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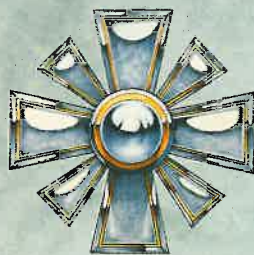
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Eldar from the Alaitoc craftworld battle against an Ork Warband.

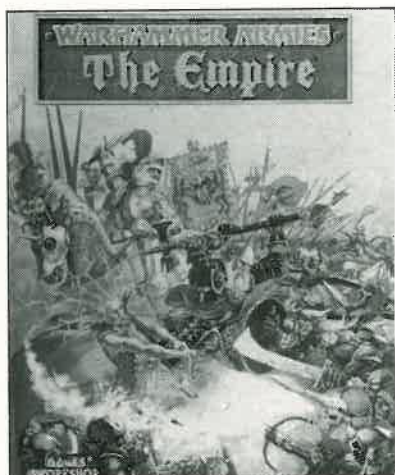
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GAMES WORKSHOP AND CITADELTM NEWS



ARMIES OF THE EMPIRE

Work continues apace on the first of the brand new Warhammer Armies books – **Warhammer Armies – The Empire**. Over the next year we intend to release a series of volumes, each one dealing with a different Warhammer race. Each book will contain the history and background to the race, together with a complete army list plus uniform and painting guides.

The projected releases will cover the armies of the High Elves, Orcs and Goblins, Dwarfs and Undead.

These books will completely replace the current volume of Warhammer Armies and will be the perfect guides to collecting and painting your Warhammer armies.

THURROCK LAKESIDE NEW STORE

We've just had news of a brand new Games Workshop store to be opened at Thurrock Lakeside shopping centre, near Thurrock in Kent. The new site is close to the M25 and should put a Games Workshop store within reach of all you south-east gamers who find it difficult to get into London.

We'll bring you full details on this latest store in the next issue of White Dwarf.



SPACE WOLF RUNE PRIEST

As you can see from the article on the Space Wolves in this issue, Bill King, Andy Chambers and Jes Goodwin have all been really busy developing the background, history and a whole new range of miniatures for the Space Wolves Chapter of Space Marines.

The model on the left is a pre-production casting of Jes's new Space Wolf Rune Priest and as you can see the level of detail is absolutely stunning.

In the next issue of White Dwarf we'll be publishing the Space Wolf army list and we hope to bring you a battle report in the new year.

ELECTOR COUNTS

While on the subject of new miniatures, Michael and Alan Perry have been busily preparing a range of character models for the Empire army. The twelve Elector Counts are the powerful nobles who rule over the provinces that together form the Empire. The model on the right is the Elector Count of Hochland and models have now been completed for the counts of Middenheim, Ostland and Averland. There are more new Empire miniatures to follow including a spectacular model of the War Altar of Sigmar, drawn by armoured horses and ridden by the Grand Theogonist himself.



Warhammer Record's star band **Wraith** have added more dates to their latest UK tour. Definite shows are now:

NOVEMBER 1992

21st Crawley New Inn

DECEMBER 1992

2nd Bristol Bierkeller
3rd Wokingham Phoenix Plaza
4th Norwich Oval Rockhouse
5th Birkenhead Stairways
6th Morecambe Gardens
7th London Marquee
11th Bedford Angel
12th Southampton Boogies

16th Scunthorpe Pickwicks
18th Kidderminster Market Tavern
21st Nottingham Bobby Browns
23rd Blackpool Tache

JANUARY 1993

2nd Oxford Stocks

There are also dates lined up for Southend, Southsea and Wigan, so watch your local press for details.

Wraith have been causing quite a storm in the music industry. The promo video that was first seen at Games Day has proven a great success with both Rawpower and MTV "Headbangers Ball" agreeing to play it.

WARHAMMER®



Warhammer Battle Magic adds spells, magic items and wizards to the Warhammer game. Special rules and unique spells are included for the eight Colleges of Magic: Light, Gold, Jade, Celestial, Grey, Amethyst, Bright and Amber, plus High and Dark Magic. There is Waaagh Magic for Orcs and Goblins, Skaven Magic, and spells for the Chaos Gods Slaanesh, Tzeentch and Nurgle. Magic items include many powerful magic weapons, armour, amulets and rings, plus staffs, rods and scrolls for use by Battle Wizards.

Warhammer Magic includes the following components:

64 page rulebook containing full rules for using wizards and magic, a history of magic in the Warhammer World, magic 'Eavy Metal, a detailed spell commentary, playsheet, and much more.

135 spell cards including 10 different spells for each of the eight Colleges of Magic; 10 spell cards each for the potent forces of High and Dark Magic; plus spells for Orc Waaagh! Magic, Skaven, and for the Chaos gods Tzeentch, Slaanesh and Nurgle.



Over 100 magic item cards including over 50 magic weapons ranging in potency from the humblest enchanted blade to the mighty Hellfire Sword and the Hammer of Sigmar! Also 15 new magic standards to fortify your troops, magic armour to protect your heroes, and an amazing selection of unique magical items such as the Chalice of Sorcery and the Crown of Command.

36 card magic deck: A special card deck used to randomly deal power, dispels and special cards to the battling wizards.

Warhammer Battle Magic is an expansion to the Warhammer game of fantasy battles. A copy of the Warhammer Fantasy Battle game is essential to use the contents of this box.

**GAMES®
WORKSHOP**

WARHAMMER BATTLE MAGIC

WARHAMMER BATTLE MAGIC

By Rick Priestley

This month sees the long-awaited release of Warhammer Battle Magic, the brand new magic supplement for Warhammer. Rick describes the development of the new magic system and how it adds a whole new level of excitement to your Warhammer games.



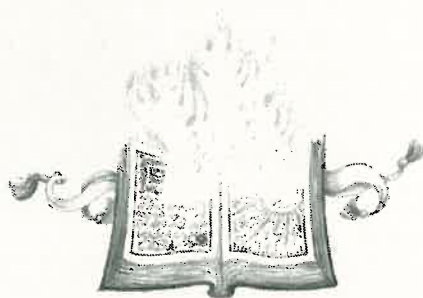
The new Warhammer Battle Magic supplement for Warhammer must surely be one of the most eagerly awaited supplements we've ever produced. It takes magic way beyond anything we've ever attempted before, with one hundred and thirty five new spells, over one hundred magic items, and a completely new game system to represent magical combat and spell casting. There are rules for the eight different magical colleges of human wizardry, High Magic of the Elves, Dark Magic, Orc Waaagh Magic, Skaven Magic, and Chaos Magic too. All this amounts to a pretty hefty package of cards, templates, counters and, of course, a fully illustrated rulebook.

The Warhammer Magic system is based around cards. Each spell and magic item is represented by its own card, and magical power itself is represented by cards too. The idea which lies behind the game play was evolved some time ago, but it's taken us quite a while to develop the system properly. Basically, each wizard is dealt a hand of

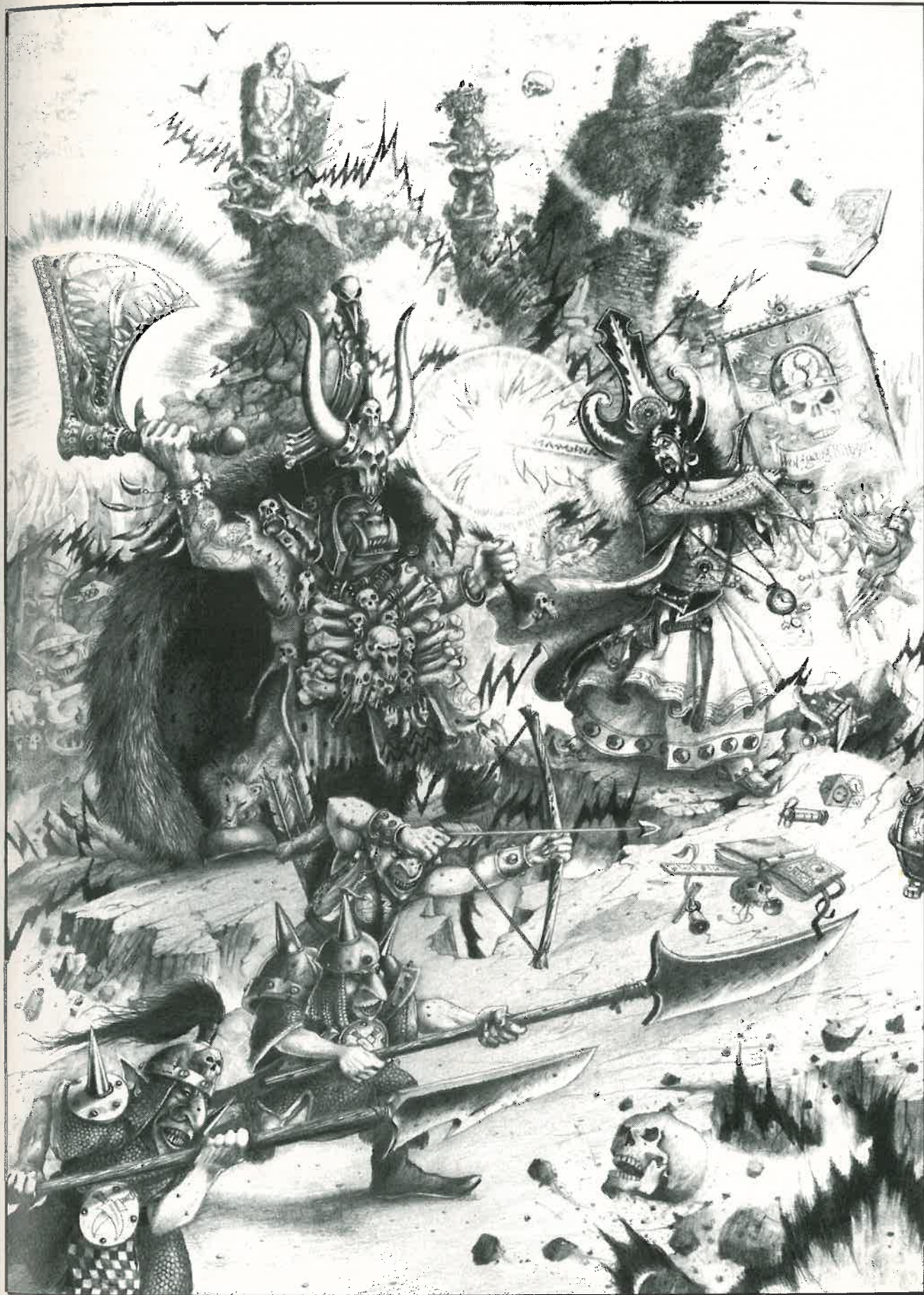
spell cards at the start of the game, and these cards are his spells for the duration of the battle. Each wizard's cards are unique for that battle, and no two wizards can ever have the same spells. The total number of spells varies according to the wizard's magic level, but is never less than one or more than four.

Once each wizard has been dealt his spells the players study the cards and try and work out the best way to use the magic they have been given. In some cases players are allowed to swap cards for another deal, allowing them to adjust their hand slightly. Players endeavour to keep their spells secret until it is time to use them – no point in giving the game away just yet!

We have developed separate spell decks for each of the major magic-using races, so when an Orc Shaman takes his spells he is dealt cards from the Waaagh Magic deck, and a High Elf Mage will be dealt spells from the High Magic deck. We'll take a closer look at how these different magic decks function later on, but they enable each race to have its own special type of magic.



Spells are cast in the magic phase. Like the hand-to-hand combat phase, the magic phase is an exception to the main turn sequence in that both sides are allowed to participate, regardless of whose turn it is. Magic takes on a new and dangerous character, and every turn becomes a struggle in which wizards try to cast their own spells while attempting to prevent enemy wizards using theirs.



JOHN BLANCHE

WAYNE ENGLAND



The struggle for power is really a struggle for magical power, and this is represented by a separate pack of cards called the magic cards. The magic cards are printed on top-quality playing card material with rounded edges so that they can be shuffled and dealt. Every magic phase the player whose turn it is deals between two and twelve magic cards between the two sides. The actual number of cards dealt is established by rolling 2D6, so the average tends to be about seven cards – three or four per side.

The magic cards are really the key to spell casting. Some of them are marked 'Power' and these can be used to cast spells. Other magic cards have special abilities which include the ability to dispel a foe's magic, to rebound spells, and so on.

The card play is nail biting stuff! Both players examine their hands of spells and magic cards, trying to work out which spells to cast. If a player is dealt a lot of power cards he will be able to cast several spells, or one very powerful spell! On the other hand, the more power cards you have the less Dispels you will have, and the harder it will be to counter hostile magic. The best hand is a mixture of power cards which will enable you to cast spells, plus Dispels and other cards to counter your enemy's magic.

Spell casting works in the following way. The player whose turn it is may cast a spell first. He selects one of his wizards, chooses one of that wizard's spells, and declares he is casting the spell. As he does so he expends the required number of power cards. The spell automatically works unless his opponent can counter it by using a Dispel card. Once the spell has been cast or dispelled it is the other player's turn to cast a spell in exactly the same way. Spell casting alternates in this way until neither player can cast any more spells that turn.

What makes spell casting so exciting is that you never really know what cards your enemy is holding. Even if you've sussed out his spells you can't be sure what magic cards he has been dealt. A clever player can use this to his advantage, playing a fairly low level spell to draw out his opponent's Dispel cards, then hitting him hard with a more powerful spell. In practice, most spells are dispelled, and the air crackles with raw power as spells and counterspells rebound across the battlefield. But when a spell finally gets through it's usually spectacular... with units disappearing in smoke, cosmic balls of energy hurling across the battlefield, and torrents of flame spilling over the enemy ranks.

The spells themselves are divided into separate decks. Most wizards can only take their spells from one deck, but some, such as Chaos Sorcerers, can use several different decks, which gives them a broader choice of magic. The first eight decks are the college spells as used by human wizards: Light, Gold, Jade, Celestial, Grey, Amethyst, Bright, and Amber Magic. These include spells such as *The Conflagration of Doom*, *The Fear of Aramar*, *The Green Eye*, *The Dance of Despair*, *Abulla's Snare*, *The Sapphire Arch*, *The Choking Foe*, and *The Savage Beast of Horros* – in fact there are eighty college spells in all.

The next two decks are High Magic, which is basically for High Elves, and Dark Magic. Dark Magic is used by Chaos Sorcerers, Dark Elves and Undead, and includes a number of Necromancy spells too. Skaven have their own deck to represent the magic of the Horned Rat; this includes the *Curse of the Horned One*, *Death Frenzy*, *Madness* and other appropriately doom-laden spells. Orcs and Goblins have their own deck too with suitably orky magic spells such as the *Gaze of Mork*, *Ere We Go*, *Waaagh!*, and *Mork Wants Ya!*



The spells vary from simple point and shoots spells like *Fire Ball*, which blasts a huge magical fireball at your enemy, to more dangerous and sophisticated magic like *The Traitor of Tarn*, which permits the caster to take over enemy troops. The spells have a wide variety of effects, and are all useful in their different ways. The *Jade Casket* enables a wizard to resurrect casualties to fight again for example, while the *Spiral Stair* carries the wizard onto an invisible platform from which he can cast spells without being harmed.

Each of the eight colleges has its own mixture of spells: Bright Magic is more aggressive, for example, while Jade Magic offers many protective spells. You'll soon learn which of these offers the most to your army! Naturally enough, the Orc and Goblin Waaagh Magic spells are suitably orky, with spells like *The Hand of Gork*, which picks up and moves a unit of greenskins, and *Da Krunch*, which summons the great Orc god Gork to come and stamp on your enemies (there is a suitably large foot-shaped template to use with this spell).

The **Skaven** spells are tailored to the Warlocks and Grey Seers of that race and include *Poison Wind* and *Vermintide*, a spell which summons a horde of rats to overcome your foes.

The **Dark Magic** deck includes some very useful spells for Undead players. This reflects the fact that the Undead are a very magical army, depending for much of their power on the effectiveness of their Necromancers and ultimately upon their army's leader. Necromancy spells allow the Undead player to summon more troops and to move and fight again with troops he already has. *Vanhels Danse Macabre*, for example, can be cast upon a unit to make it move extra distance, shoot its bows, or attack again in hand-to-hand combat. Used carefully, these Necromancy spells make an Undead army extremely hard to beat and restore much of the flexibility lost because Undead cannot normally march move.

One hundred and eleven of the cards in Warhammer Battle Magic represent magic items. These are presented in the same format as the magic items in the Warhammer game itself (as are the spells), and include many new weapons as well as magic armour, standards, scrolls, and many more unique and useful items. Unlike the spells, the magic items can be used by any character models including heroes. Some of the items are race specific, so they can only be used by the race for which they were designed, or specific to wizards (scrolls fall into this category, for example).

Magic items are purchased for a fixed points cost and included in your army before the game begins. This allows you to choose and plan your magic items in a way which is



impossible with spells (which are randomly dealt). The number of magic items a character can have depends upon his character level. Champions and ordinary wizards are permitted only one item, while Lords and Wizard Lords can have up to four, for example.

Many of the magic items are defensive in nature, increasing toughness, giving extra saving throws, offering protection from spells, etc, and these are especially useful for wizards who are otherwise quite vulnerable to sudden attack or magic missiles. As well as the many magical and potent weapons, armours, shields, and standards the magic items include such unique items as the *Ring of Volans*, which can be used to store an extra spell, the *Orb of Thunder*, which fills the sky with thunder clouds denying freedom of the air to flying creatures, and the *Staff of Damnation*, which invigorates Undead troops and compels them to move and fight at redoubled rate.

There are magic items for each of the three magic-using Chaos Powers: Slaanesh's *Sceptre of Domination*, the *Golden Eye of Tzeentch*, and the disgustingly corrupting *Staff of Nurgle*. For Vampires there is the *Carstein Ring* which allows these powerful Undead to reincarnate and therefore avoid death on the battlefield.



Whatever army you play, you'll find plenty of useful spells and magic equipment in Warhammer Battle Magic. Obviously, if your army is very magically inclined, you will find a great deal of value in this supplement. In particular, if you are an Undead player, the new spells and magic items will transform your army overnight. The only major force to lose out in regard to spells must be the Dwarfs, as they have no wizards – their Runesmiths fulfilling a similar function. Dwarf runic magic is not covered in Warhammer Battle Magic, but will be described in depth in the forthcoming Warhammer Armies *Dwarfs* volume.



WAYNE ENGLAND

WARHAMMER®

40,000

THE SPACE WOLVES

By Bill King, Andy Chambers & Jes Goodwin

In the next few issues of White Dwarf we'll be taking a detailed look at one of the most famous Chapters of Space Marines – the Space Wolves. This month we examine the history, background and chapter organisation of these most ferocious of the Emperor's warriors.

In the dark universe of the 41st millennium, mankind is constantly at war. On a million worlds human civilisation is threatened by marauding Orks, monstrous Tyranids and the daemoniac minions of Chaos. Only the psychic power of the immortal Emperor and the awesome military might of his Imperium keeps these threats at bay and preserves embattled mankind from destruction.

Ranged against the enemies of humanity are the millions-strong armies of the Imperial Guard, the towering war-machines of the Titan Legions and, most formidable of all, the mighty Space Marines. These legendary warriors are divided into more than a thousand Chapters scattered throughout the worlds of the Imperium, ready to strike against any foe when the need arises. Each Space Marine is a super-human champion, bio-engineered to be many times faster, stronger and tougher than a normal man. He is armed and equipped with the best weapons and armour that the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus can devise. His spirit has been purified by battle and devotion to his Chapter.

Space Marines date from a time ten millennia past when the Emperor walked among men, and the Imperium was forged in the crucible of ancient wars. The original Space Marines were drawn from the geneseed of the twenty Primarchs, god-like beings created by the Emperor to aid him in his war to save humanity. Genetic material from the Primarchs was grafted into the bodies of chosen warriors transforming them into towering, steel-muscled heroes with vastly enhanced reflexes and senses. These Space Marines were organised into Chapters, each of which followed the Primarch whose geneseed they had been granted.

The Space Marines spearheaded the great crusade to reclaim the human worlds from darkness. The Chapters served loyally until the time of the Horus Heresy, when Warmaster Horus, the Emperor's most trusted Primarch, turned to the Gods of Chaos and raised his standard against all mankind. Many Space Marine Chapters went over to him and a bitter civil war raged, ending in the death of the Warmaster at the Emperor's hands.

During this struggle the Emperor was so grievously wounded that he was placed within the life-support systems of the Golden Throne in order to preserve his life. The surviving followers of Horus fled to the dreadful area of the galaxy known as the Eye of Terror.

MARK GIBBONS



Helmets on knees, preserver systems primed, the Space Marines sat within the cold, dark fuselage of the drop-pod. Ragnar, Wolf Lord of this Great Company, studied each of his Wolf Guard in turn, taking a last glimpse before they donned their helmets, trying to fix their faces in his mind. The blue light of the comm-net ocular tainted all of their features with a ghastly pallor. He was suddenly aware that this might be that last time he would ever see his comrades alive.

Hakon sat upright, back straight, his bolter held firmly against his chest. His taut-skinned, thin-lipped features were set. Cold blue eyes peered out from beneath a mane of silver-grey hair. The Sergeant of the Wolf Guard looked old and tired. Last night he had dreamed of his death. Though the death-vision was a bad omen, the old man showed no sign of fear.

The Rune Priest Njal sat opposite Ragnar underneath the stained glass window. Stars showed through the portrait of the Ascension of the Emperor into the Throne of Eternal Life. Njal folded his hands in prayer, his eyes focused into the distance. The runes on his armour glowed with a subdued light. Ragnar wondered what visions he was seeing and for a moment envied him the Emperor's Gift.

"I'm ready for this," roared Egil. His bulldog face was set in its characteristic permanent grin. By Russ, even for a Space Wolf he was fierce. During their long ago basic training he had broken two of Ragnar's fingers during unarmed combat practice and laughed loudly as the younger Space Marine was carried to the Apothacaron. Ragnar held no grudge; since then they had fought side by side in too many desperate battles for that.

"Today you will give the skalds something to sing of, eh Hukon?" said Gunnar, the squad support man. He smiled, revealing the lengthened canines that were the mark of the Space Wolf gene-seed.

Hakon let out a short bark of mirthless laughter. "Thank the Emperor for providing you with this chance to show your own bravery"

"He'll prove his courage soon enough," said Egil.

Gunnar slapped a magazine into his weapon. "Don't worry Egil, I shall see that you're safe."

Gunnar was the youngest of the Wolf Guard and its most recent member. He had been called to Ragnar's personal service after slaying three Genestealers in hand-to-hand combat on the Hulk "Sin of Damnation" and pulling a wounded comrade clear. Like the others, he showed no sign of a hangover though last night he had quaffed a tremendous amount of ale.

"Look after yourself," said Egil. "You still owe me two flagons from our last arm-wrestling match."

Gunnar clapped Egil on the shoulder of his gleaming armour and laughed. "After today I shall pay you in full."

"It would be just like you to get yourself killed to avoid paying your debts," said Egil. There was tension in the air despite the humour. Ragnar could feel it. They all knew that this drop might be their last.

"Final invocations," Ragnar ordered. Each Space Marine fell silent as he concentrated on the prayers necessary to activate his armour.

Ragnar knew that his suit was well maintained. He had carried out all the rituals himself, washing the armour with scented oils while intoning the litany against corrosion, greasing the articulated joints with blessed unguents,

checking the pipes of the rebreather with coloured smoke from an auto-censer. He touched each command rune in turn, once again made suddenly aware how much he relied on this armour for protection. Its ceramite carapace shielded him from heat and cold and enemy fire. Its autosenory systems let him see in the darkness. Its recycling systems let him breathe in hard vacuum and survive for weeks in the harshest of environments.

He fitted the comm-net earbead into place and checked the position of the speaking circlet over his larynx. He bowed his head and prayed that the ship's tech-adepts had taken as much care of their equipment as his own bondsmen would. Once on Darien's surface it might prove his only means of communication with his company.

He pushed his hands together in prayer, feeling the muscle amplification of the suit's exo-skeleton lend him the strength of many. He closed his eyes and let the pheromone traces of his companions be picked up by the suit's receptors. Since the atmosphere below was breathable he knew that he could identify his companions by scent. With an act of will he switched his hearing from normal sound to comm-net pickup. The subvocalised activation litanies of his companions rang in his ears, interspersed with the comm chatter of the ship's crew.

"Helmets on," Ragnar said. In turn the Space Marines donned their protective headgear. One by one each gave the ancient ritual thumbs up sign. He felt the click of the helmet lock as it slid into place. Targeting icons appeared in his sight underneath the gothic script of his display. All the readouts were fine.

"All clear. The Emperor is served," Hakon said. The others in turn gave the same response.

"The Blessing of the Emperor upon you. May he grant you strength," Ragnar replied. There was a hiss as the drop-pod depressurised. The external temperature dropped sharply. A frost blue ikon flashed for three heartbeats to indicate a lack of air-pressure. There was another click from the neckband of the armour. Ragnar knew that his helmet had locked into place and could not now be removed until his suit had checked the atmosphere and found it safe for breathing.

There was a faint kick of acceleration. For a moment Ragnar felt weightless as the drop-pod left the artificial gravity field of the Hunter of Fiends. A fraction of his normal weight returned as it sped away. In the view monitors the Hunter showed first as a vast metal wall. As it receded the turrets studding its exterior became visible, then the whole ship slid into view, from winged stern to dragon beaked prow. The sheer size of the vessel was obvious from the hundreds of great arched windows, each of which was the long as whaling ship and taller than a mast. Swiftly the Hunter of Fiends dwindled till it was lost amid the stars, just one point of light among many. As it did so the alien world swelled ominously in size below them.

Somewhere below was the enemy. Soon they would face the Tyranids.



Each Chapter of Space Marines forms an independent fighting force with its own vehicles, spacecraft and support personnel. They are independent armies possessing everything they need to wage war across the galaxy at a moment's notice. Each Chapter lives on its own world and rules over its inhabitants, often only recruiting its warriors from the people living there. These worlds are scattered among the Imperium so that no matter where the enemies of mankind strike there will always be a force of Space Marines ready to intercept them.

In theory, the organisation and equipment of all the Space Marine Chapters is laid down in the Codex Astartes, the great book of regulations, but in practice every Chapter is different, ranging from the orthodox, highly doctrinaire legionaries of the Ultramarines to the flawed, warrior-aesthetes of the Blood Angels and the grim devout soldier-monks of the Dark Angels. The Space Wolves are one of the most highly individualistic of all the many Chapters. Bred for battle on the deadly world of Fenris, they are a savage warrior brethren of awesome ferocity.



CHAPTER HISTORY



FENRIS

Fenris is a world of ice and fire that lies on the edge of the Imperium closest to the Eye of Terror. The planet follows an elliptical orbit around its sun. The Great Year, the period it takes Fenris to orbit its sun, is approximately two Earth years long.

For much of its long year the world is cold. As the planet sweeps closer to the sun, the Wolf's Eye swells in the sky and brief summer blazes.

