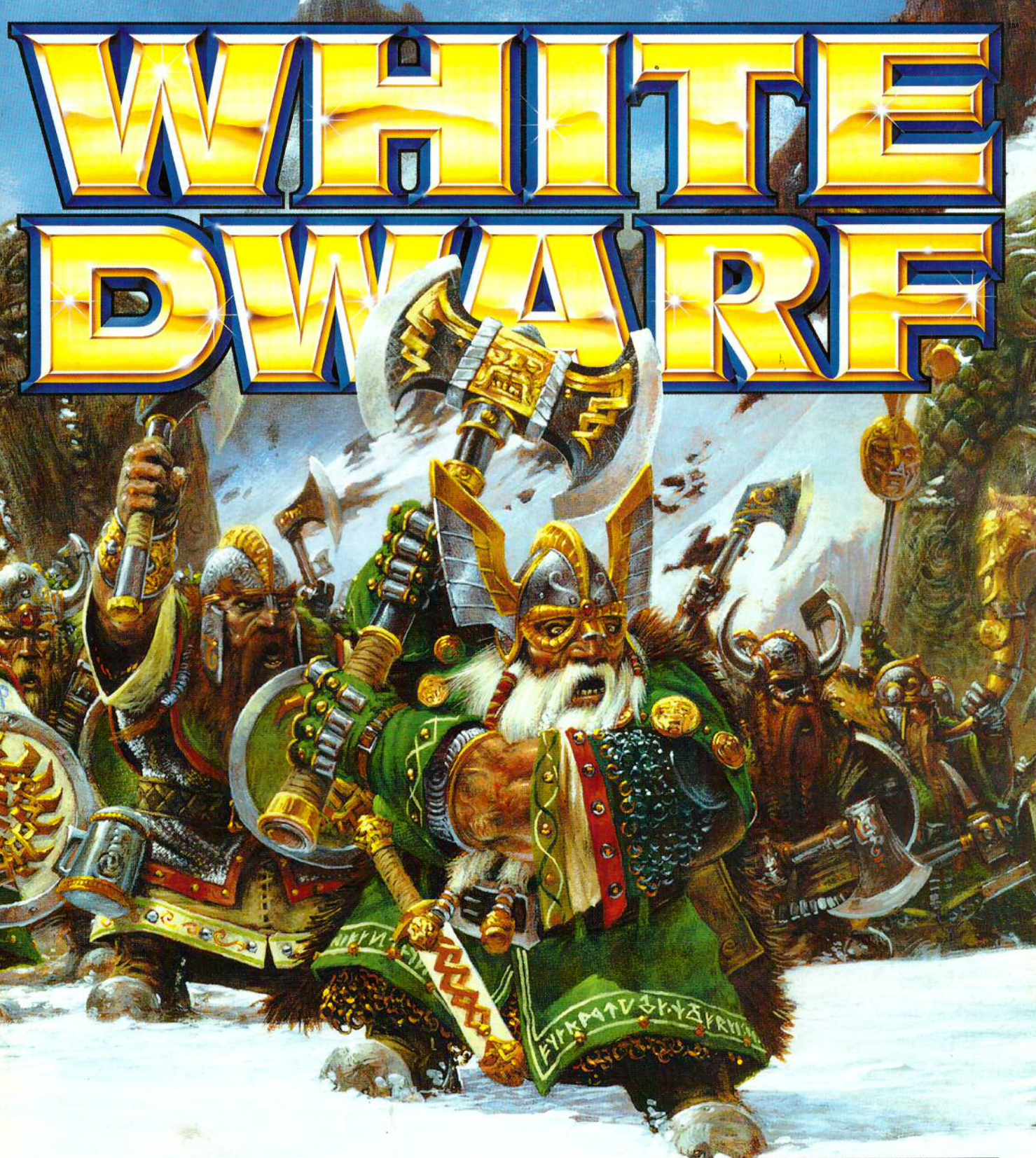




16 EXTRA PAGES THIS ISSUE COVERING
GOLDEN DEMON 2000

PLUS! INDEX ASTARTES EMPEROR'S CHILDREN •
WARHAMMER SIEGE • WARHAMMER 40,000
TYRANIDS • SPACE MARINE DREADNOUGHTS

• **WD255 MARCH £3.50**

GAMES WORKSHOP'S MONTHLY GAMING
SUPPLEMENT & CITADEL MINIATURES® CATALOGUE

ISSN 0265-8712



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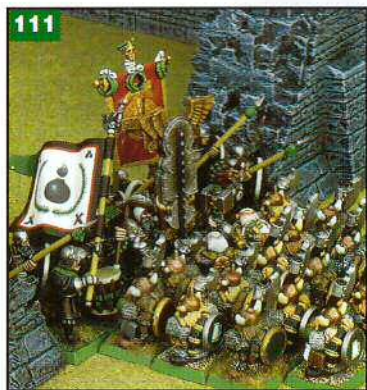
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Product Code: 60249999255



Yet more reasons to be cheerful

I can barely contain myself this month and I'm not talking about the strain my not inconsiderable bulk is putting on my belt-buckle...

An odd thing to say you might think, especially working as I do in the Games Workshop design studio. You might well think that every day is filled with excitement. You'd be right of course but this month is just a bit special for two very different reasons...

First off, we are announcing an exciting new partnership

between Games Workshop and Climax, one of the country's top computer games developers. This partnership is tasked with creating an online version of Warhammer that will enable gamers from around the world to test their mettle against each other on the field of battle. The project is still in its early days but rest assured that we'll be bringing you regular updates. For more on this turn the page and take a peek at some early screenshots.

Reason to be cheerful number two is the news that Games Workshop now has the exclusive license to produce a tabletop wargame based on the forthcoming Lord of the Rings films. JRR Tolkien's

literary masterpiece is without a doubt my favourite set of books and one that I read almost annually. The marriage of Games Workshop's expertise in the gaming and miniature design field to New Line Cinema's superb looking films has me in rapture. We have more details on this Middle Earth-shattering prospect over the page.

So there you go – two fantastic pieces of news and that's to say nothing about our plans for Warhammer and 40K!

See you next month.

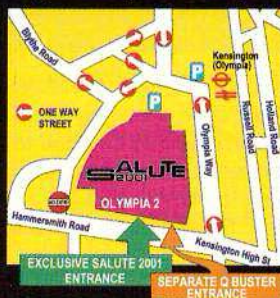
Paul

SALUTE 2001

OLYMPIA
LONDON
APRIL 21

THE BIGGEST WARGAMES EVENT IN THE UK IS SALUTE. IT HAS A HUGE NUMBER OF GAMES WORKSHOP AND NON WORKSHOP FANTASY, SF AND HISTORICAL GAMES TO WATCH AND PLAY. ALL THE MAJOR GAMING AND FIGURE MANUFACTURERS - INCLUDING, OF COURSE, GAMES WORKSHOP.

Salute is the biggest one day wargames show in the UK. Salute 2001 covers two whole floors of the Olympia 2 complex with about 40 games and displays from clubs around the country and around 70 manufacturers of figures and games. Last year over 3000 gamers attended and Salute 2001 is twice the size!



There will be a huge **BRING & BUY** to buy and sell figures, games and stuff. Send off for a free collectors badge which will get you into the show double quick. Salute 2001: we have the most traders, the best games (with the emphasis on participation). We have free funky special dice and free carrier bags for your swag!



If you're coming by road, we suggest that you book a parking space in advance at the Olympia car park - call 0800 0568 444. This is a really good idea as the car park does fill up... For ALL the details, check out our web site on:

www.salute.co.uk

WARLORDS

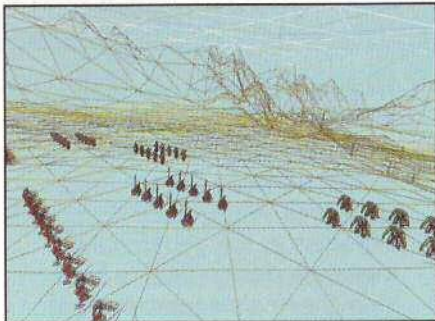
Above: Last year's Salute - a massive Sci-Fi tank game!

Get in quick with a collectable...

q buster badge

Send £6 per badge, with a cheque or postal order payable to the South London Warlords. Send this to The South London Warlords 16 Gainsborough Square, Crook Log, Bexleyheath Kent DA6 8BU

Please send me queue buster badges. I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to the South London Warlords for and a stout stamped, self addressed envelope



Above: Screenshots from the work in progress for Warhammer Online. The final in-game shots will be even more dynamic and detailed!

WARHAMMER ONLINE

Games Workshop are joining forces with Climax – one of the UK's largest computer game producers – to design and develop a massive, multiplayer online version of Warhammer.

Warhammer Online will take the strategy, tactics and excitement of tabletop Warhammer and transform them into a gripping real time strategy game. A unique 3D engine will be employed to bring alive the full sound, fury and horror of battle and render the battlefields and topography of the Old World. It is Climax's ability to develop visually exciting and technologically advanced computer games, coupled with the rich detail and background of the Warhammer World, that makes this such an ideal partnership.

Climax, have previously worked with many of the world's top game publishers such as Electronic Arts, Acclaim and Konami. They have developed games for both Playstation and Playstation 2, and have done work for Nintendo and Sega. As you can imagine, they know their stuff!

As many avid computer game players know, Warhammer games have previously appeared on both the PC and Playstation in the form of the highly successful

Warhammer – Dark Omen and its

predecessor, *Warhammer – the Shadow of the Horned Rat*.

The last few years have seen massive developments in both the sheer graphics power of consoles and PCs and in the emergence of multi-player gaming over the internet. It was this opportunity to genuinely re-create the Warhammer world in 3D and link up Warhammer players from all over the world that has made this project come alive.

The new game will be designed by Warhammer creator Rick Priestley and developed under the guidance of former White Dwarf Editor and Studio Manager – Robin Dews. They are committed to making full use of the skill and expertise of Climax's artists, programmers and other specialists to really bring the Warhammer world to life.

As Robin says, "To merely recreate the tabletop version of Warhammer would be a tremendous waste of potential. In addition to enabling players to fight skirmishes and battles, as each player progresses, their armies will grow in size and strength and heroes will carve a name for themselves in blood!"

This project is only just underway and we don't see this game coming to fruition until around late 2002.

The screenshots on this page represent very early development work, but as soon as it happens, we'll be sure to let you know.

EVENTS DIARY

Events Diary is the monthly forum whereby we advertise coming events and tournaments for the Games Workshop hobby. If you are organising, or know of, a coming event, feel free to let us know at:

eventsdiary@games-workshop.co.uk

and we will do our best to include the details in this column. Dates need to be submitted by:

27 March for WD 258 (June 2001 issue)

2 May for WD 259 (July 2001 issue)

29 May for WD 260 (August 2001 issue)

27 June for WD 261 (September 2001 issue)

2 August for WD 262 (October 2001 issue)

CALEDONIAN CONFLICT:

Scottish Tournament 2001 18th March

Scotland's biggest tournament presents a wealth of both Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 gaming at **Meadowbank Stadium, Edinburgh**. Why not take up the challenge, come along and compete? Tickets are £15 for a participant, £8 for a spectator. Book early to avoid disappointment; places are strictly limited and time is running short! For more information, contact Baz Morrisson on

0131 2206540

or any of the following Games Workshop stores (contact details on pages 74 to 75):
Ayr, Aberdeen, Braehead, Dundee, East Kilbride, Edinburgh, Falkirk, Glasgow, Perth, Sterling.

MAIL ORDER PRESENTS

SKULZ

Your Skulz collector card will tell you that the Skulz offer is ending soon. Well don't worry! We've decided to carry the scheme on as so many people seem to want to take advantage of the great gifts on offer.

Not only that, but there will also be an updated Skulz catalogue available soon, including some new gifts! Watch this space for more news on these promotions.

PRESS RELEASE

Games Workshop has signed a worldwide exclusive agreement with New Line Cinema to design and market the definitive table top wargame based on the forthcoming "The Lord of the Rings" film trilogy.

A complete range of games, models and other associated hobby products will be created in Games Workshop's design studio at its headquarters in Nottingham.

Michael Sherwin, Finance Director of Games Workshop says; "We are confident that the combination of the 'Lord of the Rings' story, the huge pre-awareness of the films, and Games Workshop's top flight game and model design skills will produce an outstanding series of table top battlegames.

"The opportunity to work on this game was one we couldn't ignore, especially as it was Tolkien's work which, in part, inspired the fantasy wargaming hobby. The game will appeal to our existing customers, Lord of the Rings fans and new players alike."

David Imhoff, Executive Vice President, Worldwide Licensing & Merchandising, of New Line Cinema adds; "The Lord of the Rings' is an unbelievable trilogy with fantastic characters and wonderful stories. Considering Games Workshop's 25 years of experience with making table-top battle games, we know they are a great partner for a project of this magnitude."

New Line Cinema's "The Lord of the Rings" film trilogy is based on the J.R.R. Tolkien classic fantasy series of books, which were collectively voted as the 'Book of the Century' last year. The films are currently in production in New Zealand with the first film; "The Fellowship of the Ring" slated for December 2001 release. Peter Jackson, whose credits include "Heavenly Creatures" and "The Frighteners", is directing the trilogy. The international cast features Sir Ian McKellen, Ian Holm, Christopher Lee, Liv Tyler and Elijah Wood.

Further details may be found at
www.lordoftherings.net



Whilst we're obviously just starting this hugely exciting project, we'll be bringing you updates as we get them. For the moment though, you'll just have to be content to feast your eyes on these sumptuous screenshots from the first film.



**YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD
OF THE INQUISITION...**

that shadowy organisation
which defends mankind and the Emperor
from the perils of heresy, possession, alien
dominance and rebellion.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

the Inquisition are the ultimate defence
against the phantoms of fear and terror which lurk
in the darkness between the stars.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

the Inquisition are the bright saviours
in an eclipse of evil;
purest and most devoted warriors of the Emperor.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

the Inquisition is united in its cause
to rid the galaxy of any threat,
from without or within.

**EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD
IS A LIE**

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER 40,000

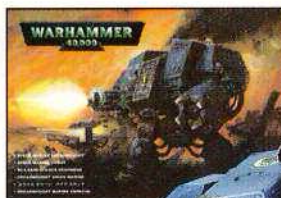
THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER 40,000

SPACE MARINE CAPTAIN £5.00

Sculpted by Jes Goodwin.

◀ This blister pack contains one Space Marine Captain armed with either a bolter, a storm bolter, or a melta-bolter combi-weapon. It also contains a character backpack frame.

These models require assembly.



SPACE MARINE DREADNOUGHT £20.00

Sculpted by Jes Goodwin.

The Space Marine Dreadnought plastic boxed set contains enough parts to construct one complete Dreadnought. Included in the box is a variety of weapons, sarcophagi and one Space Marine transfer sheet.

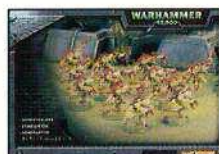
This model requires assembly.



TYRANID GENESTEALERS £15.00.

The Tyranid Genestealers Battle Swarm contains enough plastic components to assemble twelve Genestealers.

These models require assembly.



AVAILABLE NOW FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS, OR VISIT OUR ON-LINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER 40,000

TYRANID CARNIFEX £18.00

Sculpted by Mark Bedford

- ◀ This boxed set contains one complete Tyranid Carnifex. A variety of weapons are provided, including rending claws, scything talons, a barbed strangler and a venom cannon.

This model requires assembly.



TYRANID LICTOR £10.00

Sculpted by Mark Harrison.

- ▶ This blister pack contains one complete Tyranid Lictor.

This model requires assembly.



TYRANID BIOVORE £6.00

Sculpted by Juan Diaz.

- ◀ This blister pack contains one complete Tyranid Biovore, and one of each type of Spore Mine.

This model requires assembly.



TYRANID RED TERROR £12.00

Sculpted by Shane Hoyle.

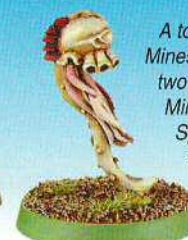
- ◀ This blister pack contains one complete Tyranid Red Terror.

This model requires assembly.

TYRANID SPORE MINES £4.00

Sculpted by Mark Harrison.

A total of six Spore Mines, comprising of two Bio-Acid Spore Mines, two Poison Spore Mines and two Frag Spore Mines.



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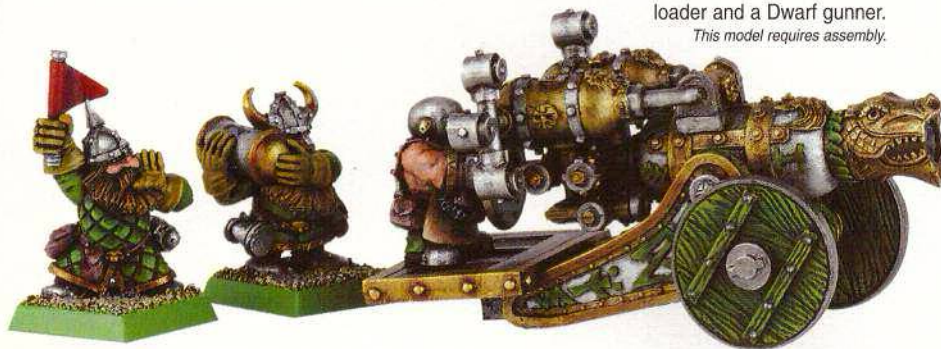
WARHAMMER

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER

DWARF FLAME CANNON £12.00

Sculpted by Tim Adcock, Colin Dixon and Aly Morrison.

▼ This Blister pack contains one complete Flame Cannon, a Dwarf spotter, a Dwarf loader and a Dwarf gunner.
This model requires assembly.



DWARF KING ALRIK £12.00

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

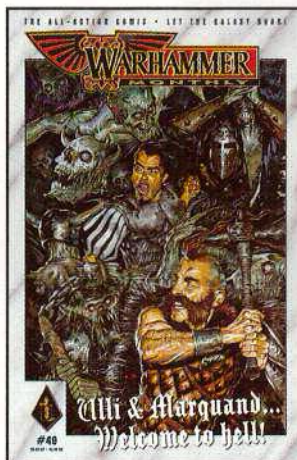
▼ This blister pack contains one complete Dwarf King, and two Dwarf Shield Bearers.
This model requires assembly.



THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY:

WARHAMMER MONTHLY ISSUE 40 £2.20

Published by the Black Library



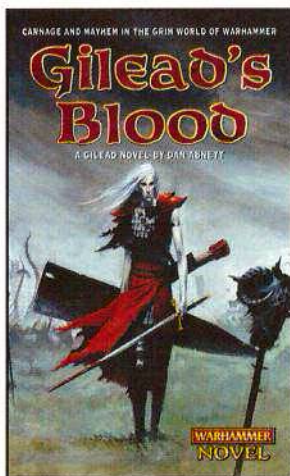
In this month's issue, there's more profitable carnage for Ulli and Marquand as they explore the blasted ruins of Mordheim. Meanwhile, a vicious trap leads to conflict flaring between Gravier and his new mentor – but who will emerge victorious when Inquisitor faces Inquisitor? In Daemonifuge, Ephrael seeks refuge among the teeming hordes on the pilgrim world of Gathalamor. And there's the usual double-dealing mayhem from everyone's favourite bounty hunter, Kal Jerico!

GILEAD'S BLOOD £5.99

by Dan Abnett and Nik Vincent.

Published by the Black Library

Dan 'Gaunt's Ghosts' Abnett's latest epic follows the saga of the doom-laden High Elf, Gilead Lothain. Along with his faithful retainer, Fithrael, Gilead, shadowfast warrior and the last of the line of Tor Anrok, travels the Warhammer world seeking revenge on the servants of evil.



ALSO RELEASED THIS MONTH

NECROMUNDA

NECROMUNDA MAGAZINE ISSUE 4 £3.50

Published by Fanatic

Packed full of exciting new rules and scenarios, Necromunda magazine allows you to further explore the hellish depths of the Underhive. New gangs, new equipment and new rules every issue.

MORDHEIM

TOWN CRYER MAGAZINE ISSUE 13 £3.50

Published by Fanatic

Town Crier is the essential rules forum for the Mordheim player. Within the hallowed pages of this magazine you'll discover new warbands, scenarios and alternative settings within the Warhammer world to expand your games of Mordheim.

CHECK OUT THIS MONTH'S NEW MODELS FROM FANATIC ON THE GAMES WORKSHOP WEBSITE!

OR VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.CO.UK

— SPACE MARINE —

DREADNOUGHT





WARHAMMER
40,000

Index Astartes



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

WARRIORS OF OLD

Space Marine
Dreadnoughts

by Graham McNeill, Pete Haines &
Andy Chambers

Spearheading the assaults of the Space Marines, Dreadnoughts are feared by all foes of the Imperium. On the battlefield they are death incarnate, with powerful weapons blasting their foes and lethal close combat weaponry crackling with deadly energies. There are few opponents in the galaxy who can stand against such armoured savagery.

Standing three times the height of a man, Space Marine Dreadnoughts are amongst the oldest war machines fighting on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. Some Dreadnoughts are even said to date back tens of thousands of years to the Great Crusade, when the Emperor himself walked amongst his people. The art of their construction has long since been lost, the arcane knowledge required passing into ritualised mythology, and each Chapter's Dreadnoughts are treasured relics. They are a living embodiment of the Machine God, representing the ultimate fusion of the biological and the mechanical, as each one contains a living, sentient being. The pilots encased in the shell of a Dreadnought often have memories stretching back many thousands of years, and these ancient warriors are a tangible link to their Chapter's past and heritage.

Centuries of War

The biological component of a Dreadnought is no ordinary man, it is one of the Old Ones, a mighty Space Marine hero who has suffered grievous wounds in battle and is deemed worthy to be placed within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. The interment of the Old One's shattered remains is a ritual of great significance, involving his fellow battle brothers, the Chapter's Techmarines and it's Apothecaries. It is considered a great honour for a Space Marine to be placed within a Dreadnought, and these ancient warriors are much respected by their fellow battle brothers. The Old One is suspended in amniotic fluids and surgically implanted within the armoured sarcophagus where mechanical senses allow him to perceive the world around him. In this way he can continue fighting for the Emperor for many centuries to come, never leaving his metal body until its destruction.

In battle, Dreadnoughts are a terrifying foe to face, advancing with thunderous strides as incoming fire spatters from their thick adamantium armour. Electro-motivated fibre-bundle muscles power their heavy limbs, allowing them to fire devastating weapons on the move and to fight with all the skill and ferocity they possessed as a Space Marine. As well as fearsome warriors, the accumulated wisdom of their centuries of battle is a valuable resource, and their vast experience means that they have fought in almost every form of engagement imaginable. Almost nothing can defeat a Space Marine Dreadnought in an assault, and its close combat weapons can tear apart even the most heavily armoured vehicles. Dreadnoughts are exceptionally difficult to slay in battle and, in most cases, only the complete destruction of the sarcophagus will kill the pilot. Destroyed Dreadnoughts are only ever abandoned in the direst of circumstances and Space Marines will fight with righteous fury to retrieve a fallen Dreadnought so that they can lay its occupant to rest in the Chapter's sepulchres. The recovered shell will then be lovingly restored to full operation to await its next occupant.

The Old Ones

When not in action, Dreadnoughts slumber within sealed stasis vaults in the depths of their Chapter's fortress monastery to extend their lives. The resting place of a Chapter's Dreadnoughts is a holy shrine, and the Techmarines tend to their ancient charges with great care, fastidiously applying the sacred oils and unguents while chanting the Litanies of Preservation. To honour these courageous warriors, the Techmarines allow them to sleep, and only awake the Dreadnoughts in times of great need. When called to fight, the Dreadnoughts are removed from their vaults and the Rune of Awakening is struck upon their hide.

As the Dreadnought continues to fight through the centuries, the Old One's grip on the material world inevitably begins to slip and he spends more and more time dormant, his mind becoming ever more distant. One of the oldest recorded Dreadnoughts is Bjorn the Fell-Handed of the Space Wolves. Bjorn was a young warrior in the days of the Primarchs and was said to have fought alongside the Primarch Leman Russ himself. Since his interment in the armoured shell of a Dreadnought, he has fought in some of the most famous battles of the Imperium's blood-soaked history and even led his Chapter in defence of their home on Fenris.

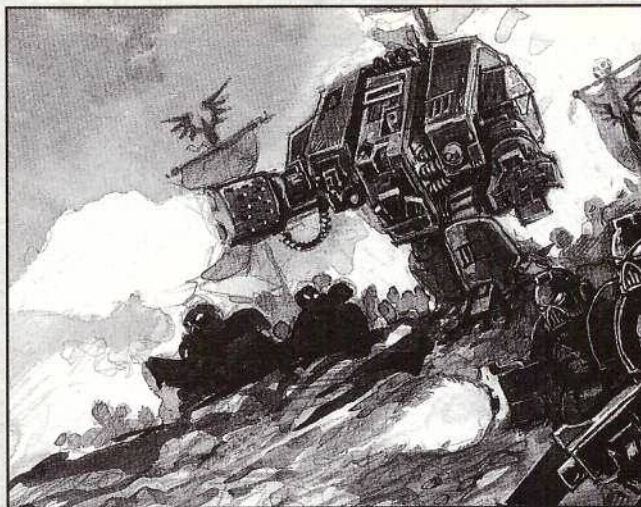
The Art of Death

Dreadnoughts are called upon when the fighting is sure to be close and bloody. They are best employed in situations where there is plenty of cover for them to take advantage of so that enemy weapons cannot draw a line of sight to them. They excel at fighting in built-up areas, underground tunnels and boarding actions where they can quickly close with the enemy and bring their devastating assault weapons to bear. The weapon points on a Dreadnought allow it to be armed with a variety of armament configurations depending on the tactical situation, and these weapons are broadly similar to those carried by Space Marine Terminators. Dreadnoughts were once used as test beds for new weapon patterns intended for suits of Terminator armour, in particular early models of plasma cannons. However, Dreadnought weapons benefit from increased stability, better targeting systems and a greater ammunition capacity than those carried by Terminators. The sheer size of a Dreadnought also allows it to fit liquid nitrogen cooling systems for its rapid firing weapons, resulting in less overheating and fewer jams.

As well as powerful heavy weapons, Dreadnoughts can also be fitted with lethal close combat weapons that incorporate magna-coil servos to increase the strength of the arms. These allow them to grip and rotate, tearing gaping holes in even the strongest materials, or punch through the thickest armour. The Furioso Dreadnought of the Blood Angels is a prime example of this, its strength easily capable of rending even a Land Raider to pieces.

Death Unleashed

Throughout history Dreadnoughts have been involved in the bloodiest battles inscribed in the annals of the Imperium. Their acts of heroism are the stuff of legend across all the realms of man and few sights are more inspiring, or more terrifying, than to see one of these great mechanical juggernauts rampaging across the battlefield. Many Dreadnoughts become famous in their own right with tales



being told of their courage and sacrifice in the name of the Emperor all across the Imperium.

Three such mighty warriors are Brother Damos of the Angels Porphyr, Brother Severus of the Ultramarines and the legendary Bjorn the Fell-Handed of the Space Wolves. The smallest chapter of their history would fill a manuscript many pages long, their service to the Emperor stretching back over many thousands of years. Indeed, in the case of Bjorn, it goes all the way back to the times of the Primarchs. Detailed here are three of their most famous actions in the defence of the Imperium.

Ghattana Bay: The Battle for Gate IX

During the Third War for Armageddon, the largest recorded Dreadnought versus Dreadnought confrontation occurred during the attack on the Ghattana Bay Water Processing Plant. Water would be a key resource on Armageddon when the Fire Season arrived and Ghattana Bay was the source of every drop reaching Armageddon Prime.

The Ork attack on the plant had stalled badly. Options were now running out for the Ork Warlord Judrog Irontoof and he committed every Dreadnought and Killer Kan in his force to a single attack. Aiming for a point in the Space Marine line weakened by an earlier Kommando attack, over a hundred Ork machines stomped forward in a densely packed phalanx.

The defenders were battered by the Ork weaponry, their positions swept by the sheer weight of fire. Land Speeder squadrons were blasted from the skies by massed big shootas while bunker after bunker was silenced by salvos of Ork rokkits. Judrog's charge breached the defences and burst onto one of the plant's access roads, leading between towering purification tanks. The Ork machines rumbled on, their power claws ripping each successive gate apart as they pressed deeper into the plant. As they approached Gate 9, however, they were surprised to see the barrier rise to reveal a line of eight Space Marine Dreadnoughts drawn up across the roadway. At their front was Brother Damos of the Angels Porphyr. Critically wounded during the Scouring of Hume and entombed for the last three thousand years, he had faced a hundred such situations before and prevailed. The Dreadnoughts standing with Damos were armed for long-range combat with a mixture of lascannons, autocannons and missile launchers. Their first salvo was devastating, the front line of Ork Dreadnoughts melted under



their barrage but were battered aside as the rest clanked forward. The Space Marine Dreadnoughts had better weapons, and each step the Orks made towards the Space Marines cost them dearly, but eventually they were in range and could reply. The Ork Dreadnoughts could not match the accuracy of the eight Space Marine Dreadnoughts facing them, though. Each was a veteran of centuries of war, each a paragon of their Chapter's qualities, each a hero whether clad in flesh or metal.

An advance of four hundred metres had cost the Orks seventeen Dreadnoughts. They still came on though, and howled in fury when they saw the Space Marine Dreadnoughts step back to allow a heavy security gate to be lowered blocking the road. Speeding up they hurled themselves against it, rending the thick steel with their hydraulically powered claws, determined not to let their quarry escape.

Flight was not the plan, however. On the other side of the ruptured gate, the Space Marine Dreadnoughts were ready. There were another nine Dreadnoughts led by Brother Weylands of the Omega Marines, all armed with power claws and a mixture of shorter ranged assault cannons, multi-meltas and heavy bolters. Behind them stood Brother Damos' Dreadnoughts on a rampart of earth and sundered concrete so they could see over the front line. Both ranks opened fire together and for seven long minutes they stood thirty metres from the Orks, firing non-stop into the tightly packed mass of machines. Then the front rank ceased fire, its weaponry white hot, and thundered into close combat. The Orks were tightly packed in the roadway, the sustained fire had given them no chance to press forward and the Killer Kans at the back blocked their retreat. The Ork force was irretrievably entangled, some machines lifted off the ground by the press, unable to move, the front five ranks a smoking ruin. The Space Marine Dreadnoughts cut into them, Brother Weylands leading the way, climbing up over the destroyed Dreadnoughts until he was striding over the packed hulls of still operable machines, alternatively crushing them with stamps and punches. Where a power weapon reared up at him a swift multi-melta shot silenced it.

It had been a bold attack by Judrog's Dreadnoughts but, unsupported and caught at a complete disadvantage, they were helpless. It is testament to their ferocity and fighting spirit that not one Ork machine fled.

The final reserve destroyed, Judrog had no choice but to withdraw. Rearmed Thunderhawks were beginning their attack runs and ammunition was becoming scarce. The defeat would cost Judrog dearly but there was no celebration in the Marine lines. Of the seventeen ancient Dreadnoughts committed to battle, seven had been utterly destroyed with the loss of over 9,000 years of battle experience and loyal service. The Battle at Gate IX remains their testament.

Bjorn the Fell-Handed: The First Battle of The Fang

Some of the most ancient Dreadnoughts in the Imperium are those of the Space Wolves Chapter. These venerable warriors have fought the enemies of the Emperor for many centuries or, in some cases, even millennia. Perhaps the most renowned of these is Bjorn the Fell-Handed, a warrior so incredibly ancient that he walked beneath the same skies

BROTHER DAMOS OF THE ANGELS PORPHYR

Brother Damos commanded the 9th Company of the Angels Porphy, a stalwart veteran of three centuries of battle. His Devastator squads were the very model of efficient fire support and wherever his men fought, the armoured might of the enemy would be wary. It was during the Scouring of Hume as he led his men in the defence of Hill 236 that a surprise attack on the Space Marines' position by rebel Marauder bombers caught him in the open as he moved between his linked bunkers. By all rights the bombardment should have killed Damos, but when the attack was over, his brother Space Marines found that the bloody shreds of his body still drew breath. He demanded the chance to fight on, and thus his remains were placed in stasis and transported back to the Chapter's fortress monastery where he was implanted within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. For three thousand years he has remained entombed within his armoured body and, as he did in life, Damos provides a solid anchor of fire support for his brothers, guiding the deployment and firing of the Chapter's Devastators.

as the Primarch Leman Russ himself. He was the first Great Wolf of the Chapter following the disappearance of Russ and led the first Great Hunt to find him.

Bjorn's time as Great Wolf was to be short-lived, however. The Saga of the Fell-Handed tells of his mortal wounding in battle as he led the Space Wolves in the rescue of their kin from the Dreadsun Fortress. His attack was successful, but left Bjorn crippled and on the brink of death. Not even the formidable skills of the Wolf Priests could save him and Bjorn's last whispered words as a creature of flesh and blood were that he be placed within the armoured sarcophagus of a Dreadnought. And for the next five hundred years, Bjorn continued to fight for his beloved Chapter, tearing apart the enemies of the Emperor with the lightning claw that had been his favoured weapon while he still walked as a man. On Algol Nine he destroyed the daemon Thran'saba and in Quaran's deserts he slew the Ork Warlord Makrima. The rogue psyker Vornalan died by Bjorn's hand and thus bloody rebellion on Thranx was averted.

But even flesh and steel cannot live forever. The long years of war began to take their toll and Bjorn took to spending longer periods in dormant slumber in the vaulted stasis chambers below the Halls of the Great Wolf. In honour of such a loyal and courageous warrior, the Chapter's Iron Priests allow him his rest, and lovingly maintain his adamantium shell. Once every thousand years, Bjorn awakes and speaks to the Rune Priests, regaling them with sagas long forgotten, testing them on their knowledge of the ancient legends to ensure that the ways of Russ are still being followed. Only in times of dire need would the Iron Priests even consider waking Bjorn, on such occasion being the First Battle of the Fang.

The circumstances leading to the First Battle of the Fang and Bjorn's part therein form a cautionary tale that warns of the danger of trusting visions granted by Chaos. Magnus the Red, cyclopean Primarch of the Thousand Sons, had carried a burning hatred of the sons of Russ ever since they

MORIAR THE CHOSEN



On the corpse-strewn fields of Glamorga, Captain Moriar of the Blood Angels fell in battle, grievously wounded unto death and beyond even the lore of the Chapter's Sanguinary Priests. At a loss to save his mortal remains, his flesh was interred within the armoured shell of the Dreadnought constructed by the master artificer, Brother Morleo. Moriar is not the first to inhabit this magnificent machine and will no doubt not be the last. Upon regaining his senses, it became clear that Moriar's battle fury had not abated and his psyche was wracked with visions of Sanguinius. The

Black Rage consumed him, but Moriar survived its ravages and continues to fight alongside his battle brothers in the forefront of every assault. It is rumoured that the Red Thirst has claimed Moriar and that the Chapter's armourers have modified his Dreadnought in order that he may drink deeply of this vital fluid of life.

destroyed his home world of Prospero in the dark days of the Great Betrayal. Magnus' followers attacked worlds near Fenris, slaughtering whole populations and laying waste to entire planets in a campaign of terror lasting many years. The Great Wolf Harek Ironhelm sought in vain to engage Magnus in battle, but was chasing shadows as his enemy eluded him at every turn. As more worlds were ravaged, Harek's desire to slay Magnus grew to become an obsession and his quest took him deep into the Eye of Terror, eventually leading him to the world of Gangava. Here he believed that he had found the Thousand Son's secret base and fell upon the world with fire and steel. But Harek had been deceived – the forces present upon Gangava were merely an elaborate ruse executed by Magnus, and as he led the bulk of his Chapter's strength against the allied Chaos forces on Gangava, the Thousand Sons themselves appeared in orbit around Fenris and launched an all-out assault on the home of the Space Wolves, the Fang.

The Fang's defences consisted of a skeleton force of Space Wolves and thralls and its fall seemed assured. Only the most courageous leader could have had any hope of saving the Fang and thus it was decreed that Bjorn the Fell-Handed would be woken from his millennial slumbers to lead the defenders in this most desperate hour.

Bjorn took charge of the Space Wolves, one of the few rare instances where a Dreadnought has commanded a Space Marine force. Bjorn's courage and wisdom in battle were an example to all, and for forty days and forty nights Magnus' warriors could not breach the Fang's defences. Bjorn had fought on Prospero many centuries ago as a Blood Claw and had lost none of the savagery that these hot-blooded young warriors are famed for. He was ceaseless in his determination to withstand the enemy at the gates and his defence of the Fang is regarded as a masterpiece in the art of leadership and military organisation. He planned daring

sallies into the ranks of the Thousand Sons and in the midnight dark of the tunnels beneath the Fang he led desperate defences, rallying Space Marines and thralls time and time again as they were forced further and further within their home. Collapsing tunnels as they went, the defenders killed hundreds of enemy warriors, leading them into Bjorn's carefully prepared fire traps and giant cave-ins.

Eventually a pack of Wolf Scouts, led by Haakon Blackwing, were able to breach the ring which Magnus had thrown around Fenris and carried word of the battle to the Great Wolf. Harek's anger and shame were terrible to behold and he immediately returned to Fenris with the full might of the Chapter. Howling Space Wolves descended from orbit and fell upon the Thousand Sons, driving them completely from the Fang. On its lower slopes, Harek and Magnus finally met in single combat, but Magnus was one of the Primarchs, now elevated to a Daemon Prince by the Powers of Chaos, and was more than a match for Harek. The Great Wolf fell, but with his last breath of life was able to grievously wound Magnus before the Thousand Sons fled from Fenris. It is said that it was Bjorn himself who carried Harek to his final resting place on the Fang's upper slopes. With his work complete, Bjorn then returned to the Hall of the Great Wolf to slumber until the day his Chapter should need him once more.

Ironclaw & Brother Severus of Tarentus: The Battle of Macragge

Brother Severus arrived on Macragge as one of sixteen aspirants who had triumphed in competitive games between Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali. These games are held between the triple worlds each seven years to determine which youths should have the honour of attempting to join the Ultramarines Chapter on Macragge. The games which Severus participated in were noted as particularly spirited and hard-fought on this occasion, with over a third of the participants killed or seriously injured.

The young Severus was accepted by the Ultramarines and successfully completed his training in 356.M41. According to records, Brother Severus's early career in the Scout Company was unremarkable, but once he came to full status as a Brother Marine he was frequently commended for his wisdom and far-sightedness. He received his Marksman Honour while a member of the 6th Company in 358.M41 in combat against Eldar pirates, and an Imperial Laurel in the following year after being wounded in the cleansing of Copul IV. In 362.M41 Brother Severus was promoted to Sergeant in the 3rd Company, commanding a squad through the Siege of Belios and the first Balur Crusade.

When Sergeant Severus and his squad broke through a dangerous Ork encirclement on Balur he was inducted into the prestigious 1st Company, receiving his Terminator honours in 367.M41. The promising career of Brother Sergeant Severus was cut tragically short in 371.M41 when he was critically injured during the Battle of Corinth. Ultramarine Apothecaries used his mortal remains to replace those of Brother Commodius in the Dreadnought Ironclaw which was also damaged on Corinth. Severus adapted well to the transition into the amniotic tomb of a Dreadnought body, retaining all of his former wisdom and battlecraft.

Severus' list of battle honours over the succeeding three centuries grew too long to be listed, culminating in his

eventual return to Corinth on 698.M41 during the seven year Corinthian Crusade. In 745.M41 Brother Severus participated in the Joran retaliation against the alien Tau Empire, but the expedition proved ill-starred and the 3rd Company's Captain, Ardias, was killed shortly before the whole force was withdrawn. Urgent new orders sent the company back to Macragge to defend it from the advance of Hive Fleet Behemoth.

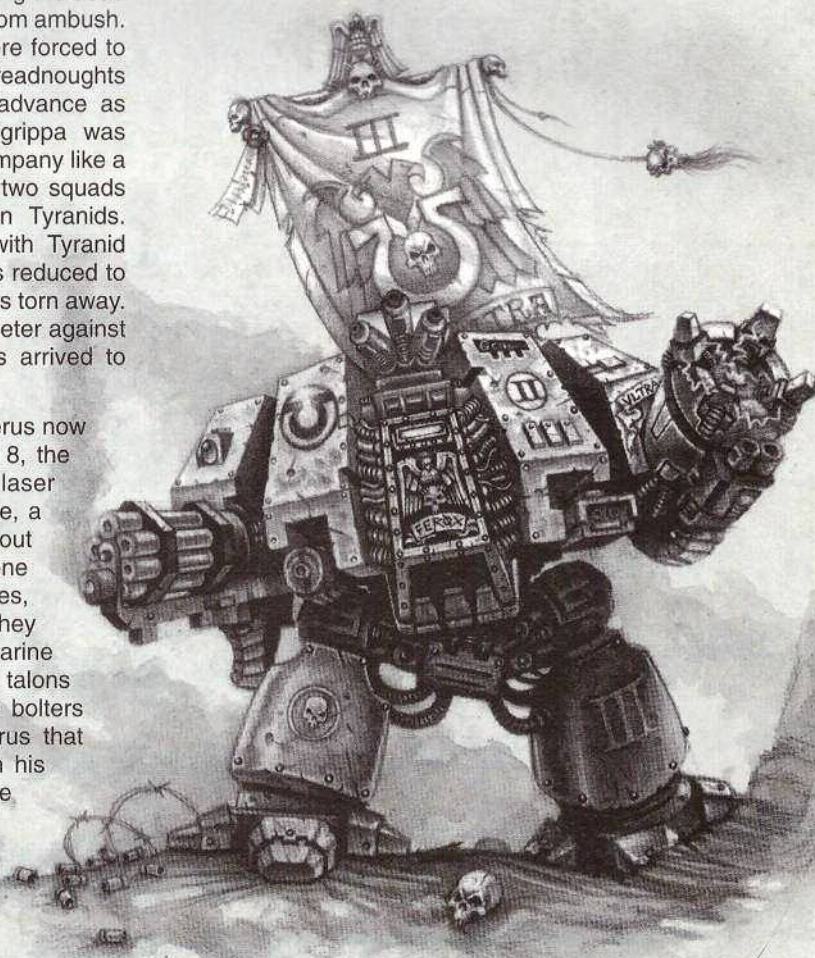
Of the great battle in space over the beleaguered world little can be said here, but the masterful defence by Marneus Calgar, Lord of the Ultramarines, can be read of in other places. In the aftermath it fell to the 3rd Company, under the newly elected Captain Fabian, to recapture the northern polar defence fortress on Macragge itself. Tyranid swarms had penetrated the orbital defences and overrun the sprawling complex of laser silos and bastions. The first landings by the company barely held their ground against the swarms of creatures which emerged from the shattered bunkers and tunnels to oppose them, only being driven back by the combined fire of Devastator squads and Thunderhawk gunships. Captain Fabian summoned three Dreadnoughts; Severus's Ironclaw, Maximus's Victory and Dicloetian's Agrippa to assist his troops in clearing the forbidding underground tunnels.

The twisting, intersecting passages were already subtly altered by the aliens' presence, dripping mucus and resounding with horrifying shrieks and screams. The dead lay everywhere, contorted and mangled by the violence of their passing. More than once, Tyranids hid among the dead before ripping into the advancing Ultramarines from ambush. Casualties mounted and the Space Marines were forced to use flamers to burn their way forward. The Dreadnoughts were moved ever closer to the front of the advance as squads peeled off to guard intersections. Agrippa was leading when a flank attack broke across the company like a wave of razor-fanged destruction. In seconds, two squads were overrun and hacked down by a dozen Tyranids. Agrippa's assault cannon painted the walls with Tyranid ichor as they rushed forward, and Maximus was reduced to trampling them underfoot when his power fist was torn away. But the veteran Dreadnought still held the perimeter against the bio-engineered monstrosities until Severus arrived to crush the survivors.

With his searchlight piercing the darkness, Severus now led the advance of the 3rd Company into Silo 8, the cavernous housing of a giant, ship-killing laser battery. As the last squads cleared the entrance, a nightmarish horde of Tyranid creatures spilled out of the shadows on all sides. A hail of obscene projectiles cut through the Space Marine lines, corroding through armour and flesh wherever they struck. Lithe killing beasts tore into the Ultramarine lines with horrifying ferocity, their scythe-like talons clashing against chainswords and armour as bolters chattered frenziedly. Once again it was Severus that held the line, throwing the creatures back with his steel-strength and crushing power fist. The surviving Ultramarines rallied around the giant fighting machine as it blasted through the aliens' ranks, and the next wave of monstrosities swept down upon them.

A fearsome Hive Tyrant, as massive as a Dreadnought itself, thundered into the Ultramarines with a shriek of fury. Three Brother Marines fell to a single sweep of its claws before Severus charged into the beast. A terrible struggle ensued as the blessed servos and ancient fibre-bundles of Ironclaw were pitted against the preternatural strength of the alien monster's steely sinews. The Tyrant sent Severus reeling with one mighty blow of its claw, but the old Dreadnought recovered and sparks flew as its fist crashed into the creature's carapace. Foul ichor sprayed from the gouting wounds, temporarily blinding Severus' sensors. The beast caught the Dreadnought a terrible blow, tearing through its leg to leave it sprawling helplessly. At this moment Captain Fabian leapt into the fray, knocking aside the creature's claw and evading its scything return swing before blasting it in the head with his plasma pistol until it reared and screamed a final howl of death agony.

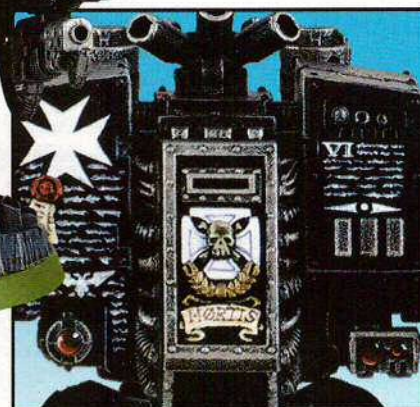
With the loss of the Tyrant and the guidance of the hive mind, the Tyranids fell into confusion. The Ultramarine bolter fire cut down the survivors mercilessly as they turned to flee. The 3rd Company was saved and went on to cleanse the polar fortress in its entirety. After the battle, Ironclaw was restored and Severus continues to serve with the 3rd Company to this day. Among the long list of honorifics he has accumulated, the Battle of Macragge remains the proudest, including as it does a share in the first ever accredited kill of a Tyranid Hive Tyrant in close combat.



The new plastic Space Marine Dreadnought kit hits the shelves this month. Here's a look at the armoured behemoth in all its glory.

DREADNOUGHT

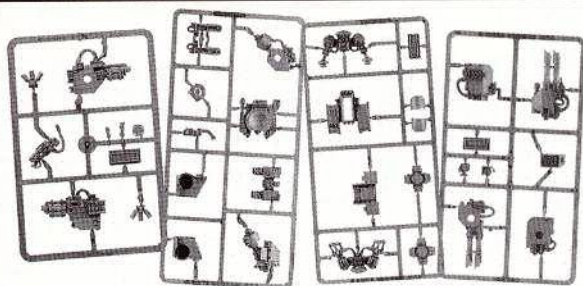
A LOOK AT THE NEW PLASTIC DREADNOUGHT KIT



Two Black Templars Dreadnoughts thunder over a ridge into the Ork lines.



Ultramarines Dreadnought Ferox smashes its way into an enemy fortress, allowing its brother Space Marines to pour through the breach.



Above: The component frames from the plastic Dreadnought kit.

Next month, we take a look at the various modelling options available with the new plastic Dreadnought kit. Jes Goodwin takes us through the creation process, and we examine the various roles the Dreadnought can fulfil on the field of battle.



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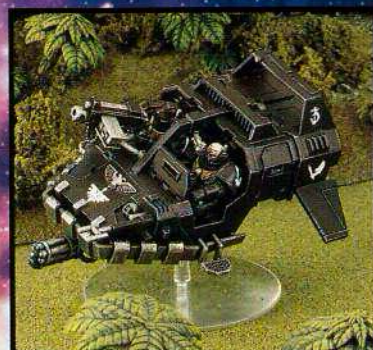
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If you have a good article for Warhammer Chronicles then write to:

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

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



Warhammer Chronicles

Scrivened and presented by Gav Thorpe

Welcome my Elucidated and Favoured Brotherhood and Sisterhood, to the pages of the Warhammer Chronicles. This month, the Tilean scribe Cavatore and I have delved into the art of siege warfare, to investigate the tumbling down of walls, the morale of the troops and that ultimate arbiter of Sigmar's grace – victory. Also, whilst ruminating on such castlesque subjects, I discovered the ancient tactic of the Undermine, which is presented for you to use. Enjoy, then, our ponderous labourings, o faithful adherent to all that is Warhammer.

Siege Update

By Gav Thorpe and
Alessio Cavatore

With Owen and Alessio fighting a siege for this month's battle report, certain anomalies (aka 'fudgie bits') were discovered in the Siege rules from the Warhammer rulebook. Here we clarify some of those vaguer points. Also, we had a look at the way some of the rules worked, and included are some additions and changes that you may like to use. Note that most of these were thought up after the battle report and were not used during that game.

MOVEMENT

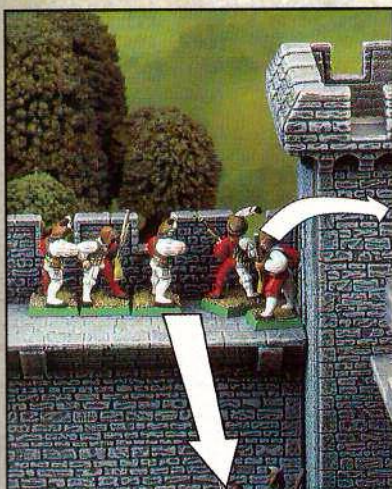
Units moving inside the castle courtyard follow all of the normal movement rules.

To make things simpler regarding walls and towers, divide the rest of the castle into sections, so that individual wall sections and towers are separate parts of the castle. If a unit in the courtyard moves into contact with a wall section or tower it can move up to the ramparts or into the tower, leaving excess models touching the base of the section as per the rules in the Warhammer book. Units already on the walls or inside a tower can move into the courtyard by measuring their move distance from the base of the section.

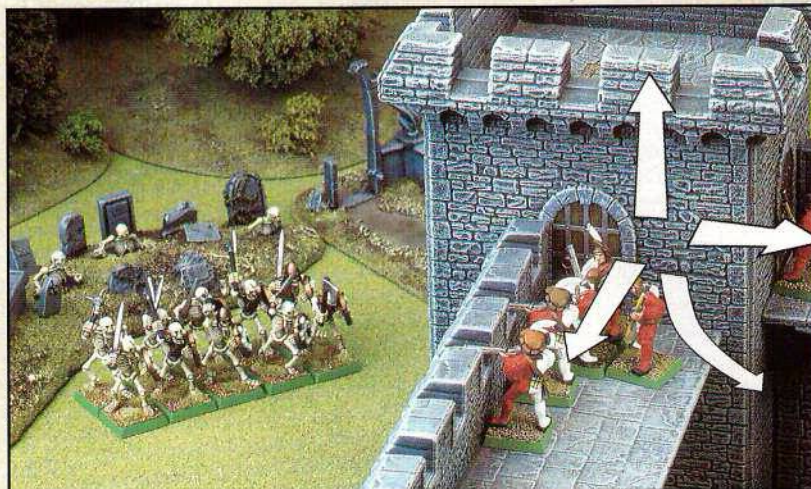
Units can also move to an adjacent section instead of moving normally, taking the whole of their move to do so. Again, any excess models are put into contact with a section's base, or they may be left in the section the unit moved from. For the purposes of towers, they are split into two levels – inside the tower and on top of the tower. Models on top of a tower



Although the top of the tower, the rampart and the inside can all house troops, they are all counted as the same tower section on the Damage charts.



