

GAMES WORKSHOP™

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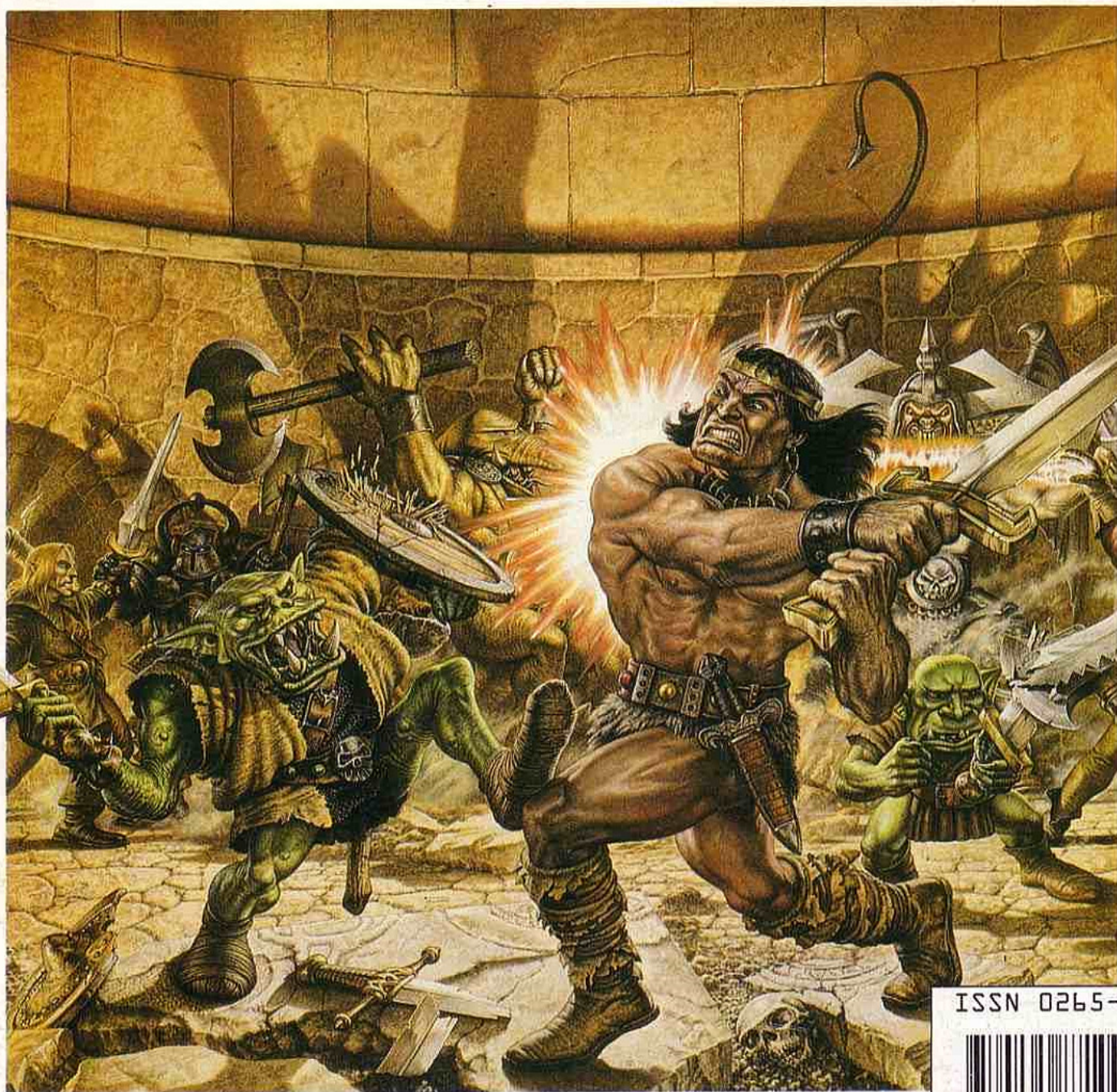
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DM 7.80



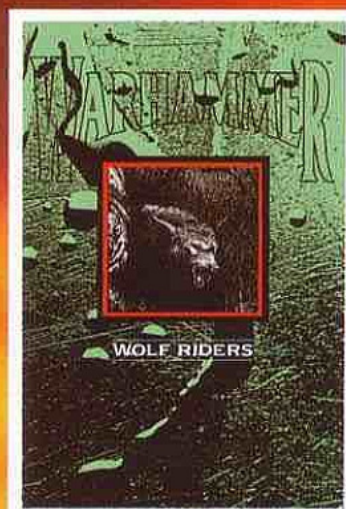
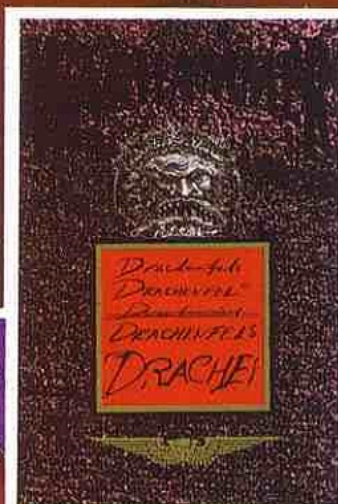
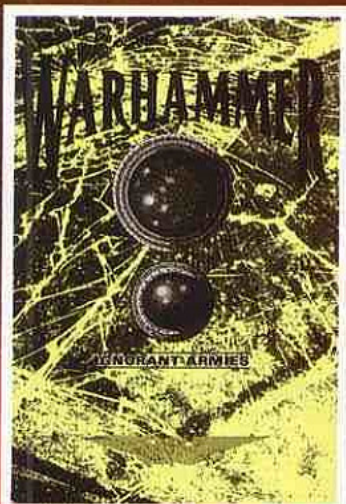
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Product Code: 0933