The sky burns as great tectonic plates clash. Blazing islands rise from the sea, lava streaming down their slopes. Volcanoes erupt and churn the oceans. Mighty tidal waves scour the coasts and lands sink as quickly as they rise. Sometimes entire chains of mountains erupt and ashclouds black out the sun, creating a condition of virtual nuclear winter. At other times, when the planet basks in summer, the heat is trapped and ultra-quick greenhouse warming sets in. When the world passes through asteroid clouds the planet is bombarded with meteors. A direct hit wipes out entire populations. The climate is erratic and deadly and any life form that survives here must be tough to survive.

As continents break apart and new lands erupt from the sea, whole populations take to their longships to settle on the newly formed islands or to escape from the scorched remains of their previously fertile homelands. This continual migration results in constant, bitter warfare as each tribe attempts to take possession of, and establish supremacy on the newly formed lands.

Kraken and seadragon lurk in the depths surfacing to prey on the unwary. Razor-jawed ripperfish, capable of stripping a man to the bone in seconds, dwell near the surface. From warm caves in the islands mighty dragons emerge to soar on the thermals. In the cold lands of the uttermost North, packs of iron-furred wolves hunt the teeming herds of elk and caribou. This deadly world breeds deadly men. Here only the strong survive and the weak perish quickly.

Every Space Marine Chapter reflects the world on which it was raised and the character of its founder. The Space Wolves reflect the world of Fenris and the personality of their Primarch, Leman Russ. The cold, deadly world of Fenris schools its people in survival and constant warfare. The Space Marines are chosen from the best warriors of a warrior race and the ablest survivors of a folk for whom

each day is a struggle to stay alive. They are hunters and trackers without peer and fearless warriors for whom dying in battle is the noblest of achievements. They learn early in life that loyalty to their clan and their leader is the highest virtue and carry this loyalty over to their Chapter. Born on such a hostile world, few places in the universe hold any terror for the Space Wolves.

Leman Russ was the most ferocious of the Primarchs who remained loyal to the Emperor, a giant even among the Emperor's chosen, a great brawling roisterer of a man, fiercely loyal to his friends, and a terror to his enemies. In his youth he was the most headstrong of the Primarchs but matured into the one of the most brilliant military commanders of an age of great generals. He vanished ten thousand years ago, no-one knows to where. It is said that he will return in the Last Days to lead his people into the final battle when Horus, the Great Evil One, returns and the forces of darkness threaten to overwhelm the universe. His chosen ones – the Space Wolves – inhabit the Northlands of Fenris and wait for the final days.



THE MAKING OF A SPACE WOLF

Space Wolves are chosen from the bravest and noblest youths of Fenris. In the constant tribal warfare for possession of land, each youth is given a chance to fight and die in the service of his warrior gods, the Emperor and Leman Russ. Space Marines must be selected young for them to have any chance of surviving the difficult transformation from a normal human to superbeing. Unwittingly, the tribes aid this process by organising all of their young warriors into bands of Wolfbrothers. These bands are always at the forefront of battle, keen to win honour and the respect of their elders. Another more powerful drive also motivates them: the knowledge that while they are Wolfbrothers the eyes of their gods are upon them, and they may be chosen to join the Sons of Russ.

On Fenris strangers stalk the lands of men. They are a frightening sight – huge, burly warriors with burning eyes, cloaked in the pelts of wolves. In the long halls, tales are told round the fires of mysterious strangers who arrive in the depths of winter and challenge the strongest and most boastful warriors to tests of strength and drinking. The strangers always outwrestle the strongest Wolfbrothers and outdrink the staunchest. They pick the worthy and take them away into the dark never to be seen again by friends and kin. No-one can stop them either by pleading or force of arms; few would dare even try.

These same mysterious strangers can often be seen standing on the high ground above the field of battle. Sometimes, when the longships come ashore for battle and plunder, they will be watching, and woe betide any warrior foolish enough to try and strike them. Sometimes the strangers descend after the battle and choose the bravest of the combatant Wolfbrothers. Often the chosen ones are on the point of death, but as long as their wounds are to the fore, the strangers do not care. They take the youths away, brooking no interference. Some say that they vanish into the lightning, others that a great flying ship comes down to collect them. All know that the warriors have gone to join the gods.

At times a Wolfbrother will perform a feat of tremendous bravery such as harpooning a white whale or slaying a dragon. Then the strangers will appear as if drawn by the rumour of courage. They talk to the youths and assess them, and if they measure up to their deeds these youths too disappear.

These mysterious strangers are the Wolf Priests of the Space Wolves: the Choosers of the Valiant. The youths they pick will be tested to become Space Wolves: these are known as aspirants. If they succeed, the geneseed of Leman Russ will be implanted in their bodies.

THE QUESTIONING

When the aspirants next awake they find themselves in the Halls of the Fang. This is the titanic citadel of the Space Wolves, located at the heart of the northern continent of Asaheim, the one geologically stable area on the planet. They are met by the massed ranks of the Space Wolves, and the Wolf Priest who brought them is nowhere to be seen. The assembled warriors ask them why they think they are worthy to join the Emperor's chosen. The candidates must respond favourably to this first and gentlest of tests. If they are suitably proud and their bearing is noble, the Wolves will continue to ask more and more questions. If the candidate quails before the massed ranks of wolf-fanged giants then he has already failed. He will be taken aside and led into the mountain depths to be given a place among the Company's thralls. Having looked upon the interior of the Fang he can never return to his folk.

The questioning becomes ever more robust and insulting and the candidate is expected to rise to the challenge, to give as good as he gets. If he does not then once more he has failed. After the questioning he is dismissed to a cold bare chamber, there to meditate upon his fate.

The assembled Space Wolves will, meanwhile, discuss the aspirant. If they decide he is worthy then he will be given



the chance to become a Space Marine. If not, then he becomes a thrall. Only about one aspirant in ten is given the chance to become a Space Marine.

THE FEASTING

If the aspirant is chosen he is led into a darkened chamber and laid down upon a blood-stained slab. The Wolf Priest re-enters and the operation to implant the geneseed and the extra organs that go to make a Space Marine is begun. When the aspirant wakes he finds himself once more in the Great Hall. He is welcomed with a roar and applause and settled down at the feasting table. He is told that he must eat a whole elk and drink a barrel of ale, as Russ once did. The aspirant is given no choice, and must keep eating and drinking. Plate after plate of steaming meat is brought to him; tankard after tankard of foaming ale is raised to his lips. He must keep eating for his new brothers will give him no respite. Eventually the young candidate will pass out, drunk on strong ale and gorged on venison, his stomach full to the point of being distended. His last memory is usually of being put to sleep in a soft bed. This is truly a warrior's paradise, he thinks.

THE BLOODING

When the aspirant awakes he is freezing cold. He lies naked in the snow with a knife of meteoric iron close at hand. He is feverish and distressed. His head throbs and his muscles ache. His gums bleed and his mouth burns. Near him stands the Wolf Priest that selected him, who

tells the aspirant that the true test has now begun. To prove himself worthy, he must make his way back to the Fang and gain entrance. He is now at the other side of the continent, a thousand miles away from home. The Wolf Priest disappears and the candidate is truly on his own.

Although the aspirant did not know it, the feast had a purpose. The geneseed is beginning to work on his body, rushing through it and restructuring it. Muscle mass is being added, bones are beginning to fuse together, and the very structure of his brain is beginning to alter, quickening his reflexes and heightening his perceptions. Vestigial fangs are beginning to emerge. The venison provides the raw protein needed for this, and the sacred ale was laced with the necessary trace chemicals to fuel the change.

The aspirant knows none of this. He is wracked with pain as his body stretches and grows. His mind is haunted by visions and sanity fades. He becomes wolf-like, feral, maddened by agony and hunger. Now is the worst time – he is constantly hungry because his changing body needs more and more nourishment if it is to sustain its growth. Failure to provide this will be fatal as his body begins to cannibalise itself.

These first few days are the most critical. The aspirant must feed often. He has usually been left near a source of food such as an elk herd. Near mindless, he must hunt them down, eat their raw flesh and drink their blood. Some aspirants, unable to meet the challenge, perish. Some, whether due to some flaw in themselves or the geneseed, never get beyond this stage. They become mindless animals, with an animal's cunning. They continue to grow and hunger for flesh, eventually becoming Wulfen, the most feared monsters on Fenris, creatures that are hunted down by all sane men.



THE RETURNING

If the aspirant survives the first few days then his sanity and intelligence slowly return. He looks on the world anew and finds it changed. His senses are keener. He can see for tens of miles, hear the crack of a twig a league away, smell the musk trails of deer and wolf. He finds he has grown strong beyond the imagining of a mortal man, able to uproot trees and run for days without tiring.

He is almost immune to the biting chill. He recalls who he is and how he came to be where he is, which is just as well, for he will need all a man's intelligence as well as the superhuman powers of a Space Marine to cover the distance to the Fang. The land is full of danger from wild beasts, awful weather, and the constant threat of landslide and avalanche.

The elk of Fenris are huge beasts, standing nearly twelve foot at the shoulder, with razor sharp antlers ten foot across. They can easily trample a hunter to death and one

sweep of their horns can disembowel a man. There are huge white bears, savage engines of death twenty foot tall, weighing many tons. Psychic super-intelligent foxes, large as dogs, lure prey into deadfalls with illusions and mental commands.

Most feared of all are the packs of Fenrisian Wolves, one of the most vicious predators in the known universe. The smallest of these great grey wolves are the size of ponies, and the oldest can attain the size of a Rhino armoured personnel carrier. They are amazingly intelligent and always voraciously hungry. Their pack tactics make them the most efficient hunters on the surface of the world. Working together they isolate and run down even the largest of prey.

It is these wolves that make Asaheim virtually uninhabitable by man, and the tale of these red-eyed, howling monsters is used to quiet unruly children in the Islands. The legend goes that in ancient times mankind lived in Asaheim and grew weak and decadent. Russ saw this and was most displeased, and in his anger he unleashed his wolves and they drove man out of his ancestral home. Only when the folk are worthy enough to drive out the wolves will they be able to reclaim the land that was once theirs.

To combat the cold the aspirants make themselves clothing from the hides of their prey and attach their ceremonial knives to branches to make spears. Then they begin to cross the land, passing through wolf-haunted forests and over freezing plains. Slowly the land rises before them and the Fang comes into view, visible hundreds of miles away. To reach their destination the aspirants must now climb cliffs and traverse glaciers.

In the mountains the aspirants encounter dragons and blood eagles. Food becomes scarce. Many aspirants die on this pilgrimage. Those that do not will eventually find themselves before one of the Fang's many gates. Here, at the heart of the northern continent, where the mountains meet over the pole, they will see the Fang in all its glory for the first time.

The foothills of this huge artificial mountain cover hundreds of miles, and the Fang itself rises up twenty five miles, a dagger driven into the belly of the sky, towering out of the planet's atmosphere. It is one of the mightiest citadels in the Imperium outside the fortified world of Earth.

The citadel is clad in resistant armour and cloaked with void screens more powerful than any starship's. Great weapon bays point defence lasers at the distant stars. A huge geo-thermal spike runs down the core of the mountain and provides power for the Chapter's weapons and factories. The mountain is crowned with a spaceport large enough for entire space fleets to be re-fitted. Thousands of miles of corridor wind down into the mountain's dark heart where Iron Priests and their servitors craft weapons forged in fire from the planet's molten heart.

Warriors are assembled at the gate to greet the aspirants. This time their applause has no irony. They are welcomed as brothers. The Great Wolf takes their oath of fealty and they are invited anew to another feast. After this their real training begins. New organs are implanted, transforming them even more.



The drop-pod touched down. Ragnar ceased praying and opened his eyes. He hit the release amulet of the restraining straps and rose swiftly.

"Squad, disperse," Ragnar's voice was clear and calm over the comm-link.

The walls of the pod opened like the petals of a fast-blossoming flower. Air rushed in, misting as it hit the chill within the craft. The Space Marines leapt clear. Ragnar touched ground, glancing around swiftly to orientate himself. His gaze took in the clearing and the trees and the nearby buildings. He checked the sky. Other pods fell groundward, dropping like the spores of some giant alien plant. So far so good, he thought, rising to his feet and sprinting for the nearest cover.

The ground felt soft and spongy under his feet. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of something big, moving fast through the nearby trees. It pointed the nozzle of a large weapon at him. Reflexively Ragnar sprang to one side as shards of shrapnel chewed up the ground where he had just been. He rolled to his left, raising his auto-targeting bolt pistol. Acid fumes steamed from the small crater on his right. The wolf's head ikon of the targeter blinked red-black-red inside his faceplate. He squeezed the trigger: a bolter shell whizzed towards the target. A roar of pain echoed through the forest. Not pausing to see what had cried or whether his target had dropped the Wolf Lord rolled into the cover of the purple bushes. He looked round, checking to see if any of his men were hurt.

Egil sprinted towards the margin of the clearing. His howling warcry echoed over the comm-net. His bolter snap-

fired three times. Explosions kicked up dirt at the forest edge. Small reptilian creatures scuttled for cover away from them. Ragnar snapped a shot off at one. Its head came apart as the shell struck home.

Next to the drop-pod Gunnar stood firm, legs apart, the heavy missile launcher braced with both hands. Flames spat from its muzzle as the weapon spoke. For long seconds the rocket thundered then, with a crash, hit its target. A great tree listed to the left as the force of the explosion toppled it. Giant forms lurched from the precarious safety beneath its branches. He saw them clearly now.

They looked like dinosaurs. Their heads were large and bulged back, horny carapaces protecting a large brain case. Their ribs were the outside their bodies, like the exoskeleton of an insect. Internal organs were clearly visible. Ragnar saw lungs pulse with breath and exposed hearts beat beneath them. Each monster had four muscular arms, two of which terminated in long claws, the other two of which clutched strange fleshy rifles or wicked looking blades. Long legs ended in hoofs and raised them to over twice Ragnar's height. A stinger curled between their legs. The shape of the creatures was all organic curves and exposed innards. It reminded him of Genestealers, but he recognised them as something even worse: Tyranid Hive-Warriors.

Njal, the Rune-Priest, howled a challenge; a nimbus of light flared round his head. The runes on his staff blazed and from the weapon's tip leapt a bolt of pure psychic power. It touched a Tyranid and flowed round it. The thing's rib-cage was torn apart and its lungs splayed out of its back like

obscene wings. Hakon leapt forward through the spray of alien blood and chopped another down with a sweep of his chainsword. A high-pitched rasping whined up the scale into the ultra-sonic as sharp blades whirled against the exoskeleton. The disgusting smell of friction-heated bone mingled with the alien taint of the air.

Another monster loomed over Hakon. In its claws it held two vicious blades of razor-sharp bone. Ragnar took careful aim and snapped off three shots. Near simultaneously Egil's bolter stitched lines of fire across the Tyranid's chest. The creature fell, torn almost in two by the hail of fire. Hakon stepped over its fallen form and drove his chainsword through the rib-cage of the creature following. The chainsword ripped through soft organs. As it fell the thing brought its weapons forward and down. Desperately Hakon parried one blade with his chainsword. The other slashed into his arm, cleaving hard ceramite in two. Blood spurted from the gash. Hakon fell backward, clutching the wound. A pack of the small creatures closed over his recumbent form. The Hive Warrior lay twitching beside him.

The Wolf Lord drew his customised chainsword and leapt into the fray. He covered the distance to the melee in four long strides and lunged into close combat. Ragnar held the blade in both hands and swept it through a huge figure of eight. Impact jarred his arms as the weapon cleaved through the foe. The Hunter-Slayers leapt back, hissing and snarling.

With a mental impulse Ragnar slid the claw blades from his boot and lashed out with a kick, slashing the throat of one of the beasts. They retreated still further. The fallen Tyranid stirred, reached out and tried to grasp him with its claws. They tightened painfully round his leg. As he watched the thing reached for its swords. The pressure on his leg was immense. He could feel the strain on the ceramite of his armour. With an effort of will he moved his leg. Retracting the blades he put his foot on the Tyranid's throat then extruded the footknives again, driving through the cartilage of the creature's windpipe. He fired two shots, one through each of its eyes. The Hive Warrior spasmed and was still. Ragnar broke its neck with a stamp of his boot just to be sure of the kill.

Egil was by his side now, pumping bolter shot after bolter shot into the Hunter-Slayers. They fled in terror, seeming now more like mindless animals than sentient soldiers. Ragnar bent down to inspect Hakon's wound. It had already sealed, as the Space Marine's bio-engineered body acted to minimise the damage. Hakon's face was pale but his eyes were clear and calm.

"I am fine, Lord. It will take more than a scratch like this to kill me," he said. The sound of something huge breaking through the nearby undergrowth mingled with Hakon's irregular breathing and the crack of distant bolter fire.

"I'm pleased to hear it, brother. Now might be a good time to test this theory." As Hakon rose painfully to his feet Ragnar took a moment to patch himself into the comm-net. "Squad-leaders, report."

"Squad Axehead, securing Perimeter West Secundus, heavy resistance, casualties acceptable. The buildings will be ours within two minutes." The comm-net carried the ghostly echo of bolter chatter and death screams.

"Acknowledged," Ragnar said.

Whatever was tearing through the woods was close now. Ragnar removed his helmet, took a deep breath of the tainted air and tried a few practice sweeps with his chainsword. He grinned at Hakon. The sergeant grinned back. By Russ, whatever the thing coming was, it was huge. And judging by the noise it had allies with it.

"Squad Javelin; in position on Elevation West Tercius, establishing relay contact with Brother-Captain Strybjorn and his men on Perimeter North. Have a clear view down valley. Estimate Perimeter West secure in three minutes."

"Acknowledged." A hideous high-pitched screaming started less than a hundred metres away. Ragnar had a bad feeling about this. He bared his fangs in a wider grin.

"Wolf Lord, beware! Giant hostile and five Genestealers approaching your position, am moving to intercept."

Ragnar recognised the voice of Lukkan, the impetuous sergeant of Blood Claw Squad Blade. He glanced skywards. The eight remaining Blood Claws raced out of the east, the jump packs carrying them in giant bounds. Ragnar cursed. That hothead was going to get himself and his men killed.

"No – join me now. Perimeter West Primus. That's a command."

"Acknowledged." Ragnar laughed. Lukkan sounded more than a little crestfallen. Hakon tugged his arm.

"Bones of Russ," the old sergeant muttered. "Look at that."

"Fire at will!" Ragnar barked. Genestealers, four-armed razor-clawed monstrosities flanked a beast that dwarfed the biggest Tyranid Hive-Warrior. In some ways it resembled the Genestealers. It had a similar acid-dripping maw in a similar insectile head. But it was massive, taller than a Hive Warrior and far more bulky. It had four enormous chitinous razor claws, great sickles of bone and cartilage. Held between its claws was a flickering ball of blue plasma. Even as Ragnar watched it released the fireball straight at him and Hakon.

The Wolf Lord sprang to the left, pushing Hakon with him. The two men fell together, armour ringing against armour, then they rolled apart. A backwash of heat singed Ragnar's hair as the plasma bolt passed nearby. It flickered into a nearby tree. Foliage ignited and the tree burned.

Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of Njal disappearing into the wood. Surely the Rune Priest could not be fleeing? Ragnar pushed the thought from his mind. He had other things to worry about.

"A gift from the Sons of Russ," said Gunnar. A missile erupted from his launcher and flashed into the giant. Smoke belched forth on impact. The ground shook. As the smoke cleared Ragnar looked on with awe. The Tyranid bio-construct was still standing, even though a huge chunk had been torn out of its carapace. Ragnar raised his bolt-pistol and aimed a shot at the creature's head. It tore a track along the thing's cheek. The creature began to advance.

"Tough as a Night-Troll," said Egil. His bolter spoke, blasting out another chunk of the thing's armour to no appreciable effect.

"Tougher," said Ragnar, firing again. The shot glanced off the beast's carapace. His chainsword shuddered in his hand, ready to deal death. The lumbering monster came on, building up momentum, its charge seemingly unstoppable.



JOHN BLANCHE

Hakon lobbed a grenade; it bounced at the thing's feet and then exploded. The screaming monstrosity toppled and fell over. The Genestealers rushed past it, a wave of ferocious death, all clicking claws and dripping, fanged mouths.

With a roar, the Blood Claws sprang into the fray. From the air they laid down a shower of grenades. Explosions blasted the genestealers. One was blown, tumbling forward to land at Ragnar's feet. It lashed out with claws capable of tearing through steel. Ragnar parried one with his sword, twisted to avoid the second, ducked under the third and let out a howl of pain as the thing raked his forehead. He smacked the stealer in the temple with the butt of his pistol. The force of the blow knocked the creature back within killing distance of his blade. He decapitated it cleanly and shook his head to clear away the blood dripping into his eyes. Already the wound had begun to sting and close.

He saw the Blood Claws with the remaining Genestealer. Although the creature was wounded it still put up a tremendous fight. Its claws flashed and it eviscerated Brother Jotan. The young Space Marine slumped down, trying to hold in the ropes of his intestines with one hand. Ragnar brought his pistol round, hoping for a clear shot but the swirling melee made it impossible to get a bead on the monster. Slowly the assault troopers gained the upper hand. The stealer came apart in a welter of limbs and bloody body parts.

Suddenly the Blood Claws were thrown aside. Ragnar saw the clawed giant wade through them. A stroke from its scythe chopped Brother Karl in two. Another sweep downed Brother Tor and sent his broken body tumbling into Brother Lukkan. Lukkan fell heavily and was still. This thing was like a monster from the Sagas. Fear touched Ragnar's heart but he did not let it show on his face. He grasped his sword and prepared to meet it breast to breast.

A heavy weight landed on his back. Fetid breath blasted his face. Sharp teeth snapped at his wind-pipe. Somehow a Hunter-Slayer had got behind him. It was almost as if a single mind guided these monsters. The smaller creature was trying to immobilise him while the larger one killed him. The enemy mind knew he was the leader.

Ragnar rolled forward. Momentum carried the Hunter-Slayer over his shoulder and sent it tumbling clear. It flicked out its tail, snapping it in his eyes. Tears stung. He was momentarily blinded, lying in the dirt while the thunderous tread of the giant came inexorably closer. His sword fell from his hand. Nearby, Egil's bolter blasted but the monster did not slow. Ragnar rolled to one side. The Hunter-Slayer was on his chest again. Its triumphant hissing filled his ears. Guided by the sound he lashed out with an armoured fist and then got his hands round its neck. He was determined that, even if the giant killed him, its little kinsman was going to die with him. It was a better death than some, he thought, though not as heroic as he had wished.

The giant was near. Its scent was overpowering. He could hear the metronome pulse of its huge heart. Its blood dripped down on him. In his mind's eye he pictured those great scythes rising and descending. He steeled his body for the impact. As he did so he twisted the Hunter-Slayer's neck, feeling the vertebrae grind and snap. Its huge kinsman whined as if it too felt the pain.

Ragnar's vision cleared and he looked up into the face of nightmare and lunacy. Mighty shark-like jaws dripped slimy saliva. Mad eyes filled with hate and bloodlust gazed into

his own. The scythe-claws, slick with red blood, were raised high. As they swept down Ragnar knew his last moment had come.

Suddenly Hakon was there. The sergeant had leapt under the arc of the blades. He blocked one with the chainsword and took the other on his wounded arm. Ragnar saw his face twist, but he did not cry out in spite of the pain. Frustrated, the thing swept the sergeant up, grasping him in all four claws. Hakon arched his back, struggling futilely against the creature's irresistible strength. Great cords of muscle bulged in his neck. For a moment it looked as if he might actually do it. But there was no escape from that death-grip. The claws closed like the blades of great shears and Hakon's body flopped to earth, torn into three pieces.

Ragnar howled with grief and rage. He threw the Hunter-Slayer from him and surged to his feet. Once more he stared into the creature's eyes.

"And now, you die," he whispered, his hand clutching for a Krak grenade.

He leapt upward catching one of the creature's arms and pulling himself up one-handed. In a heartbeat he was level with the thing's face. He thrust his fist right into the monster's gaping maw. He pushed the detonator on the grenade, placed his feet on the beast's enormous chest and kicked out, boosting himself away.

The ground rose to meet him. The bemused giant lumbered forward. For a moment Ragnar wondered if the grenade were defective. Then the monster's head exploded showering him in brains and mucous. For long seconds its body stood upright then it toppled backward to the loud cheers of the Space Marines.

Ragnar looked round and found the battle was over. There was no enemy in sight. Brother Lukkan rose from under the body of his man and stared in awe at his leader. Njal emerged from the woods. In his hand he held the dripping head of a Tyranid.

"The last one," he said. "The lesser beasts won't trouble us for a while."

Ragnar looked down on the torn corpse of Sergeant Hakon. A good death, he thought, a warrior's death. He looked up to see Egil staring at him.

"Are you all right, Lord?" he asked quietly.

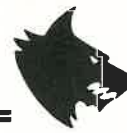
Ragnar nodded then spoke into the comm-net.

"Perimeter West Primus is secure," he said.





CHAPTER ORGANISATION



The Space Wolves are organised in a very different way from most other Space Marine Chapters. The Chapter dates from the First Founding and its structure owes more to the personality of Leman Russ than it does to the Codex Astartes. It also reflects the preferred fighting style and social organisation of the native Fenrisians.

There are a dozen Great Companies, all of whom owe allegiance to the Chapter's commander, the Great Wolf. Each company is led by a Wolf Lord and his circle of advisors. Each company has its own Lair within the Fang and its own allocation of starships and weapons. A Great Company takes as its totem and insignia one of the legendary wolves of Fenris tamed by Leman Russ in ancient times. One company is named after the Blackmane wolf, the Howler in the Night. Another company takes as its insignia the Thunderwolf who it is said still flees in terror from Russ around the world, the sound of its paws being the thunder, the glint of its teeth the lightning. Still another takes the two-headed wolf as its emblem, this being the symbol of both the monster that guards death's gate and the sign of Russ's two wolves, Freki and Geri.

Tales are told of a thirteenth Great Company that took as its sign the pelt of the Wulfen, the legendary spirit of evil whose curse can still turn Space Wolves into the monsters of that name. This was a bad choice for a banner; the Great Company vanished into the Eye of Terror during the Horus Heresy, and none know its fate. Since then the Space Wolves have traditionally considered the number thirteen unlucky.

In addition to the Great Companies there is the household of the Great Wolf himself, within whose walls dwell the Wolf Priests and the Chapter's dreadnoughts. The emblem of the Great Wolf's company is the wolf rampant, the wolf that stalks between stars; the emblem of Russ himself. The current Great Wolf, Logan Grimnar, is one of the Imperium's longest serving warriors. This cunning and fierce old man has led the Space Wolves for over five centuries.

Each Great Company is made up of various elements. The company is led by its Wolf Lord, who has a personal retinue of picked warriors, the Wolf Guard. It is from the Chapter's Wolf Lords that a new Great Wolf is selected on the passing of the old one. The majority of troops in the company are Grey Hunters, proven warriors of ability. Also present are packs of youthful and glory-hungry Blood Claws as well as the wiser, older Long Fangs.