The Handgunners could either move into the tower or directly into the courtyard.



This unit has moved from the tower onto the rampart, but could have moved up to the top, to the other rampart, or into the courtyard.

can only move into the tower. Models inside the tower can move to the top, to an adjacent rampart or into the courtyard, as shown above.

If you have peculiar constructions in your castle, sit down with your opponent beforehand and discuss which parts are separate sections and which sections count as adjacent. See the example on the previous page for how this works in practice.

MAGIC

Here's a bit more detail on what magic can and can't do in a siege game. First of all, no magic can pass through the walls from outside, so spells cannot be targeted on the courtyard unless the casting model is also in the courtyard – this stops those Undead generals raising units in the middle of the enemy fort! This also applies to inside towers. However, spells can be targeted onto the walls, for example, casting a *magic*

missile at troops manning the ramparts or the top of a tower. This also means that Undead units can be summoned onto the walls if there is sufficient space (excess raised are lost)! The walls also count as a magical barrier that cannot be crossed, either by movement spells or by units that ignore terrain when moving, such as Ethereal creatures.

The rules also state that the castle itself cannot be targeted by spells. However,

WALL DAMAGE CHART

Strength of attack+no. of wounds/hits caused

2-12	No effect.
13-14	Shaken. Add +1 to any further results on this chart.
15-16	Severely Shaken. Troops on this section of the wall cannot shoot during their next turn on a D6 roll of 4+. Roll separately for each unit. Add +1 to any further results.
17-18	Rampart Destroyed. Any unit on this section of the wall suffers D6 Strength 4 hits. Any troops which are on this section of the wall are no longer in hard cover. Add +1 to any further results. If you get this result again there is no further effect apart from the cumulative +1 modifier.
19	Breach! The attack rips a great hole in the wall. The hole is 2" wide and 3" high. Two models per turn may move normally through this hole. Add +1 to any further results. If you get this result again there is no further effect apart from the cumulative +1 modifier.
20+	Collapse! Wall collapses. Any troops on the wall take a single Strength 5 hit. All troops that are within 4" take 1 Strength 3 hit. The rubble counts as a defended obstacle and hard cover.

TOWER DAMAGE CHART

Strength of attack+no. of wounds/hits caused

2-12	No effect.
13-14	Shaken. Add +1 to further results on this chart.
15-16	Severely shaken. Any troops in the tower may not shoot on a D6 roll of 4+ during their next turn. Roll separately for each unit. Add +1 to any further result.
17-18	Rampart Destroyed. Any unit on the top of the tower suffers D6 Strength 4 hits. Any troops at the top of the tower are no longer in hard cover. Add +1 to any further results. If you get this result again there is no further effect apart from the cumulative +1 modifier.
19	Partial Collapse. Any troops in the tower must roll under their Initiative or suffer a Strength 5 hit. Add +1 to any further results. If you get this result again there is no further effect apart from the cumulative +1 modifier.
20+	Collapse! Roll a D6: 1-3 The tower partially collapses as above. In addition all troops within 4" of the tower suffer 1 Strength 3 hit. 4-6 The entire tower collapses! All troops inside suffer 1 Strength 5 hit. All models within 4" suffer 1 Strength 3 hit. The ruin counts as hard cover and a defended obstacle.

on reflection, the spells in the new Warhammer system are not as powerful as those in previous editions and you may like to rule that spells can affect the castle. The most common type of spell that could potentially damage the castle are *magic missiles*, and you should treat each tower or section of wall as a separate unit for the purposes of targeting spells. Many spells will have no effect whatsoever, as they do not cause hits or damage.

DAMAGE

At this point it's worth clarifying how the castle damage system works. Each attack that hits a wall, gate or tower causes one roll on the appropriate Damage table. This roll is equal to the Strength of the attack plus the number of wounds it causes or the number of hits it does. So, for a Dwarf Cannon, this is 10+D3 (the Strength plus the number of wounds caused by a hit). For something like a Volley Gun at close range, this would be 5 plus an Artillery dice roll (the Strength plus the number of hits caused). Note that with a Volley Gun, each barrel is considered a separate attack, not all three barrels as one attack. An easy way to work out what constitutes a separate attack is to consider each dice roll as an attack. For example if three Skaven

Jezzails (S5, D3 wounds) hit a gate this would be three rolls of 5+D3, not one roll of 5+3D3.

A couple of errors crept into the Damage tables presented in the rulebook, so please use the corrected tables on the previous page.

FLEEING AND PSYCHOLOGY.

One of the trickiest things we had to adjudicate was where fleeing troops inside the castle ran. It seemed odd that models holed up in a tower would run out of their well-defended position to be hacked down on the ramparts or in the courtyard. To make things a lot simpler, we recommend you play with the following additions to the siege rules.

The following rules apply to any unit inside the castle – including in the courtyard, in the towers and on the ramparts.

- 1) Any unit which flees is automatically destroyed as the fleeing warriors find themselves trapped and surrender.
- 2) All units automatically pass any Psychology tests. Note that they are not Immune to Psychology as such, so, for instance, a unit charged by a *fear*-causing

enemy will automatically pass the Fear test, but if they were outnumbered and lost the combat they would still break automatically as no test is taken.

These two rules not only tidy things up considerably, but they also make the fighting inside the castle even more bloody and desperate, as both sides sell their lives dearly to hold or take the castle.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

A few people have commented that it is odd for troops on the walls and in towers not to count for victory purposes. After all, it could be claimed that a unit in the courtyard surrounded on all sides by handgunner-filled ramparts hasn't taken the castle at all! For this reason, use these victory conditions for determining who has won:

Divide the castle into sections, with each section of rampart and tower counting as a separate section. In addition, the courtyard is divided into quarters, each of which is also a section. Next, determine who controls each section. To control a section a player must have a unit with a Unit Strength of at least 5 in that section. There must also be no enemy models in the section. The player whose army controls the most sections is the winner.

SCENARIO – BENEATH CASTLE KRANTZ (Imperial Year 2305)

In 2305, an Orc horde from the Black Mountains laid waste to many farms and villages of the southern Empire, looking for a crossing over the Reik to move on to sack Averheim. Along the route of the attack lay Castle Krantz, built to house a small garrison to protect the merchants travelling the Reik route across a nearby ford. The Orcs' initial assault proved fruitless; many Greenskins died as they attempted to scale the walls. The Orcs were also unable to prevent several messengers breaking through their siege lines to call for aid and warn the leaders of Averheim. It was Slitkog, a Night Goblin Big Boss, who suggested that he and his lads burrow under the gatehouse of the castle, hopefully collapsing it from beneath.

The plan might have succeeded spectacularly had not the dim-witted Goblins forgotten to conceal their crude engineering works, alerting the defenders to the mining operation. Gustav Krantz, commander of the castle, ordered counter-mining to begin and within a couple of days the two forces clashed. The Gobbos, who thought their cunning plan would never be guessed, found themselves suddenly set upon by halberdiers and swordsmen. The battle was short-lived as

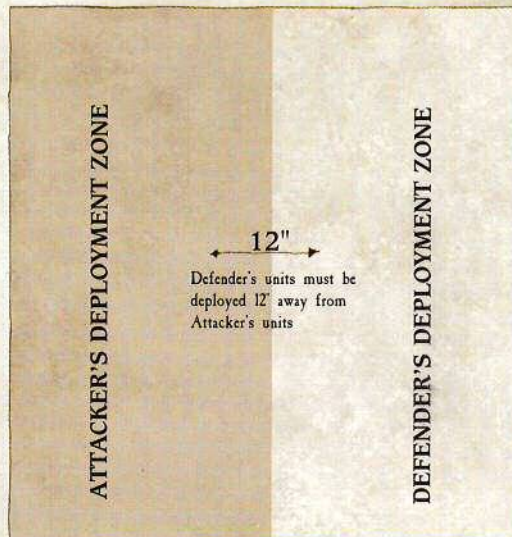
the cowardly Gobbos fled for their lives. Slitkog himself was cut down as he tried to flee the tunnels. The Orcs gave up their siege and turned south once more, burning their way back to the Black Mountains before a sizeable enough force could confront them.

Tunnel Fight

Overview: In this scenario, one small force attacks another in close underground confines.

Armies: Determine who is attacking and who is defending. Both armies are chosen to an equal points value. We recommend a small force of 500-750 points. Only one character is allowed in each army, and that character cannot be given any magic items. The rest of each army consists of a maximum of three infantry units, which must follow the normal army choice restrictions. Cavalry, monsters, war

machines and non-infantry units may not be taken, and neither can standards. Missile weapons, except thrown weapons, may not be used. If an army is unable to field such units as Core choices, an appropriate Special choice may be treated as a Core unit instead.



Battlefield: Lay out the terrain in any mutually agreed manner. This should consist of tunnels, caves and rocky outcroppings. Only a small table (four feet square at most) is required for this scenario.

Deployment

1. Divide the table in half. Both players roll a dice and the player who scores the highest chooses which half they wish to deploy in.
2. The attacker deploys their force first, anywhere in their half of the table.
3. The defender deploys their force second, anywhere in their half that is more than 12" from the enemy.
4. Scouting units are not deployed with the rest of the units. Instead they are placed on the table after all units in both armies have been deployed, as described in the rules for Scouts on page 112 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Who Goes First? The defenders go first as the attackers stumble into their units.

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

Special Rules: Both forces are hand-picked and thus immune to *panic*.

In the grim tunnel fighting, where it is easy to slip into the darkness, any unit which flees for any reason is assumed to be destroyed.

All units except Dwarfs, Elves, Undead, Night Goblins and Skaven are at -1 to hit in close combat.

There is no marching or charging as such. Units use the Movement rates below and if this movement takes them into the enemy it counts as a charge. No formal charge declaration is required, nor

is line of sight to the charged unit.

Dwarfs and Skaven move 8".

Chaos Dwarfs, Night Goblins move 7".

All other models move 6".

Victory Conditions:

Unless one player concedes, use the Victory points chart on page 198 of the Warhammer rulebook to determine the winner.

Historical refight:

The mine workings of Castle Krantz can be re-fought between an Empire army and a force of Night Goblins. Slitkog is a Night Goblin Big Boss, while Gustav Krantz is an Empire Captain.

SIEGE CAMPAIGN

If fighting a tunnel fight as a prelude to a siege game, victory has the following effects:

If the attackers win then they can collapse the mine and do considerable damage to part of the castle. One wall section or tower suffers D6 hits. Each hit is Strength 10 and does D6 damage. Any survivors are assumed to either hide out in the tunnels to make sure the job is finished, or take a well-earned break from the hard fighting!

Lord Helmig von Hurtz surveyed the citadel of his rival, Lord Kolk. He wanted to add the castle to his domains, but so far his assault had been repulsed with much loss of life to his own men. As he pondered the problem, the wizard Marganus stepped up next to him.

"Breach the gate for me, spellcaster," von Hurtz commanded him. The wizard chanted for a few moments, his hands tracing mystical sigils in the air in front of him. Opening his eyes, he pointed upwards, and von Hurtz followed the gesture. In the sky he could see a tiny flaming dot, which grew with each passing moment. Within half a minute the descending comet could be seen quite clearly, rushing towards Castle Kolk. Von Hurtz smiled to himself; already the wizard was proving to be worth his exorbitant fee. The meteor continued to descend and one minute passed into the next.

"It's a little large isn't it?" shouted von Hurtz as the celestial missile roared overhead. With a mighty detonation the comet slammed into the castle, the shockwave hurling von Hurtz to the ground, the flash momentarily blinding him. As he recovered his senses he saw pieces of shattered stone and charred wood dropping from the sky. All that remained of Castle Kolk was a smouldering ruin. He rounded angrily on Marganus.

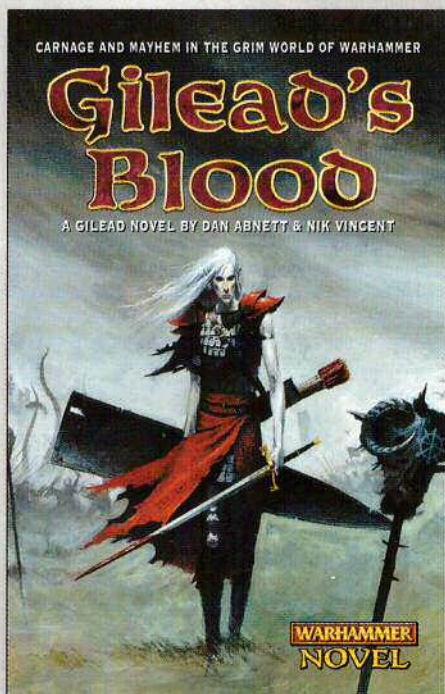
"You were only supposed to blow the damned gates off!"



If the defenders win, then any defending survivors will be able to rejoin the main army when the main attack goes in, after chasing down or scattering any remaining enemies in the tunnels. They may even follow the attacker's tunnels to the surface, outflanking the besiegers. Keep a note of which defending models survived the battle. When the final assault is played, roll a dice for this force at the start of the besieged player's second and subsequent turns. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3 the mining force is still underground. On a roll of 4 or 5 the force reappears inside the courtyard. On a roll of a 6, the entire force turns up on one of the table edges. Units arriving in the courtyard can do nothing else that turn. Units moving onto the table edge do so following the rules for units which have pursued an enemy off the table (see page 76 of the Warhammer rulebook).

Well, that just about wraps it up for this edition of Warhammer Chronicles. Next month myself and Scrivener Thornton take a look at the ancient civilization of the Lizardmen, with a new work-in-progress army list...

Cheerio until next time,



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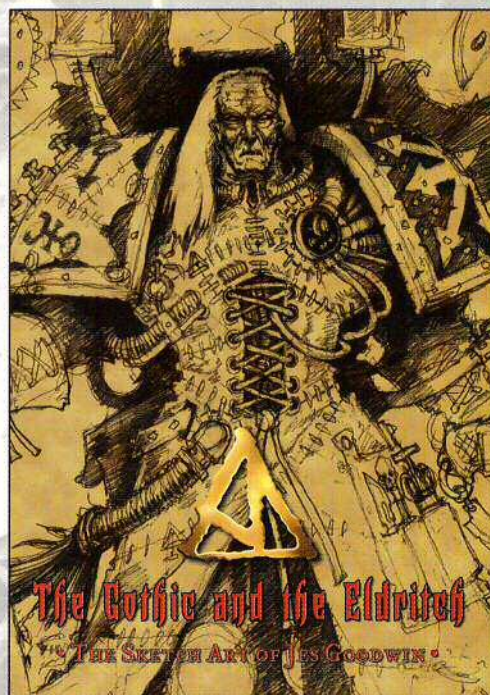
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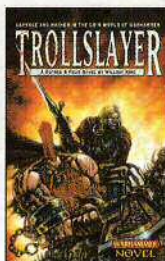
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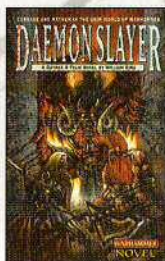
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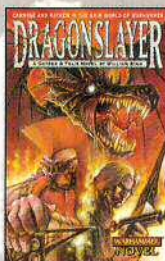
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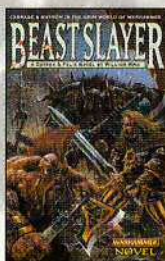
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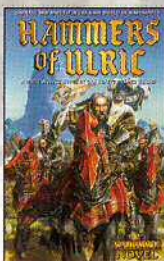
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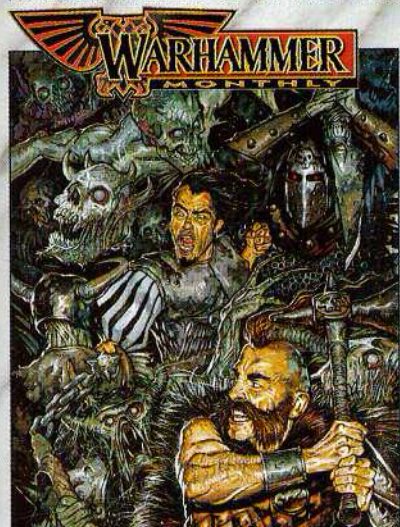


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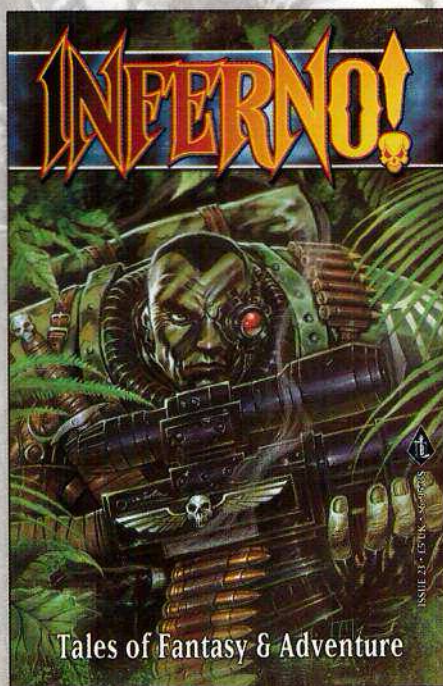
In this month's skull-crunching issue, there's more profitable carnage for the gruesome twosome Ulli and Marquand in the blasted ruins of Mordheim. Meanwhile, conflict flares between Gravier and his new mentor – but who will emerge victorious when Inquisitor faces Inquisitor? In Daemonifuge, Ephrael seeks refuge on the pilgrim world of Gathalamor. Plus the usual double-dealing mayhem from Kal Jerico!

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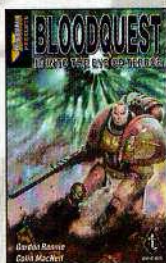
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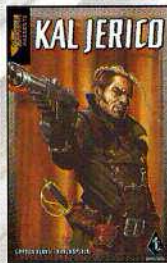
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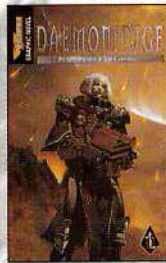
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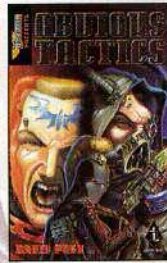
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THE BLACK LIBRARY PRESENTS

If you missed out on the latest Games Day you'll probably still be kicking yourself over all the cool stuff that you didn't get to see and that your mates have been talking about ever since. Rich Baker brings a little taster of the stuff you missed...

GAMES DAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

A WHISTLE-STOP REVIEW OF THIS YEAR'S GAMES DAY

24th September 2000 saw over 700 Games Workshop staff and more than 8,000 gamers descend upon the National Indoor Arena in Birmingham for the premier Games Workshop event of the year – Games Day. This year was undoubtedly the best Games Day yet, with huge participation and demonstration games, the traditional manic speed-painting contests, as yet unreleased models on sale at the retail stands, astounding displays, amazing deals from the Mail Order stands, Fanatic, the Black Library, Forge World, the culmination of the Warmaster and Mordheim tournaments, all of the Studio staff along with their latest work, new Games Workshop computer games and, of course, the Golden Demon painting competition. Phew!

As well as all of these exciting goings-on, the entire event was covered live on the Games Day website with webcam and live feed footage being constantly updated throughout the day!



Over 8,000 people attended this year's event!



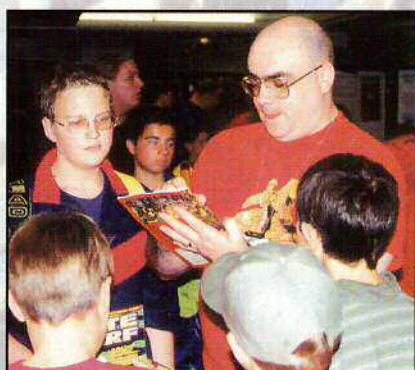
The Studio was particularly crowded, with all of the new games, art and models being the focus of most people's attention. Suffice it to say that those present were treated to work in progress that you simply won't be able to see anywhere else (*you really do NEED to go next year don't you?* – *Fat Bloke*). A team of 'Eavy Metal painters headed up by the intrepid Owen Branham forayed out into the main arena to invite people to join in and play their experimental Warhammer 40,000 flying game 'Thunderbolt Assault', copies of which were on sale exclusively at Games Day.

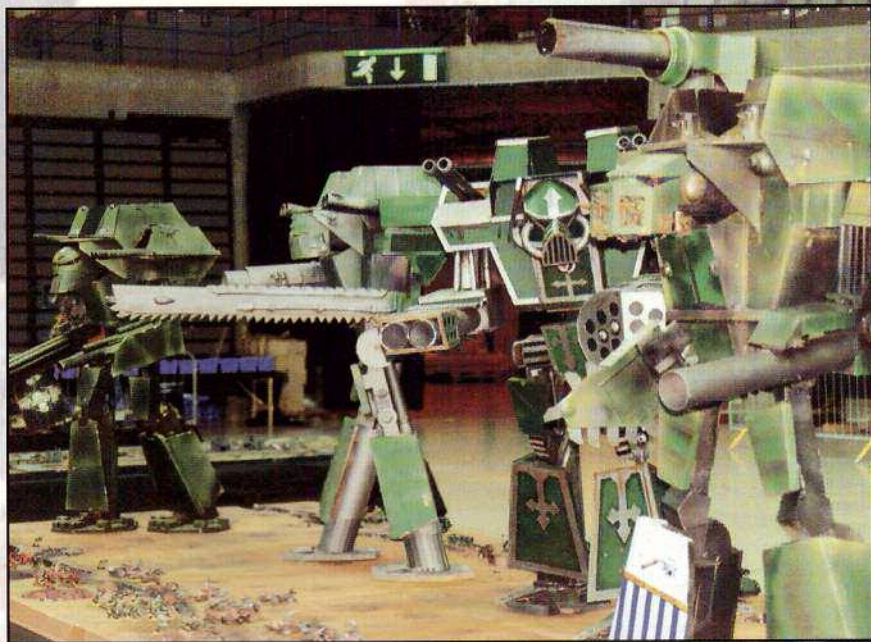
This year's mega display was based on the Black Library's Gotrek and Felix novels by William King.

The quality of the entries to this year's Golden Demon competition took us all by surprise as they were even better than previous years. A comprehensive look at the winning entries can be found later this issue.

In the depths of the arena, all manner of activity was unfolding: a club challenge, Warhammer Ancients demonstration games and rows of PCs for gamers to further immerse themselves in our gaming universes.

And that's not all... but we've run out of space! Thanks to everyone who made the day the spectacle it was – from GW staff to gamers. See you again next year!





Daniel Collister, age 15



GAMES DAY DRAWING COMPETITION

In the artists' area, Nuala Kennedy and Dylan Owen ran a drawing competition, with over 400 entries on the day, many of a quality good enough to make judging the event very difficult indeed. It was decided to split the competition into two with separate categories for 15 years or under and 16 years or over.

SPACE MARINE CATEGORY

Age 16 and over

1st Jason Snyman, 2nd Nicky Tang,
3rd Jon Holloway

Age 15 and under

1st Peter Russell, 2nd Luke Routledge,
3rd Nile Cookson

ORC CATEGORY

Age 16 and over

1st Lee Wing Lung, 2nd Gene Chee,
3rd Matt Rose

Age 15 and under

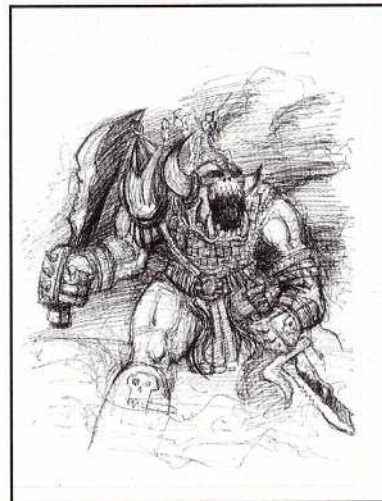
1st Daniel Collister, 2nd John Varey,
3rd Mark Sowik



Jason Snyman, age 17



Peter Russell, age 15



Lee Wing Lung, age 20



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Astropath: Prime Felnun
Ref: INQ.XR.01044/A
Collated by: Scribe Sherman Bishop

Subject: Tyranid Planetary Assimilation Analysis

Lord Commanders,

I bring you grave news. The threat we face may be far more vast than we ever dreamed. Technical analysis of Dalki-Prime pre-Tyranid consumption survey information when cross-referenced with the data from Dalki-Mons post Tyranid consumption shows some startling information.

Dalki-Prime was an agricultural planet with a diameter of 12,500 km, slightly smaller than Terra. The Tyranid fleet was able to remove the following quantities of material from the planet within 100 days [Terran Standard].

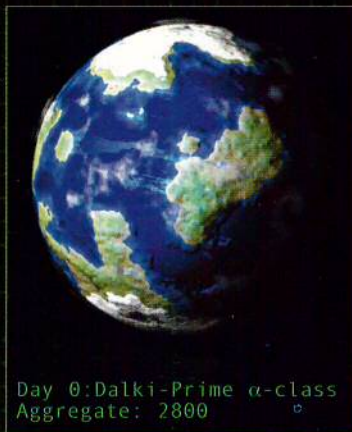
1.55 billion cubic km water, one cubic km of sea water weighs over 1 trillion kg.

8.67 billion cubic km gases, at STP theoretically they could reduce this to 1 tenth its volume by super cooling and pressure (3 atm, and 0°C).

72 million cubic km soil and minerals, weighing 1.4 trillion kg per cubic km.

It is nearly inconceivable how they were able to accomplish this in such a short time, much less explain where the materials were taken, as the typical hive fleets encountered historically are not capable of transporting even a fraction of this volume. Over 10 Billion cubic kilometres of material was removed from the planet. This would require untold millions of ships and is far beyond the scope of the entire Adeptus Mechanicus to accomplish given a decade. Most astonishing is that this is insufficient to sate their hunger and they strike again and again, often within months. We must somehow determine if these fleets are somehow sending material back to their home systems for it seems obvious that they are not using all the materials.

Detailed analysis of devastated worlds have yielded the following data in conjunction with orbital surveillance satellite and data recordings which were recovered.



Day 0: Dalki-Prime α -class
Aggregate: 2800

Analysis of records from Dalki-Prime have indicated invasion began quietly without any full-scale assault. A drop pod was detected entering the atmosphere of the southern hemisphere; this occurrence is the first known indication of Tyranid

activity. We have chronologically designated this as day 0 insertion.

Day 7: PDF forces engaged and destroyed over 137 individual Tyranid organisms in an uninhabited area where the mycetic spore landed. No record exists of the elimination of a Hive Node creature but the mission was designated a success by the lax planetary governor, against the registered complaints of the PDF commander.

Day 9: Two separate outbreaks of Tyranid infestation were encountered, both over 200 kilometres from the initial insertion point. PDF were dispatched along with considerable forces of the IG garrison.

Day 13: Tyranid organisms were dredged from the main fishery areas on the northern coast some 700 kilometres from initial insertion point. Conflicts continued in both other fronts. Basolithic infestation is assumed to be progressing unchecked at this time. The Planetary Governor issues a distress call.

Day 37: Major sections of all surface areas within 2,000 kilometres of the insertion point are firmly within Tyranid control. Basolithic infestation is verified by PDF navy submersibles which are destroyed 5,000



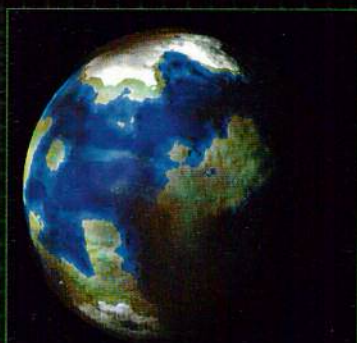


kilometres from main insertion point. Undersea agricultural complexes are attacked and destroyed.

Desalination plants along the coast were invaded from within and destroyed, access being easily gained from the large pumping stations.

Day 42: Planetary Governor and staff abandon the planet to the control of IG commander Gal Markit, who immediately orders orbital planetary bombardment with little success.

Day 48: IG forces are sorely pressed at all junctures, field reports indicate exponential growth in the numbers of Tyranid creatures. (Rough estimates indicate doubling every 2.5 days.)



Data File: Day 50 "Planet lost"

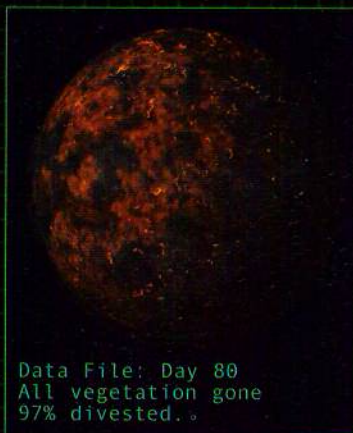
Day 50: All psychic contact with Dalki-Prime is cut off by the overpowering presence of the Tyranid hive fleet which drops from warp space around the planet. Preliminary estimates place the numbers of space borne creatures at 1.46 billion.

All escape attempts from this point on are intercepted and destroyed.

Mycetic poison spores are released into the atmosphere. These rapidly grow on all organic material, rhizomes burrow deep into organic tissue releasing enzymes to begin the rendering of the material. These aid the Rippers and also render any exposed material useless to other creatures as a food source as the fungus is highly poisonous to most life forms. Living creatures exposed to high concentrations of spores [200 per m3] typically develop lethal mycetial infestations within the lungs. Death occurs within 24 hours.

Day 51: Primary consumption of all biomass on Dalki-Prime commences with little resistance. Brood ships land on the planet and release the Ripper larvae, billions upon billions of them. These voracious creatures spread out, divesting the planet of all organic material and returning to the reclamation pools to deposit the nutrient broth. Capillary towers relay the material to orbit. Brood ships periodically return to orbit and unload this

material to the great brood factories and feeder ships. Surface and aerial mobile lifeforms which do not succumb to the spore clouds are hunted and eliminated in the initial stages. This continues for approximately 8-10 days non-stop, accomplished primarily by Gaunt species, the carcasses left to the Rippers and the spores. These hunter swarms return to the Rippers to obtain regurgitated digested food.



Data File: Day 80
All vegetation gone
97% divested..

Day 80: Ripper swarms, having systematically divested the land masses and basolithic planes of soil and dermis, board the brood ships and return to space. Once this has been completed the huge hive ships descend into the upper atmosphere. These

creatures, which resemble primitive radiant lifeforms with long tentacles, then drop into the atmosphere and begin removing it. As the atmospheric pressure is reduced, the water of the oceans begins to evaporate and it too is vacuumed up. As the tectonic plates begin to move due to the shift in planetary pressures caused by the removal of the vast oceans, volcanic activity increases dramatically. Devoid of the huge weight of the oceans many areas rupture, spewing hot gases and lava onto the surface. As the hive ships take the last remnants from the planet, they retreat into the warp leaving the barren sphere in its death throes.

Day 100: Imperial Navy arrives in response to the distress call finding the planet lifeless.



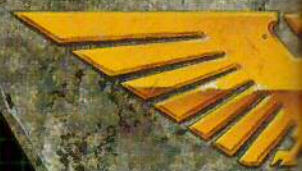
Data File:
Day 100
Imperial Navy Arrives

Halo effect noted due to high metallic residue.
Planetary Diameter reduced by 4.2%

Dalki-Mons δ-class

Magos Biologis Salk,
Draco Legion Biomedical Research station, New Hallefuss





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Subject: Tyranid Bio-structures

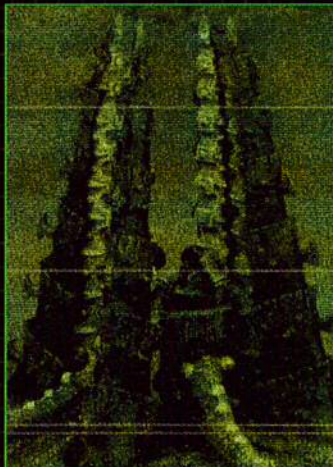
Spore Chimneys:

These structures are formed by a rapidly growing mycetic colony that feeds off the dermis of the planet and leeches minerals from underlying strata to form the coral-like skeletal structure upon which the colony grows. Observations from functional satellites indicate that these may reach

heights in excess of 350 meters, allowing spores from ripe polyps to reach long distances. They appear as dark cones with a hollow centre. Around this core is where the mature fungal colonies migrate to expel their spores. These are seen as large fist-sized taunt-skinned spheres. Rupturing when fully mature, they spread millions of spores into the wind.

Many pollinating insects feed on these huge spires and fan the spores into the air with their wings. Avian species are often drawn to the spires by the insects that are attracted to the fungus. In the process they are covered with a fine dust of spores and when they take flight again they spread the spores as well. Formation of these structures indicates a pervasive Tyranid infestation within the planetary biome.

These spores, produced and spread upon the atmospheric winds, have several roles within the tyraniforming process. While generated by the same fungus, spores are multifunctional and serve in two distinct capacities. Like



File:06843/b.
Tyranid Spore Chimney

many Tyranid organisms, the situation dictates how the spores develop.

When in contact with flora of any type, the spores operate in a catalytic fashion. This serves to induce explosive growth and reproductive cycles, stimulating all the growth hormones within plants, thus increasing the cell division exponentially. Following each rain cycle, the spores cause thick, lush foliage to form on all nutrient-rich soils of the planet. Thick macro algae blooms appear within the oceans in all areas where sunlight penetrates the depths. The spores also form symbiotic relationships and infest the fruits of the plants in a manner similar to a virus, causing the progeny to exhibit the same enhanced growth cycles. This mechanism also stimulates the Tyranid plant life which are breaking down materials on the planet as well. In effect, the native plants leech the nutrients from the soil at an alarming rate hastened by the spores' actions. These plants are harvested by the ripper swarms, but

regrow quickly until all the essential minerals and nutrients have been extracted from the soil. Magma Vents (q.v.) help replenish the soils, as do the spores effect on the planet's animal life in Harvester mode.



File:06844/a. Accelerated vegetation growth due to Tyranid spores.

In Harvester mode, necrotizing spores are highly dangerous to fauna and if inhaled will root within the pulmonary system of the animal, reproducing at an astounding rate and suffocating the creature in a short time.



[Standard Class V Imperial respirators are sufficient for short term exposure to the spores, however lengthy exposure requires supplied air or active osmotic lung filtration systems.] The fungus continues to digest the body and growing, sending a deep taproot down into the ground before beginning to grow skyward. Thus hundreds or thousands of these smaller chimneys spread out from the initial source with each death, creating an ever-widening radius. The rate at which the plague spreads is dependent on the endemic resistance to the spores and the atmospheric volatility of the region but it progresses with exceptional speed upon many vectors.

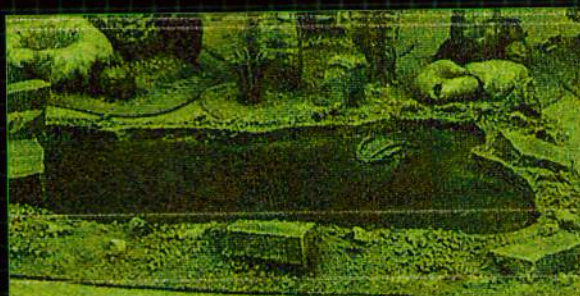
Larger animals also facilitate the spreading of the spores by eating infested fruits or infected hosts, which then attack the host via the gastrointestinal tract. In this manner they initially act as catalytic spores and shift to harvester mechanisms once in contact with fauna. The spores have a peculiar effect on many migratory fauna, initiating the migratory response and thus spreading the infestation even further. The larger the animal and the slower its metabolism, the longer it takes for it to succumb to the infestation. Thus large herbivores tend to travel long distances before dying. Any scavengers that feast upon the corpse become infested with the more deadly pulmonary infection as well. Excessive thirst seems to be a symptom of the infection's final stages resulting in concentrations of chimneys around potable water sources, soon rendering them toxic due to algae and forcing infected animals to seek fresh supplies. This quite often leads them in desperation to reclamation pools where they are subdued and added to the harvested stores.

Tactical Dogma:

Imperial forces that contact such structures should avoid any direct explosive or kinetic assaults upon the spire. Such attacks serve only to spread the fungus. Demolition of the spire will spread untold amounts of spores over a large area. Immolation is the best single method of dealing with the structures but Li6 Rad-Grenades produce short-term radiation of a Becquerel level capable of destroying the spores and all other life in a small area without any kinetic action dispersing spores further. Larger structures are best dealt with during the frequent rainstorms if these methods are insufficient due to size. The spores will be more contained and less of a threat during the rain.

Reclamation Pools:

Exceptionally dangerous features of the tyranofarming of a planet are the reclamation pools that render down slain animals as well as those Tyranids that have lived out their useful life, are injured or are dead. The cocktail of enzymes, acids, viruses and catalytic agents present in this deadly morass can destroy nearly any known material and should be viewed with the utmost caution. The depression where the pool itself resides is lined with a thick, viscous living carpet of macro-algae. Utilising an unknown mechanism <based on examination of other Tyranid weapons systems it is likely that an inert lipid layer is responsible> to prevent itself from being dissolved by the solution, it contains the pool. These pools generally begin to take form in natural depressions housed between native watersheds during the early days of the Tyranid infestation. As the harvesting process increases exponentially during the event, they will become unable to contain the amounts of harvested materials once all mechanisms are integrated and functional. At this point we begin to see Capillary Tubes <q.v.> forming to remove materials from the pools on a constant basis.



File:06834/f Tyranid Reclamation pool.

The pool itself is home to amorphous protoplasmic organisms of exceptional size. These creatures are the only mobile creatures, even within the Tyranid horde, that can withstand the chemicals within for extended periods of time. They carry the fallen and injured Tyranids into the pool as well as any large creatures that die in close proximity. They appear to act as guardians to the fragile pool system, making certain its epithelium is healthy and that the connections to the capillary tubes remain open. They will also attack by spraying materials from the pool at any non-Tyranid creatures that venture



too near. Some Tyranids also seem to have an internal bio-clock that regulates their effective operational time, as on several occasions apparently healthy Tyranids have been observed entering a reclamation pool under their own power. It is unknown if pheromone influences are at work to suppress the creatures' innate self-preservation instinct or if the hive mind is able to effectively stifle this entirely when required, though the latter seems a likely assumption from the evidence. All attempts to isolate and replicate the morass or cultivate the macro-algae have met with failure to this date. But it remains promising that the Tyranids may be susceptible to effective chemical warfare if we can isolate the mechanism by which this material or the bio-clock operates. These pools are utilised in differing ways by each hive-fleet.

During the final stages of tyranofarming the pools become unimaginably massive, becoming oceans and lakes themselves with hundreds or thousands of capillary towers operating in them. At this juncture little if any of the indigenous life exists on the planets' surface. The reason that oceanic basins are not used for this accumulation appears a mystery. Perhaps the need for direct sunlight or some pressure requirement prevents it. However we can only really speculate as to how the mechanisms are utilised in the deep oceans.

Additional Harvesting:

Most fleets reclaim the materials from Rippers which return from gorging themselves on the planet's resources by dissolving the Rippers themselves within these pools. However, more evolved fleets save biogenesis energies by having the Rippers simply regurgitate the digested materials before going out to forage again. The gullets of these Rippers contain the same macro-algae as the lining of the pools, enabling them to digest nearly anything. This nutrient broth is the lifeblood of the hive fleet providing nearly all the sustenance for the massive hiveships. Disruption of this harvesting is critical to thwarting any Tyranid exploitation of a planet.

Tyranid Magma Vents:

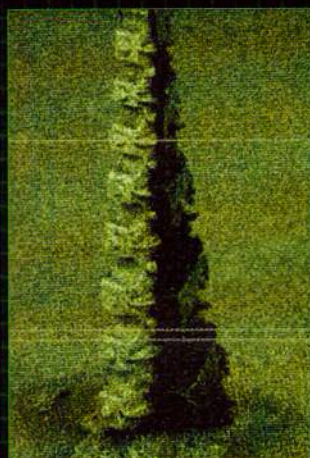
This is another of the features often encountered when dealing with Tyranid infested biomes. These vitrified tubes are bored down past the Mohorovicic Discontinuity (between the crust and mantle) to allow gases trapped

deep within the planet to escape into the atmosphere. Sulphur dioxide, carbon dioxide and other gases escape in superheated plumes from these shafts which are typically situated upon or near tectonic plate junctures. Periodic eruptions of steam from these vents are typical and a hazard to unprotected personnel. This is more common in those vents located far from tectonic fault lines. This affects the planetary climate aiding other Tyranid methodologies in the harvesting of resources. Vents bored within the oceanic basins slowly warm the oceans increasing the climatic catalyst effect even further. Induced volcanic eruptions sometimes result if the area is sufficiently unstable.

Magma Corers, large creatures that appear to be related to the Carnifex, dig and dissolve their way through the sedimentary and igneous rocks down to the mantle and the magma. <No specimens of this creature have yet been procured for study by the station, so detailed analysis of biological countermeasures to extremes of temperature are speculative at this time.> The residual minerals exhibit molecular disruption similar to that found on Tyran. Presumably these creatures utilise some psychic matter-manipulation or agitation to facilitate this amazing feat. As they tunnel, they secrete a vitrifying gel which coats the tube and prevents its collapse until the tap is deep enough to begin expelling the compressed gases. In areas where magma is sufficiently caustic, the low viscosity lava will typically erupt releasing huge quantities of dissolved gases. In areas where the lava is acidic and viscous, explosive eruptions and pyroclastic flows have occurred. This results in significant loss of life to all indigenous creatures within miles of the occurrence. Some Tyranid creatures could survive around the periphery of the blast and gas cloud but the intense heat is sufficient to cause the demise of any caught within the cloud. It is unknown if the Magma Corers survive once they reach the 35-40 km depth at which this process is initiated. The tenacity of Tyranid creatures is remarkable but none should be capable of surviving such conditions; it would seem to be suicidal even for such creatures. The ability of the Tyranids to breed a creature whose sole <known> purpose results in its death is quite astounding. Magma vents are also utilised as a geothermal energy source for the <q.v.> Tyranid broodhive complexes. Dozens of these types of vents are



utilised to heat the entire hive and provide thermal energy to incubating broods. They sometimes appear to bore vents below the larger regional spore chimneys to provide a draught within the structures:



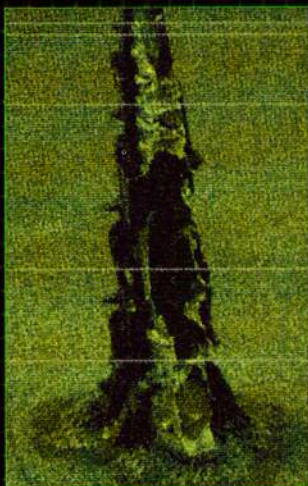
File:06973/g.
Capillary Tower.

use of somatic methods alone. Connected by miles upon miles of subterranean tubes, one capillary tube can serve all the pools in an area within a 50 km radius. These creatures only appear in the final stages of the tyraniforming of a planet and subsequently have not been examined in detail. The towers move huge quantities vertically by use of chambered somatic cells with intricate valve systems. Since

the weight of such a huge column of material would be too stressful for any valve to withstand, the towers utilise an undulating oesophageal method. In this way the reticulated musculature need only support the weight of each individual bolus rather than the mass of a continuous column. Hiveships reach down into the upper atmosphere of the

Capillary Towers:

Huge living towers which stretch high into the thermosphere. Composed of a crystalline exoskeleton system with inconceivable structural integrity containing the singular huge rope-like creature. These creatures perform a remarkable feat by moving gathered material from the reclamation pools up to near orbit by



File:06973/h.
Destroyed Capillary Tower.

planet to attach themselves to these structures using huge umbilical cords. Waning planets bristle with these structures as the hive fleet clusters nearer and nearer the planet, removing the oceans and atmosphere before departing to seek more prey. As the atmosphere wanes and the seas dry up, the great worms of the towers begin leaching the most vital nutrients from the towers themselves. Without the wind and surf to batter them they require less and less structural support. By the time the creatures retract up to the hiveships, their towers are so fragile that they collapse, leaving miles of rubble strewn across the battered landscape, similar to that found on Tyran.

Broodhives:

These huge structures are an amalgam of many other types of Tyranid buildings. They resemble, more than anything, a huge earthen mound, with spires thrusting skyward emitting thick plumes of dark smoke. The smoke is in fact spores forced out the chimneys of the hive by geothermal draughts created by magma vents deep within the hive. These magma vents do not go quite as deep as those outside the hives and are filled with ground water and Tyranid secretions to create a hot and humid environment. Within this dark, damp and hot system the broods incubate quickly and go forth to devour the planet's resources. Thousands upon thousands of Rippers endlessly ravage the planet, returning to deposit their harvest into the sheltered reclamation pools. Capillary towers have also been seen connected to the highest levels of these monolithic structures. Based on the few assaults launched against such structures, they mimic the insides of the hulking hiveships, including many unseen dangers and are filled with ravenous Tyranids which are quite active and aggressive. Not all Tyranid infestations result in the formation of these structures. They actually appear to be an aberration. Conjecture has it that these may form when an unsupported Tyranid infestation is taking place. That is, a small number of Tyranids in a location without the benefit of a global assault. Perhaps this is analogous to many insect species that form new colonies by a small faction breaking off and moving to colonise elsewhere.

Magos Biologis Salk,
Draco Legion Biomedical Research station, New Hallefuss



When Tyranids land on a planet they don't just destroy its inhabitants, they strip the planet of all resources. Pete Haines explains how you can incorporate this into your games of Warhammer 40,000.



Pete is a recent addition to the Warhammer 40,000 Games Development team. His Iron Warriors army is a formidable force, as Fat Bloke recently found out.

If you are a real Tyranid enthusiast, it won't be long before you want to start building some of the special terrain that develops after the Tyranids seed a world with spores. After all, as a Tyranid player you have probably already come to regard the enemy army as a smorgasbord, so you might as well go the whole way and turn the planet into a buffet table and eat it too.

Of the terrain types described by Scribe Sherman Bishop, two (reclamation pools and magma vents) should be considered as standard terrain to be

HOSTILE TERRAIN

TYRANOFORMED WORLDS IN WARHAMMER 40,000

placed when called for on the Terrain Generation tables in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook or to be set up in accordance with any acceptable terrain placement method. The others (spore chimneys, capillary towers and broodhives) are best used in association with missions that make the most of their unique qualities.

MISSION-SPECIFIC TERRAIN

When playing certain missions, a lot of fun can be added by replacing the normal generic objective with something specific to one of the armies involved. Thus, when using Tyranids, it is stretching credibility a bit to expect them to be guarding a fuel dump in a Sabotage mission. If they are guarding a vital spore chimney, however, the mission makes complete sense. The three missions specified here each feature one of the special Tyranid terrain pieces so, if you play any of these missions and have the terrain,

you can play the modified mission instead.

SABOTAGE

For this mission a spore chimney is used as the objective. It is placed in the centre of the table as normal and the mission proceeds in accordance with the standard rules. This mission only really works with the Tyranids as defenders, although it is conceivable that they might try to destroy a chimney to avoid letting prey-animals examine it. The attackers are assumed to be equipped with specially prepared radioactive charges (or bio-toxins) designed to kill the spore chimney without accidentally triggering the discharge of all its spores. The attackers must still assault the spore chimney in an Assault phase and remain in contact until their next Assault phase to set the charges, exactly as they would in the scenario normally.

COMMON FEATURES

Where the players place the terrain using one of the methods detailed on page 124 of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook, it is important not to get too carried away including magma vents and reclamation pools. Although they are equally dangerous to both sides they do reduce the amount of manoeuvring room available which could get in the way of a good game. As a general rule one of each is characterful, more is probably a bit excessive. Because of the effect of Tyranid spores on the indigenous plant life you should try to include an extra piece of woods, forest or jungle too. If you use the Terrain Generator tables however, you can let fate decide all this for you.

USING THE TERRAIN GENERATOR TABLES

When using the tables on pages 125-128 you can include reclamation pools and magma vents by rolling on the table most appropriate to the planet before the Tyranids arrived. If the world being fought over is an Agri-world for example, you would use the table on page 126. Then you amend the results as described below.

Reclamation pools will replace result 4 on the table being used.

Magma vents will replace result 5 on the table being used.

If a 7 is rolled on any table other than Ash Wastes, the option to place a wood or forest is generated. Often a hill will be the alternative. Ignore the alternative and always place woods, forest or jungle, as called for. The terrain pieces placed should ideally be about 50% larger than normal. This represents the rapid growth of local plant life provoked by Tyranid spores.

If using the jungle fighting rules in Codex Catachans then 90% of the table should be covered in jungle, as most tracks and clearings will simply be overgrown.

In game terms the new terrain types work as follows:

Magma Vents

Magma vents should be depicted as ragged fissure-like crevasses between 4" to 12" long and 1" to 2" wide. All troops can step/leap/drive across them but cannot end their move on them. Roll

a D6 at the end of each player's turn: on a 6 the tube vents superheated gases. Any model within 2" of the vent takes a Strength 5 hit, and vehicles count this against their rear armour. For the following turn, no model may cross the vent in any direction and no line of sight can be traced over it.

Reclamation Pools

A small reclamation pool or the edge of a larger one should be represented by a terrain piece no larger than 9" by 9". The pool is impassable, although skimmers and jump pack equipped troops may cross it but may not end their movement in it.

Troops falling back on a path that would take them into the pool must divert around it as they would other impassable terrain.

At the end of every player turn each player rolls a D6, re-rolling draws. The winner nominates a point on the edge of the pool and detonates a Bio-acid Spore Mine on that spot. This represents one of the pool-dwelling protoplasmic organisms attacking passers by with the pool's vitriolic contents.

Spore Chimney

A spore chimney will be from 1" to 6" in diameter around the base and is treated as impassable terrain that cannot be passed over by skimmers or jump pack troops.

The thick odour of the spores has a soporific effect on Tyranids. If a spore chimney is on the table then Tyranids treat Attack! results on the Instinctive Behaviour table as Lurk instead. In this instance, any move that takes them closer to the spore chimney should be considered to meet the requirements of Lurk.

If a non-Tyranid weapon hits the Spore Chimney accidentally as a result of scatter etc, then 2D6 Spore Mines are immediately scattered from the centre of the spore chimney. The Tyranid player can choose the type before rolling for scatter.

TAKE AND HOLD

In this mission a Tyranid capillary tower is substituted for the objective. Choose the terrain feature to be used as the objective as normal, then replace it with your capillary tower model. When the capillary tower is placed it must still be at least 24" from the defender's table edge and 12" from any other board edge.

It does not matter whether the Tyranids are attacking or defending as it can be easily rationalised that the Tyranids are seeking to counter an attempt to capture a tower. Apart from the inclusion of the capillary tower the mission is played as normal.

Capillary Towers

A capillary tower is impassable terrain, represented by a chitinous tower no more than 8" in diameter. Skimmers and jump pack troops may not move over a capillary tower and it completely blocks line of sight.

STRONGPOINT ATTACK OR BUNKER ASSAULT

When the Tyranids are called upon to defend against either a Strongpoint Attack or a Bunker Assault it can be awkward as the usual combination of razorwire, tank traps and bunkers are simply inappropriate. If you have appropriate models, substitute the normal special mission rules with the following:

Razorwire: Replace razorwire with a similar number of sections of barbed

thermotropic vines (bio-wire), mutated from indigenous species by Tyranid zoomorphic spores and propelled to rapid growth by spore chimney discharges. These function in exactly the same way as normal razorwire.

Tank Traps: Replace with vitrified plants set with iron-hard hooked fronds. These function in exactly the same way as normal tank traps.

Bunkers. Replaced by entrances to a broodhive. These are treated like bunkers in all respects except that they may not actually be occupied by troops. Instead, reserves may be deployed on to the table through them from the hive below. It is also possible for Tyranids to take refuge in them. This is accomplished as if entering a bunker. Units that re-enter the hive go back into reserve and must be rolled for on subsequent turns as reserves to re-emerge. They may choose to re-emerge from a different entrance however!