Ref No: 009332

Editor: Simon Forrest

Published by Games Workshop Ltd

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Printed by Artisan Press Ltd, Leicester, UK.

All correspondence except subscriptions and Mail Order should be addressed to: White Dwarf, Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers, 14-16 Low Pavement, Nottingham NG1 7DL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS Please send and make remittance to: Games Workshop, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Notts NG16 3HY. Telephone (0773) 713213 or 780462. White Dwarf is published monthly. Annual subscription rates are: UK - £18.00; Europe £36.00; other overseas surface - £36.00; other overseas airmail - £54.00. Please make all payments in Pounds Sterling. NB: USA - contact Games Workshop Inc., 3431 Benson Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 21227.

When you want to inform us of a change of address or subscription renewal, or if you have a query, please write to Games Workshop, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Notts, NG16 3HY and make sure that you tell us your name and present address (and your old address if you are moving). When you subscribe, please tell us whether you are renewing an old subscription or starting a new one.

OVERSEAS DISTRIBUTORS: France: Citadel France, 5 Rue des Fêtes, 75019 Paris. Italy: RIPA SA, Distribuzione Italiana Italeri, Via F.lli Rosselli 3, 40012 - Lippo di Calderara di Reno, (BO) Italy. Japan: Kowa Corporation, Yashima Bldg 1-1, Shimbashi, 3-Chome Minatoku, Tokyo. Australia & New Zealand: Ventura International, 3rd Floor, Shorter House, 193 Clarence Street, Sydney NSW 2000. West Germany: Citadel GmbH, Muhlendamm 41-43, 2000 Hamburg.

ADVERTISING For details of advertising rates and copy dates, contact Andy Jones at Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers, 14-16 Low Pavement, Nottingham, NG1 7DL.

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ISSN: 0265 - 8712

ISSUE 118 OCTOBER 1989

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Top - Ultramarines watch Traitor forces. Taken using both Warhammer 40,000 and epic scale miniatures to create the illusion of distance. Bottom - High Elves fight off Skaven invaders

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Bryan Ansell



Tony Cottrell



Graeme Davis



Jervis Johnson



Rick Priestley



Nigel Stillman

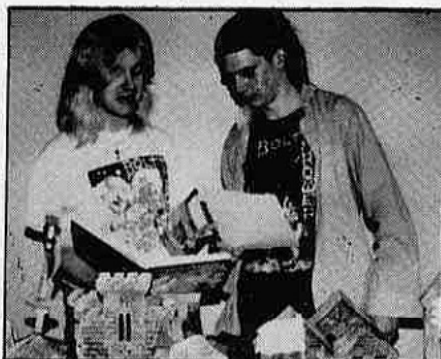
CULTURE SHOCK

SPEED READING

The first two **Dark Future** novels have recently arrived at the Studio, ready for publication at the start of next year. **Speed Kills** by Alex Stewart introduces the **Dark Future** world and follows a sports driver as he begins a career as a Sanctioned Op and faces his first deadly mission. **Demon Download** by Jack Yeovil is the first in a series of novels to be written jointly with Myles Burnham. The series features characters introduced in the title story of **Route 666**, the first **Dark Future** anthology, and will continue with **Krokodil Tears**, also by Jack Yeovil. In **Demon Download**, the plans of the evil Nguyen Seth begin to take effect with diabolical results.

GRINDING DEATH METAL

Bolt Thrower's eagerly awaited new album, **Realm of Chaos** (described as 'grinding death metal' by one GW staff thrasher), is to be released in October on LP, cassette and CD. It will be available exclusively from Games Workshop Mail Order from the beginning of the month up to its general release on the 23rd. The album itself is based firmly on **Warhammer 40,000** themes. It also features a gatefold sleeve with some great **Warhammer 40,000** art along with details of the **Warhammer 40,000** background. The band have added two more dates to their forthcoming UK tour: Milton Keynes (to be confirmed) and Preston Guildhall (November 9th).



Bolt Thrower enjoying Warhammer.

