

WHITE DWARF

WARHAMMER

IT'S BACK! BIGGER, BETTER AND BADDER!

**FREE! RAVENING HORDES
WARHAMMER ARMY LISTS BOOK**



1975 2000

WD250 OCTOBER

AUS\$9.95 NZ\$11.95

GAMES WORKSHOP'S
MONTHLY HOBBY MAGAZINE



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If you're new to White Dwarf magazine, look out for these boxes throughout the issue.

They tag the key articles that will give you a good idea of what Warhammer and the Games Workshop hobby are all about - ideal for newcomers.

Dave Taylor's Editorial

Dave Taylor, editor and hiker...



Well, I've arrived back home after a few weeks traipsing through some cold and windy mountains on the other side of the world.

Fortunately I've arrived in time to welcome you all to the 250th issue of White Dwarf, and more importantly, welcome you to Warhammer. This is the sixth incarnation of our game of fantasy battles, and this issue of White Dwarf will take you on a guided tour of the Warhammer world.

Many of you veteran Warhammer generals will have already pawed through your copy of *Ravener Hordes*, working out how you'll adapt your army to continue to rampage across the Old World. If so then take a bit of time to read the words of wisdom from Tuomas Pirinen and Graham McNeill on the improvements they've made to my favourite game.

If you're new to all this (the Games Workshop hobby that is) then you might not want to worry about that booklet full of numbers just yet, but dive headlong into the magazine. Remember, if you've got any questions you can ask at your local Games Workshop store or phone the helpful guys at Mail Order on (02) 9829 6111.

After all that (and so much more) we feature a fantastic battle report in this issue. *STORM CLOUDS OVER GEISTHEIM* showcases the strategy involved in this latest edition of Warhammer. Devour and enjoy!

Anyway, enough of my ramblings, many thanks to Justin "Booster" Keyes and Matt Weaver for holding the fort admirably during my absence, and for their continued hard work.



What's this *Ravener Hordes* thing then?

Ravener Hordes is a set of 'get you by' army lists for existing players of Warhammer. Anyone who already owns a Warhammer army can use these lists to play games with their army. As such, it's not a permanent addition to the Warhammer range, and each list in turn will be superceded by its respective Warhammer Armies supplement.

For new players, we strongly recommend you start with one of the armies which will be covered by these books. Warhammer Armies: *The Empire* is out soon, and the book covering Orcs and Goblins will be out very soon, with lots more to follow next year. One word of warning: the *Ravener Hordes* lists reflect the miniatures ranges as they were, not necessarily as they will be. As we come to release the new armies, we'll be making changes to them, so we wouldn't recommend starting a new army based on these lists.

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Warhammer is back!



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◆ News this issue...

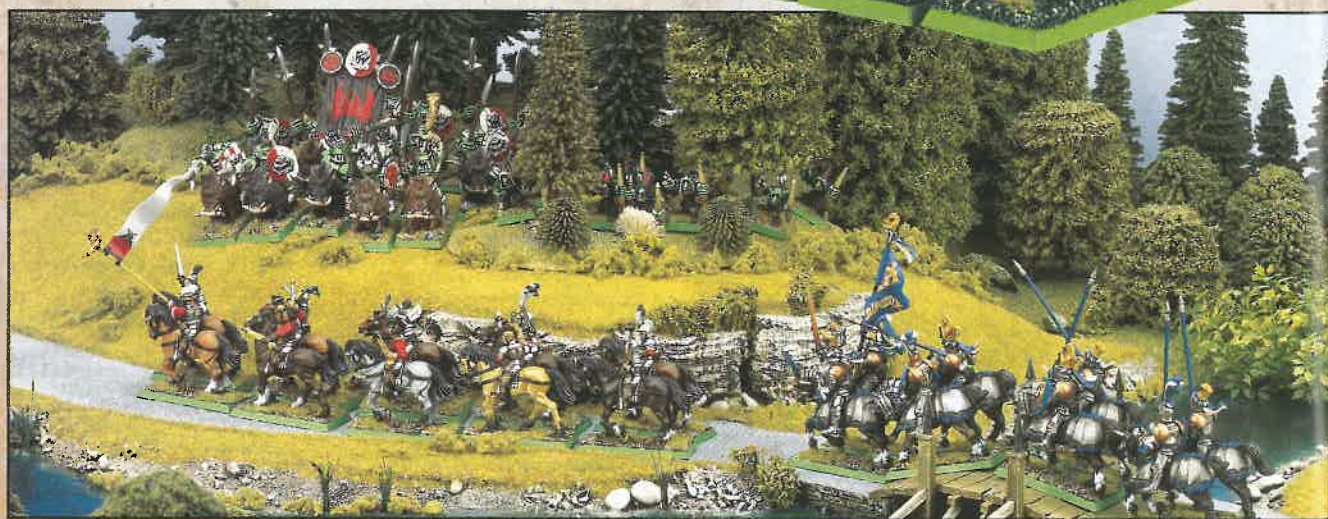
WARHAMMER

It's back!

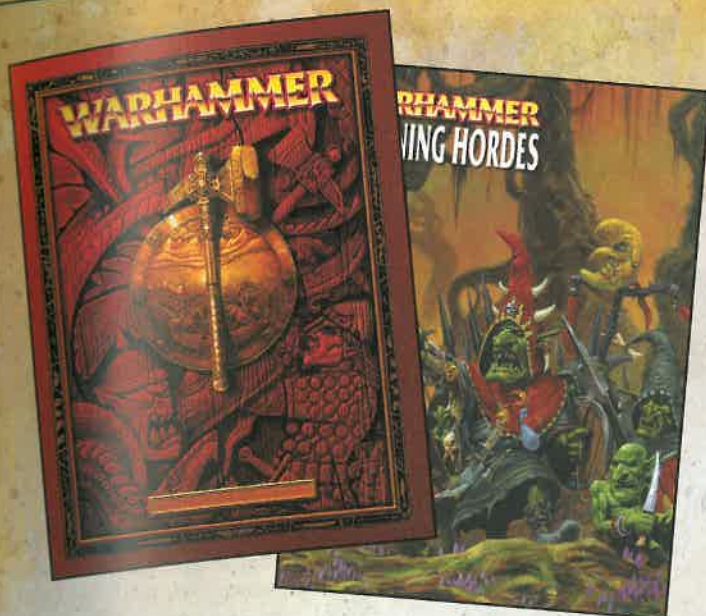
Yes it's finally here - the new edition of Warhammer, the game of fantasy battles.

For those of you who are new to the game, there is the Warhammer Starter Set, including the full rulebook, two starter armies (the ferocious Orcs and the noble men of the Empire), plus battlefield scenery, dice and everything else you'll need to get going and play your first few battles. Of course, if you add up the price of the models you get, you'll find that this is a very good deal, so we anticipate quite a few existing players will go for this option too! More details about what's in the box can be found later this issue.

Of course as you'd expect there is a whole host of newly designed miniatures to go with the game and expand the armies you get in the Starter Set. These will be released over this and the coming months. On the right are the new Empire Knights and there are plenty more shown later in the pages of this White Dwarf...



Orcs and Goblins spring a deadly ambush on the Empire cavalry.



Most existing players will be after the rulebook, which initially will be sold on its own in a hardback version. Later in this issue we explain all the ins and outs of the new rules. The Ravening Hordes book that comes free with this White Dwarf is a get-you-by army list so you can use your existing armies until the relevant Army books come out. So snap up the rulebook and you'll be all set to get playing new Warhammer!

GAMESDAY GOLDEN DEMON 2000

As you read this Games Day 2000 is rapidly approaching. Less than one month away (October 22nd) from this massive gaming event preparations are proceeding at full pace! If you don't have your ticket yet contact your nearest Games Workshop store or Games Workshop Mail Order. You may be lucky!

CITADEL SCENERY

Also out this month are the first releases for the new Citadel Scenery range. This superbly detailed terrain is made from tough, hardened foam and comes pre-painted and flocked, so you can take it straight out of the bag and use it on your battlefield (it's a decent price too). Look out later in the issue for photos and full details.

New Releases

WARHAMMER®

This month's releases for Warhammer:	AUS\$	NZ\$
Warhammer boxed game (starter set)	\$139.95	\$159.95
Warhammer (hardback rulebook)	\$69.95	\$79.95

THE EMPIRE

Empire Hero on Griffon	\$54.95	\$59.95
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ORCS AND GOBLINS

Orc Boss on Wyvern	\$54.95	\$59.95
Black Orcs (2 models per blister)	\$13.95	\$15.95
Black Orc command (2 models per blister)	\$13.95	\$15.95

WARHAMMER REGIMENTS

Empire Soldiers (19 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Empire Knightly Order (8 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Night Goblins (20 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Skeleton Warriors (20 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Skaven Clanrats (20 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Chaos Warriors (12 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Orc Boyz (19 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Zombies (20 model boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95

WARHAMMER 40,000®

This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:	AUS\$	NZ\$
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IMPERIAL GUARD

Armageddon Steel Legion Sentinel (1 model per box)	\$29.95	\$34.95
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SPACE MARINES

Salamanders Chaplain Xavier (1 model per blister)	\$17.95	\$19.95
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ORKS

Ork Big Gunz - Zzap (1 gun and crew per blister)	\$17.95	\$19.95
Ork Big Gunz - Kannon (1 gun and crew per blister)	\$17.95	\$19.95
Ork Big Gunz - Lobba (1 gun and crew per blister)	\$17.95	\$19.95
Ork Mad Dok Grotznik (1 model per blister)	\$17.95	\$19.95

CITADEL SCENERY

Battlemat	\$34.95	\$39.95
Hill	\$29.95	\$34.95
Wood	\$34.95	\$39.95
Warhammer Hedges and Walls	\$29.95	\$34.95
Warhammer 40,000 Obstacles and Barricades	\$29.95	\$34.95
Ruined Tower	\$39.95	\$44.95

Black Library™

This month's releases from the Black Library:	AUS\$	NZ\$
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Warhammer Monthly 33	\$4.95	\$5.95
Dragonslayer, a Warhammer novel by Bill King	\$12.95	\$14.95
Citadel Journal 39	\$15.95	\$17.95
Warhammer Magazine	\$7.50	\$9.95
Epic Magazine	\$7.50	\$9.95

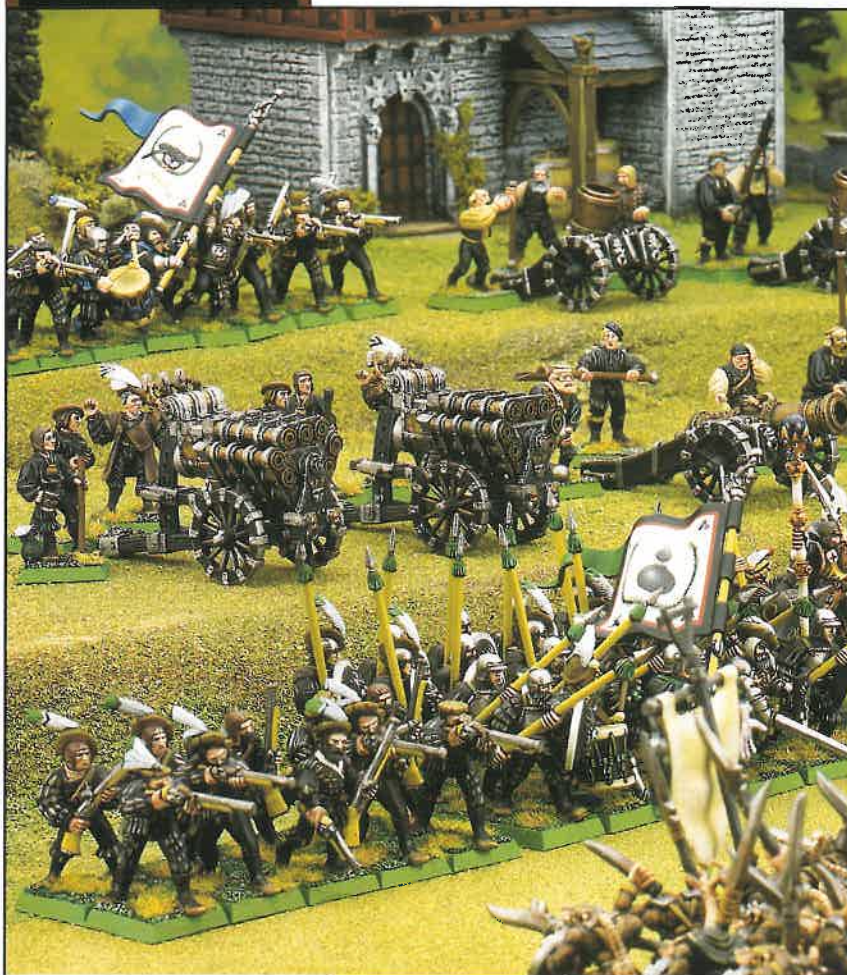
...out this month

What is the Games Workshop hobby all about?

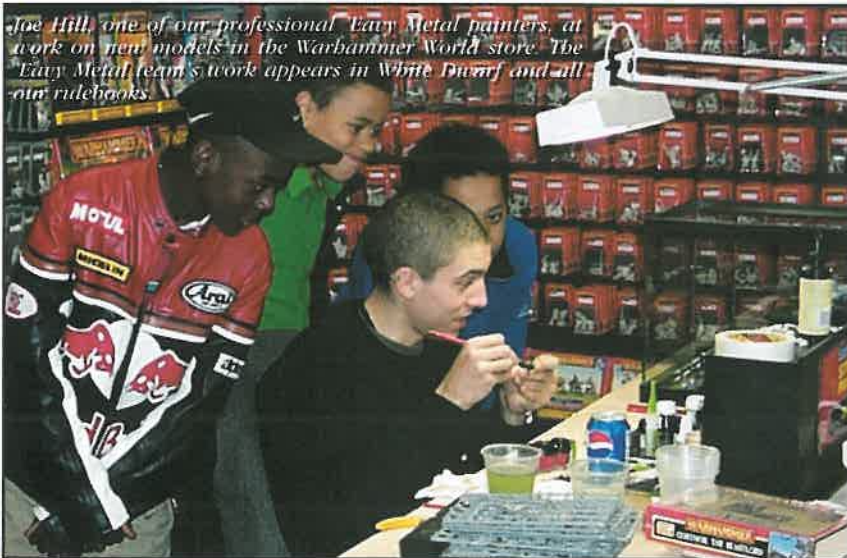
Rick Priestley, one of the original writers of Warhammer, explains the latest games, miniatures and tournaments and modelling and painting workshops in our stores.

AN INTRODUCTION TO GAMES WORKSHOP

By Rick Priestley



Joe Hill, one of our professional 'Easy Metal' painters, at work on new models in the Warhammer World store. The 'Easy Metal' team's work appears in *White Dwarf* and all our rulebooks.



This month sees the release of the brand new edition of Warhammer, the world's favourite fantasy wargame. You can read all about it later on in this *White Dwarf*. It seems like only yesterday when I sat down with a somewhat damp and slightly messy hand-written set of gaming rules and set about creating the very first Warhammer. However, it was actually more like eighteen years ago. Between then and now we have had a total of five versions of this great game, and this latest version makes it six.

I guess it must be true that Warhammer and its futuristic derivation Warhammer 40,000 have done more to introduce people to the hobby of gaming than any other Games Workshop games. Today there are dedicated Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 gamers in every corner of the globe. The latest Warhammer will be launched simultaneously in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish editions, a testament to the worldwide popularity of fantasy gaming.

As well as a new version of the game, we will soon be launching a new worldwide tournament system. Whether you're an independent player or a member of a games club, the new tournament system will be open to you at a local level all the way up to national and maybe even international competition level. The Warhammer World Exhibition Centre at Games Workshop's Lenton Headquarters has already hosted a number of events this year and offers incomparable gaming facilities with up to 60 tables in simultaneous use, Bugman's Bar and restaurant, as well as the Warhammer World shop with a full range of products from Citadel, Forge World and the Black Library.

This coming year will see some other exciting changes in Games Workshop stores too, with the introduction of special modelling and painting workshops where skilled modellers and painters get a chance

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The Warhammer Starter set contains everything you need to start collecting an Empire (shown here) or Orc army. The rulebook is also available separately.

to show off their know-how. Although some workshops have been designed to demonstrate basic skills, others are designed for experienced modellers and painters who are looking to extend their existing skills even further. So, whether you're looking to put your first Warhammer army together or embarking on an ambitious new project, you'll find useful help and advice on hand in your local Games Workshop store.

Quite a few readers will, no doubt, have played Warhammer in its previous incarnation and will be eager to find out what's different about this latest version. Others may be new to Warhammer, perhaps to the whole idea of gaming. To both I would say that there has never been a better time to get into Warhammer. We now have an extensive range of plastic kits representing the most important troops in each army, ideal for bulking out your armies and by far the best way to start a new force. And, of course, there are oodles of new metal models on their way too, all thanks to a rapidly expanding team of international sculpting wonder-workers.

If you're contemplating your first army then there can be no more appropriate start than to look at either the Empire or Orc starter armies, available as a matched pair in the

Warhammer starter set or as separate and slightly larger Battalion boxes. Over the next few years we'll be revising all of the traditional Warhammer armies one at a time, extensively remodelling them and publishing accompanying Warhammer Armies books with all the appropriate gaming rules and army lists as well as background information and painting guides.

With our new tournaments system, more to do and learn in the stores, and a regular avalanche of new models for the forthcoming Warhammer armies, I reckon there's plenty of news to celebrate for all fans of Games

Figure sculptor Tim Adcock puts the finishing touches to his latest creation.



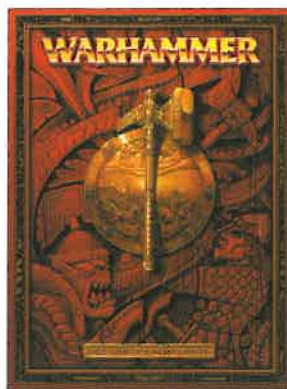
A tournament at Warhammer World in Nottingham, with games in full swing.

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WHAT'S NEW ABOUT WARHAMMER THEN?

By Tuomas Pirinen and Graham McNeil

By now you'll have noticed that the brand new version of Warhammer hits the shelves this month. You may then be wondering what's new about it. We asked Tuomas, who wrote the new game and new Warhammer writer Graham McNeil to explain what's changed and describe the thoughts behind the new game.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

Warhammer is still the world's finest tabletop fantasy wargame and once you've had a chance to look through the new rulebook in more detail, we think you'll be more than happy with the changes. You certainly won't find that the rules have radically altered and that your favourite army is now unusable. The core rules of Warhammer are sound and have been for some time, so for the most part we haven't changed what wasn't broken. What you will find is that the new game improves on previous editions by refining the existing rules and providing a more balanced, intuitive gaming experience.

The origins of this edition of Warhammer came from the thousands of suggestions, comments and ideas the designers received from the vast body of players throughout the world and the desire to see it become more exciting and an even more playable game. We haven't made huge, sweeping changes to the basic game, but have taken the opportunity to restore balance to the areas of the game that occasionally found themselves misused, misunderstood or didn't quite work the way we wanted.

IT'S MAGIC

The first change that most veteran players will probably notice is that the Turn sequence has changed slightly. The Magic phase now comes right after the Movement phase and before the Shooting phase, which puts it right in the thick of the battle rather than bolted on at the end of the turn.

The Magic rules are where the biggest changes have taken place. Magic has changed from players dealing power and spell cards into a dice based system. Wizards now accumulate a number of Power Dice depending on how high their Magic Level is and use these dice in the casting and dispelling of magic spells. This system of magic dispenses with the need to have decks of cards cluttering up the table and allows a much more tactical use of magic, suckering out your opponent's Dispel Dice before unleashing your most devastating magic at his helpless warriors. The new dice system also incorporates Irresistible Force and Miscasts – unstoppable spells and horrible accidents waiting to turn your



Alessio and Gordon enjoy a Warhammer battle.

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Wizard's brain to jelly if he loses control of the powerful magical energies coursing through his body.

The new Magic rules are extremely playable and allow for another level of tactical play, with Wizards engaging in magical duels for supremacy, furiously casting and dispelling one another's powers. This system will be further developed in the forthcoming Army books.

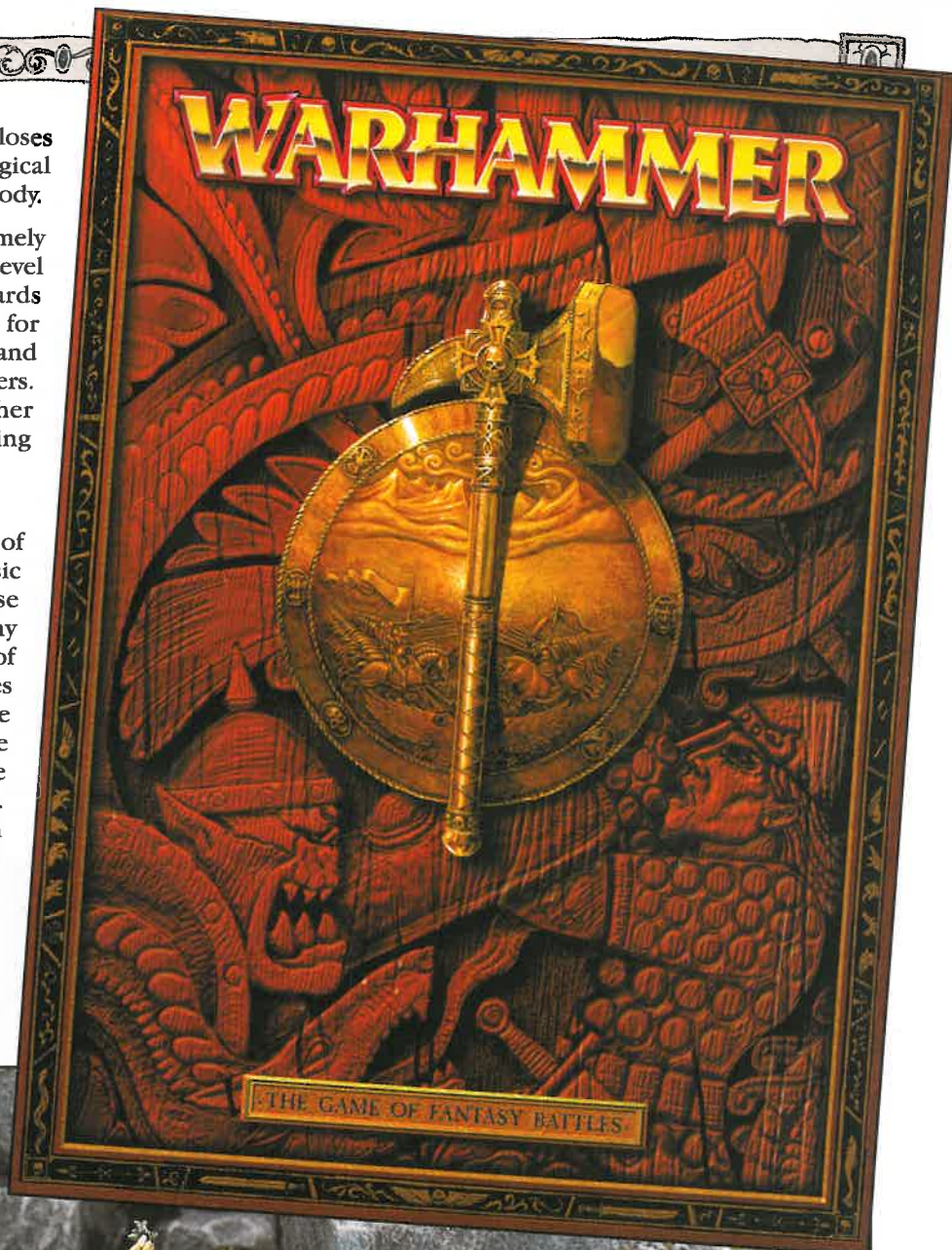
TWEAKS AND FIDDLES

We've also made a number of smaller additions to the basic game which help to close loopholes and redress any imbalances previous editions of the rules overlooked. The rules for flying models have been reworked and some improvements have been made to the close combat rules. Refinements have also been made to how units work within the game by giving them a Unit Strength, which represents how hard they hit and how much weight they have behind them in combat. In game terms this

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Skaven Gutter Runners ambush a Dwarf patrol in a skirmish game of Warhammer.

means that some units can smash through others by sheer mass alone, using their superior hitting power to defeat their enemies, since the side which has the higher Unit Strength will gain a +1 bonus to their Combat Resolution (this is called the Outnumbering bonus). The main thing to bear in mind regarding these additions is that they improve and clarify the rules rather than alter them drastically.

THE ARMIES OF THE WARHAMMER WORLD

The army lists themselves have benefited from this latest revision as well. The many comments we've received over the years have given us the chance to fine-tune the points values of the various Warhammer races to really reflect their strengths and character. Exhaustive playtesting here in the Studio and by our legion of playtesters has resulted in lists that are more balanced and logical than ever before. In addition, players choose their armies in a slightly different manner now. The basic concept is that players must choose a minimum number of regiments which we call Core Regiments to form the basis of their army and can also include limited numbers of Special and Rare units.

Characters have also been worked on and are now less likely to dominate a game, tooled up with magic items

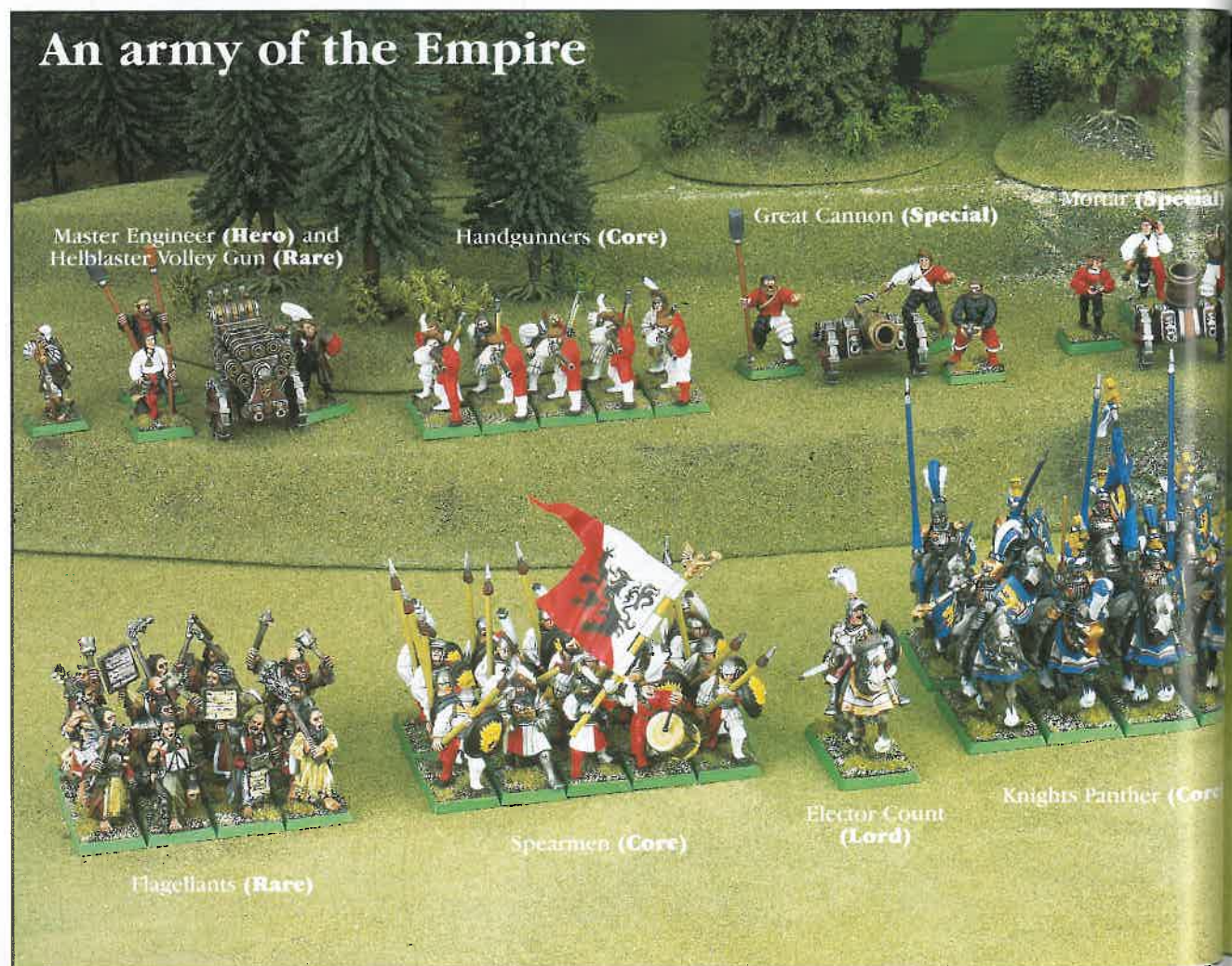
and destroying everything in their path with no one able to stop them. Rank-and-file troops of roughly the same points value now stand a good chance of defeating a powerful enemy. This does not mean that lowly Goblins have nothing to fear from a High Elf Dragonrider – such heroes are still potent forces on the tabletop!

EXCITING ADDITIONAL BITS

As well as all the rules you need to play Warhammer, the new edition is crammed full of exciting additions for a whole range of different types of game. There are rules for siege warfare that allow you to pound your enemy's castles to rubble, or staunchly defend your ramparts against the barbarians at the gate. You will also find rules that enable you to fight smaller games involving perhaps only a dozen or so models on each side. This type of skirmish game is great fun if your army isn't quite finished or you simply don't have time to play a full-scale battle. Veterans will recognise the core of these rules from the previous Siege supplement and the popular Mordheim game.

With all these variations on the basic Warhammer game you can play almost any kind of battle imaginable, and these can be fully integrated into the

An army of the Empire



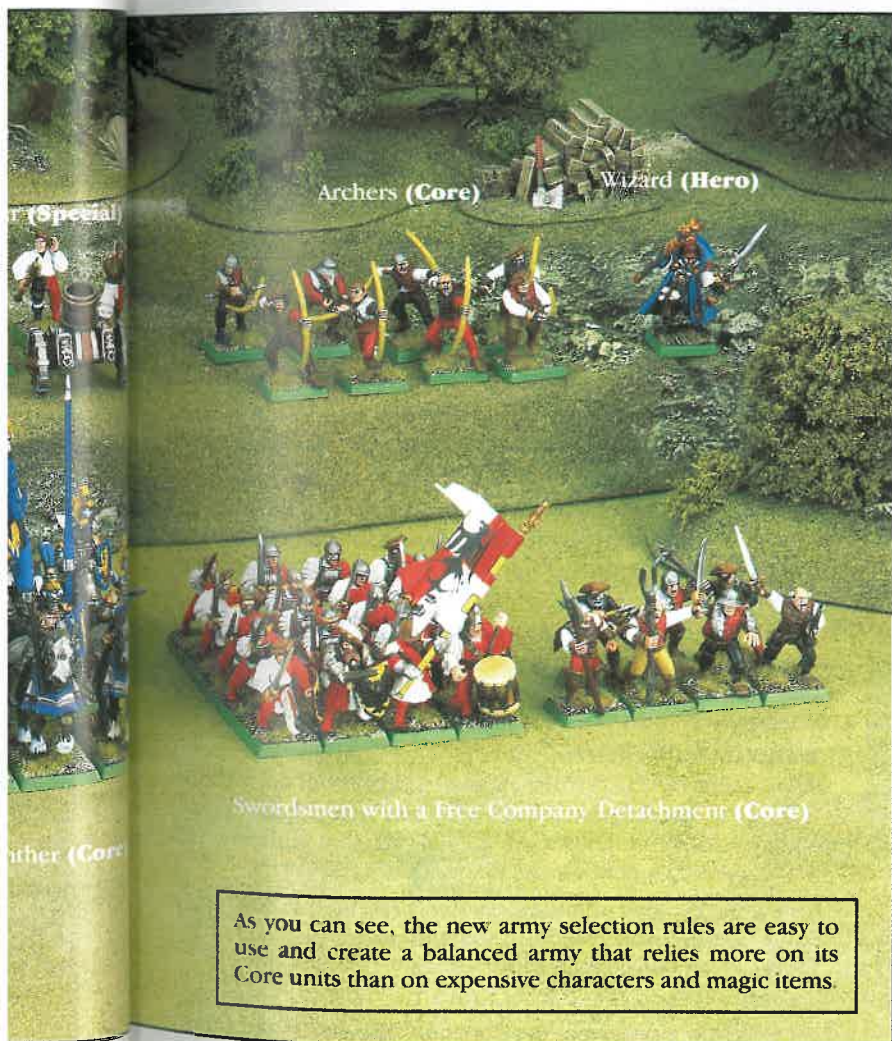


An Empire army assaults an Orc fort in a siege game of Warhammer.

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Archers (Core)

Wizard (Hero)

Swordsmen with a Free Company Detachment (Core)

As you can see, the new army selection rules are easy to use and create a balanced army that relies more on its Core units than on expensive characters and magic items.

rules for Warhammer campaigns. One-off games are exciting all by themselves, but when played as part of a campaign that links them together with a narrative storyline, they become much more interesting. Each game then takes on a context and has repercussions for both the victor and the vanquished. Running campaigns is extremely rewarding and requires some thought, so the rules provided go a long way to making sure that your campaigns will run smoothly and allow the storyline to develop naturally. Whether you wish to play in a league or a more complex map-based campaign, you'll find rules to suit your style of gaming.

BRIGHT, SHINY AND NEW

Hopefully, having read these words, all you veteran generals out there can now relax. The new edition of Warhammer is still the same game it always was, but now it's come back, leaner, meaner and clearer than ever before, with loads of exciting new bits to sink your teeth into. Newcomers will find the rules clearly written and easy to understand while experienced players can dive in and play with the bare minimum of reacquaintance, and find that those rules questions that always befuddled them have been answered, and that loads of new features have been added. We're sure that you'll like and agree with the changes we've made to the game, and as always, we've tried to write with the enjoyment of the game uppermost in our minds. So what are you waiting for? You've got the rules – now get playing.

This is a run down of all the stuff you get in the Warhammer Starter Set.

Over the page are some of the Citadel Miniatures you could buy to expand the Orc and Goblin army. Models you can add to the Empire army will be featured next issue.

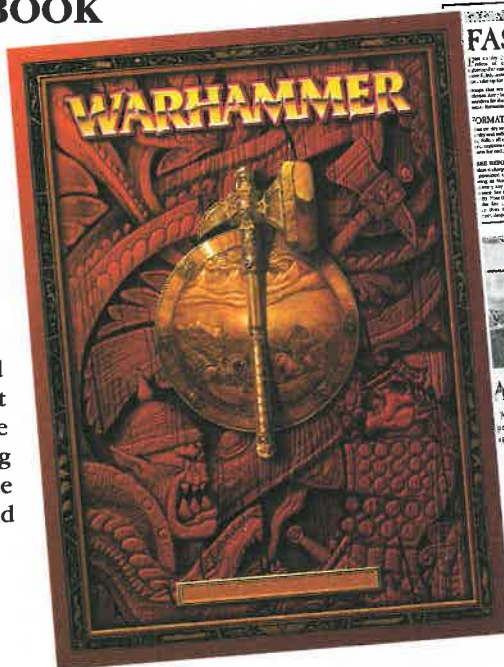
WARHAMMER

INSIDE THE BOX

You've probably seen a good selection of the awesome new models in the pages of this White Dwarf, and no doubt read enough about the Warhammer Starter Set to pique your curiosity. So what exactly will you find in the box? Phil Kelly rips open the plush packaging to find out...

THE RULEBOOK

The new Warhammer rulebook contains not only all the game's rules and a brand new magic system, but advanced rules for those of you who have played Warhammer before, and a healthy amount of fiction and background for the Old World. Furthermore, the rulebook is crammed with some of the best artwork our artists have ever produced, depicting heroes, monsters and the strange races of the Old World in bloody combat.



RULES. This section not only introduces the game to the uninitiated, but also serves as a refresher for those of us who have been playing Warhammer for years. It's not essential you read all the way through before playing, but it is important that you understand the basic rules at least before you start a battle.

ADVANCED RULES. This covers the rules for special weapons, using characters in your games, the new rules for skirmishers and fast cavalry, war machines, chariots and a section on the use of buildings.

MAGIC. A new system for controlling the sorcerous, twisting strands of magic that wreath the skies. Also detailed are the Eight Lores of Magic, with a host of new spells and magic items.

WORLD OF WARHAMMER. This presents the fantastic history of the Old World, a lush background that establishes the rich variety of races and clashing empires in the Warhammer world.

WARHAMMER ARMIES. A lengthy colour section showcasing the best of the models available for each race, painted to the highest standard by our 'Eavy Metal team. Some of these miniatures are familiar classics, but many of them are shown here for the first time.

SCENARIOS. Nine original scenarios, presented as historical battles. These range from the straightforward pitched battle to just seven brave men against an army...

APPENDIX. Answering many of the less obvious questions raised by the new game, the Appendix also covers the rules for campaigns, Warhammer Siege and Warhammer Skirmish.



Orc Arser Boy

Examples of the plastic models in the Starter Set.



Empire Spearman



All miniatures are supplied unassembled and unpainted. Glue and paints not provided.

KITS GALORE!

The box contains enough kits to build two small armies ready to go for each other's throats! These plastic models include the newly released range of Empire troops (sculpted by Michael Perry, Alan Perry and Tim Adcock) and the fearsome looking Orc army (sculpted by the combined talents of Brian Nelson, Aly Morrison, Trish Morrison, Shane Hoyle, Mark Bedford and Tim Adcock).

Aside from the mighty Generals, the highlights have to be the new war machines: the Orc Boar Chariot is as intimidating as it is detailed, and the Imperial Great Cannon comes with enough equipment to practically start your own artillery school! Inside the box you will find:

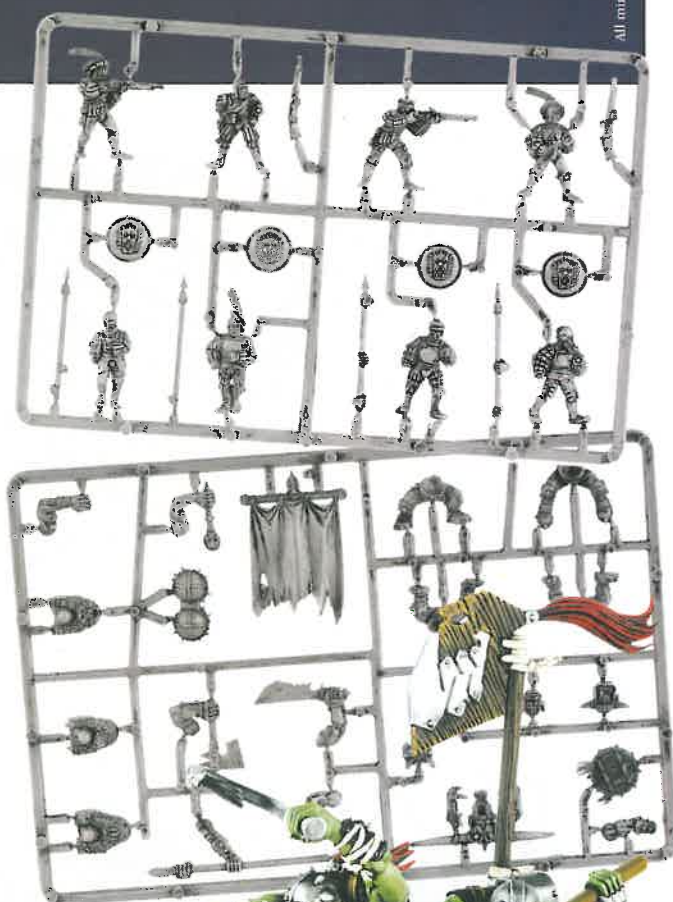
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|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 35 Orc Warriors | 38 Empire Soldiers |
| 1 Orc Warboss on Boar | 1 Empire General on Warhorse |
| 1 Orc Chariot | 1 Great Cannon |

Of course, you can bolster your starter force with any of the miniatures from our Empire and Orc ranges. Over the next few months we will be releasing all manner of models for these two armies, all shown in the pages of White Dwarf.

AND THERE'S MORE...

Aside from the obvious stuff, there are lots of other goodies to sift through inside the box. Not only do you get all the necessary paraphernalia to play the game, such as templates, six standard dice, a scatter dice, an artillery dice and two of the ever useful range rulers, but there is also a superb ruined building model to place on your battlefield.

Everything you need to play Warhammer is provided in this starter set, so grab some polystyrene cement and a paintbrush, paint up your models and get stuck in!



WAAAGH! DA ORCS



Black Orc Standard Bearer and Musician.

Black Orcs are the largest and most powerful variety of their species. They are far more disciplined and better equipped than the other Goblinoid races and look upon their smaller, weaker cousins with contempt. A Black Orc armed with a choppa is one of the deadliest opponents in the Warhammer world.



Orc Warriors wield huge spears and choppas in battle. The choppas are huge weapons that require a good deal of impetus to use effectively but, when the Orcs are charging, are able to cleave through armour, flesh and bone with equal ease.

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An Orc Boss mounted on a Wyvern is a terrifying opponent. In addition to the brute power of the Orc himself, the Wyvern is easily capable of killing almost any opponent by biting, goring and attacking with its poisonous sting.



Goblin Shamans wield unpredictable, destructive magic powers. They are released next month.



The Goblin Spear Chukka is a brutal and unsubtle weapon, which of course makes it ideal for its Goblin crew. Its massive bolts can skewer a fully armoured knight like a spit roast. Despite being notoriously inaccurate, the Goblin Spear Chukka is one of the more reliable war machines in the Orc and Goblin army. The Spear Chukka will be released next month.

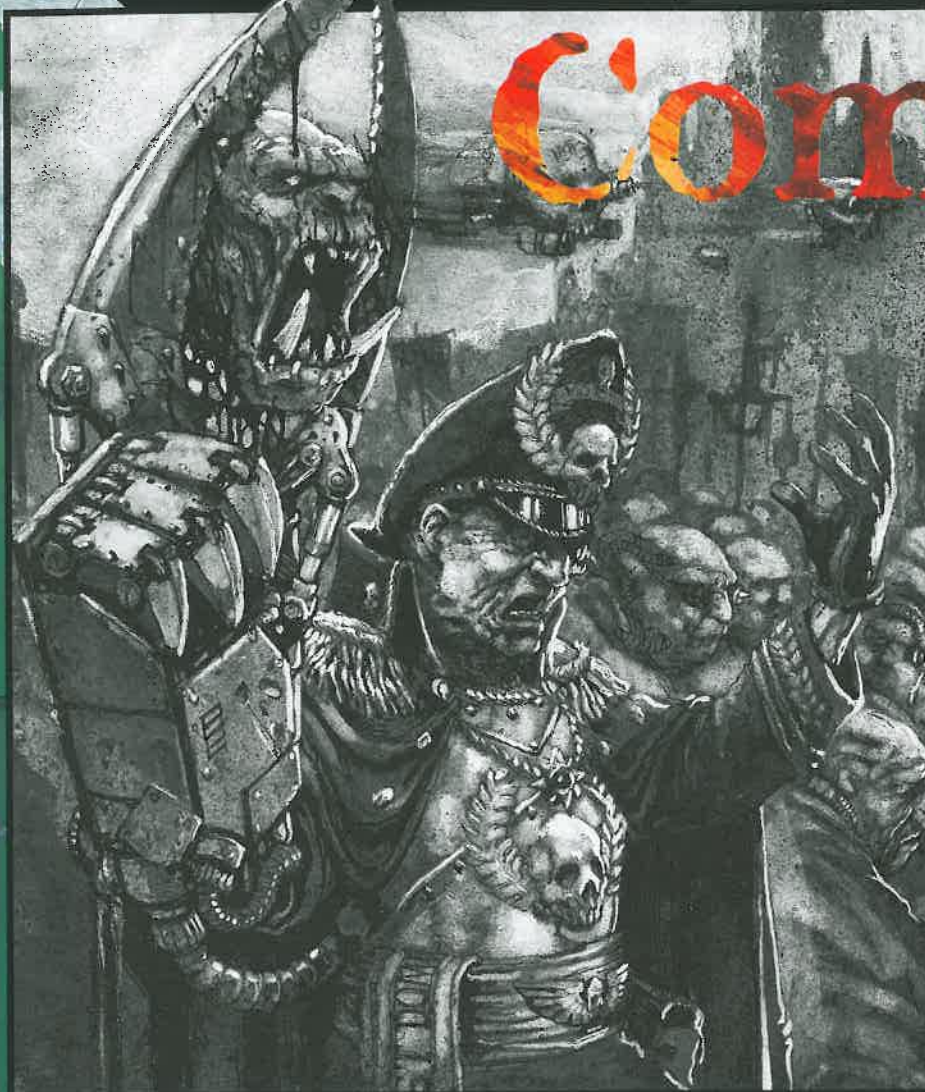


Subterranean Night Goblins emerge from their dark network of mountain tunnels and gather into large mobs for battle. Whilst not being the toughest of fighters, their sheer numbers, as well as the Fanatics bidden in their ranks, will often give an opponent cause to stay clear.



Night Goblin Shamans brew the strange and potent fungus potions that turn otherwise normal Night Goblins into crazed lunatics.

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Furies sprinted west across the ruined sky, engaging, wheeling, many exploding in mid-air. One, stricken and ablaze from nose cone to wing-struts, tumbled close overhead, spraying flaming debris and showers of igniting fuel, and dug a crater twenty meters deep with its incandescent impact. Las and tracer rounds stitched the air with bright, neon lines, and rockets banged down the valley, trailing blue smoke in tattered swirls. The dull *dhuk-dhuk* of mortar brigades dug in along the valley shelf was interminable.

The armour brigades, poised at the head of the Hades Valley, Road amid burned-out habitats and manufactories, growled and revved, diesel exhaust fumes fogging the blasted landscape like dawn mist. The pulped soil under their tracks was two parts ash to three parts human bone. Four thousand Leman Russ and Leman Russ Exterminators, supported by puffing, heavyweight Demolishers and blackened Hellhounds reeking of leaking fycelene. Sentinel outriders stalked around the edges of the great phalanx.

Most of the armour units were painted with the green and black liveries of the Cadian Shock Troops or the sand and grey of the Steel Legions. General Valadian, sector overseer of the armour units, his noble face as dark as his Cadian fatigues, jumped down from the turret of his Leman Russ Vanquisher and snatched the speaker horn from the vox-set of a waiting comm-officer. He asked repeatedly for permission to advance and engage the vast, massing strength of green-skins in the valley.

His requests were denied. The old man denied them personally.

Eight kilometres from the armour files, in the colossal infantry positions ranged along the valley slopes, the old man sighed.

There was a ball of flame, blue hot at the heart, rising into a halo of yellow and white, and looking for all the many worlds like the coal of a tinderstick raised to light an officer's cigar.

But this ball consumed the whole horizon, edge to edge. From forty kilometres away down the desert valley, they could feel the heat on their faces.

The skies of Armageddon, sulphur-yellow, already fading to an early, muddy dusk, were stained deeply by monstrous blooms of smoke and veils of ash. Every minute or so, a greenish line of fire raced down from the upper atmosphere, streaking the air diagonally before striking the great fire ball with an impact that shook the ground.

The ball of flame was the funeral pyre of mighty Hades Hive, symbolically and brutally crushed by Ghazghkull's forces as a statement of intent. An entire hive, and millions of lives, snuffed out in a few hours by a bombardment of asteroids gravitically loosed by the orbiting flotillas of space hulks and terror ships. Hades had famously resisted the Ork-scum until the bitter end during the last war. It would not do so again. Ghazghkull would not permit its memory and its defiance to endure.

Waves of Ork warplanes, their ram-jets screaming like cattle in pain, dug through the thick smoke hanging over the great rift valley and popped donut-shaped scuds of cloud behind them with their hypersonic booms. The sky was black with their jagged shapes. Outnumbered packs of Imperial

n the Hour...

Yarrick, Imperial Commissar, hero of Armageddon, turned away from his own vox-officer and looked out across the rift valley towards the pyre of Hades Hive. There was a sadness in his mind. Hades, spared and saved through the toil and blood of so many, himself included. Now gone, all gone...

"General Valadian repeats his request, sir," the vox-officer, a young Cadian corporal with narrow, intense eyes, said behind him.

"Valadian must learn patience. I could send him in but then he'd be dead."

