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To coincide with the release of the fabulous Dragon Prince models, this month Anthony Reynolds takes a look at the mighty Dragon Princes of Caledor, chronicling the history of these proud warriors who once rode the skies atop the most majestic creatures ever known...

THE DRAGON PRINCES

The rise and decline of the Dragon Princes of Caledor

Caledor is a sparsely populated, volcanic region in the west of Ulthuan that has been the homeland of the great dragons for thousands of years. In ancient days, when the Elves were at the height of their power, before the great split amongst the Elven race and even before the great wars against Chaos, Caledor was the mightiest of all kingdoms of Ulthuan. Many of the early Phoenix Kings came from Caledor and enjoyed great power and influence, reigning unopposed for almost four thousand years – for who could stand against the fury and power of the Dragon Riders of Caledor?

Far beneath the smoking mountains of the Dragon Spine Mountains, the dragons made their cavernous lairs. In those times, dragons were a common sight over Caledor, and there was food aplenty to sustain their population. Larger, more powerful and more intelligent than the dragons of today, the Caledorian dragons enjoyed absolute supremacy of the skies. Their breath could melt the hardest metals, their claws could crush stone, and some of the mightiest of their number were versed in the magic arts. The dragons were the strength behind the line of Caledor.

It was the legendary Caledor Dragontamer who first earned the respect of the great wyrms. The most powerful Elven Mage of the time, Caledor traveled up into the dangerous, sulphurous mountains alone. He was gone for many days, and most feared that he had departed this world unto the next. Over a week later, a dragon of enormous proportions was seen in the skies, and the Elves cowered before it. It was Indraugnir, the most powerful and oldest of the dragons, and on its back rode the weary Caledor. Tales differ about what occurred on the unstable volcanic mountainside. Many believe that Caledor bound the dragon to his will with his powerful magical arts and his natural affinity with the creatures. Others maintain that Caledor traveled to Vaul the Maker, the Elven god of smithing, and entreated him to create a magical metallic harness which he used to tame the ferocious creature.

The more conventional view that is favored by modern scholars is that Caledor matched his strength against that of Indraugnir. Their meeting was said to have been an intense confrontation of wills, and in the end neither was able to overcome the other. It is said that Indraugnir was impressed with the considerable spirit of the mighty Elven mage, and that Caledor respected the dragon's noble heart. With mutual respect, the two agreed to aid each other in times of trial.

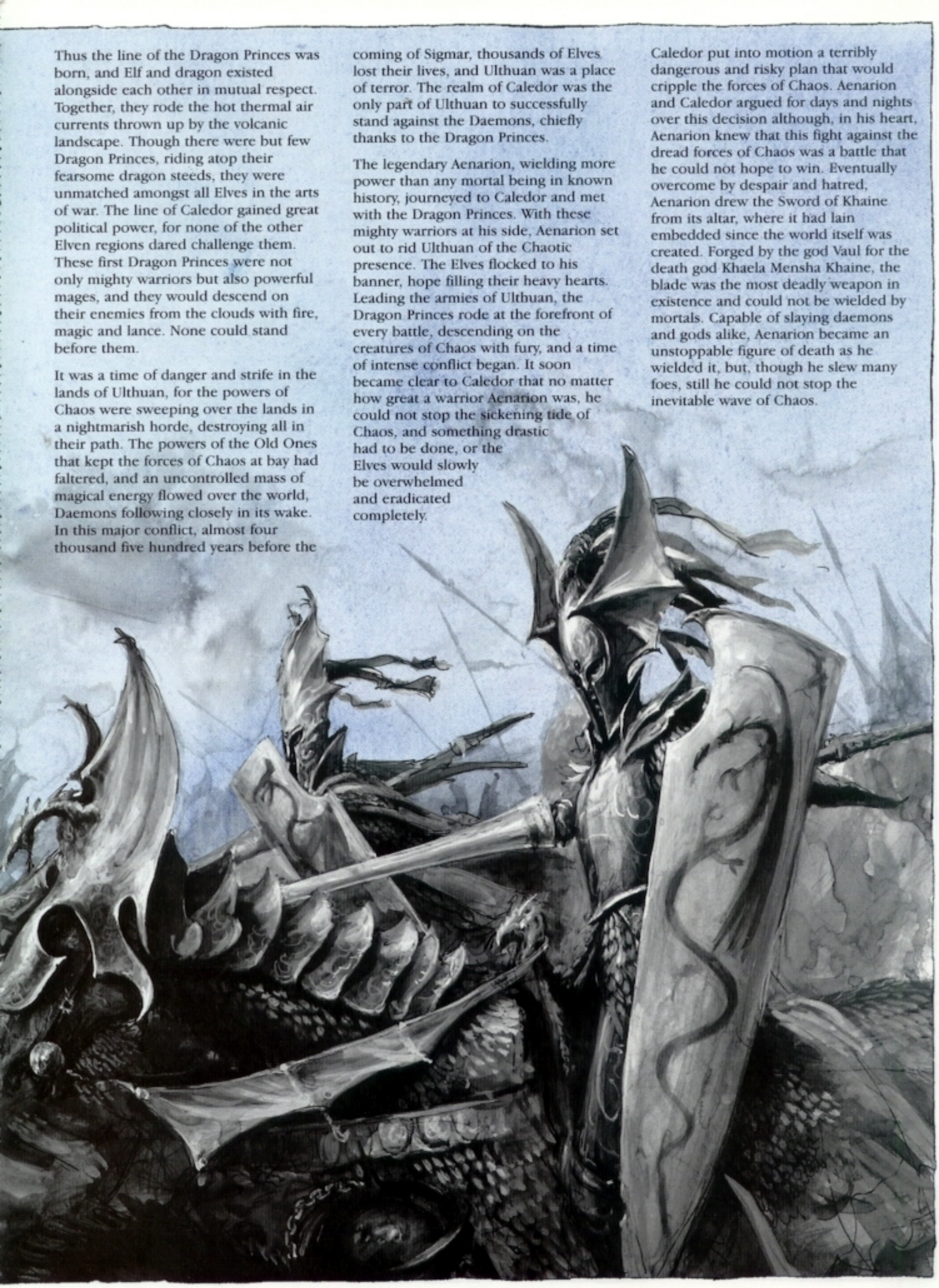
Caledor's descendants named the desolate landscape Caledor in honor of their mighty forebear. Under Caledor's instructions, immense granite fortresses were built into the mountains, and the nobles who lived there dwelt in close contact with the dragons of the region, the alliance benefiting both races.

Thus the line of the Dragon Princes was born, and Elf and dragon existed alongside each other in mutual respect. Together, they rode the hot thermal air currents thrown up by the volcanic landscape. Though there were but few Dragon Princes, riding atop their fearsome dragon steeds, they were unmatched amongst all Elves in the arts of war. The line of Caledor gained great political power, for none of the other Elven regions dared challenge them. These first Dragon Princes were not only mighty warriors but also powerful mages, and they would descend on their enemies from the clouds with fire, magic and lance. None could stand before them.

It was a time of danger and strife in the lands of Ulthuan, for the powers of Chaos were sweeping over the lands in a nightmarish horde, destroying all in their path. The powers of the Old Ones that kept the forces of Chaos at bay had faltered, and an uncontrolled mass of magical energy flowed over the world, Daemons following closely in its wake. In this major conflict, almost four thousand five hundred years before the coming of Sigmar, thousands of Elves lost their lives, and Ulthuan was a place of terror. The realm of Caledor was the only part of Ulthuan to successfully stand against the Daemons, chiefly thanks to the Dragon Princes.

The legendary Aenarion, wielding more power than any mortal being in known history, journeyed to Caledor and met with the Dragon Princes. With these mighty warriors at his side, Aenarion set out to rid Ulthuan of the Chaotic presence. The Elves flocked to his banner, hope filling their heavy hearts. Leading the armies of Ulthuan, the Dragon Princes rode at the forefront of every battle, descending on the creatures of Chaos with fury, and a time of intense conflict began. It soon became clear to Caledor that no matter how great a warrior Aenarion was, he could not stop the sickening tide of Chaos, and something drastic had to be done, or the Elves would slowly be overwhelmed and eradicated completely.

Caledor put into motion a terribly dangerous and risky plan that would cripple the forces of Chaos. Aenarion and Caledor argued for days and nights over this decision although, in his heart, Aenarion knew that this fight against the dread forces of Chaos was a battle that he could not hope to win. Eventually overcome by despair and hatred, Aenarion drew the Sword of Khaine from its altar, where it had lain embedded since the world itself was created. Forged by the god Vaul for the death god Khaela Mensha Khaine, the blade was the most deadly weapon in existence and could not be wielded by mortals. Capable of slaying daemons and gods alike, Aenarion became an unstoppable figure of death as he wielded it, but, though he slew many foes, still he could not stop the inevitable wave of Chaos.



Caledor gathered around him the greatest and most powerful of all the mages of Ulthuan and journeyed to the Isle of the Dead to begin their desperate ritual. For days and nights they chanted, the greatest convocation of magic ever seen. The greater gods of Chaos directed their minions towards the small isle, and the nether-creatures launched an intense attack on the spell-shields erected to protect the chanting mages. Many Elves fell under the brutal assault, their minds flayed, but the most powerful continued their dire work. Aenarion moved to defend the isle, and the armies of Ulthuan traveled with him. The sun was darkened, so great were the numbers of dragons that filled the skies, and Elf and Daemon fought and died on the banks of the Isle. As the daemons were slain, their bodies faded into nothingness, disappearing from this plane of existence; the Elven bodies littered the Inner Sea, to sink to the sea floor, and their corpses were washed ashore for weeks to come.

As the spell, the likes of which has never been seen again, began to take effect, the seas began to rage violently and the skies were ripped asunder by great lightning shows that danced across the heavens. The minions of Chaos flew into a frenzy, frantically struggling to resist the Elven magic that threatened their very existence. Energy pulsed through the earth and the sky, and the Elves felt a terrible sensation as the power ripped through their souls. An immense cloud of twisting energy appeared in the sky, swirling with increasing velocity. Like a giant, inverted tornado, it began to suck the magical energy from the air itself. The earth was torn apart under the immense pressure, and trees and rocks were sent hurtling into the spinning maelstrom in the sky.

In those terrible moments, the world lost both the god-like Aenarion and Caledor Dragontamer. In finishing the powerful banishing spell, Caledor had sacrificed himself. Daemons began to wither and blink out of existence as the magic sustaining them was sucked away to the extreme north and south poles of the world. Simultaneously, the Isle of the Dead itself faded from view. The mages' terrible sacrifice to repel the powers of the daemons had resulted in them being trapped in a loop, out of time with the rest of the world. Here, for eternity, they would relive their last moments in the great battle against Chaos. It was to be the end of the great times of magic amongst the Elves.

With the passing of these two great heroes, the Elves were further disheartened when it was learned that Aenarion's wife, the Everqueen, had been slain by the servants of the Dark Gods. The forces of Chaos were routed, but the Elves were leaderless. Eventually, Bel Shanaar was chosen to take the throne over Aenarion's son Malekith, and a time of exploration and rebuilding began. This was not to last, however, for the evil-hearted Malekith began his plotting, culminating in the death of the Phoenix King at his own hands.

Following Bel Shanaar's death came the time that was to be known as the Reign of Caledor. With the power of the Dragons at their backs, the nobles of Caledor were the natural choice for the leaders of Ulthuan, and they were well respected as fearsome warriors and proud tacticians.

Early in Tethlis the Slayer's reign as Phoenix King, the dragons had started to become increasingly scarce. The eldest of the dragons were the first to disappear, and it was soon discovered that they were in a deep sleep beneath the mountains of Caledor. Towards the end of Tethlis's reign, the dragons had become so rare that there were barely enough for the Dragon Princes to ride into battle, and those that did remain were young and inexperienced.

There has been much speculation on the reasons behind the dragons' great sleep, though no one has ever come up with a definitive answer. One possibility relates to the reduction of magical energy pervading the air in the years following Caledor Dragontamer's magical vortex. Some believe that their sleep patterns are directly related to the temperature of Caledor itself, for it is said that Caledor as it stands today is much cooler than it used to be. Whatever the case, these days the sight of a dragon over Caledor, once so common, is a particularly rare sight.

In times of dire need, the Dragon Princes journey into the halls of the sleeping creatures and attempt to wake the great beasts. More often than not this ends in disappointment. When a dragon does wake, it is usually one of the younger creatures, and will generally return to its lair to sleep within a matter of weeks.

While the majority of the Dragon Princes in these later times may never ride the great dragons, their armor and equipment bears testimony to their great traditions. Their splendid dragon-headed helmets are easily recognizable, and their entire armament is designed so as to resemble the great firedrakes that are an integral part of the Dragon Princes' history. Proudest of all the people of Ulthuan, they form a distinctive and powerful element of the High Elf armies. Although they are nowhere near as devastating as they were in times long past, the Dragon Princes, mounted on swift-moving Elven steeds, are still some of the most skilled and brave warriors within all of Ulthuan.

The Dragon Princes await the day when the dragons will wake from their sleep and once again crowd the skies. It is said that the Loremasters have foreseen a time of darkness to come, a time when a dark tide will flow across the world once again. In this great time of need, their prophecies say that the dragons will rise, and that the Dragon Princes will once again lead the armies of Ulthuan against the hordes of evil. The people of Caledor believe that Imrik, the mighty descendant of Caledor Dragontamer, will be the one who will fight at the forefront of this epic battle, that it will be he who will awaken the great creatures, and that the great dragons will follow him just as they did his ancestor some four thousand years earlier.

DRAGON PRINCE IMRIK, LORD OF DRAGONS

Prince Imrik is the last direct descendant of the great Caledor Dragontamer, and in him is concentrated all the power and nobility of the great house of Caledor. His proud bearing and unmatched battle prowess harkens back to the ancient times when the Dragon Princes were at the height of their power. Imrik has walked the ancient halls and the mountains of Caledor for centuries on end, mourning the decline of his heritage. He is one of the few Dragon Princes who is still able to wake the sleeping dragons from the caverns beneath the mountains. However, even he can only stir a few of the majestic creatures from their slumber at any time, and he attempts this only in times of great need – for each time a dragon is roused, it is harder to wake it again once it falls back into its dreams. The mighty firedrakes recognize the spirit of Caledor living within Imrik and hold a deep respect for him. The dragon Minaithnir has a particularly strong bond with the prince and is the only dragon who will wake from his slumber whenever Imrik calls. Borne upon the back of this mighty and ancient creature, Imrik descends on his foes with ferocity, striking terror in their hearts at the glorious sight. When Imrik's ire is raised, he is a fearsome opponent and his pride and fiery temperament are legendary. A staunch defender of his people, he fights furiously against any who threaten his land or his people. Imrik is the pride of his homeland, representing the ideal combination of strength and nobility to the scattered people of Caledor, yet they mourn that he is the last of that proud bloodline and fear the day that he is taken from them.

Led by Imrik, the High Elves charge their hated kindred, the Dark Elves.

The ice-cold wind whipped at Imrik's hair, which flowed out in a contorting golden wave behind him. Through gaps in the clouds beneath, he could see the movement of armies far below, tiny figures arrayed on the blighted earth, obscured slightly by the lashing rain that poured down on the plains. The shining ranks of his comrades could be seen, their bright armor contrasting markedly with the dark landscape. Moving against them were the black-armored forms of the hated Druchii, the dark kin of the High Elves. Imrik thought that from his vantage point they looked like a vicious horde of scuttling insects, crawling menacingly over the ground.

A deep rumbling sounded from within the chest of Imrik's proud mount, the ancient grey-tinged dragon Minaithnir. The Dragon Prince, soul-bonded to the mighty creature, instantly became wary, his sharp eyes gazing over the clouds that billowed around him. Spying a dark shape through the gloom, Imrik narrowed his eyes, his teeth clenching. With a soft, almost imperceptible whisper, Imrik directed the dragon upwards. Beating his mighty wings, the dragon soared higher into the air, entering another layer of damp cloud. Passing through the cold blankness, dragon and rider came out suddenly into bright sunshine.

The pair rose straight into the air, flying towards the sun. Abruptly, the dragon turned gracefully, serpentine tail coiling majestically. For a fraction of a second the powerful beast hung motionless in mid-air, before plunging downwards. Tucking his wings back tightly, Minaithnir plummeted into the clouds, bursting through them with tremendous velocity.

Directly below the diving creature was an immense dark shape. As one, Minaithnir and Imrik screamed a challenge, their cries indistinguishable. In shock, the gleaming black dragon beneath them rolled to the side desperately, almost throwing its rider from the ornate saddle. A roaring burst of flame erupted from Minaithnir's gullet, rolling over the black creature's scaled torso, which blistered under the furnace-like heat. Imrik's glowing lance descended towards the Dark Elf rider, a menacing figure enclosed in black plated armor. The Dark Elf twisted in the saddle away from the lance, swinging his shield up to knock the weapon aside. With a deft rotation of his wrist, Imrik changed his aim towards the center of the shield. The glowing weapon punched straight through the emblazoned shield, tearing through the metal and sinking deeply into the Dark Elf's shoulder. The lance tip tore through the dark armor, pushing through the Druchii Highborn's flesh and smashing out the other side. The Dark Elf howled in pain, his grey eyes burning coldly with hatred within his enclosed helm.

The two dragons clashed in mid-air, Minaithnir scoring great gouges in his foe's side with vicious claws. Its cry echoed through the heavens, and it snapped its huge jaws at the Dragon Prince's steed. The dragons and riders began tumbling towards the earth, picking up speed as the entangled combatants struggled. Releasing his grip on his lance, Imrik, drew his sword in a swift movement, striking towards the Dark Elf rider. With the lance still deeply embedded in his shoulder, the Highborn parried Imrik's attacks with considerable skill as they tumbled ever closer to the ground. The immense wyrms slashed at each other with huge taloned claws and struggled to latch onto the other's neck with their jaws.

As the ground raced up to meet them, the two dragons kicked away from each other, and their descent halted. As they pulled away, Imrik deftly grabbed his lance with his left hand, wrenching it from the Dark Elf's body as the two dragons separated. The Dark Elf gritted his teeth against the pain. They swung low over the battlefield, turning sharply to face each other.

Crimson blood dripped from vicious wounds, mingling with the rain and falling upon the armies of Elves below. Imrik glanced down, seeing hundreds of faces turned upwards to witness the mighty duel above their heads. Billowing green smoke drifted from the black dragon's flared nostrils as it glared in hatred at its rival. With a tremendous bellow, the two dragons once again raced through the darkened sky towards each other.

As the creatures neared, Imrik locked his gaze onto the black dragon's eyes, whispering into the creature's twisted, evil mind. As the mighty beasts closed on each other, a look of fear suddenly passed over the black dragon's eyes, and it flinched away from the gaze of the Dragon Prince. That slight movement was enough to unbalance the Dark Elf rider and, taking advantage of the opportunity, Minaithnir surged forwards.

With a shout, Imrik plunged his glowing lance deep into the neck of the black dragon. Writhing in the air uncontrollably, it began thrashing its head from side to side. Poisonous green smoke seeped from the wound, and a horrid gurgling sound erupted from the fatally wounded beast. The dragon's rider looked around in terror. With an explosive beating of wings, Minaithnir pushed off from the crippled dragon, which had already begun to fall.

Imrik watched the dark shape plummet towards the ground, hurtling towards the ranks of Dark Elves surging over the plains below. Raising his horn to his lips, Imrik blew a strong, singular note that sounded over the plains, echoed by the cheers of thousands of his kinsmen. Amid a great burst of flame, Imrik directed Minaithnir into a dive towards his hated brethren on the ground.

REIGN OF THE DRAGON PRINCES OF CALEDOR

Caledor the Conqueror
Phoenix King III
1-550
(Imperial Calendar -2749 to -2199)
Grandson of the great Caledor Dragontamer, the Dragon Prince Imrik was chosen to wear the Phoenix Crown with the passing of Bel Shanaar of Tiranoc. Upon his crowning, Imrik took the name of Caledor the First, who was to become known as the Conqueror. He was a great King and a mighty warrior. He took power during a time of tragedy, as Aenarion's son Malekith was struggling to take control of Ulthuan. Caledor's own brother had been murdered by the mad yet brilliant Malekith.

A great civil war erupted. Over the next 500 years, vicious war raged across the fair Isle of Ulthuan, crippling the already beleaguered race. Caledor fought off countless assassination attempts in his campaign against Malekith and the people of Nagarythe, and thousands died in these wretched times. The height of the conflict came as Malekith attempted to undo the spells enacted by Caledor Dragontamer and the other mages that had banished the daemons to the Realms of Chaos. In his delusions, Malekith believed that the daemons would act with him, and that with their aid he could at last take control of the Phoenix Crown.

Malekith's black sorcery far surpassed the skills of the Mages struggling against him, and the dark gods watched gleefully as the binding spells were slowly torn down. At the last moment, Caledor Dragontamer and the other lost mages on the Isle of the Dead burst into reality, sending their power flowing into Nagarythe, before being sucked back into their torturous existence. Malekith's sorcery was blunted, and the realm of Nagarythe ripped apart by earthquakes and tidal waves. As his land was rent into pieces, the Witch King used his magic to keep his great cities afloat, creating the mighty Black Arks, and settling in the lands of Naggaroth to the west.

For the next century, Caledor led the people of Ulthuan against Malekith, battling him on the seas and on the northernmost parts of Ulthuan. It was Caledor who had the foresight to begin the construction of the great fortress-gates in the north, and he continued to fight his carefully sustained campaign against the Witch King. Caledor even had the strength of spirit to resist the call of the Blade of Khaine, which had been the downfall and curse of Aenarion and his bloodline.

Caledor passed away in the midst of battle, fighting against overwhelming odds on the seas. His ship had become separated from the main fleet by freak storms and was set alight by Dark Elf raiders. Caledor took his own life rather than fall into the hands of the sadistic Malekith.

Caledor the Second
Phoenix King IV
1-598
(Imperial Calendar -2198 to -1600)
Although Caledor the Second was a heroic fighter, with a skill at arms hearkening back to the time of heroes thousands of years earlier, he lacked the foresight and wisdom of his father. His reign as Phoenix King started well, with the trade routes between the Dwarfs opening up for the first time since the sundering. For a time, things went well, with the Elves of Naggaroth being pushed back by the now well-established Elven navy. It wasn't long, however, before the terrible conflict of the War of the Beard began, which was to prove disastrous for both peoples. The Dragon Princes once again fought at the head of the Elven armies, and many heroes perished in this wasteful war. One of these was the Dragon Princess Liandra, who gave her life to defend the Phoenix King from Dwarf treachery. Eventually, Caledor the Warrior fell in single combat with the Dwarf King Gotrek. The Dwarf King took the Phoenix Crown as payment for the Elves' arrogance, which was to be a point of resentment between the races forever afterwards. The Dwarfs still hold the Phoenix Crown, deep within the mountainous hold of the Everpeak.

Tethlis – The Slayer
Phoenix King VI
1-304
(Imperial Calendar -996 to -692)
The noble blood of the Dragon Princes flowed in the veins of Tethlis the Slayer, and as such he was a mighty and respected warrior. Before he came to the throne, he had already acted as the general of the armies of Ulthuan during the reign of his predecessor Caradryel the Peacemaker.

Tethlis was a single-minded and determined individual who was fully focused on punishing his evil-hearted Dark Elf brethren who had slain so many of his kin. He fought the most sustained war against Naggaroth that the Witch King had ever experienced, determined to end his rule once and for all. The High Elf standing army swelled to a previously unseen level and, with his brilliant tactical mind, Tethlis slowly wore the Dark Elves down. He was as ruthless and cold as no other Elf was, and his qualities of leadership and battle-skill combined to make him a serious threat to the reign of the Witch King. No prisoners were taken, no plea for mercy listened to, and it wasn't long before the Dark Elves were finally pushed from the shores of Ulthuan.

With this achieved, Tethlis organized to take the fight to the Dark Elves on their home soil. The greatest armada ever seen left the shores of Ulthuan, and thousands upon thousands of High Elves stormed the blackened shores of Naggaroth. The battle was bloody and brutal, with Dark Elf and High Elf fighting in bitter melée in the knee-deep, icy water that soon was running red. Thousands died as arrows and crossbow bolts darkened the skies, yet under Tethlis's cool generalship the High Elves made a secure foothold on the shore. With the rest of the army able to land safely, the High Elves soon began to turn the battle in their favor, and it turned into a wholesale slaughter with tens of thousands of Dark Elves chopped down without mercy.

Had the dragons of Caledor been active, then Tethlis' assault may have proved to be the end of the Dark Elves altogether, but without the ferocious creatures, the High Elves could not exploit their victory quickly enough. Within days of this victory, Tethlis himself was dead; rumors abound of how he died, and many believe that an assassin's poisoned blades killed him. Others hold that he tried to draw the Sword of Khaine and was cut down by his own bodyguard, for the Elves long remember the doom that befell Aenarion.

With most of the dragons having entered their long sleep, the power of Caledor and the Dragon Princes diminished, and so it was that Tethlis was the last of the Caledorian Phoenix Kings.

TECLIS, HIGH LOREMASTER OF THE WHITE TOWER

Teclis painted by Kirsten Mickelburgh

ASSEMBLING THE MODEL

For easy access to the model, the staff arm was attached to a flying stand and painted separately. Both parts of the model were then given an undercoat with Chaos Black spray before using thinned down Chaos Black paint to go over any areas the spray had missed.

PAINTING THE MODEL

Fortress Grey was used as a basecoat to paint the robe. Increasing amounts of Skull White were added to this, finishing the highlights with Skull White on its own.

The rim of the robe was painted with Codex Grey, adding a small amount of Skull White for a single highlight stage.

The blue cloak was painted with a basecoat of Regal Blue. Enchanted Blue was added to this in equal amounts for the first highlight stage. This was followed by adding Ice Blue for the final highlights. The entire robe was then given a wash with Blue Ink.

The silver sections of the model – on the sword, helm, dagger and staff – were painted with a Chainmail basecoat. This was then given a wash with a thinned down mix of Black Ink and Blue Ink. A second layer of Chainmail was then painted on before highlighting with Mithril Silver.

The gold sections of the model were painted with a basecoat of Tin Bitz followed by a highlight of Shining Gold. These sections were then given a wash with thinned down Brown Ink. A second layer of Shining Gold was then applied and final highlights were made using Mithril Silver.

Teclis' skin was painted with a basecoat of Dwarf Flesh. This was then given a wash with thinned down Bestial Brown, followed by a second layer of Dwarf Flesh. Highlights were painted with Elf Flesh, finishing by adding a small amount of Skull White to Elf Flesh.

FINE DETAIL

The wooden staff was painted with a basecoat of Snakebite Leather. The first highlight stage was Bubonic Brown followed by adding Bleached Bone to this for successive highlights.

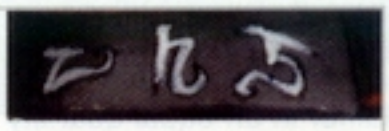
A basecoat of Dark Flesh was used to paint the boots, with a small amount of Bleached Bone added to this for the highlight stages.

FINISHING TOUCHES

The book on the staff was painted with Bestial Brown. The pages were painted with a basecoat of Scorched Brown with Bleached Bone added to this for successive h highlight stages.

The runes on the book were taken from the High Elves Armies book and stand for life and death.

The runes on the hem of the robe were first painted with Chaos Black and then painted Skull White, leaving a thin outline of black showing.



The decoration on the white section of the robes was painted using a basecoat of Chaos Black. Skull White was then applied, leaving a small outline of black before Red Gore was painted over the white. Fiery Orange was then added to this for successive highlights, finishing this process with Fiery Orange on its own.

Gemstones Painting

High Elf models are often decorated with precious gems and jewels, especially champions and special character models. Here is the method that the 'Eavy Metal team use to paint them.

1. From a Chaos Black undercoat, paint 3/4 of the gem Red Gore.

2. Paint half your gemstone Blood Red

3. Paint a crescent moon of Fiery Orange in the bottom corner of your gem stone.

4. Paint a small stripe of Skull White in the black area of the gem to create the illusion of light catching the gem.

A simple alternative for painting gems is to apply several coats of Red Ink over a white basecoat.

Another alternative is to paint the gem red and add a white spot to the top of the gem as a highlight.

THE WAR OF THE BEARD

Part II: The Dwarfs' War of Vengeance

Continuing on from last month's War of the Beard article, Anthony Reynolds brings us the second installment. The awesomely powerful War of Vengeance Dwarf army list allows you to recreate the heroic battles of this time.

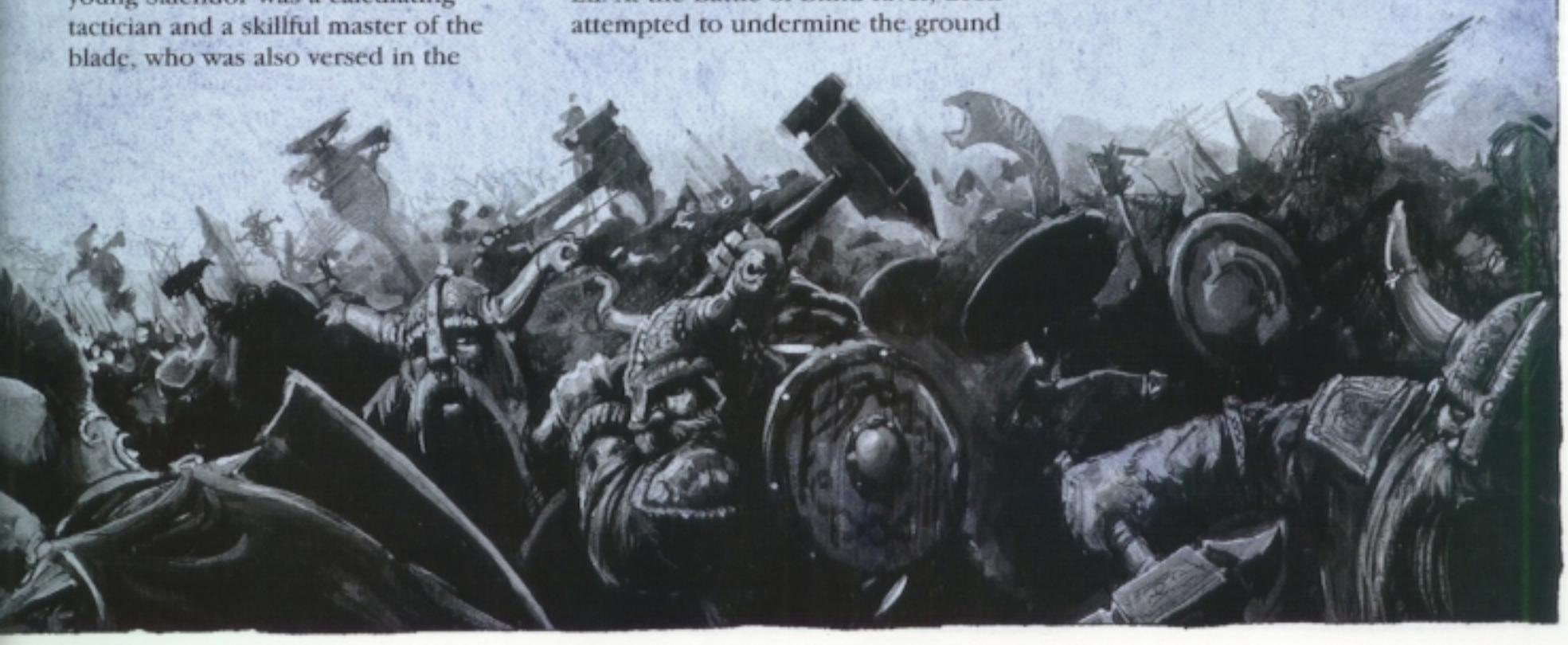
In the mists of time, before the rise of Man, a tragic war was fought between the Dwarfs and the Elves, two powerful races at the pinnacle of their strength. This was a time of legendary acts and powerful magic, and countless heroes rose and fell over the course of the War of the Beard, known amongst the Dwarfs as the War of Vengeance. Set against the backdrop of this epic conflict, the Dwarf legend Brok Stonefist and the masterful Elven Lord Salendor fought each other numerous times during this bitter war, each one refusing to back down from the other. Thousands of years later, in these days of decline for both the Dwarfs and the High Elves, they would be regarded as two of the mightiest warriors in the known world, but in their own time there were many legendary individuals just as powerful as they were. Thousands of lives were lost in the brutal and uncompromising clashes between Brok and Salendor, and they are remembered by their descendants with fierce pride.

Brok Stonefist of Karak Azgul was a mighty warrior, ancient even at the time of the War of the Beard. He had led his clansmen to countless victories early in the tragic conflict and became much hated and feared by the Elves who fought his armies. Brok rose to his position from humble beginnings, spending several decades as a messenger, running communications along the ancient tunnels connecting the various Dwarf holds that in times of old were still in use. He knew the tunnel layouts like no other living Dwarf and seemed to have a mental map of everywhere he had traveled. As his beard grew longer and decade upon decade rolled past, he was sought out by many Thanes and Lords to lead mining expeditions into unknown territory and soon became renowned for his subterranean navigational skills.

When the war broke out against the Elves of Ulthuan, Brok was called upon to guide forces from Karak Azgul beneath the plains and attack the Elves from behind their lines. On one such mission, Elven arrows struck down the Thane leading the army, and Elven cavalry encircled the Dwarfs, who then formed a defensive shield wall. Seizing the initiative, Brok screamed a warcry and stormed out of the shield wall. Without thinking, the Dwarf warriors leapt after him, a counter-attack that shocked the Elves who were hacked down before they could react. With Brok at the forefront, the Dwarfs managed to punch their way through the Elf line and make a fighting retreat back to their tunnels. Once there, the Dwarfs looked to Brok for leadership, and reluctantly he accepted. That night Brok led the sorely depleted Dwarf force through tunnels that had not been in use for hundreds of years and directed the miners to excavate to the surface. The tunnels came up in an undefended area, and Brok led the Dwarfs on a savage surprise attack against the same Elf army they had fought earlier that day, crushing them completely.

From that day forth, Brok was greatly respected by those who followed him. He was given the honorary title of Ungdrin Ankor Rik, Lord of the Tunnels, and over the next hundred years became one of the most accomplished of all the Dwarf generals in the War of Vengeance. He led the Dwarfs of Karak Azgul to countless victories and earned a fearsome reputation amongst the Elves. They named him Arhain-tosaith, which translates roughly as 'the shadowy one of the earth'.

It was only when Brok Stonefist faced the armies of Lord Salendor of Tor Achare, who would become his ultimate nemesis, that he was ever matched on the field of battle. Salendor was a young and brilliant Elf Lord who led his troops with a mastery far beyond his youth, having been alive barely two centuries. The young Salendor was a calculating tactician and a skillful master of the blade, who was also versed in the magic arts. His cool demeanor and quick strategic mind served him well against Brok, and the two quickly became fierce rivals. Whenever the armies of Karak Azgul appeared behind the forces of Salendor he managed to counter the attack, and every ploy Brok attempted was efficiently responded to by the young Elf. At the Battle of Blind River, Brok attempted to undermine the ground beneath the feet of Salendor's army that was marching through the night. Rumored to have been gifted with mystical prescience, Salendor realized the ruse at the last moment. He sent a troop of Ellyrian Reavers galloping over the traps and the ground collapsed behind them as they raced through the night. When the



dust-covered Dwarfs launched their attack from the subterranean tunnels, they found the Elves waiting for them with spear and bow.

Over the next hundred years, Brok and Salendor clashed numerous times in the midst of bitter combat, and the meeting of these two mighty heroes was always an epic confrontation that could last hours on end. Neither foe could overcome the other, and neither backed down an inch in these contests. Brok was as strong as the mountains themselves, and it is said that no Elf ever moved as swiftly as Salendor, as if he knew every move that his foe was about to make even before his enemy did. The pair sought each other out in battle whenever possible, hacking their way through countless enemies to face each other in single combat.

It was in the great battle of Athel Maraya that the pair had their final confrontation. Several Dwarf armies, including a strike force led by Brok, besieged the doomed Elf city. Miners guided by Brok tunneled beneath the fair city walls, undermining them and causing several wall sections to collapse, creating breaches that the Dwarfs marched through. Dragons circled the elegant towers, descending in devastating attack runs through the city streets, incinerating hundreds of Dwarfs who were cooked inside their red-hot armor. Brok and his battle-seasoned troops came to the surface in the middle of the city, striking with brilliant timing to coincide with the fall of the walls, and confusion filled the streets. The Dwarfs fought fiercely for every inch of ground they gained, suffering horrendous casualties from archers within the towering buildings, dragon-fire and desperate Elf militia who were fighting to protect their own homes and families.

Dwarfs bearing torches and flaming brands lit fires, which combined with the dragon-fire, resulted in a rapidly spreading inferno, turning the city into a deadly furnace. Both sides of the battle were forced to abandon the city or face being engulfed within it. Just as these fires took hold of the center of the city, Brok came face to face with Salendor for the final time. As the city burned down around them, the two warriors weaved a deadly dance of sword and axe, ignoring the entreaties of their comrades to flee the city. Elegant bridges toppled and delicate towers collapsed, raining a fiery shower of debris around the heads of the combatants, but still they fought on, ignoring all but the movements of their foe. Eventually, the Dwarfs and Elves were forced to flee the intense heat, leaving the two heroes battling until the city was completely engulfed.

Thus the two rivals are remembered, neither willing to back down from the fight, and the flaming city falling around them until they were consumed. Amongst the Elves, it is said that even after death, the two rivals continue to wage their war, battling each other through the millennia as ghostly shades. Amongst the Dwarfs of Karak Azgul, Brok is revered as the pinnacle of Dwarfishness, personifying the stubborn fighting spirit of his people. Both will live on in memory as two of the most brave and uncompromising warriors of their people.

If you have read this story and now want to recreate the battles of Brok Stonefist and Lord Salendor of Tor Achare, then you are in for a treat. We all thought the story of these two adversaries was so inspiring that we have decided to include the rules for them in White Dwarf 266. Games Development have been put to work and are now frantically writing!

WAR OF THE BEARD DWARF ARMY LIST

This army has been created so that you can recreate the War of the Beard, a tragic time of epic battle between two proud races at the height of their power. It was a time of mighty heroes, powerful magic and epic confrontations. This army may only be chosen when fighting an army chosen from the High Elf War of the Beard army list, featured in last month's White Dwarf – these armies would be far too lethal to play against a regular army!

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

Army Value	Maximum Characters	Maximum Lords
< 2,000	0-4	1
2,000-2,999	0-5	Up to 2
3,000-3,999	0-7	Up to 3
4,000-4,999	0-9	Up to 4
each +1000	+2	+1

CHOOSING TROOPS

Army Value	Core	Special	Rare*
< 2,000	1+	0-5	–
2,000-2,999	2+	0-6	–
3,000-3,999	2+	0-7	–
4,000-4,999	4+	0-8	–
each +1000	+1	+0-1	–

* Note: No rare choices may be chosen in a Dwarf War of the Beard Army

DWARF WAR OF THE BEARD SPECIAL RULES

- War of Vengeance Dwarfs *hate* all Elves.
- No model may take Dwarf handguns or pistols. No cannons may be used.
- Dwarf Rangers and Hammerers may not be chosen.
- Each Runesmith and Runelord in the army gives the Dwarf player an extra two Dispel dice in the enemy Magic phase rather than one.
- A single unit of Longbeards and a single unit of Ironbreakers may be chosen as Core choices. In addition, any number may be chosen as Special as normal.
- Any unit of Longbeards that has the Army General within it will act as his bodyguard and become stubborn (see page 85 of the Warhammer rulebook).
- Dwarf Lords may take up to 150 points of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armor and Talisman lists.
- Runelords may take up to 175 points of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armor and Talisman lists.
- Daemon Slayers may take up to 125 points of runic items chosen from the Weapons list.
- Thanes and Engineers may take up to 75 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armor and Talisman lists.
- Runesmiths may take up to 100 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons, Armor and Talisman lists.
- Dragon Slayers may take up to 75 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons list.
- Champions in units of Longbeards and Ironbreakers may take up to 25 points worth of runic items chosen from the Weapons and Armor lists.
- Dwarf Warriors and Miners may take a runic standard worth up to 50 points.
- Longbeards and Ironbreakers may take a runic standard worth up to 75 points.
- In addition to their normal runes, all Anvils of Doom come with either the Rune of Doom (see page 51 of the Dwarf Armies book) OR the Rune of Reflection and cost 235 points. If a double 1 is rolled when attempting to cast the Rune of Doom, the Dwarf Magic phase ends immediately and all remaining dice are discarded, no other adverse effects occur.

A High Elf mage confronts a Dwarf Anvil of Doom.

DWARF RUNES SPECIAL RULES

The Dwarfs of old knew many secrets that have since been lost, and the Runesmiths had a mastery of their art that is almost unfathomable. The following rules can only be used for War of the Beard games.

MASTER RUNES

Several of the Master Runes were able to be crafted by many more Runesmiths in the times of the War of Beard than in later times, and so are more common. The following Master Runes **do not count as Master Runes** in a War of the Beard army, and so more than one of each may be taken in a single army. Remember that the other usual rules for Rune Items (see the Rule of the Runes, p.19 of the Dwarf Armies book) apply as normal.

Weapon Runes:

- Master Rune of Skalf Blackhammer
- Master Rune of Alaric the Mad
- Master Rune of Breaking

Armor Runes:

- Master Rune of Steel
- Master Rune of Gromril

Runic Talismans:

- Master Rune of Balance (one dice may be removed from the enemy's magic pool per Rune of Balance)
- Master Rune of Spite

RUNIC TALISMANS

RUNE OF SPELL-HATING 50 Points
Runelords – One use only

The art of creating this difficult rune has been lost in time, although at the time of the War of Vengeance, the most powerful Runesmiths were familiar with its intricacies. It is capable of shutting down even the most powerful of sorceries.

This rune may only be played once per battle, and will stop enemy magic instantly. The rune may be played to automatically dispel one enemy spell – there is no need to roll. This rune is even able to dispel a spell cast with Irresistible Force.

RUNIC STANDARDS

MASTER RUNE OF VENGEANCE
80 Points

This ancient rune focuses the Dwarfs' innate hatred of magic into a devastating punishment against any who dare to use it against them. Even before the Mage manages to draw the magical energy needed to cast his spell, lightning bolts leap from the sky, dancing towards him with a devastating crack of light.

When a spell is targeted against a unit with the Master Rune of Vengeance, but before the effects of the spell are worked out, the Dwarf player may choose to use the rune against the casting Wizard. For each Power dice that the Wizard has used to cast the spell, he takes a Strength 4 automatic hit. If the Wizard is still alive, the spell is cast as normal.

ANVIL OF DOOM RUNIC POWER

RUNE OF REFLECTION
Casting value: 8+

With a mighty blow, the Runelord strikes the anvil with a resounding crack. Power arcs across the battlefield, striking towards an enemy wizard, who suddenly loses control of his powers.

This spell can be cast on any enemy Wizard within line of sight. One randomly determined spell of the Wizard's is automatically cast on the Wizard himself and the unit he is with (if appropriate). If the Wizard casts Drain Magic on himself, it will be cast at Level 2. If Vaul's Unmaking is cast on the unit, the Dwarf player may choose which item is nullified.