Warriors of the Great Companies fight in squads known as packs. In battle Space Wolves risk their lives for their pack-brothers without a second's thought. This creates debts of honour and friendship that may take centuries to repay. Even after pack-brothers have moved on through promotion or being assigned to other duties, these bonds remain. Thus Great Companies are bound together by chains of honour and loyalty stronger than tempered steel.

It is easy to tell a Space Wolf's role in his company by his appearance, for age plays a great part in the the assignment

of tasks. Space Wolves grow progressively more grey-haired as they become older: their fangs become longer and their skins become ever more tanned and leathery. The veterans, called Long Fangs, are the company's long range support troops. The mature warriors are Grey Hunters, who are used in a variety of roles. The least experienced troops are the Blood Claws, whose role is to act as assault troops.

The Wolf Lord is the company's finest leader, chosen by acclamation of the company from the ranks of the Wolf Guard. He is a man who has proven himself time and again in battle, who has performed many exceptional feats of heroism and who has also shown wisdom and cunning in battle. The warriors who follow him have total faith in his honour and courage.

WOLF GUARD

The Wolf Guard are the elite warriors of the Great Company. They are the pack brothers of the Wolf Lord himself, his companions and his most trusted friends.

They have access to the sacred Terminator suits as well as many personalised weapons. Used only for the most dangerous of missions, the Terminator suits are ancient artefacts, giant sets of the mightiest power armour, forged by the ancients and handed down from generation to generation. The honour of wearing one is much sought after by the warriors.

The Wolf Guard fight alongside the Wolf Lord in the thick of battle, ready to give their lives to protect their leader. A Space Wolf can only become a Wolf Guard by performing an exceptional feat of heroism such as defeating overwhelming odds in hand-to-hand combat, storming an enemy position single-handed or slaying a particularly mighty foe. They must have proved themselves to be the bravest of the brave since to become a Wolf Guard is the highest honour the Chapter can bestow.

LONG FANGS

Long Fangs are the eldest of the Space Wolves, grizzled veterans of a thousand combats. Due to a quirk of Space Wolf genesee their canine teeth grow throughout their life so these men are, quite literally, Long Fangs. They are like old oak trees, gnarled survivors of countless storms. No Space Marine survives to their great age without acquiring prodigious skill and knowledge of survival techniques.

Long Fangs see it as their duty to pass on their lore and to temper the headstrong battlelust of their younger battle brothers. Their cool under fire is legendary. Often Long Fangs have held the battlefield and triumphed after all others have fled.

Long Fang units carry more heavy weapons and squad support weapons than any other type of Space Wolf unit. They are always at the forefront of the assault, smashing the enemy's defences with their devastating firepower.



GREY HUNTERS

Grey Hunters make up the bulk of any force fielded by the Chapter. These are Space Marines in their prime, tempered by battle yet still hungry for a place in the Wolf Guard. They are men with a desire to win glory and they have the ability to do so. They are proud and fierce warriors who have acquired all the skills needed to see them through any combat. They are normally armed with a good mix of bolters, grenades and close combat weapons.

BLOOD CLAWS

Blood Claws are the youngest of the battlebrothers. Having only recently acquired the honour of a place in a Great Company they have the most to prove. They are hot-tempered and impetuous, keen to get to grips with the enemy at all costs. Many of them are still flawed, struggling with the change that came upon them when they were transformed into Space Wolves. They are still capable of unreasoning berserk fury and seek combat at any cost. Often they have to be restrained by older and wiser heads.

Blood Claws form the assault squads whose jump packs and close combat weapons will get them among the enemy as quickly as possible. They can be found in the thick of any battle, howling their blood-freezing battlecries. They are also found acting as a mobile strike force, mounted on landspeeders and bikes; anything to get closer to where the action is. They are particularly noted for their blood-mad, howling charges. Many a foe has been overwhelmed by these crazed rushes.

WOLF LORDS

Each Wolf Lord vies with the others for glory and a place in the Chapter's sagas. This competitiveness is reflected by their followers, who maintain a friendly rivalry with the other Great Companies. This often manifests itself in a desire to be the first to reach an objective during the campaign but it is at its most evident during the great tournaments and drinking contests held on Fenris during winter. Here representatives of each company vie with each other in races, wrestling matches, hunts and shooting contests. Much honour and gold is won and lost in the wagering. Sometimes this competitiveness leads to friction and the Wolf Priests must step in and arbitrate.

WOLF PRIESTS

The Wolf Priests are responsible only to the Great Wolf himself. At least one Wolf Priest always stalks the surface of Fenris seeking promising candidates to recruit into the ranks. They are responsible for choosing aspirants and for overseeing all aspects of their recruitment and indoctrination. Wolf Priests perform the ritual implanting of the geneseed and supervise every aspect of training the aspirants. They are hard, grim men, knowledgeable in the sagas of the Chapter's history.

Wolf Priests are chosen from the ranks of the Long Fangs. Becoming a Priest means severing all ties with their former Great Company. To symbolise this they take on a new name when they don the sacred skull-embossed armour. They must be seen to be impartial for they arbitrate in any dispute among the companies. A convocation of Wolf Priests advises the Great Wolf on matters of Chapter law and discipline.

Wolf Priests are the first Space Marine any new recruit has dealings with, and they sternly supervise the training of aspirants. During training Space Wolves learn an almost religious respect for these grim old men that never leaves them. A brawl between drunken Grey Hunters can be broken up with a single word from a Wolf Priest. It is said that the Wolf Priest's is the first and last face a Space Wolf ever sees. He looks on it for the first time when he is recruited and for the final time when the Wolf Priest performs the last rites.

RUNE PRIESTS

Rune Priests are selected from those Wolfbrothers who show traces of psychic power. They are screened by the Adeptus Terra to make sure that their souls are untainted by the dark powers, then their spirits are strengthened by many tests, hardships and rituals. They must be utterly strong, secure enough in faith to resist the whispered temptations of Chaos all psykers must face. If they come through all the tests, they are deemed worthy of becoming a Rune Priest and are taught how to wield their awesome psychic energies for the good of their battle-brothers. If they fail, they die.

The Rune Priests have the gift of the Sight granted to the Emperor's chosen. By their gift of divination they chart the Chapter's future, and by their knowledge of the sagas they fix the Chapter's past. The Space Wolves keep no written history; their records are committed to the memories of the Rune Priests who learn all the sagas of

Elder Days. These are recited on the Chapter's feast days and during the Festival of the Wolf Time that commemorates the Chapter's founding. This is held every twelve Great Years.

The cult of Russ is old, dating to the time of the First Founding and pre-dating the establishment of the Adeptus Terra. To outsiders its rituals seem primitive and almost heretical. They stress the power of Russ almost as much as the divinity of the Emperor. At the core of the faith are many prophecies concerning the Space Wolves and the natives of Fenris. Central to its tenants is the belief that the forces of Evil will gather and return in the end to destroy mankind under the leadership of a resurrected Horus. It is the duty of the Space Wolves to prepare for this last day, to be ready for the final battle. The Cult of Russ teaches that the spirit of every Space Wolf who dies bravely in battle joins the Emperor and strengthens him to fight this final battle. This is a grim, savage religion with the power to stir warriors to feats of great heroism.

A Rune Priest begins as a skald, the lowest apprentice to a Great Company's Priest. He is expected to learn the tale of the company's history, starting from its earliest days to the present. Every Great Year he will be assigned to a new company to learn its sagas. Once he has learned the tale of each company he will be sent to whichever Rune Priest needs an apprentice and his training in the deeper mysteries begins.

The Rune Priest is taught how to cast the Runes of Divination and to focus his psychic powers in combat. As he progresses he learns the sagas that tell the tales of the Chapter's great heroes right back to the time of the First Founding. He will grow in strength and power until eventually he may replace the old and failing Rune Priest. Great contests of saga-telling and psychic duelling are held to determine this every Wolf Time festival.

At this time the High Wolf Priest is also chosen. He is the leader of the Chapter's Rune Priests and advisor to the Great Wolf. The Rune Priests preside over many rituals of the Cult of Russ, invoking the spirits of the honourable dead to watch over their battle-brothers.

Many Rune Priests are psyberlinked to ravens and wolves. This enables the Rune Priest to see with the animals' eyes and control their actions. The ravens are freed to gather news from all corners of Fenris, and they are also used as messengers to the tribes. The birds have voders linked to long range comm-systems that allow them to speak with the Rune Priest's voice. These ravens are used to observe aspirants as they wander the land of Asaheim during the Bleeding. These animals are fearsome sights, each one having been specially modified. Some birds have steel beaks and cyborg eyes, while the wolves have bionic limbs and steeltrap jaws.

A full Rune Priest is an awesome sight. They are giant weatherbeaten men, about whom hangs an aura of mystery and mystical power. They are cowled with the hide of a great white wolf and lean on the mighty oak runestaves that are their badge of office. Their armour is covered in the old runes first carved by Russ himself. As their powers are used these runes glow with balefire, focusing the Rune Priest's psychic energy.

IRON PRIESTS

On Fenris, the Forgemasters are men set apart from the bulk of the population by their knowledge of weapon making and ironwork. The secrets of smithing are passed from father to son. Forgemasters are organised into the mysterious Guild of Smiths, an organisation with links to the Iron Priests of the Space Wolves. Iron Priests are chosen from the sons of Forgemasters in secret rituals on the Isles of Iron. Here candidates are picked by both a Wolf Priest and an Iron Priest. They do not face the questioning of the massed Space Marines but are instead examined by the Master Iron Priest himself, and their knowledge of the mysteries is tested.

To prove their courage they must place their hand into the blazing mouth of a great forge cast in the shape of a grinning Wolf's Head. This is the ultimate test where the aspirant must sacrifice part of his own flesh to achieve unity with the Machine-God. When the blackened stump is removed it is replaced with a servo-gauntlet grafted directly onto the aspirant's hand and linked to his central nervous system. The Machine-God has entered the aspirant's body and he has begun a lifelong journey towards understanding its mysteries.

Iron Priests must undergo the ritual of the Bleeding exactly like any other aspirant, and they then spend a period of training under the supervision of the Wolf Priests where they learn the use of weapons. At the end of this time they are sent on a pilgrimage to the Forge World of Mars, where they undergo training with the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Here they learn many of the secrets of the Machine-Cult.

During this time they may also acquire many bionic enhancements, symbolic of their unity with the Machine-God, and useful to any artificer. When they return to the Chapter they take their place among the ranks of the Iron Priests, supervising the munitions factories and workshops of the Fang. They create the cyborg Wolves and Ravens for the Rune Priests.

The Iron Priests are mysterious figures to their battle-brothers. They possess strange skills and obscure knowledge from the elder days and their concerns seem remote and unworldly. They do not take part in any of the great contests and many of their rituals are secret even from their fellow Space Wolves. They are outsiders, even as the smiths are on the world of Fenris. Perhaps because of this they are not resented. Their brother Space Marines see them as occupying the same position as the mysterious weapon makers did in their old society.

DREADNOUGHTS

Closest to the Iron Priests are the dreadnoughts, ancient battle-machines inhabited by the shrivelled bodies of crippled Long Fangs and Wolf Guard. When dormant these machines are tended by the Iron Priests; when they are awake the young priests listen to their stories of the ancient days. For the dreadnoughts are virtually immortal, and have often been alive for a millennium or more, linked as they are to the life-support systems of their armoured carapaces.

Deep within the Fang dwells the legendary Bjorn the Fell-Handed, who served with Russ during the Horus Heresy.

This old man-machine spends most of his time in dormancy, all systems shut down save those necessary to maintain life. He has distinguished himself in countless frays and waits now for the time of prophecy when Horus returns, for he is convinced that on that day Russ will also come back to lead his sons, and he intends to be there to greet him.

Bjorn wakes every thousand years to check on the well-being of the Chapter and to enthrall the battle-brothers with the tale of ancient days. He quizzes the Rune Priests on the sagas and ensures that no errors have crept into their recitals. He also asks them to recount the deeds of the Chapter since last he awoke. With his powers augmented by the dreadnought's databanks he can memorise all the new sagas at a single hearing.

Sometimes it is said the Great Wolf wakes Bjorn to consult him on some particularly important matter, but otherwise this old and honoured warrior is left undisturbed to wait for his destiny.

The other dreadnoughts are not so ancient but they are nearly as revered. They dwell apart from the Great Companies in a chamber within the Hall of the Great Wolf where they can be available to him at an instant's notice.

THRALLS

The whole population of the Fang is supported by the thralls – failed aspirants who have seen the inside of the fortress and cannot be allowed to return home. They are given honourable positions as warriors and guardians of the Space Wolves' home, and are trained to drive and maintain vehicles and spacecraft and to use weapons. They are effectively Fenris's planetary defence force.

Thralls are adopted by the Great Companies and have the position of privileged retainers. Certain thralls with mechanical aptitude are chosen to become servitors of the

Iron Priests. Their bodies are implanted with bionic systems and psyberlink feeds that enable them to interface directly with the Chapter's machines.

During a campaign the structure of a Great Company is less formalised than many other Chapters' units. Forces are organised on a temporary basis with whatever troops seem necessary for the job assigned to the task. If any man has the specialised skill needed to do the job he will be listened to regardless of his rank. The Space Wolves are a band of brothers and their leaders are first among equals; they hold their position because they have the respect and trust of their comrades. It is true that many of the Great Wolves are held in awe by their men but the forces of this Chapter resemble a warrior band more than a formalised army. On a battlefield leadership falls to whichever senior warrior is present. Thus, depending on circumstance, Space Wolves can be led by Wolf Priests, Wolf Guard, Rune Priests, squad sergeants or simply the most respected warrior in the band.

The Space Wolves are sometimes seen by outsiders as being less disciplined than other warriors of the Imperium but this is not true. Every man knows his task and knows that the honour of his unit depends on him performing it well. They do have a flexibility that suits them well for lightning attacks and warfare deep behind enemy lines. They are commandos and raiders without peer. The self-reliance of the troops suits them well to operating independently in small units far from their commanding officers.

When war blazes across the Imperium, the Space Wolves are always found in the forefront of the battle, keen to get to grips with the foe, chainswords at the ready, mighty howling war-cries drowning out the screams of their foes. In battle they always follow Russ's maxim: conquer or die.





Slowly the Space Wolves formed a circle round the last resting places of their dead. In the shadow of the great mounds of wood and kindling each man was silent, lost in his own thoughts, mourning his departed friends and contemplating the nature of their deaths.

Ragnar watched Brother Ulrik, the Wolf Priest, tower over the body of Sergeant Hakon. His blade was bloody from cutting gene-seed free from the lost.

"From the flesh of Russ you came," he said, extracting the seed from the sergeant's remains. "To the flesh of Russ you will return."

Reverently the Wolf Priest placed the Russ-seed inside the cryogenic urn, then he licked the sacred knife clean to ensure that not one drop more of Space Wolf blood would touch this alien earth. Hakon's was the last gene-seed to be reclaimed. Now it was time for the burning.

Ulrik stood within the circle of pyres and raised his arms high above his head. All eyes were now fixed upon him.

"Look for the last time upon the faces of your brothers," said the priest. "Do not mourn them for they died bravely. They lived as men and died as men and now their spirits are within the Halls of the Emperor. No warrior can ask for more."

As one, the circle of Space Marines turned and began to march around the pyres so that every man could look upon each of the dead in turn. Ahead of Ragnar in the circle was Lukkan, behind him was Gunnar. He was part of the living chain. During the burning there was no distinction between leaders and men, between Blood Claws or Grey Hunters or Long Fangs. All were made equal by loss.

As they marched Ragnar looked first on the face of Hakon. Memories flooded back. He could remember being awestruck as he had followed the sergeant into battle for the first time. Then Ragnar had been a Blood Claw and Hakon had been a Wolf Guard assigned by Lord Berek to keep them out of trouble. The sergeant had pulled Ragnar out of the wreckage of a blazing Rhino and blasted a clear path to cover for them through the teeming Ork Horde. Hakon had been calm, methodical. He had restrained Ragnar and Egil when they had wanted to make a suicidal charge at a Lungbursta and then lobbed a grenade down its turret himself. Ragnar could remember it all as if it had happened that morning. Hakon had always been good with grenades, Ragnar thought.

Ragnar looked on the face of Brother Jann, the Iron Priest, pulled down by Genestealers while defending his war-machines. The enigmatic brothers of the Iron-god had

removed all of the sacred relics of the Machine Cult from the corpse. Jann's metal hand was gone and his metal eye had been removed. They would go to his successors. The cyberlink nodes on his neck were sealed. Ragnar had not known the man well; the Iron Priests were a breed apart, taciturn, sober, lost in the intricate mysteries of their aeons-old cult. Yet Ragnar knew that Jann had been a good man and he felt a sense of loss. The Iron Priest may have been part of a different cult but he had died as a Space Marine and he would be burned as one.

He gazed upon the scarred face of the Long Fang Hrothgar. The man had been old when Ragnar was chosen as an aspirant. Hrothgar had been the first to call for Ragnar's summoning to the Wolf Guard after the young Blood Claw had killed an entire group of Ork Nobz and their Boss in close combat. He said that surely they must take someone so favoured by Russ. Lord Berek had listened to this trustworthy witness then took Ragnar on a drinking session through the taverns of Avernus that lasted three days. After that Ragnar was a Wolf Guard.

Then there was Karl, youngest of the Blood Claws. He had barely been an aspirant when Ragnar became Wolf Lord. Berek had been found dead atop a small mountain of dead Beastmen. Ragnar himself had fought his way through the Thousand Sons to try and rescue the old wolf but had arrived too late. By his action Berek held the Chaos worshippers off long enough for relief to arrive and preserve the sanctity of the Vault of Secrets. It had been a mighty death. Ragnar could remember Karl looking wide-eyed down on Berek's corpse as it had lain in state in the deepest caverns of the Fang. The boy had been enthralled by the tale of Berek's bravery and tried to emulate his feats since then. He would strive no longer.

Tor lay beside his friend. Ragnar remembered the jokes the two of them had played on the older members of the Company, their laughter and their gladness. No more of that; their voices were silent now forever.

Round and round they went and, as they did so, Ragnar, like every man present, remembered the dead and reflected on his own life in the service of the Chapter. On each noble face Ragnar saw his own future written. One day he too would lie there, honoured by his comrades, his spirit gone to join the Emperor in his unending battle with the forces of Darkness. There was no more to be asked for.

At Ulrik's gesture they halted. The Wolf Priest raised a hand flamer and set light to the first of the pyres with a spray of sacred chemical fire. The leaping flames underlit his face, transforming it into a ferociously stern mask. The light reflected in his eyes, as it would in the eyes of a wolf; they shone like miniature suns. In turn Ulrik lit each of the pyres till at last all of the bodies were consumed by cleansing flame. As sergeant Hakon's last bed caught Ragnar threw back his head and howled, giving voice in one long lonely cry to all his grief and fury and pent-up emotion. One by one all the Space Marines round the fire did the same till their cries merged into a giant animal roar that drifted upward to the cold, unblinking stars.





SPACE WOLF CHARACTERS



RAGNAR BLACKMANE

Space Wolf Lord

Ragnar Blackmane is the youngest Wolf Lord in the long history of the Space Wolves. A brilliant if unorthodox commander, he leads from the front. He is always the first to drop to the planetary surface and always the last to leave any battlefield. Ragnar takes his surname from the pelt of the blackmaned wolf that forms his personal totem and company banner. The Blackmane wolf is the fiercest of the mighty Fenrisian wolves. During his blooding, on his long march back to the Fang, Ragnar slew one with his bare hands. It was a good omen and the first heroic deed of many. Ragnar joined the Wolf Guard directly from the Blood Claws – a near unheard of event – after he slew Ork Warboss Borzag Khan and his entire bodyguard in close combat. Ragnar succeeded the previous Wolf Lord, Berek Thunderfist, who was killed defending the Vault of Secrets against an attack by Chaos Space Marines. The Wolf Guard of Blackmane's Company chose him unanimously after his daring revenge raid against the Thousand Sons who had slain Berek. Ragnar's great skill lies in leading raids and spacedrops. The Great Wolf often chooses Ragnar's Company to spearhead any planetary landing. Although still young, Ragnar has already had a heroic career and looks set to win still more fame and glory.

EQUIPMENT

Power Armour

Ragnar's armour confers a basic saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 and includes a respirator, auto senses and a communicator. Ragnar's power armour has been modified to include a set of retractable combat claws. This special item of equipment has own rules described below.

Weapons

Ragnar is armed with a custom bolt pistol with a special targeter and a high powered chainsword. Both of these unique weapons have their own special weapon profile which is shown below. Ragnar always carries Frag and Krak grenades, and may take any number of additional rolls on the Grenade Table at a cost of 10 points per roll.

SPECIAL RULES

Berserk Charge

Ragnar is still young and highly impetuous. It was not very long ago that he was a Blood Claw, and he still can be overcome with the berserk fury that characterises a Blood Claw charge. If Ragnar charges into hand-to-hand combat he

rolls twice the normal number of attack dice for that turn only. However, because he is giving no thought to his own defence, he may not use his chainsword to make any parries on the turn that he charges.

Dodge

Even for a Space Marine, Ragnar has superhumanly fast reactions. His razor-keen senses allow him to detect the faintest hint of danger and take evasive action. This often allows him to dodge out of the way of an attack just in the nick of time. Any time he is hit by ranged fire (**not** when he is in hand-to-hand combat) he rolls a D6. On a roll of 4, 5 or 6 he has dodged the attack and takes no damage. If he is hit by a weapon that uses a template, and he makes his dodge roll, move him just outside the template's edge – he has dived clear! (Note: his ability to dodge is not affected by weapon saving throw modifiers.)

Battle Howl

Ragnar is famed for his battle howl. This ferocious war-cry inspires his men and strikes terror into the heart of his foes. No-one who had ever heard this savage ululating call can ever forget it. It resonates deep into the Space Wolves' souls and triggers their most basic and ferocious instincts. It acts as a signal to any Space Wolves in the vicinity to launch a ferocious charge at the enemy. Once per game, at the start of any movement phase, Ragnar can utter his blood-chilling howl. When he does so any Space Wolves on the table, including Ragnar himself, **must** make a charge move towards the enemy. Such is the speed and ferocity of this charge that the Space Wolves' movement rate is tripled instead of being only doubled. This means that most Space Wolves, including Ragnar, will be able to charge up to 12" on the turn this special ability is used. Only Long Fang packs have sufficient restraint to remain unaffected. They can provide covering fire for their charging brethren. They do not have to join the charge unless you wish them to do so.

Combat Claws

Ragnar's power armour has a set of retractable combat claws built into the boots. Ragnar may use the combat claws to make an extra attack against any one opponent at the end of the close combat phase. If there are any enemy alive and in base to base contact with Ragnar at the end of the phase – a fairly rare occurrence considering his awesome ability in hand-to-hand combat – Ragnar may attack one of them with the combat claws. The claws will score a hit on a roll of 3, 4, 5 or 6 on a D6, causing one wound with a strength of 4 and a -1 saving throw modifier.

Ragnar Blackmane: Points Value 175

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
Ragnar Blackmane	4	7	6	5	5	3	6	3	9	9	9	9
	Short Range	Long Range		To Hit Short	To Hit Long		Strength	Damage		Save Modifier		Special Rules
Bolt Pistol	0-12"	12-24"		+2	-1		4	1		-1		Close Combat.
Chainsword	Close	Combat		Only			5	D3		-2		Close Combat. Parry.
Frag Grenades	0-12"	-		-	-		3	1		-1		2" Blast Area
Krak Grenades	0-12"	-		-	-		6	D6		-3		

WOLF LORD RAGNAR AND WOLF PRIEST BROTHER ULRIK



The back banner of the black wolf's head on a yellow background is Ragnar's Company banner. All the Space Wolves in this Company wear the design on their left shoulder pad. The second back banner is Ragnar's personal one and features a stylised blackmaned wolf fighting against Chaos.



RAGNAR BLACKMANE

Ragnar Blackmane is the youngest Wolf Lord in the long history of the Space Wolves. Ragnar takes his surname from from the pelt of the blackmaned wolf that forms his personal totem and Company banner. Ragnar joined the Wolf Guard directly from the Blood Claws after he slew the Ork Warboss Borzag Khan and his entire bodyguard in close combat. Ragnar's great skill lies in leading raids and spacedrops. The Great Wolf often chooses Ragnar's Company to spearhead any planetary landing.



RAGNAR BLACKMANE – SPACE WOLF LORD



ULRIK THE SLAYER – WOLF PRIEST



Wolf Priest back banner

ULRIK THE SLAYER

Before coming a Wolf Priest, Ulrik was the leader of Great Wolf Logan Grimnar's Blood Claw pack. In the first Armageddon War Ulrik single-handedly cut down three World Eater Space Marines in hand-to-hand combat. As a Wolf Priest he is responsible for recruiting new Space Wolves and turning them into true Space Marines.

ULRIK THE SLAYER

Wolf Priest

Brother Ulrik is the oldest surviving Space Wolf who doesn't dwell within a dreadnought. His career began two years before even Logan Grimnar's, and the Great Wolf has served the Emperor loyally for over six centuries. Ulrik was the leader of Grimnar's Blood Claw pack, and is the only man who still calls the Great Wolf by his first name. Ulrik won Terminator honours and joined the Wolf Guard of Kruger's Company during the First Armageddon War nearly five hundred years ago. He single-handedly cut down three World Eaters in hand-to-hand combat. He refused company leadership on Kruger's death, saying that he was a plain and simple warrior, lacking the necessary tactical skills to fill his former liege's boots. He has served the Chapter loyally over the centuries and eventually became a Wolf-Priest, charged with the responsibility of recruiting new Space Wolves and turning them into true Space Marines. This gnarled, dauntless, plain-speaking old man is now the Chapter's longest serving Wolf-Priest.



EQUIPMENT

Power Armour

Ulrik's armour confers a basic saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 and includes a respirator, auto senses and a communicator.

Equipment

Ulrik carries a medi-pack and bio-scanner. He wears a Rosarius, an amulet that contains a conversion field generator. In battle he wears the fabled Wolf Helm, a revered Space Wolf artefact.

Weapons

Ulrik is armed with a Crozius Arcanum and a combi-weapon that can be fired either as a plasma pistol or as a bolt pistol (but not both in the same turn). He always carries frag, krak and toxin grenades, and a single virus grenade. He may take any number of additional rolls on the Grenade Table at a cost of 10 points per roll.

SPECIAL RULES

Ulrik has a number of special abilities and items of equipment:

Ministration and Last Rites

Wolf-Priests fulfill the functions of both Chaplains and Medics, stalking the battlefield and recovering geneseed of fallen Space Wolves so that it can be returned to Fenris. If a Wolf-Priest finds a badly injured Space Wolf he will administer stimulant drugs, blood transfusions and the like to put him back on his feet. Ulrik is no different in this to any other Wolf-Priest, though he is better than most thanks to his long centuries of experience. If Ulrik can reach a fallen Space Wolf model during the next Space Wolf movement phase, roll a D6 and consult the table below. Ulrik can't shoot or fight in close combat during the same turn, because he's too busy ministering to the fallen brother.