Yarrick turned to the youth. "Do you know why?"

The Cadian vox-officer shook his head. He stood with the old man on a promontory overlooking the entire Imperial lines. Around them stood over sixty thousand Cadian and Steel Legion infantry, all waiting, all gazing east down the wide ash valley towards the burning doom of Hades. The bayonets on their shouldered arms, some short like daggers other as long as cutlasses, made a wild, gleaming forest of blades around the command position.

The vox-officer, Robac, shook his head. He had been flattered when Marshal Tooms had appointed him to Yarrick's staff, Yarrick being such a hero and all, but he had been disconcerted by the Commissar in the flesh. Small, reduced by age and pain and weariness, shoulders slumped, his black leather coat hanging limply around a frame that should have retired long since. The empty sleeve made it worse. Robac knew Yarrick had lost his right arm in glorious close combat with Ugulhard, Emperor rejoice, but that was years ago, and now this old man with his stump and his shrunken shank seemed a pitiful thing to be rallying around.

"Observe... what is your name?"

"Robac, Commissar, sir!"

"Observe, Robac." Yarrick spoke softly, almost chillingly, as if war held no surprises for him now. Either that, or he was too tired to care about them. Yarrick gestured out over the forest of bayonets towards the east with his good arm. "The green-scum are callous and brutal, but they are not without tactics. To fight them, you must get inside their minds, as I have, Emperor spare my soul. You must understand their brute tactics and their feral ploys. They are massing there, due east, in vast numbers, deploying from landing pods carefully positioned beyond the range of our artillery. They're not stupid, you see. Ghazghkull hasn't conquered a hundred worlds by being stupid. Their ground forces are there to entice us, to fire the battle-ardour of men like Valadian, to spur him into hasty action. And the inferno of Hades is meant to quash our morale too, and make us eager for vengeance. But see there..."

He indicated to the north of the main Ork forces.

"What's that, Robac?"

Robac frowned at the empty area of ash waste, a dismal, open stretch ten kilometres across. "Nothing, sir?" he ventured.

"Nothing indeed. Empty. Why?"

Robac shrugged.

"Tactically, there is no reason the Orks haven't spread in that sector. But they hold off, in a trim, disciplined line, more disciplined than we would normally expect of brute-squads and buggy teams."

"What are they waiting for, sir?" asked Robac.

"The same as us, boy. Tell the general to rev his engines a little longer."

By nightfall, the enormous Imperial forces at the west end of the valley were near to frenzy point with anticipation. The Steel Legion were singing battle hymns, and drummers in the Cadian echelons set up a staccato rhythm in time to the regular tympani of mortar barks. Ork air cover swept over them intermittently, but the chattering Hydra batteries Yarrick had deployed along the flank filled the air with lacerating blooms of destruction.

The fire-clouds of Hades Hive lit the night, ten kilometres deep, flaring light and shadow back down the valley. Distantly, the vast Ork forces, massing a hundred thousand strong, yowled war horns and bellowed chants like a chorus of death-gods, jeering up the valley at the poised Imperial multitude.

Clanking and whirring in the night, giants came up behind the Imperials, rising above the line of the valley ridge. The waiting infantry turned and many cried out in wonder to see the Titans. Nine of them, Warlords of the Legio Metalica, burnished brass-black, eye-slits glowing red against the darkness and the stars.

Shaking, Robac handed the speaker horn to Yarrick.

"Principes Danferus of Imperius Quintus. Legio Metalica stand ready and await your orders, sir," the voice, transformed by vox-augmentation, sounded inhuman and boomed from the speaker.

"Emperor love you, Principes. Move your war machines down along the Hades Road and deploy as far as marker ten. We'll have a fight for you soon enough."

The massive battle-giants plodded past the waiting infantry, trembling the ground with each massive footfall. The tannoy horns

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on their armoured shells blared howls of damnation and Imperial hymns. Many of the infantry cheered. Other shook in fear.

The Orks in the valley below, despite their terrible numbers, quailed and edged backwards. Sleek Warhounds, half the size of the massive Warlords, scurried forward to flank the advancing Legio. As soon as the Titans took forward position, Yarrick allowed Valadian's armour to move forward a kilometre and fan out along the valley floor.

By then, with flame-lit darkness around them, the infantry had been ordered to rest easy. The forest of blades had fallen, and the valley slopes were thick with crouched, resting men and campfires.

It was close to midnight when the moment came. The moment Yarrick had been waiting for. A vast black shape eclipsed the moonlight and the blaze of Hades Hive, and descended towards the open, suspiciously empty sector of the valley. The smoke-thick air around the Imperials became leaden-heavy and charged with static.

Six million cubic tonnes of asteroid fortress, supported on modified force fields and traktor kannon beams, lowered itself into the valley. An Ork Rok, a war-bastion of near invincible strength.

The bow-wave of its fields and beams seared the ash waste into glass beneath it, lifting scathing sheets of dust back down the rift valley. Even the Ork multitude shied from it.

The force wall, compressing under the weight of the settling Rok, pushed a shockwave ripple down the valley-bed. Even the waiting Titans shook and vibrated. The foremost tanks of Valadian's armour force were tossed askew by the tidal power. Nine tanks, jerked aside by the down-pressure, detonated and ignited. Fifty more were rendered immobile as the force-wave stripped them of tracks or turrets. A Warhound, close by, was crushed into the ground like an empty ammo-can.

The whole world seemed to wobble as the Rok made landfall. Thousands of spike-anchors spat from its flanks to secure it into the sub-soil. With a whine of hydraulics, deployment ramps and huge cargo shutter-mouths opened and settled in the ash. The massive weapon arrays on the top side of the Rok began to cycle and fire.

Shells dropped in amidst the armour, scrapping dozens of vehicles indiscriminately.

Cannon fire and shelling also strafed the infantry positions, and panic started as platoon groups ran for cover.

"Now we have something to fight, Robac," said Yarrick quietly. He strode out of his field tent and surveyed the monumental scale of the scene.

"Assist me," he said to the young Cadian, stripping off his leather coat. Robac stepped up in time to help lift the revered power claw that robed attendants of the Ministorum were carrying from the tent. Yarrick peeled back the blouson sleeve from his lost arm, and Robac glimpsed connector plugs and synapse link ports buried in the folds of scar-tissue at the stump end.

They slid the clawed limb-weapon into place. Leads connected, it woke and seethed with flickering power. The finger-blades clacked and snapped as the Commissar test-flexed them. The aides buttoned a fresh leather coat around Yarrick, one specially made to accommodate his augmentation. He set his Commissar's cap on his head with his good hand, then slung his storm bolter over his shoulder.

"Robac. Open the command channel. Now the fight begins."

Robac realised his mouth was hanging wide. In a few moments, the weary, frail old man had been transformed into a charismatic giant – the weapon claw, the gleaming braid on the cap, the look in the eye. Even the very build of Yarrick was now transmuted in the face of battle. He seemed huge, invulnerable, terrifying.

Robac realised why Yarrick was a hero.

And with him beside them they could not fail.

The Imperial counter assault began in the first few hours of the new day, illuminated by the ceaseless death-fires of Hades.

Yarrick threw the eager armour units forward into the midst of the Ork clans, directing the Titans at the Rok itself, which was currently disgorging heavy armour and Gargants.

He knew this was the one, vital opportunity to strike, the one he had waited for, the one that came after the Rok had demolished all beneath it with its force wall and before it could empty itself of its indomitable fire power.

Supporting the Adeptus Mechanicus, Yarrick called up the Basilisk and heavy artillery units ranged along the valley side to direct fire at the Rok. Their thunder overshook the battle, blasting deep wounds into the landed super-fortress.

Basilisk shells took out two of the Rok's landing ramps, and incinerated a Gargant being lowered by pylons. Other shells hit a Gargant's support derricks as it was being cranked down to the ash-soil, and they blew away under the bombardment. The Ork war-giant fell, and ruptured under its own weight, onboard munitions blowing it out in a blast that lit the valley.

Yarrick called up the infantry musters, and the forest of blades rose to surround him once again. Switching Robac's vox to all channels and loud-speaker simultaneously, he exhorted the sixty thousand men with a rallying speech that had many teary-eyed yet stoically firm of purpose – Emperor willing, they would rid this Imperial world of the alien invaders or sell their lives dearly in trying.

They were already charging down the slope of the escarpment, baying life-oaths to the Golden Throne, when Yarrick ordered them to engage.

The forces of the Cadians and the Steel Legions met the charging

Ork foot-brutes in a withering infantry storm three miles wide. Thousands were killed on both sides in the first few minutes. There was mayhem, and a murderous confusion of hand-to-hand frenzy.

By then, Valadian's armour column was biting into the Ork legions from the south. The trundling vehicles crushed the enemy under their tracks, chewing through the foot-ranks until their sides were wet with green ichor. The Vanquisher and Demolisher main guns blasted up at the Rok, while the Exterminators reaped cyclic death into the Orks before them, and the Hellhounds washed infernos of doom left and right through the Ork infantry, as their turrets traversed over and again.

Titans met Gargants on the open silica plain before the Rok. Imperius Tenebrus gutted a Gargant with its volcano cannon and decimated two more with its thundering rocket pods before it was scythed in half at the waist by concentrated lasfire and shelling from the Rok itself.

Tenebrus's torso fell away, blazing and exploding. Its legs stood firm through the rest of the night and through the rest of the Armageddon War, a bitter monument to the Legio's power.

Leading the racing armour drive into the Ork legions, Valadian's Vanquisher was immobilised as stikkbombz blew out its starboard tracks and shoota rounds from buggies raked its length. It belled in the ash, trying to turn. The gunner screamed for a target as Ork bodies threw themselves onto the armour top and hammered on the hull. The spotter came up through his hatch to man the pintle-mounted storm bolter, but was ripped out of the tank before he could get his hands on the gun-grips. His shrieking form was thrown to and fro between the howling green-skins. He was gleefully ripped apart.

Valadian cowered in his turret, and pulled out his guard-issue las-pistol from the shoulder webbing under his flak coat. He checked the clip.

The hatch above his head was torn clean off and a tusked green monster leered down at him, snarling something alien and vicious. Its breath bellowed a foul, rank stench down at him. Valadian put a las-round into its left eye and then burst the brain case of the next Ork who tried to paw down at him.

His third shot he used on himself.

There was a brief period of confusion, as the Imperial armour tried to confirm the loss of the general. When no return signal was heard from Valadian, armour command fell to Major Dillan, who rode his Leman Russ Exterminator into the deep, thick, unforgiving ranks of the screaming green foe. His turret-mount, the chattering exterminator autocannon, scythed through the enemy and reaped them down like corn staves.

Dillan rounded his tanks into a claw-shaped deployment that scoured into the Ork legions and cut their support lines from the Rok.

Principes Danferus, of Imperius Quintus, rode his Titan right into the maw of the enemy firewash. He met and engaged a Gargant, a clanking behemoth of armour panels, gun-ports and smoke-stacks, its cockpit-face a gnashing mechanical parody of an Ork face. Danferus blew it asunder with four spits of his volcano cannon. Another massive enemy monster-machine was closing from the southwest, but it was crippled and then destroyed by sustained artillery shelling.

It left Danferus with a clear approach to the Rok.

He pounded Imperius Quintus up the exit ramps with his full firepower melting and splintering Ork war machines in their cargo scaffolds before they could be launched into the war, and then sent missiles from Quintus's shoulder mount whooshing up the silos to explode deep in the heart of the Rok itself. Something fundamental and crippling happened deep inside the Rok. A power plant ignited, perhaps. A munition store...



The Rok trembled and lurched over slightly, guide hawsers snapping and anchors tearing free as the massive bulk slid over.

Danferus turned his machine, chiding the old machine-monster with gentle urgings through the mind impulse-link, and found a Gargant right beside him.

Twenty five seconds sustained fire from both Titans and both exploded. Mutual annihilation. The blazing skeleton of Imperius Quintus toppled forward into the drum shape of the ruined Gargant and crushed it flat. Ammo stores in the autoloaders went up in a fearsome firework display.

Danferus was somehow still alive as his Titan toppled, his bridge crew ablaze and screaming around him.

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Then ammunition chambers under his throne seat ignited and blew his silent, gaping skull into the troposphere.

Below, in the valley, Yarrick led the charge, his voice baying above the roar of the artillery, the thunder of the Titans, the shriek of the lasguns and the drumming of the tanks.

At the head of a Cadian storm group, Yarrick met the Orks for the first time in two decades and relished the way his power claw ripped through their puffy, pustuled green flesh like butter.

His storm bolter coughed and blew out enemy heads and guts. Yarrick waded forward.

It was like... the old days. He'd forgotten... mercifully perhaps, despite the pain and anguish and suffering, he'd forgotten.

He'd forgotten how good it felt to take on these green scum face-to-face and kill them.

Yarrick checked himself. They had pushed into the Ork position deeply, and the Rok was threatened, but the sheer weight of numbers made a difference.

There were Orks everywhere.

He always knew he'd die in service of the Emperor. Was it to be now, now with so much left to be won?

Fire lit the north highway of the valley to the west. A major force was descending behind them.

Yarrick preyed it was not Orks.

It wasn't.

Salamanders, that noble Chapter of the Space Marines.

Creaking and grinding in their power armour, the Salamanders moved in, demolishing every enemy they could find. Yarrick saw Salamanders tearing Orks apart limb from limb. The contours and deposition of the battlefield changed abruptly, from a balanced, ferocious clash where the Orks held the advantage of numbers, to one which swung the way of the Imperials. Yarrick's counter-assault had held the enemy firm, bitten into them, wounded them. Now the Adeptus Astartes had arrived to turn the tide.

By that time, Princeps Goplin had advanced Imperius Galgamech up into the Rok itself by way of one of its vast boarding ramps, firing every step of the way.

The deck boards creaked under Galgamech's vast weight. Addressing weapons, he peppered and ruined four Gargants waiting in gantries, ready to deploy. The destruction already wrought by his beloved brother Princeps Danferus was all around. Through the vista-plates in his throne console and the repeater sub-screens floating around him, Goplin saw the burning ruin of Imperius Quintus, sprawled amid the mech-corpses of its enemies.

Galgamech advanced into the weapon bay of the Rok, small-arms fire rattling off its armour futilely. The Titan crushed Ork deck-troops underfoot.

Princeps Goplin rose from his command throne and took off his mind-link coronet. Fluid trickled from the plugs.

"Make ready munitions. Prime them all! Prepare for auto-destruct!" he ordered.

His moderati rose from the forward section of the Titan's cockpit and stoically repeated the order. Overloads began to pulse. The turbine engines thrashed to breaking point. Dials pushed needles into the red and beyond. Amber countdown runes blinked off on the main vista-plate.

Goplin began a final prayer to the Emperor, the Lord of Terra.

Twenty seconds later, Imperius Galgamech detonated and tore the heart out of the Rok. Ork munition stockpiles piles went off in sequence, followed by the main power system of the asteroid bastion. Within the space of three minutes, another fire ball as intense as Hades Hive lit the night sky of Armageddon.

Yarrick was crushing heads with his claw when the light-blaze of the exploding Rok fell across him. The shockwave whipped through the infantry lines, throwing most flat.

Yarrick hauled himself up. His infantry front had been tangled with fierce Ork resistance. But the sight of the destroyed Rok had torn the heart out of the Greenskins. They were fleeing the field en masse, heading east towards the flames of Hades.

"How appropriate," thought Yarrick. He ordered his men up, pulling some men bodily to their feet himself.

"We have them now," he bawled into Robac's vox-link. "In the name of the Emperor, and in the memory of all that have given their lives here... for Hades' sake, let none survive!"

Now the true slaughter began and the first Imperial victory of Armageddon was assured...

Dan Abnett



GHAZGHKULL IS BACK!

And this time it's Waaagh!

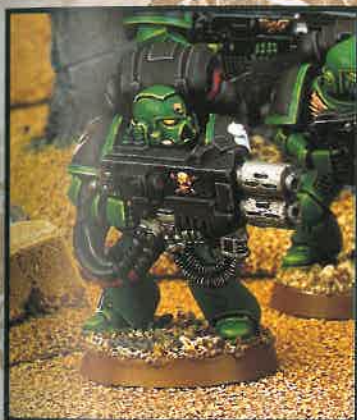
A world is torn apart by the largest Ork invasion in Imperial history. Arrayed against this mighty Ork horde is the greatest gathering of Imperial might since the time of Lord Solar Macharius. The fate of a hundred worlds will be decided on the blood-soaked ash dunes of Armageddon.

This Codex contains four army lists: Ork Speed Freeks, Armageddon Steel Legion Imperial Guard, Black Templars and Salamanders Space Marine Chapters, plus the complete battle-scarred history of Armageddon.

Codex Armageddon is a source book for Warhammer 40,000, with additional material that supplements Codex Space Marines, Codex Orks and Codex Imperial Guard.



**Codex
Armageddon**
AUS\$11.95
NZ\$13.95



Salamanders Space Marines favour multi-meltas as heavy weapons.



An Armageddon Steel Legion patrol guns down an Ork warband.



Black Templars Space Marines cleanse a captured trenchworks.



Ork Speed Freeks looking for a fight!

Index Astartes



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

EMPEROR'S SHIELD

Space Marine Chapters
of the Armageddon War

Current Imperial reports estimate over twenty Space Marine Chapters present in the Armageddon sub-sector. Exact numbers cannot be confirmed as more Chapters are still arriving in response to General Kurov's call for reinforcements. The following report details some of the Space Marine Chapters' roles within this war-torn system.

Upon hearing of the invasion, the Blood Angels Third Company immediately re-routed to Armageddon. After the events of the Second War, Chapter Master Dante realised that it would be futile to deny Tycho his vengeance against the Orks. The Salamanders Chapter, also veterans of the last war, had sworn to defend Armageddon should the shadow of Ghazghkull ever again fall upon the planet's surface. Joined by the Storm Giants and Marines Malevolent, elements of these Chapters are stationed on the outskirts of Hive Tempestora in preparation to retake it from the Orks.

The Black Templars Chapter had embarked on a crusade some years earlier in an effort to eradicate the Orks' dominance of the Golgotha system. As the dire news of the massive Ork offensive spread, Marshal Actoan redirected his forces to Armageddon. Since then their numbers have been bolstered by two more Black Templars crusades. One of these is led by none other than High Marshal Helbrecht, Chapter Master of the Black Templars. Latest intelligence reports suggest that the combined crusades have stormed several Ork space hulks drifting across the Armageddon sector.

Tactical recommendations within the Index Astartes state the best form of defence is offence. In accordance with this, many of the Space Marine Chapters can be found taking the fight directly to the Orks. The Iron Champions are preparing for a massed drop pod assault on the Ork forces at Hive Volcanus. This is welcome news to the Celestial Lions Chapter, who have suffered heavy losses defending the hive and are reported to be down to a fraction of their original strength. The destroyed Hades Hive is once again the scene of heavy fighting. Space Marines from the Silver Skulls Chapter are engaged in fierce battles in an attempt to prevent Orks looting valuable metals from the shattered hive for use in the construction of their gargantuan war machines.

The Storm Lords have secured Death Mire to use as a major staging point for an assault deep into Ork-held territory. The renegade Hive of Acheron has also gained the attention of the Space Marines. Wolf Lord Logan Grimnar himself is leading the Space Wolves in a strike to depose the heretic von Strab and his corrupted Armageddon aristocracy. At this critical time in the conflict many of the Space Marine Chapters have yet to find strategic positions from which to bring their might to bear upon the Ork forces. The White Scars Chapter is manoeuvring its brotherhoods into tactical positions throughout the Deadlands. Their role in destroying a large contingent of Kult of Speed warbands is crucial. The Ork plan to cut off water supplies to the Imperial forces could prove disastrous. Huge numbers of Orks have landed virtually uncontested at drop sites within the Fire Wastes. In response to these threats the Black Dragons Chapter have coordinated a large squadron of Thunderhawk gunships to deploy their troops at the Ore mine on Phoenix island before the Orks can reach it.

The ravaged surface of Armageddon is but one of the locations in which the Orks have made substantial gains. The Exorcists, a fleet-based Chapter, are involved in fierce space battles around the warp jump points in an attempt to stem the flow of Ork reinforcements pouring into the sector. Dark Angels successor Chapter the Angels of Redemption can be found quelling the rebellion on the Ogryn mining world Monglor. Reports of an Eldar Craftworld sighted in this region are also being investigated by the Second Company of the Chapter.

With more Chapters arriving all the time, the battle for Armageddon is still in its early stages. As many of the Imperial forces are in retreat it is up to the Space Marines to turn the tide.

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Chapter Approved Access level: Σ four



IA ref. 4236/erg/
Servitude studs



IA ref. 6757/
5th Company



Celebrants M36-M41



Index Astartes file. 7ng nfi
Firedrake Incinerator unit



IA ref. 356.6/
Chapter Icon



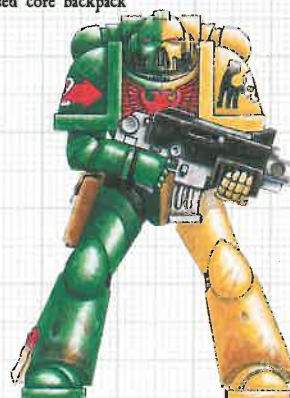
Black Dragons M36



Ref: 363M37
Closed core backpack



IA ref. 247.56
Redemptor mark



Angels of Redemption M31



IA ref. 3630/4/
Second company



IA ref. 7565.1nk/
Chapter icon



Blood Angels Progenitor Legion M31



Inq. record 45391/BA
designation: Assault



Inq. record 45399/BA
designation: Devastator



Inq. record 45394/BA
designation: Honour Guard



Mk IV Boltgun, Ultima pattern

IA ref wdx248



Ref: 00921/Promethean
cult markings
(cross.ref. Heretic Cults)



Imp. ref 555/itp/mantle



Salamanders Progenitor Legion M31



MkVII Helmet
with Osmotic
gill modification



IA ref
456/t/Chapter icon



MkVII Jungle
armour with
Osmotic gill

Raptors M31

Imp. ref: Alphanine Cerbera Base Relief Force



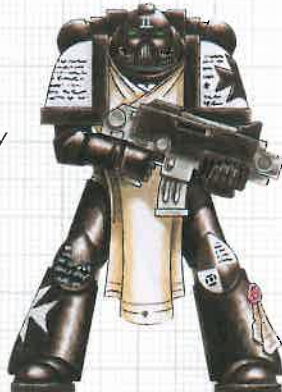
MkI and Mk III Crusade pattern Boltguns
with personal litany markings



IA ref 3568/t/
Chapter icon



IA ref 213/i/
Personal litany



Black Templars M31

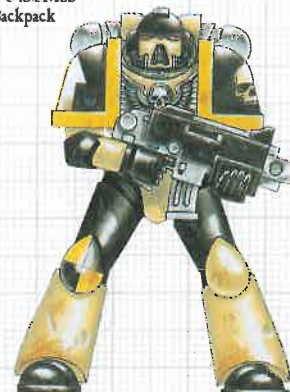
IA ref wdx249



Ref: 345.5M35
Backpack



Imp. ref:
Xenosix Mortifactors
Death cult markings



Mortifactors M40

Imp. ref. 004/562 Codex Retrieval File Z8221

Index Astartes: Emperors Shield

Chapter Approved. Access level: Σ four



Mk VI Bolt pistol



Ref 37Y56/SL
Chapter marking



Ref 006/Tactical
designation



Ref 4575



Ref 567/1A/Storm



Imp ref 45629/
Backpack reactor

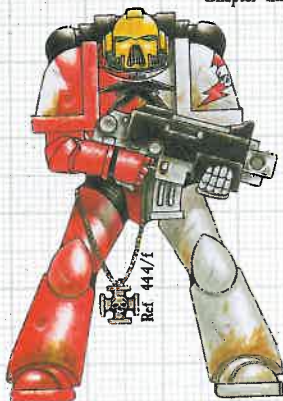


Ref/Ryza/1st co

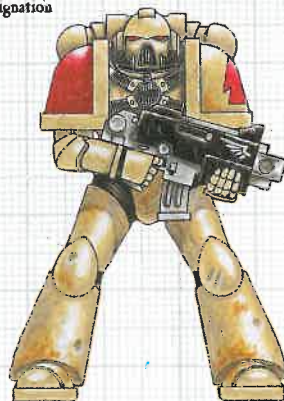


IA 344/Omega

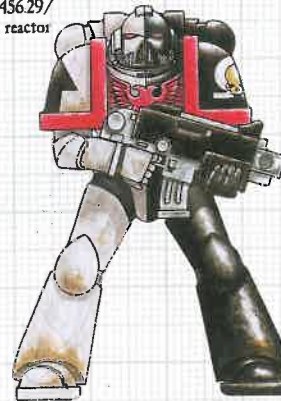
IA ref 31x Veteran 1st co.



Storm Lords Chapter M31



Storm Giants Chapter M41
Imp Ref Betafour Votan Asteroid Belt



Omega Marines M40



Mk VII Grey
Hunter Helmet



Space Wolves Progenitor Chapter M31



Ref 17a/321/
Long Fang



Ref 1292s/Great
Wolf marking



Ref 45rc467/
Wolf Totem

Ref 19WR6/Angels panoply (cons ref 1's iconography)



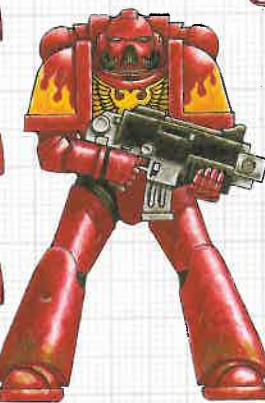
Ref 37Y5HN



Adept Mech
ref M37
Closed core
backpack



Ref 42RB/Cleansed Fire Blade



Angels of Fire M36



Mk VII Modified
Devastator helmet



Arm file
3698.5/Chapter icon
(The Silver skull)



Silver Skulls M31



M36 Heavy Bolter/
Veteran markings



Arm file 43.5a/
3rd Company variant



Marines Malevolent M32



Mk VII Helmet
(Hard Vacuum modification)



Ref 34.5a/Relictor
Penitence marking
(Inq report classified)



Mk IX Phall
pattern Bolt pistol



Relictors M36

Thought for the day: Serve the Emperor today for tomorrow you may be dead.



IA ref. x24a/Chapter honour marking



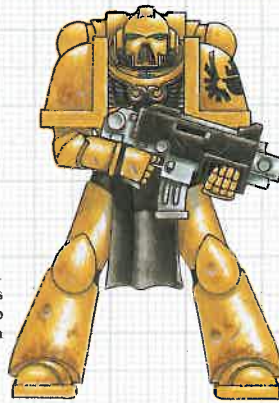
Sons of Guilliman M33

Ref. 45 4a.56/Chapter icon.



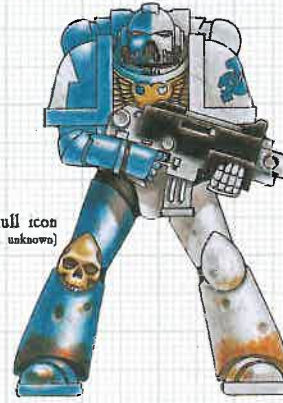
Celestial Lions M38

Ref. 456/Eternal Vigilance crucible (cross ref. Death watch)



Angels of Vigilance M40

IA ref. 1296/Chapter badge



Angels Porphyry M31

Skull icon (ref. unknown)



Arm. ref. M41
Fire Wastes
Army Group
North



Index Astartes file
7ng nll Chastiser
Incinerator unit



M.36 Backpack
(closed core)

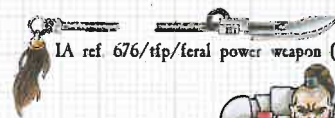


IA ref. Exorcist Chapter
badge (7th Co)

Inq. file
four seven
Phoenix
Redemption
marking



Exorcists M40



IA ref. 676/tfp/teral power weapon (damaged)



998 Godwyn pattern Bolter
with assault attachment



IA ref. 45/t Ritual
duelling Tulwar



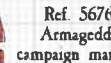
White Scars Progenitor Legion M31
Ravager with Torandor pelt honour gill



Imp ref. 39.5d
Khan homage mark
(cross ref. Heretic Cains)



Ref. 456z Attack
bike markings



Ref. 56767
Armageddon
campaign markings



4.5a/Relictor
ence marking
report classified



Imp. ref. 459.pit/Ritual
flaying knife
(cross ref. Heretic Cains)



IA ref. 543/t
5th Co



Imp. ref.
354.siaf/
Delta Nine
army badge



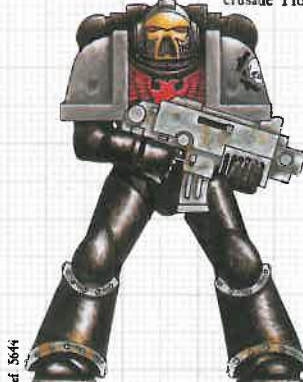
Flesh Tearers M31
(cross ref. IA Blood Angels)



MkVII Helmet
(De-astator modification)



IA ref. 543/t Iron
Champions Balur
crusade Honourific



Iron Champions Founding unrecorded



Chapter Unidentified

The game of Warhammer is set in a world rich with background and history. This article gives you a taste...

A ROUGH GUIDE TO THE WARHAMMER® WORLD

The Warhammer world - a dark and dangerous place to live, full of horror and conflict. Welcome to this guide to the Warhammer world, a look at the kingdoms and races that inhabit this war-torn land.

Few races know the Warhammer World as well as the Adventurous and entrepreneurial High Kindred of Elves. Their tall masted ships ply the northern oceans between the Old World to the east and the shores of Lustria to the west. To the north the Elven seamen keep a watchful eye upon Naggaroth, the Land of Chill, which the estranged Dark Elves have made their own. To the south lie the Southlands and the Fortress of Dawn, a safe haven for many an Elven seafarer bound for distant Cathay.

THE OLD WORLD

Though the proud Elves have for many ages explored the world and learned much about its strange peoples, they do not reveal their secrets to lesser races. To Men these places are little more than names upon a mostly empty map. The lands they know and inhabit comprise what they call the Old World. These lands are home to Men, Dwarfs, Elves and the diminutive race of Halflings, as well as numerous evil creatures which infest the mountains and forests.

The largest and most important of the realms of Man are the Empire and Bretonnia. The Empire lies at the centre

of the Old World, bounded by tall mountains and dark forests. It is the most populous by far of the Human nations and probably the most powerful too. To the west of the Empire is the Kingdom of Bretonnia, whose main strength of arms lies in its gallant knights whose tradition of chivalric virtue is held in high regard throughout the Old World.

The other Human lands are less powerful and not so strongly unified as either the Empire or Bretonnia. North of the Empire is the cold, unwelcoming land of Kislev, ruled over by its fierce warrior Tzarina. Further north still is the rocky land of Norsca, inhabited by violent and blood-thirsty savages whose raids are a constant irritation to the Tzarina and Emperor alike. South of Bretonnia are the hot, arid lands of Estalia and Tilea. Neither is united under one crown, instead they are divided into countless petty kingdoms and warring city states. Between Tilea and Bretonnia is the tiny upland region known as the Vaults, a stronghold of bandits and brigands who sometimes hire their services as mercenaries in the Emperor's armies.

Beyond the immediate confines of the Old World is Araby to the south and, to the east, the bleak, forbidding Dark Lands. The Arabians are incorrigible pirates and raiders,



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whose dark-sailed dows sometimes appear in the trading ports of Tilea and Estalia. The land south of Araby is known only as the Southlands. Few Old Worlders have ever glimpsed its jungle-covered coasts or the tall white mountains of its interior. The Dark Lands east of the Empire are barren and inhospitable, where Orcs, Goblins and other monsters constantly battle against each other.

SOUTH OF THE BADLANDS

To the immediate south of the Empire is the small brigand-infested land of the Border Princes. This is a dangerous region where renegades, dissenters and other refugees from the settled lands face constant predation from Orcs, Goblins and each other. Further south still are the Badlands, dominated by fierce tribes of Orcs, and beyond that lies the fabled Land of the Dead, the source of much unrest in the world.

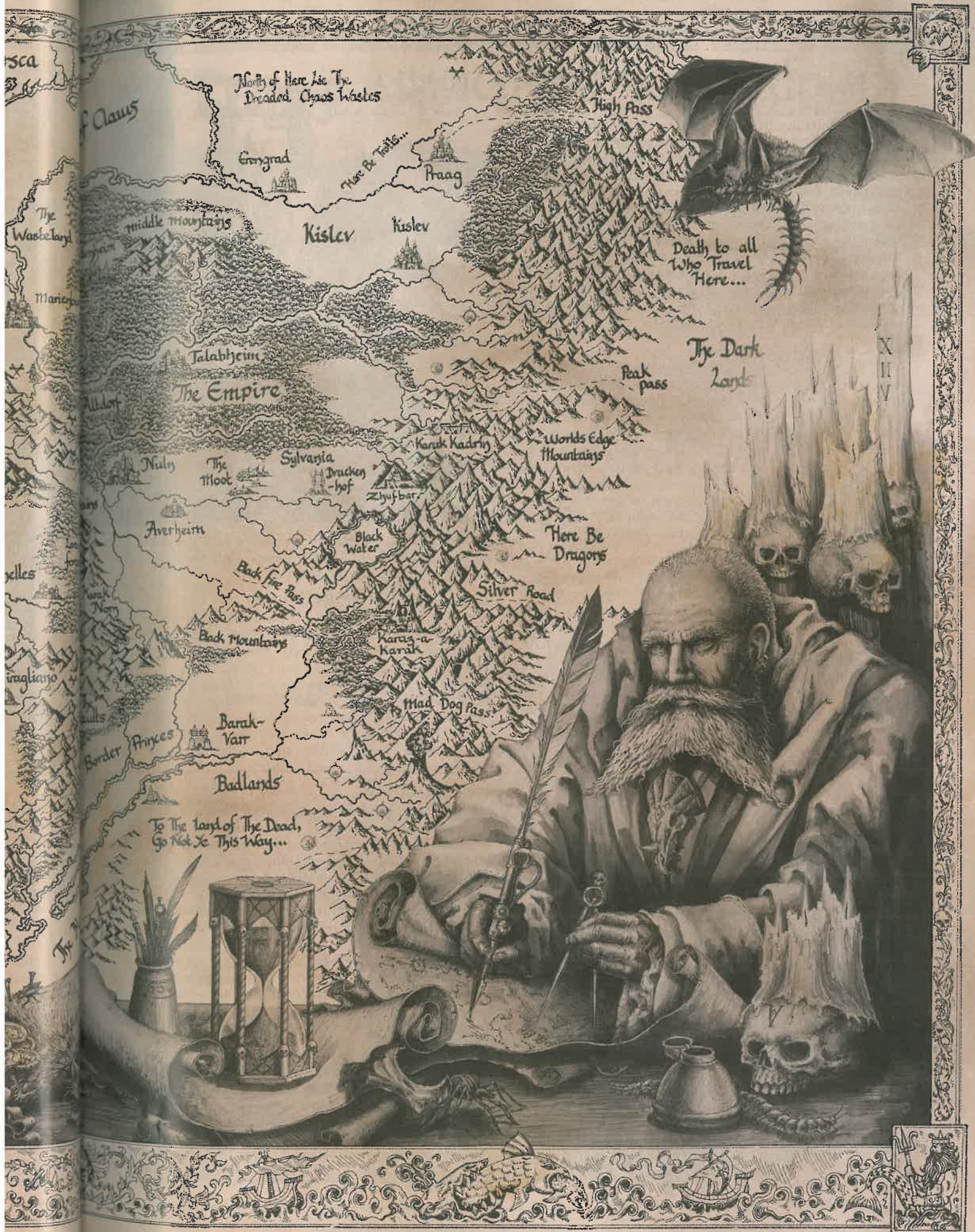
Between the Empire and the Dark Lands is a towering mountain range whose peaks are so tall and so black that for years beyond remembering Men held the view that this must be the very edge of the world. In consequence

these are called the World's Edge Mountains and, in truth, they form the natural eastern boundary of the Old World. These ancient peaks have been tunnelled, mined and inhabited for many centuries by the Dwarfs, a strong-minded and equally strong-armed folk whose endless wars against the Goblins of the mountains are well known even amongst Men.

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

Listed above are the lands and races known to the scholars of humanity, to the sages of the Dwarfs, and to the wise amongst Elvenkind. To this font of common knowledge the Elves could certainly add far more if they did not guard their secrets so jealously. Doubtless too there are many learned men who could make a shrewd guess as to the further nature of the world and its perils. Perhaps they would speak of the subterranean race of Skaven and their gnawing and scheming beneath the world. Maybe they would hint darkly at the threat from the Land of the Dead and the ancient realm of its master Nagash. Then there are the deeper and more sinister secrets of Chaos and the hidden power of the north.





KINGDOM OF BRETONNIA

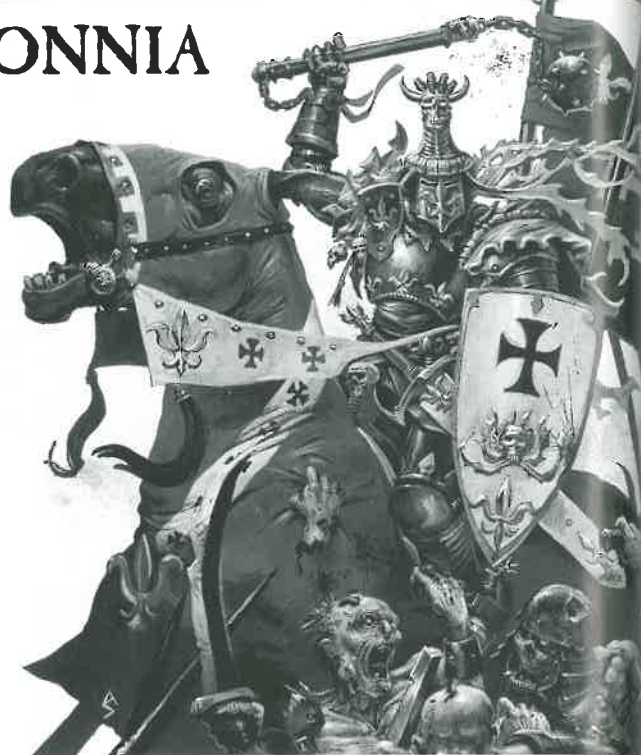
Bretonnia lies between the Grey Mountains and the Great Ocean in the lands which comprise part of the former domain of the Elves. Once the Elves built ports and tall towers, palaces and pinnacles, to serve their colonies in Old World. For a while they prospered, their cities grew, and the inhabitants became wealthy as a result of trade with the Dwarfs and primitive Human tribes. When the Elves and Dwarfs went to war the land was devastated by the opposing armies. Eventually, after many long years of fighting, the Elves sailed back into the west and abandoned the Old World altogether. The Dwarfs too gave up on the land beyond the mountains, and so the whole area was deserted and forgotten.

GILLES LE BRETON

With the disappearance of the Elves and Dwarfs, the land was quickly overrun by Orcs, Goblins and the rough Human tribes who were almost as brutal in those far off days. For many hundreds of years the area remained divided between rival warlords, both green-skinned and Human, until the time of Gilles of the tribe of Bretonni. In his day the realm was united, and as one nation the Bretonnians succeeded in defeating and driving out the Orcs and Goblins. It is from this time that the Bretonnians date the creation of their kingdom, some 977 years after the time of Sigmar and the founding of the Empire.

THE LAND OF VIRTUE

To this day the Knights of Bretonnia follow the chivalric traditions established in the time of Gilles le Breton. Gilles' vision of the Lady of the Lake on the eve of battle foretold of his holy purpose and ultimate destiny as king of Bretonnia. Since then the warriors of Bretonnia have pledged themselves to the service of the Lady of the Lake, and sought to uphold the knightly virtues in her name. By feat of arms a Knight may rise in esteem and become, by degrees, one of those marked by the goddess for her



special honour. That reward is to drink, as Gilles le Breton once drank, from the Lady's Grail, as only those who are pure in heart and deed can do.

THE KNIGHTS OF BRETONNIA

Bretonnia has grown into a powerful nation under the guidance of its king, the Lady of the Lake, and the code of honour under which its nobility conducts itself in peace and war. There are no other men whose martial prowess can equal the Knights of Bretonnia, dedicated as they are, body and soul, to the pursuit of excellence. Indeed, it is often said that the Knights of Bretonnia could conquer the world were it not for their vows which bind them to protect their own domain and shield the poor and innocent from unwarranted hostility.

THE CRUSADES

Though a Knight's code of honour binds him to the protection of his land and people, there are still times when he finds himself bound for war in foreign lands. When the Sultan Jaffar of Araby invaded the lands of Estalia, the king of Bretonnia, at that time Louis the Righteous, raised a mighty army pledged to free Estalia from his evil grasp. During the Crusades which followed not only was Estalia freed but the Bretonnian king took the war to Araby itself and destroyed the empire of Jaffray. Filled with crusading zeal the Knights tore down the decadent palaces of the Sultan, burned many evil tomes from his library, and flung down the dark idols from his unholy temples.

THE LAST HOPE

Today the king of Bretonnia and his Knights form a bulwark against the growing evils of Chaos and the power of the Orcs, Goblins, Skaven and other monstrous creatures that threaten Mankind's survival. The Bretonnians are protected by their honour and by their strength of arms, and whilst they endure the lands of Men remain safe from peril. If the Knights of Bretonnia were ever to fail in their sacred duties, then the Human race would surely be doomed.

THE LAND OF CHIVALRY

The **FOREST OF ARDEN** is a sprawling oak forest which shelters many vile creatures, huge monsters and savage beasts. Questing Knights sometimes take an oath to hunt down and slay these creatures or perish in the attempt.

COURONNE is the capital of Bretonnia, where its king is crowned and where the greatest knights in the realm gather to attend him. It is a great castle, built upon an ancient Elf ruin, and it stands upon a high hill overlooking the lands to the east.

AXE BITE PASS is the main route between the Empire and Bretonnia and the road most often taken by invading armies from the north. The Bretonnians hold many castles south of the pass and at its entrance is the Castle de Montfort, the most strongly defended fortress in Bretonnia.



GISOREUX is a city much fought over by warring armies. The Empire, Undead, Orcs and Skaven have all attacked its triple walls and tall towers, but none have overthrown its valiant Knights.

The port of **BORDELEAUX**, like Brionne, is built upon Elven ruins. The port's large fleet of warships is protected by a great circuit of high walls, dominated by the keep of the Duc de Bordeleaux.

PARRAVON is surrounded by chasms and can be approached only by a narrow bridge built by the Elves of ancient times. Over the years it has been attacked by the Empire and by Orcs from the forests, but has always proved too strong a fortress for any enemy, Man or Greenskin.

QUENELLES lies close to the realm of the Elves of Loreen and from its towers can be seen many chapels to the Lady of the Lake.

The sheer cliffs of the **MASSIF ORCAL** rise above the wild Forest of Chalons and mark the beginning of a rocky highland occupied by Orcs and other monsters.

THE EMPIRE - THE LAND OF SIGMAR



When the High Elves left their great towers in the Old World, the land was abandoned to the Orcs, Goblins and savage Human tribes. In those distant times, the fathers of Men were nothing but fur-clad savages, barely distinguishable from Orcs in the eyes of the haughty Elves. It was the Dwarfs who recognised the potential of humanity, first as trading partners, but eventually as allies against the Orcs that infested the land.

The Dwarfs taught the Human tribes the secrets of metallurgy and swordmaking, and as a result of trade and further Dwarf encouragement, primitive Men began to grow in strength and ambition.

SIGMAR

The many Human tribes remained divided until the time of Sigmar, the founder of the Empire and friend of the Dwarf king Kurgan Ironbeard. It was Sigmar who rescued Kurgan from the Orcs, and in honour of this valiant act the Dwarf king gave him the great warhammer Skull Splitter. For ever after the Emperor was known as Sigmar Heldenhammer and was accounted a true friend of the Dwarfs, the greatest honour a Dwarf can bestow. Sigmar united all the warring Human tribes under his rule and established the realm that is known today as the Empire.

TURBULENT TIMES

Sigmar's day was over two thousand years ago and since that time the Empire has survived many long and arduous wars. It has suffered Orc and Goblin invasions, the devastations of the Vampire Counts, and the dreaded incursions of Chaos armies. It has also endured periods of rebellion and anarchy within its own borders.

In all that time there have been many weak and disastrous Emperors, such as Boris Goldgather, and also many great conquerors, such as Magnus the Pious.

Despite times of changing fortune, even during its long periods of disunity and division, the Empire has always maintained its sense of identity as one land and one people, under the spiritual if not actual leadership of Sigmar, who is now accorded the status of patron god of his ancient realm.

REALM OF MAN

Today the Empire is the largest and most powerful of all the lands of Men. It stretches from the Grey Mountains and the borders of Bretonnia in the south to the Forest of Shadows and the land of Kislev in the north. Eastwards it is bounded by the Sea of Claws and the wilderness known as the Wasteland. Westwards the borderlands lie upon the foothills of the World's Edge Mountains.

Within the Empire's boundaries lie dark forests, mighty rivers and tall, forbidding mountains. For the most part these are wild and untamed, the refuge of evil creatures and brigands of all kinds. The real strength of the Empire lies in its sprawling cities and the lesser towns and farms that lie under their protection.

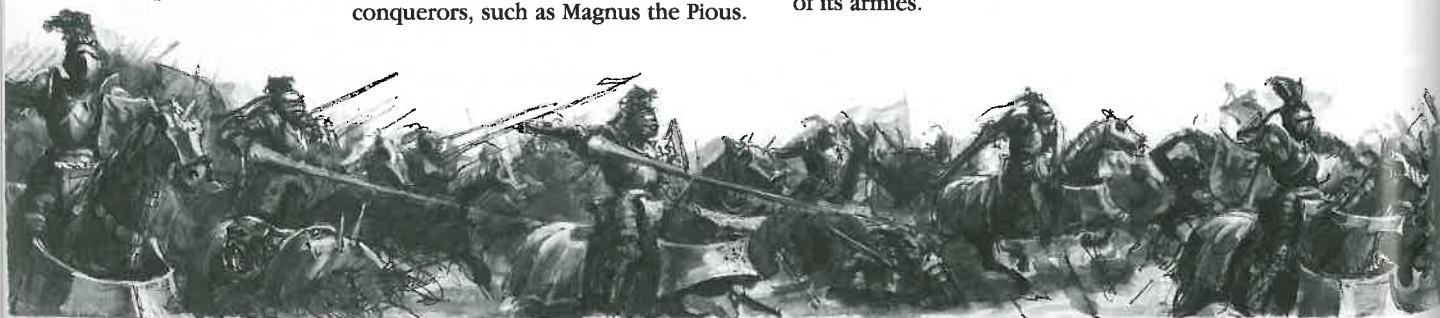
The Empire is a great commercial as well as military power, whose cities prosper in a new age of enlightenment and growth. In the busy markets, rich merchants jostle with scholars, and dour warriors rub shoulders with skilled artisans. In the deep harbours of Altdorf, ocean-going ships unload cargoes from all over the world. Altdorf is also the home of the Colleges of Magic, the foremost schools of sorcery in the Old World, and of the Imperial Zoo, which maintains a stable of many fantastic monstrous creatures.

THE EMPEROR'S ARMIES

The Emperor's armies come from the widespread lands of the Empire. As well as sturdy infantry and heavily armoured knights, the Emperor can call upon the marvellous inventions of the Engineers. These are men taught in the traditions of the Dwarf smiths by Dwarf refugees driven from their mountains and now settled in the Empire under the Emperor's protection. Huge cannons are forged in the city of Nuln, whilst ambitious inventors work away at engines powered by steam or alcohol and devices driven by clockwork.

THE AGE OF MANKIND

Mankind has grown and prospered greatly since the decline of the Dwarfs and Elves. From humble beginnings Men have raised mighty nations to equal the civilisations of the older races. The greatest of these nations is the Empire, a land which stands upon the dawn of a new age of exploration and discovery. However, the growth and even survival of the Empire is by no means certain, for there are many perils that threaten its future, not least of which is the growing shadow of Chaos in the north. Such perils must be faced and overcome if Mankind is to flourish. But the greatest danger lies within, for even inside the Empire there are those who seek the aid of the Dark Gods of Chaos, who would trade the freedom of Man for a brief taste of power. Indeed, the witch hunters of the Emperor are kept almost as busy as the soldiers of its armies.