NEW OPTION FOR DWARF LORDS

THRONE OF POWER 65 Points

Instead of fighting on foot a Dwarf Lord may choose to be carried to battle atop one of the great Thrones of Power.

The Throne of Power is carried by four sturdy Veterans, which gives the Dwarf Lord an additional four normal WS5, S4 attacks. Any attacks against the Throne must be resolved against the Dwarf Lord himself. The model cannot join a unit. The Throne has Magic Resistance (2).

***Note:** For those cunning players out there, NO you may NOT take any of the Albion magical items in a War of the Beard army – they haven't been found yet! Also, we have found that games with War of the Beard lists work best when they are at least 3,000 points in size. This allows you and your opponent to select lots of characters, elite regiments and special magic items, giving much more of an epic feel to the battle.*

Morgrim Elgidum, the Elfdoom, stepped up onto the large, icy rock. His nail-studded boots sounded sharply in the silence of the cold, crisp air. Unconsciously stroking his full beard, he gazed over the edge of the precipice. Through the slowly drifting clouds he could just make out tiny figures on the plains far below. His cold, grey eyes narrowed, and he felt the slow-burning rage inside him flare. The news had arrived that morning that the High King's son, the proud warrior Snorri Halfhand, had been slain; cut down dishonorably by the black-hearted Elven King Caledor. Snorri was Morgrim's young cousin, and the pair had fought and feasted at each other's side on many occasions. Tomorrow, Morgrim and his stalwart kin would face the treacherous Elves on the plains and crush them utterly. They would march relentlessly through the night, descending along the twisting mountain paths through the darkness, their desire for vengeance pushing them ever onwards.

Turning, the proud Dwarf Lord surveyed his kinsmen as they marched down through the deepening chasm, some fifty feet from his position. The steady beat of hard boots on stone and deep resounding chanting echoed up towards him as darkness slowly descended. Smiling grimly to himself, Morgrim stepped off the rock, sinking up to his knees in the snow that had begun to fall again, and began to work his way back to join his comrades.

A deafening roar suddenly echoed up from behind him, and Morgrim swung around, pulling the heavy, rune-encrusted axe from his back. Standing looking over the cliff-face, the hellish noise got louder until, with a tremendous burst of air an immense blue dragon screamed up over the precipice from below. Squinting his eyes against the biting cold wind, Morgrim snarled up at the immense creature as it shot into the sky overhead. An armored figure rode upon the back of the proud creature and, seeing Morgrim below, gestured towards him with an ornate lance. The dragon twisted effortlessly through the air, coiling lithely overhead to face the lone Dwarf. It plummeted from the sky, dropping through the falling snow towards Morgrim, immense talons poised to strike and the Dragon Prince's lance aimed squarely at his chest.

A flurry of crossbow bolts streaked through the air towards the diving creature, ricocheting harmlessly off its gleaming blue scales. Huge, slitted eyes filled with intelligence and cunning were locked on the Dwarf Lord. As it neared, it reared up so as to pass over the Dwarf, and several black-shafted bolts punched into its soft underbelly. It screeched, more in shock than actual pain, and veered to the left. The skillful Dragon Prince compensated for this sudden movement, changing the angle of his lance, and struck out at Morgrim as the dragon swept overhead.

Holding his double-headed axe tightly in steady hands, Morgrim slashed it across his body with astounding swiftness, shattering the lance that descended towards him. Runes on the axe-haft left a glowing trail of light through the air. With a lightning follow-up move, Morgrim whipped the axe over his head, cutting a deep gouge along the dragon's hind leg as it rolled through the air above him.

Although he could hear the shouts of his comrades, who were running heavily through the snow to reach him, the grim Dwarf knew they would not arrive in time to aid him. The dragon rose into the air, turning gracefully before descending towards him once more. Pulling up sharply just before the Dwarf Lord, the creature opened its mouth wide, its jaw overextending and its chest expanding with a sharp intake of air. A burst of roaring flame billowed out of the serpentine maw, rolling over Morgrim. Steam rose in a great hissing cloud as snow and ice melted under the furnace, but the grim figure remained untouched. Flames gushed around him harmlessly as ancient runes on his armor and helmet glowed brightly.

Frustrated, the dragon lurched towards the Dwarf with a savage roar, eyes filled with malevolence. Snow and ice remained untouched by the heat in a perfect circle around Morgrim, who let out a roar of his own, raising his axe high above his head. The dragon lunged forwards, its head darting out to snap at the lone figure. Morgrim swung his axe in a powerful arc, impacting with the side of the blue dragon's head just as it came into range, cutting deeply into the tough, scaled skin and battering the dragon to the side. Leaning forwards in his saddle, the Elven rider slashed his sword towards the Dwarf, but the attack was smashed aside with a disdainful swat of the axe. Leaping forwards, Morgrim struck a thunderous blow with the ancient rune weapon into the dragon's neck. The decorative blade bit deep into the sinuous creature, nearly severing its head.

The dragon jerked backwards with a gurgling screech, dark blood pattering into the perfectly white snow. It crashed down into the ground, thrashing wildly in its death throes. The Dragon Prince tried frantically to free himself of the harness holding him to the saddle, but before he could manage the buckles, the dragon rolled over the edge of the precipice. Just as it fell, the Elf looked up and locked eyes with Morgrim. Behind the ornate helmet, Morgrim could see pale grey eyes filled with fear, and the next moment the flailing pair disappeared from view, plummeting down into the clouds.

The Dwarf stood looking over the drop, his eyes cold. As his kinsmen arrived breathless at his side, they gazed at their Lord in reverent silence. Eventually he turned to face them. "Tomorrow," he said in a gravelly voice. "Tomorrow, the field of battle will be awash with Elf blood. We will take a heavy toll to make them pay for their treacheries."

Without another word Morgrim turned, shouldering his bloody axe and began walking.

WARHAMMER®

THE FALL OF MIRAGLIANO

Interpreted and penned by Scribe Alessio Cavatore.

3 Brumeso

Mio Principe, I have received encouraging news regarding the Alliance's campaign against Remas. Here in Miragliano we all know that the troops you are leading form the best part of the Alliance army and are winning fame and fortune for our city. As you ordered, I am compiling this journal, recording the most important events in Miragliano since you left, ready for your perusal when you return victorious.

Until today it has been business as usual, and Umberto's advice and my own have been rarely needed. Young Prince Giuliano has handled the day-to-day decisions without much ado. I have to say that he reminds me of you at the beginning of your illuminated reign – it seems so long ago now.

Today, though, disturbing news has reached the court. Border patrols have reported an increase in Skaven activity in the Marshes. Villages have been attacked and mercilessly destroyed. The rat-men haven't been so bold for quite a long time. I wonder what can have stirred them? Perhaps the prophecies of Nostraldus are really coming true, as some prophets of doom are preaching to the crowds. Anyway, I still refuse to accept that the gods would abandon the world into the hands of the Dark Powers.

Umberto advised the Prince to dispatch three squadrons of cavalry to tackle this threat. We also put the Sewer Guard on maximum alert, since the number of rats in the city has been steadily increasing for months now. We are thinking of organizing a cleansing operation in the sewers before their numbers grow too high. I sincerely hope this is nothing serious: I am old enough to have seen the last full-scale assault of the Skaven and I still have nightmares about it. May Verena protect us!

9 Brumeso

Mio Principe, we are receiving many reports of skirmishes being fought between our cavalry patrols and the Skaven. This dire news is carried by a constant stream of refugees who are leaving the countryside in the West and coming to the capital for shelter. We are preparing a camp outside the walls for them. The gates are shut and the orders are to quarantine them. The cleansing operation in the sewers is being carried out.

13 Brumeso

Mio Principe, the plague has struck! Since yesterday a most grievous infection is spreading through the poorest areas of the city. The camp outside the walls is full of diseased men and a few might have slipped inside the city with the help of relatives before rumors of the plague started.

The operation to flush the vermin from the city seemed to be a success for a while, but the Sewer Guard has reported more and more incidents where whole groups have disappeared or have had to retreat under attack by thousands of rats that seemed driven by a superior intelligence. Some of their wounded have also shown the

symptoms of the disease. This sickness causes high fever and delirium, but it's rarely fatal for men in their prime, and for that we are raising prayers of thanks to Shallya. Many nobles are already leaving the city with their closest followers in an attempt to avoid the contagion, heading for the relative safety of their villas in the countryside.

17 Brumoso

Mio Principe, the town of Tramaglino has fallen to the Skaven! The few survivors that made it to Miragliano have stories of a vast horde of rat-men. We have recalled all the troops from the borders and are preparing for a siege. Messengers have been sent for help to Pavona and to the Alliance's army where you are. May they reach you before it is too late! The pestilence continues.

23 Brumoso

Mio Principe, the Skaven army has encircled the city, and it is many thousands strong. We are cut off from all help. The vermin attacked at night. Thousands of them destroyed the now empty camp outside the walls and started to fill the moat with trees, earth and all sorts of debris they have scavenged from our lands. Our cannons and crossbows have made them pay in blood for their nocturnal activity, but their leaders seem not to care about casualties, as if they were intentionally adding the corpses of their warriors to the materials filling the moat. Now, in this grey overcast day, they are sitting just out of range of our guns, preparing themselves, I'm sure, for another night of bloody toil. Ominous sounds and unnatural green lights fill their camp.

24 Brumoso

Mio Principe, in another night of hellish activity and death, the moat has been completely filled at several points. The attack will come soon. The young Prince Giuliano has been a very inspiring presence for the men, walking all night along the walls, directing the fire of the artillery and encouraging the crossbowmen. He has made me proud. All through the day we could hear a disturbing sound coming from the distance in the West. It is like the toll of a bell, but this bell is no herald of joy and its sound is discordant and full of chilling menace.

25 Brumoso

Mio Principe, as predicted the attack has come tonight. Hordes of mangy rat-men hurled themselves against the walls with hundreds of ladders. The walls and defenses that Leonardo and Borgio designed have been the death of countless Skaven. In a lethal crossfire, hails of crossbow bolts cut them down, grapeshot and cannon balls ripped them to pieces, stones thrown by our men crushed them and gallons of boiling oil and tar burned them alive. And yet they still kept attacking. Through frenzied ferocity and sheer weight of numbers some of them made it onto the walls and there the men of the Guard, led by your son, met them with steel. They repelled the Skaven assaults, killing them in their hundreds and suffering very few casualties in return. Cries of victory saluted the retreat of the enemy at dawn. Great was our joy, but greater was our sorrow when the light of the day revealed that the numbers of the enemies around the city did not seem diminished at all by the night's onslaught. And still the cursed bells keep ringing, louder and nearer.

Umberto has analyzed the attack, and privately he told me that he believes it to have been only a test of our defenses, made up of the poorest Skaven troops. The fact that they were not supported by any of the infamous war machines that this evil race is known to build supports his theory. I'm afraid that we have just seen the beginning of this.

26 Brumoso

Mio Principe, once again the night has given us no rest, the rat-men being as active as usual. The constant vigils at night-time, the effects of the pestilence, the great number of rats scurrying in the streets and the ever-present tolling of those sinister bells are all draining the morale of our troops and of the population.

Still, we have decent reserves of food and ammunition and we still have hope that the messengers have made it through and that some help will come from outside.

27 Brumoso

Mio Principe, the Skaven are inside the city! Last night they attacked through the sewers, appearing from culverts and canals. At first it was only a few of their elite infiltrators, clad in black and armed with lethal poisoned weapons. They attacked our cisterns and granaries, burning and poisoning as they went.

Our troops managed to push them back underground. The Sewer Guard and many volunteers pursued them to discover the point where they had broken into our sewer system and to try to seal the entrance with explosives, continuing the battle underneath the city. But it was a trap! In the dark gutters our men were attacked by hundreds of rat-men and, according to the few fragmentary reports I've heard, this time the Skaven made ample use of their evil sorcery. Green fumes had been released into the sewers, billowing vapors that kill if inhaled or even if they come into contact with the skin and eyes. Our men died in those stinking tunnels, and the Skaven erupted once again into the city's streets. These were by far better warriors than the ones that had attacked the walls – well equipped, armored rat-men, together with lumbering monsters and huge ferocious rats, poured into the streets. With them they had machines that spout green fire and other horrible weapons made by their evil wizards who were there, too, commanding the rat-men and blasting away our troops with their terrible powers.

From the main balcony in the citadel I can see the outer city burning, hear the screaming of the dying and smell the stench of death enveloping the city like a shroud.

The attacks on the walls have also been renewed, so that our troops cannot abandon their positions to help the fight in the streets. This is no mindless assault, but a well-coordinated plan that certainly demonstrates how cunning our enemies are.

This time the troops carrying ladders and grappling hooks advanced under the covering fire of hundreds of the long-barreled Skaven arquebuses, targeting our men from the

cover of their crude pavises — I never knew they had so many! May the gods protect us!

Three strange platforms were pushed forward from the rat-men lines, carrying large bells, and on top of each is a Skaven wizard, screaming loud in their foul language. The bells started to toll and I immediately recognized the awful sound we have been listening to for so many days. Only this time it was louder, more powerful in its evil force. Soon the vibrations reached an unbearable level, many men on the walls falling on their knees clutching their bleeding ears, others jumping down into the burning streets in panic. Eventually the barrels of the cannons themselves started to vibrate in unison with the sound of those bells, and then long cracks appeared in them and even on the very walls, which can withstand the direct hit of a great cannon! The young prince ordered the artillery to open fire on those deviltries with all the cannons that could be brought to bear and that were not too damaged by the vibrations. Many balls simply bounced off those unholy bells, making them ring even louder, if that is possible. At last one ball must have found its mark, as one of the bells exploded. A sense of relief filled our men, but, immediately after, one entire section of the walls collapsed under the effects of the eerie cacophony. With a huge roar, the Skaven threw themselves towards the breach. Now everything is in chaos, and the fight is inside the walls.

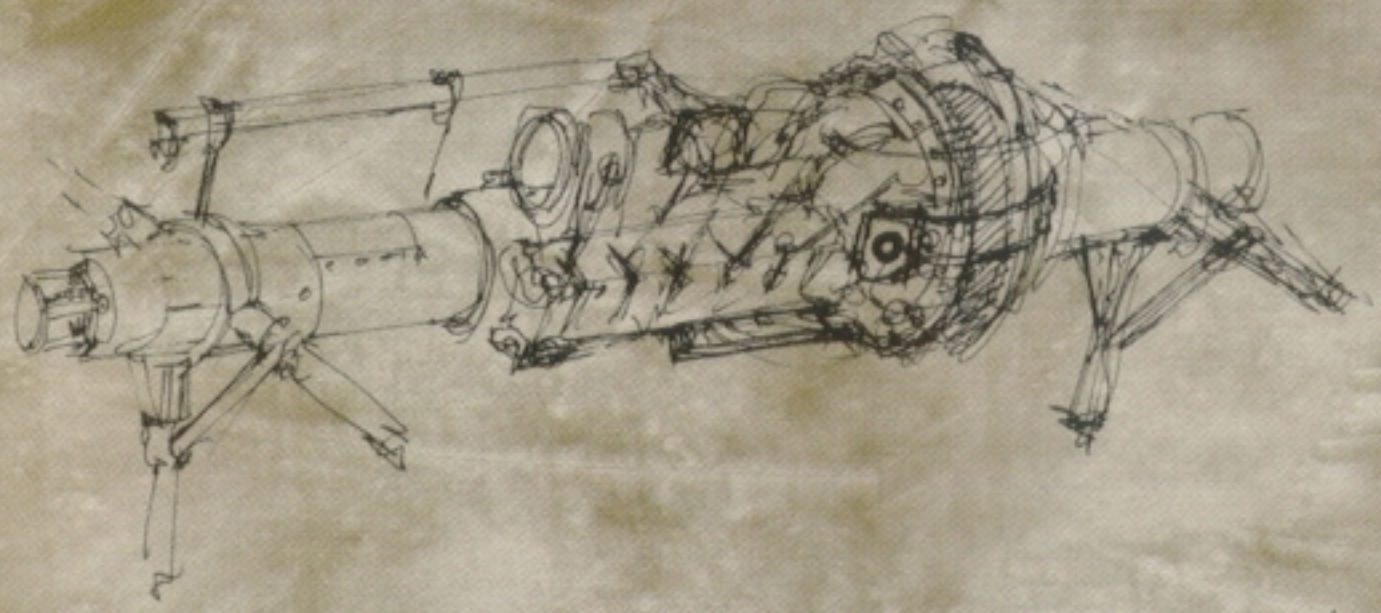
29 Brumoso

Mio Principe, Miragliano is lost. The young prince Giuliano and whatever is left of our army have fallen back to the citadel. Umberto has sacrificed his life in a noble last stand in the main square, in order to allow more men to retreat into the citadel. I pray for his soul and those of his brave men. The gate is shut and outside the city is burning. The accursed Skaven are slaughtering hundreds of people. Mostly they kill the old, the sick, the wounded, taking women and children away. I don't want to imagine what dreadful fate awaits them. Our beautiful city is being ransacked and looted, and anything they cannot steal is burned to the ground by these hell-spawned creatures. They don't fight to conquer, they fight to destroy! At the moment they don't seem interested in attempting any attack on the citadel, they are too busy with the razing of the city.

There is nothing we can do but pray for help. Have the gods abandoned us?

30 Brumoso

Mio Principe, last night the Skaven broke through from the sewers into the deepest dungeons of the citadel, just next to the magazine. It would have been the end if it had not been for sergeant Mucco Pietra, who was standing watch. He ordered the other guard, a young soldier, to run upstairs to raise the alarm while he rushed inside the room, a torch in his hand. What followed was an act of heroism that must be remembered! The magazine exploded in an enormous blast that rocked the entire citadel, burying the Skaven under the collapsing lower floors and eliminating



for a long time any chance of further attacks from underground.

We have been saved, but this also means that our cannons have only a few rounds left. The sacking of the city continues: the citadel is completely enveloped by the thick smoke rising from the ruins. Not content with burning, the rat-men are now knocking down most of the stone buildings and the outer walls. Despair fills our hearts as the ringing of the bells continues.

31 Brumoso

Mio Principe, today the Skaven army has formed a huge circle all around the citadel and bombarded us with everything they have. The defensive magic in the walls has protected us from the worst, and their missiles and spells have done very little damage. We fired our last shots and are now out of powder and crossbow bolts; we can only wait and brace ourselves for whatever will come next.

This is the end, my Prince! We watched helplessly as the enemy rolled forward a new monstrosity towards the gate of the citadel. It looks like a cannon, but at its back a pulsating block of some evil magic stone is suspended between strange mechanisms I don't understand. The creatures pushing the cannon stopped about two hundred yards from the gate and then the Skaven lines opened up and the rat-men bowed low, making way for a creature that was likely the general of this verminous horde. A huge Skaven wearing a most weird suit of armor and covered in a vast array of weapons and strange devices advanced solemnly to the gun, wicked lightning playing around its body. Behind it came a dozen similarly equipped Skaven – probably more wizards, but of a lower status. They took up position around the cannon, in a half circle facing the gate. The Skaven leader raised its one normal hand (the other one being a horrible mechanical limb) to the controls on the side of the cannon and the contraption started to emit a droning buzz. The chief wizard then moved back to the center of the half-circle and one of its underlings took its place near the gun. At an order from the leader, the Skaven pulled a big lever and the gun emitted a small beam of green light that hit the steel gate of the citadel. A puff of smoke was all that they obtained and the Dwarf runes on the citadel's gate burned bright red, defying the evil magic of the rat-men. Taunting cheers rose from our men on the citadel, apparently irritating the Skaven leader quite a lot, because he left his position and strode to the gun, hitting with all his strength the lower wizard. The huge claw sliced through the chest of the Skaven and it fell in a pool of its own blood. These creatures never stop to amaze me with their cruelty. Then the general spent some time on the gun's controls and finally went back to the circle and ordered another wizard to fire the gun. In a tense silence the creature lowered the lever again, and this time the evil machine worked all too well. A blinding bolt of lightning surged from its muzzle and impacted on the gate like thunder. The machine continued

to fire bolt after bolt, and soon the gate was red hot, its runes shining brighter than ever. The Skaven leader and the other wizards started chanting and soon green lightning flashed from their outstretched weapons, converging towards the strange gem powering the gun, which at this point was spinning wildly as more and more power was poured into it. The barrel of the gun was now white with heat, but unfortunately so was the gate, and suddenly one of the runes disappeared, its powers exhausted by the incessant assault. Immediately after, all the other runes faded away and the gate started to melt. Soon the gate was just a pool of liquefied metal on the ground – the way to the citadel was open and the Skaven leader ordered the final assault.

I can hear the clamor of the fighting in the lower halls of the tower where we are. They are coming, and soon it will be all over. The young Prince Giuliano is ready to die with sword in hand. Forgive me if you can, mio Principe. I've failed in my duty of protecting him and your city in your absence. Soon I'll receive the ultimate sanction for my failure. I'll hide this book in the secret safe in the fireplace, in the hope that it can reach you intact. May the gods have pity on our souls!

Your devoted servant

Bernardo da Noli

Two days later, when Prince Lorenzo reached the ruins of Miragliano at the head of his army, all that was left standing of the once proud city were the scarred ruins of the citadel. There the Prince found the head of Bernardo da Noli on a pike in front of the citadel's gate. No bodies were recovered, only a few charred bones, and of the young Prince Giuliano no trace was found. It is said that, mad with grief, Prince Lorenzo wept tears of blood, cursing the silent skies.

The mercenaries which constituted most of his army abandoned him, seeing that there was nothing left that the Prince could pay them with. The contingents of the other cities of the Alliance, terrified by what they had seen, made their way back home to defend their own territories. They offered succor to the desperate Prince, but he refused. With the few loyal soldiers he had left he rushed in hot pursuit of the Skaven army that, loaded with looted treasures and slaves, was retreating back towards the Blighted Marshes. The Prince and his followers reached the Skaven rearguard on the outskirts of the marshes and, although severely outnumbered, charged them. Nobody could stand against the crazed Prince – the Skaven routed and were cut down mercilessly, but the main Skaven army had already disappeared into the marshes.

Without stopping, Prince Lorenzo advanced into the Blighted Marshes calling the name of his lost son. The perennial mists that cover those accursed swamps closed behind him like a heavy curtain, marking the exit of the House of Miragliano from the stage of Tilean history.

THE HORDES OF SKAVENBLIGHT

Greetings-greetings, manlings! The Skaven have once again risen from the tunnels of the Under-Empire and now threaten to overrun the world. Prepare for the rule of the Horned Rat...

A sneak peek at the forthcoming Skaven book

Clan Moulder Packmasters and Rat Ogres

Clan Pestilens Plague Monk

The vile and malevolent Skaven gnaw through the roots of the Old World like a malignant cancer. Their Under-Empire spreads ever outward from its sprawling capital of ancient evil, Skavenblight. Seething hordes of vicious rat-men lie hidden waiting to bring the final apocalypse upon the unsuspecting realms of Men.

Skaven society is dominated by a structure of clans, with the Warlord clans making up the bulk of the population.

Black-clad Assassins of Clan Eshin slink through the sewers and enforce the rule of the Council of Thirteen with terror and murder. Rabid Plague Monks brew magical pestilences and are known as the disciples of disease, dedicated to spreading their plagues throughout the Old World. Insane, Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre build devastating weapons of mass destruction with their knowledge of science and magic. Foul Packmasters of Clan Moulder mutate warped and deadly war beasts to unleash upon their foes. These are the four greater clans that are available to the Warlord clans, for a price...

Powerful Grey Seers are the prophets of the Horned Rat and agents of the Council. Through the ancient and evil lords of the Council, the Horned Rat himself, dark god of the Skaven race, guides his children to their ultimate destiny of complete mastery of the entire world!

Grey Seer Thanquol

The Skaven Armies book is soon to be unleashed, to the untold delight of many a Skaven Warlord and Grey Seer. Included will be background and rules that will allow you to field the rat hordes in Warhammer games.

The book brings new machinations from the foundries of Clan Skryre, such as the recently created Warp-lightning Cannon which unleashes its unnatural warpstone-powered lightning upon the foe. Also recently created is the Ratling Gun. Crewed by a team of two, this is a multi-barreled, rapid firing weapon which can support the Clanrats in a similar way to the dreaded Warpfire Thrower teams.

There is new Skaven magic as well, with spells like *Plague* and *Death Frenzy*. Appropriately Skaven cast with Irresistible Force on a roll of 13!

Notable changes to the Skaven army are that Clanrats make up the bulk of the force, and this governs the number of more specialized units available to you. Night Runners and Tunnel Runners are new units for Clan Eshin.

The new metal miniatures to be released include a magnificent Screaming Bell, Rat Ogres, Assassins, Stormvermin, Ratling Guns, Gutter Runners and chittering Rat Swarms.

Thanquol returns to destroy anyone who gets in his way and is assisted by his bodyguard Boneripper, whose remains were recovered by Clan Eshin assassins and reanimated by the sorcerous magic of Clan Skryre.

At a glance Thanquol saw that most of the Dwarfish units had formed up in squares ready to resist the two-pronged Skaven attack. The initial Skaven rush had reached the Dwarfish line. It had broken against it like the sea crashing down on a rock, but the Stormvermin, at least, were still fighting. As more Clanrats and Slaves poured into the mêlée, slowly the weight of numbers was starting to tell. Even as he watched, one closely packed Dwarf unit started to break up, and the mêlée became close and general. Under such circumstances, the greater number of Skaven was a considerable advantage.

Thanquol saw one Dwarf warrior bludgeon a Stormvermin with his hammer, only to be leapt on from behind by a Skavenslave. While the Dwarf frantically tried to dislodge his clinging foe, he was dragged down like a deer surrounded by hounds by the rat-man's fellows. As he disappeared under the pile of Skaven bodies, he managed a last blow with his hammer, smashing a Clanrat's skull and sending blood and fragments of brain everywhere. Thanquol felt no pity for the dead Skaven. He would gladly make such a trade for a Dwarf life. There were always plenty more stupid warriors where those had come from. Thanquol knew that out of all Skaven, only he was truly irreplaceable.

Thanquol watched happily as the green blaze flung from a warpfire thrower incinerated a clutch of Dwarfs, melting their armor, causing their beards to ignite, reducing them first to skeletons and then to wind-blown dust within mere heartbeats. He was considering rewarding the weapon team when they themselves vanished in an enormous green fireball, killed by their own malfunctioning weapon. Still, thought Thanquol, at least they served the greater purpose... his purpose.

Slowly but surely, across the whole battlefield the tide was turning in favor of the Skaven. The Dwarfs were well-disciplined and brave in their foolish way, but they had been caught unprepared. Many of them were unarmored and equipped only with the hammers they had been using to work with. They were inflicting incredible casualties on the Skaven, but these were meaningless. Thanquol did not care if they slaughtered his entire force, just so long as the Dwarfs were all dead by the end of the evening. So far, he congratulated himself heartily, things were going just exactly as he planned.

Excerpt from Daemonslayer
by William King

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

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

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

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

Warhammer chronicles

Presented by Gav Thorpe

I have scoured the globe for this month's delights and have unearthed a legendary mercenary general from across the World Pond. Marc Mann is, to put it bluntly, mad about Dogs of War, and this is the first of several articles he has written which we hope to feature in this magazine.

DOGS OF WAR SPECIAL CHARACTERS

Background information for these characters can be found in the old Dogs of War book. The Dogs of War army list and Regiments of Renown can be found in WD250 & 1, in the Warhammer Annual 2002 or on the Games Workshop website** (www.gameswrkshop.com/warhammerworld/warhammer/dogsofwar). **At the moment, these rules may only be used with permission of your opponent, but please try them out and give us your feedback so that perhaps this might change in the future. A Dogs of War army may take the following characters.

MYDAS THE MEAN

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mydas the Mean	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	8
Sheikh Yadosh	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	7
Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Pay Chest	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-
Horse	8	3	-	3	3	1	3	1	6

Points: 320

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Armor: Shield, heavy armor.

SPECIAL RULES

The pay chest: The pay chest is taken into battle so that Paymaster Mydas can keep an eye on its whereabouts. Sheikh Yadosh, a wealthy Arabian moneylender who has accompanied Mydas since his days in Sartosa, is given the task of keeping the pay chest secure during battle. Placed on a light carriage ridden by Sheikh Yadosh, the pay chest inspires acts of heroism and bravery amongst mercenaries, hoping that by such acts they will be paid a bonus. The pay chest counts as a chariot in all respects, with the following exception. When the pay chest charges into combat, it inflicts only D3 impact hits. In addition, any friendly units within 6" of the pay chest may re-roll any failed Psychology tests. The pay chest has an armor save of 5+.

The pay chest may act as a separate unit from Mydas and his bodyguard on the battlefield.

Mydas's Bodyguards: This bodyguard, made up of hand-picked galley slaves from pirate men-of-war, always accompanies Mydas the Mean. These bodyguards were freed from their former masters by a very generous portion of gold, and they are all deeply grateful for their freedom and are ferociously loyal to the Paymaster. All of these men are very large, muscular, bronzed and hardened by years of labor as oarsmen in a man-of-war. The following rules apply:

The bodyguards must be at least 9 models strong, not including Mydas and Sheikh Yadosh. The points cost for the first 9 models are included in the points cost above. You may add up to 15 more models at 11 points for each additional model.

The Bodyguards are equipped with heavy armor, halberds, and hand weapons.

The Bodyguards have a Standard Bearer and a Musician.

The entire Bodyguard unit is *stubborn* as long a Paymaster Mydas is alive.

No other character in the army may join Mydas's Bodyguards.

When setting up, deploy Mydas and his Bodyguards at the same time as the other characters.

MAGIC ITEMS

Treasure Map

Mydas has drawn a map to all of his hidden pay chests on the back of a piece of parchment inscribed with a number of Lizardmen glyphs on the reverse side. The parchment contains a trust spell, which empowers the holder to be trusted by those who would otherwise do him in. The map has different effects for each battle; roll a D6 to determine the effect.

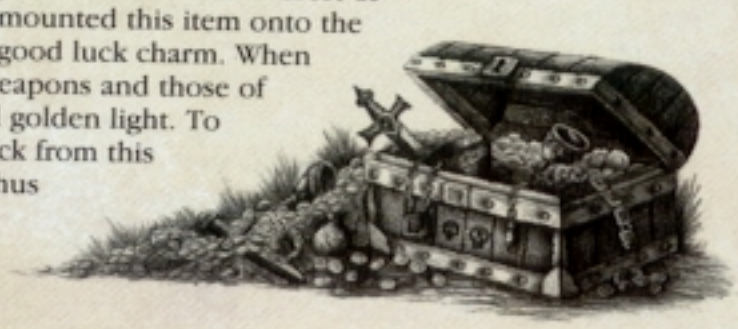
1-2 Mydas's Bodyguards add +1 to their combat resolution.

3-4 Any friendly unit may use Mydas's Paymaster Battle Standard ability up to 18" from Mydas instead of the normal 12".

5-6 One friendly unit chosen at the start of the battle has a +1 to hit in close combat for the rest of the battle.

The Crest of Mydas

A priest of Myrmidia forged the runes on the Crest of Mydas. Mydas the Mean mounted this item onto the lock of his pay hest as a good luck charm. When he goes into battle his weapons and those of his men glow with a dull golden light. To represent this, every attack from this unit counts as magical, thus able to wound ethereal creatures and so on.



Mydas the Mean counts as both a Hero and a Special choice. If you choose to field Mydas the Mean in your army, he is the army's Paymaster. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him.

LUCREZZIA BELLADONNA

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lucrezzia Belladonna	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	6

Points: 380

Weapons: Sword and stiletto dagger.

Mount: Barded warhorse.

SPECIAL RULES

Master Sorceress: Lucrezzia Belladonna is one of the most powerful sorceresses in Tilea. She is a Level 4 Wizard and may choose either the lore of Shadow or Death.

Stunning Beauty: Lucrezzia Belladonna's beauty has an amazing effect on the human mercenaries in the army. To represent this, any human unit within 8" of her automatically rally – they stop fleeing and rally as soon as they are within 8". This affects fleeing troops during the opponent's turn, as well. This does not affect any troops that are immune to psychology.

Expert Poisoner: Lucrezzia Belladonna is rumored to be an expert at preparing poisons. No one has ever lived to tell if this true or not. To represent this poisonous skill, use the following rules:

Lucrezzia's Kiss: She has been known to kiss the weapons of a hero who she takes as her champion. To represent this, any one character or unit Champion gains Killing Blow due to the potency of the poison in her lipstick.

Stiletto dagger: All of Lucrezzia's attacks are Poisoned Attacks. She also carries a stiletto dagger which counts as an additional hand weapon.

Potion of Pavona: At the beginning of the battle, Lucrezzia may give the potion to any one character, unit Champion, or take it herself. Roll a D6 and if you roll 2+ choose that number of that model's characteristics to improve by +1. For example, You roll a 4 and you choose to improve the model's WS, T, W, and I. You cannot apply this bonus to the model's Leadership and cannot increase a characteristic by more than one. If you roll a 1, the model loses one wound; if this kills the model then it counts as a casualty for all purposes.

Phial of Poison: Lucrezzia hires an 'agent' prior to every battle. This agent will sneak into the enemy camp and attempt to poison the enemy leaders. To represent this, roll a D6 at the beginning of the battle for each enemy character. A roll of 4+ means that the character has been poisoned and starts the battle with one Wound less than normal.

Lucrezzia Belladonna can be taken as a Lord choice, but she will use up one of your Hero choices as well. She must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for her.

Each of these famous Mercenary generals will always lead their Mercenary army. Only one of these heroes may be fielded in a single army.

Borgio the Besieger can be taken as a Lord choice, but he will use up one of your Hero choices as well. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him. He must be the army's General if taken.

BORGIO THE BESIEGER – MERCHANT PRINCE OF MIRAGLIANO

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Borgio the Besieger	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	6

Points: 250

Weapons: Mace of Might, lance.

Armor: Armor of Brazen Bronze, shield.

Mount: Barded warhorse.

SPECIAL RULES

Difficult to Slay: Borgio the Besieger has an almost unnatural ability to withstand pain and injury. If he is reduced to zero wounds, then do not remove the model, but lay it on its side and leave it in place. At the end of the phase, roll a D6. On a 1-3, he is removed as a casualty as normal. On a roll of 4 or more, he stands back up again with a single Wound remaining.

Beloved General: Borgio the Besieger was beloved by his men, and the people of Miragliano. To represent this, any friendly unit within 18" may test on Borgio's Leadership. This rule replaces the normal rules for Generals found in the Warhammer rulebook (page 102).

Magic Banner: Borgio the Besieger is the Merchant Prince of Miragliano, and because of this one unit of Pikemen or Heavy Cavalry may carry a 50 point Magic Standard. This rule does not apply to Regiments of Renown.

MAGIC ITEMS

Mace of Might
Borgio made this weapon out of a cannon ball that hit him square in the chest, yet did not kill him. From that point on it has become his good luck charm. If Borgio rolls a 6 to hit with this weapon, that hit will be at Strength 10.

Armor of Brazen Bronze
This counts as a suit of heavy armor that also conveys a Ward save of 5+.

Monstrous Mask Helm
This Helm causes *fear*.

Ghazak Khan can be taken as a Lord choice, but he will use up one of your Hero choices as well. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him. He must be the army's General if taken.

GHAZAK KHAN – TERROR OF THE EAST

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghazak Khan	4	7	6	4	4	3	6	4	9
Warghan	9	5	0	5	5	3	4	2	5

Points: 350 (Ghazak Khan 305 pts, Warghan 45 pts)

Weapons: The Red Scimitar and a bow.

Armor: Heavy armor and a shield.

Mount: Ghazak Khan rides the giant wolf, Warghan.

SPECIAL RULES

Warghan: Warghan is a monstrous wolf that Ghazak Khan uses as a mount. Warghan causes *fear*, has thick fur giving it a 4+ armor save, and counts as a monstrous mount.

War Cry of the Steppes: When Ghazak Khan charges, he lets out a mighty war cry that freezes the hearts of his enemies. To represent this, any unit that he charges will not be able to stand and fire or flee as a Charge response. This does not affect a unit that is immune to psychology.

Quell Animosity: Ghazak Khan is such a fierce general that even the most unruly Greenskin thinks twice about acting up when he is close by. Any friendly Orc or Goblin unit within 6" of Ghazak, so long as he is not fleeing, may re-roll a failed Animosity test.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Red Scimitar
This sword has a -3 save modifier and any model wounded by it loses D3 wounds rather than just one.

Daemonhead Helmet
A powerful wind demon is magically bound to defend the wearer of this helmet if he is ever wounded. To represent this, once Ghazak Khan has lost a wound, he gains a 4+ Ward save and Magic Resistance (1) for the remainder of the battle.

LORENZO LUPO - MERCHANT PRINCE OF LUCCINI

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lorenzo Lupo	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9

Points: 300

Weapons: Sword of Lucan.

Armor: Heavy armor, Shield of Myrmidia.

SPECIAL RULES

Fights on Foot: Lorenzo is a very eccentric man, in that he prefers to fight on foot in the style of his ancestors. He always takes his place at the front ranks of his pikemen or leads his soldiers on his men-of-war. This is very inspiring to his men, and they are eager to fight for and defend their Merchant Prince. To represent this, when Lorenzo is in the front rank of any infantry regiment (including Regiments of Renown) he adds +1 to the combat resolution for that unit. If, for any reason he leaves the front rank, they lose that bonus.

Mighty Athlete: Lorenzo follows many of the classical athletic pursuits that his ancestors practiced, and as a result he is a very well-built, muscular man. He regularly rows across the Tilean Sea, wrestles the mightiest opponents or runs from one end of his princedom to the other. To represent this, roll a D6 to determine which pursuit he has been following prior to joining the army.

D6	Pursuit	Effect
1-2	Running	+1 Toughness
3-4	Wrestling	+1 Attack
5-6	Rowing	+1 Strength

Magic Banner: Lorenzo Lupo is the Merchant Prince of Luccini, and because of this one unit of Pikemen or Heavy Cavalry may carry a 50 point Magic Standard. This rule does not apply to Regiments of Renown.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Sword of Lucan
This sword has the ability to ignore armor saves.

Shield of Myrmidia
This shield has a 6+ armor save which is combined with other armor as normal. In addition, every enemy model in base-to-base contact with Lorenzo loses one Attack.

Ring of Luccina
This is a bound spell with Power Level 5. This spell requires no power to cast; all the power needed is in the ring itself. When cast, all fleeing friendly troops within 8" of Lorenzo will rally automatically.

Lorenzo Lupo can be taken as a Lord choice, but he will use up one of your Hero choices as well. He must be fielded exactly as presented here and no extra equipment or magic items can be bought for him. He must be the army's General if taken.

THE DEFENSE OF CHRACE

For this month's battle report we introduce the all new High Elves as they attempt to stave off an attack by the necrotic minions of the Lahmian Vampire Counts...

The High Elves have had a make-over. Not only in terms of rules and a fantastic new army book (*not enough beards and runes for my liking though*...– ed) but also the host of splendid new miniatures which we've released alongside it. And, as tradition demands, we wanted to show how they performed where it mattered – on the field of battle.
This month's battle report is straightforward yet with a subtle twist...

We decided to keep the scenario simple and thus chose the trusty Pitched Battle. The armies would each be chosen to a 2,500 points limit. All very straightforward, until we reveal the players. The Undead will be commanded by Alessio Cavatore. Alessio has been Games Workshop Warhammer staff champion twice, and, as well as working in the Warhammer Games Development team, he wrote the Vampire Counts book. You don't get better credentials than that!

The 'twist' is that the High Elf player is none other than Mark 'The Count' Raynor. Mark earned his nickname, not just on account of his looks, but because he regularly wields an Undead army. With this year's Dark Shadows campaign he started to collect a High Elf army and did very well with it.

So, the scene is set for a classic clash between good and evil. Will Mark's new army win through or will the indomitable Alessio see off the sons of Ulthuan?

Read on and we'll see...

"Site, the tales are true – the dead walk amongst us, and already they march through the entrance of the pass." The Elf warrior who addressed the prince was dressed in a white fur cloak, a trophy of the hunt he had once performed as his rite of passage.

Prince Aethis nodded in acknowledgement before turning to face a mage who stood by his side.

"Daramas, my brother, you have proved yourself as a wise mage on our voyage abroad. How do the winds of magic blow this woeful day?"

The mage raised his hand, his fingers forming some arcane symbols as he did so.

"By all accounts, good brother, they should favor us, for the winds of Ulthuan bless our kindred."

"Good," the White Lion warrior spoke out. This warrior did not show the courtesy that a Lord of Prince Aethis Flamebearer's position was due. He stood before a prince and addressed him as his equal, instead of kneeling as custom dictated. But the prince knew the White Lions to be loyal fighters and was not about to chastise him for his ignorance. "My scouts report that the force is led by vampires. We will need all the advantage we can get if we are to stop the march of these unholy creatures."

Prince Aethis's force had been marching back through Chrace towards Caledor after months of war when the band of White Lions, fierce and loyal hunters from the mountains, had halted their passage. The leader of the White Lions had informed the prince about the Undead horde marching without opposition towards Tor Achare, the capital of Chrace.

"We must stop them entering the city at all costs. With the main forces of Tor Achare fighting the Dark Elf invasion, the Undead could overrun the defenses of the town with ease." The leader of the White Lions finished before rejoining his warriors.