D6 Result

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1 | The Space Wolf is beyond help, and he has gone to Russ in the Halls of the Emperor. |
| 2-4 | The Space Wolf is too badly injured to carry on fighting in this battle but, with help, he will live to fight another day. |
| 5-6 | Ulrik succeeds in patching up the Space Wolf and the model is stood back on its feet with 1 wound. It can act normally from next turn on. |

The Wolf Helm Of Russ

In battle Ulrik wears the fabled Wolf Helm. This ornate helmet is one of the Space Wolves most ancient and revered relics. It is said it was once worn by Russ himself. It inspires devotion above and beyond even the stalwart steadfastness that a Wolf Priest such as Ulrik normally inspires. The helm is held in such awe that Ulrik's presence inspires almost superhuman acts of bravery and discipline. As long as Ulrik is on the table, any Space Wolves can reroll failed rout or panic tests. What is more, Ulrik himself and any Space Wolves who have a line of sight to his model will automatically pass any rout tests or panic tests that they are called to take. Furthermore, so terrible is Ulrik's sheer presence that any foe he charges must take a rout test or flee in abject horror.

Ulrik the Slayer: Points Value 150

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
Ulrik The Slayer	4	6	6	4	5	3	6	3	9	9	9	9
	Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Special				
Bolt Pistol	0-8"	8-16"	+2	-	4	1	-1	Close Combat.				
Plasma Pistol	0-6"	6-18"	+2	-1	6	1	-1	Close Combat. Sustained fire in Shooting Phase. May not fire again within 1 turn.				
Crozius	Close	Combat	Only		5	D3	-3	Close Combat.				
Frag Grenades	0-10"	-	-	-	3	1	-1	2" Blast Area				
Krak Grenades	0-10"	-	-	-	6	D6	-3					
Virus & Toxin Grenades. Special rules apply - See the Warhammer 40,000 Battle Manual.												

SPACE WOLVES GREY HUNTERS AND WOLF GUARD



GREY HUNTER SERGEANT



GREY HUNTER VETERAN



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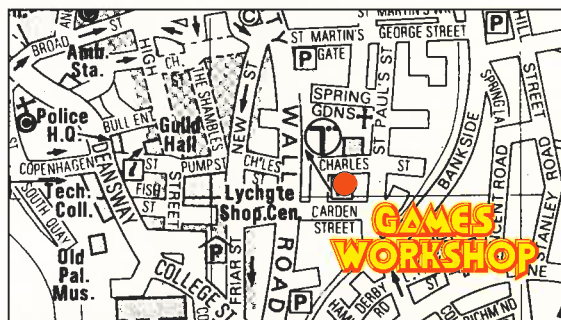
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Battle Masters

We take a look at Battle Masters, Milton Bradley's brand new tabletop battle game.

The Duke stood on the ramparts of the watchtower, gazing eastwards towards the gathering cloud of dust. An icy chill whipped across the plain. The wind ripped and clawed at Grand Duke Ferdinand's banner and each man drew his cloak a little tighter, whether from cold or fear it was hard to say.

"Well my friends..." The Grand Duke slapped his gauntlets against his bare palm and turned to face his companions. "It seems we shall have some sport today." He stepped forward to stand alongside Stefan Ritter von Baum, the Commander of the Reiksguard. Stefan looked up from the telescope through which he had been watching the advancing army.

"What do you think to their numbers Stefan?"

"Too early to say, my Lord. It could be a large warband or just a few Orcs abroad early this year."

"So! Nothing much to trouble us. We'll let them batter themselves senseless trying to get across the river and then swing round behind them with the cavalry."

"Like rats in a trap," spoke up a third nobleman. "I trust the

Knights Panther will be given the honour of leading the charge?"

There was a loud protest from the other Lords, but Ferdinand stayed them with a gesture. "Enough gentlemen! There will be plenty for all!"

A dark, leather clad figure stepped up to the parapet and a low guttural voice rang out. "More than you fools think!"

"Explain yourself Meier!" Ferdinand bristled with anger as he turned to face the count.

"That banner at the centre..." The Count turned and pointed toward the dust cloud.

"Yes?"

"That's no ordinary warband my Lord. I know that banner. A hooded golden eye on a field of purple... that's the Rune of Desecration..." Meier wiped his lips with the back of his grimy glove as the others stared at him in silence.

"Let any man who wants the honour of an early grave lead a charge against that host. That's the banner of Gorefist the Destroyer, and he's brought all the forces of Chaos against us!"



From the frozen northern plains of Norsca we have marched. Riven by cold we tramped across the Great Ice Desert. Insane with bestial desire, we burned our way across Kislev and drove Duke Ivan back across the lakes of ice. How we howled with hate when the ice broke and his shattered army fell to their frozen doom! We drank deep and long from the tears of wailing women and gorged amidst a sea of bloated carcasses.

"But this horror of blood is just a prelude! For ten years I fought my enemies and murdered my brothers for the right to lead this tortured army. For ten years more I searched the four corners of the wastes for recruits. This is no pillaging warband, its hunger sated by a few measly villages. This is an army of conquest! I shall not rest until I pick the Emperor's crown from his head, and thrust it into the fire of his burning palace!"

"You are my chosen army! Bathe deep in the blood of our enemies! To the warrior who brings me back the greatest number of heads, I promise a hundred captives for slaves or torture. To the warrior who brings me the head of Duke Ferdinand, I promise the eternal fire of glory at my right hand! Go! Kill!"



The battle begins. Orcs and Goblins attack the Imperial Artillery. Almost on top of the guns, they are charged by the Knights Panther and the Reikland Knights.

Battle Masters – Milton Bradley's game of fantasy battles – puts you in command of a mighty army locked in a titanic conflict. Each game recreates a fearsome battle between the armies of Chaos and the forces of the Empire that will test your skill, strategy and courage to the full.

First of all, you set the scene of battle. **Battle Masters** comes complete with a gigantic full-colour battle mat printed with roads, a river and other terrain that provides over 20 square feet of playing surface. Onto this you can add further terrain details such as ditches, marshes, river fords and the great Border Tower.

Next you deploy your armies, using their various strengths and weaknesses to plan your strategy.

Finally, you shuffle the deck of Battle Cards and the game is ready to play. The turn sequence is determined by the Battle Cards. Each card is illustrated with one or more of the units from the game. As they are turned over, the units shown on the card may move and fight. Some cards confer special bonuses – such as the extra Combat Dice for charging cavalry.

The Combat Dice will be familiar to anyone who has played **Heroquest**. Each dice has skulls and shields marked on its sides. The number of Combat Dice an

attacking unit can roll is displayed on the unit's base. This is the regiment's Combat Value. For each skull the attacking player rolls, the enemy unit has taken casualties and receives one skull token. Once a unit has accumulated three skull tokens it is eliminated and removed from the battlefield.

All units can defend themselves against an attack by rolling the number of Combat Dice equal to their combat value. As in **Heroquest**, each shield rolled by the defending player cancels out one of the skulls rolled by the attacker.

The movement and combat sequence of all the different forces in the game is controlled by the Battle Deck. As each card is turned over, the illustrated unit gets the opportunity to move and fight. A little luck with the draw of the Battle Cards can alter the course of battle, but fate can also shift the opposite way. Special cards like the Whole Army Move card allows a player to move his whole force simultaneously. At the right

moment, this all-out attack can shatter your opponent's line and carry your army to the brink of victory.

Some units such as the Wolf Riders have special cards. In this case, their double move card is a great asset for confusing the enemy with a surprise shift in the direction of the attack.



First blood to the Empire! The charge breaks the weak formations of the goblinoids. Grom is slain as the Imperial cavalry sweep them back.



The Cannon Roars. *Untroubled by the goblinoids, the mighty cannon thunders destruction at the opposing host.*

Some special forces have additional abilities. The Mighty Cannon cards are used to determine the accuracy of cannon fire. If an explosion card is turned up before the chosen target hex, that's where the shot falls! The Imperial Artillery can often swing the battle against Gorefist's army, but its early loss can spell doom for the Empire.

Although lacking artillery, the Chaos player's most powerful ally is the Mighty Ogre. This towering monster has six combat dice at the start of play and a pack of special cards to determine when he can move and attack.

Battle Masters is an impressive game. It has simple rules which anyone can learn to play in a few minutes and yet it has a great deal of tactical sophistication built into the gameplay. Although fate and luck play a part, the game rewards



The Ogre Attacks. *On the other flank, Grimorg Bonebreaker, the Ogre Champion, grows impatient, and begins to charge towards the river.*



Suddenly, the Goblin Wolf Riders appear – as if from nowhere! – sweeping across the ditch to attack the Mighty Cannon. The Reik Guard and the Bogenhafen regiments move up in support – but is it too late?

It was quite a challenge to fit all the **Battle Masters** components into the box. The game contains over 100 brand new plastic Citadel Miniatures which make up the 11 Imperial and 14 Chaos army regiments. Each unit is mounted on an individual regimental base which comes complete with a full colour banner and an identifying sticker carrying the basic combat information about the regiment.

Many of the regiments featured in the game already have backgrounds drawn from the Warhammer gameworld and will be familiar to all *White Dwarf* readers. The plastic Citadel Miniatures are really superb, and many gamers will want to buy **Battle Masters** simply to obtain the over 100 new models that are provided with the game. These come in a



The decisive moment comes. With the Imperial Artillery destroyed and Grimorg threatening to cave in the Grunburg regiment, Gorefist attacks in full force.

a selection of colours so that you can get them out of the box and into play straight away. However most players will be unable to resist the challenge of painting their forces. Elsewhere in this issue of *White Dwarf* there is a special **Battle Masters** 'Eavy Metal which shows exactly how these models can be painted to look absolutely superb on the battlefield.

Did we mention the full-colour battlefield? a five foot square hex-grid battlemat. This features a rugged open terrain, crossed at one end by a winding stream, and by tracks which ford the river at three points. Several double-sided hex-tiles are included in the game, along with some plastic hedges, so that you can alter the terrain, and alter its defensive characteristics.

Last but not least, **Battle Masters** also includes a castle for use in your battles. The Border Tower quickly becomes a focus for any battle, since it offers the defender a strong advantage. Several of the five battle scenarios in the rulebook feature the castle, and in most cases the fall of the castle will be the signal that Chaos has won the day.

A number of expansion packs are planned for **Battle Masters**, which will bring even more varied forces to the battlefield, and extend the game's tactical range.

Battle Masters' simple rules and combat system means that it only takes about ten minutes to get ready for a game and you'll be familiar with all the rules after a couple of battles. However, how you prevent Gorefist's hordes from piling all the way through the Imperial lines is something you'll spend a little longer mastering.

Battle Masters is available at Games Workshop stores and all major game outlets throughout the country, priced around £34.99.



"WE GRIPPED OUR CROSSBOWS TIGHTLY, AS THE HUGE OGRE LUMBERED TOWARDS THE TOWER IN WHICH WE STOOD. ALL OVER THE MASSIVE BATTLEFIELD THE CARNAGE CONTINUED. BLOOD-HUNGRY ORCS, BEASTMEN AND GIBBERING WOLFRIDERS RAGED IN FURY AROUND THE MIGHTY CANNON; NAUSEATING CHAOS WARRIORS FELL BACK BEFORE OUR NOBLE IMPERIAL KNIGHTS, WHILE THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE DYING, AND THE STENCH OF THE DEAD. BUT WE THE ALTDORF CROSSBOWMEN, KNEW THE FINAL BATTLE WAS JUST BEGINNING, FOR IF THE OGRE DESTROYED THE TOWER, ALL WAS LOST. WE TOOK AIM, KNOWING THE BATTLE MASTERS WERE WATCHING, READY TO DECIDE OUR FATE. VICTORY AND GLORY OR DEFEAT AND AGONIZING DEATH... THIS WOULD BE AN EPIC FIGHT FOR THEM TO REMEMBER..."

A photograph of four children, two girls and two boys, sitting around a large table and playing the Battle Masters game. They are focused on the game, with one boy pointing at a miniature figure. The game mat is spread out on the table, showing a detailed battlefield with various structures and units. A box for the game is visible in the background.

Battle Masters

THE GAME OF EPIC PROPORTIONS.
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GOLDEN '93 DEMON

THE 6th INTERNATIONAL CITADEL MINIATURES PAINTING CHAMPIONSHIPS

The annual Citadel Miniatures Painting Championship has become a regular highlight of the gaming calendar, and this year there are more categories to enter than ever before. The Grand Finals will be held at the Birmingham NEC on Sunday the 2nd May, when the 1993 Golden Demon Master Painters will be awarded their prizes. The closing date for entries to all the categories is Saturday the 27th February 1993, so get painting those miniatures and this year it could be your turn to win.

1993 GOLDEN DEMON CATEGORIES



1. BEST WARHAMMER 40,000 SINGLE MINIATURE

This miniature will be chosen from the following sub-categories. You can enter as many miniatures you want, but only one model in each category.



1992 Winner Greg Cooper's Bad
Moon Ork Nob

Best Space
Marine

Best Ork

Best Eldar

Best Warhammer
40,000 mounted
miniature (Bikes,
Trikes, Jet Bikes)

Best other
Warhammer
40,000 single
miniature



1992 Runner Up Mark Bonner's
Eldar Guardian Exarch

2. BEST WARHAMMER 40,000 VEHICLE

This can be any plastic
vehicle kit from the
Warhammer 40,000 range.

3. BEST WARHAMMER 40,000 ARMY

Your entry can be any
Warhammer 40,000 army
for which there is a
published army list and must
consist of:

1 Command Group consisting of five models,
including a Commander, Hero, Standard Bearer
and two other models.

20 Miniatures arranged into appropriate sized
units with a maximum of five mounted models.

1 Dreadnought or Support Weapon



4. BEST WARHAMMER SINGLE MINIATURE

This miniature will be chosen from the following sub-categories. You can enter as many miniatures you want, but only one model in each category.

Best Wizard Best Chaos / Undead Best Skaven
Best Elf Best Dwarf Best Orc/Goblin

Best Fighter of the Empire or Bretonia

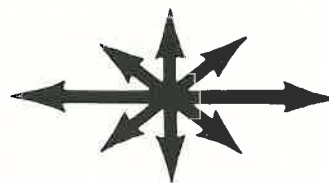
Best Monster (Trolls, Ogres, Greater Daemons, Giants, Dragons, Spiders etc.)

Best Warhammer Mounted Miniature (Horses, Boars, Wolves, Cold Ones etc.)

Best other Warhammer single miniature (20mm, 25mm or Horse base only.)

5. BEST WARHAMMER WAR ENGINE

This category includes Cannons, Mortars, Chariots, Bolt Throwers, Stone Throwers, Chariots, Special Weapons Teams etc.



6. BEST WARHAMMER ARMY

Your entry can be any Warhammer army for which there is a published army list and must consist of:

1 Command Group consisting of five models, including a General, Hero, Standard Bearer Wizard and one other model. These can be on foot or mounted. The general can be mounted on a Monster.

20 Miniatures arranged into appropriate units with a maximum of five mounted models.

1 War Engine or Monster on a 40mm base.



7. BEST SPACE MARINE SINGLE MINIATURE

This miniature will be chosen from the following sub-categories. You can enter as many miniatures you want, but only one model in each category.

Best Titan/Gargant (including the Chaos Lord of Battle)

Best Vehicle Squadron (equivalent to one support card)

Best Gigantic Vehicle (Leviathan, Colossus, Land Train with up to 5 carriages, Capitol Imperialis or Hellbore)

Best Chaos Greater Daemon including Primarchs

8. BEST SPACE MARINE BATTLEFORCE

This should be an Epic force consisting of the miniatures representing a company card, a Titan/Gargant or Gigantic Vehicle as a special card, and five support cards.

OPEN CATEGORIES

9. BEST BATTLE SCENE

This should consist of a battle scene from either Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer or Space Marine. The maximum base size is 120mm by 80mm with a maximum height of 120mm. The model should have at least two miniatures arranged in a combat scene.



10. VETERANS CATEGORY

This category is open only to previous winners of a Golden Demon Award or particularly experienced and skilled modellers and miniature painters.

As with Category 9, this is a battle scene category, but this time with a maximum base size of 160mm by 120mm with a maximum height of 120mm.

COMPETITORS GUIDELINES

All entries to the 1993 Golden Demon Awards must be personally handed in at a Games Workshop store. No postal entries will be accepted.

All miniatures must be clearly labelled with the name, age, and phone number of the entrant together with the name of the store at which the models were entered.

All entries must be Citadel or Marauder miniatures.

All single miniatures must be mounted on the appropriate gaming bases.

The judges will be looking for well-painted miniatures that adhere to the imagery and ethos of Games Workshop's fantasy universes.

SPACE MARINE®

CHAOS AT KADAVAH

By Richard Helliwell and Mark Watts

"Take no prisoners! Spare no lives!" The cry went up from the army of lost souls.

Lesser daemons shimmered into being at the call of their masters. Great rune-encrusted cannons took up position on the crest of the hill. The ornate daemon-headed snouts of their muzzles swivelled to bear on the enemy positions as their crews chanted the loading stanzas of the Artilleryman's Lament. Beastmen and monstrous Trolls formed up in ranks, confident that the power of their dark gods would protect them from incoming fire. The human cultists chattered excitedly among themselves. The fools were awed by the powers they had unleashed to aid their petty rebellion. They sung the ancient dark hymns happily, convinced that victory was within their grasp.

Brother-Captain Karlson was bored. He checked the action of his bolter listlessly. Over the ten thousand long years of his damnation it had fused with his flesh till now it was an extension of his arm. He willed the weapon to work and it clicked menacingly. A late-arriving cultist scuttled up to him, seeking guidance. Karlson turned his baleful red-eyed gaze upon him and indicated the rest of the doomed cretins with a flick of his tentacles. The man hurried away. Karlson felt nothing but utter contempt for the fool.

What could that miserable human know of true rebellion? Karlson had followed the Warmaster himself when he took up arms against the Emperor. A hundred centuries ago he had gazed with adoration upon the face of Horus before the last great battle. A hundred centuries ago he had stormed the Palace Imperial on Earth, howling his defiance of the Emperor and all human order. A hundred centuries ago, following his Primarch, he had turned his face away from

the light and set his feet upon the path of immortal sin. A hundred centuries ago he had sold his soul and gained...what? It was best not to think about it.

In the distance, amid the rubble of Kadavah, he saw the crimson Rhinos of the Blood Angels move to take up position. His altered eyes looked within the vehicles and saw the troubled souls of the Space Marines within. The deluded imbeciles actually wanted to defend the shrine of their senile god. They were proud to lay down their lives for a deity whose time had passed ten thousand years ago.

Karlson gazed on the Space Marines with pure, corrosive hatred. What could these puppies know of war? Karlson had stridden through ancient days when true warriors had fought mighty battles that Sundered the entire galaxy. Worlds had burned, armies had been slaughtered. Then, the Blood Angels had been foes worthy of respect. Now they were but pale shadows of what they once had been. Now there were no more giants on the side of the putrid Loyalists.

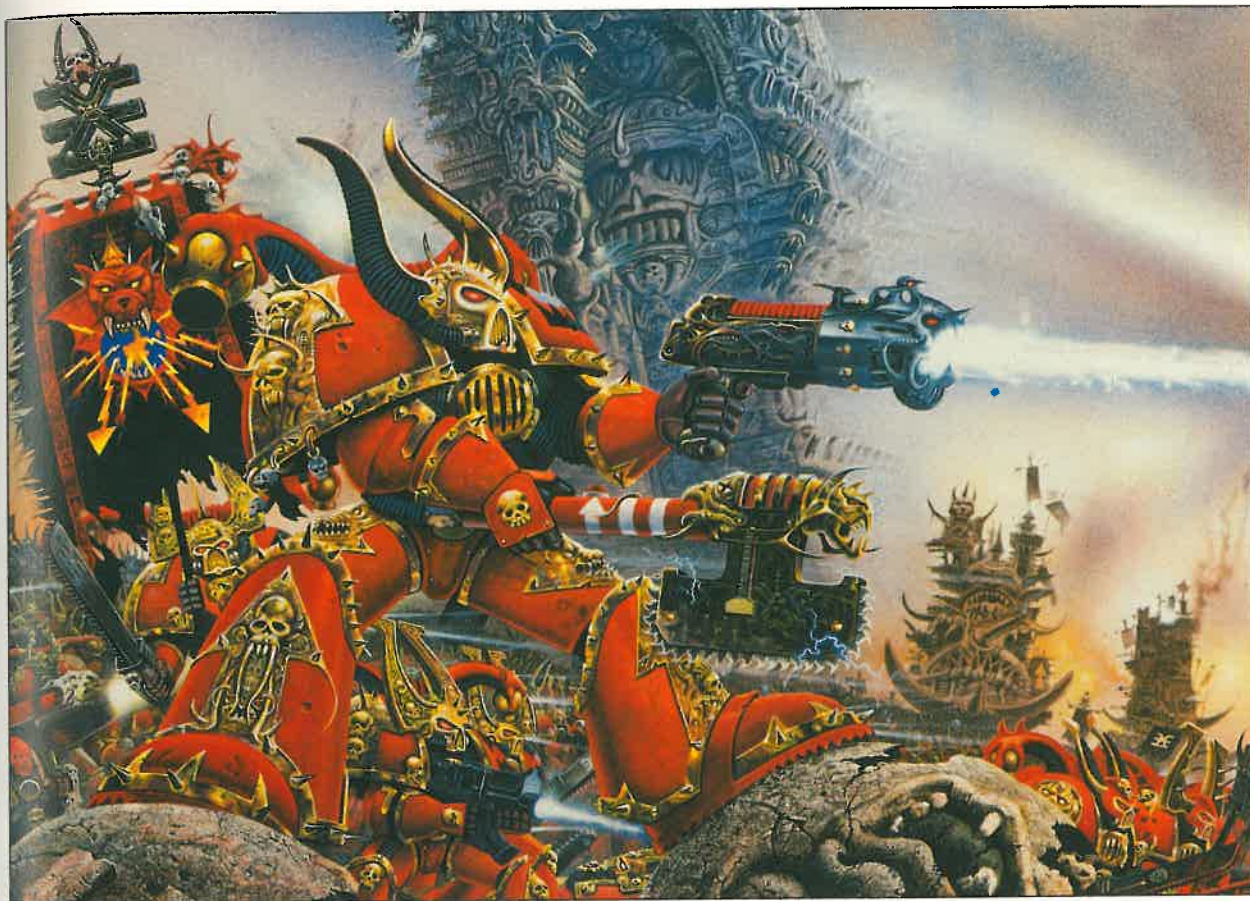
Only the few remaining rebel Primarchs were worthy of respect. In them the flame of ancient times burned undimmed. In them was something worthy of his undying loyalty. They still understood Karlson's undimmed rage and hatred. They still fought the Long War.

Blood Angels, hah! Ten millennia ago he had killed their distant predecessors with his bare hands. Ten millennia ago he had butchered twenty Blood Angels in a single day on the walls of the Inner Palace. Ten millennia ago he had stood outside the Ultimate Gate and watched their Primarch, Sanguinius, cast down like a broken angel by a daemon of the Warp. He wondered what those pathetic fools would say if he told them that? Would they understand? No – they would not. That was the truth of it. There were so few left who could understand. Down the long, lonely centuries of his personal rebellion he had learned that. His old comrades were mostly gone now – dead or true daemons with little interest in the old times, the best times.

His armoured skin tingled. A red light filled his mind. Incipient madness threatened. He knew from the eddies in the Warp that Magnus, his Primarch, was about to appear. Soon he would be in battle, able to lose himself for a few happy hours in the fear and the exhilaration of combat, able to blot out his ennui in bloodlust and find relief for his craving for lasting peace in the exercise of his old power and skill. It was all that there was left to him.

The air shimmered. Magnus arrived, towering over the troops surrounded by a halo of polychromatic light. The Chaos horde advanced towards the distant fearful city. Karlson was to the fore.





GEOFF TAYLOR

THE LUXOR UPRISING

The Luxor Uprising is now enshrined in the annals of Imperial history as a prime example of how a lack of planetary discipline, the failure of routine monitoring procedures by the Inquisition and weakness and tolerance on the part of an inept Planetary Governor can lead to the deaths of millions and the near destruction of an entire planet.

During the Luxor Uprising, members of the old decadent noble orders rose to overthrow Imperial Governor Luger. Certain deranged cultists performed ancient and forbidden rituals to summon aid from the Powers of Chaos. Their mad prayers were answered by the Lords of the Warp. The Space Hulk *Reaper of Souls* drifted into the system and unleashed the Thousand Sons against the still-loyal Planetary Defence Force.

No untrained human warriors could stand against these renegade Space Marines, accompanied by their Primarch Magnus the Red, and his brutal ally M'kach'n, a Greater Daemon of Tzeentch. As if this were not enough, an orgy of bloody human sacrifices on the Black Altar of Khorne had unleashed a dread Lord of Battles and his minions against the overwhelmed defenders.

Just before Governor Luger's palace fell, a distress call was sent out by his aides and the Imperium instantly dispatched a force of Grey Knights and Blood Angels to Luxor to banish the horrific forces of darkness. The arrival of the Space Marines drove back the forces of Chaos and the decisive battle of the campaign was fought around the capital city of Kadavah, the site of one of the Imperium's most sacred shrines, the ruined Temple of the Emperor Triumphant.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

For this battle we decided to pit the courage and tenacity of the Blood Angels Space Marine Chapter against the insane ferocity of the forces of Chaos. Mark chose to play the forces of Chaos, a heretical change from commanding his usual army of stalwart Imperial Guard. Richard rose to the challenge of leading some of the Emperor's finest troops.

We decided to play with 4000 point armies. This would give us enough points for an interesting selection of troops while still keeping the game a suitable size to play in an afternoon. In order to win the game, both sides had to achieve 45 victory points by capturing objectives or breaking enemy units.

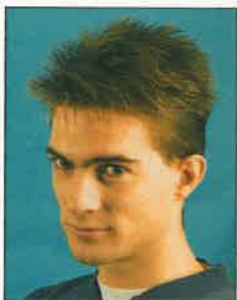
We set up the battlefield on one of the Studio's 8x4 tables, placing the terrain according to rules in Space Marine. Once all the scenery was positioned, we re-arranged some of the terrain to tie in with our storyline. The battle was set on the outskirts of the vast devastated city of Kadavah. We decided that the buildings near to the craters were already in ruins, the rubble of previous bitter clashes between the two sides. Here we placed the shattered remains of the Imperial Temple whose hallowed grounds were to be the site of such bitter fighting. We'd rolled up a river, and as it covered two areas of the table, we placed a bridge on each section to make crossing easier (there's no point in using scenery that just makes part of the tabletop unplayable.)

After we'd placed the eight objective markers, we rolled a dice to see who would get the choice of table edge. Richard won and he decided to defend the rubble of the once doomed city. Having pledged his soul to the powers of Chaos, it was now Mark's sworn duty to drive him out.



GEOFF TAYLOR

THE HORDE OF CHAOS (Mark Watts)



What I really enjoy about playing the forces of Chaos is the great variety of troop types available to you. From the awesome Daemon Primarchs through to the lowly Chaos cultists, the selection is vast.

At the heart of every Chaos army stand the Greater Daemons. It is around them that the daemonic minions and mortal followers gather. With this in mind I

always construct my army by first choosing which Greater Daemons I want to use. For a 4000 point army I chose to have three. This left me with enough points to purchase the three support cards that each must have.

