if justice cannot prevail, then Zaragoza is doomed."

Archangelo is a mysterious figure. His history is unclear, or rather he is loth to reveal it. It is certain that he was a priest of Law at some stage, but it seems that is no longer true; he still follows the same gods and retains the garb of such a calling, but maintains that he is no longer worthy of the title priest.

His physical appearance and character are more certain. He is middle-aged, balding, and stands just over 6' tall. His expression is stern, as though he's bitter about something, and his manner is distant and remote. He is civil enough when you talk to him, but makes no attempt to keep a conversation going.

The strongest feeling one gets when talking to Archangelo is that he is hiding something. Perhaps there is something in his past which he is ashamed of, or he feels that he shouldn't get involved with anyone. He refuses to let down the barriers he keeps between himself and the rest of the world. On the rare occasions he does open up, his responses remain remote and measured.

Archangelo can be encountered anywhere within the Old World. He has no fixed temple and no permanent home. He travels the streets alone, offering what little help he can and then vanishing into the night. The PCs may simply stumble across him, just as Orfeo does in the opening stages of the story, or he may seek them out to provide muscle for his schemes.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	25	3	3	6	40	1	35	35	45	30	30	35

Skills: Arcane Languages - Magick; Astronomy; Cast Spells - as listed below; Divining; Etiquette; Evaluate; Herb Lore; History; Identify Magical Artifact; Identify Plant; Identify Undead; Immunity to Poisons; Law; Linguistics; Magical Awareness; Magical Sense; Manufacture Drugs; Meditation; Numismatics; Public Speaking; Read/Write - Old Worlder; Ride; Rune Law; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Language - Estalian; Theology.

Possessions: robes; staff (D -1); other items as you see fit.

Spells: 35 Magic Points

Petty: *Gift of Tongues, Magic Flame, Magic Lock, Open, Protection from Rain.*

Battle Magic 1: *Aura of Resistance, Cure Light Injury, Fire Ball, Strength of Combat.*

Battle Magic 2: *Aura of Protection, Lightning Bolt, Mystic Mist, Zone of Sanctuary*

Battle Magic 3: *Magic Bridge*

Illusionist 1: *Cloak Activity*

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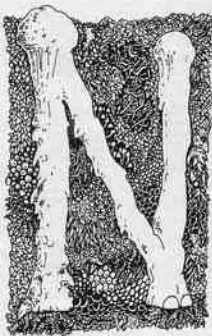
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military ruler of all Japan.



URGLE

Nurgle is the Great Lord of Decay. He is also the Lord of All, because *all* things, no matter how solid and permanent they seem, are liable to physical corruption. Indeed, the very processes of construction and creation foreshadow destruction and decay. The palace of today is tomorrow's ruin, the maiden of the morning is the crone of the night, and the hope of a moment is but the foundation stone of everlasting regret.

What is the response of living men to this undeniable and inevitable futility? Is it to lie down and accept death and the coming to nought of every endeavour! No it is not! Faced with the inevitability of death what answer can there be but to run through life at a breakneck pace, cramming each day with hope, laughter, noise and bustle? Thus, happiness and human endeavour are sired by a coming to terms with decay and futility. This realisation is the key to understanding the Great Lord of Decay and his worshippers.

Once we comprehend what it is that the Chaos Power Nurgle embodies, it becomes easier to understand what might otherwise seem a contradictory or even perverse nature. On the one hand he is the Lord of Decay, his body wracked with disease; on the other, he is full of unexpected energy and a desire to organise and enlighten.

The living know they will die, and many know that they will live with disease or other torment, yet they drive this knowledge into a corner of their minds and keep it pinioned there with all manner of dreams and activity. Nurgle is the embodiment of that knowledge and of the unconscious response to it, of the hidden fear of disease and decay, and of the power of life which that fear generates.

Nurgle is the eternal enemy of the Chaos Power Tzeentch. Nurgle and Tzeentch draw their energy from opposing beliefs. Whereas the energy of Tzeentch comes from hope and changing fortune, that of Nurgle comes from defiance born of despair and hopelessness. The two Great Powers never lose an opportunity to pit their forces against each other.



Father Nurgle nurtures his children

THE GREAT UNCLEAN ONES

Greater Daemons of Nurgle (Bahk'ghuranhi'aghkami)

Great Unclean Ones
Plague Lords
Nurgle

Fly Masters
Stench Lords
Father Nurgle

The Great Unclean Ones are the Greater Daemons of Nurgle. In the case of other Chaos Powers, Greater Daemons are servants, albeit immensely able and powerful ones. The same is not true of Nurgle's Greater Daemons, who are each a virtual facsimile of Nurgle, both physically and in terms of personality. Thus it may be said that every Great Unclean One is also Nurgle. A Great Unclean One is sometimes referred to as Nurgle or Father Nurgle by his underlings, although of course he also has his own daemonic name.

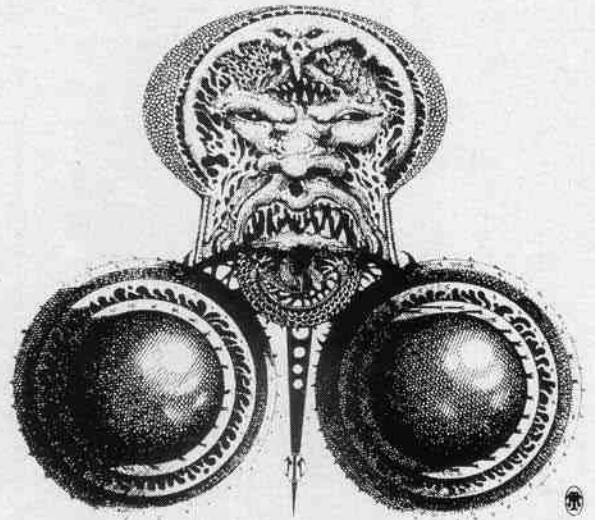
A Great Unclean One certainly looks like Nurgle - a gigantic figure bloated with decay, disease and all imaginable kinds of physical corruption. The skin of the Daemon is greenish, necrose and leathery, its surface covered with pockmarks, sores, and other signs of disease and infestation. The inner organs, rank with decay, spill through the ruptured skin and hang like drapes about the Daemon's girth. Tiny creatures called Nurglings burst from these organs and chew and suck upon the nauseous juice within. Such foulness represents the ultimate truth of the universe: the inevitable victory of decay and the end of all things.

In character the Greater Daemon is neither deathlike nor morbid. In fact the opposite is true. Great Unclean Ones are motivated by all the trivial Human enthusiasms which drive the living. They are ebullient and vociferous, full of a natural enthusiasm to organise and achieve. They are driven by a gregarious and even sentimental nature and hold their followers dear, even referring to them as their 'Children', and taking a noticeable pride in their appearance and endearing behaviour.

This combination of physical corruption and energetic endeavour is the most extraordinary characteristic of Nurgle's Daemons. It can be seen most clearly when the Great Unclean One and his daemonic followers appear in the material world. The horde travels in a great cavalcade of covered wagons, bringing with it all the pestilences and ills that befall the living. The wagons are in no better condition physically than the Daemons within. Their shrouds are tattered and rotten, their frames splintered and bent, and their metal-work pitted and rusted. Yet within the plodding caravan of Nurgle all is bustle and activity as the Great Unclean One prepares to launch a festival of decay and destruction upon a Human village, a thriving town, or an opposing army. For Nurgle's visitation is like that of a travelling circus or great fair, except that the entertainment it offers is disease, sickness and death.

As the caravan draws near to its destination the excitement of the Daemons draws to a fever pitch. Plaguebearers take stock of pestilence and disease, counting the reserves of sickness, the number of Nurglings, each other, and eventually anything that stands still long enough to be counted. Amidst the deep-throated drone of the Plaguebearer's endless tally, the Nurglings chatter and prance like small children about to embark upon a special treat. They squabble and squirm, snigger and squeal, and their numbers increase and diminish beyond the Plaguebearer's ability to count them. Amidst the general hullabaloo and anticipation, the overly affectionate Beasts of Nurgle bound uncontrollably from Plaguebearer to Plaguebearer, like exciteable puppies, leaving pools of dribble and slime as they pass.

When the Great Unclean One speaks, his manner is immediately



reminiscent of the great stage manager and leader that he is. He addresses his cast of Plaguebearers, Nurglings and Beasts, building their enthusiasm by recalling the fine aesthetic qualities of famous diseases of the past. He may mention in passing the wine-dark sea of purple patterned decay, the fine flaky texture and slightly salty tang of eczema. As the multitude clamours for more, he will describe the gem-like shine of a boil as it wells to a head, and the final satisfaction as it bursts exposing a glistening cavity of inflamed flesh.

The space inside the wagon was cavernous out of all proportion to its tiny exterior size. The cacophonies that filled it were indescribable: the squealing, screaming, chattering and bickering of the Nurglings was beyond mere Human imagining. A million unruly school children left to their own devices could not even begin to rival the anarchy or intensity of that daemonic din. The grating drones of the Plaguebearers all counting at once produced a sound so bass and penetrating that it made the vital organs of every Daemon vibrate and quiver in time with its beat. Then there were the indescribable noises, the creaks and groans, the little pops of bursting pustules, the slopping slick noises of the frantically affectionate Beasts, and other sounds which were impossible to ascribe to any one source in particular. Amidst it all, waving his arms, the Great Unclean One was trying to make himself heard.

'Ahh...Gentlecreatures, Children, my pretties... lend your ears to your loving Father, cease thy aimless chatter, banish thy banal burblings...'

It was quite useless, the noise continued, the squeals and laughter reaching a new crescendo. The Great Unclean One appeared for a moment to be hurt by his fellow Daemons' rudeness.

"SHUT UP!" he bellowed.

The noise stopped instantly. Not even the beat of little daemonic hearts or drip of tiny daemonic noses could be heard. The brow of every Plaguebearer furrowed in concentration as each tried desperately to remember the last number he thought of. The Great Unclean One quickly regained his composure; he was used to such things.

'Gentlecreatures, our pretties... now is time to sing the songs of fate, for the moment has come for the Dance of Death!'

BOLT THROWER

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Realm of Chaos

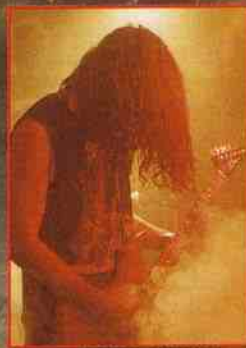
SLAVES TO DARKNESS

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KARL: VOCALS



BAZ: LEAD GUITAR



WHALE: DRUMS



CAV: RHYTHM GUITAR



JO: BASS

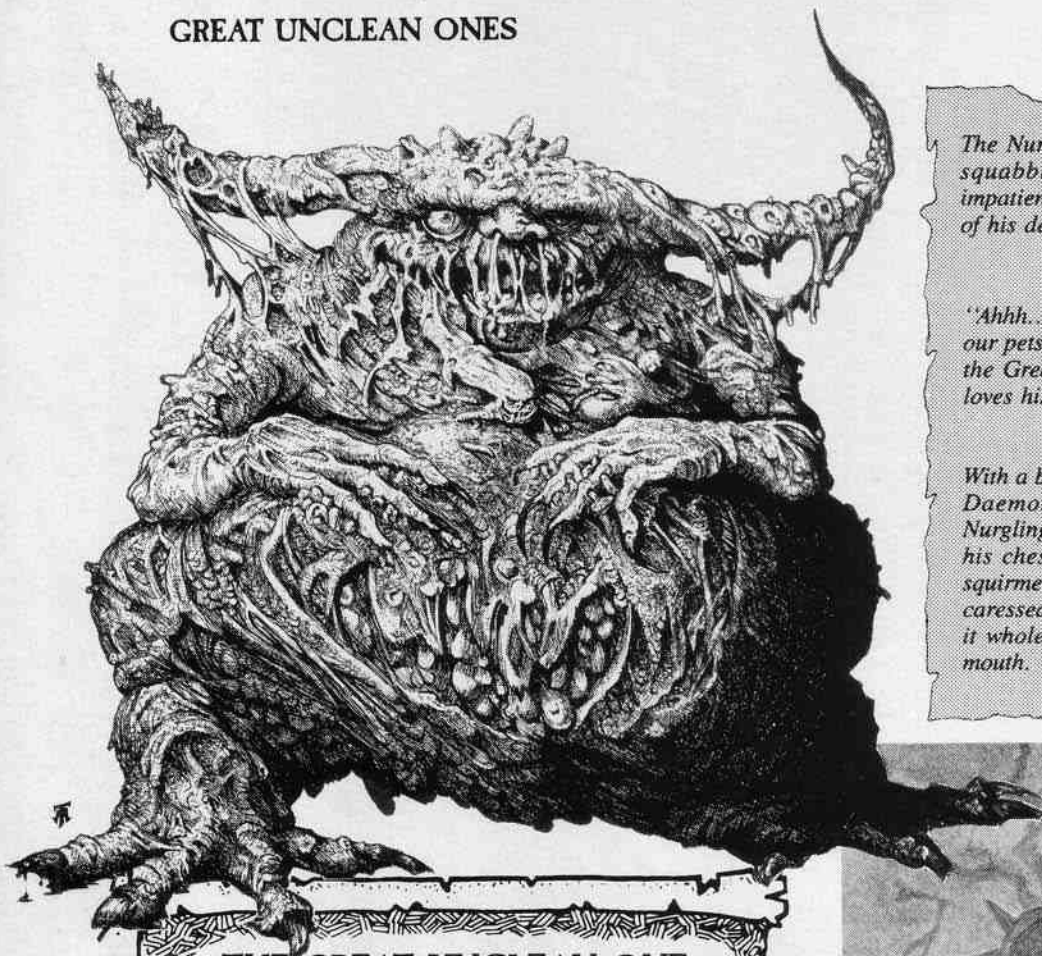
ENTER THE REALM OF CHAOS...
YOUR NIGHTMARE HAS JUST BEGUN!



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GREAT UNCLEAN ONES



The Nurglings flocked to their master, squabbling and bickering in their impatience to nestle in the warm comfort of his decaying bosom.

"Ahhh...Nurgle's Children, our pretties, our pets," cried the deep warm voice of the Great Unclean One. "How Nurgle loves his little Children!"

With a broad and loving smile the great Daemon raised a hand to pluck the Nurgling that had settled into the folds of his chest. The Nurgling squealed and squirmed as the hand enveloped it and caressed it for a moment before popping it whole into the Great Unclean One's mouth.

THE GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

Alignment: Chaos (Nurgle).

Special Psychological Traits: Hates all Daemons and Champions of Tzeentch. Otherwise standard for Greater Daemon.

Magic: A Greater Daemon of Nurgle has a spell pool of 7 randomly determined spells - the first spell generated of any level will be a Spell of Nurgle as described later.

Magic Items: A Great Unclean One carries D6 randomly-generated magic items.

Special Rules: A Great Unclean One has 10 attacks in total: 8 claw, 1 bite or gore, and 1 stomp. When the Daemon scores a successful hit with a bite attack, his snake-headed tongue makes an additional attack; if successful the damage caused is resolved with a Strength of 4. WFRP - successful claw and bite attacks cause infected wounds.

Any non-magical weapon which strikes a Great Unclean One will instantly rust away to nothing, leaving the attacker weaponless.

Any living creature engaged in hand-to-hand combat against a Great Unclean One risks catching the dreaded disease Nurgle's Rot.

Great Unclean Ones do not need to wear armour. Their corpulent and unfeeling flesh gives them a natural saving throw against damage of 5 or 6 on a D6.

WFRP - the Great Unclean One has 2 armour points on every hit location.