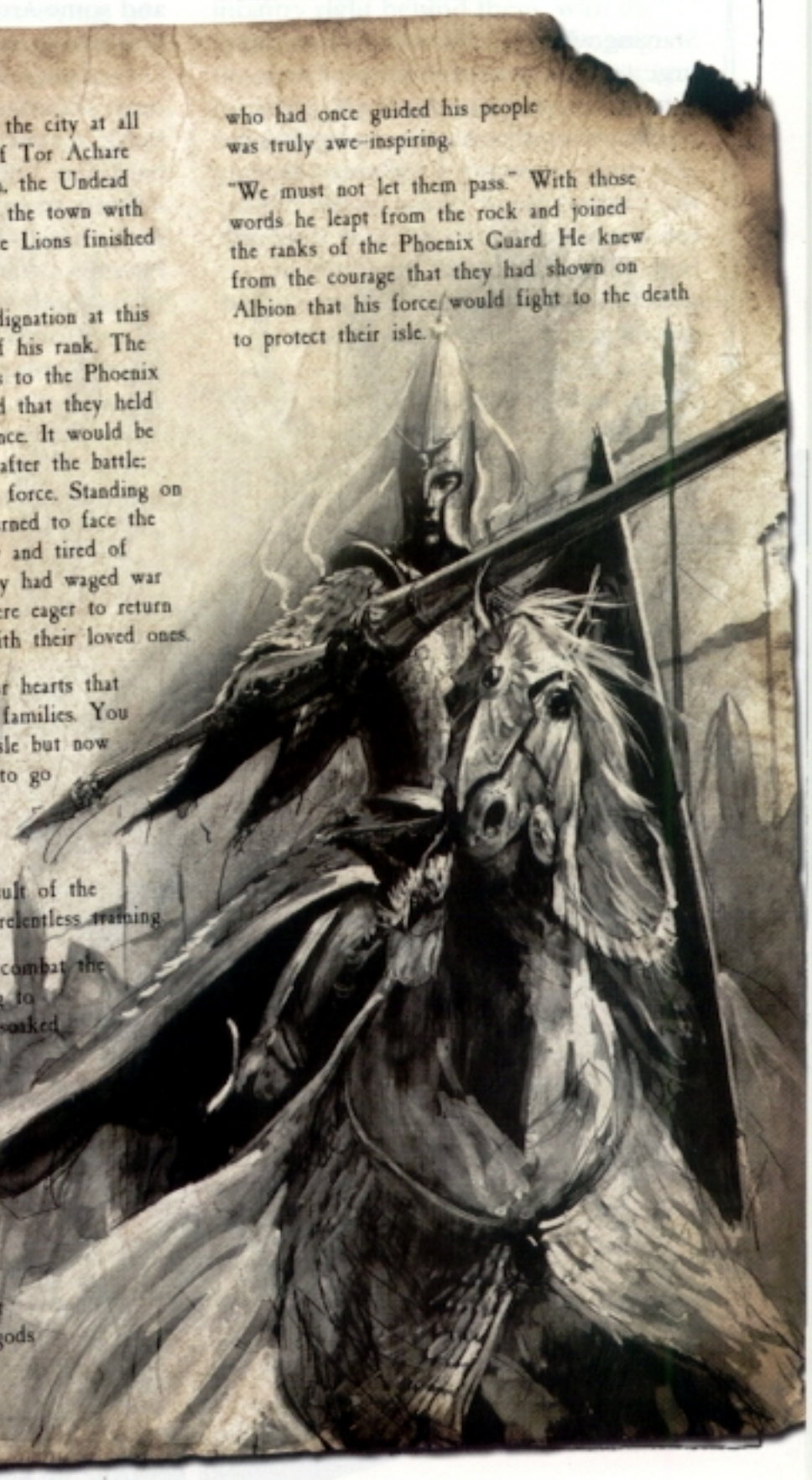
The Prince suppressed his indignation at this uncouth warrior's ignorance of his rank. The White Lions were bodyguards to the Phoenix King himself, and he doubted that they held much respect for a mere Prince. It would be something he would address after the battle; now was a time to unite his force. Standing on a small rocky outcrop, he turned to face the army. His troops were weary and tired of battle. For many months they had waged war on Albion, and now they were eager to return home victorious to rejoin with their loved ones.

"My friends, I know in your hearts that you long to return to your families. You fought well on that dread isle but now I must ask you once again to go to war." He surveyed the ranks of his soldiers. They stood in perfect, motionless formations, a result of the discipline from decades of relentless training.

"On Albion we fought to combat the dark forces that were rising to conquer that accursed rain-soaked land. Now we must defend our home. The citizens of Tor Achare need our assistance, and we cannot fail them in our duty."

He raised his huge sword high, the sight of the Prince in his mystical suit of armor, forged by the gods who had once guided his people was truly awe-inspiring.

"We must not let them pass." With those words he leapt from the rock and joined the ranks of the Phoenix Guard. He knew from the courage that they had shown on Albion that his force would fight to the death to protect their isle.



THE WARHOST OF PRINCE AETHIS

CHARACTERS

LORD: Prince Aethis (125), hand weapon, great weapon (6) *Pure of Heart, Sword Master (40), Armor of the Gods (35), Guardian Phoenix (25).* **231 pts**
*Commands the unit of Phoenix Guard.

HERO: Commander Battle Standard Bearer Aeneran (95), hand weapon, heavy armor (4), *Battle Banner (80).* **179 pts**
*Assigned to the unit of Phoenix Guard.

HERO: Mage Daramas (95), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Ring of Fury (30), Dispel Scroll (20).* **180 pts**

HERO: Mage Amankhann (95), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Jewel of Dusk (15), Silver Wand (10), Dispel Scroll (20).* **175 pts**

CORE

8 Silver Helms (152), hand weapon, lance, barded Elven steeds, heavy armor (+16), shields (+16), Standard Bearer (14), Champion (14), Musician (7). **219 pts**

10 Archers (120), hand weapon & longbow. **120 pts**

16 Spearman (176), hand weapon, spear, light armor, shield, Standard Bearer (12), Champion (12), Musician (6). **206 pts**

SPECIAL

8 Dragon Princes (208), hand weapon, lance, Dragon Armor, shields, Standard Bearer (18), Drakemaster (18) with a *Sword of Might (15)* and an *Enchanted Shield(10)*, Musician (9), *Banner of Arcane Protection (40).* **318 pts**

2 Tiranoc Chariots, hand weapons, spears and bows. **170 pts**

RARE

19 Phoenix Guard (285), hand weapon, halberd, heavy armor, Standard Bearer (14), Keeper of the Flame (14) with a *Blessed Tome (25)*, Musician (7), *Banner of Sorcery (50).* **395 pts**

19 White Lions (247), hand weapon, great axes, light armor, Lion Cloak, Standard Bearer (14), Guardian (14), Musician (7), *Lion Standard (25).* **307 pts**

TOTAL **2,500 pts**

COUNTESS ISABELLE'S ENTOURAGE

CHARACTERS

LORD: Countess Isabelle (205), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Seduction (55), Transfix (20), Gem of Blood (25).* **340 pts**
*Commands the unit of Skeleton warriors

HERO: Thrall Nicolette (80), hand weapon, *Domination (40), Beguile (10).* **130 pts**
*Assigned to the unit of Skeleton warriors

HERO: Necromancer Taediosus (65), hand weapon, extra level (35), *Dispel Scroll (25), Dispel Scroll (25).* **150 pts**

HERO: Wight Battle Standard Bearer Ulfius (85), heavy armor (4), *War Banner (25).* **114 pts**
*Commands the unit of Grave Guard

CORE

23 Skeletons (184), hand weapon & shield, light armor (+46), Standard Bearer (10), Skeleton Captain (10), Musician (5). **255 pts**

3 Bat Swarms **180 pts**

6 Dire Wolves (60), Doom Wolf (10). **70 pts**

SPECIAL

25 Grave Guard (300), shields (+25), Standard Bearer (12), Crypt Keeper (12), Musician (6), *Banner of the Barrows (45).* **400 pts**

10 Black Knights (230), hand weapon, lance, heavy armor, shield, nightmares, barding (+20), Standard Bearer (16), Hell Knight (16), Musician (8), *Banner of Doom (50).* **340 pts**

2 Spirit Hosts **130 pts**

5 Fell Bats **100 pts**

RARE

1 Banshee **90 pts**

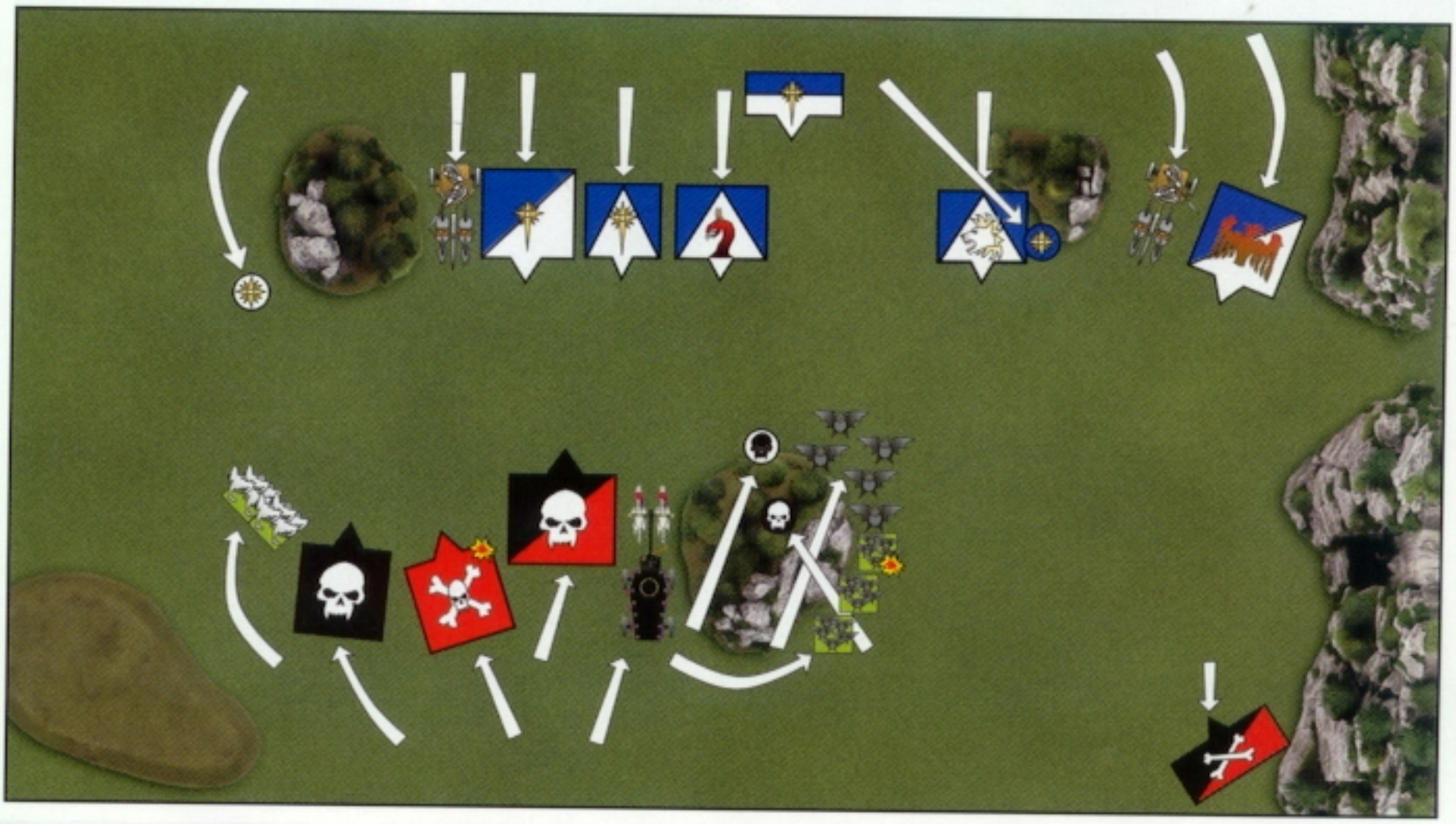
Black Coach **200 pts**

TOTAL **2,499 pts**

HIGH ELF TURN 1

The High Elves line up in a disciplined formation to meet the Undead horde.

Mark: Knowing that I wouldn't be in range for a charge, I positioned my troops so that I would be able to charge next turn, and with a little estimating I ensured that Alessio wouldn't be able to charge me! To reinforce this plan, I pushed my Mages ahead of the rest of my battle line. Now, with a little luck, I could begin to reduce the size of some of those nasty units of Undead with my High Elf magic. My first Mage called forth the arcane might of High Magic intent on bringing the *Fury of Khaine* upon the Fell Bats – but I promptly rolled a double one for a Miscast and ended the Magic Phase. So much for the arcane might – I hoped that that was the last and only one. Poor shooting and no combat – a pretty unconvincing start!



UNDEAD TURN 1

Mark winning the roll to go first robbed me of the initiative, but thankfully he decided to advance slowly and his Shooting phase was quite poor. My troops advanced as quickly as possible towards the Elves on the left, resolved to destroy them and then face the ones on my right. My Black Knights put themselves in range of the Silver Helms and Chariot, tempting them to charge. I was confident that their Toughness of 4 and 2+ Armor save was enough to take the charge of the Elves, exposing them to my counter-charge. And, of course, there is always the chance of somebody failing their Fear test, so that only one of the units charges…

On the right my Dire Wolves moved out of the charge reach of the Chariot and Dragon Princes, but still kept threatening them.

The Necromancer hid in the wood, having no spells that required line of sight. The magic phase was a disaster, as my Countess rolled a Miscast and suffered a Wound!

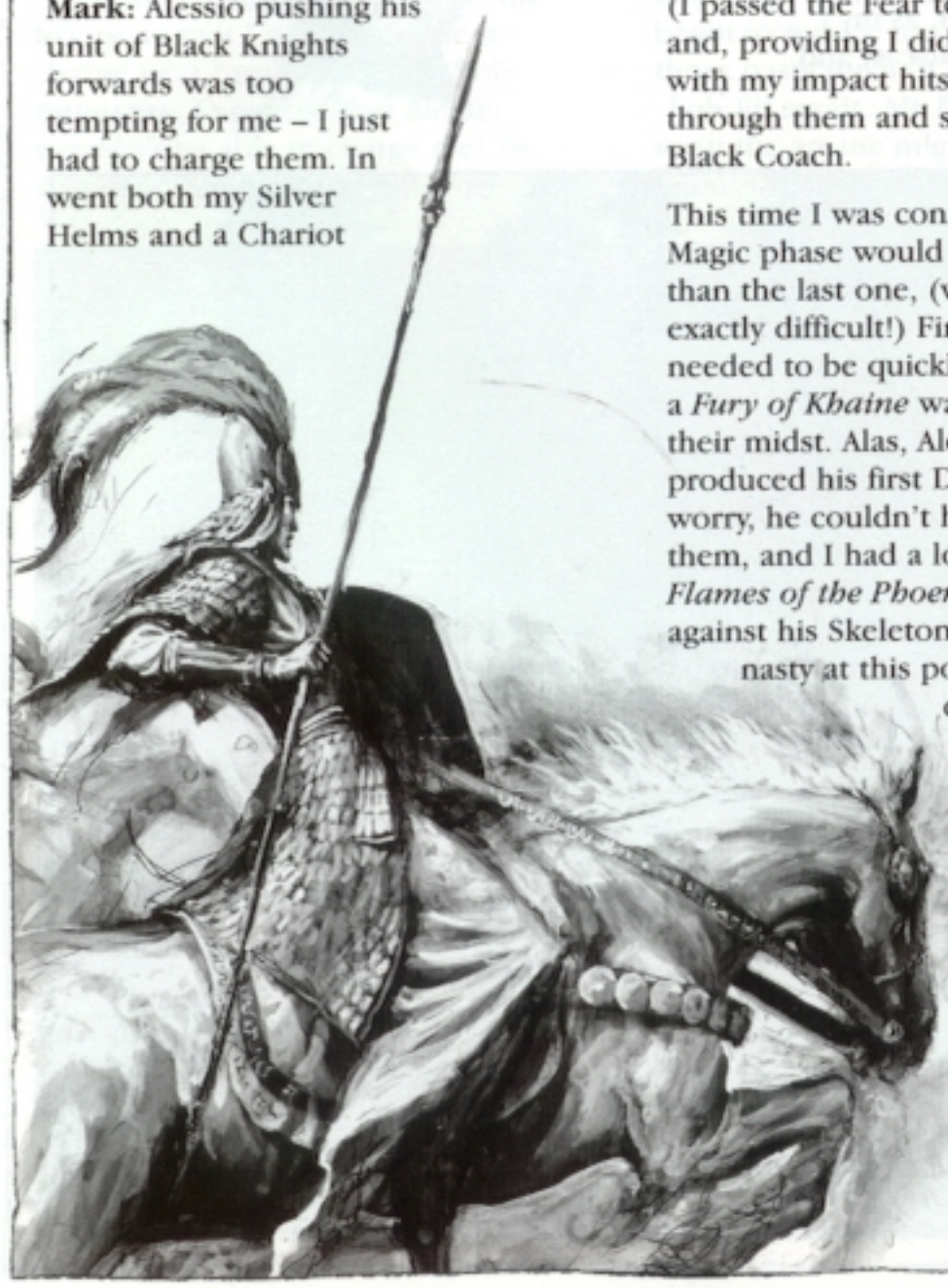
Alessio: I was really disappointed when the Elves' General turned out to be the Prince with Leadership 10. I would definitely have preferred a Leadership 8 Mage!

The High Elf archers prepare to unleash a deadly volley of missile fire into the approaching Fell Bats.

HIGH ELF TURN 2

The impact of the cavalry fails to break through the strong defenses of the Black Knights.

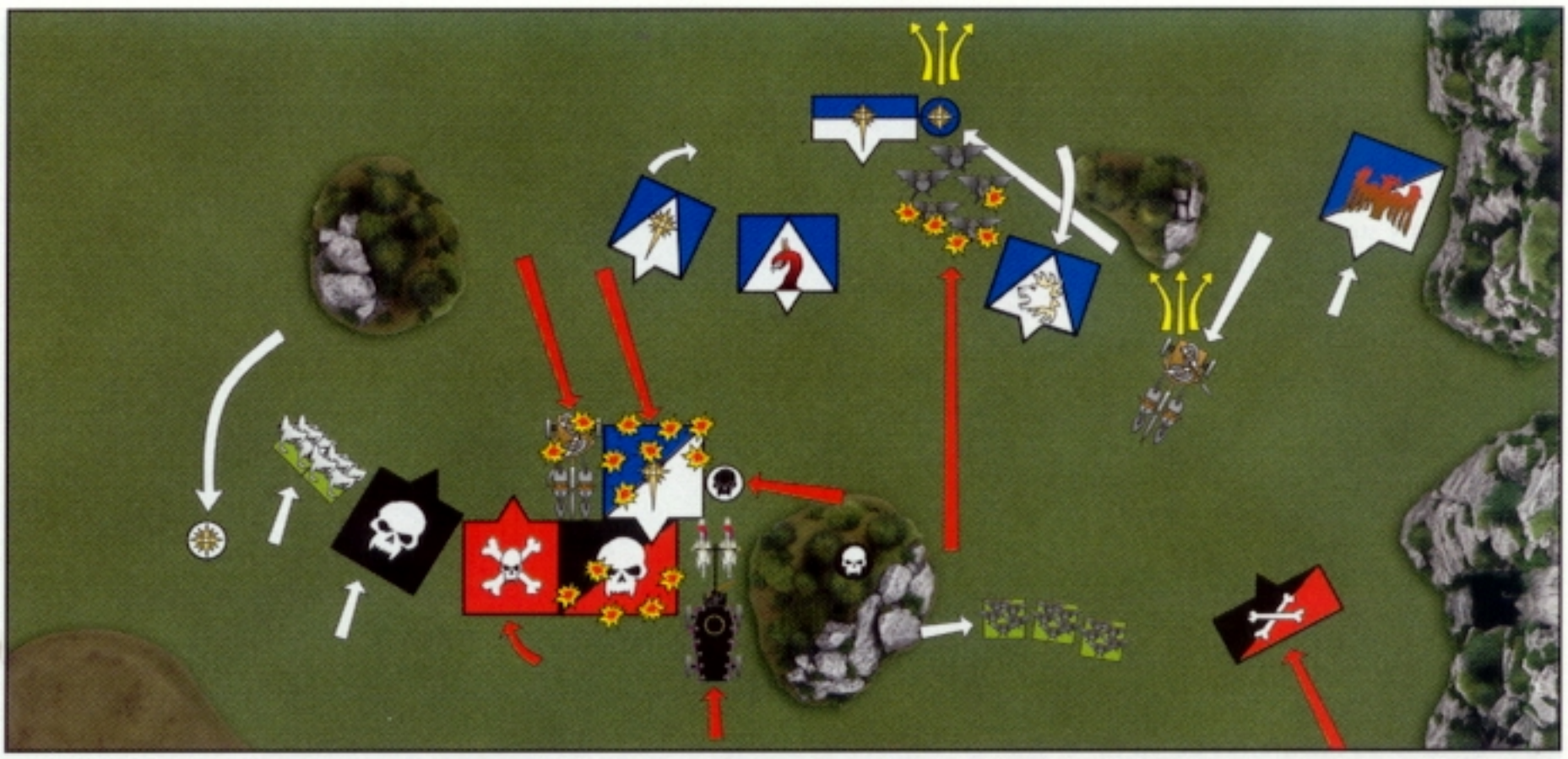
Mark: Alessio pushing his unit of Black Knights forwards was too tempting for me – I just had to charge them. In went both my Silver Helms and a Chariot (I passed the Fear tests successfully) and, providing I did enough damage with my impact hits, I would smash through them and straight into the Black Coach.



This time I was confident that my Magic phase would prove a lot better than the last one, (well, it wasn't exactly difficult!) First, those Fell Bats needed to be quickly eradicated, and a *Fury of Khaine* was directed into their midst. Alas, Alessio promptly produced his first Dispel Scroll. Not to worry, he couldn't have that many of them, and I had a lot more to come. A *Flames of the Phoenix* targeted against his Skeleton unit could be very nasty at this point, reducing the effectiveness of his Vampire Lord's skeletal bodyguard. This time it was dispelled by Alessio with his pool of Dispel dice, leaving him open to the rest of my magic with no dice left. I cast *Fortune is Fickle* upon his Necromancer. With a triple six rolled (where was it when I was casting *Flames of the Phoenix?*) any doubles that his Necromancer might roll would result in a Miscast; this might force him to use his Count instead, and she wasn't doing too well with her magic at the moment. Last, but by no means least, I incited the power of the *Ring of Fury,* directing another bound *Fury of Khaine* at the Fell Bats. However, causing only four wounds meant that my archery would need to be on target if I had any hope of getting rid of them. It wasn't meant to be, however, as my Archers only managed one more wound. This left me at a disadvantage on the left flank with the Fell Bats capable of charging any of my units and characters.

The combat against the Black Knights didn't go my way either, with only four hits and one casualty from the impact hits. With little else from the rest of my men, this meant that the Black Knights were going nowhere. The only thing I could do now was take a charge from the Black Coach and hope for the best.

UNDEAD TURN 2



Alessio: The enemy had fallen into my trap! I immediately declared a charge with both the Skeletons and the Black Coach against the High Elf cavalry. The Banshee, afraid of the Phoenix Guard and the White Lions, also charged in, just to get out of the way. The Dire Wolves decided to charge the Chariot, but Mark cleverly fled, leaving my 'dogs' right in front of the Dragon Princes... uh-oh!

The Fell Bats also charged the Wizard that had killed some of them in the Magic phase. Eliminating this Wizard was vital, because he had two *Fury of Khaine* spells, and I was really afraid of what he could do in the next Magic phase! The dastardly fellow escaped death by fleeing out of reach of my vengeful bats! "I'll get him next turn!" I thought.

Good news in the Magic phase, as the Necromancer managed to heal the Countess back to her full quota of wounds, but in the Shooting phase the Banshee let me down badly.

The Chariot failed its Domination test against my handmaiden, so that the two Elves and the two horses stood there admiring the lovely Vampire who attacked them and caused them two wounds! Unsurprisingly, the Silver Helms and Chariot were defeated and fled. I decided not to pursue, so that I was still out of range of the infantry waiting behind them. The Banshee, unfortunately, was too close to the Phoenix Guard and decided to pursue into them, rather than be charged in the next turn (this would have been bad, allowing the enemy to overrun into my Black Coach!). The Banshee was sure to die, so I decided to try and take the enemy Battle Standard Bearer with me (after all, he only has Toughness 3 and a 5+ Armor save!).

The Black Coach and a Vampire join the combat against the heavily outnumbered unit of Silver Helms.

HIGH ELF TURN 3

Mark: Overwhelmed in combat, it wasn't a surprise to see the Silver Helms and Chariot flee from the onslaught. With my Silver Helms unit below 25% of their initial number, there was no chance of rallying, and the first of my strongest units fled from the table. Luckily, all of the other units and characters that had fled last turn managed to rally.

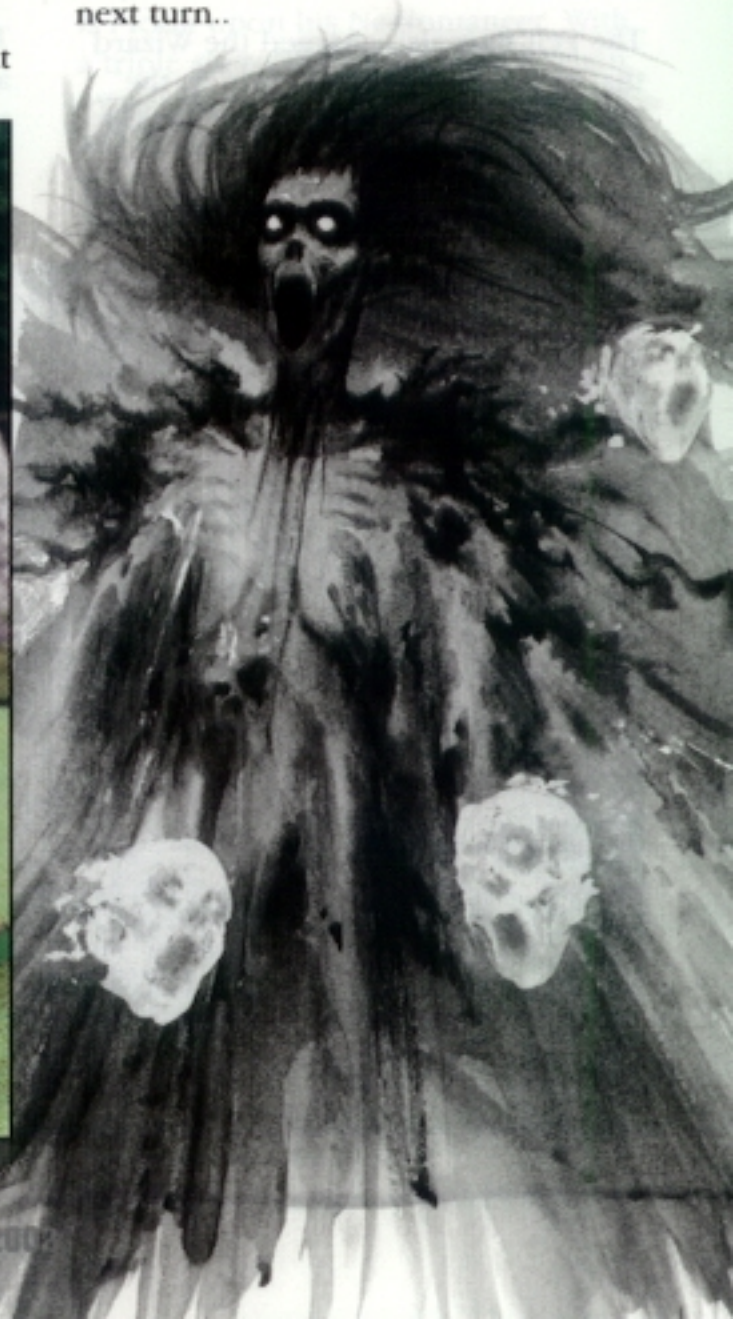
For my charges, the only one I had was with the Dragon Princes into the Dire Wolves. Everything else was either rallying, in combat, or just out of range. I left the Spearmen where they were, allowing them to receive a charge if necessary. I wasn't worried about this as they would be fighting in three ranks. The Mage at the rear of Alessio's army, however, was becoming much more useful, steadily slowing Alessio's main units down to a crawl and creating a little congestion on that far flank.

With all the movement finished, it was time for the Magic phase, but before any dice had been rolled, the *Banner of Arcane Protection* in the Dragon Princes unit came into play. Any Undead model in base contact with the bearer's unit at the beginning of the Magic phase automatically takes a wound. With Dire Wolves having no Armor saves, all six of them crumbled into the ground, and that was before I rolled any dice! Next came the High Magic onslaught. Seeing the rear of the Skeleton unit, my first Mage cast *Flames of the Phoenix* into its midst, but Alessio produced another Dispel Scroll. After fleeing the Fell Bats last turn, my other Mage decided it was time for retribution and unleashed another *Fury of Khaine* at the creatures flying towards him. This, too, was quickly dispelled from Alessio's Dispel dice pool, leaving me to successfully cast *Fortune is Fickle* at his Countess. Finally, a bound *Fury of Khaine* was targeted at the Fell Bats, and with a generous eleven hits and five wounds, the remaining bats were fried to a crisp in mid-air.

The Mage prepares to unleash a deadly spell to protect himself from the attack of the Fell Bats.

After shooting at the Bat Swarms for a couple of wounds, it was time for combat, and, after the nuisance of the Banshee disappeared from the battlefield, I decided to hold with my Phoenix Guard and prepare for the next turn..

The doomed Dire Wolves are charged by the valiant Dragon Princes.

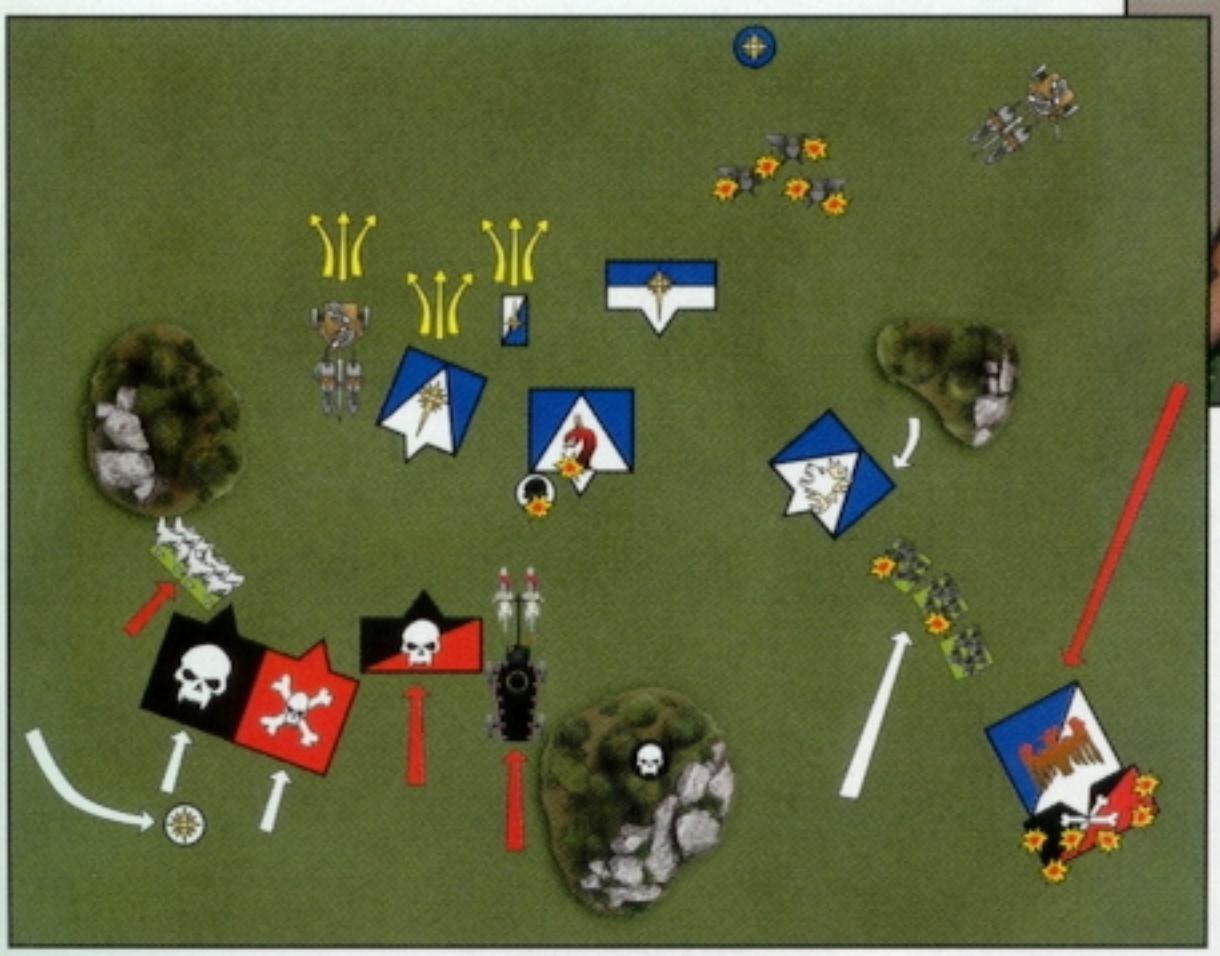


UNDEAD TURN 3

The High Elves perform a tactical withdrawal.

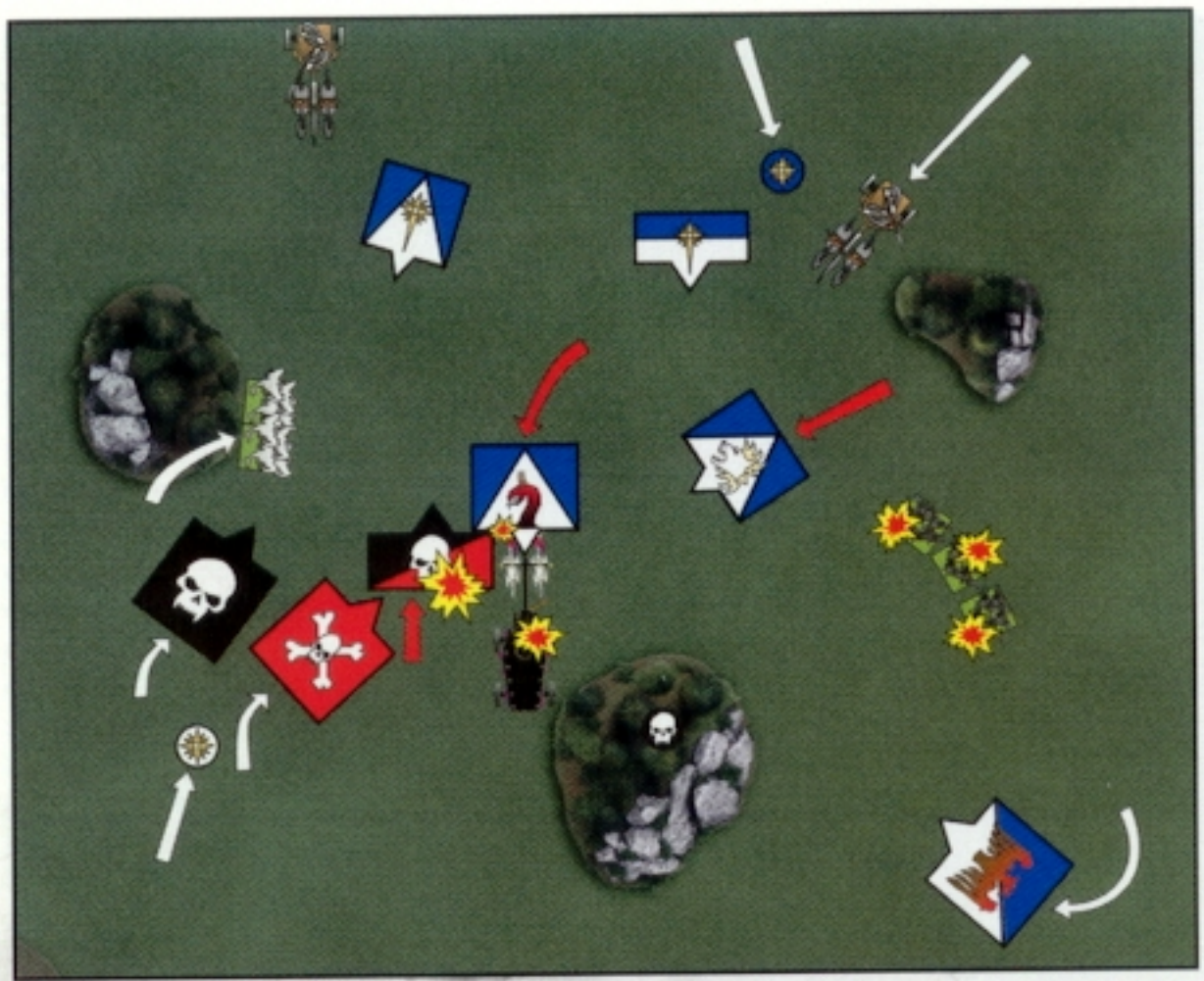
Alessio: That damned wizard! I was now really afraid of the High Magic barrage that was being thrown at me in each Magic phase. I charged the Black Coach and the Knights against the Spearmen and Chariot, but the cowardly Elves decided to flee once more, leaving my units right in front of the Phoenix Guard. How frustrating!

My Bat Swarm advanced between the lethal Dragon Princes and the White Lions, with the intention of slowing both units down and threatening the archers and the accursed Mage (if only his *Ring of Fury* would run out of power!). The other Mage was a nuisance, as well, slowing down the advance of the Grave Guard and Spirit Host. I very much regretted my mistake of wasting my Banshee in the fight. It would have been better to keep her among my units to tackle annoying things such as the wizard right behind my line. My Magic phase was easily neutralized by the Elves, and the turn was over.



Mark's confident that his High Elves will rally.

HIGH ELF TURN 4



Mark: At last the Undead were beginning to lose the strength of their solid battle line. With the Black Coach out in the open, the Phoenix Guard charged into its front and prepared to destroy it. The White Lions were also hoping for a chance to hack at it with their great axes, but although the Lion Standard protected them from the terror that the Black Coach emanated, the distance was just too great and they failed their charge. Yet again, rallying fleeing troops was successful, and the High Elf Mage continued to be a thorn in Alessio's side by maneuvering around the back of his troops.

The Magic phase began with *Flames of the Phoenix* cast into the Skeleton unit, which was dispelled again but left Alessio with no more Dispel dice. A poor result of two wounds from my mage's *Fury of Khaine* spell was a disappointment, but it was more than made up for by the *Ring of Fury*. With ten hits and eight wounds between the two spells, the Bat Swarms were severely damaged before my Archers ensured that they were wiped out. With the potency of magic weapons that I had within my Phoenix Guard, I knew that I should be more than a match for the Black Coach. Unfortunately, my dice rolling was abysmal and I failed to cause any wounds. In return, the Wraith sliced into my Battle Standard Bearer, and, with the wound that had been inflicted on him earlier by the Banshee, he dropped to the ground. The combat wasn't going quite as I had hoped.

UNDEAD TURN 4

Alessio: Strength 7! What?! An Elf with Strength 7? That was an evil combination that Mark had pulled (his Elf Lord had a greatsword and the *Armor of the Gods),* and my Black Coach was very much in trouble. Also, the Magic phase was unbelievable. I was losing one big unit per turn under the terrible combo '*Fury of Khaine – Flames of the Phoenix – Fury of Khaine*'. Help!

Out of sheer panic, I charged the Phoenix Guard with my Knights and realized my mistake too late. Most of my unit was in the Guard's front arc and so I had to charge them in the front, where the presence of the bulky Black Coach meant that only one of the Knights was able to make contact with the enemy. That was not good, not at all.

My infantry was advancing too slowly to turn the flank of the Elves, because of that annoying second enemy Wizard right behind them. If only I'd kept my Banshee!

Nothing happened again in the Magic phase, and I went on to the close combat with one question in mind: would my Coach survive against the Elf Prince?

Alessio and Mark are transfixed by the beauty of the Lahmian Vampire.

No, it wouldn't, was the merciless answer. The Prince cut the Coach in two (Strength 7 hits and Chariots do not mix well...), scoring a huge number of wounds that, combined with the ranks of the Elves, sorted out my Black Knights, as well. The only good result I had from the fight was the demise of the Elf Battle Standard bearer, so it had not been all in vain, at least. Now, with the Phoenix Guard facing my Skeletons, the decisive clash seemed about to happen. My Vampires prepared for the coming fight...

Prince Aethis prepares to destroy the Black Coach.

HIGH ELF TURN 5

Mark: Alessio's desperate tactic of charging what he could into the Phoenix Guard was to prove, it seemed, a costly mistake. This time the Prince had not failed me and dispatched the Black Coach with a colossal Strength 7 hit, cleaving it in two. This result in Alessio's turn provided me with a clear charge into the Skeleton unit with the Phoenix Guard, the Spearmen and the Chariot oblivious to the *fear* that it caused.

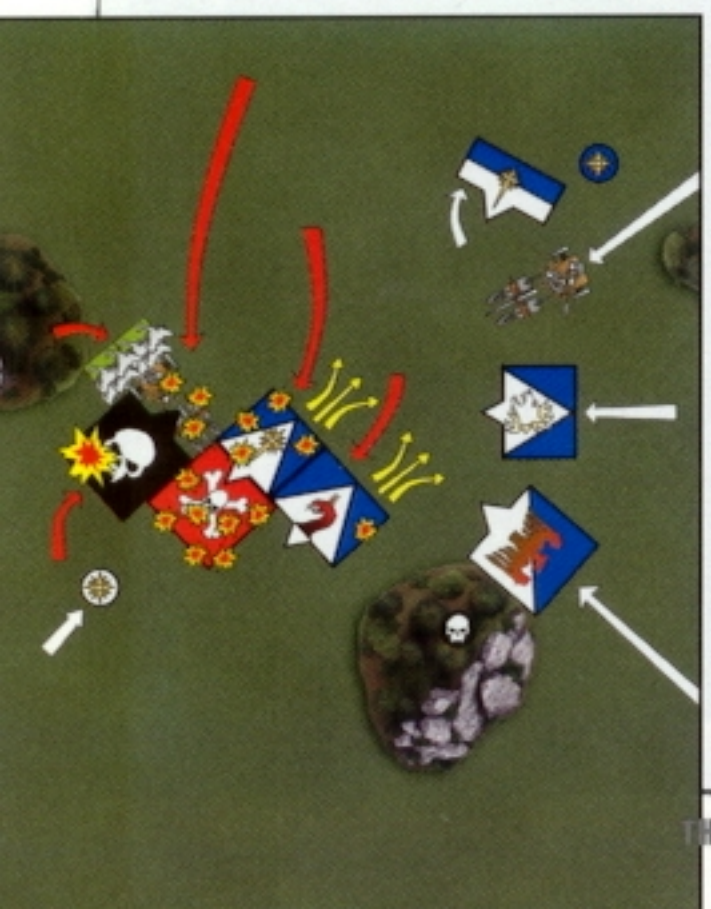
The *Fury of Khaine* that my Mage was casting twice per turn was obviously beginning to cause Alessio some discomfort, and both attempts were dispelled by him. The *Flames of the Phoenix*, however, was given free reign to cause fiery death within the Grave Guard unit, inflicting five casualties and removing one of their ranks.

With my Archers unable to target anything, the Combat phase began with a challenge issued by the Countess. The Elven Prince boldly strode forward to accept the challenge and slay the mistress in mortal combat. Even though the Countess and her handmaiden tried numerous times to beguile and seduce the ranks of Elven warriors, each time they resisted and persisted in attacking the Undead horde.

The Tiranoc Chariot impacted with a huge five hits, all five causing casualties upon the Skeletons, but little more damage was inflicted by the remainder of my units' attacks. In the challenge, the Prince inflicted two wounds upon the Lahmian, only to be cursed with the Gem of Blood, one of the wounds rebounding and being inflicted upon him. Although I had won the combat, the Skeletons remained with a sufficient number to handle the extra casualties, and I braced myself for yet another charge from the Undead.

A Chariot smashes into the ranks of the Skeletons, shattering bone beneath it.

The Lahmian Countess cannot charm the noble High Elf Prince.



