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MAP**





ELDAR CLASH WITH AN ORK FORCE



A SQUAT ARMY IN COMBAT WITH BLOOD ANGELS SPACE MARINES

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NEW RELEASES FOR JUNE

Products listed on these pages are planned for release during the month of June. Each month Games Workshop has new products released on two shipping dates, usually the 2nd and 4th weeks of the month. The new releases will be available at Games Workshop stores, shops participating in the Chapter Approved retailer program and most stores included in our Independent Retailer listing. For convenience there is a complete bi-monthly listing of Independent Retailers in every issue of White Dwarf. If you have any problems obtaining any of these items, Games Workshop has an efficient Mail Order Service that can help you.



PHOENIX LORDS

Following last month's release of the **Eldar Codex** are more Phoenix Lords! Following the path of the Bloody-handed God three additional Phoenix Lords are now available, including: Manguan Ra – the Harvester of Souls, Jain Zar – the Storm of Silence, and Baharroth – the Cry of the Wind.

ELDAR WARLOCKS

By using their powerful psychic abilities, Eldar Warlocks can blast the foe or use subtle methods to ensure Eldar victory. Two new Warlocks are released this month, one armed with a Witch Blade, and the other bears a deadly Singing Spear.

WARP SPIDER EXARCH

The new Warp Spider Exarch, shown on the inside front cover leading a squad of Warp Spider Aspect Warriors, is available this month.

CARNIFEX

Tyrant players will be happy to see the release in pewter for the first time of the terrifying monstrosity known as the Carnifex. Nigh-unstoppable, the Carnifex is once again free to stalk the nightmarish battlefields of the 41st Millennium.

SUSTAINED FIRE DICE

Tired of lending out your lucky Sustained Fire Dice? Now available in their own blister pack, these are the same special dice that come packed in Warhammer 40,000.



NEW BANNERS

Show off your Chapter loyalty! Five new sticky-backed banners for the Space Wolves are now available to add detail to your Space Wolf Army.

THIS MONTH'S WARHAMMER 40,000 RELEASES

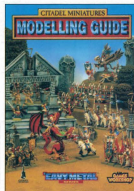
8378	Carnifex (Boxed set of one model)	\$24.99
8379	Ork Dreadnought (Boxed set of one model)	\$29.99
8778	Gretchin (Boxed set of 16 plastic models)	\$14.99
9675	Sustained Fire Dice (4)	\$2.99
9676	Eldar Warp Spider Exarch (1)	\$5.99
9677	Eldar Howling Banshee Phoenix Lord – Jain Zar (1)	\$7.99
9679	Space Wolf Banners (5)	\$4.99
9680	Eldar Warlocks (2)	\$6.99
8081	Eldar Sweeping Hawk Phoenix Lord – Baharroth (1)	\$7.99
8082	Eldar Dark Reaper Phoenix Lord – Manguan Ra (1)	\$7.99

SPACE ORKS

The new Space Ork Dreadnought is a huge death-dealing machine! Blasting away at the enemy and lumbering inexorably forward, this metal-colossus is a must for every Ork Warlord.

The boxed set of 16 Gretchin makes perfect reinforcements to fill out your Space Ork Army.

'EAVY METAL MODELLING GUIDE



The next volume in the 'Eavy Metal series by Mike McVey has been completed and is available now.

Mike has turned his attention and skills to the art of converting Citadel Miniatures. The **Citadel Miniatures Modelling Guide** is packed full of vital information on everything from basic preparation and assembly, to stunning conversions for army generals and special display pieces. The guide includes dozens of diagrams and step-by-step photos of all of the essential techniques that can be applied to your miniatures to turn them into the kind of eye-catching unit leaders and exciting character models that are fit to lead your army to battle.

MAN O' WAR™

THIS MONTH'S MAN O' WAR RELEASES

0387	High Elf Eagle Riders (3)	\$8.99
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WAR EAGLES

Wheeling high above the tallest masts, squadrons of High Elf War Eagles are the latest release for Man O' War.

With the ability to tear the enemy from the sky, War Eagles have also been known to hurl themselves at Enemy ships with devastating results. As many Man O' War Admirals have learned the hard way, the battle for air supremacy is crucial to the outcome of naval battles.

WARHAMMER

UNDEAD BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Due to unavoidable shipping problems the **Warhammer Armies Undead** book was not available as advertised last month. The Armies book and accompanying plastic boxed sets will be available this month.



VAMPIRE LORD

From out of the dark lands of Sylvania comes this month's release of a new Vampire Lord! Feeding on the blood of the living, this Vampire will make a powerful leader for any Undead army.



Warhammer Armies Undead Book

THIS MONTH'S WARHAMMER RELEASES

0134	Warhammer Armies Undead	\$19.99
0780	Skeleton Cavalry (Boxed set of 3 plastic models)	\$9.99
0781	Skeleton Chariot (Plastic boxed set)	\$12.99

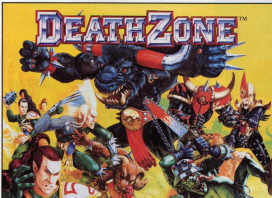
BLISTERS		
9078	Vampire Lord (One model per blister)	\$5.99

1994 WARHAMMER RANGE

June is the first month the reformulated 1994 Warhammer Citadel Miniatures range will be available. Reorganized to fit in perfectly with all the latest Warhammer Armies books, the new codes are packed with previously unavailable Citadel Miniatures.

Make sure you get to your local Games Workshop, Chapter Approved store, or Independent Retailer to check out the new models and grab one of the new Warhammer Catalogs which detail the complete new range.

BLOOD BOWL



THIS MONTH'S BLOOD BOWL RELEASES

0290	Death Zone (Boxed game supplement)	\$34.99
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DEATH ZONE

The first expansion for Blood Bowl, the game of fantasy football, will be released near the end of June. Death Zone contains rules for: six new teams (Undead, Chaos, Halflings, Goblins, Chaos Dwarfs, and Wood Elves), new star skills, new Star Players, magic items, new secret weapons, complete information on running your own Blood Bowl Leagues and Tournaments, and much, much more.

Also you definitely don't want to miss the deck of over 100 Special Play cards that allow you to play all kinds of sneaky, underhanded tricks on your opponent, like bribing the referee, throwing banana skins on the field, or the classic exploding player trick.

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INDEPENDENT RETAILERS

Chapter Approved Independent Retailers have in-store gaming where you and your friends can go and play your favorite Games Workshop games. They carry all the latest releases and also run gaming leagues, tournaments and special monthly events. Chapter Approved Retailers also have friendly knowledgeable staff who'll be more than happy to give advice on any aspect of the Games Workshop hobby – from strategy to miniature painting! Call these stores for up to date event information.

Top & Left: Blood Angels take on Chaos in a stunning Warhammer 40,000 match at Game Master.



GAME MASTER

2613 Broadway (Rt. 4 West) Fairlawn, NJ 07410
(201) 796-7377

June 4th – 1:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Come battle Orc and Skaven armies in the world of Warhammer. Bring your own 1500 point army.

June 5th – 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. For Man O' War bring your 1,000 point fleet. For Warhammer bring your own 1,500 point army.

June 10th – 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Blood Bowl bring your own team.

June 12th – 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Warhammer 40,000 bring your own 1500 point army. Man O' War bring your own 1,000 point fleet. There will also be Fantasy Painting Lessons.

June 19th – 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Come play Epic Space Marine.

June 24th – 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Blood Bowl bring your own team.

June 26th – 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. Warhammer 40,000 bring your own 1500 point army. Come play Epic Space Marine.

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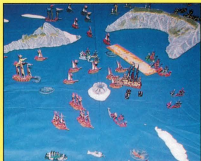
June is Man O' War month at Hobbies

June 8th – 6:00 p.m. Evil Dark Elves and a marauding band of Orcs join forces with a Plague Fleet to lay siege to a well fortified Dwarf stronghold. Can the little guys hold out until help arrives? Come join in this epic naval battle which will include every fleet available in Man O' War. Bring your own fleet or use one of ours.

June 11th – 7:00 p.m. Intro to Man O' War: Learn the basics of Man O' War from some of the best Admirals in the store with an introductory scenario. This is the last day to enter the summer Man O' War Tournament.

June 15th The first day of the Summer Man O' War Tournament (1200 points including Fleets, Wizard, Sea Monsters, Flyers). Prizes will be awarded for 1st-3rd place as well as a special award for Best painted fleet.

June 22nd – 7:00 p.m. The intro to Blood Bowl: Getting a little sea sick? Time for all you land lubbers to get ready for some serious mayhem. Try out the new rules in GW's newest game update.



Below: The Empire and the Dark Elf fleets clash in Man O' War, just one of the many Games Workshop games played at Hobbies.



Top: Game Master displays their tremendous selection of Citadel Miniatures.

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ELDAR PHOENIX LORDS



JAIN ZAR - The Storm of Silence

The Phoenix Lord Jain Zar is extremely devoted to the shrines of the Warrior Aspects throughout the Craftworlds. She travels the Webway, visiting the shrines and nurturing her spiritual descendants. Selected by Asurmen for her speed and ferocity Jain Zar was the first of the Children of Asur. Jain Zar carries a deadly power blade in the form of the Blade of Destruction. She also uses the fearsome Jainas Mor, the Silent Death, a triple-bladed throwing weapon that always returns to her hand.



THE SILENT DEATH



THE BLADE OF DESTRUCTION



BAHARROTH - The Cry of the Wind

Baharroth is the oldest of the Swooping Hawks, the first of the winged Exarchs. He learned the arts of war from Asurmen himself, in the first and greatest Shrine of Asur, when the Fall was a living memory in the minds of the Eldar. Since then he has been reborn many times.

Baharroth carries a potent lasblaster as well as a power sword and shuriken pistol. He also has Swooping Hawk wings and a grenade pack.



DETAIL OF WINGS



MAUGAN RA - The Harvester of Souls

Altansar was one of the many Craftworlds, both large and small, which survived the Fall. Although the Eldar of Altansar fought valiantly against the encroachment of Chaos, they were unable to escape their inevitable doom, and within five hundred years of the Fall their Craftworld was swallowed into the warp. Of that world nothing now remains except for the Phoenix Lord known as Maugan Ra, the Harvester of Souls, most mighty Exarch of the Shrine of the Dark Reapers.

Maugan Ra is armed with an archaic weapon called the Maugetar, which consists of a Shuriken Shrieker Cannon combined with a deadly scythe - shaped power blade.



WARHAMMER

40,000

ELDAR PHOENIX LORDS

By Rick Priestley

This month sees the release of three new Eldar Phoenix Lord models. In this extract from the Codex Eldar, Rick describes these legendary heroes who are amongst the most powerful warriors in the long and bloody history of the Warhammer 40,000 universe.

INTRODUCTION

The Phoenix Lords are the most ancient of the Eldar Exarchs. Like the Exarchs of the shrines of the Warrior Aspects, the Phoenix Lords are immortal after a fashion. When a Phoenix Lord dies his place is taken by another Eldar who assumes his costume and identity. In this way the Phoenix Lord is reborn into a fresh cycle of existence. His suit includes a spirit stone which contains the spirits of all the Eldar who have become that Phoenix Lord. Yet, no matter how many different individuals a Phoenix Lord may have been, his mind is forever the same, driven by the dominant personality of the first and greatest to wear the suit.

Unlike the Exarchs of the Aspect shrines the Phoenix Lords have no shrines. Once, long ago, they may have belonged to shrines, but now these are long gone. Amongst the most powerful of all Phoenix Lords are those who founded the Warrior Aspects immediately after the Fall. They were the first

Aspect Warriors, they became the first Exarchs and founded the very first shrines. In time their Craftworlds were destroyed, or else their shrines were overtaken with disaster. The Aspect Warriors nurture the many stories of their heroic deeds. But



they live not only in legend but in reality. Sometimes a Phoenix Lord vanishes for centuries, or millennia, and reappears at times of need, following the path of the Bloody Handed God across the universe.

BAHARROTH - THE CRY OF THE WIND

161 points

+25 points Lasblaster

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Baharroth	6	7	7	5	5	3	10	3	10

Baharroth is the oldest of the Swooping Hawks, the first of the winged Exarchs, and the founder of the Warrior Path that is represented today by Swooping Hawk shrines throughout the Craftworlds. He learned the arts of war from Asurmen himself, in the first and greatest Shrine of Asur, when the Fall was a living memory in the minds of the Eldar. Since then he has been reborn many times. Innumerable battlefields have felt his anger. Countless foes have fallen before his might.

Baharroth means the Cry of the Wind, for he is the master of flight. It is said that his final death will come fighting alongside the other Phoenix Lords at the Rhana Dandra, the battle between Chaos and the material universe that will end with the destruction of both. He carries a potent lasblaster as

well as a power sword and shuriken pistol. He also has Swooping Hawk wings and a grenade pack.

WEAPONS. Power sword, shuriken pistol, and lasblaster.

Baharroth also has Swooping Hawk wings and a Swooping Hawk grenade pack.

ARMOUR. Exarch armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR. Baharroth may carry up to two Wargear cards. One of these must always be the lasblaster.

SPECIAL: Baharroth has the following three Exarch Warrior Powers: Stealth (-1/-2 to hit), Disarm (disarms opponent), and Battle Fortune (re-roll saves).

SPECIAL RULES

Leadership. All Phoenix Lords are immune to psychology and need never take a Break test. They cannot be broken by any means, and are always assumed to pass any Leadership-based test they are required to take.

JAIN ZAR - THE STORM OF SILENCE

132 points

+25 points Silent Death, +10 points Blade of Destruction, +20 points Mask of Jain Zar



When Asurmen raised the first Aspect Warriors he selected Jain Zar for her speed and ferocity, and she became the first of the Asurya, the Children of Asur. Jain Zar travelled the Webway, teaching her warrior skills to the Eldar, and leading others along the Warrior Path. Soon there were shrines to the Howling Banshees on all the large Craftworlds, and many Exarchs to teach the warrior skills of Jain Zar to future generations.

Of all the Phoenix Lords Jain Zar is the most devoted to the shrines of the Warrior Aspects throughout the Craftworlds. She travels the Webway, visiting the shrines and nurturing her spiritual descendants. Although she might disappear for centuries at a time, she always returns, and the shrines maintain a vigil for their deadly mistress.

Jain Zar carries a deadly power blade in the form of the Blade of Destruction. She also uses the fearsome Jainas Mor, the Silent Death, a triple-bladed throwing weapon that always returns to her hand. Her Banshee mask is also a unique weapon of which the masks of the Howling Banshees are but pale imitations.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jain Zar	7	7	7	5	5	3	10	3	10

WEAPONS. Blade of Destruction and the Silent Death.

ARMOUR. Exarch armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR. Jain Zar may carry three items of wargear. These are the Silent Death, the Blade of Destruction and the Mask of Jain Zar.

SPECIAL: Jain Zar has the following three Exarch Warrior Powers: Bounding Leap (extra 4" move and can leap out of combat), Distract (double fumbles), and Battle Fortune (re-roll saves).

SPECIAL RULES

Leadership. All Phoenix Lords are immune to psychology and need never take a Break test. They cannot be broken by any means, and are always assumed to pass any Leadership-based test they are required to take.

THE SWORDS OF VAUL

Isha and Kurnous suffered the fiery toiments of Khaine's confinement. Bound with bonds of flame and scorching iron, the god and goddess were cast into a burning pit out of the sight of mortals and gods. Of all the gods only Vaul the Smith pleaded for them, and eventually he agreed to make a hundred swords for their release, for Vaul was the greatest swordsmith of all eternity and a single blade of incalculable value. A date was fixed one year hence for the completion of the bargain.

When the time came for Vaul to deliver the weapons he had still one unfinished blade. To conceal the shortfall Vaul took an ordinary mortal blade and mixed it amongst his own work. At first Khaine was so pleased with the weapons that he failed to spot the deception. Only when Isha, Kurnous and Vaul were far away did he discover the forgery. He roared with anger, calling Vaul a cheat and crying out for vengeance.



MAUGAN RA - THE HARVESTER OF SOULS

134 points

+45 points Maugetar

Altansar was one of the many Craftworlds, both large and small, that survived the Fall. Altansar rode out the psychic shock-waves that destroyed the Eldar realms but was subsequently caught in the gravity well of the Eye of Terror. Although the Eldar of Altansar fought valiantly against the encroachment of Chaos, they were unable to escape their inevitable doom, and within five hundred years of the Fall their Craftworld was swallowed into the warp. Of that world nothing now remains except for the Phoenix Lord known as Maugan Ra, the Harvester of Souls, most mighty Exarch of the Shrine of the Dark Reapers.

Maugan Ra carries an archaic weapon called the Maugetar, which means The Harvester in the Eldar tongue. It consists of a Shuriken Shrieker Cannon combined with a deadly scythe-shaped power blade. This weapon can be wielded in two hands in the same way as a power axe.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Maugan Ra	5	7	7	5	5(+1)	3	8	3	10

THE WAR IN HEAVEN

Vaul secured the release of Isha and Karsnos from the dungeons of Khaine by promising the war god one hundred swords. When the time came to complete the bargain Vaul had only finished ninety nine blades, but made up the shortfall with an ordinary mortal blade. This means he deceived Khaine for long enough to free the captive god and goddess and flee with them to safety. This was the beginning of the long struggle between Khaine and Vaul which is called the War in Heaven.

The War in Heaven lasted for years, and there are many tales of the battles between the gods and the immortal demi-god giants called the Yagis. Gods took sides and changed sides, struck bargains of mutual support and broke them, and the heavens shook with the noise of battle. Asuryan refused to take sides, for he had begun to regret his hasty anger with Isha and despised of the war god's destruction.

Vaul reforged the final blade, the sword that he had failed to finish for Khaine, and he made it the mightiest sword of all. He called it Anaris, which means dawn/dusk, and with this weapon in his hand he strode to do battle with Khaine. The fight was long and Vaul did Khaine much hurt, Anaris darted as swift and deadly as lightning, but in the end Khaine overpowered the smith god and toppled him from heaven. It was as a result of this long battle that Vaul is said to have suffered the injuries which left him crippled. Khaine chained Vaul to his own anvil with chains of iron and War in Heaven was won by the war god.



WEAPONS. Shuriken pistol and Maugetar.

ARMOUR. Exarch armour (3+ save).

WARGEAR. Maugan Ra can carry up to two Wargear cards one of which must be the Maugetar/Harvester.

SPECIAL: Maugan Ra has the following three Exarch Warrior Powers: Tough (+1 T giving a total T value of 6), Turn Aside Blow (Parries in hand-to-hand combat), and Crack Shot (+1 to hit, extended range).



SPECIAL RULES

Leadership. All Phoenix Lords are immune to psychology and need never take a Break test. They cannot be broken by any means, and are always assumed to pass any Leadership-based test they are required to take.

GAMES WORKSHOP®

DEPENDENT RETAILERS

The stores highlighted in **bold** carry one or more of the modular racks for the new Games Workshop Hobby Center. They will have an excellent selection of the new pewter ranges and carry the free Citadel Collector's Guides. These are your one stop shops for Citadel Miniatures. However, please understand that we cannot guarantee every store will have all GW product available. We will continue to update our files and add or delete when we feel it necessary.

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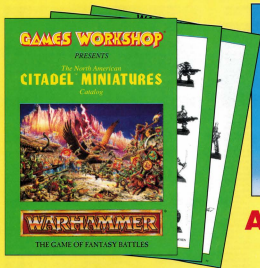
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THE UNDEAD

by Jervis Johnson & Bill King

In this special preview of the forthcoming Warhammer Armies – Undead, Jervis delves into the history and background of these dark forces, and the story of their greatest commander of all Nagash – supreme Lord of the Undead.

In the Known World the dead do not rest easy. Vampires lurk in haunted castles in the sinister forests of Sylvania. Necromancers seek to escape their mortality by searching for forbidden knowledge within the pages of accursed books. In lost pyramids buried beneath the desert sands of the Kingdom of the Dead, the Liche Lords rule over legions of corpses, their servants in death as they were in life. Armies slain in the poisoned wilderness of the Chaos Wastes do not lie dead as others do. Often they return to a ghastly unlife and bring terror to former comrades along the boundaries of Kislev. In the musty crypts of dead noblemen, tomb robbers freeze in terror when they hear the clink of silver rings and movement behind them. And behind all of this towers the gigantic shadowy figure of Nagash, the Great Necromancer, who in ancient days rivalled and challenged the gods themselves.

To understand the nature of the restless dead, one must understand the nature of magic in the Known World. The winds of magic emerge from the Northern Chaos Gate and blow out across the world. Magical energies permeate everything. Blowing down from the Northern Wastes most of the currents of magical energy separate into one of the eight colours of magic. Some, however, remains a roiling mass of pure Dark Magic which descends where it will. A peculiar quality of Dark Magic is that like attracts like. Once it starts to build up in an area, more and more of the stuff will be drawn to the same place, forming a swirling vortex of evil that will eventually coalesce into pure warpstone from the very air. Since Dark Magic provides the motivating power that animates the Undead, many of the areas where Dark Magic is strongest are also the places that attract or spawn Undead.