As Chaos is very much a close combat army I decided to redress the balance a little and give myself some supporting fire to cover my advance. To this end I looked first towards Khorne with all his mighty war machines. I chose the Lord of Battle as my first Greater Daemon card. This gave my army a bit of the long range firepower it was lacking, as well something that could face up to the Titans that Richard was sure to pick.

Continuing with this idea in mind I summoned two minion cards' worth of Daemon Engines and one minion card's worth of the Great Cannon of Khorne. Along with these

weapons of mass destruction I chose some Juggernauts of Khorne and some Bloodletters to enable my chanting horde to do what Khorne's followers do best, (spill blood and collect skulls).

Continuing with my evil work, I asked aid from the Chaos Power of Tzeentch. The Daemon Primarch Magnus the Red answered my pleas. His Beam of Power makes him an awesome killing machine, quite capable of melting down super heavy tanks and delivering the deathblow to Titans unlucky enough to be caught with void shields down. Accompanying Magnus was his own Chapter of Chaos Space Marines, the Thousand Sons and a detachment of Chaos Cultists. With their +3 close assault factor, missile launchers and near unbreakable morale the Thousand Sons would provide me with some good reliable troops. The cultists were there to provide that extra bit of firepower,

To enable the Thousand Sons to deploy quickly I bought them a detachment of Rhinos. For Magnus's last minion card I opted for some Trolls. Their random movement makes them a little unpredictable but this is compensated for in their ability to regenerate. There's nothing more satisfying than seeing your Trolls get up after your opponent has just spent a turn mowing them down.

For my final Greater Daemon card I chose the Lord of Change, another servant of Tzeentch. With its Bolt of Change and ability to fly, this Daemon is guaranteed to make your opponent nervous.

For minion cards to accompany it, I chose bands of Minotaurs and Trolls to give me some good close combat ability and some Daemonic Pink Horrors. Finally, to acquire some fast troops capable of grabbing objectives and harassing the enemy, I expended my last points on some Disc Riders.

THE CHAOS BATTLE PLAN

The most important thing when fighting any battle is to be aware the strengths and weaknesses of your army. The beauty of fighting with a Chaos force is the tremendously varied, colourful and unpredictable nature of the army itself. With its immortal Daemons and their mortal followers like Beastmen, Trolls and Minotaurs, Chaos armies have excellent close combat troops. Remember: your opponent doesn't get first fire against daemons when they charge him!

The varied mutations that the followers of the dark powers often succumb to are represented by Chaos cards and these are incredibly useful to thwart the plans of your opponents. On the negative side the forces of the Warp are somewhat lacking in long-range fire power. This makes them vulnerable to an enemy with long-range firepower who is able to blast your forces as they advance to get to grips with him. Any plan you come up with must take these factors into account.

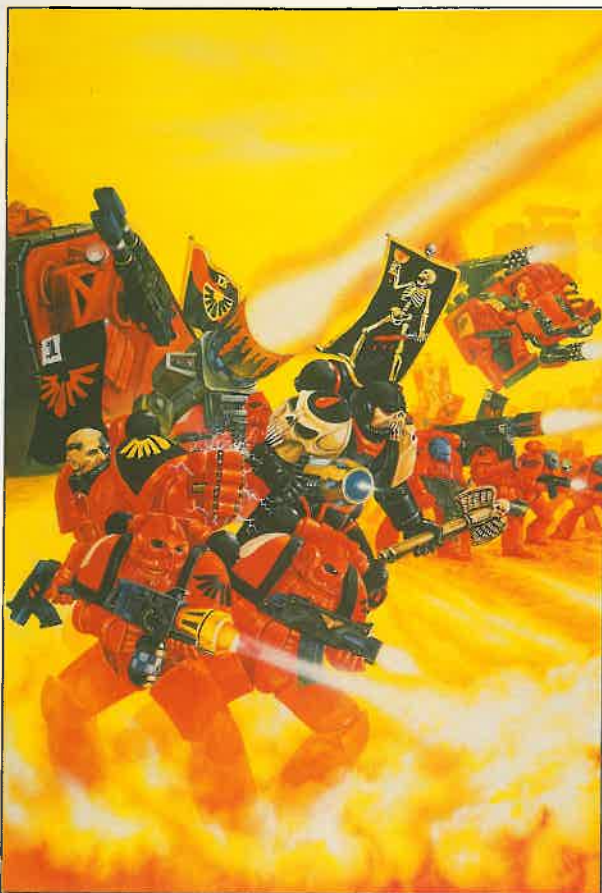
I decided to concentrate the bulk of my army in the middle of the table where the cover and the objectives were thickest. I intended to grab as many objectives as I could in the first turn, as the Lord of Battle and the Daemon Engines get bonuses to their hit rolls, saving throws and close assault factors if the Chaos forces are winning the battle on points. I also knew that in order to get my troops into hand-to-hand combat as quickly as possible, I would be forced to do most of the moving, so every scrap of cover would be important.

It was inevitable that my casualties would be high in the first couple of turns. I knew Richard would opt to have as much firepower as he could afford. I thought his plan would be to



THE BLOOD ANGEL SPACE MARINES

SPACE MARINE DEVASTATOR COMPANY A Space Marine Devastator Company consists of 1 HQ unit plus 3 Devastator detachments. HQ UNIT Devastator Detachment 1 Devastator Detachment 2 Devastator Detachment 3 1 Space Marine (Commander) and 1 Chaplain Each Devastator detachment consists of 6 Space Marine Devastators (each with 2 Heavy Bolts) and 2 Heavy Bolts. POINTS VALUE 1000	SPACE MARINE BATTLE COMPANY A Space Marine Battle Company consists of 1 HQ unit plus 3 Battle detachments, and 1 Devastator detachment. HQ UNIT Battle Detachment 1 Battle Detachment 2 Devastator Detachment 3 1 Space Marine (Commander) and 1 Chaplain Each Battle detachment consists of 6 Space Marines (each with 2 Heavy Bolts) and 2 Heavy Bolts. POINTS VALUE 850	IMPERIAL GUARD STORM HAMMER COMPANY An Imperial Guard Storm Hammer Company consists of 3 Storm Hammer units. No. 1 Storm Hammer is also the company HQ unit. No. 1 HQ Tank No. 2 No. 3 POINTS VALUE 500	SPECIAL CARD SPACE MARINE CHAPLAIN The Space Marine Chaplain must be accompanied by an HQ unit. POINTS VALUE 50	SPECIAL CARD 2 WARHOUND SCOUT TITANS POINTS VALUE 500 FOR TWO WARHOUNDS
SPACE MARINE BIKE SQUAD A Space Marine Bike Squad consists of a single formation of 5 bike squads. POINTS VALUE 150	SPECIAL CARD LIBRARIAN Every Space Marine Chapter has powerful psykers called Librarians. These psykers use their psychic abilities to support their brother Space Marines on the battlefield. Librarians are particularly useful when fighting other psyker units, powerful weapons including lightning and more. This unit is a powerful fighting machine. The Librarian must be accompanied by a HQ unit. POINTS VALUE 100	IMPERIAL GUARD COMMISSAR For every Imperial Guard company you immediately receive an extra Commissar card for free. Each card enables you to field a Commissar squad plus its Battle transport. POINTS VALUE - FREE	GREY KNIGHT DETACHMENT A Grey Knight Detachment consists of four Grey Knight units. POINTS VALUE 400	SPACE MARINE WHIRLWIND SQUADRON A Space Marine Whirlwind Squadron consists of 3 Whirlwinds. POINTS VALUE 150
SPACE MARINE DREADNOUGHT SQUAD A Space Marine Dreadnought Squad consists of 4 Dreadnoughts. POINTS VALUE 100	THUNDERHAWK GUNSHIP POINTS VALUE 50	SPACE MARINE BIKE SQUAD A Space Marine Bike Squad consists of a single formation of 5 bike squads. POINTS VALUE 150		



DAVE GALLAGHER

eliminate as much of my force as possible before the hordes of darkness got to grips with him. I intended to use my more numerous troops like the Beastmen and Cultists to soak up incoming fire and hopefully spare the smaller but deadlier units of close-combat troops such as the Bloodletters. Trolls are also particularly good in this role because their regenerative ability allows them to take a lot of hits (this is so long they do what you want, rather than just wander around stupidly!).

I deployed the Lord of Battle and the Daemon Engines of Khorne in the centre where they could support my advancing infantry with much needed firepower. As these vehicles have good saving throws and can survive several hits I hoped they would attract a lot of the Space Marine fire.

I placed the Cannon of Khorne on top of the hill overlooking objective 3 where they commanded a good view of the battlefield. I intended them to stay on first fire orders throughout the game. They were to support my attack in the centre and demolish the buildings which I was sure the Space Marines would deploy.

To protect the Cannon from any fast surprise attacks by speeders, bikes or gunships I positioned the Chaos Cultists on the slopes of the hill. Magnus the Red stood nearby since this was also a good vantage point for him to pick out targets for his Beam of Power. The Thousand Sons mustered near their Primarch and the Lord of Change. This gave me the option of either using them to guard objectives once I captured them or to get them into a suitable position to cast their Chaos Reward card of a magical vortex.

On my left flank, positioned by the river and accompanying the Lord of Change, were the Minotaur warband and the

Thousand Sons Rhino-mounted detachment. With this force, possibly supported by the Pink Horrors, I intended to take the first bridge (the location of objective four) and then sweep on to either objective five in the buildings or objective six on the other bridge. On the right flank my Disc Riders took up position behind objective one. I hoped that they might be able snatch objective eight should the chance arise. As I had no intention of contesting this side of the board anyway these fast moving skimmers could harass any advancing Space Marines by making hit and run or pop-up attacks.

That was it. The Hordes of Chaos were deployed. Now all that remained was for us to grasp victory in our taloned fists!

THE BLOOD ANGEL ARMY (RICHARD HELLIWELL)



I play Space Marine using my own army of Blood Angels so I jumped at the chance to fight against Mark using the brilliantly painted Studio army. It was just too tempting an offer to resist.

Knowing that Chaos Daemons and creatures such as Trolls and Minotaurs are only deadly in close combat, I decided to include plenty of long range fire power in my force. To this end my first chosen company card was a Space Marine Devastator company. They are very expensive but I have found them to be invaluable in many frays. The Devastators were going to rain death on the advancing forces of Chaos from hills and other advantageous positions.

My next company card was a Space Marine Battle Company, taking my Devastator detachments up to a total of four, enough to give an even spread of hard-hitting troops across the table. The Battle Company also provided a detachment of both assault and tactical Space Marines. These would be useful in holding and taking objectives and, hopefully, protecting the Devastators.



The third company card I chose was a Imperial Guard Storm Hammer Company. These Super Heavy Imperial tanks have a withering fire power from their battle cannons and at close quarters those fourteen bolters per tank are perfect for cutting chunks from the Chaos army. The Imperial Guard Storm Hammer company card also allowed me a free Commissar card. This can be useful for giving orders to the Storm Hammers if you lose their command tank.

With three company cards you are allowed to take up to three special cards so I decided to take all three. My first choice was a Warhound Titan card (the card and full rules for the Warhound were printed in White Dwarf issue 144). I would usually have taken a Warlord Titan with lots of barrage weapons, but with 2350 points spent already I could not justify the extra cost. The Warhounds were both armed with Turbo-laser Destructors. One had a Plasma Blastgun, while the other had a Vulcan Mega-Bolter.



THE CHAOS HORDE



GREATER DAEMON Khorne's Lord of Battles  POINTS VALUE 500	KHORNE BLOODLETTERS A pack of Khorne Bloodletters consists of five Bloodletters.  POINTS VALUE 150	GREATER DAEMON Tzeentch Lord of Change  POINTS VALUE 300	SPACE MARINE LEGION Thousand Sons The Thousand Sons consists of three detachments of Chaos Space Marines and a detachment of Chaos. Each detachment consists of the following Chaos Space Marine units: <table border="1"> <tr> <td>Chaos</td> <td>+</td> <td>Detachment 1</td> <td>Detachment 2</td> <td>Detachment 3</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table> POINTS VALUE 500	Chaos	+	Detachment 1	Detachment 2	Detachment 3						GREATER DAEMON Magnus the Red - Primarch of the Thousand Sons Magnus the Red is the Primarch of the Thousand Sons. He is the only Primarch to have been resurrected. He is the only Primarch to have been resurrected. He is the only Primarch to have been resurrected.  POINTS VALUE 300
Chaos	+	Detachment 1	Detachment 2	Detachment 3										
														
DAEMON ENGINES OF KHORNE A squadron of Daemon Engines of Khorne consists of three Daemon Engines of Khorne.  POINTS VALUE 300	DAEMON ENGINES OF KHORNE A squadron of Daemon Engines of Khorne consists of three Daemon Engines of Khorne.  POINTS VALUE 300	TZEENTCH DISC RIDERS A unit of Tzeentch Disc Riders consists of five individual flying discs.  POINTS VALUE 200	CHAOS SPACE MARINE RHINO SQUADRON A Chaos Space Marine Rhino Squadron consists of 3 Rhinos.  POINTS VALUE 50	TROLL WARBAND A Troll Warband consists of 10 models of Trolls plus a Chaos Champion.  POINTS VALUE 250										
THE CANNON OF KHORNE A battery of Cannon of Khorne consists of three Cannon of Khorne.  POINTS VALUE 200	MINOTAUR WARBAND A Minotaur Warband consists of 10 models of Minotaurs plus a Chaos Champion.  POINTS VALUE 250	TZEENTCH HORRORS A pack of Tzeentch Horrors consists of five Horrors.  POINTS VALUE 150	BEASTMAN WARBAND A Beastman Warband consists of 10 Chaos Beastmen models plus a Chaos Champion.  POINTS VALUE 200	CHAOS CULTISTS The Chaos Cultists consist of 10 Imperial Guard models.  POINTS VALUE 200										



I took the Space Marine Librarian because of his special powers against Daemons. My final choice of special cards was the Space Marine Chaplain. He was there to improve the Space Marines' close assault factor during those nightmare close combats with Daemons and other chaotic creatures.

With only 1000 points left for support cards I had to choose very carefully. The obvious choice was a Grey Knight Detachment, a must when fighting Daemons. Even at 400 points their Daemon destroying-abilities are easily worth the cost.



Adding a Space Marine Whirlwind Squadron gave me some badly needed barrage weapons to bring down a hail of destruction onto the Chaos hordes. I also took two Space Marine Bike squads. Hopefully they would be able to race forward and snatch any exposed objectives. I had already bought a lot of troops to stand back and fight with long range weapons, so I needed something to raid into enemy territory.

Although the bikes should be good for raids up to half way across the table, for deep strikes I picked a Thunderhawk Gunship. These are very cheap and well armed, but they can be smashed to the ground with ease so great care must be taken when using them. With only 100 points left, my last card just had to be the reliable Space Marine Dreadnought Squad, with its good fire power and high saving throws.

Once I'd chosen my force, I rolled a dice for each Space Marine detachment to see whether any of their members would be gripped in a frenzy of fearlessness and band together to form the Death Company. On a roll of 5 or 6 a stand is removed from each detachment in your force to build up a special company of Blood Angels who never check morale, cannot be broken, and attack with a close assault factor of 4+!

Unfortunately I rolled 4 or under for all but one of my detachments. With only one stand available, Mark and I agreed not to bother with the Death Company for this game. This was a great shame as these fearless and heroic troops would have proved extremely useful.

THE IMPERIAL PLAN

First of all I decided to keep the Grey Knights and Thunderhawk dropship off the table. My plan was to bring these on later when I got the initiative and when the Daemons were out in the open. This would give the Grey Knights a good chance of destroying those warp-spawned abominations.

I set up the main body of my Devastators on the two hills, in the two large buildings and on the bridge. The Devastators in the buildings might prove vulnerable to the buildings collapsing, but, like the Devastators on the hills, they could at least get a clear view of the battlefield. I decided the reward balanced the risk.

The Devastators on the bridge fulfilled a number of valuable uses. They were immediately in possession of objective six. They had an excellent field of fire across a large empty area, and they had the protection of the bridge which counted as a -1 to hit for cover! (The last was a house rule that Mark and I agreed upon before the battle. While it is not in the actual Space Marine rulebook, it seemed logical that the mighty plasteel structures of the bridges would provide some cover from incoming fire.)

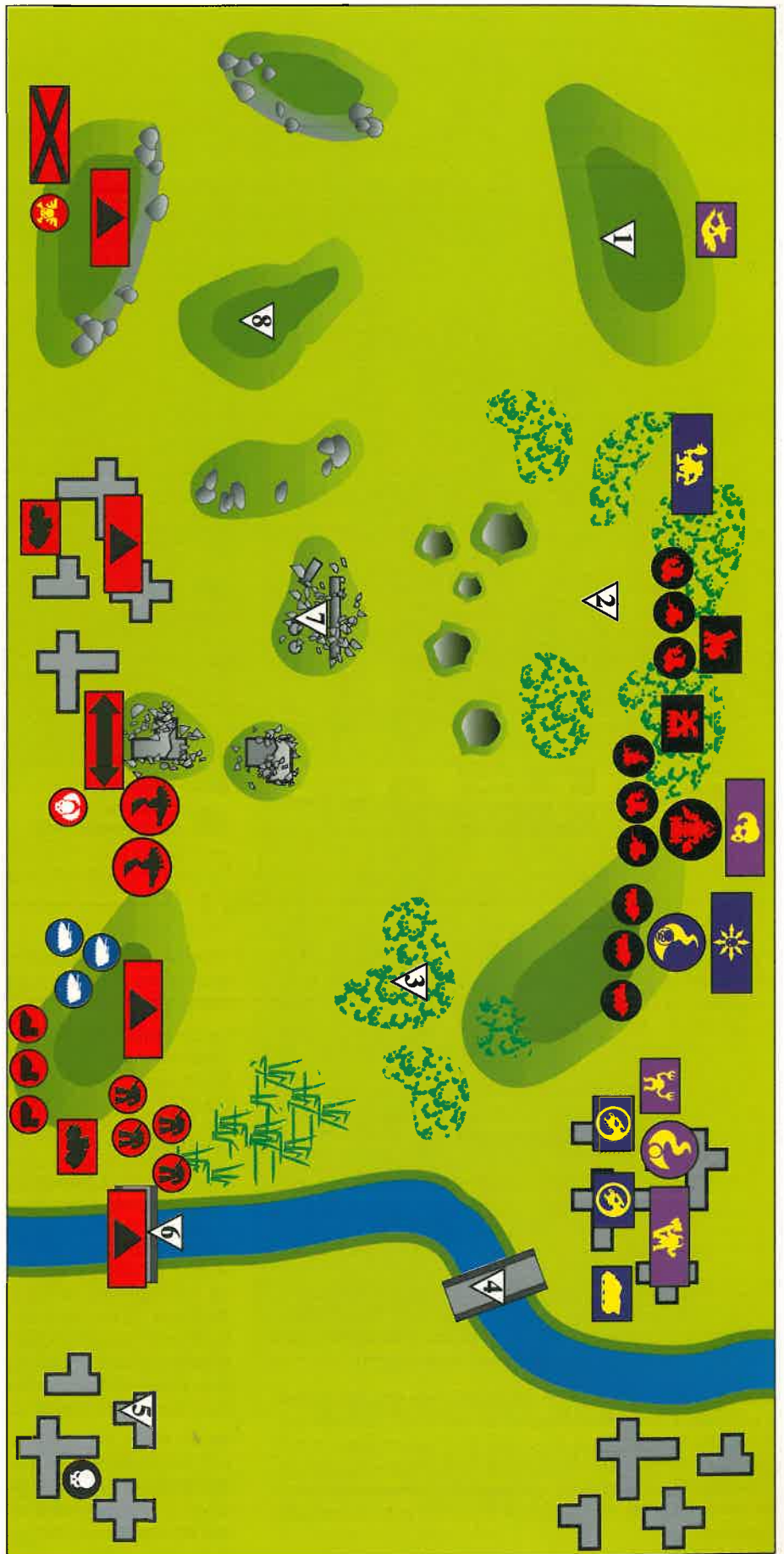
The basic plan with the Devastators was to stand and blast any of the Chaos forces that dared advance on our position. This was also the plan for the Whirlwinds, the Storm Hammers and the Dreadnoughts; as far as I was concerned, the longer I could keep the Chaos army under bombardment the happier I'd be.

Both bike squads were deployed as close as possible to objectives three and eight, so that they could race forward and secure them. The sooner that was done the better. I had to be ahead on victory points by the end of the first turn in order to stop those Chaos War machines having a bonus from being ahead on victory points.

I placed the Space Marine assault detachment and the Space Marine Chaplain behind the hill on the far left with the intention of taking and securing objective 1 then, if possible, moving on to objective two. The Space Marine tactical detachment was placed with the Space Marine Librarian in a central position. They intended to advance on objective 7 and the surrounding ruins.

The Warhounds were also placed centrally so that they could quickly react to any threat. Last of all, I positioned the Commissar and his Rhino. I had already decided not to bother placing him with the Storm Hammers, who did not need his leadership, so I placed him behind the right hand buildings with the aim of taking objective five. Although the Commissar was on his own, the Devastators on the bridge would, hopefully, be able to stop anyone racing across the open ground to reach their objective.

The Imperial troops now stood ready to see off those Chaos-worshipping scum.



THE HORDE OF CHAOS

	Cannon of Khorne		Cauldron of Blood		Khorne Jugger Bloodletters		Greater Daemon Khorne's Lord
	Death Dealer		Tower of Skulls		Greater Daemon Magnus the Red		Greater Daemon Tzeentch Lord of Change
	Space Marine Legion Thousand Sons		Chaos Cultists				
	Chaos Space Marine Rhino Squadron		Troil Warband				
	Tzeentch Horrors		Minotaur Warband				
	Tzeentch Disc Riders		Beastman Warband				

BLOOD ANGELS SPACE MARINES

	Space Marine Assault Company		Thunderhawk Gunship		Warhound Scout Titan
	Space Marine Tactical Company		Space Marine Chaplain		Space Marine Whirlwind Squadron
	Space Marine Devastator Company		Space Marine Librarian		
	Space Marine Bike Squad		Commissar		
	Grey Knight Detachment		Imperial Guard Stormhammer Company		
	Space Marine Dreadnought Squad				





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Cannon of Khorne	Cauldron of Blood	Khorne Jugger	Greater Daemon Khorne's Lord of Battles
Death Dealer	Tower of Skulls	Khorne Bloodletters	
Space Marine Legion Thousand Sons	Chaos Cultists	Greater Daemon Magnus the Red	
Chaos Space Marine Rhino Squadron	Troll Warband	Greater Daemon Tzeentch Lord of Change	
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Space Marine Devastator Company	Space Marine Librarian	
Space Marine Bike Squad	Commissar	
Grey Knight Detachment	Imperial Guard Stormhammer Company	
Space Marine Dreadnought Squad		

TURN 1

The battle opened with a roar of engines as the Blood Angel biker detachments surged forward to capture objectives three and eight. On the right flank the Imperial Commissar sped through the deserted streets to to seize objective five, while the rest of the army advanced into good fire positions or fortified themselves in cover. A braying howl from the Lord of Change chilled the blood of all who stood on the battlefield and in response, the forces of Chaos screamed forth their battlecry and swept forward towards the city.



The Lord of Change, accompanied by his band of Minotaurs, stormed across the bridge to capture objective four, while a detachment of Thousand Sons Chaos Space Marines and the horde of cackling Pink Horrors moved up in support.

As the Chaos Space Marines advanced, their warcries turned to screams of pain and despair as an unerringly accurate hail of missiles launched from the Space Marine Devastator squad positioned on the bridge at objective six burst among them. In an instant, the air was riven with exploding missiles and when the smoke cleared, the Thousand Sons had been completely wiped out.

Witnessing the annihilation of his Marines, Magnus the Red was driven into such a paroxysm of fury that his Beam of Power went completely wide and failed to hit anything.

In the centre, the Lord of Battle, Beastmen and Daemon Engines charged forward into a furious barrage from the Whirlwinds. The screaming projectiles missed the towering Daemon war-engine and burst amongst the Beastmen. Bloodied but unbowed, they pushed on, heedless of their casualties.

The two giant Warhound Titans and the second detachment of Space Marine Devastators positioned on the hill, now focussed their fire on the advancing Chaos horde. Incandescent death blazed around the Lord of Battle and burst among the Khorne Juggers. Many of the missiles bounced off the Lord of Battle's armoured chest but one shot ripped off his chain-fist. A second well-aimed projectile burst against his head, temporarily blinding him, and causing him to run amok in frenzied rage. The Juggernauts fared no better, and even their Chaos mutation of brightly patterned skin failed to stop them from being almost wiped out.

As the Daemon Engines of Khorne advanced past objective two, they ran into a storm of fire from the Devastators dug into the buildings overlooking the centre of the battlefield. As the missiles struck, several of the engines were engulfed in fire and sent crashing to the ground amidst a sea of flames.



The Blood Angels move into position and ready themselves for battle.

Enraged by this destruction, the Cannon of Khorne burst forth their shrieking meteors of flame. The nightmare missiles cut blazing trails through the smoke filled sky, but failed to find their mark against any of their targets.



Dazzled by the smoke and flame, the Trolls on the Chaos right flank became confused and wandered from the cover of the woods out into open ground. As they emerged from the trees, they were spotted by the fourth Space Marine Devastator squad positioned high up on the hill at the end of the Blood Angels' line. As the missiles struck home several of the Trolls were killed before they even knew what had hit them.

Seeing the Space Marine bike detachment racing forward to capture objective eight, the Tzeentch Disc Riders hidden on the far flank abandoned their plan to seize objective one in favour of making a pop-up attack against the exposed bikers. With a howling scream of hatred, the riders appeared over the crest of the hill to pour fire down on the Marines, but only succeeded in killing one.

By the end of the turn, doubt seeped into the minds of the minions of Chaos. Had their dark gods deserted them? The casualties on the Chaos side had been horrific while they had only succeeded in killing two Blood Angels bikers.

Surely the Blood God was displeased!

"Die, loyalist scum!" snarled Karlsen, impotently snapping off a shot at the distant Devastator detachment. He strode forward unhesitatingly while bolter shells and heavy rockets whistled all about him. To his left Brother Steiner went down, one taloned hand clutching a gaping wound in his chest. To his right Brother Torvarl fell, a bolter blast catching him in his single glowing eye. Chained lightning flickered round Torvarl's head as he stumbled. The smell of burned meat and ozone filled the air. Knowing the warding power of Chaos, Karlsen doubted that either wound was mortal. There was no easy escape from damnation.

Torvarl falling was a bad omen though, Karksen decided. Old Single-eye had been particularly favoured by the Primarch. He muttered the charm against incoming fire that Magnus had taught him ten millennia ago, before the thrice-cursed Space Wolves had levelled their homeworld of Prospero.

An explosion ripped the ground at Karlsen's feet. Dirt splattered stingingly against his faceplate. He swayed but refused to fall. On the distant bridge the muzzle flash of heavy bolters was evident. Karlsen decided he would kill every one of them. Confident of his Primarch's protection the Chaos Space Marine marched on.