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ALTDORF is the greatest city in the Empire, the seat of the Emperor, home of the Colleges of Magic, and the most populous of all Human settlements in the Old World.

MIDDENHEIM sits atop a sheer-sided pinnacle of rock that rises out of the surrounding forest. It is known as the City of the White Wolf and is the spiritual home of the god Ulric.

TALABHEIM lies in the centre of the Great Forest. It is built within a huge crater, the remnant of some prehistoric meteor strike, whose rim has created a natural rocky wall of considerable height.



The **BLACK MOUNTAINS** are the least hospitable of all the Empire's borders. The weather is unpredictable and the mountains exceptionally high.

THE FOREST OF SHADOWS makes up most of the principality of Ostland and is rife with Beastmen and Chaos warbands.

The river **REIK** is actually the longest single river in the Old World and by far the most prosperous. It is a constantly busy waterway carrying more shipping than the rest of the rivers put together.

NULN contains one of the great marvels of the Empire – a wooden bridge that can be raised and lowered to allow shipping down the River Reik.

THE MOOT is the homeland of the Halflings. Though small, they are no cowards and are ever vigilant against encroaching enemies.

THE REIKWALD FOREST is a favourite haunt of the Empire's outcasts and bandits.



Many thousands of years ago, before the Time of Chaos, before the fathers of the Elves and Dwarfs knew of speech or song, the world was visited by a race of travellers. Elven legends dimly recall them as the Old Ones. They came from beyond the stars by means of an inter-dimensional gateway which they created above the north pole of the world. Their silver craft brought the Old Ones to the world where they discovered the ancestors of the Elves and Dwarfs, and secretly nurtured them, teaching them the arts of civilisation, though to what end remains a mystery.

THE MASTERY OF THE OLD ONES

The Old Ones built fabulous cities and temples away from the areas inhabited by the growing races of the world. They raised their cities in the lands known today as Lustria, on the western continent, in the warm equatorial regions which best suited their alien metabolism. They were the masters of the world in those days, and perhaps the masters of the universe too. Their technical skills were unthinkable advanced, their command of sorcery unparalleled. Indeed, such was their knowledge that to them magic and science were as one, blended into a single galaxy-spanning arcane technology. Their polar gateway was a device crafted from this technology, a portal between the very dimensions.

THE FALL OF THE OLD ONES

It is impossible to say what terrible disaster overtook the Old Ones and destroyed the ordered world which they had created. Their gateway, the source of all their arcane power, collapsed onto the northern pole creating a region of seething energy, a wasteland saturated in magical power, an open door into the dimension of daemons and gods. This disaster initiated the Time of Chaos and unleashed new and horrifying gods into the world. It made the Realm of Chaos where Daemons and other things too mind-destroying to consider dwell to this day.

The Old Ones and their deeds were forgotten. Their children, the Dwarfs and Elves who they had placed on the ladder of civilisation, survived the Time of Chaos and began to develop in their own fashion. Man, the Old Ones' newest and most vulnerable protege, was left to learn by contact with the older races, remembering nothing of their ancient contacts. In Lustria, the cities and temples of the Old Ones gradually fell into ruin.

THE SURVIVORS

Although the Old Ones were gone, the lands of Lustria were not completely emptied of intelligent life. For the Old Ones did not come to the world entirely alone. They brought with them their slaves

EMPIRE OF THE LIZARDMEN

and servants. Of these creatures, the most intelligent were the Slann. The Slann were the organisers and builders, the scientist-sorcerers whose endeavours built the cities of Lustria and moulded the world into a shape commanded by their masters. It was the Slann Mage Lords who built the polar gateways and whose spells maintained its integrity. It was the Slann who moved the whole world closer to the sun to warm it, and who changed the shape of the lands to create hydro-atmospheric stability. The Slann were second only in understanding to the Old Ones themselves.

THE SLANN

From the beginning, the Slann were few in number and since those days their number has dwindled. Their knowledge, the inheritance of the Old Ones, has gradually been forgotten leaving a memory of greatness and much superstition. Still, even today, the Slann are the greatest wizards of the world. Though they do not possess the power of their ancestors, they are more potent than the greatest of the Elven mages.

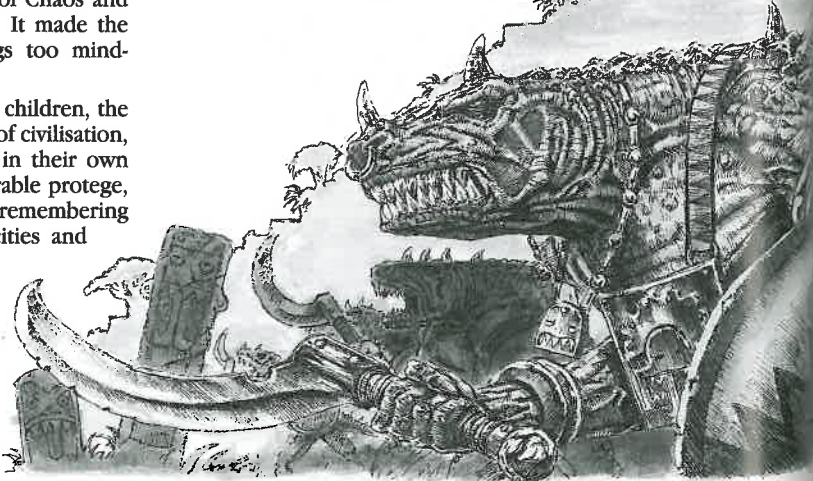
The Old Ones relied upon the intelligence and sorcerous abilities of the Slann, but they never used the creatures as warriors. Their bloated toad-like bodies left them sluggish and vulnerable, and lacking in aggression if not in cold-blooded malice. For their warriors the Old Ones chose another race, though whether they brought these soldiers to the world or whether they found them and adapted them is not clear.

Perhaps the Saurus, as these reptiles are called, were the first race cultivated by the Old Ones, an ancient race that never quite developed to a stage satisfactory to the Old Ones. Saurus are brutish creatures with slow minds that register little except a simple, single-minded savagery. They can use straightforward weapons but are unable to master more complex devices. In terms of protecting the cities and temples of Lustria however, they were just what the Old Ones needed.

SKINKS

The need for a more physically adaptable as well as mentally agile workforce led the Old Ones to create a smaller race of Lizardmen called Skinks. These were weaker than Sauruses, but capable of far more tasks. They formed the mass workforce of the Old Ones as they do the Slann today. Although physically weak compared to the massive Sauruses, they are competent archers and riders.

In addition to the Slann, Saurus and Skinks, the Old Ones created or adapted many other creatures of reptilian origin which they put to use either as workers, beasts of burden or as warriors. The creatures called Cold Ones were made as riding beasts to carry Skinks. The gigantic Kroxigors were made as construction slaves, capable of carrying and placing massive boulders. Creatures of the air were made that could ride the wind, and the Old Ones also fashioned huge monsters that were used to carry heavy burdens over long distances.



LUSTRIA - THE NEW WORLD



ULTHUAN

Realm of the High Elves

The Norse adventurer Losteriksson, son of Lost Erik, was the first Old Worlder to land on the coast of Lustria... and survive to tell the tale! After trekking inland in search of treasure, Losteriksson and his men left Lustria rich men, only to return and settle down where they first landed, naming the settlement **SKEGGI**, after Losteriksson's daughter, the first human to be born in the new land.

CHAQUA was the Lizardman city where the rise of the mighty serpent god Sotek was first prophesied. A great migration of Skinks spread the cult among the other cities.

ITZA is the oldest of the Lizardman cities and the first to have been founded by the enigmatic Old Ones. The Slann of the first spawning, as well as Skinks, Saurus and Kroxigor, were all created by the Old Ones so that they could participate in the building of Itza, each race being responsible for a separate aspect of the city's construction.

QUETZA is a ruined Lizardman city which became infested by the Skaven Clan Pestilens. From here, plagues spread virulently through the jungle, devastating many other cities, until the Skaven were forced to migrate by the appearance of the serpent god Sotek.

Many centuries ago, before the discovery of Lustria by the Norse, a trading vessel from the Old World was caught in the fierce currents off the coast of Araby and swept into the swirling waters around Ulthuan. The wrecked ship was washed up months later on the eastern shore of Lustria. Though most of the crew had drowned or starved, a few still moved – not quite dead, but not entirely living either! For one of the passengers had been a Vampire, who emerged from the rotting hulk to found a new realm of Undead in the New World.

ORCS & GOBLINS

Orcs are ferocious raiders and relentless warriors whose constant attacks threaten to engulf the lands of the Old World and plunge the entire continent into a dark age of endless and unremitting warfare. Orcs wage war with a single-mindedness that makes them extremely dangerous, but fortunately for their enemies much of their energy is expended fighting each other. Goblins, although smarter than Orcs, are nowhere near as warlike and prefer to avoid a fight unless their enemy is severely outnumbered, badly wounded or looking the other way (preferably all three). Goblins are cunning rather than strong, and rely a great deal on their Orc cousins when it comes to the serious business of fighting.

GREENSKINS

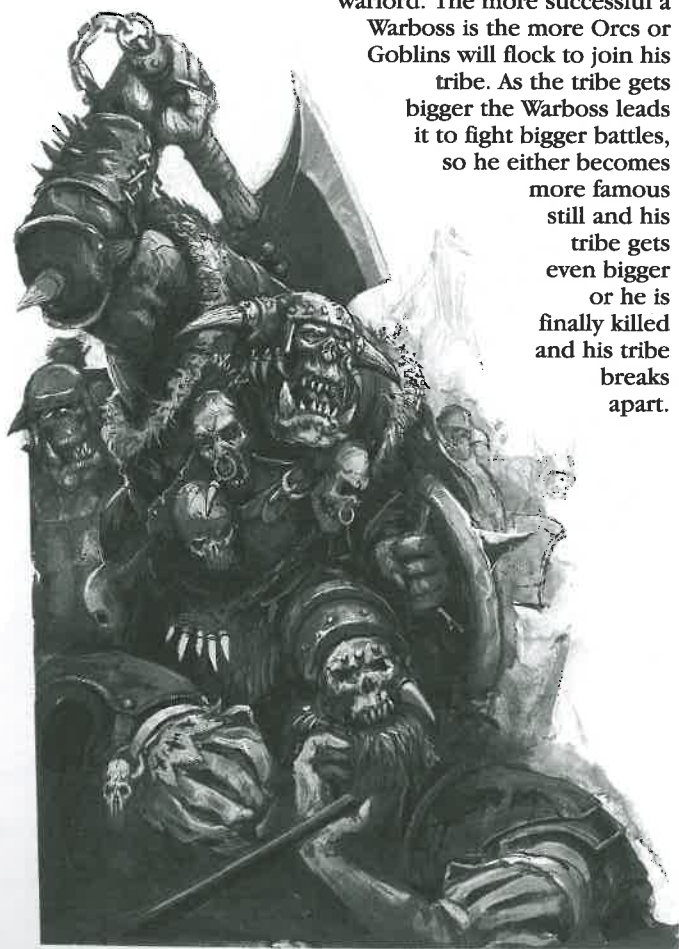
Orcs and Goblins, or Greenskins as they are often called, are remarkable creatures in many ways. They have a tough and waxy green skin, which becomes scabby, gnarled and even tougher over time. Their blood varies in colour from red to purple or black and is unusually thick, pungent and sticky. They do not seem to feel pain to anything like the extent that other creatures do, and it takes a serious wound to stop an Orc from fighting.

TRIBES AND WARBOSES

All Orcs and Goblins live in warrior tribes or warbands. Some are huge with thousands of individuals, while others number little more than a few hundred warriors. Tribes are led by a powerful chieftain called a Warboss or, if he is very powerful, a Warlord. The more successful a

Warboss is the more Orcs or Goblins will flock to join his tribe. As the tribe gets bigger the Warboss leads it to fight bigger battles, so he either becomes

more famous still and his tribe gets even bigger or he is finally killed and his tribe breaks apart.



It is common to find Goblins under the sway of Orcs. In many cases these subservient Goblins are more than happy with their lot, because it gives them a chance to complete any plundering, thieving and despoiling that the Orcs forget to do. Every Goblin knows that Orcs are good fighters, certainly better than Goblins, so it is a good life being in an Orc tribe even if their masters treat them harshly and eat the odd straggler.

ORCDOM

Orc and Goblin tribes live all over the Old World in areas which are sparsely inhabited or where humans cannot survive at all. They also live on the boundaries of the Old World in the lands to the south and east, and it is in these areas where they are most prolific. If there can be said to be an Orc homeland it is probably the area between the southern World's Edge Mountains and the Black Mountains known as the Badlands, and the foothills of the World's Edge Mountains between Blood River and Black Fire Pass. These areas are infested with Orc tribes, and the adjoining Human lands of the Border Princes are little better, although fortified Human settlements maintain the presence of men on the very edge of civilisation. There are also many Orcs and Goblins inside the Old World, especially in the high mountain passes and deep forests which are virtually impenetrable to Humans.

GREENSKIN RACES

Orcs and Goblins live all over the world and some have adapted their way of life to suit. For example, the Goblins who live in the underground ruins of the old Dwarf empire are called Night Goblins and wear dark cloaks to protect them from the light of day. Forest Goblins live in the forests of the Empire where they harness and ride giant spiders. Other Goblins live in the plains and ride fierce wolves. Orcs too have adapted to different ways of life. Savage Orcs are barbarous cousins to the Orc race, spurning armour and ironwork altogether and taking to battle daubed in bright

paint. Black Orcs are the largest and most powerful of their kind and are often found as leaders amongst other Orc tribes.

ORCS

While some Orcs are no taller than a man, most are substantially larger and the biggest Orcs stand well over seven feet tall. They are also very broad with big, deep chests, massive shoulders and long, powerfully muscled arms. Orcs have large heads with huge jaws but tiny foreheads behind which lurks the thick bone of an Orc's skull and not very much else.

Despite their apparent lack of intelligence, Orcs are not stupid, they are simply limited in the way they think and act. Whilst not the deepest thinkers in the world, neither are they doubtful or divided. When an Orc wants to do something he simply does it, where a Human might waste hours weighing the pros and cons.

Single-mindedness is one of the Orcs' greatest strengths, especially as they enjoy fighting more than anything else. When they're not actually at war, Orcs spend most of their time fighting each other to establish rights of leadership. Orc leaders are known as Boss Orcs, but even Boss Orcs fight amongst themselves to decide which of them is the overall leader. This means there are innumerable layers in the Orc pecking order, from Boss to Big Boss, Warboss and Warlord.

A Warlord is an Orc who has established total supremacy over his rivals (having either killed and eaten them or driven them away) and now leads all the tribes in glorious conquest over puny races such as men. An Orc's life is therefore spent in constant battle either with his fellow Orcs or against some worthy opponent. This is regarded as a good thing by Orcs, who are universally content with

their lot, ultimately happy to meet their end in battle so long as they get the chance for a good fight.

GOBLINS

Goblins vary in size but are typically smaller than Orcs or Men. They have quick, nimble fingers and a tenacious grip ideal for strangling small animals and sleeping rivals. Goblins have small, shifty eyes and keen eyesight particularly in the dark. They are extremely noisy and garrulous where Orcs are inclined to speak slowly and infrequently (believing that a determined glare and a display of fangs to be the best way of making your point).

Goblins are more intelligent than Orcs and love nothing better than trading and bartering with their slow-witted relatives – basically because they always come off better. Many Goblin tribes are partly nomadic, moving from plain to forest, or along the river valleys and in between the mountain passes where they buy, sell or steal things that they can re-sell later on. Goblin tribes are often accompanied by huge caravans of scrap metal, captured monsters in crude wooden cages, or even men, Dwarfs or Elves that they have trapped and enslaved.

Outriders mounted on huge slaving wolves patrol the area to the tribe's front, probing for enemies and scouting out small settlements that can be raided and pillaged.

Some Goblins become very wealthy by trading in this way. Goblins like to show off their wealth. A really successful Goblin trader wears countless rings, ornamental daggers, swords, and the biggest helmet he can uncomfortably balance on his head. Others spend their ill-gotten gains on fast chariots which they race against each other, trying to outdo their rivals by having the fastest or flashiest machine.



THE REALM OF THE HIGH ELVES

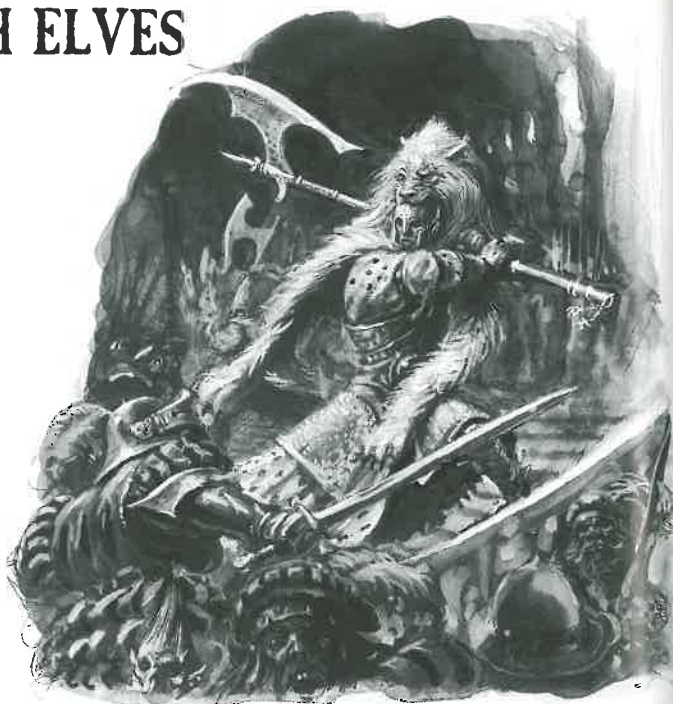
The Elven kingdoms of Ulthuan lie in a circular island continent surrounding an inner sea. The island is formed from a high and uninhabitable mountain chain, bounded on both inner and outer coasts by narrow wooded plains. Only at one point is the circle broken, at the mighty sea gates of Lothorn, the greatest city in the world. Here the mountains are cleft as by a gigantic axe stroke, and here the Elves long ago embattled the towering cliffs to build the most formidable fortress in the world. None may enter through that gate without the leave of the Lord of Lothorn, and to this day no man has passed into the secret realm within, or at least none have returned to report their passage.

THE NOBLE RACE

Elves are tall, bear themselves nobly, and are proud and handsome in appearance. They have a slim, elegant build but are, nonetheless, deceptively strong and agile. Elves are pale skinned and for the most part have dark or grey hair, fine features and penetrating eyes all of which combine to give the impression of intelligence and wisdom. They are the most long-lived of all the mortal races and they were the first to raise cities.

THE GLORY OF ULTHUAN

The Elves have a continuous history of cultural and creative endeavour which extends over many thousands of years. Their cities are glittering monuments to their enduring intellect and impeccable taste. In the city of Lothorn impossibly tall and needle thin towers soar into the sky, joined by bridges like arcs of glass, feats of architectural accomplishment beyond anything imagined by Men or Dwarfs. In Lothorn's sweeping amphitheatres the greatest bards in the world sing of ancient days, whilst the finest musicians in Ulthuan pluck at elegant lyres or play upon tiny bells of silver and gold. The Elves have a right to be arrogant when dealing with other races, whose settlements would not serve the beasts of Ulthuan, and whose songs and music are a crude cacophony of noise in comparison to that of the Elves.



THE ELVES AT WAR

Though the Elves are the oldest, most refined, and most subtle of all races they are also amongst the greatest warriors. They are masters of the arms they bear, especially of the bow and lance. Their weaponry is finely made and beautifully crafted, adorned with rare and valuable gems. An Elf army arrayed for battle is an awesome sight made all the more impressive by the undoubted fighting skills that lie behind their glittering ranks.

MASTERS OF SORCERY

The High Elves claim to have learned their magic in the dark past, from the ancient race of Old Ones which has since disappeared from the world. Over the centuries the High Elves have perfected their sorcery. The High Elf mages are mighty spellcasters whose fiery blasts and awesome energies have won them many battles. In years past the Elves taught their magic to men, although the Elves far surpass the wizards of the Old World in their skill and knowledge.

THE AGE OF EXPLORATION

The Elves are the greatest sailors and explorers in the whole world. Their ships sail from Cathay in the east to Lustria in the west, from the Southlands to the Old World and beyond into the cold land of Norsca. In ages past they established colonies in the west and east.

In the Old World they discovered the Dwarfs, and the fathers of Men, and built cities along the coasts for their ships to harbour in. The swift ships of the Elves were busy indeed, carrying Dwarf gold and precious stones back to Ulthuan, returning with rare woods, silk and exotic wares from the far west.

WAR AGAINST THE DWARFS

While the Dwarfs burrowed and mined beneath the mountains, the Elves raised tall towers amongst the forests, and both races prospered. Given the very different natures of the two races it was perhaps inevitable that this state of harmony did not endure for long. When war came it lasted for many centuries and became the cause of much bitterness.

Even today the Dwarfs hold a deep and irredeemable grudge against the Elves for their part in the war. The Elves themselves gave up the struggle long ago, and turned to other things. They abandoned their colonies and sailed back to Ulthuan where their own realms were endangered by civil war. A few remained behind in the forests of Loren where their descendants became the kindred of Wood Elves who live there to this day.

THE KINGDOMS OF ULTHUAN

CHRACE and **COTHIQUE** are the two northernmost kingdoms of Ulthuan. They exist in a state of almost perpetual war with the Dark Elves whose ships harry their coasts and often penetrate far inland to raid.

YVRESSE is the land of mist. The mainland is a wild coastline fringed by deep coniferous forest. It is the wildest, bleakest and least densely populated area of Ulthuan.

TIRANOC is the westernmost realm of Ulthuan. Once it was amongst the most fertile of all the Elf kingdoms until it was laid waste during the Time of the Sundering. Since then its people have rebuilt their kingdom and their armies, though the glories of old are lost forever.

CALEDOR is a land of mountains, granite fortresses and Dragons. Once the mountains were topped with fire. Molten rocks poured over the valleys and Dragons soared upon the thermal currents that rose from the flame. Today the mountains are cool and the Dragons have become sluggish. Though the Princes of Caledor still ride Dragons they are few and weak compared to the days of old.

LOTHERN, the seat of the Phoenix King, is the greatest city in the known world. It is built around a huge lagoon, separated from the outer ocean by three great sea gates. Islands on the lagoon house ship-yards and warehouses, and larger islands still bear palaces, temples and colossal statues of which the largest are the giant statues of the Phoenix King and the Everqueen.

THE ISLE OF THE DEAD lies at the very centre of Ulthuan and forms the nexus of the great spells which draw magical energy into the land, and provide the mages with the source of their power. The Isle of the Dead is so suffused with sorcerous power that it exists outside time and the physical environment.

AVELORN was the first Elven kingdom and its people are unusual amongst the High Elves in preferring to live amongst the woods and mountains rather than in towering cities. Their ruler is the Everqueen, the co-ruler of all Ulthuan alongside the Phoenix King, and one of the most powerful of all her race.

ELLYRION is famed for the quality of its horses and the skill of their riders, who are said to be the best in the world.

SAPHERY is a land of wizardry and magic and the seat of its sorcerous power is the Tower of Hoeth, the shrine of the god of wisdom. This is the largest repository of magical knowledge in the world, compiled down the millennia by Elf mages.





The Dark Elves were driven from the Elven homeland of Ulthuan centuries ago and now live in the northern regions of Naggaroth, the bleak Land of Chill. Dark Elves, or *Druchii* as they are called in the Elf tongue, are close kin of the High Elves and in appearance they are pale but otherwise almost identical.

MASTERS OF DARK SORCERY

The High Elves are the greatest wizards in the whole world, and the Dark Elves are also a race touched by magic power. Whereas the High Elves take great care to protect themselves from dangerous magical energies, especially Daemons, the Dark Elves long ago embraced the Dark Gods of Chaos. The natural magic powers of Elves and the unnatural vitality of Chaos are mated together in the Dark Elves, so that they have become the masters of dark sorcery.

BLACK TOWERS OF NAGGAROTH

The Dark Elves live in six heavily fortified cities, their innumerable black towers rising like pinnacles of ice from the cold, hard rock of Naggaroth. The surrounding landscape is bleak and unwelcoming: bare rock and poisoned blackwater streams, with dark forbidding pine forests to the south. Of their six cities the largest is Naggarond, the Tower of Cold, where the greatest and most evil of all the Dark Elves, Malekith the Witch King of Naggarond, holds court. Few mortals have ever seen this sinister sorcerer, and his body is said to have changed beyond recognition over the untold centuries of his unnaturally long life. His original Elf form has been corrupted and altered by the magic of Chaos for which it forms a mortal vessel.

The Witch King is master of the cities of Naggaroth: Ghrond the North Tower, Clar Karond the Tower of Doom, Hag Graef the Dark Crag, Har Ganeth the City of Executioners, and Karond Kar, the Tower of Despair. All these cities are dark and evil places, steeped in death and agony. Their black dungeons are crammed with captive Daemons and unfortunate mortals whose wailings fill the air and whose moans seep through the thick walls of the high towers, saturating the place with pain and despair. At the tips of these towers, soaked with evil and doom, the sorcerers of Naggaroth cast their malign magic over the world and consort with the darkest Daemons of Chaos.

NEMESIS OF THE ELVES

The greatest enemies of the Dark Elves are the High Elves of Ulthuan. Dark Elf armies set off from the harbour of Har Ganeth in their huge Daemon-infested ships, sailing west over the Sea of Grudges to the Old World and south through the Straits of Rhinasha

THE DARK ELVES

towards Ulthuan. When they reach their objectives the Dark Elves rampage and destroy as much as they can, often burning and looting whole cities before retiring with their plunder back to Naggaroth. Many of their raids are undertaken for captives: Men, Elves or other creatures, to be taken back to the dark towers.

Few have ever escaped from slavery at the hands of the Dark Elves, and fewer still speak of their captivity. Such tales as are known tell of the haunted dungeons of the Witch King, living sacrifices to the Chaos Gods, and souls burned up to fuel the sorcery of Naggaroth.

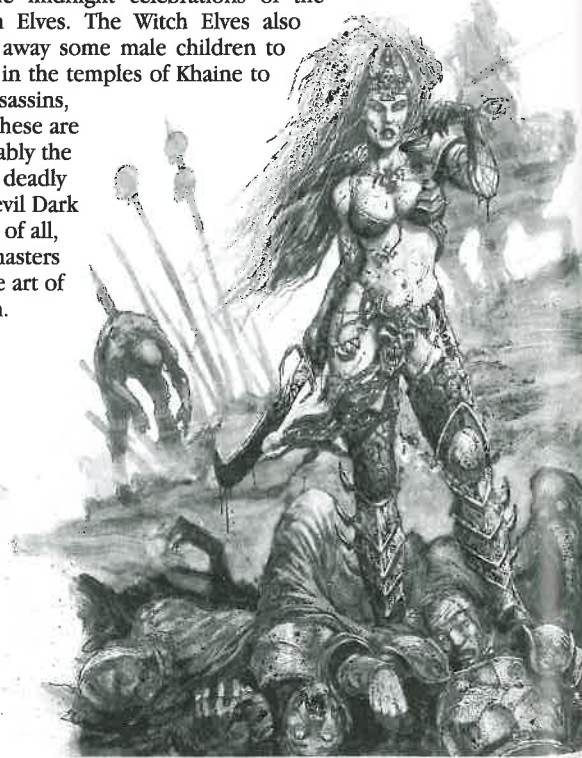
ARMIES OF THE WITCH KING

Dark Elf armies are mobile and well armed. Many carry the deadly repeater crossbow which shoots a hail of small barbed arrows. Others ride captive beasts, including gigantic scaled reptiles called Cold Ones. These creatures are hunted down and captured in the caves and tunnels beneath Hag Graef where many strange, ferocious creatures live. Dark Elf women are just as deadly as their menfolk, and are equally adept warriors, fighting alongside the men in battle. The wildest of all are the Witch Elves – a warrior sisterhood devoted to the Chaos God Khorne who they call Khaine Lord of Murder. They are the most cruel of all the Dark Elves and the most bloodthirsty. After a battle they choose victims to sacrifice to Khaine and bathe in cauldrons of blood, renewing their dark pact with the Lord of Murder.

NIGHT OF THE HAG QUEEN

Witch Elves live in the temples of Khaine under the glowering eyes of their Hag Queens. The Hag Queens are extremely ancient, and once a year they take part in the riotous celebrations of Death Night when the Witch Elves prowl the streets and steal away any Dark Elves they find, sometimes breaking into houses to take petrified inhabitants away for sacrifice. On Death Night the Hag Queens bathe in blood to restore themselves, at which time they are the most enchanting and voluptuous of all Elves, their strangely cadaverous beauty more powerful and captivating than any magic.

Over the year the Hag Queens revert into the haggard crones they really are, until Death Night comes round once more and Dark Elves hide in their homes, listening to the revelry and evil laughter of the midnight celebrations of the Witch Elves. The Witch Elves also steal away some male children to raise in the temples of Khaine to be assassins, and these are probably the most deadly and evil Dark Elves of all, the masters of the art of death.



NAGGAROTH - THE LAND OF CHILL



To the far north of Naggaroth lie the stark and lonely **WATCH TOWERS**. From them, the Witch King watches the growing forces of Chaos, ever mindful that one day they will grow bold enough to threaten his domain.

HAR GANETH is known to the Dark Elves as the City of Executioners, but to all others it is simply the Cursed Place. Here the High Elves suffered their greatest defeat at the hands of their twisted kin, and were sacrificed to Khaine by the thousands.

NAGGAROND is the most evil of all cities. Its black stone walls rise a hundred feet and set within are four gateways with doors of iron. Severed heads adorn its battlements and the dark banners of the Witch King hang from its tall towers. Within, the fires of sacrifice burn day and night to the honour of Khaine, God of Murder. The knives of the Hag Queens rise and fall to the mad wailing of the Witch Elves, the beautiful but deadly Brides of Khaine who feast upon the quivering flesh of their victims.

NAGGAROTH means the **LAND OF CHILL**, an apt name indeed, for Naggaroth is a harsh wilderness of frozen tundra, barren mountains and cold, dark pine forests. To the north, the bleak, forbidding landscape is flat and windswept, broken only by outcrops of bare rock and poisoned blackwater streams. Further south, the thin soil supports gloomy pine forests where slaves labour to cut timber, driven to work in the freezing cold where they must toil until they drop dead of exhaustion.

In the bitter north lies **GHROND** the North Tower, from whose tall battlements Dark Elf sorcerers watch over the shadowy borders of the Realm of Chaos. Swirling shapes in the dark mists are said to foretell of things to come, of auspicious moments when the Witch King's armies may meet with success, or portents of doom and destruction. Based on these observations, the Witch King plots his strategies and launches his armies upon the world.



The Dwarfs live deep beneath the mountains in mines and halls carved by their own hands from solid rock. In ages past the Dwarfs prospered and their settlements grew into flourishing underground cities. The most important of these were built in the World's Edge Mountains, the long chain of mountains that runs from the north of the Old World far into the Southlands.

In ancient times this Dwarf Empire was connected by underground roadways as broad as three fully-laden wagons. Dwarf ballads tell of the wealth of those days, of gold and silver dug from the mountains, of fabulous jewels won from the rock, and of the precious stones, marble, onyx and jade, that adorned the glittering halls of the Dwarf kings.

DECLINE AND FALL

Sadly those days are long gone, though they are recalled fondly by the Dwarf bards in the stone halls of the strongholds that still remain. The sagas reveal little about the fall of the Dwarf Empire, but clearly their cities succumbed one by one to the Goblins from above and Skaven from below. Today only a fraction of the Dwarfs' old underground empire remains. The Dwarfs are few and their wealth is much reduced compared to former times. Still, they remain a proud and defiant people, as grim as the mountains and as hard as the rock itself!

AGE, WEALTH AND SKILL

Dwarfs are immensely strong and resilient, broad in the shoulder, wide in the girth, with broad hands and feet. They are stubborn, with a practical turn of mind. Dwarfs are said to respect three things above all else: age, wealth and skill.

Unless slain in battle, Dwarfs live to a very great age. A Dwarf's age can be deduced by the length of his beard. The oldest and wisest Dwarfs have silver beards many yards long. These are worn wrapped round the Dwarf's belly and still trail behind him if they are really long. Respect for age extends to all aspects of Dwarf culture, where ancient workmanship is held up as an example of achievement, and where weapons may be reformed time and time again.

The second thing that Dwarfs respect is wealth. Hoarding wealth is a great passion amongst them, and no Dwarf feels secure unless he has a substantial hoard he can pass on to his descendants. The hoards of some Dwarf Lords are of immense proportions and antiquity. Rumours of this wealth have driven ambitious armies to

DWARF REALMS

the gates of the Dwarf strongholds, where most of their bones still lie. But not all attacks have failed and some Dwarf strongholds have fallen to Orcs, Goblins or Skaven. The precious Dwarf hoards have been lost or scattered across the world.

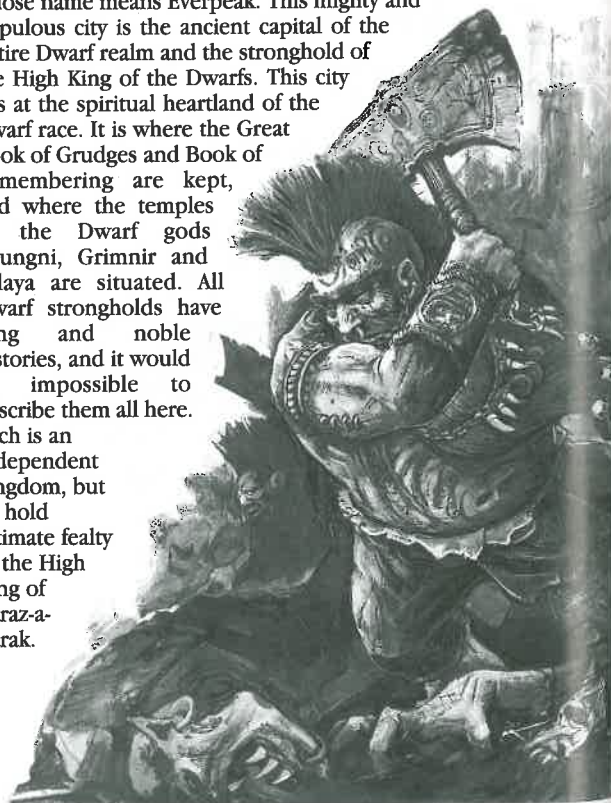
The third cornerstone of Dwarf values is their superb craftsmanship. Dwarfs take pride in their work, whether it is making a tunnel, or carving some tiny gem. They are good at making small, intricate things, and all they do is accomplished in a painstaking and thoughtful manner. Dwarfs hate to see rough work, and everything they make is always built to last. Curiously enough, in the Dwarf language the word for shoddy or bodged work is *umgi* which literally means 'man made'.

Dwarfs always keep their word. They have a very rigid sense of pride and honour. If a Dwarf makes a promise he will remember it and keep it, and he will also honour a promise made by his ancestors no matter how long ago it was given. To break faith is the worst possible kind of dishonour to a Dwarf. A broken bond will be bitterly remembered, leading to determined acts of vengeance and vendettas which may last for centuries. Great breaches of faith against the Dwarfs of a particular stronghold are recorded for posterity in a Book of Grudges, a huge tome carefully maintained by the stronghold's Dwarf Lord and constantly updated.

THE DWARF REALMS

There are surviving Dwarf strongholds throughout the World's Edge Mountains, although in past times there were many more and they were substantially larger. Those that remain are beleaguered fortresses, beset by Orcs, Goblins, Skaven and other evil things. Such holds include Karak Kadrin, or Slayer Keep, which overlooks the famous Peak Pass much travelled by merchants from the Empire and Kislev and one of the main paths between the east and the Old World. Zhufbar to the south stands by the cold Lake Varn and has had a long and bloody history, being overrun by Goblins and subsequently recaptured with help from Sigmar, the first Emperor.

The largest and most important Dwarf stronghold is Karaz-a-Karak, whose name means Everpeak. This mighty and populous city is the ancient capital of the entire Dwarf realm and the stronghold of the High King of the Dwarfs. This city lies at the spiritual heartland of the Dwarf race. It is where the Great Book of Grudges and Book of Remembering are kept, and where the temples of the Dwarf gods Grungni, Grimnir and Valaya are situated. All Dwarf strongholds have long and noble histories, and it would be impossible to describe them all here. Each is an independent kingdom, but all hold ultimate fealty to the High King of Karaz-a-Karak.



THE WORLD'S EDGE MOUNTAINS

ZHUFBAR stands in a deep chasm down which cascades a massive waterfall. Here the ingenious Dwarfs have constructed thousands of water wheels to power drop-hammers, ore crushers and washing pans. This is the greatest industrial centre and mine in the Dwarf realms and also home of the Engineers Guild.

KARAZ-A-KARAK is the ancient capital of the Dwarf Empire and the seat of the High King. It is the oldest, largest and most heavily fortified of all the Dwarf strongholds and by far the most important.

In ancient times **KARAK VARN** was hewn from the cliffs overlooking Black Water and its mines extended deep under the mountains. Today it is called Crag Mere, a ruin which attracts prospectors and treasure hunters from all over the world.

KARAK UNGOR was the first of the Dwarfs' main strongholds to fall to the Greenskins. Today it lies in the hands of the Red Eye tribe of Night Goblins, who call it Red Eye Mountain.

KARAK KADRIN, also known as Slayer Keep, stands south of the Peak Pass, the ancient Dwarf road between east and west. Its master is Ungrim Ironfist, the latest in a long line of Slayer Kings.

KARAK EIGHT PEAKS lies within and beneath a great valley surrounded by eight mountains. The hold is now a ruin, having been attacked and destroyed by Orcs many hundreds of years ago.

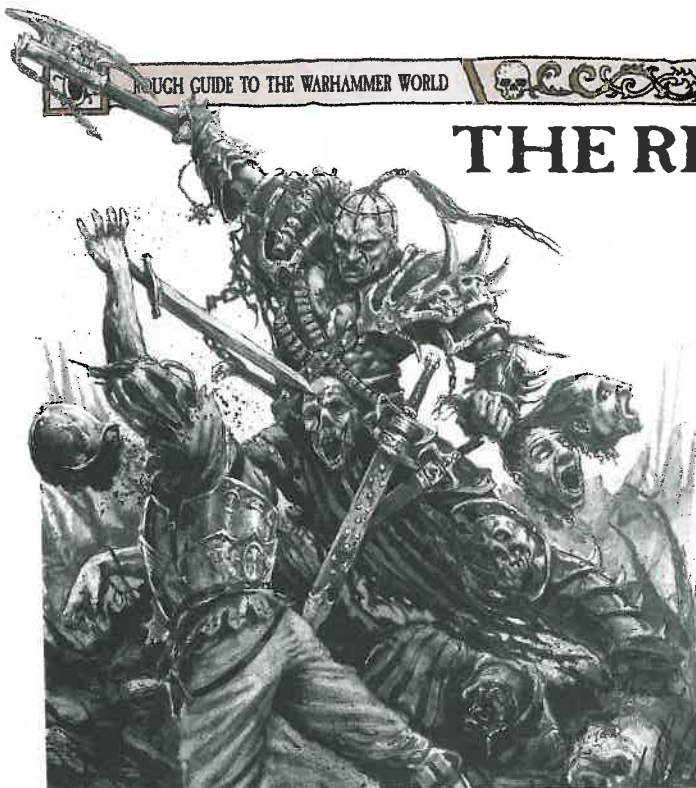
In its heyday, Dragon Crag was called Karak Izril, which means City of Jewels, but today the Dwarfs know this ancient ruin as **KARAK AZGAL**, which means Hoard Peak. Following the hold's destruction by Orcs it was occupied by the Dragon Graug the Terrible who gathered a great treasure and sat upon it for many years. Since Graug's death at the hands of Skalf Dragonslayer, the old hold has become a prime target for treasure hunters.

Black Crag was once the stronghold of **KARAK DRAZH** at the western entrance to Black Pass. Its loss is one of the most important unavenged wrongs in the Great Book of Grudges.

KARAK AZUL is known as Iron Peak and is one of the last holds of the south to remain in Dwarf hands. Its people are mighty warriors and its smiths forge some of the best weapons in all the Dwarf realms.



THE REALM OF CHAOS



Who can say when or how the power of Chaos first rose like a shadow over the world? Even the Mages of the High Elves, wise as they are, remain uncertain of the events that spawned the greatest threat to mortal races. Speculation on the matter fills shelf upon shelf in the great Tower of Hoeth in the kingdom of Saphery in Ulthuan.

According to Elf legend there was a time before magic, when even the fathers of the Elves knew nothing of language or civilisation, roaming the forests of Avelorn like wild beasts. Then the Old Ones came and taught the Elves the secrets of speech and song. They came from the stars in silver craft, through an interdimensional gateway above the northern pole. Through this gateway the Old Ones travelled from star to star.

It was the Old Ones who brought magic into the world, drawing it down through their gateway and fashioning it into spells and arcane devices. The Elves were quick to learn the arts of civilisation including the manipulation of magic itself. At first their power was weak compared to the Old Ones who, it is said, could summon forth Daemons and the very gods themselves to do their bidding.

THE TIME OF CHAOS

Sudden and unexpected catastrophe destroyed the Old Ones. Their gateway was to prove their downfall, perhaps because its mechanisms failed or maybe because it was breached by some enemy. It collapsed upon the northern pole and engulfed the world in shadow. Dimensions once distinct were thrown together in an unholy conjunction of magic and matter. Creatures trapped within were warped and distorted and the lands were twisted into new and insane forms. It is said that time itself was destroyed. The Elves refer to this earth shattering event as the Time of Chaos.

The Realm of Chaos is the name that mortals give to the polar region of shadow. To mortals it is the abode of gods and Daemons. To those who are most knowledgeable it is the source of all magical power, for raw magic leaks into the world through the ruined gateway, flooding the land with its transmuting energy. Slowly the magical energy changes the creatures of the world, twisting their minds and bodies, and creating mutants of extraordinary power.

GODS AND DAEMONS

The Realm of Chaos is inhabited by creatures formed from magical energy rather than physical matter. These gods and Daemons require a magically saturated environment in which to live, and for this reason are imprisoned within the boundaries of the Realm of Chaos. They can be brought into the world by means of a spell

which creates a short-lived magical field for them to inhabit. At times the Realm of Chaos itself expands like a great tidal wave, enabling Daemons to move south.

There are Daemons of many kinds both great and small. It is said that Daemons take form from dreams, and in this way mortal nightmares have created both Daemons and gods. If all gods exist in Chaos, only four are accorded the title of Chaos Gods: Khorne, Nurgle, Slaanesh and Tzeentch.

These four are brothers and rivals; each wishes to make the world his own, yet none is strong enough to accomplish this alone. Their goal is to build up magical energy so that they can dispatch their Daemons into the world to conquer and possess it. Several times the north has erupted into darkness, armies of Daemons have descended upon the land. Long and terrible battles have been fought to drive back the creatures of shadow and break their power. So far the world has survived – but whether it can continue to endure is doubtful, for the forces of Chaos grow stronger every day.

MORTAL ARMIES OF CHAOS

The magic that seeps from the Realm of Chaos affects all living things in the world. In the northlands, where the Realm of Chaos lies closest and its influence is strongest, many-headed beasts or even more horrible mutants roam the land: multi-limbed monstrosities, horned and cloven-hoofed half-men, many-eyed beasts, and things that breathe fire and rank gases. The unfettered transmuting power of magic causes change – though what form such change might take is always uncertain.

Further south the effect is less, partly because magic is weaker and partly because men hunt down and destroy mutants. Mutant children born in the Empire are exposed at birth or left in the woods to die. None marked by Chaos are permitted to live alongside true men. In Ulthuan the power of the Elven Mages drains away the corrupting power of Chaos by means of a great vortex centred upon the Isle of the Dead.

Despite these precautions there are many who are touched by Chaos in hidden ways, especially amongst the race of Men who seem strangely vulnerable compared to other races. There are those amongst mankind who have been given potent gifts by the random mutating effects of Chaos. Outwardly they are normal, but within their bodies they harbour a secret power. Some have ordinary human abilities magnified to an incredible degree, possessing extraordinary intelligence, ambition, strength of mind or charismatic powers of leadership. Others have hidden powers of perception, strength or resilience. A few have abilities even stranger, and can breathe flame or are able to mesmerise or kill with a gaze. Men of such power must conceal themselves or be driven out by the witch hunters and priests.

CHAOS CHAMPIONS

There are men who make a binding pact with the Chaos Gods and in doing so open up a channel of energy between their own minds and the power that resides in the Realm of Chaos. By this means these Champions of Chaos hope to develop their own powers further, to become great leaders, warriors or sorcerers. Some willingly join the conquering armies of Chaos and hope to one day sit amongst the gods and rule a world of shadow and sorcery. There are many now who see the triumph of Chaos as inevitable. Amongst the cities of the Empire hidden cultists recruit new followers. In the wastes Champions gather mutants to their cause.

Out in the Northern Wastes and deep in the heart of the Empire's forests the followers of Chaos prepare for war. They test their strength against the monstrous creatures of those regions, against the Orcs and Goblins, and against each other. Hundreds of small warbands wander the northlands, plundering outlying Human settlements and occasionally raiding the territories of Kislev, Norsca and the Empire. As their power grows stronger, Champions gather more followers, and lesser Champions join them, and in this way a dark army grows within the heart of the Old World.

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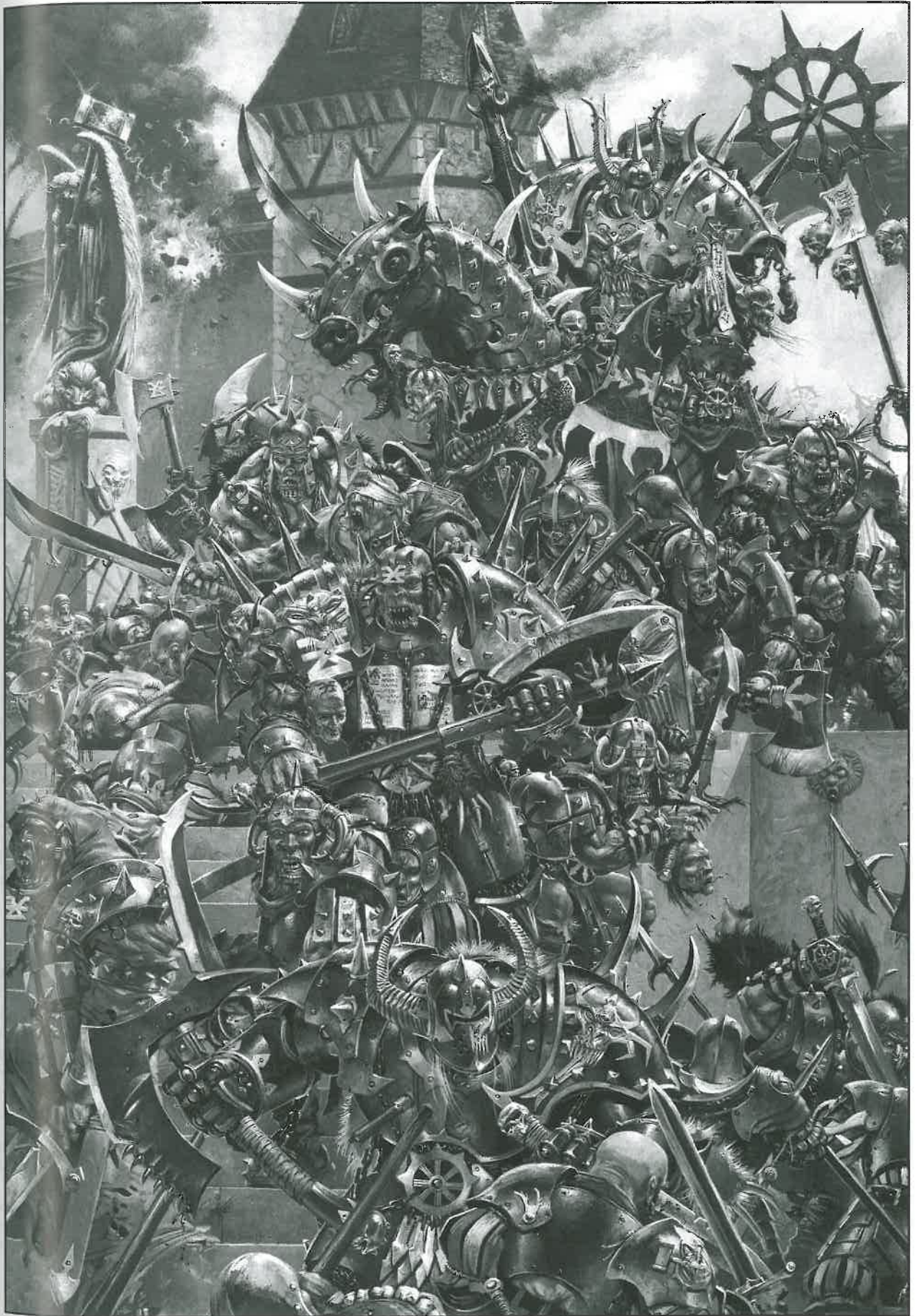
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WOOD ELVES

The Wood Elf realm of Athel Loren in the heart of the Loren Forest is all that remains of the once numerous Elven colonies of the Old World. Thousands of years ago when the Elves and Dwarfs fought their long and bitter war, most of these colonies were destroyed. Many proud Elf cities fell into ruin, including the great port of Tor Alessi where the Bretonnian city of L'Anguille now stands.