- If the hive entrance is attacked and shaken, Tyranids emerging next turn may not shoot.
- If attacked and stunned, Tyranids may not emerge from the hive entrance or take refuge within it next turn.
- If a collapse result occurs, that entrance is blocked for the remainder of the game.

Non-Tyranids may not enter the hive under normal circumstances, although if you have prepared for it then hive clearance would be an excellent scenario in its own right.

Tyranids may not use fortifications. They may place up to three broodhive entrances (in addition to any replacing bunkers) within 6" of their deployment zone to compensate.

Lurking in the Broodhive

In both missions ignore any requirement for the Tyranids to deploy units on table, they may choose to keep some or all of their army in reserve.

If they do deploy on the table, they may only deploy choice types that would normally be allowed (HQ & Troops in Bunker Assault; Sentries, HQ, Troops & Heavy Support in Strongpoint Attack).

Tyranids inside the broodhive are immune to Preliminary Bombardment.

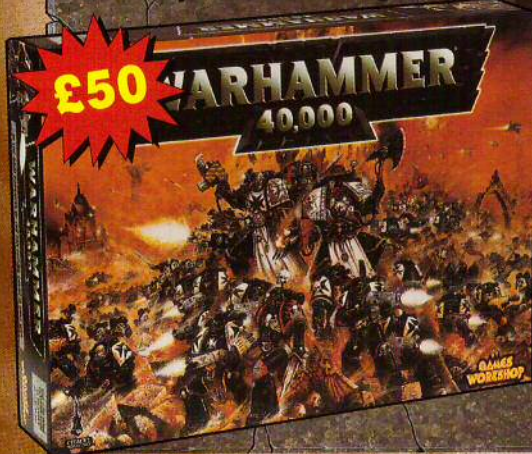
As you can see there can be a lot more to fighting battles with Tyranids than just using the army. With a bit of effort you can change the entire battlefield environment to produce something characterful and different. These sort of changes can rejuvenate a mission you have already played loads of times and help to make a game far more memorable. Just try to avoid paddling in the reclamation pools or climbing the capillary towers though!



A swarm of Tyranids protects a capillary tower from the Black Templars assault.

In the grim darkness of the 41st Millennium there is only war.

Warhammer 40,000 is a tabletop game for two or more players in which you command the forces of the Imperium (or one of its many enemies) in desperate battles across the war-torn future of the 41st Millennium. The Codex army books are dedicated entirely to collecting, painting and gaming with the various different races and armies of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Every Codex highlights one particular army and expands upon the rules published in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Inside each Codex you will find army lists, a section full of ideas for painting and modelling an army, plus exotic wargear and special characters to use in your battles. In addition there is a wealth of background information— all in all enough to satisfy the most avid gamer!



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CODEx ARMAGEDDON

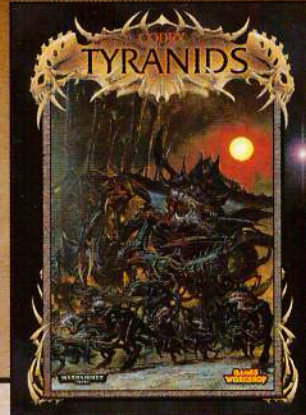
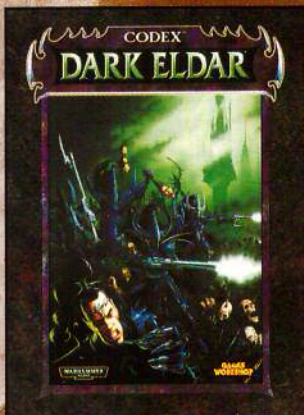
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CODEX ELДАР

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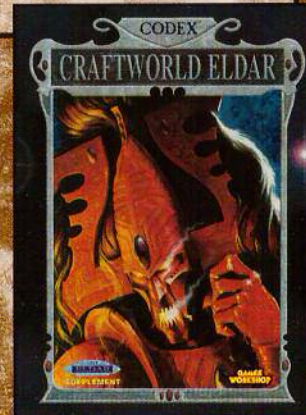
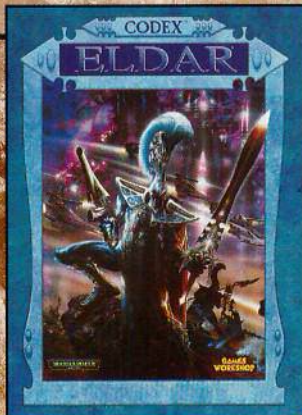
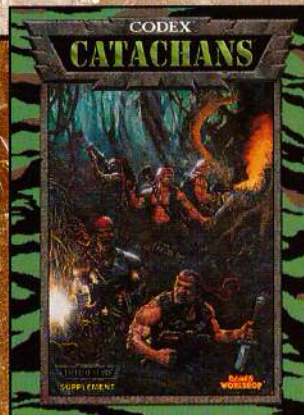
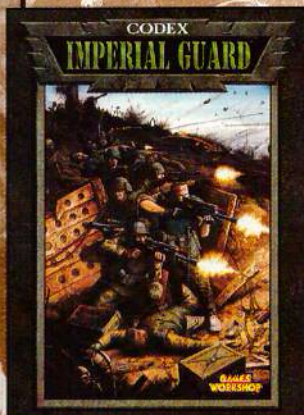
The Eldar are an ancient race, immersed in a battle for survival in a galaxy overrun by barbaric usurpers. Eldar warriors are as deadly as they are diverse, utilising advanced weaponry and mysterious wargear. This Codex details everything you need to know to field an army of these proud, alien warriors.

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Arcane Lore is a series of ruminations and cogitations by the Warhammer Games Development team on different aspects of the Warhammer game. This month Gav Thorpe talks about the rules concerning fleeing troops in Warhammer.



Gav Thorpe proudly stands at the head of the Warhammer Games Development team, with a string of credits to his name as long as his arm. He has been a regular contributor to White Dwarf for as long as anyone can remember and is pictured here reacting to the suggestion of having his hair cut.

A huge dragon is crushing your friends with claw and fang, to your left the enemy cavalry is charging towards you with lances levelled, to your right is a forbidding wood and you have your back to a cliff. Which way do you run? Sometimes in a game of Warhammer, with units and terrain all over the place, working out in which direction a unit should flee can

ARCANE LORE

Run Away! Fleeing in Warhammer

be difficult. In this article I'll be providing some guidelines you can use to help determine the movement of fleeing troops in different circumstances. There are two types of fleeing. The first is the initial flee move, the other is fleeing troops in subsequent turns. Let's start by looking at that first move.

RUN FER IT LADZ!

The Warhammer rules say that when a unit breaks, fails a Panic test or flees for some other reason, it moves directly away from what caused the unit to flee. Usually this is quite straightforward – if a unit is splatted by a Rock Lobber and panics, they flee from the Rock Lobber. If a friendly unit breaks to the unit's left, the fleeing unit moves to its right. However, things are not always this

simple. For example, what if a unit is fighting in close combat and then charged in the rear? In this case it must flee through an enemy unit if it were to flee directly away from the source of panic. The same can happen if a unit fails a Break test, whilst fighting units on opposite sides.

So, how do you resolve this? Well, I have a short list of priorities which I go through. The order is:

- 1) Move as directly as possible away from the cause.
- 2) Do not move through an enemy unit.
- 3) Do not move within 4" of an enemy unit.
- 4) Do not move through a friendly unit.



Sometimes, there really is no option other than to cut your losses and run like hell.

If at all possible, a unit that flees will attempt to fulfil all four priorities. If this is not possible then it will ignore these priorities in ascending order. For instance, if a unit cannot move directly away from the cause and stay more than 4" from the enemy without going through friends, then it will go through friends as this is the lowest priority. If a unit cannot physically move directly away from the enemy without going within 4" of an enemy unit, then it will do so if it has no other option. Again, this is because moving outside 4" is a lesser priority than moving directly away.

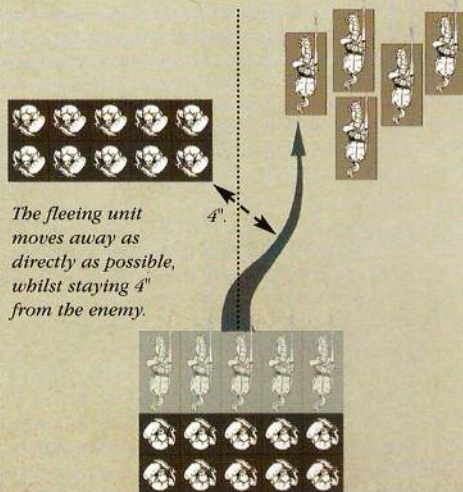
Now, this is where a degree of common sense is required. Which route takes the unit as directly as possible away from the cause? Obviously a straight line is the most direct, but this is not always applicable on the field of battle. So, the route must be as close to this imaginary straight line as you can get it, whilst fulfilling the other priorities. This is best shown by diagrams 1 and 2, shown to the right.

This is where things can get a bit tricky – when can the unit approach within 4" of the enemy and when can it not? There's no hard and fast rule to apply here, unfortunately. To decide, I usually follow the guide that if none of the flee movement would take the unit further along that imaginary straight line, then they will approach within 4". Diagrams 3 and 4 below show what I mean.

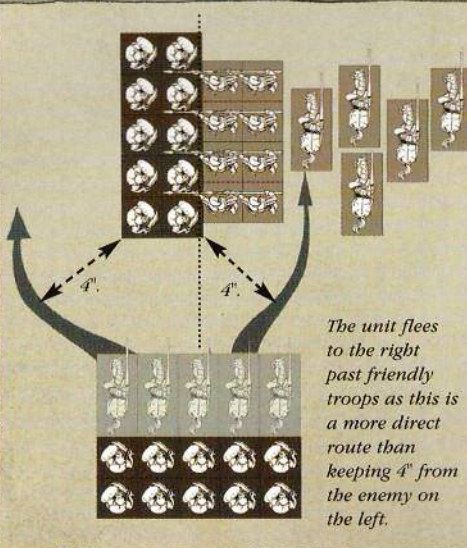
THEY'RE ALL AROUND US!

A rare circumstance, but possible nonetheless, is that a unit breaks from combat when surrounded on all sides. In this circumstance, it is impossible

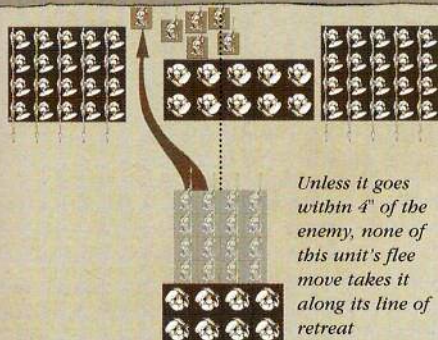
1. Fleeing around enemy models



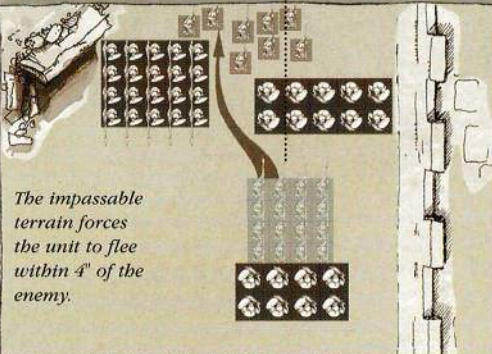
2. Fleeing around a combat.



3. Fleeing through enemy troops.



4. Fleeing around impassable terrain.



for the unit to flee without moving through an enemy unit. Looking at the miniatures you may think that there's no way out and they should be destroyed. However, if this were the swirling combat the units represent, and bearing in mind that the unit fleeing is no longer a coherent formation, you can see how individual fighters could break through the throng and head for safety. In this case we are left with the first priority – move as directly as possible away from the cause. In close combat the cause is always the enemy unit with the highest Unit Strength so the fleeing unit will move directly away from this enemy unit (see diagram 5, right). Once clear of the enemy, the priorities earlier come into effect.

AFTER 'EM LADS!

In the case of units breaking from combat, enemy units are allowed to pursue, which can also throw up some odd situations. This is because a unit is wiped out if an enemy unit rolls equal to or higher than the flee move on its pursuit roll. This system is abstracted from the relative positions of the miniatures. When one unit is fleeing from a single enemy, this usually causes no problems. However, if attacked from two different directions, one of the pursuing units could have models in contact with the fleeing troops

without having rolled equal to or higher than their flee roll. Diagram 6 (below) shows this.

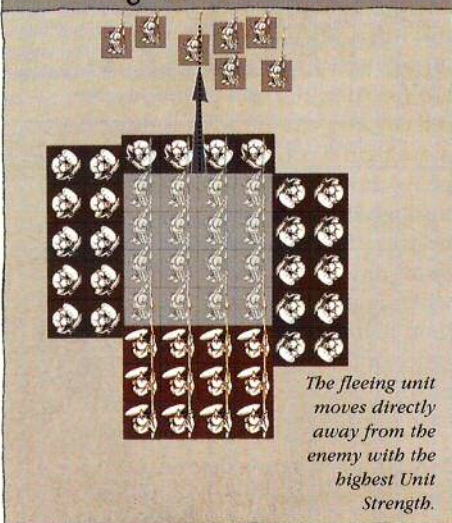
To resolve this, I always look at the difference between the two rolls rather than the distances. Move the fleeing unit the distance rolled and then position the pursuing unit a number of inches behind equal to the difference, facing in the direction of the pursuit. When particularly low numbers are rolled, this may mean that the pursuing unit is actually slightly further back than when it started, but for me that's the lesser of two evils. When two or more units are pursuing, I place them their relative distances behind and evenly split along the line of pursuit (see diagram 7, below).

I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

All of the principles outlined above apply equally to fleeing in subsequent turns. However, in this case my priorities are:

- 1) Move as directly as possible towards the nearest table edge.
- 2) Do not move through an enemy unit.
- 3) Do not move within 4" of an enemy unit.
- 4) Do not move through a friendly unit.

5. Fleeing when surrounded.



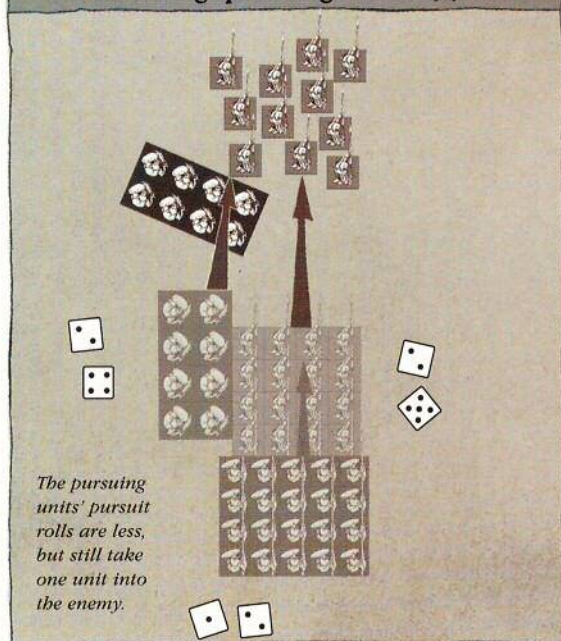
Now the imaginary line of fleeing runs towards the nearest table edge (measured from the closest model) rather than away from the cause, but all of the examples above hold true. The only situation that changes this is if the unit is charged by the enemy whilst fleeing. In this case the line of fleeing is away from the charging unit.

Well, that's it for this month. Next month, Alessio brings us the hot news on the Vampire Counts Armies book.

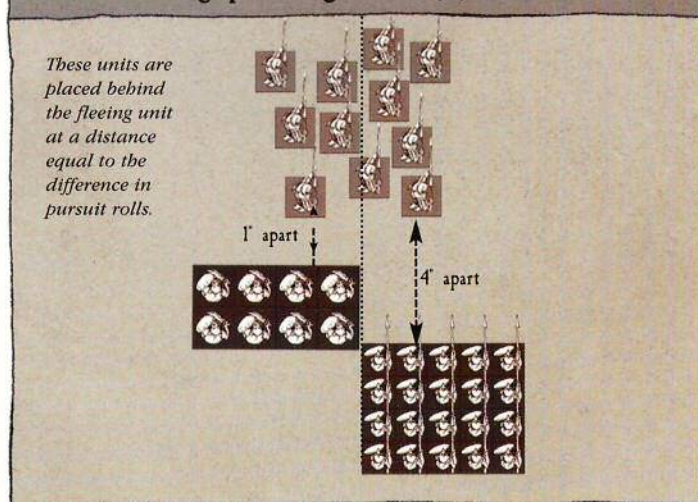
Cheerio!

Handwritten signature: CHA

6. Positioning pursuing units (a).



7. Positioning pursuing units (b).



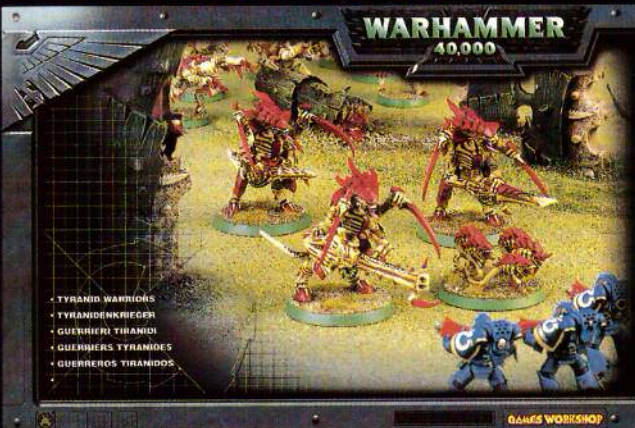
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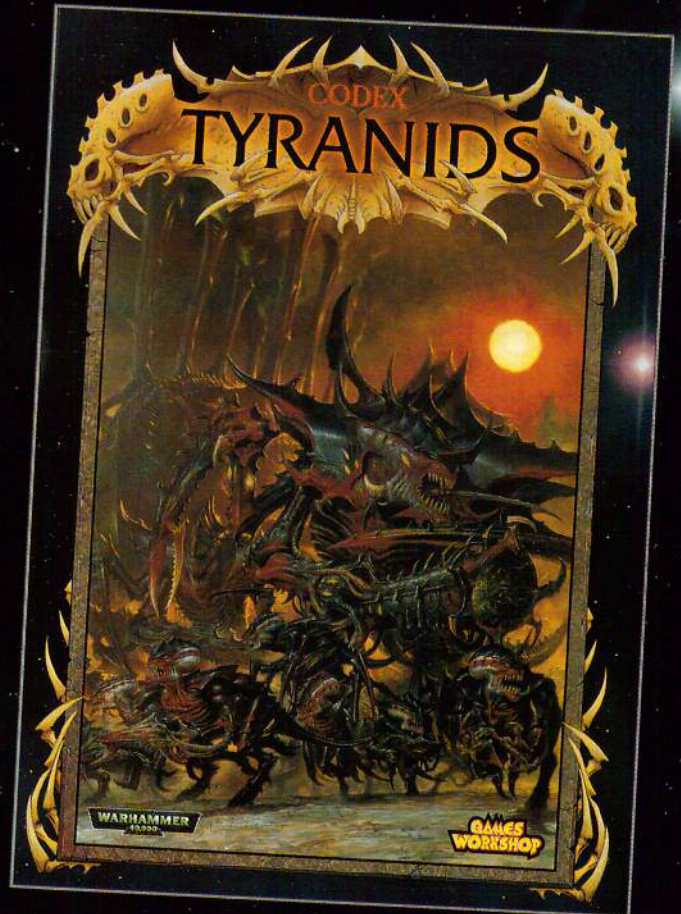
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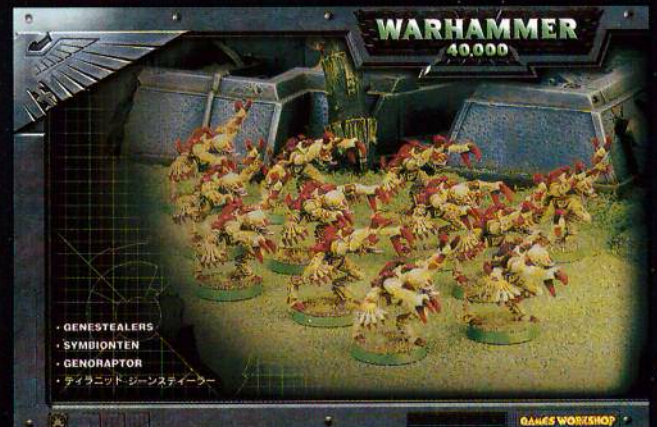
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In his 10 years at Games Workshop, Andy Chambers has risen from being the Studio's photography boy to be the mighty Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend.

With a host of games and Codexes behind him he is the all-seeing eye of Warhammer 40,000, and he's still got big plans for the 41st Millennium.

CHAPTER APPROVED

BY ANDY CHAMBERS

From within the swirling maelstrom of gene-stripping that is the new Codex Tyranids, Pete Haines has found time to bring us rules for using huge gribbly Tyranid bio-constructs on the battlefield. I'm sure he sees this as a good thing but for those who have to face them it's a different matter.

TYRANID MONSTROSITIES – A GUIDE TO SPAWNING



Big Pete Haines has spent most of this month feeding the hive mind, as this issue will show. All hail the Great Devourer! (No, NOT Fat Bloke!)

With the rules for the design of unique vehicles and war machines already out in the world, it is time for the undisputed masters of bio-engineering to strike back with living technology. If you have ever fancied having a bio-Titan lead your swarms into battle or wanted to have your Genestealers hitch a ride into assault range atop a hulking Malefactor, you can now play at being Norn Queen and spawn the bio-construct of your choice.

The Tyranid swarm as presented in Codex Tyranids focuses most closely on the common genotypes such as Tyranid Warriors and Carnifexes. As all Epic 40,000 players will know, the Tyranids don't stop growing at Carnifex size and there are many other Tyranid creatures such as the Harridan and the Exocrine which could potentially have been included. These guidelines are intended to allow the design of both Monstrous and Gargantuan (as large as War Engines – see WD252 for more on War Engines) creatures. Do not attempt to use these rules to create cheaper Hive Tyrants and Carnifexes – this isn't what the rules are for; systems for the personalisation of these creatures exist already in Codex Tyranids. Use these rules for the really scarily large behemoths only.

Before you start though, remember that any creature created with these rules can only be used with your opponent's consent. This should not

be an obstacle – it is intended to encourage players who create characterful creatures and deter those looking to evolve a guarantee of victory. Whatever you design, the model you use should be significantly different from any existing Tyranid model and the WYSIWYG principle ('what you see is what you get' for the uninitiated) applies.

STEP 1: ASSIGN A PROFILE TO THE CREATURE

All Tyranid creatures must have a profile; although they are potentially bigger than a tank they are living flesh and blood. The table below shows the minimum and maximum values for each characteristic. These will all be reflected in the points values

calculated later so don't worry too much about them for now, just allocate the values you feel are right. Any creature generated by this system is deemed to be a Tyranid monstrous creature and will therefore roll 2d6 for vehicle armour penetration and will ignore armour saving throws.

ALLOCATING ATTRIBUTES

As a guide, remember that if you settle for the lowest practical attribute in each category then your creature might actually turn out to cost a feasible number of points rather than costing the same as two armies in its own right. With this in mind remember that no current Tyranid biped has more than Toughness 6 and that Toughness 9 or 10 should be reserved for the larger War Engine equivalent beasts.

BASIC PROFILE MINIMA AND MAXIMA

	Min	Max	Notes
WS	4	6	
BS	2	4	
S	5	10	*1
T	5	10	
W	3	5	*3
I	2	6	
A	1	3	*2
Ld	10	10	*4
Save	4+	2+	

*1 All creatures generated by this system count as Tyranid monstrous creature (see Codex Tyranids page 6).

*2 This represents the number of attacks used for calculating the number of ranged bio-weapon attacks the creature gets. This may be further increased for close combat purposes – see the section on close combat bio-weapons below.

*3 A Gargantuan creature (see definition) must have from 1 to 10 additional Mass points.

*4 May have Hive Mind Powers chosen from the following list. The points cost is listed for each. Make a note of these.

The Terror (5 points) Compulsory if Gargantuan.

Warp Blast (30 points) If Gargantuan, may extend range to 60" for an extra cost of 15 points and gains ability to fire d3 shots at an extra cost of 30 points.

Warp Shield (20 points) If Gargantuan, the Warp Shield provides a 5+ Invulnerable save instead and costs an extra 10 points.

Catalyst (10 points) If Gargantuan, the range is doubled at an extra cost of 5 points.

Synapse (10 points) If Gargantuan, the range is doubled at an extra cost of 5 points.

GARGANTUAN CREATURES
AND MASS POINTS

Speaking of War Engine equivalents, these behemoths are referred to as Gargantuan creatures to distinguish them from Monstrous creatures. To represent their immense bulk, Gargantuan creatures must purchase Mass points. These may only be purchased by a Gargantuan creature and incur no further costs thereafter. Mass points serve a similar purpose to War Engines' Structure points.

When Gargantuan Tyranids are attacked, the weapons used may be capable of hurting the part of them that they hit but may not actually damage the creature as a whole. A Gargantuan creature's Mass points must be reduced to zero before any normal Wounds are lost. Mass points are only lost because of serious wounds. The severity of the wound is only considered after a successful Wound roll has been made and a saving throw (if any) attempted. Ordnance, massive or mega-weapons with Strength equal to or greater than the creature's Toughness will always inflict serious wounds. Other weapons with Strength equal to or greater than the creature's Toughness will inflict serious wounds on a 4+. In all other circumstances the wound is serious on a 6. This is summarised on the Wound Severity table.

For example a Trygon with Toughness 8, 5 wounds and 2 Mass is hit and wounded by a lascannon, because it has Mass points, normal Wounds will not hurt it but serious wounds will. Because the lascannon's Strength is greater than the Trygon's Toughness, it will inflict a serious wound on a 4+. If

WOUND SEVERITY TABLE		
	Ordnance, Massive or Mega- Weapon	Other Weapon
Attack's Strength is equal to or greater than the target's Toughness	Always a serious wound	Serious wound on a 4+
Attack's Strength is less than the target's Toughness	Serious wound on a 6	

the same Trygon was hit by a battle cannon then it would automatically be a serious wound because at Strength 8 the cannon matches the Trygon's Toughness and it is an ordnance weapon. An autocannon hit at Strength 7 does not match the Trygon's Toughness and will only inflict a serious wound on a 6.

CALCULATE CREATURE'S BASE COST

Creatures cost 50 points per point of Mass plus 10 per Wound.

This is then adjusted by a percentage based the creature's Toughness and saving throw.

So, for example, the Trygon mentioned earlier costs 100 for Mass plus 50 for Wounds for a sub-total of 150. This is then adjusted up 100% because it is

Toughness 8 and has a save of 2+. The Trygon therefore costs 300 points.

STEP 2: DETERMINE
MOVEMENT TYPE

Tyranid creatures may be flyers (see appendix 1) but will otherwise move as infantry with a normal speed of 6", a 6" assault move and the ability to fire one weapon whether moving or not. In this context 'infantry' may not be appropriate as the creatures concerned slither, writhe, leap and crawl, but the effect is the same. This means that they move like normal infantry through difficult terrain. Remember though that because they are Tyranid monstrous creatures they will roll an extra dice to determine distance moved. Some creatures may have additional

CREATURE BASE COST TABLE							
Base Cost Modifier (%)		Toughness					
		5	6	7	8	9	10
Save	4+	0	+10%	+25%	+50%	+75%	+100%
	3+	+10%	+25%	+50%	+75%	+100%	+125%
	2+	+25%	+50%	+75%	+100%	+125%	+150%



Sherman Bishop's scratch-built Trygon dwarfs this doomed commander from his Draco Legion Space Marine Chapter.

Movement characteristics as detailed below.

Fast. The creature is capable of extremely rapid movement and may move and assault 9". May fire one weapon whether moving or not. This type of move is the same as that used by the Ravener in Codex Tyranids and the Codex explains how the move is affected by difficult terrain etc.

Agile. The creature is able to leap and bound with a dexterity that belies its bulk. It may move 6" and assault 12". It may fire 1 weapon whether moving or not.

Winged. Winged creatures are different to flyers. Flyers can sustain altitude for hours whereas winged creatures are far more limited. Winged creatures may move 12" and assault 6". They may fire one weapon whether they move or not. They are treated as if they are equipped with jump packs for difficult terrain purposes.

Lumbering. A lumbering creature is ponderous in the extreme and slow to react to enemy to its flanks or rear. The creature can move 6" and assault 6". All movement must be straight ahead and the creature may only make a single pivot of up to 45° at the end of its normal move. The creature may only assault if the enemy it is to assault is directly ahead. It cannot perform a sweeping advance, but may fire any number of weapons whether moving or not.

Flyer. The creature can soar above the battlefield on huge wings, it moves as described in Appendix 2: Flyers and

may fire one weapon on each pass over the battlefield.

If a creature is fast, agile or lumbering, increase its base cost by 25%, if it is winged increase its base cost by 50%, if it is a flyer increase its base cost by 100%.

Continuing the example of the Trygon, it is a normal creature, which leaves it still at 300 points.

STEP 3: SELECT BIO-WEAPONS

A non-Gargantuan creature must have two bio-weapons, a Gargantuan creature must have two weapons and may have up to four. Some weapons count as multiple picks if they are especially large. The total number of weapons includes both close combat and ranged bio-weapons so choose carefully.

CLOSE COMBAT

There are four specific close combat weapons:

Scything talons. May be selected once or twice. Each selection adds 1 Attack to the number on the basic profile for close combat only.

Rending claws. May be selected once. These work as described in Codex Tyranids.

Razor claws. May be selected once. These are a massive version of rending claws that may only be used by Gargantuan creatures. When a creature scores a penetrating hit or successful wound on an enemy vehicle, War Machine, monstrous or Gargantuan creature with it then D3

structure points, mass points or wounds are inflicted.

Lash whip. Works in the same way as in Codex Tyranids; if used by a Gargantuan creature it becomes ripper tentacles. Ripper tentacles affect war engines, lash whips don't. Lash whips cost 10 points, and an additional 10 x Mass for Gargantuan creatures.

All creatures must pay a cost for the attacks on their basic profile, as calculated from the close combat bio-weapons cost table.

Additional costs, each calculated from the basic value of the attacks must also be paid for both WS and BS.

Returning once more to the Trygon, the Trygon has two sets of scything talons counting as two weapons. It does not take rending claws, razor claws or lash whips/ripper tentacles.

CLOSE COMBAT BIO-WEAPONS COST TABLE

Normal attacks:

No. of Attacks x Strength

Rending Claws:

No. of Attacks x Strength x 1.5

Razor Claws:

No. of Attacks x Strength x 3

These are further modified by the creature's Initiative and WS value.

Initiative 3: +10%	WS 4: -
Initiative 4: +25%	WS 5: +25%
Initiative 5: +50%	WS 6: +50%
Initiative 6: +100%	

RANGED BIO-WEAPONS

Weapon	Strength						Notes
	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Fleshborer	3	5	10	15	20	20	*1
Devourer	3	5	10	15	20	25	*1
Spinefist	3	5	10	15	20	25	*1
Deathspitter	10	15	20	25	30	30	
Barbed strangler	15	20	25	30	35	40	
Spore Mine launcher		15 for one type of Mine other than Bio-acid 20 for Bio-acid Mine type only 25 if any two Mine types 30 if all three Mine types					*2
Venom cannon	15	20	25	30	30	30	*1
Acid spray	10	15	15	20	20	25	*2

All weapon points values are modified according to the creature's BS.

BS 3: +25%

BS 4: +50%

*1 These weapons are modified based on the number of attacks on the creature's basic profile.

2 Attacks: +50%

3 Attacks: +100%

*2 Not modified by creature's BS, may not select upgrades.

The Trygon now has 4 normal Attacks x 8 Strength = 32 points. This takes its running total to 332 points. It has Initiative 2 which has no effect on its points value.

SELECT RANGED BIO-WEAPONS

The next step is to select the ranged bio-weapons with which to arm your new pet, remembering the limits on number of weapons and ensuring you have not used them all up with clawing and biting weapons.

When allocating Tyranid weapons it is important to bear in mind that, depending on your movement type, there will be a finite limit on how many you can fire. It is therefore normally wiser to select a single impressive bio-weapon than numerous low-powered weapons. Also only take the Massive upgrade when absolutely necessary – all Tyranid weapons are linked to the Strength of the creature carrying them as a matter of course so attaching them to large beasts will make them very powerful without further upgrading.

In order to cope with the full range of Tyranid unpleasantness an additional weapon type is required – the acid spray. It may only be used in conjunction with creatures generated using this system and may not be used with Codex Tyranids creatures.

Acid Spray

Template; Strength as creature/2 (round down); AP 3; Assault 1

The available ranged bio-weapons are listed in the table opposite, which specifies different costs based on the Strength of the wielder.

Additionally, weapons may be upgraded. There are four upgrades available that may be used individually or in combination. If a Monstrous creature takes both non-Gargantuan upgrades then the combined item counts as two weapons. If a Gargantuan creature takes both Gargantuan upgrades then the combined item counts as two weapons.

Cluster

A cluster weapon features organic submunitions that spray acid or chitin shrapnel where it strikes. It gets a Blast marker if it does not already have one. If it does then the Blast marker is upgraded to an Ordnance blast marker. This upgrade is only allowed to a Gargantuan creature. The upgrade adds 50% of the weapon's normal cost to its value.

Ranged

Weapons with the ranged upgrade are (surprise, surprise) able to fire far further than normal. Often this will be

due to more power in the muscle contractions or a longer 'barrel'.

Weapons with 12" range improve to 36"

Weapons with 18" range improve to 48"

Weapons with 24" range improve to 60"

Weapons with 36" range improve to 72"

The upgrade adds 50% of the weapon's normal cost to its value.

Spasm

The spasm power represents a sudden contraction of muscle that in turn triggers a ripple of further contractions. The effect is to allow a bio-weapon to be re-fired very quickly. A spasm weapon fires D3 times in a normal Shooting phase; if a normal version of the weapon being used gets multiple shots this upgrade gives D3 times the number of multiple shots. This upgrade is only allowed to a Gargantuan creature. The upgrade adds 100% of the weapon's normal cost to its value.

Weapons with a template must place additional templates touching the first in accordance with the rules for multiple barrages on page 58 of the Warhammer 40,000 rules.

Massive

A massive weapon functions like a mega weapon in the vehicle design rules, in that it adds +1 to weapon Strength and +1 to AP (for example, a S8, AP3 weapon would become S9, AP2). The weapon adds 100% of the weapon's normal cost to its value.

The Trygon does not have a ranged bio-weapon but for example's sake let's assume that in addition to its scything talons it has a large bio-cannon. If we use the deathspitter as the base weapon it will cost 25 points because the Trygon has Strength 8. The Trygon has BS 4 for a modifier of +50% and 2 Attacks, which have no effect on the points cost of the bio-cannon (additional close combat attacks from scything talons do not count here). Finally the ranged and massive upgrades are taken for a combined modifier of +150%. The deathspitter now has a range of 48", Strength equal to the Trygon +2 (+1 for deathspitter, +1 for massive) and AP 3. It remains a blast weapon. This formidable gun would add 25 + 200% of 25 = 75.

STEP 4: SELECT ADDITIONAL FEATURES

This is where you get the final little touches that make your creature truly beastly.

The Trygon uses bio-plasma to blast its way through the enemy, with its



ADDITIONAL FEATURES TABLE

Amphibious: Treat water as clear terrain. 10 points.

Transport: Can transport up to 11 Wound capacity plus 5 extra Wound capacity for each Mass point allocated. Tyranid transports can carry creatures with 1 or 2 Wounds only. The transport capacity relates to the number of Wounds that may be carried. Passengers on a living creature mount and dismount as if they were travelling on an open-topped vehicle but may not fire when mounted. Cost: 5 points per one Wound capacity carried.

Tunneller: May always be placed in reserve, even if the mission being played does not allow it. The creature enters play using the Deep Strike rules. Cost: +25% of creature's total cost.

Wrecker: A wrecker can be used to attack terrain features or immobilised vehicles in base contact with it. Targets that will fit completely under an Ordnance template are destroyed on a roll of 6 on d6. Cost: 25 points.

Bio-plasma: As Codex Tyranids – costs 2 points per point of Strength. Gargantuan creatures may make 1 Attack per Mass point. Cost: Strength x 4 x Mass points.

Implant attack: as in Codex Tyranids. Cost: 1 point per point of Strength

Claws & hooks: as flesh hooks in Codex Tyranids. Cost: 1 point per close combat attack.



This many-clawed monster is Sherman Bishop's conversion for a Harriidan, taken from his superb website.

Strength of 8 and Mass 2 this adds 64 points bringing it to a grand total of 396 points.

APPENDIX 1: FLYERS

Tyranid flyers function in exactly the same way as described for aircraft in

WD252 Chapter Approved.

To summarise, flyers always begin the game in reserve. When one arrives, it is placed on a table edge facing in the direction it is to move. It remains there until after the opposing player's

Movement phase when it moves in a straight line to the point where you would like it to fire its weapons. It is at this point that the enemy gets to fire at it. They may fire, measuring to any point between the flyer's initial and current position, but must add 12" to the range to represent altitude.

A Tyranid flyer is hit normally as they make gliding attack runs rather than the power dives used by aircraft. If the flyer model survives it may fire back. The flyer then leaves the table. On subsequent Tyranid turns, the flyer may make another attack run on a roll of 2 or more on D6.

HARRIDAN.....549 POINTS

The Harriidan is a massive leather-winged monstrosity, it carries Gargoyles to battle clinging under its wings and fires its deadly bio-cannons to terrible effect during its attack runs.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Harriidan	4	4	8	7	5	2	3	10	4+

- Mass 2
- Flyer
- Bio-cannon (venom cannon, massive, cluster, spasm)

Note that the Harriidan cannot drop off Gargoyles during its attack runs. Instead it should be assumed that any deep striking Gargoyles have flapped down from a passing Harriidan.

APPENDIX 2: BESTIARY

The following examples relate to well-known Tyranid creatures that feature in Epic 40,000, designed using this system. We have stuck to the mid-range creatures as these will be most useful in normal games.

MALEFACTOR268 POINTS

One of the general variety of assault spawn, the Malefactor carries a brood into battle under its thick carapace and blasts a hole in the enemy lines with its acid jets and frag spines. Malefactors are difficult to kill and are capable of a surprising turn of speed.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Malefactor	4	4	7	8	5	2	3(4)	10	2+

- Fast
- Scything Talons (increases number of assault attacks to 4)
- Fragmentation Spines (spinefist, massive)
- Transport (Can carry up to 11 Wounds worth of creatures)

EXOCRINE.....128 POINTS

Bred to stalk opponents at long range, its forelimbs are fused together to provide a skeleton for a further weapon symbiote firing high velocity chitin shells with a silicon-based penetrator core. A surge of isometric muscle contractions starting in the head frill provides the motive power along with an electromagnetic boost from adapted nerve bundles.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Exocrine	4	4	8	6	3	2	1	10	2+

- Normal speed
- Bio-cannon (Deathspitter, ranged, massive)

DACTYLIS133 POINTS

The Dactylis lives to hurl Spore Mines at the Tyranids' enemies with machine-like precision at very long ranges. The Dactylis' forelimbs are long and multiple-jointed, covered in corded tendon and muscle which make a distinctive cracking sound when released. When initially encountered the Dactylis' ammunition was invariably a parasitic creature called a Bile Pod that fed off glands at the rear of the Dactylis' cranium. In practice they functioned like Poison Spore Mines. Recently the cranial glands have supported spore-generating colonies of bacteria providing a greater variety of payload.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Dactylis	4	4	5	6	3	2	1	10	2+

- Lumbering
- 2 Spore Mine dischargers with all Spore Mine types.

TRYGON.....396 POINTS

The Trygon is a massive, snake-like organism, the size and weight of a Baneblade. It is distinguished by its trademark attack of flaring electrical energy. The Trygon is a living weapon that generates an electrical field from the thousands of scales that cover its mass. Energy from the scales, generated by the Trygon's movement, is conducted along hardened nerve synapses to its blade-like forelimbs.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Trygon	4	4	8	8	5	2	2(4)	10	2+

- Mass 2
- Scything Talons 2 (takes number of assault attacks to 4)
- Bio-plasma

HARUSPEX101 POINTS

The Haruspex is another genus of assault spawn. Equipped with short-ranged bio-weaponry, it is intended to rush at the enemy lines, squirting acid and fragmentation spines. Its mandibles are very powerful and anything resisting them will have its armour weakened by acid.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Haruspex	4	4	6	6	3	5	3	10	4+

- Fast
- Acid jets (acid spray)
- Fragmentation spines (spinefist, massive)



WHAT'S CHAPTER APPROVED ALL ABOUT?

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

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

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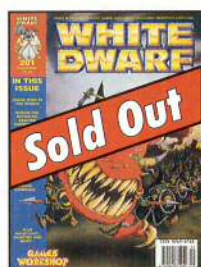
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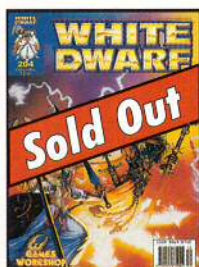
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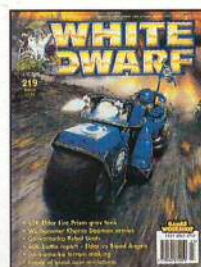
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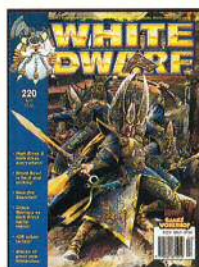
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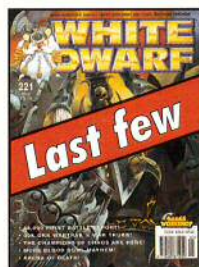
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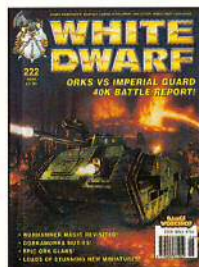
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224 Siegeworks • Legion of the Damned army list • Mordheim playtest • Mike Walker • Necromunda Pit Slaves • 40K Cultists • Epic 40K Titan tactics • WH Siege battle report



225 FREE! Dungeonbowl game and BFG playtest rules/card inserts • MH playtest • Dogs of War feature • WH Siege • WH battle report • Ork Dreadnoughts • Gareth Hamilton • Dave Taylor



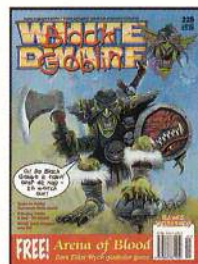
226 FREE! plastic miniature • 40K release feature • Chaos Gate • WH Undead feature • Modelling Workshop • Mike Walker • MH playtest • 40K battle report



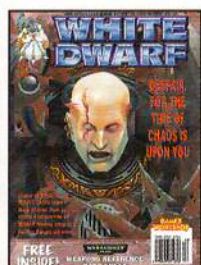
227 Dark Eldar feature • Gorkamorka events • Chapter Approved • Khemri army list • 40K battle report • MH playtest • 40K Land Speeders • Dogs of War



228 Blood Angels feature • Dogs of War • Mordheim playtest • Chris Fitzpatrick • WH psychology • Siegeworks pt2 • Chapter Approved • WH battle report • 40K battle report



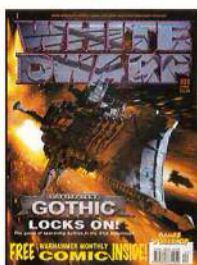
229 FREE! Dark Eldar boardgame • Goblin feature • Dark Eldar • Games Day 1998 review • Golden Demon '98 US winners • WH battle report • MH playtest



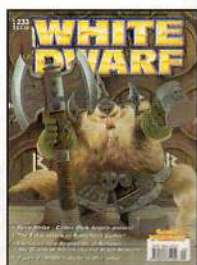
230 FREE! 40K card reference sheet • Golden Demon winners 1998 • WH Skaven feature • Regts of Renown • Chapter Approved • Dark Eldar • 40K battle report • 40K Chaos



231 40K fiction • Regts of Renown • Mike Walker • WH timelines • 40K Chaos feature • WH Chaos • 40K Assault tactics • Chapter Approved • 40K battle report



232 FREE! Comic • BFG release feature • Chapter Approved • WH Lizardmen feature • 40K Chaos armies • BFG battle report



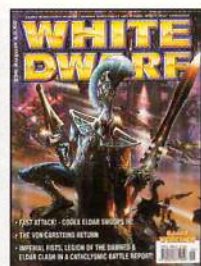
233 Dark Eldar • Regts of Renown • BFG battle report • Dark Angels • WH battle report • 40K scenario • WH scenario • BFG Eldar • 40K battle report



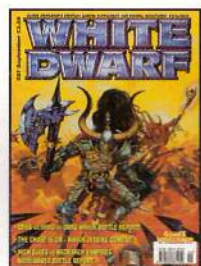
234 Vampire Counts feature • WH Empires review • Dark Eldar feature • Mercenary general rules • 40K Bikes • BFG Orks • Chapter Approved • WH battle report • Modelling rules •



235 FREE! Codex Assassins! • 40K Orks feature • WH scenario • Rynn's World • Vampire Counts feature • Chapter Approved • BFG Space Marines • 40K battle report • BFG rules and Q&A



236 40K Eldar feature • WH Witch Hunter diaries • 40K Ork tactics • Von Carstein • BFG Chaos tactics • 40K battle report • Mike Walker



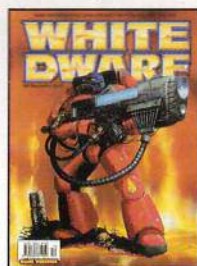
237 Lahmian Vampires • Collecting Orks • BFG, Epic 40K & 40K tie-ins • Jetbike duel game • Playing with Vampires • 3-way 40K battle report • WH battle report • Eldar tactics



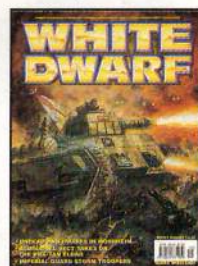
238 FREE! Metal miniature • Collecting Eldar • WH Chronicles • Ork Oddboys • BFG Roks & Hulks • Building a Wave Serpent • MH Town Cryer 1 (Skaven, terrain, Relikanders, Painting and battle report)



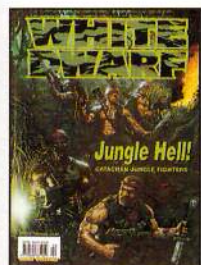
239 Imperial Guard feature • Chapter Approved • WH Greenskins • 40K battle report • Warhammer Chronicles • BFG Planet Killer • MH Town Cryer 2 (Possessed tactics, terrain, Marlenburger tactics)



240 FREE! MH card playsheet • Last Chancers • WH Ethereals • BFG landing parties • Imperial Guard feature • MH Town Cryer 3 (Witch Hunters, random events and terrain) • 40K battle report



241 Dark Eldar feature • BFG tactics • Imperial Guard • Mike Walker • MH Town Cryer 4 (Dwarf list, Undead tactics) • 40K battle report



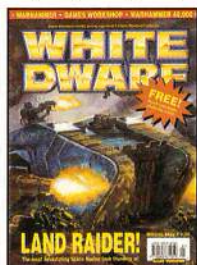
242 WD writer guidelines • Using Green Stuff • MH Town Cryer 5 (multi-player games & battle report) • WH Assassins • Catachan feature • 40K battle report • BFG fiction • BFG rules and Q&A • Chapter Approved



243 Warmaster feature • Catachan fiction • Games Day mega-displays • Games Day 99 review • WH Chronicles • WH battle report • MH Town Cryer 6 (scenario, Greenskins list, new hired swords)



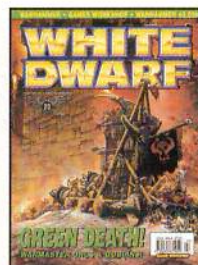
244 Space Wolves feature • WH Empire • WH terrain • Golden Demon winners 1999 • WH Civil wars • Painting WH • WH grand Pageant 1999 • MH Nicodemus • WH battle report



245 FREE! Cutaway Land Raider poster • WH Dwarfs • WH heroes • WH Scenario • Dwarf runic items • Land Raider feature • Space Wolves • Khorne conversions • 40K battle report



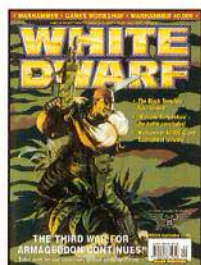
246 Emperor's Champion • WH battle report • Craftworld Eldar feature • WH Chaos • Mike Walker • Land Raider painting & tactics • WH scenario & terrain • 40K Chaos • WH Orc forts • Space Wolves feature



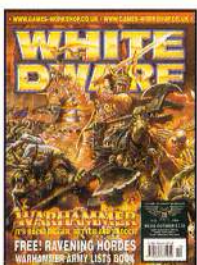
247 40K battle report • WH Orcs & Goblins • Aspid Warriors • MH Wild Magic • WH Dragons • Painting WH orcs • Iyanden tactics • Land Raider battles



248 FREE! Armageddon poster • Massive Armageddon campaign special feature • Golden Demon survival guide • 40K battle report pt1



249 Index Astartes • Orks on Armageddon • Imperial Guard battles • 40K Grand Tournament review • 40K fiction • Steel Legion • Armageddon battle report pt 2



250 FREE! 32 page army lists booklet • Massive Warhammer release feature • Chapter Approved • Citadel Scenery • Orks on Armageddon pt2 • WH battle report

These back issues will never be reprinted so this may be the last chance to add these classic issues of White Dwarf to your collection. Many have already sold out or are in limited supply.

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Every year as part of Games Day the Golden Demon painting competition sees competitors from across the globe submitting their lavishly painted entries. Their goal is to win a coveted Golden Demon statuette. The next 20 pages showcase this year's winners.

GAMES DAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

GOLDEN DEMON WINNERS 2000

It may have become something of a cliché but this year's Golden Demon saw the best ever entries in terms of quality, with a discernable jump past last year's remarkable benchmark standard. Quite frankly the best entries were nothing short of breathtaking.

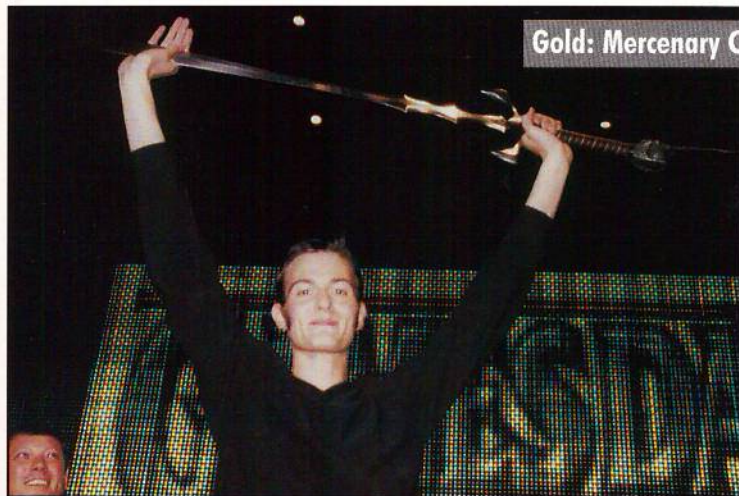
With the categories being freshened up this year and with the inclusion of

new categories, particularly the remarkably popular Duel! category, this year's event drew in some of the best ever entries. We aim to keep this category for future Golden Demon events so that everyone knows in plenty of time what the parameters are and can plan their next awe-inspiring entry in advance!

Congratulations to all those who walked away clutching one of the prized Golden Demon trophies, and thanks go to everyone who made the competition go so well this year, from the entrants to the judges and from the admin staff to the appreciative onlookers. Here's to the next Golden Demon championships!