UNDEAD TURN 5

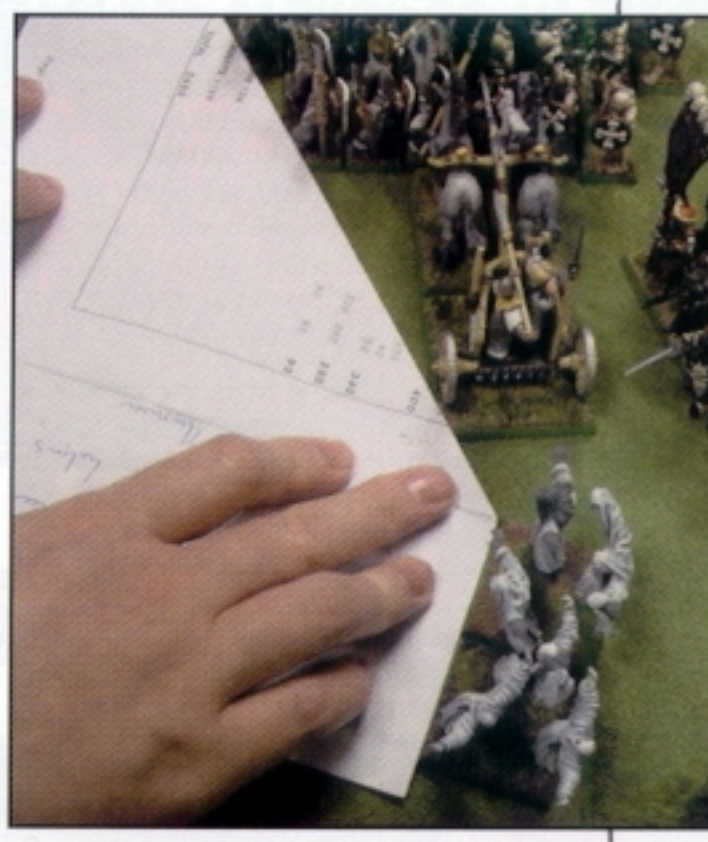
Alessio: My Vampire-led Skeletons had held splendidly against the three Elven units that had charged them. Now, finally, my Grave Guard and Spirit Host made it into the fray.

The Chariot was annihilated by the Spirit Host and Wights, but my Vampires did not fare too well this time. The Elves once more passed all their Leadership tests against their seductive powers, seemingly immune to the charm of my two beautiful Vampiresses.

The Handmaiden managed to kill a few Spearmen before being skewered, and during the challenge between the Generals my Countess wounded the Prince, bringing him down to his last wound just before the Elf drove his sword right through her heart.

dispatching her. Still, the combat resolution was in my favor, and both Elven units broke and fled. Unfortunately, my Skeletons couldn't catch the Phoenix Guard and Prince (Damn! So many points out of reach!), but the Grave Guard wiped out the Spearmen. The test for the death of my General was fine, and only the Spirit Host suffered a few wounds.

Unsure as to whether or not his spirit hosts could charge the Chariot, Alessio uses a cunningly simple yet effective method to determine that the Spirit Hosts could indeed charge the rear of the Chariot (a piece of paper folded creating a 45° charge arc template).



GAME TURN 6

Mark: My last turn started well, with the Phoenix Guard rallying. I positioned my troops so that they would be able to face the charge of the Grave Guard. With little to dispel my magic, I succeeded in burning more of the Grave Guard with the *Flames of the Phoenix* and finally destroyed the Spirit Host with an irresistible *Fury of Khaine*.

The combined charge of the Dragon Princes and a Chariot was more than enough to see off the last of the Skeletons. The game was pretty much over for Alessio by now, but with spiteful malice he charged the remaining Grave Guard into the White Lions and managed to kill the front rank and run them down after they failed their Break test. With the Prince being *Pure of Heart,* the Phoenix Guard ignored their Panic test and all that was left was for the Wights to retreat to their barrows. Their only consolation was that that the banners of the White Lions and the Spearmen would lie with the myriad of other treasures no doubt contained within these ancient, eerie tombs.

Prince Aethis surveyed the battlefield. Apart from the corpses of bats and the odd bone crumbling to dust there was little evidence to suggest that an enemy had been here at all. The bodies of his fallen warriors were enough to convince him that he wasn't imagining the horrors that he had witnessed.

Two of his warriors approached him. Between them they dragged the form of a withered old man. His face was withdrawn and the skin sunken in to his bones. Around his neck he wore amulets carved with ancient evil symbols.

"My Lord, we found this one cowering within a nearby forest. What would you have us do with him?"

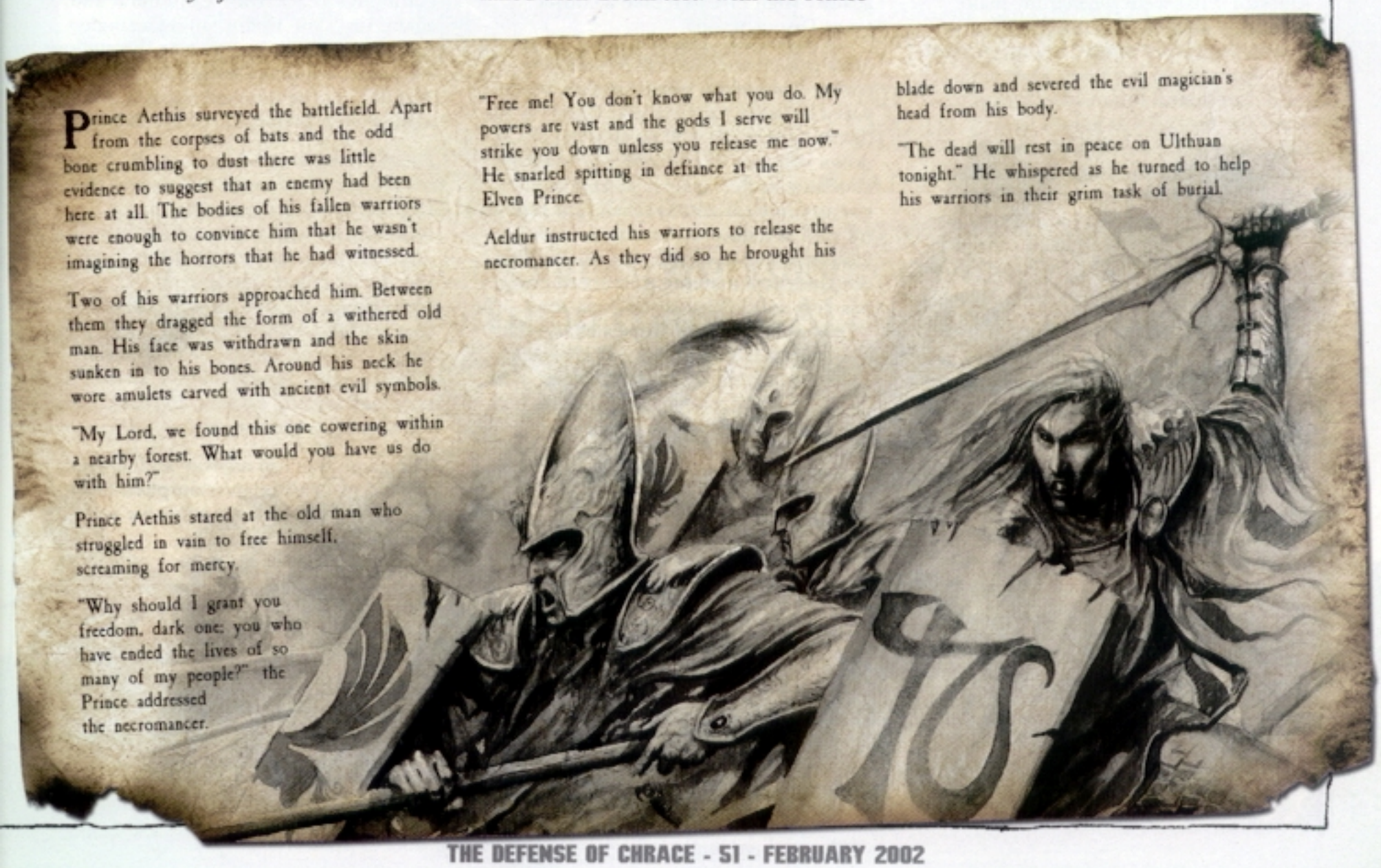
Prince Aethis stared at the old man who struggled in vain to free himself, screaming for mercy.

"Why should I grant you freedom, dark one: you who have ended the lives of so many of my people?" the Prince addressed the necromancer.

"Free me! You don't know what you do. My powers are vast and the gods I serve will strike you down unless you release me now." He snarled spitting in defiance at the Elven Prince.

Aeldur instructed his warriors to release the necromancer. As they did so he brought his blade down and severed the evil magician's head from his body.

"The dead will rest in peace on Ulthuan tonight." He whispered as he turned to help his warriors in their grim task of burial.



TO THE VICTOR, THE SPOILS!

Mark: Alessio definitely plays with an Undead army very differently to myself, and this kept me very much on my toes. Even with all the planning that I usually do before a game, playing against an army that you **are** familiar with can sometimes spring a surprise on you when you play against an opponent that you **aren't** familiar with.

Looking back, fleeing from the enemy is considered a bit of a risk and can sometimes be very detrimental. With the high Leadership that I had from my General, however, this didn't really cause me too much of a worry, and I knew that I had a good chance of rallying on the next turn. Besides, on several occasions it was definitely better to run drawing the Undead into an awkward position rather than 'putting your neck on the chopping block' as the saying goes.

Positioning my Mage around the back of the Vampire Count's main battle line was another good tactic that paid off well, creating a big problem for the Undead, slowing down their movement to a meagre 4". This allowed me the time to get rid of the fast attacking units before the rest of the Undead army could arrive – the main plan that Alessio was apparently going to employ.

My domination in the Magic phase was a definite advantage. Knowing the considerable damage that High Elves can achieve from their magic can often be very daunting to an opponent and can tip the scales in your favor. One thing that I will always remember from this game, though, is to make sure that I don't give away the surprise from some nasty magical item. My Army Standard Bearer carrying the Battle Banner was meant to provide me with a considerable difference in the combat resolution, but blurting out its details to Alessio before even starting combat (even if I was gloating at the time) cost me dearly. Alessio took advantage of this information (who can blame him?) and concentrated all of the Black Coach's attacks against him, killing him and allowing his Black Coach to survive another turn. Fighting Alessio was an interesting experience, and we had a lot of fun playing this game.

"Back, foul Undead!" Mark uses his magical skills to banish Alessio back to Games Development.

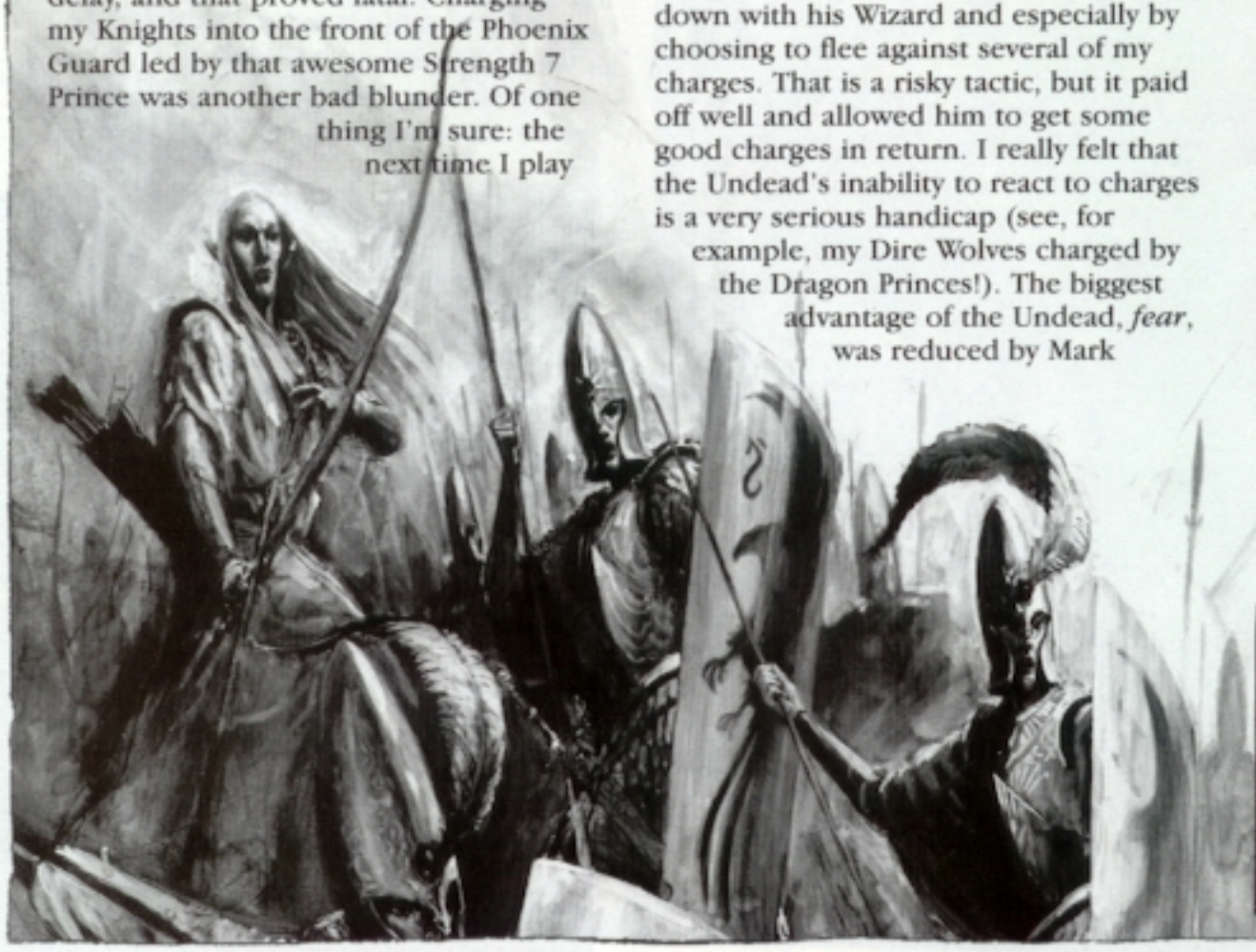
A HARD LESSON

Alessio: What went wrong? My main mistake, I believe, was not sending the Banshee after the Wizard on my extreme left. That caused the Spirit Host and, more importantly, the Grave Guard to enter the fray with at least a turn of delay, and that proved fatal. Charging my Knights into the front of the Phoenix Guard led by that awesome Strength 7 Prince was another bad blunder. Of one thing I'm sure: the next time I play against High Elves I'll take a couple more Dispel Scrolls!

Mark played well, except for his first charge against my Black Knights, which was a bit risky. In particular I have to say that he did really well by slowing me down with his Wizard and especially by choosing to flee against several of my charges. That is a risky tactic, but it paid off well and allowed him to get some good charges in return. I really felt that the Undead's inability to react to charges is a very serious handicap (see, for example, my Dire Wolves charged by the Dragon Princes!). The biggest advantage of the Undead, *fear*, was reduced by Mark getting his Leadership 10 General and, again, his 'skill' in not failing a single *fear, terror* or Seduction test throughout the game. On many occasions he rolled 9 or 10, and he thanked the fact that his troops were within 12" of the Prince.

Finally, Mark created some really devilish combinations of magic items, and the High Elf army is the best at that, receiving powerful magical artifacts at a discount price. He decided not to go for the classic missile-heavy army that I was expecting and came up with an army that was extremely powerful in the Magic phase as well as hard-hitting in close combat. His Prince was a real combat monster, proving too hard even for a Vampire Countess!

The game was fun anyway and, even if the forces of Ulthuan triumphed this time, we'll be back. One day we will get our revenge!



VICTORY POINTS

High Elves:	2,335
Undead:	1,312
Difference of:	1,023

Solid Victory

THE PITTSBURGH IRON LEGION MINIATURE GAMING CLUB

In the Grim Darkness of Western PA there is only Miniature Gaming...

Jeff Hall is an avid gamer who moonlights as a Production manager for a Pittsburgh area publishing company. Back in the day (as we old-timers often say) Jeff started as an Outrider, joined our staff for a few years, and then left to get married. But like the proverbial bad penny he's back, this time telling everybody about his gaming club and its date with a ruined city...

Welcome to Septimus Prime, an Imperial city that was created by the Pittsburgh Iron Legion Miniature Gaming Club. We decided to create our city as Codex Battlezone: Cityfight was about to be released. Then the White Dwarf staff asked me to chronicle our massive undertaking for you all! So here is the story of how we built a city in only three weeks...

From the Mind of a Madman

I had always wanted to do a massive ruined city board. I love the concept of urban warfare and many of the greatest stories in the Warhammer 40K universe tell of embattled defenders fighting in a war-torn cityscape. With Cityfight, we now had great new rules and ideas to go along with out plans.

I wasn't sure where to begin with building a city board. The group and I wanted something modular for variety, and we also had to make sure the board was portable (for running games at conventions, local stores, Rogue Trader Tournaments, etc. - more on that later), because space was at a premium. We also had to make sure this didn't completely overrun the games room (and anger the all-powerful wife!).

The great article in WD 261 by JB and Tracy Coulter about their modular city board lit the final fire under me to get started. The project started out as my own, and once I had laid the groundwork then I would coerce - I mean ask - the rest of the club for help.

It All Starts with a Foundation

Like the Coulters I decided that taking foam and mounting it to some hardboard was the best way to go. I went with a 1" foam and mounted it on a 5/8" hardboard for support. When gluing foam to board the best choice is Liquid Nails. It forms a strong bond and is really easy to work with for a project like this.

I spent a Sunday afternoon and evening cutting the foam into 1 foot squares and gluing them to the board. I made all but 4 of the 32 squares plain. For the other 4, I cut a 6 inch channel into them for a river. Now that the base was built, it was time to call in the troops!

Calling in the Legion

I knew that the city board would be the perfect chance to unite our club under its first major terrain project. We have run a number of different campaigns, leagues and other events, but we hadn't worked on something like this before. So it was decided that for the next few weeks we would postpone regular gaming and use our weekly gaming night (Wednesdays) for the building (or destruction, really) of Septimus Prime.

Handy Tip: Sometimes the board will warp and pull away slightly away from the foam. Liquid Nails takes a good 24+ hours to fully dry, so place a stack of books on top of the foam, just to make sure it doesn't warp.

Gathering up the group to undertake this project was a perfect opportunity for us. Our club had never had the chance to explore this part of the hobby. A few members had only been involved with miniatures and the Games Workshop hobby for a few months!

Here we see young Billy "The Animal" Hallam applying some Liquid Nails glue onto the hardboard tile.

The first step in any project is planning. Without some solid planning a project like this can die before it even begins. We looked at the 6 feet by 4 feet expanse in front of us and planned out where to go from there. We knew we needed a few tall buildings to take advantage of the shooting rules for models over 8 inches in height. We also wanted a centerpiece or two to oooh and aaaah over. For that we settled on two buildings - an Imperial apartment building and what we call the Tank Factory.

A great foundation for an awesome Cityfight table!

We split the duties on the first night we gathered. Half of us worked on the full-blown buildings while the other half built rubble piles, wrecked vehicles and other smaller scenic bits.

Buildings

There are a variety of different ways you can approach buildings. There have been many great articles in White Dwarf and on the GW Website detailing how to make buildings (intact and ruined) over the years, so I won't

get into that here. For the buildings we made from scratch, we took some foamcore board and balsa wood and went at it!

Another angle on the building front is using pre-made constructions. A number of hobby shops and gaming stores carry resin and foam buildings from a variety of companies. I had quite a few of these inexpensive resin buildings on hand, so we decided that most of the city would be made from them. We also calculated that one complete building kit could make two ruined ones, further expanding our resources.

Handy Tip: Always check your scale when making buildings for use in Warhammer 40,000. Place a variety of different models at the windows to make sure the floors and openings are at the correct height.

After cutting the buildings into bombed out husks with crumbling floors we then glued them together with super glue. Then we took some styrene sheets (also available at your local hobby shop or art store) and added floors for the models to stand on. For bridges over the river board we ventured to the local hobby shop to peruse their train supplies. We found a great O scale bridge that was fairly inexpensive. This bridge would easily be big enough for almost any tank to cross (except a Land Raider). We also found a great bridge for infantry for only a few dollars. Always remember to scour your local hobby and craft stores when building terrain. You can find lots of great bargains on things to turn into scenery!

Rubble

For our rubble piles and debris around the city we took lots of spare foam, aquarium rocks, sprues and other odds and ends and heaped them onto small styrene bases. These made perfect piles of debris. We decided to make them different heights to offer different levels of cover. Some were large enough for a tank to hide behind for hull down! You can really let your imagination go wild when making rubble. I had a spare Chimera kit available, so I took one of the track sides and floor and added that to a pile of rubble. This made for a great wrecked vehicle!

Painting

We spent one and a half of our planned three nights on building ruins and structures. We then started on the final step of the project: painting. Once again we divided the duties of painting the boards. A few of the participants would would take the foundation squares and paint them black. I took many of the buildings outside and primed them with Black Citadel Primer.

Drybrushing a ruined building to perfection.

Painting Tip: When drybrushing a flat surface make sure there is very little paint on your brush and brush in one direction to remove the appearance of any brush strokes.

CAUTION!: If you are going to prime any of your buildings with a spray primer for speed, make sure they are not constructed of foam. Spray primers will dissolve blue and pink insulation boards and other styrofoams.

We found that most of the base squares needed two coats of paint. We sped up the process with a hair dryer so we could paint as much as possible in one evening. We did manage to get almost everything primed on the very first night of painting.

When we met again the following week it was time to finish the city. That meant it was time for drybrushing and highlighting the buildings. We had decided that we wanted the city to be done in shades of grey. We purchased some large cans of dark grey paint at a local home improvement store (surprisingly cheap!) and began drybrushing all the tiles and buildings.

With a large number of people working on a project like this, it is best to work in an assembly line fashion. We did this for the buildings, and while some were drybrushing with the base color others were were taking the structure and drybrushing it with a lighter shade for a second highlight. We were able to finish all the painting in one evening! Since it was in my basement, I spent a few more days adding some other touches to the buildings like painting the roofs and finishing a few other buildings to add to the city. This was a fantastic project for our

Final Construction Thoughts

club. We were each able to bring our own unique ideas and talents to the table, and the end result is quite spectacular. And now we have an awesome new gaming board to use for our games of 40K!

When gathering a group to work on something like this there are a number of good (and sometimes bad) results. It builds a sense of camaraderie within the group. It also lets you have a few nights of good old fashioned trash talking to get you more excited about playing on the board! It can also be bad if you are depending on any one member of the group to be there and they get called away for work, family, etc. Make sure that everything is evenly

Putting on details like billboards and propaganda posters can really make your buildings stand out.

spread out and that you don't have to rely too much on any one person. Make it truly a group effort!

Gaming - Iron Legion Style

Now that the board was complete, it was time to game! Our club runs leagues for both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000. We had planned a 40K league to start in late October, so it was a perfect time for the city!

Just one of the many ways the ruined city of Septimus Prime could be laid out on the table!

When the Iron Legion runs a league for any game, we start with an increasing point system. For this 40K league, we would be starting with 750 points for three weeks, then moving on to 900 points, then to 1200, and so on up to a final three weeks at 1500. We have found that structuring a system like this gives everyone a number of opportunities. For instance, a few of the group have decided to start new armies. Working with small points gives those people time to paint their armies as the league progresses.

We are quite lucky to have a great group of gamers in our club. Not only is everyone involved dedicated to the hobby, we also have a lot of experience and talent to draw upon. Within the club's ranks we have two former GW employees, two Outriders, one 13 time Golden Demon award winning painter, as well as other highly skilled painters, modelers and hobbyists. Not too shabby!

The Pittsburgh Iron Legion Miniature Gaming Club has been together for nearly a decade in one form or another. It started out as a group of friends in college gaming in my apartment and has grown to an organization that runs Rogue Trader Tournaments, Gaming Days, Store Demos, and helps out at local conventions.

So far we have run two Rogue Trader Tournaments, and as I write this, our third is just a week away. We have tapped into a great area of gaming here in the Pittsburgh region, and the tournaments have been very successful.

As we move into the coming new year, the PIL is planning on moving to the next level. We are planning a series of Gaming Days for hobby enthusiasts from around the area to come and participate in a day of Warhammer, Warhammer 40K, Mordheim, Battlefleet Gothic, Warmaster, and more!

Our club will be open to all players that are interested, and we will do our best to find new opponents, friends and rivals for all members. We hope to see you at one of our events! Just drop us a line at

ironlegion@theinfiniverse.com

for details of what we have going on!

Gaming clubs are a fantastic way to get involved in the Games Workshop hobby on a regular basis! Lots of them host painting and conversion clinics and, of course, gaming nights, leagues and tournaments. Very soon, our Rogue Trader department will have an entire range of support material to send out to gaming clubs who are looking to get more involved. Keep your eyes peeled in future issues of White Dwarf for more info!

Here we see some of the core members of the Pittsburgh Iron Legion Miniature Gaming Club in action on their new table!

TAU TERRAIN

MAKING A TAU OUTPOST & KROOT CAMP

Here is a quick and fairly simple pair of Tau Terrain projects for you to have a go at; a small Tau Outpost and a Kroot Encampment. Nick Davis, master of the Cardboard City and far too many other terrain projects, guides us through the modeling process.

With my new and slowly growing Tau army taking shape, I turned my attention to my collection of scenery. With every new army that I start I like to make a couple of pieces of themed terrain for them to fight over.

Looking around for ideas, the image of a small Tau Outpost based on the Imperial Firebase came to mind. I also figured that these structures would be pretty common, and littered all over their Empire, especially on the frontier worlds.

From this one Terrain piece I could easily continue in many different directions - perhaps a Kroot Encampment nearby (*featured over the next pages*) or a Battlesuit Repair Rig or Hanger? If you take this idea and run with it, you could build a huge Tau complex with a runway, landing pads, hangers and barracks all based around the humble beginnings of our Tau Outpost.

If you take a look at the Coulters' amazing Tau terrain table, (*WD261 & WD262, or on the web at www.games-workshop.com - Ed*), you cannot help but be inspired. But that is enough ideas for now, let's have a look at how to build this simple terrain project.

To make the Tau Outpost you'll need the following materials:

- Foamcore board or thick cardboard
- Cardboard tube
- A Plastic tub - a flower pot or plastic fruit bowl is perfect
- Lightweight spackling compound
- Plastic tubing
- Thin cardboard
- Masking tape.
- Assorted flying stands and bases.

You may find the following tools useful, as well: a craft knife, heavy bladed utility knife, white glue, steel ruler and a saw. Before you go any further I suggest you read through these instructions first, then take your time in building this terrain piece and you'll end up with a Tau Outpost of your own.

Okay, lets make our Outpost!

▲ From a collection of cardboard tubes, plastic pots and filler, to a complete functional Tau Outpost. ▼

◀ The forward elements of the main Tau army take up position in the Outpost. This terrain piece uses several easy (and cheap!) items in its construction.

Have a rummage through your bits box, stuff like railway girders, large flat pieces of cardboard, bases, model fences and even plastic frame from your model kits are perfect for adding detail to your own Tau Outpost.

You don't have to limit the Outpost to just sitting in the corner of the battlefield. You could build several of these complexes and link them together using cardboard tube to form an impressive defensive line. Or just use it as an objective to fight over in a Take & Hold mission. Give the Outpost an active part in your battles and have fun!

MAKING A TAU OUTPOST - STAGE BY STAGE

STAGE ONE: First off, cut your cardboard tube to the length you would like the observation tower to be. Try to make sure when you are cutting the tube down that it's 90 degrees to the tube. This makes lining the tube up with the main structure easier.

The observation tower is going to be attached to the main structure, so cut out a section of the cardboard tube. It doesn't matter if the section you cut out doesn't quite fit the main structure, as we can patch that up later on.

STAGE TWO: Now its time to add the floor to the observation tower. Using the inside of the tube as a template, draw a circle onto some foamcore or corrugated cardboard and cut it out. Before you glue the floor into place, do a dry run using a Tau Warrior. You want to make sure your miniature's upper body can be seen over the top of the wall. Once your satisfied with the position of your floor, glue it into place with white glue.

If you're like me you have cut your section out of the observation tower a little too deep, and it doesn't fit flush against the main structure. Glue a couple of pieces of foamcore or cardboard (measured to fit the gap) to either side of the tower to make the fit against the main structure more flush.

STAGE THREE: Now onto the main structure of the Tau Outpost. The first thing we need to build is the landing pad on top of the structure. Use the top of your plastic tub as a template. Draw a circle onto foamcore or corrugated cardboard and then cut it out. Now cut the circle up into three parts using the Tau symbol as a guide, and glue it into place.

The archway door is a simple semi-circle with a thin piece of card for the doorway. I used masking tape to block off the side of the arch and to smooth the edges of our doorway.

To detail the main structure I glued on pipe washers for viewports - you can quite easily use round bases or even flying bases to represent the same thing. Finally, the Tau symbol on the side of the structure was made out of a thin cardboard circle cut up to represent the Tau Fire Warrior symbol.

STAGE FOUR: Now it's time to glue your Tau Outpost together. Using white glue, stick the observation tower to the main structure. Use masking tape to cover any unsightly gaps.

Glue the entire Tau Outpost onto a base of hardboard if you can. This adds to the sturdiness of the scenery piece.

Now, if you want to, you can add extra detail to your Tau Outpost, like pieces of plastic piping to the observation tower. The additional bunker wall in front of the main entrance was made from the section cut from the Observation tower.

If you can, I suggest you add some additional texture to your observation tower with a light coating of spackling (filler), this helps fill the tell tale cardboard tube lines. For a final touch flock the Outpost base and undercoat the entire structure with black paint.

FINISHING OFF: The Tau make all their buildings seem seamless. To aid this illusion I initially spray painted the Outpost with Dark Angels Green, then with a lighter coat of Camo Green. This gives a cleaner look to the paint than drybrushing the entire piece of terrain.

I then went back over with a paintbrush, painting in the view ports, dome and the panels on the tower black. Then I varnished these areas; I figured that these areas would either be solar panels, plexiglass or another type of alien building material.

To finish off I drybrushed the base with Codex Grey for the entrance way and Goblin Green for the grass. I drybrushed in Snakebite Leather, followed by a layer of Bubonic Brown and then Bleached Bone to add some mud to the grassy areas. With the mud added, the Terrain piece was finished.

The Kroot Encampment is our second Tau Terrain guide. As I mentioned in the Tau Outpost article, this is one of those off-shoot ideas from the first project. I couldn't really do a Tau Outpost without having a Kroot encampment nearby. Plus, I plan to have a large Kroot presence in my Tau army, so this would look cool on the tabletop.

Although I am sure the Kroot prefer to lurk in trees and other hiding places, there are times where this is not possible. Now I think the Kroot have a very heavy Native American look to them, sort of an Apache/Mohican theme. So I figured being nomadic, as well, they would either carry or be supplied with tents by the Tau.

Rather than attempt to make up some tents from scratch I plundered an old tent building template for Digganob (a supplement to Gorkamorka) that was used for the Mutant nomads. You can download the tent PDF's template from the Games Workshop Website at http://www.games-workshop.com

Okay, lets have a look at how to build a small Kroot encampment. To make the Kroot Encampment you'll need the following materials:

- Thin cardboard - like cereal box card
- Lightweight spackling compound
- Flock or sand
- Hardboard, cardboard, foamcore or even plasti-card for basing.

You may find the following tools useful, as well: a craft knife and a steel ruler. Before you go any further I suggest you read through the stage by stage below first, then take your time in building this terrain piece.

Remember the two terrain projects I have presented here are really intended as a guide. Also, you don't have to use these tent templates just for your Kroot. How about an Imperial Guard camp? Or an Research Station? Also feel free to substitute materials or paint as you see fit.

That's all for now, I'm off to add to my ever so slowly growing Tau army... Have fun and keep checking the Games Workshop website for more upcoming terrain projects.

MAKING A KROOT ENCAMPMENT - STAGE BY STAGE

STAGE ONE: Print out the templates for the tents. Then glue or pin the template to a sheet of thin cardboard. Using the solid lines on the template as a guide cut out the tent using your modeling knife and steel ruler. Be sure to cut out the holes for the tabs on the tents on the internal wall (small triangle bit).

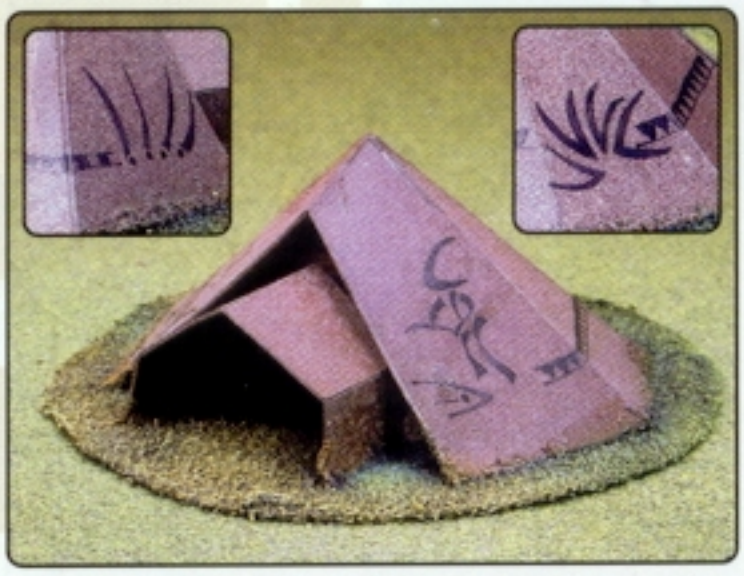
Now it's time to score the dotted lines to create the folds for your tent. Using your steel ruler as a guide, apply light pressure as you run the modeling knife down the dotted line a couple of times. What you need to do is cut half-way through the cardsheet. This creates a score, or fold, and makes shaping the tents a little easier.

Now fold the tent together, making sure all the folds work and bend the correct way. If you have trouble folding any part of the tent's structure, just go back over it with your modeling knife, lightly re-scoring the fold.

STAGE TWO: Use the white glue to stick your tent together. Glue the main tent structure by putting glue on the tab and folding the tent.

Next glue the internal wall (the triangle bit) into place - it is placed a quarter of the way into the main tent structure. You may have to hold the internal wall and tent structure together for a couple of minutes as the glue dries. Finally, glue the doorway into place and put the tent to one side to dry.

When complete, your tent should look similar to the picture on the right. Repeat the process for the rest of your tents. I strongly suggest you base the tents on a piece of card, as they are a little more fragile than normal buildings. For my bases I used plasti-card, but corrugated cardboard, foamcore or thick card would work just as well. Before you finish off your tents by painting them, add a little flock to the bases.



FINISHING OFF: Now it's time to paint your tents. When I came to this stage I hit a little problem. I wasn't sure what color to paint the tents should I go for a patch-work, sewn together pattern? Or an off white color? After a lot of thought and a little check on the internet (an invaluable resource) I decided on a dark brown leathery look.

To give the encampment the look I wanted I added some little pieces of detail - glyphs. These glyphs were drawn freehand right onto the tent panels using a black uni-ball pen.

I found geometric patterns like checks and dags work very well. Opposite are some of the sketched practice glyphs that I used on the side of Kroot tents. You will notice I also went for basic interpretations of Kroot warriors, hounds and their weapons.

To finish off, I drybrushed the base with Goblin Green for the grass. For worn down muddy areas, like around the tent entrances, I drybrushed in Snakebite Leather, followed by a layer of Bubonic Brown and then Bleached Bone. With this final touch added, the tents were finished.

▲ A collection of sketched glyphs I used on my Kroot tents.

GW Mailbox

or... "Ask Dirty Steve!"

Have a question about when new armies are coming out? Need some advice about painting or modeling? This is the place for your inquiries and opinions! Write or email me at the addresses below!

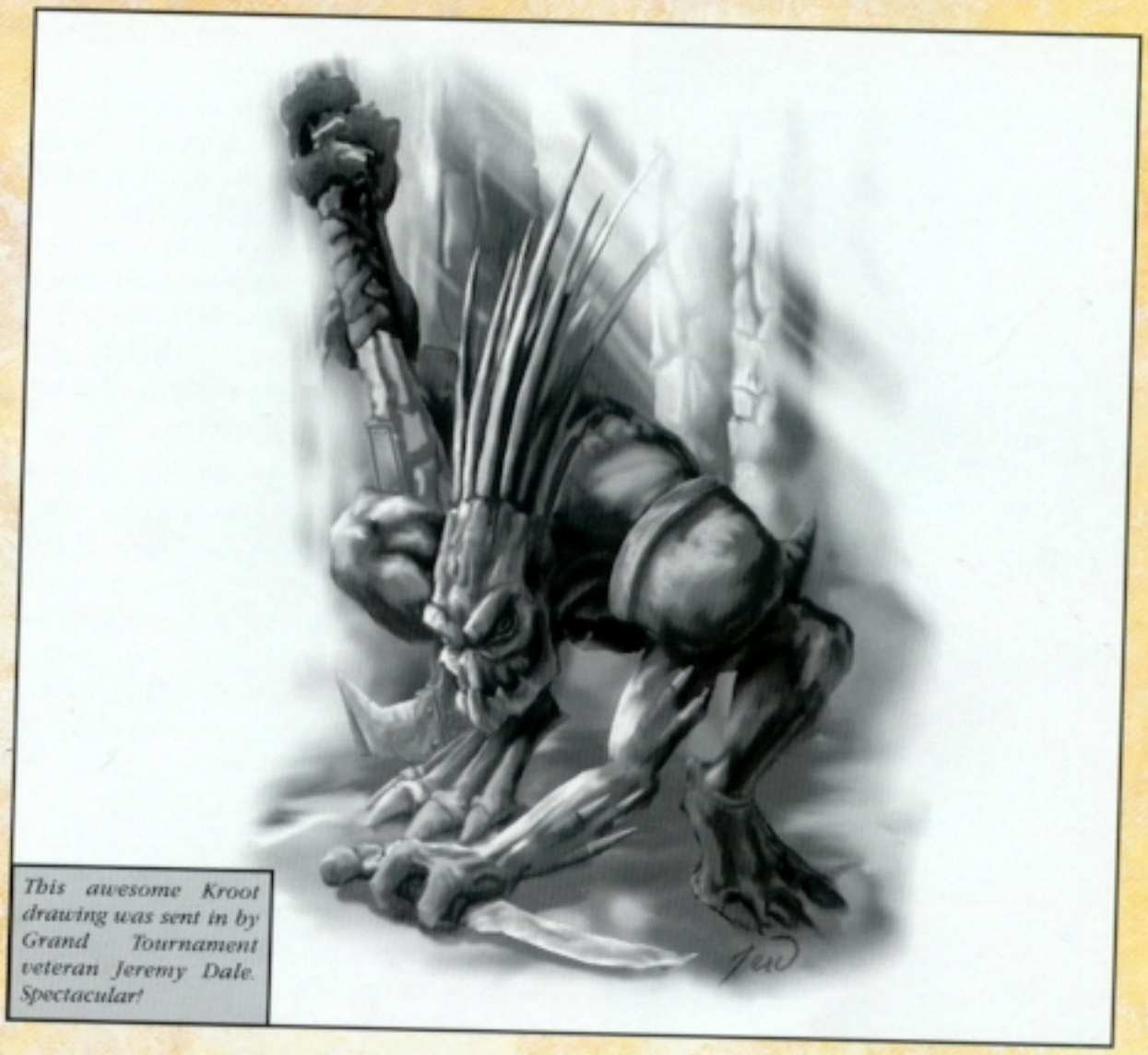
Dear Dirty Steve,

I've watched my mom play Warhammer 40K for a couple months now, and I've started to collect my own Tyranid army. I love your magazine, but I've noticed in the magazine you don't have many scenery details for a deserted planet infested by Tyranids. Could you possibly have a magazine with some infested planet scenery?

Thanks,

Ian Graham

Wow! Your mom plays! That's really cool! All my mom does is needlepoint and play tennis.... Tyranid infested planet scenery, eh? Well, it's supposed to be basically just a barren rock, right? No life. So try making greyish or brownish rock formations and maybe some ruined outpost buildings. How about a dried up lake or spring? That'd be cool. Just let your imagination run wild with the most desolate environment you can think of. And take some pictures of it! I'd love to see them!



This awesome Kroot drawing was sent in by Grand Tournament veteran Jeremy Dale. Spectacular!

Dear Dirty Steve,

I was wondering if you had any news of Codex: Necrons. I love the models, but I have resisted playing them because they have virtually no history or background (and many consider this an affront to all things GW -- going as far as branding Necron Commanders as "General Cheesy"...). Every other army has an interesting background, theme, and storyline except these mechanized miscreants. Perhaps they could be a renegade subsect of the Adeptus Mechanicus who have prolonged their search for knowledge via robotic bodies. Perhaps they could be an ancient race of servitor beings who rose up and destroyed their masters, continuing a savage war based on ancient misguided orders. Perhaps they are evil cyborgs who sometimes wear syntha-skin to appear lively like Al Gore....

I represent a group of individuals who love the Necron models but want a cool background before we invest in the army. I've been a Games Workshop fanatic since the 80s, and this is the only army I've ever hesitated to play. Could you tell us a little about their background to set our minds at ease? Just a teaser could help.

Suddenly Seeking Necrons

San Antonio, Texas

*Here's a teaser for you...think Lovecraft. Ancient gods, supremely sinister. These guys are gonna be big, bad and outta control! VERY creepy guys! Though maybe not quite as creepy as Al Gore...*shudder**

See you next month!

Dirty.

Remember...rules questions are not for me, but for these guys:
roolzboyz@games-workshop.com
So don't even try it, meester!

Want to send a letter to the Mailbox?
Write me at: Games Workshop, Attn: Dirty Steve's Mailbox, 6721 Baymeadow Drive, Glen Burnie, MD 21060.
Or, send me some email at WhiteD@games-workshop.com, but remember to give me permission to print your emails.
I can't use them if you forget!

A series focusing on the races that threaten the safety of the Imperium of mankind

ULTIMATE PREDATOR

An investigation into the Genestealer menace

by Phil Kelly

The insidious threat of the Genestealer has spread like a plague across the galaxy, infecting thousands of worlds with the taint of the Tyranid race. Often the precursor to a major invasion, the extermination of these highly dangerous aliens wherever they are found is of utmost importance to the Imperium.

Physical Characteristics

As the first of the Tyranid organisms known to have been encountered by the Imperium, there is more documented information on the Genestealers' nature than any other species populating the grotesque armies of the hive fleets. The majority of Genestealers encountered thus far have exhibited similar behavioral patterns and near identical physiology. However, certain specimens have been found to have evolutionary biomorphs, showing categorically that Genestealers do not conform to a strict biological template. One of their most disturbing traits, that which gave rise to their name, is the ability to assimilate the genetic pattern of their host species.

Genestealers, like virtually all Tyranid organisms, are characterized by their six limbs and resilient carapace. They are bipedal, able to move with lightning speed on their reverse-jointed, clawed lower limbs. The upper sets of limbs are distinctly different, the foremost pair ending in razor-sharp claws capable of slicing through even Tactical Dreadnought armor (ref. MGP.Macragge. 1stComp.qv). Their secondary limbs are typically shaped like gnarled hands, allowing the Genestealer to manipulate objects, climb and even operate simple devices such as touch-panels. The number of digits differs depending on the parent organism. Despite their dexterity, these secondary limbs are still more than capable of ripping a limb from its socket. The thickly-muscled tail appears to be vestigial, although could aid the balance and agility shown by all variations of the species.