TURN 1 VICTORY POINTS TOTAL

SPACE MARINES: 30

CHAOS: 10



THE HORDE OF CHAOS

Cannon of Khorne	Cauldron of Blood	Khorne Jugger	Greater Daemon Khorne's Lord of Battles
Death Dealer	Tower of Skulls	Khorne Bloodletters	
Space Marine Legion Thousand Sons	Chaos Cultists	Greater Daemon Magnus the Red	
Chaos Space Marine Rhino Squadron	Troll Warband	Greater Daemon Tzeentch Lord of Change	
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Space Marine Tactical Company	Space Marine Chaplain	Space Marine Whirlwind Squadron
Space Marine Devastator Company	Space Marine Librarian	
Space Marine Bike Squad	Commissar	
Grey Knight Detachment	Imperial Guard Stormhammer Company	
Space Marine Dreadnought Squad		

TURN 2

Encouraged by the success of their long-range fire and grip on five of the eight objective markers, the bulk of the Blood Angels settled down on first fire orders.

The only exceptions were on the left flank, where the Space Marine assault detachment and Chaplain moved up to take secure control of objective eight. This had been captured by the Space Marine bikers who now revved up their machines and roared forward to engage the Disc Riders at objective one. However, as the bikers crested the hill, the Champions of Tzeentch took to the air, and poured a hail of fire into the vainly weaving Space Marines, killing four of them.



The Space Marine bikers are ambushed as they charge home.

WD46

On the opposite flank, the Lord of Change broke away from the Minotaurs in an attempt to silence the Devastators on the bridge. His deadly Bolt of Change missed its target and the Devastators replied with a volley of shots that sent the Greater Daemon reeling back in pain. As the Minotaur warband poured off the bridge, a barrage from the Whirlwinds descended upon them with a screaming roar. The ground was rent by great explosions, which ripped apart three of the great brutes, but the rest pressed determinedly on.



On the other side of the river the Pink Horrors moved forwards into the cover of the woods. With them were a detachment of Thousand Sons, who disembarked from their Rhinos and in a brief but bloody fight, captured objective three from the Marine bikers. In the centre of the field the rest of the Chaos Horde charged forwards.

The Lord of Battle, still blinded by the head shot, was blasted by the Warhound Titans and tactical squad dug into the cover of the ruined temple. Concentrating its daemonic powers, the Lord of Battle absorbed the few shots that managed to penetrate its armour. Behind the Lord of Battle, the other

Daemon Engines clanked forward through the hail of fire that burst around them, rattling off their armour but causing no damage. Their return fire was also mostly ineffective with the exception of a few shots from the Deathdealer which slew a couple of Space Marine bikers positioned at the edge of the woods near objective three.

In the centre, the Beastmen emerged from the woods and, making use of the cover provided by the craters, continued their advance. Seeing his followers in difficulty, Magnus the Red swept down from the hill to join the Beastmen. Turning his gaze to the Storm Hammers he unleashed his Beam of Power, instantly vapourising one of the mighty tanks.

The Blood Angels Librarian, who had been entrenched with the tactical detachment at objective seven amidst the ruins of the temple, decided on a direct course of action. Faced with the danger of the advancing horror of the Thousand Sons' Primarch, he initiated a psychic battle with Magnus the Red. Sensing the danger, Magnus called upon all changing powers of Tzeentch and sent a wave of psychic feedback boiling into the Librarian's mind, melting his brain and killing him instantly.

Before the Marines could recover from the loss of their Librarian, the Juggernauts of Khorne bulldozed through the rubble and came crashing down on them like a brass avalanche. In the bitter hand-to-hand combat that followed the desperate Marines brought down one of the two surviving Juggernauts.

Inspired by the carnage, the Bloodletters charged across the open ground to join in the combat at the temple, determined to

pollute the hallowed ground with the blood of Space Marines. The ground erupted around them and the Daemons were flung about like rag dolls by a hail of mega-bolter fire from a Warhound. To the horror of the watching Marines several of the Bloodletters hauled themselves to their feet and threw themselves forward, chanting oaths to the Blood God. Laser beams burned through the air around the ruins as the Chaos Cultists successfully picked off some of the unengaged tactical squad.

Amidst the roar of battle, a towering building to the rear of the Imperial line came crashing down as a burst of warp energy from one of the Cannon of Khorne struck home. Half the detachment of Devastators were left smashed, dead and buried amidst the ruins.

Finally, over on the Chaos right flank, the Trolls continued to mill around the woods confused and dazed by the furious battle and the sudden deaths of their brothers. As they tried to make sense of their situation, a few more of the hapless beasts fell prey to fire from the distant Devastator detachment.

TURN 2 VICTORY POINTS TOTAL

SPACE MARINES: 32

CHAOS: 20



The Thousand Sons and Pink Horrors advance under cover of the woods, supported by the Chaos Cultists and Cannon of Khorne.

TURN 3

For the first time the Space Marines won the initiative. Sensing the presence of the Grey Knights, something akin to fear flickered through the Lord of Change's mind. Psychically he called out to his minions for support. Bellowing their response, the Minotaur warband rushed over to form a circle around their lord and master.



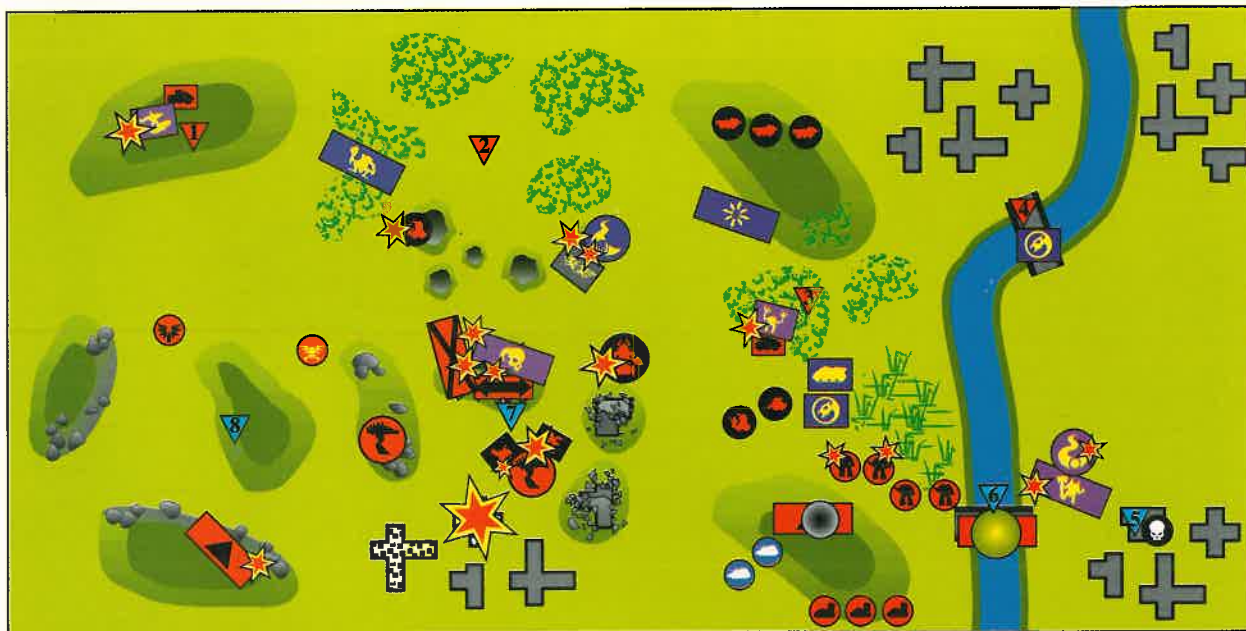
Before the Devastators on the bridge could take advantage of these sitting targets, a Bolt of Change from the Greater Daemon struck a stand of Space Marines in the centre of the detachment. Quicker than mortal eye could see, the bodies of the agonised warriors were burst asunder by hideous, thrashing tentacles and razor-sharp pincers that rapidly attacked and consumed the remainder of the unit.

On the left of the Chaos line, a detachment of Thousand Sons Space Marines dashed from the cover of the buildings onto the bridge to safeguard objective four from any possible surprise attack. To their right, the Pink Horrors moved to the edge of the woods surrounding objective three and fell on the last two Space Marine bikers. Cackling maniacally the Horrors ripped the desperate Blood Angels to pieces!

Just ahead of them, a Thousand Sons detachment with their supporting Rhinos moved up alongside two of the Daemon Engines, while in the centre, the Bloodletters and the last Juggernaut dashed past the beleaguered Tactical Marines to engage one of the Warhound Titans. In their wake, the Beastmen swarmed from the cover of the craters and scrambled through the ruins to fall on the now outnumbered Space Marines. Seeing their brothers about to be overwhelmed by the bestial horde, the Assault Marines launched themselves off the hill and dropped down into the swirling combat.

Smashing aside the Rhinos speeding to rescue the Warhound, the Bloodletters and Juggernaut frenziedly attacked the towering war machine, causing the Titan's reactor to go critical and shut down. Behind them in the ruins of the temple the ground became slick with the blood of both sides.

As Magnus the Red searched for another victim for his Beam of Power, the air around him began to hum and the shimmering forms of the teleporting Grey Knights took shape. As they solidified and charged forward, Magnus's burning gaze struck down one squad of the Daemonhunters, but the others pressed determinedly forward. In an instant Magnus was surrounded and with a combination of Force swords, Nemesis weapons and psychic attacks the Grey Knights overwhelmed the Primarch and cast him back into the warp.



THE HORDE OF CHAOS

Cannon of Khorne	Cauldron of Blood	Khorne Juggernaut	Greater Daemon Khorne's Lord of Battles
Death Dealer	Tower of Skulls	Khorne Bloodletters	Greater Daemon Magnus the Red
Space Marine Legion Thousand Sons	Chaos Cultists	Troll Warband	Greater Daemon Tzeentch Lord of Change
Chaos Space Marine Rhino Squadron	Minotaur Warband	Beastman Warband	
Tzeentch Horrors			
Tzeentch Disc Riders			

BLOOD ANGELS SPACE MARINES

Space Marine Assault Company	Thunderhawk Gunship	Warhound Scout Titan
Space Marine Tactical Company	Space Marine Chaplain	Space Marine Whirlwind Squadron
Space Marine Devastator Company	Space Marine Librarian	
Space Marine Bike Squad	Commissar	
Grey Knight Detachment	Imperial Guard Stormhammer Company	
Space Marine Dreadnought Squad		



The Horde of Chaos drive home their attack as Magnus the Red is struck down by the Grey Knights.

A wave of panic passed through his minions as his psychic howl of rage echoed over the battlefield. The Cultists who had witnessed this terrible event broke and fled down the hill into the woods. The Trolls followed suit, lumbering back into the dark sanctuary offered by the trees, while the Thousand Sons' support Rhinos abandoned the Chaos Space Marines to their fate.

Filled with rage at the defeat of their Primarch, the Thousand Sons' thoughts now turned only to vengeance. The opportunity for retribution came quickly. At the forefront of the attack, the Chaos Space Marines advancing with the Daemon Engines called upon the magical energies of Tzeentch and cast a Vortex at the Devastators on the hill. With an ear-splitting roar, a maelstrom of utter blackness appeared amidst the terrified Space Marines, sucking dozens of Blood Angels into the warp. The Thousand Sons' missile launchers then sent a hail of projectiles into the Dreadnought detachment, causing two of them to topple over and disappear into the marsh.

Once again the Cannon of Khorne rained down flaming ruin on the foe. Under their unerringly accurate fire another building crashed to the ground, killing all of the Devastator squads contained within.

Though spared from the Grey Knights' attack the Lord of Change took a hail of fire from the surviving Devastators on the bridge, as well as from the remaining Dreadnoughts and a barage from the Whirlwinds. Several of the Minotaurs fell protecting their Lord and once more the Greater Daemon was

forced to call upon the power of Tzeentch to save himself from being cast back into the warp.

Back in the centre the Lord of Battle finally got to fire at its tormentors but failed to hit anything. Had the power of the Blood God deserted it? A Daemon Engine on the right crashed to the ground a burning hulk, while the remaining two Daemon Engines continued their relentless advance towards the Marines.

As the triumphant Disc Riders finally captured objective one, several of them dived down to finish off the demoralised and shattered bikers. Down but not out, one of the bikers managed to fight back, sending a Champion of Tzeentch tumbling from his mount. As the two sides struggled to the death, a Thunderhawk Gunship sped along the valley in an attempt to even up the odds by opening up with its rockets and battlecannon on the unengaged Disc Riders.

It looked like the tide of battle had turned in favour of the dark ones.

TURN 3 VICTORY POINTS TOTAL

SPACE MARINES: 31

CHAOS: 37



THE HORDE OF CHAOS

Cannon of Khorne	Cauldron of Blood	Khorne Juggernaut	Greater Daemon Khorne's Lord of Battles
Death Dealer	Tower of Skulls	Khorne Bloodletters	
Space Marine Legion Thousand Sons	Chaos Cultists	Greater Daemon Magnus the Red	
Chaos Space Marine Rhino Squadron	Troll Warband	Greater Daemon Tzeentch Lord of Change	
Tzeentch Horrors	Minotaur Warband		
Tzeentch Disc Riders	Beastman Warband		

BLOOD ANGELS SPACE MARINES

Space Marine Assault Company	Thunderhawk Gunship	Warhound Scout Titan
Space Marine Tactical Company	Space Marine Chaplain	Space Marine Whirlwind Squadron
Space Marine Devastator Company	Space Marine Librarian	
Space Marine Bike Squad	Commissar	
Grey Knight Detachment	Imperial Guard Stormhammer Company	
Space Marine Dreadnought Squad		

TURN 4

Both sides realised that the end of the battle was near. Now the time for subtlety had passed and only bold actions could win the day. As the Chaos Gods fed energy from the warp into their followers, giving them greater potency and new heart, it looked like the Forces of Chaos might prevail.

Snatching an opportunity, the last remaining Tactical Squad clambered into a surviving Rhino and sped off in a desperate attempt to capture the unguarded objective two. Only a lone Chaos Champion from the broken Troll warband stood in their way, but the ensuing combat ended in a stalemate with neither side able to gain the advantage.

In the ruins of the temple there was no pause in the blood letting. The wild fury and animal cunning of the Beastmen was met with disciplined determination by the Space Marine assault squads. The advantage finally lay with the Blood Angels as only two Beastman packs remained at the end of the combat. The sacred ground of the temple, and with it objective seven, was still in Space Marine hands.

Deciding that the only way to win back favour with Khorne was to bring about the death of its enemies in hand-to-hand combat, the Lord of Battle charged forward to attack the already disabled Warhound. With its reactor off-line the Warhound stood defenceless against the combined attacks of the Bloodletters, Juggernaut and Lord of Battle and they tore it to pieces with the fury of frenzied beasts.

As the Titan was ripped apart, its reactor overloaded and the mighty war machine disappeared in a blinding ball of plasma. The white hot sphere burst outwards, striking the Lord of Battle and the undamaged Warhound, vapourising the Bloodletters and Juggernaut and destroying all but one of the Blood Angels squads left fighting in the shattered temple.

As the incandescent gas engulfed the Lord of Battle, it triggered a massive internal explosion and the monstrous Daemon Engine toppled slowly to the ground. The other Warhound was also almost liquefied. The blast wave breached its reactor and the crew fought desperately to prevent their Titan suffering a similar fate to its brother. Deep in the warp, Khorne howled deep and long with the pleasure of so much death and blood.

With the deadly plasma ball stopping just short of them, the Beastmen now found the ruins almost scoured clean of Marines. However their jubilation was short lived. With a staccato blast, the Storm Hammers opened up on them with their Battlecannons, reducing the foul mutations to little more than a fine red mist. The battle for the temple had truly become bloodbath.

Continuing their advance, the remaining Daemon Engines at last found themselves in range of the Devastators positioned on top of the hill. Gatling cannon fire from the Deathdealer and molten ichor from the Cauldron of Blood seared through



The Lord of Battle, Bloodletters and Juggernaut launch their savage attack against the crippled Warhound Titan.

the Blood Angels, practically clearing the hill. On the far flank the Thunderhawk Gunship hovered over to Disc Riders in an attempt to take objective one. In the short, deadly dogfight it succeeded in killing only one Disc Rider before it was sent spiralling into the hillside. However, the distant Devastators brought the Disc Riders' short lived victory to end. The sky about Tzeentch's riders rippled with missiles and heavy bolter fire until the last Tzeentch warrior lay broken or dead on the hillside.

Attempting to return fire one of the Cannon of Khorne misfired and exploded in a massive blow-back. The shots of all the others deviated from target and inflicted only minor casualties.

Over at the bridge the Minotaurs finally got to grips with the Devastators who had been cut off on their side of the river by the amorphous Chaos Spawn now blocking the bridge in a bubbling, tentacled mass. Holding their fire until the Minotaurs were right on top of them, the Devastators slaughtered nearly half the remaining warband.

Despite these appalling casualties the Minotaurs continued their unstoppable charge, ripping the armour from the hulls of the Rhinos and rending their opponents limb from limb in a fury of bloodlust. At the end of the carnage only a lone Blood Angel Rhino remained intact on that side of the river.

Leaving his followers to their gruesome work the Lord of Change flew across the other side of the river where he unsuccessfully cast a Bolt of Change at the Whirlwinds.

With a heroic effort, the crew of the damaged Warhound managed to repair the damaged reactor and regain full control of their machine. As the vapour cleared from around the melted mass of the destroyed Titan and the shattered Lord of Battle, a lone Bloodletter heaved itself up from the scorched

earth. Gazing out across the battle, the daemon bellowed out in pleasure at the carnage it surveyed.

Each side had suffered horrendous casualties, but in this final turn, both sides had passed the victory total of forty five points. The battle was all but over, and there was nothing left to do but count the cost...



The bitter hand-to-hand struggle between the Minotaur warband and Blood Angels Devastators.

TURN 4 VICTORY POINTS TOTAL

SPACE MARINES: 47

CHAOS: 55

CONCLUSION

Both sides had fought to a bloody climax and at the end there was very little left that hadn't been either completely annihilated or broken.

With two out of three of the Greater Daemons banished back to the warp and the Lord of Change with no Chaos cards left to protect himself with, the uprising had been effectively broken. The remaining Thousand Sons and the other daemonic creatures returned to their Space Hulk, leaving their mortal followers to their fate. There would be other planets where corruption lurked beneath the surface waiting to summon their aid. In time the opportunity for vengeance would come.

Their daemonic enemy either purged or fleeing, the Grey Knights picked up their fallen brothers and teleported back to the orbiting warship. Having sustained grievous losses in successfully breaking the back of the rebellion, the Blood Angels too returned to their starship, leaving the planetary forces the grim task of exterminating the remaining deviants and Chaos Cultists who had fled to the sanctuary of the dark forests.

CHAOS DEBRIEFING

Well, after a difficult start I had victory snatched away from me by the dogged resistance of the Space Marines. Putting aside things like lucky or unlucky dice rolls, I stuck to my plan fairly closely.

The losses I suffered in the first and second turns took some of the punch out of the attack in the centre. I made the classic mistake of an attacking army by putting the Lord of Battle and a unit of Daemon Engines on advance orders instead of charge orders in the first turn. As a result of this I had to keep them on advance orders for a couple more turns to bring them into range of the Space Marines when they could have just rushed forward and gone onto first fire.

The Beastmen, Bloodletters and Juggernauts of Khorne performed admirably. Despite the early heavy losses they suffered, they still managed to inflict damage on the enemy. The Trolls were always a bit of a gamble, one that could have gone either way. As it was they spent the whole of the battle ambling around and getting nowhere right up to the point where they ran away.

Apart from squashing a couple of Space Marine bikers, the Pink Horrors didn't get the opportunity to really prove themselves but the Disc Riders worked to perfection, fulfilling all their aims. My only regret is that I didn't have more of them. With a couple more mobile units on the table I could

have stolen the easy objectives that the Marines left unguarded in the later stages of the battle. I might even have used them to dive down and assault the Whirlwinds.

The Thousands Sons were a little redundant in the battle since, from the almost defensive position I set them up in, the enemy were out of range of their missile launchers. A more aggressive role, and a couple more Rhino detachments to get them where they wanted to go, would have greatly increased their contribution to the bloodletting. In a way this was my own fault. One of my constant fears when playing against an Imperial army is that Space Marines in Thunderhawk gunships will descend from the sky and seize any unguarded objectives. I positioned some of the Thousand Sons with this possibility in mind, hoping that they could cover any abandoned objective markers.

In the past the Cannon of Khorne have proved very successful at demolishing buildings containing infantry and this battle was no exception. Despite their inaccuracy in the first few rounds, they managed to dispose of an entire Devastator detachment.

With the exception of the Lord of Battle the Greater Daemons worked well at dealing out destruction and inspiring a suitable amount of fear in the enemy. Both the Lord of Change and Magnus the Red were unlucky not to hit more than one target each with Bolts of Change and Beams of Power respectively. I was fairly certain that one of them would be cast back into the warp once the Grey Knights arrived so Magnus's loss came as no great surprise.

On Turn 3, I was faced with a dilemma when the Lord of Change had the opportunity to take objective five from the lone Commissar defending it. This would have meant leaving my exposed Minotaur warband to face the firepower of the Devastator detachment on the bridge, and as I have learnt from bitter experience, it only takes a lucky dice roll to inflict crippling damage. I decided to let the Lord of Change lead the assault, hoping that his Bolt of Change could destroy enough Devastators to considerably reduce their firepower.

I must admit that all my plans for the Lord of Battle went completely astray. From the first lucky shots that blinded it and prevented it from firing for two turns, to the appalling dice rolls I made when it could fire, fate, or the Emperor, conspired to make the Lord of Battles' effect on the outcome of the battle minimal.

I could have kept on playing Chaos cards to keep it out of trouble but it used up more than its share anyway, and I was



The bloody struggle between Beastmen and Space Marines amidst the ruins of the Temple of the Emperor Triumphant.

much more concerned with keeping the Lord of Change and Magnus the Red in play. By the end, out of desperation and goaded by my previous inability to hit anything, I charged into the combat against the Warhound. By sheer bad luck the Lord of Battles took an unlikely damage result from the meltdown of the Titan's plasma reactor and was destroyed.

Curses, victory just slithered out of my tentacled grip. Still, another day Khorne may smile upon me. The world shall hear from me again!

SPACE MARINE DEBRIEFING

My plan worked out fine for the first turn with, of course, a few exceptions. The Devastators were probably the greatest success. I've relied on their firepower before and, once again, they excelled themselves. When a Chaos Horde is slowly lumbering towards your position, these are the troops to have. The Tactical and Assault Marines were involved in some of the most bloodiest fighting on the whole table, but they did everything asked of them. When the dust cleared there may have been only one stand left on the objective marker but that was all I needed.

The Grey Knights were the most potent force I had against the Daemons and the timing of bringing them on to the table had to be precise. It had to be on a turn when I had the initiative, and when the target Daemon was alone. On the third turn everything came together nicely. Winning the initiative at last, the Grey Knights came down right on target, surrounded Magnus the Red and let him know his end was at hand.

As most of my troops did as intended, what went wrong? Why the great turn around half way through the game, after such a brilliant first two turns? The first mistake was with my deployment. It was foolish to put the Chaplain with the assault

detachment. I was hoping to reach objective one but had to give up my advance and the objective in order to race to the support of the tactical detachment in the the centre of the table. The Chaplain, not wanting to arrive inside his Rhino, and unable to keep up without a jet pack, was forced to walk and so never made it into battle.

I should have brought the Storm Hammers forward on turn three. Their armour saving throw is good enough to withstand most incoming fire and I would have got the benefit of their fourteen bolters apiece which could have tipped the balance in the great hand-to-hand struggles.

If I were playing the game over again, I would probably place the Assault Marines in the Thunderhawk gunship, and would have attacked one of the Daemons in close combat much sooner. It is almost impossible to kill Greater Daemons with firepower. However many good shots my Devastators got, the Daemons just expended more Chaos cards and got up again. It was very frustrating. Death is almost certain for a Daemon in close combat.

Actually, much of what went wrong can be laid at the door of my handling of the Greater Daemons. If I'd concentrated on them a little sooner, instead of being disheartened by their apparent invulnerability, then they would not have lasted out the game. As it was, their Chaos cards kept them alive right to the bitter end. If I'd hit them harder and sooner then they would have died. As it was, by the last turn Mark had exhausted his Chaos cards and a Greater Daemon, worth 3 victory points, was tottering on the edge of the warp. Ah, if only I had realised sooner.

It had been an incredibly exciting game. Frustrating as it was, we both deserved a draw for the way we played. Each time I play Space Marine I learn something new and in my next clash with the forces of Chaos, I'll know better.

Brother-Captain Karlsen surveyed the carnage wearily. His wounds pained him. His armour hurt as if it were bruised skin. The weight of his ten thousand years pressed heavily on him. He almost envied those who had died. He ran his metal-clad tentacles over the fused remains of the Lord of Battle. It was still warm from the reactor meltdown that had sent its spirit tumbling back into the warp. Nearby the head of the slain Warhound lay in a pile of ash and slag. Its sightless eyes gazed mockingly on the Chaos Space Marine. Karlsen sent a blast from his bolter ricocheting off the giant metal skull. The sound was shockingly loud in the battle's quiet aftermath.

Karlsen watched the triumphant rebels swill sour wine from dirty bottles and listened to their babbled jokes and monkey chatter. The few remaining cultists who danced and sang amid the rubble did not realise it yet but they were dead men. Their patron daemons had been cast back into the warp. The back of the rebellion on this world was broken. It did not matter. There would be other worlds.

From the rubble of the ruined temple he heard a groan. A figure staggered from the fused innards of the building and fell on his face. Karlsen watched clinically, surprised that a Blood Angel still lived. The man was terribly burned. The red of his armour had peeled and bubbled away from the heat of the blast. The rock around him was scarred black by nuclear fire. All around him lay charred skeletons and melted armour. The Space Marine looked at Karlsen with feverish, hate-filled eyes. Frantically he tried to rise to his feet, to bring his half-melted weapon to bare.

"Traitor. Heretic. Abomination," the Space Marine muttered. Karlsen found himself staring down the barrel of the weapon into final darkness. Part of him wanted the Blood Angel to pull the trigger.

Karlsen's bitter laughter bubbled from his ruined and horribly mutated throat. Speech was difficult now. He tried to find the word to articulate his loathing. He searched his corroded soul for the single word that would embody his ten thousand years of hate.

"Brother," he said eventually.

A hint of fear played over the Blood Angel's blistered features. He made to pull the trigger on his bolter. Sight-blurringly swiftly Karlsen brought his own weapon up. A single shot tore through the Blood Angel. The man fell, uttering not a sound. Karlsen kept firing, unloading a full magazine into the twitching corpse, wanting to hear the dead man scream.

At that moment, he wished that he had every Space Marine in the galaxy in his sights. So boundless was his hatred, so great was his rage, that he would have killed them all without mercy or compassion. At that moment, he knew he would fight forever until all was ruination and the entire galaxy was dust. For him there could be neither rest nor peace.