NEW GW US SHOP

A new US Games Workshop store has opened in **Fairfax, Virginia**, further proof of the massive (and still growing) interest in GW gaming in the States. The new stores address is Fair City Mall, 9600G Main Street, Fairfax, Virginia 22031 (at the corner of Picket Road and Route 236, for those of you heading that way!).

SIGN HERE

The ubiquitous Andy Jones has revealed more details about the forthcoming **Games Workshop Leagues**. Soon each Games Workshop store will begin organising competition games of **Warhammer 40,000**, **Space Hulk**, **Blood Bowl** and **Warhammer Fantasy Battle**. Interested players need to complete a simple registration form and create a force according to the competition guidelines (both available from your local Games Workshop store manager). Then all you need to do is play between two and four games a month (from any of the games mentioned above) against another registered opponent. Afterwards, both players will fill in and sign a results form and hand it in at the shop. Monthly totals will be averaged out to give a score which will indicate your position in the League. Although the Leagues are to be run independently by each shop, eventually the top League players will find themselves pitting their forces against other winners at **Games Day '90!** Each shop will have a League notice board, displaying available Star Players, weapons or troop types for which players can bid.

DERBY GAMES CLUB

A new Games Club is starting up at the Games Workshop store in Derby from 21st September. It will run every Thursday from 5 - 8 pm and all types of GW games will be played. Gamers of all ages and experience are welcome, so come along on Thursdays to see what's going on.

SEE YOU

You may have recently seen on your TV screens the new series of ITV's **Taggart**. One of this season's stories has featured gaming and gamers as an important part of the storyline and the producers came to Games Workshop to find out about the hobby. They were obviously impressed as they decided to use all manner of GW stuff from miniatures to T-shirts. Some Scottish gamers may have even seen themselves on TV!

BLOOD BOWL FINAL

The **1989 Blood Bowl League Final** will be a showdown in the massive Blood Bowl Arena (as seen at this year's Games Day) between the teams of Giles Brown and Gareth Jones at 12 noon on Saturday October 21st at Games Workshop, Friar Lane, Nottingham. The worthy winner will then be presented with the Blood Bowl Helmet, hand-crafted by the Raven Fantasy Armoury.



ADVANCED HEROQUEST

Advanced Heroquest is approaching completion at the Studio. Designer **Jervis Johnson** has been burning the midnight oil to complete a set of rules which allows you to go solo on your Quest as well as using the multi-player variant. The artwork for the project has also been arriving from artists such as **Paul Campbell**, **Fangorn** and **Russ Nicholson** to name but a few and we're sure you'll be as impressed as we were with its quality. The plastic miniatures, both Heroes and Skaven, are looking good too. So expect **Advanced Heroquest** in time for Christmas!

WANTED

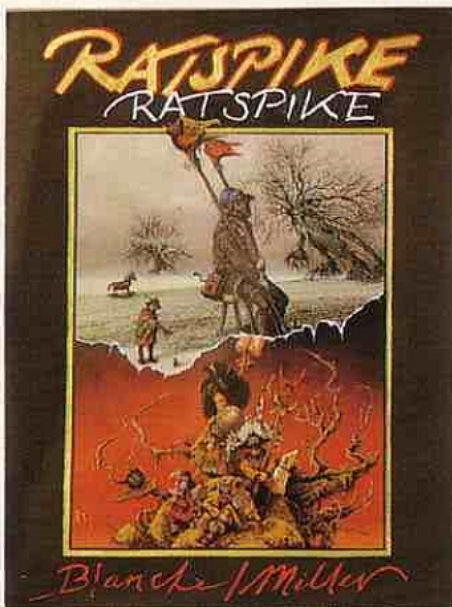
Will **Paul Groves** of Stafford please get in touch with Robin Dews and can **Mark Dunn** contact Paul Benson, both at the Design Studio.

THE NEXT GENERATION

Congratulations are in order for two GW staffers and their partners. **Robin Dews** (our man on the production floor) and **David Gallagher** (one of our renowned artists) have both recently become fathers. We are happy to announce the arrival of Sarah Louise Dews and Euan Gallagher.

HISTORICAL CATALOGUE

Available this autumn will be a catalogue containing the combined historical miniature ranges of **Citadel Miniatures** and **Wargames Foundry**. Ranging from Citadel's excellent Vikings to the Foundry's acclaimed Crimean, English Civil War and Indian Mutiny models designed by notables such as Alan and Michael Perry and Aly Morrison, there will be plenty of choice for the discerning wargamer and collector. The catalogue is, as yet, untitled, so watch this space for further information.



136 page hardback book of the work of John Blanche and Ian Miller to be released during the Autumn 1989.