THE PARTING

The Elves left the Old World to face new troubles at home, in the land of Ulthuan where civil war was brewing between the High Elves and the Dark Elves. However, not all the Elven colonists abandoned their homes, a few refused to do so, and retreated instead into the vast forests of Loren.

THE PEOPLE OF THE WOOD

Wood Elves are physically identical to their cousins the High Elves. They are tall, graceful in all their movements, and extremely agile. The bow is their principle weapon, although they are not afraid of hand-to-hand fighting as they are very skilled warriors. They prefer not to wear much armour, so they can move as quickly as possible through the dense woods. Over the centuries they have grown into a distinct and independent people. They have relinquished all former ties with Ulthuan and its Phoenix Kings, and have chosen to tread their own path of wisdom and natural lore.



Today the Wood Elves shun contact with other races and show no mercy to those who invade their woodland realm or who cause malicious damage to its ancient trees. The Elves have grown to love the trees and the woodlands, and have learned to live alongside the spirits of nature and the magical principles of the land. They have distorted the space around their realm by means of strange enchantments, so that it is almost impossible to enter Athel Loren without the leave of the Wood Elves themselves. Any who wander unwelcome into the greenwoods soon meet with an untimely end, and few that enter with malicious intent ever leave alive.

THE ELVEN GODS

As they took to their new lives the Elves built shrines to the ancient Elf gods Kurnous and Isha, the wild hunter and the earth mother. The mages discovered places in the forest where magic was strongest, and there they set stones to fix the magic and contain it safely. As the Elves made new shrines and uncovered new sources of magic the forest itself seemed to respond, as if the primeval spirits were being called forth from trees and stones.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE WOOD

From the oldest tree in the forest, the Oak of Ages, came forth the King and Queen in the Wood to rule over the Elves. In the outside world stories began to circulate of the magical realm of the King and Queen in the Wood, gods made flesh to rule over the land of Athel Loren. Few dared to enter the woods, whilst in far away lands the very name of Loren was enough to conjure images of sorcerous deception and mysterious power.

THE FOREST OF LOREN

THE GLADE OF WOE is a fell, dark place where the Wood Elves lead the unwary to their doom. It is also the place where Wood Elf mages gather for their secret councils.

THE WILD HEATH forms the western border of the forest realm. Stone cairns engraved with warning signs indicate the actual border.

The wood from the trees of the **YEW GROVES** is much valued by the Wood Elves, who use it to fashion their bows and magical staves.

Every year when winter arrives and life begins to leave the forest, the semi-divine king and queen who preside over the realm appear to die. They are then entombed within the **OAK OF AGES**, incarcerated inside the tree until the arrival of spring when they re-emerge fully regenerated.

It was the **FOREST OF LOREN** which most attracted the Elves as a place to live and hide in. The reason for this was that the forest had remained almost untouched since the beginning of the world. Orcs and Goblins had not yet found their way into the wood and foul monsters were seldom if ever encountered. The Wood Elves settled within the wood and appeased the woodland spirits, who recognised the Elves as friends and allies who would help protect the forest against invaders such as Dwarfs, Orcs and Goblins.

The **GREY MOUNTAINS** are the large eastern mountain range that separates the Wood Elves from the Empire. If a brave and adventurous Wood Elf ventures through the old and gnarled **Pine Glades** into the rocky foothills he may be able to befriend and win the trust of the Great Eagles and Warhawks that live in the rugged mountain crags.

THE MEADOW GLADES are home to herds of mighty wild horses prized by the Kindred of Equos as steeds.

THE KING'S GLADE is a vast and awesome glade surrounded by ancient oak trees. This is where the King and Queen of the Wood Elves hold court and preside over their realm.

The **ASH GROVES** are found along the banks of the Upper Grismerie. Here the ash trees grow very thick and are almost impenetrable. The wood from these trees is used by the Glade Guards to fashion their spear shafts.



THE UNDEAD

An Undead army is a horrific thing to behold – hordes of dead walking resolutely forward, bones rattling, dry flesh creaking, corroded wargear scraping and clanking. The smell of death hangs over the army like a cloud of contagion, the air is full of grave dust and the resinous smell of mummified flesh. Spirits prowl like shadows amongst the ranks: powerful Wraiths, insubstantial Ghosts and Wights plucked from their stony tombs. The skies darken with the tattered wings of Carrion and the earth shakes under the tread of Skeleton Warriors, Zombies, Mummies and other repulsive Undead creatures.

RESTLESS LANDS

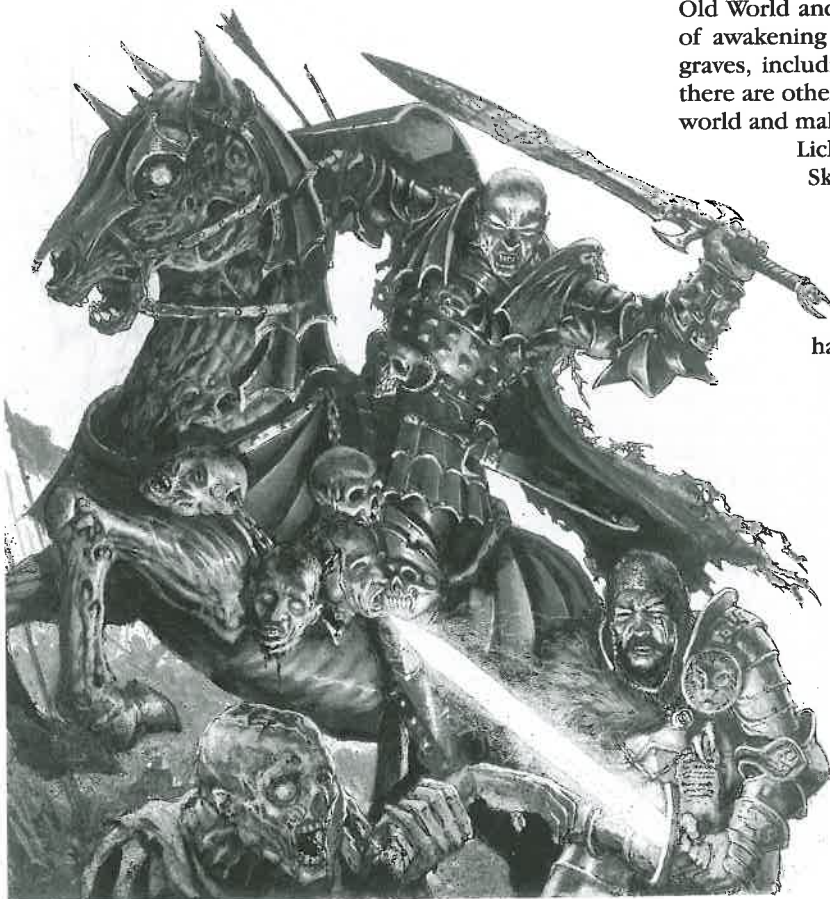
It is scarcely any wonder that the dead do not rest easily in their tombs. The Warhammer world is steeped in magic and everywhere there is magic, there is the power to change and undermine nature. In places where sorcerous power is inexplicably strong there are many Undead creatures that roam at night or gather into the cold comfort of their tombs. In the Southlands, such a place is the Land of the Dead, the ancient realm of Nehekhara. In the Empire, the province of Sylvania has an evil reputation and in ages past its Vampire Counts waged war against the rest of the Empire. Then there is the cursed city of Moussillon, the Zombie-haunted swamps of Skavenblight and the ancient tombs of the Grey Mountains. The Barrow Hills of the Border Princes is a land of dread that all living creatures avoid where possible.



LORDS OF DEATH

Throughout mankind's history there have been Necromancers, Vampires and Liches who have called to arms great armies of Undead. There is none more powerful than Nagash the Supreme Lord of the Undead, who rests today within his sarcophagus in Nagashizzar, the deadly master of an evil empire that stretches into the Old World and beyond. It was Nagash whose great spell of awakening brought many foul creatures from their graves, including the dread Tomb Kings of Khemri. But there are others who have striven to overthrow the living world and make themselves its undisputed lord in death.

Lichemaster Heinrich Kemmler led a horde of Skeletons, Zombies, Ghouls and Wraiths that poured down from the highlands of the Grey Mountains destroying all in their wake. Arkhan the Black rose from his tomb to crush the enemies of his master Nagash, and for many long years harried the Southlands in the Wars of Death.



In that dread desert, beneath the moor's pale gaze, the dead men walk. They haunt the dunes in that breathless, windless night. They brandish their weapons in mocking challenge to all life, and, sometimes, in ghastly dry voices, like the rustling of sere leaves, they whisper the one word they remember from life, the name of their ancient, dark master. They whisper the name Nagash.

*By Abdul ben Rachid,
translated from Arabic by Heinrich Kemmler*

THE LAND OF THE DEAD



KHEMRI is the birthplace of Nagash and was the mightiest of the ancient Nehekharan cities. Nagash seized control of Khemri and set about conquering the rest of the land. Today the city teems with unquiet spirits and the restless dead, who wander mindless about its deserted streets, under the baleful shadow of the Black Pyramid of Nagash.

NAGASHIZZAR, known also as the Cursed Pit, is the home of Nagash, the Lord of Death. Carved out from the living rock of Cripple Peak, each of its four giant gates is guarded by the deadliest of war machines. Deep in the bowels of the city is the throneroom of Nagash, where the Supreme Necromancer plots his conquest of the world.

THE SOUR SEA is a foul bay of polluted water which runs into the Bitter Sea. Ages ago, a great chunk of warpstone plummeted into Cripple Peak, shattering the mountain. Since then, years of water and wind erosion has caused warpstone dust to seep into the waters, poisoning them forever.

THE DESOLATION OF NAGASH is a parched desert littered with the wind-polished bones of a forgotten army that fell in battle against Nagash centuries ago. On certain nights it is said the restless spirits of the slain rise up and re-enact their defeat, cursed by Nagash to remember their failure every time the full baleful glow of Mōrrslieb is seen in the sky. Such is the fate of those foolish enough to believe they can storm the gates of Nagashizzar.

THE SKAVEN



In the distant past, rats infesting some decaying ruin are thought to have fed upon a mighty source of magic power. This power was a substance called warpstone – solidified fragments of raw sorcery formed during the Time of Chaos. Under

its unwholesome influence the vermin mutated, growing in size and intelligence into the vile Skaven.

SKAVENBLIGHT

The Skaven quickly spread across the world, establishing settlements in the sewers beneath unsuspecting cities and invading underground strongholds from below. They have created a vast and intricate web of tunnels that spreads across the world. An equally complex network of spies and agents informs the Skaven of their enemies' plans. At the centre of the web lies the capital of this under-empire, the vast, sprawling city of decay called Skavenblight. This most secret and vile of places lies deep in the treacherous marshes of northern Tilea.

With their heightened intellect and humanoid bodies the Skaven have learned to use warpstone to fuel their corrupt sorceries and to create weapons of awesome power. Warpstone is vital to the Skaven, they depend on it to feed and drive their civilisation – it forms a vital part of their foul ceremonies and the worship of their god, the Horned Rat.

THE UNDER-EMPIRE

The insidious spread of the Skaven continues tirelessly and unceasingly, gnawing at the roots of civilisation like a cancer. They seek to bring corruption and decay to the Old World, causing the downfall of all civilised races so they can feed on the ruins and dominate all living creatures. The Skaven under-empire spreads apace and the Horned Rat grows in power every day – though for the most part he sleeps, awaiting the call from his children that will awake him and bring him down to the world of mortals to feed upon their decaying flesh.

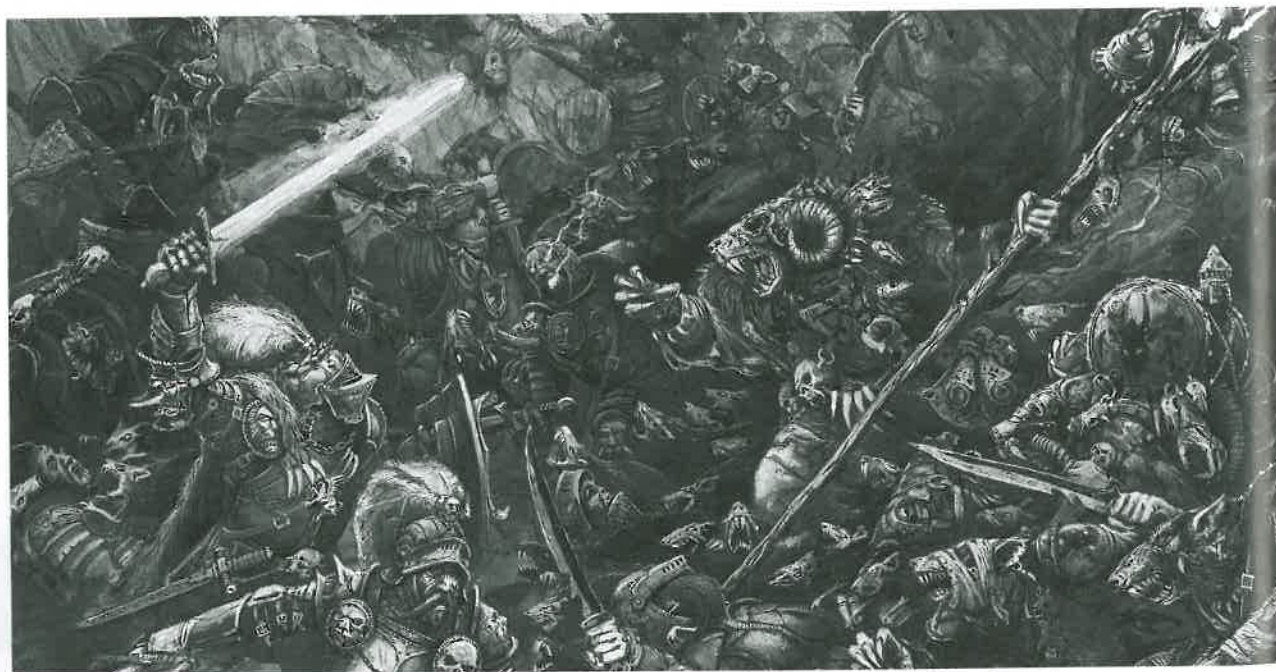
When the Horned One rouses, the Skaven erupt into an intense period of warfare and strife, laying waste to towns and cities in an orgy of destruction. In these times not only do the Skaven wage war upon other races but among themselves as well: the slow, the weak and the foolish are set upon and torn apart. The Skaven race purges itself of its weaker members and makes slaves of the defeated.

SKAVEN CLANS

The Skaven are divided into clans of which the Warlord clans are by far the most populous. Each Warlord clan has a pecking order ranging from the lowliest weakling slaves to the most powerful warriors, and ultimately to the Skaven Warlord, who is the cruel and cunning master of the entire clan.

Life for all Skaven is marked by constant squabbles and fights for supremacy. These individual clashes are fought with tooth and claw or knives. There are few fatalities but nearly all Skaven are scarred from these fights, many having lost an ear or eye. Skaven crippled in fights can expect only to be summarily dispatched by the victor.

Skaven have many slaves, many of them Skaven beaten in combat, but some are other races defeated in battle. Slaves occupy the most miserable position in Skaven society, often being used in dangerous experiments or as cannon fodder in battles. Their lives are brutish, painful but mercifully short.





THE RULE OF THE STRONG

Within the greater clan structure the story is the same: weaker clans are dominated by stronger ones and any which become vulnerable are quickly enslaved by their peers. The four most powerful clans are Clan Moulder, Clan Eshin, Clan Skryre and Clan Pestilens. These Great Clans are the masters of the Skaven and the rulers of their under-empire, and have complete ascendancy over the struggling mass of the ordinary Warlord clans.

Each of the Great Clans has its own weird armaments and foul methods of waging war. Clan Moulder are powerful beastmasters, and use warpstone to mutate breeds of ferocious fighting beasts. Clan Eshin are feared as assassins and stealthy murderers, active within and under the cities of man. Wherever there is squalor the adepts of Clan Eshin can be found, poisoning human food and water supplies and stirring up the rat packs. Clan Skryre are known as the Warlock Engineers, masters of the insane blend of magic and science which has produced, amongst other things, the dreaded warpfire throwers and the equally devastating poisoned wind. The Clan Pestilens are also known as the Plague Monks. They are disciples of disease and dedicate themselves to spreading pestilence and plague with morbid energy.

THE THIRTEEN LORDS OF DECAY

All the Skaven clans are ruled over by the Thirteen Lords of Decay. These include the leaders of the greatest cities and fortresses of the Skaven as well as some who lead a reclusive life studying the ways of magic and death. There are twelve, rather than thirteen, Skaven Lords of Decay, the full number being completed by the Horned Rat himself.

The Council of Twelve meets together occasionally and at other times maintains contact via magical means. Between them they coordinate the activities of all the Skaven across the world and spread the word of their master the Horned Rat. It is said that any Skaven can challenge one of the Lords of Decay and gain a place on the Council of Twelve by defeating him, but it is also said that the current Lords of Decay have held their positions for over four hundred years.

SORCERY

The mysterious Skaven known as the Grey Seers are the servants of the Lords of Decay and carry their instructions to the clans. There are many Grey Seers and they occupy an elevated position amongst the Skaven, concerning themselves solely with the most important of matters. Grey Seers are sorcerers of great power, using warpstone to boost their magic powers, and may be found leading hordes of Skaven clans into battle.

On the battlefield Skaven rely on weight of numbers and potent magic to overcome their foes. Regiments of Clanrat warriors wearing dark, ragged clothing and scavenged armour swarm forward in a squeaking, chattering tide supported by the insanely dangerous warpstone weapons of Clan Skryre and the mutant beasts of Clan Moulder. The Clan Eshin ambush unwary foes and the frenzied

Plague Monks squeak their devotion to the Horned Rat as they hurl themselves into the foe.

Individual Skaven warriors are vicious but cowardly creatures, preferring to strike their foes from behind or as they sleep, but in large packs or gangs they can be driven into a fanatical state which makes them oblivious to casualties and danger. In such a state they are virtually unstoppable. Skaven armies, when they appear openly, are always massive in size and often overwhelm their enemies by sheer weight of numbers.



DEMON PAINTING

In our second article in a series aimed at inspiring you to greater painting heights, Paul Cairncross - 1999 Golden Demon Slayer Sword winner - takes us step by step through his most recent modelling project.

DESTROYER TANK HUNTER



Paul Cairncross holding aloft the magic sword.

Whilst at Games Day 1999 I came across the Forgeworld resin kit for the Destroyer Tank Hunter conversion. It reminded me instantly of the WWII German Hetzer and without any hesitation I bought one. When Dave asked me to do a model for White Dwarf I knew straight away what kit I wanted to do.

Even though it was already a Leman Russ conversion I still wanted to do something different, to give that personal touch so it would be the centrepiece of my Imperial Guard army.

My first step was to think of how I wanted the model to look. I made a sketch to make sure that what I was visualising could be achieved and also give me a plan to work to.

CONSTRUCTION

I commenced by removing some of the surface detail from the resin conversion parts. To do this I used a razor sharp chisel-like blade in a craft knife. You can usually get them from the hardware store for a couple of dollars. If you can remove your detail without causing too much damage to both parts, you will be able to use the removed parts at a later date. Once the parts were shaved off any holes or scars were filled with hobby putty. I then sanded the surface down with a small piece of "wet and dry" sand paper used wet. The kit was now ready for the placement of new detail.

I wanted the hatch to help make the tank commander stand out, achieving the affect I had visualised. I used plasticard disks to build up a hatch

from the Leman Russ kit. The disks (used as spacers) were cut with a "circle cutter" (available from most art shops). I also cut out a circle that was slightly larger than the hatch base. Using the largest circle first I then layered the hatch size spacers and glued these together adding last the hatch base from the kit. I then added gussets (*Mmmm? - DT*), also cut from plasticard, and spaced them evenly around the hatch leaving a space at the front where I added the storm bolter mount. To complete the hatch I added the kit lid, and a valve handle from my bits box.

Various other detail was added to the top of the kit, a hatch from a Chimera, a scanner array from the Vindicator, new mufflers from multi meltas and the vision block from the Leman Russ.

Once finished with the detail on the main body I started assembly of the tank sides and track. I did this as per the instructions but decided to make one slight alteration. The locating lugs for the side sponsons and the hinges for the front door were removed by shaving off with the chisel-like blade. I then placed a plastic card over the opening of the door to make it look like a field fitted armour plate. To achieve this look I drilled holes evenly around the perimeter of the armour plate and added small nails used in making model ships (or you could use dress-making pins). I placed hubs of Space Marine bike wheels in the corners of the armour plate and added the Imperial eagle that I had shaved off earlier and another I had saved.

Now, for the overall assembly. This was rather tricky as some of the parts didn't line up all that well. Don't be too alarmed if the fit isn't exact at first, this can be a common problem with resin kits, due to the shrinkage that can occur in the moulding process. I shaved off excess resin to get a better join by lining it up and shaving until I was satisfied. It was then glued together with slow setting super glue. Any gaps were filled with hobby putty.

After the final assembly I looked at the model and thought about any other detail that was needed. I added some jerry cans, towing eyelets, and track links were added at the front with



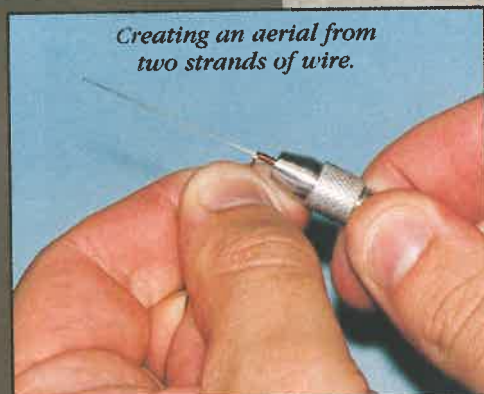
Paul's starting point, the top section of the Destroyer Tank Hunter.

SAFETY FIRST

When cutting or sanding resin you must wear a dust mask as the dust can be harmful.



Paul really went to town converting this hatch!



Creating an aerial from two strands of wire.

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some bolts cut from an Ork axe to look like they were holding them in place. To complete the look I added an aerial. To make this I held spring steel and fuse wire together in a Games Workshop pin vice and slowly wrapped the fuse wire around the spring steel to form what looks like the spring base of an aerial and wacked that in to place.

Still not satisfied, I decided to cut the baffle/flash suppressor from the Leman Russ barrel and added it to the end of the Destroyer barrel.

PAINTING

With the assembly completed next was the fun part. Painting. First of all I chose a desert camouflage. I gathered all the colours that would be seen on any other desert scheme – browns, yellows & bones. Instead of going off a colour chart I looked at the bottom of the pots. I picked out colours that fit well together and decided on a base colour of Bubonic Brown, with camouflage colours of Bleached Bone and Dark Flesh. I wanted to try a pattern like one you would find on a modern military vehicle.

The first step was to undercoat the vehicle with Black Spray. Once dry I used masking tape to cover the tracks up and sprayed the whole model again with Bubonic Brown. After this I drybrushed the entire tank with Bleached Bone.

DRYBRUSHING

The best method for drybrushing is to start with a dry brush, add the paint to the brush then paint it out on a piece of scrap paper until there is almost no paint coming off the brush. Then lightly whisk the brush over the surface leaving just a highlight.

Now comes the nifty part. I placed rolled up blu-tack on the tank to shape my camouflage pattern and anywhere that would remain Bubonic Brown was taped off with masking tape. The exposed areas were then sprayed with Bleached Bone spray. Once that was dry I peeled the blu-tack and masking tape off to expose the first part of the pattern.

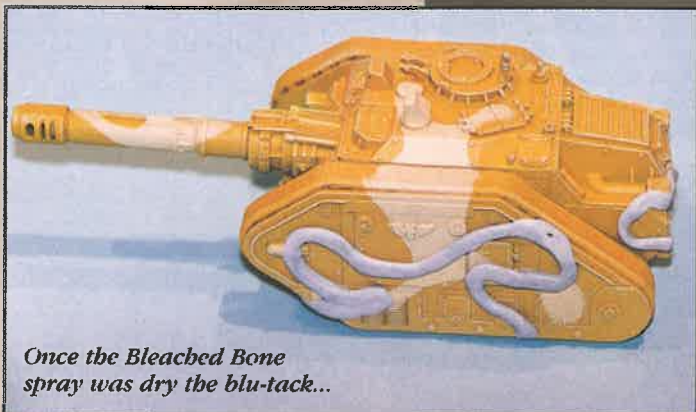
I repeated the process, this time keeping in mind the areas that already had been sprayed and should remain Bubonic Brown or Bleached Bone. I sprayed the exposed areas with Dark Flesh using an airbrush. If you do not have access to an airbrush there are heaps of other colours available in a spray that could be substituted (*Blood Red, Bestial Brown, even Chaos Black - DT*). Once that was dry I again peeled back the tape and blu-tack to reveal the overall colour scheme.

I drybrushed the Bleached Bone areas with Skull White. The Dark Flesh areas were dry brushed with a mixture of Bubonic Brown and a drop of Dark Flesh.

The tracks and any other metal parts were then painted with Boltgun Metal and given a Black Ink wash. They were then highlighted by drybrushing with Mithril Silver. The jerry cans were painted in Codex Grey and drybrushed with Fortress Grey. The muffler and associated pipes were painted with Tin Bitz and drybrushed with Burnished Gold. The vision block and headlights were painted with blues and the scanner array lenses were painted with reds. These were done the same way you would paint a gem stone, i.e. starting with a base colour, add lighter colour to bottom edge,



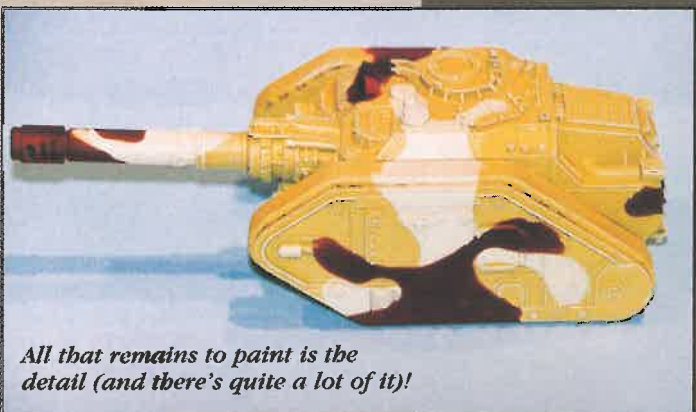
The first stage of drybrushing - Bleached Bone over Bubonic Brown.



Once the Bleached Bone spray was dry the blu-tack...



...and masking tape was applied, ready for the Dark Flesh spray.



All that remains to paint is the detail (and there's quite a lot of it)!

DEMON PAINTING

SERIOUS MODELLING STUFF

Adding a wash. The method I used was to firstly spray the entire model with Matt Varnish. I then made a mixture of artists oils in black and raw umber to give a greasy colour, this was thinned down with mineral turps. This was applied over the entire model with a brush. Once it had dried a little I wiped off the excess with tissues dampened with turps to give a subtle effect. You could also achieve this wash by using a mixture made up of Brown Ink with a small addition of Black Ink. It is best if you thin this down quite considerably, when using inks you can always apply another coat. I add a drop of detergent to my inks as this is a surface dispersant and helps the ink to culminate into the recesses. If using the inks do not spray the model with Varnish first.



Spray outside to avoid unsightly carpet stains

darker colour to top edge and a tiny white spot in the top corner to give the impression of it catching light.

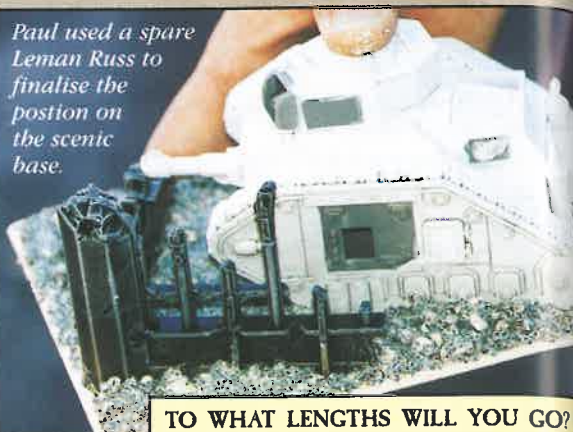
I needed someone gutsy enough to drive this blood bucket. What better compliment than another ForgeWorld product - the Tank Commander with Dust Mask, he suits the desert feel. The figure was painted up the usual way of undercoating in black, painting the uniform Codex Grey and then picking out the detail.

FINISHING TOUCHES

To add a finishing touch for display pieces I like to put my models on a simple base. This doesn't have to be anything special it's just a good way of displaying your work. Mine was made up from a Gothic Ruin on a piece of plywood placed into an old picture frame.

The building of a kit like this gives me a great deal of enjoyment and satisfaction. Don't be afraid to try something new to make your model look individual. You don't have to make as many modifications as I have, just a simple addition of an aerial can make a model look decisively different. I would be happy to receive any feedback, as I've never stopped learning.

'Til next time...



Paul used a spare Lemman Russ to finalise the position on the scenic base.

TO WHAT LENGTHS WILL YOU GO?

You will notice there are some other parts that have been added which came from my bits box. I carefully shaved off the Imperial eagle from the front of the resin kit and replaced it with skull and crossbones and scroll from the armour plate of the Vindicator. To get this from the armour plate you will have to cut the detail out roughly with a fine hacksaw (available from your favourite Games Workshop store) and then file the back down using a needle file (yeah, you can get it at the same place) until you are left with just the surface detail.

The finished Destroyer Tank Hunter. It will be on display at Games Day 2000, where Paul will also be a Golden Demon judge.



DEMON PAINTING

GAMESDAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

AUSTRALIA

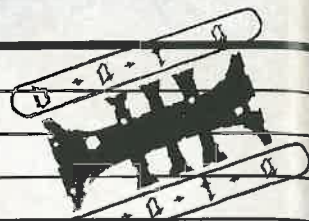
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Date:	998.M41
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Scribed by:	Inquisitor Yuan
Re:	Ork tribes
Thought:	A mind without purpose will wander in dark places.



Alien Menace part II

A continuation of the report concerning the different Ork tribes unified under the banner of Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, the Beast of Armageddon. This report compiled by the Emperor's most humble servant, Andy Chambers.

So far we have looked at the Orks of Great Overlord Ghazghkull's War Horde and the White Lightning tribe. What follows is a further analysis of three more Ork tribes encountered during the fighting in the Armageddon sub-sector.

Black Slayers Tribe

Tribal Colours: black

Tribal Glyph: red horned skull

Tribal Motifs: black and white checks

Notes: The Black Slayers are a notorious scourge of the so-called Great Despot of Dregruk, an Ork empire to the galactic north of Armageddon. The Black Slayers have a reputation for taking no prisoners and slaughtering even non-combatants in an orgy of bloodlust, unusual for Orks as they rely heavily on slave-labour. It seems that a large proportion of the Black Slayers are fighting in Armageddon Prime, street-fighting through the shattered docklands of Tempestora and Death Mire.

Crooked Moon Tribe

Tribal Colours: yellow

Tribal Glyph: black quarter-moon

Tribal Motifs: black flames

Notes: The Crooked Moon tribe is part of Ghazghkull's forces in Armageddon Secundus, currently embroiled in battles around the Helsreach peninsula. The fighting has been intense and the tribe has lost a third of its warriors gaining control of three volcanic peaks known locally as the Three-Pig. Despite its losses, the tribe can still muster twenty warbands and thanks to the unfortunate demise of

their fellows, the survivors are extremely well-equipped with stikkbombs, armour and weaponry. The Crooked Moon Tribe has obvious affiliations with the Bad Moon clan and has been fighting in coordination with the warbands of Warlord Morbad, whose preponderance of heavy ordnance and profligate use of ammunition has earned him the weary nickname 'More-bang' among Imperial troops.

Stompers Tribe

Tribal Colours: green and black

Tribal Glyph: red or yellow explosion

Tribal Motifs: yellow or red dags

Notes: The Stompers tribe are part of the invasion force of Urgok the Unstoppable fighting through the parched highlands of the Fire Wastes, north of the Boiling Sea. The tribe is unusual because it uses dreadnoughts and walkers almost exclusively instead of more conventional buggies, bikes or other vehicles. There have even been reports of the Stompers using captured sentinels and rebuilt Space Marine Dreadnoughts in their ranks. The tribal colours of the Stompers are applied in a primitive camouflage pattern which appears to be an attempt to mimic the coat of the Koriger, an aggressive predator of the equatorial jungles which divide Armageddon Prime and Secundus.

Yuan
Inquisitor Yuan

Imp Ref: 571/k/Black Slayers



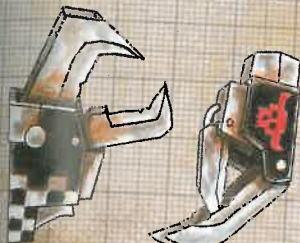
Imp Ref: 567/l/Ork designation: Not
Note: Ork unit leader



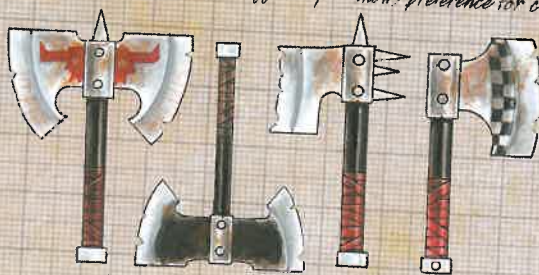
Imp Ref: 459/l/Ork designation: Ork Boy
Notes: 'Slugga Boy' - shows preference for close combat



Imp Ref: 459/l/Ork designation: Grot Slave



Imp Ref: 564/l/Power claws
Av. weight: 140kg
Lethality: 3 skulls



Imp Ref: 464/b/Assault weapons 'Choppas'
Av. Weight: 40kg
Lethality: 1 skull



Imp Ref: 306/l/Sluggas
45-75 Calibre
Firepower Rating: G3
Magazine: 6-20 rounds

Imp Ref: 581/k/Stompers



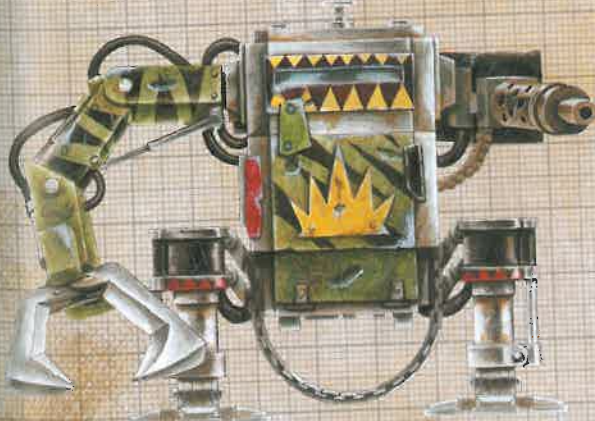
Imp Ref: 567/l/Ork designation: Not
Note: Ork unit leader in 'mega armour'



Imp Ref: 43/45/
Vehicle armoured plating
Note: Glyphs



Adept Mech File: 334.6/Gargant control centre



Adept Mech Ref: 345/imrk/Ork 'Killer Kan'
Note: Light Ork Dreadnought



Adept Mech Ref: 456/ml/Rooted Imperial Sentinel



The Orks' savage preference for close combat can also be highlighted in their use of short ranged firearms and 'stikkbombs'.

Shown here is a selection of these weapons. Note that the sheer weight of these weapons also makes them dangerous blunt instruments in close combat.

Imp Ref. 591/K Crooked Moon



Imp Ref. 567/d/Ork designation. Nob
Note: Ork unit leader in early armour
equipped with power claw



Imp Ref. 451/d/Ork steel
skull home replacement



Imp Ref. 459/g/designation. Ork Boy
Notes: This Ork is equipped with extra armour and
is referred to as an 'Ard boy' by other Orks



Xeno Bio Ref. 234/Ork teeth
(Ork currency)



Imp Ref. 459/f/designation. Ork Boy
Warrior is armed with primitive fragmentation grenades



Imp Ref. 324/d/Helmets



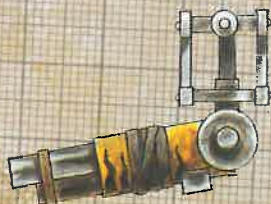
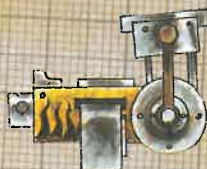
Imp Ref. 325/68
Crooked Moon Glyphs



Adept Mech Ref. 4571/K/Ork 'shoota'



Imp Ref. 449/f/Ork
designation. Face-Eater Squig
(Ork sub-species)



Imp Ref. 551/d/Ork biome
arm weapon replacements



Adept Mech Ref. 4561/d/Ork
'Kustom' weapon (shoota/rocket launcher)

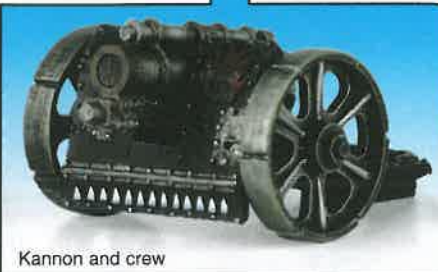


Adept Mech Ref. 4566/d/Ork
'Kustom' weapon (shoota/skorchu)

Big Gunz



Zzap gun and crew



Kannon and crew



Lobba and crew

The echoes of mighty explosions reverberate through the pages of White Dwarf this month as the Ork Big Gunz let rip! All three Big Gunz are released with Gretchin crew, so you can now field batteries of lobbas, kannons and zzap gunz to support your Boyz mobs as they get to grips with the enemy.

Designed by Brian Nelson and Norman Swales, each of these artillery pieces fulfils a different role in your Ork horde. The zzap gun is a specialised (if unreliable) anti-tank weapon which hits automatically when it fires. The Lobba is most useful for breaking up and pinning in place large formations of enemy troops with its barrage effects and for destroying light vehicles. The Kannon is the choice to take if you will be facing both heavily armoured vehicles and large troop formations as it has frag and shell rounds to allow tactical flexibility.

Mad Doc Grotsnik

Ghazghkull suffered severe wounds to his cranium and a large part of his brain in a raid, whilst he was a mere Boy. An Ork Painboy, Doc Grotsnik, had the pleasure of 'working' on the stricken Ork and went on to replace part of his cerebellum with an adamantium bionic device which Ghazghkull claimed to have triggered his latent psychic powers. The rest is history.

Unfortunately Grotsnik went on to have a nasty encounter with a runaway Dreadnought which resulted in him ending up on the treatment table himself under the enthusiastic but not very skilled knives of his Gretchin orderlies. Predictably the results were less than ideal and he has been called 'Mad' Doc Grotsnik ever since.



Fists of Steel

The Steel Legion Sentinel is heavily modified from the standard model used by most Imperial Guard regiments. It is fitted with an armoured crew compartment to provide protection from the deadly corrosive atmosphere of Armageddon's ash wastes. It is also common for the weaponry on the Sentinel to be upgraded to a lascannon to provide heavy support for the mechanised infantry, who are commonly equipped with a multitude of anti-personnel weaponry but lack the serious punch to deal with heavily armoured targets.

Equipped in this way, the Steel Legion Sentinel becomes a highly effective hunter-killer unit, able to move rapidly to answer any threat to the Steel Legion's mechanised columns.



Steel Legion Sentinel



Steel Legion Sentinels probe the Eldar defences ahead of a major assault.

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

CHAPTER APPROVED

By Andy Chambers

Greetings citizens, and welcome to Chapter Approved, returning to you after a long lay-off due to crusades against assorted aliens and heretics. Most specifically the Third Armageddon War has caused a not inconsiderable dent in our plans (damn that Ghazghkull!), and the huge Tyranid incursion on my desk is in severe danger of sprouting legs and taking over altogether. As if this were not enough to contend with, we've also been working up some Cityfight rules, and like all urban conflicts, progress has been bitter and hard won with lots of casualties and bloodshed. My special apologies to anyone who has written in to Chapter Approved over the last few months and not received a response yet; sorry, please be patient and take some comfort from the fact that if the Tyranids *do* get out of hand I can simply drop my bulging Chapter Approved folder on top of them...

CRUX TERMINATUS

By Andy Chambers

"There's something wrong with our Terminators today..."

The crux of this section is a new rule for Terminators, Chaos Terminators and characters in Terminator armour. For some time I've been getting feedback on Terminators which is less than encouraging. My own games have also tended to show up the same things. Basically these elite, veteran warriors, the finest of the Emperor's finest, are getting their faces kicked in pretty regularly. Why so? Because plasma weapons have emerged as the gun of choice in a number of armies, the reason being that plasma combines the strength to damage armoured vehicles with the armour penetration to kill anything up to a Terminator with a decent 24" rapid fire range. This has led to amusingly high numbers of Imperial Guardsmen frying themselves with

weapon-overheats, but the poor old Terminators have been thoroughly hammered on the receiving end.

Close combat has also become a dangerous place with Ork choppas and power weapons being able to rip up Terminators before they get a chance to strike back with their cumbersome, if deadly, power fists. This latter problem in particular has also dissuaded most players from equipping characters in Terminator armour too. "So what?" would be my normal response, along with some biting comment on learning to use them better. But you can only stick your head in the sand for so long, and the tales of woe just keep coming. The most telling cry for help I keep seeing is the fact that most Space Marine players don't use Terminators in their armies anymore. Sad really, and definitely in need of rectifying.

A number of suggestions have been made on how to fix this, some of them

fairly esoteric. Lowering points costs is tempting, but ultimately wrong. Terminators cost the right amount in comparison to Space Marines and I don't want to break that equation. Assuming, however, that Terminators are overpriced at present, the correct thing is to make them a better choice.

The solution: Terminator armour is *legendarily thick and heavily reinforced with armaplas and adamantium. Terminators are capable of surviving just about any hit, even ones from plasma or power weapons.*

To represent this Terminator armour now receives a 5+ *invulnerable* saving throw as well as its 2+ armour save. This means that any wound scored on a Terminator which doesn't allow an armour save (AP 2, power weapons etc), is ignored on a D6 roll of 5 or 6. Remember that a Terminator can use its armour save *or* its invulnerable save against a wound, but not both.



A squad of Crimson Fists Terminators hold out against the odds.

WHAT'S CHAPTER APPROVED ALL ABOUT?

Each month, Chapter Approved takes a look at the Warhammer 40,000 game and its rules, introducing new scenarios, weapons, rules and army list entries of all types, frequently stolen from Codexes in progress here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated players of Warhammer 40,000 who have produced inspired, well thought out and just plain brilliant additions to the game (as arbitrated by that well-known model of fairness and balance – me).

Andy Chambers

NIGHT FIGHTING: EXPANDED RULES

By Jeff Wright

Whilst the rules given for Night Fighting in the scenarios section of the Warhammer 40,000 rules are all well and good, they represent only one facet of fighting in the dark: vision. I have no doubt that this was to preserve simplicity in the rules system. However, I have come to the conclusion that the lack of any psychological effects for night fighting means that the rules are more an irritation to the commander rather than a second foe to combat. It is worth explaining my heavy use of Morale checks in these rules even for things that don't really warrant a test of morale. It is my belief that the Leadership value of troops best reflects the quality of said warriors. Thus, when testing on Leadership, you are bringing in the factors of the bravery, intelligence, training and wargear of those troops (a Space Marine in power armour is bound to be more confident than an Imperial Guardsman in a vest!). It also neatly brings in other factors like Space Marine autosenses allowing them to see in the dark to a certain extent, therefore they will pass the Morale checks much more easily, neatly representing the advantages of their unique situation. I shall call them Leadership tests to avoid confusion with the usual fall back rules as they are not always applicable. It is also worth noting that I am an Imperial Guard player and so these rules will be a huge pain in the pipes to me, but drama and character are way more important to me than victory! Well, without further ado, here they are...

Night Fighting: All the rules from page 134 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook apply.

The Jitters: Every squad and character in the army must make a successful Leadership test every turn in order to function normally. Vehicles are exempt from *The Jitters* as three inches of steel tends to inspire confidence. Cavalry suffer a -1 penalty to Ld for this test as horses (or whatever the cavalry troops are riding) tend to be a tad skittish. If failed, roll a D6 and apply the result below:

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| D6 | Action: |
| 1-3 | The unit hears the crack of a twig or something and hits the deck, expecting a barrage of enemy fire. The unit may not move this turn although they can assault, as by then they have realised their mistake. Shooting is not affected. |
| 4-6 | The mind plays tricks and shadows all around become enemy soldiers. Thinking they are surrounded, the unit hastily withdraws. The unit must fall back as described in the rules (N.B crossfire can occur as a direct result!). |

Pinning: A sudden burst of bright gunfire is a nasty thing at night, much more traumatising than in the daylight. All shooting is capable of pinning troops in the same way as barrages. Obviously, the effects of weapons that normally cause pinning will also be worse, so Barrage pinning and sniper rifles inflict a -1 penalty to

Leadership tests, and Ordnance barrage pinning inflicts a -2 penalty instead of the usual modifiers.

Getting Lost: Getting lost is a hell of a lot easier at night than in daylight. If a squad member breaks his cohesion distance (see page 43 in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook) then he must make a successful Leadership test, representing the brains of the soldier, or he gets lost. A lost model is removed as a casualty but the opponent gains no victory points for him. If the test is passed then the normal rules apply. **NB:** Even troops who are immune to psychology must take these tests, even though they are based on Ld.

Exception: Daemons do not see the world in the same way as everyone else. They 'see' the souls within instead of relying on fickle light. Daemons of all kinds, possessed Space Marines and the Eldar Avatar are exempt from ALL night fighting rules, including the ones in the book.

Scenarios: In all scenarios where there is an attacker and a defender, the attacker gains a +1 modifier to all of his Leadership values to a maximum of 10 in his first turn for *The Jitters*. This represents the fact that an attack at night is very favourable for an army, as they know there are soldiers out there whereas the defenders haven't a clue! After the first turn, all benefits of surprise are lost and the modifier does not apply. This rule is largely to allow an attacker a better chance of actually making an attack on the first turn rather than his entire army refusing to obey their orders!



The enemy can seem far more intimidating in the dark hours of the night...

If you've got something good for Chapter Approved then write to me at the address given here.

Note: Please don't include rules queries etc, with your letters, as the volume of mail (and the fact that I'm lazy) means that in most cases I won't be able to send individual replies.

Andy Chambers
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Willow Lane, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS, UK

DARK ELДАР VEHICLE UPGRADES

By Gav Thorpe, based on ideas by several different contributors.

Since the Dark Eldar Codex was released, we've had a steady trickle of correspondence bemoaning the lack of vehicle upgrades in the Dark Eldar army list. Well, I've butchered and cannibalised the best ideas we've received into the following list. Thanks to everyone who sent in suggestions.

A Raider can take any of the following vehicle upgrades. A Ravager may not take Scaling Nets, Slave Snares, Torture Amp or Trophy Racks. The points values are different for Raiders and Ravagers, as shown in the entries below, with the points values for Raiders first and for Ravagers second.

Horrorfex - 5pts/5pts

As the vehicle falls upon its foes, arcane grenades made from captured Eldar wraithbone sow discord and terror within the enemy's ranks. The vehicle is fitted with a larger version of a Terrorfex, which can be fired instead of another of the vehicle's weapons in the Dark Eldar Shooting phase. It has the same effect as a Terrorfex (see the Dark Eldar Wargear section of the Codex) except that it has an 18" range.