Furthermore, some philosophers state that since Chaos feeds on strong emotions, places where great negative emotions such as fear, terror, hatred and horror have been felt also attract Dark Magic. Battlefields, plague-stricken towns, houses where dark deeds of murder have been committed, all draw the forces of Undeath to them, often compounding the horrific effects of whatever has gone before. Alternatively, it could simply be a reflection of the fact that dreadful energies are often unleashed during battles and that the mass graves and plague pits of diseased townships attract and provide cover for Necromancers and their unspeakable rites.

Whatever the reason, there are particular areas in the Known World that attract the Undead. These areas include

the Desolation of Nagash, the Kingdom of the Dead, Sylvania, the cursed city of Moxsillon in Bretonnia, the zombie-haunted swamps south of Skavenblight in Tilea and the Mound of Krell in the Grey Mountains. The Barrow Hills in the Border Princes are scarcely less infamous. These areas, ill-famed as they are, are far from being the only places where the Undead are found. Any lonely tower with access to old burial grounds or crypts may be the haunt of a Necromancer or, worse still, one of the undying Liches which they can become.

It is invariably short-lived men rather than the longer-lived races who take up necromancy. Scholars have often speculated on the reason for this. Perhaps because Elves have vast lifespans they do not feel the need to prolong them by unnatural means. Dwarfs have no aptitude for magic. Orcs and Goblins have little concept of their own mortality and do not fear death in the way men do. Most Skaven are too caught up in their own scuttling pursuit of the way of the Horned Rat. Usually it is only men who study the Necromancer's art and set their feet on the road that will lead them to a peculiarly horrible form of everlasting life or to eternal damnation.

Those individuals who turn to necromancy are not invariably evil to begin with. Many may well be inclined to madness and dark desires, for what else could lead them to the study of such a vile form of the mage's art? Some may desire knowledge for its own sake or seek to save their own lives or that of a loved one. However, even if they are not intrinsically bad men, something about their unnatural pursuit invariably turns them to the dark path. Perhaps it is the horror their fellows feel for them or perhaps the pulsing energy of Dark Magic inevitably warps their minds. For whatever reason, when men take to the path of necromancy, madness is never far behind. Necromancers are shunned by all right-thinking people. Witch hunters trail them and the dark magicians are feared and hated as much as the worshippers of Chaos.

Mystery shrouds the study of necromancy. To learn the art an aspirant must either find a Necromancer and become his apprentice or acquire one of the forbidden books such as the Liber Mortis or one of the Nine Books of Nagash.

Finding a tutor has its obvious difficulties. Necromancers shun the company of others and, unless supremely confident of their power, seek to avoid discovery. Also, given the morbid reputation and dreadful habits of

Necromancers, it is perhaps safer to seek out the books; many of those who have sought apprenticeship with a Necromancer have ended up serving in a more menial way, as an animated corpse, for instance.

The books of forbidden lore have their own perils. Many are copies of old texts from forgotten times and errors have often found their way into the copying process. There is no guarantee that any of the rituals found in them are correct. Some simply do not work. Others may go disastrously wrong, as when the infamous Jacques de Noirot accidentally animated all the corpses in the cemeteries of Moussillon and then found he could not control them. Possessed of an insatiable desire for human flesh, the Zombies devoured the Necromancer and then rampaged through the streets of Moussillon. They were only eventually destroyed by the intervention of the King of Bretonnia's household troops.

Necromancers are few but are justifiably feared. Even more feared are the Vampires of the Old World. These nightmare predators haunt the night, thirsting for human blood. Since the defeat of the infamous Vampire Counts of Sylvania they can occasionally be found in the great cities of the Empire, where the mysterious deaths of a few paupers commonly go unnoticed. Some lurk in the deep woodlands preying on travellers. A few dwell within the mist-shrouded ruins of their old castles and emerge from their cobwebbed crypts to feast intermittently on whatever they can find.

Such is the terrible power of these creatures that it is impossible to ever know whether they have been slain for certain. They have a habit of returning and wreaking terrible vengeance on their would-be slayers when least expected. Occasionally a terrible Vampire Lord rises in the lands of the desolate east. They muster armies of Undead and seek to reclaim the territories that were once theirs. Many have been repelled only at great cost to the troops of the Empire.

Worse than Necromancers, worse even than Vampires, are the terrible Liche Lords, the greatest and mightiest of whom was Nagash, the Great Necromancer himself. In ancient times this unspeakable sorcerer blazed the trail that all other lesser Necromancers have followed since. He smashed armies and made pacts with evil gods, and at the height of his power slaughtered an entire kingdom and compelled its people into Undead servitude.

Such is the power of the Great Necromancer's name that it is still used in certain blasphemous rituals to compel and bind the Undead. Dire rumour states that the ages-old cult of his followers has managed to summon Nagash back from whatever dark place his spirit wandered. If this is so then the world should quake in terror for his power was virtually limitless and he was defeated only by the treachery of his evil allies. Even if the rumours are untrue, and Nagash has not risen, then there are other Liches to worry about. These are the animated corpses of powerful Necromancers. Their souls have been bound to the worm-eaten husks of their mortal remains by the most awful of magics. Many are to be found in the infamous tomb-cities of the Kingdom of the Dead, but others are found closer to the Old World, in the dark, shunned forests and peaks on the boundaries of the Empire.

The great masters of the Undead have a host of lesser servants: Skeletons, Zombies, Carrion, Mummies, Ghouls, Wights and Wraiths. Animated by the power of Dark Magic these range from the mindless to the unspeakably

cunning. All can be bent to the will of those who have studied the art of necromancy.

Skeletons and Zombies are the easiest to raise. All the Necromancer requires are dead bodies and a knowledge of the old rituals. These Undead can be raised and providing the incantations are performed correctly they will obey the will of their summoner. The putrefying corpses of the freshly dead become Zombies. The withered husks of the long departed become Skeletons.

There are tales of independent armies of Skeletons and Zombies. In the haunted swamps of Tilea, the dead are often dropped into the mire with lead weights attached to their legs to keep them down, but some still break free and come back to the surface to seek the flesh of the living. It is the dire reputation of the Undead that has perhaps kept men from penetrating the centre of the cursed swamp and discovering the terrible city of Skavenblight.

The Company of the Damned is a group of Undead mercenaries who were slain by treachery on the very edge of this swamp and who returned to seek a terrible vengeance. The northern border of the Troll Country, on the edge of the Chaos Wastes, is patrolled by the remnants of the doomed army of Count Boris Fenring. These Undead Kislevites are said to war unendingly with the forces of Chaos, holding them back from the land they once called home.

Carrion are the remains of the great carrion birds of the Worlds Edge Mountains who were blasted by the clouds of Chaos during the great Chaos Incursion. Their dead bodies were permeated by the power of Dark Magic and returned to a dreadful unlife where they can bring horror to the living.





Mummies are found in the tombs of Arab and the necropolises of the Kingdom of the Dead. Once they were the remains of the proud nobles of the ancient land that Nagash destroyed. They were buried according to the custom of their kind, wrapped in cerements and preserved by strange alchemical practices. These mummies were imbued with dark power by Nagash when he created the Kingdom of the Dead. Some dwell there still, retainers to the Liche Kings of the necropolises. Others have been sold to Necromancers in the Old World by unscrupulous merchants. Still permeated by the dark energies of ancient days they make particularly powerful Undead when raised according to the proper rituals.

All **Ghouls** share an unspeakable hunger for the meat of their fellow men. Some Ghouls are the twisted descendants of primitive tribes who long ago worshipped Nagash as a god. They observed the Dark Feast and ate the flesh of their kin, and down the generations were changed into warped and twisted parodies of men. Now they roam the Desolation of Nagash and the surrounding lands, searching for fresh meat.

Other Ghouls come about by a different method. When the lean and hungry times of famine come upon the Old World, certain depraved folk take to feasting on human flesh to stay alive, and entire villages have been known to devolve to this vile state. Certain in-bred hamlets in Sylvania have been burned to the ground by the Emperor's troops because of this disgusting affliction. Yet other colonies of Ghouls creep through the years undiscovered. It is said a small army of them dwells within the great burial crypts on the hills around Moussillon. It is true that the tomb guards of that city are all armed and

never enter the crypts alone. Ghouls are often drawn into the wake of the great Undead armies, something in their blood calls to them and they must go.

Wights haunt their ancient burial grounds. They lie within their tombs and reach out for the living with their bony talons. Sometimes they lure the unwary to their destruction, summoning the living with evil sendings. These burial sites can be found anywhere from the barrow mounds of the Border Princes to the frozen tombs of Kislev. Certain grave-sites were located in inauspicious and evil places, saturated by Dark Magic and festering with evil. Others became corrupt at the touch of unclear sorcery or the power of Chaos. In these barrows the spirits of evil men found a strange sustenance which enabled them to hold onto a half-life beyond the grave. Sometimes Necromancers call them forth from their chilly homes to aid them in battle. With their dreadful glowing eyes and chill touch they are a sight to place fear in the heart of any man.

Greatest of the lesser Undead are the **Wraiths**. These are the undying remains of sorcerers who have managed to bind themselves to the world by necromantic rituals. They are the spirits of evil mages who still walk bodiless under the sun. All living things feel a horror for these unnatural creatures. At their presence dogs howl and a chill will grip the heart of all but the bravest. They are often chosen by Necromancers to lead their forces in battle. Bound by wicked spells they serve their masters grudgingly, hating all life but fearing final death more. Mightiest of the Wraiths are the Dark Lords of Nagash, those five fell beings who in ancient times were the foremost of his captains and apprentices and the most feared hunters of his enemies. They survived his fall and still walk the world bringing despair to the living.



Relentless, implacable and dreadful, the Undead are among the most dangerous opponents in the Known World. Bound by the will of a Necromancer they are a fell and mighty force. They cannot be reasoned with or bribed or coerced. They know neither fear nor mercy. They need neither sleep nor warmth, neither drink nor wholesome sustenance. As they march across the land, their ranks swell with the corpses, and sometimes the spirits, of their foes.

Facing such an enemy most mortals feel an indescribable terror and horror, as much of a threat as the blades of the enemy. Few things inspire more fear in the hearts of men than the sight of the walking dead, wrapped in their grave-clothes and wielding their rusty weapons. Only the bravest of warriors will stand their ground in the face of those things that haunt all men's nightmares. Only the most evil of the evil would dream of allying themselves with such a force, and very few never live to regret their decision. When the Undead march to war, the world trembles.



WIGHTS



ZOMBIE REGIMENT

UNDEAD GAZETTEER

Though many people believe that the Undead are limited to the Kingdom of the Dead and Sylvaria, they in fact haunt many ill-famed places in the world. From Kislev and Bretonnia to the far lands of Lustria there are areas where the forces of Necromancy still prevail.

THE LAND OF THE DEAD

Nehekhar, the first true human civilisation, arose over two millennia before the birth of Sigmar in the area of the Old World that is now called the Land of the Dead. This ancient civilisation was built along the river valleys of Northern Nehekhar. Its peoples communicated mainly by riverboat so they left no great roads, but they swiftly mastered irrigation and stonework.



From the earliest period of their civilisation the Nehekharans buried their dead in pyramid cities in the desert outside their townships. These clusters of pyramids were called necropolises, and they were often bigger than the towns that supported them. Each Nehekharan city was ruled by a Priest King, and upon their death they were mummified and entombed in great sarcophagi and huge pyramids. Over the passing generations the cult of death grew very strong, and eventually the Nehekharans began to devote their whole lives to building bigger and better tombs in order to have a comfortable after-life.

It was in this land that Nagash was born. His story is told elsewhere in this volume, suffice to say here that it was he who destroyed the country, people and civilisation that had borne him. All the ancient cities were abandoned and swallowed by the desert, and the Nehekharan monuments were defaced and cast down. All that was left were the necropolises, the tomb-cities inhabited by the Undead creatures that Nagash had raised when he performed the Great Ritual.

Each necropolis consists of countless mausoleums and pyramids within which dwell the mighty Tomb Kings dreaming long, dark dreams of their former glory. Occasionally they stir to issue dreadful commands to their cerement-wrapped courtiers and march forth to make war on the long-dead inhabitants of other tomb-cities. Sometimes their Undead rulers make pacts and alliances and their hordes surge forth to invade Araby or the lands to the north.

NAGASHIZZAR

By the shores of the Sour Sea, surrounded by the glittering desert of the Desolation of Nagash, is Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, home of the Great Necromancer Nagash and mightiest fortress this world

has ever seen. Built over centuries by the tireless labour of countless Undead things the castle rises nearly half a mile over the desert. It was sculpted and excavated from the living rock of Cripple Peak and the mountain top is its highest spire. Hundreds of other great towers bristle from the mountain side. By night terrible green witchlights are often seen burning in their windows.

Nagashizzar is a fortified mountain pierced by countless leagues of corridor. Within thousands of chambers hundreds of Undead things wait ready to answer their Lord's every command. Vast as this great army is, it is but a tiny fraction of the legions who once served the Great Necromancer.

Four mighty gates guard the approaches to Nagashizzar, each watched over by mighty war machines of the most dangerous type – animated golems of bone, bolt throwers that fire the thigh-bones of giants wound round with deadly runes, catapults that throw screaming skulls and worse. The gates themselves are made from some nameless black metal which shines like burnished obsidian and is ten times harder than steel.

The pits beneath Nagashizzar extend down almost twice the height of the mountain, forming a huge honeycomb of galleries and mines where once Undead and Skaven toiled to find warpstone. These corridors are patrolled by untiring sentries from Nagash's Undead legions, who must be eternally vigilant in case the Skaven should ever return.

Within his great audience chamber at the height of the peak the husk of Nagash, the Great Necromancer himself, sits on his throne of skulls. He has brooded here for over a millennium, waiting and planning and guiding his host



of agents by the power of his thoughts. Now infused by the power of the Dark Magic that has surged through the world since the last great incursion of Chaos he is almost ready to strike once more.

The only living things within this vast fortress are the disciples of Nagash. These madmen worship the Great Necromancer as a god and lead his cult until the day he re-emerges from his audience-vault to conquer the world.

Sometimes strangers come seeking guidance and tuition in the dark arts of Necromancy. Most of these are killed and their corpses swell the ranks of Nagash's Undead servants. The most evil and driven are given what they desire and sent forth once more into the world to do Nagash's bidding.

THE PLAIN OF BONES

North of the Kingdom of the Dead, east of the Worlds Edge Mountains, lies the Plain of Bones. This is a desert land, despoiled by windblown pollutants carried from the furnaces and factories of the Chaos Dwarf Empire and ravaged by centuries of abuse by wandering tribes of Orcs and Goblins. The northern and eastern edges of this awful place abut the empire of the Chaos Dwarfs where the dread tower of Gorgoth looks out over the Desolation of Azgorh. The southern boundary lies on beaches of poisoned sand along the shores of the Sea of Dread.



The Plain of Bones is a desert of multi-coloured refractive sand from which rear huge rib-cages many times larger than a man. For this is the place where dragons came to die, to rest their bones among those of their ancestors as they had done for millions of years, before any other sentient beings walked the surface of the Known World.

Here lie the bones of the great ancestral dragons: rib-cages as large as hills mingle with skulls the size of castle towers and leg-bones larger than mighty oak trees. These bones date from the great days of the draconic race, before their long decline. Today's dragons are a lesser breed, still incomparably mightier than lesser races, but mere pygmies compared to their ancestors.

Since the time before the first great Chaos incursion, dragons flew to this parched land when they knew their time of dying was upon them. At the end of their last flight they would lie where they fell. No-one knows what instinct drew them here, but over the long millennia literally tens of thousands came here in their last hours. This continued until the time of the first great Chaos incursion when dark power seeped out of the north and malignant evil entered the corpses of the dead dragons.

Soon the dead dragons stirred once more, their eyes bright with unnatural light, their bones peeking through their parchment skins. These fell creatures still prowled the Plain of Bones, evil and near mindless, driven by terrible unnatural hungers. Dragons are proud creatures and do not willingly submit themselves to such a fate. They no longer come here to die, though no-one now knows where they do go to end their days.

Among the bones of dragons lie the remains of many others, drawn to this dark land by the promise of near infinite wealth, because, for those willing to risk the perils, it is a source of astonishing riches. To aid their digestion dragons swallow vast amounts of gold and gems. These line their stomach, the grinding action helping to break down the vast meals that dragons must devour to stay alive.

When dragons die their glittering carcasses often contain a king's ransom for those bold and foolish enough to try and claim it. In a land roasted by baking sun, devoid of any drinkable water and home to thousands of poisonous scorpions and mutated monsters, death comes easily. Some die after drinking from poisonous wells; others become prey for the great mummified Zombie Dragons. Many fall victim to their own greed and ignorance of elementary survival techniques. Their glistening bones lie strewn across the sands of this, the world's most inhospitable place.

DRAKENHOF CASTLE

Drakenhof is the accursed castle where Vlad von Carstein began his reign of terror, and from whose battlements he summoned his Undead army. Dark forces are still drawn to this place and it is shunned by all the locals. It was home to generations of von Draks before Vlad came, and it was the home of Manfred von Carstein before the last of the Vampire Counts was dispatched at the battle of Hel Fenn.

Adventurers still seek the castle out because of the treasure trove of occult lore rumoured to be contained in its library. It is said that copies of all the great sorcerous works can be found there, but no-one who has sought

them has ever returned.

The castle itself is huge, built on top of a massive clifftop from where it dominates the surrounding forest. It has four mighty towers and a gigantic central keep, beneath which is a huge number of crypts, dungeons and abandoned torture chambers. Secret passages run all the way through the cliff and are said to come out in the woods. Felix Jaeger, the last visitor to Drakenhof, reports that the castle seems abandoned. The curtains and tapestries have rotted away, and the furniture is cracked and dusty. In the dining hall the obsidian goblets, from which Mannfred and his lackeys used to drink blood, still stand undisturbed on the banqueting table.

The walls of the great hall are hung all along with portraits of the Vampire Counts: tall, gaunt, red-eyed men. It is possible that since they could not see themselves in mirrors, the Counts required the pictures to remind them of their physical likeness.

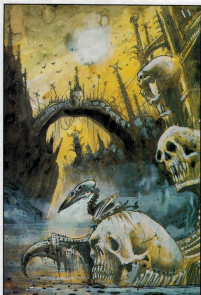
In recent years it seems that some Undead evil has returned to the castle. Peasants in nearby villages claim their young people are mysteriously vanishing. Huge red-eyed wolves prowl the forest and keep trespassers at bay. By night, sinister coaches make their way there, and the dead once more stir uneasily in their tombs.

MOUSSILLON

This Bretonnian city is also known as the City of the Damned. Over the past fifteen hundred years Moussillon has grown from a small village into a vast dark city. It was built in a very inauspicious location on the banks of the River Grismerie. Nearly every spring the river floods, sweeping away the shanties of the poor and leaving the streets under feet of foul murky water. Cold and damp pervade the walls of every building: wood rots and warps, stones crumble like rotten cheese, and fungus covers the walls. Over half the city's houses are empty, testimony to the ravages of a particularly virulent strain of the Red Pox two centuries ago. The city has never recovered from this loss of population, and is known as the poorest and most dire of all the cities of Bretonnia.

In the centre of the city is the abandoned palace of the Duke of Moussillon. It is a strange and eerie sight, covered in grotesque gargoyles and many arcane symbols. The roof has collapsed and sinister unclean birds nest in its chimneys. It is said that during the Red Pox Duke Jean-Luc vowed to cheat death and summoned all the city's noble families to a great party that was to last until the Pox ended. All the food in the city was hoarded in the cellars and all the doors were locked. An orchestra played quadrilles and dance tunes and the nobles made merry while the poor of the city starved and died outside.

On Gehehmnisnacht the Duke celebrated with the traditional masked ball. At the height of the festivities, as the nobles cavorted and laughed all around him, he noticed a man standing just inside the doorway. He was garbed in black and red, and carried a huge scythe. No-one recognised the stranger, and the Duke thought his costume in bad taste given the fact that everyone present was trying to forget the plague outside. He ordered the man expelled but as the guards grasped hold of him they saw plague marks on their hands and fled screaming. One by one the candles guttered and died and the red-garbed stranger stalked into the room.



The next day the Pox ended in Moussillon and the survivors of the city found the Duke and all his guests lying dead in the palace, their bodies marked by the Pox. It is said that every Gehehmnisnacht the eerie strains of a phantom orchestra can be heard from within the palace and if anyone is bold enough to venture inside they will meet the re-animated corpses of the Duke and his guests re-enacting their final dreadful night.

Because the drainage of Moussillon was so bad the city's tombs were built above ground, rather than bury the dead in the soggy earth. Vast cemeteries situated on low hills ring the city and their sheer size testifies that Moussillon was once far more densely populated than it is today. Each graveyard is full of vaults which range from the private marble mausoleums where the noble dead are interred, to the infamous public charnel house where the poor lie side by side in long ranks. The wardens are often prosecuted for selling cadavers to medical students and those who study other darker arts. From its earliest years Moussillon has been associated with Necromancers so most crypts have thick walls and private guards to prevent grave robbery.