The color of the Genestealer varies depending on its parent hive fleet, specimens having been reported ranging from bone-white to jet black. Perhaps the most successful strain of Genestealers is typified by a blue-indigo coloration. This strain has been encountered on numerous space hulks and is possibly specifically nomadic; bio-engineered purely to infect new hosts.

A Genestealer's head is characteristically bulbous and houses a disproportionately large brain for such a single-minded creature. Its jaws are lined with viciously sharp teeth, all designed for ripping and tearing; like other Tyranids they only have incisors, not molars.

Within its maw is its reproductive apparatus, the ovipostor, through which the Genestealer implants its seed into a host. This takes the form of a thick, flexible proboscis that ends in a diamond-hard tip able to break through bone with relative ease. The throat of the Genestealer is thick with muscle allowing it to shoot the ovipostor from its mouth with incredible force and speed.

Their carapace, along with the density of their internal skeleton, typically thickens with body mass; a Genestealer whose host was Orkoid will typically be tougher than one born of Eldar gene-stock. Underneath this is the fibrous muscular sheath that can be compared to standard flak armor in terms of durability. These layers provide a considerable degree of protection; combined with their naturally tough physique it is possible for a Genestealer to charge headlong through a volley of lasgun fire and survive. As with other Tyranid organisms, they typically have an open circulatory system with haemolymph flooding the intercellular spaces. This system is host to unnumbered phage cells, believed by the Magos Biologis of New Hallefuss research facility to be digestive systems. These allow them to feed on the nutrient-rich end product of a Tyranid invasion. Closer investigation shows the phage cells to have a dual purpose, acting in a manner similar to fibrinogens in the human bloodstream and clotting the liquids that seep from any wounds that the Genestealer has suffered (ref.MBfl277.anticoagulant.hellfire.qv).

Another physiological anomaly that Genestealers display is the redundant respiratory and circulatory systems inherited from their host. Furthermore, they exhibit vestigial digestive systems. Some specimens even have complete stomachs, although these are superfluous given the efficiency of the phage cell. These expendable

systems allow the Genestealer to sustain considerable non-lethal damage and still function. It is widely known by Imperial forces that those coming into conflict with Genestealers should direct their fire towards the thorax and abdomen of the beasts, as even with several extremities missing they are still highly dangerous opponents.

Thanks to the capture of live Tyranid specimens by the Draco Legion of the Adeptus Astartes, it is known that Genestealers are able to feel pain and react adversely to its application, either becoming incredibly aggressive or cowed into temporary submission. Genestealers have a tremendous tolerance for cold, allowing them to survive in deep space, hidden within the bowels of the space hulks they typically infest. They are even able to survive in a vacuum for a short space of time. To truly exploit the space detritus it inhabits, a Genestealer has great longevity and also the ability to endure long periods without nourishment. A Genestealer can also enter a torpid state at will, lowering its metabolic rate dramatically. Therefore, they are able to survive long periods of inactivity and hardship until new prey enters their lair.

Home World

Due to the fact that the Genestealers were the first of the Tyranid organisms to be encountered, it was widely believed that the site of their discovery, the moons of Ymgarl, was their home world. The initial description of the Genestealer, by Sergeant Justus Miale, describes the creature as having six limbs, two of which culminated in clawed arms, aggressive and bipedal. The Ymgarl creature had a long muscular tail and a tough sinuous body. Its face was a mass of sensitive feelers and tendrils surrounding a circular mouth filled with inward-pointing teeth, although the ovipostor is practically identical.

An extensive post-exterminatus archaeology on the now barren surface of Ymgarl has revealed fossils of the Csith, a large leech-like organism that could well have been the preferred host for the Ymgarl Genestealer, thus explaining the differences in physiology.

Originally, Genestealers were thought to be indigenous lifeforms and, although the aliens were deadly they were believed to pose no real threat to the Imperium. Hence no active xenocidal campaign was undertaken at the time. However, it has since been ascertained that this is not the case. Genestealers were found in a number of distant locations in practically every Segmentum over the following centuries, including aboard an increasing number of drifting space hulks.

Shortly after this discovery, Hive Fleet Behemoth invaded from the galactic south-east. Entire armies of Genestealers were seen in the midst of the Tyranid forces at the Battle of Macragge, attacking in unstoppable waves, time and time again overwhelming even the most well-defended locations with their speed and unwavering ferocity.

A vigorous investigation by the Inquisition, commissioned by Inquisitor Kryptmann, subsequently discovered that the Genestealer is a vanguard organism; the precursor to a full-scale Tyranid attack. This explained their presence aboard the space hulks, immense agglomerations of debris and wrecked craft that float ponderously through the warp, periodically reappearing in real space. Most space hulks are empty, lifeless shells. However, a significant number have been found to contain rare and archaic machinery, or relics from the Dark Age of Technology. Such a prize is without price, and no amount of risk is unjustified in its retrieval. As a result, Explorators, treasure hunters and pioneers have been known to board a space hulk in the hope of uncovering such devices. Unfortunately they often uncover nests of Genestealers, which proceed to impregnate them before allowing them to return to civilized worlds. In this manner the Genestealer spreads the Tyranid infection across the galaxy.

Combat Capabilities

Genestealers do not rely purely on their deadly speed and vicious, ripping

claws to defeat their enemies. They are possessed of considerable intelligence, comparable to that of *Lupus Fenrisii*, and are able to coordinate stealthy attacks and set traps when hunting their prey. It is postulated that they convey information telepathically, since no other form of communication has been observed thus far. This 'brood intelligence' is thought to be akin to the gestalt consciousness of the Hive Mind, only on a far smaller scale. The Genestealer brood can therefore act as an autonomous unit, able to function light years away from the synapse control of the larger Tyranid creatures.

Much of the Imperium's information on the combat abilities of the Genestealer has been supplied by the 1st Company of the Blood Angels. They have performed numerous expeditions into the depths of space hulks such as *Spawn of Execration, Charybdis, Immeasurable Hatred, Sin of Damnation* and *Harbinger of Despair*. Decorated with the Blood Star after his success in leading missions into the heart of two of the aforementioned hulks, Captain Lorenzo of the Blood Angels has filed comprehensive reports on the tactics used by these aliens and the lethal threat they pose.

The Genestealer will not hibernate until it is absolutely familiar with its surroundings, including in-depth knowledge of the ventilation systems, sewers and other crawlways that surround the space hulk's corridors. In this way they can surround and ambush their prey, whose knowledge of the spaceship's labyrinthine passageways is often woefully inadequate. This allows them to close incredibly rapidly, denying their foe the opportunity to cut them down with ranged weaponry. Once the Genestealer is in close combat, it utilizes its clawed forelimbs to rip apart its opponents. The three claws on each forelimb are incredibly sharp and diamond-hard, able to slice through bulkheads and cut through the thickest armor. Combined with the awesome strength afforded by the efficiency of the Genestealer's musculature, it is quite feasible for a Genestealer to rip its way through the side of a Chimera to get to the troops inside. The survivors of a Genestealer attack are inevitably heavily armed, forewarned and well-trained, or a host carrying purestrain seed.

Although the characteristic claws of the Genestealer are its primary weapons, certain variations in the xenomorph's form have been reported across the galaxy. Long, stabbing talons occasionally replace the Genestealer's secondary limbs, and several specimens have been found on Ork-infested hulks with thicker carapaces. In 234921.M41, a Genestealer was captured that carried virulent inorganic poisons and haemotoxins in sac-like pouches on is arms. Another known genus can shoot thick, barbed strands of sinew into their victims to keep them from moving freely as the Genestealer closes in for the kill. These 'flesh hooks' are dispatched from the ribcage by a sharp intercostal muscle spasm, and can also aid the xenomorph in climbing walls and other vertical surfaces. Presumably these traits are either inherited in part from the host species, or bioengineered by the Hive Mind in its eternal quest for ever more deadly soldier-organisms.

Technology

Genestealers have evolved specifically to fill a close assault niche. No specimens have been reported as possessing any of the biological weapon-symbiotes typical of Tyranid Warriors. As with all of the Hive Mind species, what technology they do have is purely biological, advances such as the aforementioned flesh hooks more than compensating for their lack of conventional equipment.

Threat Index and Imperial Policy

The Imperium no longer underestimates the threat posed by Genestealers, and their extermination has been given the highest priority.

If a single Genestealer or even an organism carrying the alien's seed is allowed to reach an inhabited world, they can infect its populace with

alarming speed, quickly spreading genetic corruption and unthinking devotion to the father organism (ref.MD346.Coratinorum.int.qv). This will eventually result in a clique of hybridized slaves, ranging from a small coterie to a major rebellion. Once this has attained significant size, the collective psychic resonations of the cult's members shine like a beacon through the warp, attracting the rest of the hive fleet. In this manner the Genestealers ensure that their parent hive is guided to areas of plentiful biomass and abundance of suitable prey species. Without a populous planet the cult cannot spread; the psychic signature of the Genestealers remains dim, and the hive fleet does not expend valuable energies journeying to barren or sparsely populated systems.

The efficiency of this approach is without question, as Genestealers have been encountered across the length and breadth of the galaxy. The Imperium has long since realized that the destruction of Genestealer infestations wherever they are found is of the greatest importance, as it could feasibly prevent entire hive fleets from descending upon a system. Space hulks are boarded whenever they appear by squads of Space Marine Terminators, who will not stop until they have either eradicated every sign of Genestealer infection from the craft or have all perished in the attempt. The High Lords of Terra have issued an unprecedented eighty-two decrees ordering the Genestealers' extinction via the most extreme methods available to them. In point of fact, Exterminatus, whereby all signs of life are scoured from a planet via the use of powerful cyclonic torpedoes, is thought to be the only truly effective method of dealing with a Genestealer infestation. The Imperium shows no hesitation in the use of this apocalyptic tactic. Even an unconfirmed rumor is enough to merit an extended investigation, but one confirmed sighting is enough to warrant Exterminatus. In 345087.M39, the Salamanders Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes finally used this method to cleanse Ymgarl and its moons of any sign of life, but by then this was just one world among hundreds that harbored the alien threat.

When a Tyranid invasion is underway, the military might of entire Segmentums is mobilized to repel it in all-out war. Only with total commitment, sacrifice and dedication can Imperial troops ever hope to stem the tide of a hive fleet. The Tyranids are so pure of purpose that they cannot ever be bargained with, diverted or exploited, and Genestealers exemplify this.

Social Structure

Amongst such a single-minded race as the Tyranids, Genestealers have an unusually complex and advanced social structure once their infection

FIRST CONTACT

+++ EXCERPT +++

"Trojan lunar research base hadn't responded for well over two days and, as usual, I got the short straw. Me and the boys got up there as quick as we could given the circumstances, but I reckoned we were probably too late. Anders' reports are usually tiresomely punctual. So I made sure that we were fully equipped, and we took every weapon we could lay our hands on.

Leaving the shuttle, we tried close range vox-contact, but still we got nothing. Guardsman Atrai kept telling us they were simply absent without leave, the constant ennui or those damned Csith-leeches eventually driving them away from that barren hellhole. I'm a little less green, so I had my lasgun up and ready when the first one came for us.

A sinuous, many-limbed xenomorph, with a nest of tentacles instead of a face, sprinted from the shadows. It was hissing, and it moved so fast that I knew pretty quickly that I only had one shot. I made it count, luckily, and the thing stumbled. That brought my squad enough time to flame it and put it down; it stopped writhing eventually. We bagged it up... it was larger than a man, and six-limbed like an insect. It had an exoskeleton, but the rest of it was leathery and moist. Thin strands of mucous drifted from its tendril-mouth. It was the ugliest son of a grox I have ever set eyes on. As we were carrying it back to the shuttle, it came to life again, its claws ripping through the thin plastic and eviscerating Guardsman Horast. We dropped it like a hot stone and fell back, that oaf Gulao hosing it down with so much burning promethium that the guys in the lab would have found out precious little had we stopped to scoop up the remains. I made sure he took point.

The research station was deserted. Only in the refectory was there any sign of a struggle: there was some kind of barricade over the far door but it had been smashed apart. We found Sigsman's body in there. He'd hung himself from the pipes with his own belt. Some of the guys were getting a little freaked out, but since Gulao had toasted our original catch, we had no real choice but to move into the network of tunnels beneath the base.

We found Anders down there, just standing there, stock still. He was facing away from us, peering down the dark tunnel. He wasn't responding. I span him round, possibly a little too forcefully. His eyes were empty, staring up at us with no hint of recognition, and his face was ringed by small discs of discolored flesh.

I heard something dropping down behind us. Pretty much the whole squad had crowded round to see what was wrong with Anders, so the first they knew of the second xenomorph's attack was a bloodcurdling scream from Guardsman Hadio. It was cut off sharply as a three-clawed hand burst through his neck. Gulao turned only to get a face full of tentacles, they whipped around his head and stuck fast. We shot the damn thing anyway. It kind of shuddered for a second and then fell off Gulao, ichor seeping from a dozen wounds in its torso. Gulao was in shock, but to my astonishment it hadn't killed him.

I'd had enough, so I ordered the evacuation. We had our specimen, genuinely dead this time, and we had Anders. Needless to say we made all speed back to the shuttle and left immediately. I recommend further investigation, despite the fact that quarantine didn't pick up any contagion in that last check. I just have this feeling in my gut... "

+++ EXCERPT ENDS +++

has been allowed to spread. At a fundamental level, a purestrain Genestealer brood is uncomplicated by such nuances, with no one alien having any more importance than another. Just as a group of biological cells or a swarm of insects, they function in perfect unison, lacking the concept of self. However, if a single Genestealer has successfully impregnated a target on a populated world, a bizarre and perverse family structure grows up around it, ensuring its safety and ascendancy as the nexus of the resultant cult.

The Genestealer responsible for the initial infection implants its egg into a Human, or indeed any other creature. The Genestealer's gaze has a hypnotic effect on its prey, allowing it to close in and implant an egg beneath the skin. In fact 'egg' is something of a misnomer; it actually acts more like a cancer, altering the host's genetic structure and, in particular, its reproductive system. The victim itself is not subject to any debilitating effects, actually increasing in strength and health as the infection takes root. When the victim mates, its offspring will be hybrids – part Human, part Genestealer. The hybrid child does not consume its parent, as with more inefficient parasites. One of the changes wrought by the infection is the absorption of part of the host creature's brain. During this foul process the parent is shorn of any free will, reduced to the role of slave to its unborn child. Once the infant is born, the parent will go to any length, even suicide, to protect its offspring. In the parent's mind, the child is hale and hearty, a specimen of physical perfection. In reality, it is a repugnant, mewling crossbreed, discolored features twisted into a fanged mask. This mockery of the family unit is incredibly disturbing – a message from the Great Devourer that even ties of kith and kin will be consumed and assimilated by the Hive Mind.

The offspring of these unholy unions then interbreed, flocking together in the darkness until a sizeable cult surrounds the purestrain Genestealer at its center. This patriarchal figure grows older and larger on the adulation and support of its cult, becoming even more grotesque and developing a level of intelligence comparable to that of a human. More and more hybrids are born, with varying degrees of genetic corruption. Some could even pass for human, although they have a marked tendency toward hairlessness and heavy bone structure, and their stare is extremely unsettling. Others may bear close resemblance to their forefather, and a rare few are born as true Genestealers. Needless to say, the degree of mutation is not an issue among the cultists; the procreation of their hideous group overcoming all feelings of revulsion or propriety.

Many of these hybrids are able to exercise the human intelligence stolen from their genestock, learning quickly how to utilize conventional weaponry and infiltrating military and political institutions to further the aims of the sect. Worshipping their Patriarch as a god, they stop at nothing in their corruption of the dominant command structure. To this end, leaders of the cult direct their purestrain brood-kin to impregnate influential figures within the local authorities and planetary defense forces. Those implanted subsequently lose all free will, lying, murdering and blackmailing to further their power, the better to tear down organizations from within when their true masters descend from the stars.

When the cult has grown to significant size, the psychic beacon that emanates from the cult's Patriarch ensures that a hive fleet will finally descend upon the doomed world. As the cult comes into range of the Hive Queen's psychic control, it becomes utterly subservient to the Tyranid invasion, and the underground cult will explode in bloody and violent revolution. This uprising is sometimes contained by the ruling forces, but usually by the time the Tyranid fleet arrives, the victim world's defenses are rife with confusion and insurrection. The destruction of the cult is of no consequence to the Hive Mind, but this devastating preliminary attack can cripple the world's defenses even before the first mycetic spore enters the atmosphere.

Genestealer Brood **Genofixed species**

	Pts/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Genestealer	16	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	6+

Brood: The brood consists of between 6 and 12 Genestealers.

Bio-weapons: Genestealers have rending claws. Depending on the host species, Genestealers show occasional mutability and the whole brood may be equipped with up to one bio-weapon or biomorph enhancement chosen from the following list at the points cost indicated per model.

- *Scything talons (+1A) 6 pts*
- *Flesh hooks 2 pts*
- *Implant attack 4 pts*
- *Toxin sacs (+1S) 6 pts*
- *Extended carapace (+1Save) 3pts*

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltrate: Genestealers are intelligent and stealthy. They will take advantage of any opportunity to creep closer to their prey before springing ferociously into the attack. To represent this, Genestealers may *infiltrate* in scenarios where the Infiltrate scenario special rule is being used. If the mission does not allow units to use the Infiltrate rules then the Genestealers must set up normally with the rest of the army.

Brood Telepathy: Genestealers have their own brood telepathy which allows them to function independently without the influence of the hive mind. Because of this, Genestealer broods outside the range of any Synapse creatures do not use the Instinctive Behavior rules and instead take Morale checks and Pinning tests just like ordinary troops.

ICHAR IV: THE COMING OF HIVE FLEET KRAKEN

Over two hundred years after Hive Fleet Behemoth, the initial incursion of Tyranids into the galaxy, certain members of the Adeptus Administratum began to question the necessity of maintaining such a powerful military presence in the galactic south-east. Reports of terrorism and revolution were cited as symptoms of civil unrest due to the rancor of a populace living in the conditions of an armed camp. However, the most vocal of those to espouse these theories and recommend the withdrawal of military presence from the sector were either from these same regions or had traveled there at some point. Fearing subversion, the Inquisition ordered an investigation, fully expecting to find evidence of heresy. This began with a purge of all who had been in contact with the worlds of the eastern fringes, with tens of thousands incarcerated to stop any possible infection spreading. Although this met with success, the Inquisition eventually uncovered the most widely-spread Genestealer infection to have plagued a civilized world.

Ichar IV, the hub of an industrial system vital to the Imperium, was the first world to come under the vigilant eye of the Inquisition. Years before, a religious sect, known as the Brotherhood, had caught the hearts of hundreds of workers with its promise of the Emperor's return and a place at his side. The Brotherhood's charity and mercy became widely known, and their authenticity seemed unimpeachable even when under full-scale investigation by the Ecclesiarchy. They appeared to have commendable faith in the Emperor, and were ultimately granted the right to build the Cathedral of True Faith in the center of Lomas, Ichar IV's capital city.

Shortly after its completion, civil unrest started to bubble to the surface, and Brotherhood preachers whipped the populace into a zealous frenzy with word of the Emperor's imminent arrival. Rioting broke out and the Adeptus Arbites were called in to restore order, but were fired upon from hidden gun nests in the Cathedral. Great mobs of howling rebels fell upon them and they were forced back. When the Arbites requested back-up from the Planetary Defense Force, most of them rebelled, reinforcing the followers of the Brotherhood and plunging the city and ultimately every other on Ichar IV into civil war. The tendrils of corruption reached far and deep, and each and every official was assassinated, be it by a sniper's rifle or a Genestealer's claws. The Brotherhood announced the new theocratic government a month before the first of the Inquisition arrived.

Inquisitor Agmar wasted no time in getting to the root of the problem, correctly surmising that the rebellion was a well-orchestrated plot and requesting the assistance of the Ultramarines chapter from nearby Macragge. In the interim, Agmar led several raids into the heart of the Brotherhood's territory as total war raged throughout the cities. Each new expedition uncovered more about the true nature of the Brotherhood, and when Inquisitor Agmar finally uncovered a brood-nest, his worst suspicions were confirmed.

The next few months saw a major Imperial offensive launched all over Lomas, with the forces of the Ultramarines deploying straight into the seething heart of the Brotherhood's forces. A strike force of twenty Terminators was teleported straight into the nave of the Cathedral of True Faith, and cut a swathe through the assembled acolytes. A counter-attack was quickly mounted, all semblance of Humanity disappearing from the Brotherhood's forces as a howling tide of hybrids, degenerates and cultists fought back with suicidal frenzy. The Terminators were resolute, however, and pressed on into the shadowy crypts of the cathedral.

The rotten heart of the Brotherhood headquarters was a network of dank tunnels, disgorging wave after wave of ravening Genestealers toward the Ultramarines. Scores were cut down by the Terminators' weapons, heavy flamers preventing flank attacks; the Ultramarines had fought this foe in the confined tunnels of space hulks many times before. The Genestealers' numbers seemed near infinite, and the Terminators fell one by one until there was barely a handful left. Nevertheless, they pressed on, eventually penetrating through to a massive vaulted chamber with ribbed walls arching far above, and moist, chitinous protuberances jutting from every surface. In its center sat the bloated, sickening form of the cult's Patriarch, the first Genestealer to spread the infection to this blighted world. A horde of monstrosities poured towards the Terminators, the true-born of the cult, and battle was joined. The Librarian of the Ultramarines squad fought his way to the Patriarch, every nuance of will forcing him on against impossible odds. Unable to best the lightning-fast creature in hand-to-hand combat, the Librarian commanded his men to open fire on them both, a maelstrom of storm bolter shells ricocheting from the Librarian's armor but detonating in the vulnerable areas of the Patriarch's swollen flesh. The Librarian took the opportunity afforded by the distraction to slay the Patriarch with his force axe. With its death, the brood was thrown into confusion and subsequently slaughtered by the Terminators.

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Ichar IV was under Imperial control within the month. However, both the Ultramarines Librarian and the Astropaths of the system felt the Patriarch's death scream resonate throughout the warp, and some even claimed to feel a subtle change, a distant shift in the noisome currents of the Immaterium.

Less than a fortnight later, the full force of the Great Devourer fell upon the Eastern Fringes as Hive Fleet Kraken began to consume everything in its path.

Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend Andy Chambers has been busy overseeing his underlings' work on Codex Necrons recently, but found time this month to expand the ever-growing archives of Chapter Approved. Andy Hoare, one of Games Development's new boys, has taken a break from the all-consuming horror of the Necron threat and turned his attention to the jungle-dwelling Kroot.

PRESENTED BY ANDY CHAMBERS

Greetings loyal citizens and welcome to this month's Chapter Approved. This issue sees Scrivener Hoare bringing us details of a new alien force selling their mercenary services across the warzones of the galaxy. Adept Hoare is currently under observation by the Inquisitors of the Ordo Xenos for his traffic with such creatures, but also brings us details of an addendum to that mighty tome the Codex Astartes, in the form of a codex revision for the Dark Angels.

KROOT MERCENARIES by Andy Hoare

"Do not reject out of hand the mercenary. Consider that each one of these scum is worth three to you: one more on your side, one less on your foe's side, and one more worker in your ordnance smithies."

Magnate-General Constantine Beaumont, 23lst Viscount of the Argentium IV General Staff

The Kroot are expert jungle-fighters and trackers, who can be found fighting as mercenaries across the Ultima Segmentum and beyond. The majority of Kroot warriors fight as mercenaries in the armies of the Tau. Their integration into the Tau empire requires them to provide troops to the Tau military and, furthermore, attempts to prohibit them from fighting alongside the armies of other races.

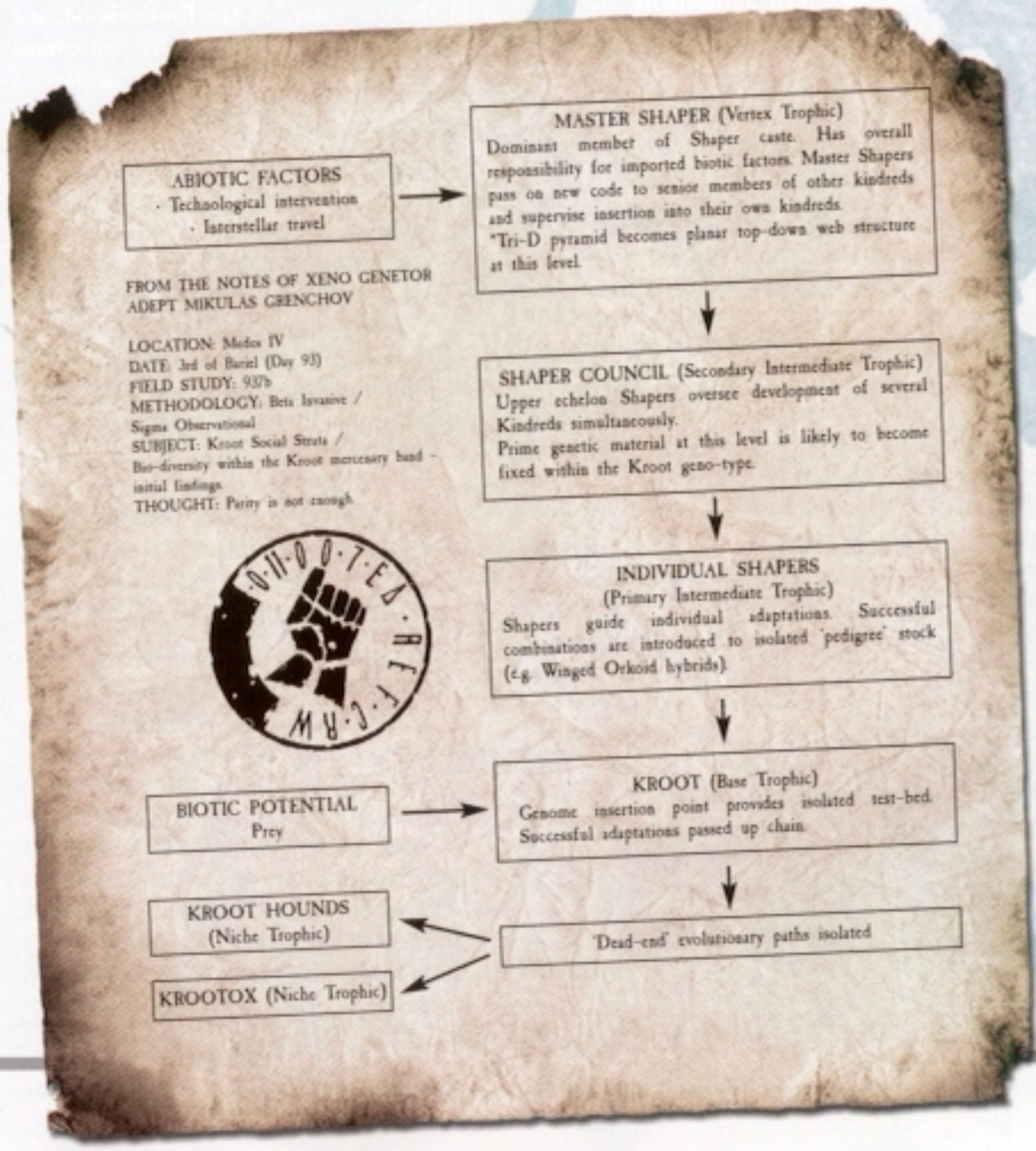
Kroot evolution depends on their absorbing the genetic traits of other races, selectively inheriting the most desirable. They do this through eating specific prey animals to ensure that the next generation take on certain characteristics of that animal. Unfortunately, the Tau insistence that the Kroot fight exclusively for them would lead to a disastrous stagnation, as they have absorbed the traits of most of the creatures from within the Tau region. To collect as wide a range of characteristics as possible, they secretly despatch entire armies of mercenaries to fight alongside other races in order to expose themselves to creatures and environments not found in Tau space.

The result is that each of these mercenary bands develops separately to the mainstream of Kroot society. When they periodically return to the Kroot home world of Pech, they bring with them a wealth of new traits to be absorbed by the race at large. These itinerant bands often appear radically different from the standard Kroot, having absorbed all manner of outlandish genetic data.

KROOT SOCIETY

Kroot society is based on the kindred, and each mercenary army mirrors this in its organization. The kindred fulfills the battlefield role of a squad, but represents something far more fundamental. A kindred is an extended family group that develops together under the direction of the Shaper, an individual who is able to guide the group down a particular evolutionary path by determining their diet.

Senior Shapers form councils, whose role is to oversee a group of kindreds, thus insuring a level of homogeneity within the species. An individual known as the Master Shaper, who sits at the top of this pyramid-shaped organization and guides it in all matters, leads each council. Kroot mercenary armies are led by Master Shapers who seek the infinite variety of the galaxy, leading their kindreds into every warzone imaginable in an effort to absorb the abilities of the lifeforms occupying those war-torn areas.



KROOT MERCENARY SPECIAL RULES

There are two ways to use Kroot Mercenaries in your games of Warhammer 40,000. The first way is to use a number of Kroot squads as auxiliaries to your main force. In order to do this you must first have filled all of the compulsory force selection criteria applicable to the mission with your main army. Furthermore, you may not include more Kroot squads than you have Troops choices in your own army. For example, in a Standard Missions game you must take an HQ and two Troop choices for your army before filling any additional force organization slots with Kroot Mercenaries. In this example, you could choose any two Kroot Mercenary squads.The following armies may **NOT** make use of Kroot Mercenaries:

Space Marines, Necrons, Sisters of Battle, Tau, Tyranids.

After all compulsory slots have been filled the following units may be added to your army from the Kroot Mercenaries list:

0-1 HQ choices
0-1 Elites choices
0-2 Troops choices
0-1 Fast Attack choices
0-1 Heavy Support choices

In games of 2,000+ points, instead of making the above additions, a second detachment may be chosen from the Kroot Mercenary list.

The second way to field Mercenary Kroot is as an army on their own. If you take this option you will be rewarded with a highly individual force tailored to your playing and modeling styles in a way few armies can match. Having said this, the Kroot are far and away better off fighting battles using the Jungle Fighting rules. In this respect they make an excellent adversary for the Catachan Jungle Fighters and are quite capable of taking on just about anyone in this environment. Be warned, though, if you field a Kroot Mercenary army in 'normal' conditions you will need quite a lot of troops; especially if you plan a headlong charge into Space Marine bolter range!

Strategy Rating: To represent the fact that the Mercenaries fight when and where someone else tells them to, they use the following chart to determine Strategy Rating when fighting on their own:

D6 roll	Strategy Rating
1-3	1
4-5	2
6	3

Eaters of the Dead: Kroot are extremely voracious carnivores and will often let a defeated enemy escape while they feast on the flesh of the fallen. Master Shapers and Shapers, and squads led by them MUST consolidate, as it is their responsibility to ensure that the bodies of the fallen enemy are not wasted.

Fieldcraft: Kroot are naturally adept in arboreal environments and gain +1 to their cover save in woods or jungles. Kroot in woods or jungles do not have to make a difficult terrain test, they can always make a normal move. If they do not move in the Movement phase, they may see and shoot through 12" of woods or jungle terrain rather than the 6" that would normally be the case.

Mercenary Kroot advance through a rocky valley.

Infiltrate: If the squad does not contain a Krootox, it may infiltrate if the mission permits it. See the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for the Infiltrate scenario special rules.

Kroot Hounds and Krootox: Some squads may have Kroot Hounds or Krootox attached. They count as a single unit and must keep normal coherency. Both Kroot Hounds and Krootox gain the benefit of the adaptations and rules of the parent Kroot unit.

KROOT HOUND SPECIAL RULES

Release the Hounds: Whilst the Kroot themselves rarely pursue a beaten enemy, the Kroot Hounds will pursue viciously for a while before returning to their unit. If the enemy fall back from close combat with a Kroot unit, each Kroot Hound will inflict a single automatic Strength 4 hit.

KROOTOX SPECIAL RULES

Attached Herd: Krootox whose parent Carnivore squad falls back will accompany it. If the entire Kroot Carnivore squad is wiped out, the Krootox will disperse and are removed as casualties. Krootox will move with their parent unit at the same speed, each staying within 2" of a Kroot. If the combined unit is engaged in close combat then the Krootox fight as if they were part of the parent unit.

Note: The Krootox only has a Toughness of 3 for determining whether a weapon is capable of inflicting an instant kill, so weapons of Strength 6 or higher will kill them outright. In practice the blast will have killed the Kroot rider, leaving the Krootox to wander off harmlessly. Remove the model as a casualty.

HYPERACTIVE NYMUNE ORGAN ADAPTION

Certain kindreds can purchase the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at an additional points cost. This ability allows the model to Fleet of Foot. In the shooting phase you may declare that a model is going to run instead of shoot. Roll a D6. The result is the distance the unit may move in that shooting phase. This move is unaffected by difficult terrain or any other shooting restrictions.

SIGNATURE EVOLUTIONARY ADAPTATIONS

If you are fielding an army consisting entirely of Mercenary Kroot, rather than taking them as mercenaries for another force, then you may purchase a special Evolutionary Adaptation. You may choose a single Signature Evolutionary Adaptation for your Mercenary Kroot army. This represents the specific evolutionary path on which the Master Shaper has led his band, directing them to feed on specific prey in order to gain the characteristics of the creatures native to the warzones in which the band must fight. Choose one adaptation from the list below, and apply it to every Kroot in the army. Krootox and Kroot Hounds do not benefit from these signature adaptations.

Bold: By concentrating on hunting prey known for its courageousness, the squad adds +1 to its Leadership characteristic, up to a maximum of 10.
Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Chameleon: Having feasted upon the flesh of chameleonic reptiles, the band has gained a limited ability to blend into its surroundings. All models have a 6+ cover save when in the open.
Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Fast Reflexes: Many creatures rely on their fast reactions to avoid predators, and this band has inherited some of this speed. All models have +1 Initiative.
Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Nocturnal: The band has inherited excellent night vision and may re-roll the dice to determine how far it can see in a Night Fighting Mission.
Points cost: +1 per Kroot

Ork Hybrid: Often referred to as 'Green Kroot', all models increase their Toughness by +1. Strength 8 is needed to Instant Kill models with this adaptation.
Points cost: +2 per Kroot
+5 per Shaper & Master Shaper

Sixth Sense: These Kroot display an unnerving ability to predict imminent danger. If targeted by any template, blast or ordnance blast weapon, models under the template count as being partially covered – therefore only hit on a D6 roll of 4+ (including flamer hits which do not usually allow partial hits).
Points cost: +2 per Kroot

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

In missions that use the Sentries scenario special rule, 8 Kroot warriors with no Evolutionary Adaptations are used as the sentries.

KROOT MERCENARY ARMORY

Kroot mercenary armies fight alongside a score of races across a thousand war-zones. As payment for their services these Kroot often obtain weapons not available to them when fighting alongside the Tau.

Shapers and Master Shapers may have up to two single-handed weapons, or one single-handed weapon and one two-handed weapon, chosen from the list below. You may also pick up to 40 points of extra wargear for each Shaper, and 80 points for the Master Shaper. Items marked with an asterisk (*) may be taken only by a Master Shaper and Shaper Council members.

Those weapons not described in this army list may be found in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

SINGLE-HANDED WEAPONS

Close combat weapon	1 pt
Bolt pistol	2 pts
Slugga	1 pts
Splinter pistol	1 pts
Shuriken pistol	2 pts
Power weapon	15 pts

TWO-HANDED WEAPONS

Bolter	2 pts
Splinter rifle	2 pts
Shuriken catapult	2 pts
Shoota	2 pts
Meltagun*	13 pts
Plasma gun*	15 pts
Flamer	6 pts
Storm bolter	5 pts
Eviscerator (a powerfist with 2D6 armor pen.)	25 pts

WARGEAR

Melta bombs	6 pts
Krak grenades	2 pts
Frag grenades	1 pt
Auspex	2 pts

TOTEMS

Kroothawk totem* (max one per army, all-Kroot Mercenary armies only)	25 pts
Veneration charm	15 pts
Mark of the Favored Child* (max one per army)	25 pts
Surefoot charm	10 pts
Blood of the Stalker	20 pts

KROOT MERCENARY WARGEAR

KROOT RIFLE: A basic slug-thrower relying on chemical propellants and the transfer of kinetic energy, adapted by the Tau to fire a charged pulse round supplied by them. The Kroot rifle is fitted with blades near the muzzle and stock. These are a throwback to early traditional Kroot fighting staves. The incredible hand speed that a Kroot possesses due to its unique musculature makes these blades effective assault weapons and Kroot with Kroot rifles accordingly count as having an additional close combat weapon. The Kroot rifle is a two-handed weapon, and therefore cannot be combined with another weapon in close combat.

SPLINTER RIFLE: This two handed weapon is fitted with similar spikes to the Kroot rifle, and when used by the Kroot confers an extra attack in close combat. The same restrictions regarding the use of additional close combat weapons apply.

KROOT GUN: The Kroot gun is a larger, unwieldy version of the Kroot rifle, lashed to the back of the Krootox and fired in battle by the rider.

KROOT HUNTING RIFLE: This is a variant on the standard Kroot weapon, and counts as a sniper rifle. The additional close combat attack granted by the spiked attachments is lost.

Weapon	Range	Str	AP	Type	Notes
Kroot rifle	24"	4	6	Rapid Fire	See above
Kroot gun	48"	7	4	Rapid Fire	
Kroot hunting rifle	36"	X	6	Heavy 1	Sniper rifle

AUSPEX: An auspex is a short-ranged scanner used to detect hidden troops. If enemy infiltrators set up within 4D6" of a model with an auspex, then that model is allowed to take a 'free' shot at them (or sound the alarm in a Raid scenario). If the model is part of a unit, then the whole squad may shoot. These shots are taken before the game begins and may cause the infiltrators to fall back. The normal shooting rules apply.

TOTEMS

KROOTHAWK TOTEM: A fetish used in ancestor worship ceremonies providing foresight and wisdom. You may re-roll the dice to determine who gets the first turn of the game.

VENERATION CHARM: Valuable tools and possessions are often placed in the case of the Shaper's ancestors, who he prays will guide him in their use. A veneration charm must be applied to a specific weapon carried by the character and counts the weapon as master-crafted. A master-crafted weapon follows the normal rules, except that you may re-roll one failed To Hit roll per turn for an attack made by the master-crafted weapon. Note that you may not master-craft grenades.

MARK OF THE FAVORED CHILD: The ancestors have clearly marked this character as bound for great things. The character gains a 4+ Invulnerable save.

SUREFOOT CHARM: This charm often takes the form of a wind-chime or cluster of small bells adorning the Shaper's rifle barrel. The sound made by the charm, although unnoticeable to other races, allows the Shaper's kindred to follow his lead when stalking the enemy. The character and any squad he joins may roll two dice and pick the highest when rolling to Fleet of Foot using the hyper active nymune organ adaptation, picking the highest result to determine the distance moved.

BLOOD OF THE STALKER: Some kindreds daub themselves with the blood of local predators before battle. This has the effect of augmenting their already prodigious ambush skills. In missions where the Kroot can infiltrate, the character and his kindred may deploy D6" closer to the enemy than indicated in the scenario set-up instructions. For example, in a Recon mission, infiltrators may set-up anywhere outside of 18" from the enemy. The Blood of the Stalker allows the unit to deploy anywhere outside of 12" to 17" from the enemy, depending on the roll.

HEADQUARTERS

1 MASTER SHAPER ..... 38 POINTS

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Master Shaper	38	4	3	4	3	3	4	3	10	5+
Kroot Hound	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	8	6+

Equipment: Kroot rifle. He may replace this with, or choose additional items from, the Armory.

Options: The Master Shaper may be accompanied by up to 2 Kroot Hounds.

Independent Character: The Master Shaper is an independent character and follows all of the independent character special rules as given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Evolutionary Adaptations: The nymune organ regulates the Kroot metabolism, and the Shapers often manipulate this in order to boost the energy levels of the warriors. The Master Shaper may receive the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at +5 points. This allows him to use the Fleet of Foot rules.

If he is not accompanied by Kroot Hounds and has not taken the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation, he may be given wings at +15 points. See the Vulture Kindred entry for details of this adaptation.

Minor Psyker Abilities
One of the roles of the Master Shaper within Kroot society is to provide a focus for the practice of ancestor worship. Those individuals with a particular gift may gain the blessings of their long-departed predecessors and manifest shamanistic powers.

If both players agree to their use then the Master Shaper may purchase Minor Psyker Powers, paying for them from his wargear allowance. Details of these powers can be found in Chapter Approved, page 94, White Dwarf 257.

A Master Shaper rules over a mercenary band. He negotiates contracts with employers, leads his warriors in battle and directs their evolutionary development. He will often be armed with the most valuable equipment available, bartered or looted from the many warzones his band has served in.

0-1 SHAPER COUNCIL ..... 30 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Shaper	30	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	9	5+
Kroot Hound	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	8	6+

Squad: The Council consists of 3 to 5 Shapers.

Equipment: Kroot rifle. The Council members may replace their rifles with, or take additional items from, the Armory.

Options: Two Kroot Hounds may be taken for each Shaper.

Evolutionary Adaptations: All Council members must receive the same adaptations.

The Council Members may receive the Hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at +4 points per member, allowing them to use the Fleet of Foot rules. The Kroot Hounds receive this adaption for free.

If the Council are not given the hyperactive nymune organ and are not accompanied by Kroot Hounds they may be given wings at +10 points per member. See the Vulture Kindred entry for details of this adaptation.

A Shaper Council sits below the Master Shaper in the chain of command within a mercenary band. Each Council member is responsible for a number of kindreds, coordinating their evolution with the other members of the band to obtain the desired mix of skills and abilities. The Council can be a fearsome adversary as, like the Master Shaper, they have access to a wide range of weapons and equipment.

ELITES

HEADHUNTER KINDRED ..... 10 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	10	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 10-20 Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot rifle.

Options: The entire kindred may be equipped with frag grenades at the cost of +1 point per model.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of +21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armory.

Evolutionary Adaptations: Having fed upon the most poisonous of creatures, these Kroot may choose to attack with either their basic strength or with their special poison attack. If they choose to use their poison attack, then they may make a single attack (even if they assault) that will always wound on a 4+ (armor saves are allowed as normal).

The entire squad may receive the hyperactive nymune organ adaptation at +2 points per member. This allows them to use the Fleet of Foot rules. All squad members must receive the adaptation.

These Kroot are the result of their predecessors feeding upon the most poisonous creatures they could hunt. They are capable of spitting a highly corrosive acid at close range, burning the exposed flesh of their foes and causing horrific injuries.

HEAVY SUPPORT

Some bands have access to the Kroot hunting rifle; a variant of the standard Kroot rifle adapted to fire longer range and more precise ammunition. These weapons are often fielded by small squads who can provide covering fire for their fellow Kroot as they advance across the battlefield.

0-1 HUNTER KINDRED ..... 8 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	8	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The kindred numbers 5-10 Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot hunting rifle.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of + 21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armory.