Night Shield - 15pts/20pts

The vehicle's open deck is covered by a wide-area shadow field, enveloping the vehicle in darkness and hiding its true location. This has the effect of adding 6" to the range from enemy units wishing to fire at a vehicle with a Night Shield. This may put the vehicle out of range, in which case the shooting automatically misses. The extra distance is also counted for working out if the vehicle is within Rapid Fire

range. It has no effect on template, ordnance or barrage weapons. The Night Shield does affect whether the vehicle can be seen in a Night Fight.

Scaling nets - 5pts/unavailable

A web of netting hangs to the ground from the Raider, allowing its passengers to get on and off more swiftly. A unit may embark or disembark onto or from the Raider at any point during its move, rather than just at the beginning or the end. They may not do this if it will be moving over 12" in total that turn, and they cannot move before embarking or continue to move after disembarking as it is a moving vehicle. Unfortunately, the nets also provide easier access for foes, and any enemy unit attacking the Raider in close combat hits on a straight 4+, rather than the 6+ usually needed for skimmers. A Raider with Scaling Nets cannot have Scythes or Slave Snares.

Screaming Jets - 15pts/10pts

The vehicle is fitted with additional high-powered jet engines, which allow it to drop from the skies with a characteristic screaming wail. A vehicle fitted with Screaming Jets can Deep Strike if the scenario normally allows Deep Strike to be used. The vehicle counts as moving over 6" on the turn it arrives and troops on board may not disembark that turn.

Scythes - 10pts/10pts

The vehicle has been fitted with blades along its hull, making it a risky prospect to attack in an assault. Any enemy model that rolls a 1 to hit when attacking the vehicle in an assault suffers a Strength 5 hit, with normal armour saves allowed.

Slave Snares - 15pts/unavailable

The Raider trails numerous long chains and whips, each lined with barbs and hooks to pluck unwary foes from the battlefield as it swoops past. If the Raider passes over an enemy unit during the Movement phase, and does not move more than 12" in total, the unit takes D6 Strength 4 hits, with normal armour saves allowed. Models removed as casualties are treated as prisoners for victory points purposes. Slave Snares have no effect on vehicles. Any casualties lost by a unit in the Movement phase are added to casualties from the next Shooting phase for the purposes of working out if they have lost 25% casualties.

Torture Amp - 10pts/unavailable

During battle a Haemonculus tortures captured slaves and traps their screams in special voiceboxes. These cries of agony are filtered through complex projectors to create a wave of terrifying sonic energy around the vehicle, which can scatter enemy units. A vehicle with a Torture Amp is able to Tank Shock, even though it is not a tank.

Trophy Racks - 10pts/unavailable

The Raider is adorned with skeletons and skulls impaled on staves, while prisoners taken in battle are tied to its decks with barbed filaments. The enemy troops find this immensely disturbing and threatening, so any enemy unit with a model within 6" of the Raider subtracts -1 from its Leadership value. Note that a unit suffers a maximum penalty of -1 to its Leadership regardless of the number of Raiders with Trophy Racks within 6".



A squad of Space Wolves prepare to fight a desperate battle as the Dark Eldar ambush is sprung.

CODEX ELДАР – Q&A

By Gav Thorpe

Q. Are Warlocks a separate HQ choice from the Farseer, or do the Farseer and Warlocks count as a single choice like other 'bodyguard' units?

A. The Farseer and Warlocks are a single HQ choice.

Q. If you have more than one Warlock with the power Enhance in a unit, are the effects cumulative?

A. No. You only gain +1 WS and +1 Initiative, regardless of the number of Warlocks with Enhance in the unit.

Q. What is the cost of a Warlock on a Jetbike? In the Warlock Bodyguard entry it says it costs +25 points for a total of 36 points, while in the Guardian Jetbike Squadron entry it gives the cost at 41.

A. Warlocks on Jetbikes cost 36 points. The points cost in the Jetbike entry is a bit of a boo-boo and uses the Jetbike cost of 30 points given in the Armoury. However this is the cost for Farseers, not Warlocks (Farseers go up to Toughness 5, not Toughness 4).

Q. When a Farseer uses Mind War, it implies that you can choose which model is targeted, ignoring the normal casualty removal rules for shooting. Is this right? Also, can it be used to target a model in an open-topped vehicle?

A. It is true that you can choose the model targeted, as long as the Farseer has a line of sight (remember that intervening enemy models and combats will block line of sight). I've decided not to allow Farseers to target models in open-topped vehicles, because:

- Units inside transport vehicles cannot normally be targeted,
- it would be horribly difficult to judge who is in line of sight, and
- we can assume that all the occupants' minds are too 'squashed' together for the Farseer to single one out to attack.

Q. Does a unit protected by the Warlock power Conceal get to strike first when assaulted, as if they were in cover?

A. No, as it says in the description they just get a 5+ cover save versus shooting.

Q. How do you work out the points value of a Support Weapon? It seems to imply that each Guardian crew member costs 20 points each, plus the cost of the weapon itself.

A. 20 points per crewman would be a bit steep! The 'points per model' is for two crewmen and the support weapon. This is then further adjusted by the type of support weapon.

Q. Heavy weapon platforms in Guardian Defender squads. Are the crew included in the points value? Do they count against the 20 model maximum size? Are they allowed grenades?

A. As with the Support Weapon, the points cost is for the whole package. They are in addition to the maximum unit size (so you could have 22 Guardians in total, and a Warlock). They aren't Guardian Defenders as such, and cannot be given grenades, but one of the crew can use his Shuriken Catapult as normal.

Q. Can a Space Marine Psychic Hood work against Warlock powers? And if so, how? When do you get a chance to nullify the Warlock power?

A. Against Enhance, Embolden and Conceal, the Librarian can use his Psychic Hood at the start of a Space Marine turn against one Warlock. If he successfully nullifies the power then it has no effect for the rest of the Space Marine

turn. Against Destructor it works as normal, except of course that there is no need for the Warlock to pass a Psychic test first – simply announce you are using the Psychic Hood when the Eldar player declares he is using Destructor.

Q. In the Warp Spiders' Jump Generator rules it says that they might disappear in the warp on their second jump. Do they still have to test for jumping in the Assault phase, even if they decided to move normally (i.e. 6") in the Movement phase?

A. Yes they do. The risk of the 'second jump' is to offset the advantage of being able to move after shooting, and therefore out of the enemy's line of fire.

Q. If a vehicle is equipped with a Crystal Targeting Matrix and fires in the Movement phase, can it then use Star Engines in the Shooting phase because it isn't firing any weapons?

A. There's some damned cunning devils out there... No, you cannot fire weapons and use Star Engines in the same turn. Also note that a Crystal Targeting Matrix cannot be used to move vertically, shoot and then drop back down to ground level (like a 2nd edition pop-up attack).

Q. How could a Vibrocannon shot pass through several units unless it was on hill? Isn't the LOS blocked?

A. Models block line of sight, not units, so it is possible to fire between the models of several units, although you'd have to be lucky to get more than two or three.

Q. Is Arhra the Father of Scorpions the leader of the Incubi?

A. Do you really think I'd tell you?



Index Astartes



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

RIGHTEOUS
ZEAL

The Black Templars
Space Marine Chapter

The history of the Black Templars can be traced back to the Imperial Fists defence of the Emperor's Palace during the Horus Heresy. After the Traitor Legions had been defeated it was decided that the loyal Space Marines should be split into smaller Chapters. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, reluctantly agreed and so the Black Templars were created. Since this time the Black Templars have been on the greatest and longest crusade the Imperium has ever known to prove their loyalty to the Emperor. Gav Thorpe delves into the archaic past of the Black Templars.

Origins

At the birth of the Imperium, during the Great Crusade, the Warmaster Horus was possessed by the Dark Gods of the Warp and declared himself rightful ruler of the Imperium. Along with Horus, nearly half the Space Marine Legions revolted against the Emperor's leadership, and from amongst their ranks arose warriors who were so wholly devoted to the Gods they became Champions – infused with the energy of Chaos, mighty warriors many times more powerful even than a Space Marine. Even as Horus's forces assaulted the Imperial Palace at the end of the Heresy, Rogal Dorn chose a warrior from amongst the ranks of his Imperial Fists to be the Emperor's Champion. Brother Sigismund, finest of the warriors of Terra, was given the best armour and weapons and swore a holy duty to seek out the Champions of Chaos and slay them. And so he did, counting fully two dozen of the warped creatures in his bloody tally before Horus was defeated and the Traitor Legions fled to the Eye of Terror.

At the end of the Heresy, the Primarch Roboute Guilleman of the Ultramarines Legion devised a military organisation that would spread the power of the Legiones Astartes, Imperial Navy and Imperial Army across the galaxy, so no longer would one individual wield the power of an entire Legion again. For the Space Marines, these rules were laid down in the Codex Astartes, a mighty tome that also dealt with unit organisation, markings, tactical doctrine and all other aspects of the Marines' structure. Rogal Dorn, Primarch of the Imperial Fists, responsible for the defence of Terra itself, refused to have his Legion broken down into much smaller Chapters, stating that it was his sacred duty to protect the Emperor and he could not afford to split his forces across the Imperium. Dorn called Guilleman a coward, for his Legion had not participated in the defence of the Imperial Palace, while the Ultramarines' Primarch accused Dorn of being a rebel and a heretic for refusing the dictates within his Codex Astartes.

Dorn would not relent, and neither would Guilleman; Leman Russ of the Space Wolves and Vulkan of the Salamanders agreed with Dorn for they too did not want their Legions scattered to the corners of the galaxy, but Ferrus Mannus, Primarch of the Iron Hands and Corax of the Raven Guard backed the Ultramarines. In the gulf left after the near-death of the Emperor, it seemed the Space Marines were destined to tear themselves apart in bloody conflict. When the Imperial Fists began to be violently persecuted for their supposed heresies, and the strike cruiser *Terrible Angel* was fired upon by the Imperial Navy, it was almost inevitable that once more internecine war would engulf the Space Marines.

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and the Imperium. But, even as the newly formed Chapters and the old Legions were preparing for battle, Dorn relented. He agreed to the formation of two new Chapters from his Legion – the Crimson Fists and the Black Templars would join the Imperial Fists Chapter. He chose Champion Sigismund to lead the Black Templars and the Chapter took upon themselves the black and white panoply of his armour.

Sigismund had been chosen as the Emperor's Champion for his fervent faith in the Emperor and his undying devotion to mankind. Seeing the strife that currently beset the Legions Astartes, and the suspicion in which he and his battle brothers were held, he determined that a gesture of supreme faith was needed. As High Marshal of the Black Templars, Sigismund declared that after leaving Terra, he would prove his loyalty, never resting in the prosecution of his duties against the enemies of the Emperor. It is an oath that every subsequent High Marshal has renewed, and so the greatest and longest Space Marine crusade was begun. It has continued unbroken for ten thousand years.

Home world

The Black Templars have no single home world, instead they live in their Crusade fleets, upon many battle barges, strike cruisers and other craft such as training vessels and gigantic forgeships. The Black Templars establish Chapter Keeps on every world they conquer or reclaim for the Emperor. The main purpose of the Chapter Keeps is to recruit new Space Marines from the population, and to act as staging posts for mustering the Crusades together. These Chapter Keeps are sizeable, with chambers to accommodate two to three Companies of Space Marines, but are far smaller than the Fortress Monasteries of other Chapters. However, there have been hundreds of Chapter Keeps established over the millennia, some of which are still standing, others which have fallen into ruin and disrepair and are no longer manned.

The High Marshal himself has his own battle barge, the *Eternal Crusader*, and he can travel from Crusade to Crusade lending his military genius and spiritual guidance to those under his command. The *Eternal Crusader* is gigantic, even for a battle barge, having been expanded and refitted over ten thousand years, with extra docking facilities for escort ships, additional launch bays for shuttles and Thunderhawks, as well as accommodation for twice as many Space Marines than a normal battle barge.

Combat doctrine

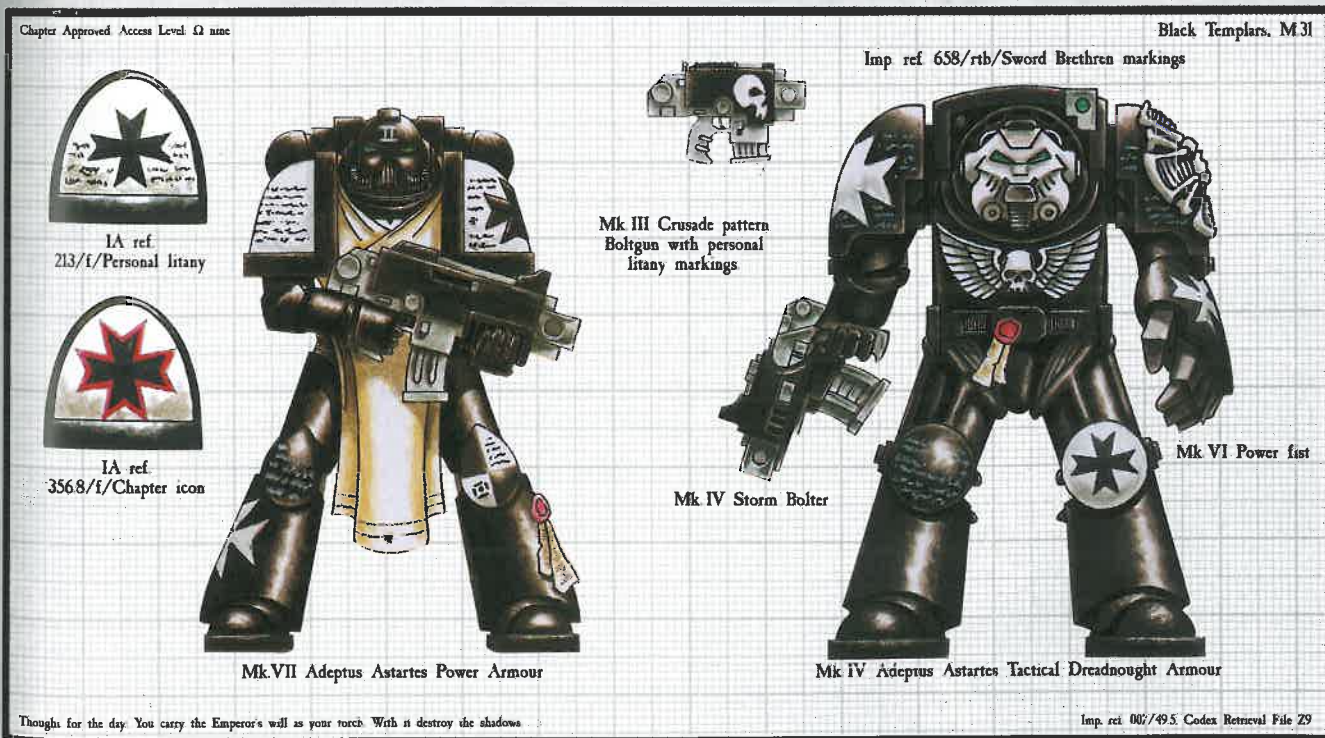
The Black Templars have continued in the style of their founder, Sigismund, in preferring close combat to ranged warfare. Face-to-face with his enemy, a Space Marine can earn honour and respect and be sure that his foe is truly vanquished.

This is further emphasised by the fanaticism of Black Templars battle brothers, whose righteous anger makes them impatient and headstrong. They will drive towards the foe relentlessly, their own casualties only serving to spur them on faster, hungry for vengeance on the slayers of their brethren.

As part of their dedication to the Emperor, the Black Templars swear fell oaths of faith and protection. Before a battle, it is customary to renew one of these vows to the Emperor, the type of vow made focusing the thoughts of the Initiates on a particular aspect of their duties, encouraging extreme bravery, ruthlessness or sacred revulsion at the foe.

Organisation

The Black Templars are a fleet-based Chapter. They are rarely assembled as a Chapter, but instead are divided into a number of Crusades at any one time. Each Crusade is led



THE EMPEROR'S CHAMPION

Ever since Sigismund was elevated to the rank of first High Marshal of the Black Templars, there are others who have risen to take his place as Emperor's Champion. The practice of having an Emperor's Champion has spread to other Chapters, but it is enshrined most strongly within the dogma of the Black Templars.

Each Crusade nominally has an Emperor's Champion, but in practice there is actually one for every fighting force. On the eve of battle, one amongst the Space Marine host will receive a vision from the Emperor and present himself to the Chaplains. They will anoint him as the Emperor's Champion, and he will be gifted with the best weapons and armour in the force. Although the actual weapon and armour may change, these are always known as the Black Sword and the Armour of Faith. In battle, it is the duty and honour of the Emperor's Champion to seek out the champions of the enemy and challenge them to single-combat, just as Sigismund first did at the Battle of the Emperor's Palace. Although few foes have specific champions, it is usually sufficient for the Emperor's Champion to kill any enemy leader, as well as anyone else who is unlucky enough to cross his path. It is considered a bad omen for the Emperor's Champion to fall, and if he does so, it is the duty of his fellow Brethren to bear his body from the field of battle and reclaim the Armour of Faith and the Black Sword.



by a Marshal, while the High Marshal is responsible for monitoring the progress of all the current Crusades.

There usually numbers three or more Crusades at any one time – their history shows that during the Treachery of Dalmark there were as many as fourteen Crusades fighting across the Segmentum Solar. The size of a Crusade can also vary widely, sometimes as few as fifty to one hundred Marines, sometimes the equivalent of several Companies from a Codex Chapter. Only the Black Templars themselves have even the roughest idea how many Black Templars Space Marines there are, but it is obvious that they are far more numerous than most conventional Chapters, although dispersed over a much wider area. If certain accounts are taken to be true, then they could even be as strong as five to six thousand Battle-Brethren in total, a force which in the present Imperium would be all but unstoppable if ever gathered in a single place.

The larger Crusades are often broken down by their Marshal into Fighting Companies, led by Sword Brethren given the additional honorific of 'Castellan'. Whether such Companies exist or not, individual squads are gathered and dispersed in a fairly ad-hoc fashion, and Initiates will fight together regularly out of familiarity and comradeship rather than any imposed organisation.

Another pronounced break from the doctrines of the Codex Astartes by the Black Templars is the manner in which new recruits are trained. The Chapter Keeps recruit a few individuals each year who may be suitable to become Space Marines. Those found acceptable by the Chapter Keeps are given the initial implants that will eventually change the Neophytes into fully-fledged Space Marines. When roughly two dozen recruits are ready for additional bio-engineering and the start of their training, they are transported to one of the Crusade fleets. Here certain Battle Brothers of the Chapter, or Initiates as they are properly known, will each accept one of the recruits to be their Neophyte. It is the responsibility of the Initiate to train his Neophyte in the art of war and the rituals of the Black Templars, overseen by the Chaplains. During this time the Neophytes will undergo the remaining surgery to implant all of the specially grown organs that turn them into Space Marines. The Neophytes act as servants to their master, waiting on them at the great banquets and seeing to domestic chores; whilst on the battlefield the Initiate teaches their young pupil through example. This means that the Black Templars have no dedicated Scout Company, instead the Neophytes are spread across the entire Chapter, gaining valuable experience in a wide variety of combat situations and receiving personal attention and tuition from the Initiates.

The greatest warriors of a Crusade are inducted into the Marshal's household, in what would be the equivalent of the 1st Veteran Company of a Codex Chapter. Known as the Sword Brethren, these hardened fighters receive additional training, particularly in the use of Terminator armour, and are no longer responsible for the training of Neophytes. When a Marshal dies, or is elected by the other Marshals to succeed a dead High Marshal, it is one of the Sword Brethren who will take his place. This is decided by ritual combat, during which all who contest the right to lead the Crusade will battle one another with various weapons, as well as pitting their strategic and tactical prowess against one another. The winner earns the right to be Marshal, upon approval by the

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High Marshal (there's has only ever been one incident of the High Marshal not approving), and the Sword Brethren will swear new oaths of loyalty.

Beliefs

All Space Marines are renowned for their fervent dedication, but the extremity of the Black Templars' faith is often described as fanatical, even rabid! They lust to crush the enemies of mankind; they have absolutely no tolerance of heretics, mutants, psykers, aliens or any other abomination against the Emperor. For ten thousand years they have crusaded to prove their loyalty, and this creed has become so embedded in their doctrines that they are utterly ruthless towards anyone or anything perceived as a threat to the Emperor. They will mercilessly wipe out the populations of worlds to expunge the sin of heresy, while the mere presence of a witch on a battlefield drives them into a rage of hate and vengeful bloodletting.

Gene-seed

The Black Templars' gene-seed is derived from the Imperial Fists, second only in stability and purity to that of the Ultramarines. It has been supposed by some that slight flaws in the hormonal organs of the Black Templars may make them slightly overactive, thus explaining their reputation for being quick to anger. However, this seems unlikely and the trait is more likely down to the fanatical nature of the Black Templars creed.

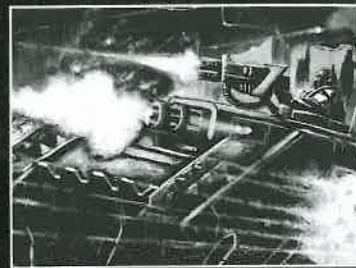
Chapter Motto

"No Pity! No Remorse! No Fear!"

THE LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

Marine-Artificer

Simagus constructed the first Crusader pattern Land Raiders during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid the Black Templars in the numerous sieglements they had to fight

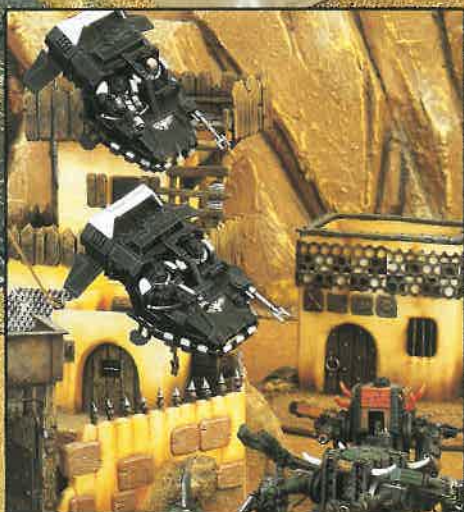


reconquering the hive world. Other Chapters requested information regarding the Crusaders' remodelling as the tales of their successes spread, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became officially recognised by the Techpriests of Mars (a mere formality, since it is estimated the design had spread to nearly three quarters of the Chapters by this time). The Crusader is a line-breaking tank, built and armed to plough into the enemy, and is particularly useful against foes who are entrenched or occupying other highly defensible positions. It has an expanded troop capacity and its special frag charges allow it to disgorge a sizeable squad of Space Marines or Terminators into the heart of their adversaries. The most common Crusader pattern has the specially designed Hurricane bolter arrays in its sponsons (originally constructed by Simagus from scavenged Rhino bolters), its heavy bolters replaced with assault cannons (taken from Dreadnoughts in the Jerulas Crusade) and a multi-melta on a pintle mount (Land Speeders proved too lightweight for the heavy fighting in the hives).



THE LASTRATI CRUSADE

MATTHEW HUTSON'S BLACK TEMPLARS SPACE MARINES

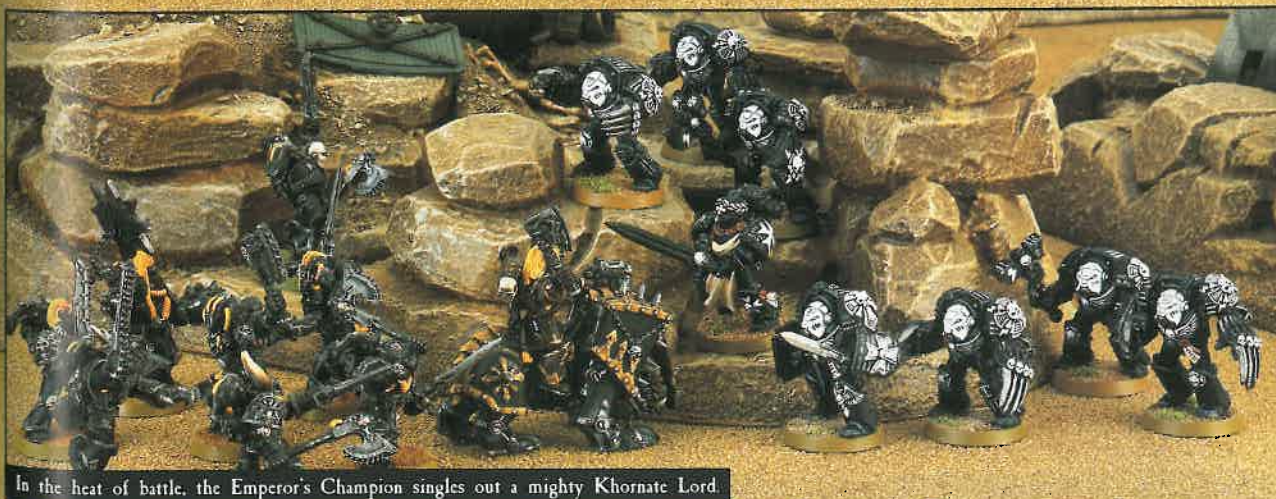


Land Speeders swoop down to strafe the Orks.



A Black Templars assault squad attacks an Alaitoc Eldar Path-finders position.

Crusade Fleet Lastrati.



In the heat of battle, the Emperor's Champion singles out a mighty Khornate Lord.

✠ THE DONIAN CRUSADE ✠

(985.M39)

The Donian Crusade began c.985.M39 to combat the swelling Ork population sweeping through the Donian sector and surrounding wilderness space in the southern Segmentum Pacificus. The original Marshal, Brother Austein, was killed in fighting on Nickel V and was succeeded by Marshal Wernher c.988. The Crusade lasted for roughly 17 years before the High Marshal declared it successful, Wernher moving to becoming Marshal of the Thangdron Crusade.

✠ MARSHAL'S HOUSEHOLD ✠

Marshal Wernher
 Brother Tomas, Champion of the Emperor
 Chaplains Augustin and Leuter
 Crusade Banner Bearer Tonis
 Household Banner Bearer Eckehart
 2 Techmarines
 4 Apothecaries
 34 Sword Brethren
 14 suits of Tactical Dreadnought armour
 4 Dreadnoughts
 7 Land Raiders (2 Phobos pattern,
 3 Demos pattern, 2 Crusader pattern)
 3 Rhinos

2 Predator Destroyers
 3 Predator Annihilators
 3 Razorbacks
 1 Whirlwind

FLEET ASSETS'

Battle barge *Sigismund's Light*
 Forgeship *Heracles*
 Strike cruiser *Dorn's Sword*
 3 Rapid strike vessels
 19 Thunderhawk gunships

✠ FIGHTING COMPANIES ✠

FIGHTING COMPANY HEINMAN

Castellan Heinman
 Banner Bearer Kiesel
 2 Techmarines
 2 Apothecaries
 145 Initiates
 34 Neophytes
 2 Dreadnoughts
 3 Land Raiders (2 Demos pattern,
 1 Crusader pattern)
 7 Rhinos
 2 Predator Destroyers
 6 Razorbacks
 3 Whirlwinds
 17 Jump packs

FIGHTING COMPANY LAZARUS

Castellan Lazarus
 Banner Bearer Balthasar
 3 Techmarines
 2 Apothecaries
 171 Initiates
 56 Neophytes
 3 Dreadnoughts
 2 Crusader pattern Land Raiders
 11 Rhinos
 3 Predator Destroyers
 2 Predator Annihilators
 7 Razorbacks
 5 Vindicators

FIGHTING COMPANY GOTCHALCUS

Castellan Lazarus Gotchalcus
 Banner Bearer Hildebrandt
 1 Techmarine
 1 Apothecary
 87 Initiates
 41 Neophytes
 3 Rhinos
 7 Land Speeders
 24 Combat bikes
 12 Scout bikes
 4 Attack bikes
 34 Jump packs

Note: The figures here are estimates made at the time the Crusade gathered. There are no records of non-combat personnel such as Servitors, Apprenta and so on.

The Crusade was later joined by the strike cruiser *Apocalypse* and at least 6 more rapid strike vessels. The number of Space Marines on board these vessels is unknown.

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Chermside QLD 4032
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Shops with their name in **RED** have Games Night every Thursday. Those with their names in **BLACK** have their Games Night on Fridays.

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WARHAMMER®



The din of battle rises over the peaks of the Grey Mountains as soldiers of the Empire clash with hordes of Orcs and Goblins.

Caught in their mountain lair the greenskins fight with a frenzied passion. Though their camps are but collections of sticks and hides this is their home.

Soldiers of the Imperial army have little time to think of victory. Waves of Orcs fall upon them in a struggle for survival...this is no longer a battle, this is **GREEN HELL!**

THE TEMPLE OF THE LOST WAAAGH!

Deep within the Great Forest lies the Temple of "Umukhrukbuktukmuk". Hidden in this temple is the Orc idol "Mutbuk" - the greatest source of Waaagh energy in the Old World. It's guardian, the Orc Shaman Bogzap, is under attack from a company of Knights of the White Wolf.

Join us at GW GREENSBOROUGH between 12.00pm - 4.00pm on Saturday 28 October, for this titanic battle as the Orcs attempt to defend the temple of the lost Waaagh from the Wolves. Bring your own Warhammer unit or use one of ours.



Will the mighty Empire army succeed in clearing the Grey Mountains of the Orc tribes or is this a battle they cannot win?

Throughout October Games Workshop Stores will be running loads of Warhammer Fantasy Battle games. It's a chance to show you how great the new rules are and game with the spectacular new models from the armies of the Empire and Orcs. Check out the next few pages for some of the exciting events that will be running as part of Green Hell and our October activities, look to our Internet site at www.games-workshop.com.au, or talk to the staff at your local GW store.

THE LOST PLAQUES OF COKAL

The Slann Mage's eyes opened and slowly he croaked five words, "to the portal...kill Beastmen."

The Beastmen were having a good week plundering. The icing on the cake had been a Tilean Merchant, who had been persuaded to give up four gold plaques covered in some very strange symbols.

Little did the Beastmen know that an army of Lizardmen were fast approaching, ready to reclaim their lost treasure at any cost! Come in to GW WELLINGTON on Saturday 28 October to see if the Beastmen can beat back the swarming Lizardmen.

EMPIRE IN FLAMES

As night fell, the Orcs attacked. The garrison in the watch towers were the first to call the alarm...there seemed to be thousands of them.

Bold Knights of the local Orders marshalled around the keep. Attack was inevitable, but everyone hoped the great walls of Wolfenburg Castle would not fall to the endless tide of greenskins.

All this month the guys at GW CASTLE HILL will be running massive games of Warhammer set around the defence of the great Wolfenburg Castle.

Come in every Thursday in October from 4.00pm to join in the games.

BOAR'D TA DEF

A thunder of hooves heralded the assault.

Breaking free from their mountain-top stockade Orcs mounted on boars and piled into chariots, lead the counter attack. A swarm of screaming Greenskins follow them into battle.

Though the lines of Empire soldiers hold firm, with black powder weapons at the ready, nothing could have prepared them for the frenzy of the Orc attack.

Help decide the outcome of our battles in the Grey Mountains at GW MELBOURNE on Saturday 14 and Sunday 15 October from 12.30 - 4.00pm.

OUTPOST PERTH



Games Workshop Perth is located in leafy Raine Square, in the heart of Perth (surprisingly enough).

The staff will happily dispense free advice on painting and modelling.



Slaves to the fun, the staff at Games Workshop Perth are constantly running exciting games and fiendish scenarios.



Even though they look a little bit scary, there are plenty of reasons for you to visit the staff at Games Workshop Perth!



HEAR YEA, HEAR YEA!

Games Workshop Perth challenges you to Fantasy Battle this October!

GW Perth, like all Games Workshop stores, is the perfect place to get started in our hobby. We are always happy to answer your questions or take you through an introductory game.

GW Perth is also a place where players of all abilities can get together to talk tactics for their armies or pick up painting and modelling tips.

So, if you have any questions about any aspect of the hobby or would like to introduce a friend then drop in and see us at the store at Shop 34 Raine Square, William Street, Perth.

During October we have a huge program of activities that will showcase the new Warhammer game. Some of these events are listed opposite.



WARHAMMER®

THE HUNTED - Friday 6 October

Defeated in battle, exhausted from the draining use of his powers, the necromancer Elzitch is desperate to escape to his homeland.

Accompanied by a small handful of loyal warriors, the situation looks grim for the old Necromancer. Especially with the knowledge that at least two armies of his foes are determined to see his demise...

This Bring 'N' Battle scenario can be played with any painted regiments.

HALLOWEEN SPECIAL - Friday 13th of October

While celebrating a recent victory over a wandering Beastman warband, the fair city of Gisoreux has let its defences drop.

The shambling hordes of Undead, raised from their graves by the Count Dieter Vraak have come to lay waste to all opposing them. Cut off from their lands, the Knights of Bretonnia have chosen to prove their valour by destroying the vile Undead.

However, while the Bretonnians struggle to muster their defences, the skittering Skaven hordes have also moved to Gisoreux, and have been presented with the perfect opportunity to attack!

To take part in this massive Bring 'N' Battle. Come along with a unit of Skaven, Vampire Counts, or Bretonnians... fighting for the praise of the Lady of the Lake, or for the glory of Darkness!

GREEN HELL - Saturday 14th of October

The Imperial Army marched for a full two days and nights to reach the embattled city of Averhiem. Tired and weary but none-the-less ready for battle, the mighty force raised a cheer as the city came into view.

Their cheer quickly turned to a silent prayer to Sigmar, when the fields surrounding the city suddenly moved and all that could be seen on the battlefield was a sea of Green-Skins...the Orcs had arrived first!

To celebrate the release of the new Warhammer Fantasy Battles, GW Perth have a massive battle planned for Saturday 21 October from 12.30 pm, involving Orcs and Empire. You can join in by bringing along any painted Warhammer regiment.

THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS - Friday 27 October

The Dark Knight has always been a figure of legend around the Bretonnian town of Rennes-le-Chateau and as the tale goes the time is nigh for him to return.

This quiet Bretonnian village is under threat from a vengeful Blood Dragon Vampire, who is hell bent on destroying Rennes-le-Chateau and it's vaunted Dark Knight...

To join in this Battle bring along any painted Regiment of Bretonnian, Empire or Dwarven troops or if you're a bad guy any painted Vampire Count or Chaos Regiments.

Friday night is Games Night at GW Perth and battles commence at 4.00pm.

WARHAMMER FRENZY

The new Warhammer is out, and the staff armies are swelling with freshly painted troops. Craig has been painting his Lizardmen, Bryan's hot for an Empire Middenheim army - inspired by the Hammers of Ulric novel (what is it with him and his themes?) and Grant is expanding his already huge Dwarf army. We are all dead keen for tons of games.

To celebrate the launch of the new Warhammer we are running plenty of activities to keep you busy during October.

ALTDORF REGIMENTS READY FOR BATTLE

All the Games Workshop stores have been painting frantically for the big Warhammer display table at Games Day 2000. We all needed to paint LOTS of Orcs and LOTS of Empire models to populate Matt



GRANT PEACEY

Weaver's huge table. During this time of hurried painting Grant came up with an excellent technique for painting Altdorf regiments quickly and effectively (that is they're still good looking).

So being the kind hearted fellow he is...

The key part of Empire miniatures are obviously their uniforms, so here we go:

- Stage 1 - White Undercoat
- Stage 2 - Blood Red Spray
- Stage 3 - Paint all halberd shafts, pouches and straps Bestial Brown.
- Stage 4 - Paint the faces bronzed flesh.
- Stage 5 - CHESTNUT INK THE WHOLE MODEL and let dry.

At this point most of your detail should have been picked out on the red, brown and flesh from the wash.

Stage 6 - Paint half of uniform Regal Blue.

Stage 7 - Paint weapons Boltgun Metal or Chainmail

As of now your model is basically done. If you want to, (and I did) you can highlight all your colours up again. Highlight Blood Red with a Fiery Orange/Blood Red mix, Regal Blue with Ultramarine Blue, and Bestial Brown with Snakebite Leather (paint eyes etc...). This is all optional...of course.



Along with the WARHAMMER MUSEUM Dave Taylor and the boyz in the Studio have put together a special Warhammer games table for us to play with. This will be running from October 4th through to October 29th.

JES, JES HE'S THE BEST...

As you all probably already know Jes Goodwin will be making an appearance at Games Day 2000 to hordes of adoring fans...

Jes will also be making a stop at Sydney City store on October 24th. This will be a rare chance to get to speak to the man behind the look of the Space Marine, Eldar, Chaos Space Marine and Sisters of Battle miniature ranges!

So get down to the store and bring your Land Raider tanks for him to sign (the bottom, of course).



STAFF CHALLENGE

Due to the success of the Staff Challenge nights we will be looking for more challengers this month. If you would like a game of the new Warhammer we are ready and willing to play every Friday from 3pm until 7pm.



Grant's Dwarfs, just waiting for a challenge!

WHAT'S ON AT SYDNEY CITY STORE DURING OCTOBER

- **JES GOODWIN VISIT!** Tuesday October 24th, 3-7pm.
- **Warhammer Museum.** September 29th to October 26th.
- **Staff Challenge nights:** October 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th. 3pm-7pm.
- **Studio Warhammer games table** October 4th to October 29th.

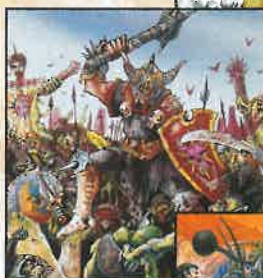
WARHAMMER MUSEUM

For the release of the NEW Warhammer game system we will be displaying a "museum" of all the previous editions in all their glory. So if you would like to see what Warhammer 1st edition really looked like, now will be your chance to do so. The Warhammer museum exhibit will be on show from September 29th to October 26th only.

1982



1984



1988



1992

1996



SYDNEY CITY PRESENTS

Spirit of Vulkan

Salamanders Chaplain Xavier

"Listen well my brothers, for I have important words to say unto you this day. The enemy that stands before us is countless beyond numbering, and strong with the false energy of Chaos. Yet we will break this foe as easily as a flawed boulder, that though it is large and appears strong, splits asunder with but one tap of the craftsman's hammer..."

Chaplain Xavier, before the
Battle Of Kilgrom's Krag, 147/M40

Chaplain Xavier is by common consent the greatest Chaplain the Salamanders Chapter has ever known. He was born during the first decade of the 41st Millennium, though the exact date is unknown, such things as one's date of birth being considered of little importance to the serious-minded people that inhabit the Salamanders home world of Nocturne. What is known is that Xavier was apprenticed to the Salamanders in 009/M41 and was very quickly judged worthy of joining the Chapter.



It was Chaplain Hasdrubael who officiated at Xavier's initiation into the Chapter, and it seems that Xavier impressed him deeply, for once Xavier had become a fully-fledged Space Marine he was quickly seconded to act as Hasdrubael's aide. As such Xavier learned the tasks that were required of a Space Marine Chaplain and become practised in the duties and ceremonies a Chaplain is required to carry out. When Hasdrubael died during the assault on the Chaos Battlecruiser 'Thrice Damned Monstrosity', Xavier immediately took his place. He quickly rallied the boarding parties that had been under Hasdrubael's command and led them in a furious attack which secured the bridge of the enemy ship, leading to its capture and later destruction.

This was only the first of many valiant actions carried out by the young Chaplain, and before long he had established a reputation as being a powerful orator that could inspire his fellow Space Marines to carry out acts of almost foolhardy heroism. However, such duties are part and parcel of being a Space Marine Chaplain, and though Xavier was an inspirational battlefield leader, there have been other Salamander Chaplains that have been his equal. No, it was Xavier's uncanny ability as a teacher and mentor to the other members of the Salamanders which made him unique. A Space Marine Chaplain must act as a spiritual guide for the other members of his Chapter, teaching them the true meaning of their Chapter's Imperial Cult, and guiding them along the path of righteousness which marks the Space Marines out as Humanity's greatest defenders. In this Xavier was unsurpassed, and his wise words and considered opinions were sought by any member of the Chapter if they were troubled or needed to make a major decision, be they Chapter Master and newly inducted Scout.

Within a decade of becoming a Chaplain, Xavier was awarded the honour of carrying Vulkan's Sigil, an artifact that is said to have been carried by the Salamanders Primarch himself. The Sigil is one of the Salamanders most prized treasures, and it is one of the Chapters highest marks of respect to be allowed to carry it into battle. It says much of the character of the Salamanders that they should award such a gift, not to the bloody-handed warrior who is their greatest fighter, but to the man that had taught them the most about the qualities of honour, duty and self-sacrifice which are required to be a true Space Marine.



— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

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HISTORICAL ACTIONS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD

— THE REGIMENTS ON ARMAGEDDON —

There are hundreds of Imperial Guard regiments fighting in the Third Armageddon War. This month we take a look at a series of short historical accounts that highlight four of those regiments.

THE SAVLAR CHEM-DOGS

The Savlar system, just over a hundred light years from Armageddon, is a desolate place, little valued by the Imperium save for the rich chemical deposits on the volcanic moons of Savlar Penitens. Unsatisfied by poor mining quota returns, the Adeptus Terra re-graded Savlar as a penal world in the 39th Millennium, shipping in criminals by the thousand from the recent Bokur rebellion along with special detachments of the Adeptus Arbites to ensure productivity. Within three decades chemical production from Savlar was supplying three civilised worlds and two forge worlds in the surrounding sub-sectors. The population of the moons was subsequently swelled by regular influxes of thieves, murderers and traitors from across the Armageddon sector. The high mortality rate in the poisonous mines of Savlar became notorious among the criminal fraternity, leading to it being known as the "Dead Dog moons" and phrases like "Dead as Savlar".

The Bokurite Uprising

Two centuries of successive pirate raids devastated almost all production facilities on Savlar in the early 40th Millennium. Despite their best efforts the Adeptus Arbites were simply not numerous enough to protect all of what had by now become a valuable commodity.

Leave was sought and eventually granted to raise defence militia regiments from the populace of Savlar. Better access to filter-masks and medication was a benefit of membership in the militia so volunteers were plentiful and Judge Callistar of the Arbites used a careful selection process and arming policy to ensure no insurrection could take place. Or so he thought.

The descendants of Bokur had never truly abandoned their ancestors' anarcho-capitalist beliefs and they moved carefully to infiltrate the defence militias. After decades of preparation the Bokurites staged a major uprising across all of the Dead Dog moons, seizing several armouries and precinct forts. Soon a column of Chimera carriers and mining trucks full of troops were pushing along the main highway through the impassable nitrous marshes which surround Lutsk, the Precinct Capital. While his Arbitrators fought to contain the Bokurite rebellion, Judge Callistar sought some kind of solution to crushing it. The Bokurites controlled at best 25-30% of the total militia regiments on Savlar, although they were better motivated and trained than most. The problem was that the remaining regiments would likely leave the Bokurites and Arbites to fight each other, so they could loot the battlefield afterwards. Eventually he concocted a plan.

SAVLAR CHEM-DOGS TROOPER

Illustrated is a trooper of XIVth Chem-Dogs regiment serving in Warzone Infernus on Armageddon. This man retains the traditional four tube Savlar pattern rebreather canister and filter mask, a bulky and awkward piece of equipment in comparison to that used by the Armageddon Steel Legion. However the Chem-Dogs are infamous thieves and scavengers and large numbers of Armageddon pattern filter masks have been reported lost or stolen in every warzone frequented by the Chem-Dogs. This trooper also carries a number of non-standard pieces of gear, such as improvised body armour and a civilian made vox caster and dust goggles.



The Bokurite thrust was a scant twelve kilometres from the Precinct Capital when it ran into heavy opposition from Arbites using dismounted orbital cannons dug into hills on the route. Heavy fighting continued until dusk, with individual Chimeras having to draw back to the truck column to replenish their ammunition. As the light faded, chem-crazed militiamen emerged from the supposedly impassable nitrous swamps on either side of the highway. The ragged figures were soon cackling insanely and shooting wildly, while Militia vehicles and chem-riders appeared on the roadway itself.

The Bokurite column was densely packed and found itself in serious trouble. Vehicles and men struggled to turn about and deploy, taking constant casualties as trucks blew up from las-fire and grenades. Finally the order was given to disengage and the Bokurites tried to fight their way clear, but they were hemmed in on all sides. Individual pockets of resistance flared where a squad or Chimera stood off the swarming convicts for a time but all too quickly the Bokurites were dragged down by their less ideological fellow inmates. By dawn the highway had been picked clean save for the skeletal wrecks of burnt-out vehicles.

In light of the ability of Savlar to control its own affairs, the right to raise defence regiments stayed in place despite the Bokur incident. By the mid 40th Millennium Ork incursions into the Armageddon sector had reached such severity that the first Savlar-recruited Imperial Guard regiments of so-called "Chem-Dogs" were sent offworld to fight. Records show that Judge Callistar always delighted in telling the story of how the Savlar Chem-Dogs first came into being. According to tradition he also cited two "motivational imperatives" to every Procurator-Colonel forming up a new regiment.

One: Tell them they can keep anything they take off the enemy.

Two: Tell them that if they break the law they'll be sent back to the Dead Dog moons.

By Andy Chambers

DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG

In 433.M40, the Autarch of the planet Krieg in Segmentum Tempestus declared himself independent from the Imperium and renounced the Emperor as his divine master. Regiments raised on Krieg to crush this rebellion acted with commendable haste and righteous fury. The now infamous Colonel Jurten of the Krieg 33rd unleashed a campaign of atomic cleansing that was to turn into a scourging that lasted five hundred years and transformed Krieg into a toxic, ash-polluted wasteland. The survivors of Jurten's retribution were forced to exist in underground bunkers

or deep in the radioactive chem-wastes, as their descendants do to this day. From the self-annihilation of their home world, the Death Korps was born.

As penance for the Autarch's heresy, the Death Korps regiments each embarked on their own quest for absolution, constantly requesting transfers to the most lethal warzones throughout the galaxy. Every soldier in the Death Korps is proud of the regiment's part in the purification of Krieg and they despise the cowardice of lesser men that would flinch from such acts. The regimental creed is to eradicate heresy and weakness wherever it is found and on numerous occasions Death Korps forces have been reprimanded for their excessive use of force and unsanctioned genocidal campaigns.

The Eyes of the Emperor

In 213.M41 the forge world of Castaburg in the Bethamor system fell to a surprise attack from a vast force of Orks led by Warlord Skarmork. The cost of recapturing the planet was sure to be formidable and Death Korps regiments were amongst the first to volunteer to take part in the counterattack. In the period prior to the Imperial invasion the Orks constructed a system of bunkers and citadels centred upon two forge refineries known as Terhar Prime and Meghan. Terhar Prime was taken swiftly in a flanking manoeuvre by the Krieg Death Riders on their bionically enhanced mounts, but Meghan would prove to be much tougher to crack open. Without detailed intelligence on the Ork defences, casualties were expected to be extreme and progress slow.

Early in the war, Ork Stormboyz had seized the Mount Haemek sensor outpost from the small contingent of Imperial defenders. Known on Castaburg as 'the Eyes of the Emperor', this array of arcane sensor equipment could provide the Imperial commanders with the information they needed to successfully assault Meghan. Due to the vital strategic importance of the outpost, high priority was placed on its capture and the 95th Death Korps Regiment (the Black Guard) were tasked to retake this heavily defended location.

As armoured Panzer Divisions and infantry forces prepared to cross the Jaxartes river towards Meghan, a Death Korps breaching battalion made its way in Chimeras to Mount Haemek. The battle plan was to outflank the Orks here also, but the designated approach proved to be heavily mined and inaccessible to the force's vehicles. Despite this, the Guardsmen pressed forward, abandoning damaged and destroyed

DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG TROOPER

Troopers from the Death Korps wear dark greatcoats and their sinister appearance reflects the uncompromising nature of the regiment. Death Korps soldiers do not fear dying and are more than willing to sacrifice their own lives for the greater good of the Korps. This accord with death leads many soldiers to adorn their uniforms and weapons with skulls and other grim symbols of mortality. The Death Korps expect to be fighting in the deadliest warzones and their soldiers are equipped accordingly with respirators, cold-weather gear and survival packs that allow them to act in the most extreme operational environments.



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vehicles along the way. Casualties were high and many of the Death Korps's commanding officers were killed. Eventually the Death Korps was forced to abandon the flanking manoeuvre and Captain Vinnik, the highest ranking officer left alive, decided upon a new plan which required a direct frontal assault.