CATEGORY 1 WARHAMMER 40,000 SINGLE MINIATURE



Gold: Mercenary Captain by Jakob Nielsen

Last year Jakob won the Slayer Sword with his High Elf Prince Tyrion entry.



Bronze: Goff Skarboy Nob by Joe Hill



Joe planned this Goff Skarboy Nob as a dual piece to go with co-competitor Ben Jefferson's Inquisitor model. Joe likes working with themes, as all his Ork & Eldar pieces are designed to be complimentary. Joe is particularly pleased with the face on this model.

Joe gave us this advice on painting tattoos on your models: "Paint on the tattoos before you paint the skin. I have found this is a much better technique, especially for Orks."



Silver: Inquisitor by Ben Jefferson



Ben won a silver Golden Demon back in 1996. He says this entry was inspired by the artwork of John Blanche and Jes Goodwin and also by the baroque art movement of the 16th/17th Century.

"I drew the banner four times bigger than I wanted it, then used a photocopier to reduce it to the right size."

Ben's making his plans for next year, thinking about doing some kind of diorama.



CATEGORY 2 WARHAMMER 40,000 SQUAD



Gold: Dark Eldar Incubi by Tobias Merrian

Tobias based this piece on the sinister Dark Eldar Incubi. It took him six months to paint so there is no wonder it looks so good!

This is Tobias' first venture into the competition for five years and he has this tip for painting banners: "I use aluminium cans. The trick is to carefully cut them open, then score along the edges to get your banner edges. This means that the banners won't rip like paper ones."

Tobias particularly enjoyed the Golden Demon display this year, but didn't get a chance to play in any of the participation games. Not that he's a slouch when it comes to playing; he has a wicked (*is there any other kind?* – *Fat Bloke*) Dark Eldar army.





As the cabinets fill up, so does the crowd eager to cast an appreciative eye over this year's entries.

Silver: Space Wolves Grey Hunters by Jonathan Taylor-Yorke



This impressive squad is actually part of Jonathan's army (*which we hope to show off in a future issue – Fat Bloke*). He says he was inspired by the wealth of Space Wolves imagery available.

These eight figures took Jonathan a mere 16 hours to finish! He adheres to the old methods. "Drybrushing and inks still work the best for me. I think it looks very effective on plastics, and on Space Wolves in particular."

Jonathan hasn't attended Games Day and Golden Demon for nearly six years, but now realises what he's been missing: "I had a great time. Forge World and the new stuff in the Studio were particularly cool."

He's planning not one but two entries next year, in the Warhammer 40,000 Squad and Warhammer 40,000 single miniature categories!



Bronze: Tallarn Desert Raiders by Julian Bayliss



Julian has entered the Open category in the past but this time decided on mounted figures as he feels that they are a more impressive sight in this category.

This squad forms part of a larger army all mounted on these beasts. He has another squad in mind for next year, but he's keeping the details to himself!



Golden Demon judges Alan Merrett, Neil Hodgson and John Blanche assess the Large Model category at this year's event.

CATEGORY 3 WARHAMMER 40,000 VEHICLE



Gold: Space Wolves Dreadnought
by Neil Thomason



Celtic artwork was the inspiration for this archaic-looking Dreadnought. A veteran of Games Day and Golden Demon, Neil has been attending for ten years! Neil particularly enjoyed the Studio tour, specifically the preview miniatures, and commented that overall the event was the best yet. Neil will be back next year, possibly with an entry for the Squad category.



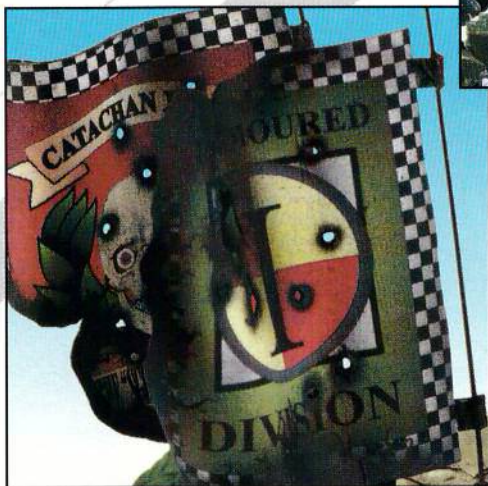
Silver: Catachan Chimera by Richard Bolt

While laid up in hospital, Richard started on a Chimera kit. Before he knew what was going on, he had become far too involved and was planning to fit working lights on it!

A Golden Demon first-timer, Richard has this tip about airbrushing tanks: "Try to get the paint the consistency of milk, then apply even coats, holding the brush about 7 to 8 inches away."

This winning entry forms part of his fledgling Catachan Jungle Fighters army.

Next year's plans include a Pegasus dropship for Chimeras, or an Ork/Catachan duel!



CATEGORY 3 WARHAMMER 40,000 VEHICLE

**Bronze: Salamander
Command Tractor
by Guy Carpenter**



Guy took his inspiration from WWII vehicles and the earthshaker gun itself. He also includes this tip on imagery: "Look at photos of real tanks for reference. The thing that really looks nice is simple little touches, like ammo feeds and rigging and the like."

To get areas of worn paint and battle damage, he simply paints metal underneath the colours. Guy's Space Marine and Imperial Guard armies can often be seen on the tabletop despite their ever-changing colour schemes!

Guy gives us this hot tip on his entry for next year: "I'll give you a clue; it's got tracks and guns on it."



YOUNGBLOODS

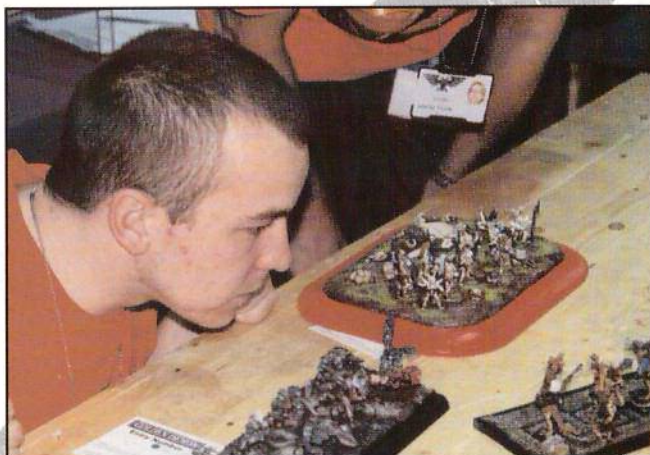
Gold: Korhil by Matt Kennedy

Matt was inspired by leafing through back issues of White Dwarf for this entry, choosing High Elves because he thought it would be different. He finally decided on a colour scheme similar to that in the High Elf Armies book, but this isn't his first time at Golden Demon. He entered last year and achieved third place with an Eldar Howling Banshee. Matt comments: "When highlighting metal, always build up to Mithril Silver from a darker colour. On

the subject of skin, I always start with the face. This one alone took me an entire day!"

Matt loved this year's event, speed painting, ogling the new miniatures and even getting involved in the infamous White Dwarf chariot racing game at one point!

Matt's already planning for next year, but he's only decided what *not* to do: "I won't be doing Grimgor Ironhide. I think he'll be a bit too popular next year!"



'Eavy Metal painter and Golden Demon judge Chris Smart casts his eye across the entries at this year's event

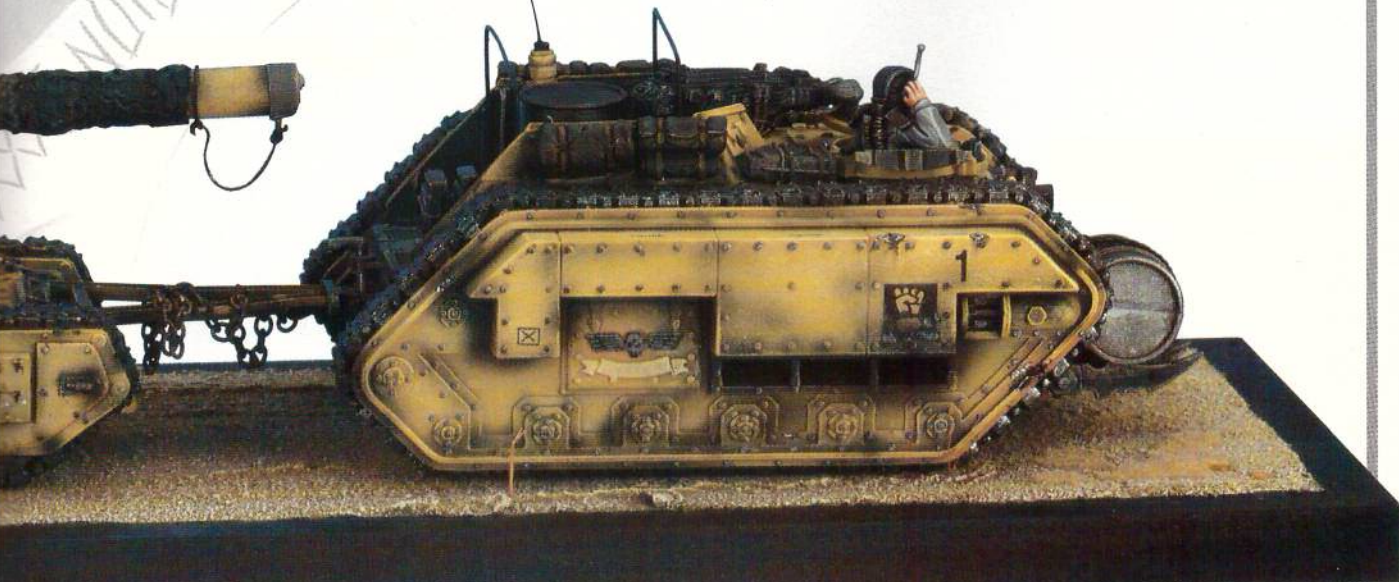
Bronze: Dark Eldar Wych by Gareth Jarvis



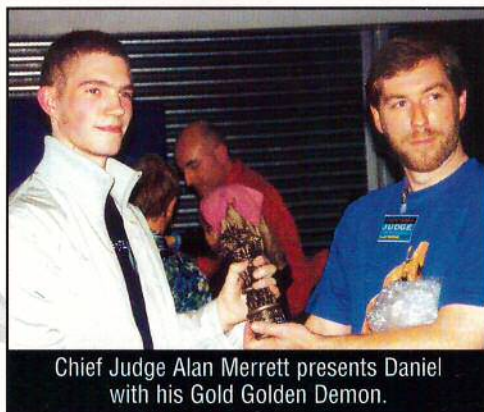
This was Gareth's fourth attempt at winning a Golden Demon. He didn't actually plan his entry to this year's event all that carefully, merely choosing a model from his Dark Eldar army!

Gareth cites the hints and tips given to him by the staff at our Cardiff store as the biggest influence on his painting.

Expect to see either a Dark Eldar or Eldar entry from Gareth next year, as these armies both really appeal to him.



CATEGORY 4 WARHAMMER 40,000 MONSTER



Chief Judge Alan Merrett presents Daniel with his Gold Golden Demon.

Gold: Snakebite Warboss by Daniel Termin

Yes, that's a completely scratch-built Squig. "The model was based on ancient Mongolian imagery. The base was originally arctic, but I changed it to a Mexican summer and gave the Ork a poncho! The Squig's leash is made from Green Stuff, flattened then glued into place and finished around 3am on Games Day morning!" says Daniel.

He's sketching out ideas for next year's entry, either to be a duel or a Warhammer 40,000 single miniature.

Silver: Space Wolves Wolf Guard by Mark Tait

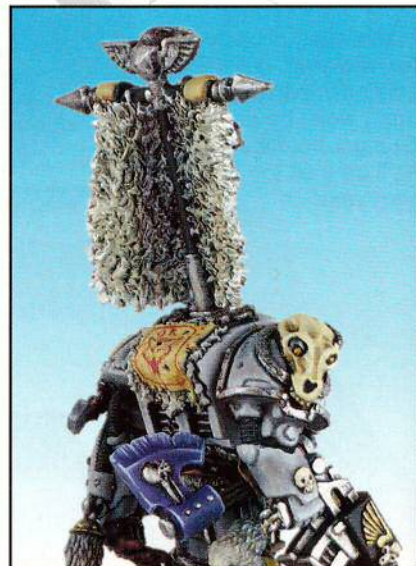
"I wanted a challenge, so decided to paint something I usually wouldn't," says Mark. He was taken by Karl Kopinski's Wolf Guard picture from Codex Space Wolves.

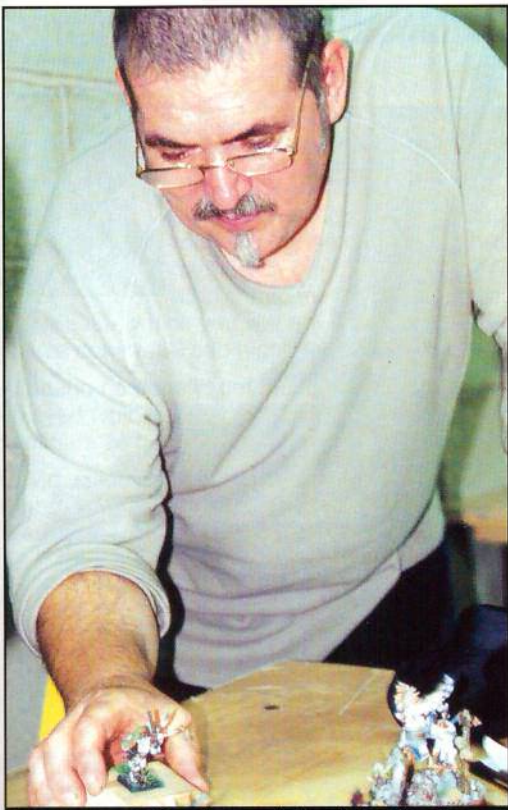
"When painting a miniature, start with the head, and take your time," says Mark. "You'll usually find that it will inspire you for the rest of the model."

Mark thought this year's Golden Demon was "fantastic!" and was stunned by the Studio displays, especially the preview models.

Although he doesn't collect Space Wolves, Mark has an extensive Space Marines army (the Iron Snakes) and also dabbles with a bit of Craftworld Eldar.

Mark seems confident about next year, planning to "walk away with the sword!" with scratch-built Grey Knights.





Veteran Golden Demon judge John Blanche carefully assesses one of this year's finalists.

Bronze: Ork Warboss by Jeffrey P Wilhelm



THE OPEN CATEGORY

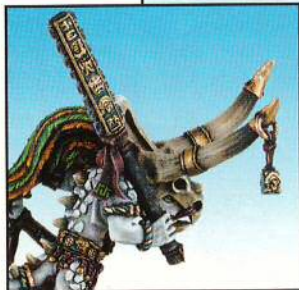
Gold: Imperial Archivist by Mark Bedford



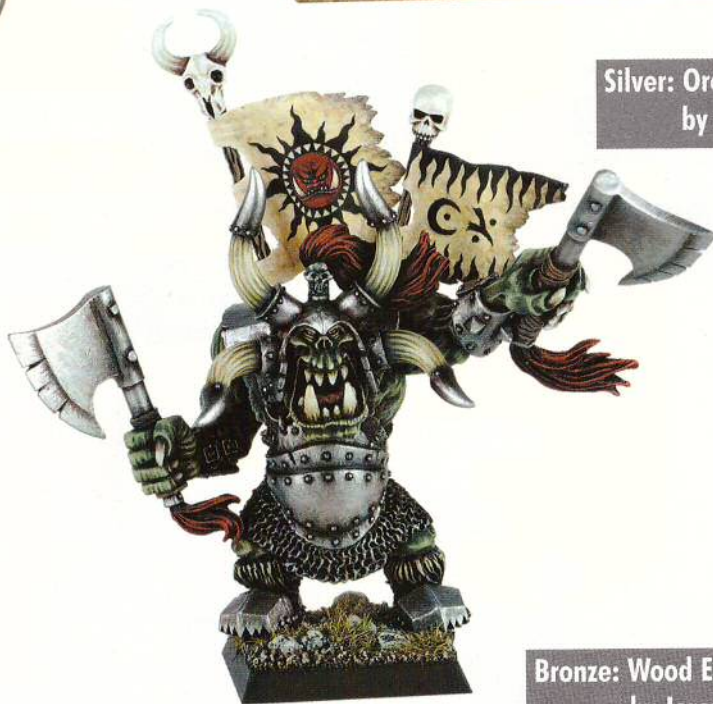
Mark proudly receives this year's Open Competition trophy.

CATEGORY 5 WARHAMMER SINGLE MINIATURE

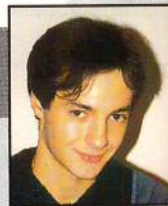
Gold: Saurus Hero by
Werner Klocke



Silver: Orc Warlord
by Jakob Neilsen



Bronze: Wood Elf Magician
by Jeremie Bonamant



Artwork from the Wood Elf Armies book fired Jeremie's imagination. "I've entered the French Golden Demon for the past five years, but I was very impressed by the UK Golden Demon, particularly the high standard of entries."

More of a roleplayer than a wargamer, Jeremie makes up for this with scrupulous attention to detail. "For the chicken feather on top of the staff, I borrowed my grandmother's chicken for reference!"

Jeremie's entry next year will be a Space Hulk diorama with working lights!

CATEGORY 6 WARHAMMER REGIMENT

Gold: Wood Elf Scouts by David Nelson

David chose Wood Elves purely because he liked the look and background of the army. The massive stone dominating the background was inspired by the stones on the boundaries of Wood Elf territory.

David's tip for painting Elf skin: "Start with an Elf Flesh base, which you wash with a mix of Red and Chestnut Ink. Once you've done that, add highlights of Elf Flesh mixed with Skull White."

Although he doesn't get much of a chance to game, David really enjoyed Golden Demon this year, particularly mentioning the seminars as being great fun.

David says he's coming back next year: "Probably Wood Elf-based, possibly Waywatchers."



The remarkable paint jobs always deserve close scrutiny.



Silver: Golgfag's Mercenary Ogres by Robert Cardiss

Robert was inspired by the imagery from the Dogs of War book, but it very nearly ended in disaster as he dropped a sofa on his models whilst moving house! Luckily, only the bases needed repainting.

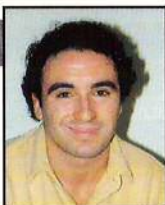


Robert, an avid gamer with a Khornate Warhammer army, was enjoying Games Day for the first time. He has this tip: "Read up on the model's background before you paint it, to get a real feel for its character."

He's already planned next year's entry. "A Minotaur for the Warhammer single miniature/monster category."

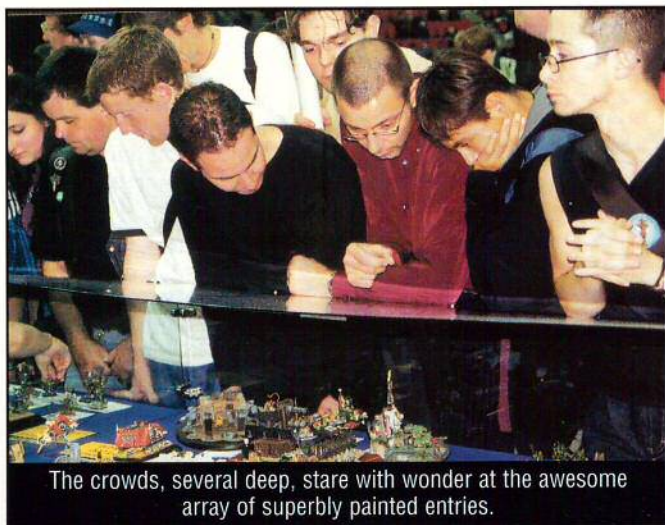
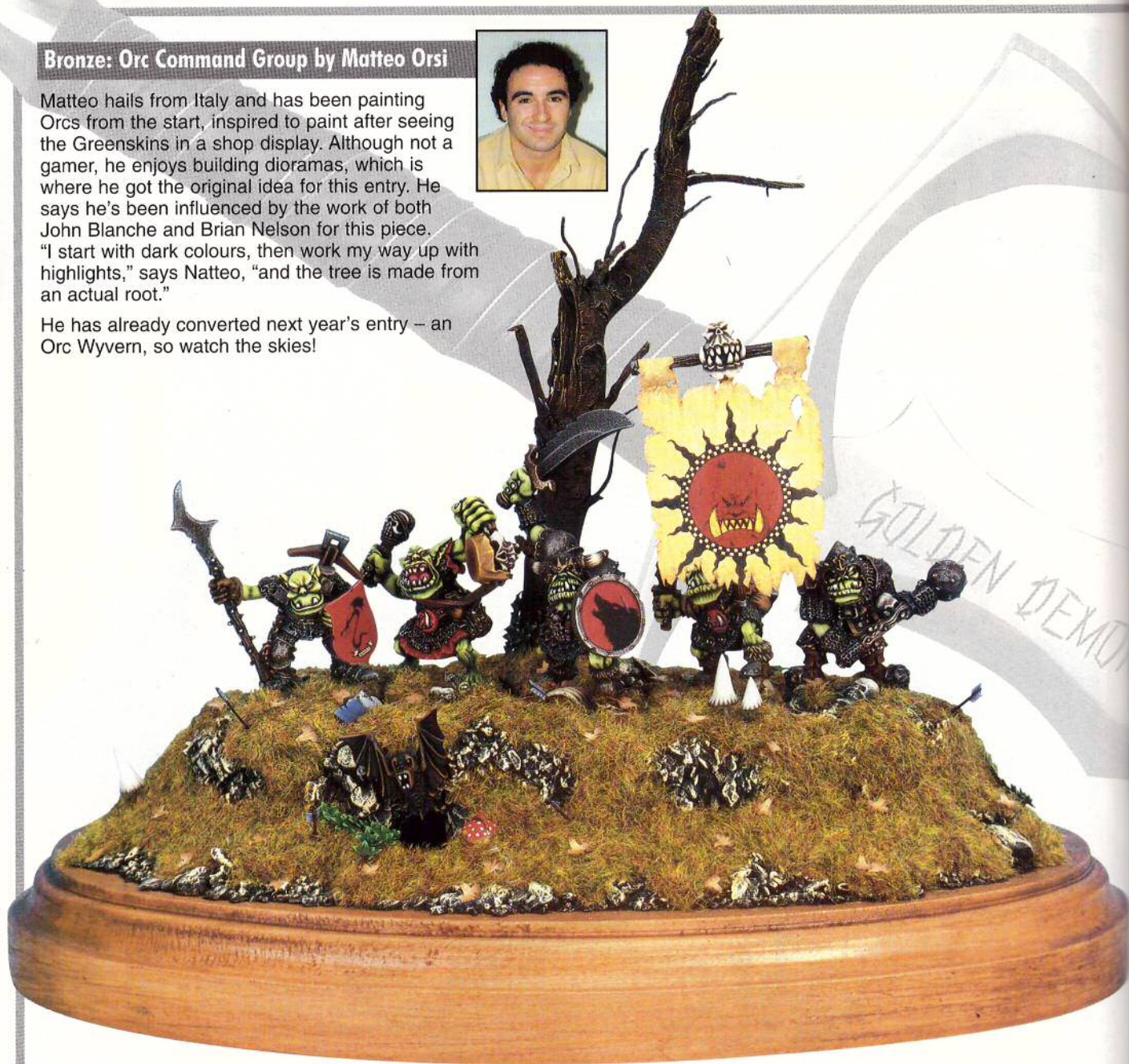


Bronze: Orc Command Group by Matteo Orsi



Matteo hails from Italy and has been painting Orcs from the start, inspired to paint after seeing the Greenskins in a shop display. Although not a gamer, he enjoys building dioramas, which is where he got the original idea for this entry. He says he's been influenced by the work of both John Blanche and Brian Nelson for this piece. "I start with dark colours, then work my way up with highlights," says Matteo, "and the tree is made from an actual root."

He has already converted next year's entry – an Orc Wyvern, so watch the skies!



The crowds, several deep, stare with wonder at the awesome array of superbly painted entries.



If you're looking for inspiration then look no further.

CATEGORY 7 WARHAMMER MONSTER



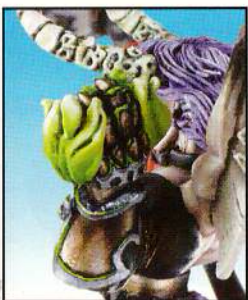
Gold: The Shadowlord by Robbie Crawford



This breathtaking conversion is actually the second version of the model. Robbie says the idea came from the Mordheim stories about the Shadowlord, but the look of the creature is all his own doing.

"When painting, start with small pieces at a time. Concentrate on one colour at a time."

Robbie (an avid gamer, having a Savage Orc army) especially enjoyed talking to the Miniatures Designers. He is hinting at a Chaos versus Empire battleline for next year's entry.



Bronze: Mordheim Rat Ogre by Joe Hill



Mordheim and John Blanche's artwork were the inspiration for this heavily converted piece.

The Rat Ogre has many Mordheim touches to it (for instance the fish and the ace of spades), and of his three entered pieces, Joe says this is his favourite paint job.

Joe says "The Rat Ogre's club is just a twig! I've found that twigs are great and really simple for converting. They're also dead easy to paint, requiring only a black undercoat then drybrushing".



Silver: Beastman Beastlord by Christian Blair



Christian has entered Golden Demon many times, winning two statuettes last year. Strangely, this model started out as an Eldar Exodite, but somehow the powers of Chaos mutated it on the way!

Chris' tip for creating chainmail: "Use tinfoil as a base for your Green Stuff, then make little marks in it. I use dental tools for sculpting and look at a lot of reference books."

An ardent gamer, Chris (who has a Khemrian army and Mordheim Cathay warband) will be back again next year, but he's planning in secret.



CATEGORY 8 DUEL!

Gold: Fanatic Strike! by Joe Hill

Joe wanted to isolate a moment from a classic confrontation (Greenskins versus Humans) and focus on it. One of the focal points is the flag which, ironically, took longer to paint than the miniatures!

Joe says: "When you're painting gold on a flag, use yellow and brown, and copy the styles used on Games Workshop logos."

"When I'm painting shadows and highlights, I always highlight up, then glaze down with inks."

Joe enjoyed the day, but was too nervous to check out his competition! He says he's coming back next year, but he's keeping his plans very close to his chest.

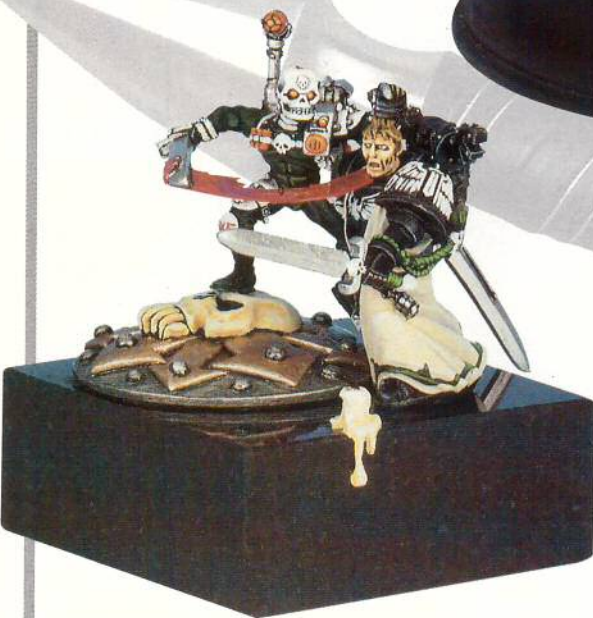


Silver: Eversor and Fallen by Hans Peter Earwaker

Hans is not a stranger to Games Day, being a finalist back in 1997. This year's entry features a gruesome conversion. "The blood coming from the Fallen Angels' neck is actually plasticard," Hans tells us. "It was cut to shape then moulded with Green Stuff. It took about half a day to do." This is in contrast to the finished piece that took him over two days and 28 hours straight work.

Hans is an avid gamer, playing just about everything, although he has a special love for Mordheim, even taking part in the campaign which was played on the day.

Hans has next year's plan all ready: Crimson Fists. "I was inspired by the cover of Codex Space Marines."



Bronze: Knight and Orc Big 'Un by Anthony Bath

Anthony chose this little scene as "I didn't think many people would do a horse!" The scene was inspired by artwork from the Bretonnian Armies book, and he has this advice on creating dioramas. "With the Duel category, especially, look for interaction between your characters. Look at eye contact, check for good body language. Judges will look for that."

Anthony is surprisingly reticent about whether he will enter next year, merely intoning "Watch this space!"



CATEGORY 9 BATTLE SCENE

Gold: Chariot race by Matt Parkes

Matt is no stranger to Golden Demon, boasting two Slayer Swords so far (he also won in 1995)! On his winning entry Matt says "I've never seen it done before. Chariots are great because, as models, they're complete within themselves."

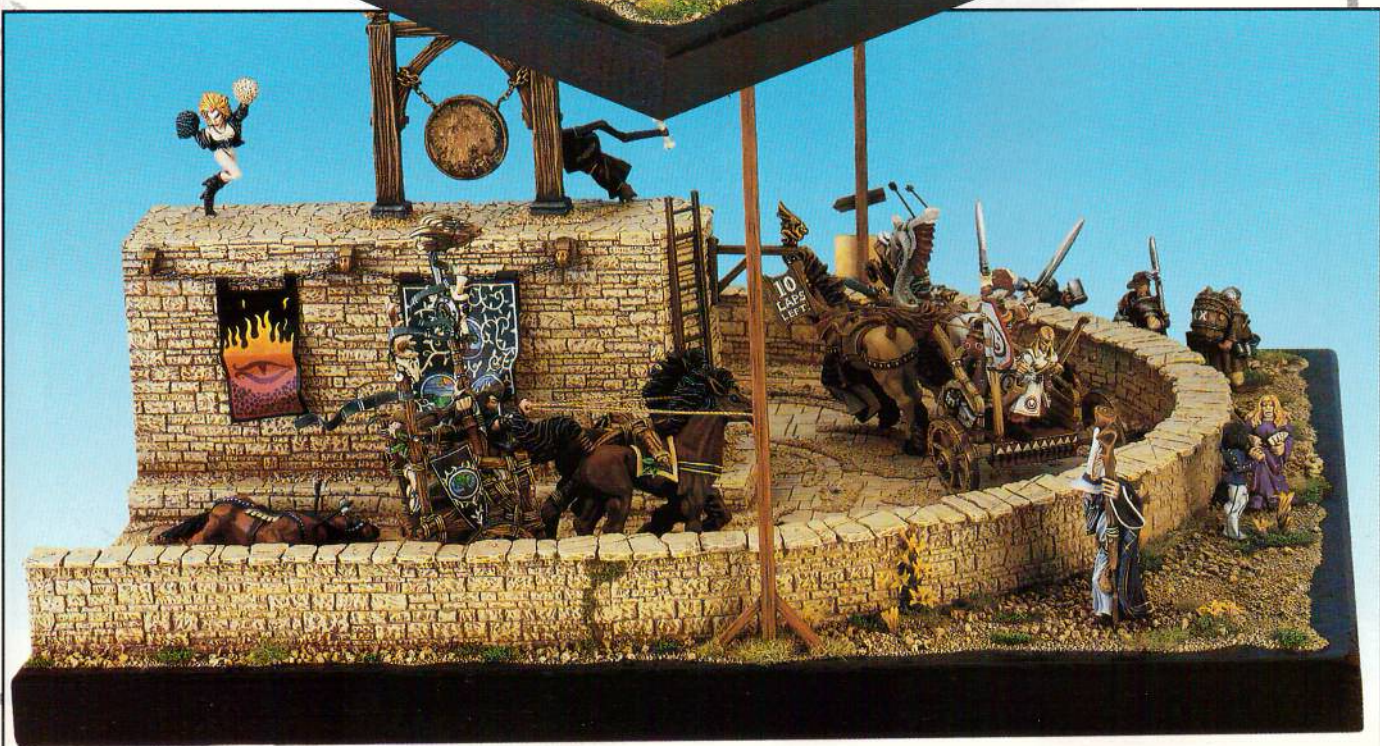


The entire diorama is built from plasticard, and involved a lot of filling and drybrushing. "You must have a decent drybrush," says Matt, "and be sure to take your time."

Matt is looking forward to next year. "I'm not certain yet what my plan is, but it'll probably be another diorama."



Triumphant! Matt raises this year's Slayer Sword aloft.



CATEGORY 9 BATTLE SCENE



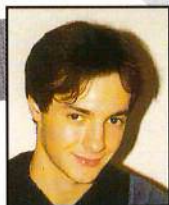
Silver: Lock, Stock and 40,000 Barrels
by Kevan Downey



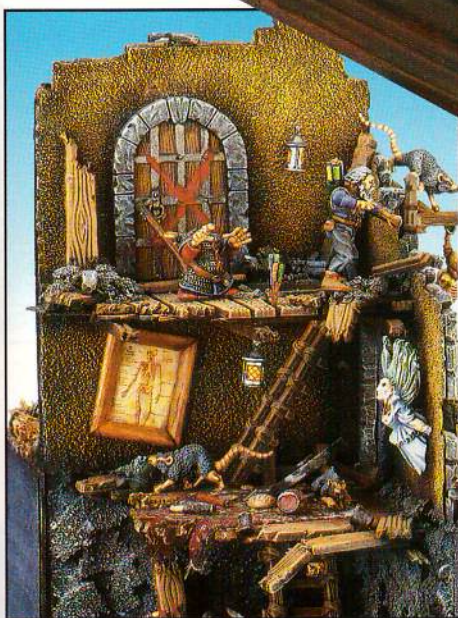
Tanks, tanks and more tanks, that's Kevan's motto. He actually started off with Valhallans (he wanted a 'Stalingrad' theme), but when he saw the new Steel Legion models, he decided to change it to a WWII German tank scene, using historical reference for colours. "Having a lot of photographic reference really helped me," says Kevan, "plus an extensive bits box!"

More a painter than a gamer (but with three Bronze and two Silvers from past Games Days, it's paying off!), Kevan thought this year's Games Day was "the best yet!" and is already thinking about next year. "I was thinking about tanks, but also about doing something different." Yeah, right!

Bronze: City of the Damned
by Jeremie Bonamant



This entry was made as a gift for Jeremie's uncle! A remarkable fact about this stunning diorama is that the walls of the building are made from over fifty telephone cards. "I made a lot of phone calls."



CATEGORY 10 LARGE SCALE MODEL

Gold: Orc bust by Fiona White

Fiona entered this model into last year's competition and, although she thought she did quite well, she's done much better this year as you can see from her twin successes in this category. Remarkable for a young lady still only thirteen years old.



Fiona takes possession of the first of her two Golden Demon statuettes.

Silver: Space Wolf by Franz Sander

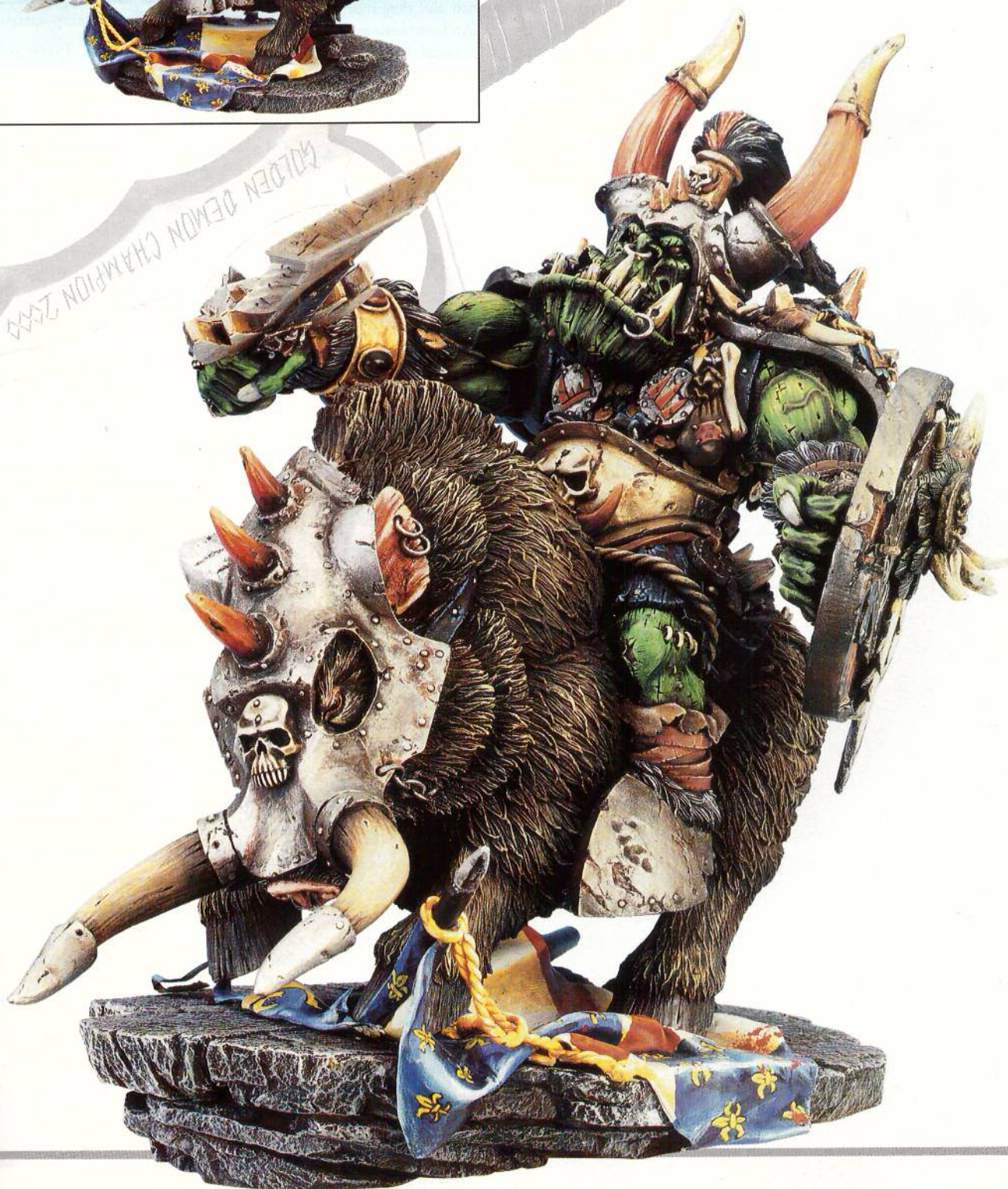




Bronze: Orc Warlord on Boar by Fiona White

Thirteen year old Fiona originally got this model as a present and decided to paint it up for Golden Demon. One of the nicest touches is the Bretonnian flag crushed beneath the boar's hooves. Fiona was inspired by the shred of flag on the Orc's shoulder pad. "The flag is made from Green Stuff and an old paint brush! It took me a few days to paint, but the rest of the model took about six months to paint!"

Fiona enjoyed the event, and is already planning next year's entry, another Forge World model! "I'll probably be doing either Abaddon or the Night Goblin Squig Hopper."



THE RED TERROR

by Phil Kelly

The slime-covered tunnel stretched into the distance, the halogen lamps of the Storm Troopers reflecting from the glistening walls. The thing had burrowed in a straight line through soil, bedrock, plasteel and rockcrete alike in search of its prey, the various materials lay like strata along the ribbed walls of the tunnel. The acrid stench was unbearable, and the cramped conditions were taking a toll on the

Storm Trooper squad. They'd been in these dripping tunnels for six hours straight, and the acidic slime was eating away at the kevlar of their uniforms.

Sergeant Creagan had volunteered for the seek and destroy mission as soon as he had heard the news. Two of his men had been killed in the massacre at the mess hall, their ragged corpses slumped across the table, blood mingling with the slop they called food in Devlan. At first, his request had been denied, his emotional involvement deemed too great. Since then the thing had killed another eighteen men. He was the only squad leader remaining with any kind of experience in this field. It needed to be stopped, and fast.

His plan was to follow the thing back to its lair after it had fed, killing it whilst it digested its latest meal. Earlier that night, Kilcan had been devoured feet-first by the creature; and if they did not find it soon, it would resume hunting.

Creagan checked his flamer gauge; the earlier scare with the feasting Rippers had cost them valuable fuel. The temperature

readings inside his visor indicated that it was almost nightfall. They were running out of time.

The reading on the auspex was nearing their position at a worrying speed, there was no doubt that it had their scent. Creagan couldn't shake the feeling that he was no longer the hunter.

"Form up, this is it. We've found the creature. Hann, van Dohl, take point."

"Emperor's name, there it is! Twelve o'clock, coming fast!"

Barrelling towards them along the tunnel was a nightmarish, writhing mass of claws and chitin, its carapace slick with blood and slime. The lead Storm Troopers released a belching cloud of superheated chemicals into the tunnel for long seconds, rewarded by a deafening screeching, the gout of flame billowing down the tunnel. When the backwash of heat became unbearable, Creagan gave the order to cease fire.

The tunnel was empty. The acrid stench was now even worse, the filters in their masks working overtime to keep the air breathable. The walls were black with thin strands of incinerated mucus. Creagan checked his auspex, but the only readings were those of his squad.

"Sarge? Where is it?" asked van Dohl. Creagan remained silent, it would not do to admit he didn't know. Long minutes passed before the squad started forward again, their shadows cast down the tunnels before them.

The burrow opened out into one of the mine's subterranean generator-chapels, crowded with thrumming engines and hissing pipes. The metal soles of their boots clanged on the heavy grille floor as the squad spread out.

Surveying his surroundings, Creagan realised too late that the auspex was chiming once more.

There were one too many readings in the centre of the display.

With a shriek of tearing metal, the thing burst from underneath the walkway, unfolding like some vile pupa as its fore-claws plunged deep into Hann's chest, gouging out great chunks of bloody flesh. It grabbed with snake-like speed at van Dohl, catching him in its massive calciferous talons, disappearing back into the hole before the others could get a clear shot. His screams were cut short by a bubbling cough.



"After it!" shouted Creagan, sprinting forward, his flamer spitting a lance of fire into the space below the walkway ahead of them. Something caught the light, and for a second he saw a wriggling morass of muscle and claw snaking below the metal grille. His squad were at his heels, running hard after the xenomorph.

A minute later, Creagan admitted to himself they had lost van Dohl. He also realised they had no idea where they were.

Turning a corner, he saw something that nearly incapacitated him with nausea. The creature was lying stretched out in a dark corner, its bony, drooling jaws distended impossibly wide, carapace plates rippling with peristaltic motion. Van Dohl's head, slick with slime, protruded obscenely from between its jaws, wide-open eyes staring straight at Creagan before he disappeared entirely into its gullet.

With a roar of anger, Creagan opened fire, his men doing the same, the flames silhouetting the creature, immolating everything within range. It writhed within the inferno for a second before disappearing from sight. The Storm Troopers advanced warily. A moment passed.

The thing reared up from behind a network of pipes, hurtling towards them, its maw open wide. It was in their midst before they could fire, a claw stabbing into Naverre's back, pinning him to the grille as its pincer-tail dug deep into Wendt's neck.

Darting forward, one of its secondary limbs whipped out, a claw slicing through the air towards Petrovic's head. He ducked, the talon clanging off his helmet, knocking him into the pipes. The creature wrenched its tail from Wendt's neck, wrapping it around Petrovic's legs and dragging him towards its jaws. But the Storm Trooper's carapace armour was wedged between the piping, resisting the pull. For an awful second, Petrovic hung off the floor, a scream rising in his throat. Then, in an explosion of blood, he came apart at the waist.

Creagan charged, chainsword buzzing, towards its slimy, segmented torso. The blow bit into a vast claw, the teeth screaming as they burnt into bone, and his arm was forced out wide, the chainsword twisting out of his grip. The thing reared, its maw gaping open. Creagan had no time to scream before it struck.

Creagan woke in agonising pain, his vision seared red-black. His whole body was wracked in burning torture, trapped within the thing's digestive sac. His suit's life-support was working overtime, adrenaline thundering through his body. He was dimly aware of movement, but his muscles were weak and numb, the soporific acids gnawing away slowly at exposed patches of flesh.

The exterior movement stopped, and the thing started to convulse. Strong bands of muscle were forcing him forward, into the light. The last thing Creagan saw was the remains of van Dohl slithering out next to him as the Red Terror regurgitated its latest meal into the acids of the digestion pool.



"Emperor knows what hellish pit spawned the hideous apparition we came to know as the Red Terror. It first attacked the outer bastion and twenty four men died before we drove it away with flamers. We never even found the bodies of Lieutenant Borales and Captain Lowe, just a trail of acidic slime which led away from the command post and into the tunnels. It returned the following night and the slaughter began anew, but this time we were ready for it... Or so we thought."

Excerpted from *Twenty Days in Hell*, the retreat from Devlan Primus.

* * * * *

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Want to know where your nearest store is and what's going on there? Just give them a call. We also have Games Workshop stores in 16 different countries across the world – you can call Mail Order on 0115 91 40000 to find out where they are!

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All of the stores listed on the next page run games for beginners, so if you've never played a Games Workshop game and want to see what it's all about, drop in to your local store and ask one of the friendly members of staff for an introductory game!

From there you can begin to collect your first army. You can get help and advice from our store staff along the way. Please drop in at any time and they'll be happy to help.

Visit your local Games Workshop store or stockist (or our website at www.games-workshop.com) and take a look at our range of games and miniatures. Start with purchasing a starter set like the Warhammer boxed

game. It comes with all the rules and the core of two armies – you could even share the starter set with a friend and maybe buy a second rulebook. Decide upon an army, get the Armies book and start putting your models together. The book and the staff at the Games Workshop stores will help you to decide on how to expand your army. You will also find helpful articles in White Dwarf.

Once you have some models, you will want to paint them! This requires commitment and practice, but don't worry – you'll get there. You can play games with an unfinished army, to get some practice. Painting and collecting an army is an ongoing process which is half the fun of the hobby. The other part is the gaming itself. White Dwarf magazine is released every month, constantly providing you with new ideas for gaming as well as modelling and painting.

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP STORE!

Every Games Workshop store is the centre of a whole host of games, battles and events. Whether you play Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer or you're a complete newcomer, you'll find something to interest you, including the awesome new Tyranid participation games, and the massive Dreadnought Arena participation game.

Each day of the week there'll be something a little extra including Veterans Day on Tuesday, Thursday Games Night, Saturday Warlords and Beginners Sundays.



ALL DAY TUESDAY

Think you're a good general? Then check with your store to see what they're playing on Veterans Day. Whether you want to prove your mettle against other hardened Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 gamers, or try out your Bloodbowl team or Warmaster host, on Tuesday's we open our doors to all the experienced generals out there, so you can test yourself against the best.

BEGINNERS

ALL DAY SUNDAY



We run special games every Sunday especially for beginners. If you want to learn about the world of Warhammer, or lead a squad of Space Marines into battle, all you need to do is come along!

If you already play Games Workshop games, why not ask a friend to come along on a Sunday to introduce them to your hobby.

GAMING

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BEGINNERS SUNDAYS



Keep this card to track the progress of your painting and gaming skills.

YOUR NAME:

We also run our special Beginners program on Sundays, where we can help you take your first steps into the Games Workshop hobby. You can learn all the basics like controlling units, painting miniatures and forming battle plans for your army.



THURSDAY NIGHT

Games Workshop stores stay open late to play awesome games. Just come down to your local store on Thursday to join in, particularly if you've just graduated from our Sunday Beginners program. Remember we don't just game; you can also get advice on all you need to know about painting and building your army.



ALL DAY SATURDAY

The Saturday Warlords game is for everyone; it's the highlight of the store's week. Just ask the staff about what's happening. And remember that Saturday is new release day, so make sure you go in to check out the latest miniatures!

Please note that some Games Workshop stores don't open on Sundays or Thursday nights. Please call your local store for details.

WARHAMMER
40,000

**Participation Game
Saturday 3rd March**

THE MIGHTIEST
MACHINES
OF ALL THE
RACES CLASH!
Ask at your local
store for details

**GET
YOUR
FEET
IN
THE
ARENA**

WARHAMMER
40,000

**TYRANID
RESURRECTION**

Participation Game

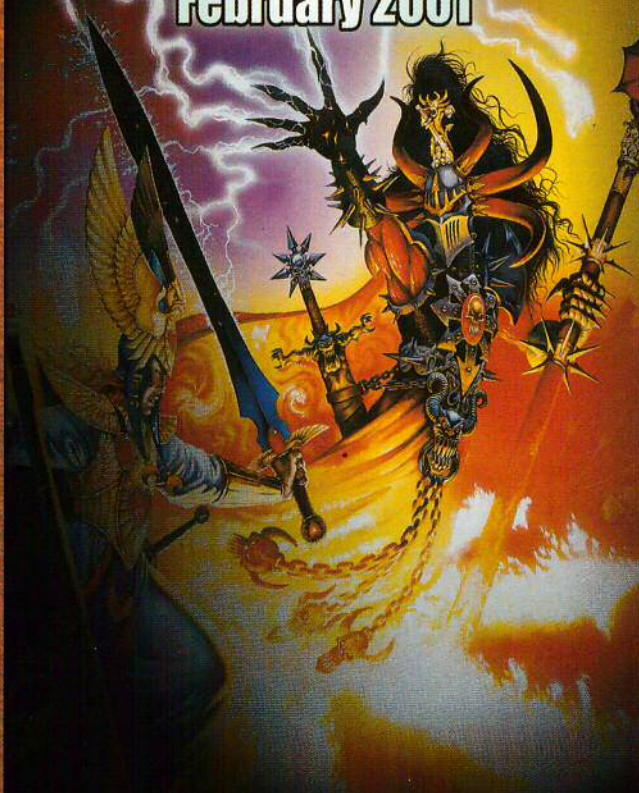


**Saturday 24th
February**

Ask at your local store for details

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All Games Workshop stores, and some independent stockists across the UK, Eire,
Scandinavia and the Benelux countries, plus Mail Order and the Webstore will be
taking part. Exact dates may vary from region to region.
Offers subject to availability. E & OE

PLEASE NOTE

**In March the Regiment and
Battle Squad sets will be
going up in price to £15,
while the Battle Force and
Battalion boxed sets will
be going up to £50.**

**Now is the time to build up
those core troops before
the price change on
the 5th March.**

*Space Wolves Long Fangs and Space Marine Devastators
boxes are also going up in price to £18 each, plus the
Space Marine Combat squad and Chaos Space Marines
squad are going up to £6 each. Prices of our other
products will not be affected.*



PLEASE NOTE

WALES

& West England

There are no less than 23 Games Workshop stores and Independent Stockists in and around Wales. If you're one of the hobbyists living in this area, be sure to check out a store near you. Drop in and join in with some furious battles, exciting events and let's not forget the latest releases from the Games Workshop forges.

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● Games Workshop store
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Here be
Dragons

Some stores are not open on Sundays. Phone for full details.

MAKE MINE A PINT!