Recently it has been speculated that the city's wells have been contaminated by warpstone, for many more mutants are born here than in any other Bretonnian city. After an outbreak of the Red Pox two centuries ago the population was almost halved, so there are many empty buildings for the mutants to hide in. Almost inevitably in a city so associated with death, clans of Ghouls are said to make their homes in the ruined tenements overlooking the graveyards.

Outside the storm winds blew. Colossal lightning bolts slashed the night black sky. The glowing surface of the Sour Sea rolled and gigantic reptilian heads emerged from its turgid ooze. Within the great fortress of Nagashizzar undead things went about their slow business, unaware of the cold wind's kiss, unaware of the deathly chill, unaware of anything except the aeons' old purpose that their master's dark will had imbued them with long, long ago.

Nagash sat on his throne of human skulls and brooded. He was dimly aware of the storm's roaring. It intruded on his thoughts like the buzzing of a gnat, drawing him from his reverie back to the reality that surrounded him.

Slowly he became aware of the gigantic throne room littered with the bones of supplicants who had displeased him. Slowly he recognised the rotting drapes that depicted scenes that only he, of all sentient things, could remember.

Slowly he became aware of the tiny flickers of dark power that animated the tens of thousands of undead creatures about him.

To the witch'sight of the Great Necromancer they were tiny constantly burning flames, visible through the miles of rock that surrounded his tower. Slowly he became aware that there was a flame present that did not possess a constant dark glow. It was bright, and

flickered with many colours, the red of anger, the blazing yellow of fear, the sickly purple of overwhelming greed.

If the Great Necromancer could have smiled he would have. It had been a long time indeed since any puny mortal had dared invade his realm. He wondered why they came. True, the Cursed Pit was full of the gold and jewels that mortals prized. After four long millennia Nagash failed to understand what they saw in such baubles. The gems and the bullion would last far longer than the flesh of those who desired them. Surely they must be trivial, meaningless. Dimly the memory of wealth and what wealth meant to men came back to Nagash.

He recalled the luxury of his palace in Khemri and the desire for the gratification of the senses. Even then he had been different from most mortals. He had never understood the true attraction of the world's treasures. Even then he had been all too aware of how transitory all wealth and fame were. He had known that death was the greatest thief of all, and would take all that he owned in the end. He recalled that he had vowed then that he would cheat death, and outwit the greatest of thieves, and he had, although in the end the price had been terrible.

The memory flickered through his mind like a lotus dream. The images vividly illuminated his thoughts like a lightning flash and then were gone. He had seen and done so much that he could not recall a tenth of it. His brain had been rotted away by too much warpage and too many returns from beyond the grave. He knew there were great gaps in his knowledge and in his memories. He was not sure that he wished to recall them. There had been many defeats as well as triumphs in his long unlife.

The thief was close now. He had entered the great hall and stood in the doorway almost a mile away, overwhelmed by the immensity of what he saw. Nagash watched his aura flicker and saw the blue of resolution overcome the burning yellow of terror. The man advanced into the chamber, unaware that his doom was at hand.

Memory came back to Nagash. He remembered another awakening. He recalled emerging from a drugged stupor to confront his ancient enemy the King Alcadizaar. It should have been the moment of his greatest triumph. He had just succeeded in reanimating an entire kingdom. The greatest army the world had ever seen was his to command. Ultimate power was within his taloned grasp. Instead he had woken to face a terrible blade that had rent his flesh and brought searing pain to his soul. Triumph had proved transitory as all living things. He flexed his metal claw, recalling that once it had been a hand of flesh. There were times when he still felt the pain of its severing, as victims of amputation were said to still feel the presence of their limbs sometimes.

The slight sound of metal on stone echoed through the chamber. Nagash enjoyed the surge of stark terror in



the interloper. Briefly he wondered how the creature had slipped past the sentries of the tower. He studied him more closely and saw that the human was knotted round with a complex field of power. Nagash's curiosity was satisfied. The human wore a charm sufficient to baffle the dim senses of most of his undead lackeys. They simply could not perceive him. The thief clutched in one hand a blade that was potent by mortal standards. Measured by the Great Necromancer's it was a child's toy. Satisfied that the man bore nothing that could threaten his long existence Nagash resolved to let him live a few minutes longer. After all, what did it matter in the great scheme of things.

For long minutes the man waited. He stood frozen to the spot, convinced like a rabbit before a serpent that immobility would save him. Nagash could almost have pitied him save for the fact that pity, like all other human emotions, was but the dimmest of memories to him. After a period of minutes the man's monkey impatience betrayed him and he moved again, making his way slowly, cautiously, silently across the chamber till he stood at the very foot of Nagash's gigantic throne. He paused there for a heartbeat and looked up in wonder and terror.

Briefly Nagash wondered what he must look like to the man. It was simple curiosity. He had long since passed beyond the vanity of mankind about his appearance. His form suited his purpose and his purpose was to inspire terror and live forever. In the end it was one reason why he desired to bring the great undead to the world. Once all living things were his unliving slaves, no possible threat could rise to his aeons' long existence. Then he would be safely beyond the reach of the great thief.



Slowly, one step at a time, the interloper began to make his way up the stairs. At every step a human skull rested below his feet. Nagash could see that the man could barely contain his fear yet still he kept coming. His avarice was great indeed.

Now the thief stood before Nagash himself, gazing up at the great figure that loomed nearly twice the height of a mortal man above him. He paused again,

seemingly overcome by his own temerity, then he clambered up onto the throne and tried to prize Nagash's jewelled claw from his withered arm. Nagash opened his eyes and looked down into the mortal's terrified face. The man shrieked and tumbled back from the throne, falling down the long flight of steps. The thief had a tumbler's grace, and a tumbler's trick of rolling with a fall without taking damage. He came to his feet at the foot of the throne and whipped his blade from his scabbard.



Nagash laughed softly. The sound emerged from his throat like the rustling of poison serpents in a desert tomb.

"Sigmar preserve me," the man muttered. It was the wrong thing to say. Painful memory flooded back into Nagash. Memory of his greatest defeat, by the man-god known as Sigmar in a contest that had cost him much of his power and another long and painful period of resurrection. Nagash resolved to spare the man not a moment longer. He turned the Black Gaze upon him.

Bolts of pure Dark Magic leapt from the Great Necromancer's eyes and flashed directly at the cowering figure before him. Where the beams touched flesh the man's skin blackened and withered and putrefied, sloughing away till the white gleam of bone was visible beneath. The rot spread swiftly and the man's bubbling protests drowned as his throat turned to horrid black pus and dribbled away onto the floor. Soon only a skeleton stripped of all meat stood before the Great Necromancer. He held it upright by sheer force of will for a moment and then let it collapse onto the floor, there to mingle with the bones of all the others.

For a moment Nagash considered renaming to his long reverie but slowly the thought occurred to him that he had lain dormant too long. He had recovered much of his strength. There was work to do. Slowly, like an old man rising from his sick bed, the Great Necromancer rose from his throne. Gathering strength with every stride he made his way down the steps, and strode across the audience chamber, crushing the bones of humans with every step.

HISTORY OF THE UNDEAD

THE GREAT NECROMANCER

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

From The Book Of The Dead,

by Abdul ben Raschid,

translated from the Arabic by Heinrich Kessler.

South of the Empire, south of the Border Princes, south even of the Badlands and Karak Azul, lies a land of which few men speak. Even those who know its true name do not say the word aloud, rather they refer to it in hushed tones as the Kingdom of the Dead. Few men have been there and returned to tell the tale. The mad Arab prince, Abdul ben Raschid, wandered there for a season, seeking inspiration for his blasphemous masterpiece the Book of the Dead. It is to the few surviving copies of this poem that most scholars owe their knowledge of the Kingdom of the Dead.

Ben Raschid did not live to see the widespread public revulsion against his work, all copies of which the Caliph of Ka-sabar ordered burned. The Mad Prince died under mysterious circumstances, strangled by unseen hands within a locked and shuttered room. When his servants eventually broke down the door they found only his frozen purple-faced corpse. The body was so chill to the touch that it burned the hands of those who tried to lift it. The crusaders eventually brought copies of the work back from their journeys in Araby, but many of them later came to regret their decision.

The Book of the Dead speaks of a great desert to the east of Araby from which rise the necropolises, tomb-cities of the unquiet dead. Each necropolis consists of countless mausoleums and pyramids within which dwell things it is better to be ignorant of. By day the burning sands between the gravehouses are empty, and only huge serpents glide through the ruins, but on certain dark nights the corpses of the dead stir from their homes and go about their business in a grim parody of their former lives. They repair the time-eroded tombs and patrol the boundaries of their necropolis. Often they march forth to make war on the dead inhabitants of the other tomb-cities.

Sometimes the Undead rulers of the necropolises make pacts and alliances and their borders surge forth to invade Araby or the lands to the north. During the Crusades the forces of King Esteban of Estalia met and destroyed a huge Undead army from the haunted city of Lahmia at the battle of Shanidaar. The crusaders won but so great was the fear placed in their heart that they turned back from the drive on the east and shipped home just as victory was in sight.

Within each pyramid ben Raschid describes an unholy aristocracy of Undead rulers, mighty sorcerer-kings who sit on gilded thrones amid faded grandeur and dream long, dark dreams of their former glory, stirring occasionally to issue dreadful commands to their cerement-wrapped courtiers. These mummified noblemen are in turn served

by hordes of skeletal lackeys, who scuttle to obey their master's every morbid whim. Half-faded ghosts gibber mournfully in the cobwebbed corridors. All are locked in a dance of the dead till the end of eternity, performing ancient rituals of worship to the Great Necromancer who sired them into this terrible unlife.

At the heart of this vast deserted realm lies the cursed city of Khemri, in the centre of which rise two of the mightiest structures ever created by mankind, the awesome Great Pyramid of Khemri which rises a hundred times the height of a man above the ancient ruins. Even this is dwarfed, as an elephant dwarfs a pony, by the Black Pyramid of Nagash, a wonder and terror to all who behold it. Ben Raschid writes that the streets of Khemri are stalked by unquiet spirits seeking to devour the life-force of the living, and that the great sarcophagus of Nagash, within which the Great Necromancer was said to lie for decades restoring his energies, is empty. Most informed commentators dismiss the Mad Prince's words as the feverish ravings of a weirdroot-addicted madman. A few know better.

The best source of knowledge Imperial scholars have on this subject is the infamous Liber Mortis of the Necromancer Frederick van Hal, better known to later generations as Vanhal. The one complete surviving copy of this book is kept under lock and key in the vaults of the Temple of Sigmar in Altford and can be studied only by the purest-hearted of scholars and then only under special dispensation of the Grand Theogonist himself. This is normally only given at times when vast Undead armies threaten the Empire itself. Vanhal was a Necromancer in the time of the Great Plague and he compiled his masterpiece from Kadon's translation of the Nine Books of Nagash.

Not content with this flawed translation of the Great Necromancer's mad utterances, Vanhal made many pilgrimages to the Kingdom of the Dead. Protected by the most potent of sorceries he communed with the inhabitants of the tomb-cities and probed the darkest secrets of ancient times. He consulted with howling daemons on Geheimsnacht and sifted nuggets of truth from their lies. For even the daemons of Chaos remember Nagash's infamous deeds. It is to the Liber Mortis that we owe our partial and incomplete knowledge of the history of the Great Necromancer and the ancient land he once ruled and destroyed.

Today the Kingdom of the Dead is a wilderness of sand. The Great River is poisonous and blood-coloured, providing no relief to the thirst of travellers. It is true that the cities are empty of life, crumbled ruins on the edge of the great necropolises. It is true that the roads have long been buried by the shifting sands, leaving only a few toppled statues and wind-eroded monuments to mark their presence. The few travellers who have returned speak only of emptiness and desolation and the terrible horror and melancholy that filled their hearts. It is true that the land is lifeless now but it was not always so.

Over two millennia before the time of Sigmar a powerful civilisation sprang up along the banks of the Great River. Its people built cities, ships and roads. They fought wars with each other using chariots and bows and spears. They were ruled by Priest Kings whose every whim was law. As

UNDEAD



WIGHTS



SKELETON BANNER BEARERS



SKELETONS

WARHAMMER

NEW UNDEAD BOXED SETS

SKELETON WARRIORS



UNDEAD CHARIOT



SKELETON HORSEMEN



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generations passed the Priest Kings became ever more obsessed with immortality and built ever larger and more elaborate tombs, convinced that these would be their houses for all eternity. Their wives and servants were buried alive with them when they died. This practice spread down through society till everyone who could afford it spent much of their worldly wealth on their tomb. Soon in the deserts beyond each city stood a necropolis, a city of the dead, and as the years passed these cities became bigger than the towns of the living.

The Priest Kings vied to leave ever bigger monuments and their pyramid tombs became ever more huge, guarded by titanic statues, fortified like great keeps, built to keep their inhabitants secure through all eternity. Bridges spanned the gaps between the doorways on the pyramid tops, as if the inhabitants might go visiting. The cities grew into a vast interlinked jumble of structures. The practice grew up of preserving bodies in special alchemical preservatives and wrapping them in fine graveclothes. Warrior princes were buried in full armour, with their chariots and the horses that pulled them. Each necropolis soon contained legions of the dead.

About two thousand years before the birth of Sigmar, roughly four thousand five hundred years before the present day, Nagash was born in Khemri, largest of the cities of the Great River. He was the brother of the reigning Priest King, a mighty warrior and well-versed in the primitive sorceries of his folk. From an early age Nagash was obsessed with death. He wandered through the city's necropolis and entered the old tombs. He observed the morticians as they prepared the dead for interment. He watched warriors wounded in battle fade and die and he resolved never to die himself.

Nagash took to unspeakable experiments in his quest for immortality, and soon he was shunned by the people of the city. A natural and brilliant sorcerer, his experiments met with success, and he distilled an elixir from human blood that would prolong the lifespan of its drinker. Soon he had a loyal following of depraved noblemen with whom he shared his discovery. In a bloody coup Nagash seized control of Khemri and had his brother buried alive within the Great Pyramid built by their father.

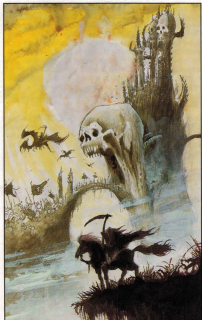
With their lengthened lifespans Nagash and his followers had more and more time to study their Dark Magics. Soon their understanding was far in advance of the inhabitants of the other cities. They came to see themselves as gods and the inhabitants of Khemri as cattle. As the years turned into decades and the decades turned to centuries the blood-drinkers began to shun the light of day and seek out cool, dark places to hide from the blazing sun. They took up residence in the palatial tombs of the necropolis. Nagash supervised the building of his own great Black Pyramid, the mightiest structure ever attempted by men, and one designed to attract the winds of Dark Magic to Khemri.

However, for the Priest Kings of the other cities, long disturbed by the events in Khemri, this was the last straw. They formed a Grand Alliance against Nagash and sent their armies forth to do battle with him. During the long war that followed waves of Dark Magic blasted the lands and certain oases became so saturated that ever afterwards they would be shunned by man. After nearly a century of constant warfare the armies of the Priest Kings succeeded in sacking Khemri. As he fled from the burning city into the cold depths of his pyramid, Nagash turned and shook his fist at the armies of the oncoming Priest Kings. He

swore that their cities would become as dust, and less than dust. The Priest Kings laughed. One by one they found Nagash's disciples within the pyramid and dragged them out screaming to be beheaded and burned. The Priest Kings cast down all the works of Nagash. All the monuments of Khemri were toppled into the dust, all the tombs despoiled. All trace of Nagash seemed expunged. But no trace of Nagash himself was found, and although his disciples claimed to have seen him enter his sarcophagus, the coffin itself was empty.

In defiance of the pact sworn between the Priest Kings, the rulers of Lahmia stole Nagash's books from his infamous Black Library. Within years they had sought with some success to emulate his Dark Magics. More cautious than Nagash they took pains to conceal from their fellows that they were distilling his elixir of blood.

Nagash meanwhile wandered through the desert. Thirst parched his throat. Hunger gnawed his bowels. Dire visions danced before his sight. He should have died amid the blazing sands but his formidable will and his unnatural vitality kept him moving. According to Kadon's translations of his work, Nagash claims to have died and wandered for a while in the lands after death until he found a way back to the world of the living. Most scholars claim this to be a fanciful hallucination brought on by privation and thirst but others are not so sure. Eventually the Great Necromancer left the desert and came to the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Some dark force drew him to Cripple Peak and a new stage in his career of unspeakable evil.



Cripple Peak is an area spoken of with horror by the few people who have ever been there. It is a giant shattered mountain on the shores of the Sour Sea. In ancient times a huge chunk of warstone plummeted from the sky and smashed into the peak, splitting it and driving down into the mountain's core. Over the years wind, rain and erosion carried the foul warstone dust down into the Sour Sea, poisoning the water and mutating those fish and serpents that it did not kill.

The sea was surrounded by twisted and stunted vegetation; sickly trees and poison-thorned briars warned for the poor nourishment in the soil. By night the waters glowed green and a viscous toxic scum lay on their surface. Those tribes who dwelled on its shores and sipped from its foulness showed the horrific signs of degeneracy and mutation that generations of exposure to the stuff of Chaos bring. When he first saw the place Nagash looked upon it and found it good: he had found what he was looking for. At his first taste of the Sour Sea's waters, incandescent visions blazed through his brain and dark power surged through his veins. Here was all he required.

For years Nagash lived like a hermit in a cave in the side of Cripple Peak, meditating on the nature of magic, drawing wisdom from the dark well of his corrupt soul. He explored the huge cave systems in the Peak till he found the lightless lake beside which the great bulk of the warstone lay. He mixed the powdered Chaos stuff with certain nameless herbs and the leaf of the Black Lotus and used it to enhance his power and make his mind more keen in its questing.

The years wore relentlessly on, and the constant exposure to warstone wrought terrible changes in the Great Necromancer. His skin withered and cracked and sloughed away from his bones. In places it became translucent leaving muscles and veins exposed. His eyes melted and became pools of luminous pus in their sockets. His nails grew longer and became talons, his fingers curved into claws. His heart stopped and his blood ceased to flow. His body continued to walk driven by his dark will, and the power of his evil sorcery. As he had so long desired, he had gone beyond death's reach, or so he believed.

During this period Nagash made his greatest strides in the field of necromancy. Down the years he perfected those spells that all later Necromancers would use. By night he would go down to the burial grounds of the primitive tribes who lived around Cripple Peak. Those who saw him fled, and the shamans who opposed him he slew with a word. One by one he opened the caims and one by one he animated the corpses within. At first his success was minimal. The remains would stumble a few steps then collapse into dust consumed by the power that motivated them, but as Nagash's control grew so did the span of their animation until the time came when they were bound forever. Already dead and corrupt there was little the warstone could do to harm these Zombies and animated Skeletons. Nagash set them to work excavating the caves below Cripple Peak and constructing a stone tower, the foundation of what would later become Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, greatest and most evil of fortresses.

Desiring ever more Undead lackeys Nagash set his legions to capturing and enslaving the local tribes. During the dark of moon these unfortunates were dragged kicking and screaming to Nagash's altar to have their hearts ripped out.

Then their soulless husks would rise into eternal servitude of their dark master.

Unable to resist the Undead army, the tribesmen took to worshipping the Great Necromancer as a god, and passively sent their fairest maidens and most handsome youths to Nagash's tower as offerings. This tickled his vanity and he spared the tribes, teaching them many things and building an evil nation to obey his will. It suited Nagash's evil humour to teach the population the ritual of the Dark Feast which would eventually lead to a terrible doom overtaking the people.

Within a few hundred years Nagash had built an empire of evil along the shores of the Sour Sea. Black-armoured legions of the living served alongside the stumbling animated corpses of their dead kin. Small villages grew to great towns. The mines below Nagash's tower expanded into a mighty network stretching down to the mountain's roots. The fortifications around the tower grew like a cancer in a sick man's body till they covered a league on either side. Thus was born the fortress city of Nagashizzar, an untakeable keep, a laboratory and library of the darkest of arts, capital of the vilest human nation the Known World has ever seen. In the centre, like a spider in the middle of a web, Nagash sat on a throne made of human skulls and issued edicts that would topple kingdoms and cause the death of nations. He ventured as far as the Plain of Bones and bound a mighty Undead dragon to his will. Ever afterward it would be his steed.

But even in his impregnable fastness, ignored by most of the world, Nagash was not without enemies.

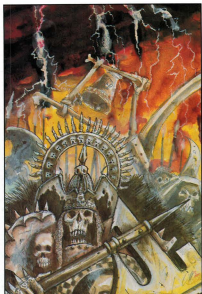
Drawn by the warstone of Cripple Peak, like moths to a flame, the Skaven came a-scuttling. The ratmen's leaders, the mysterious Grey Seers, used the stuff in their own dark rituals and now sought to take possession of it. They burst into the mines below Cripple Peak and tried to take the fortress in the same way as they has taken the Dwarf cities of the north in the recent past, but they found Nagashizzar an altogether more difficult proposition.