Upon reaching the base of the mountain, the Death Korps disembarked from its remaining vehicles to approach the Eyes of the Emperor on foot. The force was divided into two groups, with each group attacking one of the two peaks on which the outpost was situated. Under cover of darkness, Death Korps members begin scaling the steep cliffs of Mount Haemek and six hours later, after fierce fighting, they captured the lower bunkers. By morning a firebase had been secured near the mag-loader station that ran to the top of the mountain. Ammunition was running low and so the Death Korps soldiers were forced to use shootas and kombi-weapons liberated from dead Ork defenders to augment their attack. Upon reaching the outer perimeter of the fortifications, the leading platoons flattened the razor wire coils by lying down on the wire, allowing the following soldiers to step across them and assault into the fort.

The attack swept into the trenches, where fighting was at desperately close quarters, with horrendous casualties on both sides. The combat raged for several more hours until fresh troops were ferried to the mountain top by the captured mag-loader and the tide of battle turned in favour of the Death Korps. Flamer and melta teams moved in to clear the trenches and soon the Death Korps's regimental flag was raised to the top of the base's listening post antennae. The battle had lasted for twelve bloody hours and had killed six hundred Death Korps members and wounded nearly a thousand others. Captain Vinnik (posthumously promoted to the rank of Colonel) also died in the attack. Even after taking a mortal wound in the early stages of the battle, he had continued to direct his soldiers until finally being carried down the mountain by medics.

After recapturing the Eyes of the Emperor, Death Korps regiments joined Colonel Rafael Eitan's Panzer Divisions in their thrust towards Meghan. The campaign was to last another six months and thanks to the intelligence provided by the sensor outpost, Imperial casualties were significantly lower than projected estimates.

By Graham McNeill

ELYSIAN DROP TROOPER

This illustration depicts an Elysian Drop Trooper Veteran Sergeant from the 22nd Elysian regiment wearing the uniform and equipment used during the Skopios Incident of 873 M38. Skopios had a thin but breathable atmosphere, so the sergeant has dispensed with the bulky and uncomfortable Type 5 pressure helmet that the Elysians usually wear. When worn, the pressure helm draws air from dispensers in the trooper's backpack, which also carries other vital supplies and communications gear. The sergeant has chosen to replace his standard issue lasgun with an M36 Mars pattern assault shotgun, a popular choice with elite troops like the Elysians. He carries plenty of spare ammunition and fragmentation grenades, as is common practice amongst troops that may have to operate on their own without fresh supplies for an extended period of time, as drop troopers are often called upon to do. The dagger emblem on the sergeant's right gauntlet is the regimental symbol of the 22nd regiment, and the supplemental skull icon on the glove and the chest mark him out as one of the few survivors of the ill-fated Jmigan landings.



ELYSIAN DROP TROOPS

The Elysians come from a verdant world some thirty light years from Armageddon, towards the galactic hub. The Elysia system and surrounding wilderness space is notorious for its pirates, as a main trade route through the sector passes through Elysia, and the system's many swirling gas clouds and hundreds of asteroid fields provide perfect ambush sites. Through combating this ever-present threat, the Elysians are therefore well trained in ship-to-ship boarding actions, and fighting in concert with orbital support when attacking isolated pirate bases.

The Skopios Incident

The preferred operation style of the Elysian Drop Troops is amply demonstrated in accounts of the Skopios Incident. Skopios was a large asteroid in inter-system space roughly a week's warp travel from Elysia. It was populated by the Adeptus Mechanicus who used the otherwise lifeless rock as a facility for dangerous experimentation and analysis of potentially hazardous discoveries. It was therefore natural that when, in 873.M38, the Explorator vessel Incalculus Stellar came across an alien edifice floating in wilderness space not far from Skopios, they would take it to the asteroid facility.

Astropaths in surrounding sectors began to report all manner of ill omens in their messages – dreams and visions were blood-red and filled with screaming faces. A routine patrol by the Imperial Navy reported no contact with Skopios and the 22nd Elysian Regiment was sent to investigate. Colonel Prinz of the 22nd treated the whole of Skopios as potentially hostile, and deployed several Recce Companies to act as scouting parties, alongside Imperial Navy Ground Observation Officers.

The Recce teams at first reported Skopios deserted, although the machinery seemed to be working at full volume. As the Elysians proceeded, there came sporadic reports of fighting, but Prinz could get no details – each landing party that signalled engagement with the enemy soon fell silent. Scattered comms-chatter identified the enemy as humanoid, extremely fast and powerful. Prinz first suspected the Eldar,



and he ordered the rest of his regiment onto full drop alert, ready to respond at a moment's notice.

The two surviving companies made steady progress across Skopios, working their way towards the main factory complexes at its northern pole. It was Captain Schultz of the 3rd Recce Company who first called in an amazing discovery. The production lines had been completely altered, transformed into something completely unrecognisable to the Naval Techpriests accompanying the Guardsmen. They were producing what at first seemed to be statues of skeletal humans, but on closer inspection the Techpriests concluded that the factories were making artificial warriors! It seemed none of them were active yet, but it was only a matter of time before there would be thousands of the warriors ready. Prinz ordered the Recce Companies to locate the control centre and shut down the whole facility, and they were to call for help the moment they ran into trouble.

That trouble lay in wait for them at the control complex. Just as the first reports of renewed combat came up from Skopios' surface, the fleet Astropaths warned Colonel Prinz that they had detected something incredibly ancient and utterly evil on the asteroid below. They were half-insane with terror at what they had found, and it was impossible to get any clear information from them. The Elysian Colonel ordered a full launch onto the control centre. The Guardsmen had simple orders – destroy anything they found.

As the dropships screamed down through Skopios' thin atmosphere the sky burned with the retro-thrusters of the Elysian landers. Prinz himself was one of the first into the complex and was horrified to find nothing of the Recce Companies. It was a short while later that he found the alien edifice, sarcophagus-like and exuding a menace which even he could detect. As Prinz and his command company watched, the coffin-shaped monolith began to glow and as the light became almost blinding a silhouette appeared inside.

The creature that stepped from the gateway, for that is what the object appeared to be, was tall and lithe, almost skeletal. It appeared unarmed, but as Prinz ordered his men to open fire, the alien exploded into life, leaping into the Guardsmen so fast it was merely a blur of darkness. The screams of the dying and wounded echoed off the metal walls of the command centre as the ancient monstrosity carved its way through squad after squad of men, ripping them apart with its hands, seemingly impervious to their weapons. It was then that the metal warriors from the factory burst into the command centre, blasts of energy from their guns disintegrating everything in their path.

The firefight became intense – alien machines were blown apart by fusillades of heavy bolter fire, lascannon beams criss-crossed the chambers of the command complex, plasma bolts burnt through walls while beams of bright energy made men evaporate into nothing. The Elysians were taking heavy casualties and Prinz ordered the survivors to retreat back to the landers and take off for orbit. As they retreated, the fleet set up a bombardment to cover the Drop Troops' withdrawal, the shells and missiles from the ships plummeting onto Skopios barely fifty yards from the Elysians. As the last Drop Troops left Skopios, the fleet pounded the facility with torpedoes and broadsides until the asteroid was shattered. The bombardment continued, smashing the fragments of Skopios into smaller and smaller pieces.

Even then, no-one was sure if the sarcophagus had been destroyed. For the last three hundred years a wide area centred on the remains of Skopios has been declared Purgatus, and Imperial Navy patrols ensure the quarantine is not breached. Prinz and the 22nd Elysian were exonerated of all responsibility and later went on to garner great fame and respect in the Cathalin Crusade, during which the Colonel was eventually promoted to Warmaster.

By Gavin Thorpe

THE ARMAGEDDON ORK HUNTERS

In the years following the defeat of the Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka, the world of Armageddon began the long process of rebuilding its shattered hives and defences. The Ork army had been destroyed, but due to the unique spore-based reproductive system of the Ork race, infestations of Greenskins continued to plague Imperial forces.

In response to this, the head of the ruling military council of Armageddon, General Kurov, conducted several xenocidal campaigns to destroy such infestations throughout the equatorial jungles of Armageddon and the ice world of Chosin. The forces involved in these battles suffered extremely high losses and many units were reduced to below a tenth of their operational strength. Rather than disperse these soldiers to other regiments, General Kurov decided to harness the valuable experience the survivors had gained and formed them into a number of specialised Ork hunting regiments. Soldiers from dozens of different planets and with almost no common culture were now merged into specialised extermination regiments.

The main area of operations for these units would be in the depths of Armageddon's jungles where Orks continued to proliferate despite regular purges. These feral Orks proved to be extremely adept at fighting within the jungle environment and frustratingly difficult to engage in a decisive battle. The Ork Hunter regiments therefore built Cerbera base in the middle of the jungle, providing them with a forward staging area and extensive training facilities. The sweltering heat and brutal training regime soon earned the base the nickname of Hell Town.

The Ork Hunters training included a broad array of new techniques to learn and master such as demolition, escape and evasion, survival and intelligence work. The trainee soldiers of the Ork Hunters were expected to become experts in all the weapons and tactics used in the hunting of Orks and jungle warfare. Guardsmen who survived the training were rewarded with the badge of the Ork Hunters, a small metal pin with an Ork skull emblem. This became the regimental symbol and the source of their unofficial name, the Skull-Takers.

The Battle of Hell Town

The kind of fighting involved in rooting out Orks breeds a different kind of soldier, one who fights with a savagery and low cunning almost equal to that of the Greenskins. The Ork Hunters were quick to carve themselves a bloody reputation, halving the number of Ork raids within a month. Their battles were fought at close quarters and the Ork Hunters were to take part in some of the bloodiest actions in the years between the second and third Armageddon wars. As a result, units from other regiments are frequently posted to Hell Town to learn from the Ork Hunter instructor sergeants. However, the Ork Hunters are regarded with disdain by other, more illustrious, regiments who view them as little better than vermin exterminators.

This situation came to a head in 984.M41 when units from the Pyran Dragoons were assigned a tour of duty in Hell Town for jungle warfare training. The rough demeanour, insubordinate behaviour and coarse language of the Ork Hunters disgusted the blue-blooded Dragoons and they abandoned their posts, returning to their base around Infernus Hive. The Dragoons had been responsible for patrolling zones to the west of the base and as night fell, Ork lobba shells began exploding within the wire. A huge force of Orks had approached unseen through the gap in the patrols and now attacked Hell Town with terrifying ferocity.

Troops sprinted to man the defences, but it was too late, the Greenskins were already within the perimeter. The Orks pushed deep into the camp and overran the few defenders before being checked by heavy fire from a secondary defensive line of bunkers and foxholes. Time and time again the Orks assaulted the defences and each time they were driven off by deadly accurate laser fire. As the Orks prepared to attack once more, heavy monsoon rain began.

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turning the ground into a quagmire of deep mud and collapsing several sandbagged bunkers. Visibility dropped to less than fifteen metres and this enabled the Orks to bring up rokkitz which destroyed the more heavily fortified bunkers.

The rain flooded foxholes and trenches and the battle degenerated into a sprawling, mud-caked melee. Explosions and flashes of laser fire lit up the night as reinforcements were rushed from other sectors of the camp. Hundreds of dead Orks littered the ground before the Imperial defenders, but still they came on. The scale and savagery of the Ork attack was threatening to break the Ork Hunters' line, and something drastic was required to prevent a massacre.

In a potentially suicidal move, Hell Town's commanding officer, Colonel Pertinax, ordered the base's heavy mortars to begin shelling the rear of the Ork force and to gradually walk their fire towards his own men. The ground rocked as rounds smashed into the Orks, wiping out whole mobs in the opening barrage. Dozens more were shredded as deafening explosions marched through the Orkish horde (dropping dangerously close to the Imperial lines), but it seemed as though nothing could stop the Orks. Then a mortar shell, perhaps guided by the Emperor's own hand, landed square on the Ork Warboss and obliterated him instantly.

With their leader dead, the Orks' courage was broken and they turned to flee back into the jungle. Exhausted beyond words, the Ork Hunters did not pursue and set about consolidating their defences lest the Orks attack again. For five uneasy hours the Imperial troops remained on full alert,



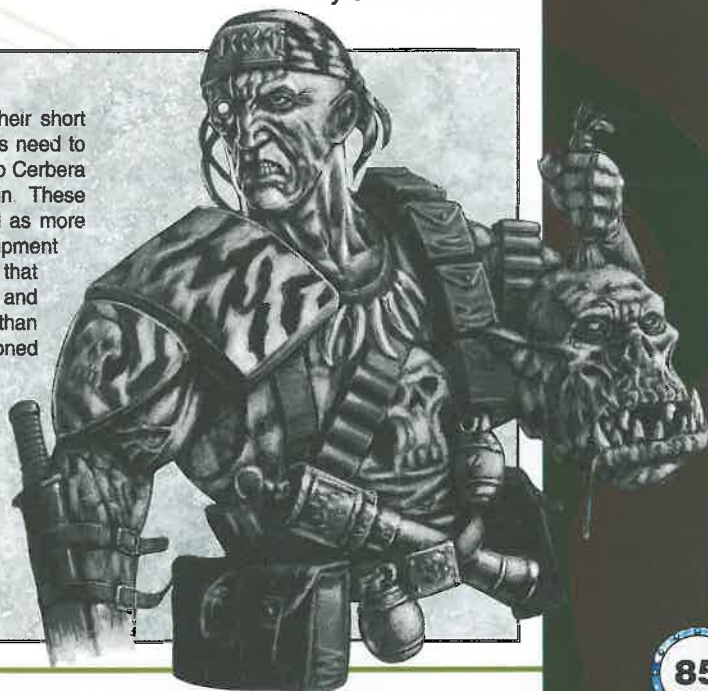
but the Orks had had their fill of fighting for one night and there were no more attacks. As dawn broke and the rains ceased, the extent of the slaughter became apparent. Over three thousand decapitated Ork corpses were thrown in a mass grave before being thoroughly incinerated. The battle of Hell Town had been won, but it was a costly victory. Fully half the base had been destroyed in the fighting and nine hundred of the Ork Hunters were killed in action.

In the recriminations that followed, the Ork Hunters accused the Pyrans of desertion and the regiments have remained bitter rivals ever since the battle.

By Graham McNeill

ARMAGEDDON ORK HUNTERS

Soldiers from the Ork Hunter regiments are savage warriors and in their short history have already earned themselves a fearsome reputation. Squads need to operate in isolation for many weeks in the jungle and frequently return to Cerbera base with grisly trophies taken from the Greenskins they have slain. These trophies often take the form of Ork tooth necklaces and skulls as well as more mundane items like glyphs and stikkbombz. In addition to his normal equipment every Ork Hunter also carries his 'scalper', a huge machete-like weapon that can be used to decapitate an Ork with one blow. Their feral appearance and coarse manner has led to the Ork Hunters being regarded as little better than the Orks they hunt and earned them the enmity of many regiments stationed on Armageddon.



CITADEL SCENERY

To coincide with the release of Warhammer, this month sees the initial releases of a new range of hardened foam scenery and a static grass battlemat. This superbly detailed scenery is not only nearly indestructible but also comes pre-painted and flocked so that you can use it straight out of the bag!

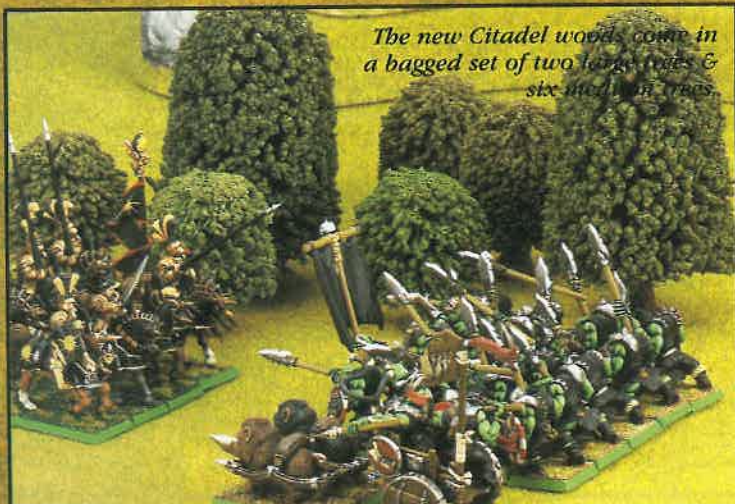
Deploying on the new two-tier Citadel hill gives your missile troops an excellent field of fire.



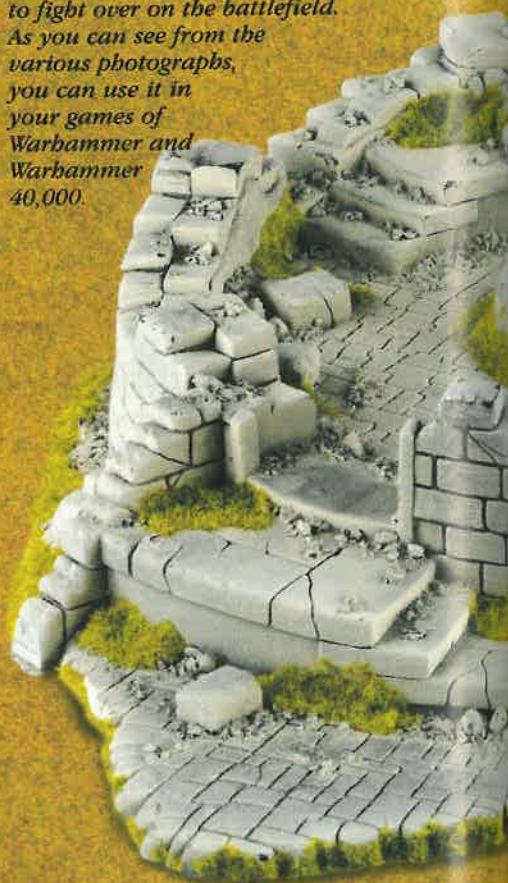
You can remove the second tier of the Citadel hill, giving you a lot more space to set up on the main hill. You can then use the second tier as a smaller hill or as more cover for your army (see right).



The new Citadel woods come in a bagged set of two large trees & six medium trees.



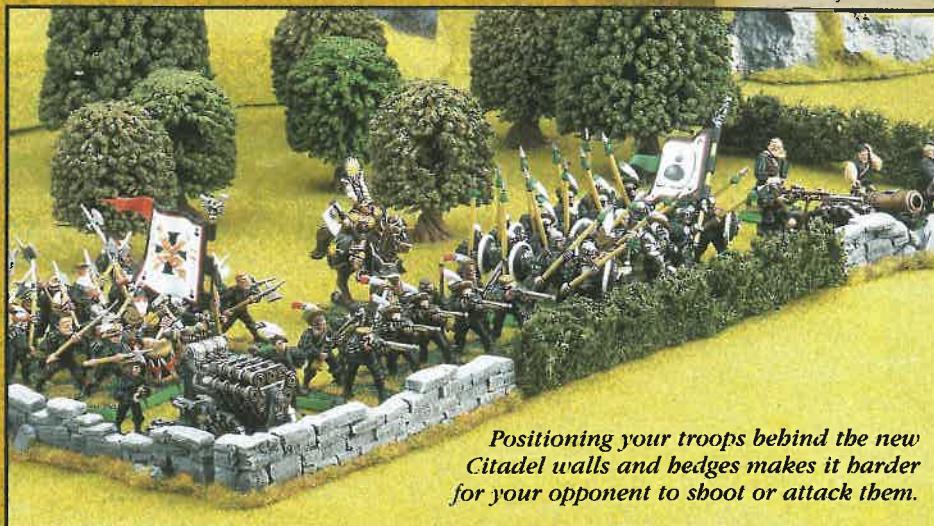
The new Citadel ruined tower is a very impressive terrain feature. It makes a fantastic centre piece and objective to fight over on the battlefield. As you can see from the various photographs, you can use it in your games of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.



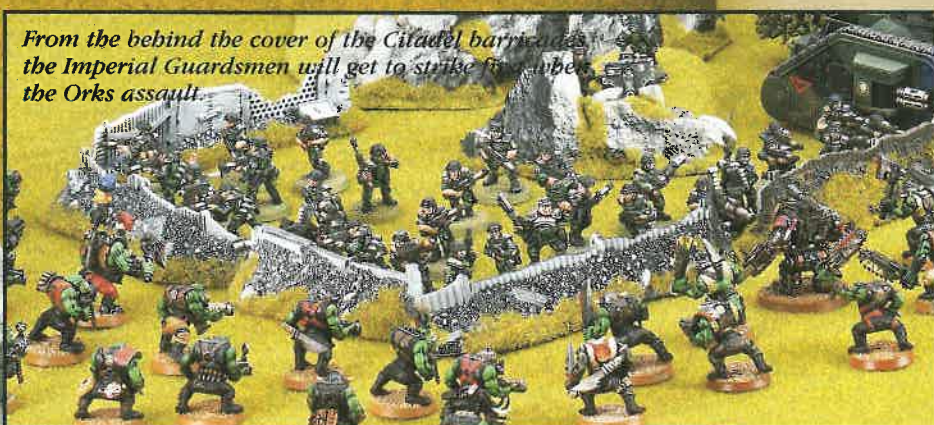
Ultramarines clash with Raptors in the ruins of the tower.



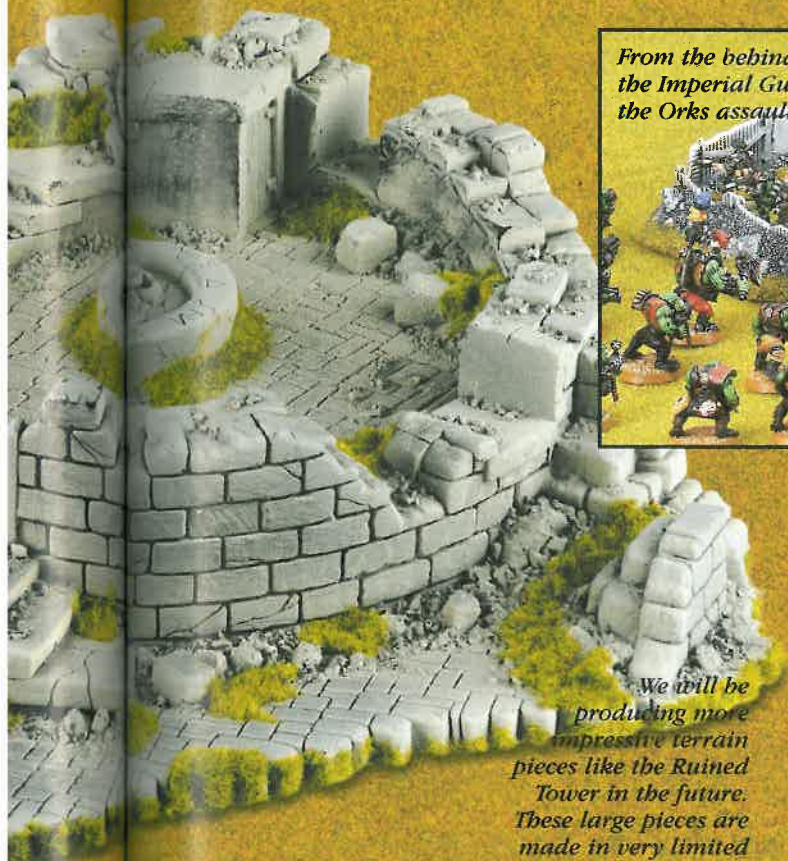
Skaven Gutter Runners attack an Empire Battle Wizard in a Warhammer Skirmish game.



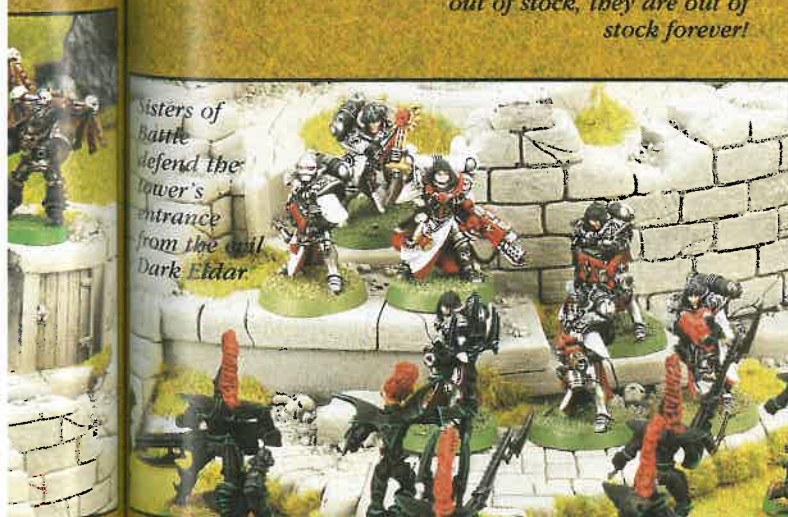
Positioning your troops behind the new Citadel walls and hedges makes it harder for your opponent to shoot or attack them.



From the behind the cover of the Citadel barricades the Imperial Guardsmen will get to strike first when the Orks assault.



We will be producing more impressive terrain pieces like the Ruined Tower in the future. These large pieces are made in very limited numbers, so once they're out of stock, they are out of stock forever!



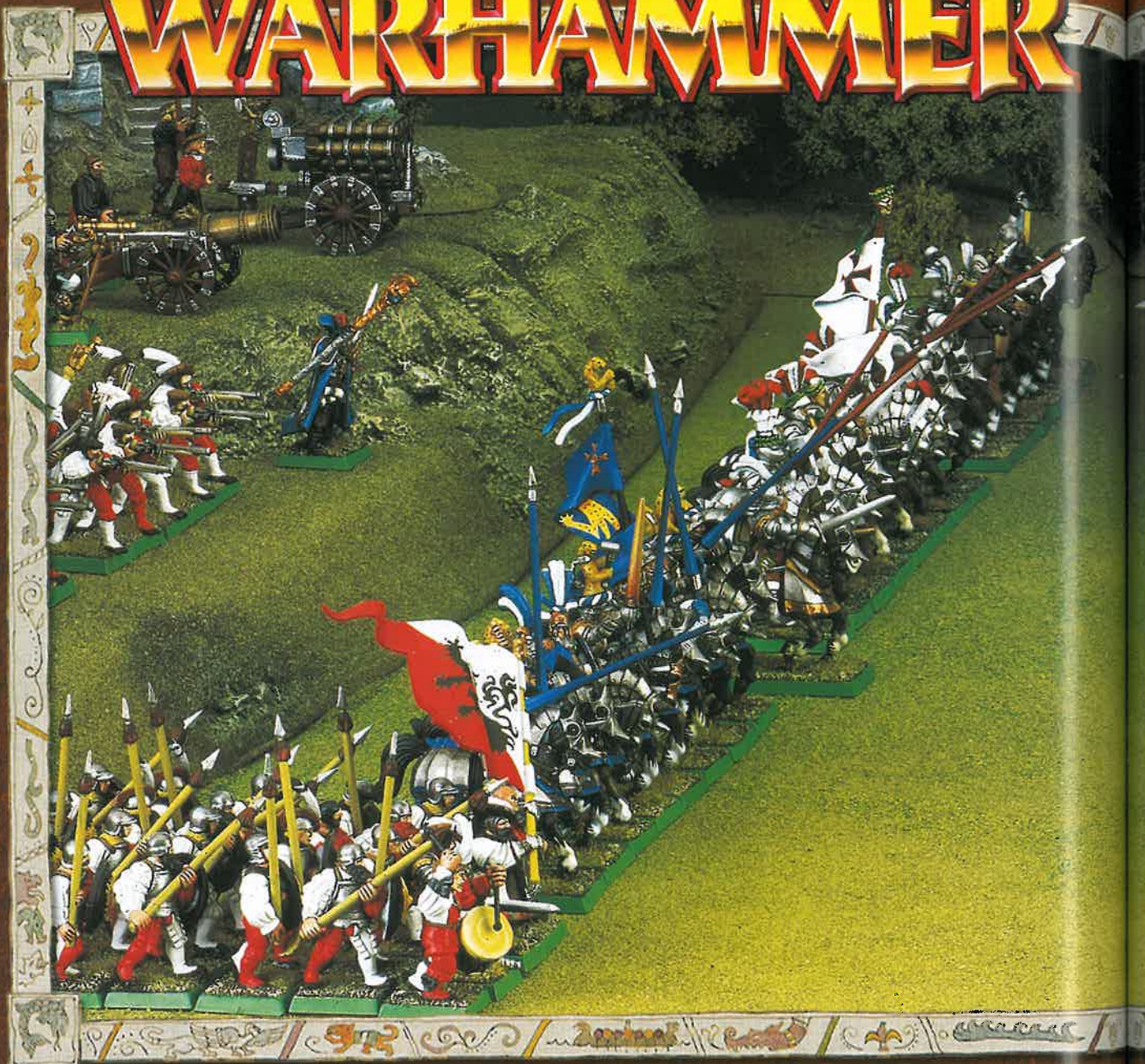
Sisters of Battle defend the tower's entrance from the evil Dark Eldar.

In addition to the impressive ruined tower, designed by modelling guru Mark Jones, these first releases include a hill, Warhammer 40,000 barricades, walls, hedges and trees. To top this off there is a massive 6'x4' static grass battlemat to play over!

These initial releases will supply you with all the basic scenery that is commonly used in a game of Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, allowing you to easily and instantly cover your gaming table with good looking, functional scenery.

Watch out for further releases in the coming months!

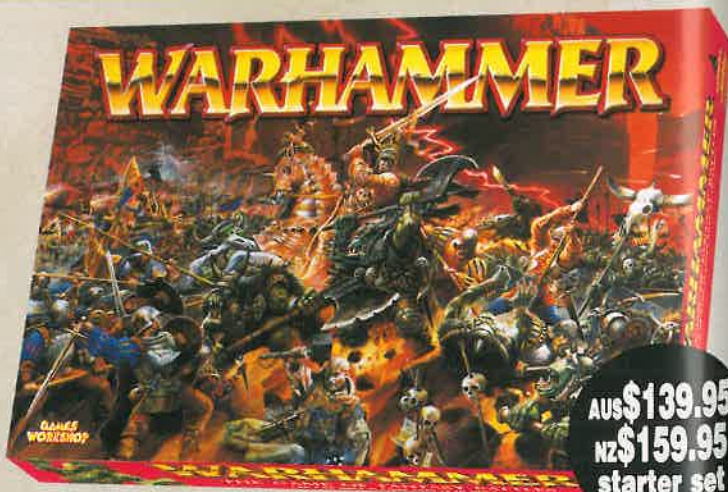
WARHAMMER



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

The huge starter set contains the following:

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



AUS \$139.95
NZ \$159.95
starter set

THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES



39.95
59.95
ter set



Citadel Miniatures supplied unpainted and unassembled.

WARHAMMER REGIMENT SETS

The cover art depicts a dramatic battle scene. In the foreground, a warrior in ornate silver and gold armor, with a red and white striped surcoat, is mounted on a grey horse. He holds a long sword aloft in his right hand and a shield in his left. Behind him, another warrior in similar armor is visible. To the right, a third warrior in a red and white striped surcoat is mounted on a grey horse. In the background, a large red banner with a white eagle emblem is being carried by soldiers. The scene is set against a backdrop of a cloudy sky and distant mountains.

WARHAMMER REGIMENT SETS

AUS\$34.95 NZ\$39.95

Warhammer Regiment Sets are the best way to collect or add to a Warhammer army. All of the Regiment Sets are Core units so they will form the basis of your army. Each set contains a variety of plastic legs, torsos, arms, heads and weapons along with lots of optional parts like extra weapons, shields, cloaks and pouches. This allows for a great variety of poses and detailing.

Many sets also have extra parts like gravestones, mushrooms or even rats!

Each set in the range includes the parts to build a Leader, Standard Bearer and Musician model. As all the models are made up of multi-part plastic components, converting couldn't be easier. In fact, many parts are interchangeable with those of other Regiment Sets.



(Left) A regiment of Knights Panther.
(Right) A regiment of Reiksguard Knights.



EMPIRE KNIGHTLY ORDERS

There are many Knightly Orders in the Empire. The most famous Orders are the Reiksguard, the Knights Panther and the Knights of the White Wolf. The Knightly Orders set gives you enough models and bits to make a regiment of any of the above Orders, or if you like you can invent your own Knightly Order.

The Empire Knightly Orders Regiment Set contains:

8 Knights (including parts to make a Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).



The Empire Soldiers Regiment Set contains:
19 Empire Soldiers (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

EMPIRE SOLDIERS

The armies of the Empire are professional, well-disciplined and led by some of the finest generals in history. A typical Empire army is based around units of highly trained Halberdiers or Swordsmen. This boxed set gives you the option to arm your unit with either swords or halberds. You could even split up the set into a regiment and a small detachment.



WARHAMMER



The Night Goblin Regiment Set contains:
20 Night Goblins (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

NIGHT GOBLINS

The subterranean Night Goblins emerge from their dark network of mountain tunnels and gather into large mobs for battle. Whilst not the toughest of fighters, their sheer numbers, as well as the Fanatics hidden in their ranks, often give an opponent cause to stay clear. The Regiment Set gives you the option to arm your Night Goblins with spears or short bows.



WARHAMMER



The Orc Warriors Regiment Set contains:
19 Orc Warriors (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

ORC WARRIORS

Orcs excel at close combat, and boast some of the toughest warriors in the Warhammer world. In battle, they wield huge weapons known as 'choppas'. These great cleavers are far larger and more dangerous than the mere swords and axes of Men. The Regiment Set contains enough weapons to arm your Orcs with choppas, spears or even with a weapon in each hand!



WARHAMMER



The Chaos Warriors Regiment Set contains:
12 Chaos Warriors (including parts to make a Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

CHAOS WARRIORS

Chaos Warriors gather together in bands to ravage and plunder the lands of the Old World, all in the name of their dark gods. The Regiment Set contains enough weapons to arm your Chaos Warriors with halberds or hand weapons and shields.



WARHAMMER



The Skeleton Warriors Regiment Set contains:
20 Skeleton Warriors (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

SKELETON WARRIORS

Skeleton Warriors are long dead soldiers raised again to serve their evil Undead masters in battle. Regiments of horrifying Skeletons form the core of the Undead armies from Khemri in the south or those of the dark domains of the Vampire Counts. The Regiment Set allows you to raise a unit of Skeleton Warriors armed with spears or hand weapons and shields.



WARHAMMER



The Zombie Regiment Set contains:
20 Zombies (including Standard Bearer & Musician).

ZOMBIES

Zombies are corpses brought back to unlife by foul necromancy. Animated by the will of a dark sorcerer, they are slaves to his slightest whim. Their necromantic overlords drive them into battle in their thousands, using them to exhaust the armies of their enemies. The Regiment Set allows you to raise a unit of Zombies.



WARHAMMER



The Skaven Clanrat Regiment Set contains:
20 Skaven Clanrats (including Champion, Standard Bearer & Musician).

SKAVEN CLANRATS

Clanrats form the vast bulk of the Skaven armies that pour forth in times of war. Individual Skaven are vicious but rather cowardly. In huge hordes, however, they turn into an unstoppable mass. The boxed set gives you the option to arm your Clanrats with spears or swords and shields.



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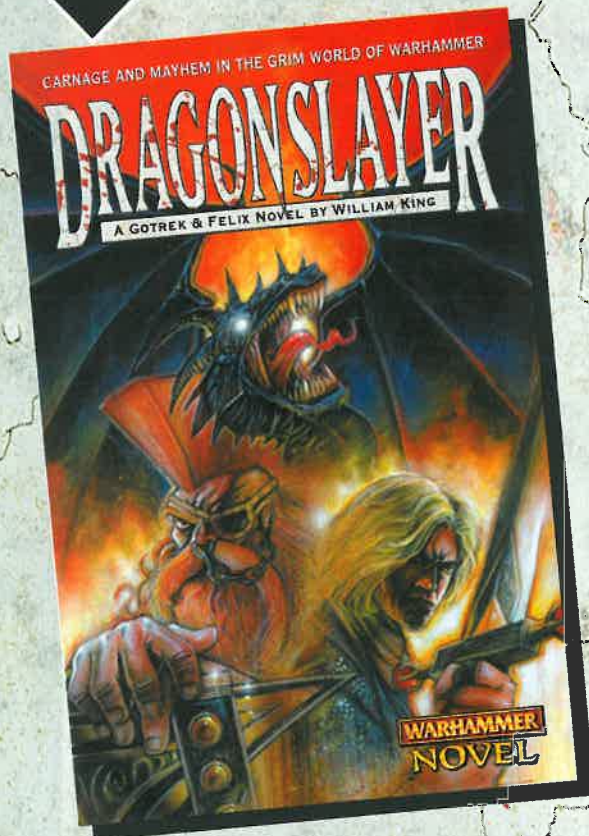
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DRAGONSLAYER

A GOTREK AND FELIX NOVEL BY WILLIAM KING

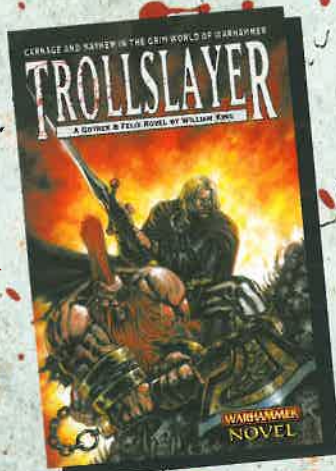
'The dragon opened its mouth. The fires of hell burned within its jaws. Felix thought the creature looked almost as if it were smiling. Some strange impulse compelled him to throw himself between Gotrek and the creature just as it breathed. He fought back the desire to scream as a wall of flame hurtled towards him...'

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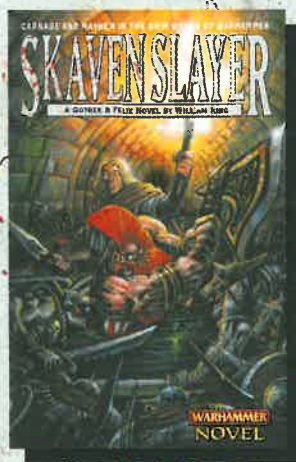
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STORM CLOUDS OVER GEISTHEIM

A Warhammer Battle Report by Gordon Davidson, Alessio Cavatore, Space McQuirk, Graham McNeill and Phil Kelly.

Welcome to this month's battle report, a brutal clash heralding the release of the fantastic new edition of Warhammer. With the Empire Armies book released this month and the Orc & Goblin Armies book hitting the shelves next month, we thought it fitting to showcase these two varied and colourful armies as they meet in fierce battle in the depths of the Great Forest.

Set in the once peaceful forests of Talabheim, this battle report focuses on the struggle around the village of Geistheim as Empire troops mass to defend their beleaguered outpost. In a time when the incursions of the Orcs were becoming more frequent, and each war party seemed to be growing in size, the Empire must make a stand or surrender large portions of the Great Forest to the marauding Greenskin menace. Even the local residents have been drafted in to defend their home town in this bitter struggle for supremacy.

This is an ideal forum to show just how the new version of Warhammer works, and what changes have been implemented since the last release. The scenario played was the first and most basic mission from the Warhammer rules, *The Battle of Nebelheim* (Pitched Battle), and is reproduced as it is in the rulebook on the following pages.

Note that many of the points values and more detailed rules presented here are taken from work in progress on the Empire Armies book and the Orcs and Goblins Armies book, they may be subject to change.

The booms of the Orcs' gigantic drums could barely be heard over the sound of their guttural war chants. As the loyal troops of Talabheim stood in disciplined ranks, the sound of crashing trees and branches snapping increased in volume before finally the Orc horde emerged from the tree-line. Elector Count Schepke steadied his horse and, raising his sword high above his head, he calmly addressed his troops.

"Hold the line, men!" he yelled. "Artillery, ready your fuses and await my command!"

His voice was barely audible above the jeers of the massive Orc horde. A solid wall of Greenskins now stood facing his brave soldiers, bellowing fierce challenges and clashing crude choppas against their rusted armour, a stark contrast to the disciplined ranks of the Empire soldiers.

The people of Talabheim had thought themselves safe, hidden deep within the heart of the Great Forest. A lapse of vigilance resulting from years of peace and prosperity had allowed the sudden Orc invasion to devastate the villages and towns surrounding Talabheim. Huge numbers of Orcs had been reported raiding the unprotected settlements, disappearing as quickly as they had emerged, leaving a broken trail of wanton destruction behind them. Only the town of Geistheim lay between the advancing Orcs and the city known as The Eye of The Forest.

A veteran of many campaigns, Elector Count Otto Schepke had seen a pattern developing within the attacks of the Orcs. Mustering his regiments and Knights, he rode to the small town and alerted the mayor of the approaching danger. If his deductions proved correct, they had only a short time to prepare for battle. The mayor of Geistheim exhorted the townsmen to gather their weapons. The Count knew that a man fighting to defend his home was a dangerous opponent, a match even for the skills of his bravest soldiers. They would need such courage in the battle were they to stand any chance of defeating the invading army.

Every month we publish a Battle Report, chronicling the events of an actual game. They give you an idea of how the game works and are a good place to pick up some gaming tips and tactics.



SCENARIO 1 - BATTLE OF NEBELHEIM

This battle is often held up as an example of a true pitched battle, by scholars of the Empire.

In this battle the army of the Empire, led by Konrad, Elector Count of Ostland, engaged a large horde of Orcs, led by Warlord Gorkfang. Knowing that the Orcs would press on regardless of losses and seek to overwhelm the Empire army by force of numbers alone, Konrad chose his ground carefully and devised a cunning plan. Then he deployed his army in the path of the invading Orc horde, forming up his carefully considered battle line in open, rolling terrain that formed a natural arena for the battle. Konrad then deliberately positioned thin lines of missile troops in the centre and big blocks of solid troops on the flanks.

The Orcs approached and seeing the apparently thin and weak centre, went into a headlong and ill-considered advance. Of course Konrad's centre gave way and the

Orcs surged onward oblivious to the approaching doom. It was now time for Konrad, relying on the immense discipline of his men, to close the trap. The massive and resistant Empire formations on both flanks swung inwards and hammered the Orc army from both sides. It is said that the Orcs were jammed together so closely in the melee that they were unable to use their weapons and so fell readily and in great heaps to the massed halberds of the Ostlanders. Gorkfang himself fell, and his horde was annihilated. It was a famous victory.

PITCHED BATTLE

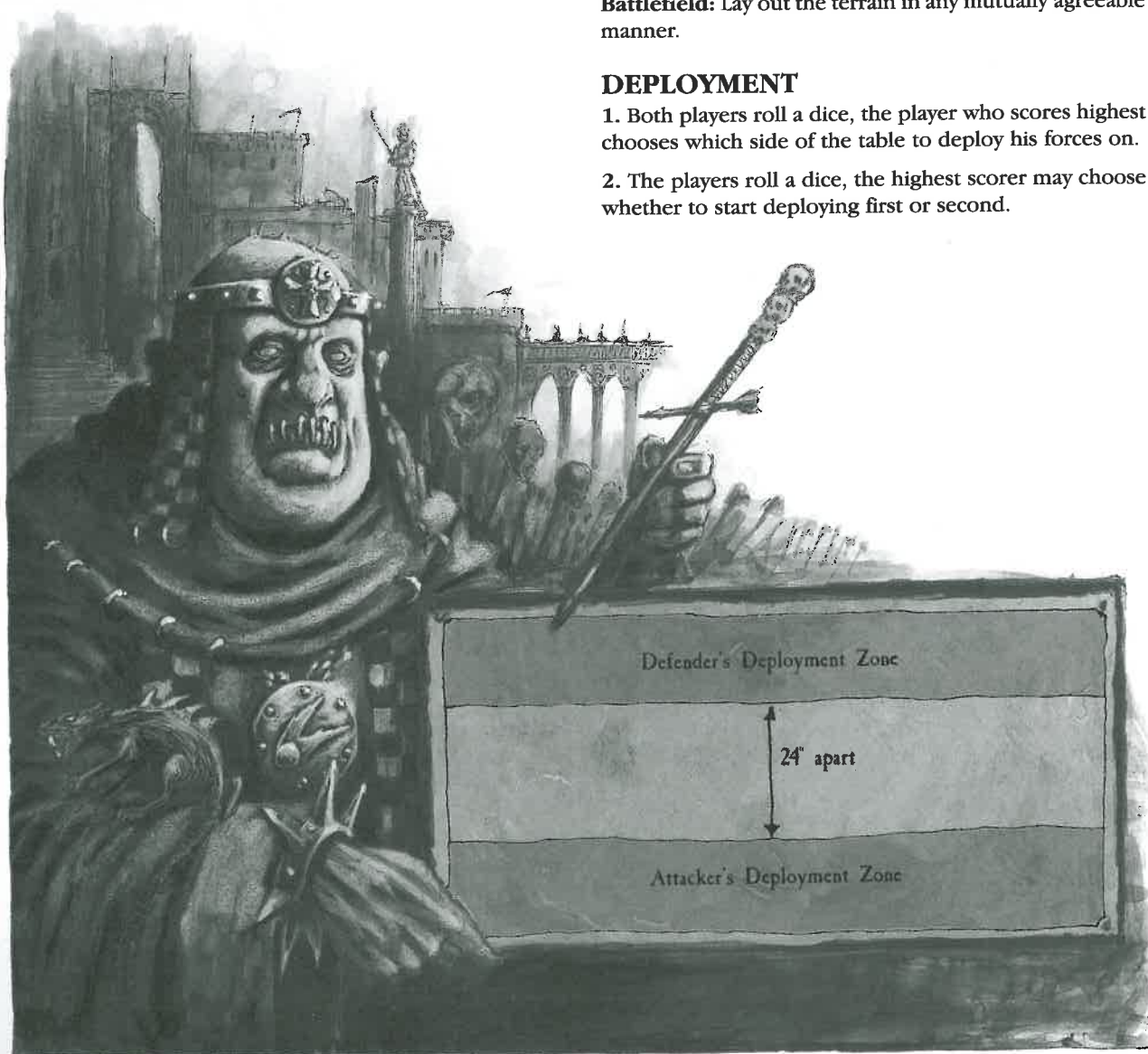
Overview: Both armies are fully prepared for battle and their goal is simple – wipe out their enemy and take the field!

Armies: Both armies are chosen using the Warhammer army lists to an agreed points value.

Battlefield: Lay out the terrain in any mutually agreeable manner.

DEPLOYMENT

1. Both players roll a dice, the player who scores highest chooses which side of the table to deploy his forces on.
2. The players roll a dice, the highest scorer may choose whether to start deploying first or second.





3. Taking it in turns, each player deploys one unit at a time, at least 24" from the opposing deployment zone.

4. All war machines in a player's army are deployed at the same time, though they can be deployed in different parts of the battlefield.

5. Champions are deployed with their unit, all other characters in the army are deployed after all other units, all at the same time.

6. Scouting units are not deployed with the rest of the units. Instead they are placed on the table after all units in both armies have been deployed, as described in the rules for Scouts.

Who goes first? Both players roll a dice, the player who finished their deployment first (not including Scouts) may add +1 to their dice roll. The player who scores highest may choose whether to go first or second (re-roll ties).

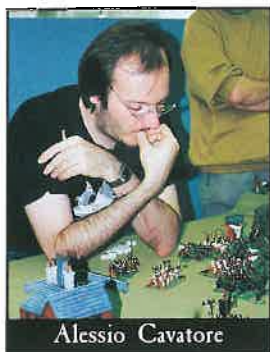
Length of game: The game lasts six turns or until one player concedes defeat.

Special rules: There are no special rules in this scenario.

Victory conditions: Unless one player concedes, use the Victory Points chart to determine who the winner of the battle is.

HISTORICAL RE-FIGHT

To re-fight the Battle of Nebelheim, simply use the Pitched Battle scenario as described. Of course, the Empire player cannot rely on his opponent being as reckless as Gorkfang, although he can try to be as cunning as Konrad. The battlefield is best represented by an open plain in the centre with perhaps low hills on the flanks to partially conceal either end of the Empire deployment zone from the approaching enemy.



Alessio Cavatore

PREPARE FOR BATTLE!

Alessio: Now, since it would be the first battle report of a new game system, I thought it was better to keep things simple. I tried to stick to a basic Empire army, but I definitely wanted to put a bit of everything in it, because this was a good chance to show off lots of new models.

With a bit of luck, this would also help me to prove a point: I said many times that the Empire must have 'combined arms' to

work well. Now I had to demonstrate it.