A work of malevolent shape and deform



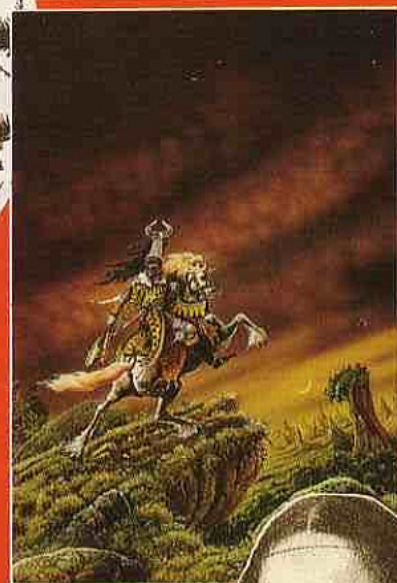
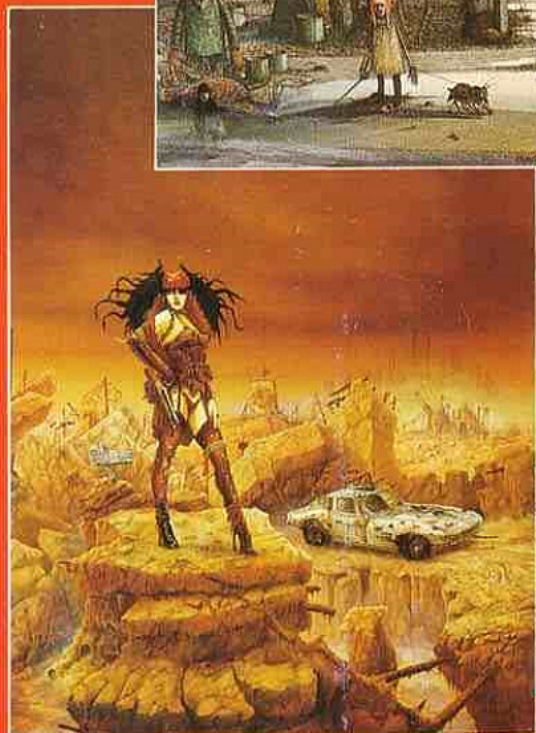
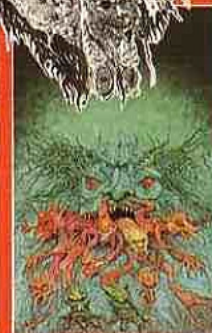
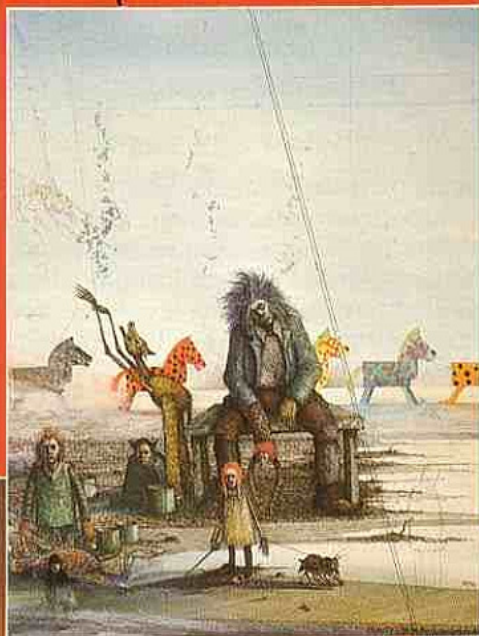
Kills before sun set 'till twilight



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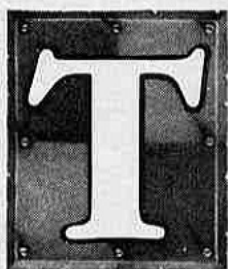
The north wind doth blow



The study and examination of the dark arts of illumination



● THE ORK RACE



he Orks are a savage and brutal race who love war. Orks are really just the dominant element of a race that includes Orks and their smaller cousins the Gretchins and Snotlings. The Orks are in charge because they are the biggest, toughest, meanest and most warlike of them all.

The Ork

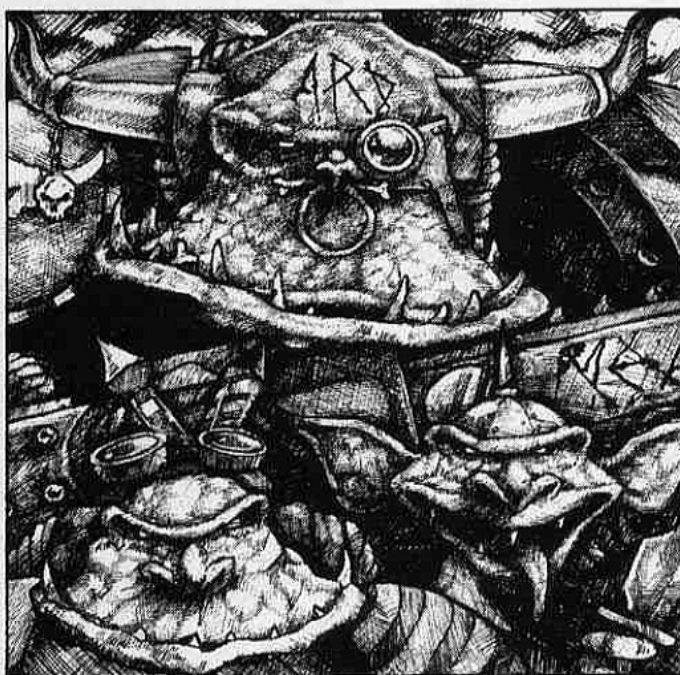
A typical Ork stands about man height, but would actually be taller if he stood up straight. The frame is muscular and robust, and the arms are long and strong, ending in clumsy fingers capable of a vice-like crushing grip. An Ork's skull is thick, with a heavy brow-ridge shading the savage glint of red predatory eyes. The jaw juts forward, and the canine fangs protrude from slobbering lips. The head is naturally bald; indeed, all the Ork kind are hairless. Ork hide is green and tough, bearing the scars of many a fight (not to mention a plethora of scabs and parasites).