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Battle and WH40K

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	PV
6	10	10	7	7	10	10	10	10+3	10+3	10+3	10+3	1100

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6	90	93	7	7	39	100	10	89	89	89	89	89	01



THE DANCE OF DEATH

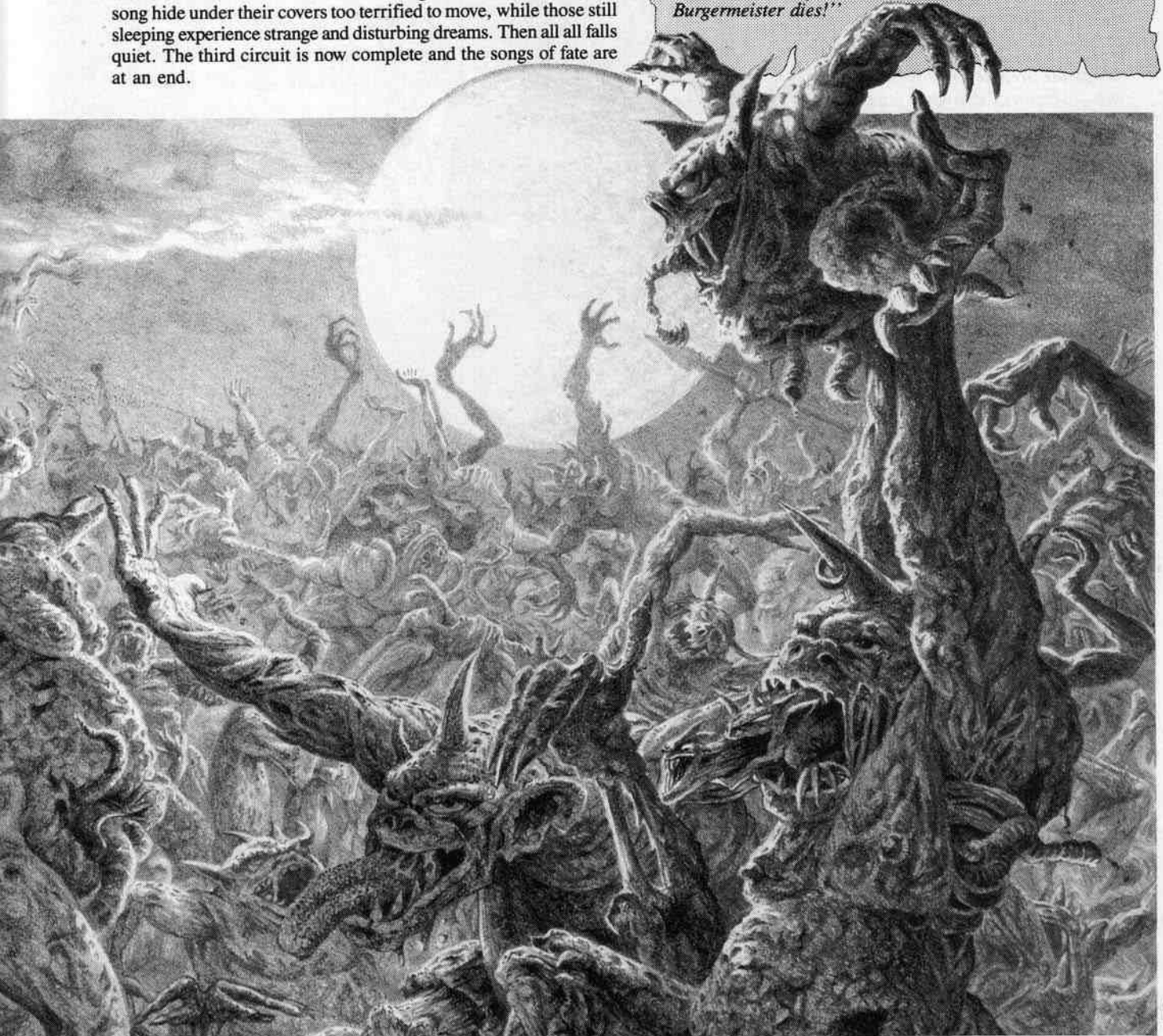
As the great plague carts and wagons of the cavalcade of Nurgle approach their target, an unsuspecting village or a sleepy town, the Daemons prepare their campaign of destruction. In all respects it is a performance, and like all performances it has its prelude as well as its climax. In this case the prelude is the Dance of Death, enacted the night before the assault, when the Daemons of Nurgle dance a great Dance of Death, circling the town or village three times. As the moon rises into the sky the dance begins its course and the cast of Daemons moves solemnly over the hills and fields. As the procession moves past the outlying houses, dogs and cattle take up the cacophonous noise, adding their barking and lowing to the rising song. As the night progresses and the first circuit is completed, the excitement begins to mount. The songs become raucous and the dancing more and more animated. As the dancers begin the third circuit they abandon themselves to a frenzy of song, laughter, and madness in which they cry out the terrible things that they intend to do on the morrow. As the dance nears completion, the noise reaches the houses of the living. Those awakened by the song hide under their covers too terrified to move, while those still sleeping experience strange and disturbing dreams. Then all falls quiet. The third circuit is now complete and the songs of fate are at an end.

The Burgermeister woke from the nightmare, his heart beating like a drum and his grey limbs quivering with unreasoning terror. The words of the dreamsong echoed in his mind, the cries of some daemonic child threatening and taunting him.

"Flies, flies, eat up his eyes! The Burgermeister's lovely eyes!"

He shuddered as he recalled the verse of the childish rhyme ringing even now in his ears. Throwing aside the clammy bedclothes, he walked to the window. As he inhaled the cool night air he looked out across the Newfield towards Redfarm hill. And then his heart almost stopped. There, outlined against the hill, was the nightmare made real. A carnival of cavorting Daemons vanishing behind the rise as he watched, and there upon the breeze once more the piercing cackle and that maddening song.

"The eyes! The flies! The eyes! The flies! Before the Burgermeister dies!"



NURGLE

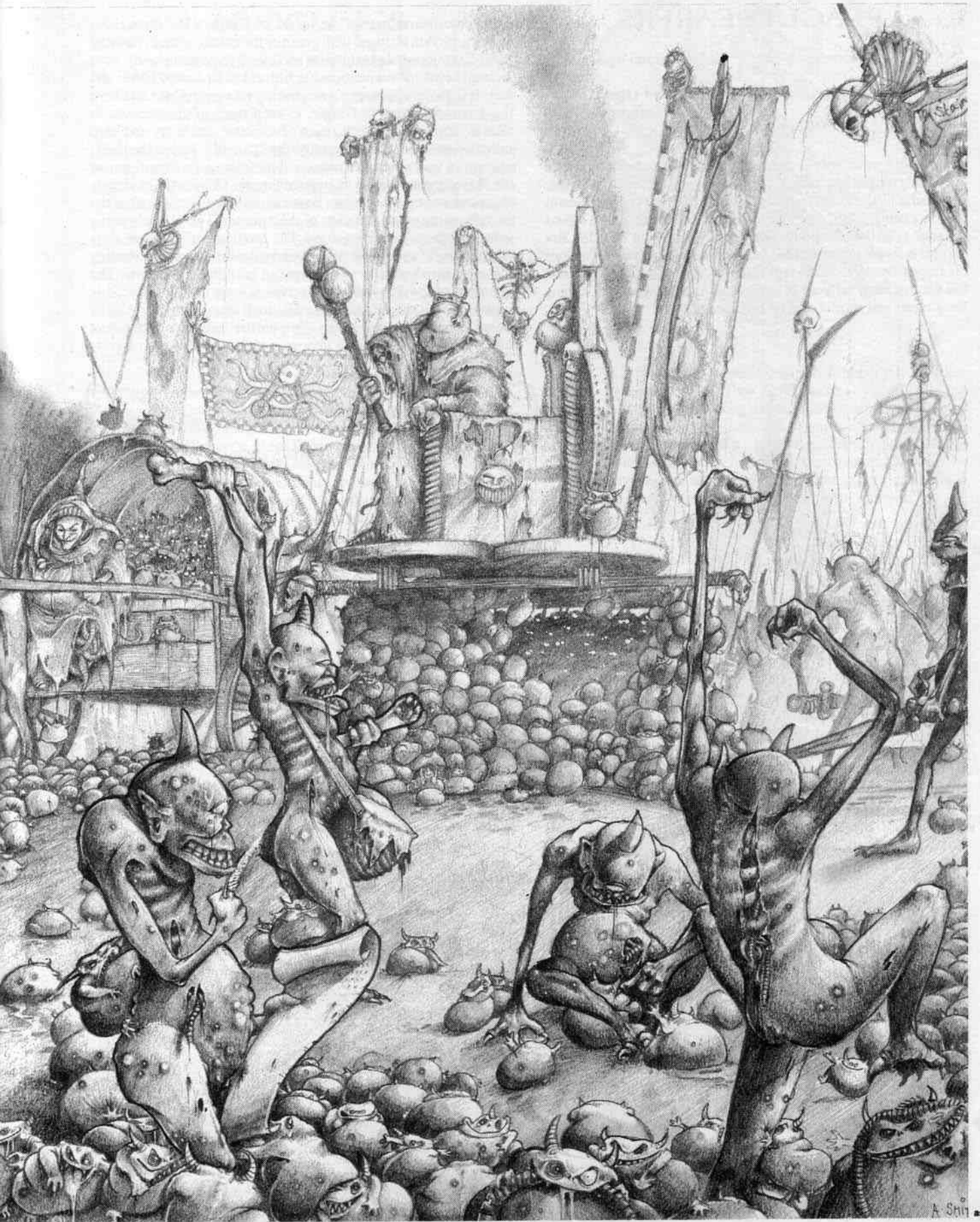
Father Nurgle settled down among the supporting heap of his smallest minions. Those lucky enough to escape being crushed by their master's bulk squealed delightedly as they snuggled into the damp warmth of his flesh. Nurgle reclined comfortably and his corpulent face assumed an air of triumphant expectancy.

Nurgle gave a dignified nod to one of the Plaguebearers. Excitedly, the daemon began to beat its drum, slowly and rhythmically at first, and gradually faster and faster as it became carried away by the sense of occasion. All of Nurgle's servants cheered and applauded, and Nurgle acknowledged them with a smile and a regal wave of his festering paw.

It was the prelude to battle that excited the daemons, drawing squeals of anticipation from the tumbling little Nurglings. This time the cavalcade was to be joined by others: Champions of Nurgle and their mortal Warbands, who were going to take part in the great war. The Beasts bounded and fussed in their eagerness to welcome the mortals, causing considerable disarray and the odd casualty among the serried ranks of warriors.

The Warbands flocked to the sound of the drum. They came in carts and wagons like those of Nurgle's own cavalcade, marched into camp, or simply distilled from the surrounding woods like shadows at sunset. Some of the most severely mutated of them wore bright carnival masks and voluminous robes, completely failing to hide their unique disfigurements if that was in fact their purpose. The Plaguebearers carefully recorded the name of each Champion as he arrived, announcing his titles as loudly as they were able among the rising laughter and squeaking chatter. The show pleased Father Nurgle immensely: the busy scampering daemons, the creaking carts with their tinkling bells, the gaily-coloured masks and carefully decorated palanquins bearing various daemons or Champions. He sighed with satisfaction and patted the Nurgling that had crawled into the crook of his arm and puddled.





A. S. 25

PLAGUEBEARERS

Lesser Daemons of Nurgle (Aghkam'ghran'ngi)

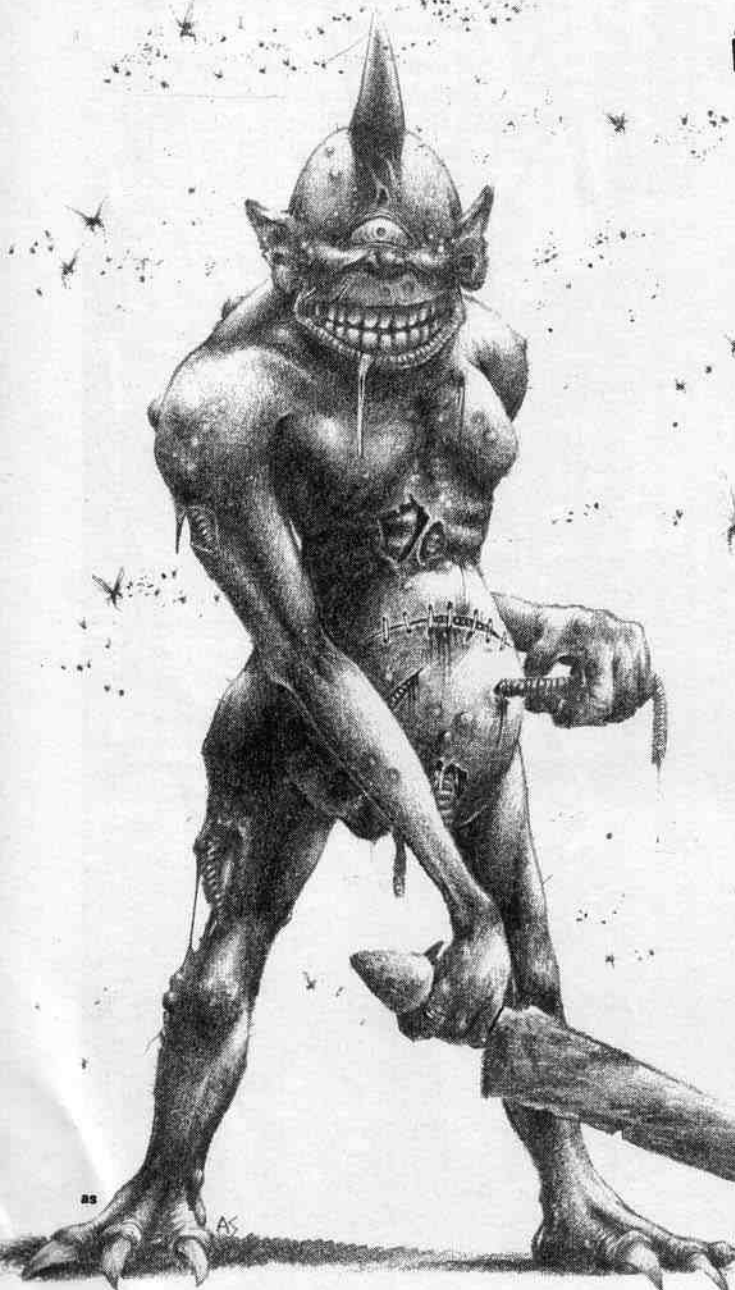
Plaguebearers
Maggotkin

Tainted Ones
Rotbearers

Nurgle's Tallymen

Nurgle's gift to the world is Nurgle's Rot, a progressive disease combining the worse qualities of all the plagues that infest the living. It is a curse all the more horrible because it does not end with death, for it is a contagion of daemonic and not mortal kind, and it infests the soul as well as the body. When a mortal dies of Nurgle's Rot his soul is forfeit to Nurgle, and from that soul-stuff Nurgle fashions his Lesser Daemons, the Plaguebearers. It is specifically to avoid this fate that many sufferers of the Rot undertake death quests, hoping for a clean and mortal end by this means.

The Plaguebearer carries the marks of Nurgle's Rot throughout eternity. Its skin is tinged with green or the colour of mud, running sores cover its whole body, puss and blood run continuously from its single eye, and unmentionable filth cakes its clawed hands and feet. It is the Plaguebearer's everlasting role to organise and herd the daemonic forces of Nurgle, to keep stock of the diseases, to allocate appropriate fates to each new victim, and to try and keep order amongst what is a naturally chaotic horde. Just as the living attempt in vain to impose order and meaning upon their lives, so the Plaguebearers' task is an impossible one. This is most obviously characterised by the constant counting as they try to calculate the ever changing needs and aims of their master. The Plaguebearer's voice is a deep, bass monotone. The multitude of Plaguebearers all counting at once produces a sound so sonorous and penetrating that unsecured objects will vibrate in an unholy harmony. The counting of the Plaguebearers achieves very little because it is impossible to count anything amidst such chaos; however, this in no way discourages their efforts. They are the daemonic embodiment of the need of the living to impose meaning upon a meaningless and uncaring world.



PLAGUEBEARERS

Alignment: Chaos (Nurgle).

Special Psychological Traits: Hates all Daemons and Champions of Tzeentch. Otherwise standard for Lesser Daemon.

Magic: A unit of Plaguebearers has 1 randomly determined level 1 spell for every Daemon in the unit. A normal unit of 7 will therefore have 7 spells.

Magic Items: A Plaguebearer may carry a randomly generated Chaos Weapon instead of its Plaguesword.

Special Rules: A Plaguebearer has 1 gore, attack and 1 weapon attack with its Plaguesword. The Plaguebearer also receives an additional gore attack from its horn in the turn in which it charges into close combat. Horn attacks are resolved with a +2 to hit bonus.

Any living creature engaged in hand-to-hand combat against a Plaguebearer risks catching the dreaded disease Nurgle's Rot.

Plaguebearers are surrounded by a cloud of flies which buzz around them and their combat opponent. They do not affect the Plaguebearer, but they distract its foe by buzzing into his mouth, nostrils and eyes. A Plaguebearer's close combat opponent therefore suffers a -1 to hit modifier on all his attacks.

The Plaguebearer's toughened necrotic skin and mass of body-slime gives him a D6 saving throw of 6 against damage.

WFRP - the Plaguebearer has 1 armour point on all hit locations.

WFRP - the body-slime of a Plaguebearer is a deadly poison combining the effects of Manbane, Elfbane, Blackroot and Beastbane. Any opponent damaged by a Plaguebearer gore or Plaguesword attack will suffer from infected wounds.

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Battle and WH40K

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	PV
4	5	5	4	3	1	6	2	10	+3	10	+3	10

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	50	42	4	3	5	60	2	89	89	89	89	89	01

NURGLINGS

Daemonic Servants of Nurgle (Khan'gurani'i)

Nurglings
Sourspawn

Mites of Nurgle
Puss Spores

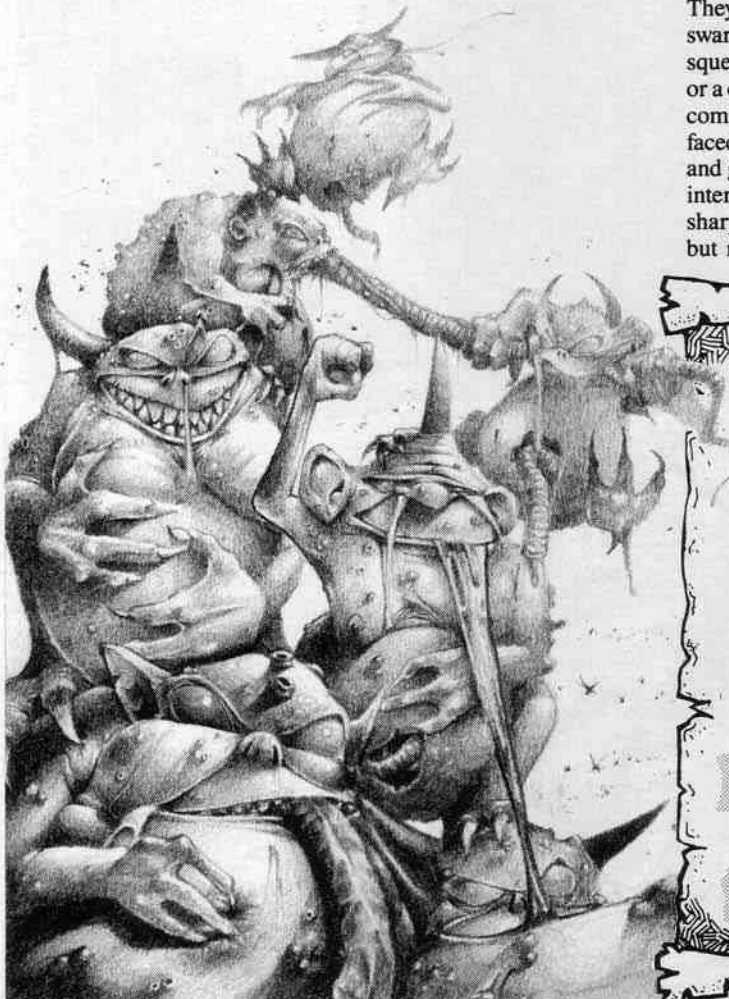
The rotted bowels of the Great Unclean Ones swell with puss and contagion, and within each swelling there grows a tiny and malevolent Daemon called a Nurgling. As the Nurgling matures it feeds upon the filth of the Great Unclean One and eventually pops out, the very personification (or daemonification) of a boil or pustule. In this sense, Nurglings really are the children of the Great Unclean Ones. Perhaps this is why the Greater Daemons take such parental pride in the little creatures, allowing them to suckle upon their sores, and petting them affectionately. However, this does not prevent the proud parent squashing its progeny underfoot, or gobbling up one or two in a moment of impulsive peckishness.