Here they faced countless legions of animated corpses and human fanatics who feared their dark god more than they feared death, for they knew that whatever happened their master would recall them from death to reward or punish them. For decades savage skirmishes were fought in the dark below the citadel. Skaven armies marched through Nagash's kingdom and besieged Nagashizzar with their terrible weapons. They were met by the Great Necromancer's armies and his evil magic. In the end it was a bloody stalemate. Nagash had other plans and the Skaven were a distraction so he made an unholy pact with their rulers, the Council of Thirteen. In return for their aid, he would supply them with warstone mined from Cripple Peak. It was not what the Council really wanted, but it was better than continuing a fruitless war for uncertain reward. The Skaven agreed.

Now however, constant exposure to warstone pained Nagash. He forged a great suit of armour from an alloy of lead and meteoric iron to protect him from its ravages. His followers were not so lucky. Warstone dust, cast up by the mining, was everywhere. It seeped through the ground into the root systems of the blighted plants, and from the plants it was transferred to the bodies of the sickly animals that fed upon them. It accumulated in the bodies of those humans who fed upon the plants and the animals and changed them. Their hair and teeth fell out, they thinned, sickened and died. Worse affected of all were those who



NAGASH, SUPREME LORD OF THE UNDEAD



performed the Dark Feast and fed on the flesh of their fellows. They absorbed most of the Chaos stuff and slowly devolved into night-haunting Ghouls, the chosen of Nagash, adored, hated and feared by their fellows.

The land and the air were now saturated with warpstone dust. Soon everything began to sicken and die, leaving only the glittering Ghoul-haunted desert that later generations were to know as the Desolation of Nagash. The Great Necromancer did not care. Living or dead, the folk of the land would serve him, one way or another. The spread of the dust and the coming of the Undead precipitated a vast Orc and Goblin migration away from the area.

Down all these long centuries Nagash had not forgotten his promise to the Priest Kings of his former land. He would have his revenge, and within his former land he found allies. Those Priest Kings who had studied his evil legacy and prolonged their lives through the use of his elixir had not been idle. They too had been invoking daemons and experimenting with Dark Magic. In Lahmia the rulers had taken a step beyond the use of his elixir. A strange disease was in their blood. Centuries of the elixir's life-prolonging effects combined with their own sorceries had changed them into something greater than and less than human. Now they shunned the daylight and stalked the night. They had no hunger or thirst save for blood. Their teeth had changed into great fangs, their skins were white as alabaster and their eyes glowed a terrible red. They were strong beyond the measure of mortal man. These were the first true Vampires. By night they preyed on their people. A select few they allowed to join them in Undeath.

The other Priest Kings once more massed their armies and made ready for war. Chariots too numerous to be counted spearheaded a great force of archers and spearmen. The Priest Kings wrought their magic. A great battle was fought and won. The population of Lahmia was enslaved, the pyramids smashed, and the Vampires driven forth. Most fled northward and one by one arrived in Nagashizzar to be welcomed by he who had formerly been their greatest enemy. Nagash looked upon the corrupt immortals and was well-pleased. Here were worthy champions for his armies, their damnation a tribute to his dark genius.

Nagash by now had conceived his mad and fatal masterplan. He vowed to turn the entire world into a Kingdom of the Undead, where no action would be performed, no deed done, save when he willed it. He would rule a world-wide cemetery peopled by the unquiet dead. The first step was to be the elimination of his former homeland. At his command the Vampires led his legions forth to war. On strange ships made of bone, the Undead horde made its way from the Sour Sea down the Straits of Nagash to the Bitter Sea, so called because the poison from the waters of the Sour Sea had tainted it. The Undead legions made landfall at the abandoned port of Lahmia and surged forward on the foe.

Nagash had seriously underestimated his former countrymen. In the time of his absence the Land of the Great River had gone from being a collection of warring city states to a mighty empire ruled by a single Priest King, Alcadizaar the Conqueror. Alcadizaar was the greatest general of his age and his empire was at the zenith of its power. When the Undead came they found themselves opposed by a unified state with a single confident army. Moreover, the wizards of the Great Kingdom had made progress in the arts of magic, particularly in the forging of deadly weapons. No easy victory was possible against them.

The Vampires were mighty sorcerers and fell foes. Where they marched terror and dread came upon the enemy yet they were not invincible. The war swayed backwards and forwards. First the legions of the dead had the upper hand, then the armies of Alcadizaar struck back, their chariots slashing through the re-animated ranks like scythes through wheat. At the fore was Alcadizaar, his great golden armour glowing with magical energy, his enchanted scimitar flicking faster than a tongue of a desert snake. Beside him was his wife and charioteer, Khalida, who had sworn to die with her husband if necessary. Battle after battle was fought until the last of Nagash's legions were destroyed and the Vampires were forced to flee across the desert to Nagashizzar to bring their dark master the report of their failure.

Great was Nagash's rage. He cursed his captains and laid terrible spells upon them. Ever afterward they would know pain and their howling cries would carry the knowledge of their misery to all men. Seeing the way the wind blew, the surviving Vampires fled Nagashizzar by night, dispersing in all directions to confuse pursuit. Thus was their curse eventually spread to all the lands of men.

For a decade Nagash raged and schemed, conceiving a terrible hatred of the man who had thwarted him and a plan for vengeance so dark that the Gods themselves shuddered and turned their faces from the world.

It began slowly. Agents carried warpstone charms round with fatal spells to the headwaters of the Great River, corrupting the springs with evil until the water co-

agulated, and ran slow and red as blood. Fear came upon the folk of the Great Kingdom for whom the river was life. One by one they sickened and died.

The Skaven were instructed to lure tribes of Orcs and Goblins down from the Worlds Edge Mountains and herd them into Nagashizzar. They had no idea what incomprehensible purpose this served but took payment in sackloads of pure warstone.

Alcadizaar sat in his throne room and watched as his kingdom was destroyed by a foe he could not defeat. Pestilence swept through the land. Folk died with great pustules marring their skin. Doctors fell in the act of treating their patients. Men fled their families dying even as they ran. For a season the Death stalked the land till the dead outnumbered the living and corpses lay unburied and rotting in the street. Cattle wandered untended in the field until they too died. Every living thing in the Great Kingdom sickened. One by one Alcadizaar watched his friends die, then his children, then his wife. He himself was spared, almost as if some malign power willed it. Eventually he was left alone in his palace, sitting weeping on his gilded throne, while in the distance he could hear the sound of a relentless army on the march.

Only after the dying was complete did they come: a vast army of the dead. The few sickly and wasted survivors of Alcadizaar's armies were no match for them. Immune to disease the Undead marched from one end of the kingdom to the other and did not rest until every man, woman and child, every beast, bird and house was dead. Save one. They took Alcadizaar from his throne-room and dragged him in chains to the Cursed Pit. He was brought to the foot of Nagash's throne and confronted the horrific form of the Great Necromancer himself.

To Alcadizaar Nagash explained what would happen next, all the unbelievable details of his insane plan. Nagash told him he intended to re-animate every dead body in the Great Kingdom, and use them as soldiers in his plan to conquer the world. In despair, Alcadizaar was thrown into Nagash's dungeon there to await the dark sorcerer's pleasure. Nagash's statements to the king were no idle boasts. He fully intended to carry out his plan, and he had the means to do so.

In a days' long ritual he consumed vast quantities of warstone until his body burned with power and his blood was thick with the stuff. What little flesh he had left was burned from him and he became little more than a living skeleton wrapped in black armour. The drugged Orcs and Goblins were led forth from the dungeons and were sacrificed on the black altar one by one, and their souls were devoured by the Great Necromancer to increase his power.

For a full night and a day, as Mörsleib glared down from the sky, Nagash chanted the syllables of his last and greatest spell. In the dungeons the few remaining Orcs shivered and howled. Across the continent all living things were disturbed by the darkest of nightmares. Strange lights glowed in the depths of the Sour Sea. From the heights of his tower Nagash threw handfuls of glittering black dust into the air. Cold winds carried it outward from Nagashizzar till it fell like dark rain on the cities and necropolises of the Great Kingdom. For a moment all was still then across the land the dead began to stir. Dead lashes flickered. A cold green light entered tens of thousands of rotting eyeballs. One by one the plague-stricken corpses stood up and walked. The dead shook off

the dust of aeons and spilled forth from their tombs. Undead warriors mounted their chariots and strode forth into the haunted night. Wights emerged from their lairs, unclean things gathered. The innumerable dead formed up in disciplined ranks. Cerement-wrapped mummies of long dead kings emerged from their pyramid houses to lead the remains of their subjects. Animated by Nagash's mighty will, the largest army the world had ever seen began to converge on Nagashizzar.

Exhausted by the vast expenditure of energy needed to cast the spell, Nagash fell into a deep trance upon his throne. Even as the Undead army made its way there, a strange and ominous silence fell over Nagashizzar. It was as if the real death had come to the Great Necromancer's capital.

So great was the expenditure of power that it did not go unnoticed in other quarters. The Council of Thirteen at long last realised what Nagash was about and terror settled upon them. With the countless dead warriors of the Great Kingdom under his command Nagash would be invincible. He would no longer need the Skaven's aid – indeed he might well repay them for their previous attacks upon his realm. Sensing also that the Great Necromancer was quiescent for the moment they realised that this might be their only chance to stop him. Crucial as the task was, they could find no Skaven that they trusted to step forward and kill the Great Necromancer. Many of the Council doubted the efficacy of their weapons to kill Nagash, others simply feared that he would awake while they were in his throne room. They all knew of his awesome power and none wished to face him should that happen.

At last they hit upon another plan. Swiftly the Council joined its powers and created a mighty blade, wrapped round with runes that would eventually prove as fatal to its bearer as to Nagash, so inimical was their power. This was not a matter that concerned the Council of Thirteen for none of them intended to carry the weapon. Instead they dispatched their boldest lackeys to Nagash's dungeons, bearing the killing blade in a lead casket. By secret routes the Skaven made their way into the heart of the Great Necromancer's fortress. No sentries sounded the alarm, and the ratmen came at last to the cell where Alcadizaar lay in chains.

With no explanation they freed Alcadizaar and presented him with the sword. As he grasped its hilt the king sensed the way to the Necromancer's throne room, for the blade was enchanted to reveal the route. Ignoring the fleeing ratmen, Alcadizaar crept through the noisome corridors of the deathly silent keep. Eventually he made his way to the Great Necromancer's throne room. Silently he stalked forward across the floor of black marble till he confronted the towering, silent figure of Nagash.

The Liche's eye-fires were dim. He made no move. The runes on his crown gave off no internal lambeancy. For a moment Alcadizaar wondered whether this was some evil trick, some new form of torture then he realised that he did not care. He raised his blade and brought it down in a flashing arc.

At the last moment, warned by some sixth sense, Nagash stirred and raised his arm to ward off the fatal blow. The Skaven's enchanted blade cut right through his wrist and his taloned hand fell to the floor. So great were the evil sorceries permeating the Liche's body that the hand still maintained some animation and scuttled off into a dark corridor like a huge and horrible spider. Nagash was still



exhausted from casting the Great Summoning but his power was still vast. He blasted Alcadizaar with evil spells that threatened to strip the flesh away from his body.

From a great distance away the Council of Thirteen threw their power into protecting their human pawn. Desperately using all their strength they managed to deflect Nagash's bolt. A great hiss of frustration escaped the Necromancer's fleshless lips. Alcadizaar struck again, shearing through Nagash's ribs, and breaking his spine. Nagash lashed out with his remaining claw and grasped Alcadizaar by the throat, throttling him. Jewels of blood stood out on the man's neck where the Liche's claws bit deep. His feet left the ground as Nagash lifted him one-handed.

Frantically, the breath crushed from him, darkness threatening to overwhelm his senses, Alcadizaar lashed out, severing the great Necromancer's arm at the elbow. He dropped to the ground and frantically hacked at Nagash. The Skaven's runes finally began to take effect and all the unnatural vitality drained out of Nagash. His body, which had so long defied the ages, began to crumble away to dust. Sensing victory Alcadizaar pressed on, chopping the dying Necromancer into a thousand pieces.

Finally, when they stirred no more, Alcadizaar lifted the crown from Nagash's head and staggered out of the fortress. This was the moment the Skaven had been waiting for. Swiftly their raiders scudded in and carried the pieces of Nagash's body to his forges. Each bit of the Great Necromancer was burned in the warstone-powered fires that he had used to create dire devils. Only his claw was never found and so part of Nagash lived on.

With the passing of the Great Necromancer, many of those animated by him fell back into dust. However, so great were the energies unleashed by Nagash's great summoning that they could not entirely be dissipated. Many of the former inhabitants of the Kingdom of the Dead remained trapped in their ghostly unlife, and slowly some of them made their way back to the places they knew best, their own necropolises where they settled into a sort of twilight life that echoed the days of their living. Thus was born the Kingdom of the Dead. Others continued to wander the world spreading terror and disaster wherever they roamed. For the moment though, the threat of the Great Necromancer was ended.

THE RETURN OF NAGASH

After the destruction of Nagash, Alcadizaar wandered through the Cursed Pit driven half-mad by the horror he had witnessed, and by exposure to the maddening influence of the Council of Thirteen's Deathblade. Although the fortress seethed with Skaven none but the maddest dared bar his way when they saw the weapon, and those who opposed him died almost instantly.

Alcadizaar fought clear of the citadel of the Great Necromancer. He had destroyed the deadliest opponent any man had ever faced but the cost was high. The lethal energies of the weapon were slowly killing him. His hand was scorched from where it gripped the blade, and eventually he threw it into the great crevasse outside the Cursed Pit. The Crown of Nagash he kept.

Maddened and dying he wandered north into the Worlds Edge Mountains where he fell into the waters of the Blind

River. There he drowned and his frozen body was carried down into the Bad Lands, still clutching the crown in a ferocious death grip. In those days the Bad Lands were a fractured land, fought over by wandering nomadic tribes of humans and clans of brutal Orcs. Alcadizaar's frozen and frost-bitten body was found in the melting spring snow along the banks of Blind River, by Kadon, the shaman of the Lodringen folk. Kadon recognised Alcadizaar for a mighty king and ordered a barrow built for his corpse. There was something about the crown that attracted him though and he kept it, to his eternal damnation.

Part of the Great Necromancer's spirit was infused in the crown, and it fed the old man some of Nagash's secrets. His dreams were full of whispered promises and his mind was filled with dreams of empire. Soon his noble soul was corrupted by the crown's pulsing evil. He told his tribesmen that he had had a vision and ordered them to build a city on the site of Alcadizaar's burial mound. He named the city Morgheim, which in the tongue of his people means Place of Death. For a brief time a wicked civilisation blossomed in the Bad Lands, stretching from the shores of the Black Gulf to the entrance of Mad Dog Pass, from Blood River to the edge of the Marshes of Madness. Colonies were even established in the area that would later become known as the Border Princes. The Orcs were pushed back out of the Bad Lands back into the Worlds Edge Mountains.

His mind filled with dreadful visions, Kadon began to re-create the Books of Nagash, inscribing the Great Necromancer's dark tale and committing much of his secret lore to paper. His vision was skewed by the crown and he took to worshipping Nagash as a god and forced his followers to do the same. Soon the cult of Nagash was re-born and Undead things kept guard over its temples. Kadon himself lived in a palace of black marble built over the entrance to Alcadizaar's burial mound and was considered the most devout of Nagash's worshippers.

The Bad Lands were not fertile and the population of Morgheim was never great but with labour provided by untiring Zombies, citadels were built and barrows excavated. Roads were created to link the far corners of the land to the capital.

Kadon was no mere acolyte but a potent sorcerer in his own right, and, as his mind filled with the Great Necromancer's knowledge, he began to devise his own spells. He wrote his infamous *Grimoire* in ink distilled from blood, in a volume bound with flayed human skin. Morgheim became the site of ever blacker evils. The Dwarfs, who had once traded with the humans, turned their faces from them and shunned them.

Drawn to the crown's power Nagash's severed talon was found by Kadon's acolytes. He took the thing and wrapped it round with dreadful spells turning it into a powerful evil artefact which he used to cow his followers. At one point the armies of Morgheim laid siege to the Sea Dwarf fortress of Barak Varr but the iron-sheathed walls of the keep defeated them and they eventually withdrew. The Necromancers of Morgheim became inward-looking and decadent, and the period of expansion was over.

Then from the mountains came a savage horde of Orcs under the Warlord Dorik Redeye. Redeye was armed with an enchanted blade that made him proof against any evil magics, and the men of Morgheim and their Undead lackeys were no match for his savage horde. The howling

greenskinned devils swept through Kadon's kingdom with fire and the sword, driving the few survivors north. Kadon himself was slain by Redeye in an epic duel amid the blazing streets of Morghheim. Upon his death his kingdom ended. Kadon's chief disciple snatched the crown from his dead master's head and fled northward, often being forced to hide from Orc pursuit.

Today almost no trace can be found of the lost kingdom of Morghheim save for a few fire-scorched ruins and haunted barrows within which evil things dwell. These blighted remnants of the lost kingdom account for the burial mounds scattered throughout the Badlands and the Border Princes. Some of those who survived entombed themselves alive within the barrows and their evil spirits lurk there still. Others who lived through the fall of the kingdom carried their evil knowledge northwards into a land where a new power stirred. The man-god called Sigmar had arisen to unite the warring tribes of men and forge an empire in blood and fire. Within his realm were shadowy corners where the Necromancers could practise their vile art.

At the same time as Sigmar founded his Empire dark rumours drifted northward that an old evil had been re-born. The Council of Thirteen believed that they had destroyed Nagash. They were wrong: so mighty a being, so adept in the ways of Undeath, could not easily be dispatched from the world. His corporeal form had been destroyed but his spirit lived on. It waited beyond death, still rooted to the world by the presence of his claw, his crown and his tomb. Nagash had long planned for the possibility of his death, and part of his spirit and his power had been imbued in his crown, allowing him a foothold in the world of the living. Although it might take many centuries, Nagash would return, and when he did the manner of his returning was to be spectacularly horrible.

His body had been burned in the furnaces of Nagashizzar and all that remained of it were particles of black sooty dust drifting on the wind. One by one these particles were drawn to each other. Down the long centuries clumps of them slowly coalesced in the Desolation of Nagash, forming black putrescent blobs that flowed inch by inch across the country to the Black Pyramid of Nagash in Khemri. At the rate of one drop a year the sarcophagus slowly filled with the vile black fluid, becoming a dark chrysalis within which an evil being was being re-born.

As the fluid congealed, parts clotted till they became hard as bone. Overlaying this ebony skeleton, unnatural organs grew. Worm-like clumps of veins writhed and burrowed their way through newly forming muscles. A sinister carapace of horny skin grew to cover the mass. Only the right hand, cut off by Alcadizazzar, did not re-grow. One dark night, centuries after his defeat by the Skaven, the lid slowly rolled back from the sarcophagus and Nagash emerged once more into the world.

Outside his tomb Khemri was still. Nagash stood atop his pyramid and bathed in dark power. Although still mighty beyond mortal measure he was but a pale shadow of his former self. He was weakened by his long sojourn beyond death and part of his power was still lost with his claw and his crown. He called upon the dead of Khemri but they hated him in death as they had hated him in life and he no longer had the power to bind them as once he had. He could control a portion of Khemri's countless dead but the others rebelled and in a time there was civil war within the greatest of the necropolises.

Eventually Nagash became tired of this and visited the other cities of the dead. There the tale was the same. The dead remembered him and they hated him with the strange unnatural hatred that centuries had bred. Although individually more than a match for any of the Liche Kings, Nagash could not stand against the alliance that formed against him. For the second time in his long unlife he was driven out of his native land. He brooded on his fall and decided once more that he would use the power of warstone to augment his strength and make his enemies pay. Once more he travelled north, setting his feet on the path he had so long ago followed to the shores of the Sour Sea. This time he was accompanied by an army of loyal Undead followers.

At last he came to Nagashizzar and found the Skaven entrenched there. For years they had mined the warstone, using it for their own fell purposes until it was almost exhausted. Nagashizzar itself had become a gigantic warren for the ratmen although a comparatively less populous one for no food would grow in the Desolation of Nagash and it all had to be shipped in from other Skavenholds in return for warstone.

Nagash approached the gates of his former fortress and demanded entrance. The Skaven garrison commander looked down on him and cursed him and chattered insults in his own vile tongue. With a word the Great Necromancer slew him then with a word he opened the gates of Nagashizzar, for he had forged them and knew all the secret commands to which they would respond. In one night the forces of Nagash swept through the Cursed Pit and overwhelmed the surprised Skaven, driving them from the city.

Nagash was now in control of his citadel but was angered beyond mortal comprehension to discover that the warstone was almost exhausted by Skaven mining. The devices he had used to refine, concentrate and purify it for his own sorcerous purposes were all destroyed. Even had they not been, there was no longer enough warstone to allow him to re-create the Great Summoning. Undaunted by the armies the Council of Thirteen sent to reclaim Nagashizzar the Great Necromancer set to work. First he laboured in his forges creating a great metal talon for himself to replace his lost claw. His Undead hosts carried out instructions under his supervision to make the device.