When an Ork speaks, it is in a slow, gruff tone. The words will be sparse, brutal and straight to the point. An Ork says what he thinks, and his thoughts are always practical. The Orks have but one philosophy: might is always right. Whether on the giving or receiving end, none of the Ork kind ever doubt this for one moment.

Gretchins are very much like their larger cousins, but not so big, brutal, strong and tough. But Gretchins are more cunning and clever than the Orks. Snotlings are the smallest and weakest of all. They remain just like a juvenile Gretchin throughout their lives. Orks, being bigger and tougher form the warrior elite. They tell the Gretchins and Snotlings what to do, and do what they like with them. But the Orks also protect and look after the smaller ones. Without the Orks to defend them and scare away their enemies, their fate would probably be far worse at the hands of other races than it is under the Orks.

The Gretchin

Gretchins are more numerous than Orks and the Orks are greatly dependent on them (though no Ork would admit this). Orks tend to be lazy and forgetful. Organisation is not their strong point. Only war and preparing for war really bring out their innate natural talents. Most of the day-to-day running of Ork society, such as finding and preparing food, taking messages, finding things out, fetching and carrying, organising things and many other tasks are left to the Gretchins.



The Gretchins are quite happy in this role. They bear no resentment to their Ork masters. To them, Orks are just a fact of life and it is ridiculous to question facts of life. No Orks of any kind ask themselves such stupid questions. Only Humans and Eldar upset themselves with daft notions about the 'reason' for things and such like. An Ork or a Gretchin or even a Snotling knows that a thing is a reason in itself.

Individual Gretchin, by a combination of effort and luck, can enjoy a relatively good existence by providing valuable services for their Ork masters. Most are owned by Orks as personal servants, others through scavenging and looting are able to acquire weapons and equipment.

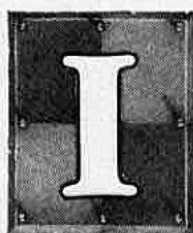
Enterprising Gretchin find a role as armour bearers, fan bearers, cup bearers and a few may even rise to become their masters' factotums. Others work as water-bearers bringing drinks to thirsty Orks on the battlefield, or operating the great fans that hang in fetid Ork barrack-blocks, providing shade and much-needed draughts of fresh air as well as something for the Orks to kick when the desire comes over them.

The Gretchins have created an entire enterprise culture of their own within the Ork-dominated society. They work every hour of the day and night, snatching a little sleep here and there. Apart from their duties to their masters, many Gretchin operate two or three of their own businesses on the side, such as selling fungus-wine or toasted squigs on sticks, trying to earn a few teeth here and there.

The Snotling

The Snotlings are just like tiny, immature Gretchins. It is believed that they are degenerate descendants of a lost race which was once the most intelligent and dominant among the Ork kind, but which was superseded by the stronger and more brutal Orks. Now the Snotlings are bred and reared by a class of Orks known as Runtherdz. The main function of Snotlings in Ork society is the cultivation of fungi, which are used for food, drinks and medicines. Snotlings also look after the squiggly beasts that live in the Ork cess-pits.

● THE LOST RACE



Imperial scholars have speculated that on the Ork world of origin, wherever that might be, there was once another Orkoid race. This race, difficult though it is to believe, was extremely intelligent, arose to dominance in just a few generations, and even created the legendary lost Ork Standard Template Constructs. It was this race, they argue, which must have initiated the Ork expansion into space.

The Snotlings, now a slave race trapped in a juvenile state, are thought to be a remnant of this lost race. The sudden rise of super-intelligent Snotlings can only be explained as the result of a catalyst. Snotlings are symbiotic with fungi, which they cultivate and eat. In the underground cave-systems in which ancient Ork culture arose, it is thought that there was a fungus which caused genetic mutation in the brain. This fungus was gathered and eaten by the simple cave-dwelling Snotlings. Over generations, a diet of this fungus stimulated the growth of the Snotling brain to its full potential. Later, the fungus was cultivated by the mentally-enhanced Snotlings.