Nurglings may also grow from the puss shed by a Great Unclean One as it moves. Such puss hides in little sticky pockets in the ground. When a mortal steps upon it, the foulness enters his body, making its way into his gut. There the Nurgling encysts and develops until it is ready to emerge. As the Nurgling approaches maturity, its obscene cries may be heard from within the victim's abdomen, insulting anyone and everyone nearby. When ready, the Nurgling climbs through the alimentary canal and leaves its host by one or other end. It is then free to flock with others of its kind or to take



up residence in some household cess pit, rubbish pile or other equally unpleasant place. They have a naturally malicious but sociable nature and like to hang around Human settlements if they cannot find others of their kind. They enjoy stealing small but precious objects, turning milk sour, and perpetrating misdeeds of that sort. Nurglings always remember their parent Human with affection, and periodically creep back to bestow their gratitude in the form of a crop of boils or some interesting disease.

Nurglings appear as miniature images of Nurgle himself: tiny bloated green bodies whose limbs are often distorted or disproportionate. They are gregarious, agile and constantly active. Normally they swarm over the body of a Great Unclean One, picking at his skin, squealing with pleasure if their master favours them with a tit-bit or a caress, otherwise squabbling amongst themselves over the most comfortable recesses of the Great Unclean One's carcass. When faced with an enemy they advance in a furious little swarm, clawing and gnawing at their foe's legs, biting his ankles and licking at any interesting sores or abrasions they discover. Their tiny teeth are sharp as razors, and leave festering little bites upon their victims, but rarely kill them outright.



NURGLINGS

Alignment: Chaos (Nurgle).

Special Psychological Traits: Hates and subject to frenzy against all Daemons and Champions of Tzeentch. Otherwise standard for Daemonic Servants.

Special Rules: Nurglings are mounted on a 40 x 40mm base in groups of up to nine models. Each base is treated as a single model with several Wounds and Attacks, in exactly the same way as a base of Snotlings. Nurglings have bite attacks.

Any living creature engaged in hand-to-hand combat against a Nurgling risks catching the dreaded disease Nurgle's Rot

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Battle and WH40K

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	PV
4	3	3	3	3	3	4	3	7	6	7	7	30

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	30	3	3	15	40	3	70	30	25	30	30	45

BEASTS

Creatures of Nurgle (Gu'nagh'ghyran)

The Beasts
Nurgle's Lapdogs

Slime Hounds

The Beast of Nurgle looks like some horrendous mish-mash of creatures. It has the soft and sticky body of a pale brown slug, webbed feet that flap uselessly, a face of writhing green tentacles, and a whiptail growth that bursts from its back and which wags constantly from side to side. The Beast is no less deadly than it is ugly, for its touch causes paralysis and its slimy secretions rot everything they cover. The very proximity of a Beast is sufficient to kill small animals and plants, and even larger creatures may age and decay noticeably in its presence. The Beast is the very embodiment of decay.

Despite its fearsome appearance and deadly attributes, the Beast is a friendly and affectionate creature behaving in all respects like an over-friendly and easily excited puppy. It craves attention, greeting newcomers by slobbering all over them with its slimy tentacles. Once they get thoroughly worked up they can rarely if ever contain themselves and they leave little puddles of acrid slime behind them. All this attention is not a problem to other creatures of Nurgle, but tends to kill mortals fairly rapidly. Once the Beast's new friend stops moving, its interest quickly shifts to another target, and in this way the creature excitedly and lovingly kills and destroys just about everything it touches. As the Beast has only the most rudimentary sense of intelligence it never anticipates the result of its friendly behaviour, and registers only a slight sense of disappointment as each new play-mate goes all still and boring.

In battle the Beasts bound all over the place in their eagerness to meet new friends, constantly rolling over and inviting the Plaguebearers to scratch their backs and pop their pustules. The

Plaguebearers try to maintain order, encouraging the Beasts to move in certain directions or to attack or hold back as appropriate. As the administrators and leaders of the Nurgle horde, the Plaguebearers are seen by the Beasts as their masters and special friends. Beasts are intensely loyal creatures and always eager to please, so they usually attach themselves unshakably to a particular Plaguebearer.

THE BEASTS

Alignment: Chaos (Nurgle).

Special Psychological Traits: Beasts fear troops bearing fire and attacks by flaming missiles. They are otherwise completely immune to psychology.

Special Rules: The Beast attacks models directly to its front with D6 sucker strikes. Suckers secrete a paralyzing mucus which seeps through armour, so an opponent's armour saving throw is ignored. If a model is hit by a one or more sucker attacks during combat a D6 is rolled for each hit; if the total score is greater than the target's Toughness the model is paralysed. Paralysed victims are immediately grasped by the Beast's single tentacle. Paralysed victims are carried in this manner so that they can be eaten once the fighting is over or playfully presented as an offering to a Plaguebearer. If a Beast is slain it will release its victims, but they remain paralysed for several hours. WFB and WH40K players should remove paralysed models as casualties during the game.

As the Beast moves along the ground it leaves a slimy trail like a slug or snail. Contact with this slime whilst it is fresh this causes Nurgle's Rot. Any model directly behind and within 4" of the Beast is adjudged to have stepped in or touched the slime trail.

Any creature engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a Beast also risks catching Nurgle's Rot.

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Battle and WH40K

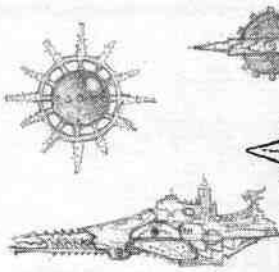
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	PV
3	3	0	3	5	3	3	D6	6	1	10	10	65

Profile - Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

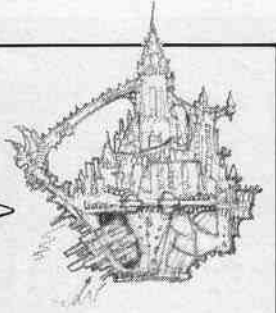
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	30	0	3	5	15	30	D6	6	24	10	89	98	00

WFRP - the Great Unclean One has 2 armour points on every hit location.

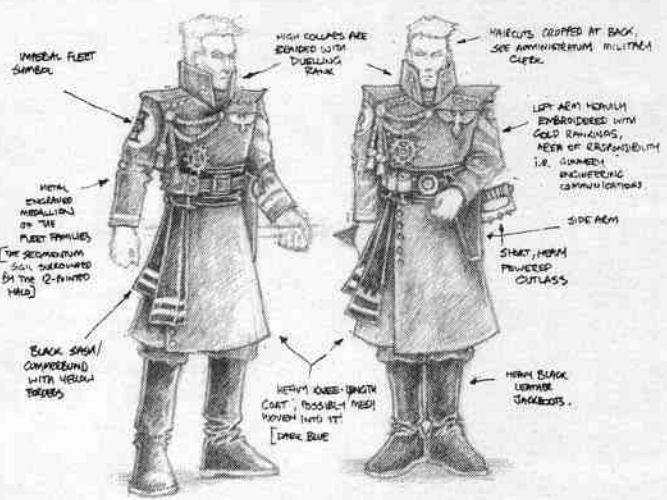




Battlefleet GOTHIC



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IMPERIAL FLEET
SUPERIOR

HIGH COLLARS ARE
EMBROIDERED WITH
DISCIPLINARY
RANK

HAIRCUTS CROPPED AT BACK,
SEE ANTIHETERUM MILITARY
CODEX

LEFT ARM HORNHORN
EMBROIDERED WITH
GOLD RANUNAS,
AREA OF RESPONSIBILITY
I.E. COMMAND
INCLUDING COMMUNICATIONS

SIDE ARM

SHIRT, HORN
POWERUP
OUTLASS

HEAVY QUAKE-LENGTH
COAT, POSSIBLE 1 PEEB
POWER INTO IT
[DARK BLUE]

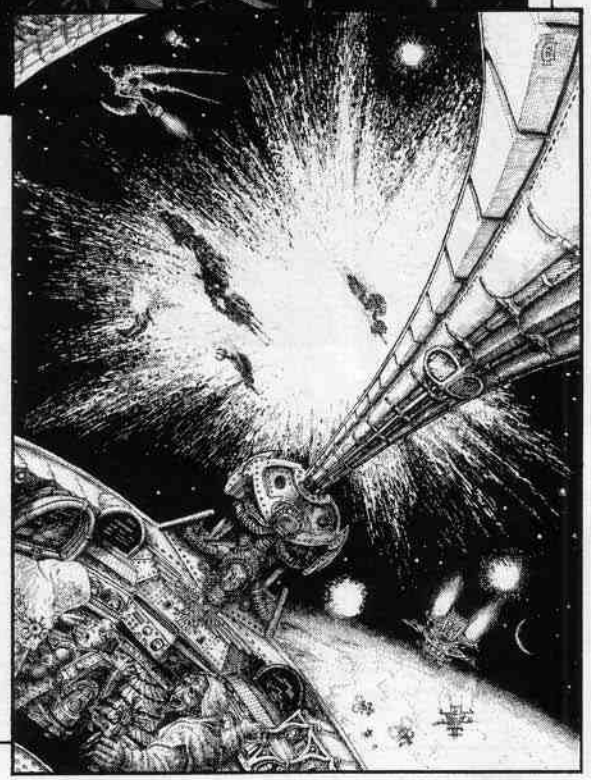
HORN BLACK
LEATHER
JACKBOOTS

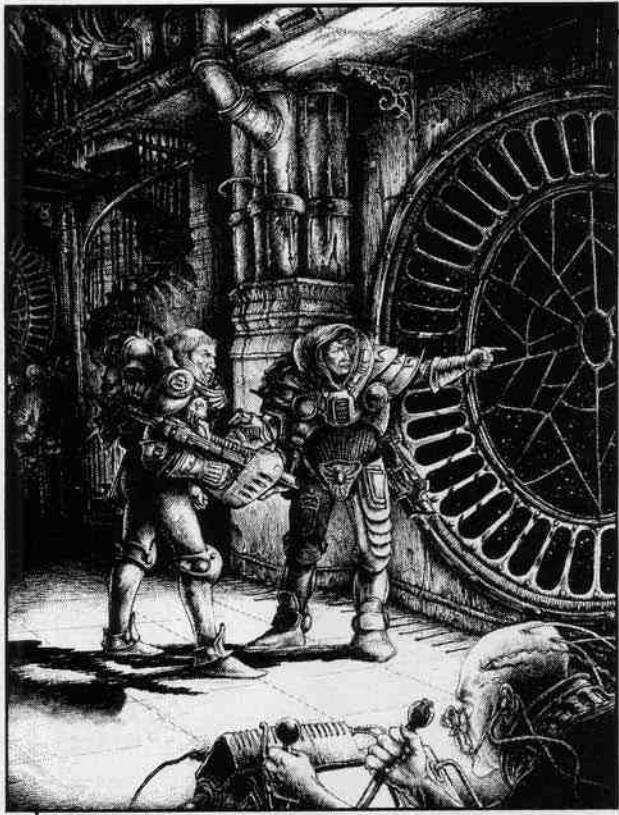
HEAVY ENGRAVED
MEDALLION
OF THE
FLEET FAMILIES
[THE SECURITUM
SUN, DISCOVERED BY THE Q-FINITE
WILD]

BLACK SASH/
COMBING WITH YELLOW
TUBES

FLEET OFFICER

ALL OFFICERS COME FROM THE ALGROGOMIC NAVAL FAMILIES OF ENCH
AND/OR THE FLEET BASE-FAMILIES, AND INHERIT AN ANCIENT VILITARIA
TRADITION [A LA [JONKEES]]





FLEET CAPTAIN

COLLAR LIGHTS DEPENDENT ON DUTYING AREA, ETC.

MONOCLE SOME IMAGE INDICATIVE.

FLEET AERABILITY ROOMS

LEFT BREAST COVERS IN METALS + MONOCLAS

SHIPS - 10cm

OVERCOAT SLEEVE COVERS IN REPERT OF COMMAND, TONQUE BEADS.

FLEET AERABILITY PROPELLION AND CAPTURE LINES HAVING FEET COORDING.

PERSONAL SHIRT MANIPULATED WITH BEST BURGLER, ALSO USE FOREGATS

HERM GERTFLOAT, TEMPLOR WITH EXACTIVE FIVE [FLEET PERSONNEL HAVE ACCESS TO EXACT TRAINING SQUADS]

CUTLASS HANDLE WITH POSITION OF SHIPS (CANVAS CLASS IN THIS CASE)

VITAL SIGNS ROOM

TOXICINE WOUNDS

ARMORER HOOD/BOOMERANG

HERM DUTY PURIFICATION SHOTS

PLASMA SHOOTERS

ARMORER COUNTERS

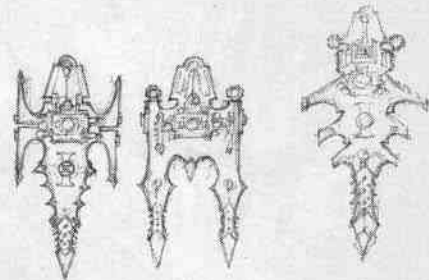
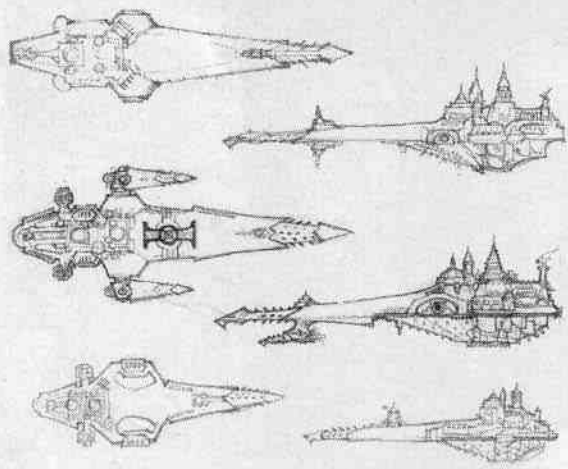
BOARDING SHIP + WIFE [LAPSES OPTIC FROM ARMORER SQUADS]

RIVER CAN [USABLE IN CLOSE COMBAT]

ENGINEERING/REPAIR
- GENERAL MAINTENANCE CREW FOUND THROUGHOUT THE SHIP.

CUNNER
- CIVIL BEES HAVE THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS POSITION AMONGST THE RANKABLE FLEETMEN.

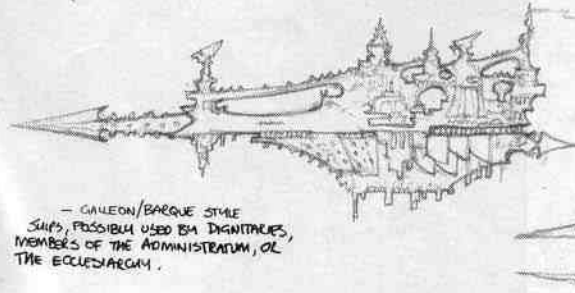
LOADER
- CIVIL BEES WITH THE DANGEROUS JOB OF ESCORTING POWER CABLES AND HANDLING POWER PACKS - ALSO MAINTAINING DEFENSES ETC.



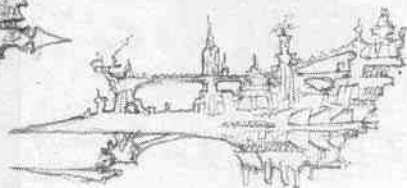
ALL IS HAVE A DIFFERENT COLOUR INFILL, ACCORDING TO SEGMENTUM MAJORS, BACKGROUND DESIGN IS USUALLY IN YELLOW/GOLD

FIGHTER SQUADRON/CARRIERS.
[ALSO USED ON IMPERIAL FIGHTERS]

TWO COMMON VARIATIONS OF THE FLEET SYMBOL, THE LEFT HAND USING THE IMPERIAL WINGS, THE RIGHT COMBINING THE FLEET SYMBOL WITH HALO USED BY THE FLEET HOUSES, USED ON INTERIOR BANNERS AND BUCKHEADS



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RED DRAGON



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DRAGON MASTERS DRAGON



TRICERATOPS WITH CHAOS WARRIOR RIDER



WAR WYVERN



SPINED DRAGON

SKAVEN



ADVANCED HEROQUEST
PLASTIC SKAVEN IN CLAN
RICTUS COLOURS

Skaven society is divided into clans. Each clan is recognised by the colours in which the Skaven choose to dress and by its own distinctive symbol painted onto shields and clothing, or dyed into the Skaven's fur.