The Long War would go on.

HEAVY METAL

By Mike McVey



The past month has been a busy and exciting time for the 'Eavy Metal team. Along with the flood of new miniatures to be painted for the Studio armies came four of the most exciting character models ever to emerge from the Citadel forges. Two of them are personality miniatures to go with the superb new range of Space Wolves – the Wolf Lord Ragnar and Wolf Priest Brother Ulrik. The second two models

are the legendary High Elf Heroes – Prince Tyrion, champion of the Everqueen, and his brother Teclis, the greatest sorcerer in the world. Elsewhere in this issue of White Dwarf, you'll find the history, background, game statistics points values and even new Magic Item cards for these awesome warriors. In this month's 'Eavy Metal, I want to talk about how to get the best results when painting these superb miniatures.

All four of these miniatures have been sculpted in breathtaking clarity and detail by Jes Goodwin, and are a positive joy to paint. The lines are so crisp and sharp that they almost paint themselves! Miniatures like this are worth investing a lot of time and effort in. They are bound to form the centre piece of their respective armies and are certain to influence the outcome of any battle in which they take part.

TYRION AND TECLIS

In all the time I've been painting miniatures, painting these two characters was a unique experience for me. For a start, I spent more time on them than I have on any other single miniature. Secondly, the crispness and degree of detail sculpted onto the models is above and beyond anything previously available and so it became a challenge to paint them up in a style befitting this. Don't let this daunt you, it's really up to you how you go about painting these models. You can either cover them with symbols and other painted on detail, or you can leave them fairly plain and let the sculpted detail speak for itself.

Whatever you decide, the first step is to clean them up and apply an initial undercoat. You'll need to remove any flash and other extra metal left over from the casting process, without damaging any of the fine detail. I find that the best way to do this is to carefully scrape most of the excess metal away with a good sharp craft knife. I then gently rub a piece of really fine abrasive paper over the area to achieve a smooth finish. To undercoat my models, I used a spray primer to give the paint a smooth, even surface to adhere to. When you use sprays, make sure that they have been thoroughly shaken up and that you hold them between eight and ten inches away from the miniature. Always use them in a well ventilated area and put down lots of newspaper to catch the overspray.

Teclis

I had a firm image in my mind of how I thought Teclis should look. His obvious magical prowess should be backed up with presence and power so I decided to paint the body in bright vibrant colours, surrounded by a deep rich blue cloak. The dark cloak provides a backdrop to the rest of the model,

defining the shape and really making it come alive. I used gold and yellow to pick out much of the detail and edging on the miniature and this created a strong contrast with the blue giving the model a sumptuous look.

The normal method I use to paint miniatures is to lay down several large areas of colour, and then highlight these all together. With Teclis I used a totally different approach. I decided to concentrate on individual areas of the model and completely finish each area off before moving onto the next. For example, the first thing that I painted was the white robe. I gave this an initial coat of Elf Grey and then highlighted it up to pure white. When it was dry I went on and added the detail and patterning before moving on to the next area. In this way I could totally concentrate on one particular part of the miniature without being distracted by another. The result was that each section was given roughly equal amounts of attention. Where one part of the model falls over another, such as the jewel mount over the robe, I painted it black before adding the detail. This gives it a strong outline and really picks out the shape.

There are three obviously dominant parts to this miniature: the Moon Staff of Lileath, the War Crown of Saphery and the Sword of Teclis. Each of these needed to be painted so as to pick it out from the rest of the model. I gave the whole Moon Staff a base coat of Glistening Gold mixed with Yellow Ink. This was applied slightly thinned down over the white undercoat. When it was dry, a mix of Brown and Yellow Ink was washed over the staff to pick out the detail and provide shading. All of the areas that were not going to remain gold were then re-undercoated white and painted in their relevant colours. The gold parts of the War Crown were treated in exactly the same way. The front piece was painted in Mithril Silver to stand out from the blue backing and the moon was carefully lined with black before being picked out in Bad Moon Yellow. The inside of the crown was painted black so the face would stand out and not be overwhelmed. The runes on the blade of the sword are sculpted in such fine detail that they present no problem to paint. First of all, I painted the whole area black and then picked out the runes in Skull White. The subtle fade of colour on the blade was achieved by about fifteen successively lighter highlights, each one applied a little further down the blade! A network of fine white lines was then added to give the effect of lightning bolts.

I decided to use a couple of decorative themes that are repeated on several parts of the model. The black and white bordering on the cloak and staff is one, and picking out areas of decoration in alternate bands of red and green is another. I've found that the best way to do this is to first paint the entire area black and then pick out each of the individual bands in white. These are then over-painted with Blood Red and Striking Scorpion Green and individually highlighted.

The interior of the cloak was given a base coat of Moody Blue and highlighted with Enchanted Blue and Skull White. The highlights were applied in the same way as the sword blade to create a subtle fade in colour. When it was dry, tiny dots of white were added to give the impression of stars in a night sky. A small white moon completes the effect and gives a

strong magical feel to the miniature. The patterned border gives the cloak a strong edge instead of it just fading out.

Tyrion

Tyrion required even more painting time than Teclis. This was mainly due to the fact that Tyrion is mounted on Malhandir, his Elven steed, which took almost as long to paint as he did! I used the same technique of painting up small areas of the miniature completely rather than working on several at once. In this case the Dragon Armour of Aenarion was the first thing to be painted. I used the same method for painting this gold as explained earlier. The detail on the greaves and other areas was first painted black before being picked out initially in white and then the finished colours. On the upper body these were red and green and on the lower body blue and yellow. As with Teclis, this sort of decoration has been repeated on several different parts of Tyrion and his steed.

The rest of the colour scheme is based around Tyrion's gold armour. When it was dry, a thin black line was painted all round the edge to ensure a strong contrast with other areas. The inside of the mail armour was painted white and decorated with a repeating heart design. These tiny hearts were easier to paint than you might think. Paint on a series of small, inverted triangles and then use white paint to round off the corners and take a small nick out of the top face. A tiny dot of white acts as a highlight and gives a more realistic effect. The interior of the cloak and the saddle were both painted a deep magenta to contrast well with the armour and the white areas. The rich brocade effect on the cloak wasn't too difficult to achieve. When the base colour was dry, a mid highlight was mixed and applied to the cloak in fine swirling lines. You don't have to be too accurate with these, it's the overall effect that matters. To give it a more three-dimensional effect, I mixed an even lighter highlighting colour and painted more swirling lines down the creases of the cloak, thus picking them out.

The dominant feature of both Tyrion and Malhandir are the feathered dragon headdresses. In fact, Tyrion's helm is so prominent that it, rather than his face, becomes the focal point of the miniature. Because of this I spent more time on this area than any other part of the model. I painted most of it in a warm orange, shaded with red and green as a contrasting colour on the dragon's plumes. I then painted the outer feathers white tipped with black to give them a harder edge. These colours were repeated on Malhandir's headdress to create a strong visual link between the horse and rider.

Both Tyrion and Teclis are covered in gemstones. Painted correctly, these really liven up a miniature and give it real sparkle and a highly realistic effect can be achieved with a little practice. The gem mount should be painted first. I usually do this gold as it adds to the precious feel. When this is dry, I paint a fine line of thinned Chaos Black between the stone and the mount. A quick re-undercoat of Skull White ensures a clean base over which the gem can be painted. I find that red is the most effective colour with green the next best, but this really depends on the surrounding colour. If you look at a real gemstone or a piece of coloured glass, you'll see that it is highly translucent and the light shines through it producing an inner glow. This effect is simulated by highlighting the lower half of the gem, getting lighter towards the bottom. The upper half of the gem is shaded with carefully applied ink, getting darker towards the top. Finally a pure white highlight is applied to the very top of the jewel. This is where the light reflects directly off the surface. If painted correctly, the finished effect is exactly that of a real gem.

The Heart of Avelorn was painted in the same way, except that the top required some subtle highlights to bring out the

heart shape. The heart has been used as a theme of decoration on both Tyrion and Malhandir with the same design being repeated on his cloak and on the base of the horse barding. The rest of Malhandir's barding was painted a delicate light blue to give it a clean, bright look that ties in with the rest of the troops in the Studio Elf army. Malhandir himself was painted light grey with subtle white dapples. The mane and flowing tail were then painted in a golden yellow to provide a contrast with the white and light blue. The designs on the barding were first carefully painted on as a black silhouette before the inside area was painted white and then in the appropriate colour. This is a tricky technique to master on complex shapes, but the new Elf transfers that are going to be available soon will make it considerably easier.

Was it worth spending so much time on these two miniatures? The answer is definitely yes. These are extraordinary models that deserve all of the skill that has been lavished on them. And at the end of the day the effort is paid back. I feel that these are amongst the very best miniatures that I have ever painted.

SPACE WOLVES

Moving from Warhammer to Warhammer 40,000, two equally spectacular new miniatures are Wolf Lord Ragnar and Wolf Priest Brother Ulrik. These are the first personality models in the new range of Space Wolf miniatures that you can read more about elsewhere in this issue. As you'll see, they are amongst the most powerful and feared of all Space Marines.

Ragnar's armour was painted in standard Space Wolf colours. A base coat of Blue Grey was highlighted with Space Wolf Grey and Skull White. The edges of the armour were then given a highlight of pure white to pick them out. One of the dominant features of both models is the wolf pelts and tails that are draped over the armour. Many people tend to paint wolf skin in a plain grey. A more realistic effect can easily be achieved by painting the upper part of the pelt dark brown, even black, fading down through reddish browns and tans to almost pure white on the underbelly and legs. I start with a base coat of Orc Brown, shading down the top with brown ink and highlighting the lower part with Skull White. When it is all dry the darker colours are given a drybrush of Orc Brown and a thinned down mix of brown and red ink is applied sparingly to parts of the fur. The pelt over Ragnar's shoulder was given a jet black head to really contrast against his power armour.

The wolf head on Ragnar's left shoulder pad was also painted black. I deliberately painted his hair and the rest of the wolf in a golden yellow so that the black would stand out. This is further helped by making sure that the highlights on the black are bright and sharp.

On both miniatures, red and yellow have been used as secondary colours to pick out the detail and provide contrast. The edging on Ulrik's armour has been painted bright, shiny silver to give it a hard look. The gems on Ragnar's armour were painted in the same way as described earlier except that, because they are cut into diamond shapes, the highlights have to be applied slightly differently. The centre point needs a sharp white highlight to really bring it out.

Ragnar's two banners depict a black-maned wolf crushing Chaos and the black wolf head on a yellow field that is the symbol of his company. Ulrik's banner is a repeat of his shoulder pad design. All three of these banners have been printed in this issue for you to cut out and use on your miniatures.



MARAUDER ORC SHAMAN RIDING WAR WYVERN



FAMILIAR



FAMILIAR



CHAOS SORCERER OF TZEENTCH



NECROMANCER



CHAOS SORCERER OF NURGLE



HIGH ELF MAGE



MARAUDER ELF MAGE RIDING A UNICORN



FAMILIAR



SKAVEN GREY SEER



FAMILIAR



NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN

BATTELMASTERS

The models on these pages are all taken from the brand new MB game Battlemasters. All of the plastic miniatures contained in the box were designed exclusively for MB Games by the Citadel Miniatures design team. Battlemasters is a game of mass combat between the forces of Chaos and their allies and the armies of the Empire. Following on the heels of the successful collaboration between Games Workshop and MB Games on Heroquest and Space Crusade, we're sure that Battlemasters will also take the gaming public by storm. The miniatures on these pages and on the box itself were all painted by the Games Workshop Studio 'Eavy Metal team.



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WARHAMMER[®]

HIGH ELVES

HIGH ELF PRINCE TYRION AND MAGE LORD TECLIS

THE HIGH ELVES

The High Elves are the most ancient race in the Warhammer World. They dwell on the temperate island-continent of Ulthuan under the benevolent rule of the Phoenix-King and the Everqueen. Ulthuan is divided into many smaller realms and fiefdoms each with its own distinct character and history, but all owing allegiance to their chosen rulers. Prodigiously long-lived, gifted with grace, intelligence and beauty, the High Elves would seem to be the most blessed of peoples. But the tale of the Elves is a tragedy. Their history is marred by the

Sundering, the great schism that occurred in ancient times when many Elf kingdoms turned to the worship of the Chaos power of Slaanesh, Lord of Unspeakable Pleasures. This resulted in bitter civil war and the eventual exile of the Dark Elves to the bleak bitter lands of Naggaroth. To this day they remain there, nurturing their old, festering hatred. The consequences of that long ago war, which destroyed entire populations and sank kingdoms beneath the sea, are still felt. The High Elves of Ulthuan must be ever vigilant, and their armies eternally prepared for war.

Among the High Elves the names of Tyrion and Teclis are spoken with hushed respect. The fame of these twin brothers extends throughout Ulthuan and into the lands beyond. Prince Tyrion is the Elf general who turned back the great Incursion of Chaos two hundred years ago. Teclis is the greatest sorcerer of this age of the world, a mage so powerful that spells and magical artefacts are named after him. Born into one of the oldest families of Ulthuan, the brothers can trace their line back to the doomed Phoenix-King Aenarion. It is their destiny to perform mighty deeds and shape the fate of kingdoms.

The brothers are different as day and night. Tyrion is tall, proud and fair, a master of weapons, a match for the Dragon Princes of old in battle-prowess and skill. The chosen champion of the Everqueen of Avelorn, he is a warrior without peer and a foe without mercy. Among the Dark Elves of Naggaroth he is known as the Reaper, to the Goblins of Red-Axe Pass he is Orcbane, and to the north the Norse know him as Mankiller. For two centuries he has stood between the Elves of Ulthuan and their many foes. He is an unfaltering champion, a mighty sword and shield and a light against the darkness. In him it is said Aenarion the Defender has come again.

The age-old curse on the line of Aenarion affected Teclis more strongly. Where his brother was mighty, he was weak. Where Tyrion was golden-skinned and yellow-maned, Teclis was pale and dark and gaunt. Where Tyrion was fair-spoken and noble-minded, Teclis was caustic-tongued and bitter. From birth he was sickly and consumptive. As a child, he was driven by an insatiable curiosity and showed an awesome gift for sorcery. He was schooled by the shadowy Loremasters of the Tower of Hoth, who recognised in him great power. Within the precincts of the White Tower, guarded by magical illusions of great cunning, he learned the intricacies of sorcery, and rose to become a true master of High Magic.



GEOFF TAYLOR

THE DARK ELF WARS

When the great incursion of Chaos came, destiny touched the twins. From the north the Dark Elves swept through Ulthuan looting, burning and pillaging. Allied with the servants of the four powers of Chaos they seemed unstoppable. The gigantic Black Arks of Naggaroth vomited forth a wave of corruption on the unsullied shores of the Elf Lands. Ships of rune-woven red iron brought frenzied Chaos Warriors to Ulthuan. The Witch-King of Naggaroth once more set foot on the land from where he'd so long ago been banished. Everywhere the unprepared Elves suffered defeat after defeat at the hands of their Chaos-worshipping kin. In the lands of men things went no better. The shattered Empire, long a warring cauldron of factional strife, could not stand against the tide of Chaos. It was a time of blood and darkness. The world was ending in death and despair.

Tyrion was in Avelorn at the court of Alarielle, the newly crowned Everqueen, when the Dark Elves came. The thunderous voices of their beasts filled the ancient woods. The shrill blast of their trumpets echoed triumphantly through the heart of a land never before touched by Chaos. Hurriedly the Amazon Guard of the Queen moved to meet the threat to their lady. A hastily assembled force of warriors was thrown into battle but to no avail. The Dark Elves were too strong and it looked as if the Everqueen, the spiritual leader of Ulthuan, would fall into their clutches. In desperation, Tyrion pulled her from her silk pavilion and cut a bloody path clear of the massacre, slaying any Dark Elf that got in his way. As they fled, Tyrion was stabbed by the blade of a Witch Elf, but disregarding his wound, the two escaped into the heart of the ancient forests and disappeared. Word of the Everqueen's loss spread through the land and the hearts of elvenkind were filled with despair.

When the news of his brother's disappearance reached the White Tower, Teclis refused to believe it. From birth, he and Tyrion had shared a special link and he was convinced that if his brother was dead he would know. He decided to leave the Tower and seek him out. Using all his cunning arts he forged himself a blade and wove it round with deadly enchantments. Seeing that Teclis could not be dissuaded, the High Loremaster gifted him with the War Crown of Saphery and let him go. He sensed destiny in the youth and knew that the fate of the Elf Kingdoms rested on his shoulders. Teclis was stronger now, the medicines of the Loremasters had gone a long way towards giving him mortal strength. The High Loremaster hoped it would be enough.

Tyrion and the Everqueen fled through a land laid waste by war. The old forests burned as the Dark Elves took vengeance for their long exile. An army of Ellyrian horsemen was destroyed in the field by the Witch King's sorcery. The High Elves of Caledor strove unsuccessfully to wake the last dragons. The great navies of Lothorn were driven from the seas by the Chaos fleets. A Dark Elf army re-took the Blighted Island and the altar of Khaine fell once more into Dark Elf hands. Triumph followed triumph for the spawn of Naggaroth. Bitter defeat piled upon bitter defeat for the High Elves.

The Dark Elves were filled with glee at the news of the loss of Alarielle, but the Witch-King refused to believe the rumour of her death. He insisted that her body be found so he could display it crucified upon his standard. Four assassins stood before him and pledged to know no rest till they brought him Alarielle's corpse. The Dark Elves sought the pair everywhere. Tyrion and the Everqueen often hid, blindly writhing through the loam to avoid the eyes of Dark Elf patrols. As the Witch Elf poison gripped him, Tyrion grew ever more feverish, but with her land disrupted the young Everqueen could not find the power to save him.

The High Elves were reduced to fighting a guerilla war in their own land while the servants of darkness reigned everywhere. But now a new rumour filled all ears. A sorcerer was abroad and no-one could stand against him. He was a pale youth who wore the War Crown of Saphery. Where he walked the Dark Elves trembled, for he commanded the powers of magic as if born to them. His words summoned lightning. He cast down monsters and destroyed Chaos warriors with a word. The Slaaneshi Champion Alberecht Numan challenged him to battle, but he and all his followers were in an instant reduced to dust. He intervened at the battle of Hathar Ford and slew Ferik Kasterman's Coven of Ten – the most feared Tzeentchian sorcerers of the day. These were small victories, but in those days of darkness they gave the High Elves some hope.

Hope was what the folk of Ulthuan's many kingdoms desperately needed. The claw of Chaos held the island-continent firmly in its grip. From Chrace in the north to Yvresse in the south, the Elf lands were over-run. Not even the waters of the Inner Sea were free of Dark Elf incursion. Ships were carved from the blighted forests with supernatural speed, and raiders moved as far as the Island of the Dead before being turned back by the warding spells. Only in Saphery, around the White Tower, and by the walls of the mighty fortress city of Lothorn were the Dark Elves halted. Even there things looked grim. Three Black Arks laid siege to the great lighthouse of Lothorn. By day and night spell blasts and siege engine shots battered the walls. The Phoenix-King himself was trapped within the city walls. It seemed only a matter of time before the entire land was devoured. With the Everqueen lost, the Elves had little heart to fight on.

THE DARKEST HOUR

In the forests of Avelorn the hunt was closing in. The four assassins finally caught up with Tyrion and his charge, coming upon their camp by night. The wounded Elf-Lord fought like a blood-mad wolf. Under the furious onslaught of his blade the Dark Elves died, but not before one unleashed a messenger familiar to carry word of their discovery to the Witch King. Howling with triumph the Lord of Naggaroth then unleashed his pride and joy, the Keeper of Secrets, N'Kari. With a roar, the Greater Daemon sped through the night to find its prey.

The Greater Daemon found Tyrion and the Everqueen in the dark hour before the dawn, descending upon them like a falling star from the firmament. Once, the Everqueen could easily have banished the Daemon, but her power was much reduced even as her land was ravaged. Tyrion reeled to his feet, determined to sell his life dearly. With a sweep of one mighty fist, the Daemon dashed the wounded warrior aside. Looming over the Everqueen it reached out to caress her cheek with its claw.

Lightning split the night and the Daemon was knocked back. A frail-looking figure emerged from the forest. On his head was the horned-moon helmet of Saphery and he swiftly took up position between the queen and the Keeper of Secrets. With an angry bellow, the Daemon rose to confront him. Teclis spoke words of thunder and a sphere of coruscating energy leapt forth, throwing the Demon back into the warp. Swiftly Teclis went to his brother's aid. Using all the healing lore he had learned in the White Tower he managed to summon Tyrion's spirit back from the brink of the abyss. When the daemon's defeat was revealed in his black orb of seeing the Witch-King was enraged. He ordered one thousand enslaved Elvish prisoners sacrificed to Slaanesh immediately. The war blazed on with renewed ferocity.



Teclis guided the Everqueen and his twin to the shores of the Inner Sea. There they were picked up by a white ship crewed by the remnants of the Queen's Guard. This carried them to the plain of Finuval where the shattered remnants of the Elf armies were assembling for a desperate last stand.

Charioteers from Tiranoc raced into position between Silver Helm cavalry and spearmen from Kothique and Yvresse. Ellyrian cavalrymen mustered beside the elite White Lions of Chrace. Griffon-mounted Elf Lords soared over the army. Scholar-soldiers of the White Tower formed up alongside the Amazon Guard. When word of the Everqueen's presence was known, a great cheer went up from the army, and all the warriors gained new heart. But then a cloud of dust on the horizon announced the arrival of their enemies.



THE BATTLE OF FINUVAL PLAIN

That night the two armies camped almost within bowshot of each other. The watchfires of one force could be seen by the pickets of the other. In the Elf camp Tyrion and Teclis were greeted by their father Arathion. The old Elf lord gifted Tyrion with the Dragon Armour of Aenarion. This armour had been worn by the first Phoenix-King during the long ago wars with Chaos. It had been forged in Vul's Anvil and could resist the breath of dragons. Out of gratitude for his rescue of the Everqueen, the Elves of Ellyrian presented him with their finest steed, Malhandir, last of the bloodline of Korhandir, father of horses. The Everqueen herself gifted him with a heart-shaped brooch which she had woven round with enchantments for his safe return. In his mighty fist Tyrion grasped the runesword Sunfang, forged in elder days to be the bane of daemons. So Tyrion was made ready for battle.

To Teclis, Alarielle gave the sacred staff of Lilaeth. It granted him strength and power so great that he wouldn't need his enabling medicines. He refused the offer of any sword, preferring to use the blade he had forged with his own hands. He was now ready to stand beside his brother in the heat of battle.

The coming of day revealed the full extent of the Chaos forces. Endless ranks of Dark Elf crossbowmen chanted the praises of Slaanesh. A horde of Cold Ones croaked and bellowed in the chill morning light. Mail-armoured warriors brandished their spears. Witch Elves cackled and gibbered maniacally. Beast Masters herded monsters into position. One entire flank of the Witch-King's army was held by Chaos Knights and their bestial retainues. The Elves were greatly outnumbered and the situation looked desperate.

Urian Poisonblade, the Witch-King's personal champion, called out a challenge to single combat. Was there anyone in the Elf army brave enough to face him? Urian's reputation preceded him. He had been bred for battle by the Witchking himself. He was the greatest of assassins, the most relentless of slayers. He had the heart of a daemon and the eyes of a hawk. On his brow was the mark of Khaine. He could kill a bull with one blow of his bare hands, and deflect an arrow in flight with a sweep of his blade. He was Death incarnate.

Arhalien of Yvresse was the first to respond. He was a mighty soldier, a veteran of countless battles. Urian cut him down as if he was a child. The Elf army moaned in despair and dismay. Next was Korhian Ironglave, captain of the White Lions, the most renowned warrior of Chrace. Blows were exchanged faster than the eye could follow but to no avail – within minutes the proud High Elf lay headless on the plain. Then Tyrion strode forth.

It was a battle the like of which those present had never before witnessed. It was as if gods themselves made war. Sparks flew as blade clashed on blade. Both warriors fought in deadly silence. Again and again Urian's glowing black blade was turned by Tyrion's armour. Again and again the master assassin ducked the sweep of Sunfang. They fought for an hour and it seemed that neither would have the mastery. Spells blistered the air round them as the Witch-King sought to aid his champion. Sweat glistening on his brow, Teclis dispelled them. Every witness held their breath. It seemed impossible that anyone could survive in the middle of that storm of blades. Then Tyrion slipped and Urian loomed over him blade held high. It was the opening that the High Elf had waited for. A quick thrust of his weapon found the assassin's heart. The host of darkness let out a howl of anguish and charged forward to overwhelm the lone Elf warrior and the Elf army raced to meet them. Malhandir reached his master first and Tyrion vaulted into the saddle then turned to face his foes.

The two forces clashed at the heart of Finuval Plain. The Dark Elves had the greater number and their allies were fell. The High Elves were fighting for their homeland and the Everqueen. They had the desperate courage that flowed from knowing that this might be their last chance to turn the tide. All that long day the armies fought with savage fury. Both sides were driven by the consuming hatred that their ancient civil war had bred. Flights of crossbow bolts, so numerous they darkened the sky, were met by clouds of white fletched arrows. Great lumbering Cold Ones were hamstrung by nimble Elf warriors. The horsemen of Ellyrian were pulled down by the foul beasts of Chaos. Spells crackled back and forth through the air. Blood mingled with the dust thrown up by the battle. Thousands died but neither side gave any ground. So great was the carnage that warriors fought over bodies of the dead and ravens feasted on the wounded trapped inside the mounds of corpses.

Right at the centre, Tyrion fought with the fury of a blood mad beast. His great burning blade cut down foes with every stroke, and his shining mail turned the swords of his desperate foes. By himself he was worth an army. Where he rode the Elves took heart. Malhandir trampled Dark Elves beneath his silver-shod hooves. But Tyrion could not be everywhere at once and slowly the weight of numbers turned the battle against the High Elves.

THE DEFEAT OF THE WITCH KING

At the heart of the battle, Teclis wrestled with the dark sorcery of the Witch-King. Naggaroth's dark master had perfected his evil arts over long millennia and for the first time Teclis met a foe that was his match. Titanic magic energies were focussed and brought to bear. Lightning streaked the darkening sky. Terrible clouds, capable of stripping men to the bone, were turned aside by magical winds. Daemons howled and gibbered as they surged through the carnage. Teclis strode into the sky to better observe the battle. From a blasted hilltop the Witch-King matched him spell for spell.

Teclis saw that the battle had turned. The size of the Dark Elf warhost was too great. It looked as if the Elves would be slain to a man. Now there was nothing else for it. It was time for a

HEAVY METAL

TYRION AND TECLIS



TYRION – HIGH ELF PRINCE



TECLIS – HIGH ELF MAGE

last desperate gamble. He invoked the power of Lilaeth. His staff glowed and pulsed as the goddess fed him energy. Teclis sculpted the power into one bolt of titanic power and unleashed it on the Witch King. Frantically the evil one tried to turn it aside but could not. The blast descended on him, burning into his very soul. At the final moment he was forced to cast himself into the warp to avoid final and utter death. Freed now from the burden of dealing with the Witch-king, Teclis turned his energies on the horde of evil. Spell after spell crashed down on the Dark Elves, the carnage was too awful to contemplate.