The artificial claw was cunningly wrought and covered in disturbing runes that hurt the eye. It was as flexible and useful as a normal hand and many times stronger. Now Nagash could once more hold a weapon and with his own hands he could create more devices. He summoned the spirits of the dead and interrogated them for information and slowly, piece by piece, he re-constructed the events that had taken place during his long absence. He learned of the disappearance of Alcadizazzar and how he had been driven to madness and death by the crown and exposure to the Skaven's Deathblade. Eventually his attention was drawn to the north where Kadon's heir, Morath, had taken his crown.

Wrapping himself in a black cloak and many powerful protective enchantments, Nagash set out in secret for the northern lands determined to re-claim what was his. Far were his wanderings and many were his battles on the hard road to the cold northern lands. Nagash travelled through lands where stalwart Dwarf warriors battled Orcs and Goblins and where the followers of Chaos still lurked. At last he arrived in the lands of the nascent Empire and

SKAVEN



CLAN SKRYRE POISON WIND GLOBADIERS



A REGIMENT OF CLAN PESTILENS' PLAGUE MONKS



A REGIMENT OF STORMVERMIN

UNDEAD



VAMPIRE LORD



WIGHT



NECROMANCER



ZOMBIE STANDARD BEARER



WIGHT



ZOMBIE STANDARD BEARER



ZOMBIES

took up residence within the long abandoned ruins of the Elf city of Athel Tamara. This was to be his base from which he would scour the north in search of his crown.

From the ruins Nagash sent messengers winging out to locate Kadon's heir. But Morath was dead. The evil mage had been slain by Sigmar, and the crown was in the possession of the first Emperor. Sensing its utter evil, he refused to use it and kept it under lock and key within his treasure vaults, far from the eyes of those who might be tempted by it.

Nagash sent a messenger to Sigmar's camp, claiming his crown and offering infinite riches for its return. A great cowed figure, mounted on the back of a carrion bird descended on the tribesmen. All quailed as the dark figure dismounted and presented its master's demands in a voice like a death-rattle.

The stench of evil and decay surrounded the messenger, and all who looked upon it became afraid and encouraged their leader to give way. However, Sigmar was not inclined to surrender the crown, and, seeing their leader's resolve, the warriors took heart. Their cheering was silenced when the messenger spoke once again, saying that they were fools and that they would not live to regret their folly. Sigmar raised his great hammer Ghal Mharaz and smote the Undead thing. It collapsed in on itself leaving only a foul dark cloak behind. Sigmar ordered the remains burned.

Nagash spent many months gathering his strength. His spells raised legions of the dead from their burial mounds and other dark things came at his call till a mighty army of the Undead was assembled. At last he was ready to make war against Sigmar and his followers. The great army of the walking dead marched through the primeval forests of the Empire, killing all those they encountered. Those they killed swelled their army's ranks. Many men were killed and many others driven before the Undead army to spread the word of its coming. Nagash understood how potent an ally fear was.

And the men of the north were afraid. They had vanquished the Orcs and driven all their enemies before them but they now they faced a foe that filled them with dread and was seemingly invincible. Of them all only Sigmar was unafraid. He sent to his Dwarf allies for aid, and they forged many potent weapons wrapped round with potent magics for the undoing of their necromantic foes.

The two armies met on the banks of the river Reik in the late spring of the year IC 15. It was an evenly matched and bitterly fought contest. The humans and the Dwarfs were resolute. The Undead regiments of animated Skeletons and walking corpses marched forward like automatons, every step perfectly synchronised to the beat of a massive, human-skinned drum. Carrion darkened the sky overhead. Vampires stalked through the red murk. Ghouls feasted on the dead and the wounded alike. Wights clutched men in their cold grip. The army of Nagash charged and broke like a wave against the stolid Dwarf shield wall. The forces of Sigmar counter-charged and a huge general melee broke out that pitted man against monster in single combat all across the field of battle.

Amid all the death two god-like beings walked. Sigmar led charge after charge by the men of the Unberogen. His awesome warhammer turned him into a living engine of destruction and he left a wake of ruin behind him as he

waded through his foes. Mounted on a great black chariot Nagash drove through the fray, a howling black runeword clutched in his mighty metal fist. In the centre of the battle the two titans clashed. Sigmar vaulted up onto the running board of the chariot and wrestled with the Liche. It was a contest of awesome strengths that sent the two of them tumbling from the vehicle to clash on the honest earth.

For an hour the two fought while the battle rolled on all around them. Nagash stabbed Sigmar in the arm, and the wound was poisoned. Feeling his strength seep away Sigmar launched himself into a final berserk assault. The hammer became a thunderbolt in his hands. He struck home time and again driving the Great Necromancer before him right to the banks of the Reik. Nagash summoned his most potent minions to aid him. Vampires leapt on the first Emperor. He struck right and left, crushing them utterly.



Sensing that his foe was weakening Nagash stood his ground. Sigmar stood panting before him. Both knew that this was the final conflict. The wounded Sigmar threw himself forward once again. His hammer descended like a meteor. Nagash parried and the hammer was halted. For a long moment the two strained against each other. Sparks flew as their weapons met. The thunder of metal on metal drowned out the screams of the dying. Steel sinews pitted themselves against unnatural vitality. Cold blue eyes glared into awful empty sockets. Then at last Sigmar prevailed, knocking aside the Great Necromancer's blade and smashing his weapon down on the head of his foe.

As the Necromancer fell, a dark cloud emerged from his cracked skull and rose like a plume of poison gas over the battlefield before drifting off south. The legions animated by his dark will collapsed. Skeletons fell into piles of bone. Zombies stumbled and fell, decomposing before the eyes of the watchers till they became pools of rot on the ground. Vampires and Ghouls fled into the deep woods. Only when the battle was over did Sigmar stumble and fall.

It took the man-god several months to recover from the wound Nagash inflicted and he never regained his full strength. On the other hand it took the Great Necromancer many centuries to once more take on mortal form in the great sarcophagus in Khemri. He had learned a bitter lesson. Now there were powers in the world who could catch him. He resolved to be more careful next time. From that day, he has dwelled within Nagashizzar, a pale shadow of his former mighty self, and uses a web of agents to do his will.

CHAPTER APPROVED

SM

THE GAME PRESERVE

1251 North U.S. 31 (Greenwood Park Mall) Greenwood, IN 46142
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Come and attend The Game Preserve's Games Day June 11th in the Greenwood Park Mall. Twenty-five tables of gaming fun including Warhammer 40,000, Space Marine, Warhammer Fantasy Battle, Space Hulk, Man O' War, Warhammer Fantasy Role Play and much more! There will be a painting contest with 3 categories: 1.) Best Single Citadel figure 2.) Best Vehicle, War Machine or Dreadnought 3.) Best Vignette. All entries are due by noon on June 11th. Call the store for more information.

Upcoming Events!

June 3rd – Man O' War. **June 4th** – Warhammer 40,000, also bring a primed miniature for a painting seminar. **June 18th** – Space Marine. **June 25th** – Warhammer Fantasy Battle. **June 24th** – Man O' War, also bring a primed miniature for a painting seminar. In June every Wednesday is Space Hulk. Beginners are welcome to all events.



Top Row: Enthusiasts enjoying an exciting game of Warhammer Fantasy Battle. Center: The Game Preserve's Terminators boldly advance through a Genestealer-infested Space Hulk to reach their final objective.



SPACE HULK



Below: If you've never played a Games Workshop game, but think it might be fun, just pop over to The Game Preserve and join in, or ask one of their friendly staff how to get started in the Games Workshop lobby. Space Hulk is one of the many Games Workshop games played on a regular basis.



SPACE MARINE®

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By Mark Watts

Can you quake cannon a building? Can you carry allied troops in your transport vehicles? Exactly when can you target a command unit? All this and more is answered as Mark explores some of the questions raised by several years of hard fought battles.

CHAOS

Can Chaos cards be played on a Lord of Battle in order to nullify the effects of hits, and if so when can they be played?

Yes they can, as the Lord of Battle is in essence a Greater Daemon bound into a mechanical form and as such is subject to all the rules that normally apply to Greater daemons unless otherwise stated. After a failed armour save but before the dice roll is made to determine the effect of a hit, the Chaos player has the option of using a card in order to save the Lord of Battle.

Remember when this happens the Chaos cards are fanned out and your opponent draws one at random from your hand placing it on the discard pile.

Can the special attributes on the Chaos card be applied to a Greater Daemon or Primarch?

Yes, as long as the "when played" instructions on the card refer to a model as opposed to a unit. It is important to note that the special attributes cannot be used to effect the Lord of Battle in any way as it is constrained by its mechanical form.

When Playing the Chaos card invisibility, when exactly during the combat phase does it take effect?

The Chaos player can use it when he wants to stop an incoming attack, either by shooting or close combat, but it must be played before any attack dice are rolled. Any shots targeted by the enemy at the unit before it disappears are lost and cannot be used to shoot at other units.



Does the Aura of Slaanesh, as cast by the Keeper of Secrets require line of sight?

No, the aura of Slaanesh is simply a "feeling" that insinuates itself into the mind overcoming some models within a set radius of the Greater Daemon. It is not a physical attack and therefore does not require a line of sight.

When playing the Assault rules can a Greater Daemon or Primarch be placed on the table under the hidden set up rule?

No, Greater Daemons, Primarchs and the Eldar Avatar are all too easily detected to be hidden.



Can Chaos Space Marines use vehicles and weapon support cards that are available for normal Space Marines?

Yes. Before the Chaos Space Marines turned traitor they had access to all the same equipment as their loyal brothers. It is fair therefore to assume that a lot of it would still be in use and although some cards are provided in the Renegades box set there obviously wasn't enough room to include everything. For a full list of the equipment you can consult the Imperial Wargear section in the rule book from Armies of the Imperium. Also in this set are the support cards for such weapons as the Thunderhawk Gunship, Vindicator Heavy Support Tank, Tarantula and Mole Mortar. However, as a Chaos player you can only buy these weapons as support (Minion) cards never as the larger company cards available to Space Marines. It is important to remember that all this wargear can only be used by the Chaos Space Marines and not any other race within the Chaos Army. You cannot for example use the Thunderhawks Gunships to transport Lesser Daemons or mortal followers like Chaos Squats or Minotaurs. This rule also applies to any other army using the transport vehicles of their allies - Space Marines in Eldar Falcon Grav Tanks for example.

If a Greater Daemon or Primarch is killed whilst under a psychic lock from an Eldar Warlock, can it be saved with a Chaos Card?

Yes, the psychic lock only renders its victim immobile so as long as it was hit by a conventional weapon and not one of those mentioned elsewhere in this article it can be saved.

If a Greater Daemon or Primarch is hit by an attack made from an Eldar Warphunter is allowed to be saved with a Chaos Card?

No. Because both greater Daemons and Primarchs are creatures of the Chaos dimension – the source of all psychic energy – they are particularly vulnerable to attacks that harness the same power. This rule also applies to attacks made by Ork Weirdboy psychic bolts, Space Marine Librarians' Destroy Daemon power, Warlock Mind Blasts, Eldar prism cannon and the Eldar Warlock Titan's psychic lance.

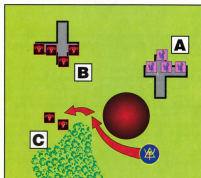
If a Greater Daemon or Primarch is killed by the Eldar Avatar can it be saved by playing a Chaos card?

No. The Avatar is a creature wholly animated by the psychic power of the warlike thoughts of the Eldar in its craftworld. As such, any damage it inflicts is treated as being a psychic attack to which Greater Daemons and Primarchs are especially vulnerable.

ELDAR

Most questions that crop up concerning the Avatar appear to be about the Blood Rage rule that makes it compulsory for him to move towards the nearest enemy model. The best way to explain the most common questions asked is with the aid of the following diagram.

The Avatar is facing two enemy units, the Daemonettes on the right and the Chaos Beastmen on the left, both deployed in buildings.



Avatar



Beastmen



Daemonettes of Slaanesh

A. Although the Daemonettes are the closest unit, the Avatar has no line of sight to them (all the stands have been placed against the opposite edge of the building) and so must move toward the Beastmen.

B. Avatar must take the shortest direct route to them but is allowed to move around impassable terrain, minefields or in this case a Vortex missile template (he may be possessed by a Blood Rage but he isn't stupid).

C. As the Avatar passes the wood, two other Beastmen stands previously hidden from his line of sight come into view. They have now become the closest target and the Avatar switches direction in order to engage them in close combat. If he hasn't reached them during the movement phase of that turn he can throw his spear at any of the Beastmen stands within 15cm during the first fire phase.

Can the Avatar enter a building?

Yes, and while inside receives all the normal to hit modifiers if fired upon. This rule also applies to both Greater Daemons and Primarchs.

Do Wave Serpents receive order counters if they've just fired their warp waves?

Yes. This special attack takes place before the order counters are placed at the beginning of the turn so the Wave Serpents are still allowed to move as normal. As they are now shieldless and have no other defensive weapons the only thing worth doing is placing them on charge orders in order to get them to a place of safety or as far away from the enemy as possible.

What is the effect of the warp wave on "dug in" (See the Assault rules in the Space Marines Battle book or WD 144) models?

If the warp wave is fired then any vehicles or infantry stands it passes over are pushed aside, possibly taking a hit in the process, and lose their -1 to hit modifier for being dug in. Infantry inside fortifications like bunkers may elect to remain inside but are subject to the same results and effects of the wave attack as everybody else. If the Wave Serpent is using the warp wave as a shield it obviously cannot effect any models in terrain that it cannot pass over like woods, buildings or fortifications and so they retain their dug in status.

Can Wave Serpents turn off their warp waves for a turn?

Yes, although it must be done at the start of the turn.

Can Vibrocannons and Lascannons make pop up attacks?

No. The anti grav motors only provide enough power to enable these two weapons platforms to glide smoothly a few inches above the ground. Unless it says specifically on the vehicle or weapon stat line that it is a skimmer, then it doesn't possess the pop up attack ability.

Can a Warlock make a psychic attack when being transported within his Falcon Grav tank?

Yes, as long as he has a line of sight as normal. This rule also applies to Space Marine Librarians inside Rhinos and Ork Weirdboys, who are not actually allowed out from inside their Battletowers in case they decide to make a run for it.

Do either the Warlock's Psychic Lock or Mind Blast effect Robots?

No, these types of attack cannot harm automated machines like Robots and Tinbots although they do effect Dreadnoughts of all races as these contain sentient or living beings.

If a model is pinned by a psychic lock and unable to fight back is it automatically destroyed if engaged in hand to hand combat?

No, the model can still use its CAF score against its opponent's attack although he may not roll any dice himself, and there is no chance of the locked model destroying its opponent.

TITANS

What is the maximum number of weapons a Warlord Titan can mount?

Four interchangeable weapons including fire control centres and carapace landing pads plus a weapon or combat head, one tail (Chaos Titans only) and two carapace multi lasers.

Does the fire control centre modifier apply to barrages?

Yes, but not those with a mandatory scatter roll like the vortex or barrage missile.

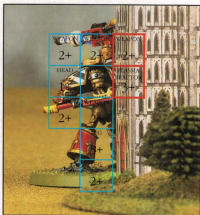
Does a Titan count as being involved in close combat when attacking a building?

No, and as such can be targeted during the shooting segment of the combat phase. If the Titan fails to destroy the building it does not count as pinned and can move away in the following turn.

If a Titan is in or behind a wood can they be seen and if so shot at normally?

The answer to this is yes as a Titan is just too big to be concealed by a wood. A building is a different matter and Titans if placed directly behind them can be considered out of line of sight and therefore hidden. When firing at a Titan behind terrain an obstacle do not apply the to hit modifiers. Instead, cover up the parts of the hit location template which are obscured by terrain. Any shot that deviates onto one of these areas can be said to have hit the terrain rather than the Titan. Take a model's eye view to gauge what can and what cannot be hit.

A Banelord Titan's hit location template as seen from the front – in this case sheltering behind a wood. Any shots deviating into the red areas would explode in the wood rather than hitting the Banelord. This is a particularly useful tactic to remember when facing Ork Gargants who could be firing chain shot from their belly gun as it protects the Titan's vulnerable legs.



Clear line of sight.



Line of sight blocked by terrain.

In this example the Reaver Titan is using the building to protect its vulnerable plasma reactor from any shots fired from this side. This is a useful tactic when fighting a fast moving enemy like the Eldar who are capable of getting units around your flanks or rear.

Can a Titan still fire its other weapons if it is in the process of attacking a building with a battle claw, power fist or other close combat weapon?

Yes. Any Titan in base contact with a building can carry out an attack with a close combat weapon whether it's on first fire, advance or charge orders.

Can a quake cannon destroy buildings?

Yes. Despite the fact that it doesn't use a barrage template the sheer size and weight of a shell from this weapon can burst apart most buildings.

As the Eldar Titan's pulsar weapon can use a barrage template can it destroy buildings?

No. In this case the template itself represents the area within which targets can be hit by the rapidly fired laser pulses (in much the same way as a flame template) and effects the building no more than any other weapon. Another example of this rule is the Buzzer Squig template fired from the Squig Katapult. Although capable of stripping a body to the bone in seconds, the Buzzer Squigs are unable to eat stone and so are incapable of harming buildings or similar fortifications.

A Phantom Titan armed with a Tremor Cannon is aiming at a target and a friendly unit is in the way. Can it take the shot anyway?

No. Eldar, Space Marines, Imperial Guard and Squats would never deliberately shoot at one of their own units. This rule doesn't apply to either Orks or Chaos who regard casualties caused by their own weapons as either an acceptable fact of war, or simply bad luck.

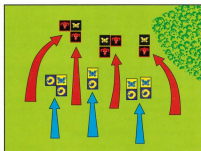
CLOSE COMBAT

There have been many questions concerning close combat that people would like explained or just clarified, not least those that involve command units.

By far the most common question we've received concerns the ability to target command units in both the shooting phase and close combat. The simple rule that answers all the variations of this question is that command units can never be shot at or targeted by any weapon if there are other units of the same class in line of sight that are closer. In Super-heavy battle tanks in the case of a super-heavy command tank, infantry in the case of an infantry command unit, and so on.

In this example of close combat two Chaos units are attacking an Imperial Guard support detachment and their company command unit. The Chaos Space Marines charge forward and attack the support stands enabling the Beastmen to charge past both combatants and engage the Imperial Guard HQ in close combat.

Note that the command units in the second line may only be charged if there is both a clear path through the first line of units wide enough for the model to pass through, and all of the first line of units are engaged. Units may only be ignored and charged past if they are already engaged in hand to hand combat with another unit.



- Thousand Sons Chaos Space Marines
- Imperial Guard Company Command
- Beastmen
- Imperial Guard Support Detachment

Can a ground unit attack a flyer at low altitude in close combat?

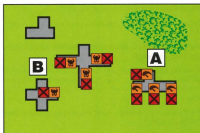
Yes. Flyers at low level are assumed to be lying close to the ground in order to maximise the amount of cover available and therefore take the risk of being attacked by ground units.

Can a transport vehicle disembark the troop stands that it is carrying if it is engaged in close combat?

Yes, so long it hasn't already moved that turn. The exception to this rule is if the transport vehicle itself charges into close combat in which case the infantry are allowed to disembark in the following turn's movement phase regardless of whether the vehicle is pinned or not.

If you charge into close combat do you always have to engage a model from the front?

No, but charging units must take the shortest possible route to reach their targets. You can therefore only attack the side or rear of an enemy unit if you begin the charge in their side or rear arc.



- Space Marine Assault Troop
- Squad Berserker
- Squad Thunderers

Most of the questions that we got about close combat within building can best be answered with the aid of this example. During this game between a Squad and Space Marine army the Squats have occupied some vital buildings and now remain on first fire.

A. In this particular building a squad of Berserkers have deployed in such a way so as to occupy all the available space inside. The Space Marine Assault troops attacking the building are placed outside next to the stands that they are close combatting.

B. The Assault troops attacking the other buildings have no such problems as the defending Thunderer squad have deployed in such a way that there is plenty of room inside the buildings. Taking full advantage of this error the Assault troops have chosen to close combat the Thunderers from inside, resulting in a modifier of -2 to hit when the Thunderers take their defensive first fire shots. No such modifiers apply to the other Assault troops who must face the Berserker's defensive fire in the open outside the other building.

CONCLUSION

War in the forty-first millennium is hugely varied with many different races struggling for supremacy. Space Marine covers most of the situations which arise in battle but the possibilities are so vast that there are occasionally times when the rules seem unclear, or a particular situation lies outside the rules as they are written.

If this happens first read the relevant rules again, just to make sure you haven't missed something – it's very easy to misread or forget things in the heat of battle. If that doesn't help, then try to come to a reasonable interpretation between yourselves. Finally, if you cannot agree roll a D6 to see whose interpretation applies and get on with the battle. Above all have fun!

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GAMES DAY '94 GOLDEN DEMON

Each year Games Workshop holds a Games Day, an annual event gathering hundreds of gamers from across the country to join together in a frenzied day of gaming activities based around the whole spectrum of the Games Workshop hobby. Listed below are some of the day's exciting events. We hope to see you there!

Gaming Events • All day long you can join in on participation games of Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer, Space Marine, Man O' War, and Blood Bowl. • Introduction games - Don't know how to play? Many of the games will have everything provided. • Battle it out on the same fantastic types of scenery that you see each month in White Dwarf magazine.