For instance, Skaven from Clan Rictus favour red and orange in their dress, while Clan Eshin are particularly fond of checked material.

Skaven do not always wear their clan's colour: each Skaven scavenges scraps of material to make his clothes, and if he cannot find material that matches his clan's colours he will simply use whatever is available. Of course, this also means that many Skavens' attire is dirty, torn and roughly-made.



CLAN RICTUS WARRIOR



CLAN SKRYRE WHITE
SKAVEN SORCERER



CLAN MORS WARRIOR



CLAN RICTUS WARRIOR



CLAN SKRYRE SEER



CLAN PESTILENS PLAGUE
CENSER BEARER



CLAN PESTILENS
PLAGUE MONK



CLAN ESHIN GUTTER RUNNER



CLAN ESHIN WARLORD



CLAN SKRYRE WARPWEAVER



CLAN MORS SLAVE



MUTANT SKAVEN

THE SUIDDOCK

The Brunwasser Kanal is one of the few channels deep enough to handle the many ocean-going vessels that visit Marienburg. For almost a mile, both sides of the Brunwasser are lined with docks, warehouses, counting houses, mercantile offices, shipyards, taverns, and brothels. This waterfront is Suiddock – the heart of Marienburg, and the crossroads of the world. It is said that everyone and everything that moves into and out of the Old World passes through Suiddock at some point. This includes adventurers.

ARRIVING

The Suiddock is an ideal place for a band of adventurers to begin finding out about Marienburg. Precisely how you go about getting your adventurers to the Suiddock depends on how they travel to Marienburg.

If they arrive by boat, it is almost inevitable that their first landing will be in the Suiddock. Both sea and river traffic end up in somewhere in the huge docklands.

If they arrive by the Middenheim road, they will almost certainly enter Marienburg through the Oostenpoort Gate. Most of the coach services end at depots on the edge of the Suiddock, where land is cheap and the Teamsters' Guild is not far away. This gives the adventurers a trip right across the city from north to south, over canals and across bridges, as they marvel at

the size of the place. If the adventurers arrive by road from Bretonnia, they will enter through the Westenpoort Gate, which leads onto the Suiddock itself.

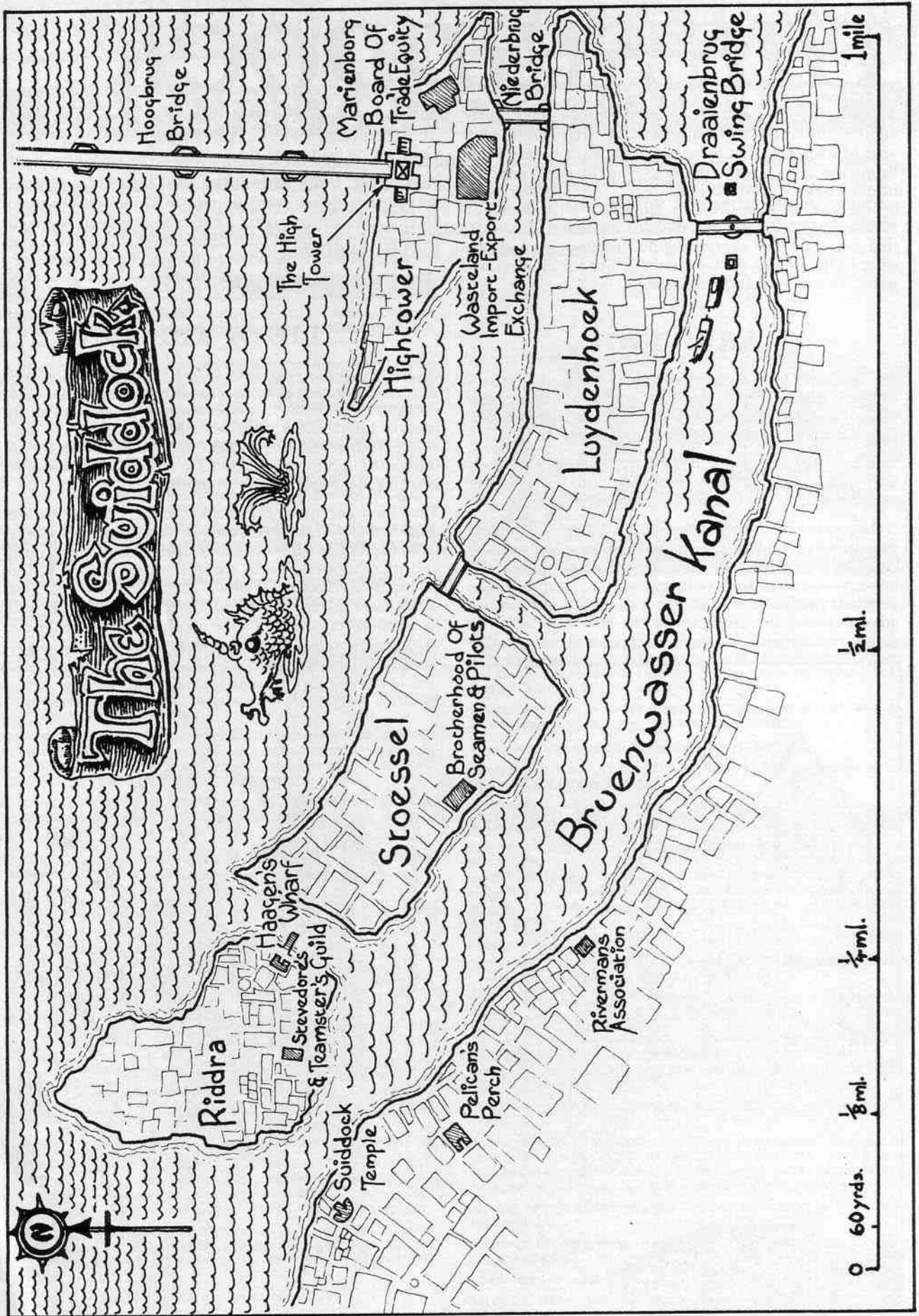
And finally, if the adventurers are Marienburgers born and bred, they will know that the Suiddock is *the* area to start a life of adventure. Lower-class types may well have grown up there, and others might well check out the docklands in the hope of taking ship to some far-flung and exotic corner of the world.

THE LIE OF THE LAND

As we've already said, the Suiddock is the area to either side of a mile-long stretch of the Brunwasser Kanal. The north bank of the Brunwasser is made up of three main islands: Luydenhoek, Stoessel, and Riddra, from east to west. Connected to Luydenhoek by the Nederbrug bridge is Hightower Isle, built up to form the footing of one end of the spectacular Hoogbrug bridge.

The oldest part of the Suiddock is in the west, by Riddra and the western half of Stoessel. Over time, the docks have expanded eastwards and upriver, and the largest and most modern docks are in the part known as the Luydenhoek Stretch, or Down East. This is where most of the real business of Suiddock is done, and Riddra and its surrounding districts have become a run-down maze of slums, where only the locals feel truly at home.





THE PELICAN'S PERCH

At the end of a narrow alley off the street that runs behind the warehouses is a large but unobtrusive hostelry called The Pelican's Perch. Every true Suiddocker knows where it is, and it is a favourite watering-hole for the stevedores and rivermen. It opens from noon till midnight.

The interior of the Pelican's Perch is larger than one might expect, having seen the modest entrance. There is a large common room, and a number of curtained booths and side-rooms for those patrons who require privacy. And, it is rumoured, there are secret passages leading to all the canals around, which are used for smuggling and other nefarious activities...

The Pelican's Perch is owned by Ishmael Boorsevelt, a former ship's mate who lost his leg (and, some say, a few of his marbles) when his last ship was destroyed by a sea-monster in the Sea of Claws. Sailors are known for being superstitious, but Ishmael is legendary. For instance, he fears being known only by his last name: "That's the mark of a dead man," he mutters, "Just call me Ishmael." As a result, few people even know he has a last name.

The Pelican's Perch offers a wide range of local beers

and spirits, including the notorious *Alte Geheerentode* rum and *Braakbroew* strong ale. It also boasts an array of brandies from Bretonnia and The Empire, Kislevite vodkas, Albion *uisce beathadh* and Norse *aquavit*. The range of drink available is well-known throughout the Suiddock - as, indeed, are the prices, which are rather lower than one might expect. The Perch also offers accommodation - there is a bunkroom upstairs, with twelve bunks. Ishmael charges 3/6 per person per night, in advance, whether you get a bunk or not. Ishmael is not averse to overbooking; according to the regulars, the record is thirty-two people in the bunkroom - a total reached after a particularly successful Stevedores' Guild party.

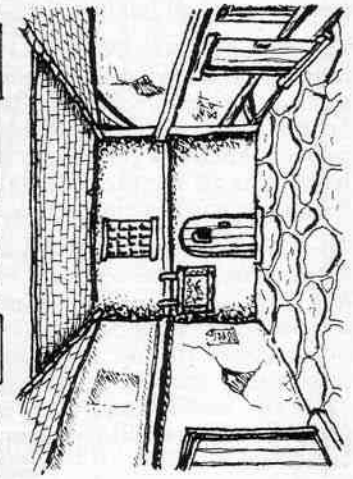
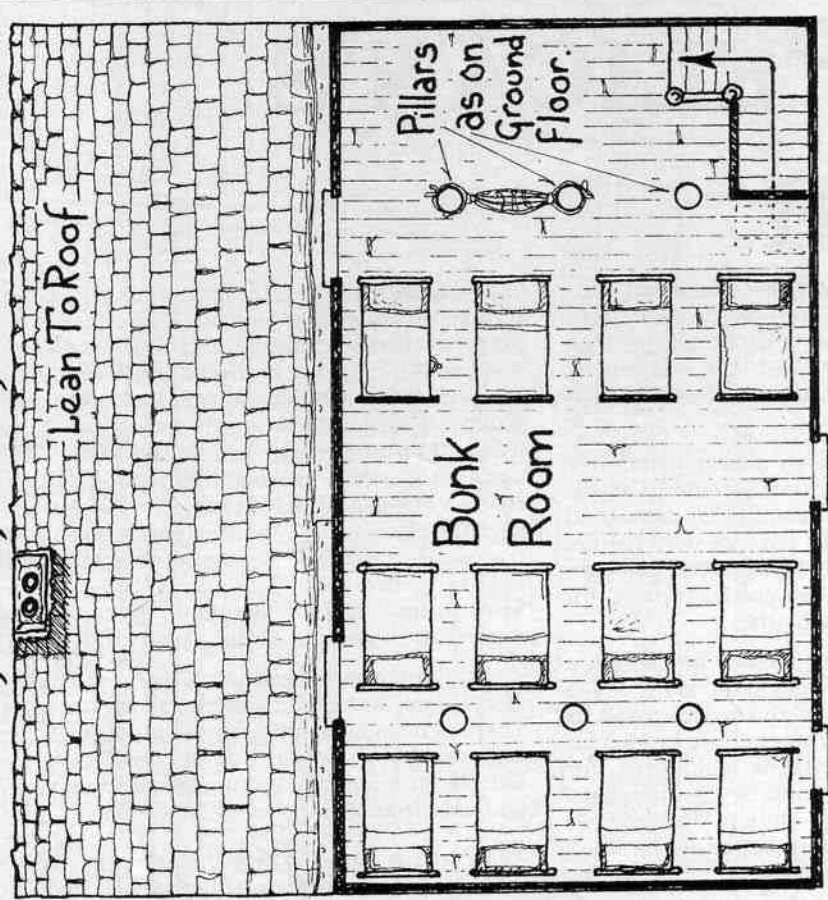
Entertainment at the Pelican's Perch includes singers, storytellers, and exotic dancers, all on a nautical theme. There is no regular programme of entertainment - "it happens when it happens", as the regulars say. A loaded blunderbuss behind the counter prevents critics in the audience from getting out of hand.

The Perch is named after Ishmael's pet pelican, Beaky, who has free run of the place - much to the discomfiture of unwary customers!

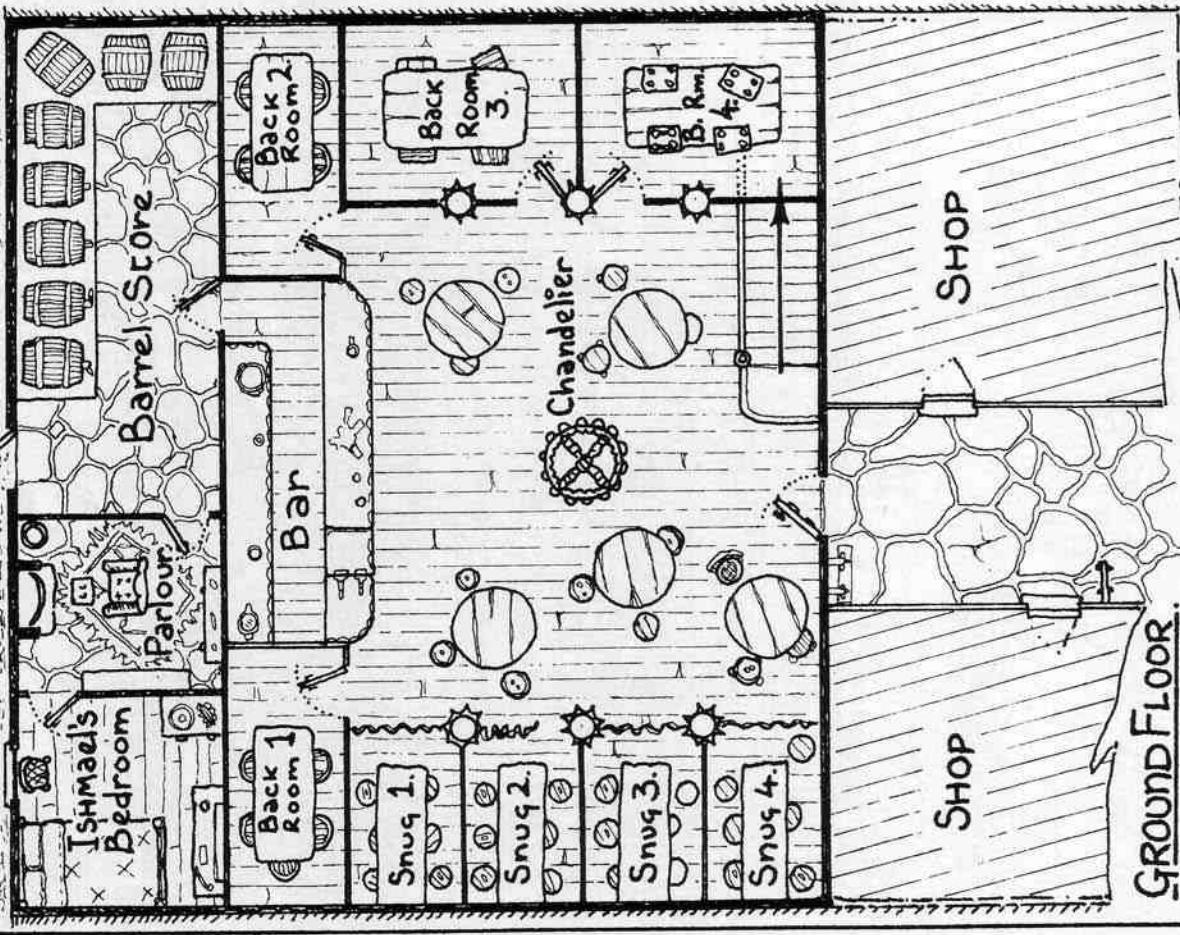


First Floor Plan

0 5' 10'



Alleyway



Common Knowledge

"Nowhere to stay, eh? Try the Pelican's Perch – ask anyone where it is. Tell old Ishmael I sent you – he'll see you right. Watch out for the pelican, though."

"Old Ishmael's not as daft as he seems, you know. There's a lot more goes on at the Pelican's Perch than anyone knows."

"I'll never forget the time those three Nipponese came in. Strange lot, they were, but polite as you please. They thought Beaky was on the menu and asked old Ishmael how much he'd cost boiled with rice! I've never seen anyone go as purple as Ishmael did!"

"Whatever you do, don't whistle in the Perch. Or talk about the weather. Last time someone started whistling, old Ishmael damn near blasted 'em with his blunderbuss. He's superstitious, you see. Don't ever ask his last name, either, or tell him yours – he says only dead men are known by their last names."

"Good watering-hole, the Perch. If you can drink it, the odds are old Ishmael's got some. He's also got some stuff that's only fit for running lamps on. Last week, he had a bottle of some stuff that some mad Norseman brought back from Lustria. Made from cactus-juice, he said. It tasted like they left the spikes on, I can tell you. Mind you, it brought the silverwork on my belt-buckle up a treat."

"Keep your hand on your drink in the Perch. That bird'll have anything if you give it the chance. And don't touch the dried fish – you never know what they died of. Or when."

Ishmael Boorsevelt, Trader, ex-Seaman, ex-Mate



here. If you want to invite disaster, you go an' do it where other folks won't suffer."

Old Ishmael, as he is universally known, is a tall, lean man in his forties. His face is almost hidden by shaggy dark-blond hair, and he has an unkempt beard of the same colour. His eyes are blue, and generally rather glassy. Those who have known him for years say that he has never been the same since he lost his leg.

Ishmael's left leg is wooden from the knee down. This is reflected in his **M** score; in addition, all **I** tests for movement-based activities (eg dodging) are made with a -20 penalty. **I** tests for non-movement activities (eg observation) are made with Ishmael's full **I** score.