Krootox Herders lead their charges into battle, laying down a devastating volley of fire from the Kroot guns mounted on the Krootox's back. They are also brutal close combat opponents who most enemy troops will avoid at all costs.

KROOTOX HERD ..... 8 POINTS PER MODEL

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot	8	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	8	6+
Shaper	+21	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	8	6+
Krootox	50	4	3	6	3(5)	3	3	3	8	6+

Squad: The herd numbers 10-20 Kroot and **must** contain at least half as many Krootox as there are Kroot, up to a maximum of one Krootox for every Kroot.

Equipment: Kroot rifle. Krootox are armed with a Kroot gun.

Character: One Kroot **must** be upgraded to a Shaper at an additional cost of + 21 pts. Some Shapers carry weaponry gifted by their employers and may choose additional equipment from the Armory.

Being native to a world largely covered in forests and jungles, the Kroot have learned the value of luring their foes into a well-prepared trap. They will often set up these stake-filled pits well in advance of a battle and draw their enemy towards them using a specifically selected 'bait' squad.

PUNJI TRAPS ..... 15 POINTS PER TRAP

	Str	AP
Punji Pit	4	6

Set Up: Punji traps are set up using the special rules that can be found on page 21 of Codex Catachans. Between 1 and 5 traps may be set up as a single Heavy Support choice.

Ignore Cover Saves: Punji traps ignore cover saves.

Pinning: Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from a punji trap must test for pinning.

Special rules: Punji traps are generally a small pit containing sharp stakes and covered with foliage. Place the small Blast marker over the model that triggered the trap so that the hole in the marker is over the model. Any models fully under the Blast marker are hit automatically, and any partially under are hit on a 4+.

A Kroot Mercenary warband assists the Imperial Guard in staving off an Eldar assault.

FILE: W:
REF: Terra/OrdXen/830740322.
AUTHOR: Aide Secondus to the Bureau of External Threat Evaluation and Analysis, Genetor Quilon.
TITLE: Kroot itinerants – initial data gathering.

Report logged 367997.M41
Inquisitor Chan.

The 'Seven Wings Coalition' has roamed these regions north of Ultramar for the past three decades. In this period these mercenary Kroot have been reported as having taken part in over two dozen major campaigns. By my best estimate, the band's Master Shaper, one Jiynko Chagrill, leads close to two thousand warriors. My sources have observed that after the Coalition's involvement in the Chthonian Wars, in which they fought for three blistering seasons in the vitrified groves of Hades IX, the entire force had gained the ability to fight effectively in temperatures far higher than any Imperial soldier short of a Space Marine could hope to match. I recommend further investigation and request aid in allaying this potential threat before it grows out of hand.

Report logged 487998.M41
Genetor Lukus Anzion.

I have determined that the DNA of every Kroot kindred contains a certain amount of Orkoid material. However, Master Shaper Lucu Trosk has evidently taken every opportunity to hire his mercenary band to employers fighting against Orks. His intention can only be to absorb as much of their genetic make-up as possible. All Trosk's warriors are large brutes with green skin and pronounced, thickset jaws. The warriors of the band refer to themselves as Lucu's Ladz and fight primarily for teeth and with large, loud weapons.

Report logged 897998.M41
Extract from Segmentum Command operational rolls, Ensign <purged>

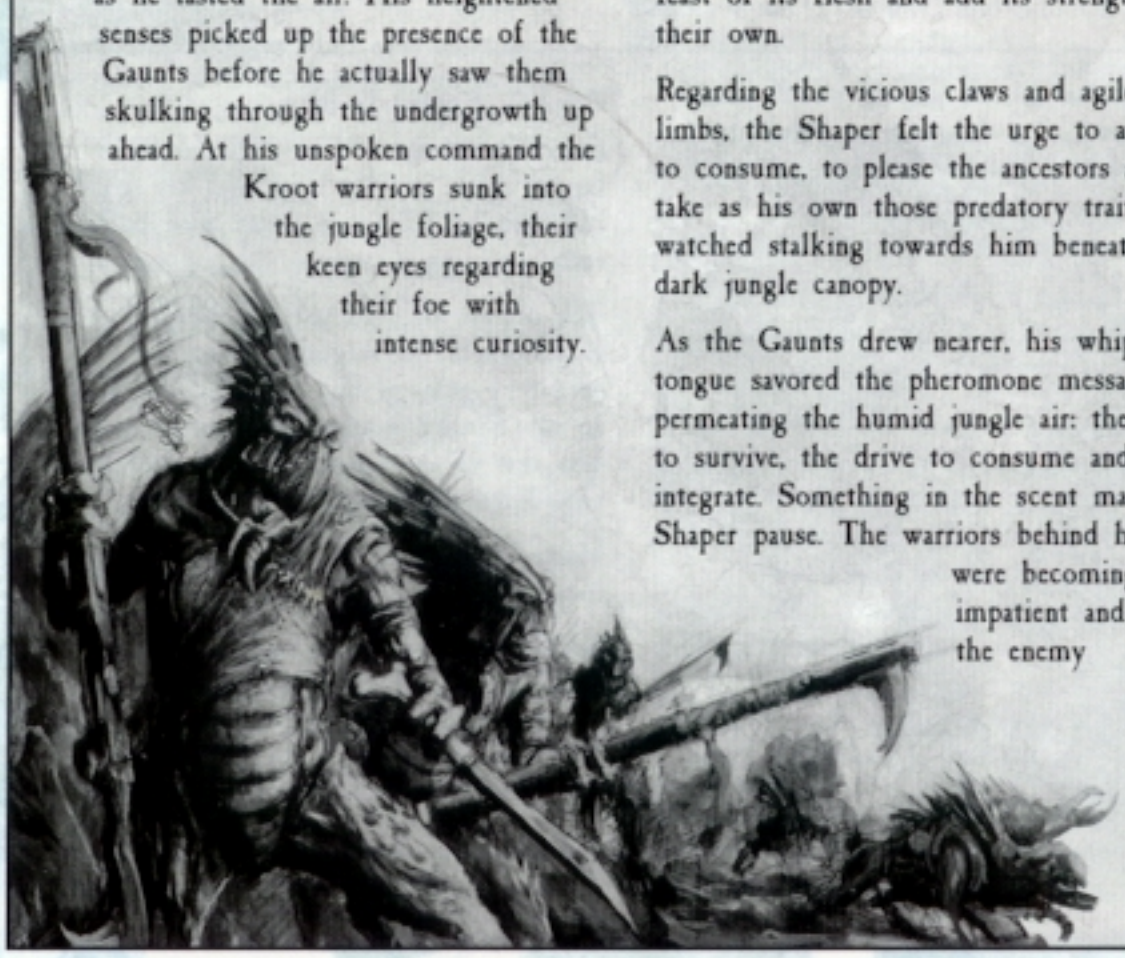
977.M41 – Dictator Class Cruiser Manifest Destiny – extended long-range patrol sweep of the Hangman's Void region, Ultima Segmentum. Seven months into mission, ship's long-range scanners detected residual comm-traces of alien origin. Cruiser's Master of Auguries divined the source of the signal as the fourth world of system classified KV/0348.

Site investigated – a small group of Kroot appear to have been stranded on the world. Somehow, a Dark Eldar raiding force had discovered their presence and assaulted the aliens with typical arrogance, certain that the primitive treetop settlement would make an easy target.

Evidence suggests that the pirates were drawn into the densely wooded areas surrounding the village, where they were ambushed piecemeal and completely annihilated.

Addendum: This same Kroot band was later identified fighting alongside human pirates and, less than twenty years after their absorption of the Dark Eldar DNA, seemed to have inherited all the speed, viciousness and capacity for wanton cruelty that is characteristic of the Eldar's dark kin.

The Kroot shaper led his kindred through the dense undergrowth, his tongue flicking in and out of his beaked mouth as he tasted the air. His heightened senses picked up the presence of the Gaunts before he actually saw them skulking through the undergrowth up ahead. At his unspoken command the Kroot warriors sunk into the jungle foliage, their keen eyes regarding their foe with intense curiosity.



A series of clicks and whistles in the Kroot tongue indicated the warriors' desire to get to grips with this new enemy, to feast of its flesh and add its strengths to their own.

Regarding the vicious claws and agile limbs, the Shaper felt the urge to attack, to consume, to please the ancestors and take as his own those predatory traits he watched stalking towards him beneath the dark jungle canopy.

As the Gaunts drew nearer, his whipping tongue savored the pheromone messages permeating the humid jungle air: the lust to survive, the drive to consume and integrate. Something in the scent made the Shaper pause. The warriors behind him were becoming impatient and the enemy were getting closer. High pitched whistles from behind told him his kindred was almost beyond the point where he could control their carnivorous appetites and with an angry series of warbling clicks he silenced the impatient warriors. He needed more time to consider the meanings in the enemy's musky scent.

In a moment of instinctive insight, the Shaper sensed what was wrong with the enemy's scent; they, too, were predators who survived by consuming their foes, by taking within themselves the traits of those they defeated so that successive generations could survive and prosper in an ultimately hostile world. Something in this was wrong, something about this foe made it imperative that their spirits must not be allowed to mingle with those of the Kroot.

Lacking the time to fully explain his terrible realization, the Shaper saw the aliens were too close and had no option but to order the attack. He just hoped he could exert enough control over his kin to suppress their carnivorous instincts...

MODELING KROOT MERCENARIES

KROOT TRACKER

The idea for a mounted Kroot came from a suggestion by Verms on the Warhammer 40,000 Games Development forum on the Games Workshop website, and it sounded so good I just had to try it. Half an hour later and the conversion had turned out really well, so I worked up the army list entry and there you go – democracy in action!

The conversion is really quite simple. You will need one of the plastic Cold Ones, a Krootox head, a Kroot Carnivore from the boxed set and some green stuff. Clip off the Cold One's front legs to show the creature's avian ancestry, and remove the head, replacing it with the Krootox head.

You'll need to fill the gaps around the neck and shoulders with some green stuff, and you might like to try modeling the scales. Next, make a simple saddle using a rectangle of green stuff. The rider only needs a little conversion to make him sit properly on his mount – I just cut the left leg at the hip and repositioned it slightly back. I used a modeling knife to round off the soles of the rider's feet, as these will be visible when he's sitting atop the beast. The remainder of the conversion is simply a matter of assembling the rider and loading him up for a long scouting mission using the excellent accessories on the Kroot Carnivore frame. Remember to clip off the spikes on the rifle to indicate that the rider is armed with a hunting rifle.

VULTURE KROOT

This is a really simple conversion. Gently bend the model's legs so it appears to be either swooping down or about to launch itself into the air; either way try to keep the pose as dynamic as possible. The wings are from the Harpy from the Dark Elf range and just need to be mounted on the back at an angle consistent with the movement suggested by the positioning of the legs.

Sergeant Hastor's squad advanced at a tortuously slow pace through the dense, insect-ridden forest undergrowth. Why a regiment founded on an arid mining world would be posted here, the sergeant didn't dare ponder; far be it for the non-commissioned ranks to fathom the workings of the Departmento Munitorum.

From further down the trail came a sudden outburst of angry shouts, soon turning to terrified screams.

Hastor ordered his squad forward, hearing the rest of the platoon on either side charging headlong towards the sounds of battle. The last scream died as Hastor and his squad broke through the line of bushes into a wide, sunbathed clearing. The entire squad came to a shocked halt as the guardsmen took in the scene before them.

Strewn about the ground were the bodies of the rebels. Crouched over each body was a tall, savage alien, and they seemed to be...

Someone vomited. Hastor leveled his lasgun at the nearest alien, and his squad followed his unspoken order, nine lasguns each acquiring a target.

The nearest alien turned its blood-flecked face towards the sergeant, fixing its predatory gaze on him for what seemed an age. Finally it issued a long, sibilant hiss that in any language could only be considered a warning.

Hastor stumbled back, his squad raising their weapons...

"Hold your fire!" The captain came striding into the clearing, his command group spreading out and forcing the horrified guardsmen to lower their weapons.

"They're on our side!"

USING A DARK ANGELS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

For some time now we've been hearing grumblings regarding the mysterious battle-brothers of the Dark Angels. Collating players' opinions on Codex Dark Angels, it seemed that of all the third edition lists this was the one which players felt was most in need of some revision. There were two main areas we kept hearing about: points values and the intractable rule. So after some head-scratching in Games Development I set about drawing up a set of modifications that would sort out the problems and put the Dark Angels back where they deserve to be (they are after all, the first of the First Founding Chapters). The rules presented below are an official modification to Codex Dark Angels. All rules not mentioned here remain exactly as presented in the codex. Thanks to Shadowguard and the Bolter and Chainsword forum for their feedback on these changes.

Deathwing: Deathwing Terminators are reduced in cost to 47 pts each.

Dark Angels Armory: The following items may be used by models wearing Terminator armor – *Book of Salvation, Standard of Devastation, Standard of Fortitude, Standard of Retribution, Sword of Secrets* (the Sword of Secrets is the most well-known example of Dark Angels artificer weaponry, other swords of different names but identical game effects are also available to Dark Angels Grand Masters).

The Lion Helm: The Lion Helm is a unique and revered item. You may only include one in your army.

Characters wearing Terminator Armor: To equip a hero, Librarian or Chaplain with Terminator armor costs +10 pts, rather than 25 pts. This does not include weapons.

Master of the Deathwing: Disregard the entry under the Dark Angels Hero section. Any independent character may be equipped with Terminator armor. All HQ characters in an all-Deathwing army must wear Terminator armor and may be accompanied by a Deathwing Command Squad. Any HQ character wearing Terminator armor may lead an all-Deathwing army.

Deathwing Command Squad: The veterans of the Deathwing have access to finely crafted suits of Terminator armor that hark back to the earliest days of the Imperium. These suits are capable of being fitted with specialist equipment not available to Terminators of other Chapters. An Apothecary may choose a narthecium and/or reductor, a Techmarine may choose a servo-arm and/or signum and a Standard Bearer may choose any of the Dark Angels standards, even though these items are not marked with an asterisk. They may take other choices from the armory, but these must be marked with an asterisk as normal. Deathwing Command Squads may only be fielded in an all-Deathwing army.

Ravenwing Command Squadron: The Master of the Ravenwing may be accompanied by a Ravenwing Land Speeder Squadron if he is mounted on a Land Speeder, or a Ravenwing Bike Squadron if he is mounted on a bike. Ravenwing Land Speeder Command Squadrons may not take Apothecaries, Techmarines or Standard Bearers: they are effectively a normal squadron acting as an honor guard. Ravenwing Bike Squadrons may take character upgrades as normal.

Ravenwing: Ravenwing Land Speeders are reduced in cost to 55 points each. The Ravenwing Land Speeder may replace its heavy bolter with a multi-melta at +15 pts. The Ravenwing Land Speeder may also be fitted with an assault cannon at an additional cost of +25 pts.

Ravenwing bikers are reduced in cost to 40 pts each.

Ravenwing Attack Bikes are reduced in cost to 70 pts each if equipped with a multi-melta, or 55 pts each if equipped with a heavy bolter.

Battle Company Squadrons: In addition to the Ravenwing being equipped to employ bikes and Land Speeders, the sixth company can call upon brethren trained to ride Space Marine bikes into battle, and the seventh company has access to Space Marines trained in the use of Land Speeders.

A Dark Angels force may choose Bike Squadrons, Attack Bike Squadrons, Land Speeders, Land Speeder Tornados and Land Speeder Typhoons from Codex Space Marines for the cost specified there. These vehicles may not 'jink' and do not re-roll difficult terrain tests, as they are not members of the Ravenwing (and therefore wear dark green livery rather than the black of the Ravenwing). They may not be used in an all-Ravenwing army.

Note: Land Speeder Typhoons are not fielded in all-Ravenwing forces. Ravenwing pattern Land Speeders are optimized for long-distance reconnaissance operations: the added weight and power requirements of the Typhoon weapon system would compromise the vehicle's effectiveness in this role.

Tactical Squad: The Dark Angels are the oldest Space Marine chapter, and as such have access to many ancient and revered weapons. A Dark Angels Tactical squad may replace its lascannon with a plasma cannon for no extra points cost.

Dark Angels Librarian: Dark Angels Librarians may have either the psychic power Smite OR Weaken Resolve.

The Dark Angels Librarian is reduced in cost to 80 pts.

Intractable: This special rule applies to all Dark Angels with the exception of the Deathwing, who are already Stubborn, and members of the Ravenwing. Intractable models that fail a Morale check as a result of taking 25% casualties in the enemy Shooting phase will not fall back as per the normal Morale rules. Instead, they will not be able to move in their next Movement phase, or assault in their next Assault phase, but may fire as per the normal shooting rules. All other Morale checks are taken in accordance with the rules given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. A unit that fails its Morale check as a result of the enemy shooting at it while it performs a Sweeping Advance will fall back using the normal Fall Back rules.

Note: These Intractable rules completely replace those given in Codex Dark Angels.

WARHAMMER 40,000

ANGELS OF DEATH

In conjunction with the first volume of Index Astartes and the Codex: Dark Angels update, we've made a new Dark Angels Tactical squad incorporating the lethal plasma cannon and a new Veteran Sergeant.

The fantastic new Dark Angels miniatures.

Dark Angels Tactical squad with the new Veteran Sergeant and plasma cannon.

The Dark Angels spring a trap on the unsuspecting Biel-Tan Eldar.

Sergeant Hezekiah threw himself flat in the shelter of a crater, hearing the nine brethren of his squad do the same an instant later. Las-fire seared the air mere inches above his head and raised small clouds of dust as it impacted on the shattered concrete crater edge.

Hezekiah's tactical display, superimposed over his vision by the machine spirit inhabiting his armor, demanded his attention with a blinking icon. New orders. The squad was to redeploy three kilometers to the south to relieve an Imperial Guard platoon that had been flanked and was now pinned in a deadly crossfire amongst the ruins of the warehouse district.

The sergeant communicated the new objective to his squad and waved them one at a time over the crater rim and across the street to the shelter of a burned-out Leman Russ.

In the scant seconds that Hezekiah was out in the open and exposed to enemy fire, he took in the scene ahead. The horizon was an inferno against which the great manufactories of Seraph Prime stood in stark silhouette. He knew that they had to pass through those skeletal ruins, and he knew that the route was the favorite hunting ground of the rebels' snipers and ambush units.

Hezekiah and his squad were now moving parallel to the front lines, tracing the shifting no man's land. The squad moved with the strength of purpose of Space Marines of the Dark Angels Chapter. They made use of available cover, but would not scuttle and cower like the lesser Imperial Guardsmen whose failing war the Dark Angels had come to settle. Seraph Prime was too important to fall into the hands of the alien-inspired rebellion, and Hezekiah had vowed not to waste a single drop of Dark Angels blood reclaiming the world for its weak lordlings; if any blood were to be spilt, it would be in the name of the God-Emperor of Mankind and his first-born son, Lion El'Jonson.

Less than a kilometer from the objective, a single shot rang out as the squad crossed five meters of open ground. Brother Mathia had been hit in the chest just below the neckline. Hezekiah and his brothers leapt for cover, anger rising in the sergeant's throat as he realized that the aim of the shot was no coincidence; the sniper had deliberately and maliciously destroyed the Space Marine's progenoid gland, the source of the gene-seed on which the future of the Chapter relied.

Replaying the last three seconds of footage from his armor's vid-log, Hezekiah caught the briefest muzzle flare amidst the shadows of a blasted fourth story window in a building just ahead. He knew that the assassin would move immediately after making the kill, not wishing to attract return fire by risking a second shot from the same location. Hezekiah ordered his squad forward; they would cut off the sniper's escape route at the base of the building before he had time to set up for another shot.

Racing down a side alley, the squad came to a dead end. Hezekiah had no time to breach the wall with krak grenades, and instead carried on with his run, shouldering through the rockrete wall with the strength possessed only of an Imperial Space Marine. As the wall disintegrated, he crashed on through and took in the scene before him: the sniper had obviously hoped to draw the squad into an ambush, but had not counted on them taking the route that they had. Five meters before Hezekiah stood a ragged mob of rebels, lasguns covering the street outside - the street Hezekiah and his squad would have taken in pursuit of the assassin had they not chosen the more direct approach. Hezekiah dropped onto one knee, swinging his plasma pistol forward as he did so. His brother Space Marines appeared behind him as he pulled the trigger, and six bolters fired at the exact instant as his pistol filled the room with its plasma-fueled glare. The rebels simply disintegrated in a red haze that lingered in the air and coated the walls with a damp, scarlet patina.

"Sergeant Hezekiah?" A voice called out from a barricaded ruin further down the street. "Thank the Emperor you're here."

Hezekiah and his squad worked their way carefully towards the Imperial Guard position, scanning the surrounding buildings for signs of more enemy snipers. As they reached the barricade, a young lieutenant stepped forward, his awe at the sight of the Space Marines competing with his relief at their presence.

"I'm Lieutenant Kasima of the Seraph 53rd Abhuman Auxillia. These are my charges." Kasima indicated a group of brutish Ogryns. Each trooper wore on its shoulder the Aquilis Imperialis: the symbol of the eagle by which a billion Human warriors lived and died.

Hezekiah removed his helmet and spat on the dusty ground before the quivering lieutenant.

"Brother Mathia did not give his life to a coward's bullet to save these... abominations." The sergeant's face contorted in hatred as he regarded the scruffy abhuman troopers. "They are no better than the scum rebels."

Turning his back on the beleaguered position, Sergeant Hezekiah addressed his squad.

"Brothers, we are leaving."

Index Astartes
First Founding

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

FOR THE EMPEROR

Space Marine Chaplains

by Anthony Reynolds

Space Marine Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of the Adeptus Astartes. They accompany their brother Space Marines into battle, chanting liturgies and exhorting them to great feats of bravery. They are terrifying and sinister figures, garbed in black ceramite power armor, and wearing their death's head masks. Ferocious and devoted, they are inspirational Space Marines who are found wherever the fighting is thickest. They lead their brethren from the fore, and perceive battle as the highest form of worship in the galaxy. The Chaplains rejoice in the slaughter of their enemies, rendering praise to the Emperor and to the founder of their Chapter as they fight.

Chaplains and the Ecclesiarchy

"Rejoice! Let the glory of battle envelop us! Let our enemies fear us, for we are the Emperor's wrath!"

Chaplain Remataan,
Imperial Fists Chapter

For over ten thousand years the Ecclesiarchy has been a powerful organization within the Imperium. The Imperial Cult preached by the Ecclesiarchy, also known as the Ministorum, has become the sole official religion within the Imperium, and it wields tremendous power. Its influence is enormous, and the followers of the Ministorum are zealous and unwavering in their belief and faith. The Ecclesiarchy is notoriously xenophobic and aggressive towards any perceived taint within Humanity. Any deviancy from the teachings of the Imperial Cult is dealt with harshly. Persecutions are frequent throughout the Imperium as the Ecclesiarchy attempts to maintain its powerful position, stamping out any cults and religions that could threaten its authority.

The Cults of the Space Marines were formed long before the Ecclesiarchy became a powerful force within the Imperium, and they hold to their beliefs stubbornly, disdaining the fanatical ravings of the Ministorum. Their ideology features fundamental theological differences from the teachings of the Ecclesiarchy. The main point of contention between the Space Marines and the Ecclesiarchy occurs in how they perceive the Emperor. To the Ecclesiarchy, the Emperor is a god, the most divine being, the Savior of Mankind and its eternal guardian. The Space Marines revere the Emperor as a brilliant, inspired man, but a man nonetheless. This forms a major schism between the two organizations.

Some amongst the Ecclesiarchy see the Space Marines as dangerous, heretical deviants, and certainly Wars of Faith have been fought for far less. However, the Space Marines are unfailingly loyal to the Emperor, even if they do not recognize his divinity. At the same time, the Space Marines are to be revered for they share aspects of their genetic structure with the Emperor himself. An uneasy truce has developed between the Adeptus Astartes and the Ministorum, though occasional disputes shatter this wary peace.

The Chaplains of the Space Marine Chapters are gifted with their sacred Rosarius by the Ecclesiarchy in recognition of the link between the two organizations, though this is little more than a symbolic gesture of peace between them. Most commonly, this powerful protective amulet is worn around the neck in the form of an ornate cross, and it is sometimes referred to as their 'soul armor', capable of protecting them even from a direct hit by a lascannon.

Codex Roles within the Chapter

"At battle's end, speak the Liturgy in a clear voice. Respect the bravery of the living. Give the Rite of Passage to the fallen. Honor the battle gear of the dead. To do all this with reverence, even when exhausted by battle and weary from the field, is the duty of the Chaplain. It is his burden and his satisfaction."

Interrogator-Chaplain Isiah,
Dark Angels Chapter

Space Marine Chaplains are important figures within the Chapter, and they are well respected by their brother Marines. They have a strong bond with the other members of the Chapter, featuring heavily within the daily lives of the Space Marines from an early stage. They are one of the first faces encountered when new recruits join the Chapter as neophytes, and it is the Chaplains who preside over their indoctrination. The Chaplains teach them of the Chapter's cult beliefs and direct them in memorizing the various hymnals and liturgies that they are required to know. Though notoriously strict and fiery individuals, they are also renowned for their sense of duty and responsibility for their brother Marines. They fight with inspired passion and belief, ever watchful for the well-being of their comrades.

The Chaplains are the spiritual leaders of their brethren and guide the Space Marines in the oaths of loyalty sworn to the Chapter. Praise is rendered to the Emperor and the Primarch for the inception and existence of the Adeptus Astartes, although the way each is perceived varies from Chapter to Chapter. The Emperor is recognized as their founder and the savior of Humanity but is most often regarded as an awe-inspiring man by the Adeptus Astartes. Some Chapters worship their Primarch as a god or demi-god, while others praise them as superior, yet mortal beings, mighty heroes from an age long past.

The central shrine where prayer and worship is conducted is called the Reclusium, and it lies within the Chapter's fortress monastery. It is a place of particular cultural and spiritual reverence. This most holy place contains ancient artifacts and relics of particular significance, often holding fragments of the Primarch's armor, as well as the battle gear of heroic figures from the Chapter's history. Company and Chapter standards hang from its hallowed walls. The Chaplains lead their sermons within the vast Reclusium, rousing the Space Marines with their passionate exhortations. The battle barges and strike craft of the Chapter's fleet also hold towering cathedrals within their armored halls, enabling Space Marines to confirm their devotions when far from the Chapter's Fortress Monastery. Indeed the majority of the Chapter is often scattered across the galaxy, fighting in campaigns that may last hundreds of years. However, the Chaplains preach a very practical minded form of worship, and the presence of a formal chapel is not always necessary. The Chaplains accompany their battle brothers in their crusades, guiding them spiritually wherever they may be. They lead them in prayer and ritual, whether it be within the Reclusium, aboard a strike craft or in the midst of battle itself.

Devotional Armor

The archaic and ornate armor that the Chaplains wear may be hundreds, if not thousands of years old. They are revered pieces of equipment, and are perceived as mobile shrines in themselves. The black armor is frequently decorated with an array of ancient tokens and embellishments, often in the form of purity seals, devotional pendants and such. These

sigils come in a range of forms, often appearing as winged skulls, the Imperial Eagle or other Chapter-oriented symbols of dedication. The face plate of the Chaplain's helmet commonly resembles a death's head skull, inspiring fear in the enemy, as well as respect and devotion in their comrades.

Part of the formal regalia that the Chaplain carries is his staff of office, the potent Crozius Arcanum. This arcane and most holy of items is used in official ceremonies and worship, and is often topped with an Imperial eagle or winged skull. The staff is carried to war by the Chaplain, reflecting the ritual importance of battle to the Space Marines. The Crozius incorporates a powerful energy field, enabling it to punch through all forms of armor with ease, smiting the Chaplain's enemies in bright bursts of energy and faith.

Glorious battle is seen as the highest form of worship for the Chaplains. Their primary role is as inspiring, spiritual warriors, and they are chosen from amongst the most fiery and devoted of Space Marines. They lead their brothers from the fore, chanting the liturgies of battle while they slay their foes, exhorting their fellow Space Marines to greater feats of arms in the name of the Chapter and the Emperor. They encourage their battle-brothers to relive the glories of the Emperor, each warrior aspiring to the miraculous feats their founding father was capable of.

Chapter Variations

"Acknowledge death as it approaches, but do not succumb to its touch, for your purpose is great..."

Chaplain Hanius,
Blood Angels Chapter

Chaplains are the purveyors of the Chapter's cult, ensuring its continuation and survival within the Space Marine ranks. The Codex Astartes dictates the role that the Chaplains play within the Space Marine Chapter, as epitomized by the steadfast Ultramarines Chapter. However, the cult beliefs have been in existence for over ten thousand years, and over this time the various Chapters have branched apart, each respective cult following their own path with their own unique belief system. As a consequence, the roles that the Chaplains play will often vary between the different Chapters.

The Interrogator-Chaplains of the enigmatic and secretive Dark Angels Chapter are a sinister variation from the traditional Codex. The are driven solely by the pursuit and reclamation of their damned brethren, the Fallen. The Chapter is fanatically consumed with the finding of these heretics, and those who are captured are handed over to the Interrogator-Chaplains. Hidden within the depths of the Dark Angels fortress monastery, known as the Tower of Angels, these menacing Space Marines undertake their grisly duty as they attempt to draw a confession from the lips of the Fallen. The Interrogator-Chaplains give a quick death to those rare few who repent, and lingering torment to those who do not. For each of the Fallen who confesses his sins, the Interrogator-Chaplain may add a single black pearl to his sacred Rosarius. The most successful of all the Dark Angels Interrogator-Chaplains was the great Master Molocia, who died after three hundred years of service to his Chapter. Throughout his illustrious career, he secured ten black pearls for his Rosarius, an achievement unmatched within the Dark Angels' ranks.

The role of the Chaplain within the Iron Hands Chapter is fulfilled to an extent by the Iron-Fathers, who also carry out the role of elite Techmarines. Their beliefs have altered over the millennia so that they hold a particular reverence for the mechanical, and this has seeped into their cult beliefs. The Iron-Fathers are rumored to spend a time of apprenticeship on Mars, home planet of the mysterious Adeptus Mechanicus. There are those within the Ecclesiarchy who see the Iron Hands as corrupted, for they appear to venerate the Machine God more than the Emperor himself. The mutual distrust between the Iron Hands and the Ministorum has erupted into bloodshed on several occasions and, not surprisingly, the Ecclesiarchy refuses to gift the Chapter with the sacred Rosarius.

The Chaplains of the tragically flawed Blood Angels are the guardians of the Chapter, constantly vigilant for the first signs of the Black Rage amongst their battle-brothers. The Black Rage afflicts some members of the Blood Angels before a battle, their minds becoming unhinged as they relive the moment of their Primarch's death. On the eve of battle, the Chaplains move amongst the Space Marines as they are engaged in their prayers and devotions. They chant the Moripatris, the Mass of Doom, and carefully check for the first signs of the terrible curse. Those who succumb to the affliction are removed from their brethren to become a part of the Death Company. They are led into battle by the Chaplain himself,

and their madness and frenzy lends them superhuman strength and powers of resilience. They tear into the enemy without hesitation, shrugging off wounds that would make even their hardened battle-brothers fall. They would rather seek death in battle than risk succumbing to the even more debilitating catastrophe of the Red Thirst. Dark rumors can be heard that those who fall to such depths are kept atop the Tower of Amareo on the Blood Angels' home planet of Baal. Here they are said to exist for all time, howling for the living blood that they crave. The Chaplains are said to administer to these degenerates, although what actually becomes of the twisted creatures is a secret know only to the Blood Angels Chaplains themselves.

The Wolf Priests of the ferocious Space Wolves Chapter fulfill the dual role of both Chaplain and Apothecary of Codex Chapters. They adorn themselves in wolf totems, and often wear an intimidating wolf skull helm over their heads. They minister to both the physical and spiritual well-being of their wolf-brethren, and they are fully responsible for the indoctrination and recruitment of young 'Blood Claws' from amongst the fierce, nomadic sea-faring people of their icy home world, Fenris. They can often be seen from afar, watching from a high vantage point as the native warriors battle each other. They pick suitable candidates from amongst those who display particular promise and bravery.

The beliefs of the Space Wolves Chapter more closely resemble those of the hardy, feral tribes than those of strictly Codex Chapters. They hold great respect for personal bravery and great deeds but have little regard for inherited power. They do not venerate the Emperor as a divine being, although this is not particularly unusual amongst the Adeptus Astartes. The Emperor is revered as the only warrior to ever have bested their Primarch, the headstrong Leman Russ, in hand-to-hand combat. They have little more than contempt for the Ecclesiarchy, although the Wolf Priests will often wear the sacred Rosarius. However, their Rosarius is altered to represent a wolf totem rather than an Ecclesiastic icon. When they call on the Emperor and their Primarch in battle, it is not so much to seek their aid, but rather to call their attention so as to witness personal deeds and accomplishments.

WOLF PRIEST ULRIC THE SLAYER

Ulric is an ancient and revered figure, held in awe by his fellow Space Wolves. As a young Blood Claw, full of unrestrained fury, he fought in the First War for Armageddon where he earned a fearsome reputation. He engaged the enemy on the ash wastes of that tortured planet as part of the Great Company of Wolf Lord Kruger. Despite his relative lack of experience, he fought with astonishing skill and savagery. In one conflict he dispatched three traitorous World Eater Space Marines, earning the dubious honor of the respect of the corrupted Legion, who praise martial skill above all else. Ulric has recruited many Space Wolves who have gone on to become mighty warriors. Greatest of these are Logan Grimnar, the current Great Wolf, and the impetuous and tactically brilliant, if unorthodox, young Ragnar Blackmane.

ULTRAMARINES CHAPLAIN CASSIUS

Cassius is the oldest living Space Marine within the faithful and valorous Ultramarines Chapter. Approaching four hundred years old, he fought by the side of the current Grand Master of the Ultramarines, Marneus Calgar, as they fought off the Tyranid Hive Fleet Behemoth. He is heavily scarred, his skin weathered and leathery, and his hair pure white. Despite his age, he fights with inspired passion and ferocity, and leads the warriors of the Ultramarines into battle against the enemies of the Imperium still. His age has tempered his battle skills with great wisdom, and his counsel is well respected amongst his brethren. He has a particular hatred for Tyranids, to whom he has lost so many battle brothers. He leads daring attacks against them whenever possible, totally fearless of the towering monstrosities, and inspiring his companions to remarkable feats of bravery.

SALAMANDERS CHAPLAIN XAVIER

Chaplain Xavier was said to epitomize the Salamander ideal more completely than any other Space Marine in the long history of the proud Chapter. A great upholder of the Promethean Cult, he encouraged dedicated acts of endurance and belief, and it is said that he slew with his bare hands one of the ancient, monstrous salamanders native to his home world of Nocturne. Xavier could spur his battle brothers to great acts of fortitude and resilience, and it is said that when he led them, the Salamanders never fell back before an enemy. He was killed whilst leading a heroic counter-attack against the twisted members of a Dark Eldar raiding force that had ravaged numerous settlements across the jungle-world of Drykeena. Mortally wounded and pierced by countless blades, he fought on, stubbornly refusing to fall. Only once all his foes were vanquished, their bodies piled around him, did he let his grievous wounds overcome him. His body was returned to Nocturne by his brethren, and his name is spoken with reverence.

ASMODAI, MASTER INTERROGATOR-CHAPLAIN OF THE DARK ANGELS CHAPTER

The Interrogator-Chaplains are specialists in their vicious field, but none is more adept than the sinister Asmodai. Such is his fearful reputation that the enemy would rather die than fall into his hands. Rumors of the horrific tortures he can inflict abound, and it is said that he can keep his victims alive for weeks on end as he subjects them to increasingly agonizing torment. He is single-minded in his devotion to this dire responsibility, and he makes use of the horrific Blades of Reason to encourage the Fallen to repent their sins. The Blades are etched with labyrinthine neural-wires which cause unbelievable pain to the nerve fibers they sever. Though they cause intense pain and anguish, their effects are not fatal, and so the torture may continue virtually indefinitely, until the subject is both physically and mentally broken, and willing to confess his foul crimes.

BLOOD ANGELS CHAPLAIN LEMARTES, GUARDIAN OF THE LOST

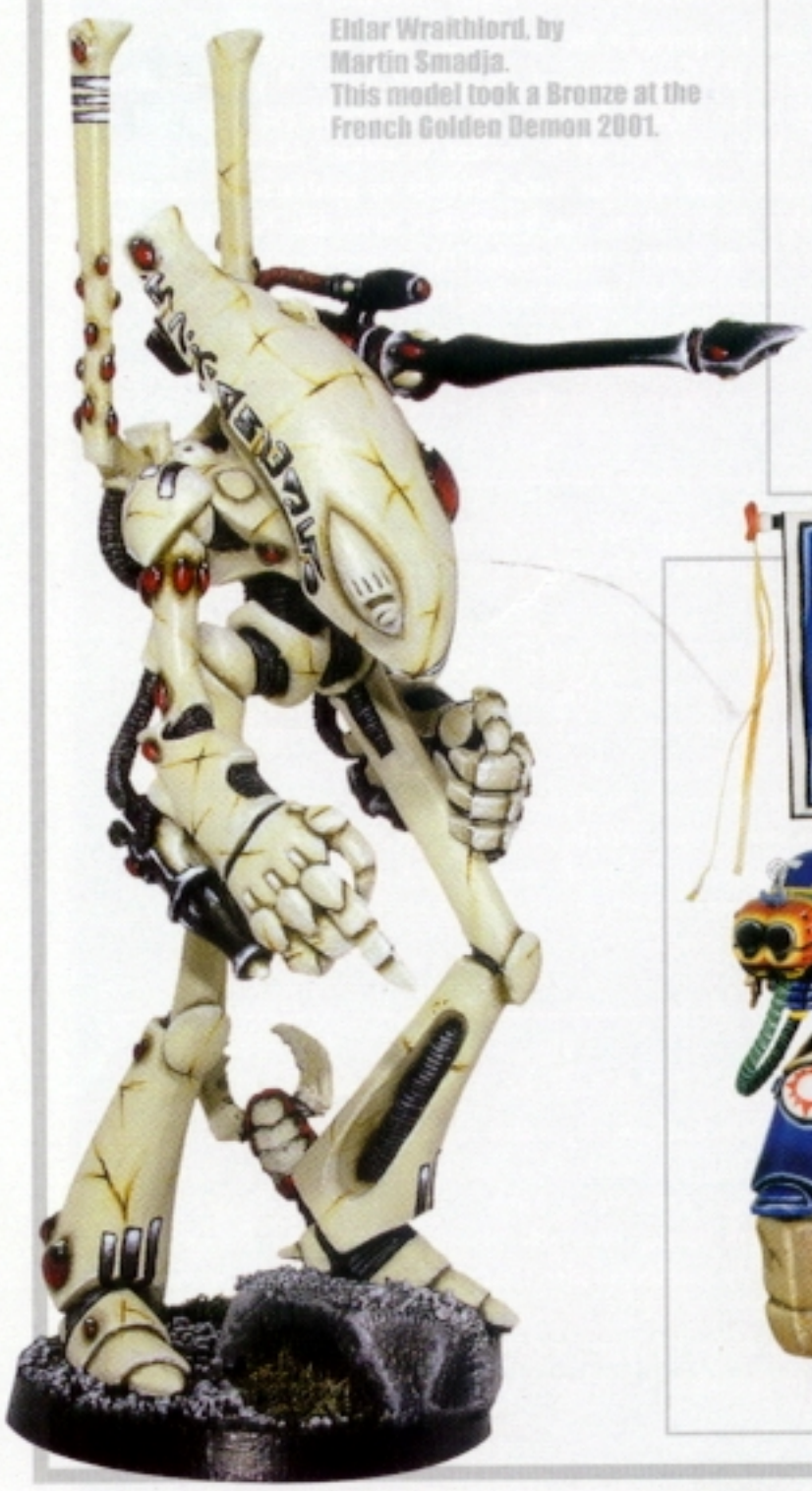
Chaplain Lemartes is a particularly strong-willed figure within the battle-hungry Blood Angels Chapter, leading into battle those of his damned brothers who have succumbed to the Black Rage. Lemartes is himself affected by the tragic curse, although through supreme strength of will he is able to have some control over its fury. The authority he commands is matched only by Commander Dante himself, and such is his respect amongst his brethren that he is able, with a word, to restrain the blood-frenzied nature of even those under the influence of the Black Fury. Equipped with his terrifying death mask, he is a fearful figure of doom, a nightmare to behold as he charges into combat, unleashing the full fury of his barely contained rage.

This month's 'Eavy Metal Showcase brings you a selection of the finest Warhammer 40,000 miniatures. Many of the models on these pages have won statuettes at Golden Demon competitions worldwide.

'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE

Dark Eldar Lord, by Brian Shaw

Tyranid Bio Beast, by Jason Richards. Jason won the Warhammer 40,000 Large Monster category at the US Golden Demon 2001.



Eldar Wraithlord, by Martin Smadja.
This model took a Bronze at the French Golden Demon 2001.

Captain Invictus, by Bobby Wong

Ork Warboss, by Mike Anderson

Maximus, painted by Bobby Wong, features interchangeable heads! This model won a bronze at the US Golden Demon 2001.

Tyranid Carnifex, by Guillaune Girad. This took the Silver in the Monster category at the French Golden Demon 2001.

Ravenborn Commander, by Scott Smith.

Ravenborn Bloodclaws

Ravenborn Space Marines

Glass crunched underfoot as Inquisitor Lichtenstein stepped into the dimly lit interior of the gutted building. Dust motes danced in the stagnant air, glittering in slatted shafts of moonlight streaming through the broken boards nailed across the windows. It had once been the Treasury building, home of the Office of Imperial Outlays, but was now little more than a burnt-out shell. During the riots, hundreds of mutants had rampaged through its columned halls, burning, looting and murdering the Imperial Pursers within.

Lichtenstein's eyes scanned the space before him, alert for any sign of mutant scavengers. He had no desire to be in this place any longer than was necessary. This close to the mutant ghetto in the north of Karis Cephalon was not a healthy place to be for a pureblood human. He could smell the acrid smoke of the ghetto's cooking fires and fancied that he could hear the low hum of mutant voices. Yes, the sooner he was done here, the better. Ghaustos drifted alongside him, fresh spikes of blessed silver piercing his cold flesh where Lichtenstein had strengthened the pentagrammic bindings upon the daemonhost.

"The one called Kessel is here," hissed Ghaustos.

"Where?"

"Ahead. In the chamber beyond."

Lichtenstein nodded and moved as silently as he could through the ruined vestibule, careful to avoid patches of broken glass and cracked marble tiles. The message to meet Kessel in this blackened ruin had come yesterday on his personal vox-caster, and how the venerable Inquisitor had known how to key into it was just one of the things Lichtenstein wanted an answer to.

"Do you really think Kessel will just hand Dimitri over to you?" asked Ghaustos.

"I believe so. I sensed no duplicity in his words. It's more a question of what he wants in return."

"Why even bother then? Surely you can find another machine-priest."

"Possibly, but I know Dimitri, I can control him, and his knowledge of the Noctis Labyrinthus is irreplaceable. Besides, I don't have time to find another trustworthy tech-priest, if there is such a thing, before Gryx expires. Chirurgeon Monque cannot keep him alive indefinitely."