The intelligent lost race of Snotlings, known as the *Brainboyz*, were still diminutive in size, so they bred a race of less intelligent, but tougher and more brutal creatures to fight and work for them. These were the Orks and Gretchins. Gretchins probably represent an intermediate stage in the development of Orks. The Orks were put to work cultivating the fungus. The civilisation of the *Brainboyz* was expanding beyond the homeworld, but every attempt to cultivate the brain-enhancing fungus on other worlds met with failure. The fungus would only grow in the dank cave-systems of the ancient homeworld of the Orks. This meant that the far-flung outposts of *Brainboyz* were dependent on shipments of fungus from the homeworld. Sometimes these shipments would go astray and not get through. If a community of *Brainboyz* was cut off from the supply for many years, a new generation of mentally undeveloped Snotlings would fall under the domination of their former slaves, the Orks. This must have happened time and time again throughout the galactic empire of the *Brainboyz* until Ork-dominated communities began to predominate. The final collapse of the civilisation of the *Brainboyz* occurred on the homeworld itself.

Here, the Orks who were put to work harvesting the fungus began to wonder why they were being told what to do by such diminutive creatures. The Orks were not allowed to eat the fungus they were harvesting for the *Brainboyz*. Instead the *Brainboyz* fed them on squiggly beasts. Naturally this made the Orks think there must be something special about

the fungus. So instead of harvesting the fungus, the Orks sat down and ate every toadstool, mushroom and puffball down to the last spore. It was a disaster for the *Brainboyz*. They found the bloated, slobbering Orks, but not a trace of fungus remained.

The fungus had no effect whatsoever on the Ork brain, because Orks are not symbiotic with fungus. For the Orks it was no more than a big feast; for the *Brainboyz* it was a tragedy from which they never recovered. Throughout their empire, the *Brainboyz* died out. Their offspring never developed intelligent brains. Instead the succeeding generations of Snotlings remained mentally retarded, trapped in a pre-juvenile state. They became the mischievous, playful creatures they are to this day, content to frolic in the Ork cess-pits, catching squiggly beasts.

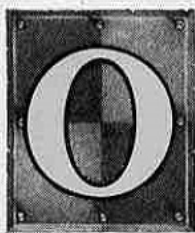
The Orks on the other hand, found themselves in charge. Their brains were not enhanced, but they were now the most intelligent and capable of their kind. Ork civilisation, though crude and harsh, succeeded the civilisation of the *Brainboyz* throughout the universe.

It is very difficult to reconstruct this phase of Ork history, because the Orks are extremely reluctant to talk about it. The story has to be pieced together from Ork legends which have passing references to *Brainboyz* and give glimpses of a time when the Orks were not in charge.

With Ork society now dominated by its strongest and most brutal elements, Ork civilisation is faced with a major problem: the maintenance of technology. However, the warlike Orks have found the obvious solution: slaves. Apart from the *Mekboyz*, who are Orks with an innate talent for technology, Orks rely on enslaved Humans and other aliens in their slave workshops and factories and, more important, on tribute exacted from vassal alien communities. This tribute is paid in the form of armaments and technology. Sometimes whole communities and planets are occupied and put to work making armaments. An incident of this kind occurred some time ago on *Necromunda*, an Imperial Hive World. An Ork tribe captured and occupied three hive-cities and was only cleared out after a vicious war which resulted in the destruction of the hives.



● ORK DOMAINS



Orks live on innumerable worlds. On some worlds they dominate, on some they live in a state of war with the other inhabitants, on some they rule as overlords. There are Ork realms, Ork empires and migrating Ork hordes roaming through space aboard space hulks.

Wherever you go in the universe there are Orks. This is Orkdom, the domain of the Orks.

Space Travel

'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go.

'Ere we go, 'ere we go, cross the Kosmos.

'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go.

'Ere we go, 'ere we go, throo infinity.

'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go.

Don't know where we're goin' til we get there.

*Orkish space chant,
intoned when hitching onto space hulks.*

The Ork expansion into space from their home world is perhaps the greatest and most significant accident in Ork history. Ork expansion occurred sporadically, giving a completely random pattern of settlement throughout the galaxy. In other words, an Ork domain or a migrating tribe could turn up anywhere.

And this is exactly what has happened, Orks are to be found throughout the known universe and probably throughout the unknown universe as well. The Eldar say that the Orks have become part of reality itself, or as the Orks say 'We are the Orks, we're 'ere 'cos we're 'ere, enuff said'. Millennia ago, a probe was sent out from Terra. Its mission was to reach the utmost limits of the universe. The Techpriests

who built it hoped that one day it would arrive back to its place of origin having circumnavigated the universe, or in other words, skirted the edge of reality. This probe is still sending back signals after fourteen thousand years adrift. The signals are faint and the probe is not yet on its way back, if it ever will come back. To the utter despair of the Imperial Techpriests who constantly monitor the incoming signals, many are identified as Orkish. The depressing conclusion for mankind can only be this: that wherever they go, the Orks will always be with them.