A tour of the famous Bugman's Brewery

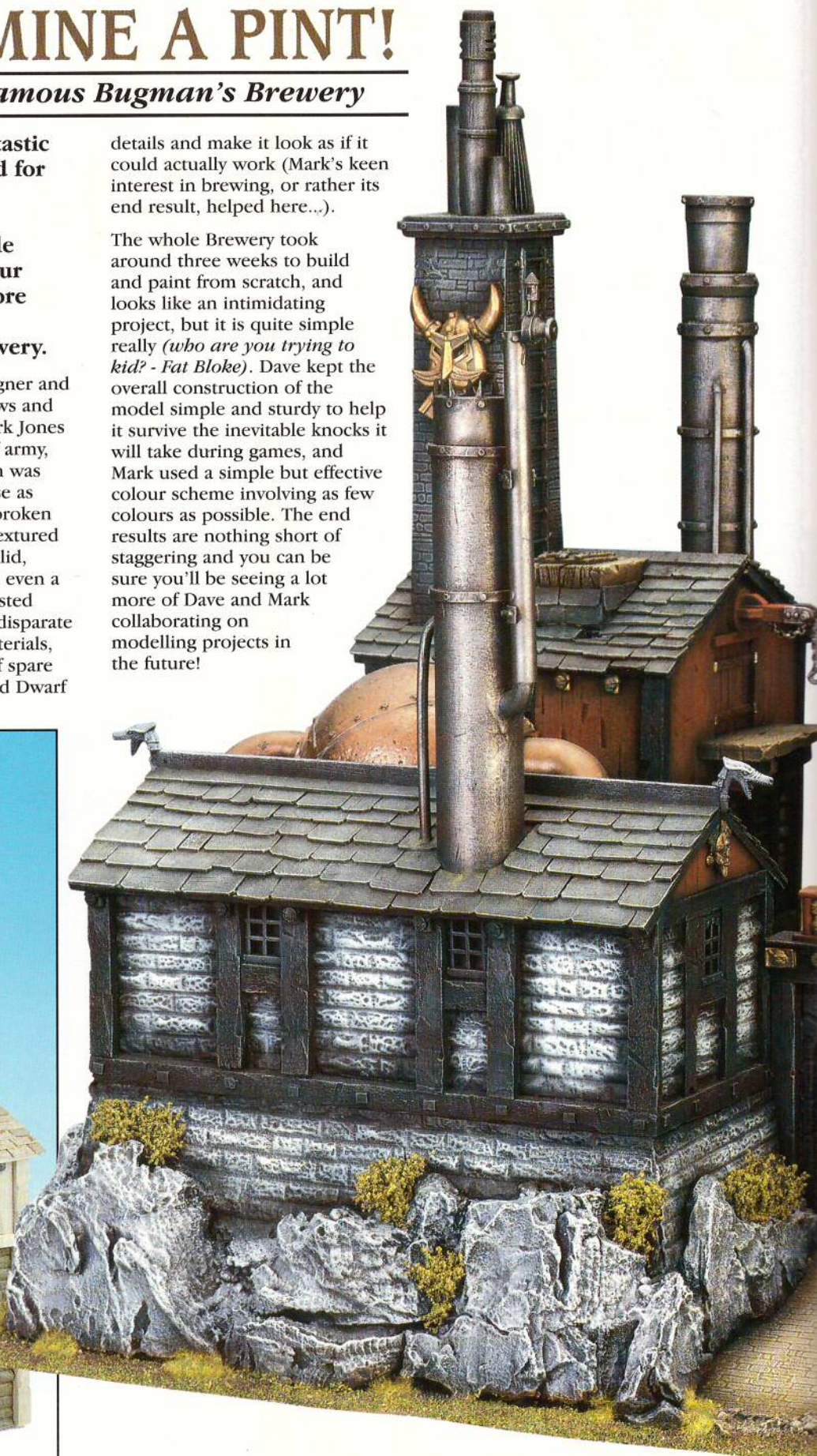
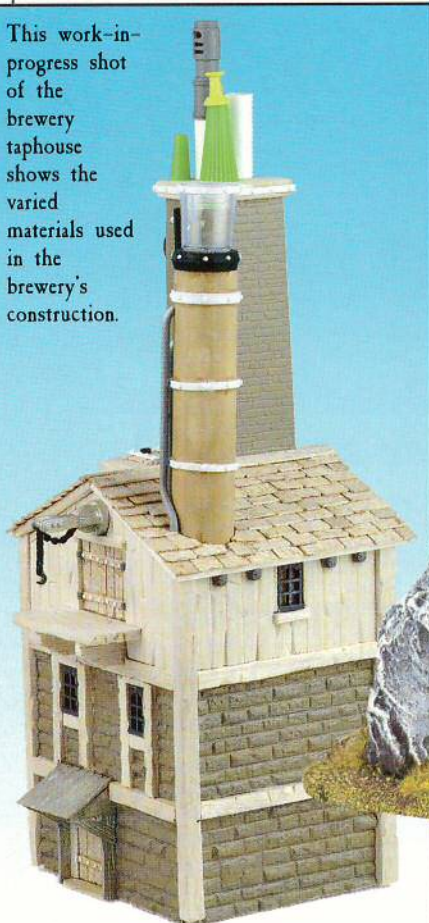
To complement the fantastic new miniatures released for the latest edition of Warhammer we're also building some incredible terrain pieces to fight our battles over. None is more awe-inspiring than the amazing Bugman's Brewery.

Created by miniatures designer and ace modeller Dave Andrews and painted by scenery maker Mark Jones to accompany our new Dwarf army, this incredible piece of terrain was made from materials as diverse as cork bark, polystyrene balls, broken rock and brick, balsa wood, textured plasticard, a superglue bottle lid, some spray paint can lids and even a drawing pin (nothing gets wasted around here)! As well as this disparate collection of construction materials, Mark used a liberal helping of spare parts out of his bits box to add Dwarf

details and make it look as if it could actually work (Mark's keen interest in brewing, or rather its end result, helped here...).

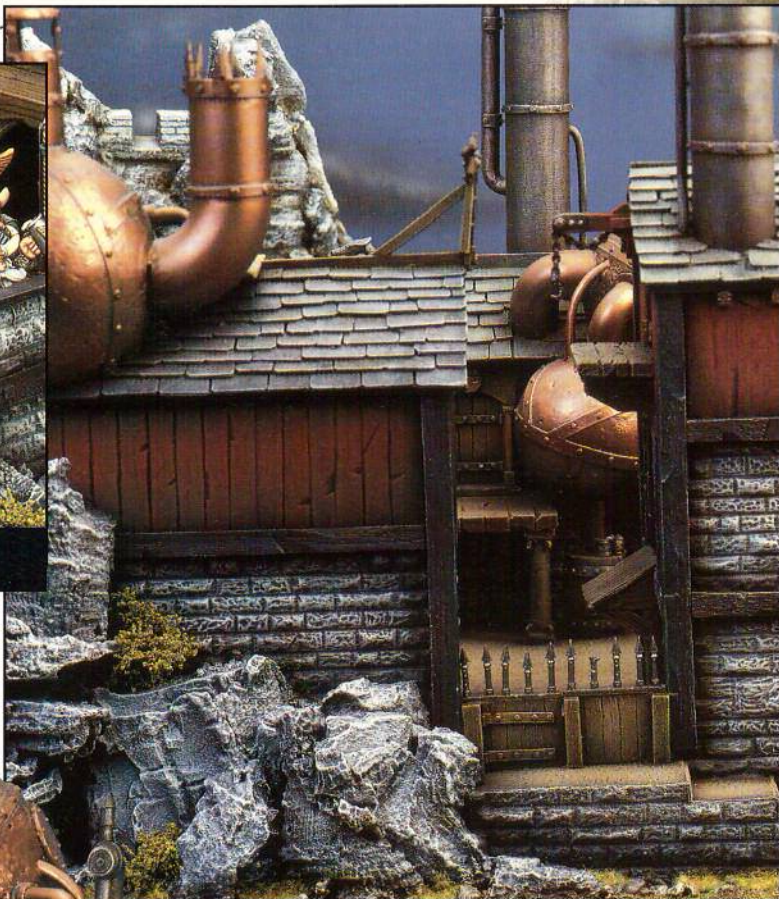
The whole Brewery took around three weeks to build and paint from scratch, and looks like an intimidating project, but it is quite simple really (*who are you trying to kid? - Fat Bloke*). Dave kept the overall construction of the model simple and sturdy to help it survive the inevitable knocks it will take during games, and Mark used a simple but effective colour scheme involving as few colours as possible. The end results are nothing short of staggering and you can be sure you'll be seeing a lot more of Dave and Mark collaborating on modelling projects in the future!

This work-in-progress shot of the brewery taphouse shows the varied materials used in the brewery's construction.

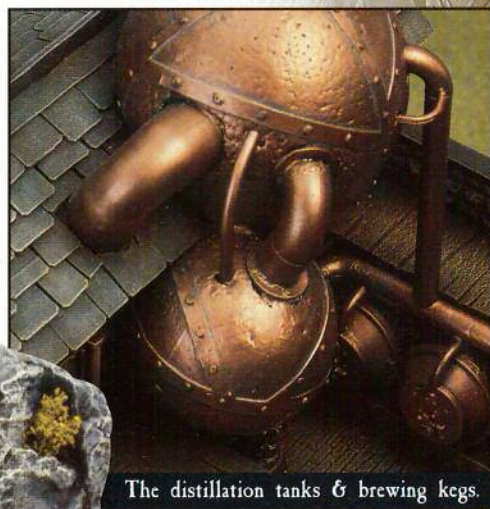




No self-respecting Dwarf brewery goes without at least one artillery emplacement!



A rear view, showing a view of the distillery.



The distillation tanks & brewing kegs.

DWARF KING ALRIK RANULFSSON OF KARAK-HIRN

"Now if anyone could help soothe the parched throat of an old warrior I could continue. When I was a young 'un there was never any need for a battle-scarred veteran to ask for a drink as his cup was always full. Nor was... oh, thank you." Durgrim drained the newly-filled flagon in a single long draught, wiping the foam from his moustache with the back of his hand as he banged the mug on the table to be filled again.



"Now where was I? Oh yes. The few noble Dwarfs left that keep the old ways. Thorek I've told you about, but there's also King Alrik Ranulfsson of Karak-Hirn.

Even though he has to deal with all the lesser races who come to trade with him, King Alrik has stayed true to the old ways. The army of Karak-Hirn is a sight to make your heart glad, with ranks of Clansmen and Ironbreakers backed up by loyal Dwarfs with crossbows. Just like it was in the old days. None of your modern rubbish like flame cannons and Gyrocopters littering the place and stinking up the clean mountain air with their fumes. Don't know what those engineers were thinking. Anyhow.

Karak-Hirn is one of the younger holds, founded after the Great Quakes. It was a tragic time and what were needed were great leaders. The founder of Karak-Hirn, Alrik's great-great-great-grandfather, was one such Dwarf. Kurgaz was probably the tallest and strongest of our kind ever to smite an Elf. He stood head and shoulders above his followers and could lift an entire ore wagon single-handed. As he fled the disasters of those dark times with his army of followers, he happened upon the mountain which would be his new home: Karak-Hirn, the Hornhold. Kurgaz was camped with his kinsmen above ground in a small valley, an unusual and troubling practice but necessary when the trembling earth is twisting even the finest Dwarf-wrought tunnels. As dusk drew in, the deep blare of a Dwarf warhorn sounded across the valley. Thinking his kind were in danger, Kurgaz rallied his bodyguard about him and set off towards the sound. They climbed for hours, feeling for handholds as they approached the sound which still sounded eerily across the mountains. Just as dawn broke, they reached a large cave and stopped to rest.

Without warning, the wind blew through the entrance of the cave, down the passageways and all around them, causing the deep roar that had summoned them. Kurgaz roared in turn, but this time with laughter, and soon the whole of his guard had tears running down their cheeks. 'It is a sign from Grungni,' he said, 'To show us how to laugh even in such times as these, and to show us a safe haven.' And with that he set about exploring his new domain.

Over the years the caverns have been greatly enlarged, and the winds still blow through the Hornball of Karak-Hirn. Cleverly constructed doors, valves and hollows amplify the sound just so, and cunningly set fires draw the air through the sounding chambers so that the mountain itself can be sounded to call the warriors to battle or scare away Trolls.

Now as I said, young Alrik is even more traditional than his father Ranulf, and his armies are a sight to make an old warrior glad. But there's more to him than that. For he has taken Karak-Hirn's Book of Grudges and sought with single-minded dedication to erase every slight. To this end he campaigns against Greenskins, Skaven or Elves and extracts a payment in blood for their past misdeeds. It is often that you hear of how our kin have been badly mistreated, but few seek vengeance like Alrik. He would erase every grudge ever held by his clan, and if he lives long enough, by Grungni he'll do it. Already he carries one of the volumes of the Book, completely scoured of unpaid blood-debts. This alone fills his followers with boundless hope, as it does me and should you."

KING ALRIK RANULFSSON

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Alrik & Bearers	3	7	4	4	5	5	4	6	10

Alrik is the King of Karak-Hirn and is borne into battle on a great shield carried by his loyal followers. He can be taken as a Lord choice in a Dwarf army, but also uses up one of your army's Hero choices. He must be fielded exactly as presented here, and no extra equipment or rune items can be bought for him. The cost of his rune items and Shield Bearers is included in his total cost.

Alrik and his Royal Shield Bearers are treated as a single model with the profile given above. If he fights with a unit he is placed with his Bearers in the centre of the front rank. Note that when in a unit he benefits from the Look out, Sir! rule.

Points: 425.

Weapons: The Axe of Retribution.

Armour: Hrappi-klad.

Unit Strength: Alrik and his Shield Bearers are treated as a single model with a Unit Strength of 3.

Lord of the Hold: If Alrik is included in your army he must be your army General.

Shield Bearers: Alrik is carried into battle on the Great Shield of his ancestors. This makes him very easy to see and so friendly Dwarfs within 18" of him may use his Leadership value, rather than those within 12" as normal. The fighting abilities of the Royal Shield Bearers are included in the characteristics for Alrik himself as all three fight as a single model.

Traditional army: Alrik doesn't trust the unusual machineries of the Engineers' Guild and only rarely includes them in his army. If Alrik is in the army then Gyrocopters, Flame Cannons and Organ Guns cost twice the points they do normally. In addition, your army cannot have more models armed with a handgun than a crossbow.

When I were but a lad, my father, the King,
taught me three things:

Never accept a gift from an Elf.

Never trust gold that glistens in darkness.

Never forget a grudge.

On his deathbed I swore to uphold those
values to my own dying day and Grungni
willing I will.

King Alrik Ranulfsson of Karak Hirn

RUNE ITEMS

Axe of Retribution: As the Karak-Hirn Dwarfs fight their enemies, the bright flash of silver is easily seen as the Axe of Retribution rises and falls in deadly arcs. Alrik had this axe made specially for his crusade to avenge the wrongs done to his hold, and he has sworn not to let it rest until they have all been struck from the Book of Grudges.

The Axe of Retribution has been inscribed with the Grudge Rune and the Breaking Rune.

Hrappi-klad: Suits of heavy golden armour are the traditional battle garb of the King of Karak Hirn and his Shield Bearers. They are plain and unadorned in the functional manner of the Dwarfs, but the protection they offer is far greater than any suit of finely filigreed Elven armour.

This heavy armour gives Alrik and his Bearers a 4+ Armour save. It has also been marked with the Rune of Shielding.

Kurgaz's Shield: This ancient shield bears a protective magical rune, but is of tremendous size and is far too heavy to use normally. However, since it is a valued heirloom of their founder, the Kings of Karak-Hirn still take it to battle – nowadays as a fighting platform borne by two of their strongest followers.

The Shield gives Alrik and his Royal Shield Bearers a 5+ Ward save.

Helm of Eagles: The cunningly wrought runes on this ancient battle-helm give the wearer the sharp eyesight of the hunting eagle as he soars above his prey. No lurking assassins can hide from him, nor secrets be held from him whilst he wears this helm.

Alrik can see the details of enemy troops wherever they are on the battlefield. At the start of each Dwarf turn (before declaring charges, etc), Alrik may gaze at one enemy unit. Your opponent must tell you about any hidden troops within the unit (such as Assassins or Night Goblin Fanatics) as well as all magic items carried by models within the unit.

Karak-Hirn's Book of Grudges: The Great Book of Grudges, Dammaz Kron, is held by the High King Thorgrim Grudgebearer, but this is not the only such book. In fact, each Hold has their own book, as indeed do many individual Dwarfs. Actually this is only one volume of the many that comprise Karak-Hirn's collection of grudges. However, this is a unique volume because all the grudges described in its pages have been avenged!

In battle, this has the effect of allowing friendly units within 12" of King Alrik to re-roll failed Break tests, just like an army standard. However, it is not actually an army standard and therefore gives no combat resolution bonus and cannot be captured by the enemy for extra victory points.

With the addition of several new faces, our Games Development team looks rather different nowadays. We sneak past the razorwire, sentries and dogs to bring you face to face with the designers behind the games.



Andy Chambers, or the Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend as he is now officially known, has been with Games Development for ten years and is the

longest serving member of the team. After studying Art and Design, he began his career at Games Workshop in Mail Order, where he submitted an article on Eldar and Imperial Knights for WD126. His potential was soon realized and he was brought in to help at the Design Studio. Andy has since become a major part in the evolution of the Warhammer 40,000 universe and has numerous credits to his name, including the Warhammer 40,000 2nd and 3rd editions, Battlefleet Gothic, Epic Warhammer 40,000, Codex Orks, Codex Tyranids and the Skaven Warhammer Armies book.

Currently he is beaver away at the mysterious Tau project, at the same time providing Chapter Approved and other articles for White Dwarf, as well as helping with the Index Astartes First Founding series (ensuring that all the background and history of the Warhammer 40,000 universe is correctly adhered to). He even finds time to write new rules for Fanatic and has had two short stories published in Inferno!, one of which went into the Dark Imperium compilation.

His favourite work to date is Battlefleet Gothic, which he largely developed himself: "I really like the game's system, the models, the artwork and particularly the history of the Gothic War with its descriptions of famous ships." When not working on the next game, Codex or simply playing games, Andy can be found at his Playstation.

Andy's advice for any up and coming Games Designers: Learn to write in an understandable, entertaining manner. Understand how game mechanics work (i.e. how to use dice rolls and distances to produce your desired effects). Learn to manage your time, to focus and multi-task, and always work with perfectionism, persistence and pragmatism.



Pete Haines is the latest member to join the Warhammer 40,000 team. He left his job as a business analyst to come and help Andy develop the game

mechanics for new Warhammer 40,000 products. Pete has been involved in the Games Workshop hobby for a staggering 20 years now. Before joining the team, some of our veteran readers may remember Pete had a game system called *Golden Heroes* published.

Other than Warhammer 40,000, Pete is an ardent Battlefleet Gothic player and also enjoys the occasional game of Epic Warhammer 40,000. His other interests include historical wargaming and, when he has finally tired of playing games, he enjoys relaxing in front of the box watching sport.

At the moment Pete is busy working on the Tau project, but having only just joined the team we can rest assured that Pete's best work is yet to come.

After deciding that the career of an architect in Glasgow was not the life for him, **Graham McNeill** applied for the position of writer advertised in White Dwarf. Two crazy



interviews later he began writing for the Warhammer team, working on the Orcs & Goblins book. But his passion for Warhammer 40,000 soon showed through and, as the Warhammer 40,000 team needed a writer, he was assigned to serve the Emperor (well, Andy).

His first pieces of work were for White Dwarf (Armageddon) and also the War for Armageddon website.

When not playing Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, Graham can be found reading, penning stories for Inferno! or seeking inspiration with a pint or two at Bugmans. Currently he is writing material for the Tau project.

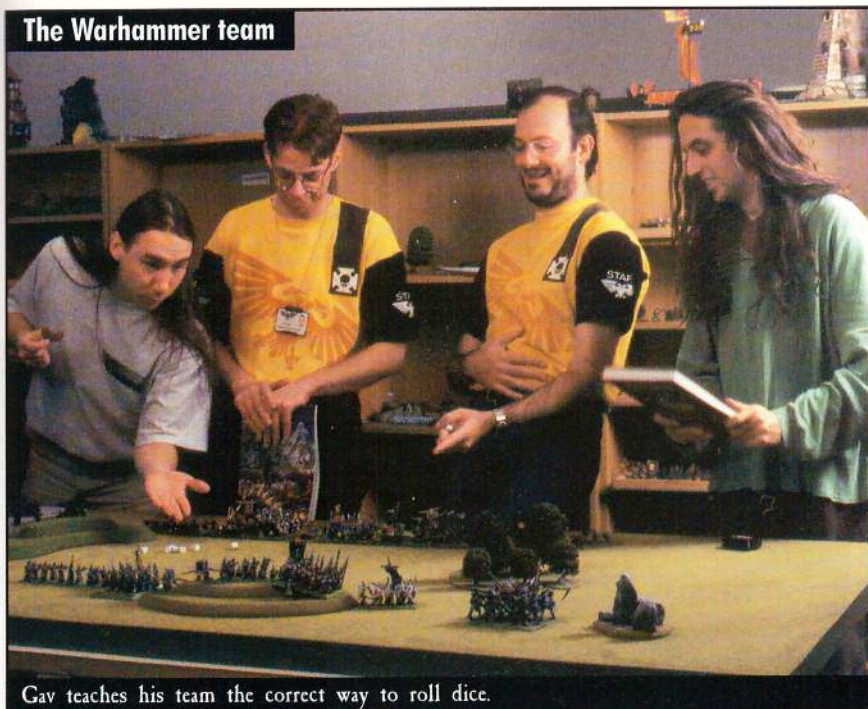
Graham says: "My hobby and my job are the same thing. I get up each morning and think, cool, I have to go to work today! How many people get to say that every day?"

The Warhammer 40,000 team

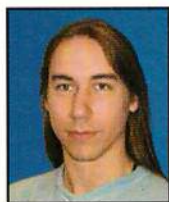


Andy ingests a spore mine during a Tyranid playtesting game.

The Warhammer team



Gav teaches his team the correct way to roll dice.



Most of you will know by now of **Gav Thorpe**. What many of you won't know is that Gav has now become the head of the Warhammer development team

(Loremaster, apparently).

He began his career in Games Workshop at the Citadel Journal before moving to the White Dwarf team and finally ending up in the Games Development studio.

His credits include: Digganob, 2nd edition Codex Sisters of Battle, 3rd edition Codex Eldar, Codex Blood Angels, Codex Assassins and Codex Craftworld Eldar. Assisting credits include: Titan Legions, Warhammer Quest, Epic Warhammer 40,000, Gorkamorka, 3rd Edition Warhammer 40,000, Battlefleet Gothic, Codex Space Marines, Codex Dark Eldar, Codex Imperial Guard, Codex Space Wolves, Codex Armageddon and 6th edition Warhammer. His favourite piece of work amongst these was Codex Sisters of Battle, as this was a previously unexplored area of the Warhammer 40,000 background.

Whilst awaiting the arrival of his first novel, *13th Legion*, Gav is currently busy putting the finishing touches to his new hush-hush game (more about that elsewhere this issue) and is also delving into the depraved world of the Dark Elves.



In case you haven't guessed, **Alessio Cavatore** hails from lands abroad. He won the 1995 Italian Warhammer Championship while still a

student and, in recognition of his awesome skills, he was offered a job in GW Italia as a translator. It was while translating army books into Italian that he developed a burning desire to write some of the stuff himself. He generated some short pieces of colour text and submitted them, finally achieving success when 'the Field Surgeon' was used in the Dogs of War book, and he was offered a position as a Games Developer. He began work on the Vampire Counts under the supervision of Tuomas Pirinen. His talents at spotting flaws in game mechanics were put to great use in the development of Warmaster and Warhammer 6th edition. After that, he was asked to go solo on the new Empire Armies book, which he says is his favourite piece of work yet.

When not studying Biology, he likes playing any type of game, be it a good old board game or the latest console release.

Having just finished work on the Dwarfs with Gav Thorpe, Alessio is once again daring to venture into the realm of the Vampire Counts.



Jake Thornton has had a long and distinguished career at Games Workshop, and some readers may remember him as the former Editor of this prestigious

magazine. After that, he worked as an editor on the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook and Dogs of War, among other projects. Games Development was the next obvious step from there.

Before he officially joined Games Development he had been involved with the new 6th edition Warhammer, which has culminated in his first army book – the Orcs & Goblins (written with Rick Priestley).

These days he can often be found marching his Chaos Dwarfs to war.

Jake is kept very busy here in Games Development. He is currently overseeing the finishing touches to his new game, Lost Patrol. At the same time he's working on the unenviable task of trying to balance the powerful magic of the High Elves.



Space McQuirk is the latest addition to the Warhammer team. Since joining us, he has been furiously writing away for the rulebook and the

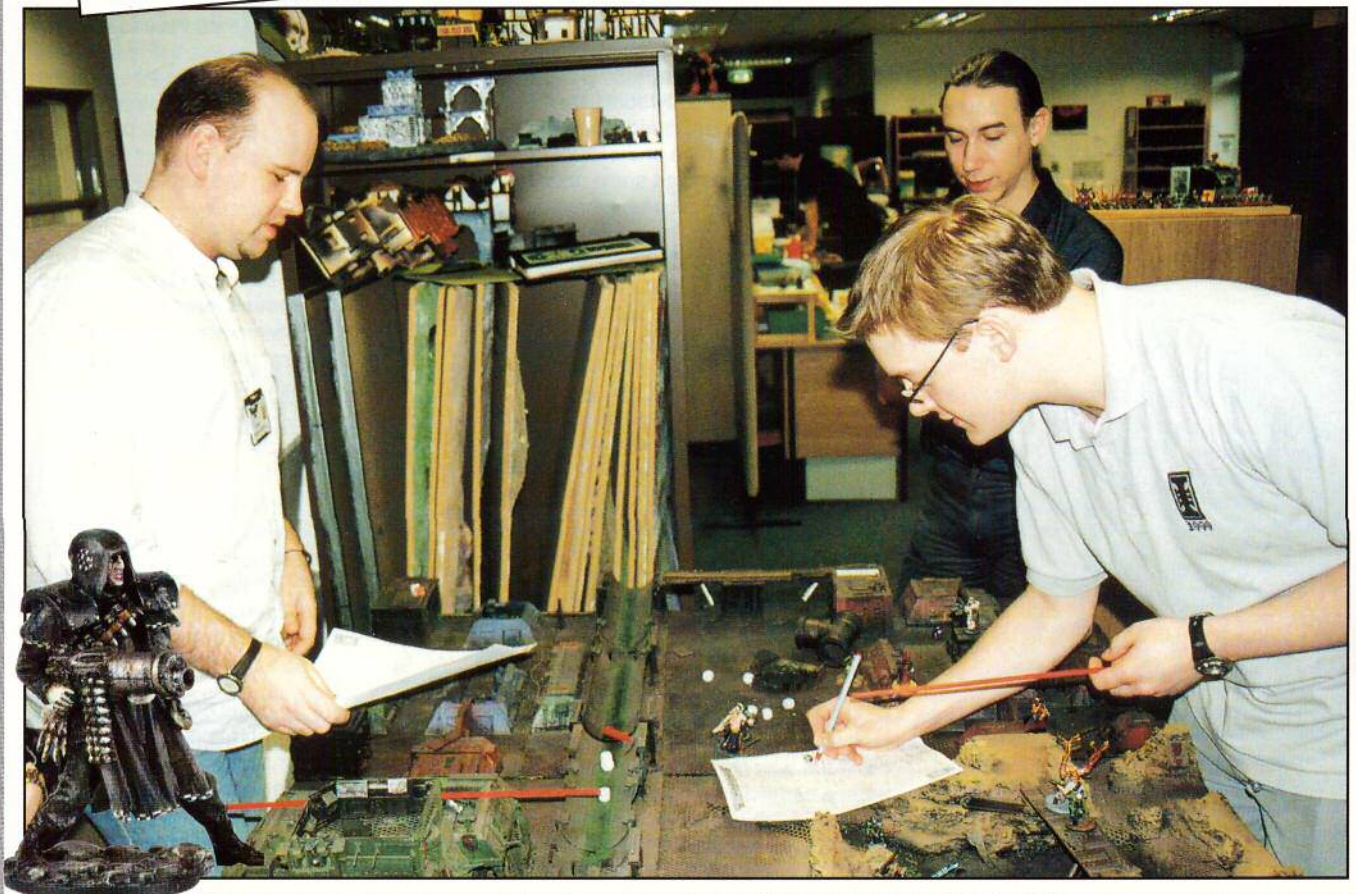
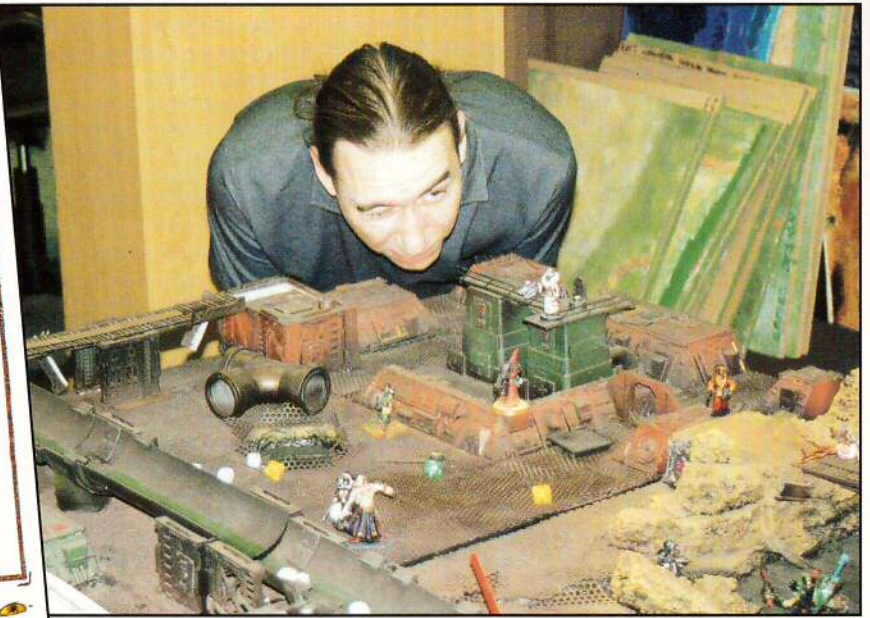
various Armies books.

He has already contributed to the Orc & Goblin and Dwarf Armies books and is busy with a number of other projects at the moment, including a Feral Orks army list. He is a big fan of the Wood Elves and we strongly suspect that his passion for the race even extends to occasionally hugging trees.

When he's not writing stories or painting his strange conversions, Space can be found reading books, going to support his favourite footy team (*West Brom I'm afraid – Fat Bloke*) or reading the latest edition of Spot the Dog to his sons.

At present Space is busy getting his head into an evil frame of mind to start on some short pieces for the Dark Elf Armies book. He can be heard cackling in a sinister fashion as he shuffles around the Studio.

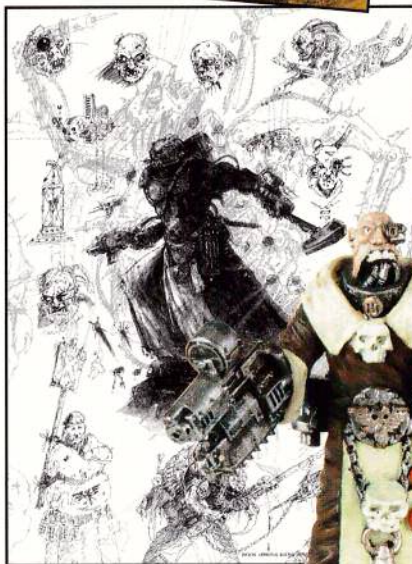
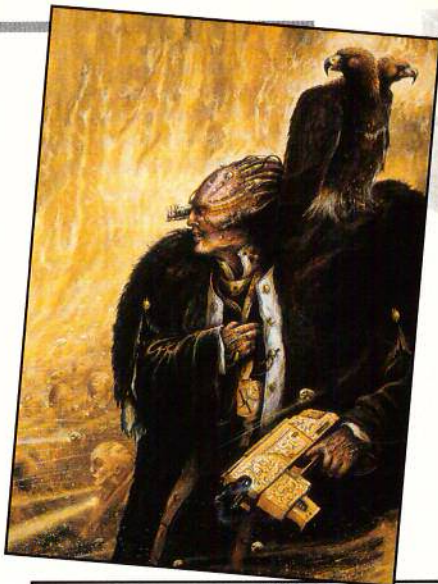
THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S SOUL



Over the past few months we've been hard at work in dark corners of the Design Studio developing a new game. This game is like nothing we've done before. It has surprised and captured the imaginations of all the staff here at Games Workshop, and we're sure it will do the same for all of you!

The game is **INQUISITOR**.

That's all you're going to get out of us for now, but next issue we'll bring you a full preview by the game's creator, Gav Thorpe. In the meantime, here's a quick look at the game's concept art, playtest conversion models and games in progress.



Warhammer veteran Mike Walker takes a regular look at the finer points of Warhammer, in his own unique way.



Mike, a regular White Dwarf contributor, intends to catapult himself and his friends into the public eye by examining every nook and cranny of the new Warhammer game in an increasingly irreverent fashion.

Joe is plotting the murder of a rather overweight priest.

Alan is reaching into a box and bringing forth fistfuls of lizards. He is not late¹.

Stuart is crawling along the concrete floor in a fruitless quest for an overenthusiastically hurled random number generator. So far all he has encountered is a long-dead weevil, a lump of broken Terradon rider and the discarded left-hand corner of an ageing packet of chocolate Bourbons.

Ron is explaining the downside of Alan having a huge Slann as his general. The words 'just a big old frog' will come to haunt him later.

A small grey opportunist cat is munching on fast-cooling fish meat, stolen from an unattended takeaway meal.

I am forgetting (again) how many sugars go in Alan's coffee (none)².

It is half past seven on a Thursday night.

In a small, unregarded garage at the western end of a spiral estate road somewhere in dampest Wiltshire, it's Club Night.

Every Thursday, somewhere between two and seven Warhammer enthusiasts meet to gossip about work, DIY and Buffy the Vampire Slayer... oh, and play a few games of Warhammer.

CLUB NIGHT!

A 'typical' night of gaming with Mr. Walker

Two test games are in progress. It is only two weeks from the start of the league and players are eager to try out the latest tweaks to their army design.

It has been a turbulent month for our group. First was the stunning announcement that Stuart, Lord of the Unliving, Caliph of the Cadaverous, Regent of the Reanimated, has gone Burgomeister and has abandoned his graveborn for a bunch of blokes with more gunpowder than Guy Fawkes.

Stuart has spent the last few games practising the art of artillery deployment using my Empire army. With all the Pistoliers, Handgunners and big guns, he now generates more smoke than Scott and forty of his little filtered friends.

Stuart's troops have not rested in their muddy beds for long, as Joe has exchanged pointy ears for pointy teeth. Leaving his Elves at home, he has decided to dabble with the dead. Fielding an army maxed out with Necromancers (one Fourth Level and three Second Level) he has already

shambled several opponents into the ground. The fact that he has decided to go without a Vampire General or even a single Thrall has raised a few comments. Time will tell if he is right on both counts.

Alan is sticking with his lizards from Lustria. Basing his whole game plan on a combined attack using huge units of tiny Skinks and tiny units of huge Kroxigors, his rapid reptiles have remained undefeated throughout the test games.

Ron has wandered the Chaos wastes recruiting anyone who was the slightest bit pierced, tattooed or psychopathic. This new army has already devastated some Dwarves, beaten some Beastmen, chopped up a few Empire troops and quite badly frightened some Orcs. Oddly, most of these games featured an unanticipated and extreme sideways manoeuvre by Ron's cavalry. Ron and his Chaos Warriors are fast gaining an enviable reputation for killing, murder, killing, torture, killing, slaughter and spontaneous dressage.



There is a rumour that Mike buries those who beat him under his gaming table.

¹At least he wouldn't be if he was standing in any time zone just to the left of Greenwich.

²The refreshments and general hospitality are much improved if my wife is at home on a club night. The "did you actually beat the water in this?" incident is often retold, the level of my embarrassment not reduced by the repetition.

Grok Greenshanks' Boyz (my own Orc army) have also managed a game, only marginally losing to Alan. Just one change as a result of that test game, the Spider Swarms have gone and the Giant is back. Its towering presence is just so much more of a distraction for opponents. They will often focus far too much on orchestrating his demise and leave themselves open for a successful attack by other parts of my army. You do not get this effect with a bunch of pizza-sized spiders. Besides, I really like the figure, complete with his squirrel-infested weapon.

So I will be starting the league with the line up shown opposite, modified slightly from the original incarnation.

Scott has also traded armies; his Wood Elves for Joe's High Elves. Fielding an army loaded with magic and longbows, Scott is not hoping to win his battles up close and personal. He is also loaded up with magic users (three Level Two practitioners). All this offensive magic makes me wonder if my army is due for a couple of arcane annihilations.

Little Dave is banned from league participation. This is a mutually agreed ban. Leagues do not suit Little Dave's approach to our hobby. Little Dave is an innovator. He loves to continually tinker with armies, sometimes in the middle of games. Fighting with the same army two weeks running is an alien concept for him. Also, by using a combination of innovative armies and innovative tactics, he has always achieved appallingly bad league results³. We now compromise by putting his name at the bottom of the league once all the games have been played, thus saving everyone the bother of actually having to annihilate him.

With Matthew and Craig having to withdraw due to work commitments, that leaves six players who will be starting the league soon.

Joe is rending the soul from a rather amused looking archer.

Alan is winning and grinning. This is the same sort of grin you might find on a piranha just prior to it sampling your big toe; he is clicking his fingers wanting to get on with the battle.

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

Chief Grok Greenshanks and his Wild Orcs

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
CHIEF GROK GREENSHANKS Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	4	5	3	4	4	9	-	Magic items: Hecda's Sword of Hackin', 'Edburttin' At Magical Warpaint	220
GROKOT NOSWIPE Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	-	1 magic item: Wokopa's One Hit Wonder	45
ROCKA BLUWART Level Two Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	-	Choppa & Warpaint 1 magic item: Staff of Badum	154
DORK PULLTOOTH Level Two Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	-	Choppa & Warpaint 1 magic item: Staff of Sneaky Stealin'	129
24 SAVAGE ORC BOYZ	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	220
12 SAVAGE ORC BOAR BOYZ Boars	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	4+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	252
24 SAVAGE ORC BIG UNIS	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion 1 magic item: Noggy's Banner of Butchery	303
15 SAVAGE ORC BOYZ	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, bow, warpaint	150
24 GORLINS	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	6	6+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	92
10 GORLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6		Hand weapon, short bow	30
10 GORLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6		Hand weapon, short bow	30
12 GORLIN SPIDER RIDERS Spiders	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	5+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	168
GIANT-Talgezz Skymonarch	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	8	10	-	Big Club	205

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English Roster Sheet 100654

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TOTAL

1988 points

Stuart is contemplating his next whinge. He is readying a ten minute diatribe concerning all the Fear tests he has failed (one) and how hard it is to combat an opponent who wields twelve Power dice. He chews thoughtfully on his nearly cold fish and chips, unaware of the cat teeth marks near to his own.

Ron is adjudicating how far 9" is. He is manoeuvring a spring loaded measuring device into position. Soon he will declare if Joe's Dire Wolves can *Danse Macabre* into Stuart's Mortar. With helpful advice from a player in each ear it is a test of concentration, patience and eyesight. The eventual result will be a matter of microns in Joe's favour.

I'd just like to make a plea for you to have a go at a league. It represents an almost unmissable opportunity for any player to display their ability to:

- 1) Design a fearsome army able to take on all comers.
- 2) Display impressive tactical ability against a variety of opponents.
- 3) Understand the intricacies of a calendar and then actually appear, prepared for battle on the correct club night.
- 4) Improve the air of smugness and implied superiority the league winner can affect as he strides nonchalantly into the clubhouse.

³Innovative armies: A uniquely unbalanced army design. Innovative tactics: Using troops in entirely inappropriate ways.



Alan feels the temperature drop as he manoeuvres his cold-blooded but speedy Lizardmen to counter Ron's refused flank strategy.

5) Participate in the desperate excitement of the final game that must be won to avoid that ignominious bottom of the table position.

6) Enjoy the quiet satisfaction gained from winning at least half of your games.

None of these emotions should be missed.

All that's needed is half a dozen or so enthusiastic players, an equal number of 2,000 points armies, a regularly available venue, and a mug to organise things.

Do not take on the role of organiser lightly. It requires someone who is very methodical, communicates well and does not have the propensity to rant at high volume at anyone who turns up on the wrong week, two hours late having accidentally brought their Warhammer 40,000 army with them.

Having organised a few of these things (more than a dozen), here's my idea of how it's done.

Each player picks a 2,000 points army and plays the same army against each other player. Before the first game starts, an army list is submitted to the organiser, who will make the lists available to all players once they are all in. If you, as the organiser, want to play, do your list first.

By making the lists available, an element of surprise is removed from the games. It is, however, required, as the second most favourite activity for any Warhammer player is recounting recent games. The presence of major magical equipment is no secret well before a third game is played. To keep things fair we decided upon an open list policy, so everyone can gossip as much as they like.

Of course, gamesmanship in army selection is still possible.

Every test game is eagerly watched, discussed and analysed for clues to the final army compositions for the league.

One of our more notably competitive players used an increasingly airborne force for a sequence of test games. Then he submitted a Dwarf army with less than one Gyrocopter in its composition. Several players wasted quite a few points on anti-flying magic items. He did not win the league, but he was rather more successful than he could have been with his stumpy-legged ones.

Joe is arranging for the untimely demise of a detachment of Empire Swordsmen by creating Wight lance sized holes in them.

Alan's free swinging elbow has just dislodged a Terradon from the

tabletop. The metal model displays none of the aerodynamic properties of its fleshy counterpart and makes its way floorwards with gathering speed. A hush falls over the assembled players, so that the sickening plop of the breaking plastic base and the crunch of a tail becoming detached are clearly heard. The bent beaks, misshapen wingtips, amputee riders and copious amounts of epoxy resin on his Terradon unit attest to the fact that this is a regular feature of Alan's game.

Ron is grappling with the rulebook. The question of the Unit Strength of Alan's Slann Mage-Priest is under question. An all-player discussion introduces the house rule that it counts as a monster and has a Unit Strength of 6 (same as its original number of Wounds).

We have also discussed and decided the Unit Strength of Terradons (3 per model) and Salamanders (3 per model) plus one for each Skink Runner. Following the same logic used on that night, should Alan ever field a Slann Mage Lord, it will have a Unit Strength of 8!

Our games are played on six foot by four foot tables (two fit in my garage – just about) using the Pitched Battle

scenario listed in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 199).

Terrain is randomly determined and averages about four pieces per table.

League scoring, for 2,000 points games, is as follows:

Draw (No one wins by more than 299 Victory points):
Both players earn 2 points.

Marginal victory (Game won by 300-599 Victory points):
Winner earns 3 points.
Loser earns 1 point.

Solid Victory (Game won by 600-1,199 Victory points):
Winner earns 4 points.
Loser earns 0 points.

Massacre (Game won by 1,200 Victory points or more):
Winner earns 6 points.
Loser earns 0 points.

House rules include:

- 1) All thrown dice must land in the dice box.
- 2) Drinks must not be placed on the playing surface.
- 3) Any nasty habits (for example, nose or ear picking⁴, smoking and bum scratching) must be conducted outside.



"See them? They're dead hard, they are!"

4) Any large, grumpy black cats called Arnie that leap onto the gaming surface are handled entirely at the player's own risk.

All the leagues I have run have had between five and eight keen competitors. Be aware that more players gives you substantially more games (a massive twenty-eight games are required for eight players to all play each other). I would suggest that if this the first league you have organised, go with a handful of players.

With Ron, Alan, Stuart, Scott, Joe and myself ready to go this will be a six-player league with fifteen games to be fought to complete it.

The first thing that I do is create a list of all the games and allocate a date for them to be played. This is essential.

Players need to know exactly when they are playing. This also gives them some chance of evading family weddings, family holidays to Southport and that surprise party organised to celebrate the survival of some remote ancient relative to an impressive age.

If more than half the games get played on the date you first thought of, you have been very fortunate. If family events don't upset your dates, then an unscheduled meeting of the South Wilts and District Womble appreciation society, an hour long 'Friends' special, or the unreliability of the internal combustion engine, will.

If the intricacies of calendar operation prove to be too much of a challenge for someone and they don't show up, don't panic. Spend a little time checking if any games are possible with the players who have appeared. If moving things gets complicated, simply shove the missed fixture(s) to the end of the schedule and get on with the games you can play.

Each week I try to publish a list of results (this takes more time than you'd think), the current version of the league table and the remaining fixtures. E-mail is an indispensable communication tool for this update. If you don't have access to it, try to find some way of getting the weekly update to each player shortly after it is written.

If I've not put you off entirely, have a go. A league is an exciting and challenging gaming experience and one I unreservedly recommend.

Come back next month to learn the results and what tactics were used in our first few games.

I'm off to practice my beverage-making skills.

All is quiet in the garage now.

The light is off, the players departed.

Ron has long since cleared away the three remaining Chaos Ogres of his army. The Big Old Frog (and surrounding unit of Temple Guard) had defeated one unit of Marauder Cavalry, one unit of Chaos Knights and the same unit of Chaos Warriors twice.

The other game finished with only the dead present.

The grey cat is back, but the fish it is searching for is some distance away, dissolving in a sleeping human's intestines.

Two pieces of busted Terradon now lie on the concrete floor and not far away is the fluff-encrusted dice that Stuart hunted for in vain.

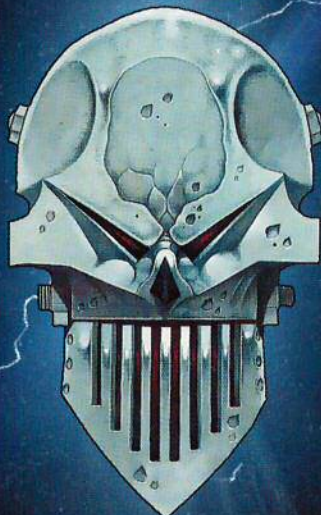
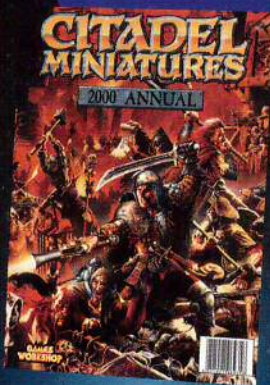
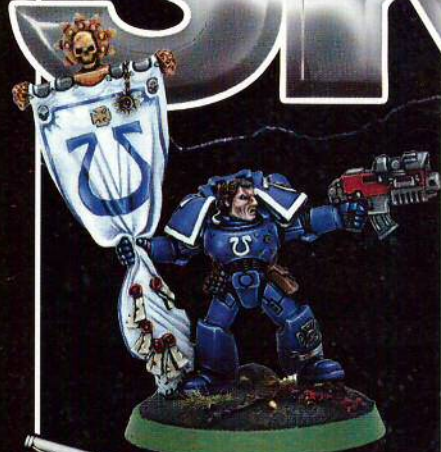
Gone is all the coffee, the rattle of dice, groans signifying misfortune and stomach mutterings resulting from a diet of mostly takeaway food.

But it will all be back next week.

Mike

⁴Especially the end-of-finger examination phase of this activity.

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PLEASE NOTE! All the Skulz you have collected will still be usable with the NEW Skulz Catalogue. So keep on collecting!

A dark, atmospheric illustration of a battle scene. In the center, a figure in a dark, flowing robe with a skull emblem on the chest is shouting or chanting, holding a sword. Below him, several other figures are engaged in combat, including one with a large, curved blade. The background is dark and smoky, suggesting a battlefield at night or in a cavernous space. The overall tone is dramatic and intense.

WARHAMMER

GRAND TOURNAMENT

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SPOTLIGHT ON MARK BEDFORD

Pete Grady braves the bio-constructs to meet miniatures designer Mark Bedford, one of those responsible for the new Tyranids.

So Mark, how did you end up as one of Games Workshop's miniatures designers? Did it start at college?

No, it's all self-taught. I've always loved sci-fi & horror films and was always building model kits. Then I started adapting kits, building conversions and I landed a job sculpting full-size props. I did three years as a special effects artist before working here, working for TV and computer games (Total Reality – BBC kids TV show). I've also worked on the Mindscape games (for example, Final Liberation), and spent some time in the Coventry Games Workshop store. I was doing stuff for Warhammer World, including the Lizardman head, the Striking Scorpion helmet and gun and the full scale Space Marines. I then started in the Studio as a model maker

Mark's
awesome new
Hive Tyrant



building terrain and scenery for 'Eavy Metal, and I was doing that for about a year, but I always wanted to be a sculptor. So I just kept making miniatures, getting help and advice from the other miniatures designers, until Gary Morley let me know they were taking on trainee miniatures designers. I produced a couple of test figures for them and was accepted.

Can you remember the first project you worked on as a sculptor?

When I was doing my training I started on some conversions for Legion of the Damned Space Marines, but the first model I made that got produced was the Dark Eldar Talos.

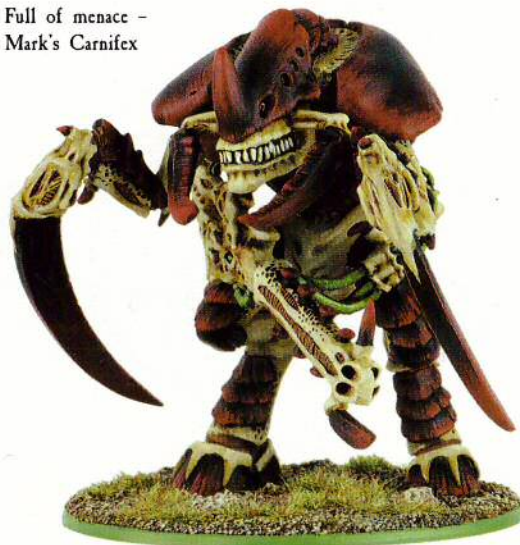
You've been pretty busy since then!

Yeah. I'm known as quite a fast sculptor. I personally want to slow down on my miniatures but I know that if I did, I'd be forever tweaking them and they'd never get released!

Let's talk about the Tyranids. You and Jes Goodwin made the Gaunts, and you were personally responsible for the Hive Tyrant, Tyrant Guard and Carnifex, not to mention the Carnifex special character, Old One Eye (released next issue). How much involvement have you had in the Tyranid project overall?

Well, at the start of the project we were briefed, and then myself, Jes Goodwin, Andy Chambers and Gordon Davidson got together and decided on ground rules for Tyranid physiology: eg, they all have clawed feet, six limbs and so on.

Full of menace –
Mark's Carnifex



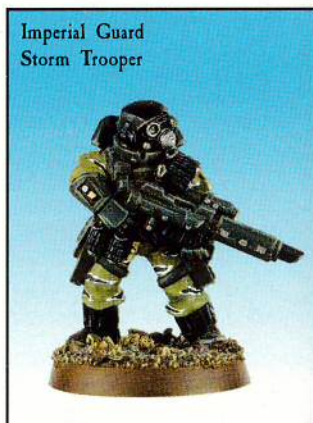
We also had a talk about where Tyranids were from [in the galaxy] and based a lot of the new look around the genetic material which the Tyranids would have 'to hand'. So the Tyrant Guard have a faint look of Space Marines about them, the Zoanthropes look vaguely Eldar, the Biovores Orkoid, etc. Tyranids have been adapting to their environment, so now look almost totally different to when they arrived. I took a great deal of inspiration from Dave Gallagher's and Jes Goodwin's sketches. I did some sketches myself, including the original designs for the Biovore but, due to time constraints, that project was passed on to Juan Diaz.

It's been a great project to work on but a long one (over a year). One of the models I'm most proud of is the Carnifex. I admit I was a little daunted having to follow up Jes Goodwin's classic Carnifex model, but I'm really happy with the results. It has the look of a creature that really seems like it could overturn a tank with one devastating charge. Old One Eye was my concept. I loved the idea of a 'Moby Dick' kind of monster, occasionally glimpsed on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium.