"I won't have that sort o' behavior in here. Agin luck, that is."

"Mark of a dead man, that is."

"Now go outside and run round the building three times with some salt in yer 'and. And mind you don't go near no cats neither..."

"Don't you mock – there's things you can do and things you can't do, an' if you go on doin' things you can't do, it's the worse for you."

"You can tempt bad luck if you want to, but not in

As a result of losing his leg, Ishmael has 4 Insanity Points and the following disorders: *hatred* of all sea-creatures larger than Human-size, and *intense superstition*. Ishmael firmly believes in every superstition you've ever heard of, plus any you care to make up – when a customer breaks a superstition, Ishmael must make an immediate **CI** test. If the test is failed, Ishmael becomes hysterical and throws the customer out – he'll calm down after five or ten minutes, but the customer will receive a stern warning never, ever to do 'that' (whatever 'that' happened to be) again in the Perch.

Ishmael is quiet to the point of sullenness, never using a word when a grunt will do – except when someone breaks one of his superstitions. He generally lets other people do the talking. He can never be induced to talk about his seafaring days or how he came to lose his leg – treat persistent questioning as a breach of a particularly superstition...

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int CI WP Fel
2 48 33 4 3 11 44 2 43 38 47 34 45 33

Age: 47

Alignment: Neutral (Manann)

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Numismatics; Read/Write; Row: Sailing; Specialist Weapon – Gunpowder Weapons; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim.

Possessions: leather jerkin (0/1 AP, body); dagger (**I** +10, **D** -2, **P** -20); blunderbuss (**R** 24/48/250, **ES** 3, **Rld** 3 – kept under bar); wooden leg.

A critical hit to Ishmael's left (wooden) leg destroys it, knocking Ishmael to the ground but causing him no lasting harm.

Beaky the Pelican



"Rrrraawrk!"

Beaky is a large white pelican with a black tail and wingtips, standing about three feet high and with a wingspan of just over eight feet. Ishmael picked him up on one of his voyages, and he has become a kind of mascot for the inn.

If he feels threatened, crowded or just plain irritable, Beaky will stand

back on his webbed feet, stretch his neck to make himself taller, stretch his wings to about half-way (four feet or so), and squawk loudly. If this fails to deter whoever is annoying him, he will deliver a lightning-fast stab with his beak, which is sharp and hooked at the end.

Ishmael clipped Beaky's wings after an unfortunate incident in which the pelican tried to take off inside the bar, so Beaky cannot fly. However, by flapping his wings frantically (anyone within 3ft must make a successful **I** test or get a **S** 1 wing buffet), Beaky can hop up to 3ft in any direction including straight up, giving his beak a reach of 6ft or so.

Beaky is in the habit of helping himself to the bowls of

Marienburg

dried sprats and rolled herring (often several days old) which Ishmael leaves on tables as bar snacks, and it is not uncommon for one or more customers to lose their drinks in the process. As Beaky lunges at the bowl, each character at the table must make a successful I test (*Dodge Blow* skill +10, regular customer +20) in order to get their drinks out of the bird's way. For more fun, drinks spill D3 feet in a random direction (roll D12, 12 o'clock is directly in front of the spilling character).

Beaky has even been known to steal a customer's drink, glass and all, flipping it expertly into the air and catching it – or most of it – in his huge beak, before hurling the empty glass or tankard across the room with a whip of his neck. He is particularly fond of beer, and generally tries to steal one or two pints a night.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
2 33 0 2 2 5 40 1 45* 14 10 14 14 -

* Beaky's Dex score is for manipulating objects with his beak – for example, when catching a thrown fish or trying to steal a drink.

Ingrid Botenverhuurder, Gambler, ex-Boatwoman



"That'll be, erm, four shillings and thruppence. No, silly me, three and eleven... I think. No. That's not right either. So it's three at seven pence and one at a shilling. Or... Ishmael, Ishmael! I'm stuck! How much is two-and-nine and one-and-six?"

"Beaky! Beaky! Fish!"

"You feeling lucky? Good. So am I!"

"Deal. Don't chat."

Ingrid Botenverhuurder came to the big city in search of excitement. She had had enough of drift-

ing up and down river on her granny's boat, and when the old woman died, she sold up and took to dry land. She got no further into Marienburg than the Suiddock, and no further into the Suiddock than the Pelican's Perch. She has found a perfect niche for her talents. Her skills as a card player (learned to keep her granny amused during long winter nights) have given her a place in the Perch for as long as she wants it. When she isn't in the Perch she can be found down the docks, sitting quietly with a fishing rod.

Ishmael and Beaky (Ingrid just *knows* that it's Beaky that runs the Perch) employ Ingrid as a barmaid, although she is only adequate in the job – she usually asks for the wrong money unless Ishmael is helping her (roll a D6: evens, she asks for D6 Pennies too much; odds, she asks for D6 Pennies too little). She just seems to have a blind spot where the everyday adding up of money is concerned. Ishmael grumbles about this occasionally, but he doesn't complain about her too much and he certainly won't listen to customers' complaints about her erratic handling of money – he has the vague suspicion that she is the Perch's 'luck'.

And Ishmael's suspicions seem entirely justified whenever Ingrid is given a deck of cards or a set of dice. The change that comes over her is remarkable: all her hesitancy with money vanishes, and she becomes a very good gambler indeed. She has an encyclopedic knowledge about games of chance and skill. If you can bet on the game's outcome, Ingrid knows all the ins-and-outs of the rules. Even more remarkable is the fact that she plays a completely honest game; even when her opponents cheat, she always manages to break even – and occasionally win! Whenever you need to determine the results of any gambling, Ingrid gets two dice rolls and chooses the best result. She can even add her +10 bonus due to her *Luck* skill to the dice roll! Other players in a game with Ingrid only get one dice roll as usual.

The regulars all know of Ingrid's remarkable skill at cards and dice, and few take her on at any game except for penny stakes. She is, however, admired for her skills (especially when she is taking some unsuspecting, wealthy visitor to the cleaners) and the regulars are rather proud of her. She is an almost permanent fixture at the Perch, although she doesn't live in the building. Among the other regulars there is much good-natured speculation about where she does spend her nights, but nobody has the heart to upset her (and possibly Ishmael, when speculation runs that way) by asking. Ingrid is quite friendly with many of the boatmen who come into the Perch, mostly because she is 'one of them'. She is also a big hit with Beaky, thanks to her habit of giving him the best of her day's catch.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 31 31 2 3 5 35 1 40 21 50 34 31 40

Age: 27

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Fish; Gamble; Luck; Orientation; River Lore; Row.

Possessions: pack of cards; dice; knife (I +10, D -2, Parry -20); D6 Shillings and 2D6 Pennies (Ishmael will give her as much money as she needs for a game).

The Regulars of the Pelican's Perch

Just about everyone on the Suiddock knows of Ishmael, Beaky and Ingrid and everyone the PCs meet in the docklands will have at least a 50% chance of being a regular patron of the Pelican's Perch. The locals derive a great deal of innocent amusement from Beaky's encounters with strangers, and Ishmael is regarded as a kind of eccentric uncle. There is a continuing debate as to who really runs the Perch. Any character who harms or threatens either Beaky or Ishmael will be in deep trouble with a lot of Suiddockers.

At almost any time, the Perch will have between twenty and forty locals in the bar, drinking, gossiping and relaxing. Lea-Jan Cobbius and Big Piet from the Stevedores' and Teamsters' Guild generally drop in for a drink just after sundown, and Axel Huurder of the Rivermen's Association comes in occasionally. Granny Hetta buys her rum from Ishmael, and comes in around sundown most days. Captain Valk of the Watch comes in for an hour or two on Festag nights, after he gets off-duty; about half the time, Sergeant Kuyper comes too.

The Perch's other regulars are a more-or-less even

mixture of seamen, rivermen and stevedores. Excisemen occasionally come in, and are served courteously by Ishmael but studiously ignored by everyone else. Seamen and Rivermen have heated debates about the merits of the river pilots. Very few pilots ever set foot inside the Perch for a very good reason – when they do, the result is almost always a brawl!

The Bill of Fare

The Pelican's Perch sells a wide range of alcoholic beverages, with varying prices and strengths. Here is a brief guide to what is available:

Drink	Size	Alcohol points	Cost
Small beer	half pint	.5	3d
Small beer	pint	1	7d
Local ale	half pint	1/2	5d
Local ale	pint	2	9d
Strong ale	half pint	1.5	7d
Strong ale	pint	3	1/-
Braakbroew ale	half pint	2	1/-
Braakbroew ale	pint	4	1/9
Reik white wine	goblet	1	1/-
Reik white wine	bottle	4	3/6
Mousillon white wine	goblet	1	1/3
Mousillon white wine	bottle	4.5	4/-
Bretonnian red wine	goblet	1.5	1/6
Bretonnian red wine	bottle	6	5/-
Tilean red wine	goblet	1	1/3
Tilean red wine	bottle	4	4/-
Imperial brandy	goblet	4	4/-
Imperial brandy	bottle	16	12/-
Bretonnian brandy	goblet	3.5	3/6
Bretonnian brandy	bottle	14	10/6
Wastelander rum	goblet	4	3/-
Wastelander rum	bottle	16	10/-
Alte Geheerentode rum	goblet	6	4/-
Alte Geheerentode rum	bottle	24	15/-
Kislevite vodka	goblet	4.5	3/9
Kislevite vodka	bottle	18	12/6
Norse aquavit	goblet	4.5	3/9
Norse aquavit	bottle	18	12/6
Lustrian mezcal	goblet	4	4/-
Lustrian mezcal	bottle	16	16/-
Albion uisce	dram	5	3/9
Albion uisce	bottle	20	15/-

When a character drinks the player must keep a running total of the alcohol points consumed. When the total of the alcohol points is divisible by the character's *Toughness*, a T test must be made, with a penalty equal to the running total of alcohol points. For example, a character with T 3 must make a T test at -3 when 3 alcohol points have been consumed, so there is a base chance of 27% (T x 10 -3) of the test succeeding; another T test when 6 alcohol points have been consumed (24% chance of success – T x 10 -6); and further tests at 9, 12 and 15 alcohol points – and possibly at larger totals!

Whenever a test is failed, the character loses 5 off all percentage characteristics. If a test is failed by more than 50, the character also loses 1 *Movement* point. When any characteristic reaches zero, the character passes out for D6+4 hours and gains 1 *Insanity Point* – the road to alcoholism beckons! Lost characteristic points are recovered at the rate of D6 per hour of sleep, and D3 per hour of activity.

Brawls

It is not uncommon for a brawl to break out in the Pelican's Perch – especially if a pilot walks in – and brawling is an accepted part of everyday life there. No-one minds an honest punch-up – a few bruises are no big thing – but anyone using, or attempting to use, weapons or magic is most definitely breaking the rules. People getting killed can open up feuds, and they can also attract all kinds of unwelcome official attention. A character drawing a weapon or using magic (or appearing to do either) during the course of a brawl will be turned on by everyone within 12ft and quickly rendered unconscious and/or bundled out. A brawl is a brawl, but no-one likes troublemakers.

INCIDENTS IN THE PELICAN'S PERCH

The Pelican's Perch is intended to be a focal point of the adventurers' stay in the Suiddock, either as a base of operations or as a regular haunt. Here are two encounters to enliven an evening in the Perch.

Waiter...

One evening, a gorgeously-dressed young man strolls casually into the Perch, and withdraws to a curtained booth with a bottle of Bretonnian red wine. After a few minutes, the curtain to the booth is thrown back, and he stalks up to the bar.

"*Innkeeper*," he says, in ringing tones and with a distinct Imperial upper-class accent, "*This... substance may once have been wine, but at least three people have already drunk it!*" With a deft motion, he flings the contents of his goblet over Ishmael.

The rash young man is Bernhardt von Schwerdblitz, a noble and professional duellist from Nuln who prides himself on his swordsmanship and spends much of his time starting fights so that he can show it off. Having recently arrived in Marienburg after a long and tedious journey, he is deliberately trying to start a brawl for his own amusement. And he looks like succeeding as half-a-dozen stevedores rise to their feet at this mistreatment of Ishmael.

You can run this incident as a normal bar-room brawl. The adventurers can get involved on any side they want, and the brawl will probably spread rapidly across the bar-room as people accidentally hit other people on the backswing and so forth.

The adventurers will probably be most interested in von Schwerdblitz. He is more than a match for any of the inn's patrons, and is probably equal to any of the adventurers acting singly. If things begin to look hopeless, he will escape by vaulting onto the bar, swinging over everyone's heads on the chandelier and running out into the street.

He can give the adventurers a hard fight if they decide to get involved, but you should always make sure that he escapes. If he is particularly impressed by a character's fighting ability, he may contact them later and offer them the chance to practice with him; he can teach the skills *Specialist Weapon – Fencing Sword*, *Specialist Weapon – Parrying Weapon*, *Dodge Blow*, *Disarm*



and *Strike Mighty Blow*. He might even be persuaded to join the adventurers as a replacement character; he is not evil, but is motivated purely by boredom.

Bernhardt von Schwerdblitz, Duellist, ex-Noble

Von Schwerdblitz is a little under 6ft tall and slim built, with collar-length fair hair and blue eyes. He has a short scar running vertically across his left cheekbone. His face is stamped with an almost permanent expression of disdain, and practically the only time he smiles is when he is fighting. He is abrupt, high-handed and often insulting – he respects no-one who has not proved themselves against him with a sword.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	63	52	4	7+	9	59*	2	47	41	52	63	56	38

Skills: Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; *Lightning Reflexes; Luck; Marksmanship; Read/Write; Ride Horse; Specialist Weapon – Fencing Sword; Specialist Weapon – Gunpowder Weapons; Specialist Weapon – Parrying Weapons; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun; Wit.

Possessions: Fencing sword (with **Rune of Swiftmess*, I +10); left-hand dagger (D -2, P-10); leather jerkin (0/1 AP, body); †*Amulet of Adamantine*.

A Bite to Drink

As the PCs are drinking in the Perch one evening, a stranger enters. He is tall, and heavily muffled against the fog which has blown in from the marshes. From the slightly awkward way in which he moves, he seems to be unwell. His face can just be seen – it is a little pale, with dark eyes and bushy grey hair. He heads for one of

the booths, beckoning to Ishmael who shuffles over to take his order. A bottle of Kislevite vodka is taken to the booth, and on his way back Ishmael stumps over to one of the PCs.

“Him in the booth wants yez.” He rasps. *“Summink ‘baht a job.”*

The stranger is a Vampire, who has just got off a boat after a long journey downriver. He desperately needs to feed, and is hoping to lure a lone victim into the booth. With his last remaining magic points, he will cast a *Sleep* spell on the intended victim under the guise of shaking hands. The spell is invested with 2 extra magic points, reducing the victim’s WP test by -10.

If the spell works, the Vampire will feed on the sleeping victim, and then turn ethereal and leave; if not, he will turn ethereal with his last 2 magic points, and attempt to drain the victim’s strength. The Vampire will flee after 3 rounds in ethereal form.

If the adventurers go into the booth as a group, the Vampire will be more subtle. He will introduce himself as “Radu Vrolatsin” and talk to them – in a noticeably eastern, though cultured, accent – about recovering some valuables that were stolen from his family centuries ago, and which he believes to be buried in the family vault of a family of Marienburg traders.

While he does this, he will pick out the character who appears to have the lowest WP and try his hypnotic gaze. If this is successful, the Vampire will compel that character to ‘remember’ having left something in the booth, about five minutes after the adventurers leave. The victim will then go back into the booth, and get bitten by ‘Radu’.

If the hypnotic gaze doesn’t work on his first choice of victim, the Vampire will try it once more on another character, keeping his final 2 magic points back for an emergency exit in ethereal form. If he can’t hypnotise any of the PCs, the Vampire will give them a gold coin each (characters with *Numismatics* skill are allowed an **Int** test to spot that the coins were minted in the Border Princes, and at least three hundred years old – in Marienburg each coin is worth 2 Guilders) as a token of good faith, and promise to meet them at the Perch at the same time the following night, to give them the information they will need to discover the whereabouts of the stolen valuables. Needless to say, he will not appear that night or any other.

Strange rumours of violent attacks by a large creature will begin circulating in the Perch and the rest of the Suddock, but not until several days after the adventurers’ meeting with the Vampire. No-one the PCs talk to has seen anything, however; all the tales are second hand. After a week or so the stories stop being told.

You should, of course, ensure that the Vampire survives his first encounter with the PCs – they will be hearing of him again...

‘Radu Vrolatsin’ the Vampire

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	76	67	5	6	22	62	4	51	68	61	70	84	57

Magic Points: 6 (maximum 52)

Spells: Apart from the *Sleep* spell mentioned above, the Vampire does not have enough magic points to use magic in this encounter.

HEAVY METAL

STUDIO STAFF

The Studio Staff bring you this month's stunning selection featuring Orks, Renegades, Eldar, Genestealers and Advanced Heroquest miniatures



UNDEAD CENTAUR CONVERSION



ADVANCED HEROQUEST
TORALLION LEAFSTAR



ADVANCED HEROQUEST
MAGNUS THE BRIGHT



ADVANCED HEROQUEST
HEINRICH LÖWEN



ADVANCED HEROQUEST
SVEN HAMMERHELM



A SELECTION FROM KEVIN ADAMS BRILLIANT NEW RANGE OF ORK MODELS.