Malhandir brought Tyrion face to face with the Witch-King's standard-bearer. The High Elf cut his foe down with ease. Malhandir trampled the Witch-King's banner into the mud. Seeing their Lord defeated and their standard smashed the Dark Elves fell into despair. Overhead a seemingly unstoppable magician rained magical doom down on them. Almost to the man that vast army turned and fled. Almost to a man they were cut down. The High Elves had won their first major victory. The tide had turned.

Tyrion led the army southward to relieve Lothorn. Word of his coming gave heart to the High Elves. The tall warrior wearing the Everqueen's favour and his sorcerer twin became feared by their foes. The High Elf army fell on the besiegers of Lothorn putting them to the sword. The Phoenix King led his guard from Lothorn to meet them. Caught between the hammer and the anvil the besieging army was crushed. Outside the walls of Lothorn, Tyrion and Teclis were greeted by the Phoenix King himself.

Within two days a great plan was conceived to drive the Dark Elves from the land. Tyrion would lead one High Elf army to Saphery to relieve the Tower of Hoth. The Phoenix King

would drive north and engage the enemy directly. Word arrived from Caledor that the dragons had been roused. Victory was within the High Elves' grasp.

THE GIFT OF MAGIC

Just as the armies readied to set out, a battered ship limped into harbour. It was commanded by Pieter Lazlo, personal ambassador of Magnus the Pious. He bore a tale of woe from the Old World. The armies of Chaos had over-run Kislev and looked set to sweep over the lands of men. Magnus had led the human defence of the Empire and desperate for any help, had sent to the Elves for aid. The Elves knew that they could barely spare a single warrior from their forces and yet they knew that if mankind failed then the forces of Chaos in the Old World would be free to aid the Dark Elves. Hearing once more the call of destiny, Teclis volunteered to go to the aid of mankind. Yrtle and Finreir, two of his old comrades from the Tower of Hoth agreed to go with him. It was all that could be done. The two brothers parted at the docks in Lothorn. It was a bleak farewell. Neither knew if they would ever see each other again. Teclis took to his ship. Tyrion rode away with his army. It would be many long years before they saw each other again.

Now leading the Elf army, Tyrion proved to be every bit as skillful a general as he was a warrior. His surprise attack routed the Chaos forces in the woods around the White Tower. Joined by a contingent of Scholar-soldiers his army marched on into southern Avelorn to reclaim the Everqueen's land. There the Dark Elves had been demoralised by the Witch King's defeat and hounded relentlessly by guerilla forces. Tyrion drove them out of the woods and into the hills of Southern Chrace. In this mountainous land a bitter war of ambush and counter-ambush was fought. But the Phoenix

King had lent Tyrion the services of a unit of White Lions and these bold warrior's knowledge of their homeland was to prove invaluable. In the year 2305, exactly two years after the invasion began, the Phoenix-King and Tyrion met at Tor Achare, the capital of Chrace. The Dark Elves had been driven from the mainland of Ulthuan. The war was all but over, although bitter fighting was to rumble on in the islands for many decades.

In the Old World, Teclis and his companions arrived at the court of Magnus the Pious, where Teclis's wise advice and mighty sorcery soon made him an invaluable councillor. The influence of the three High Elf Mages changed the course of the war. Their command of awesome forces beyond mortal ken aiding in many human victories. In many battles they proved their willingness to spill their own blood in defence of the human lands and Teclis and Finreier both took many wounds. Yrle himself fell in battle and was buried with great honour. But it was after the war, when Magnus had driven the enemy from the land and he'd been hailed as the new Emperor, that he performed what was to be his most significant act.

Magnus requested that Finreir and Teclis teach the secrets of magic to humans. The new Emperor had seen how instrumental it had been in holding back the tide of Chaos and wanted to add yet another weapon to mankind's arsenal. At first Finreir resisted. Elves and Men had come to blows in the past and might do so again. Teclis took the long view. He argued that by helping Men protect themselves against Chaos they would create an invaluable bulwark against the forces of darkness. Eventually Teclis's view prevailed and the Colleges

of Magic were established. Teclis himself taught the first human students and more than twenty years passed before he returned home. Through his work as a teacher, he became fond of the race of men and saw in it the possibility and the threat that in time it might far exceed the declining race of Elves.

The two brothers met again at their ancestral home in the year 2325 when Teclis returned for their father's funeral. It was a sad moment but the two embraced joyously. Tyrion was now the chosen Champion of the Everqueen, second only to the Phoenix-King among the defenders of Ulthuan. Teclis planned to return to the Empire to continue his work, but word came that the High Loremaster of the White Tower had died and the council offered Teclis his position. Teclis could not refuse such an honour and so he returned to the Tower of Hoth.

Since the days of the Great War against Chaos the two brothers have been active in the defence of Ulthuan. Tyrion led the army that defeated Erik Redaxe's army of Norse raiders and twice led expeditions to the Blighted Island to reclaim the Altar of Khaine from the Dark Elves. Both times he drove the spawn of Naggaroth off but always they return. When not leading the armies to war he dwells at the court of the Everqueen and keeps the peace in Avelorn, slaying marauding monsters and hunting down bands of Beastmen and Goblins. Teclis probes the ancient mysteries of sorcery at the White Tower. Often his researches demand that he visit the far corners of the world. He has ventured as far afield as Cathay and Lustria and has aided armies both human and High Elf against the forces of evil.

TYRION AND TECLIS IN WARHAMMER

Tyrion - High Elf Prince, and his brother Teclis - High Elf Mage Lord, can be included in any Warhammer High Elf army by paying the appropriate points cost. This is deducted from the character allocation in the army list. Both characters are equipped with a number of special magic items. Cards for these are supplied on the following pages. Several of these

items are specific to Tyrion and Teclis but others can be bought for other High Elf characters paying the appropriate points cost.

However, only one character at a time may wield these magic items. For example if Teclis himself is on the battlefield, no other character may be equipped with the Sword of Teclis.

TYRION - HIGH ELF PRINCE

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	PV
Tyrion	5	8	7	4	4	3	10	4	10	425
Malhandir High Elf Steed	12	4	0	4	3	1	5	2	7	

Magic Items: Sunfang - the Runesword of Tyrion, the Dragon Armour of Aenarion and the Heart of Avelorn
(The cost of these Magic Items is included in Tyrion's total points value.)

TECLIS - HIGH ELF MAGE LORD

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	PV
Teclis	5	4	4	4	4	4	9	3	10	575

Teclis has three magic items included in his points value. He can be given one more magic item from Warhammer or Warhammer Magic at the standard points cost.

Magic Items: The Sword of Teclis, The Moonstaff of Lileath and the War Crown of Saphery.
(The cost of these Magic Items is included in Teclis's total points value.)

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

SPECIAL

THE MOON STAFF OF LILEATH

The Moon Staff of Lileath is imbued with the power of the goddess. This power flows through Teclis, invigorating his feeble frame, but in times of great need he can call upon the goddess and summon the full power of the staff. This unleashes a fearsome storm of magic but leaves Teclis himself badly weakened.

Once per game in the magic phase Teclis can call upon the power of the goddess. This gives him an extra D6 magic cards in addition to those dealt to him from the Winds of Magic. From the beginning of the next turn after he has summoned the power of the staff Teclis's characteristics are all halved (round fractions up) for the rest of the battle. This will also happen if the staff is destroyed, even if Teclis has not summoned its power.

TECLIS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

100 POINTS

THE SWORD OF TECLIS

The Sword of Teclis is charged with celestial power. Cracking energies play across its shining surface and when it strikes opponents they are blasted apart.

Whenever the Sword's wielder hits in hand-to-hand combat don't roll to wound because all hits wound automatically! Armour saving throws are allowed as normal. Once per battle, during the hand-to-hand combat phase, the bearer can release the power of the sword causing a storm of magical lightning to play around him. This causes an extra D6 strength 6 hits on the enemy unit.

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

125 POINTS

THE WAR CROWN OF SAPHERY

The War Crown was forged by the awesome Mage Lords of Saphery in the time of the first incursions of Chaos. It empowers its wearer with all the knowledge of magic gleaned by the High Elves over their thousands of years of study, raising him beyond the power of any other mortal wizard.

The War Crown of Saphery adds one to the magic level of its wearer. For example it increases Teclis' magic level from four to five, enabling him to draw five spell cards and making him superior to almost any other wizard he is liable to encounter.

HIGH ELF MAGE ONLY



High Elf Mage Lord Teclis's Magic Items

To assemble your new Magic Item cards, first carefully remove this page from your copy of White Dwarf. Cut out each of the cards but leave the fronts and backs attached to each other.

Spread a thin layer of glue onto the back of the card and then fold the two sides together along the dotted line. Finally trim off any excess paper with scissors, and your card is ready to use.

If you want to make your cards more durable, separate the two sides of each card, and glue them onto the front and back of a thin piece of cardboard (cereal packet card or a postcards are ideal). Once the glue is dry, you can trim your card and it will be ready for use.

SPACE MARINE[®]

HUGE ARMIES CLASH TO DECIDE THE FATE OF THE GALAXY

Space Marine is the game of Epic battles. The fate of the galaxy hangs in the balance as gigantic armies of warriors, tanks and other war machines clash in apocalyptic conflict. The mighty Space Marines, humanity's finest warriors and defenders of the Imperium, struggle to hold off relentless attacks from rampaging Orks and the ancient and technologically superior Eldar. As the commander of a whole army, each player relies upon tactical skill to defeat his opponent. Ultimate victory belongs to the best general, and the finest of the galaxy's bravest warriors.



The Space Marine boxed game provides everything you need to fight huge Epic battles on the tabletop. The box contains plastic models and army cards representing three different forces: Space Marines, Eldar and Orks. There is also a huge Warlord Titan – the most awesome warrior machine of the Titan Legions. These models enable you to represent whole squadrons of tanks, companies of infantry and batteries of artillery, all ready to pound your enemy into submission. The Space Marine game is all you need to get started in the Epic hobby. In addition there's a vast and exciting range of Epic scale miniatures for you to collect, paint and add to your existing army. Rules for all the new models appear regularly each month in White Dwarf magazine together with battle reports, painting articles and advice on how to create new scenery and buildings for your games.

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ARMIES OF THE IMPERIUM

This supplement describes the Space Marine and Imperial Guard Forces that comprise the Imperium's fighting armies.

RENEGADES

Renegades describes the Chaos and Eldar forces of the 41st Millennium and contains rules for using them in your games of Space Marine.

ORK AND SQUAT WARLORDS

This boxed supplement contains all you need to start or expand your forces of rampaging Orks and Squat warriors.



MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

SPECIAL

THE DRAGON ARMOUR OF AENARION

This mighty armour was forged in Vaul's anvil long ago to protect Aenarion, the first Phoenix King of Ulthuan, in the great wars against Chaos.

The Armour of Aenarion counts as heavy armour which gives a basic saving throw of 4 or more on a D6, so when mounted on Malbandir Tyrion has an armour saving throw of 1 or more on a D6. When wearing this armour Tyrion rolls to save as normal including all saving throw modifiers for strength etc. If he fails his normal armour save he can immediately roll again, this time saving on a 4 or more but ignoring saving roll modifiers for the strength of the attack. If this second roll fails, there are no further rolls and he is wounded. By its nature the armour is almost impervious to fire and flames, so ignore all saving throw modifiers for fire attacks such as dragon breath, Skaven firethrowers, fireballs and so on.

TYRION ONLY

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

SPECIAL

THE HEART OF AVELORN

The Heart of Avelorn is a gift from the Everqueen and is woven about with some of her protective power. Should Tyrion ever be wounded near to death, the heart will break and return a portion of his strength, though at great cost to the Everqueen herself.

The heart protects Tyrion against hostile magic, giving him a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 against spells which affect him. Note that this doesn't act as a Dispel, so any other models affected by the spell will still be affected even if Tyrion makes his saving throw against its effects. If Tyrion is reduced to 0 wounds the heart will break, and the release of its power will return Tyrion to 1 wound. If this happens discard this card for the rest of the game.

TYRION ONLY

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

MAGIC ITEM

SPECIAL

SUNFANG - THE RUNESWORD OF TYRION

This sword blazes with the captured fires of the sun. The white hot runes smouldering along its length destine blazing run for its victims.

When using this weapon in close combat Tyrion rolls to hit as normal. He rolls to wound counting +3 to his strength. Each wounding hit inflicts D3 wounds. When used against Daemons Sunfang wounds automatically and inflicts D3 wounds per hit. Once per game in the shooting phase of the turn Tyrion can summon forth the flaming energies of the sword and cast them forth as a mighty firebolt. Work out the damage from this by placing the Dragon's breath template so that its pointed end is touching Tyrion's base with the rounded end over the target. Every model under the template is hit on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 and suffers 1 S3 hit.

TYRION ONLY



High Elf Prince Tyrion's Magic Items

To assemble your new Magic Item cards, first carefully remove this page from your copy of White Dwarf. Cut out each of the cards but leave the fronts and backs attached to each other.

Spread a thin layer of glue onto the back of the card and then fold the two sides together along the dotted line. Finally trim off any excess paper with scissors, and your card is ready to use.

If you want to make your cards more durable, separate the two sides of each card, and glue them onto the front and back of a thin piece of cardboard (cereal packet card or a postcards are ideal). Once the glue is dry, you can trim your card and it will be ready for use.

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SPACE WOLVES



WOLF LORD RAGNAR BLACKMANE



RAGNAR BLACKMANE
WOLF LORD
70008/1



SPACE WOLF
BACK BANNER 1
70008/2

WOLF PRIEST ULRIK THE SLAYER

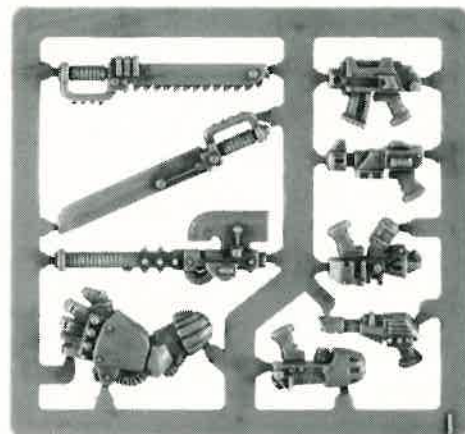


ULRIK THE SLAYER
WOLF PRIEST
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SPACE WOLF
BACK BANNER 2
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THE NEW PLASTIC SPACE MARINE CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON SPRUE



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|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
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| 1 x POWER GLOVE | 1 x PLASMA PISTOL | 1 x POWER AXE |
| 1 x POWER SWORD | 1 x AUTO PISTOL | 1 x CHAIN SWORD |

SPACE WOLF GREY HUNTERS



GREY HUNTER
SPACE MARINE
SERGEANT
RTB20/1



GREY HUNTER 1
MK7 SPACE MARINE
RTB20/2



GREY HUNTER 2
MK7 SPACE MARINE
RTB20/3



GREY HUNTER 3
MK6 SPACE MARINE
RTB20/4



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED
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TERMINATORS

WOLF GUARD TERMINATORS



**WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR
SERGEANT**
RTB21/1



**WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR 1**
RTB21/2



**WOLF GUARD
TERMINATOR 2**
RTB21/3

RIGHT ARMS



**WOLF GUARD
HEAVY FLAMER**
RTB21/6



**WOLF GUARD
ASSAULT CANNON**
RTB21/4



**WOLF GUARD
STORM BOLTER**
RTB21/5

EACH COMPLETE
WOLF GUARD TERMINATOR
CONSISTS OF:
1 x RIGHT ARM
4 x LEFT ARM
1 x BODY

PLEASE STATE WHICH
ITEMS YOU REQUIRE
WHEN ORDERING

LEFT ARMS



**WOLF GUARD
SERGEANT'S
POWER SWORD**
RTB21/9



**WOLF GUARD
POWER FIST**
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RTB21/8



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED WOLF GUARD TERMINATORS

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HIGH ELVES

TYRION HIGH ELF PRINCE MOUNTED ON MALHANDIR



**MALHANDIR
ELVEN STEED**
75664/2

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CONSISTS OF:**
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1 x ELVEN STEED HEAD
1 x PLASTIC CAPARISON HORSE



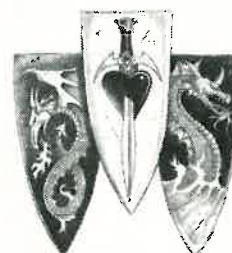
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HIGH ELF PRINCE**
75664/1



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TECLIS HIGH ELF MAGE
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HIGH ELVES

HIGH ELF COMMAND GROUP



HIGH ELF HERO
SWORD AND BOW 2
75613/8



HIGH ELF
TRUMPETER 2
75613/6



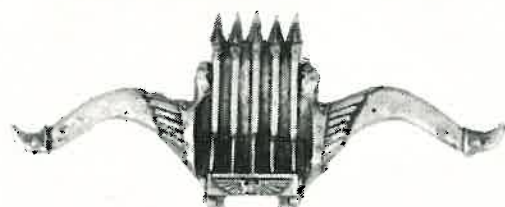
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HIGH ELF HERO
WITH SPEAR
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HIGH ELF REPEATER BOLT THROWER



BOLT THROWER
UPPER BOW
075649/4



BOLT THROWER
LEVER
075649/6



BOLT THROWER
LOWER BOW
075649/3



BOLT THROWER
STAND
075649/5

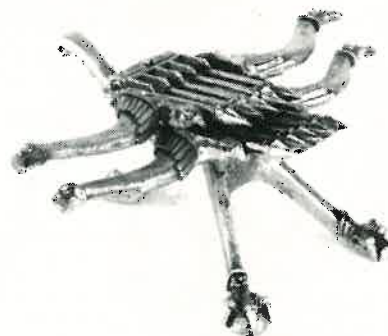


HIGH ELF
CREW 1
075649/1



HIGH ELF
CREW 2
075649/2

THE COMPLETE HIGH ELF BOLT THROWER
CONSISTS OF:
1 X UPPER BOW
1 X LOWER BOW
2 X HIGH ELF CREWMAN
1 X BOLT THROWER STAND
1 X BOLT THROWER LEVER



THE ASSEMBLED BOLT THROWER MODEL

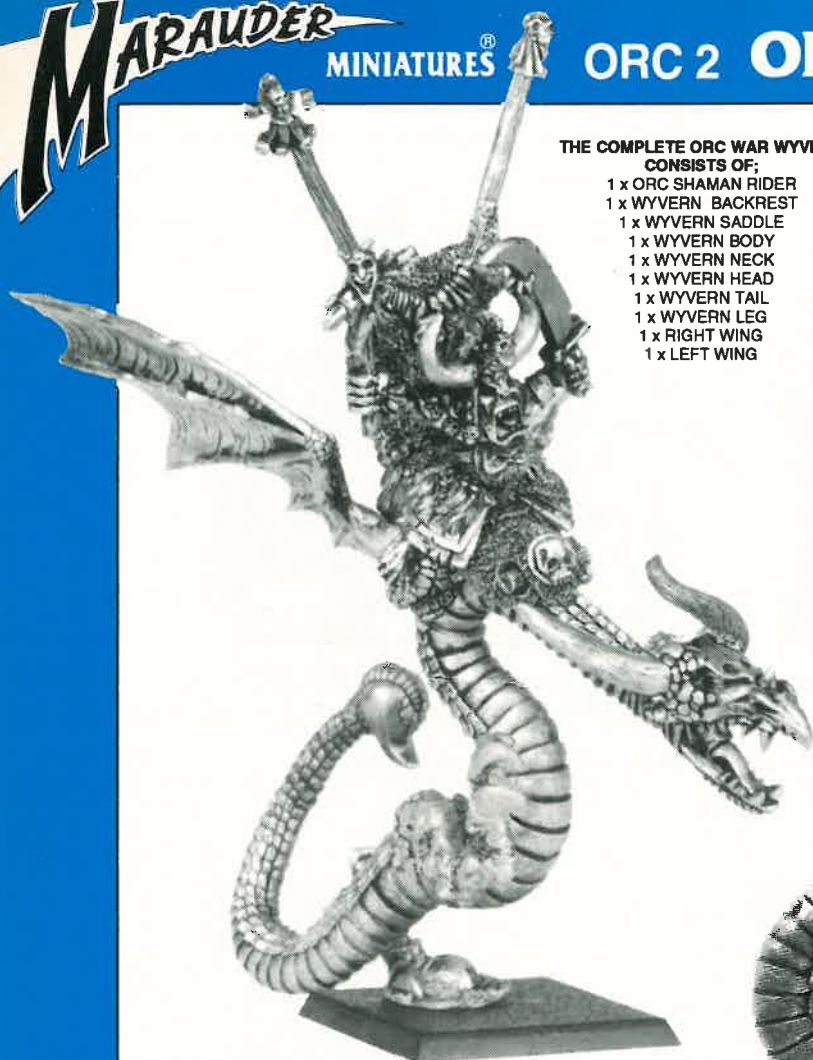
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THE COMPLETE ORC WAR WYVERN

- CONSISTS OF;**
 1 x ORC SHAMAN RIDER
 1 x WYVERN BACKREST
 1 x WYVERN SADDLE
 1 x WYVERN BODY
 1 x WYVERN NECK
 1 x WYVERN HEAD
 1 x WYVERN TAIL
 1 x WYVERN LEG
 1 x RIGHT WING
 1 x LEFT WING



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED ORC WAR WYVERN



RIGHT WING
ELF 1/6



LEFT WING
ELF 1/5



WYVERN BODY
ORC 2/4



WYVERN TAIL
ORC 2/7



WYVERN LEG
ORC 2/8



ORC SHAMAN RIDER
ORC 2/1



WYVERN BACKREST
ORC 2/2



WYVERN HEAD
ORC 2/6



WYVERN SADDLE
ORC 2/3



WYVERN NECK
ORC 2/5



HIGH ELVES

HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS



**SILVER HELM
LANCER 1**
075637/1



**SILVER HELM
LANCER 2**
075637/2



**SILVER HELM
CHAMPION**
75638/1



**SILVER HELM
STANDARD BEARER**
075637/4



**SILVER HELM
LANCER 3**
075637/3



**SILVER HELM
LEGS 1**
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**SILVER HELM
LEGS 2**
075637/6



**SILVER HELM
LEGS 3**
075637/7

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EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS

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**CITADEL
MINIATURES**

Designed by Jes Goodwin

TROLLS

STONE TROLLS



STONE TROLL
WITH STONE HAMMER
075398/1



STONE TROLL
WITH BONE CLUB
075398/3



STONE TROLL
WITH AXE
075398/2

Designed by Michael Perry

NIGHT GOBLINS

NIGHT GOBLIN NET TEAMS



NIGHT GOBLIN
CLUBBER 1
075457/3



NIGHT GOBLIN
CLUBBER 2
075457/4



NIGHT GOBLIN
NET CHUKKA 1
075457/1



NIGHT GOBLIN
NET CHUKKA 2
075457/2

NIGHT GOBLINS WITH CAVE SQUIGS



CAVE SQUIG 3
075469/4



CAVE SQUIG 2
075469/3



CAVE SQUIG 1
075469/2



NIGHT GOBLIN
SQUIG HERDERS
075469/1

Designed by Kev Adams

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ORC ROCK LOBBER



**ROCK LOBBER
COMMANDER**
ORC 1/8



**ROCK LOBBER
LOADER**
ORC 1/10



**ROCK LOBBER
SPOTTER**
ORC 1/9



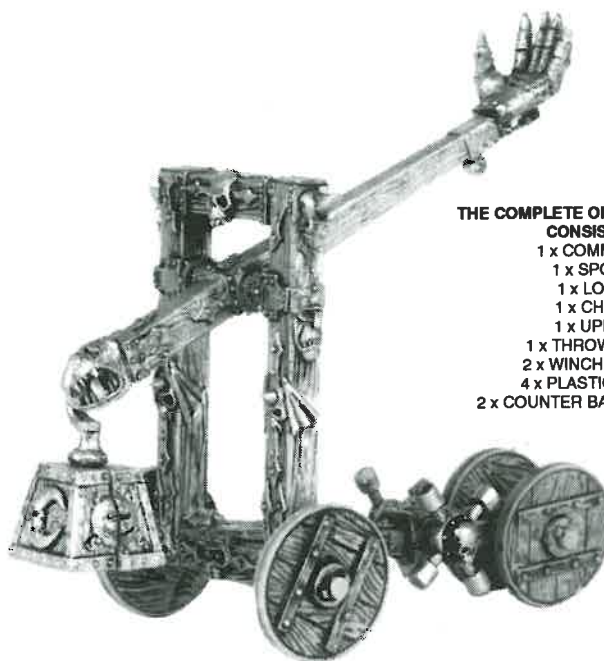
**ROCK LOBBER
UPRIGHT**
ORC 1/1



**COUNTER
BALANCE HALF A**
ORC 1/4



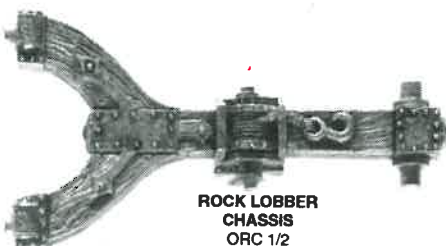
**COUNTER
BALANCE HALF B**
ORC 1/5



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED ORC ROCK LOBBER

THE COMPLETE ORC ROCK LOBBER CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x COMMANDER
- 1 x SPOTTER
- 1 x LOADER
- 1 x CHASSIS
- 1 x UPRIGHT
- 1 x THROWING ARM
- 2 x WINCH HANDLES
- 4 x PLASTIC WHEELS
- 2 x COUNTER BALANCE HALVES



**ROCK LOBBER
CHASSIS**
ORC 1/2



PLASTIC WHEEL



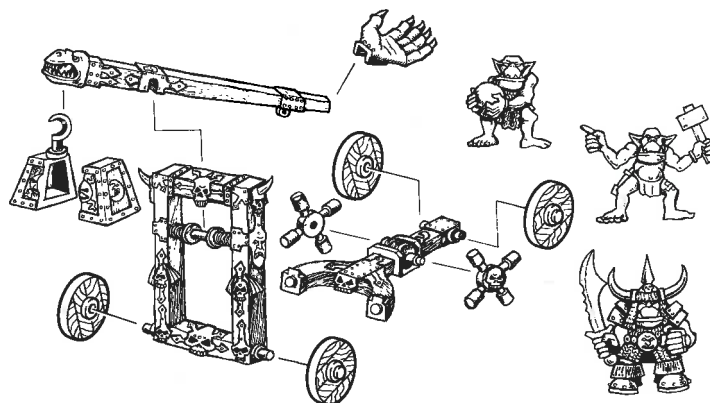
**ROCK LOBBER
HAND**
ORC 1/7



WINCH HANDLES
ORC 1/6



**ROCK LOBBER
THROWING ARM**
ORC 1/3





ELDAR FROM THE ALAITOC CRAFTWORLD ENGAGED IN A FIERCE STRUGGLE AGAINST BADMOON ORKS