Starting with my characters I went for maximum variety, picking almost every one of the Heroes (a Battle Wizard, an Engineer and a Warrior Priest) and using an Elector Count as my General. A Count is the more usual of the Lord choices to take the field and it seemed a mandatory choice for the very first Empire army. I tooled him up because I didn't want him to be scared of challenging the much tougher Orc General. For this purpose I bought him the character-killing *Sword of Fate* and a *Holy Relic* for protection (4+ Ward save). Another advantage of Elector Counts is that they are quite cheap, and that allows you to spend more points on troop types (and one of your regiments can have a magic banner!). I gave the Count a warhorse so that I could get him the maximum armour save (and because I loved the model...) and so it seemed natural to deploy him with the Knights.

Since the General would not be with the infantry, I needed a good leader for my soldiers. A Warrior Priest with a *Rod of Command* would do the trick, giving the Swordsmen (carrying the *War Banner*) and their Detachment a Leadership of 8 and making sure they'll pass their first Break test. My Battle Wizard would provide the much needed magical protection (I love *Dispel Scrolls*) and the Engineer would stay with a war machine, as he should. There he would help the crew, snipe at enemy Champions and Wizards with his Hochland long rifle and challenge attacking enemy characters with his amusing *Van*

Horstman's Speculum (just imagine a duel between the Engineer and a Black Orc Warboss, with the most important stats swapped around...).

I then worked my way through the troops' entries in the list and at the end I had picked all of them but the Greatswords, the Flagellants and the White Wolves. Not bad for a starting force – only the hardest and rarest troop types had been excluded. I must admit though that I just couldn't resist the temptation of taking a Volley Gun. You see, I knew I would be fighting Orcs and I needed something that could kill lots of them if they got too close... and they always get too close! A Cannon, to take care of chariots and Giants, and a Mortar, for big blocks of Goblins, completed my artillery. The centre of my army would be made of two large blocks of infantry that I would deploy side by side for mutual support, each with a Detachment to cover their remaining exposed flank.

A unit of Handgunners (with a Champion armed with repeater hand gun) and their Crossbowmen Detachment would look for a hill from where they could add to the artillery fire. The Handgunners' second Detachment, a small and cheap unit of Free Company fighters, would have the noble role of drawing out the enemy Fanatics (join the army, they said...). A similar role would be performed by my unit of infiltrating Hunters, hopefully causing lots of problems to Gordon by forcing him to release his Fanatics too far from my Knights and too close to his own troops. The Knights themselves wear full plate mail, ride armoured warhorses and are armed with lances, increasing my army's hitting power and giving the enemy war machines something to shoot at. Just to be sure, I also gave them a *Banner of Arcane Warding* to protect this precious unit, and my General with them, against nasty Waaagh! spells.

Finally, I bought a unit of my favourite troop type: Pistoliers! Having a unit of this hard-hitting fast cavalry on the flank is something that will give any enemy something to worry about! The Orcs would have to do something about the Pistoliers and their advance would be slowed down in the process, giving me more time to shoot them up.

My army of Men of the Empire was now ready to take on the savage invaders of our land. May Sigmar be with us!

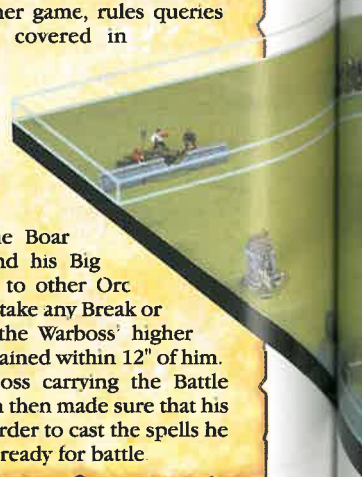
DEPLOYMENT

Battles have been won and lost through poor deployment. Alessio and Gordon squared off against one another and rolled to see who would get to choose which side of the table they would deploy from. Alessio scored higher and chose the southern side of the battlefield. With table sides chosen, both players now rolled to see who would choose whether to begin deploying their troops first. This is an important tactical decision because if you finish deploying your army first, then you gain a +1 to the dice when rolling to see who gets the first turn of the game. Gordon rolled higher, but with the number of units in his army he realised that couldn't gain the +1 bonus, even if he started deploying first. Therefore, he made Alessio begin deploying his army before his own, in order to gain an insight to his opponent's plans. Alessio deployed his forces on ground where the wide fields of fire would allow him to use his Handgunners, Crossbowmen and artillery to full effect. The Mortar was deployed on a hilltop and the Cannon was thrown out on the opposite flank where Alessio hoped its deadly cannonballs would be able to smash through several units at a time. The main infantry strength was deployed in the centre of the table, with the Pistoliers ready to dash around the Orc left flank.

With the edges of the Great Forest taking up a large proportion of the Orc army's deployment zone. Gordon would need to be cunning indeed. The larger Orc force had to somehow cram together into a very small area. Gordon

decided to maximise his strength between the two woods. Both Orc Boyz regiments and the Boar Chariot were placed here with Night Goblins on each flank. An imposing wall of Greenskins lined up opposite Alessio's stoic Knights. The Rock Lobba was dragged to the top of the eastern hill where it would have a commanding view of the battlefield. Gordon checked with Alessio whether he could deploy his Spear Chukkas inside the woods. Due to the infinite scope of possibility within the Warhammer game, rules queries occasionally arise that are not covered in the rulebook and most players can usually come to mutual agreement on such queries. In this case both players agreed that the Spear Chukkas could deploy in the woods so long as they were within 2" of the forest's edge.

Gordon's Warboss would lead the Boar Boyz who were positioned behind his Big Uns. This put him close enough to other Orc regiments so that if they needed to take any Break or Psychology tests, they could use the Warboss' higher Leadership of 9 so long as they remained within 12" of him. Finally Gordon placed his Big Boss carrying the Battle Standard with the Big Uns. Gordon then made sure that his Orc Shaman had a line of sight in order to cast the spells he had rolled. Both armies were now ready for battle.



GATHERING THE HORDE

Gordon: So there I was having tea with Rick Priestley, when suddenly the horizon darkened and the ground shook. "Uh oh Rick, it's half an hour since breakfast, I think Fat Bloke's hungry again," I cried, the terror evident in my voice. "You fend him off while I make my escape," Rick replied bravely. I prepared to sell myself dearly so my lord and master could live to write again another day.

"DAVIDSON", the huge one rumbled, "Yes..." I replied meekly, "I want you to fight Alessio," "Why? He's not done anything to annoy me," I wittily retorted. Paul fixed me with his best squint and grinned at me through food-stained teeth. "At Warhammer you dipstick." Breathing a huge sigh of relief I agreed (knowing you're no longer on the lunchtime menu always cheers me up). "So what army do I get to play with then?" I asked. "Orcs & Goblins" came the heartening reply, "and you had better win!"

Alessio is a veteran gamer of many years and would be sure to be a tough opponent. I had 2,000 points to spend on an Orc & Goblin army and the basic troops from the boxed set seemed a good starting point. 20 Orc Boyz and 10 Arrer Boyz soon found their way onto my roster.

We are currently designing and painting a massive Orc horde but not everything I wanted was available yet. The wonderful new Wolfboyz sculpted by Aly Morrison and Brian Nelson were not quite finished, and Brian's Black Orcs wouldn't be ready in time either.

Knowing this, I decided to max out on Night Goblins. They are cheap points-wise and come with Fanatics which always terrify your opponent (especially ones with cavalry, and I knew Alessio would have to field some Reiksguard Knights). So with three units of 20 available I decided to field all 60 just to see the look on his face. I took another regiment of Boyz, this time the ones from the Orc Warriors Regiment Set, and upgraded them to Big 'Uns (Strength 4 Orcs with two hand weapons... Waaagh!).

The core of my army was now settled, so I could pick Bosses, Special and Rare choices to my heart's desire (points allowing). Characters are what keep an Orc army going, and they are some of the toughest in the Warhammer world. The Warboss is the key to your success on the battlefield and his equipment should be carefully considered as your plan is likely to revolve around him. Warboss Gitface likes to lead from the front and get into the thick of the action. With this in mind, I mounted him on a warboar and armed him with the *Battleaxe of the Last Waaagh!* giving him a mighty D6 extra Attacks per turn (it

runs out if you roll a 6 though) and protected him with *Warboss Um's Best Big Boss 'At*. You can spend up to 100 points on your Lord's magic items, and I had used the maximum allowance in order to turn my General into a killing machine.

Next up came my Army Standard. Low Leadership armies like Orcs and Goblins, Skaven etc need an Army Standard. Allowing that re-roll on vital Break tests can make a massive difference to your battle plan. I equipped him with *Gork's Waaagbbanner* and placed him with my Big 'Uns. This gave them an extra Hero in the front rank and a mighty 10" charge or march move (the magic banner adds to your Move when advancing towards the enemy).

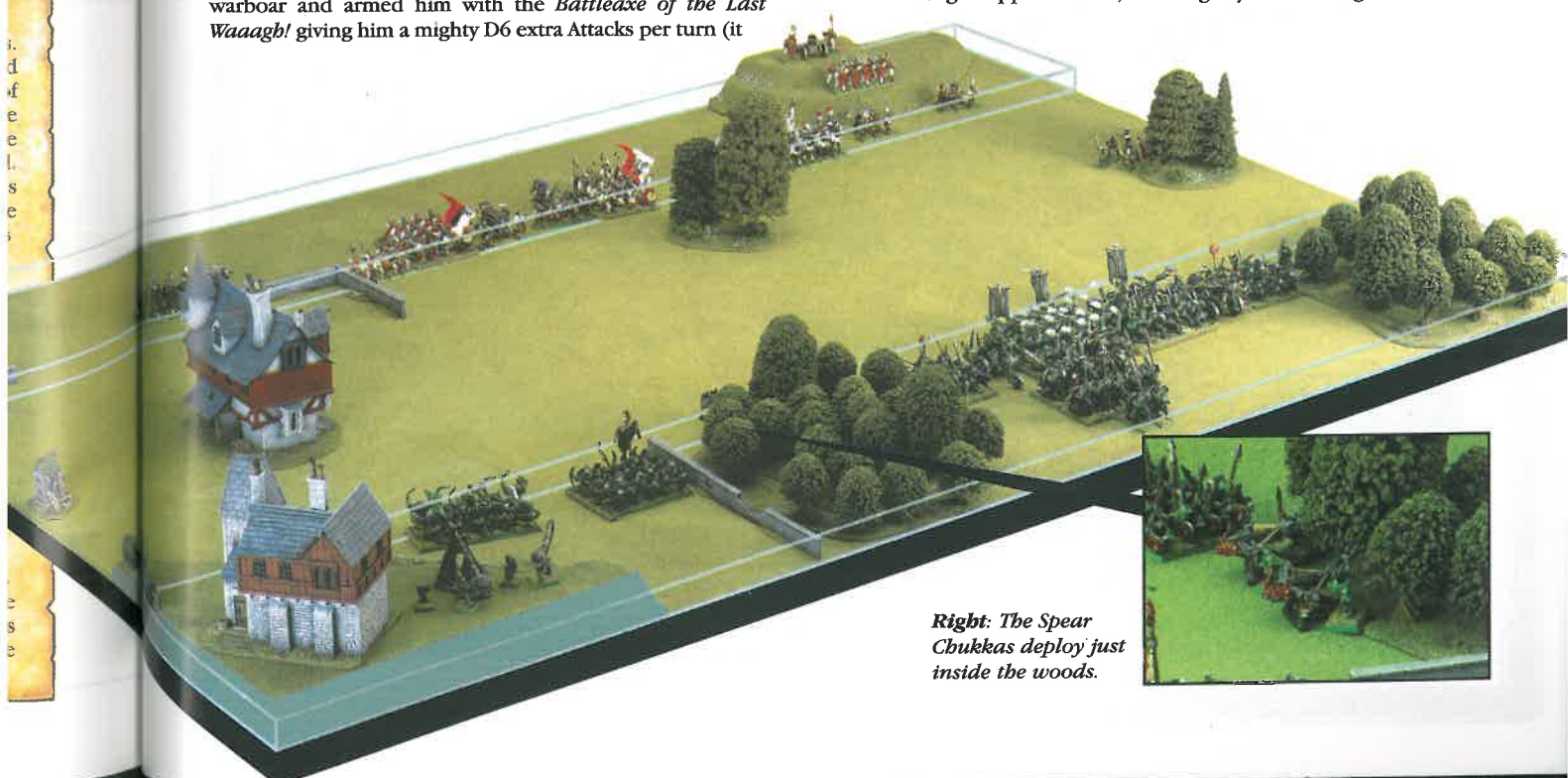
With two Hero choices left I opted for an Orc and a Goblin Shaman, both of whom I upgraded to Second Level wizards. This would allow me extra power dice in the Magic phase and give me an interesting selection of spells.

My remaining points could now be spent on some very characterful and powerful choices. The 'Eavy Metal lads have painted up a mighty unit of 15 Orc Boar Boyz but I could only afford 11 of them. They would all fight alongside my general and form a unit to drive fear into the heart of my opponent. An Orc Boar Chariot and a Snotling Pump Wagon were must-haves and I rounded out my army with some artillery. Two Spear Chukkas and a Rock Lobber would hunt cavalry and war machines respectively.

Now that I had chosen my army I needed a plan. With Orcs it's always a fairly simple one; CHARGE! There are however subtle variations on this tactic. Move forward as fast as possible, but try and charge with as many units as you can in the same turn. If you advance piecemeal, the well trained and disciplined troops of the Empire can pick off and destroy the closest threats easily. My Night Goblins and their crazed Fanatics would protect my flanks and close off areas of the battlefield from Alessio. Apart from that I would zap him with magic, use my war machines to destroy his war machines and hit his men with lots of big choppas. To war, for the glory of da Waaagh!



Gordon Davidson



Right: The Spear Chukkas deploy just inside the woods.

COUNT OTTO SCHEPKE'S ELITE BATTLEHOST

CHARACTERS

LORD: Elector Count Otto Schepke (80)
Full plate armour (12), shield (3), warhorse
(15), barding (6), *Holy Relic* (45),
Sword of Fate (50). 211 pts

HERO: Warrior Priest Franz Weissner (95)
Heavy armour (4), two-handed hammer (4),
Rod of Command (50). 153 pts

HERO: Master Engineer Tiberius Holst (55)
Hochland long rifle (20), *Van Horstman's*
Speculum (25). 100 pts

HERO: Battle Wizard Maximillian von
Drakwald (60)
Extra level (35), *Dispel Scroll* (25),
Dispel Scroll (25). 145 pts

CORE

20 Swordsmen, standard bearer (10),
Sergeant (10), musician (5), *War Banner* (25).
190 pts

Detachment - 10 Halberdiers 60 pts

9 Huntsmen 90 pts

8 Reiksguard Knights, musician (10),
standard bearer (15), First Knight (15),
Banner of Arcane Warding (40). 264 pts

10 Handgunners, Marksman (10),
Repeater hand gun (10). 105 pts

Detachment - 5 Crossbowmen 40 pts

Detachment - 5 Free Company Fighters
25 pts

20 Spearmen, shields (+1), Sergeant (10),
banner (10), musician (5). 165 pts

8 Free Company Fighters 40 pts

SPECIAL

1 Mortar 75 pts

1 Great Cannon 100 pts

7 Pistoliers 119 pts

RARE

1 Helblaster Volley Gun 125 pts

GRAND TOTAL 2,002 pts



WARBOSS BLACKTOOTH'S UNSTOPPABLE HORDE

CHARACTERS

LORD: Warboss Gitface Blacktooth (110)
Light armour (3), Warboar (24), *Battleaxe of the Last Waaagh!* (65), *Warboss Um's Best Big Boss 'At* (35). **237 pts**

HERO: Goblin Shaman Nodgrot (55)
Extra level (35), *Dispel Scroll* (25), *Dispel Scroll*(25). **140 pts**

HERO: Orc Shaman Morkus Blackfang (65)
Extra level (35), *Buzgob's Knobbly Staff* (35). **135 pts**

HERO: Orc Big Boss Krog Hogtooth (65)
Army Standard (25), heavy armour (4), shield (2), *Gork's Waaaghbanner* (50). **146 pts**

CORE

20 Orc Boyz, additional hand weapons (+2), light armour, standard bearer (10), musician (5), Boss (13). **168 pts**

20 Orc Big 'Uns, additional hand weapons (+2), light armour, standard bearer (10), musician (5), Boss (13). **208 pts**

10 Orc Arrer Boyz **80 pts**

20 Night Goblins, bows (+1), standard bearer (10), musician (10). **75 pts**

20 Night Goblins, spears (+1), shields, standard bearer (10), musician (10). **75 pts**

20 Night Goblins, spears (+1), shields, standard bearer (10), musician (10). **75 pts**

8 Goblin Fanatics **160 pts**

SPECIAL

11 Orc Boar Boyz, standard bearer (15), musician (5), *Nogg's Banner of Butchery* (20). **238 pts**

1 Orc Boar Chariot **80 pts**

1 Goblin Rock Lobba, Orc Boss (13). **83 pts**

2 Goblin Spear Chukkas **60 pts**

RARE

1 Snotling Pump Wagon **40 pts**

GRAND TOTAL **2,000 pts**



EMPIRE TURN ONE

With a rousing bugle call, the soldiers of the Empire began advancing towards the Greenskins, their blades glittering in the sunlight. The Spearmen, Swordsmen and their supporting Detachments advanced cautiously into the open ground between the walls of the village and the woods in the centre of the battlefield. On the other side of the wood, the Reiksguard Knights moved forwards, making sure to keep out of sight of the Gobbo Spear Chukkas and Rock Lobber. These machines are particularly dangerous to Knights and make short work of their high saving throws. The Huntsmen which Alessio had

concealed in the western woods now broke cover and sprinted towards the Night Goblins and Orc Shaman, hoping to draw out any Goblin Fanatics that Gordon had hidden within their ranks. This was a dangerous duty, but Alessio knew that he would have to force the Fanatics out before they got anywhere near his Knights, as they could wreak havoc within the cavalry regiment. The Pistoliers rode behind the townhouse, ready to threaten the flanks of the Orc Arrer Boyz and second regiment of Night Goblins.

In the Magic phase powerful energies swelled across the battlefield as Alessio began working out how many Power dice he would have to cast his spells. In addition to the basic two dice, Alessio's Level 2 Battle Wizard generated two Power dice per turn, making a grand total of four. Gordon's Dispel dice also numbered four, two basic Dispel dice as usual, boosted by one for each of his Level 2 Shamans (*when dispelling, a Level 1 or Level 2 wizard adds one to your Dispel dice pool, whereas a Level 3 or Level 4 magic user adds two dice*).

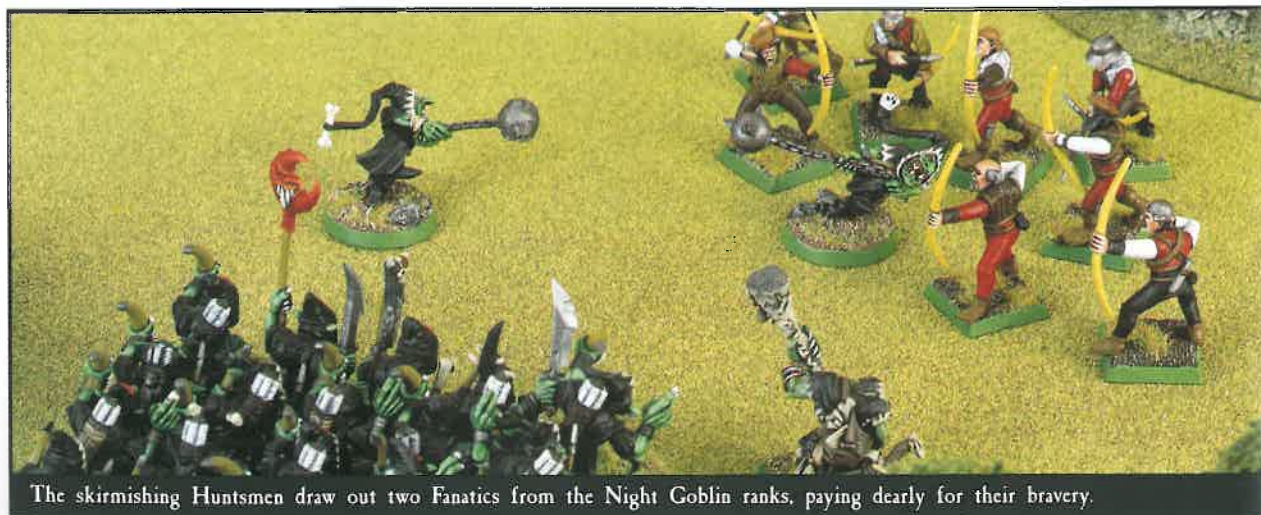
The Empire Battle Wizard began by attempting to cast the *Second Sign of Amul*, a protective spell giving the Empire player D3 re-rolls (the ability to re-roll any one dice they are not happy with and accept the second result). Alessio used three of his four power dice, managing to roll a two 4s and a 2, successfully beating the casting score of 5+ needed. If he had rolled a total of less than five, the spell would have failed.

Unfortunately for Alessio, Gordon attempted to Dispel using all four of his Dispel dice. Gordon rolled two 6s, a 4 and a 3, scoring more than Alessio's roll and dispelling the spell before it was cast.

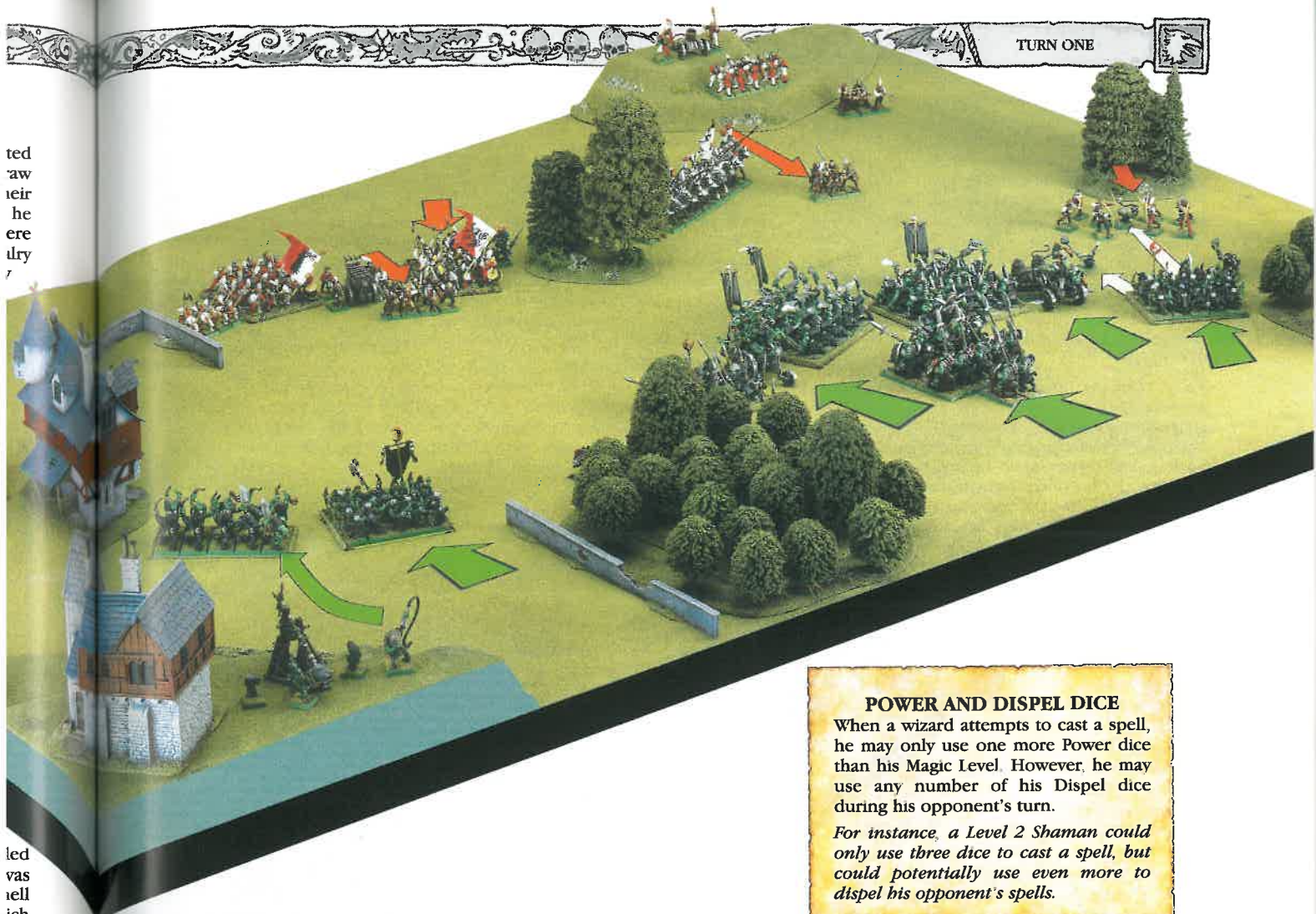
The Warrior Priest then used his special prayer-casting ability. Prayers are like minor spells, and are automatically cast at a Power Level of 3 without needing to roll any dice. As Gordon had no Dispel dice left, Alessio's Warrior Priest successfully cast the *Blessing of Sigmar* upon the Engineer which granted him a 5+ Ward save (handy in case the Orcs landed any accurate artillery fire!).

The Shooting phase began with a thunderous crash as the Imperial artillery train fired on the Orcish horde. Weapons that require a player to guess the range of their target must now be fired before any others, thus preventing players from shooting other missile weapons first to discover the ranges of targets. Alessio fired his Great Cannon at the Big 'Uns, but guessed a little too far and rolled an 8 on the Artillery dice, overshooting the relieved looking Orcs. The Mortar crew fared no better, rolling a Misfire on the Artillery dice. Tentatively, Alessio rolled a D6 and consulted the Misfire chart. Scoring a 6 he was relieved to find that his Mortar hadn't blown up, but a shell with a faulty fuse had been loaded into the war machine which exploded harmlessly in mid-air. The Handgunners and Crossbowmen both opened fire on the Orc Boar Chariot, but even with the extra D6" range that Handguns get on their first volley, their target was out of range. The Crossbowmen managed to cause a wound on the chariot, but not enough to stop it as it rumbled menacingly towards Alessio's line. All in all it had been a disastrous round of shooting for the Empire.

There was not yet any close combat and so the Empire's first turn drew to a close with only a single wound caused to the enemy. The next few turns promised to be bloody indeed.



The skirmishing Huntsmen draw out two Fanatics from the Night Goblin ranks, paying dearly for their bravery.



POWER AND DISPEL DICE

When a wizard attempts to cast a spell, he may only use one more Power dice than his Magic Level. However, he may use any number of his Dispel dice during his opponent's turn.

For instance, a Level 2 Shaman could only use three dice to cast a spell, but could potentially use even more to dispel his opponent's spells.

ORC TURN ONE

Orcs live to fight, even amongst themselves, and to represent this, Orc & Goblin units must test for Animosity at the beginning of each turn. Gordon had to roll a D6 for every unit in his army with the exception of war machines and chariots. On a roll of a 1 they would suffer from Animosity and have to roll on a separate chart to resolve its effects. With the Boar Boyz positioned behind the Big 'Uns it was a nervous moment for Gordon. If they failed their test then it was possible they would charge his Big 'Uns in their rear. The gamble paid off, for much to Alessio's amazement all the Orc units passed their test. With the enemy in sight, the Orcs marched 8" towards the Empire's lines. The Big 'Uns advanced the furthest as they carried *Gork's Waaaggbanner* which added 1" to their Movement, allowing them to March Move an additional 2" towards the nearest enemy unit.

As the Night Goblins marched forward they came within 8" of the Empire Huntsmen. This meant it had to halt in order to release the Goblin Fanatics. Gordon chose the initial direction they moved, but had to roll 2D6 for the distance they travelled. The first Fanatic whirled an incredible 11" straight through the Huntsmen. With a truly wicked laugh perfected after years of practice, Gordon rolled to see the effect of the crazed loon (when a unit is hit by a Night Goblin Fanatic, it takes D6 Strength 5 hits). He scored 5 hits, 4 of which caused damage to the Huntsmen. A Goblin Fanatic's deadly spiral of death does not allow the opposing player an armour save (in this case this was immaterial as the Huntsmen had no armour), and with over 25% of the unit dead, the Huntsmen had to take a Panic test. Alessio had to roll equal to or under the Huntsmen's

Leadership with two dice. Rolling a 9, they failed and fled 2D6" which carried them off the table edge when Alessio rolled a 10. The second Fanatic only managed to move 3", aiming towards the Empire troops on the hill in the distance. Once released they would now move in a random direction, and this lunatic Goblin was dangerously within swinging range of the bulk of the Orc advance.

The Orc Shaman began the Magic phase with Gordon choosing to cast *Gaze of Mork*, an offensive spell that can fry a man where he stands as a beam of green light pours from the Shaman's eyes. The evil Shaman cast the spell on Alessio's five-man unit of Free Company fighters. Needing a 6+ to cast the spell, Gordon chose to roll his maximum 3 dice and scored 11. Alessio decided not to attempt to dispel, and the *Gaze of Mork* caused D6 Strength 4 hits on the Free Company Fighters, killing four of them. A lone soldier was all that remained, but remarkably he passed his Panic test, grimly determined to avenge his comrades. The Goblin Shaman then attempted to cast *Ere we go* on the Big 'Uns. Using 3 dice, Gordon rolled an impressive 16, and Alessio did his best to Dispel, having saved up four dice to confound the Shaman's magic. Disaster struck, though, as Alessio rolled a 5, 1, 5, and another 1. The double one meant that the Dispel had automatically failed. The Big 'Uns now had a 6+ Ward save and would strike first in close combat, even if they were charged.

The Shooting phase was nowhere near as successful as the Magic phase, as Gordon failed to hit a single Empire soldier. The first turn was over, with the Orc army still fully intact and now much closer to the Empire's line.

EMPIRE TURN TWO

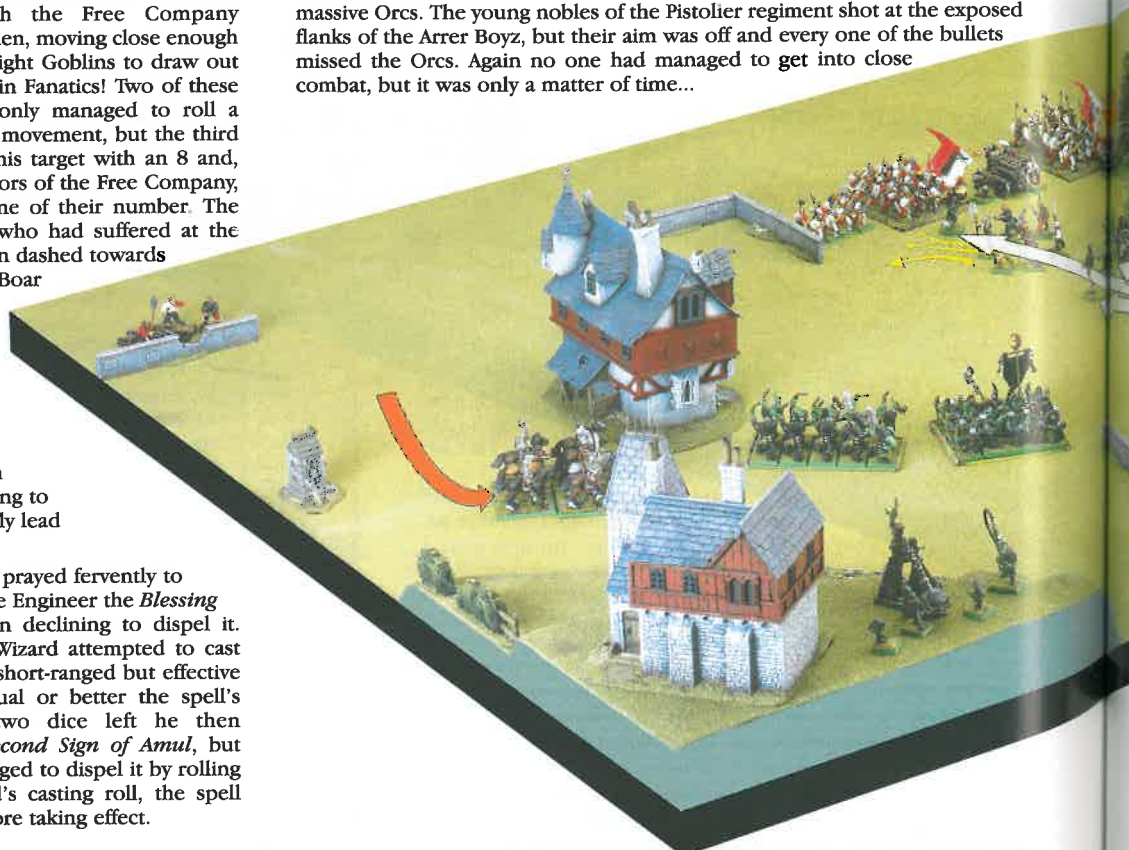
The Huntsmen were gone, but they had served their purpose and the Fanatics were now roaming around about the battlefield at random. Dangerous yes, but at least now they were dangerous to their own side as well! The Orcs were rapidly closing the gap between the armies and there were still far too many of the cursed Greenskins for the Elector Count's liking. Joining the Reiksguard Knights, he ordered them to reform with an additional rank, readying them for the charge.

The rest of the infantry continued its relentless advance forward, with the Free Company supporting the Swordsmen, moving close enough to the second unit of Night Goblins to draw out no less than three Goblin Fanatics! Two of these whirling death-dealers only managed to roll a total of 7 on their 2D6" movement, but the third just managed to reach his target with an 8 and, fortunately for the warriors of the Free Company, only managed to kill one of their number. The Free Company Fighter who had suffered at the hands of the Orc Shaman dashed towards the foul wizard and the Boar Chariot, eager to exact revenge for their fallen comrades. The Pistoliers continued to outflank the Orc left, cocking the flintlocks on their pistols and preparing to unleash a volley of deadly lead balls.

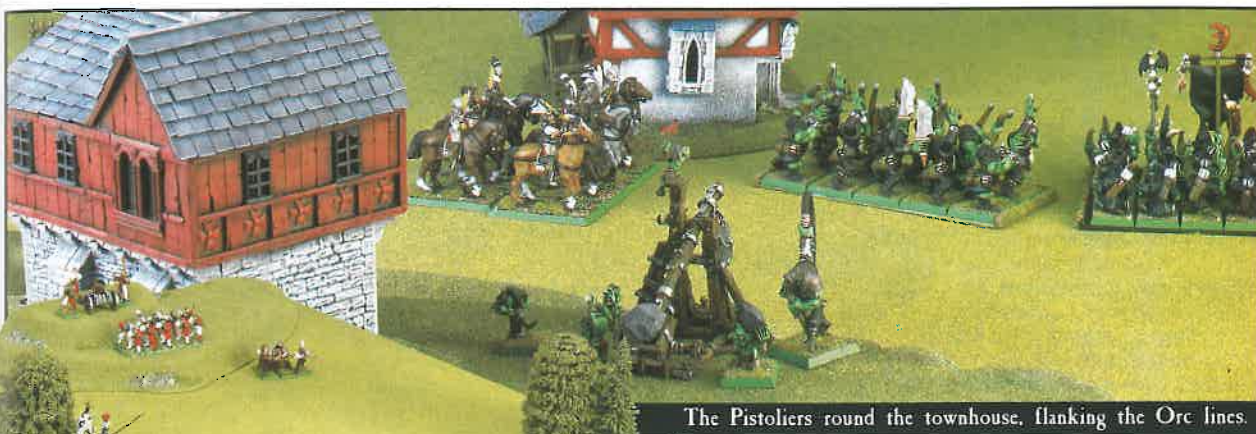
Again the Warrior Priest prayed fervently to his deity and granted the Engineer the *Blessing of Sigmar*, with Gordon declining to dispel it. Meanwhile, the Battle Wizard attempted to cast the *Storm of Cronos*, a short-ranged but effective spell, but failed to equal or better the spell's casting value. With two dice left he then successfully cast the *Second Sign of Amul*, but Gordon's Shaman managed to dispel it by rolling higher than the Wizard's casting roll, the spell crackling and dying before taking effect.

The ground shook once more as the Empire artillery opened fire. The Mortar fired a shell with a correctly cut fuse this turn, but Alessio managed to overshoot the Big 'Uns by rolling a 10" miss on the Scatter dice. All was not lost however. The shell sailed over the heads of the Orcs and exploded just behind the Night Goblins in the centre of the Greenskin's line, shredding one Goblin and wounding the Goblin Shaman who was skulking at the rear of the unit. A spinning cannonball struck the front of the Big 'Un unit and smashed an Orc from his feet before burying itself in the ground as Alessio rolled a Misfire for the cannonball's bounce.

The remainder of the Empire army let fly, with the Handgunners shattering the Boar Chariot in a hail of lead. The Crossbowmen and Helblaster Volley Gun fired on the Big 'Uns, but between them only managed to kill two of the massive Orcs. The young nobles of the Pistolier regiment shot at the exposed flanks of the Arrer Boyz, but their aim was off and every one of the bullets missed the Orcs. Again no one had managed to get into close combat, but it was only a matter of time...



Your Emperor needs you... the Free Company fulfil a distinctly unenviable battlefield role.



The Pistoliers round the townhouse, flanking the Orc lines.

MARCH MOVES

A March Move represents a unit redoubling its efforts to close with the enemy. The unit can move double its Movement characteristic during the Movement phase. However, this cannot be attempted when a member of the opposing force is within 8".

Skirmishers and characters are immune to this restriction and can always march move, even when within 8" of the enemy.

ORC TURN TWO

The destruction of the Chariot confused the Orc Boyz as both they and the Night Goblins on the left flank failed their Animosity tests, spending the remainder of the turn squabbling amongst themselves. *Gork's Waaaghbanner* meant that the Big 'Uns had to charge the nearest enemy unit within range. One of Alessio's Free Companies was within 10" of the Big 'Uns and thus a charge was declared. Choosing flee as their reaction, the Free Company turned tail towards the Halberdiers.

It was time for Gordon to move his Fanatics. A Scatter dice is used to determine the direction of the Fanatics. The first succeeded in wrapping the thick chain around his scrawny neck, killing him instantly (Gordon rolled a double on the movement dice when rolling to see the distance which the Fanatic would travel) while the second smashed into the Orc Shaman and caused a wound. Two of the Fanatics who had been released in the previous turn collided with each other leaving just a horrible mess in the centre of the battlefield.

The Snotling Pump Wagon rolled 8" forward. The Pump Wagon is another unit in the Orc & Goblin army that determines the distance it can travel randomly. Rolls for Animosity and units with random movement make the Orc army highly unpredictable. This may seem like a big disadvantage at times, but if you're not sure what your army is going to do next, you can be sure that your opponent doesn't either. Because the Free Company had chosen to flee as their charge reaction, the Big 'Uns charge would count as failed unless he could reach another enemy unit. As the tape measure came out Alessio grinned wryly. The Big 'Uns could not reach the Halberdiers and could therefore only move 5", leaving them in close range of the lethal Helblaster Volley Gun.

Once again the Orc Shaman attempted to cast *Gaze of Mork*, this time on the Reiksguard Knights. The magic item *Buzgob's Knobbly Staff* gave Gordon a +1 to his casting roll of 6 which was more than he needed to cast the spell. Fortunately for Alessio, the *Banner of Arcane Warding* that the Knights carried allowed him two extra dice to dispel magic that affected the unit, and he ensured his success by adding an extra dice from his Dispel dice pool. Next the Orc Shaman used his remaining two dice to cast *Eadbutt* on the champion of the Spearmen. Once again Alessio successfully dispelled, but the Goblin Shaman still had three dice to the Wizard's one. He now successfully cast *Hand of Gork* which would allow the Big 'Uns to charge this turn (the *Hand of Gork* allows a single unit to move an additional 2D6"). Alessio, having learnt hard lessons in the past, chose to use his Wizard's *Dispel Scroll* instead of rolling the Dispel dice, automatically cancelling out the Shaman's spell.

The Goblins in the wood now turned their Spear Chukkas towards the Pistoliers. Needing 5+ to hit, the first shot missed its mark, but the second scored a hit with a Strength of 6. The bolt of a Spear Chukka will continue through the first rank into subsequent ranks losing 1 point of Strength for each model it skewers. A loud "Hoorah!" followed as the bolt not only killed a second Pistolier but forced Alessio to take a Panic test which he duly failed. The Pistoliers were out of range of the Elector Count's influence, and therefore needed to score 7 or under. Alessio rolled an 8 and, because Pistoliers have a movement value greater than 6", they flee 3D6" away from the enemy. Alessio rolled a total of 14", sending them fleeing straight off the table edge and out of the battle! The Night Goblins decided to fire on the lone Free Company Fighter advancing towards their lines, but only three managed to hit and of those none scored a wound. And on that note the Orc & Goblin turn came to an end.

EMPIRE TURN THREE

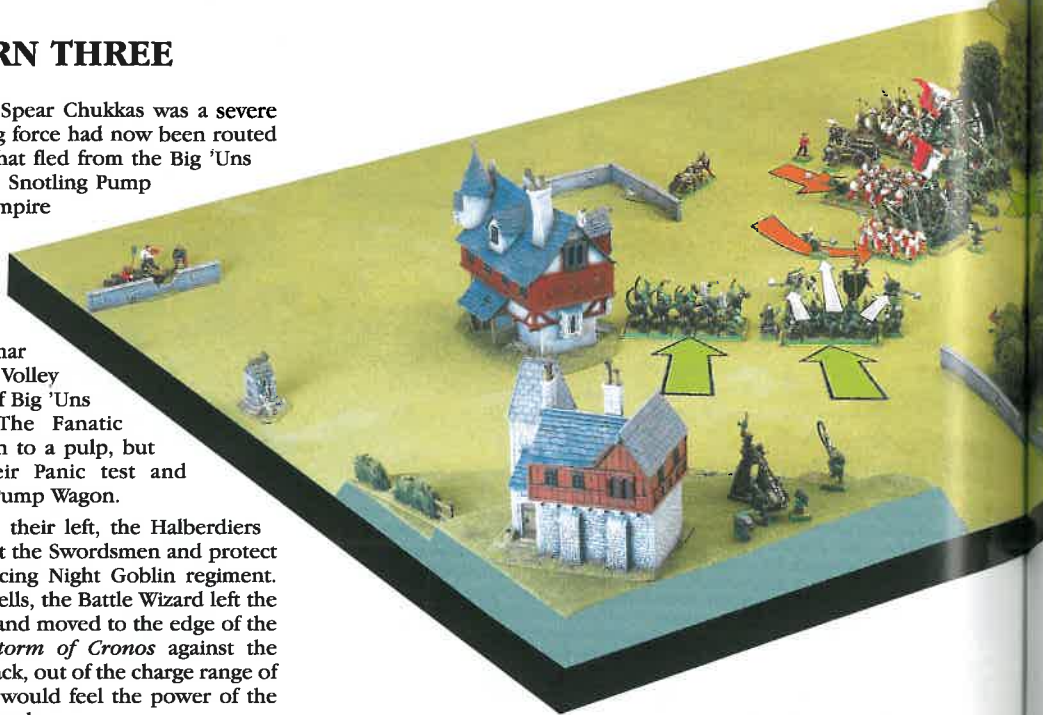
The loss of the Pistoliers to the Spear Chukkas was a severe blow as the Empire's fast flanking force had now been routed completely. The Free Company that fled from the Big 'Uns now rallied, and as the Orcs and Snotling Pump Wagon struggled towards the Empire line, there was only one order the Sergeant of the Swordsmen unit could give. Despite the Goblin Fanatic to their front, he shouted at his men to charge the Pump Wagon, hoping that Sigmar would protect them and that the Volley Gun could take care of the unit of Big 'Uns that threatened their flank. The Fanatic smashed three of the Swordsmen to a pulp, but the brave warriors passed their Panic test and completed their charge into the Pump Wagon.

Ignoring the spinning Fanatic to their left, the Halberdiers moved forwards, ready to support the Swordsmen and protect that unit's flank from the advancing Night Goblin regiment. Seeking a worthy target for his spells, the Battle Wizard left the safety of the Spearmen regiment and moved to the edge of the woods, ready to unleash the *Storm of Cronos* against the Greenskins. The Knights edged back, out of the charge range of the approaching Orcs. The Orcs would feel the power of the Knightly Order's charge soon enough.

To further slow the Orcs in front of the Knights, the survivor of the Free Company on the Empire right flank moved deep into the Orc lines in order to prevent the enemy from March Moving. Three units were within 8" of him and so couldn't move any faster than their basic Movement characteristic.

The Magic phase began with the Warrior Priest blessing the Sergeant of the Swordsmen with the *Hammer of Sigmar* which would allow him to re-roll any failed To Wound rolls he made in close combat this turn. These blessings are free to cast, but are also easy to dispel, which Gordon promptly proved by rolling a 5 on a single dice. The Wizard again tried to cast the *Second Sign of Amul* but failed to equal the spell's casting value on a single dice. The remaining three dice in his pool were channelled into casting the *Storm of Cronos* at the Orc troops around him and as Alessio rolled a total of 13, it looked as though all the Orc units within 12" of the Battle Wizard were about to be struck by D6 Strength 4 hits. Rather than take his chances trying to stop Alessio's magic with the dice, Gordon's Shaman uttered the incantations on his *Dispel Scroll* and automatically dispelled it.

A Mortar shell screamed through the air and exploded amongst the Boar Boyz, blasting one Orc from his mount, but the Greenskins pressed on regardless, passing their Panic test thanks to their Warboss' inspiring (threatening!) presence.

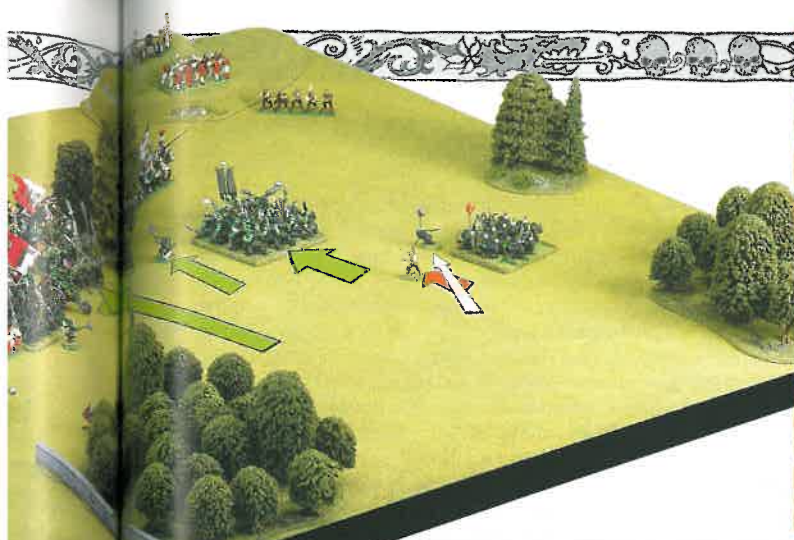


With the Big 'Uns floundering before the Empire Handgunners, the humans fired everything they had into the elite Orc regiment. The Orcs were flayed by bullets and crossbow bolts, but it was when the Helblaster Volley Gun opened fire that the true power of blackpowder became apparent. Shot after shot slashed through the Orc ranks as Alessio rolled a total of 18 hits! At short range, these were all at Strength 5 which punched through the crude Orcish armour with ease and a total of 14 Orcs were sent to meet Mork and Gork. When the smoke cleared, the Orc regiment had ceased to exist and a pile of mangled bodies was all that remained save for the Army's Standard Bearer, a Big Boss who stood dazed and clutching the now bullet-riddled banner. Despite the loss of every one of his fellows, the Big Boss was courageous (or stupid) enough not to run away, passing the inevitable Panic test.

The Warrior Priest and Swordsmen clashed with the Pump Wagon in a furious melee that saw the peculiar machine take two wounds. The Snotlings were unable to cause any damage back and so the Empire troops won the combat easily, lapping around the Pump Wagon's flanks to bring more warriors into the fight. Normally when a unit loses a round of close combat it must take a Break test, but as the Pump Wagon is Unbreakable, it remained in combat with the Empire's troops.



The awesome Helblaster Volley Gun annihilates the unit of approaching Big 'Uns in a maelstrom of smoke, steel and noise.