SNOTLING PUMP WAGON



MORE EXAMPLES OF KEVIN'S GREAT NEW SPACE ORKS



SPACE ORK WITH PLASTIC ARMS



ORK MEKBOY



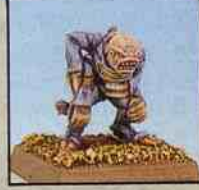
RENEGADE TERMINATOR WITH ASSAULT CANNON



RENEGADE TERMINATOR WITH STORMBOLTER & DAEMON SWORD



GENESTEALER PATRIARCH AND MAGUS WITH INSERT TO SHOW THRONE DETAIL



GENESTEALER FAMILIARS



ULTRAMARINE LIBRARIAN



SPACE WOLF TECHMARINE



EMPEROR'S CHILDREN TRAITOR MARINE



ULTRAMARINE WITH TERMINATOR HONOURS



CHAOS WARRIOR



TZEENTCHIAN WARRIOR



GENESTEALER MAGUS



ELDAR WARRIOR



GIANT SCORPION



ELDAR WARRIOR



ELDAR WARRIOR

EAVY METAL

PRESENTED BY
JOHN BLANCHE

Welcome to
'Eavy Metal.
This month we
have regular
contributors
Mick Beard
and
Pete Taylor
showing us
their
conversion
skills, and the
latest work of
some of the
Studio Staff.



MICK BEARD

The most impressive of Mick's models that we feature this month has to be his excellent Chaos Chariot conversion.

The first stage was to swap the original plastic horses for two skeletal horses from the *Undead Army* boxed set. Thin layers of putty have then been carefully moulded onto the horses to represent rotting flesh. I particularly like the Charioteer's whip conversion. Mick has managed to convey a sense of movement in the whip by using very fine twisted wire, splayed out towards the tip. He has used a similar method to form the rope on the bridge.

The model, once painted to Mick's very high standard, is an evocative conversion.



PAUL BONNER

You all know that Paul is a superb artist, having seen his stunning work in the pages of *White Dwarf* for quite a while now, but how many of you realised the man can paint miniatures as well. I especially like the swarthy, dirty look he has given to the Orks; these Boyz look particularly mean. Also making an appearance is someone we haven't seen in *White Dwarf* for quite a while, Thrud himself! The flesh tones on this miniature have to be some of the best I've seen.

Starting with a Skull White undercoat, Paul has used a combination of Bestial Brown, Hobgoblin Orange, Sunburst Yellow and Bronzed Flesh for the base colours. Paul has then added Skull White to his original mixes to bring up the highlights. Numerous washes of thinned Brown and Orange Ink between each set of highlights give the final flesh tone a very warm and rich look. Excellent stuff, Paul!



PETE TAYLOR

Special thanks are in order to Pete this month. After seeing his wonderful Chaos Spawn and Daemon Prince conversions a couple of months ago, we asked if he would like to do a stage-by-stage conversion for us. "No problem," said Pete. You can see the

results for yourself.

Pete uses Milliput and Loctite Tuff Stuff for his conversion work. Milliput should be fairly familiar to you by now, as we've often mentioned it in *'Eavy Metal*. Tuff Stuff is a similar two-part epoxy putty available from some hardware stores and has the advantage of not being as brittle as Milliput. Personally, I find it doesn't file down so well when set. Well worth a try though.

Pete has kindly made us a separate model for each stage of the conversion which is why you may spot slight differences between them. Notice how the model has been given wire supports for its limbs. Extra support is an absolute must when doing work of this kind. You must make sure the wire is pinned into the model securely otherwise the limbs won't be strong enough.

The creature's flippers have been created by wrapping the putty around the wire supports and carefully working them back towards the original arms. This ensures that there is no join between the arm and flipper. Using his thumb and forefinger, Pete has squeezed and flattened the putty to form the flipper's distinctive shape. If you use Milliput for this, it will help if you let it harden slightly after wrapping it around the wire frame, as it is less likely to stick to your fingers. Another technique to prevent the putty sticking is to give the it a light dusting of talcum powder before you start working it.

At first glance the face of the model looks very complex. However, Pete has deliberately kept it simple for the less experienced of you. A hemisphere of putty has been pushed into place on the torso of the miniature and the eyes, cheeks and nose have been formed by pushing lines into the putty using an old cocktail stick. While still wet, the putty has been split almost in two to form the mouth. Hardened spikes of Milliput have then been pushed in, using a pair of tweezers, to create the fearsome teeth. This is slightly fiddly and it's extremely easy to obliterate the detail you've already modelled onto the face, so take your time here.

As a finishing touch, the frill behind the Fimir's head has been made with tin foil and held in place by a blob of Milliput. Painted in Pete's inimitable style, we have a model that would grace any battlefield or painting display. Brilliant!

TONY'S DRAGONS

Tony Cottrell, who brings us *Modelling Workshop* every month, has used a somewhat unusual method for painting his Dragons.

Starting with an undercoat of Chaos Black, the Dragons have been drybrushed with Skull White to accentuate the detail. Over this first drybrushed layer, Tony has drybrushed the models again, gradually merging the colours together. Thin ink washes of the appropriate colours have been used to unify the blending, giving a pleasing gradation of colours to the model. A surprising but very effective way of painting.

In case you were wondering, the Triceratops is a conversion of a plastic model that Tony had in his collection.

SKAVEN

Bearing in mind the imminent release of *Advanced Heroquest*, this month in *'Eavy Metal* we thought we'd take a look at some of the metal Skaven miniatures that Citadel produce. *Advanced Heroquest* can be used with any Citadel Miniatures of course - Skaven are just one example of the creatures you can pit the players against. But, as the scenario in the box features Skaven, and the game includes rules for Skaven personalities, we wanted to remind you of the stunning miniatures already available, with a particular emphasis on the colours they wear.

STAFF PAGES

Last month I mentioned that Kev Adams has been beavering away to bring you a new range of Orks, ready for the release of *Waaargh the Orks!* book. I'm sure you'll agree that Kev has surpassed himself with these models.

Apart from the Mekaniak, the other Orks are all of the multi-purpose variety, having separate arms and weapons. I'm sure Ork Warbosses everywhere will be itching to get their hands on them.

As a special feature this month, we present a full painting guide for the Genestealer Patriarch model that's just been released. Staff painter Ivan Bartleet takes us through the process.

The base colour used for the throne was Spearstaff Brown. This was then washed with a mix of Chestnut and Dark Brown Ink. It was highlighted with a mix of Spearstaff Brown and Bronzed Flesh to the highlights. The gold filigree work was painted using Bestial Brown, washed with Dark Brown Ink. It was highlighted with a mix of Mithril Silver and Shining Gold before a final wash of Yellow Ink.

The Genestealer carvings were painted with Ultramarine Dark Blue and Electric Blue, blended up to the highlights using Space Wolf Grey and Skull White. The purple areas were painted with a mix of Skull White, Chaos Black and Purple Ink. This was then blended up to near white highlights using Skull White. The Stealer icons were given a basecoat of Skull White, washed with Green Ink and highlighted using Skull White.

The base coat for the Patriarch's flesh was a mix of Skull White, Chaos Black and Purple Ink, blended up to the highlights using Purple Ink and Skull White. The carapace segments were painted with Ultramarine Dark Blue, highlighted with Ultramarine Light Blue, Space Wolf Grey and Skull White. The claws were painted using Bestial Brown and then highlighted with Bronzed Flesh and Skull White.

The Hybrid's coat was given a base colour of Spearstaff Brown and highlighted with Sunburst Yellow and Bronzed Flesh. The trousers were painted with a Skull White, Chaos Black and Purple Ink mix, highlighted with Skull White and Purple Ink. The black areas were given a basecoat of Chaos Black highlighted with a mix of Chaos Black and Ultramarine Light Blue. The flesh was painted using Bestial Brown blended with Hobgoblin Orange and Bronzed Flesh. The highlights were done with Skull White before the model was given a final wash of Chestnut Ink.

You can also see Ivan's handiwork on the Snotling Pump Wagon, aided and abetted by Andy on the Snotlings themselves. Ivan's style suits the wood texture particularly well.

In a totally different style, Mike McVey's gloriously subtle blending technique stands out on the prototype Elf and Wizard *Advanced Heroquest* miniatures and on the Eldar Warriors.

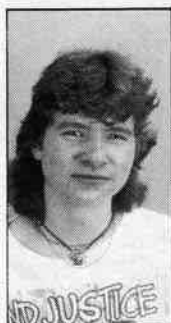
The two Traitor Terminators at the top of the page were painted by Tim. The Terminator wielding the assault cannon is obviously a follower of Slaanesh going by the pastel shades of his armour.

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find the *Space Marine Painting Guide*, which gives you full uniform details for four of the greatest Chapters. We've therefore included a couple of extra examples on the pages of *'Eavy Metal*.

This month's staff pages also feature some more of Andy Warwick's work. Andy, who's a member of our editorial team, put together the Undead Centaur conversion using components from the *Skeleton Army* boxed set. By chopping the head off a Skeletal Horse, the legs off a Skeleton warrior, and sticking the remaining bits together with polystyrene cement, Andy has created a very simple but effective model. The bowstring you may be able to make out is in fact a piece of Andy's hair, painted with Chaos Black to make it show up better - a neat trick. Andy also painted the Eldar Warrior with the sword.

Finally, as well as all the new miniatures he has painted, Dale has delved into his own collection to bring you this wonderful Giant Scorpion. Good work, team!

Phil L.



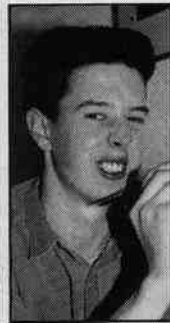
Tim Prow



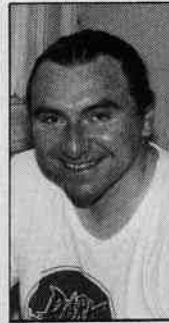
Andy Craig



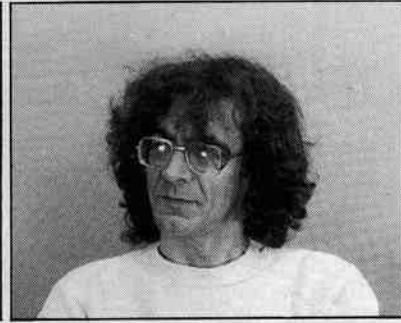
Ivan Bartleet



Mike McVey



Dale Hurst



Phil Lewis

THE SPARTAN

BY RICK PRIESTLEY

RULES FOR THE SPARTAN TERMINATOR TRANSPORT IN WARHAMMER 40,000

The Spartan typifies the ingenuity and inventiveness of Space Marine engineers when faced with a specific tactical need. In this case, to carry a squad of fully-armoured and equipped Terminators through the so-called *Ring of Death* which the forces of Horus had thrown around the captured Adeptus Mechanicus city of Aries Primus. This was then the second city of Mars and the largest single source of war munitions in the Imperium. With the city in Horus' hands, the besieged Earth stood no chance against the forthcoming attack from his Rebel forces. Only by recapturing Aries Primus and its weapons factories could Earth's hard-pressed forces be resupplied. Horus had ordered a defensive plasma ring to be constructed around the city and called it the Ring of Death. Without vehicle transport, even the Terminators were unable to get through. The Imperium had lost most of its armoured carriers in the first battle for Aries Primus, and facilities to replace them were meagre. So, taking what spare parts and production facilities were available elsewhere, the Spartan and vehicles much like it were hastily devised. Although many died attempting to cross the Ring of Death, it was eventually penetrated and destroyed, and the city was carried thanks to the devotion and sacrifice of the Terminator Suicide Squads. The Spartan design proved so successful that it was refined and retained as a standard part of Imperial equipment.

The Spartan is a special conversion based on the well-known Land Raider. The extra luggage space and open-top main hatch are designed to accommodate the extra bulk of Space Marines wearing Terminator Armour. The Spartan is armed with two sets of twin lascannon, exactly as the standard Land Raider, and it is provided with an additional forward facing heavy bolter and rear facing bolt gun. Both

of these hull-mounted weapons are designed to be operated by a Terminator standing in the Spartan.

● SPARTAN

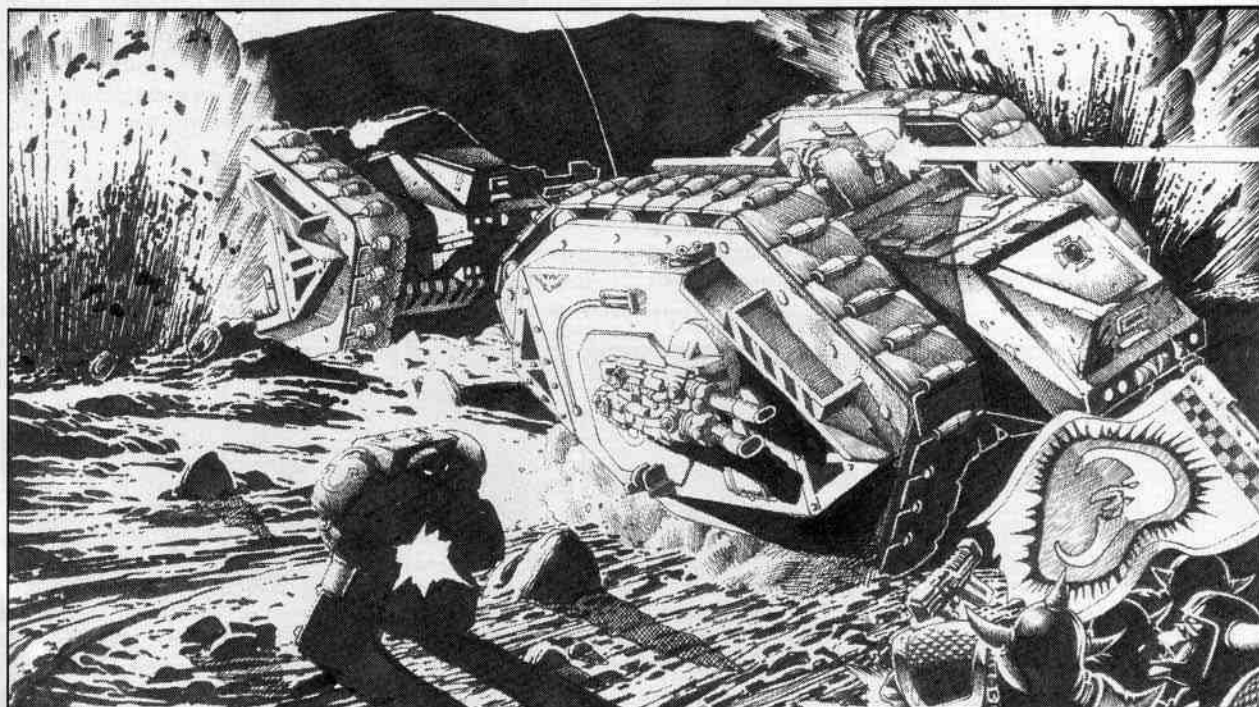
SPEED						
Max.	Acc/dec	TRR	CP	T	D	SV
20	7	1	10/5	8	50	2-6

Weapons: The Spartan is armed with two sets of twin lascannon mounted in side sponsons. Each twin-mounted pair can shoot against targets on that side of the vehicle, so a target can always be hit by at least one pair. Roll once to hit with each pair - so either both weapons hit or both miss. Determine damage for each gun individually. Each pair of lascannon is equipped with its own targeter (+1 to hit) and auto-systems enabling it to fire without crew.

The Spartan carries an additional heavy bolter and bolter for use by crewmen standing in the bay below. These can fire all round and have their own targeters (+1 to hit).

Equipment: The Spartan carries full auto-systems and can operate without crew.

Terminators: The Spartan can carry up to 5 Terminators or 10 normally-armoured Marines. It is designed to facilitate a quick exit - any models inside it may leave during the vehicle's movement and may make a full normal move immediately. If the vehicle is travelling faster than 10" during the exit then damage may be sustained as usual, causing an automatic hit with a Strength equal to the vehicle's speed minus 10.



MODELLING WORKSHOP

SPARTAN BY TONY COTTRELL

This month is the first of a two-part article giving instructions for the conversion of a Land Raider and a Rhino into two new Imperial vehicles. This section gives full instructions for the construction of the Spartan, Terminator Battle Tank using the kit parts with the addition of plastic card or cardboard. Next month we will give construction details for an Imperial Tank Hunter utilising the remainder of the parts from the two kits.



You will need the following tools to make the Spartan: a sharp knife, some fine sandpaper and a pin-vice with small drill bit.

In the instructions the numbers preceded by an R refer to Rhino kit parts, those by an L to Land Raider kit parts, and those by an S to parts you will need to make specifically for this model.

● MAKING THE NEW PARTS

Parts S1, S2, S3, S4, S5, S9, S11 & S12 are made from 0.03" thick plastic card or thin cardboard.

Part S8 is cut from thicker plastic card (0.06") or cardboard.

Parts S6, S7 and S18 are made from Rhino kit sprue, as is part S17. S17 should have a small hole drilled in one end.

Part S13 is cut from the bottom of one of the Rhino front hatches (R6).

Part S16 is the window which should be carefully sliced off the Rhino ramp (R7). The window will tend to curl when it is cut off so it will need to be bent flat before use.