Lichtenstein snatched his antique stub pistol from its worn leather holster as a figure emerged from a wide archway before them, silhouetted in the moonlight.

"You will have no need of your weapon, Inquisitor Lichtenstein," said the figure.

"Kessel?"

The figure nodded, but Lichtenstein did not lower his weapon, instead thumbing back the hammer and aiming at Kessel's face.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't just shoot you right now."

Kessel chuckled. "You won't shoot me."

"No?"

"No, not while I have something you want in my possession."

"How do I even know Dimitri is still alive? I watched that daemonhost of yours boil the blood in his veins. For all I know he is dead."

Kessel shook his head before continuing. "Yes, Loa Gorg used rather more force than I would have preferred in subduing the Magos, but you know full well that no priest of the Omnissiah would put himself in mortal danger without a memory retrieval faculty in action."

Lichtenstein relaxed a fraction. He had hoped that Dimitri would have some form of internal cogitator. He lowered his pistol, easing the hammer down, and holstered the weapon.

"Very well, if Dimitri is alive, prove it to me."

Kessel snapped his fingers and called, "Logan, bring him in."

Lichtenstein felt the floor vibrate as something heavy rumbled into sight from the same archway Kessel had emerged from. Lichtenstein saw the Skitarii warrior that Dimitri himself had taken out in their recent battle roll forward. His legs were gone, replaced with what looked like the track unit of a Praetorian battle servitor.

The skin around his face and arms was blackened and blistered where chemical fire had scorched it and his face was twisted in hatred. Magos Dimitri marched beside him, his movements awkward. He might have survived his wounding at the hands of Kessel's daemonhost, but his body was obviously having trouble in adjusting to the artificial signals it was receiving from the recovered memory engrams. The Praetorian warrior's massive gun never drifted from Dimitri's back and Lichtenstein could sense his desire to open fire on the Magos.

There was something else, too, other minds within this building. But who they belonged to, he could not tell. Mutants? Or something worse?

"So what do you want, Kessel? You wouldn't have gone to the trouble of arranging this meeting if you didn't want something from me."

"True," agreed Kessel, "I do want something from you. Your help."

"My help? With what?"

"You and I are not so different, Lichtenstein. We could achieve much were we to join forces."

"Why should I agree to such an arrangement?"

"Because there are forces at work on this world who seek a terrible and powerful weapon known as the Angel, a relic from the Dark Age of Technology. If it were to fall into the wrong hands it would spell doom for Karis Cephalon. Already agents of the dark powers have released a diabolical creature from the depths of the planet and the portents all point to a time of coming darkness unrivaled since the Reign of Blood."

"I have greater concerns than a single world, Kessel. What do I care for Karis Cephalon?"

Before Kessel could answer, a bolter round punched through his shoulder and spun him from his feet. Blood spurted from the wound and the Inquisitor fell, rolling behind a pile of debris.

Lichtenstein ducked behind a fluted pillar, unscabbarding his combat shotgun and racking the slide. A hail of bolter rounds sprayed the room, blasting chunks from the pillar and ricocheting from the walls. A stone chip scored across Lichtenstein's cheek, drawing blood.

"Treachery!" he roared.

"Yes," shouted Kessel, "but not of my doing."

A sudden quiet descended on the chamber and Lichtenstein heard the throaty roar of a huge chainblade rasping to life. Even before the voice rang out, he knew who it would belong to.

"Lichtenstein! Traitor! Come out and face your judgement!"

Lichtenstein cursed under his breath.

Tyrus... He should have known the zealous Inquisitor would soon be on his trail. He risked a glance around the pillar, seeing Dimitri standing immobile in the centre of the chamber.

"For the Emperor's sake, Dimitri, get into cover!"

Like an automaton, the Magos moved behind another wide pillar. Ghaustos drifted into a pool of shadow, his outline blending with the darkness, and Lichtenstein could feel the creature begin to draw psychic energies into its body.

Above him, descending a wide flight of stairs, was Tyrus, resplendent in his elaborately tooled suit of black power armor, power knife crackling with lethal energies. Behind Tyrus came the red-robed Redemptionist, Malicant, who leapt the balustrade, his face shining with fanatical piety as he swung his roaring eviscerator and sprinted towards Dimitri's hiding place.

Kessel's Praetorian rolled forwards, raising his massive weapon, and a roaring burst of gunfire sawed through the stonework of the stairs. But Tyrus was untroubled; his armor was proof against all but the most powerful weapons. His bolt pistol spat and the Praetorian reeled, his weapon spraying the far wall with bullets.

Lichtenstein broke from cover, running to intercept Malicant. Bullets stitched a path towards him from Tyrus's pistol. He dived and rolled into a crouch, firing his shotgun in controlled bursts, squeezing the trigger and racking the slide in quick succession.

Tyrus shouted oaths of holy fire as the shells broke against his sanctified armor and a howling blast of frozen air engulfed him. Ghaustos swept forward, concentrating his powers into a spike of psychic chill and driving it into Tyrus's chest. But Tyrus had learned from his previous encounter with Ghaustos and his armor was inscribed with protective sigils that shielded him from warp-spawned magicks. He swung his pistol to bear, but the daemonhost disappeared within the shadows before he could fire.

Malicant brought his eviscerator around in a brutal arc, the screaming weapon aimed at Dimitri's neck. A burst of sparks flared as Lichtenstein's flame-wreathed daemonsword intercepted the blow. The Inquisitor reversed his slash, the gnawing teeth of his blade tearing a deep gash across Malicant's chest. The robed zealot screamed and slashed at Lichtenstein, uncaring of the hurt done to him. Lichtenstein parried the blow and spun inside his guard, hammering his elbow into Malicant's cheek and tearing the golden mask from his face. Malicant fell, his skull cracked open, as Lichtenstein continued his charge, grabbing Dimitri's robes and hauling him towards the windows. Bolt pistol fire blasted chunks from the floor beside them.

Lichtenstein leapt, swinging his sword and smashing the boards across the nearest window to splinters. Dimitri followed him and the pair crashed from the building in a halo of splintered glass. Lichtenstein rolled to his feet in time to hear Tyrus's booming voice.

"You only postpone the inevitable, Lichtenstein! You will be purged of your treachery!"

Lichtenstein heard yet more gunfire from the Praetorian and guessed that with Tyrus' fanatic down, Kessel could make his own escape. Lichtenstein owed him nothing. He had Dimitri back and would be able to repair Gryx; that was all that mattered.

As they made their way into the darkness of Karis Cephalon, Lichtenstein knew that Tyrus was a fool for thinking that his search for the Librarium Hereticus was entwined with the Ruinous Powers. There was an ancient evil returning to the galaxy that would make the threat of the warp pale in comparison, and the knowledge contained within the Librarium's damned walls held the key to Mankind's salvation.

Lichtenstein would allow nothing to stand in his way of his quest. Not Tyrus, not Kessel, nor any of the misguided, blinkered fools in the Inquisition who lobbied to declare him Extremis Diabolus.

He would save Humanity alone.

A RADICAL ENCOUNTER

BY GRAHAM MCNEILL

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS

Sculpted by Gary Morley, this pair of twins clad in their figure-hugging suits look the embodiment of lethality. We asked Chris Smart how he approached painting the sisters, giving them such a unique look.

Models painted by Chris Smart

ASSEMBLING THE MODELS

After cutting and filing smooth the flash lines, the pieces were put together on a dry run assembly. The models were then glued, filling any gaps with green stuff. The only parts to be pinned were the sword and the daggers. Severina was sprayed with a Chaos Black undercoat. Sevora was sprayed with a Skull White undercoat. Watered down paints of the appropriate color were used to paint over any areas where the undercoat spray had not caught.

PAINTING THE MODELS

SEVERINA

Severina was then painted with a slightly watered down Chaos Black, as the undercoat spray can often be a slightly different tone of black. A small amount of Bleached Bone was then added to Chaos Black for a subtle highlight stage.

The red corset, mask, elbow pads and straps were painted with a basecoat mix of equal quantities of Scab Red and Red Ink. These sections were then highlighted with Red Gore followed by Blood Red. A very small amount of Skull White was applied to the tip of the corset for the last highlight stage. An equal parts mix of Black, Brown and Red Ink, which had been greatly watered down, was used to give the red sections a wash.

SEVORA

Two parts Blood Red to one part Red Ink was used to paint the red bodysuit sections. This mix was applied in a few layers before shading the creases and folds with a mix of Red and Brown Ink.

Sevora's corset, mask, elbow pads and straps were painted with a basecoat of Chaos Black. A small amount of Bleached Bone was then added to Chaos Black for a subtle highlight stage.

FINE DETAIL

A basecoat of Boltgun Metal was used to paint the silver metallic sections. This was given an initial highlight of Chainmail followed by Mithril Silver. To finish, a glaze of thinned Black Ink was then applied.

To paint the gold metallic sections a basecoat of Shining Gold was painted on. These parts were then given a wash with Brown Ink followed by a highlight of Shining Gold and Burnished Gold, mixed together in equal quantities.

FINISHING TOUCHES

The small sections of flesh visible in the various slits on the rubber were painted with a basecoat of Dwarf Flesh followed by a highlight of Elf Flesh.

The lips were painted with Elf Flesh, which was then given a thinned Red Ink glaze.

The sword and daggers were then given a bloodied appearance with a mix of Red and Brown Ink painted in streaks along the length of the blade. This was then highlighted with Red Ink.

The entire model was then given a spray of clear varnish. Once this had dried, gloss varnish was painted by hand onto all of the rubber and latex effect areas.

After gluing on some metal components from a bitz box, a layer of sand was stuck down to the bases with PVA. This was then given a basecoat of Bestial Brown followed by a drybrush mix of Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone. Bleached Bone was used for the final drybrush before the metal parts were given a basecoat of Boltgun Metal. A wash of equal parts Black and Brown Ink were then applied and, to finish off some static grass was glued to the base.

THE PARAELIX CONFIGURATION

An Inquisitor battle report by Graham McNeill, Gav Thorpe and Phil Kelly.

Welcome to this month's battle report, the continuing exploits of Inquisitor Lichtenstein and his obsessive hunt for the Librarium Hereticus. Following on from The Dweller Beneath (White Dwarf 257), Lichtenstein was able to question the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla for information regarding the whereabouts of this collection of blasphemous knowledge, declared Index Expurgatorious by the Adeptus Mechanicus. Using his bound daemonhost to sift the lies from the Daemon Prince's words, Lichtenstein set out to fulfill his quest, a search that has consumed him for more than twenty years, made him many enemies, and cost him much of his sanity.

Inquisitor Kessel's band of heroes, commanded by none other than Inquisitor's creator, Gav Thorpe, would oppose Lichtenstein. If anyone could give Phil a run for his money, it would be Gav. Kessel, like Lichtenstein, is also a radical, though he knows full well the dangers of trusting the words of a beast from the depths of hell. He has foreseen the danger in what Lichtenstein is attempting and will stop at nothing to prevent him from achieving his goals. For games of Inquisitor, we've taken the narrative approach, telling the game as a story rather than the usual turn-by-turn sequence of Warhammer 40,000 battle reports. So buckle up, and get ready to descend into the madness of a Chaos infested temple buried deep beneath the surface of Karis Cephalon.

The passageway echoed with weirdly distorted sounds and, even through his fevered anticipation, Inquisitor Lichtenstein felt uneasy. This was the place, there could be no doubt about it; the reek of power was unmistakable. He could feel the miasma of Chaos radiating from the Paraelix Configuration even from here. They were close now, the gateway to the Librarium Hereticus was near and it took an effort of will not to break into a run towards the temple at the heart of this darkened place. He must be vigilant; others must surely have been drawn here as well. Over a thousand feet below ground, Lichtenstein's warrior band advanced cautiously through the dimly lit passageways of the Paraelix complex. Who had constructed this place, and why here? These were questions he felt sure he would know the answers to soon enough. Gryx shambled along behind him, while Dimitri took a different route, ready to cover their advance with bolt pistol fire. Lichtenstein was concerned that the Magos would not be up to the task, having only recently recovered from the injuries he'd suffered in the confrontation with Tyrus's warband. The Magos had also replaced a portion of his damaged skull with a cybernetic implant, speeding his journey to almost complete mechanization. Ghaustos stood next to the Inquisitor, the icy chill of his proximity penetrating Lichtenstein's heavy robes.

The Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla had spoken of this place as a portal through the warp, though it had only volunteered this information after Lichtenstein had won the battle of wills with the aid of his daemonhost.

"The Paraelix Configuration is up ahead," hissed Ghaustos, the daemon-thing's voice thrown back by the disturbing angles of the structures around them. Was that a tremor of excitement in the daemonhost's voice? Lichtenstein had the disturbing sense that events were progressing beyond his control and that he was being funneled towards something. He cast a suspicious glance towards Ghaustos. Could he trust the creature?

"You are certain you can open it?" pressed Lichtenstein.

"Oh yes," smiled the daemonhost, "I'm sure."

LIGHT FROM A DARK FLAME

Gav Thorpe

Gav: So, once more Inquisitor Kessel has to save the world as we know it from complete annihilation at the hands of a misguided fool. While Lichtenstein may have some worthwhile ideas about the use of the powers of Chaos, he certainly doesn't know when he's gone too far.

Kessel and Lichtenstein and their warrior bands are superficially similar, but actually there are a couple of profound differences. For a start, Lichtenstein is monomaniacal in his quest for the Librarium Hereticus, whereas Kessel is older and wiser and dedicates himself to many duties. Secondly, Lichtenstein has not really suffered the consequences of misjudging the power of Chaos first-hand, whereas Kessel's experiences and his own physical transformation leave him in no doubt as to the corrupting influence he daily fights against.

For me, these subtle distinctions are what Inquisitor is all about. It's obvious to see why a loud monodominant like Tyrus would have a fight with Lichtenstein or Kessel, but to come up with a scenario which pits them against each other requires more thought. Speaking of which, Graham's done a great job for this scenario, which I think will give us a well-paced, action-filled game.

My plan is simple: Wait for Lichtenstein to prove his folly by opening the portal, then chase him off and close it. While Loa Gorg and Kessel lie in wait for this to happen, Mechsimus and Logan will attempt to hold off the rest of Lichtenstein's band and give my Inquisitor and Daemonhost the time they need to finish the mission.

Again, the much maligned and suspected Kessel will save a soul from damnation.

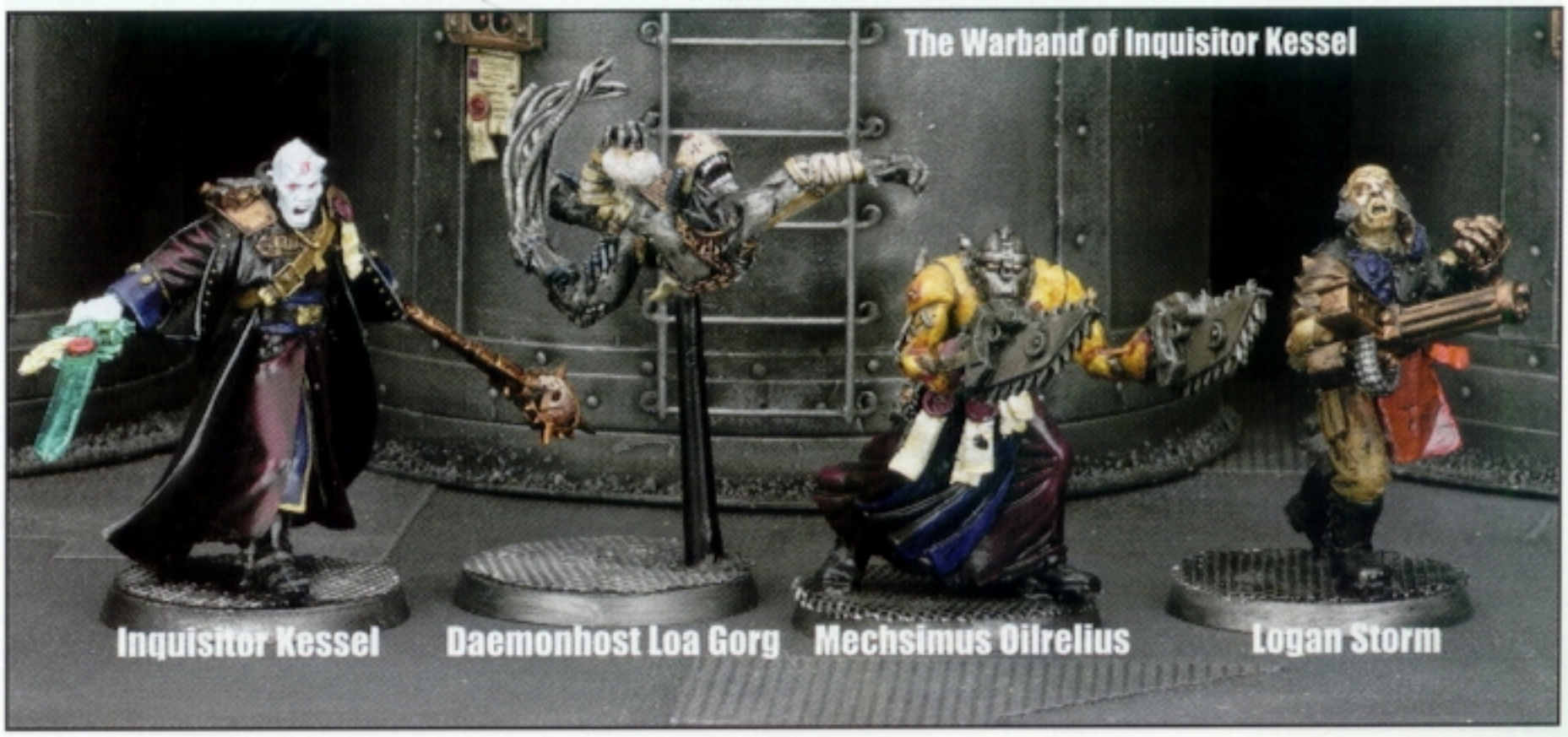
Kessel comes from the branch of the Inquisition known as Radicals. Having been the victim of a daemonic possession which left him physically altered, he is now a dedicated member of the Chaoticians, precursors to the Xanthite movement, whose studies into daemonology and the warp have earned him many enemies, but much rare knowledge. He is one of a number of Inquisitors drawn to the world of Karis Cephalon following widespread rumors of a device called the Angel.

It was the daemon Loa Gorg who temporarily possessed Kessel, as the Inquisitor was attempting to create the daemonhost. Though the ritual was completed, a part of Loa Gorg's essence remained within Kessel. This symbiotic relationship forced Loa Gorg to cooperate with Kessel, as the Inquisitor's death would result in the release of this soul-fragment and the destruction of the daemon. This state of affairs lasted for three decades, the daemonic presence corrupting Kessel more and more, and would eventually have led to his death. Kessel searched long and hard for a remedy and finally managed to transfer the presence to a daemonsword, which he now wields.

Kessel has purged the unclean and continued his research into Chaos for nearly two centuries, the daemon-taint that once threatened his life now extending it as long as he continues to possess the sword. Currently his most useful servants are the chrono-gladiator Mechsimus Oilrelius and the ex-Skitarii Logan Storm.

Oilrelius was dying, his body-clock almost expired, when he met Kessel. He saved the Inquisitor from the blades of a Siddith Assassin, and in return Kessel had his in-built chronometer halted in its countdown. Oilrelius is fanatically loyal to Kessel, knowing that should he cross the Inquisitor, he would not hesitate in restarting the death-timer, giving the chrono-gladiator only days to live.

Logan Storm once fought for the Adeptus Mechanicus in the Skitarii. From the Forge World of Transix Seven, Storm was part of a force seconded by Kessel in his battles against members of the Xenarite sect, who were attempting to secretly rebuild the remains of a recovered Eldar Wraithlord. Storm himself turned on his heretical Techpriest masters and was pivotal in Kessel locating their hidden laboratorium. During this fighting, Storm lost his hand, and Kessel ordered the Adeptus Mechanicus to replace it with a bionic, an operation usually only performed for officers, Storm Troopers or Space Marines. Magos Phixian followed the letter of the deal but, rather than replacing the limb with an expensive artificial hand, simply implanted Storm's multi-barreled autogun. Since then, both he and Kessel have shared a degree of enmity for worshippers of the Machine God.



INTO THE DARKNESS

Phil Kelly

Phil: Well, misguided as it may be, Inquisitor Lichtenstein's near-fanatical quest to find the entrance to the Librarium Hereticus seems to be nearing its conclusion. His bizarre collection of weirdos and warriors have fought tooth and nail to get this far in their quest for knowledge, but the sheer drive and arrogance of Lichtenstein looks like it could plunge them and anyone insane enough to try and stop them into the depths of hell. With that kind of plot line and the fantastic scenery put together over the last few months by White Dwarf's Paul Rudge, we could hardly fail to have a real roller-coaster of a game.

Gav's warband was similar to my own, and although Kessel shares the kernel of Lichtenstein's philosophy (to turn Chaos against itself) he seems to lack the conviction to follow it through. What Kessel theorizes about, Lichtenstein does. Unfortunately, he seems to be pursuing his goal with all the delicacy of a bull in a china shop, and Kessel has decided to stop him before he goes too far. Fair enough; a rogue Inquisitor hell-bent on grasping the dark heart of Chaos itself and giving it a good hard squeeze is a dangerous liability to the Imperium.

Gav plays like he wrote the book on Inquisitor (oh hang on, he did) and, although we've not clashed swords before, I knew I was in for a memorable game. We were both more interested in getting a cinematic and dramatic game than 'winning', and with Graham as the Gamesmaster, the resultant story was sure to be dark, brooding and gothic with the occasional moment of light relief. Just how we like it, in fact.

Since Rowland and I duked it out in The Dweller Beneath, my warband has undergone a few changes. Magos Dimitri, the Adeptus Mechanicus, has reworked himself with yet more bionics since the beating he took last battle, and seeks to eventually remove all traces of his withered body barring his brain. Ghaustos the Daemonhost has weakened a little, the bonds between the physical shell and the daemon inhabiting it eroding with every passing day. Lichtenstein has learned much from his experiences, including the ability to banish a daemon back into the warp, and is now accompanied by a medical servo-skull that cauterizes and seals wounds even as Lichtenstein fights.

My plan of action was fairly simple; get Lichtenstein and Ghaustos into the center of the temple by any means necessary, use Dimitri to give them covering fire and Gryx to tear into anyone who comes too close. Once my Inquisitor and his daemonic charge are inside the temple and manage to tear open the obelisk at its heart, well, I'd just have to play it by ear, but if I know Graham I could be in for a nasty surprise. Nevertheless, if Gryx and Dimitri manage to distract or take down enough of Kessel's warband, Lichtenstein should have a good shot at achieving his objective. Casualties along the way are inevitable, though it's actually quite difficult to kill an Inquisitor character outright (aside from grievous head wounds, you have to inflict over their Toughness value in damage before they permanently bite the dust), and I always relish the modeling opportunities that truly agonizing damage results force you to incorporate.

So bring it on, I thought. If Tyrus and his henchmen couldn't stop my Inquisitor in his search for the vulnerable underside of Chaos itself, I was more than willing to pit him against Kessel's heroes face-to-face. There was much to be learned from the object of Lichtenstein's mission; a chaos-saturated obelisk at the center of an ancient temple.

Besides, I thought, what's the worst that could happen...?

SCENARIO: THE PARAELIX CONFIGURATION

Graham McNeill

Graham(GM): So, once again I can rake the depths of my fetid imagination to plunge two players into the heat of battle? Excellent! After checking out Gav's warband, it was clear that both his and Phil's had similar ideals to one another, but where Inquisitor Kessel is content to merely turn the power of Chaos against itself, Inquisitor Lichtenstein takes matters a step further, believing he can master the power of the warp. To this end he has dedicated his life to unearthing the location of the Librarium Hereticus. Though both Inquisitors walk the same path, Kessel knows that Lichtenstein has gone too far and must be brought back into line.

As Paul Rudge's scenery for this battle report began taking shape, it became clear that this was not going to be your average battlefield. Dank, narrowing passageways, gradually converging on a twelve-sided structure with a twisted monolith at its center reeking of Chaos magic and forbidden powers. Just the sort of thing Inquisitor is all about. After all, it's not very dramatic to have characters slug it out in the supermarket, is it? Following on from the last game, I decided that the daemon prince in the mine had led Lichtenstein to believe that a newly revealed underground complex held the key to unlocking the path to the Librarium Hereticus.

Keeping the narrative going between battles is a great way to give each game a sense of place and context. Warbands will develop as the games progress, acquiring their own personalities and quirks, and players should reflect this in their style of play. The GM should also develop the narrative between games, allowing events in previous games to influence future scenarios and suggest ideas for extra plot twists. It's a good idea to keep some tricks up your sleeve, with events that neither player knows about, that you can spring on them during your games. You shouldn't try to come up with too many of these nefarious ploys, as your players will become so wary of doing anything for fear of stuff blowing up or gribbly nasties jumping out at them. Don't be afraid to surprise them, however, and the odd unexpected shock will help to keep them on their toes.

As you'll see, I had one of these planned for the endgame of this scenario...

KARIS CEPHALON

Following the titanic release of energies in the mountainous region surrounding the Taberna Ostium mine workings, a mighty earthquake ripped the skin of the planet apart and utterly destroyed the abandoned forge mine. The loss of the mine was bad enough, but there was worse yet to come.

Buried far beneath the surface of the world, locked away from the eyes of man for nine millennia, a crumbling guardian portal has been revealed to the light of day. Ten thousand years ago, a tear in the fabric of reality was plugged by one of the Emperor's Inquisitors with the Paraelix Configuration, an obelisk inscribed with powerful runes and incantations to ward against Chaos. It was enclosed within a temple of precise geomantic architecture designed to dissipate the Chaos energy it contained. As the millennia passed,however, the warding sigils slowly faded in power and dark energies from the warp began leeching through from the immaterium, saturating the obelisk with the essence of Chaos. This taint has stretched upwards through the soil and rocks, spreading its evil on the wind and exuding a diabolical attraction to those similarly tainted.

Inquisitor Lichtenstein has come to Karis Cephalon, partly in response to the mystical convergences gathering around the planet, but more specifically in search of the Librarium Hereticus. Drawn by dreams and portents and the words of a heretic abbot from Selethoth, Lichtenstein discovered the resting place of a sleeping daemon that had been bound to the bedrock of the planet. The daemon, Pharaa'gueotla, told Lichtenstein that the power contained within the Paraelix Configuration would unlock the warp gateway that led to the Librarium he so desperately sought.

Lichtenstein was then drawn towards a pulsing locus of power once hidden deep below the planet's surface. The earthquake near the Taberna Ostium forge mine had exposed an ancient temple containing the obelisk Pharaa'gueotla named the Paraelix Configuration, and Lichtenstein sensed that it was indeed saturated with power. He believes Ghaustos can break the energies contained in the temple's unholy icon to effect his entry into the Librarium Hereticus before his enemies destroy the temple.

Inquisitor Kessel has also come to Karis Cephalon, but he is in search of the Angel, an ancient weapon of unimaginable power that he believes is hidden somewhere on the planet. In the course of his search, he discovered the temple below the mountains and the terrible danger it represents. He knows that dark power has impregnated the very walls of the temple with vast amounts of Chaos energy and believes that the temple has, in effect, become a huge, charged battery of daemonic energy. If such power were to be unleashed, it could tear apart the already fragile fabric of realspace. Kessel knows that he must safely discharge the built-up energy back into the Immaterium. To allow such a powerful reservoir of Chaos energy to remain intact is unthinkable.

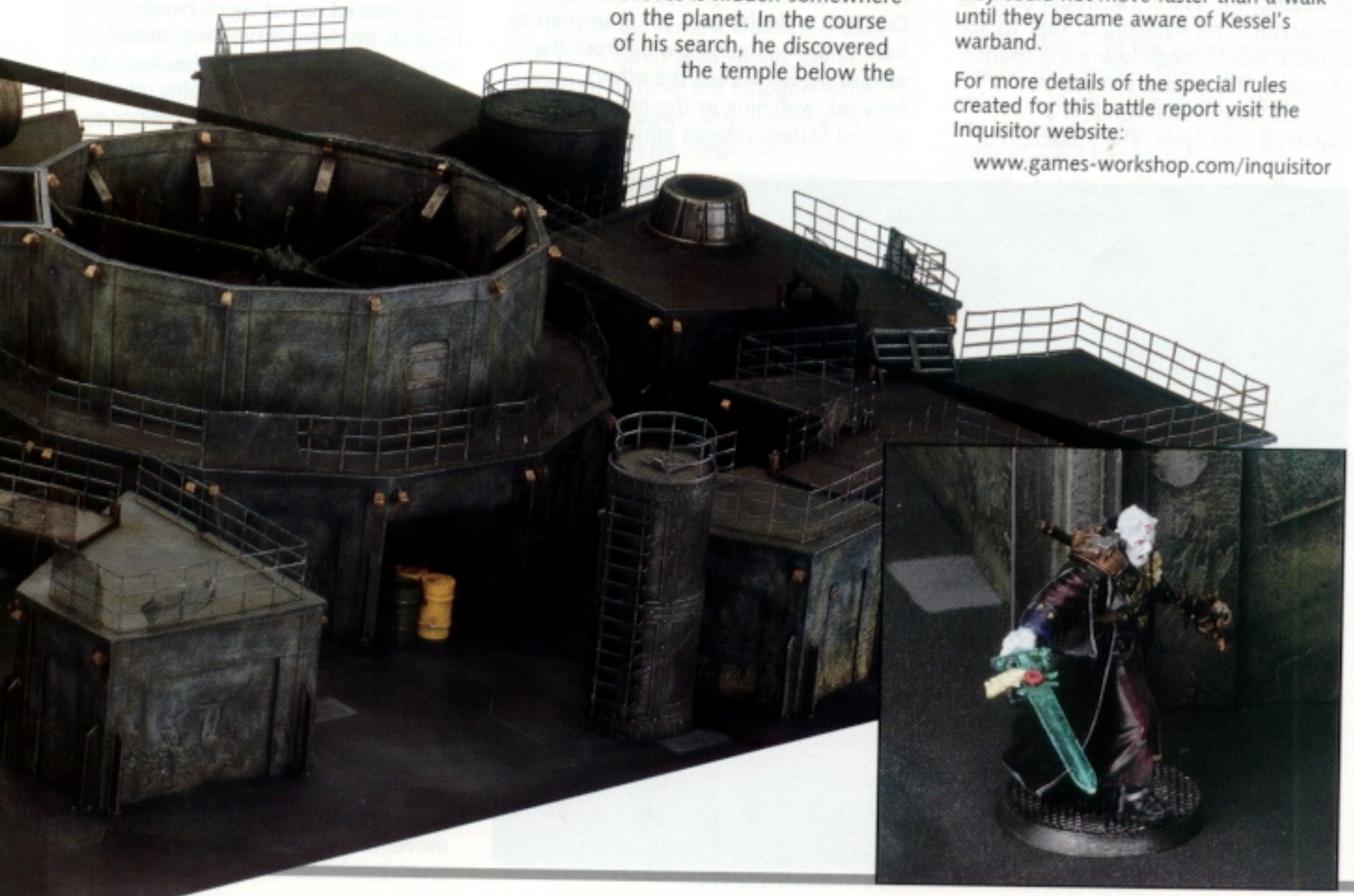
To effect this latter plan, he believes that his daemonhost Loa Gorg and his daemon sword (containing a soul-fragment of the creature) can be used to seal the rift in realspace. By allowing Lichtenstein to first open the portal, Kessel believes he can then seal it by plunging his sword into the ruptured chaos obelisk at the temple's heart, using Loa Gorg's connection to the warp to re-knit the fabric of reality and seal the tear forever.

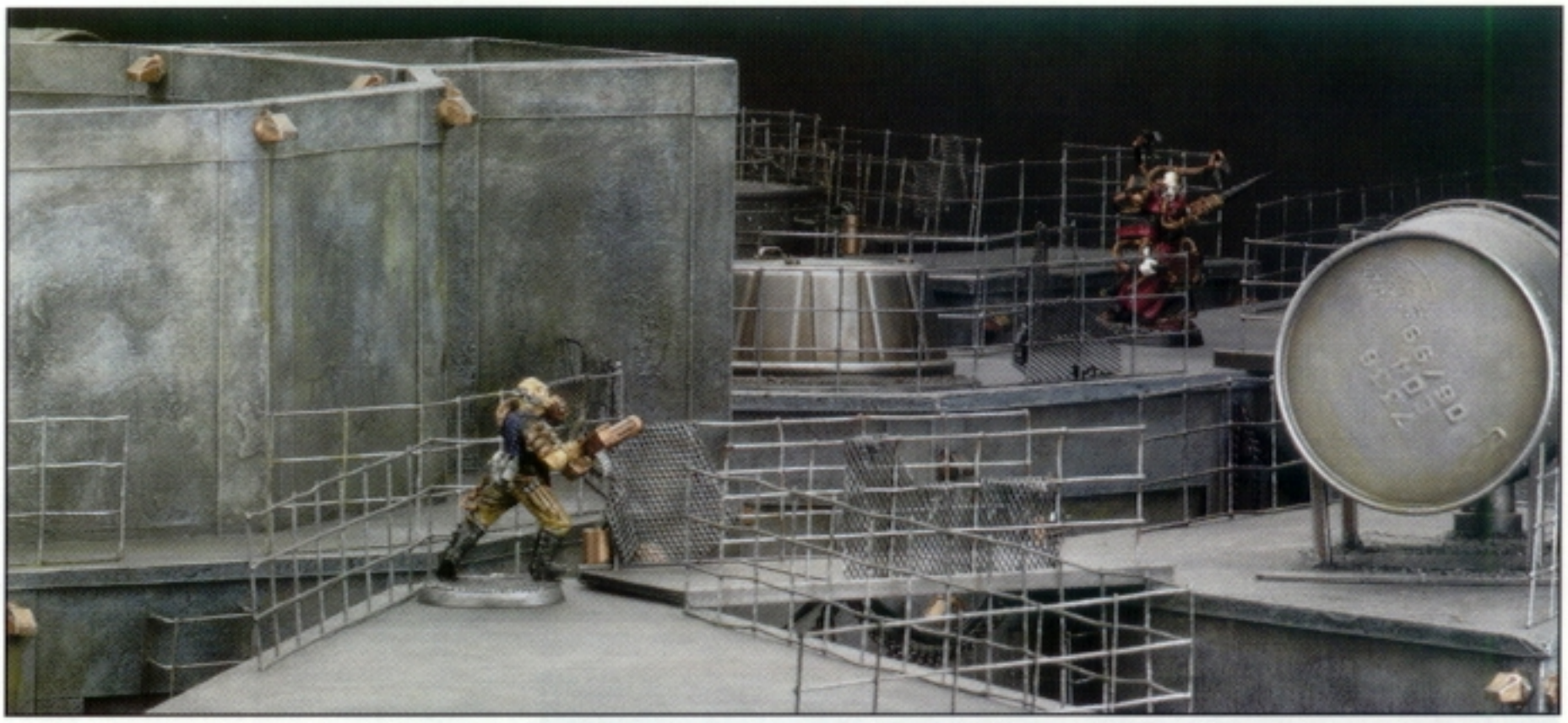
SPECIAL RULES

Due to the stygian darkness and silence of the twisting underground tunnels in the complex, all Awareness tests based on hearing are at +20%, while those involving vision are at -20%. Also, since Lichtenstein's warband were advancing into an unknown arena, I decided that they could not move faster than a walk until they became aware of Kessel's warband.

For more details of the special rules created for this battle report visit the Inquisitor website:

www.games-workshop.com/inquisitor





Showdown. Logan squares off against Dimitri.

with what looked like an autogun implanted where his arm should have been. Behind and above him he could hear Dimitri's heavy steps and made to shout a warning but, as a two meter tongue of fire blasted from the muzzle of the man's gun, he knew it was wasted breath.

Dimitri caught sight of Logan Storm a fraction of a second too late. The enormous weapon sprayed a hail of projectiles towards him, but his vector trajectory assessors computed that a full 90% would miss and the probability of lethal wounding was less than 2.3%. Three shots impacted on his refractor field, the energy shield robbing them of their kinetic energy. Those that penetrated the shield ricocheted from his metallic components, and his shoulder-mounted bolt pistol followed the targeting information relayed via the MIU, zeroing in on his attacker. Dimitri adjusted his aim a fraction to compensate for the range and fired a shot with a pulse of thought. The explosive bolt took Logan in the belly and knocked him to the ground. Dimitri marched implacably forward, the bolt pistol mimicking every movement of his head.

The roaring of Mechsimus's chainswords powering up echoed through the complex and, hearing the weapons' activation, Lichtenstein turned to Gryx and shouted, "Angellus!", triggering the injection of a multitude of combat stimms and withdrawing the enforced docility of the pacifier helm. Gryx shuddered as the drugs pumped through his system, flooding his limbs with unnatural speed and strength. The muscles on his thighs swelled and the servitor warrior sprinted into the darkness, his every thought enslaved to the imperative to kill. Lichtenstein and Ghaustos followed the demented warrior, advancing more cautiously in the wake of Gryx's berserk charge. The Inquisitor could see a portion of the temple wall and a door that must surely lead within. Dimitri appeared to have the autogun-armed man pinned down and, deciding that he could wait no longer, Lichtenstein burst from cover, sprinting towards the temple.

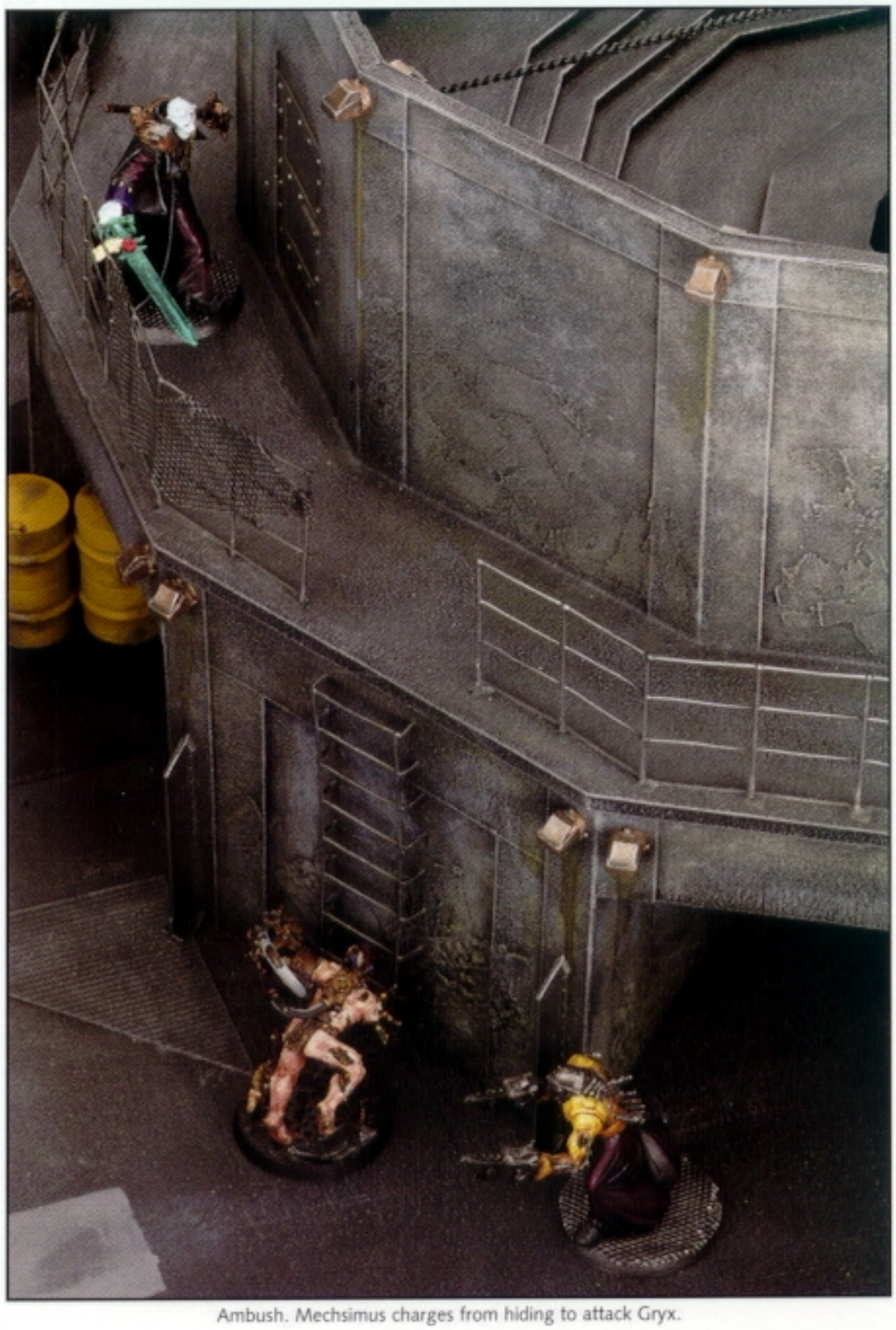
Kessel watched Mechsimus power up his weapons and knew that there must be enemies near. From this vantage point he could see the chrono-gladiator sprinting around the temple's circumference. Lichtenstein must be close, and he could not wait any longer. He didn't have time to go back down, so Kessel sprinted towards the edge of the structure he stood upon and launched himself through the air, landing deftly on the upper walkway around the temple. There was an entrance to his left and, this close to the Paraelix Configuration, his warp sight allowed him to see wisps of ghostly energy leaking through the arcane metal of the door.

Gryx splits off from the group as his combat drugs kick in.

Logan pushed himself to his knees as another bolter round tore a gouge in the concrete beside him. The daemonhost of the enemy Inquisitor was moving below him towards the temple, and the damned Magos who'd blasted him calmly advanced, lining up another shot. Gritting his teeth against the pain, Logan rolled behind the cover offered by a nearby roof tank. He ripped the sleeve from his tunic and hastily plugged the bloody hole in his belly. It wasn't pretty, but it would do for now.

Seeing the rooftop gunman roll out of sight, Lichtenstein paused by the lever control for the lift. The controls looked as though they had been designed for beings larger than humans, and it took all his strength to drag the lever down. The clatter of millennia-old chains and grinding gears sounded deafeningly loud as the lift carriage rose from the darkest depths of the world. Soon he would be inside the temple and close to completing his life's work. Briefly he wondered what he could achieve with the knowledge contained within its hidden walls and chided himself for thinking too far ahead. All good things to those who wait. Gryx sprinted past him, snapping his power claw madly. The combat stimms had heightened his senses to an amazing degree, and Lichtenstein could only guess at what the servitor warrior had detected.

Logan suddenly realizes the folly of sheltering behind a promethium tank.



Ambush. Mechsimus charges from hiding to attack Gryx.

The sound of an iron bolt drawing back echoed in Gryx's head and he tore around the corner of the temple, finally setting his eyes on the prey. A man, similar in dress to his master stood by a door on a higher level but, more importantly, there was a ladder leading towards him. Gryx leapt through the air, his power claw snapping through the metal of the rung and hammering straight through the building's fabric. Gryx braced his feet on the ladder, ready to launch himself up to his target. So focused was Gryx on Kessel that he didn't notice Mechsimus Oilrelius step from the shadows of a hidden alcove. The first warning was as the chrono-gladiator's screaming chainswords slashed towards him. Gryx hurled himself back, narrowly avoiding a disemboweling blow. He fell to the ground as the frenzied warrior came at him again.