The universe is Orkdom.

Ork expansion was only made possible in the first place because of their discovery of the principle of the force field and teleportation. Once force fields and teleporters were understood, the Orks found them easy to replicate. The principles of force field and teleporter technology, once learned, are elementary, like those of the wheel, writing or baking bread. When you don't know, you don't know, but when you do know, you can't imagine ever not knowing because it is so obvious. They are the foundations of civilisation which take a race thousands of years to develop, but which take an individual only a few days to master once the secret is known.

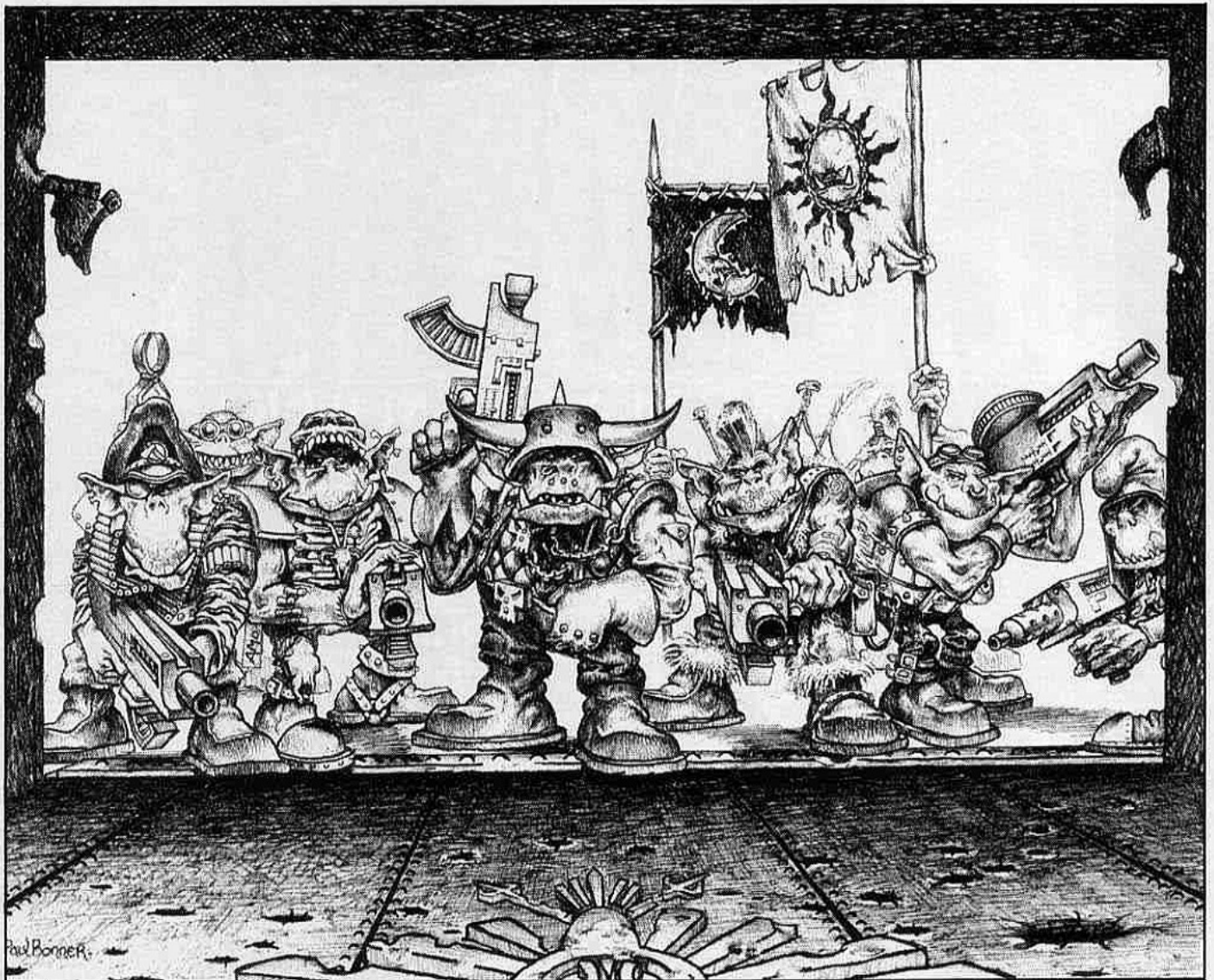
If a force field can keep things out, it can also keep things in. Force fields are used to trap air in a sort of bubble around whatever object the Orks choose to use as a space 'raft'. Then they wait. They wait for a sighting of one of the great drifting space hulks or other bits of space debris streaking across the sky, just touching and bouncing off the upper atmosphere of a planet. Then using a simple matter transmitter, they latch on to the drifting object, hitching a lift so to speak. They have no idea where they are going, and are led only by their own sense of adventure and recklessness.