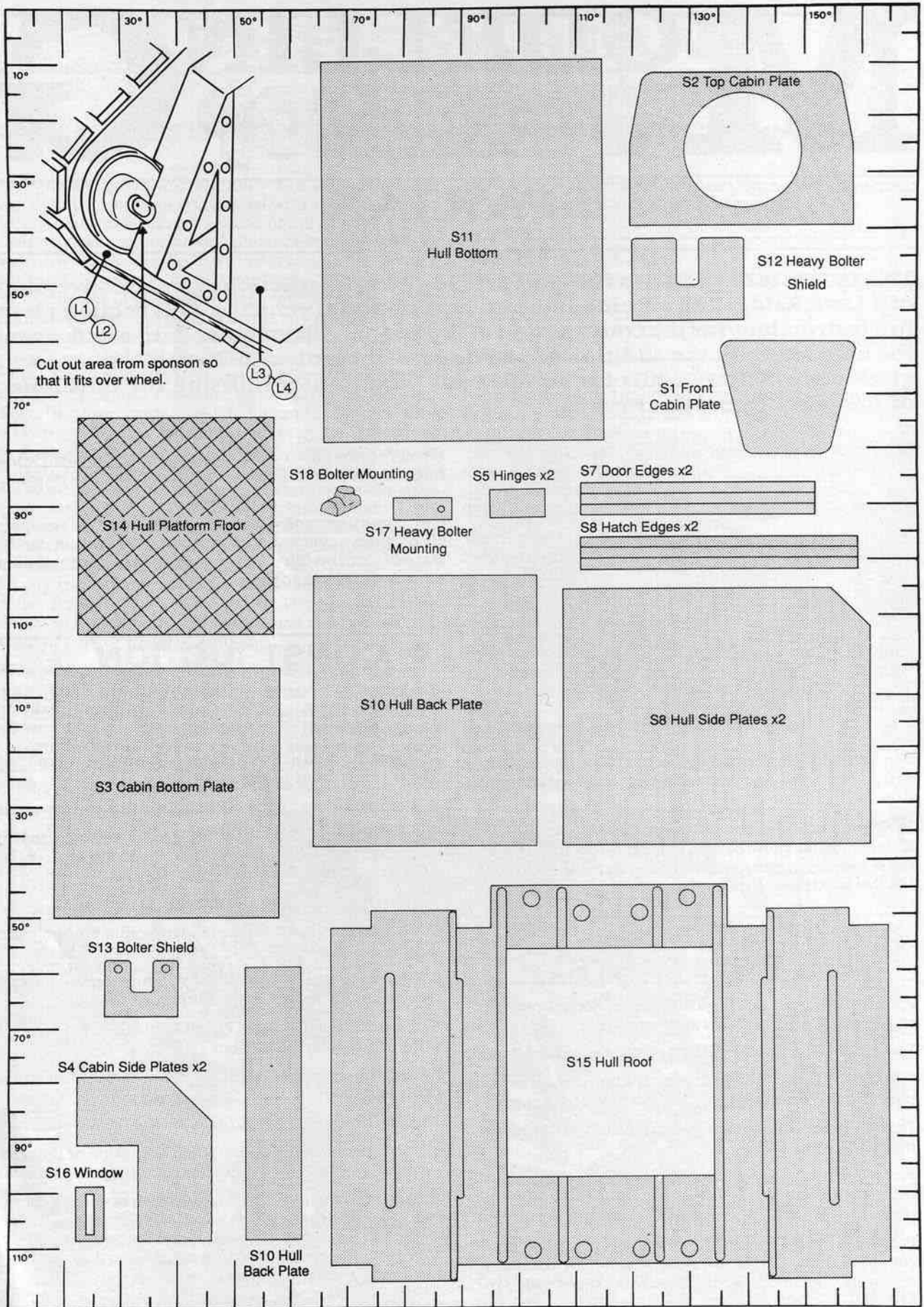
Part S15 is the floor of the Land Raider (L6) with a section cut out of the middle. This can be achieved by continuous scouring with a sharp knife. The cut-out piece makes part S14.

If you're using plastic card, all parts can be smoothed using fine sandpaper and stuck together using polystyrene cement.

If you're using cardboard you will need either two-part epoxy glue or contact adhesive. Any gaps that occur during assembly can be filled with plastic model filler and then smoothed with sandpaper.

● CONSTRUCTION

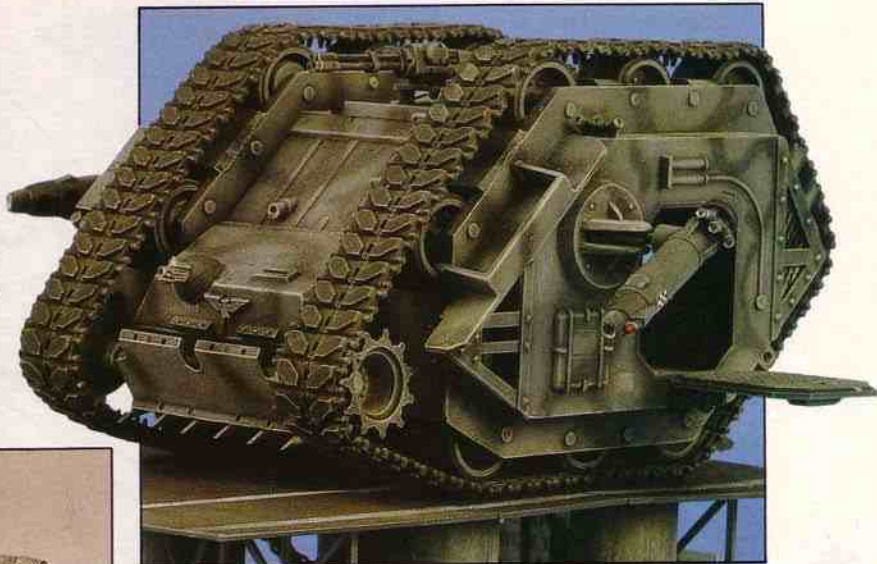
1. Assemble the track sections (L1) and (L2) and part L10 together as in the Land Raider construction. Stick S15 in place of part L6.
2. Invert the model. Part S15 is now the hull roof, and part L10 is at the front of the model.
3. Cut off the rear half of R1 and remove the top rivets.
4. Glue the ramp (R7), with the window removed, to R10. Glue the front cabin plate (S1) and top cabin plate (S2) to R7 and R1 respectively.
5. Glue the hatch (R8) and hinges (S5) to S2.
6. Glue the cabin side plates (S4) and cabin bottom plate (S3) to R1
7. Glue the ramp (R7), with the window removed, to the doors (R5). Glue this to the bottom of the cabin.
8. Glue the headlights (R12), tail-lights (R9) and window (S16) to the assembled cabin.
9. Glue the complete cabin assembly to the front of the main hull.
10. Glue the dozer blade (L24) to the front of the main hull.
11. Glue the hull side plates (S8) to the inside of the track sections and the hull bottom (S11) to the side plates.
12. Mount the hull platform floor (S14) on several slottabases and glue to the hull bottom (S11) so that it is directly under the large top hatch and 15mm below the hull roof. Note: if you wish to have the hatches closed you will not need to carry out this part of the assembly.
13. Glue the hull back plates (S9 and S10) to rear of vehicle.



LAND RAIDER CONVERSION

BY
GUY CARPENTER

This Land Raider kit has been extensively reworked and detailed. The track assembly has been replaced with separate wheels and tracks from a kit of a modern tank. The model also features a completely detailed interior and new weapons.



SPARTAN

BY
TONY COTTRELL

Two views of the finished Spartan, Terminator Battle Tank with Terminators on board. The vehicle has been painted in the colours of the Ultramarines Chapter and is adorned with Chapter and Imperial Eagle symbols from Citadel's Space Marine Transfer range.



SKAVEN

Deep beneath the earth the Skaven tunnel, bringing war and pestilence, foul magic and mutation. Thriving on warpstone, they breed strange creatures and brew deadly potions. In the dark, the great Skaven clans plot the downfall of mankind.

By Jes Goodwin and Rick Priestley

Throughout the cold peace of night the inhabitants of the Old World dream their private dreams of life and death, power and fear. Few, however, dream that while they sleep the lives of others continue apace beneath their homes, under the earth among the ancient sewers and crumbling drains. These are the domain of the Skaven - Lords of Decay - the foul brood of Chaos Ratmen.

From city to city their tunnels take them, infiltrating existing passages, drainage systems and ruins both above and below ground. They are the dark agents of entropy, eternally gnawing at the fabric of order so that all falls into ruin: ruins to be fought over and ruled by the brood of Skaven and their chaotic masters.

Beyond the Old World and into Cathay and the east, the Skaven reach out, uniting the world in the grip of their persistent anarchy. South into the Southlands and Araby their net stretches from ruin to ruin, into living cities, towns and the very homes of men. Even the seas cannot stop them, and Lustria and the New World too are infested, where jungle clearings reveal the monuments of the Old Slann, and where Skaven preside among the fall of a once-mighty race.

But of this subterranean empire sleeping men know little, and care to know even less, for the Skaven work slowly and carefully, rarely revealing themselves, executing their secret designs under the cover of darkness. And if an ordinary man or woman should disappear mysteriously from their bed, or a city watchman vanish



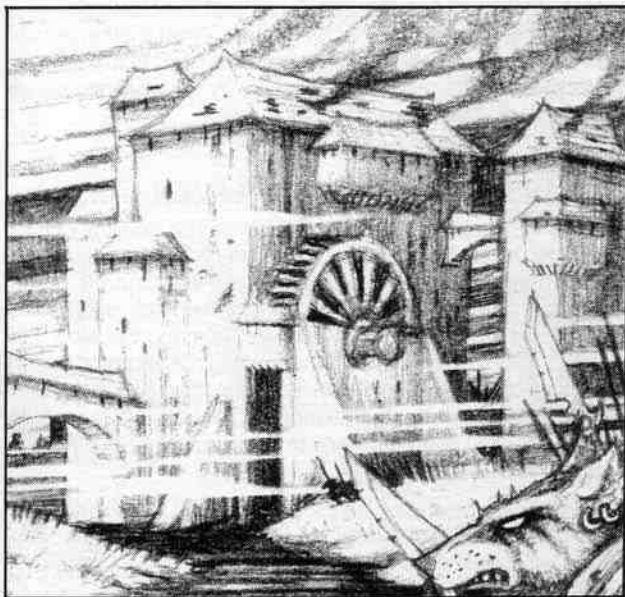
without trace, then what of it? The world is a dangerous enough place, full of brigands and foul magic, without needing to seek for further dark motives.

What is there to know that fails to disturb the dreams of men? Who are these creatures that crawl beneath the earth, who glory in decay and call themselves the Skaven? To understand their origin and purpose one must consider the fall of the greatest race ever to live upon the Known World, the Old Slann.

The Old Slann lived and prospered in days before memory, in an age that preceded the rise of man and other intelligent creatures. They were strange, unfathomable and powerful beyond imagining. In their civilisation astrophysics, mystic-philosophy and arcane magic were as one, and their lives were directed by thoughts and emotions unknown and incomprehensible to such paltry minds as live upon the earth today. Yet, for all their accomplishments, the Slann fell from grace, and their civilisation persists only as a pathetic remainder, reduced in power and insight to a sad shadow of its former glory. Of that fall little has been recorded; few men could even dare to surmise what happened so many, many eons ago.

Perhaps, of all living creatures, only the most mighty of Slann mages have glimpsed a little of the truth of that great tragedy and of their part in it. The exact facts will never, can never, be known. However, the intelligent researcher, with access to the ancient documents of the Old Slann, can construct a feasible theory of events.

The Slann arrived in the Known World 7000 years ago. Though their exact origin can only be a subject of speculation, it seems certain that they came from extraterrestrial stock. During their domination the Slann travelled from world to world, and may even have visited the Known World, bringing new animals and plants with them.



SKAVEN

The Old Slann moved throughout the galaxy with astounding ease, using what appears to have been an extensive system of tunnels through the fabric of space, connecting stars and planets light years distant from each other. These were constantly referred to as 'gateways', and there appear to have been many located in the Known World. The Old Slann documents also refer to the implicit dangers in using these gateways, and the constant threat of their destruction by terrible forces existing 'in between space'. If the tunnels of the Old Slann were carved through a different reality, that reality harboured many real and terrible dangers. Perhaps they passed through seething seas of raw energy kept at bay only by dint of powerful and sorcerous technology, or perhaps through the Halls of the Gods themselves. Old Slann writings refer to the 'Region of the Gods' and the 'gateways' within the same context, but Slann ideas are strange and their language difficult and often confusing for Humans to understand.

Whatever the exact nature of the gateways, these mysterious creations would eventually destroy their civilisation on the Known World. Whether by accident or design, at least one gateway became highly unstable, creating a vast and fluctuating core through the centre of the planet, turning the polar regions into hazy black holes where time and reality become distorted. In effect, when the gateway went out of control, it opened up two regions which were no longer wholly part of the real universe, but forever connected to that other reality which the Slann mages called the Region of the Gods.

At the time of this great catastrophe many strange and weird creatures entered the Known World. As well as living beings, a great quantity of raw Chaos material was 'sucked' into the Known World: matter with unknown and deadly powers. This material was to become known as 'warpstone', a great source of raw magic. Under its influence creatures could become twisted into new and horrifying shapes, and Beastmen and new monsters were mutated by its power. There lay the origin of many foul types of Beastmen, and also of the bestial Skaven.

The ruins of the Old Slann, and later those of other intelligent races, harboured their fair share of vermin. Giant rats fed well upon the carcasses of fallen civilisations. Somewhere, in some uncelebrated and hidden ruin, they fed upon warpstone, a little at first, perhaps by accident, and later in greater and greater quantities. They changed, and very quickly, within the space of a few generations, became intelligent creatures, with more humanoid bodies and heightened intellects. They became dependent on warpstone; it fed and drove their civilisation, forming a vital part of their foul ceremonies and their worship of the Powers of Chaos.



Today, they have spread throughout the world. From their centres among long-abandoned ruins they have established settlements beneath living towns and cities. They have placed spies among all manner of creatures, and have learned much sorcery. Their objectives are to bring ruin and decay, and to achieve this they need increasing quantities of warpstone. From their extensive network of spies and informants they soon learn of new sources of warpstone and are quick to acquire it by whatever means are deemed necessary.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF SKAVEN

By their very nature, Skaven are highly mobile, moving quickly to exploit the process of decay. They can be found in most large underground complexes, beneath mountains and ruined ancient fortresses, as well as under inhabited cities. Their strongholds are based in ruins all over the world, and from these centres their tunnels and warrens extend outwards in a spider's web of unfathomable complexity. Skaven domains spread from the fabled desert ruins of Araby, the abandoned city of Cathay and the mysterious dead Southland city, to the long lost ruins of the Old Slann in Lustria.

In the Old World itself, the Ratmen have erected a vast, sprawling city of decay called Skavenblight. This most secret and evil of places is situated deep within the great wastes of the southern marshes that lie in north-west Tilea.

SKAVEN SOCIETY

The **Horned Rat** is feared and worshipped as the patron deity of the Skaven. The mighty Chaos Power gnaws at the fabric of the multiverse, instigating the forces of decay. The Horned Rat's image and symbols appear on clothing, tokens and as part of Skaven ceremonial worship.

The **Thirteen Lords of Decay** are the leaders of the Skaven and the high-priests of the Horned Rat. Each Lord is a mighty king, ruling from one of the great Skaven centres, or else leading a mysterious life studying the ways of magic and death. They are twelve in number (rather than thirteen), the number being completed symbolically by the Horned Rat himself.

The **Grey Seers** are the direct servants of the Thirteen Lords of Decay. They are many, and occupy an elevated position in Skaven society, only concerning themselves with the most important of matters. Grey Seers are magicians of considerable power, and will often be found as leaders of an entire army.

The majority of Skaven belong to one of the many clans, each of which is to some extent specialised.

Clan Skryre is one of the most influential of all the Ratmen clans and Skaven of this clan are also known as the Warlock Engineers. They are masters of an insane blend of magic and science, a secret art which enables them to mould warpstone into many strange and horrible weapons, such as firethrowers, poisoned wind and the dread Black Ark. All of these weapons are extremely dangerous and unreliable, and although the clan uses armour, counterspells and a large amount of guinea pig slaves, casualties among clan members are high. All Clan Skryre engineers wear intricate masks, and speak in a strange riddling tongue full of technical and magical phrases.

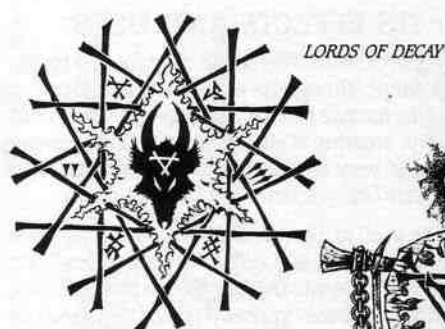
Clan Eshin are the Night Runners, a clan of Rat-Assassins who are active in the cities of man. They spread disorder by means of stealthy killings and poisonings. On the battlefield they can be formed into small units of deadly fighters. They use warpstone to make special weapons and to brew poisons and drugs which they use to control the normal rats of the city sewers.

Clan Moulder use the warpstone's powers to breed fell beasts from slave-stock, tampering and improving upon their genetic structure. Tracker-Rats, Wolf-Rats and the rare and much-feared Rat-Ogres are all their handiwork, as are numerous other less successful creatures. These mutated creatures are led into battle by Clan Moulder Beastmasters.

Clan Pestilens are known also as the Plague Monks, fanatics dedicated to spreading disease and decay in honour of their master, the great Horned Rat. These Skaven use the warpstone's powers to cause plagues. They have agents scattered throughout the cities of the civilised world.

The **Warlord Clans** are often no more than a collection of small packs or gangs, each ruled by the strongest, largest rats. The Skaven Warlords occasionally have access to warpstone, usually in the form of Chaos wargear, or enhancing drugs. The bulk of Skaven soldiery come from the Warlord clans such as Clan Rictus and Clan Mors.