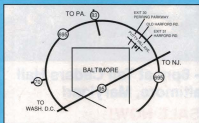
Golden Demon Painting Competition • The annual Games Workshop Miniature painting contest. • A fantastic showcase for hundreds upon hundreds of stunningly painted miniatures. • Entries accepted Games Day only. Look for Competition Categories in this White Dwarf. • Test your metal against the best painters in the country!

Games Workshop Studio Staff • Get firsthand details about upcoming games, projects, and miniatures from the designers themselves! • A perfect time to ask game questions, check out the latest artwork, or just chat about the hobby with the likes of Andy Chambers, Jes Goodwin, and Dave Gallagher.

Screaming Hordes of Pewter • The Games Workshop retail stand will be there with all the latest games, miniatures, and back issues of White Dwarf.

Scenery Clinic • Ever wonder how the Games Workshop studio makes the stunning terrain pieces featured in White Dwarf? There will be scenery demonstrations all day by GW staffer Owen Branham so be sure to stop by, ask questions, and check it out.

Door prizes, introduction games, painting demonstrations, and more, this won't be a day to miss!



Games day/Golden Demon will be held **Saturday, July 30th**

Tall Cedars Hall
Putty Hill Ave.,
Baltimore, Maryland

Tickets at the door will be \$5.00. Tickets purchased in advance are \$3.00. Please note we will reserve some tickets at the door, but to guarantee admission we strongly suggest purchasing tickets in advance. Tickets may be purchased through any Games Workshop store or order directly at:

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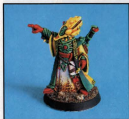
GAMES DAY '94

GOLDEN DEMON

Each year, the Golden Demon Awards bring the best miniature painters and modellers together in a challenging competition designed to test their skills to the limit. On these pages we present a full set of categories for this year's competition. You can enter as many categories as you wish, so be sure to register at Games Day July 30th and get to work painting those miniatures. This year it could be your turn to win a prize!



1994 GOLDEN DEMON AWARD CATEGORIES



1. Best Warhammer 40,000 Single Miniature

Any single Warhammer 40,000 miniature on a standard round slottabase.

2. Best Warhammer 40,000 Squad

This category is for the best Warhammer 40,000 squad chosen from the Squads section of the Codex army lists. Note: Space Marine squads must be full ten-man squads and not five-man combat squads. Other races may be chosen within the army list parameters (ie: Striking Scorpions 5 models, Dark Reapers 3 models, Death Skull Mob 5-20 models, Snotling Herd 2-10 bases plus Runtherd, Genestealers 5 models etc). All models must be presented on standard slottabases.

3. Best Warhammer 40,000 Vehicle

This category is open to a single Warhammer 40,000 vehicle or Dreadnought model.

WARHAMMER®

4. Best Warhammer Single Miniature

This category is open to single Warhammer foot or mounted miniatures. All models must be presented on appropriate slottabases up to a maximum size of 25mm x 50mm (a cavalry base) ie: not models on 40mm x 40mm bases.

5. Best Warhammer Command Group

Entries for this category consist of any four Warhammer miniatures on their standard slottabases (25mm x 50mm maximum size as for single miniatures). Your entry must include four of the following five models for any one army: an Army General, an Army Standard Bearer, a Regimental Musician, a Regimental Champion or a Wizard.

6. Best Warhammer Monster

This category is open to all Warhammer monsters on 40mm x 40mm standard slottabases. You may include a rider if you wish. ie: Orc Wyvern, Chaos Dwarf Bull Taurus, Ogre, etc.



SPACE MARINE®

7. Best Epic Model

This category includes either a single model of a Titan or a Gargant or a unit of up to three Super Heavy Vehicles or Chaos Daemon War Engines.





8. Best Battle Scene

Entries for this category must consist of a battle scene from either Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer or Space Marine. The entire display must not be larger than 8 inches by 8 inches and the maximum permitted height is 12 inches.



The model should have at least two miniatures arranged in a combat scene but otherwise there is no restriction on theme or content.

SPECIAL COMPETITIONS

This year, as well as the Golden Demon Awards, we will be holding two additional competitions.

Young Bloods Competition

Entries for this category consist of any single miniature.



The Young Bloods category is open to competitors aged 14 or under.



Space Marine Chapter Design Competition

This category consists of a single Warhammer 40,000 Space Marine miniature painted in a new Chapter color scheme designed by the entrant.

The judges will be looking for original and imaginative ideas rather than brilliantly painted models, although clean, neat painting will help to show your ideas in the best light.

The winning design in the category will be used to create a new Chapter of Space Marines, which will then be featured in White Dwarf magazine.

GOLDEN DEMON COMPETITORS GUIDELINES

- 1.) All entries must be Citadel miniatures.
- 2.) All single miniatures must be mounted on the appropriate gaming bases. To help the judges compare the entries, we prefer these to be painted green.
- 3.) Slight conversions are allowed, but must adhere to the atmosphere of the game world and spirit of the miniatures.
- 4.) The judges will be looking for well-painted miniatures that adhere to the imagery of Games Workshop's fantasy universes.
- 5.) No entries from any previous Games Day will be accepted.

- 6.) All miniatures to the 1994 competition must be personally entered in at Games Day. No postal or store entries will be accepted.
- 7.) The greatest care will be taken with all competitors' entries, but Games Workshop can accept no responsibility for models that are accidentally damaged or broken.
- 8.) Entry into the competition gives Games Workshop the right to display, photograph and publish any entry as they see fit. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.



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NAGGAROTH NIGHTMARES

The twisted, degenerate Dark Elf race is infamous for the worship of weird and deviant violence, and Blood Bowl fits into their religious beliefs very well indeed. The Naggaroth Nightmares are a cruel, ultra-violent team, and consequently do very well at the game. The combination of high intelligence, natural grace, degenerate violence and hatred of all living things has helped them to the top several times.



DARK ELF BLITZER



WITCH ELF



WITCH ELF



DARK ELF BLITZER



DARK ELF LINEMAN



DARK ELF THROWER



DARK ELF LINEMAN



DARK ELF LINEMAN



THE NAGGAROTH NIGHTMARES BLOOD BOWL TEAM

BLOOD BOWL®

By Jervis Johnson and Carl Brown

The new version of Blood Bowl has just been released and here for all you sports fans is a report on a complete game played between Jervis Johnson – head coach of the Reikland Reavers and Orc Boss Carl Brown, coach of Da Deff Skwadd.

BLOOD BOWL FRENZY

For the last few months, it has often felt as if Blood Bowl frenzy had broken out in the Games Workshop Studio. Almost as soon as it was revealed that Jervis was working on a revision of the game of football mayhem, a Studio league was set up to playtest the rules. Every morning, the wall chart in our tea-room was scrutinised as players bragged, boasted or bemoaned their luck in the previous night's games.

In our first season, Andy Chamber's Skavenblight Scramblers romped home to victory by winning the Dungeonbowl, Bloodweiser Cup and Blood Bowl in rapid succession. His team acquired such a reputation for breaking the opposition that even a request for a friendly game would be met with much shuffling of feet, casual whistling and sudden memories of long forgotten, but now absolutely urgent tasks!

While the game was going through the production process and last minute tweaks made to the rules, the fever died down for a while. Now with the release of the new boxed edition, a brand new league has been set up, fresh teams are being painted and the mayhem has started all over again.

THE NEW GAME

Seasoned Blood Bowl players will welcome this latest version, as it incorporates many of the rule changes, modifications and suggestions you've written in with over the last few years. As a game system expands and grows, it inevitably reaches a point where the entire system is due for an overhaul. In recent years, Space Marine, Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 have all been tidied up in this way and the time had come to take a fresh look at Blood Bowl. The original game had gone through two





editions and with its three supplements had become quite arcane and impenetrable for new gamers.

The new version resolves all of this. Not only does the system incorporate all of the best rules and most exciting aspects of the previous editions, it also incorporates many of Games Workshop's recent games design innovations. A good example is the use of the new *Block Dice*. Space Marine was the first of our games to introduce special dice as a simple but effective way of resolving complex combat situations. Later on, specially designed dice were also included in the revised editions of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 in the form of *Artillery*, *Scatter* and *Sustained Fire* dice.

The effect of using dice in this way is to dramatically speed up gameplay by avoiding the need to refer to printed tables. In Blood Bowl, the number of *Block Dice* you can roll depends upon the relative strength of the players involved in the block. Generally, the stronger you are, the more dice you are allowed to roll, and the more likely you are to get the result you want (normally sending the other guy nose down on the pitch!). However, there is no such thing as a certain result and occasionally even a towering Minotaur can be brought down by a humble Halfling!

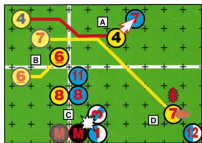
For new players to the game, the latest edition of Blood Bowl provides the perfect opportunity to become the head coach of a team of armoured psychos all ready to block, pass, catch and tackle their way to the heady heights of the Blood Bowl championships. While the game has been in development, the Citadel Miniatures design teams have all been working hard and the next few months should see brand new sets of teams and star players for all the races of the Old World.

THE GAME REPORT

Over the last year or so, the battle reports in White Dwarf have grown to become a regular monthly feature. So much so, that for many people, it's the first thing they turn to when they open the latest issue. Although we've presented many games of Warhammer, Space Marine and Warhammer 40,000, we've deliberately never covered any of our other popular game systems such as Blood Bowl or Space Hulk.

The reason for this is quite simple. Writing a report of a fantasy wargame like Warhammer 40,000 is a relatively uncomplicated affair. The game lasts from three to six turns during which each player can move shoot or fight with all of their units. By drawing maps and taking photographs, we can easily follow the flow of the game. Blood Bowl is a little more tricky. The game lasts for thirty-two turns, and during each turn an indeterminate number of things can happen! Unlike Warhammer or Space Marine, the game is also played on a pitch with a square grid. This means that you have to keep an exact record of the position of up to twenty two players in order to determine who could block who, where the tackle zones were and how far the players could move!

After much thought, we solved these problems in a couple of innovative ways. First of all we created a Blood Bowl map kit on one of our computers, which consisted of a representation of the playing pitch together with sets of numbered symbols for the players. In fact we created two sets of symbols, one group in full colour and the second set in faded tint. In this way, we could use the solid colour to show where a player was currently positioned and the tint to show where he had moved from. A coloured line between the two markers indicated the direction of the move and a red line showed a *Blitz* action – which is a move and block together (see the diagram below).



In the above example: (A) Orc player number 4 declares a Blitz action and runs forward to block Human lineman 7. When the dice are rolled, he only manages to push him back. (B) Orc number 6 then moves forward to stand next to Human player 11 and so put him in a tackle zone. (C) The Orcs' Ogre "Morg 'n' Thor" blocks Human Blitz player 3 pushing him back and knocking him to the ground (this is shown by the number lying on it's side). Morg then follows up and occupies the square previously occupied by his dazed opponent. (D) Finally, Orc lineman 7 runs through the gap in attempt to pick up the ball. Because the Human thrower is standing right next to him it's a -1 to his dice roll and he fails. The ball scatters one square and ends up lying next to him on the pitch.

Because of the failure of this action, the Orcs' turn ends and it's the Humans to go!

Even using this system, we still had a few problems, such as when a player ended his move standing in a spot that had been occupied by a different model earlier in the turn. After trying various methods to depict this, we decided that gamers are on the whole an intelligent lot and could work out the few occasions when this happened for themselves.

When we came to play the game, we set up the board on a table alongside the computer. This meant that as the game progressed we could update the computer maps and by saving a new map for each turn, build up a complete record of the game. At the same time, we also used an unusual method of actually recording the game. Normally, we just take handwritten notes of a game and sketch out any interesting moves. This time we used a tape recorder to keep a running commentary on this action as it unfolded.

Blood Bowl lends itself perfectly to this approach and Carl and Jervis took it in turns to narrate the game while the other person was making their moves.

At times, the tape transcript got a bit wild, especially when something dramatic was taking place. For example, at the end of the game you can hear Carl yelling "...and he makes three dodges to get to the square and does it! He picks up the ball, it's a three plus roll and he makes it!!!(unintelligible!)...goes for the extra square and makes it!!!" but on the whole the method worked really well.

All things considered, this was an exciting new way of reporting a game. Although the maps might look a bit like the London Underground at first, they are actually quite simple. If you follow them through from turn to turn, you should be able to keep track of the individual players. Better still, get out your Blood Bowl pitch and set up the game. You should then be able to follow the action as it happens. We had a lot of fun doing this and we hope you enjoy reading it.

THE HUMAN TEAM (Jervis Johnson)



There I was, happily sitting at my desk, minding my own business, when up strode Robin Dews, editor of this very magazine. "Jervis," he said, "we need a Blood Bowl match report to go in White Dwarf. I thought you and Carl could play a game for us to write up. Jervis, come back here! Quick lads!!" he yelled, turning to his faithful editorial assistants, "stop him before he gets out of the Studio..."

Why the hasty departure? Well Carl is an exceptionally good Blood Bowl coach, witnessed by the fact that his Orc team (the famous 'Deff Skwadd') has competed in two of the last four Blood Bowl Tournaments in the Studio over the last year. This being the case is it surprising that I did my best to get out of the match? Of course it isn't! Still, Robin can be very, erm, convincing if he wants to be (and the cattleprod he'd brought along with him certainly added to the force of his argument...), so with some trepidation I agreed to play the Human team against Carl's Orcs. After all, I thought, it's not like I'm not used to losing games that are printed in White Dwarf.

The first, and possibly most important step in playing a Blood Bowl match is to pick your team. The two starting teams you get in the Blood Bowl game are well balanced and extremely capable. However, I personally feel that a Blood Bowl team just isn't right unless it includes one arrogant but talented superstar, so I decided to include Griff Oberwald in my lineup. He fitted the bill perfectly, being both incredibly arrogant and awesomely talented! Griff took the place of one of the Blitzers in my team and even then I had to lose a couple of team re-rolls in order to be able to afford him. However, this did leave me with 10,000 gold pieces left over, which I used to increase my team's fan factor by a point – obviously these extra fans were Griff Oberwald groupies who followed him wherever he played!

With my team chosen it was time to come up with some kind of over-all game plan, which meant I needed to get some idea of what the opposition were like (a plan's not much use unless it takes the opposing team into account!). A surreptitious peek at Carl's team roster revealed that he had decided to include a star player of his own – no less than that hulking mountain of destruction Morg 'n' Thor! A protest to the head referee (in this case Robin Dews) that the use of Star Players over 10 feet tall shouldn't be allowed earned me nothing but a callous laugh from Robin, who pointed out that I shouldn't have written the rules for Morg if I didn't want to have to play against him! This meant that I was going to have to figure out some way to beat Carl's team without resorting to outside interference. With a muttered curse I retreated to my desk, and started to try to figure out a cunning plan.

Some hours later I decided that if I couldn't come up with a cunning plan, then a simple plan would just have to do – in fact in my experience a simple plan will beat a cunning plan most days of the week anyway! I knew that Carl's team was well-hard, especially now that they had Morg in their ranks. This



THE REIKLAND REAVERS



HUMAN THROWERS

1

12

MA ST AG AV

6 3 3 8

Skills: Sure Hands and Pass

HUMAN BLITZER

3

MA ST AG AV

7 3 3 8

Skills: Block

HUMAN CATCHERS

4

5

MA ST AG AV

8 2 3 7

Skills: Catch and Dodge

HUMAN LINEMEN

6

7

8

MA ST AG AV

6 3 3 8

Skills: None

9

10

11



HUMAN STAR PLAYER

G

Griff Oberwald

MA ST AG AV

8 4 4 8

Skills: Block, Dodge, Leap, Sprint and Sure Feet

meant that on offence I would have to try to avoid a bruising stand-up fight, and instead rely on smashing a small hole in his line and then running through the gap with my fast Catchers and Blitzers. If I could get enough players deep there would be a good chance I could pass the ball to one of them and score a quick and easy touchdown.

Defence was going to be a lot more tricky, because I was almost certainly going to have to get the ball off one of Carl's players – which is not easy when the player in question is big, green and very, very mean!

My best opportunity to achieve this would be early in Carl's drive, before he could move the player who'd picked up the ball towards the protection of the mass of Orc players on the line of scrimmage. In order to try and achieve this, my plan was to try and slow up Carl's Orcs at the line of scrimmage by creating a deep defence that they wouldn't be able to break through in one turn. This should hold them up near the half-way line, and then in my own turn I would try to get Griff (with his very handy *Leap* skill) plus any other support I could muster into Carl's half of the field to try and hunt down the ball-carrier.

This was quite enough planning for my frazzled brain to cope with, and in any case it is rare for a plan (no matter how brilliant) to last much longer than a turn or two once exposed to the crazy situations that invariably develop during the course of an average game of Blood Bowl. This meant that in order to win this game I was going to have to be flexible, to think on my feet, to come up with effective counter-plays and brilliant tactical plays at the drop of a hat – either that or I was going to have to be very, very lucky indeed!

THE ORC TEAM
(Carl Brown)

When Robin asked me to be the coach of the Orcs for a Blood Bowl match report in *White Dwarf* I was more than happy to say yes. However when he said Jervis was going to be the coach of the Humans I started to have second thoughts. "Didn't he design the game?" I said. "Well yes, but he hasn't played with the Human team much...honest". I wasn't convinced that he was

being completely truthful but I accepted anyway, after all I was coach of the Orcs – An' dey's da best!

The selection of your team is one of the most important stages in a game of Blood Bowl. If you splash out on lots of skilled and expensive players you may find yourself a bit broke when it comes to buying fan factors and those down-saving re-rolls. When it came to picking the Orc team to play against Jervis I decided to use the team provided in the box as it has a good balance of players, three re-rolls and a fan factor of six! This decision soon had to be modified when I discovered Jervis had hired Griff Oberwald for the match. How could I counter this super-star of the Blood Bowl field I wondered? My first choice was Nobbla Blackwart – armed with his wickedly dangerous chainsaw he could hack down Griff and with a bit of luck, several of his team-mates! This would leave the rest of my team the simple task of wading through the survivors to score.

Unfortunately, the 'Eavy Metal team were still putting the finishing touches to the new Nobbla miniature and so there wouldn't be a painted model available for the game. As I racked my brain for an idea, a huge shadow passed over my minds eye and I had the answer – an Ogre! At 190,000 gold pieces Morg 'n' Thorg is expensive, but with a strength of 6 and the *Block* and *Mighty Blow* skills, he can quite easily splat Griff or anyone else he gets his hands on. In order to include Morg in the team I had to do a bit of reshuffling which left me with one less Blitzzer, a fan factor of three and two re-rolls. With my team assembled I led them off to the changing rooms for a pre-match team talk.

Anyone who plays Blood Bowl with Orcs will soon learn one very important lesson – their throwing game is not very reliable. By their very nature, these big, tough and aggressive players much prefer the running game.

I decided that on offense I would rely on Morg and the Black Orcs to power their way forward, creating a path for the ball-carrier to follow. The ball-carrier would be surrounded by a protective pocket of Orcs who would stop anyone that went for him. While this mob charged down the centre of the field I would try and work one or two players down the flanks to threaten a pass action and thus spread the opposing defence thinly across a broad frontage (making it easier to break through the centre, hee-hee!).

On defence I had to try and stop Jervis' Catchers from sprinting into my backfield giving his Thrower several targets

to choose from. Because Catchers are the weakest players on the field, they tend to avoid the majority of the fighting. This means they are usually placed at the sides of the pitch where they can dodge about and generally create a nuisance of themselves. To stop this happening I put the Black Orcs out wide where they could wring the Catchers' scrawny necks if they came too close. The front line was taken up by Morg supported by a couple of linemen. This little group's job was to slap anyone trying to come through the centre and, with the help of the big guy, try and get to the Human Throwers.

I kept my Blitzzer away from the line of scrimmage to work as a kind of fast reserve going to wherever Griff (and his *Leap* skill) turned up. I also kept a Thrower at the back to pick up the loose ball if the inevitable pass by the Human team went wrong. If I did manage to stop the Human drive and get the ball, I would try and create a pocket around the ball-carrier and send it stomping downfield in a slow but certain running play. So with grunts of semi-understanding, my team left the ready room and headed for the field. I took my place on the sidelines shouting encouragement and hoping to Gork that 'da ladz' would remember the plan.

A final word about the toss to see who kicks-off. If you win it as the Orc player, always choose to receive. You can then spend the entire first-half beating up the opposition and score on the very last down. This will leave you with a much reduced opposing team to defend against in the second half and make your job so much easier. I know its sneaky, underhand and downright dirty, but hey! who cares – dat's da Orcs for yer!

DA DEFF SKWADD



ORC THROWERS



MA ST AG AV

5 3 3 8
Skills: Sure Hands and Pass

ORC BLITZER



MA ST AG AV

6 3 3 9
Skills: Block

BLACK ORC BLOCKER



MA ST AG AV

4 4 2 9
Skills: None

ORC LINEMEN



MA ST AG AV

5 3 3 9
Skills: None



OGRE STAR PLAYER



MA ST AG AV

6 6 3 10
Skills: Block, Mighty Blow, Throw Team Mate and Thick Skull

THE SET UP

"Good evening sports fans and welcome to the Altdorf Stadium for tonight's contest. Lined up for you this evening we have two great teams – Da Deff Skwadd under the leadership of coach Carl Brown and the Reikland Reavers who this season have been trained by coach Jervis Johnson. The teams are on the pitch and ready to kick off so let's go straight down to the action."