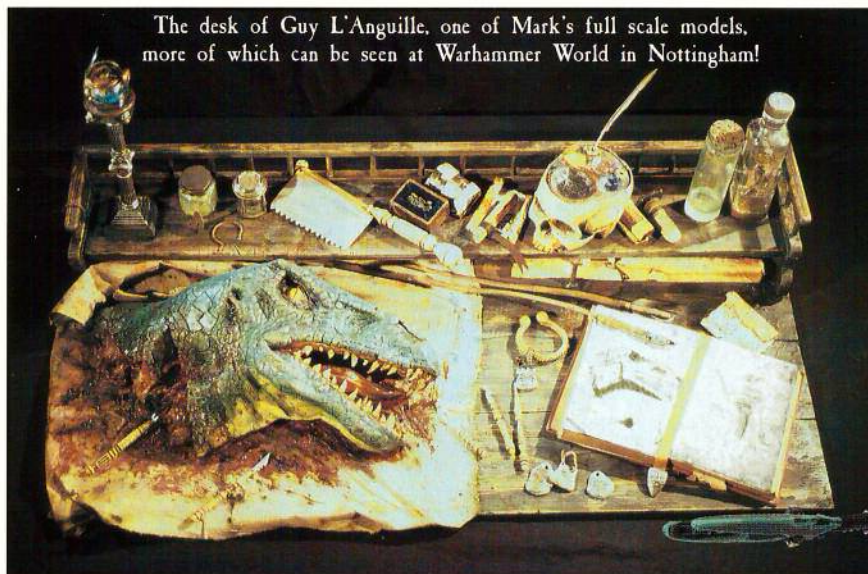
We were talking earlier about science fiction films. Would you say they had an influence on your work and do you have a favourite film?

I think it would be impossible not to be influenced by what has come before. As for my favourite science fiction film, it would have to be *The Fifth Element*. The

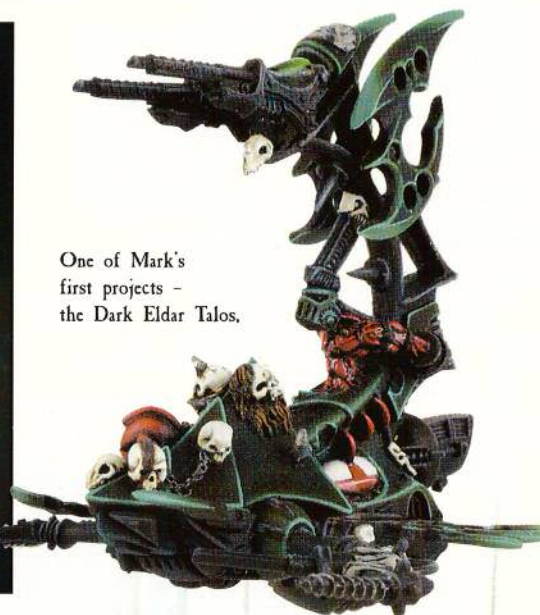
Imperial Guard
Storm Trooper



The desk of Guy L'Anguille, one of Mark's full scale models, more of which can be seen at Warhammer World in Nottingham!



One of Mark's first projects - the Dark Eldar Talos.



visuals are stunning to a tee. I also love anything by Tim Burton (director of *Sleepy Hollow*, *Batman*, *Beetlejuice*, etc) and all the old Universal films like *Frankenstein*.

Do you still game?

Yeah, I've had loads of armies; Space Marines, Imperial Guard. I'm currently doing a Warhammer Chaos army, which is weird, because one of my next projects is plastic 'Chaos mutations', which will be usable on Chaos Knights, Chaos Warriors, Chaos Space Marines and the new Chaos Marauder plastics.

I also play Battlefleet Gothic too and am often found historical wargaming.

We've noticed that many of the sculptors are into historical wargaming. What's that all about then?

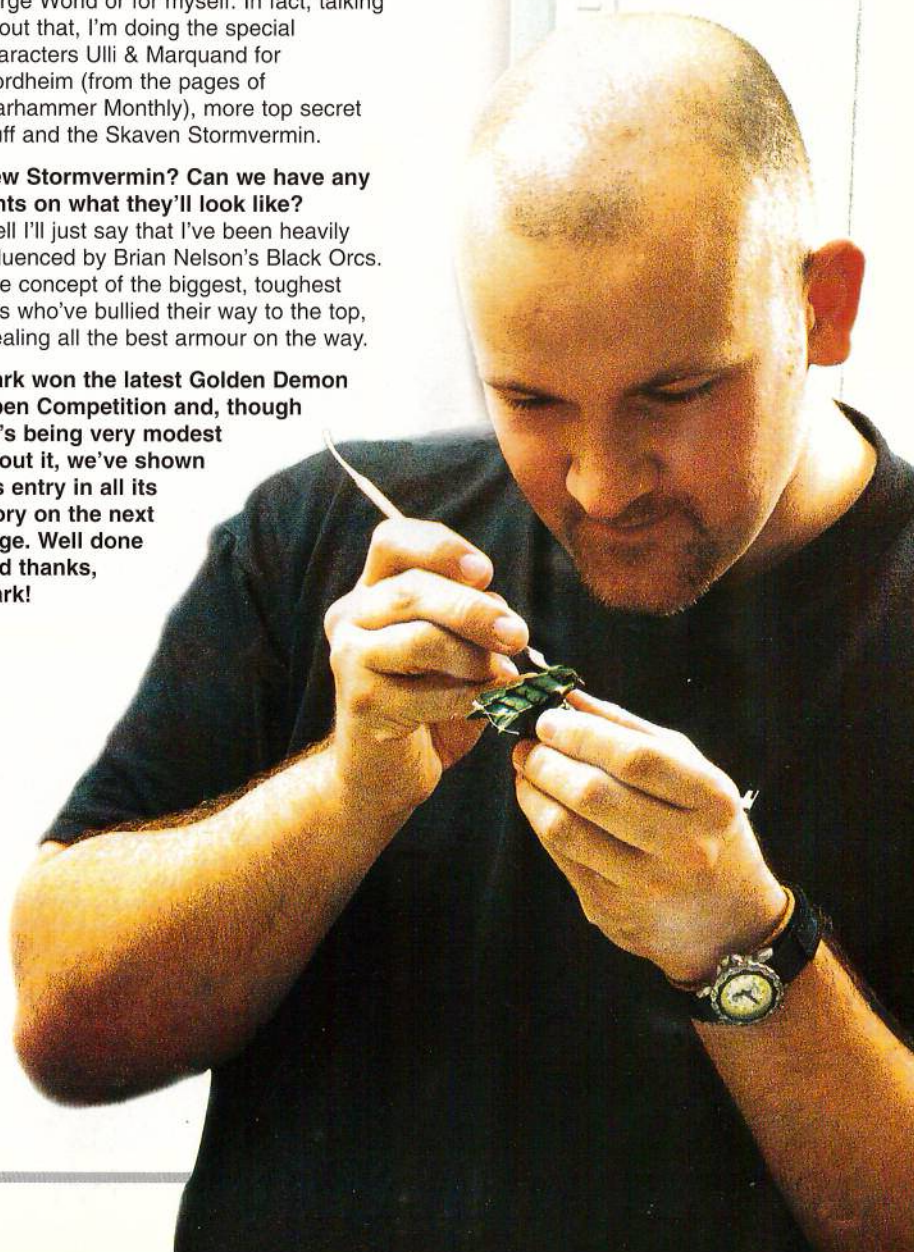
I think the reason most miniature designers do historical wargaming is simply that it's a break from our day job.

Someone who's been sculpting Citadel miniatures all day may want a break, but still wants to game or sculpt. If I'm not doing stuff for Citadel, I'll be sculpting for Forge World or for myself. In fact, talking about that, I'm doing the special characters Ulli & Marquand for Mordheim (from the pages of Warhammer Monthly), more top secret stuff and the Skaven Stormvermin.

New Stormvermin? Can we have any hints on what they'll look like?

Well I'll just say that I've been heavily influenced by Brian Nelson's Black Orcs. The concept of the biggest, toughest rats who've bullied their way to the top, stealing all the best armour on the way.

Mark won the latest Golden Demon Open Competition and, though he's being very modest about it, we've shown his entry in all its glory on the next page. Well done and thanks, Mark!



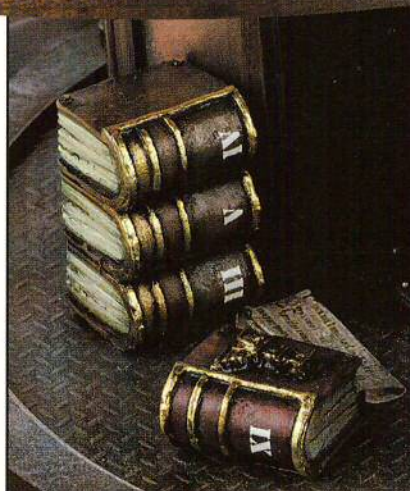
Savage Orc Shaman Wurrzag



ARCHIVIST

by Mark Bedford

Two things inspired me for this piece. The first is the style of John Blanche's artwork and the whole idea of Humans being biomechanically modified to do the most menial tasks. The positioning of the model is based on a scene from the film *Sleepy Hollow* featuring Christopher Lee. In fact, if you look at the face, you can see he looks a bit like him! I imagine his attendants to be clones, specifically designed to hold books, etc.



GAMING CLUBS

By Che Webster,
UK Clubguy



Clubguy Che, with his weekly mail
(go on – pick a club, any club).

Welcome back to our regular slot in White Dwarf! Having received an absolute avalanche of registrations, requests on how to get started in a gaming club, and yet more news from the groups that are already running, it's been a pretty hectic month! It's very exciting and I don't think anyone at Games Workshop could have predicted how many gaming clubs there are out there – I am still discovering more each day. With the tournament season upon us, we're getting immensely excited to hear what things are going on in the gaming club network – anecdotes and activity alike! As for me, I think it's time to finish my army...

CONRAD'S CLUB

Following on from last month's White Dwarf Gaming Club Report, we follow Conrad on the first night of his new gaming club in London.

It's been a really hectic first month of activity! We've had two meetings in December, and confirmed our dates through to March. The feedback from the guys who turned up for the first two meetings has been very positive. This pleasantly surprised me, as when you meet people that you don't really know, you never know what to expect.

People have come as far as Stoke Newington and North London to get to the club, which has been really great. Ideally I would like 10-20 people to turn up regularly, as this would guarantee the hall costs being covered. We've managed to meet this cost with 9 people at the first meeting and 8 people on the second. If you are interested in coming along we'd love to meet you!

Tanelorn meets at:

St Gabriel's, Church Hall, Park Rd (Junction of Aldersbrook Rd/Park Rd), Wanstead E12.

Tanelorn will meet on:

Monday 5th March 2001
Monday 19th March 2001

Tanelorn costs:

£3 for the evening



The first night goes well, as the guys face each other across the battlefield.

HOW TO START

Gaming clubs are great things to get involved in. If you feel you would like to set up your own group, why not get your hands on the Gaming Club Toolkit, a custom-made package designed for the total club beginner.

You can get yours by either calling Mail Order (0115 91 40000) or by popping into your local Games Workshop store.

JOIN THE NETWORK

If you're already running a gaming club, but haven't got around to registering yet, here's how:

Option 1: Log on to the Gaming Club Website!

Option 2: Call Mail Order now!

Option 3: Pop in to your local Games Workshop store and ask for a registration form – then simply post it in.

CONTACT DETAILS

If you would like to send in your news and photos, ask Clubguy a question, or just drop him a line, you can:

E-mail: clubguy@games-workshop.co.uk

Or write to: UK Clubguy, Games Workshop HQ,
Willow Road, Lenton,
Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

The Club Toolkit has been put together to give clubs loads of ideas & gear that will get them going.



Visit the gaming club website at:

www.gamingclub.org.uk

Index Astartes

— First Founding —

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

CHILDREN OF THE EMPEROR

The Emperor's Children
Space Marine Legion

by Chris Cook

For countless centuries, stretching back to the ancient times of the Horus Heresy, the corrupted Space Marines of the Emperor's Children Legion have been the bane of the Imperial Inquisition, spreading their foul and decadent ways across the galaxy like a plague of immorality. Loyal Inquisitors train for decades to steel themselves against the temptations of Slaanesh in order to combat this seductive, deadly threat to Imperial order. Yet, long ago, these agents of Chaos were counted among the servants of Mankind; indeed, they once were the most devoted warriors of the Emperor.

Origins

Long ago, during the Age of Strife, warp travel became impossible and all the worlds which humanity had claimed were cut off from one another, forced to fend for themselves without the support of their neighbours in other star systems. The Libram ex Dominar, one of the few surviving texts from this time, tells that Chemos was one such world, a mining colony dependent on interstellar trade for food. The planet's rulers made every effort to extract enough raw food from the harsh environment to feed their people, but Chemos was a world dying a slow death. This all changed when one day the guards on the walls of Callax, the largest remaining factory-fortress, saw a meteor descend from the clouds, trailing fire across the sky before impacting barely a mile from the fortress walls. Though little manpower could be spared, the ruling Executive of Callax sent a handful of scouts to investigate the impact site, hoping for some evidence of human survivors on other worlds. What they found became legend.

In the centre of the crater, surrounded by the white-hot remains of a stasis capsule, was a child, barely more than a baby. Orphans were normally put to death on Chemos – the Executive spared no resources to look after those who were unable to return their investment by working in the factories – but the captain of the Callax scouts looked into the eyes of the child and saw something more than human. In defiance of tradition, the captain of the scouts appealed to the Executive. Because of his value to Callax, the captain was allowed to adopt the infant as his own. He named his adopted son after an old legend long-since discarded by the people of Chemos, the mythical god of creation Fulgrim. The child named after this legend soon created a legend of his own, one that would become known to all the people of his world.

Fulgrim grew unnaturally fast, becoming a strong, capable man. At half the age of his fellow workers he was able to fulfil his obligations to the Executive, working for days without rest. Not only was he physically proficient, he quickly grew to understand the technology of the machines he worked with, and began to contemplate their improvement. By the fifteenth anniversary of his fall from the sky, Fulgrim had risen from the ranks of the workers, first becoming an engineer then one of the Executive itself. Learning of the slow deterioration in Callax and the other settlements of Chemos, Fulgrim set himself the task of saving his world.

One by one he convinced his fellow members of the Executive to fight against the entropy that was destroying Chemos. Under Fulgrim's leadership, teams of engineers travelled far from the factory-fortresses, reclaiming long-dead outposts in the planet's most inaccessible regions. The

ancient mines were reopened and expanded, bringing more and more minerals into Callax and allowing the construction of more sophisticated machines. Recycling efficiency grew until, at last, Callax was producing more than it consumed. Seeing his people prosper, Fulgrim took pride in fostering the re-emergence of art and culture, reclaiming the spirit of humanity that had been sacrificed so long ago in the struggle for survival. As Callax grew, the other settlements began to ally themselves with Fulgrim. Fifty years after Fulgrim fell from the sky he rose to sole rulership of Chemos.

It was not long after this that the planet's isolation came to an end. From the grey sky came a flight of dropships, armoured and battle-scarred, each bearing the same symbol, a two-headed eagle. On hearing of this, some fragment of memory stirred in Fulgrim. Chemos had no formal army, but the dropships' landing zone had been surrounded by the Caretakers, the police-soldiers

responsible for maintaining order in the factory-fortresses. Fulgrim sent word to the Caretakers to stand down and allow the visitors from above into Callax.

In his spartan quarters, Fulgrim was faced by armoured warriors from the stars. Their faces bore the scars of many battles, and from their shoulders hung scrolls listing their achievements. Their armour and weapons were finely-worked, and their banners and pennants were works of art. Fulgrim recognised that these men were not merely advanced, but civilised – his lost brothers from the stars had preserved the arts he had longed to return to Chemos. From the midst of these warriors stepped their leader, the Emperor of Humanity. Fulgrim surveyed him and, without a word, knelt and offered his sword. On that day Fulgrim swore to serve the Imperium with all his heart.

From the Emperor himself, Fulgrim learned of Terra, of the Great Crusade to reclaim the galaxy, and of his own origins.

Inquisition Access Level: Ω ninety nine

Emperor's Children. Progenitor Legion M.31



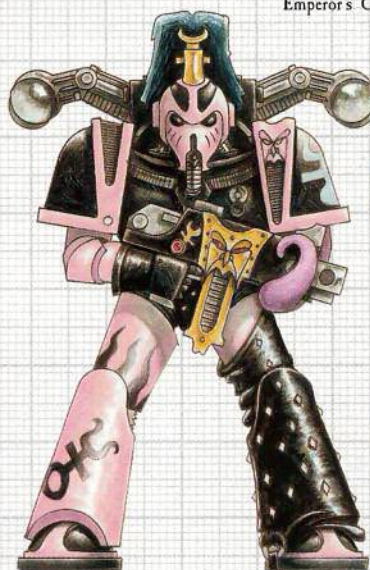
Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of purple power armour



Shoulder plate.
Chapter badge
iconography



Shoulder plate.
Officers
Chapter badge
iconography



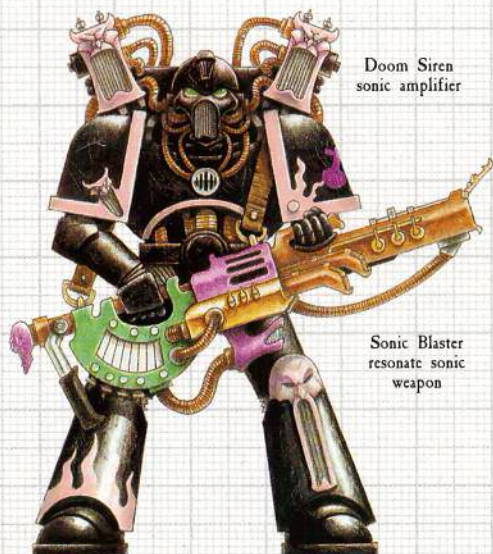
Corrupted Emperor's Children colour scheme



Shoulder plate.
Slaanesh dedication
marking



Shoulder plate.
Slaanesh dedication
marking



Noise Marine Cult markings and colour scheme

Doom Siren
sonic amplifier

Sonic Blaster
resonate sonic
weapon



Noise Marine
helmet variant



Emperor's
Children Chaos
Space Marine
helmet variant



Corrupted Emperor's Children Legion symbol

THE CLEANSING OF LAERAN

(Recorded by Scribe First Order Wendel Voss
in the year of the Emperor's grace 893/M31)

Shortly after the beginning of their own Crusade, the Emperor's Children encountered a hitherto-unknown alien race, who called themselves the Laer. Analysis of captured scouts and envoys showed the Laer to be concentrated in a single star system, Laeran. Nonetheless they had the potential to be a powerful foe. Like the Emperor's Children themselves, the Laer prized perfection in all aspects of civilisation. By the use of chemical manipulation from birth, individual Laer were adapted to their roles, whether they be workers, soldiers, diplomats, even artists. Observers from the Adeptus Administratum wondered if perhaps the Laer might be made a protectorate of the Imperium as conquering such an efficient race could prove to be a long and costly endeavour.

Fulgrim refused any notion of co-operation. Only Humanity was perfect, he insisted. For an alien race to hold its own ideals to be comparable to those of Humanity was blasphemy in its most blatant form, and deserved nothing less than annihilation. He ordered his Lord Commanders to attack immediately, beginning a war that the Administratum predicted would last decades. Fulgrim heard this prediction, and shook his head. "In one month's time," he said, "the Eagle will rule Laeran."

In every theatre of war the battle was joined. The Emperor's Children attacked the Laer in space, on the surface of their worlds, beneath their oceans and over the hulls of their orbital platforms. Everywhere they faced enemies adapted to their conditions – warships connected bio-electronically to their crew's minds, liquid-breathing sea warriors, scouts capable of moving as fast as a speeder, gunners whose eyesight allowed them to target individual Space Marines in squads miles distant. The casualties on both sides were horrendous – it is estimated that, if not for the excellence of the Legion's Apothecaries, more than half of its warriors would have died from their wounds.

The Laer never surrendered – their last warriors died fighting in the ruins of their capital city. One month after he had begun the attack, Fulgrim planted a standard displaying the Imperial Eagle over their corpses, leaving it the only thing standing on the worlds of the Laeran system. Over seven hundred of his men were dead, six times that number injured, but Fulgrim believed he had proven himself correct. Against the most finely-honed alien warriors ever encountered, Humanity had proven itself more powerful.

[Archivist's note: The Laeran system, for ten thousand years now, has been home to three cities and a dozen mining colonies, all traces of its former rulers gone.]

Though the story was fantastic he knew it to be true, and at the Emperor's request Fulgrim travelled to Terra to join his Legion, the Emperor's Children. Unlike the other Legions fighting in the Crusade, the Emperor's Children were few in number – an accident had destroyed nearly all of the precious gene-seed and, with the Primarch himself lost, the rebuilding had been a slow process. Fulgrim addressed the two hundred warriors who were then all that the Legion could muster. To them he gave the sacred task of bringing the

Emperor's wisdom to all the stars in the sky. "We are His children," the Book of Primarchs relates he told them, "Let all who look upon us know this. Only by imperfection can we fail him. We will not fail!"

So inspired was the Emperor by the words of his newly-found son that he bestowed on Fulgrim's Legion a unique honour: the Emperor's Children would be permitted to display the Imperial Eagle on their armour's chestplates, the only Legion then allowed to display the symbol in such a manner. Fulgrim was anxious to begin his conquest of the unknown regions of the galaxy, but realised that his two hundred warriors were far too few to undertake a crusade on their own. With the Emperor's blessing he and his Legion joined the Luna Wolves, and Fulgrim fought side-by-side with his brother Horus, aiding him in his newly-assigned task of pacifying the Eastern Fringe of the galaxy. The Warmaster himself praised Fulgrim and his Legion, declaring them the living embodiment of the Adeptus Astartes.

Swelled by new recruits drawn from Chemos and Terra, the Emperor's Children finally mustered the strength to undertake a crusade alone, and Fulgrim proudly led his warriors into the unknown. To countless worlds he brought the rule of the Emperor, crushing any resistance in the certain knowledge that any who fought against the Emperor fought against Humanity itself. From the growing ranks of his Legion, Fulgrim selected a few individuals, the bravest, strongest and noblest, to become Lord Commanders, each given charge of a full battle company. Fulgrim taught the Lord Commanders personally, taking care that they were worthy of the honour of being the representatives of the Emperor. In turn the Lord Commanders passed Fulgrim's words on to the officers under their command, and they to their squads. In this way, through their leaders, each Space Marine of the Emperor's Children Legion followed the Emperor himself. To honour the Emperor, they strove for perfection in all things: battlefield doctrine was obeyed to the letter, tactics and strategy were studied in minute detail and perfected, and the Emperor's decrees were memorised by every Space Marine, adhered to in every way. While the Emperor's Children, like many Legions, considered the Emperor a man, not a god, their reverence and adoration for him bordered on the fanatical.

Home World

During its isolation, the archivists of Chemos recorded a picture of a bleak, unforgiving world. Warmed by two small, distant suns and surrounded by a nebular dust cloud, it experienced neither day nor night, only a perpetual grey twilight in which the stars never shone. Settled long ago as a mining colony, the cities of Chemos had fallen into decay since their isolation from Terra. Without resources from other worlds thousands starved, and eventually it fell to a few hardy fortress-factories to keep humanity alive on Chemos. Short of food, water and energy, the people of Chemos were forced to limit themselves to the meagre supplies available – all citizens worked every waking hour, operating the vapour mines that drew moisture from the thin air, and the huge synthesisers that endlessly recycled food, turning yesterday's waste into today's sustenance. Recreation, art and leisure were sacrificed in order to ensure survival, and efficiency became the only value adhered to.

After coming under the rule of Fulgrim and its rediscovery by Imperial forces, Chemos quickly expanded its industrial base

to become an important source of processed minerals. The fortress-monastery of the Emperor's Children was established in the centre of Callax, drawing recruits from the strongest, bravest and most intelligent of the planet's population. Though Fulgrim himself never returned to Chemos, he took great care to see that his will, as the emissary of the Emperor, was followed. The recruits from Chemos proved themselves strong and resourceful fighters, but even so only a handful of them passed the rigorous tests imposed by Fulgrim to satisfy himself that they were worthy of becoming one of the Emperor's Children.

After the lifting of the Siege of Terra, and the end of the Horus Heresy, Imperial forces set out to assault Chemos from orbit, intending to destroy the Emperor's Children's fortress-monastery and eradicate any trace of Chaos from the world. Following this action Chemos was quarantined by the Inquisition, and in the past ten millennia no further information, not even a record of Exterminatus, has appeared in Imperial databases regarding the world.

Combat Doctrine

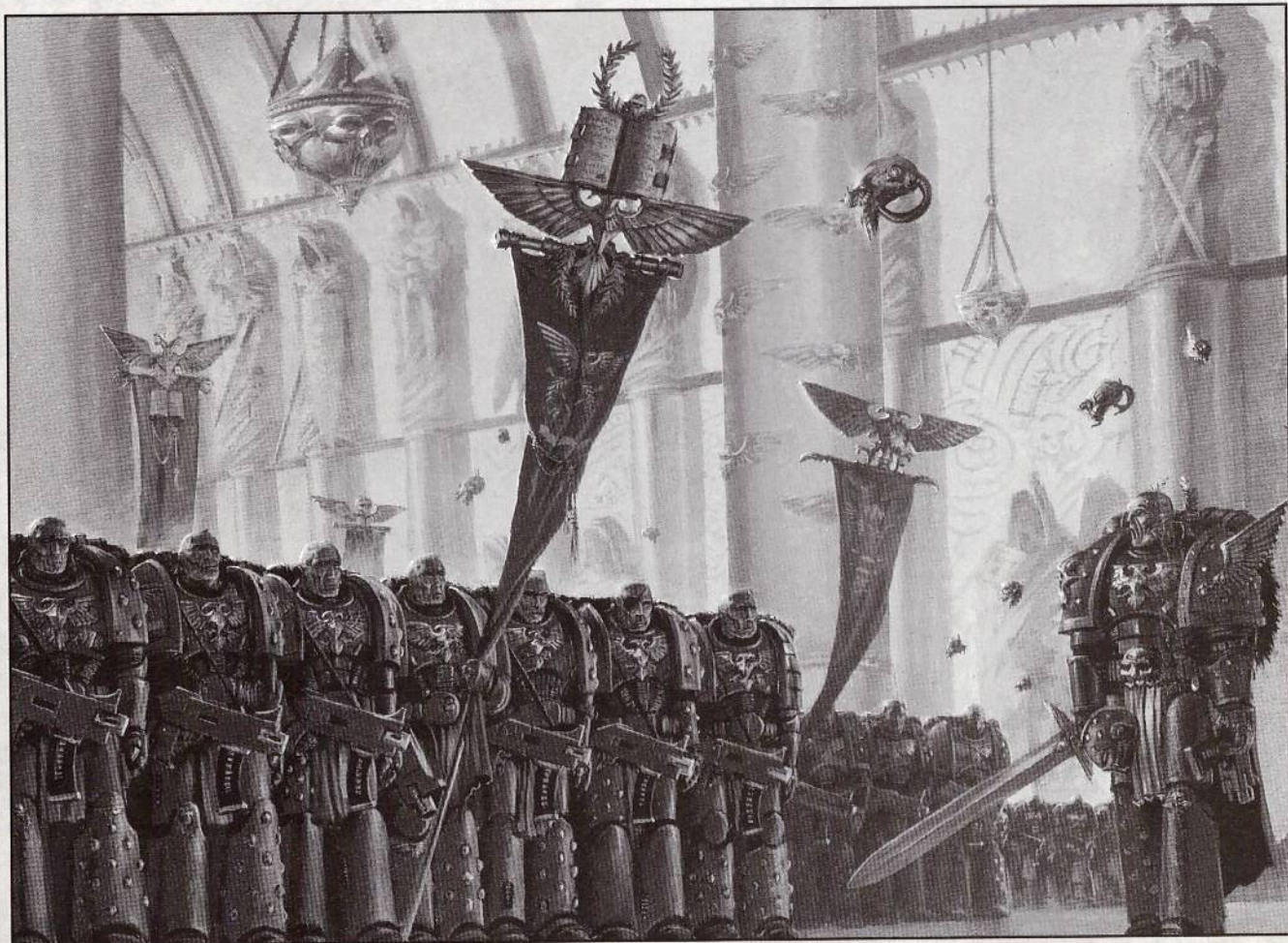
Studying ancient battle and status reports, the scribes of the Inquisition have pieced together some of the practices of the Emperor's Children Legion, though the original doctrine texts were lost with the Legion itself. The Legion accepted nothing less than perfection in all their endeavours, and worked ceaselessly to perfect their military operations. Each and every Space Marine trained every waking hour for his assigned task, whether it be foot soldier, driver, gunner,

scout or sniper. Every aspect of battle was analysed and used to their advantage, from terrain and weather to deployment or reserves. Nothing was left to chance.

In combat the Emperor's Children were as brave as any Space Marine who ever lived. Sustained not merely by the example of their peers but by a deep individual belief in their duty, they fought to the best of their abilities in all conditions, whether the battle was a massive attack or a simple patrol. It was widely believed that no Space Marine of the Emperor's Children had ever been routed in battle. Similarly, the Legion was highly demanding of forces allied with it – signs of hesitation or inefficiency in the Imperial Guard or even their brother Space Marines were not tolerated. The principle of leading by example was ingrained into every fibre of the Emperor's Children, and they had little patience for any other regime.

Organisation

From its humble beginnings, the Emperor's Children Legion continued to grow until it met its eventual end in the Eye of Terror. By the time Fulgrim joined the Warmaster in rebellion his Legion comprised 30 Companies, each led by a Lord Commander, a charismatic individual who embodied the best qualities of a Space Marine. As each Space Marine looked to his superior officer for guidance, each Company inherited its manner and practices from its Lord Commander. Though this was the case with many Legions, the Emperor's Children had a strength of devotion to their leaders that was almost unmatched.



Beliefs

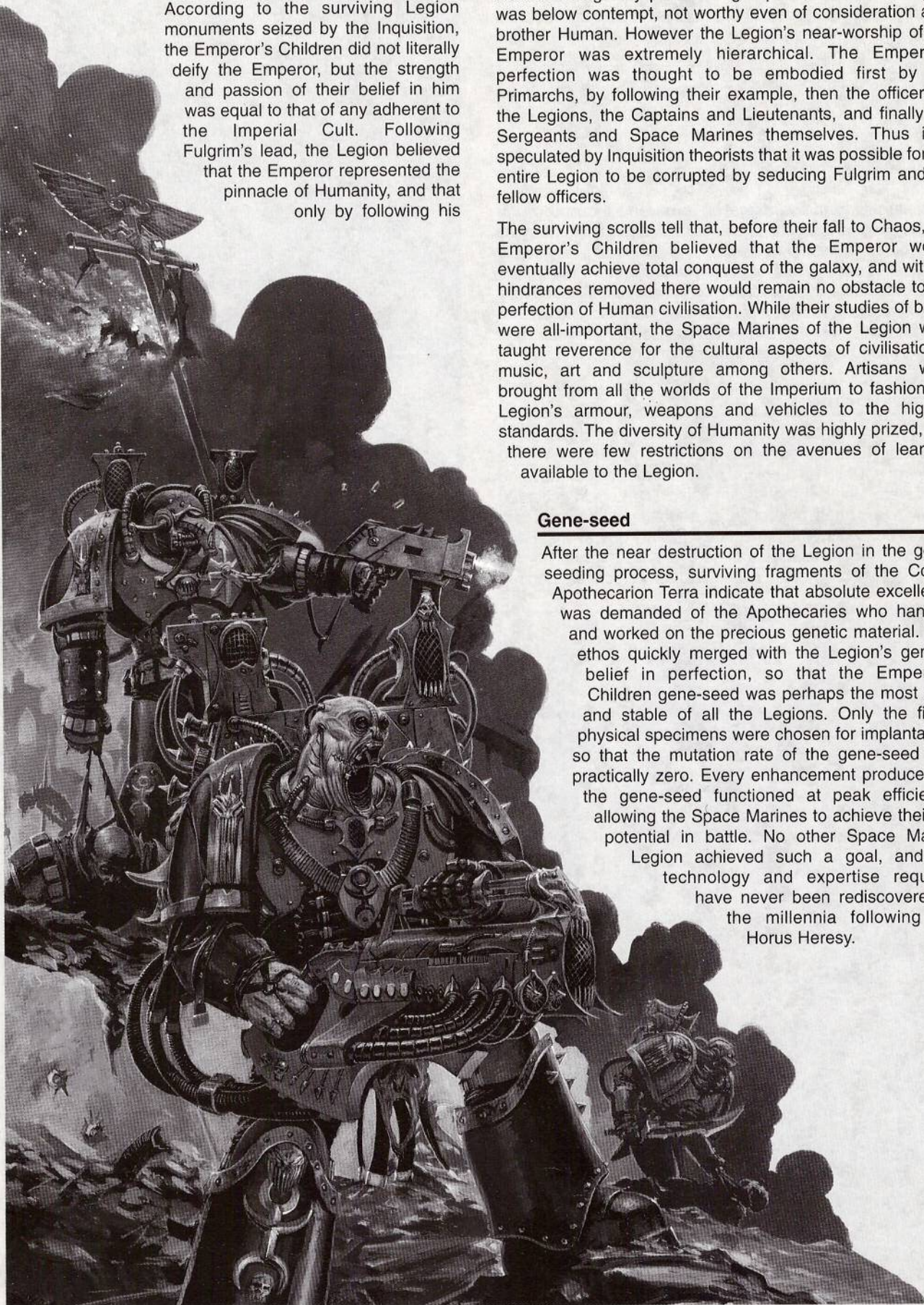
According to the surviving Legion monuments seized by the Inquisition, the Emperor's Children did not literally deify the Emperor, but the strength and passion of their belief in him was equal to that of any adherent to the Imperial Cult. Following Fulgrim's lead, the Legion believed that the Emperor represented the pinnacle of Humanity, and that only by following his

example was it possible to attain one's full potential as a Human Being. Any person or group who resisted this goal was below contempt, not worthy even of consideration as a brother Human. However the Legion's near-worship of the Emperor was extremely hierarchical. The Emperor's perfection was thought to be embodied first by the Primarchs, by following their example, then the officers of the Legions, the Captains and Lieutenants, and finally the Sergeants and Space Marines themselves. Thus it is speculated by Inquisition theorists that it was possible for the entire Legion to be corrupted by seducing Fulgrim and his fellow officers.

The surviving scrolls tell that, before their fall to Chaos, the Emperor's Children believed that the Emperor would eventually achieve total conquest of the galaxy, and with all hindrances removed there would remain no obstacle to the perfection of Human civilisation. While their studies of battle were all-important, the Space Marines of the Legion were taught reverence for the cultural aspects of civilisation – music, art and sculpture among others. Artisans were brought from all the worlds of the Imperium to fashion the Legion's armour, weapons and vehicles to the highest standards. The diversity of Humanity was highly prized, and there were few restrictions on the avenues of learning available to the Legion.

Gene-seed

After the near destruction of the Legion in the gene-seeding process, surviving fragments of the Codex Apothecarion Terra indicate that absolute excellence was demanded of the Apothecaries who handled and worked on the precious genetic material. This ethos quickly merged with the Legion's general belief in perfection, so that the Emperor's Children gene-seed was perhaps the most pure and stable of all the Legions. Only the finest physical specimens were chosen for implantation, so that the mutation rate of the gene-seed was practically zero. Every enhancement produced by the gene-seed functioned at peak efficiency, allowing the Space Marines to achieve their full potential in battle. No other Space Marine Legion achieved such a goal, and the technology and expertise required have never been rediscovered in the millennia following the Horus Heresy.



Battlecry

"Children of the Emperor! Death to his foes!"

Horus Heresy

With his Primarchs and Space Marines executing the Great Crusade, the Emperor returned to Terra, intent on strengthening the Imperium which his forces were building. Most knew that his place was at the heart of his Imperium, but one man disagreed: Warmaster Horus, master of the now re-named Sons of Horus Space Marine Legion, mightiest of the Primarchs. In his arrogance, Horus believed the Emperor to be weak, a man unworthy of the battles fought in his name. Upon hearing evidence of Horus's betrayal, the Emperor sent seven entire Legions of Space Marines to challenge the Warmaster, if necessary to destroy him. The Emperor's Children were the first to arrive in the Istvaan system, where Horus waited, and Fulgrim met Horus in person to demand he account for his actions. Instead, Horus succeeded in corrupting his brother Primarch to the powers that now held sway over him. The Council of Charon, formed after the Horus Heresy to discover the causes of the traitor Primarch's betrayals, concluded that Fulgrim's respect for Horus allowed the Warmaster to influence him, weakening him enough for Chaos to lure him away from the Emperor. Slowly, as he and Horus talked, Fulgrim's loyalty to Terra crumbled, replaced by a burning desire to destroy the false Emperor, whose rule held back Humanity from the perfection Fulgrim had always believed it capable of. Seduced by Horus's words, Fulgrim turned to the promise of a new Humanity, a Humanity that would rise to the peak of civilisation, a Humanity free of the oppressive rule of the false Emperor. Slaanesh whispered to Fulgrim, promising perfection in all things, and Fulgrim gave himself willingly to his new god.

As Fulgrim turned, so too did his Lord Commanders. They knew their Primarch to be the embodiment of perfection, and needed little convincing to follow him into Slaanesh's service. Returning to their Legion, Fulgrim and his Lord Commanders met with their captains, preaching to them the glory of Chaos. The captains in turn passed the worship of Slaanesh to their subordinates, and so on until the entire Legion had forsaken the Emperor. Denouncing the teachings of their former idol, they turned wholeheartedly to Slaanesh, giving the Prince of Chaos the same measure of devotion they had once shown to the Emperor. Slaanesh, in turn, bestowed visions of paradise on the Emperor's Children, a galaxy of ultimate freedom, where no evil was possible because every experience was a source of pleasure. The Legion's Chaplains exhorted their brothers to pursue this dream, to savour every sensation. The perfection of the Emperor's Children became perfect hedonism, limitless in its scope, unstoppable in its fury. When loyal Space Marines arrived on Istvaan V, the Emperor's Children were first among the traitors who stood against them, aiding in the massacre of the loyal Legions with gleeful savagery.

Horus's rebellion spread, casting the entire Imperium into turmoil. When Horus laid siege to Terra itself, the Emperor's Children were at his side, but they took little part in the slow process of whittling down the massive defences of the Imperial Palace. Instead Fulgrim turned his Legion loose on the uncontested areas of the planet, where billions of terrified humans cowered at the sight of the followers of

EIDOLON, LORD COMMANDER OF THE EMPEROR'S CHILDREN

Lord Eidolon was the first Space Marine selected by Fulgrim to lead an entire company of the Emperor's Children, and was commonly regarded as the most proficient of all the Lord Commanders. Until the corruption of the Legion, Eidolon dedicated himself to mastering all aspects of warfare. His troops fought equally well in sieges, holding actions, rapid strikes and gruelling campaigns, never displaying any inexperience or inefficiency no matter what was demanded of them.

Eidolon regarded Fulgrim as a father in the literal sense, considering his bond of gene-seed to be as strong as true parentage. Though he accepted that he could never equal the Primarch in power, Eidolon nevertheless spent every waking moment studying Fulgrim's tactics and strategies, his writings and orations, in the hope of being as close to his leader's perfection as he could possibly become. Despite considerable effort, scholars in the service of the Inquisition have been unable to determine whether or not Eidolon survived the Siege of Terra. Unsubstantiated rumours claim that Eidolon is responsible for hundreds, if not thousands, of gruesome raids on Imperial worlds in the past ten thousand years, and have suggested he may have served as lieutenant to Abaddon the Despoiler, consort to Queen Sylelle and champion of the Daemon Prince N'Kari. No Inquisitor has yet succeeded in locating the source of these rumours, but, without undisputable evidence, the Inquisition will not declare Eidolon dead.

Chaos, suddenly stripped of the protection they had counted on from the Palace. The brutality and slaughter of Istvaan repeated itself, but on a far, far greater scale. With the concentration of Chaos around Terra, the Apothecaries and Sorcerers of the Emperor's Children drew on the power of Slaanesh to enhance their pleasures, wantonly desecrating not only their minds and bodies, but now their immortal souls as well. Daemons were summoned and set loose among prisoners, feasting on their flesh as they died, while the Space Marines themselves sought even greater excesses of carnage and carnality. Fulgrim directed the slaughter with glee, believing that his Legion were setting their victims free from the chains of the Emperor's rule, and allowing them to feel true Humanity at the limits of experience. In that time, as the Siege of Terra raged around them, the Emperor's Children are reckoned to have murdered more than forty times their number of unarmed, defenceless people in their efforts to create new stimulants to feed their addiction to pleasure. How many more died simply to sate the bloodlust of their killers cannot be guessed at.

Post-Heresy

At the height of the Siege of Terra, Imperial history records that Horus faced the Emperor in single combat and was defeated. With his death, the Legions of Chaos fell into disarray, and so the Emperor's Children were forced to flee, scattered along with the rest of the traitor fleets. Those Imperial vessels which pursued Fulgrim's fleet from Terra followed a trail of devastated worlds, where corpses were

piled high, survivors pleaded to be allowed to die to escape their nightmares and, ominously, thousands more were simply missing, never seen again. Eventually, after countless atrocities, the Emperor's Children reached the Eye of Terror where they and their fellow traitors hid from the vengeance of the Imperium. According to the Inquisition's Hades Oracle, the Emperor's Children quickly exhausted their supply of slaves and playthings, and began to prey upon the only victims available: the slaves and servants of the other Traitor Legions. The resulting wars were terrible and bloody, but there could be only one eventual result, and finally the Legion of the Emperor's Children was shattered.

Of the fate of Fulgrim himself, none are sure. The enemies of Slaanesh claim he was killed during the battles against his fellow Legions, but robot-crewed Mechanicus trawlers recovered neither his body nor the remains of his battle barge. Among the remains of the Emperor's Children, it is rumoured that he was rewarded for his devotion to pleasure, and that he was elevated by Slaanesh to become a Daemon Prince, lord of a Daemon world. Over the millennia, many of the Emperor's Children, along with other Slaanesh-worshipping Space Marines, sought Fulgrim's world, hoping to discover limitless pleasure, but none have returned. After ten thousand years the Inquisition still maintains a strike

force devoted to pursuing rumours, however slight, of the traitor Primarch's existence.

The Emperor's Children, now leaderless, continued to pursue ultimate pleasure, finding solace for the loss of their Legion in the horror of battle, joining with other corrupted Space Marines devoted to Slaanesh in vile crusades. Most became Noise Marines, twisted creatures addicted to fury and tempest, only satisfied by the roar of explosions and the screams of the dying. Only the most extreme sensations can provoke a reaction from these jaded veterans, causing them to decorate their armour in dazzling, clashing colours, and adorn it with shimmering silks and golden chains. Despite their insanity, they remain vicious, savage warriors, delighting in the destruction they cause in battle, willing to serve any master in return for fresh slaves upon which to practice their devotion to Slaanesh. Some even rise to become warlords in their own right, striving to recreate the days millennia ago when Fulgrim led his Legion across countless worlds in an orgy of pain and death. These creatures are even more terrifying than the maniacs who serve them: from beyond pleasure-fuelled insanity they survey the galaxy with savage glee, never content to rest, always striving to surpass their latest indulgence with new, even more decadent experiences. Warbands of the Emperor's Children are thankfully rare, for there cannot be a fate in the galaxy worse than to fall prisoner to them.

USING AN EMPEROR'S CHILDREN ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

Warbands of the Emperor's Children form the core of Slaanesh's armies, the elite driving force behind the billions of cultists seduced to Slaanesh's service. While other Legions still maintain some semblance of the command structure they once possessed, the Emperor's Children who survived the inter-Legion wars now exist as cult-like bodies, their leaders ruling by force of will alone. The only focus of admiration for devotees of Slaanesh is senseless indulgence in physical pleasure, and so the leaders of warbands are the most violent, sadistic and debauched creatures imaginable. An Emperor's Children army is chosen from Codex Chaos Space Marines, with the following exceptions and special rules.

Characters: Warbands of the Emperor's Children are invariably led by a highly charismatic champion of Slaanesh who has earned the mark of his or her god. An Emperor's Children warband must be led by a Chaos Lord or Daemon Prince with a Mark of Slaanesh.

Note that, as the army is always led by a character with a Mark of Slaanesh, Noise Marines may always be taken as Troops or Heavy Support units.

No character may be given a Mark other than that of Slaanesh. Characters with the Mark of Slaanesh may buy a Sonic Blaster (two-handed weapon) for +5 points.

Sacred Number: The sacred number of Slaanesh is six, and this number figures heavily in rituals intended to seek the god's favour. Any squad of Noise Marines that numbers exactly six models may upgrade one of its members to an Aspiring Champion for no additional points cost.

High on Pain: When engaged in close combat, pain serves only to further heighten the stimulation craved by the Slaaneshi. Any Independent Character who is wounded but not killed in an assault will automatically pass any Morale Check they are forced to make during that same Assault phase. This also applies to any squad led by the Independent Character.

Sonic weapons: Though not all of the Emperor's Children are perverted to the degree of Noise Marines, many still enjoy the cacophony of their sonic weapons. Any lascannon taken by a Chaos Marine Veteran or Chaos Marine squad may be upgraded to

a blastmaster for +5 points. Any meltagun in the above squads may be upgraded to a sonic blaster for +3 points. Any lascannon in a Chaos Havoc squad may be upgraded to a blastmaster for no additional points cost.

Noise Marine Terminators: Noise Marine Terminators cost 46 points for a basic model with combi-bolter and power weapon and have +1 Attack. They count as Fearless and can take any of the usual Chaos Terminator weapon upgrades at the normal cost. Also they may replace their combi-bolter with a sonic blaster at a cost of +10 points. Up to three models may replace their combi-bolters with one of the following: a blastmaster at +30, or a doom siren at +15 points. The points value is a modification of the rules in WD230 and applies only in Emperor's Children armies.

Cult Troops: The following units may not be used: Khorne Berzerkers, Plague Marines, Thousand Sons. Apart from Slaanesh Terminators, Cult Terminators may not be taken.

Daemons: Daemonic units must be Slaaneshi in nature, ie, Greater Daemons must be Keepers of Secrets, Daemon Packs must be Daemonettes, Daemonic Beasts must be Fiends and Daemonic Cavalry must be Steeds of Slaanesh. Nurglings and Juggernauts of Khorne may not be taken.

Heavy Support: Aside from the deadly bombardments of Noise Marines, long-range firepower is poorly regarded among Slaaneshi Space Marines, and few persist in the use of heavy weapons or support vehicles once their personal prestige allows them the chance to partake of bloody hand-to-hand combat. The following units count as 0-1, ie, a maximum of one of each may be used in any army: Chaos Havocs, Chaos Predator, Chaos Land Raider.

Dreadnoughts: To a Slaanesh-follower, encasement in a Dreadnought represents an unbearable separation from the joys of sensation. When taking Frenzy tests, Emperor's Children Dreadnoughts are subject to the Blood Rage result on a roll of 1-2. On a roll of 3-5 the Dreadnought behaves normally, and on a roll of 6 it is subject to the Fire Frenzy result. The Dreadnought's twin-linked bolter may be upgraded to a twin-linked Sonic Blaster at a cost of +8 points.

"Let the galaxy burn!"

"Let its charred, smoking husk join that of the corrupt Imperium of the false Emperor as it falls beneath the tracks of our all-conquering legions."

"No-one can stand before us as we rip the still-beating hearts from star systems and watch victoriously as they weep their last pain-ridden tears. Debase yourselves before us for we are the Legions of Chaos – rightful masters of the galaxy!"

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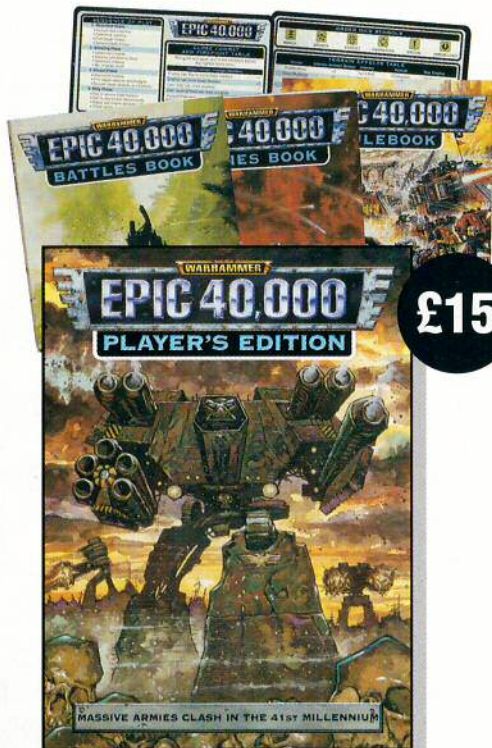
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How like a God he is, that ancient Machine, primal of all his kind, the Imperator! His mighty fists, massive like two towers of destruction, laden with the doom of Mankind's bitter foes. He watches over us now as battle joins, and in his shadow we shall advance upon our enemies and defeat them.

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EPIC 40,000 MINIATURES

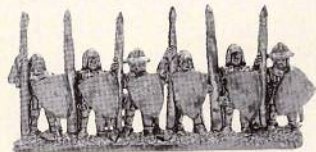
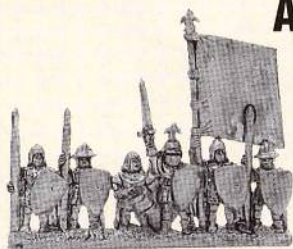
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WARHAMMER

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you fear this enemy. I can
see in your eyes that you
wonder how we can fight
such terrible monsters.
Men of the Empire, I have
the answer.*

*We fight them with our
steel, we fight them with
our courage, but above all
we fight them with our
faith in Sigmar!"*

Magnus the Pious at the Battle at the Gates of Kislev

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The Empire Battalion contains:

*1 General, 8 Knights, 19 Spearmen
including Champion and command group,
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group, 1 Cannon/Mortar*



EMPIRE BATTALION: £50 BOXED SET

HEINMANN'S DEBT

*A Warhammer Battle Report by
Phil Kelly, Owen Branham and Alessio Cavatore.*

Welcome to the Battle Report. This month we wipe the ichor of the Tyranids from our eyes and concentrate on good old-fashioned loin girding as the Dwarfs go to war against the Empire. Not only is this a battle of epic proportions, using a handsome 7,000 points of miniatures, but it is also a siege, allowing us to show off the new Siege rules and the newly converted Studio fortress

Taking the bearded hordes to war is 'Eavy Metal's Owen Branham, a long-standing Dwarf player who has

proved his mettle in many a hard-won battle. Taking the role of the Empire commander defending his castle is Alessio Cavatore, one of the most experienced Warhammer players in the Studio and the author of the Empire Armies book. We decided to spice up the proceedings with a small scenario beforehand using the tunnel-fighting rules from this month's Warhammer Chronicles (page 20); Alessio and Owen were to face off against each other in the catacombs beneath the castle. The winner would either weaken the walls of the castle before the main game began or consolidate his position, adding precious troops to those defending the castle.

Warhammer Siege games add a new dimension to the tactics used in Warhammer, with each general having to adopt a strategy completely foreign to the standard Warhammer missions. The besiegers, in this case the Dwarfs, are allowed to take twice the points of the Empire troops. A round 4,000 points of Dwarfs allows for a considerable amount of war machines, as well as large blocks of some of the best infantry in the Old World. However, the Empire troops have the benefit of a fully-defended castle, and anyone who has played a Siege game in the past will realise just how much of an advantage that can be.

Thialfi wiped the sweat from his furrowed forehead, leaning heavily on his spade as the sun shone unforgivingly on his burning shoulders. The summer heat was intolerable, and his thick, heavy clothing was for once proving to be his enemy. "It'll be fine once we make it underground," he told himself, "only a few more metres before we're through to the catacombs."

Although in the space of a morning they had constructed some damn fine earthworks and dug a massive trench into the ground behind them, this was of one of the most unpleasant day's work Thialfi had ever done. The heat was insufferable and the humid air unbreathable. Down in the cold belly of a mountain, that was the place to dig. If his father could see him now he'd be out of his crypt and across to Nuln to give him a good dressing down. But Thialfi knew that undermining was the best way to fell a wall without the enemy even knowing they had arrived. It worked, simple as that. And King Toldavf wanted to make an entrance.