Slaves are present at all levels of the Skaven hierarchy, carrying out menial or dangerous tasks. They may be of any race, Humans, Orcs, etc - even other Skaven. They are sometimes drummed into military service to make up the numbers, in which case they are poorly armed and hobbled together with chains to stop them running away. Skaven slaves are also used in the many hazardous experiments conducted using warpstone. They are the lowest rank of Ratman society; their lives are harsh and painful, but mercifully short.



LORDS OF DECAY



GREY SEERS



CLAN SKRYRE



CLAN ESHIN

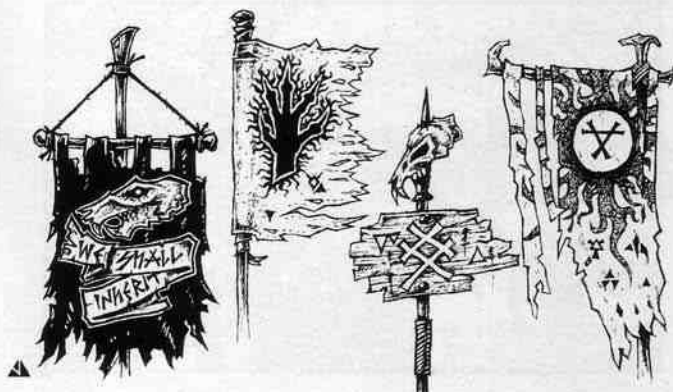


CLAN MOULDER



CLAN PESTILENS

WARLORD CLANS



SKAVEN APPEARANCE

Skaven resemble giant rats twisted into a parody of Human shape, measuring from four and five feet tall. Other physical details vary tremendously, as generations of inbreeding and the constant exposure to warpstone have produced many strange and bizarre mutations. Skavens' bodies are covered with close fur, leaving only their ears and tails naked. They have wicked glittering red eyes, and huge sharp pointy teeth, well suited to ripping and tearing apart flesh. Most Ratmen show some scars or other evidence of the frequent and violent fights that are an integral part of their life. Ratmen share many of the same range of physical mutations as other creatures warped by the effects of Chaos. Most Skaven are brown or piebald, but some are black, white or grey. Black Skaven are often large warriors, or may be the small but cunning Rat-Assassins. White Skaven (albino) make adept sorcerers and are particularly susceptible to the effects of warpstone. Grey-furred Ratmen are quite rare, and are the most likely to bear some form of chaotic mutation.

Ratmen wear dark, ragged clothing and most have some form of body protection. Armour is frequently made of leather (although from what creature is better not considered). This is covered in metal plates, studs, and assorted pieces of mail and plate. Armour is often adapted from that scavenged on battlefields, and is usually ill-fitting and in poor condition. Both clothing and armour are dingy and unkempt, often with pack symbols painted on over the dirt. Many Skaven apply similar symbols to their fur using dye or by branding, copying them from the great decaying banners of their clans.



WARFARE AND THE SKAVEN

The primary weapons of the Ratmen are long knives. These are sometimes serrated or have cruel nicks or twists integral to their design. Various pole-mounted blades are also used to deadly effect. Skaven employ many types of nets, weighted ropes and hooked weapons, which they use to entangle their foes, dragging them within range of their knives (which may be poisoned) and their bites (which may carry disease). In addition, many Ratmen have spiked or studded tips fitted to their tails, and some can use their tails as an extra hand, to grasp a knife or throttle an enemy. Although Skaven are individually vicious, large units lack discipline and will fight anyone (including each other) with little provocation. However, when properly controlled by a powerful leader, or augmented by the strange weapons of the Warlock Engineers, they can be driven into a state of fanaticism in which they become quite oblivious to casualties and danger. In such a state they are well-nigh unstoppable.

Skaven magicians belong either to the Clan Skryre or the Grey Seers. Of these the Grey Seers are the most mighty, while the Clan Skryre have specialist magical abilities that enable them to mould the powers of warpstone into potent and terrifying shapes.

Ratmen cast spells like other magicians, but are unable to restore their magical energy by resting. Instead, they must consume warpstone. Grey Seers may also gain magical power by the process of refining raw warpstone. The creature grasps the substance in its paws, and drains energy from it, giving the Seer new magical power and at the same time turning the raw warpstone into the safer, refined product. Refined warpstone is still dangerous, but far less so than the unrefined material. A Grey Seer may choose to eat the warpstone he has refined, or pass it on for other purposes.

WARPSTONE: ITS EFFECTS AND USES

A single piece of warpstone is usually about the size of a man's fist. It is irregular in shape, though its exact form is difficult to determine because of the intense black glow, gulping in light from the immediate vicinity, creating a small patch of darkness. In this form, warpstone is very dangerous to all creatures, and prolonged exposure can cause severe mutation or death.

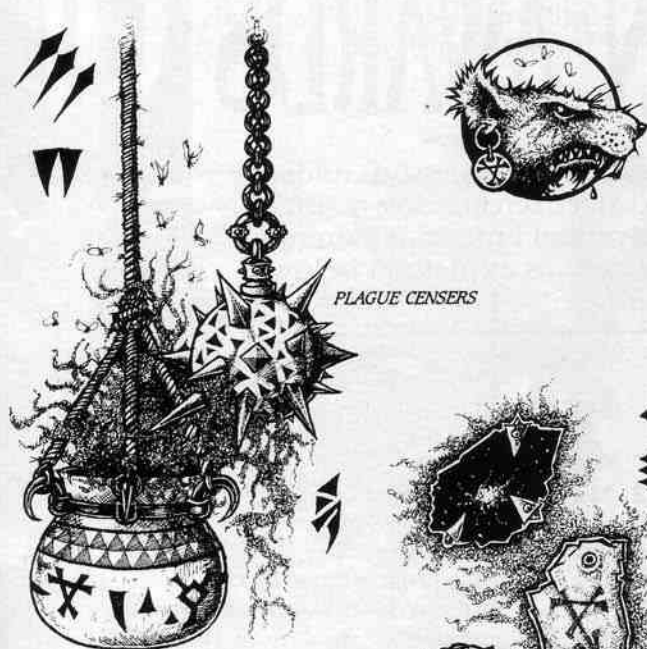
Warpstone can only be used in a controlled way after it has been refined from its raw state. This is a difficult process, and one which only the most mighty of wizards are able to perform. The Skaven Grey Seers, however, have a natural ability to transmute warpstone, and gain energy by doing so. Any creature exposed to raw warpstone for a period of a day or more has a chance of developing a chaotic mutation. Grey Seers are constantly exposed to warpstone, but their chance of being affected is minimal. Nevertheless, Grey Seers are not totally immune to the effects of warpstone and most bear the mark of Chaos in some form or other.

Refined warpstone is grey and powdery, quite unlike the original material. It has no warping effects unless it is eaten, in which case there is a very small chance of gaining a chaotic mutation. Normal, sane creatures wouldn't dream of eating warpstone, but Skaven are a different matter, and many bear the results of their unholy diet. Because of their special resilience, Grey Seers may consume the stuff without any further chance of mutation.

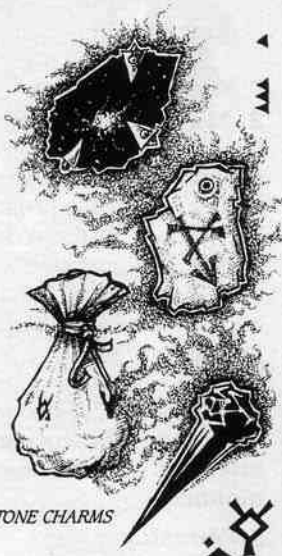
As well as supplying the Skaven magicians with energy, warpstone is used by clans for their own purposes. The Clan Skryre, the Warlock Engineers, are able to manufacture many strange and powerful weapons in this way. Carefully-selected warpstone is added to metals during smelting, or annealed during hammering, lending magical qualities to weapons and armour. Other weapons are far more esoteric in design and function. Members of the Clan Moulder use small amounts of warpstone to cause mutations in their captive breeding stock, creating new races of twisted and loathsome creatures such as the Wolf-Rats. The Clan Pestilens have developed the use of warpstone as the perpetrators of germ warfare and use it to start devastating plagues. The Eshin Rat-Assassins are adept at making deadly weapons and poisons from warpstone. Even the Warlord Clans find uses for it, in the form of specially-manufactured protective amulets, maddening battle-drugs and mind-altering potions.

The Firethrower is a device designed to project a flaming corrosive mixture. This volatile material is made using the warpstone in conjunction with other chemicals and magic: it is a much-feared weapon and extremely deadly to both its foes and its crew! The firethrower is crewed by two Ratmen: the first crewman directs and fires the weapon, while the second carries and prepares the flaming substance itself. Using this devastating weapon brings its own dangers: firethrowers often malfunction and explode, killing the crew and any other creatures in the vicinity.





PLAGUE CENSERS

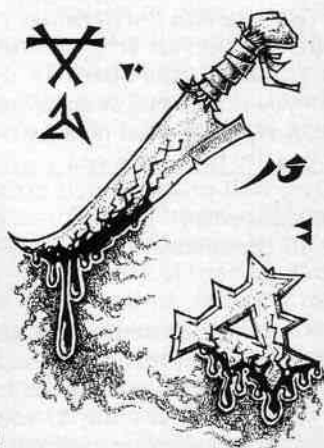
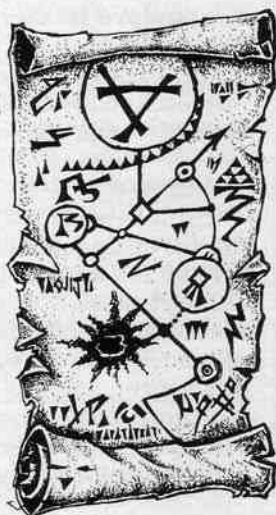


WARPSTONE CHARMS



POISONED WIND GLOBES

WARPCROLL



ASSASSIN WEAPONS

Plague Censers are specially made incense burners carried by certain members of the Clans Pestilens. Warpstone is treated so that it burns like incense. It is placed inside a special burner and carried by a particularly brave Ratman. Censers are swung around the head of the Skaven, scattering their foul poisonous fumes in the air. Ratmen using these devices employ thick scarves to protect them from the fumes, although this isn't entirely effective. The effects of the gas are quite horrible, causing anyone who breathes it to develop a rapid and very painful form of plague where the skin blisters and swells before breaking out into bleeding sores and boils.

Warpstone Charms are made from pieces of warpstone. They are tokens of luck, and may offer protection from magic. Charms of this kind are used by the most important of the Skaven (ie the biggest and meanest). They take the form of irregularly-shaped pieces of coloured stone, jewels or chunks of crude metal, all incorporating or exposed to the effects of warpstone. During their construction they are given a life of their own, so that they writhe and move constantly, and may be warm or soft to the touch. These pieces are literally hammered into the Skaven's skin, sticking out like a row of studs. If a Skaven loses an eye, ear, or some other protuberance, it may often be replaced by a warpstone charm, giving the creature a weird artificial eye.

Poisoned Wind is one of the Clan Skryre's most famous weapons. A devastating magical wind is entrapped inside a globe of glass. The globe is produced by means of warpstone, and small amounts can be seen inside the unbroken globe. Globes may be simply be smashed open, or thrown at the enemy, releasing a blast of strange gas. The gas's effects vary from creature to creature. Some victims hardly suffer at all, while others go instantly insane, attacking their friends or becoming completely disorientated.

Warpcrolls are powerful magic items enscribed upon the hide of living creatures using a special ink manufactured from warpstone. The ink causes intense agony and eventual death, but to be fully effective the hide must be flayed from the creature while it is still alive, and then cured using finely ground warpstone powder. Victims of the scroll suffer rapid and irreversible aging, and shrivel and die in the space of a few seconds.

Assassin Weapons are used by the infamous Clan Eshin. During their manufacture a small amount of warpstone is incorporated into their structure, along with certain secret magical spells known only by the Rat-Assassins. An assassin's weapon contantly sweats a deadly poison so that any wound, not matter how superficial, will always prove fatal. Most of these weapons take the form of swords or knives, but the Clan Eshin also use throwing stars made in the same way.

Potions of the Skaven are employed to improve the fighting abilities of the warrior Skaven. Every Ratman unit leader carries a potion which he can use before going into battle. These potions are manufactured using warpstone and their effects are quite unpredictable: some steel the drinker to the most fearsome danger or instil him with a killing fury; others drive the drinker into a frenzy of activity so strenuous that he eventually drops dead of exhaustion.

Other devices are rare. They include the feared and insane **Screaming Bells** - giant bells constructed by the Warlock Engineers. These ring out a deadly peal of death over the battlefield and have the power to devastate armies and raze whole cities. The most feared weapon of all is the **Black Ark** - a magically protected chest that holds a huge chunk of raw warpstone in a suspension of energy. The Ark is normally kept securely locked, and is borne by dedicated litter bearers. Revealing the Ark itself causes terrifying destruction as bolts of pure dark energy fly in all directions rending buildings and flattening all before it.

EPIC

BATTLES

Mankind is not alone in the universe. Even as the Horus Heresy rages and Imperial Loyalists fight Traitors on a million worlds, two alien races threaten from without: the Orks and the Eldar.

The Orks are a strong race who subdue those they meet with violence. They naturally love war and conflict, and cheerfully battle anyone who refuses to submit to their domination.

The Eldar are sophisticated but deadly fighters, possessors of ancient wisdom and masters of the skills of war. They know the dark secrets of the warp and will sometimes join with Mankind to fight Horus's Renegades.

Ork Horde and *Eldar Legion* are boxed sets of epic scale plastic infantry and vehicles for use with *Space Marine* and *Adeptus Titanicus*. Each box contains over 170 plastic Citadel Miniatures, with sample paint schemes and photocopyable banners.

Codex Titanicus contains the full rules for epic scale Ork and Eldar infantry and vehicles.

These boxes are each packed with over 175 finely-sculpted plastic Epic-scale Citadel Miniatures.

Ork Horde contains 160 Ork warriors armed with bolters and 24 Ork Battlewagons with separate rotating turrets mounting auto-cannon and heavy bolter.

Eldar Legion contains 160 Eldar warriors armed with shuriken catapults and 16 Falcon Grav-Tanks with las-cannon and shuriken cannon.

These miniatures are compatible with *Adeptus Titanicus* and *Space Marine*. The rules for Ork and Eldar infantry and vehicles are in *Codex Titanicus*.



BAD MOONS



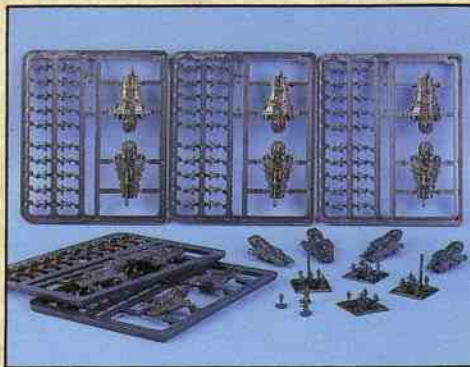
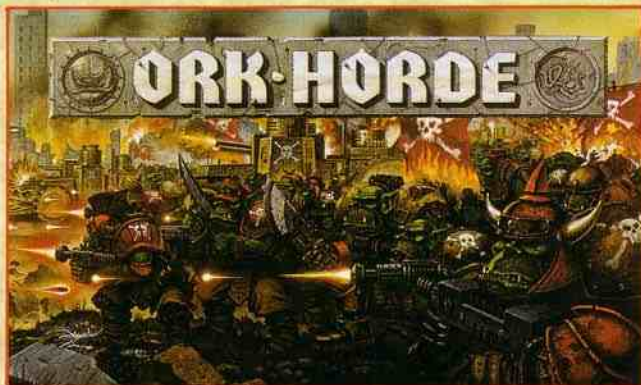
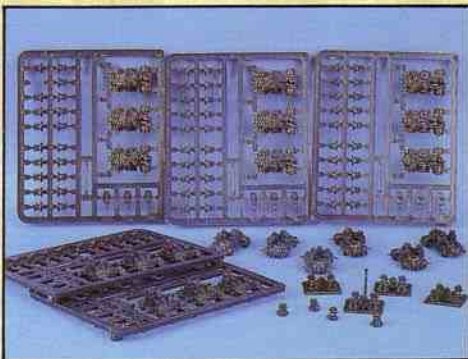
GOFFS



DEATH SKULLS



SNAKE BITES



ELDRITCH RAIDERS



VOID WARRIORS



SUNBLITZ BROTHERHOOD



BLACK SUNS

FOR USE WITH



AND



ALL MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED UNPAINTED.

COLOURS MAY VARY FROM THOSE SHOWN.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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AVAILABLE
NOW



Ivan's diorama shows the *Advanced Heroquest* Heroes assaulting a Skaven stronghold. The dungeon was made from polystyrene and clay, scribed with a brickwork pattern. Cake decorations were used for pillars, and glitter was used to make the treasure sparkle. The paper banners show the symbols of the Skaven clans present: Clans Eshin (hand and dagger), Skryre (Skaven head), Rictus (triskelion) and Mors (three crossed staves). The Rictus and Mors designs are repeated on the Skaven shields.

The Henchmen also have shield symbols representing their allegiance. The top section of the diorama shows Magnus the Bright Wizard's Henchmen bearing the symbol of his College of Magic. The bottom section shows the Henchmen with the lion symbol of the Warrior Heinrich Löwen.

The *Advanced Heroquest* system is designed to incorporate all Fantasy Citadel Miniatures, so Ivan hasn't restricted himself to models from the game. He has included Skaven such as the Clan Pestilens Plague Monks in the centre section, as well as a Minotaur and an Ogre.

Dungeon built by Ivan Bayliss. Miniatures painted by Studio Staff.