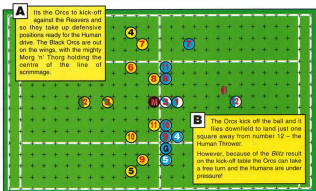
Jervis won the toss and decided to receive the kick so Carl sets his team up first. As you can see, he goes for a symmetrical defensive formation built around his Star Player – Ogre Morg 'n' Thorg – positioned on the line of scrimmage. Once the Orc team is in position, Jervis sets up his men. It looks like he's preparing for a drive down his left-hand side as Griff Oberwald is there, along with a couple of the Reavers' catchers.

Carl rolls on the Kick-Off table before he places the ball, and oh no! it's a *Blitz* result. This means that the Orcs get a free turn before the Reavers can even attempt to pick up the ball.

THE ORC BLITZ

"What a disastrous start for the Reavers. Looking over towards their dug-out, we can see coach Johnson headbutting the bench in frustration and the game's only just begun!"

The Orcs move into action. First of all, Morg 'n' Thorg blocks Human Blitz number 3. Morg has a strength of 6 and so he rolls two Block dice and kernunch! the Blitz is



THE FIRST HALF SET UP

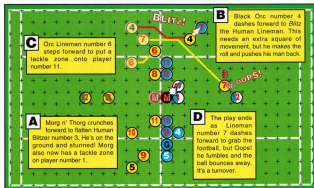
pushed back a square and knocked down. Morg follows up by moving into the empty space and the Orc coach rolls 2D6 to check for damage. Morg has the *Mighty Blow* skill and so gets a +1 on the roll and stuns his man who is placed face down on the pitch.

Black Orc number 4 now declares a *Blitz* action and rushes down the field, making his dice roll for an extra square of movement, and blocks Lineman number 7. He rolls two dice, but gets a *Both Down* result! Carl shakes his head and decides to use a team re-roll in order to make the block a second time. This time he gets a *Push Back* result and the Orc follows up into the space occupied by his opponent.

Next, Orc Lineman number 6 moves forward to stand adjacent to number 11. This means that the Human Lineman is now in his tackle zone and will have to make a dodge roll if he wants to move away.

Finally, Orc lineman number 7 runs down the pitch, taking two extra squares of movement. It's a desperate play, but he makes both of his dice rolls. He's in the square with the ball

but can he pick it up? His agility is three so he needs a 3+ but Human Thrower number 12 has a tackle zone on the square. This puts an extra -1 on the result, so he needs a roll of 4, 5 or 6 to scoop up the ball. It's a 3! The Orc fans groan and the ball scatters and bounces away to land in the adjacent space. Because Carl has already used a team re-roll this turn he can't try again and as he's attempted an action that's failed, his team turn ends. It's a turnover and the Reavers have everything to play for.

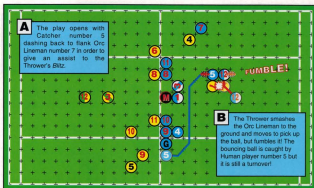


FIRST HALF – THE ORC BLITZ

ORC TURN 1

"Well even though the weather's been fine for days with no sign of rain, both teams seem to be treating that ball like a greased squid in a drop! Whaddya think Jim?"

First of all Carl makes all his 'safe' moves. Because the failure of most actions means the end of your go, it's very important to make any moves that don't require a dice roll at the start of your turn. In this case, Carl advances several of his players into positions where they can exert tackle zones against the Reavers' front line.



FIRST HALF - HUMAN TURN 1

HUMAN TURN 1

"Well the Reavers are under pressure here. Coach Johnson is going to have his work cut out clearing that football!"

Jervis's first move is to run back Catcher number 5. He plans to make a *Blitz* with Thrower number 12 and number 5 will be then be in position to give an assist. As Human player 12 and Orc number 7 both have the same strength of 3, he would normally only roll one Block dice for the attack. By using an assist, Jervis adds a +1 to his strength and so exceeds that of his opponent. He can now roll two Block dice and increase his chances of getting his man down.

Jervis declares a *Blitz* with Thrower 12 and gets a *Knock Down* result. The Orc is pushed back and placed face up on the pitch. Jervis rolls for the effects of the block, but the Orc passes his armour roll. Tough critters these greenskins!

The Thrower steps forward and attempts to pick up the ball. He needs a three or more but rolls a 1! He's got the *Sure Hands* skill so he can make a re-roll, but again he rolls a 1! As you can never re-roll any dice more than once, the Reavers' team turn ends due to a failed action.

The only thing left to do is to find out where the ball ends up. Using the Scatter Template and a D8 Jervis rolls for scatter. The ball moves one space sideways and ends up in the same square as Human Catcher number 5! As the player is on his feet he can make an attempt to grab the ball and he succeeds.

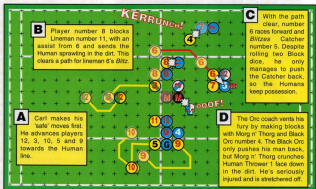
However, even through the Reavers have regained possession, they still failed to pick up the ball and so the turn ends and it's Da Deff Skwadd to go.

The Orcs then move into action with a vengeance. Orc Lineman number 8 blocks Human Lineman 11. Orc 6 lends an assist so that Carl can roll two Block dice and the Human goes down. The Orc follows up but fails to beat the Human's armour.



Carl now declares a *Blitz* and Orc Lineman number 6 runs downfield and blocks Catcher number 5. He gets a *Both Down* on the dice and decides to use the last of his team re-rolls to try to get a better result. He throws the dice again but because the Catcher has the *Dodge* skill only manages to push him back.

Frustrated by this outcome, Morg 'n' Thorg blocks number 1 and smashes him to the ground. His *Mighty Blow* skill adds one to the armour roll and his opponent is injured. Carl then rolls 2D6 to check the injury and it's serious! The Thrower is out of action for the rest of the game. First blood to the Orcs.



FIRST HALF - ORC TURN 1

A Star player Griff Oberwald leaps (literally) into action and screens out over the head of Black Orc number 5. He then Blitzes Orc Lineman number 11, sending him nose down in the dirt and heads off downfield towards the Orcs' end zone. What a star!

Lineman number 10 then follows through the gap to pin Orc Thrower number 12 in his tackle zone.

Catcher 4 slips away from Orc 9 and also runs off downfield to create the 'throw zone'. The crowd goes wild!

B Thrower 12 now dodges away from Orc 6, slips around the back of Catcher 5 who hands off the ball to his team mate. The Thrower then runs down the field and passes to Griff – it's complete!

C Finally, Jervis consolidates his play by moving players 7 and 6 towards the Orc line.

FIRST HALF – HUMAN TURN 2

HUMAN TURN 2

"Well the Reivers have survived the Orc assault and are still in possession Bob. Can they move with that football?"

Blitzer number 3 rolls over and groans as Jervis turns him face up. If you are knocked down in a block, your opponent rolls 2D6 against your armour value (AV) to see if they have injured you. If they exceed your AV then they roll 2D6 again to find out the extent of the damage. On a roll of 2-7 you are merely stunned and the model is placed face down on the pitch. During your next player turn the model can be turned onto its



back and in the subsequent turn, you can stand the model up at the cost of three movement points. Blitzer 3 was knocked down in the very first turn of the game, but Jervis forgot to roll him over in his turn 1 – an all too easy mistake!

Jervis now declares a *Blitz* action with Star Player Griff Oberwald. Griff uses his *Leap* skill to jump over the head of Black Orc number 5. He tests on his agility and easily makes the move. Griff now blocks Orc Lineman number 11 with an assist from Lineman number 10. It's a two-dice block and the Orc hits the dirt.

Without stopping for breath Griff spins on his heels, waves to the crowds and heads off downfield towards the Orcs' end zone.

Assisting in a block doesn't count as an action, so player number 10 runs through the hole created by Griff and faces off against Orc Thrower number 12. He is followed by Catcher number 4 who easily dodges away from Orc Lineman 9 and runs down the pitch to guard Griff's left flank. The Humans have now succeeded in creating a 'throw zone'. This is an area of the field where even if the pass is incomplete, the ball will remain surrounded by Human players.

Jervis now declares a *Pass* action. Thrower number 12 dodges away from Orc Lineman number 6. Oh no! he's failed, but Jervis spends a team re-roll and this time he gets the 3+ he needs. If this move had failed and 12 had gone down in the dirt, the Reivers would have been in serious trouble.

Number 12 now slips round the back of Lineman number 5 who hands-off the football. It's another 3+ roll, but the dice are good – the Thrower's got the ball and he's running!

The Thrower now heads downfield to reduce the range and moves into a position where he can see Griff Oberwald. It's still a Long Pass and with his agility of three, he needs a 5 or 6 to throw an accurate ball. It's a 6!!! The ball sails through the air and with his agility of four, Griff only needs a two or more to catch it. It's another 6!!! and a perfect completion. It's looking bad for the Deff Skwadd.

As the crowd roars, Catcher number 5 dodges out of the tackle zones of Orcs 6 and 7 moves into contact with Morg 'n' Thor. By putting the Ogre in a tackle zone, Jervis has ensured that he won't be free to move and *Blitz* next go.

ORC TURN 2

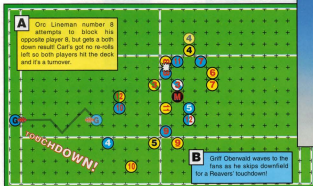
"What an astounding play by the Reavers' offense. Da Deff Skwadd are going to be very hard pressed to prevent another Griff Oberwald touchdown...is there no stopping this man?"

Following the rule of 'safe moves first', coach Carl Brown moves Black Orc number 4 into contact with Human Linemen 11 and 7. Carl wants to block Human Lineman number 8 with his own Orc Lineman 8 and the presence of the Black Orc will stop the Human from assisting his own team mate. If he can knock the Human to the ground, then Orc Blitzer number 3 will be free to Blitz: Griff. Having set up his attack, Carl rolls

two Block dice. Oh no! it's a disaster...both dice come up with a *Both Down* result. Carl has used up both of his team re-rolls already and so has to accept this result. To add insult to injury when the coaches roll for damage, the Human passes his test but the Orc Lineman is stunned!

HUMAN TURN 3

"Giving a quick weave so that the cameras can catch his good side, Griff runs into the Orcs end zone and bows to the fans. It's 1-0 to the Reavers!"

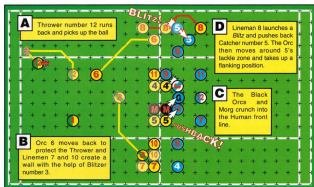


Star Player Griff Oberwald scores his 97th rushing touchdown.

FIRST HALF – ORC TURN 2 AND HUMAN TURN 3



Griff Oberwald takes the pass and heads off down field for a Reavers' touchdown.



FIRST HALF – ORC TURN 3

ORC TURN 3

"One-nil, but still plenty to play for. It's the Reavers to kick off and so it'll become a Deff Skwadd offensive drive. Now we'll really see the Orc steamroller in action, eh Bob?"



Jervis sets up first and rolls on the kick-off table. It's a *Bad Kick* result so the ball scatters 2D6 in a random direction rather than 1D6. It lands right next to the Orc end zone and the game is on.

First off, Thrower number 12 runs back and picks up the ball.

He needs a 3+ and easily makes it. Lineman number 6 then moves back to give the Thrower some protection and Blitz number 3 builds a solid wall with Linemen 7 and 10.

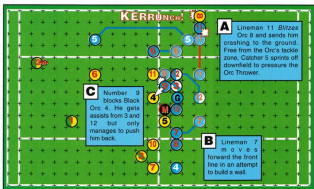
On the line of scrimmage, the assault begins. Morg "n" Thorg blocks Griff Oberwald and pushes him back. To his right, Black Orc number 5 blocks Lineman number 10 and pushes him back across the front of Morg. Then Black Orc 4 blocks Human Blitz number 3. He crunches him to the ground, but fails to hurt him.

HUMAN TURN 4

"Ouch! the Reavers front line will be nursing some bruises tonight. The Orcs are shaping up for one of their brutal pushes but do you think the Reavers can blunt it Jim?"

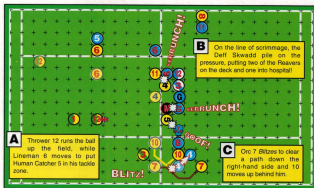
At the start of the turn, Jervis declares a *Blitz* and Lineman 11 dashes across the field to block Orc number 8. Catcher number 5 gives an assist so it's a two-dice block. *Kerrunch!* The Orc's on the ground but he's uninjured. Free of the Orc's tackle zone, Catcher number 5 sprints off into a downfield receiving position while behind him, Lineman 6 moves forward as the Humans begin to out flank the Orc line. On the left, Lineman 7 also moves forward to put a zone on Black Orc 5.

On the line of scrimmage, Lineman number 9 blocks Black Orc 4. He gets an assist from Blitz number 3 who'd just staggered to his feet and Thrower 12 who moved forward to lend a hand in the attack. The Black Orc gets an assist from Orc player 11 and so with combined strengths of five of each side it's still a one dice block. Jervis rolls the dice and gets a *Push Back*. He follows up his man and Jervis ends his turn.



FIRST HALF – HUMAN TURN 4





FIRST HALF - ORC TURN 4

ORC TURN 4

"Well Bob, we know that this style of play is firmly scrawled in the Orc book of 'Good Fings To Do When Playin' Blood Bowl'. What we can expect to see is a slow move down the field with the front line making a mess of the Reavers' defence and the ball-carrier following up."



At the start of the play, Lineman 6 moves over to pin the Human Catcher 5 in a tackle zone. This means that 5 will have to make a dodge roll in order to move away.

Orc Throwing number 12, then runs across the field to move the ball into a safer position behind the front line.

On the line of scrimmage, Black Orc 4 blocks Human number 9. The Orc gets an assist from Lineman 11, so it's a two dice block. Kerrunch! He pushes the Human back and sends him sprawling but unhurt. The Black Orc follows up to put tackle zones onto three more of the Reavers' front line players.

On the right, Orc Lineman number 7 declares a Blitz and crunches into Human Catcher 4. It's a two-dice block but he only gets a Push Back. Number 7 continues his run and skirts around the end of the

B On the line of scrimmage, the Delf Skwadd pile on the pressure, putting two of the Reavers on the deck and one into hospital!

C Orc 7 Blitzes to clear a path down the right-hand side and 10 moves up behind him.

Reavers' line to clear a lane down the right hand side of the field. Number 10 then follows up to place tackle zones onto Human players 8 and 4.

In the centre, Morg 'n' Thor blocks Lineman number 10 with two dice and gets two Both Down results! However, Morg has the Block skill and so only his opponent hits the dirt. Alongside him, Black Orc 5 makes another two-dice block on Lineman 7 and again Carl rolls two Both Down results! This time neither player has the Block skill and so they both hit the deck.

Both coaches roll for injuries to the opposing players and the Human Lineman is badly hurt. He's out for the rest of the game and it's second blood to the Orcs. However the block result was still a failed action and so it's a turnover.

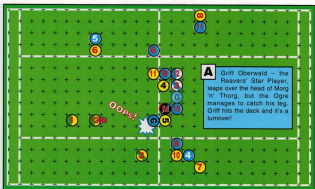
HUMAN TURN 5

"The Orc meat grinder is rolling now so what do you think...Wait! Griff's called a play!"

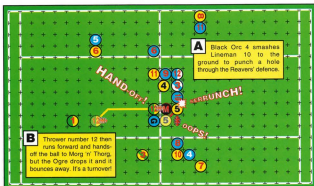
In a dazzling display of athletic ability Griff Oberwald declares a Blitz and leaps over the head of Morg 'n' Thor. He's rolling against his agility and so he needs a 3+ to make the move.

Oh no! he's rolled a 2. The crowd groans and coach Johnson throws down a team re-roll counter. This time he gets a 1! Griff Oberwald goes down on his face and it's a turnover. What a disaster for the Reavers!

"Well that's the way the game is played Bob... Don't jump Ogres unless you're ready for a fall!"



FIRST HALF - HUMAN TURN 5



FIRST HALF – ORC TURN 5

ORC TURN 5

"Griff appears to be unhurt Jim, so let's see how Da Deff Skvadd can make the most of this opportunity. It's Orc turn 5 with three more plays to half time."

Black Orc 5 scrambles to his feet and Blitzes Lineman number 10. The Human is knocked to the ground, but he's unhurt. The Black Orc follows up to stay in his face!

A great hole has now opened up in the Reavers' front line and so Thrower 12 dashes forward and hands off the football to Morg 'n' Thor. Morg's great hands reach out, but he fumbles the ball and it bounces away. It's a turnover and the ball's lying dead, almost on the line of scrimmage!

HUMAN TURN 6

"I can't believe this has happened! Both head coaches used up all their team re-rolls early in the game, and as this move shows, even the simplest action can spell disaster when you're rolling single dice with no second chance."

"You're right Bob, but even if you have 'em, re-rolls can't guarantee a move as Griff found out in the Reavers' last play."

Seizing their chance to recover the football, the Reavers move into action. Linemen 11 and 6 dash back around the back of their formation and slot into positions next to Black Orc number 5. With his team mates ready to give assists, Lineman number 10 staggers to his feet and Blitzes the Black Orc. It's another two-dice block and...Smash! the Orc is down. As he falls back, he

lands on top of the ball and it bobs away to land next to Lineman 8.

Calling for a Pass action, Thrower 12 dodges back, but is grabbed by Black Orc 4. He goes down on his nose and Jervis has no re-rolls left.

It's another turnover and the ball is still free inside the Reavers' half.

ORC TURN 6

"The ball's still free and the crowd are going wild. What can coach Brown do to recover his drive?"

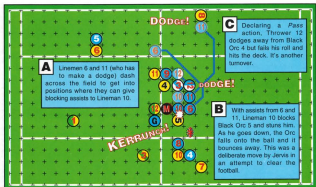
Carl begins his play by standing up Lineman 8 and moving him downfield away from the sideline.

"It's worth noting Jim, that in Blood Bowl if a player gets pushed off the pitch, the crazy fans just rip them to shreds. It's an automatic injury roll with no test for armour. This was a 'safe' play by an experienced coach."

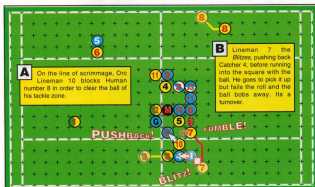
On the Orcs' right, Lineman 10 blocks Human 8. He gets an assist from Blitz number 3 who moved forward to help him out. This makes it another two-dice block but he only just pushes him back.

Number 7 now declares a Blitz. He blocks Catcher number 4 and pushes him back down the field. He doesn't follow up and continues his move into the square with the ball. He goes for the football, it's a 3+ roll, the dice clatters across the pitch and it's a...2!

The ball scatters and lands in another open square as Carl thumps the table in frustration. There are now four tackle zones on the ball, two from each team and it's a turnover.



FIRST HALF – HUMAN TURN 6

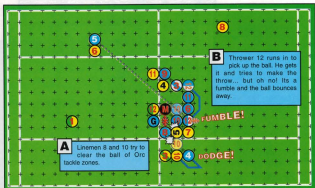


FIRST HALF – ORC TURN 6

HUMAN TURN 7

"This is a tricky situation for both coaches, eh Bob?"

"Sure is Jim. The ball is free in the middle of the pack. This means that whoever tries to pick it up, the enemy tackle zones will modify the dice roll. Most Orcs and Humans have an Agility of three and so they normally pick up the ball on a 3+. As every enemy player adjacent to the ball puts a -1 on the roll, picking up that ball could be harder than catching greased squigs in a hog wallow!"



FIRST HALF – HUMAN TURN 7

Desperate to clear the ball, Jervis starts his play by dodging his number 4 Catcher out of Orc 10's tackle zone (Orc Lineman 10 was standing up at the time in his shadow position).

"Did you notice how he dodged back to the clear square for a 3+ dodge rather than across the tackle zone for a 4+, Bob?"

"I sure did Jim, when every dice roll can end your turn, a wise coach shortens the odds at every opportunity."

"Jervis made this move to get his man out of Orc Blitzee number 3's tackle zone so that he could give an assist to the block that was going to come in from number 8."

With the Catcher assisting, Lineman 8 blocks Orc Lineman 10 and sends him crashing to the ground. He doesn't follow-up in order to stay in position and be able to give an assist to Lineman 10's attack on Black Orc 5.

Number 10 now puts a two-dice block on the Black Orc. He knocks him down and follows up into the Orc's space. There is now only one Orc tackle zone on the ball, so Jervis makes his move.

Thrower number 12 declares a *Pass* action. He jumps to his feet and runs round the line into the square with the ball. Because of Orc 7's tackle zone he needs a 4+ to pick it up and he gets it! Jervis measures the range to Catcher number 5 and it's going to be a Long Bomb.