"Get back to work! Do you think you're here to bask in the sun, Thialfi Ranulfsson?"

King Toldavf, accompanied by two Ironbreakers in full gromril armour, strode up to the earthworks with his mighty hammer gripped tight in gauntleted hands. He had the look of a Dwarf with but one aim in mind: revenge.

"Dig! Get through to those catacombs and take that wall down by sunset, or I'll have your beards! By Grungni, we'll see that oath-breaker's heart in our hands by nightfall!"

"Lord Heinmann! My Lord! Listen, I implore you!"

The chamberlain, robes gathered, scurried toward his employer with a look of ashen shock on his face. The lord of the castle, Pietr Heinmann, was in a dark mood indeed, and Chamberlain Geiss did not relish breaking the worrying news. But he had no choice, and a moment of tarrying could cost him his life.

"The Dwarfs, liege! They have been sighted in the woods to the east! And... they're digging! At any moment they could be through to the lower levels, and we shall all die!"

Heinmann slapped the man out of his hysteria. This was ridiculous. So he hadn't paid the Dwarf Engineers who built the east wall and his prized tower in full. That was six years ago. Six years! He'd almost forgotten the vitriol in their threats. But it seemed that the Dwarfs were back, and they had brought the rest of their grubby clan. Warily preparing himself to defend his home, Heinmann summoned the captain of the guard.



PRELIMINARY BATTLE REPORT: UNDERMINE

Sergeant Greiss peered into the gloom, eyes squinting. He knew that the flickering torches would be of limited use, but this was ridiculous. He could barely see twenty feet in front of his troops' position, and he knew that there were Dwarfs down here with them. Crossing the broken flagstones of the catacombs, Greiss spat into the darkness. While they held torches, they may as well be shouting out their location at the top of their voices.

He knew full well that he would probably spend his last hours in the impenetrable darkness of the catacombs. He had seen the earthworks himself and he knew that the Dwarfs would choose to fight underground. So be it, thought Greiss, ordering his Greatswords forward. On the left, Captain Obermann's Spearmen were closing the distance, the detachments of Halberdiers keeping close. In the distance, he could hear the low thump of heavy boots marching towards them.

Thialfi marched onward through the dark, glad to be out of the scalding rays of the sun. This was more like it, he thought, back where Dwarfs belonged. Suddenly, the Thane barked an order, and the marching column stopped dead. He could smell others in these tunnels, torches betraying their presence in the hallway ahead. He

and his fellow miners extinguished the candles atop their helmets, their natural night vision compensating for the lack of light. To his left, he saw the party of Rangers, led by Thane Sigrid, split left to intercept a unit of Men clad from head to foot in shining armour. Silently, Thialfi slid his pick from his backpack, and began wordlessly mouthing a battle prayer as the lines of Dwarfs closed in.

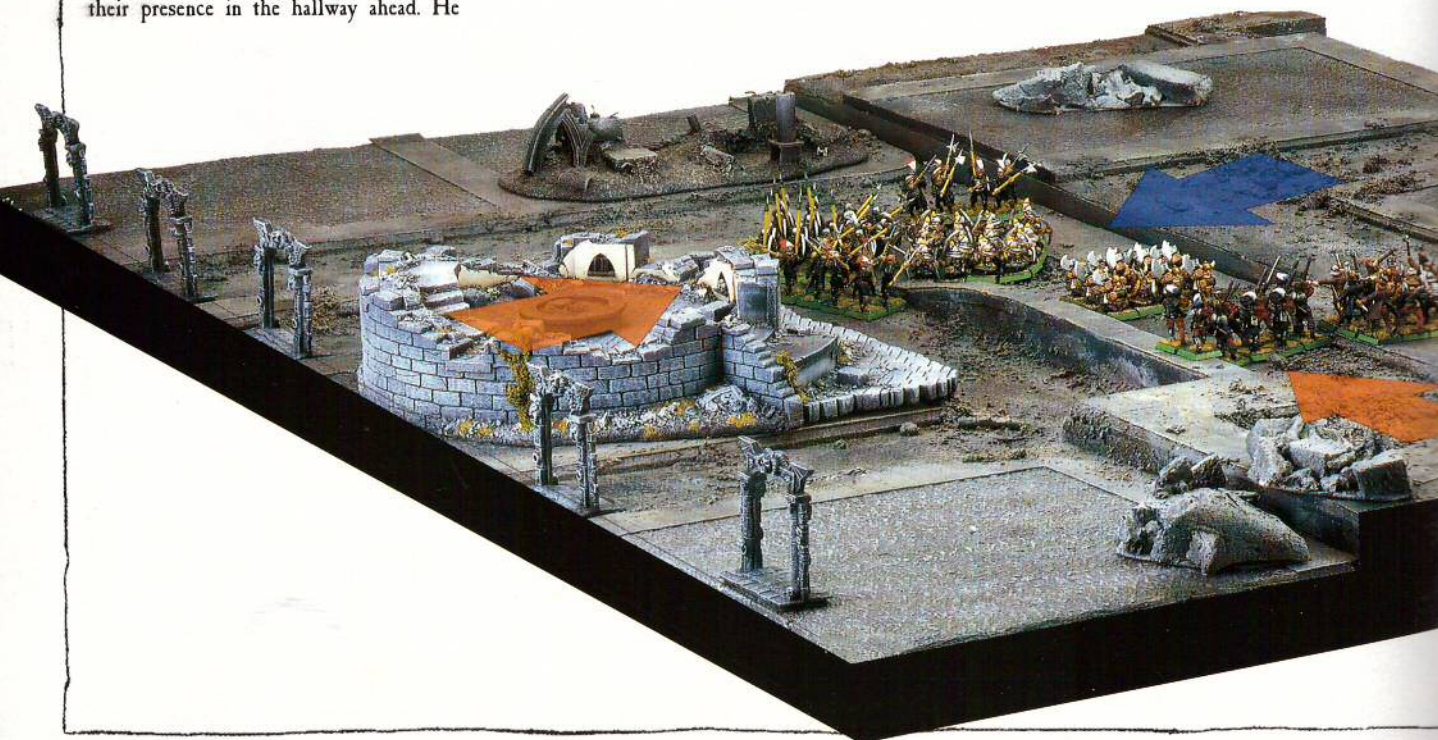
Greiss ordered his men past the Dwarfs. He could make out figures in the gloom, and he knew that toe-to-toe the Dwarf warriors would like as not cut the Spearmen and the Free Company to shreds. Outmanoeuvring them, unlikely as it may seem, would be their only chance. Over by the ruined shrine, the Spearmen were backing away, buying the Greatswords time. The smaller unit of Dwarfs, originally detached from the main body to intercept Greiss and his men, had rejoined the miners. If he could only charge their rear...

They were backing away like the cowards they were, thought Thialfi. At least they had sense enough to keep formation. The charge was sounded, and the Miners barrelled forward like a pack of bulls into the ranks of the humans, one of them falling to a well-braced spear as the units either side of them closed in on their flanks. But they were fighting underground,

as Dwarves had done for millennia, and fancy manoeuvres would not break their spirits. With chagrin he saw the human leader fell the prospector Lothau, but on the flanks, humans were being cut down like corn. Although there were enemies pressing in on all sides, the Dwarfs held fast.

Suddenly, Greiss saw a unit of Dwarf rangers, led by a female. For some reason they had stopped. Their actions became clear when two of his men fell to the floor, one with a Dwarf throwing axe deep in his throat, the other screaming as another axe cleft a bloody slice from the side of his head. The eyesight of the Dwarfs was evidently unbindered by the gloom, and Greiss had no choice. Hoping that the Free Company had enough discipline to attack the flank, he commanded his men to charge.

They hit the Dwarfs hard, the Free Company whooping as they sprinted headlong into the Dwarfs' flank. His men were efficient and deadly, cutting two Dwarfs down with their initial charge. But the Dwarfs did not falter. As luck would have it, Greiss ended up facing off against the female leader, his great sword whistling down in an arc that



smashed her parry aside and embedded the long blade in her shoulder. With shock, he realised he could not wrench his great sword free as she swung her shield over the fine blade, locking them together and closing the distance, taking his head from his shoulders with a sweep of her axe.

The fighting rang throughout the dusty catacombs, screams and battle-cries mingling as the organised ranks of the Empire fell into blind *melée* with the Dwarf Miners. Despite the counter-charge and the advantage which the halberds gave them, the Empire could not break their foe. They fought with utter determination, Spearmen falling left, right and centre to the great picks wielded by the Miners. One group of Halberdiers fled into the darkness, convinced that the fight was lost. The Dwarfs were merciless, culling the ranks of the humans for their impudence, laughing at the desperate attempts of the human soldiers to fend off their unseen foe. Torches guttered and went out as Spearmen fought desperately for their lives. In the pitch dark, the humans' spirit broke, and they were cut down as they scrambled and fell on the rough flagstones.

Thialfi was wiping the blood from his pick as the Greatswords hit them in the flank. Almost simultaneously, a large body of unskilled mercenaries had charged the miners in the rear. How could this be? What of Sigrid and the Rangers? In the confusion and darkness, the humans had



Deadly close combat erupts between the Dwarf Rangers, Greatswords and Free Company.

crept up on the desperate battle like thieves in the night, coming up behind them before closing the jaws of their trap. All around him his brothers in arms were being cut apart, barely able to turn to face their enemies in the confusion of bodies. The Dwarfs fought bravely, but it was to no avail, they were being pushed forward by the press of unwashed soldiers behind them. One Dwarf's footing gave, another stumbled, and the Miners broke ranks.

The last thing Thialfi saw was a dully shining blade swinging out from the darkness.

FORCES (500 pts)

DWARFS

Thane with gromril armour, shield & Great Weapon.

11 Rangers with light armour, shields & throwing axes.

20 Miners with Great Weapons & led by a Prospector.

EMPIRE

Captain with full plate armour & Great Weapon.

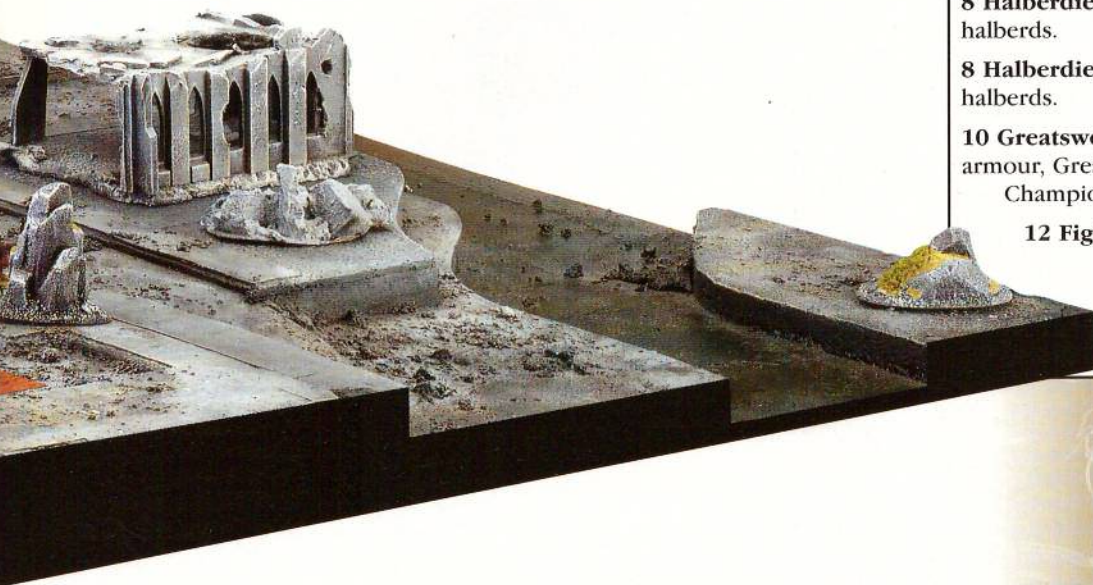
16 Spearmen with light armour, shields, spears, Sergeant & Musician.

8 Halberdiers with light armour & halberds.

8 Halberdiers with light armour & halberds.

10 Greatswords with full plate armour, Great Weapon, Count's Champion & Musician.

12 Fighters (Free Company) with two hand weapons, Sergeant & Musician.



WARHAMMER SCENARIO – SIEGE

Fighting the scenario

This scenario is a fight to the death between the defenders of the fortress and their attackers. This battle will decide the fate of the fortress once and for all. The besieger has mustered all his available forces for this final attempt and the defender will have to repel them or die.

Objectives

The besieger's objective is to knock down the fortress walls, slay all the defenders and conquer the fortress. The besieged player's objective is to hold the fortress at any cost, and repulse the assault. He must survive long enough to receive any reinforcements, or drive away the attackers.

The battlefield

The battlefield consists of the castle walls, towers and gateway, and the surrounding countryside.

Terrain

The map below shows one possible way to lay out the castle for a siege. The besieging player may then use the terrain charts on pages 222-228 of the Warhammer rulebook to generate up to three extra pieces of terrain for the battle. These may be set up anywhere on the table, more than 24" from the fortress walls (leaving an open killing ground around the castle).

On the map you will see a typical layout for a 1,500 point force of besieged troops. Add an additional tower and section of wall for each full 500 extra points worth of besieged troops.

The forces

Each player refers to his force selection in order to choose models for this game. These tell you how many points you can use and which troop types are allowed.

Special rules

The scenario is played using the Warhammer rules with the following exceptions:

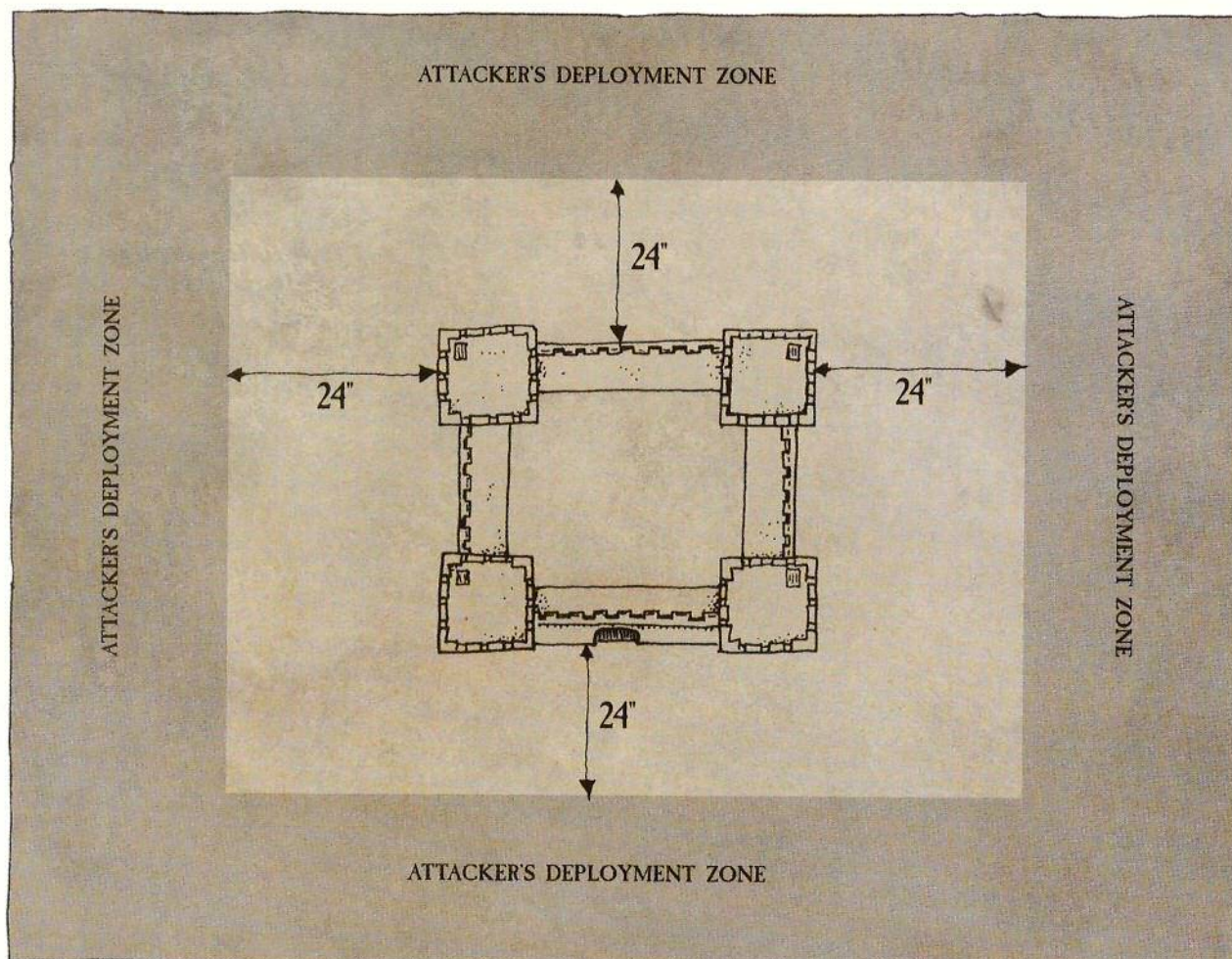
Castle. All the rules for attacking a castle apply. See the Rules of Siege section for details (pages 247-258 of the Warhammer rulebook).

Siege Equipment. Both sides are allowed to buy siege equipment as explained in the Rules of Siege section.

Special Deployment. Any troops with special deployment rules such as Wood Elf Scouts may not use them in this scenario.

Deployment

The besiegers are deployed first. They may be deployed anywhere on the battlefield no closer than 24" to any part of the castle. The defending force is deployed afterwards anywhere in the fortress.





Who has the first turn?

The defenders have the first turn.

How long does the scenario last?

The scenario lasts for seven turns. If the fortress is not captured within that time, the assault will fail.

Victory or defeat

If either side is completely wiped out, then their opponents win by default.

Otherwise, the area within the fortress walls should be divided into four equally sized zones (see the map on the previous page). Note that the towers and walls are not included in this area.

To control one of these zones, a player must have a unit of at least five models in the zone. If both players have at least one unit of five models in the same zone, then neither player controls the zone. Note that flying troops do not count towards the victory conditions as they cannot take the fortress by themselves.

The player who controls the most zones at the end of the game is the winner. If both sides have the same amount, the game is a draw.

Assault force

The assault force consists of twice as many points as the besieged force, thus the force can be of any size.

We recommend using 3,000 points of besiegers. Use the Warhammer Armies book or Ravening Hordes for the appropriate race to choose an army from.

Note that if your army has no infantry available from its Core choices, you may replace one of the Core units with any infantry unit from the Special category.

Siege equipment

You may freely purchase any siege equipment allowed for the besieging force. See the Rules of Siege section in the Warhammer rulebook for details.

Defenders

The defenders of the besieged fortress number half

the points value of the besieging force. We recommend using 1,500 points of defenders against 3,000 points of attackers. Use the Warhammer Armies book or Ravening Hordes for the appropriate race to choose an army from.

Note that if your army has no infantry available from its Core choices, you may replace one of the Core units with any infantry unit from the Special category.

Siege equipment

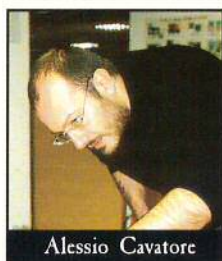
You may freely purchase any siege equipment allowed to the besieged force. See the Rules of Siege section for details.



If one man must die for every brick in the fortress wall, so be it. If we must fill the moat with our blood, then it will be so. It may take a month, a year, a generation, I care not. This castle will not fall to those bearded fools within my lifetime.

Leopold the Cruel at the Siege of Isenheim.

MAN THE WALLS!



Alessio Cavatore

Siege? Wow! They always make for fun battles and this time we'll get to use the splendid models of the 'Eavy Metal team, so that

our siege will also look gorgeous. The idea of having to play the defender is great for me, because I love the feeling of having to hold on against larger enemy forces, fighting for every inch of ground. The most exciting bit is always when things start to go wrong, when your carefully laid defence plan starts to collapse and you have to come up with an alternative. It's great to identify with the commander of the defenders, having to decide how many men you can spare from a wall where the situation looks safe to redirect them towards a section that is suffering. Difficult decisions, brave gambles that sometimes prove right and at other times are total nonsense... sieges are always that unpredictable.

An Empire force of 2,000 points makes a very effective defence force. Volley Guns are deadly when the ranks of the enemy have to close in, and Great Cannons are perfect for destroying enemy war machines and siege engines. Unfortunately the enemy I have to face is really scary: 4,000 points of Dwarfs! With the huge amount of artillery I will be facing I'm not likely to keep my walls for long!

So then, it's time to pick my army.

When choosing my characters I decided to go for the Elector Count, because I

will really need his Leadership of 9 for my men on the ramparts (there are no negative modifiers to the Break tests of troops defending the walls of a fortress!). A Grand Master is not suited for a static, defensive battle (as horses are not too good on the ladders and narrow passages of a castle's towers) and a Wizard Lord would probably see his powers nullified by the powerful Dwarf anti-magic.

For the Heroes: a Battle Standard Bearer to re-roll those precious unmodified Break tests and a Wizard with a couple of Dispel Magic scrolls to protect me in case Owen decides to take an Anvil of Doom (in a 4,000 pts army I would!). Last, but not least, I chose an Engineer so that at least one of my guns has a bit of help. I would need more of these guys!

I immediately bought two Volley Guns, with the idea of keeping them in cover to wait for the Dwarfs to get close.

Then the guns. Lots of guns. Three Great Cannons would do. Not four, because I already had five pieces of artillery and with only four towers, one of my guns would have to stay in the courtyard. I'd use one Volley Gun to defend the most vulnerable part of my defences - the gate. A unit of Pistoliers was my fourth Special choice. The plan for them is to sally out and harass the Dwarfs' flanks, to slow down their advance by stopping them from marching.

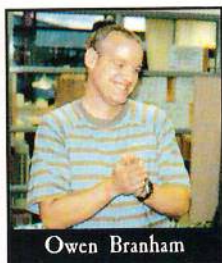
What? Dwarfs are relentless? They do not slow down if the enemy is within 8"? That's unfair! Who writes this nonsense!? Me and Gav? Since Gav is my boss it would have to be me then. Fair enough, I think it's a very well thought out and balanced rule and the Pistoliers will go for the war machine crews, giving them something else to worry about.

For my Core units a block of Spearmen with the Griffon Standard would be perfect to defend the remains of a collapsed wall (the rubble counts as an obstacle!), to hold the gate if the Dwarfs destroy it or, Sigmar save us, to fight the Dwarfs should they break into the courtyard. On the walls I'd have two units of Halberdiers equipped with stones and two units of Handgunners. I then took a few small detachments of Handgunners and Crossbowmen to snipe at the enemy from the arrow slits in the towers. In this game I much prefer handguns to crossbows because the enemy will be closing in and heavily armoured, making the armour piercing of the handguns preferable to the longer range of the crossbows.

Finally, I chose a couple of cauldrons of boiling oil, whose ability of ignoring armour makes them a very effective defence weapon, especially against Ironbreakers who come with a 2+ armour save in close combat.



WHO? ME?



Owen Branham

When asked to be in a battle report my immediate thought was "What's the catch?" Have to fight the battle this week, have to wash the

dishes next week, maybe? When I found out that I was playing the new Dwarfs, I went straight out and bought a new set of Marigolds. Then I found out I was up against Alessio and his Empire army (no really, HIS Empire army – he wrote the Armies book). Ditch the Marigolds, back to work. Next I was told it was a Siege battle. I thought, Dwarfs in a castle stronghold, great – out with the Marigolds again. Next I was told that I was the besiegers, taking the long walk to the castle wall. Off came the Marigolds, back to work. Then I was told that I could get to field 4,000 points of Dwarfs versus a mere 2,000 points of Empire troops. 4,000 points of Dwarfs! Now, what was the first thing I'd need? A section of destroyed wall! So after a few hours a nice completely destroyed wall was finished. Next was the army list.

Well, 4,000 points amounts to an awful lot of short guys. I took all the troops I could lay my hands on. Bearing in mind I had to have five Core choices, this was going to be pretty much dictated to me. Two units of Warriors with heavy armour and shields was a good place to start, as they would need to be able to take a lot of fire from the Empire troops on the walls. I took a unit of Dwarf Crossbowmen and a unit of Thunderers, although not too many as I knew that the Empire troops

would be in hard cover pretty much all of the time. Nevertheless, they could be useful for whittling down the numbers of the troops in the courtyard if the walls come down. I equipped my Rangers unit with throwing axes as well; they always prove a nasty surprise to my opponents. Accompanied by my General, these guys would pack a real punch in close combat.

As for my Special Units, well I knew that, although Dwarfs are hard, they aren't able to push down castle walls, so I took a pair of Cannons. Given that they automatically hit the castle on anything but a misfire (it's difficult to miss a castle, after all) they would be invaluable. And yes, one had a Rune of Forging so it could re-roll misfires, but who didn't see that coming?

The two Stone Throwers I picked, useful not only for collapsing walls but for collapsing units as well, were both inscribed with the Rune of Penetrating, bumping their Strength up to 9. As one was also engraved with the Rune of Accuracy, allowing me to re-roll the Scatter dice, I knew these little beauties could potentially cause major damage to the troops on the walls and the walls themselves with each shot.

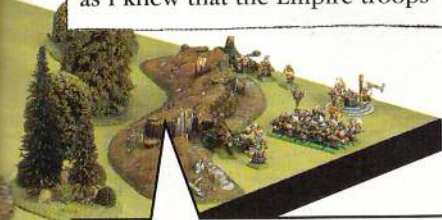
The rock hard elite of the Dwarf infantry was headed up by a nice big unit of Longbeards led by a Lord with so many runes he looked like a walking Dwarf dictionary. His re-rolled 1+ save followed by a 4+ Ward save and the good old "Look Out, Sir!" roll should see him through pretty much anything the Empire could throw at him. I stuck the old boys in a siege tower; if they made it to the wall they

would be pretty much unstoppable. The same went for the Clansmen, if they got there with their tower intact they would cause the Empire some real headaches.

The Ironbreakers are among my favourite Dwarf troops, and although I knew they were going to have a long walk to the castle walls I also knew I had enough points to soak up some damage. I took a unit of 29 led by a Thane and a Runesmith. This way I reasoned that even with all the firepower Alessio could muster there would be plenty of carnage when I reached the walls.

To lead the army, I was allowed three Lord choices. So guess what? Three Lords. The General was kitted out in gromril, a shield and a Rune of Stone (let's see Alessio get through that...) and as for weapons, I took a hammer inscribed with the Master Rune of Flight and two Runes of Cleaving to bump the Lord's Strength up to 6. This hammer can be thrown at any model within its 12" range, whereupon one attack from the General is resolved before the hammer returns to its owner. So even if the walls were still standing, my General could still get into a scrap. Finally, a Runelord with an Anvil of Doom rounded out my Lord choices and filled the nasty gap usually left by the Dwarf Magic phase. I left a unit of 15 Warriors back behind the earthworks, basically to cover myself and protect my vulnerable war machines from any nasty surprises Alessio might throw down that end of the table. With 4,000 points, you can afford to cover all the angles.

This was going to be a lot of fun.



Wisely, Owen had concealed one of his Cannons with the Rune of Disguise. This rune ensures that a Cannon cannot be targeted until it has fired, preventing Alessio from robbing Owen of his artillery before he has a chance to take down the castle walls.

The placement of Owen's forces was very much dictated by the harsh deployment rules for the Siege scenario: no besieging troops may be deployed within 24" of any part of the castle walls. As a result of this he was left with very limited options, choosing to deploy a large portion of his troops along a thin strip on one side of the board.

In the Warhammer rulebook, the Siege Deployment map shows the castle in the centre of the table. Unfortunately, because the Mighty Fortress kit is a good two feet across, this restricts deployment severely unless your gaming table is enormous!

We found that placing the castle in one of the far corners of the table is an acceptable solution.

LORD HEINMANN'S ELITE GUARD



CHARACTERS

Lord: Dwarf Lord (135) with heavy armour (6), shield (3), hand weapon, *Master Rune of Gromril* (25), *Rune of Stone* (5), *Master Rune of Flight* (50) & 2 *Runes of Cleaving* (40). **264 pts**

Lord: Dwarf Lord (135) with heavy armour (6), shield (3), hand weapon, *Rune of Fury* (25), *Rune of Stone* (5), *Master Rune of Spite* (45), *Rune of Speed* (5) & *Rune of Resistance* (25). **249 pts**

Lord: Runcelord (140) with heavy armour (6), shield (3), *Rune of Luck* (25), *Rune of Resistance* (25), *Rune of Striking* (10). **209 pts**

Anvil of Doom (200) with 2 Anvil Guards with gromril armour, shield & hand weapons. **200 pts**

Hero: Thane (55) with gromril armour (8), hand weapon & Battle Standard (25) with the *Rune of Kadrin* (50). **138 pts**

Hero: Thane (55) with gromril armour (8), shield (2), Great Weapon (4), *Master Rune of Swiftiness* (25), *Rune of Stone* (5). **99 pts**

Hero: Runesmith (70) with gromril armour (8), & *Rune of Spellbreaking* (25) & *Rune of Warding* (20). **123 pts**

Hero: Runesmith (70) with gromril armour (8), *Master Rune of Balance* (50) & *Rune of Spellbreaking* (25). **153 pts**

Hero: Engineer (65) with gromril armour (8) & *Rune of Luck* (25) **98 pts**

CORE

18 Rangers (216) with light armour, Great weapons, throwing axes (54), 4 ladders (20) & mantlets (18). **308 pts**

19 Warriors (133) with heavy armour (19), shields (19), hand weapons & siege tower (100). **271 pts**

15 Warriors (105) with heavy armour (15), shields (15) & hand weapons. **135 pts**

12 Crossbowmen (144) with light armour, shield (12), crossbow & hand weapon. **156 pts**

12 Thunderers (168) with light armour, shield (12), Dwarf handgun & hand weapon. **180 pts**

SPECIAL

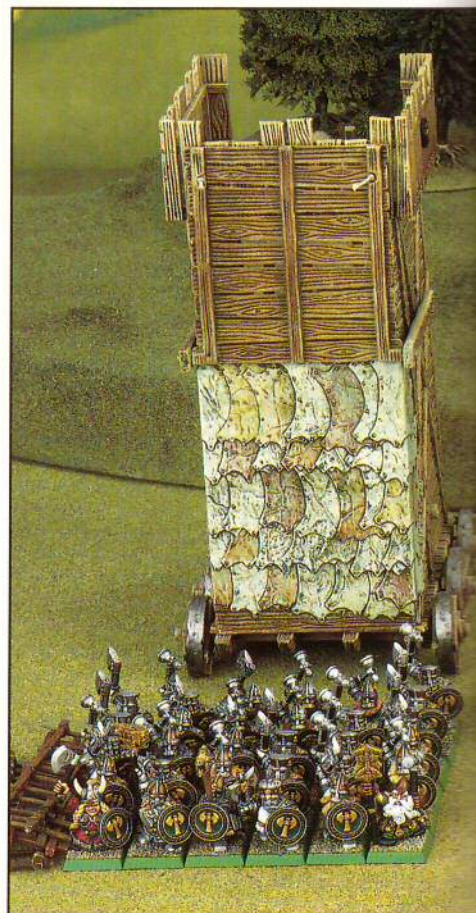
19 Longbeards (266) with heavy armour, shields, hand weapons, Great Weapons, Standard Bearer (12) & siege tower (100). **378 pts**

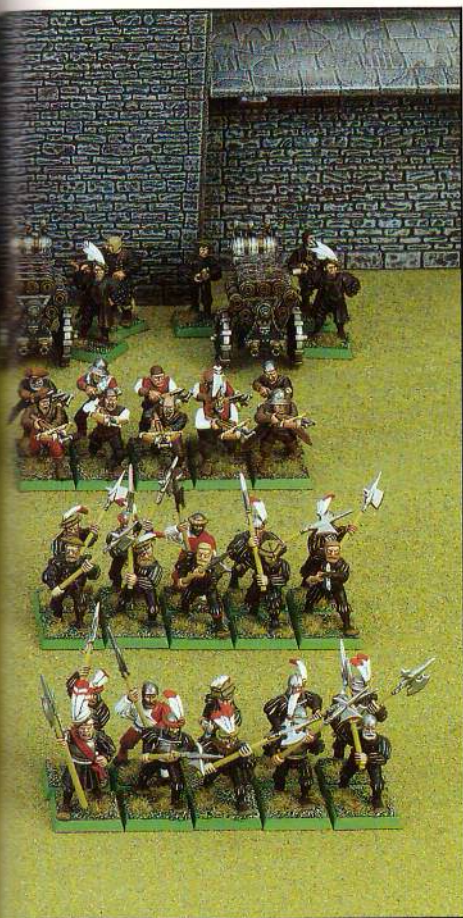
29 Ironbreakers (377) with gromril armour, shields, hand weapons, Standard Bearer (12) & 4 ladders (20). **409 pts**

2 Cannons (200) both with *Rune of Disguise* (60) one with *Rune of Reloading* (30) & one with *Rune of Forging* (35). **325 pts**

2 Stone Throwers (170) one with *Rune of Penetrating* (25), *Rune of Fortune* (25) & *Rune of Accuracy* (25) and one with *Rune of Fortune* (25), *Rune of Penetrating* (25) & *Rune of Burning* (5). **300 pts**

TOTAL 3,995 pts





CHARACTERS

Lord: Elector Count (80) with full plate armour (12), handgun (15), *Holy Relic* (45), *Sword of Power* (40) & *Enchanted Shield* (10). **202 pts**

Hero: Battle Wizard (60) with extra level (35) & 2 *Dispel magic scrolls* (50). **145 pts**

Hero: Master Engineer (55) with light armour (2), Hochland long rifle (20), *Talisman of Protection* (15). **92 pts**

Hero: Captain (50) with full plate armour (8), Battle Standard (25) & *Sword of Might* (20). **103 pts**

CORE

10 Halberdiers (60) with light armour, halberds, rocks (10) & Sergeant (10). **80 pts**

5 Handgunners (40) with handguns & hand weapons. **40 pts**

5 Handgunners (40) with handguns & hand weapons. **40 pts**

10 Halberdiers (60) with light armour, halberds, rocks (10) & Sergeant (10). **80 pts**

5 Handgunners (40) with handguns & hand weapons. **40 pts**

5 Handgunners (40) with handguns & hand weapons. **40 pts**

10 Handgunners (80) with handguns, hand weapons & Marksman (5) with repeater handgun (15). **100 pts**

5 Crossbowmen (40) with crossbows & hand weapons. **40 pts**

5 Crossbowmen (40) with crossbows & hand weapons. **40 pts**

19 Spearmen (114) with light armour, shields (19), Spears, Sergeant (10), Musician (5) & Standard Bearer (10) with *Griffon Standard* (50). **208 pts**

SPECIAL

3 Great Cannons (300) with 3 crew each with hand weapons. **300 pts**

7 Pistoliers with pistols & Marksman with a repeater pistol. **150 pts**

RARE

2 Helblasters (250) with 3 crew each. **250 pts**

2 Cauldrons of boiling oil. **50 pt**

TOTAL **2,000 pts**

THE GRUDGE OF KING TOLDAVE



EMPIRE TURN 1

The gates of Castle Reichfeldt opened ponderously on their heavy hinges, the great oak doors swinging inward as the Dwarf battle lines crested the hills. Up in the north-west tower, Lord Heinmann bellowed commands down into the courtyard.

Accompanying him on the ramparts were Ferdinand, the court's wizard, and Captain Sigismund, holding above his head the unfurled banner of the Empire. Also atop the tower was one of Heinmann's prized Helblasters, the finest that his tithes could buy. Three of its fearsome barrels protruded over the ramparts, ready to rip through any Dwarfs who were impudent enough to come too close. He had no intention whatsoever of giving up his castle and, with numbers such as these, the Dwarfs were certainly not here to parley. He had already sent a counter-mining party into the tunnels to block their attempts at undermining the castle; if blows were to be struck, then it would be his troops that struck first.

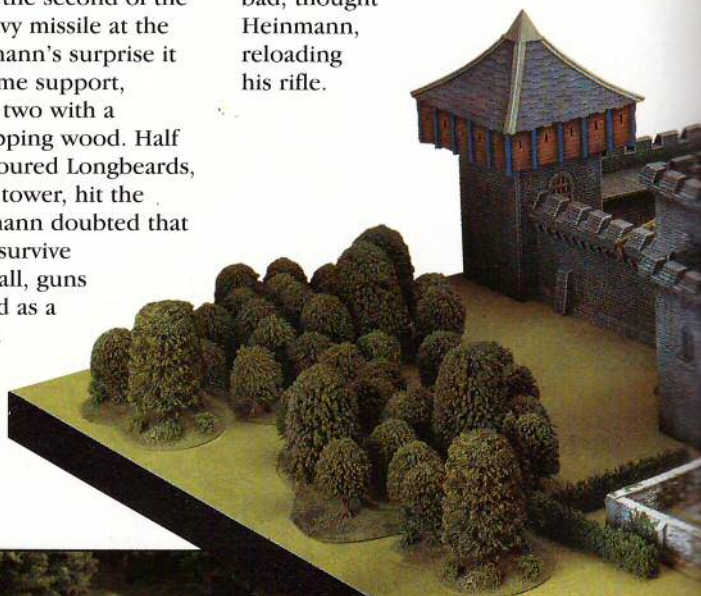
The Pistoliers, led by Heinmann's own son, rode out through the gates. Franz was heading towards the folly at the east of the castle, carefully staying out of range of the Dwarf Crossbowmen lining up at the far end of the green. The second of his Helblasters was

wheeled into the mouth of the castle gates, its ugly nest of barrels peering across the open field in the direction of the Longbeards as they pushed one of the siege towers towards the castle walls.

Over on the State Tower, two of his new cannons had been wheeled into place. Once again, he thanked the day that he had hired Latimer, one of Nuln's many gifted engineers. As he watched, one of the cannons belched fire and a cannon ball smashed into the supports of the siege tower being pushed by the Dwarf veterans. A direct hit, but the tower held yet. At Latimer's command the second of the cannons spat its heavy missile at the tower, and to Heinmann's surprise it smashed into the same support, tearing the tower in two with a hideous shriek of ripping wood. Half a dozen heavily-armoured Longbeards, perched high in the tower, hit the ground hard. Heinmann doubted that even a Dwarf could survive that. All along the wall, guns cracked and snapped as a hail of lead smashed into the ranks of the stunned Longbeards before they could form up, killing

several more of the veterans. Sighting along the barrel of his own rifle, Heinmann shot one of the foremost Dwarfs in the face. He cackled to himself as the old veteran went down in a tangle of beard and blood.

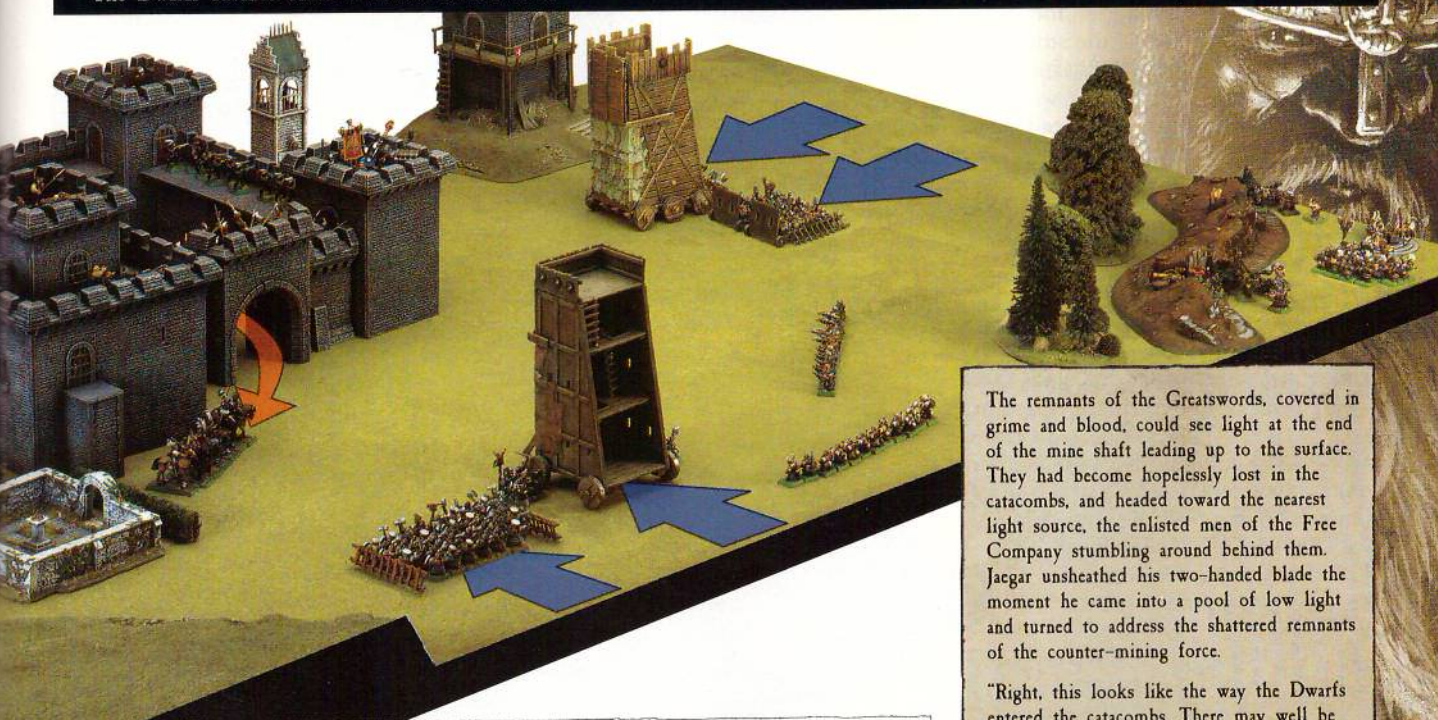
Over in the south-west tower the other cannon had proved just as effective, destroying the second siege tower in a shower of splintered timber. The broken bodies of five Dwarf Warriors lay trapped or broken under heavy beams, five more were accounted for by the Handgunners and Crossbowmen on the west wall. This needn't be so bad, thought Heinmann, reloading his rifle.



The regiment of Empire Greatswords, supported by the Free Company, attack the Dwarf rearguard.



The Dwarfs advance under a hail of cannon balls.



DWARF TURN 1

King Toldavf was virtually spitting with rage as his Rangers slowly pushed their mantlets forward. Both of his siege towers down in a matter of minutes. Not that he cared for the wood or the workmanship, but lives had been lost in what had proved a very costly distraction from the artillery battery hidden in the earthworks. The Warriors to his right were coming under heavy fire indeed; by the look of the thing every man, woman and child in the castle could fire one of the crude Mannish handguns. Suddenly a pair of cannon balls smashed hard into the west wall in front of them with the force of a giant's fist, and a heavy

stone whistled through the air before smacking into the Handgunners manning the rampart, killing two and doing further damage to the wall. His Crossbowmen were sending volleys of bolts into the men on the walls, one finding its mark in the back of a careless Handgunner's neck. He saw lightning crackle around the ramparts for a second, earthing inside the courtyard. The work of Runelord Njalli, attempting to neutralise the threat posed by Heinmann's infernal volley gun.

The wall in front of them was already showing cracks. Soon, his Warriors would launch the assault.

The remnants of the Greatswords, covered in grime and blood, could see light at the end of the mine shaft leading up to the surface. They had become hopelessly lost in the catacombs, and headed toward the nearest light source, the enlisted men of the Free Company stumbling around behind them. Jaegar unsheathed his two-handed blade the moment he came into a pool of low light and turned to address the shattered remnants of the counter-mining force.

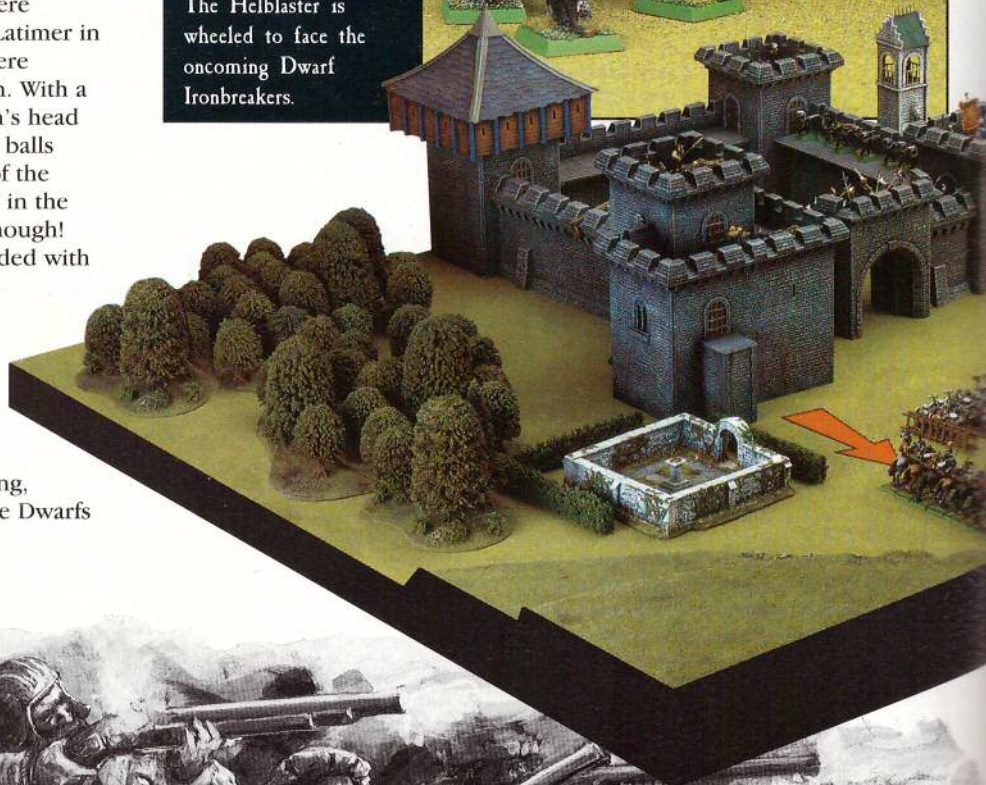
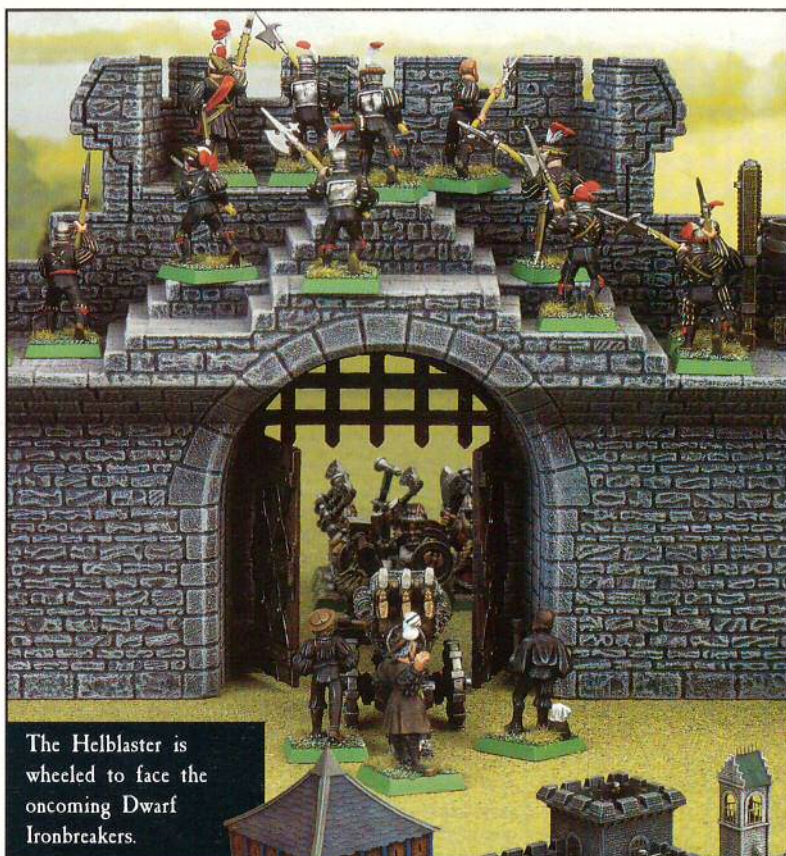
"Right, this looks like the way the Dwarfs entered the catacombs. There may well be some left up there, but if we're lucky we'll be in a perfect position to butcher the sons of goats minding their artillery. Form up and on my count, we charge."

Jaegar steeled himself, his comrades shoulder to shoulder around him. With a piercing cry, the Empire troops charged into the light of the searing summer sun. Jaegar realised too late that his whole unit was blinded by the brightness of the day, and the charge of the Greatswords disintegrated into an awkward stumble. A small unit of Dwarf Clansmen, left to guard the rear of the Dwarf lines, extinguished their pipes and grabbed their axes, diving into the blinded Greatswords with shouted oaths and loud war cries. Jaegar lashed out in instinct, feeling his blade connect, but he could hear the screams of his men all around him. His mistake had been a costly one, and they had no choice. His unit broke, and the Free Company soldiers fled with them, running blindly into the trees.

EMPIRE TURN 2

Over on the east of the battlefield, Heinmann's oldest son Franz and his Pistoliers were skirting the edges of the Dwarf lines, discharging their blackpowder guns into the ranks of Ironbreakers. One fell, but they did not falter. He thought he could make out one Dwarf detach from the main unit and shout a challenge to the Pistoliers, standing before them defiantly. The fool would be riddled with lead in a moment, Heinmann thought.

On the wall below him, the Handgunners once more opened fire at the Longbeards. This time, the Dwarves were ready for them, bracing themselves in a wall of armour, and only one fell to his wounds. The Helblaster in the gate fared little better, the storm of metal felling only two of the stout veterans. Next to him, the other Helblaster was fired at the Warriors approaching the west wall, culling but one of the grim-faced Clansmen. With a shudder, Heinmann noticed two ornate Dwarf cannons in prime position over by the earthworks. They weren't there before, surely? He called across to Latimer in the State Tower, but his cannons were already being wheeled into position. With a crack, the cannons fired. Heinmann's head whipped around to see the cannon balls whistle harmlessly over the heads of the Dwarf artillery, thundering to a halt in the trees beyond. This was not good enough! What was happening? His face clouded with anger, he turned on Ferdinand, the Celestial wizard. But the sorcerer was chanting in a low whisper, his hands tracing a sign which Heinmann recognised as the Blessing of the Heavens. He knew better than to disturb the mage whilst he was at work. Seething, Heinmann watched helplessly as the Dwarfs marched onward.