COMBAT RESULTS

When more than two units join in the same combat, working out the results can become a little more difficult. For example, if a unit with unit strength of five or more charges into the flank of an enemy unit (as is the case below with Alessio's Halberdiers), it negates the rank bonus of the enemy unit.

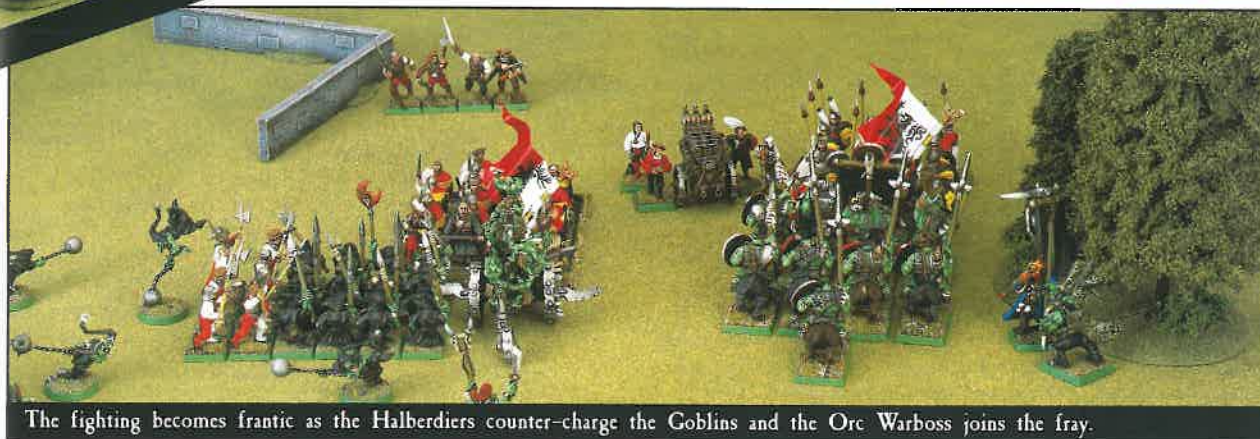
In this case, the Halberdiers are a Detachment, and get to use the Detachment special rule 'Counter-charge' to immediately flank the attacking Goblins, negating their high rank bonus.

At the end of the combat, the Combat Resolution is worked out as shown to the right. The Goblins unsurprisingly fail their Break test, and flee 2D6" directly away from the enemy.

Goblins	
Standard	1
Wounds caused	1
TOTAL	2

Empire	
Standard	1
Wounds caused	2
Ranks	3
Outnumbering	1
Flanking	1
TOTAL	8

The Empire troops win by 6, forcing the Goblins to take a Break test at -6 to their Leadership!



The fighting becomes frantic as the Halberdiers counter-charge the Goblins and the Orc Warboss joins the fray.

ORC TURN THREE

The virtual destruction of the Big 'Uns was a devastating blow to the Orc horde. The Night Goblins on the right flank were the only unit to suffer from the effects of Animosity and they spent this turn squabbling heatedly. To further confound the Orc army, one of the surviving Fanatics ended up spinning directly into the charge path of the Night Goblin Spearman.

The Orc plan lay in tatters, but with a low cunning akin to the sneakiest Goblin, a new tactical ploy began forming in Gordon's evil mind. A clear path had opened with which to declare a charge on the Empire Spearmen from his Boar Boyz. Surely the thunderous charge of this regiment would break the Empire line? The Big Boss of the Big 'Uns raised his standard in defiance and launched himself at the Empire Battle Wizard. The Night Goblins had declared a charge and had to suffer the attacks of their own Fanatic who scored six hits and killed three of his fellow Gobbos. They now joined the combat between the Swordsmen and the Pump Wagon, hoping that their massed ranks would end the stalemate. This charge forced the Swordsmen to reform after having lapped around the Pump Wagon in the last round of combat.

The battle was a deadly swirl of chopping blades, but the real mayhem was yet to begin. In response to the Night Goblin charge, the Halberdier detachment declared a counter-charge against them. Gordon calmly waited until the Detachment was within 8" of his Night Goblin Archers and announced the release of three more Fanatics. Fortunately for Alessio, Gordon rolled abysmally and none of the Fanatics actually reached the Halberdiers. Even though they hadn't hit, one Fanatic ended directly in the path of the counter-charge. Alessio voluntarily charged through the Fanatic who amazingly failed to wound a single soldier. The dice gods were abandoning Gordon, but surely this kind of bad rolling couldn't continue. The remaining Orcs were hampered by the brave lone Free Company Fighter and could only move 4" towards the Knights. Finally the Movement phase was over.

The Goblin Shaman attempted to cast *Hand of Gork* on the Orc Boyz but failed miserably, while the Orc Shaman successfully cast *Brainbursta* on the Elector Count. Confident in the magical powers of his banner to save him, Alessio was dismayed to once again roll a double 1, and his general suffered a single Strength 4 hit, causing a wound which he failed to save.

The Night Goblin Archers and Orc Arrer Boyz took aim at the Free Company. Gordon rolled a dismal 4 hits in total (the Goblin archers were at -1 to hit due to being at long range), of which only two killed their targets. The Spear Chukkas managed to kill another two men from the Free Company. The Stone Thrower misfired, launching one of its surprised crew into the air and rendering it unable to fire next turn.

Gordon was by now looking slightly annoyed. His Big Boss with the Battle Standard wounded the Battle Wizard, causing him to flee, but apart from that, things were definitely not going to plan. The close combat between the Night Goblins and the Swordsmen ended up with the Goblins inflicting a single casualty on the Halberdiers and losing two of their own number. Unfortunately they still lost the combat by six points. Being within 12" of the Warboss, they needed a total of 3 or less on two dice. Gordon rolled a total of 4 and cursed as the Night Goblins fled 4" back through the Fanatic who caused a further five fatalities. It definitely wasn't the Night Goblins' day.

Gordon had saved the best till last – the charge of the Boar Boyz would no doubt cheer him up. With vicious glee Gordon picked up no less than eighteen dice (5 Orcs, 5 Boars, 4 attacks from the Warboss and 4 from the *Battleaxe of the Last Waaagh!*). Out of all these attacks only a single boar managed to cause a fatal wound. In return the Spearmen managed to kill a Boar Boy, winning the combat! With the Warboss bellowing like a mad bull, the Boar Boyz passed their Break test. At this point in the game Gordon was understandably upset, disappearing for a much needed coffee break.

EMPIRE TURN FOUR

The last turn had been very bloody indeed and it was clear that both sides were stretched to the limit. The Swordsmen and Halberdiers were incredibly lucky not to have been decimated by a Goblin Fanatic, and directed all their attacks against the Pump Wagon, since the Night Goblins had fled. The Spearmen continued to hold out against the ferocious Orc Boar Boyz, but their courage was being sorely tested in this deadly combat. The wounded Battle Wizard managed to rally on the far side of the wood, escaping the wrath of the Orc Big Boss, who was left behind in the forest. On the Empire right flank the Crossbowmen wheeled round to face the main area of battle. Meanwhile, at the walls of the village, the Free Company began snaking their way towards the Orc lines. The lone Free Company Fighter who had proven so disruptive to the Orcs' Movement now returned to the fray, moving towards the Orc Shaman lurking near the woods.

At last the Elector Count saw the chance he had been waiting for and led his Knights in the charge. With a rousing battle cry, the Reiksguard Knights raked their spurs back, lowered their lances and smashed into the ranks of the Orc Boaz regiment. The combat would be ferocious and could potentially decide the outcome of the battle. Before any blood was spilt however, Alessio's Battle Wizard and Warrior Priest attempted to use their sorcerous and divine powers, but were thwarted at every turn by poor dice rolling, and Gordon managing to dispel the Warrior Priest's prayer.

Alessio opened his Shooting phase by firing the Cannon at the Orc Rock Lobber. The crew of the stone thrower watched in horror as the cannonball whistled through the air towards them, then sighed in relief as it rolled to a halt before them. Alessio had guessed short and the Artillery dice had not favoured him with a high enough roll to reach the Orc war machine. The mortar shell wobbled in flight and veered slightly from its intended target, the Night Goblins skulking behind the Orc Boaz. It didn't miss completely and 11 Goblins were caught in the blast, although only 4 were cut down by the shrapnel. The Handgunners also poured their fire into the Night Goblin regiment and the craven little Greenskins' courage failed them as they broke and fled. The Volley Gun targeted the Night Goblin regiment on the Orc left flank and managed to cut down 6 of the creatures, but incredibly this regiment managed to pass its Panic test and they stood firm despite the mauling they were taking.

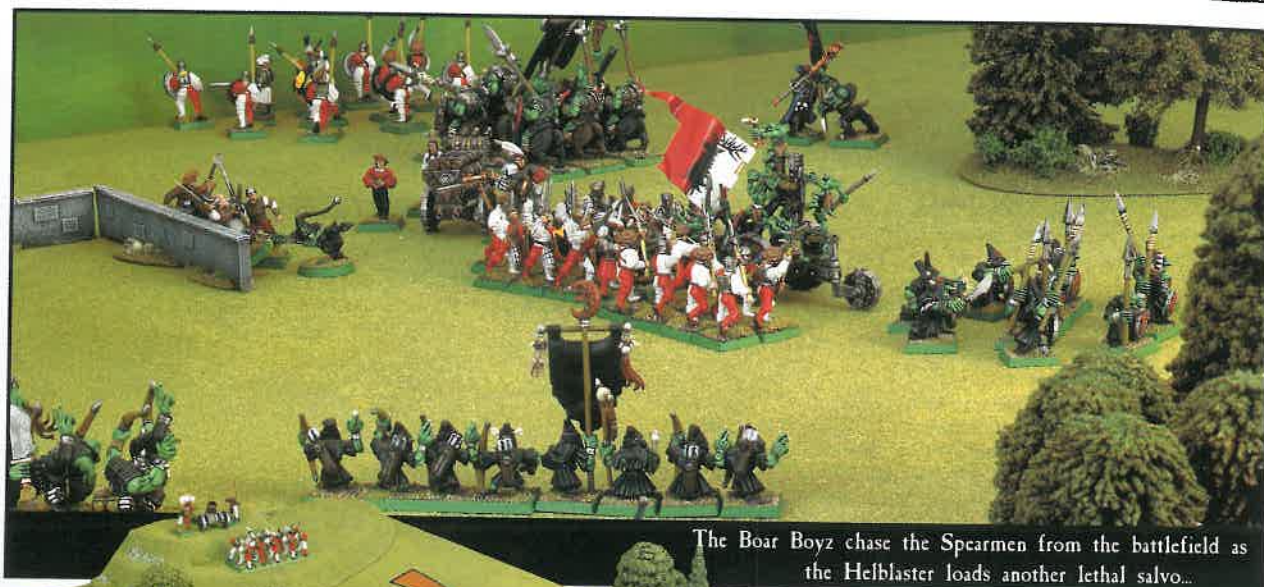
The Orcish horde was thinning and some heroic fighting in the Close Combat phase could seal the Greenskins' doom.

Between them, the Swordsmen and Halberdiers finally managed to destroy the Pump Wagon, hacking down the last of the troublesome Snotlings. The regiment of Spearmen were forced back inch by inch as the Orc Warboss and his crazed Boaz chopped down seven of their number, blood flying from the hulking Warlord's axe. One Orc was skewered, a spear lodged in his side, but it wasn't enough to turn the tide as the Spearmen finally broke, fleeing 8" from their attackers. The Boaz Boaz' raucous cries rang behind them as they gave chase, but it took valuable seconds for the Orcs to regain control of their boars, and despite rolling 3D6 for their pursuit distance, Gordon only managed to roll a total of 7", not enough to catch and destroy the Spearmen. Watching their comrades flee from combat sent a ripple of fear through nearby Empire troops, but every unit passed its Panic test and not a single regiment faltered.

The glorious charge of the Knights tore into the Orc Boaz regiment, impaling four on the wickedly sharp lance tips. The Orcs were sent reeling by the impact of the charge and the last remaining Orc in the front rank was unable to land a blow in return. The Boaz had lost the combat and were forced to take their Break test with a -3 modifier to the roll. The Knights were astounded when the Orcs staunchly refused to give ground, Gordon managing to roll a 1 and 3 to pass the Break test. And so the battle raged on, neither side giving or expecting any quarter.



The Reiksguard Knights, led by the Elector Count himself, drive their lances into the ranks of the Orcs.



The Boar Boyz chase the Spearmen from the battlefield as the Helblaster loads another lethal salvo...

UNIT STRENGTH

Weight of numbers makes a great difference to the resolution of a combat. The side which outnumbers the enemy gains an additional +1 to its combat resolution score, meaning that large units have an extra advantage on top of rank bonus, standards etc. However, cavalry models count their mounts toward unit strength, so a unit of ten knights would count as twenty models during combat resolution. In the case of combats where more than two units are involved, it is the total strength of *all* the units from one side that is compared to the total unit strength of *all* the units from the other side.

ORC TURN FOUR

All the Orc units succeeded in passing their Animosity tests this turn, although with most of the Night Goblins having failed to rally and fleeing from the table it would not be of great advantage to Gordon. The Big Boss charged the Battle Wizard, determined to finish him off once and for all. Once again the Fanatics began their waltz around the table. One crashed into the forest, killing himself instantly, while another hit the Free Company causing six hits and killing five men. As the last Fanatic careered across the battlefield, he collided with the Orc Arrer Boyz, killing four of his own side. The Orc Boar Boyz charged the fleeing Spearmen, and halted just at the edge of the battlefield as their prey fled from the table.

With the Goblin Shaman also in retreat, only the Orc Shaman was able to cast any spells. Alessio managed to dispel the *Gaze of Mork* with his final *Dispel Scroll*, although he now couldn't prevent the Shaman from casting *Eadbutt* on the Engineer, who suffered a Strength 4 hit that caused a wound. The Orc Arrer Boyz failed to hit the Volley Gun, whilst the Night Goblin's missile fire succeeded in bringing down a single Halberdier. The Spear Chukkas both hit the Swordsmen, killing two of the soldiers in the front rank. Once again fortune deserted Gordon as both bolts failed to penetrate any deeper into the regiment.

The Big Boss Army Standard Bearer fought a rather one-sided battle against Alessio's Battle Wizard who was chopped into pieces by the torrent of attacks. Having killed his foe in the first round of combat, the Big Boss was now able to make an Overrun move into another unit. As a single character has a 360° field of vision he was able to do this into the rear of the Knights. Normally this Overrun move would have to be made in a direct line forward, but as he counted as being a single character, he could choose his own direction.

In the combat between the Orc Boyz and the Knights, Alessio fought first as the Knights had an Initiative of 3 compared to the Orc's Initiative of 2. The Knights only managed to hit four of the Orcs and then failed to wound any of them! Alessio then remembered that his war-horses hadn't fought yet and they scored four hits, killing two of the Orcs. In return, the Orcs managed to drag down one of the Knights and kill him. Had the tide of battle changed for the Orcs?

Because the Knight's mounts counted towards their Unit Strength, the Orcs lost the combat by 1 point despite having a higher rank bonus. Gordon had to roll 7 or under on 2D6 for his Break test and failed by rolling 10. The inspiring presence of the Battle Standard allowed him to re-roll the dice, and this time he passed. Alessio's Knights lapped around the Orc flanks, thus cancelling out any further rank bonuses the Boyz could claim, and the Orc turn was over.

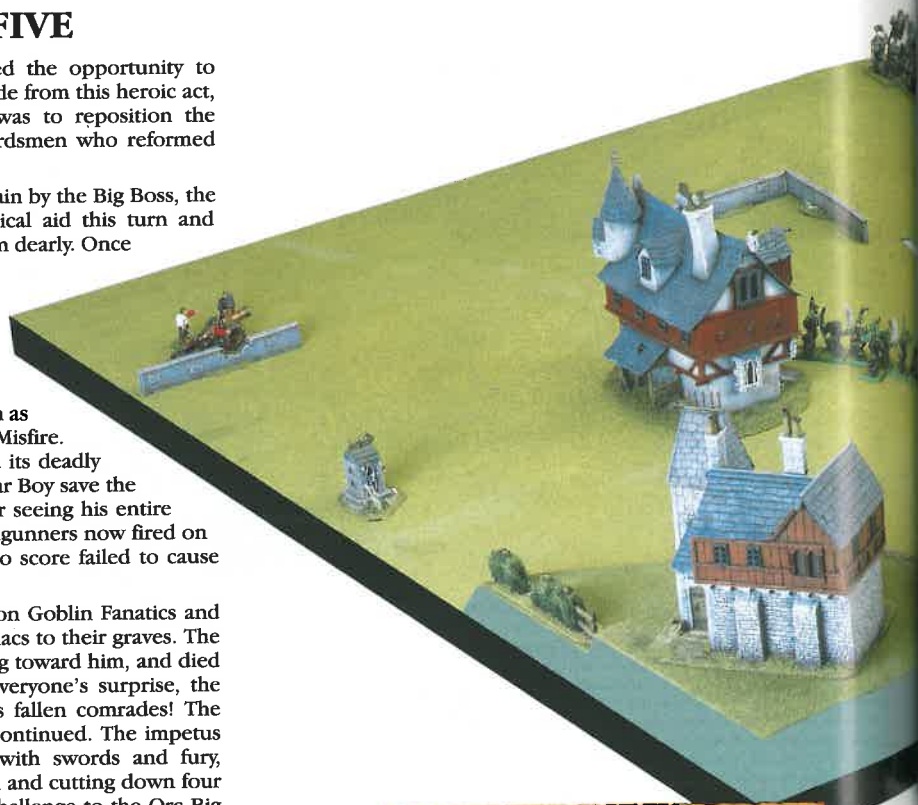
EMPIRE TURN FIVE

The lone Free Company warrior now seized the opportunity to charge the Orc Shaman beside the woods. Aside from this heroic act, the only movement of the Empire forces was to reposition the Handgunners on the left flank and the Swordsmen who reformed facing the Night Goblins beside the village.

With the Empire Wizard having finally been slain by the Big Boss, the Empire forces were suddenly bereft of magical aid this turn and Alessio hoped that this lack would not cost him dearly. Once again the Mortar crew misjudged the length of their fuse as Alessio rolled another Misfire followed by a 6. The shell detonated like a firework high above the battlefield. The Cannon crew fared little better as their shot landed just in front of the Boar Boyz, then buried itself deep in the earth as the Artillery dice came up with yet another Misfire. Once again the Helblaster Volley Gun earned its deadly reputation as it blasted holes in every Orc Boar Boy save the Warboss, who passed his Panic test even after seeing his entire regiment torn to shreds by gunfire. The Handgunners now fired on him as well, but the one hit they managed to score failed to cause a wound.

The Crossbowmen and Engineer both fired on Goblin Fanatics and between them sent two of the deranged maniacs to their graves. The Orc Shaman turned to face the figure charging toward him, and died with a sword thrust through his neck. To everyone's surprise, the lone Free Company fighter had avenged his fallen comrades! The combat between the Knights and Orc Boyz continued. The impetus of their charge gone, the Knights fought with swords and fury, hacking at the Greenskins with righteous zeal and cutting down four of the Orcs. The Elector Count cried out a challenge to the Orc Big Boss and was answered with a bellow of rage from the mighty beast. Both warriors fought with skill and strength, but it was the Elector Count who drew first blood. The *Holy Relic of Sigmar* saved the Count from harm and, after the bloody slaughter of the melee, not even the presence of the Orc Battle Standard could prevent the Orcs from breaking. The Knights pursued the fleeing Orc Big Boss, capturing the abandoned Army Standard, but failing to catch and destroy the foul (and incredibly lucky) creature.

The majority of the Orc army was fleeing. Victory surely belonged to the Empire now. But the Orcs still had one turn remaining, and with Greenskins, nothing is ever certain.



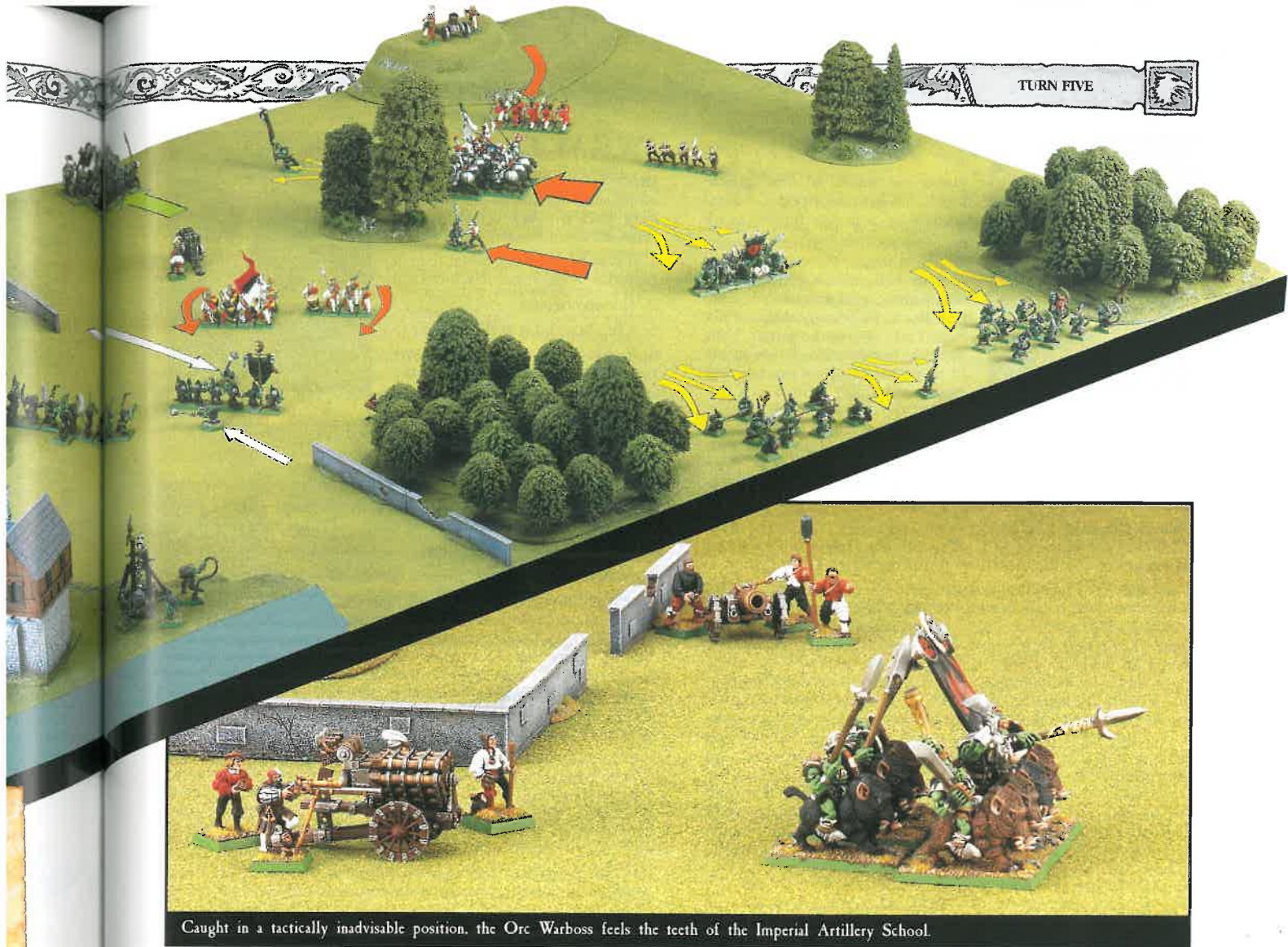
CAPTURING STANDARDS

If a unit with a standard fails its Break test and flees from combat, the enemy that defeated the fleeing unit is counted as having captured the unit's standard, as the fleeing troops abandon the bulky banner in their headlong flight.

In the Victory points system, each standard captured counts for 100 Victory Points, and so can be the deciding factor when assessing who has won the game.



The Knights' fierce attack routs the Orc unit, whilst the lone Free Company fighter takes his revenge on the Orc Shaman...



Caught in a tactically inadvisable position, the Orc Warboss feels the teeth of the Imperial Artillery School.

FLANK AND REAR CHARGES

Flank and rear charges are very powerful because they can temporarily take away your rank bonus. This can be very important in a battle, so we thought it wise to go through it in detail to make sure everyone understood it. Once you know how the rule works you can plan how to inflict horrible defeats on the foe whilst carefully avoiding disaster yourself!

To cancel your rank bonus, the enemy attacking your flank or rear must have a Unit Strength of 5 or more and not be Skirmishers. Skirmishers (including flying ones) never remove rank bonus. That bit's simple. However, it's also useful to know what happens if they start with a Unit Strength of 5+, and then casualties reduce them to 4 or less during the turn. Well, what happens depends on whether it is the turn the enemy charged or a subsequent round of combat.

On the turn an enemy unit with a Unit Strength of 5 or more charges your flank or rear, you lose your rank bonus. Always. This is true even if you reduce their Unit Strength to less than 5 during the round. In fact, if you wipe them out completely you still lose your rank bonus in that first round.

In subsequent rounds the rule is slightly different. In this case you regain your rank bonus immediately if the Unit Strength of the enemy unit in your flank or rear falls to less than 5. So, if you kill all bar one of them on the second turn, your second turn combat resolution includes your rank bonus.

ORC TURN FIVE

The Night Goblins Archers began the round by failing their Animosity test and squabbling amongst themselves again. The Big Boss running from the Elector Count and his Reiksguard Knights managed to rally, as did the Orc Boyz. The two fleeing Night Goblin Units unsurprisingly failed their Leadership test and disappeared off the table, accompanied by the Goblin Shaman. The Fanatic on the left who had wiped out four Orcs in the previous turn continued to plough through the ranks of his own army, killing two of the squabbling Night Goblins (much to Alessio's amusement).

With all the wizards dead or fleeing, there was no Magic phase, so it was straight onto shooting. Gordon was able to fire his Rock Lobber this round and the boulder landed squarely on the Master Engineer's head. (Any figure lying directly under the centre of a stone thrower template suffers a hit at double the normal Strength.) This meant that the Engineer took the maximum Strength 10 hit, which unsurprisingly left him very flat and very dead! There was no close combat remaining, and the bulk of the Orc army was either dead or fleeing. The turn was over and the agreed time limit both players had put on the game had expired. The outcome of the battle was not in any doubt and Alessio and Gordon agreed that the game was over.

The forces of the Empire were triumphant and the exhausted defenders of Geistheim raised a weary cheer as the Greenskins fled back into the woods.



Alessio Cavatore

VICTORY!

Phew, we made it! The green horde has been stopped.

It was quite a fun game and at moments it reached really hilarious tones. For example, it's nice to remember Gordon's face when the Helblaster decided to perform at its best and blasted his Big 'Uns to smithereens. This episode demonstrated that to sit in short range of an operational Helblaster Volley Gun is not the best of the ideas. On the serious

side, it persuaded me to disallow the Engineer-Helblaster combination in the final army list, because the whole point with the Volley Gun is that it's a very powerful but very temperamental machine. Allowing the Engineer to use his abilities on it made it far too reliable.

This is a perfect example of how playtesting affects the final version of the lists. The rest of the Empire artillery did well, but could not match the incredible performance of the Volley Gun.

The other great moment was the glorious performance of Karl Koplisken. This tough warrior of the Free Companies steadily survived attacks from Fanatics, arrows and spells, continuing to fight till the end even when all his mates had been killed (he saved me half the points of his unit!). He harassed the Orcs' right flank, slowing the enemy with his unnerving presence, and eventually achieved a great feat of honour by slaying the powerful Orc Shaman who was blasting away at his comrades. A real hero! I'm sure the Count will reward him well! I was disappointed by the lack of nerve of my Pistoliers and Huntsmen, who both panicked under fire and scuttled off the battlefield... cowards! It was also interesting to notice that both my Knights and Gordon's Boar Boyz did well, but had to fight hard to gain the upper hand against solid blocks of enemy infantry. This seemed to prove that we achieved a good overall balance in the game and pleased all the designers who had worked on the new Warhammer.

The Detachments also gave a perfect demonstration of how effective they can prove to be under the right circumstances. In my opinion, Gordon's main mistake was not to take any Wolf Riders or Wolf Chariots (there were none painted, hee hee hee). I think that against most enemies, and especially against the Empire, these troops would prove invaluable. Their 18" long charge reach would allow them, in Orc turn two, to eliminate many of the Empire's most annoying units (artillery crews, Pistoliers, Detachments...).

I was extremely relieved when I realised that, for a change, I had the fastest and most manoeuvrable troops on the table. This tactical advantage and the luck of winning the roll to go first (very important!) allowed me to scramble the Greenskins' advance and make them play under pressure. Often they are the ones who dictate the rhythm of the game, surging at great speed across the battlefield. Eventually, their attack reached my lines in a very confused and uncoordinated fashion, allowing me to deal with each threat separately. Only the Boar Boyz broke my line, but everywhere else the combined efforts of the Empire infantry, cavalry and artillery prevailed, giving me a glorious victory. The Orcs' menace has been repelled, but I'm sure they will be back!



War always brings out the best in the Studio staff!

WHAT BATTLE?

Due to the unsatisfactory conclusion of this battle report I have had my lawyer prepare a short series of excuses/reasons.

1. It was all the 'Eavy Metal team's fault, I needed some Black Orcs.
2. Alessio cheated.
3. A big boy did it and ran away.
4. Eighteen attacks from my General and Boar Boyz and only one casualty (and that came from a boar).
5. Continual heckling from all the designers.
6. Eddies in the space time continuum.
7. My dice were broken (this one is true).
8. There was definitely a slight slope in the Empires favour (to make things fair we should have swapped sides after turn 3).
9. Fat Bloke fixed the result.
10. Wolves did it.

Oh alright, maybe Alessio did win fair and square, although the result could have been very different were it not for a few setbacks. Had I managed to destroy the lone Free Company fighter then the Orc advance would have been better coordinated. A single figure prevented my Orcs from sweeping across the battlefield in a combined attack. This allowed Alessio to concentrate his attacks on the closest threats to his army instead of having to spread his missile fire across the whole Orc force.

As it was, the Orc attack hit piecemeal, never really threatening to overwhelm the Empire's line. The devastation of the Helblaster Volley Gun on the Big 'Uns was awesome and demoralising, but even after this carnage the battle was still very much in the balance.

Had the Boar Boyz managed to inflict a mere six kills from eighteen attacks then the Spearmen probably would have failed their Break test and fled. This would have left the Empire's rear open to attack during the next few turns. Sending the Orc Boyz against the Reiksguard Knights, whilst very Orcy in spirit, was also a mistake. Once again I had ignored my original battle plan, a joint attack on the Empire's centre would have been far wiser. As a consequence I was punished severely and had the Orc Boyz not fought against the Empire's elite cavalry so bravely then the battle could have ended even sooner.

Perhaps one of the greatest handicaps my Orc horde faced was its lack of fast cavalry. Had I been able to field just one unit of Goblin Wolfboyz then I could have given the Empire's flanks something to worry about.

I seemed to have the upper hand in the Magic phases, but once again I was foiled by that dastardly lone trooper. He somehow killed my Orc Shaman at the point of the battle when Alessio would have been powerless to prevent my spells from causing mayhem in the Empire battle line. If only the Shaman had killed him with the others during the first turn...

They say that the greatest generals are the ones who make the fewest mistakes. Alessio rarely leaves any room for error and played true to form, exploiting my fragmented attack and concentrating his firepower and strong units where they would prove most effective. By drawing out my fanatics with cleverly deployed, cheap units, he not only negated their threat but also caused them to hamper my own army. Alessio was in total control of the game from start to finish and showed few, if any weaknesses in his tactics.

Fortune has smiled down on me, though, and I have been given the chance to redeem my defeat. As the now infamous Orc Warlord Gitface Blacktooth once said "I'll be back, and this time I'm bringing a unit of Black Orcs to make sure we stomp them Humies into the ground." The 'Eavy Metal painters have been chained to their tables and won't be released until a unit of Wolfboyz are ready to cause mayhem, and my final tip to anyone fighting an Empire army:

Never advance on a loaded Helblaster Volley Gun.



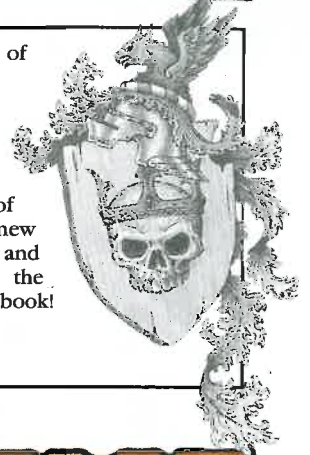
Gordon Davidson

We had so much fun playing this battle report that we decided to make it a two-parter! As every Empire General knows, it is impossible to ever truly drive away the Orcs. Despite the Elector Count's heroic defence in Geistheim leading to the rout of the Greenskin forces, the Orcs will be back, and in greater numbers. There remains only one course of action available to any Empire General worth his laurels; follow the fleeing Orcs to their camp and eliminate every single Greenskin.

In December we cover the titanic clash between the Empire and the Orcs as the reinforced Empire army crashes headlong into the massive horde of Orcs gathered to the east of the Great Forest. On home ground, the Orcs can be unbeatable,

as they bring the crushing weight of their numbers to bear...

Look out for White Dwarf 252, as these mortal enemies clash once more in a violent struggle for their lives. The two 3,000 points forces will highlight all the new features of these evocative armies as well as the new Warhammer game on grand scale, and what better time to play than at the release of the Orc & Goblin Armies book! See you in a couple of months...



The sun was setting as Elector Count Otto Schepke led his small group of Reiksguard Knights back towards the village of Geistheim. The Count was exhausted after the hard-fought battle and dearly wished to wash the stench of Greenskin blood from his body, but a tale of heroism had reached him that stirred his warrior heart.

As the army had begun to make camp for the night, the talk around every fire was of a lone Free Company soldier who had single-handedly disrupted the entire Orcish line after seeing every one of his comrades blasted to death by Orc magic. The man's bravery had thrown the Greenskins into confusion and he had gone on to slay the Shaman who had killed his fellows. If these tales were to be believed, then such courage must be rewarded and harnessed.

"There is the fellow," said one of his knights, with a hint of contempt in his voice, pointing to where a lone figure sat at the edge of the forest.

"Are you sure this is wise, my lord?" counselled another, "The man is a brigand! A pardon for past deeds is one thing, but offering him a commission in your Greatswords is like pouring fine wine to a mongrel."

"Come now, my knights," replied Otto reproachfully, "Where is your humility? This brave soul served me well today and deserves a reward. What greater honour could I bestow upon him than offering to raise him from the gutter into my own personal bodyguard? I daresay the fellow will be overcome with gratitude and mend his ways forthwith!"

The knights looked unconvinced as the small group reined in their horses before the bloodstained soldier. The man drank from a half-empty bottle of brandy, ignoring the armoured horsemen. He was a rough looking fellow, thought the Count. Dark stubble matted his scarred features and he was dressed in a battered leather jerkin and britches with a black, studded patch over his right eye. A sword sat propped against a tree behind him, the blade stained dark red with Orcish blood.

Otto cleared his throat pointedly and approached the soldier, a scroll containing the man's pardon in his left hand. The man took a mighty swallow from his bottle and glanced at the knights without interest.

"What do you want? I'm busy," he said, indicating the brandy, his voice rasping and hoarse.

"Show some respect to your betters, you dog!" snapped one of the Reiksguard.

Otto waved the knight to silence and said, "I come, sir, to offer you the chance for greatness, for honour! I have heard tales of the valour you displayed on the field of battle today and wish you to know that I respect and value such qualities in a man. I need men like you to serve me, and for that reason I hereby offer you your pardon and a commission within the ranks of my Greatswords!"

The Count extended his hand towards the soldier who said nothing and continued to drink from the bottle, draining the remainder in one gulp. He wiped the back of his hand across his lips, then pushed himself to his feet and sheathed his sword. He was powerfully built, wearing his physical strength like a cloak, and Otto involuntarily took a step back. The man radiated threat in every gesture.

"Is that my pardon?" he asked, nodding towards the scroll.

"Uh, yes," said Otto eventually, "But did you hear what I said? I wish you to join the Greatswords, my own household soldiers. My bodyguard. The honour I offer you is great!"

The man shook his head, saying, "I heard you. But I serve no-one," and pushed past the startled Elector Count, snatching the pardon from his hand. The knights moved to stop him, their sense of propriety outraged at this scoundrel's behaviour. Otto halted them with a gesture as the Free Company soldier arrogantly strode through their ranks, heading towards the village tavern.

"Wait then," called Otto Schepke. "If you will not accept the reward I offer you, will you at least give me your name?"

The man stopped as if considering the question and looked back over his shoulder.

"Name's Koplisken. Karl Koplisken. But most folk just call me..."

Koplisken paused and shook his head with a wry grin.

"Never mind..." he said, and walked into the village.

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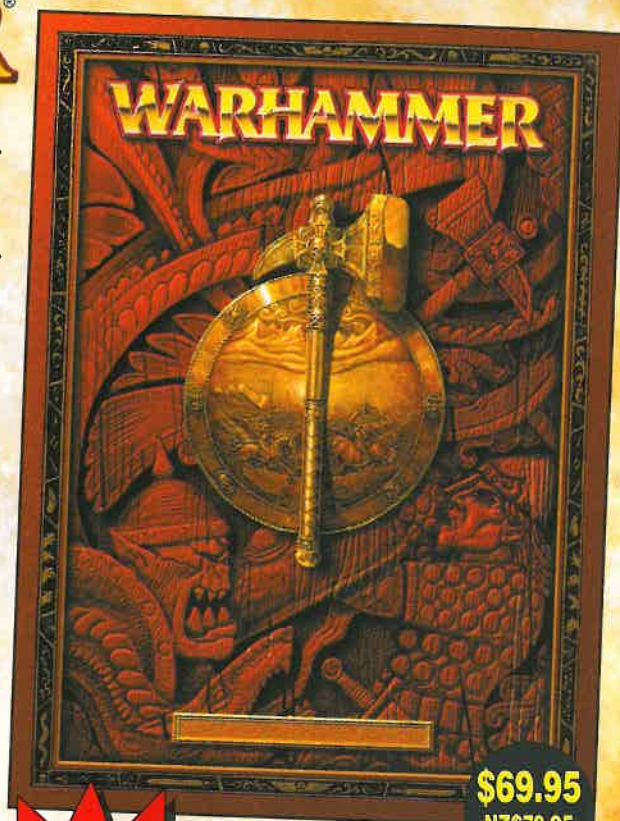
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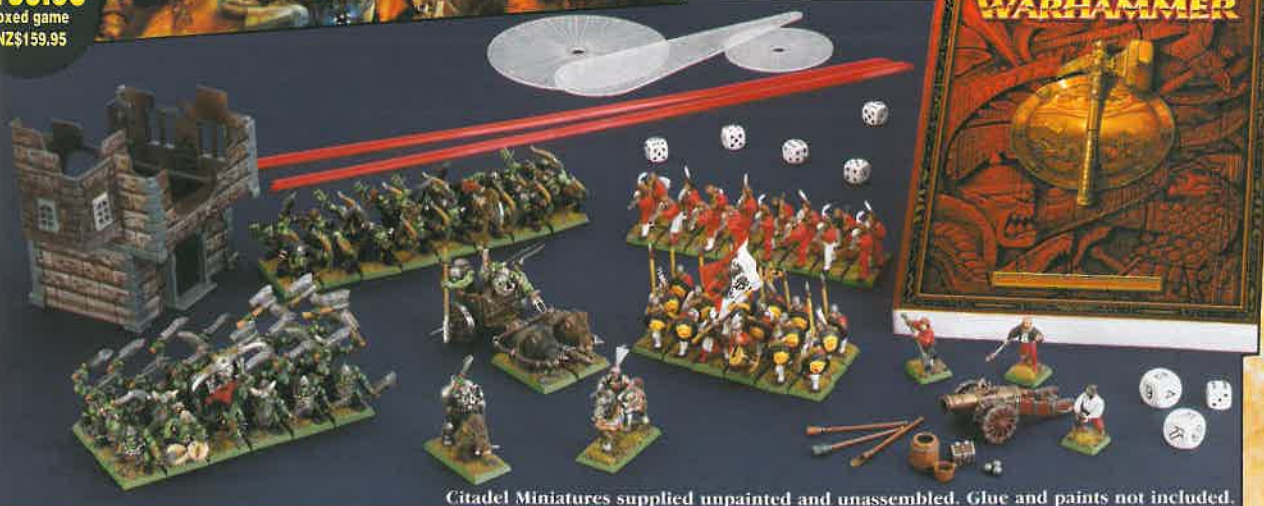


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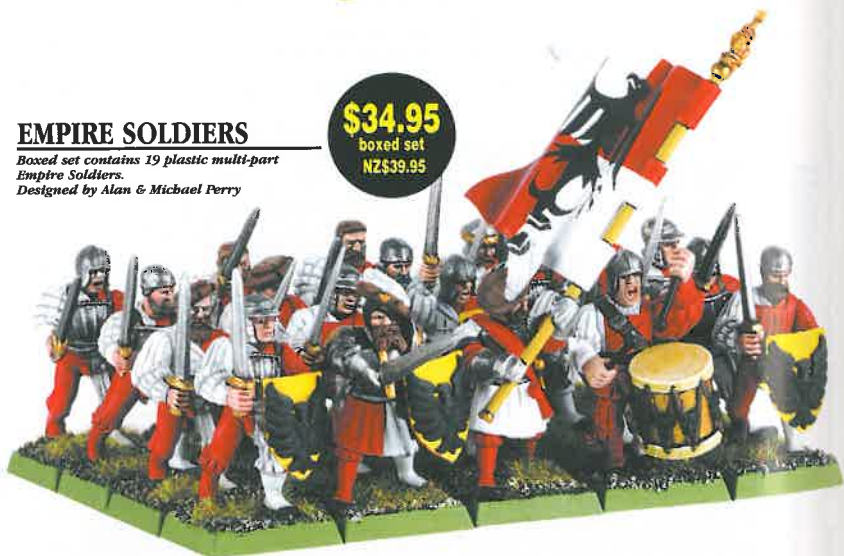
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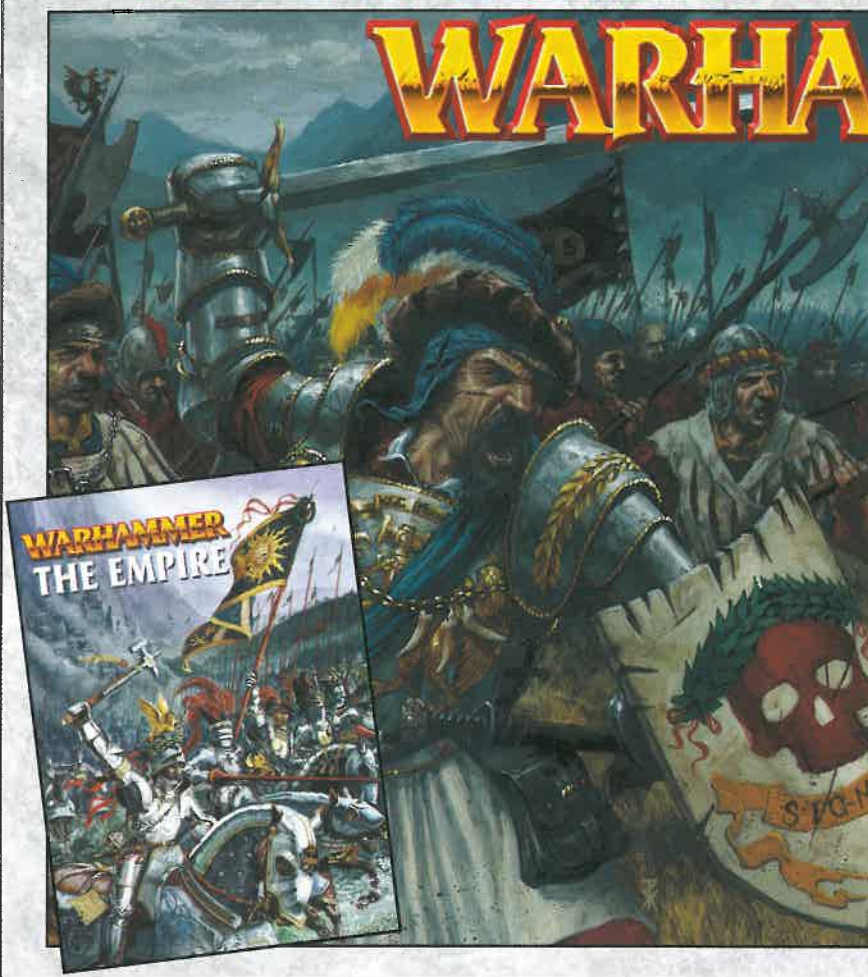
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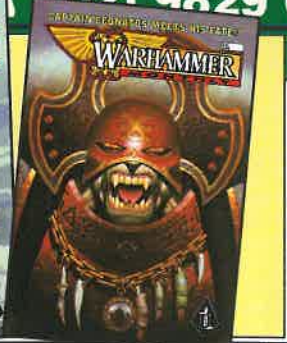
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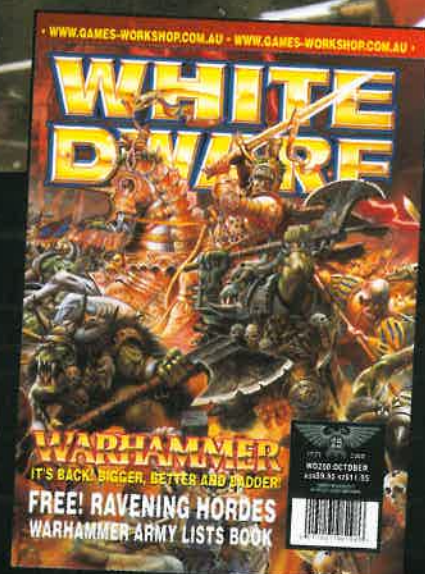
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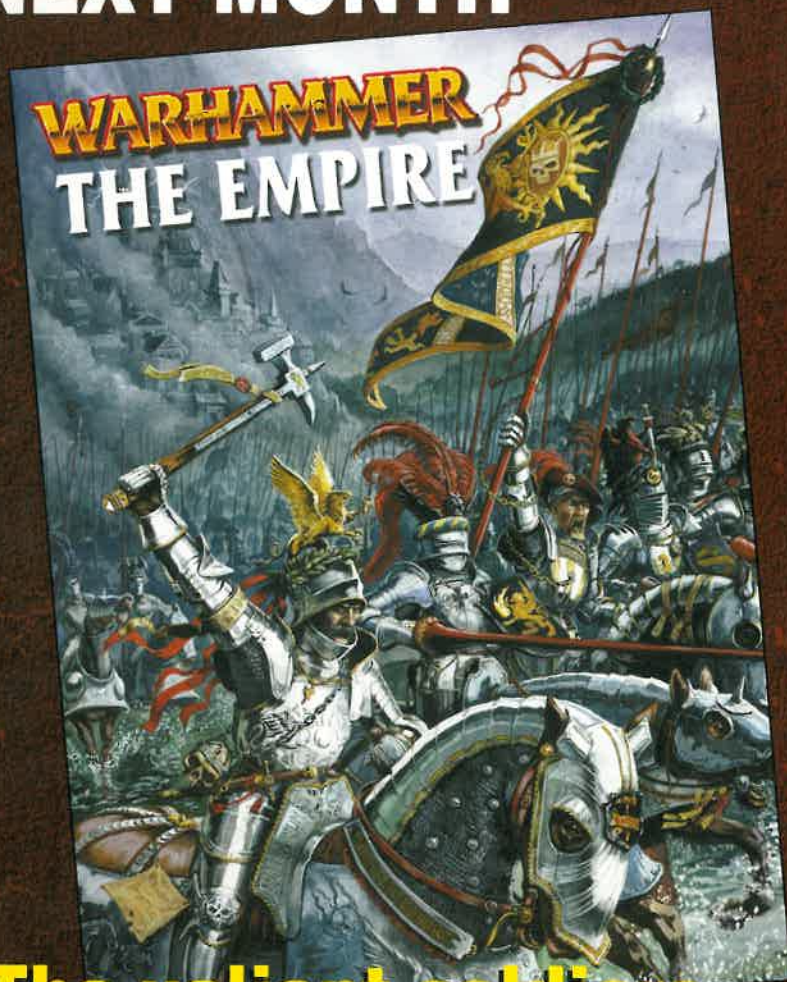
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