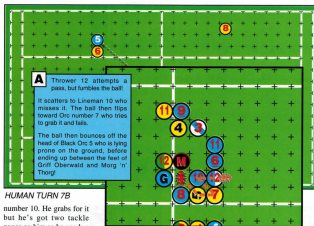
"This is a desperate play Jim!"

"Sure is Bob...the Thrower's agility is three so he needs a 4+ to make an accurate throw. But the pass range is a Long Bomb and that puts a -2 on the dice! He's also standing in Orc 7's tackle zone which puts another -1 on the dice!! The only way he can make the throw is by rolling a natural 6!!!"

The Thrower's arm goes back and Jervis rolls the dice. It's a 4, not good enough, but he has the *Pass* skill so he gets the chance to re-roll it. This time it's a 1! Not only has he missed, but it's a *Fumble*. The ball scatters into an adjacent square and it's a turnover!

But first we have to find out where the ball has ended up. It scatters and lands in the same square as Human Lineman





HUMAN TURN 7B

number 10. He grabs for it but he's got two tackle zones on him so he needs a 6 to catch it. He misses and the ball scatters again.

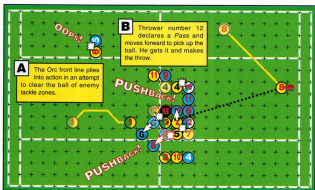
This time it lands in the same square as Orc number 7 so he makes a grab for it. Again he needs a 6 and he fails. The ball scatters a third time and lands on the head of Black Orc number 5. As he's lying on the ground, he has no chance of holding the ball, so it bobbles again and ends up right between Morg 'n' Thorgr and Griff Oberwald!

ORC TURN 7

"The way it looks from here, this drive has ended in a brawl and neither team seems to be able to recover the ball. It could go either way at this point and there are only two more downs to go before the half time whistle."

And the Orcs pile into action. Morg throws his massive bulk against Griff and pushes the Reavers' Star Player back. Next Black Orc number 5 declares a *Blitz*. He uses three movement points to get to his feet and then blocks Lineman 8, also pushing him back.

There is now only one Reavers' tackle zone on the square with the football and the Orcs are in with a chance. Orc Lineman 7 now blocks Lineman 10 in an attempt to knock him down and remove this last obstacle, but even with an assist from Morg, he still only manages to push the Human back. On his feet, the Human Lineman is still has a tackle zone onto the square containing the ball. This will mean a -1 modifier when the Orcs come to pick it up.



SECOND HALF - ORC TURN 7

Despite the mounting excitement, Carl makes a couple of 'safe' moves before going for the throw. First of all, he moves forward Orc Throwing number 1 into a position where he has a tackle zone on Griff Oberwald. If it all goes wrong, Carl wants Jervis to have to make a *Blitz* or *Dodge* move with his Star Player before Griff can go for the ball.

Next he crosses his unmarked Lineman number 8 into the centre of the field, close to the Reavers' end zone. If he does manage to pick-up and throw the ball, he wants a receiver out there close to the Reavers' line.

With everyone in position, Carl goes for the play. He declares a *Pass* action and moves Throwing number 12 diagonally onto the ball. First he needs to pick it up and with an agility of three and a -1 for Lineman 10's tackle zone it's a 4+ roll! He gets a 2, but Orc Throwers have the *Sure Hands* skill and so he's allowed a re-roll. This time it's a 6! and he's got the football.

Carl's now got two options; he could attempt a 3+ *dodge* before making the throw to get away from Human Lineman number 10, or he could just make the throw with a -1 for the Human's tackle zone. He decides to make the throw.

His arm goes back... it's a long pass, so that's -1 for range and another -1 for the tackle zone. With his agility of three he needs a 6 to make it good. He rolls a 5! but he's got the *Pass* skill. He rolls again and it's a... 6! The Orc fans go wild!

Desperate to stop the pass, Human Thrower 12 goes for an interception, but he also needs a 6 and fails to get it.

The football sails down the field towards Lineman number 8 and a silence hits the stands as the crowd holds its breath. With a look of panic on his face, number 8 reaches out with his arms and Carl rolls a...5! Yes it's complete. The ball is thrown clear of the pack, and Lineman number 8 is standing next to the Reavers' end zone. The Orc fans go absolutely ape!

"What a great play by coach Brown. Did you notice the way he cleared the area around the ball of Reaver tackle zones before sending in his man to pick it up. He then made his 'safe' plays so that if the throw went wrong, he wouldn't be left out on a limb and finally he used the man with the right skills - Sure Hands and Pass to go in there and get the job done!"

"Absolutely right Bob... Jervis also made a bad mistake in leaving number 8 out on the wing without a marker. In Blood Bowl, every dice roll counts and if 8 had had to make a dodge before starting his run, it could have been a whole different story."

The Orcs have got possession, they are close to scoring and it's still their turn.

Black Orc 4 now blocks Human Blitzzer number 3 and knocks him off his feet. He rolls for damage and stuns the Human who is placed face down on the pitch. The Orc follows up and now has a tackle zone on Human Lineman 11.

"This was another important play Jim... every single Human player is now standing in an Orc tackle zone. If Coach Johnson wants to stop the touchdown and chase number 8 he's going to have to go for those dodge rolls. A good coach always...and I mean ALWAYS!... makes it hard for his opponent to move without making a dice roll."

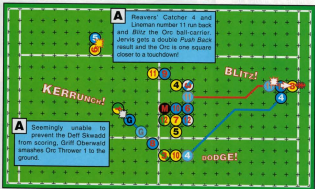
Finally, Orc Lineman 6 blocks Human Catcher number 5. It's a two-dice block, but Carl rolls two *Both Down* results. It's a turnover, but the Reavers are in a desperate position.

HUMAN TURN 8

"One more move before half-time, this is make or break for the Reavers..."

Jervis starts his play by making a dodge with Catcher number 4. He gets it, and runs off downfield for eight squares to get into contact with the Orc holding the ball.

Blitzzer number 3 who was stunned last turn, is rolled over onto his back, and next to him Lineman 11 declares a *Blitz*. First of all, he's got to dodge away from Black Orc 4. He needs a 3+ and gets his roll. He needs an extra square of movement to contact Orc 8 and a second square of movement to make the *Block*. He gets both of these rolls. Jervis reaches over and picks up the Block Dice - number 11 can get an assist from Catcher



FIRST HALF - HUMAN TURN 8

number 4 so it's a two-dice block - and he rolls two arrows. It's a double *Push Back* and there's nothing he can do to change the result. The Orc is moved one square closer to the Reavers' end zone!

Jervis thumps the table in frustration and looks for an opportunity to vent his anger. Back in the centre, Griff blocks Thrower number 1. It's a two-dice block due to Griff's strength and the Orc goes down. Finally, Catcher number 5 stands up for three movement points and *fouls* Orc player



number 6 who's lying at his feet. He fails to damage the Orc and so with a long groan of resignation, the Reavers' coach declares a turnover.

It's the Orcs final turn.

ORC TURN 8

There's only one move Carl can make. To risk rolling any dice before attempting to dodge into the end zone would be suicidal.

He picks up a single D6 and declares a dodge action. It's a simple move and he needs a 3+.

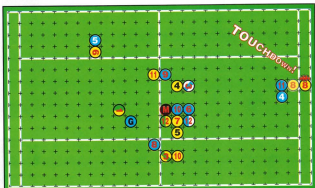
dice rattles across the board and comes up 6! He makes the dodge and it's a touchdown to the Deff Skwadd in the very last seconds of the half. As a wild chant of "Ere we go! Ere we go!! Ere we go!!!" breaks out among the Orc fans, the coaches put down their dice and go off for a well earned half-time cup of tea. Its Da Deff Skwadd 1 - The Reikland Reavers 1

"Well what a great finish to the first half Bob?"

"It sure was Jim... although Orcs don't excel at the throwing game, and they have no Catchers in their teams, when it came to the pinch they were able to clear the football from the brawl and make a touchdown."

"At the same time, even though it was a long shot, Jervis could have made the similar play on Haman turn 7. But he needed to roll 6's and when his Thrower fumbled the ball it was anybody's guess where it would pop out."

"That's right Jim... Well Coach Brown must be feeling pretty good about his chances now. In the first half, two of the Reavers' players were badly hurt and so Jervis will have to play on with only ten men in his team. Lets take a break."



FIRST HALF - ORC TURN 8



Orc number 8 runs in for a touchdown as the Reavers make a last ditch attempt to pull him down.

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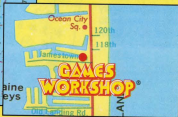
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**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

SECOND HALF

Well, although it almost looked as though we'd planned it, the game was turning into an classic confrontation between these two great coaches.

At the end of the half, the score was 1-1 and this was an almost perfect position for the Orcs. At the beginning of the game, Jervis had won the toss and chosen to receive. This meant that the Reavers would kick-off to the Orcs at the start of the second half. Carl would therefore re-start the game in possession of the football.



In the first-half, two of the Reavers' players had also been badly hurt by Orc blocks and would be out for the rest of the game. This meant that Jervis would be playing a ten-man squad against Carl's twelve. Orc and Chaos teams in Blood Bowl specialise in crunching the opposition. It's not a very elegant tactic, but if you can badly hurt, seriously injure or (best of all) kill members of the opposing team, you will ultimately overwhelm them by sheer weight of numbers.

Carl's game plan for the second half would therefore involve building a cage of players around the Orc carrying the ball in order to slowly advance down the pitch and score the winning touchdown on turn 7 or 8.

While the 'box' advances, the 'big boys' – in this case, the Black Orcs and Morg 'n' Thorg – move ahead, to block the defensive team and hopefully put several more on the critical list.

What the Orcs should not do is attempt to score too quickly. If Carl were to make an early touchdown, the game would be re-started by him kicking-off to the Reavers. In Blood Bowl, fast teams with a good throwing game such as Elves or Humans, are easily able to score touchdowns in two or three moves.

First of all, they receive the ball and it's picked up by, or passed to a Thrower. At the same time, the front-line Blitzers punch a hole in the defensive formation – often against the sideline where it can't be outflanked – and create a 'pocket'. The coach then moves one or more Catchers into the relative safety of this pocket.

To counter this move, the defensive team will have to keep themselves spread out and at the same time attack the pocket. This is because they can't predict where the Thrower will put the football and have to try to cover every possible area.

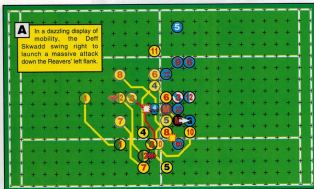
On the second or third turn of this play, the offensive team can make their move. The Blitzers break out of the pocket, knocking down or pushing back and pinning the defensive side in their tackle zones, while the Catchers run free. With extra squares, most Humans or Elves can make their opponent's end zone and the ball will sail right into their hands. Using the correct players with *Pass*, *Dodge* and *Catch* skills should guarantee (as if there were such a thing in Blood Bowl – Ed) that they have a margin of safety and the offense should be home and dry. You can see that this is almost exactly the pattern of the play that got Jervis his first-half touchdown and should be memorised by all Human and Elf coaches.

Returning to the point, if Carl scores too early, he'll merely open the door to Jervis's throwing game. If he takes his time, then Jervis will have to come to him and try and take the ball off him. This is called fighting on your own terms and there is nothing that Orcs love better!

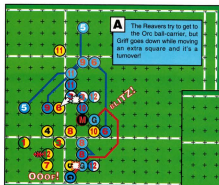
At the second-kick off, a *Riot* result was rolled on the kick off table. This resulted in an injury to another one of Jervis' players and to shortening the game by three turns while they cleared the pitch. We now rejoin the game for the edited highlights of the second half, starting at turn four.

ORC TURN 4

As you can see, according to his game plan, Carl had received the ball and it had been picked up by number 12. He then created a 'box' around the ball carrier with players 8, 3, 7 and 1. As he starts his turn, he is about to swing round the right flank of the Reavers line and head for the end zone.



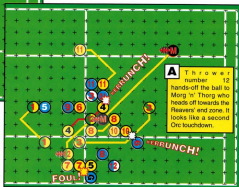
SECOND HALF ORC TURN 4



SECOND HALF HUMAN TURN 4

ORC TURN 5

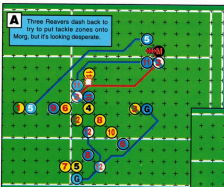
With only eight Reavers still on their feet, Da Deff Skwadd easily smash through their line. Thrower number 12 moves forward and makes a hand-off to Morg 'n' Thorg who shoulders his way forward and he's away! This is Orcs playing humans at their own game and there seems to be nothing the Reavers can do about it. Note how number 11 moves in to stop the Reavers' defence running back to pursue Morg.



SECOND HALF ORC TURN 5

HUMAN TURN 5

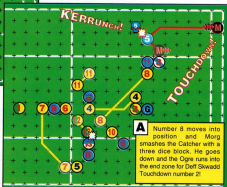
Just three of the Reavers can get back to Morg, and then only by *Blitzing* Orc 11 out of the way. This means that they won't be able to block Morg himself. Catcher 5 makes a dodge followed by two extra squares for a run of ten spaces! Lineman 11 and Blitz 3 also have to make dodges and extra spaces to get back. Morg has got three men on him, but the weak link is the Catcher. Griff and number 12 try to pin as many Deff Skwadd players as possible, but it looks like it's all over.



SECOND HALF HUMAN TURN 6

ORC TURN 6

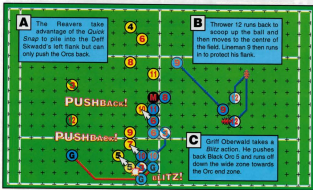
Human Thrower number 12 is blocked and hits the dirt. This frees Orc Lineman 8 to make his run. He gets into position and puts his tackle zone on Reavers 11 and 3. This prevents them from giving defensive assist when Morg *Blitzes* Catcher number 5. By following up his man, Morg avoids having to make a Dodge roll (it's always better to move an extra space on a 2+ rather than dodge on a 3+) and he's away. Touchdown! Deff Skwadd 2 – Reavers 1!



SECOND HALF ORC TURN 6



Morg 'n' Thorg breaks away and heads for the end zone and Orc touchdown number 2!



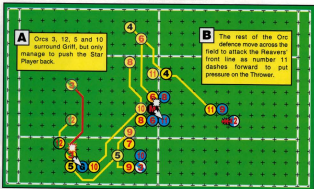
SECOND HALF
HUMAN TURN 6

ORC TURN 7

The Deff Skwadd coach could taste victory and so with a minimum of finesse, he reinforced his wall, sent player number 11 to harass the Reavers' Thrower and attempted to pound Griff into the turf!



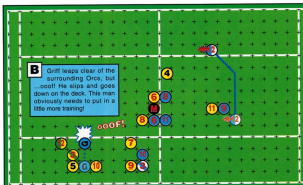
Almost overwhelmed, the Reavers' Star Player stayed on his feet as the Orcs could still only manage a Push Back!



SECOND HALF ORC TURN 7

HUMAN TURN 6

With only two turns to go and eight players left, it was going to take a heroic effort from the Reavers to equalise. As luck would have it, Carl rolled a *Quick Snap* result on the kick-off table and Jervis took advantage of this extra move, to apply maximum pressure down the Orcs' left flank. The Thrower picked up the ball and Griff Oberwald managed to break through, but was left looking very alone, surrounded by a pack of hostile Orcs.



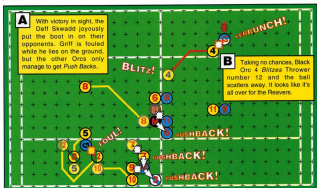
SECOND HALF HUMAN TURN 7

HUMAN TURN 7

Jervis went for his play. Thrower number 12, dashes across the pitch to get a clear view of the Orc end zone

Using his *Leap* skill, Griff tried to jump clear of the Orcs surrounding him and make a swift run into the end zone. With his agility of four, Griff needs a 3+ to make his leap, but it's no use. He rolls a 2. Jervis has no team re-rolls left and Star Player Griff goes down in the dirt!

As the Reavers' fans groan, Jervis desperately calculates the odds on one final play...



SECOND HALF ORC TURN 8

ORC TURN 8

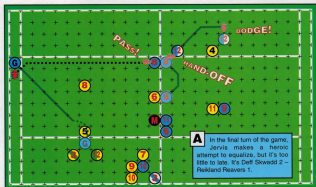
It's the Deff Skwadd's last move, and with the roar of the Orc fans in their ears, they set out to brutalise their opponents...

Black Orc 4 declares a *Blitz* and smashes Thrower 12 to the ground. The ball scatters and lands free in an adjacent square. In the centre Morg 'n' Thorg drives forward but only manages to push back his opponent. On the right, Orcs 7, 9 and 10 also attack the Reavers remaining players but they too can only force the Reavers back

And as the chant of "Ere we go! Ere we go! Ere we go!" once more begins to rise, Deff Skwadd players 5, 3 and 12 gather around Griff Oberwald. The dazed Star Player looks up from the ground, where he fell after failing his *Leap* the previous turn, as the gang of Orcs mercilessly put the boot-in for a final *Foul* action. Carl rolls 2D6 in an attempt to beat Griff's armour value with +3 on the dice, one for each Orc. However, a 4 is rolled and Griff remains unhurt.

Grinning from ear to ear, coach Brown calls a turnover!





SECOND HALF HUMAN TURN 8

HUMAN TURN 8

As the seconds tick away, Jervis comes up with a heroic if highly unlikely plan.

Thrower number 12 scrambles to his feet, spending three movement points, and dodges away from the Black Orc. He needs a 3+ for the dodge and a 3+ to pick up the ball. He makes both rolls and a nervous look appears on Carl's smiling face.

Without a pause, the Thrower dashes forward for two extra squares, getting both of his dice rolls, and ends up with the football one square away from the halfway line.

Jervis reaches for the dice and stands Griff on his feet. He declares a *Leap* right over the head of Black Orc number 5 and makes his roll. He gets it and Griff is away and running. He needs a *dodge* to get out of the Orc's tackle zone and gets it on his second attempt by using his *Dodge* skill. He's used up six of his movement points getting this far and then moves two more up to his full movement of eight. Jervis then moves him an extra square and gets the roll, he goes for another extra square and rolls a 1! But a star like Griff has the *Sure Feet* skill and is allowed a re-roll and this time he gets it. Griff is standing in the Orcs' end zone and Carl is looking incredulous!

(At this point, almost everyone in the Studio who was nearby, had stopped what they were doing and had gathered round the table to watch – Ed)

Unable to believe his luck, Jervis declared a *Pass* action by player number 8. He dodged away from Orc Lineman 6, and made his 3+ roll. He moved three spaces to stand next to Thrower number 12 who held the ball. Jervis rolled for the hand-off. He needed a 3+ and the dice came up with a four! Finally... he made the pass. The range was a Long Bomb and so it needed a 6 to make the throw. The dice came up with a 4 and the run of luck ended. Jervis had no team re-roll and the Lineman didn't have the *Pass* skill. But still there was a final slim chance. A failed pass that doesn't fumble scatters three times. It was still possible for it to land in Griff's square. With a final gasp of disappointment, the ball scattered to end up in the square next to the Star Player.

The failed pass meant a turnover and the game had ended. Deff Skwadd 2 – Reikland Reavers 1.

POSTSCRIPT

There are a couple of things to say about this game, and about Blood Bowl in general.

Although the game system works to ensure that a better player will always have an advantage over a novice, there is no such thing as a certain result. In the very last turn, Jervis made nine separate D6 rolls of 3+ in order to get to the pass! If almost any one of these had come up a 1 or 2 (Griff saved his by using a skill re-roll), the turn would have ended. The lessons here are: always try to keep a team

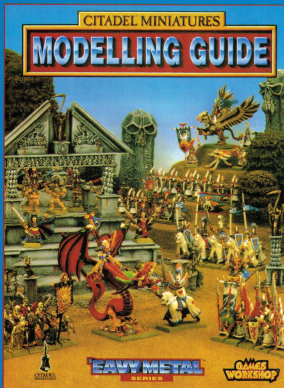
re-roll until you really need it and put your players with skills where you need to use them. If player 8 had had the *Pass* skill, the result could have been quite different.

The second lesson is to understand your opponent and have a game plan. Carl is an experienced Orc coach who understands the strengths and weaknesses of his side. Even so, the circumstances forced him to score slightly too early in the second half and thus give Jervis the opportunity to equalise. Although the Reavers were getting very battered and could only field eight players, if the game had gone to extra time a simple throw and catch could have ended it in a Human victory.

As the ancient Blood Bowl wisdom says: "Maximise your strengths and the luck looks after itself." – or in the Orc version: "Get big boots and you'll get lucky!" In this case, the Reavers needed just a little more luck than was available!



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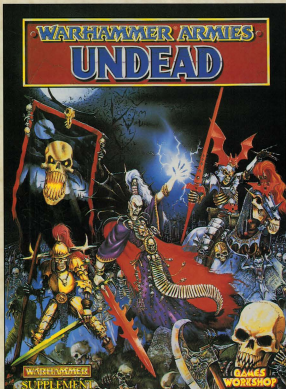
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