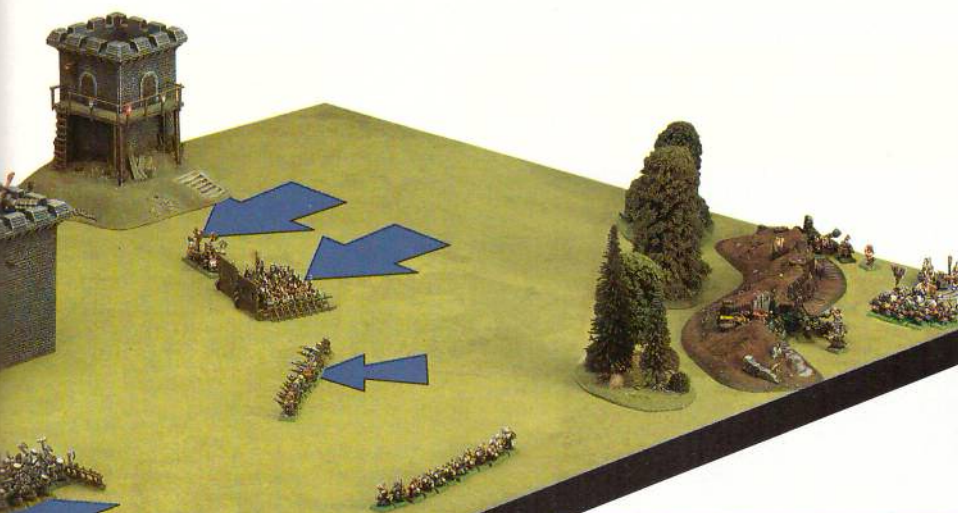
DWARF TURN 2

The sun's rays beat hard upon King Toldavf's brow as the Rangers continued their slow advance. All around the castle, the Dwarf lines were closing in. He roared across the battlefield for his Thunderers to close range, to pick their targets. He recognised an acrid stench in the air; if they did not take down the wall before the main units reached it, his whole unit would be facing up against a cauldron of boiling oil, and the best gromril in the Old World could not protect against that.

He watched with grim satisfaction as another two cannon balls smashed

hard into the west wall, cracking apart stone and causing brief showers of powdered mortar to filter down the wall. Not long now, if he was any judge. A stone sailed overhead to smash into the wall, shattering the ramparts into mere rubble, broken bodies flailing as they fell from the walls. A second later another huge stone smashed into the battlements. Flying shrapnel burst across the tower, taking the human wizard off his feet and stunning one of the volley gun crew. Shafts of light were filtering through the cracks in the wall now; one or two more hits

and the entire structure would collapse. Toldavf had to fight the urge to rub his hands in glee as lightning once more crackled into the courtyard and a fountain of earth burst from within the castle walls. The Runes of Air and Fire were being wrought into physical force by the arcane energies of the Anvil of Doom. He could hear the death screams of the human crewmen from the volley gun at the gate. The true battle would be joined soon.



Although the Anvil of Doom was used to cast offensive magic at the troops within the castle, in this case the Helblaster crew, this has since been revised. After much mulling over the ramifications of this activity, it was decided that spells from the besieger's side should not be able to affect the troops within the courtyard (see Warhammer Chronicles).

One of the more pressing reasons for the enforcement of this rule was to prevent Undead players springing Skeletons up like daisies within the courtyard!



The Dwarf Runesmith leaves the Ironbreakers in order to confront the Pistoliers.

EMPIRE TURN 3

Heinmann watched anxiously as the cannons under Latimer's supervision loosed another salvo at the Dwarf earthworks. He fought the urge to duck as a cannon ball shot overhead, and moaned in dismay when it impacted against the trunk of a tree several yards behind the enemy cannons. The second cannon ball shot through the air, sailing directly towards the earthworks. In a split second, Heinmann saw that it was on target, and his heart leapt into his mouth as he saw that it had buried itself harmlessly just below the cast bronze barrel of the Dwarf machine. As the Dwarf crewmen dug it out and prepared to return fire with his own cannon ball, Heinmann swore loudly and imaginatively at the top of his voice. The bolts of his Crossbowmen were pattering from Dwarf armour like pine needles, the bullets of his Handgunners pinging from the wrought gromril of the Ironbreakers

as if they were being fired from pea-shooters. He saw his son open fire on the foolhardy Runesmith walking toward them, each of the horsemen firing a point-blank salvo at the lone Dwarf. But when the smoke cleared, he was unscathed. And still the Dwarfs marched toward him. Heinmann was getting desperate.

"Latimer! Get over here! What in the name of Sigmar is going on?!"

The Engineer scuttled from his post toward the north-west tower, leaving his charges as the Handgunners above the gate finally managed to inflict a casualty on the Ironbreakers. He turned toward the Helblaster on his left, shouting at the top of his voice for it to fire. The crew, ashen-faced, turned the nine-barrelled cannon to face the Warriors nearing the west wall. There was a crack as a cannon ball smashed into the ranks, killing three Warriors. Suddenly there was a

cataclysmic roar and a flash of light as the Helblaster came apart in a thunderous explosion, knocking Heinmann to the floor as a red-hot piece of metal whirled past his forehead. He groggily got to his feet, pure anger preventing him from blacking out. What miserable, over-complicated, overpriced technological idiocy those imbeciles in Nuln had sold him! He ran down the stairs of the tower into the courtyard, Sigismund at his heels with his House's banner.

"Jenstein! Get those spears over to the west wall! Halberds, man the walls! Handgunners into the tower! What do I pay you for? This is life or death, cretins!"

He span around, ears still ringing, to see that the gate was still open. They were cutting this a little too fine for his liking. As he was about to give the command to close the gate, the Helblaster opened fire at the approaching Longbeards. A roaring sheet of flame erupted from the volley gun as a maelstrom of hot lead tore into the Dwarf veterans, annihilating them in a storm of metal and blood. When the acrid black smoke cleared from the gateway, a lone Dwarf stood ankle-deep in the remnants of his comrades, their blood coating his ornate armour from head to toe.

Heinmann grinned. Those engineers, they created such technological masterpieces.



Booooooom!





Under the weight of the Dwarf bombardment, the wall finally caves in.

DWARF TURN 3

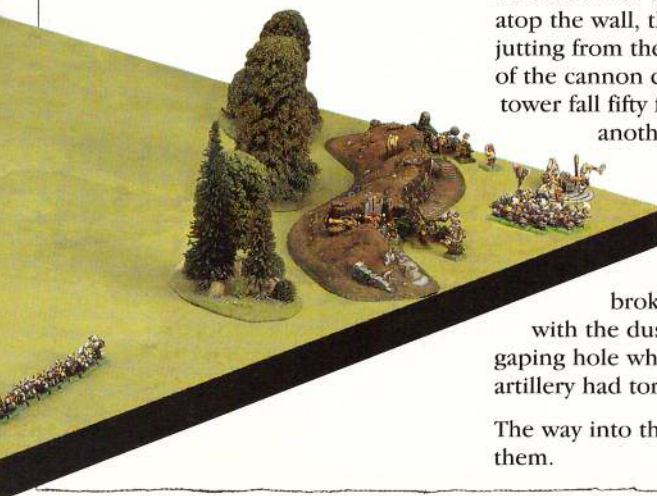
King Toldavf had just seen an entire unit of Longbeards blown apart into a bloody mist over by the gates. Countless thousands of years of tempered battle-wisdom lost in seconds. Many of them were his friends. He was virtually glowing with rage as he urged his troops forward, the Warriors ahead of him close to the wall. Once that came down there would be no stopping him, thought Toldavf. He would cut through the men like an axe through birch, technology or not. Gritting his teeth, he marched on, the mantlets protecting him from the attentions of the human Crossbowmen. A stone

arced overhead and hit the top of the wall, tearing away a substantial section in an avalanche of masonry. Another stone smashed into the ramparts; cracks ran like a web across the battered wall. Several Halberdiers died in the explosion. Toldavf heard a low boom behind him as his cannons opened fire, and a cannon ball whistled above him to smash into the wall with such force that another section of wall was torn away; it was barely holding together at all. Shoddy human workmanship, thought Toldavf, as another cannon ball collapsed the entire structure in a deafening explosion. Boiling oil, blood and rock was thrown in all directions. Falling masonry accounted for the rest of the humans atop the wall, their broken bodies jutting from the rubble. He saw one of the cannon crew on the south tower fall fifty feet to the floor,

another hanging dead over the ramparts like a rag doll. Two of his Warriors had been caught in the collapse, their

broken bodies mingling with the dust and stone in the gaping hole which the Dwarf artillery had torn.

The way into the castle lay before them.





The Empire defenders rain down rocks, boiling oil and grapeshot onto the Dwarf Ironbreakers.

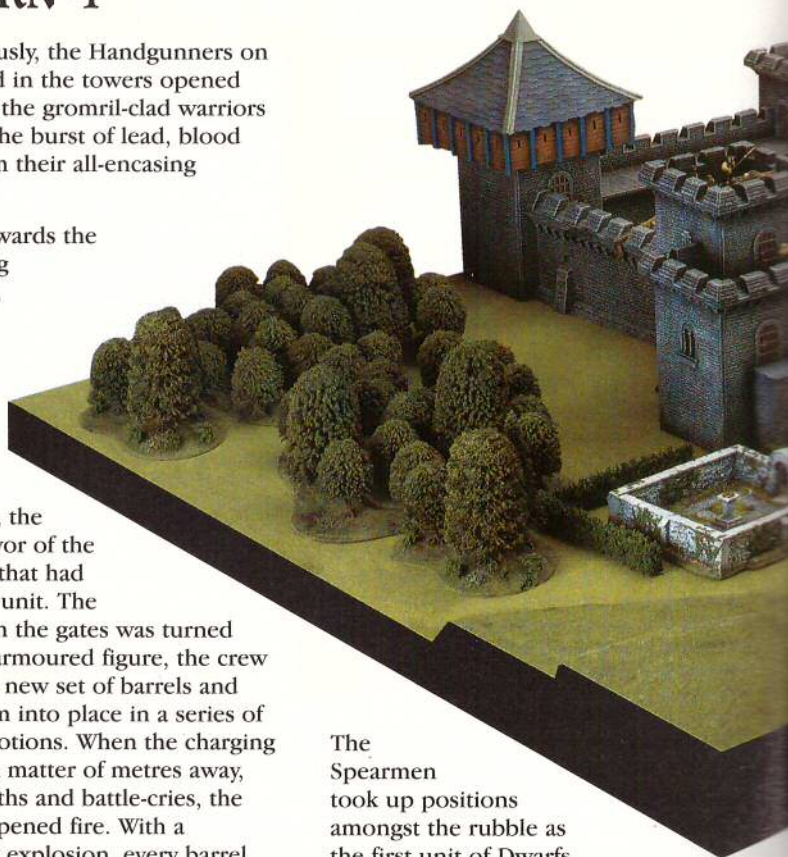
EMPIRE TURN 4

As the wall came down, Heinmann ran to join the Spearmen. It looked like his sword arm was needed at the breach in the castle walls, and his House banner needed to be seen for morale to hold. The two remaining Halberdiers who had managed to survive the fall were limping past, bleeding and battered from the collapse.

Above him, he heard loud swearing as the last remaining member of the cannon crew in the south tower laboured to turn his cannon upright. That last explosion had cost them dear; even the wizard had caught some shrapnel in the collapse, but nonetheless seemed to have kept enough wits to continue his arcane rites. Hopefully his magic worked on the intricacies of the Helblaster in the gates, as it had done precious little to help the machine next to him. One of the other cannons was still busy firing cannon balls harmlessly into the woods behind the earthworks; Heinmann was beginning to think that they had accepted a bribe from a Dwarf advance party. If the castle held, they would be in the stocks. However, the cannon on the lower ramparts of the State Tower had loaded grapeshot, and fired a cloud of nails, horseshoes, broken blades, rocks and musket balls into the ranks of the Ironbreakers approaching the gates.

Simultaneously, the Handgunners on the wall and in the towers opened fire. Five of the gromril-clad warriors fell before the burst of lead, blood leaking from their all-encasing armour.

Running towards the gate, roaring for revenge, was the Dwarf noble who had been leading the Longbeards, the single survivor of the violent fate that had befallen his unit. The Helblaster in the gates was turned to face the armoured figure, the crew aligning the new set of barrels and locking them into place in a series of practiced motions. When the charging Dwarf was a matter of metres away, shouting oaths and battle-cries, the helblaster opened fire. With a tremendous explosion, every barrel fired at once in a chain reaction that sent the machine a good five feet backwards. The entire battle seemed to pause for a second as the smoke cleared. A long red smear, disrupted occasionally by plates of shining armour, stretched away from the gates.



The Spearmen took up positions amongst the rubble as the first unit of Dwarfs reached the breach.

Heinmann's heart was in his throat and he felt like running over and shaking the hands of his volley gun crew, but he had more pressing things to worry about. Muttering a quick prayer to Sigmar, Heinmann raised his sword.

DWARF TURN 4

Cannon balls continued to soar overhead as Toldavf and his men entered the shadow of the north-west tower. Their primary objective completed, the artillery were concentrating on the front walls of the castle, disrupting the enemy defences.

In the distance, he could see Runesmith Svengar being circled by taunting Pistoliers, their guns making their mark, but not felling him. One of them moved too close, and Svengar charged with a roar Toldavf could hear even over this distance. His hammer smashed into the horse's knees, then its neck and then, as the beast buckled, into its horrified rider. Toldavf knew full well that it was unwise to bait Svengar.

His Thunderers were finally in close range of the walls, stopping and ranking up to his left. They opened fire, and three of the Handgunners in the north-west tower screamed, one falling to the floor only a few feet away. Toldavf spat a great goblet of phlegm on the corpse.

Ahead of him, the Warriors had charged the wall of spears in the breach. Leading them was Runesmith Laergi, bellowing a challenge to the human champion in their midst. In his place, a tall figure with a scarred face and a shining sword stepped forward. His ornate armour shone brightly in the noonday sun, and his shield was resplendent with sigils and fine reliefs. It was Heinmann.

"Laergi! It's him! He's mine, do you hear!" roared Toldavf, but the Runesmith was already swinging his axe towards the human's

unarmoured head. At the last instant, the blade was turned by some unseen force, the necklace of bone around the human's neck pulsing dully. Almost contemptuously, the tall warrior thrust his blade straight through Laergi's gromril breastplate and into his chest. Impaled, the Runesmith was lifted from his feet, his choking body sliding grimly down the blade as he was raised high. Heinmann was grinning, showing no signs of effort, the Runesmith's lifeblood pouring over his gauntlets as he coughed his last. Lowering his still-shining blade, the human slid the corpse from it with his boot before stepping back into the nest of spears. The Warriors around him, fighting desperately to damage the Spearmen but finding their axes ineffective against the press, broke and ran, accompanied by the jeers of the humans.

Toldavf swore that the outcome would be quite different when he charged the breach.



The victorious Empire Spearmen drive the Dwarf Warriors from the castle.

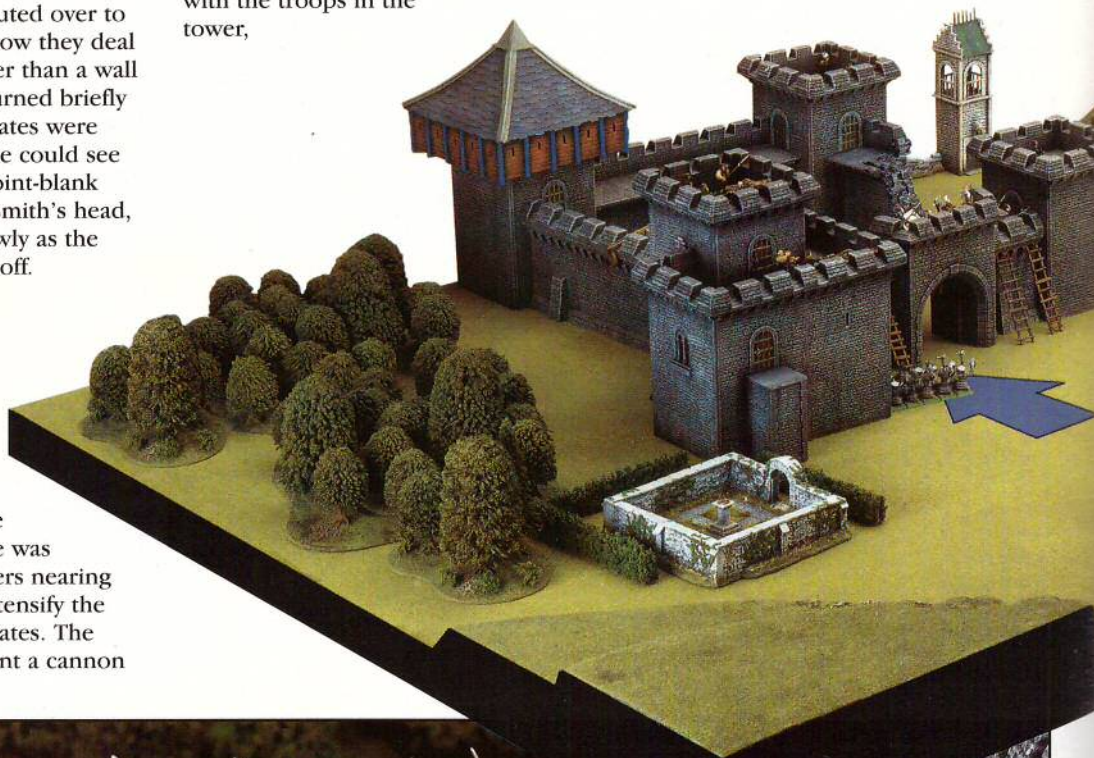
EMPIRE TURN 5

Heinmann slid the bloody corpse from his blade with his boot and returned to the ranks. He was beginning to enjoy the prospect of hand-to-hand combat; the sword *Shindril* had not been unsheathed for a long time, and it felt good to have the old strength running through his frame. Let them come, he would more than answer the Dwarf King's inevitable challenge. Under the hallowed Griffon Standard and with a defensible position, he knew that his men were more than up to the task of filling the breach. He shouted over to Sigismund. "We will see how they deal with a wall of spears rather than a wall of rock, old friend." He turned briefly to survey the battle; the gates were closing. In the distance, he could see his son firing his pistol point-blank into the rampaging Runesmith's head, the lone figure falling slowly as the whooping Pistoliers rode off. That's my boy, thought Heinmann, as his troops poured fire into the oncoming troops. The Crossbowmen stationed in the tower fired a volley into the Thunderers at the north tower, killing one, but the main concentration of fire was directed at the Ironbreakers nearing the gates. It seemed to intensify the nearer they came to the gates. The cannon atop the tower sent a cannon

ball thudding into one Ironbreaker, tearing through his torso before burying itself in the ground. Five detachments of Handgunners all opened fire, and the second cannon fired another salvo of grapeshot. Whole ranks of Ironbreakers fell away under the intensity of the fire, eight dead in a matter of seconds. Against all reason, the survivors marched on.

On the west side of the castle, the Thunderers were continuing their deadly exchange with the troops in the tower,

one falling with a black-feathered bolt in his chest. Above him, Heinmann heard Ferdinand cry out, the wizard stumbling back against the dilapidated ramparts, his hands smoking. It seemed that the Dwarf anti-magic was as strong as Ferdinand had alleged. So what, thought Heinmann. Force of arms and the blackpowder of Nuln would see off these little bearded terriers, of that he had no doubt.



The Empire Halberdiers valiantly hold off the Dwarf Ironbreakers.

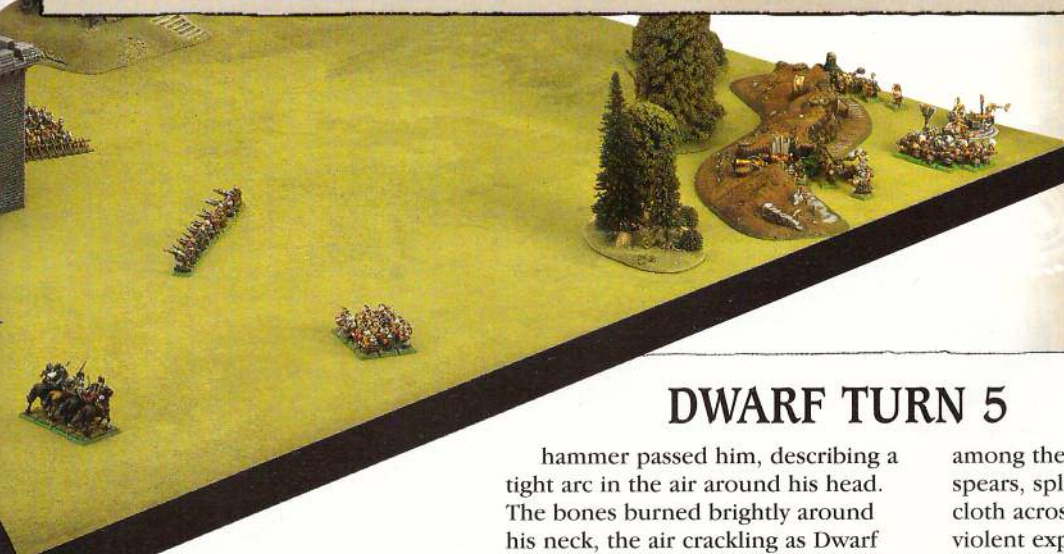
Ferdinand swore as once more the Dwarf rune magic proved too difficult for him to dispel, costing yet more lives. He was close to tearing out what little hair he had left; their anti-magic was strong, he had expected that, but he had used both of his prized dispel scrolls in the space of half an hour trying to hold back the energies commanded by that damn rune-anvil.

He wiped an unsavoury mixture of sweat and blood from his forehead and watched as the remnants of the Ironbreakers placed ladders against the north wall. Although there were not many left, Ferdinand was wise enough to know that they could overpower many times their number by sheer tenacity.

Below him on the ramparts above the gates, the Handgunners were tipping up their cauldron of bubbling oil, cascading in a black hissing stream over three of the Ironbreakers. They fell, jerking spasmodically as the sticky, boiling black liquid filtered through their armour and scalded them to death. Not a good way to die, thought Ferdinand.

The Halberdiers were making the Dwarfs' ascent more difficult still, throwing rocks onto the helmets of the Ironbreakers. He saw Hans, a massive Halberdier, labour to pick up a rock the size of a swine, dropping it over the battlements. It bore one of the Ironbreakers to the floor, crushing him and shattering the ladder. The

Handgunners were frantically reloading, and succeeded in taking down three more of the Ironbreakers with their shields slung. Two reached the top, clambering onto the rampart, but the reach afforded by their halberds allowed the defenders to slice into the Dwarfs with impunity. Both the Ironbreakers fell, blood pouring from numerous wounds. At the other end of the battlements, a female Dwarf and another two Ironbreakers fought with worrying ferocity, a hammer finding its mark on the side of Hans's head. Soon, the flagstones of the ramparts were slick with blood. Ferdinand ducked behind a crenellation, muttering curses. If the castle walls fell, there was nowhere to run.



Next to Toldavf, one of his Rangers fell dead to the floor, a bolt lodged in his eye socket. Against all the odds, one of the Empire troops had managed to slot a crossbow bolt through the vision slit of the mantlet. His surprise was short-lived, swiftly replaced by anger. They were close enough; it was time for his hammer *Majarl* to make its presence felt.

"Ready your throwing axes! On three, mantlets down. One... two... THREE!"

The wooden shields were released for a second, falling down as the front rank of Rangers threw their axes into the midst of the Spearmen. Toldavf span, heaving his mighty rune-hammer in a wide arc before releasing it with a shout. It sped toward the unarmoured head of Heinmann, straight and true. At the last minute, however, it slowed, the bone necklace around Heinmann's neck pulsing with a dull light as the

hammer passed him, describing a tight arc in the air around his head. The bones burned brightly around his neck, the air crackling as Dwarf rune fought against Empire miracle. The unbloodied hammer wrenched away, speeding back toward Toldavf's hand, and he caught it with ease before the mantlets were raised once more.

Muttering curses under his breath, Toldavf watched as his artillery thudded more cannon balls into the north-west tower, but it was holding fast. Evidently the Dwarf engineers who helped build this castle six years ago were consulted on its construction, they were wasting time. A rock from his stone throwers sailed high over the tower, impacting in the centre of the courtyard and sending pieces of flagstone spinning in all directions. Twelve feet less and the missile would have landed dead centre in the midst of the Spearmen guarding the breach. What was necessary was a little Dwarf accuracy.

Soundlessly, a massive lump of granite still covered in mud sailed over their heads and landed right

among the ranks of the wall of spears, splashing flesh, wood and cloth across the flagstones in a violent explosion. The screams of the dying echoed around the walls of the courtyard, many of those who were not killed had been badly wounded, and the look of shock and fear on the remainder's faces warmed Toldavf's heart more than any hearth.

Above him on the tower, the last few Handgunners were perishing in the storm of fire that his Thunderers were sending into the ramparts. It was a wonder that damn spellcaster was still alive.

Toldavf heard a sharp crack from the Anvil of Doom, and a split second later felt a tremor pass beneath his feet towards the Spearmen. With a low thump, the ground before them exploded upwards, flinging shards of rock and masonry into their ranks, killing two more of the defenders. The casting of the Dwarf runes was proving potent indeed, and the Spearmen were coming under fire from above, below and in front. Not so many of you now, thought Toldavf, leering.

DWARF TURN 5

URNS 6 & 7

Up in the State Tower, Latimer the engineer was furiously scribbling on a scrap of parchment, his mouth moving soundlessly as he calculated the angle necessary to hit the rune-anvil. Heinmann seemed to be too busy to shout at him, so he had gone back to his earlier problem – he had seen what the eldritch contraption's energies could do. The battered survivor of the crew reloaded the complex mechanism. He muttered through his moustache.

"Static target... weight of projectile... estimated distance... hmm... right. Try this."

The cannon was wound up a couple of degrees more, the fuse lit, and with a resounding boom the cannon fired. The cannon ball ripped through the air straight and true. He watched, enraptured, as it bounced six feet in front of the anvil and rose again to pass over it to strike the Runelord full in the chest.

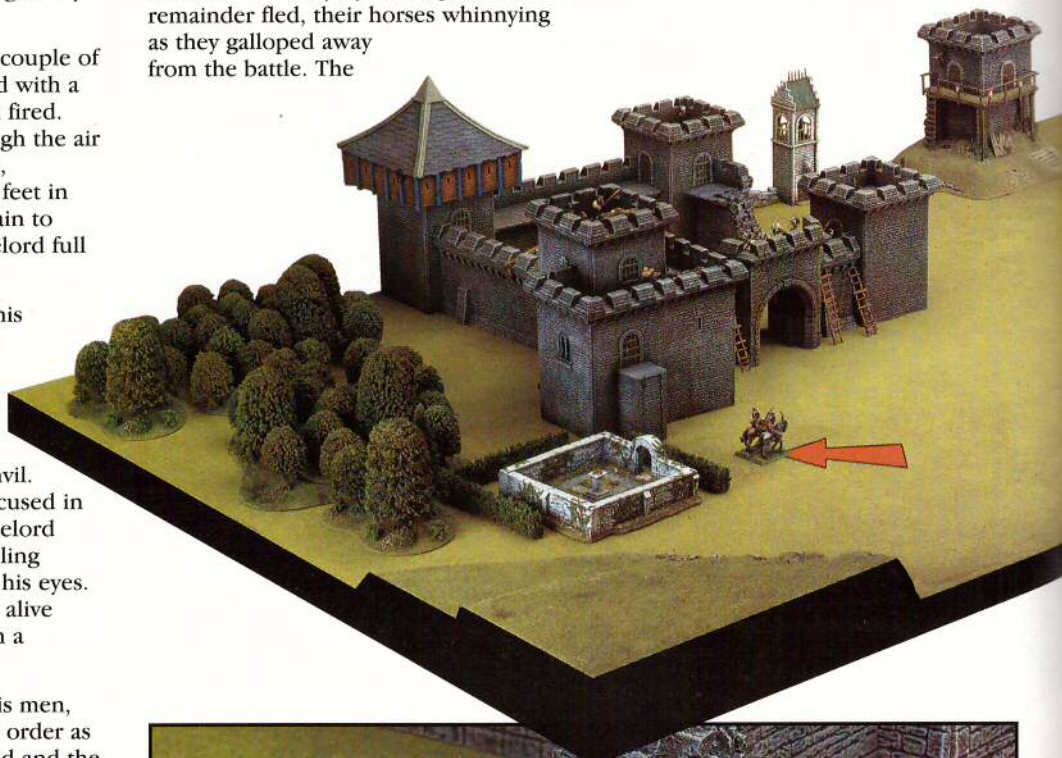
Latimer shouted in triumph, his spectacles falling off his nose. Direct hit at a half mile! His mentors in Nuln would be proud. Latimer's smile dropped as he saw a hand emerge over the top of the anvil. Grabbing his telescope, he focused in time to see the wheezing Runelord standing upright, blood dribbling through his beard, but fire in his eyes. That was impossible! No man alive could survive a direct hit from a cannon ball...

Heinmann barked orders at his men, desperately trying to maintain order as they edged away from the dead and the wounded who surrounded them. He needed coherency – if his troops did not hold the wall the defence of the castle would fall swiftly. He mustered his men, Sigismund by his side, as they formed into two ranks, a long line barring entry to the courtyard. Above the gate, the Ironbreakers were embroiled in close combat, and the Handgunners in the tower had chosen to join the fight against the Thunderers. Heinmann saw three fall before his son Franz and the Pistoliers rode up behind the unit, unloading a salvo of lead at their backs. The Dwarfs buckled under the fire, running away from the walls. One less thing to worry about, thought Heinmann. On the wall, the fight seemed to be in stalemate; the Ironbreakers could not reach their foes to inflict casualties, and the Halberdiers and Handgunners could not penetrate the thick armour of the Dwarf elite.

The tide of battle hung on his men's bravery, and mere moments separated him from his clash with the Dwarf King.

Toldavf turned and took one last look at the battlefield before he charged; it was wise to check the flanks, and he was a little concerned about Svengar's fight with the Pistoliers. True enough, they were close, and had seen off the Thunderers as well as the Runesmith. Even as he looked, a cannon ball thundered into the side of the horsemen, smashing three of them from the saddle, two of their number mutilated horribly by the impact. The remainder fled, their horses whinnying as they galloped away from the battle. The

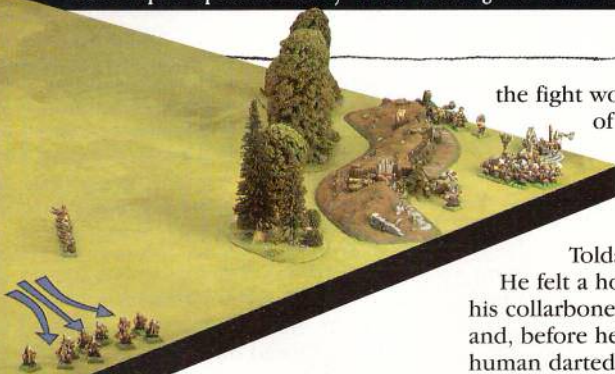
other cannon continued sending cannon balls into the north-west tower, the accumulated damage shaking the building to its very foundation. A stone arced overhead, smashing into a pair of Handgunners and a Halberdier in the fight above the gates, killing them outright. Up on the wall, Toldavf's Ironbreakers were suffering against the weight of numbers the humans could bring to bear. Another gromril-clad warrior died as the ladder he was perched on was pushed away from the wall. If they did not strike now, the fight would be lost.



The beleaguered Spearmen desperately hold off the Dwarf Rangers.



The Empire Spearmen finally break, allowing the Dwarf Rangers to enter the castle's keep.



"Enough dallying! On my command, lower the

mantlets and charge with all your might. We will sweep away these oathbreaking sons of dogs with axe and hammer. NOW!"

The Rangers charged forward into the bloodied ranks of the Spearmen.

The two forces clashed with a great roar, oaths and battle-cries resounding around the courtyard as spear met gromril and axe met flesh. The Master Rune of Kadrin, inscribed upon Lothos' battle banner, grew red with magical power as the Dwarfs charged, guiding the blows of the Rangers' axes. The Imperial standard bearer smashed the Ranger next to Toldavf to the floor with blows from his heavy gauntlet, but the dour Dwarf was saved by his fine armour. Lothos delivered a heavy blow to the Spearmen's champion, but the human managed to swing his shield around just in time.

Suddenly, Heinmann was before him, his face contorted with battle-lust. Toldavf swung his hammer in a deadly arc, but the blow did not connect. The human was evading Toldavf's swings; if he was knocked to the floor

the fight would be over. In a burst of speed, Heinmann closed range, stabbing downward with his shining sword, the blade puncturing

Toldavf's gromril with ease.

He felt a hot lance of pain through his collarbone and within his chest and, before he could retaliate, the human darted back out of range. The Dwarf's roar of anger ended in a bloody cough, but he held fast, as did his men.

Far behind him, there was a thunderous clang as a cannon ball scored a direct hit on the Anvil of Doom. Toldavf almost smiled despite the pain, it would take more than that to damage one of the ancient artifacts. The Warriors to his right, charging forward, were torn to shreds by that infernal volley gun, the lone survivor limping away before a crossbow bolt found his neck. He could hear his Crossbowmen sounding the retreat in the distance. This did not look good. But Toldavf had more pressing matters to attend to.

Heinmann's sword came whistling towards his head in a lunge that would have decapitated him if he had not anticipated the blow. The backswing caught Toldavf in the shoulder, but the blade clanged off his armour. The fool had closed range, and Toldavf repaid his mistake with a hammer blow to the warrior's torso. He felt the metal buckle and split under the tremendous force of the swing. Heinmann staggered back.

To his right, Lothos was wrenching his axe from the chest of one Spearman

and smashing it into another, hewing an arm off at the shoulder. Opposite him, the Imperial Captain stabbed a Ranger in the face with a long-bladed dagger. The two front ranks were soaked in blood, trampling on the corpses of the fallen. Brick dust mingled with gore as the tower above took more hits from the Dwarf artillery, chunks of masonry falling into the courtyard. All around him Spearmen were falling and, with a final push, the Rangers drove the Spearmen back over the rubble. The Anvil sounded, and an eruption of earth sent shattered rock spinning towards the wizard in the tower, lethal shards piercing him in a dozen places.

Toldavf could feel the tide turning and, with a great shout, led his Rangers in a new offensive. He barrelled into Heinmann with the force of a bull's charge, the human's sword clanging off his rune-armour as his hammer connected. The relic around Heinmann's neck glowed bright as the force of the blow dissipated again and again. That damn trinket had saved the oathbreaker's life countless times. But his men had had enough, and broke despite the shouts of Heinmann and his Captain. All around, humans were fleeing, running from the towers, running along the walls, falling like leaves under the rage-fuelled charge of the Rangers.

King Toldavf wiped the blood from his chin, surveying his new property. The humans had fled to the keep. They were trapped, and his hammer was still thirsty for more...

TO THE KEEP! FALL BACK TO THE KEEP!



Alessio Cavatore

Taking refuge in the main tower of the castle to reorganise the defence was obviously what my troops were doing, rather than fleeing (where do you flee to in a siege, anyway?).

It was a great game, extremely fun and epic. Any game that is still hanging in the balance after fourteen individual turns has to be great! And it ended in a perfect climax; a unit of Spearmen, severely depleted by the Dwarf barrages, defending the ruins of the wall against the last unit of Dwarfs that made it to the castle. And both of our Generals and Battle Standard Bearers were in the front line of the fight! That's the stuff epic poems are made of! In the end the outcome of the

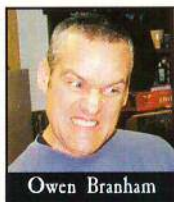
entire battle was down to that final Break test. A test on a 5+ with a re-roll, very close to a fifty-fifty chance. I blew it. It was a pity, but Owen definitely deserved it for stubbornly continuing to assault even when the odds looked against him. In particular at the beginning of the game, when my first cannon shots took down both siege towers, the battle looked really tough for the Dwarfs. But you know, when the going gets tough...

I have to admit that I used my Pistoliers really badly, allowing the Runesmith to pin them down when I most needed them. When they were finally free of the annoying Dwarf, it was too late for my wall, the Dwarf artillery had done its job. My counter-battery fire was appalling too, because of a mixture of bad luck and poor range guessing (these artillery crews need better training!).

It was a shame that we could not play another turn. I would have liked to have seen my troops rally around the Elector Count and the remaining Volley Gun and, together with the Handgunners on the battlements, open fire on the Dwarfs as they crossed the courtyard. It would have been a good example of what a killing field a castle courtyard would be in real life.

But alas! it was not to be, the day was lost. I imagined my Elector Count abandoning the courtyard to the rampaging Rangers and ordering all the remaining troops into the keep, where the two last Great Cannons were still firing. From there he would surely negotiate the conditions for the surrender and I hope that the battered Dwarfs would offer honourable conditions to my men. After all, Dwarfs are a compliant and forgiving race, aren't they?

THE DWARFS WIN AT LAST!



Owen Branham

First of all it has to be said that Alessio was a great opponent, and we had a good time. The battle could have gone either way throughout the

game. We got in the castle through that nice hole in the wall (only Dwarfs are so consistently accurate) and chased them into the keep. Our terms for surrender would be simple: "We want everything."

What a game! When my two siege towers were taken out in the first turn

I thought it was over. Dwarfs climbing up ladders wasn't what I had in mind. Thanks to the determined Dwarfs, though, this did not matter. The artillery barrages were spot on from the first turn and it was looking good for the destroyed wall model I had been working on over the last few days (I hoped that I would get to use it, and what do you know...). I knew my units were going to take a pounding but not as much as they gave us. His Handgunners and artillery had a field day putting holes in the Dwarf armour.

When we got to the castle and his Spearmen were there with the General

and the Army Standard Bearer, I knew I had to take out some of his ranks before my unit got stuck in, as Alessio had them kitted out with the Griffon Standard that has the worrying effect of doubling the unit's rank bonus. The combination of throwing axes and a large, well-placed stone sorted that little problem out. Dwarfs are hand-to-hand killing machines even when they need 6's to hit. There may not have been many left at the end, but it was enough to win the day. It was a great battle and one I won't forget... So where's that pile of dishes?



Dwarf generals rejoice as the Dwarfs finally win a battle report.

Lord Heinmann peered out of the arrow slits of the keep, the Dwarfs in the courtyard still shouting their threats and curses. He was no fool; the iron doors to the keep were so heavily reinforced that even the Dwarf King's rune-encrusted hammer could not knock it down. Only half of his men were still alive, and they were all looking at him expectantly.

The Dwarf King was calling his name.

"Heinmann, you have betrayed the trust of my clan and my family! Six years hence my engineers toiled hard for the sake of the very keep you cower in, and you did not pay them in full. They swore you would not get away with this atrocity. They swore the grudge would be paid in blood. Look around you, Heinmann. Your men are broken. Hundreds died this day, purely because of your greed. The courtyard is awash with

blood. It is too late for reparations of coin. Now come out and FACE ME!"

The King was shaking his hammer in anger, and as Heinmann watched, he hurled the weapon at the window from which Heinmann was looking into the courtyard. He ducked down just in time, a shower of masonry spraying across the room as the hammer struck home. It returned to its owner's hand as Heinmann's face drained of all colour. Sigismund got up and walked over to him.

"It looks like they want you, sir."

"Yes, well, thank you for your uncanny insight, Sigismund. This is ridiculous..." He slumped, his face ashen.

"What is it, sir?"

"This debt. It's been six years. I didn't take it seriously at the time. I mean, in the name of all that's holy – twelve gold crowns!"

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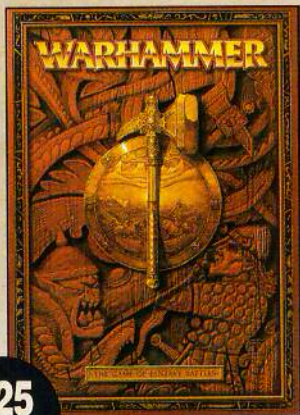


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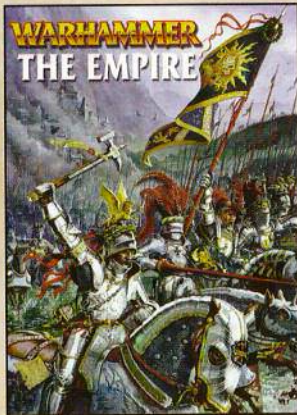
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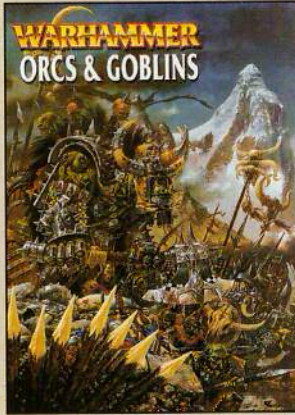
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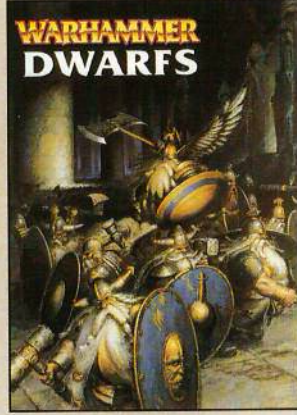
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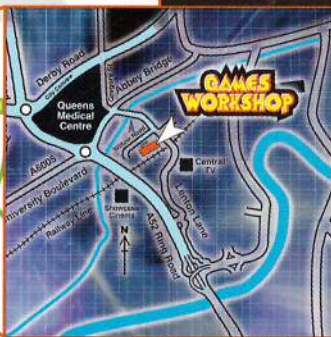
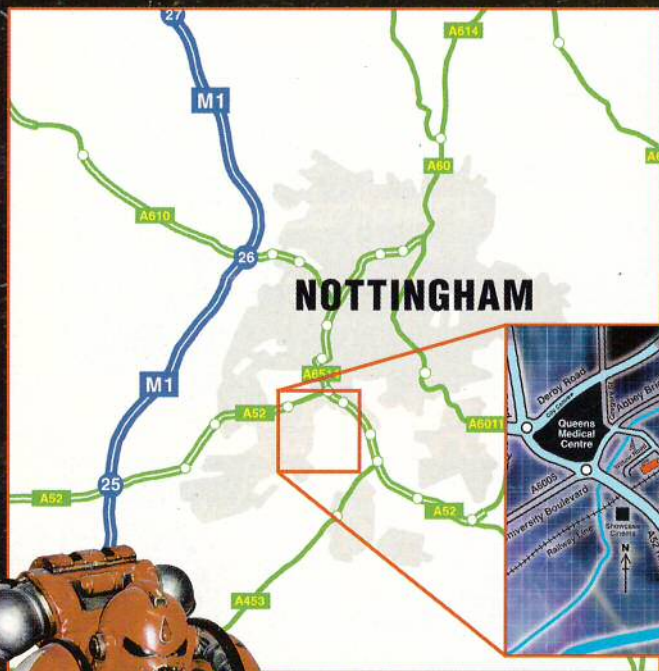
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- EVENTS
- MUSEUM



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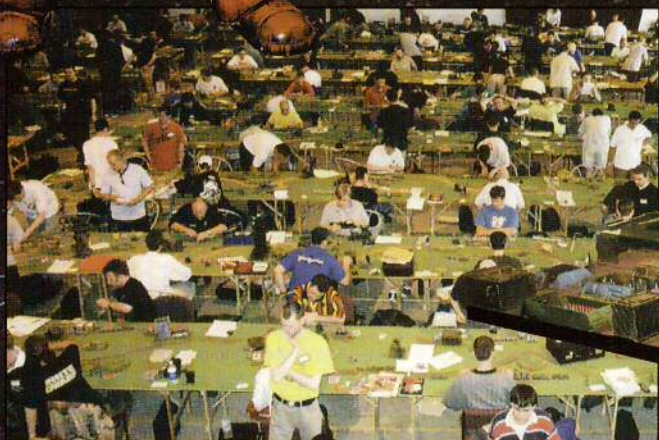
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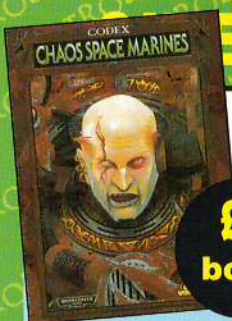
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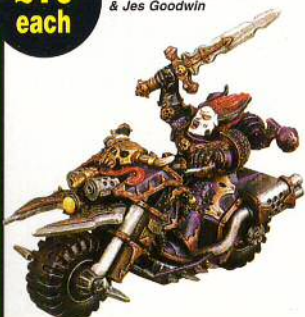
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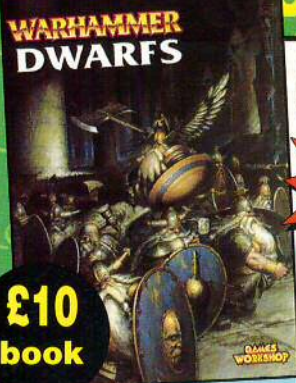
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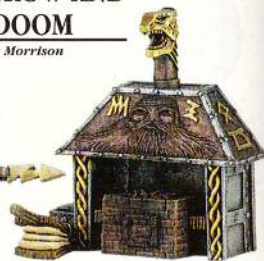
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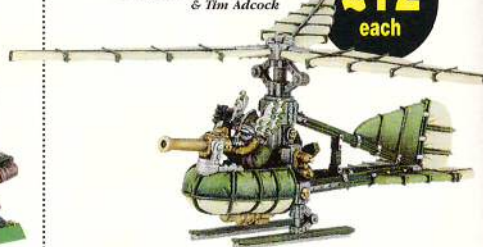


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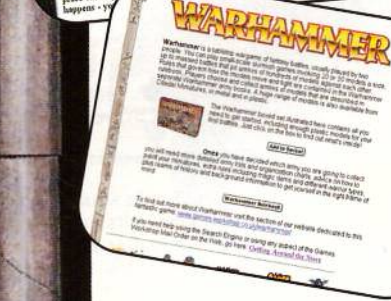
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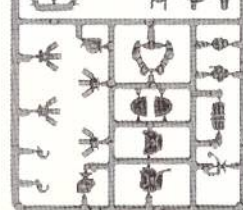
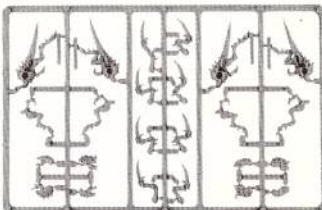
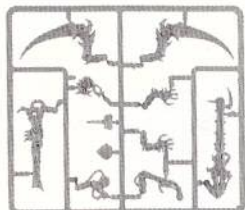
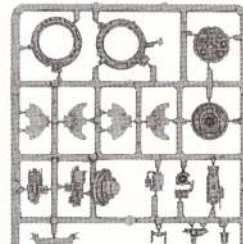
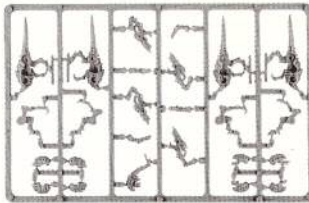
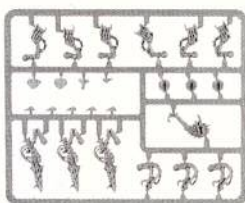
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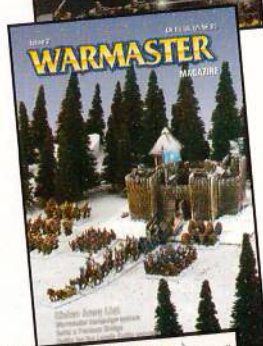


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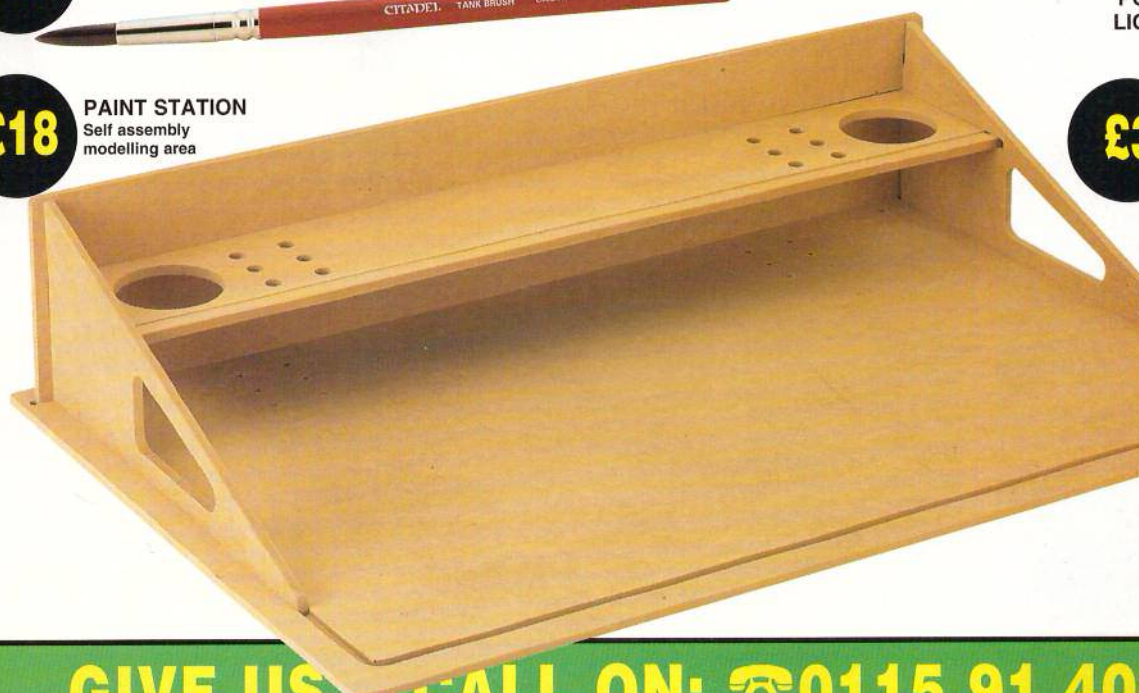
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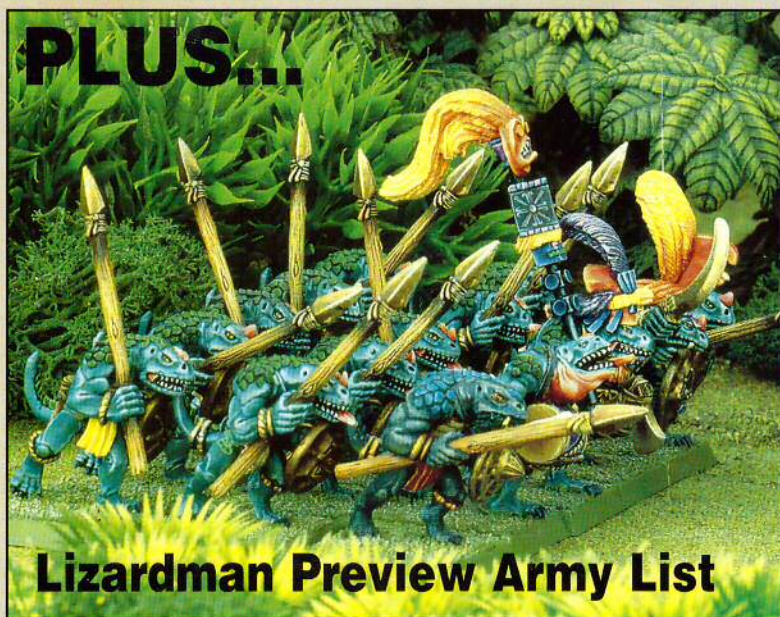


Vampire Counts

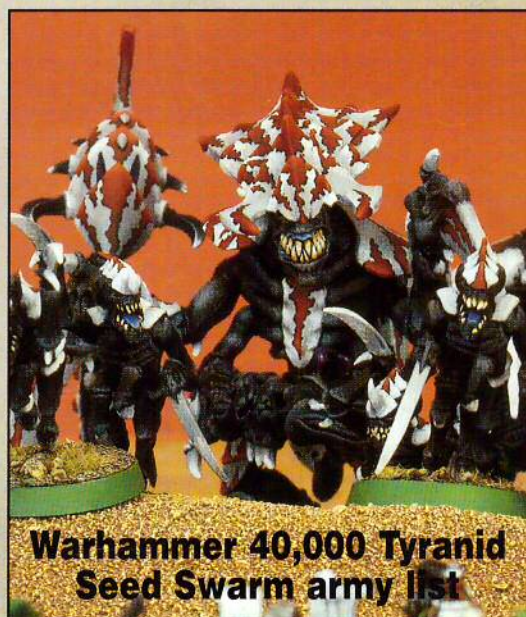
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