In a lull between shots, Logan ducked out from his cover and opened fire on the advancing Magos, filling the area

Gryx falls beneath the blades of Mechsimus.

before him with hot lead. The autogun bucked madly on his arm, spraying shots in all directions. Unfortunately, very few of those directions were towards Dimitri. The one shot that was on target impacted on the Magos's breacher arm and was unable to halt his advance. Analyzing the pollutant content of the air through his olfactory assayers, Dimitri calculated a 78.4% probability that the tank the inaccurate gunner was using as cover contained promethium, a volatile chemical used in the fuel cells of flamer weapons. A thought pulse fired a shell through the tank's side, and a thick, viscous liquid began pouring out. The stink of it caused his probability cogitators to revise their estimate of the likelihood of promethium to 99.8%. As much as his atrophied emotions allowed him to, Dimitri relished the look of panic on Logan Storm's face, as his pistol ejected the spent casing and loaded another.

Gryx rolled clear of another attack of the chrono-gladiator's slashing chainswords, fat orange sparks flaring from the blades' impact with the floor. He pushed himself to his knees, deflecting another blow with his metal claw, but was unable to parry the reverse stroke. The chainsword slashed open his face, the whirring teeth ripping open his skull, finally tearing clear as it struck the steel of his neck brace. Blood poured from the gaping wound in Gryx's head, but the servitor warrior still struggled to rise, swaying aside as another blow chopped past his chest. But Gryx was blinded by blood and couldn't avoid the final blow that hacked into his leg. The roaring chainblade sawed through the meat and bone of Gryx's leg, severing it completely, and the servitor warrior collapsed in a bloody pile, the shock and pain overloading even Gryx's formidable powers of endurance. Mechsimus howled in triumph over the defeated body of his foe, blood from the whirring blades spraying the walls of the temple.

The grime and rust covered doors to the elevator groaned open, the screech of buckled metal painful to the ears. Lichtenstein and Ghaustos ducked inside, the Inquisitor holstering his stubber and unsheathing the combat shotgun from its shoulder scabbard. He checked the load and racked the slide, ready for whatever might await them at the top. The elevator shuddered upwards, ancient mechanisms hauling the lift carriage towards the culmination of his quest. Lichtenstein could feel the daemonhost beside him drawing psychic energy into his body and again, a tiny flare of suspicion went off in Lichtenstein's head. He could hear the crack of bolter fire from outside and presumed that Dimitri was still duelling with the rooftop gunman. He slowed his breathing, raising the shotgun to his shoulder as the lift doors began to judder open.

Across from the temple, Logan watched with terrified relief as the Magos's bolt round passed through the promethium tank but miraculously failed to ignite the chemicals. He wasn't taking any chances, however, and rolled towards the edge of the platform as the spreading pool of fuel engulfed him, soaking him in its choking pungency. He glanced back towards the Magos, whose merciless advance had carried him to within almost point blank range. The muzzle flared as it fired. Logan hurled himself from the roof, arms flailing, and hit the ground hard, breaking his shoulder and cracking his skull against the concrete. Lights flashed before his eyes, and he rolled onto his back in time to see the promethium ignite. A huge orange fireball mushroomed from the tank, liquid tendrils of burning fuel pouring over the edge of the roof. They licked down the side of the building in a flaming torrent towards him. He tried to push himself to his feet, but his head pounded and his vision swum crazily. The flames leapt and his promethium saturated body caught light. Within seconds he was ablaze from head to toe. He tried to scream, but drew superheated air into his lungs, searing them with toxic fumes. He stumbled from the lake of burning fuel and collapsed, slipping into unconsciousness as the flames consumed him.

Logan jumps as Dimitri's shell hits the tank.

Logan's desperate attempt to escape fails as the promethium ignites.

Kessel and Loa Gorg spring their trap on Lichtenstein and Ghaustos.

frame with its warp-borne strength. He thundered his boot against the door and stepped through into the chamber. Lichtenstein's daemon creature was pulling the obelisk open, streaming whips of black lightning arcing from its dissolving matter. Across the chamber he could see the screaming skull-face of Loa Gorg, and behind the obelisk was Lichtenstein. Before Kessel could shout a warning, Lichtenstein lashed out with his indomitable will and slammed Loa Gorg back through the door. Unable to get a clear shot at Lichtenstein, Kessel looked up and swung his sword in a flaming arc, severing one of the obelisk's supporting chains.

The obelisk swung in a low arc, but Lichtenstein dived forwards, rolling to his feet as his med skull was smacked into the wall behind by the Chaos monolith. Its servos sparked and whirred, but the skull shrugged off the impact and returned to its master's side. Kessel advanced and his fiery lashing blade whipped out, scoring a deep gash in Ghaustos's arm, but not driving him from the obelisk.

Lichtenstein moved around the madly swinging obelisk and drew his own sword, its blade similarly wreathed in unnatural flames. He recognized the familiar sign of the Inquisition beneath the warrior's skin. Invisible to normal sight, Lichtenstein's psychic senses and the immense energies bloating the chamber caused it to blaze with crimson fire. Lichtenstein realized they were men of common purpose, but he would not be denied this final victory. He thrust his blade at his opponent's belly, the flaming swords clashing in a blazing discharge of light as the blow was parried, a lightning quick riposte stabbing at his groin. Lichtenstein dodged and circled his foe, a wary respect in his eyes.

"I am Inquisitor Kessel," shouted the newcomer over the rising whine emanating from the disintegrating obelisk. "You must stop this. To open this portal will bring dire consequences!"

"Is that a threat?" hissed Lichtenstein.

"Not to you," clarified Kessel, "to this world."

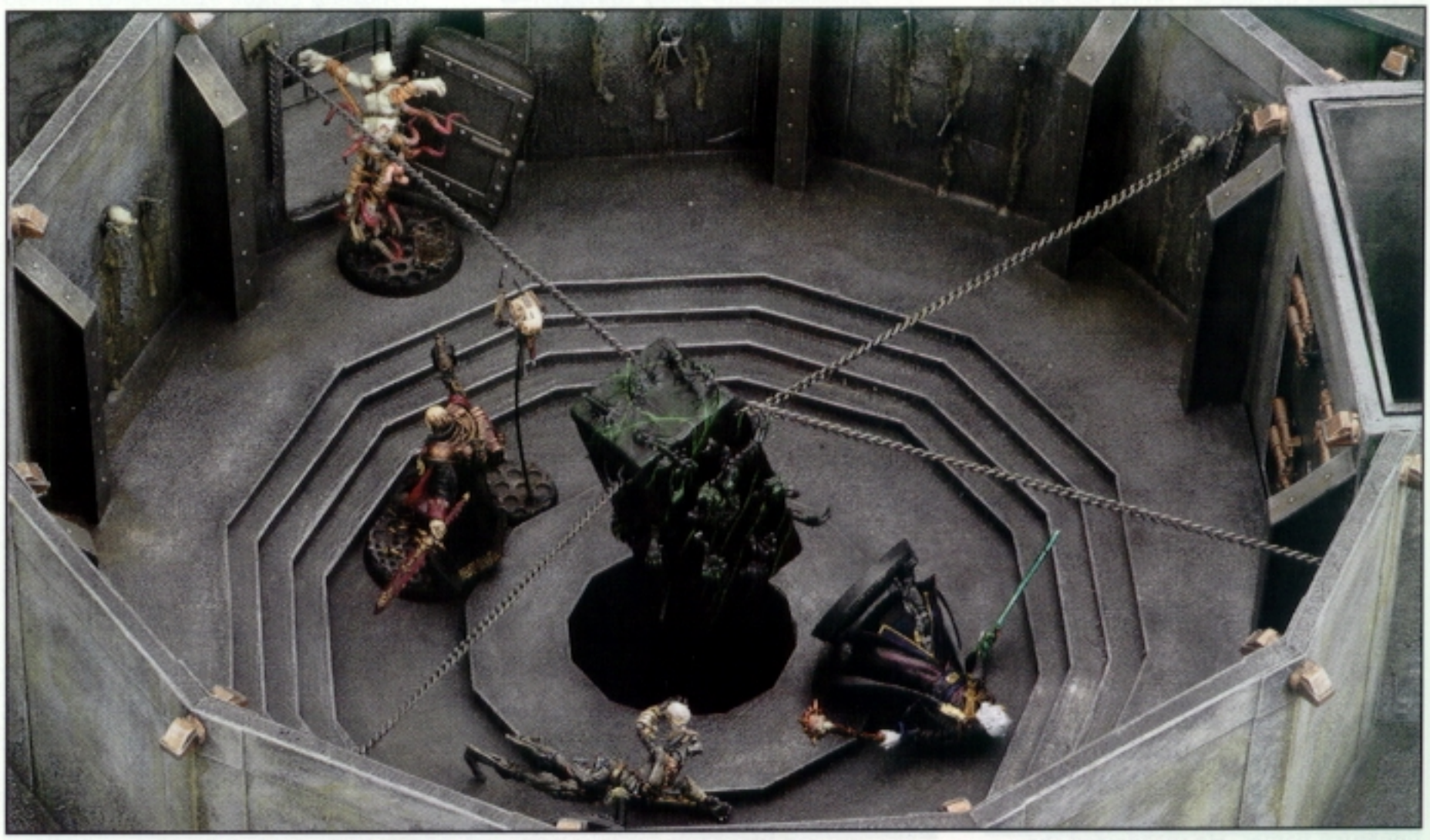
Kessel and Lichtenstein duel as Ghaustos rips open the paraelix configuration.

With Kessel down, Lichtenstein turns his attention to Loa Gorg.

Kessel lunged, and the two Inquisitors traded blow after blow, parrying, riposting and dodging in a display of skill that would have left lesser men speechless with envy. Their flaming swords traced intricate webs of shimmering light as they battled in the shadow of the Paraelix Configuration and Ghaustos's attempts to unmake it. From the corner of his eye, Lichtenstein saw his enemy's daemonhost reappear at the door he had previously hurled it from, and knew this had to end quickly. As the two Inquisitors traded flaming blows, Ghaustos ripped the last of the obelisk apart, his outstretched arms wreathed in dark matter and his eyes blazing with unholy energy.

Coruscating flares of warp energy erupted from the newly opened portal and Lichtenstein immediately knew that he had been catastrophically misled. This was no entrance to the Librarium Hereticus, but a pulsing gateway into the stuff of the warp itself. Only the geomantic architecture of the temple was preventing it from explosively tearing open, but he knew that it was only a matter of time until the energies of the warp overcame the ancient warding sigils engraved into the temple's structure. He had no choice but to attempt to escape. He parried another blow from this meddlesome Inquisitor Kessel, fainting to the belly, then angling a lighting cut towards his head. The blow smashed Kessel from his feet and Lichtenstein ducked as Kessel's daemonhost swung at him.

Ghaustos was bloated with power and greedy for more. The glistening tentacles wrapping his body whipped out, seeking entry to Kessel's flesh, sliding into his mouth and feasting on



As the portal begins ripping apart reality, Ghaustos and Lichtenstein make their escape.

his strength. Kessel bit down hard. Foul pus filled his mouth as Ghaustos screeched, withdrawing the questing tentacles and retreating. Kessel retched, spitting out the slug-like piece of severed tentacle, and rolling aside as the black miasma spread from the ruptured obelisk and threatened to engulf him. He watched as Lichtenstein smashed the flat of his sword into Loa Gorg's head then sprinted from the rapidly degenerating temple, his daemonhost already ahead of him. Kessel rose to his knees, feeling the fabric of reality twisting, the angles of the temple sliding in and out of true. A disgusting grainy texture filled the air, reeking of corruption, and his every action felt as though he were moving through thick glue. The darkness at the heart of the temple was expanding exponentially, and he knew he didn't have much time.

Lichtenstein emerged from the temple, his movements sluggish from the concentrated psychic energy filling the complex. Blood leaked from his nose and he could feel an enormous pressure building within his head. How could he have been so blind? As he watched Ghaustos leap effortlessly across to a nearby structure, Lichtenstein instinctively understood that there was no way the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla could have lied; the bindings and oaths he had placed upon it had been too great. The only way he could have been so badly misled would be if his daemonhost had allowed him to be. He flinched, hearing the blast of a bolt pistol, but saw that the shot came from Dimitri towards a bloodstained, chainsaw-wielding berserker. Behind the roaring warrior, Lichtenstein saw the prone form of Gryx, his leg hanging by gory threads of muscle tissue, lying in a pool of dark blood. Dimitri's shot had blown a crater in the berserker's chest, but he seemed impervious to pain and charged towards a pile of crates that led up to his attacker, the chainswords hacking at the gantry Dimitri stood upon.

Within the roiling chaos of the temple, Kessel raised his daemonsword, fighting against the soporific effects of warp energy pouring into the chamber. The sundered remains of the obelisk were a ball of utter midnight at the center of the dark conflagration. He felt tendons tearing in his muscles as he struggled to aim his blow. A cry of pain burst from his lips as he rammed his sword into the heart of the darkness, the energies of aeons past flowing through his sword arm and into the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg bound within the weapon. Ethereal winds snatched at him, howling around his body and lifting him from the ground. Phantoms born of the warp passed through him, seeking to prise his grip loose from the sword. But Kessel would not let go, hearing the screech of Loa Gorg behind him as a huge reservoir of Chaos energy earthed through his body. The daemonhost's skin split, cracks of light appearing from within, but together he and Kessel were able to hold the rent together, until finally the fabric of reality reasserted itself with a tortured scream. Kessel dropped to the floor of the temple. He still gripped his sword and stared at the roiling pit in the floor above which the Paraelix Configuration had stood. In its place was a smooth,

With one opponent dispatched, Mechsimus turns his attention to Dimitri.

Amid the chaos of the temple, Kessel and Loa Gorg attempt to seal the rift.

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

Gav Thorpe

Gav: Fantastic! I must admit that my duties for Warhammer have somewhat flattened my Inquisitor gaming over the last couple of months, so what a way to get back into it. First up, a big thanks to Graham for such a great scenario and running the game effortlessly. Also, much appreciation to Phil, whose grasp of the Inquisitor spirit is total. Between the three of us, I think that was one of the best Inquisitor games we've ever had.

All in all, the plan worked pretty well. There were some nice showdowns – Logan Storm against Dimitri, Mechsimus versus Gryx, and of course that wonderful clash between the two Inquisitors and their daemonhost allies.

For me, the pacing of the game was perfect. The fighting gathered impetus, with the Inquisitors' companions getting stuck in while the leaders themselves concentrated on their tasks. This died down, leaving the duel in the main chamber at center stage that, once resolved, led to a tension-building but quickly resolved endgame.

Although Inquisitor isn't about winning and losing, I think I came out slightly on top of that one. True, we both achieved our objectives, but since it was impossible for me to complete mine without Lichtenstein starting his own nefarious deed, I think that was acceptable. The only real problem is poor old Logan Storm. He finished the game unconscious and his legs hideously burnt. Considering his previous career as a member of the Adeptus Mechanicus Skitarii, I think it only fitting that Kessel employ the services of the Tech priests to fix up the brave warrior. I'm thinking of upgrading him to full Praetorian battle-servitor status. This will mean converting him up a bit (or more likely starting afresh) and giving him either bionic legs (possibly three or four) or tracks. I'll be looking through my bits box then.

As for the campaign, Lichtenstein slipped away. I think after the scare he's had meddling with forces he doesn't fully understand, he may be a bit more reticent in the future to go opening random warp portals. Considering the similarities between Kessel and Lichtenstein, my Inquisitor may try and track him down to offer him a deal. Be a friend and calm down a bit, or become an enemy. If Lichtenstein knows what's good for him he'll go for the former!

TOTAL CHAOS

Phil Kelly

Phil: As far as the end results go, I'm not quite sure what to make of that one, but my expectations were far exceeded by the events of the game. So many dramatic scenes and cool set pieces cropped up that I doubt it would have been as good if the story was contrived from the start. Lichtenstein achieved his goal, only to find that he had been misled by Pharaa'gueotla (or Ghaustos, perhaps). Kessel came through admirably to seal the resultant warp portal shut once more, saving us from being dragged screaming into the warp. We had a duel with flaming swords, pitched battle on a rickety gantry, a spreading pool of burning oil, heroic leaps aplenty, cyber-gladiators ripping into one another, psychic duels, screaming daemons, exploding barrels...what more could two Inquisitor players ask for?

The best aspect of this game, in my opinion, was that at all times Gav and I were thinking of cool and innovative things to do with our characters rather than just shooting at each other. As a result, we had Dimitri firing at the tank Logan Storm was sheltering behind and then igniting the contents (What did it contain? Promethium of course! – Graham), we had Kessel chopping through the chains holding the obelisk so that it careened toward Lichtenstein, we had Mechsimus attempting to saw through the bridge that Dimitri was standing on, and so on. Firing at ammo crates next to your target can be a lot more fun than shooting the target itself, and potentially do more damage. Besides, as every action movie fan knows, explosions are great fun, so go on, blow stuff up! Improvisation for your character's actions really is the key to a truly memorable game, and if it's a cool idea, the GM is that much more likely to allow you to do it. Poor old Rudgey will have a fit when he hears the scale of the property damage the characters have wreaked on his scenery!

All that remains for my warband is to count the cost, and unfortunately the cost seems to be high indeed. Gryx lost a leg, but that isn't a big deal, I'll just fish through the old bits box and find a cybernetic replacement. Sure, he'll only have one of his original limbs, but Gryx is a servitor-warrior and wasn't likely to win any beauty contests, anyway.

More importantly, Dimitri's brains were so thoroughly cooked by Loa Gorg's Blood Boil power that he was effectively dead, all this after catching a chainsword in the crotch. Not so good. However, Graham is considering the chance that Dimitri, being comprised of around 90% metal and 10% flesh, downloaded his memory engrams into his internal hard drive many years ago. He's already come through suffering an inferno bolt to the head, and is by far the most durable member of the warband. I'm just hoping his autosave is up to the task...

Gav would like to thank a higher power for his warrior band's success.

EXCLUSIVE! INTERVIEW WITH PETER JACKSON

WHITE DWARF™

THE LORD OF THE RINGS™
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

BATTLE AT KHAZAD-DÛM

THE LORD OF THE RINGS
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

Editorial

Paul Sawyer

Regular readers will have noticed that we're handling our support of the new The Fellowship of The Ring game a little differently to how we'd usually cover our Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 games. For a start The Lord of The Rings pages are upside down at the other end of the magazine. Also there's no need for new background material as some chap called Tolkien has already somewhat cornered the market in The Lord of The Rings literature. Not having to produce new fiction and history has given us a great opportunity to bring you more painting, modeling and scenery making articles – hurrah!

Where The Lord of The Rings game differs from our other games is that it's based on a film. This provides all manner of possibilities – not least of which is the chance to interview some of the movers and shakers of the movies. With our other game systems we can't just nip into the Eye of Terror and hold a dictaphone to Abaddon the Despoiler or hop over to Lustria and have a meaningful discussion with Lord Mazdamundi as he contemplates the fate of the Warhammer World. However, we most definitely can track down the actors and creative people who have put together one of the most amazing films of all time!

So far, we've been lucky enough to get a little time with Richard Taylor of special effects wizards Weta Workshop two issues ago and this issue we managed an exclusive interview with Peter Jackson, director of the trilogy, as he took a break from working on The Fellowship of The Ring's musical score in London. And if that's not exciting enough, this issue we will also start with the first of our interviews with the stars of the films – Sean Astin, who plays Samwise Gamgee, Frodo Baggins' faithful companion. Future interviews with the likes of Viggo Mortensen (Aragorn), Billy Boyd (Pippin) and one of the project's core creatives, John Howe, are planned, so keep your eyes peeled and we'll see who we can hunt down in the future.

Until next month!

Paul
Editor

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A STALWART COMPANION

An interview with the actor Sean Astin

Gordon Davidson and Brian Nelson recently met up with Sean Astin, the star who plays Sam Gamgee in the film trilogy. It was a great opportunity to delve behind the scenes of the new film...

GD: When did you first read Lord of the Rings and were you a fan before you landed the roll of Sam Gamgee?

SA: I had never even heard of the books when I found out from my agent that Peter Jackson was doing an adaptation. I said "Lord of the Rings?" and was told, "Well you know The Hobbit..." I said I thought I might have heard of The Hobbit and, walking into a bookstore, I saw shelves and shelves dedicated to this man J.R.R.Tolkien. My eye gravitated right towards an Alan Lee illustrated version in three books, and I went straight home and read 165 pages of the Fellowship in one sitting.

Obviously I was reading it with an eye towards Sam. I hired a dialect coach so I could learn a standard British accent with a little bit of a Cockney hue to it ("Alright mate, sure guv..."). I prepared the audition and went in, went on tape. I came back and tried reading but I couldn't stop thinking about "What if I get the part...? What if I don't get the part...?" So I closed the books, put them down and waited to hear.

It was six or seven weeks before I heard that they'd called for quotes, which every actor knows means that you are in the running for a part. Then Peter Jackson came to Los Angeles, and I had to audition more scenes. I still didn't continue reading the books, and I had to wait another six to eight weeks before I finally got the job offer. After that I was able to go back to the books and read them, knowing that I didn't have to worry about getting the part – now I just had to worry about understanding the story!

I read and finished the Fellowship, and then it was time to go to New Zealand. In the six weeks of preparation prior to filming I went to a bookshop in Wellington, and they had an even more extensive Tolkien collection, and I bought pretty much everything. I probably spent $750 buying every adaptation, because there are all these different illustrations; there were CDs, Americans reading the Lord of the Rings trilogy, the BBC version with Ian Holm playing Bilbo, the Ralph Bakshi animated version, John Howe's paintings, Alan Lee's paintings – anything I could get my hands on. I started again from scratch on the Trilogy and I re-read the first book and got a good 60-70 pages into Two Towers. But I wasn't enjoying it, because I was reading it the way a soldier would read a manifesto on how to prepare for battle. It was instructive but not fun.

Then I got the Hobbit out and read it from cover to cover in maybe four to five hours. Finally, I had discovered the poetry of the stories, the beauty of the stories, the excitement of the stories. Everyone had said that The Hobbit is a children's story and that it isn't as complex as the trilogy. Maybe that is true, but to me when they finally had the battle with Smaug and that great finale – that was filled with so much strategy, political mystery, intrigue, gamesmanship and all of the stuff that fans of the trilogy know and love.

After that I was able to re-read the first book. I read the Fellowship three times and then The Two Towers and The Return Of The King. I still haven't read the Silmarillion and some of the others, but I bought a book of Tolkien's letters and read them before we started filming. They were hugely instructive in understanding the man's project and what he was aiming for. I felt like the

Sean Astin as Sam Gamgee.

books were a bible that I could connect with while we were filming. The thing that struck me about his letters was that he originally started telling the story to his son, and then after his son fell asleep every night, he would go and write new bits – that's how the Hobbit came about. Then, during the Second World War, his son was in the army and Tolkien would write bits and send them to his son, who would read chapters for the first time out loud to the men in his regiment over in Europe. It's pretty brilliant!

In fact Elijah Wood, who plays Frodo Baggins, had not read much of the books, though he knew the story and he had read the Hobbit as a kid. He was kind of embarrassed about not having finished the books. People were starting to gripe at him on the internet, too, and yet he had read the scripts thoroughly and knew the key points of the story well enough that even after I had read the books entirely from the Hobbit through to Return of the King, I did not grasp the story as strongly as he did. I'd come to him with passages in the make-up trailer and read to him; look at what Frodo does here, look at what Sam's relationship to Frodo is here…

I ended up reading the books from cover to cover a second time – so in total I read the Fellowship of the Ring four times, the entire trilogy twice and The Hobbit once, but the first chapter of the Hobbit eight times 'cause I kept reading it to different people. So I think it is fair to say that I have become a complete fan of the books.

BN: Lord of the Rings and Tolkien's other works have an intense fan base – did you get caught up in that passion during the filming?

SA: Sam is kind of a no-nonsense character, and when I was making the films I was kind of a no-nonsense actor. It was all about actually doing the work. Putting the feet on, putting the ears on, putting the hair on – getting it right. I know what sounds right in my own ear – and if I didn't hear it the right way or it didn't seem right, it would annoy me, and I was not bashful about asserting myself and telling my bosses what I thought could be done better. I think that they appreciated that. I was respectful of their talent, artistry, accomplishment and all that, but there was a very honest mentality.

It was also very hard, physically. We were filming in Rivendell on this set with an 80 pound wooden loom that they had built as a center piece. I had decided that while they were filming a sequence with Arwen that I was going to go off with the book and just sit in this idyllic environment, this kind of utopian ideal, serene setting with the waterfalls and everything. The wind was blowing, and I sat down and I opened

Sean Astin chats with miniatures designer Brian Nelson.

the book up… and there was a gust of wind and this huge loom fell on my head. I felt my chin on my chest and I was knocked out cold. By the time I came to there were four men lifting this thing off of me. The lump on my head was huge!

Then there was the cut that I got on my foot while we were filming one of the last scenes of the first film. I had to run into the water, and a bottle or a branch or something penetrated my prosthetic foot and sliced my real foot open. I had to be flown to the hospital for stitches.

So at a certain point I felt much like Sam on his journey, concerned with my physical mortality, and while I could appreciate being involved in the epic grandeur of this film, mostly I just wanted to live through it!

I never really felt pressured by the fans, but I did redouble my efforts to get it right, and hopefully the work that we did will stand up to the study of true believers.

GD: How pleased do you think they will be? Do you feel you have achieved a hit movie that is going to be popular to all; which will please both Tolkien fans and the mass market?

SA: For me, personally, I only try to please myself. It may be very arrogant of me, but I believe that if I like it, other people will like it.

BN: You are your own harshest critic, you mean?

SA: Well, that is another way of putting it, but rather than critiquing my own work, I really want to enjoy it! When I see the playback of footage of what I have done, I know if I like it.

There were some things about the film that I was intensely skeptical of while we were making it. The Cave Troll, for example, seemed like this 'thing' made with digital technology. That was the way I thought of it, because I didn't understand how they were going to do it. I knew what my job was as an actor – it is the same job you have when you are on stage in the West End. You just believe, you inhabit a space, you commit to an idea, and you make sure you find a way to achieve an emotional resonance with whatever it is that is actually happening. No, the thing that I was skeptical about was if the digital creature would look real. Was I going to believe it? But I saw 30 minutes of footage the other day, and I believed!

The Cave Troll has emerged for the moment as my favorite character, along with Gollum. I just love the pathos of Gollum… it is actually something similar in the Cave Troll that even though he is trying to kill the Fellowship, he is sympathetic because he is shackled and there is this kind of look in his eyes… I don't even know if Tolkien emphasized it that much. They have created this big lumbering monster, who is stupid but in a sympathetic way, because you realize that he just doesn't understand what he is doing. He's got these big dopey eyes, and at a certain point when he has been rendered immobile you look at him and you just think "Ah, this poor creature." I genuinely connected with him.

GD: When they finally kill him it's fantastic!

SA: I know, but I felt sad for him, too. He stumbles and falls, and it just broke my heart.

GD: Hobbits are well known for their love of good living. Did you do much character study?

SA: No – while filming the movies I was never able to enjoy the life of a

From left to right: Sam, Frodo, Pippin and Merry face unknown danger at Weathertop.

Hobbit the way 'real' Hobbits do, but I did have to get fat – I put on two stone.

GD: What was the most memorable set you acted on during filming?

SA: It was a mountain range aptly

SA: Just the hours – it was not the typical twelve hour turn-around you get with the American Acting Union. That means, from the time they let you go to

scene, we'd fill it trying to do it better. On the last day of filming, Randy Cook, who did the digital effects for Gollum and the Cave Troll and stuff, was actually directing a sequence with me. I mean Peter Jackson's biggest feat wasn't directing the film, it was directing 15 other directors to capture his vision. There were 2nd unit directors, 3rd unit directors, model unit directors, insert unit directors, pick up unit directors, scenic unit directors, and all of them were marching in step to his ultimate vision. Anyway, I just remember Randy Cook not wanting to stop. We were filming a fight with Gollum on top of Mount Doom, and it is basically me doing choreographed moves on my own, because Gollum is created digitally. We were on Take 30 or something. and he just wanted to keep going and going. There were times when you had to scream yourself hoarse or run yourself tired and then go back and do it all over again. It was a full-on experience.

GD: Tell us about fighting Shelob.

SA: I was so fat by that time and I had all the stuff that Sam carries – it was exhausting. It was three full days done

PAINTING MASTERCLASS

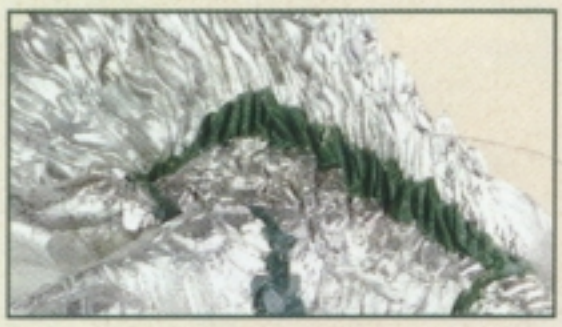
The monstrous Balrog

The Balrog is the biggest release of our Fellowship of the Ring miniatures in terms of sheer size. We thought it only fitting to show you how we painted this colossal model.

Painted by Martin Footitt

ASSEMBLING THE MODEL

After cleaning up the model by removing any flash lines and filing them smooth, the fit of all the parts was tested before starting to assemble the model. First, the wings were pinned together and then pinned to the body. As the assembled model is quite heavy, it is a good idea to pin it to a base. The separate components were then glued into place and any gaps were filled with green stuff. A small amount of shaping the green stuff to resemble cracked skin was required in some places. Finally, the model was given an undercoat spray with Chaos Black, followed by painting slightly watered-down Chaos Black over any areas that the spray had missed.



PAINTING THE MODEL

Any sections of the model that were going to be painted with a fiery flame effect, such as the sword and mane, were now painted Skull White. The recesses between the cracked skin and on the wings were also painted with Skull White. There was inevitably a small amount of paint overlap, but any mistakes were rectified at a later stage.

An equal parts mix of Fiery Orange and Orange Ink was then painted over the Skull White, followed by shading with a slightly watered-down mix of Fiery Orange and Red Ink. Red Gore was then added to the mix and applied as an ink wash to the flames on the sword and mane. A mix of two parts Golden Yellow to one part Skull White was painted on to highlight these sections, as well as the larger cracks in the skin. Skull White was then added to this mix for successive highlight stages. The flames were then given a glaze with a watered-down Yellow Ink. Any areas where the paint had overlapped onto the wing or scales had to be carefully repainted with Chaos Black.

The Balrog's cracked skin was painted with a basecoat mix of two parts Chaos Black to one part Codex Grey. The first highlight stage was done by adding Codex Grey to the mix until the two colors were in roughly equal quantities. Final highlights were made by adding more Codex Grey until the mix was now roughly two parts Codex Grey to one part Chaos Black.

FINISHING TOUCHES

A small amount of Codex Grey was mixed in with some Chaos Black and painted onto the tips and edges of the claws. Once the model had been varnished, these parts were then given a few coats of Gloss Varnish.

Sand was glued onto the base with PVA or white glue and then, once dry, given a Brown Ink wash. This was drybrushed with a mix of Snakebite Leather and Fortress Grey, and then flocked with static grass.

The stones on the base were painted Chaos Black, and then Skull White was added and drybrushed on in successive stages. The handle of the axe was painted with Scorched Brown, followed by adding Bestial Brown for the first highlight stage and then a small amount of Bleached Bone for the final highlights. The metal was painted with Boltgun Metal, then highlighted with Chainmail and Mithril Silver before applying a thinned down Brown Ink wash.

Two parts Chaos Black to one part Codex Grey was mixed together. This was then stippled onto the fleshy areas, such as the belly and arms.
Codex Grey was then added to the mix until it was roughly equal parts, and then this too was stippled on as a highlight stage. Bleached Bone was added to this mix for the final stipple highlights.

FINE DETAIL

The horns were given a basecoat of equal parts Chaos Black, Bubonic Brown and Codex Grey. Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone were added to the mix for the first highlight stage, followed by adding Bleached Bone for each successive highlight.

ONE MAN TO BIND THEM ALL

A world exclusive interview with Peter Jackson

Peter Jackson, the highly sought-after director of the Lord of the Rings film trilogy, kindly gave our Lord of the Rings Marketing Manager John Paul Brisigotti a couple of hours whilst he was working on the movie soundtrack in London. John Paul seized this exclusive chance to ask him a few questions about the process of making the film...

John Paul Brisigotti: When did you decide that you wanted to tackle The Lord of the Rings as a film project?

Peter Jackson: Well, it wasn't a long-held desire of mine to make The Lord of the Rings. I'm sure a lot of people will think that it was an ambition of mine for twenty years that I finally got to realize, but that's not true. My first encounter with The Lord of the Rings was watching the animated film when it was first released in 1978. I saw the movie, and that made me want to know more – the film was a little confusing and didn't have the whole story so you didn't quite know what was going on, but it was still interesting. I liked the idea of Frodo and the Hobbits carrying the ring, and I wanted to know what the real story was, so I read the book. I was about 18 years old, and at the time I thought, 'Wow, this would make a really great movie!', but I wasn't a professional film maker back in those days, so I had no particular thought at all that I would be making the film. I just thought it would be a great movie to see when somebody else made it.

As a teenager, I had done some stop motion animation on Super 8 – I was a big Ray Harryhausen fan – then, when I left school, I became a photo engraver with the local newspaper, and over the next few years I broke into films. But rather than breaking into films professionally, I ended up shooting Bad Taste over four years of weekends. After seven years I was able to leave my newspaper job and become a film maker. I worked with Richard Taylor of WETA early on in Meet the Feebles, and during that time we always did our own effects – such as on Braindead and Heavenly Creatures. Then Jurassic Park came out, which featured amazing effects, and I started to think that if I was to continue to do my own effects, then I would have to get into CGI. We bought some computers and began doing our own digital effects for The Frighteners. It was at that time in 1995 that the idea of doing The Lord of the Rings as a movie was born.

We were in post-production with The Frighteners, and I was thinking about what I wanted to do next since we had established a computer effects team. Richard Taylor and I had formed WETA, giving us a considerable resource and I thought we could finally do a fantasy film, the kind I loved as a kid, like the Ray Harryhausen films. In the hundred years that films have been made, the fantasy genre has not been well served. We talked about developing an original fantasy film – "like The Lord of the Rings". Then we began to wonder about the rights to The Lord of the Rings itself. Since the animated film, 20 years ago, nothing had happened. After some phone calls, I discovered that Saul Zaentz had the rights – he'd actually produced the animated movie, and we were told that he had been approached by several film-makers over the years but didn't really have any ambition to make a live action film. This started a chain of events which led us to dealing with Miramax and then onto New Line. The whole legal process took about a year and a half to get the rights before we could begin work on the films in 1997.

JPB: Obviously you've been aware of The Lord of the Rings since you were 18, but were you taken by it, as many fans are, and read it over and over again?

In honor of Peter Jackson, Brian Nelson sculpted him in 28mm Hobbit form. Peter is renowned for hardly ever wearing shoes (just like Hobbits!)

PJ: No, I hadn't read it at all in the intervening 20 years. I wasn't the sort of person who would read it every year, I had just logged it away as a great book. But now, obviously, I've read it a million times, back to front and sideways!

JPB: Were you prepared for The Lord of the Rings fan base that already existed, and the passion and enthusiasm that was out there before you started thinking about the project in 1995?

PJ: I was aware of it to some extent. I wasn't part of it, but in the past it had been a very quiet group in some respects because the property hadn't been overly merchandised. During that period, it wasn't as if you were surrounded in toy shops with The Lord of the Rings. It has never been in the consciousness of the public like Star Trek or Star Wars has, but it obviously has a very loyal group of readers. Whereas Star Wars and Star Trek were born from films and television and are much more merchandising focused, in a way, The Lord of the Rings world is more interesting as it's based on a fifty year-old book, which in itself is the work of a lifetime. It is fascinating that one man spent his life developing this world, and Tolkien himself admitted that the primary reason to develop Middle-earth and the stories was because he was interested in words and language. After Tolkien wrote Elvish and designed the language, he needed to create the world that it was based in, so it's a very interesting phenomenon, indeed.

JPB: Who's your favorite character in the film?

PJ: Well, it's difficult to say, but the character I relate to the most is Bilbo Baggins. I regard myself as a Hobbit, and I think that I have Hobbit traits like Bilbo – his love of sitting in front of the fire and having a quiet life, and his discomfort at being thrust into adventures is something I can relate to quite well. There are a lot of great characters, and I think in terms of the movie we have made, it is Frodo that most people will relate to. He is the character your heart goes out to the quickest, because he's the one who goes on the journey not knowing what to expect and has to deal with whatever comes at him.

JPB: What about the more heroic characters, such as Aragorn and Boromir?

PJ: They are characters that are more fun but they are not really us, as they are far more heroic than ordinary people tend to be. I'm sure most of us would regard ourselves as being much more like Frodo.

JPB: Making The Lord of the Rings as three films may seem like an obvious choice considering that is how the books were written, but as this has never been done before, and from what I hear it's not likely to be done again, how did you get New Line to agree to such a big project?

PJ: We knew that there had to be more than one film right from the start. We developed two for a while with Miramax, who were originally producing it with us, and we were never going to do three. Ultimately, they revised that down to one when they realized how much two were going to cost. The one film was not even going to be like the first book but more like the whole of The Lord of the Rings reduced into one film. It was at this point that we pitched it to New Line who very quickly embraced

Peter loves to film in the amazing landscape of New Zealand, where he lives.

the idea of three films. Bob Shaye, the chairman of the company, asked straight away why we should make one or two films when it clearly ought to be three – so he was completely supportive from day one.

The advantage of three films is that you can do The Lord of the Rings justice, but it's still not enough time to develop everything that everybody loves in the book. Having just finished the cutting of The Fellowship of the Ring, we have a movie that is two hours and 50 minutes long. That still doesn't have every character from The Fellowship of the Ring in it or every single event, as you would literally need five or six hours to do the first book as it was written. It does, however, allow you to have the most memorable events and most of the characters.

The hard part of doing three films is fairly obvious. It is a lot of work as you are shooting for fourteen to fifteen months. It makes you tired, people get stressed and the logistics of such a huge organization are unbelievable. The advantages are really great, though, because you are making the first film knowing that you are also making the second and the third, and can develop them as separate films able to stand on their own. You know where the story is going to end when you are making the first film, and it's mapped out in advance. Where this will become more obvious is when people are able to see all three films together. They will be able to see the advantages of doing it in this way instead of just making a film and then making sequels, as the dynamics are very different.

JPB: There are people who will not be aware of the story when they go to see the film, and the fact that there is a huge cliffhanger at the end of each book will be a surprise to a lot of them, especially as they will have to wait another twelve months for the next installment. How have you tackled the problem of trying to make each film a separate experience whilst keeping people excited between films?

PJ: We have tried to create an ending to each film that is satisfactory in itself but will also leave people wanting to see what happens next. It's a very tricky balance. Having a total cliffhanger, a bit like the end of The Empire Strikes Back where Han Solo is encased in carbonite, is a little unsatisfying. We don't want people walking out at the end not really feeling fulfilled. We wanted to create an ending where people feel that they have seen an ending whilst the story itself obviously still has places to go.

JPB: What made you want to do the film in New Zealand?

PJ: The principle reason why is because I'm based there. I live in New Zealand, and that's where I like to work as it gives me a lot of freedom as a family man. I'm like a Hobbit; I like to stay in the Shire. I don't want to travel out into the big bad world, so I consciously look for movies that I can do locally. If The Lord of the Rings had been set in the middle of Rome or on the Venetian canals, I probably wouldn't have even thought about doing it. The fact that The Lord of the Rings is totally about the environment and unspoiled landscapes and has exactly the sort of landscape that we have in New Zealand was part of the reason why my brain went there. I'm always thinking about what I can make down here. The Lord of the Rings is set in a European pre-history, and New Zealand is a form of unspoiled European landscape. We have a very similar climate to Europe and similar vegetation, with a slightly more rugged landscape; a wild, slightly primitive look.

JPB: The logistics of making three major motion pictures in such a landscape must have been daunting.

PJ: It's like waging a war, really. You have to move hordes of troops around, and it's all about transport and communications. It's about logistics – shifting 300 people all around the island and then finding them hotel rooms. The good thing about New Zealand is that it is a civilized country and has its own road, rail and air networks, and it's small. That helps a lot because moving 300 people from one side of the island to the other can happen within two hours.

JPB: When you started out in 1995 you must have had a vision of what could be done with The Lord of the Rings. How does that compare now that you are nearing completion of the first film? Has it fulfilled what you had in your head then, or have you ended up going in a completely different direction?

PJ: It's been such a long and developing organic process that I can't quite remember what was in my head back in 1995. It's almost impossible to compare one moment now to five years ago because every day things alter and change, which is part of the fun of it.

Having decided to make the movie, I sat down with Fran [Walsh] and Philippa [Boyens], who wrote the screenplay for the movie, and they added ideas of their own which I never would have thought of, and then suddenly it took on a life of its own and went far beyond what I was imagining. I then brought in the design team and all of Richard Taylor's guys: Alan Lee, John Howe and everyone else that we had designing, and they were consistently coming up with stuff which was much bigger than I had imagined. I'd be sitting there imagining what the Mines of Moria or the Dark Tower looked like, but when John Howe showed us his drawing of the Dark Tower it elevated the idea to somewhere else entirely. You also have a very exciting stage when the actors come on board. You can imagine the way that Gandalf talks but you don't have the chance to hear that until Sir Ian McKellen begins work, and then that takes you into a totally different direction again. It's constantly evolving and developing. My job as the director is to be the final filter. I try to involve everybody and encourage ideas and then let the project evolve and not control it too much, so I don't inhibit anyone. I never say to people just do it my way or just do as you are told, as that would be the most inhibiting and tragic thing that could happen on a project like this. I try to encourage freeform ideas and good creative input, and generally steer it towards a common direction. Only then am I the final filter, when it comes down to whether we do A or B.

JPB: Were you aware of Games Workshop before we got involved in the project?

PJ: Yes I was. I have never played any of your games, but I have always been intrigued, what with my love of Ray Harryhausen fantasy and all that. In Wellington, right at the foot of the stairs that lead to the local cinema is a Games Workshop store. Trouble is, I always go to the movies at night, so the store is always closed! So for many years I have stopped to look at the wonderfully painted figures in the window.

JPB: Are you already thinking about what's next after Lord of the Rings?

PJ: I'm not really thinking too much about what's next. Having just got the first film done, I'm interested to see how we will be cutting the second and third movies together, having shot all three back-to-back, and how people will react to the first film. What comes after that, who knows? We probably have another two years work before the whole project is complete, and right now that seems like a long way off.

JPB: Thank you for your time Peter, and may I wish you the best of luck for the film from everybody at Games Workshop.

Peter rather fancies the life of a Hobbit.