Once on board the drifting hulk, it is enclosed a force field with its own trapped bubble of atmosphere. These hulks tend to drift through space on metaphysical arcs, following a current through both real space and warp space. This means that the Ork passengers could end up anywhere in the universe. Of course, where they end up is completely random and unpredictable and often a nasty surprise for the local intelligent life forms. Over the millennia, Orks have tried to direct or even plan their journeys, using the talents of their Shamans, the Ork psykers known as Weirdboyz, to navigate as best they can using whatever scraps of lore and myth that has been handed down about the space currents. Tribes manage to direct themselves to specific places from time to time, but uncertainty of destination remains a perpetual hazard.

Ork Communities

As a result of the erratic process of Ork space travel and their urge to seek adventure wherever it may take them, Ork communities are scattered throughout the universe. Each community considers itself to be either a tribe, or a confederation of tribes united temporarily under a great warlord. A tribe can at any time be wandering in space, settled on a planet, isolated from other races or in contact with them as enemies or overlords. Every tribe will include a motley random collection of Ork clans and castes. It is these clans and castes which make up the astonishing, rich texture of Ork society.





I have to report that a strong force of Orks has entered our Sector. They have devastated Danonura. Hekitai has offered them tribute. I am convinced that this is not just a raiding force but a migrating tribe led by Grimshak the Flayer.

The tribe goes by the name Waa-Snikaz-Grimshak, which I believe means "We are Grimshak's cuthroats" in their own uncouth tongue - a name which is well earned. It appears that his tribe contains contingents from all the known Ork clans, although there may be more that we do not know of - we only have a few corpses from the battlefield and captives brought in by the scouts with which to identify them.

You may already be aware of the following facts, but I think it is worth reiterating them in light of our discoveries. The tribe is organised in typical Ork fashion, by households, families and clans. Every household forms a unit of at least four or five 'Boyz', each led by the headman or 'Boss'. These tactical units follow the heads of their families and can be identified by insignia which are displayed on their backplates and the backbanners of the leaders.

From such insignia we have identified the following clans: the Goffs, the Bad Moons, the Death Skulls, the Evil Sunz, the Snake Bites and the Bloody-Axes. We expected to find the first five clans, but the Bloody-Axes came as a surprise. The bribes have obviously not been enough to keep them away. Their greed has led them to bury their animosity towards the other clans and join with them. Let this be a lesson; the Ork cannot be trusted, as the only thing he understands is force and might.

We are now up against a very powerful enemy. The presence of the Goffs means we can expect to encounter Stormboyz. I fear that they will be found leading the assaults, which will certainly be pressed home with determination. The Bad Moons are wealthy enough to afford good weaponry and may have brought their Psykers - which I believe they call Weirdboyz - with them. While I fear that the Death Skulls will loot our settlements and spare no-one, I have been informed that the Snake Bites are the most feral and savage of the lot. Finally we have the Evil Sunz to contend with. With a huge number of machines and Mekboyz at their disposal, we know that Grimshak's army will be efficient.

Information also reveals that Grimshak has gathered around him a council of warlords, one war-boss from each of the clans in his army. For once, they seem united in their lust for loot. It is only Grimshak's ruthless authority which binds them. If Grimshak can be defeated, the tribe may fall into dissension and we can mop up the individual contingents one by one. We cannot stand against them if they remain united. I suggest we send Commissars to all the outposts to make sure they resist. Meanwhile we must prepare for a decisive battle.

- Report from Imperial Commander Skar Kulm, sent to the Commander of the local Imperial Guard forces, at the outset of the Ork invasion of Rael's World.

EAVY METAL



Mick Beard



Steve Mussared

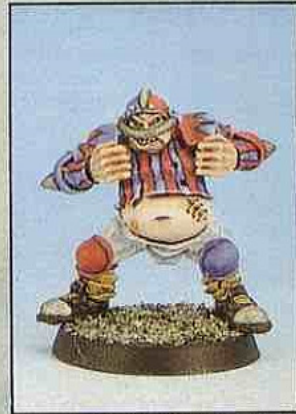
A selection of miniatures and conversions from regular 'Eavy Metal contributors Mick Beard and Steve Mussared, both of whom were category winners in the 1989 Golden Demon Awards.



CHAMPION OF TZEENTCH ON FLYING DISC



BLOOD BOWL OGRE



BLOOD BOWL STAR PLAYER



BLOOD BOWL OGRE



TECH PRIEST



ORDO MALLEUS
DAEMON HUNTER



KHORNATE ORK RENEGADE



GOBLIN CHAINSAW
WIELDER



BLOODLETTER - GENESTEALER
HYBRID CONVERSION



ORDO MALLEUS
DAEMON HUNTER



ORK SHAMAN IN THE
COLOURS OF KHORNE



FLESHOUND - BLOODLETTER CONVERSION



CHAOS ORC CONVERSION



MUTANT ORC CONVERSION



CHAOS KNIGHT ON CONVERTED CHAOS STEED



CHAOS AGENT



IMPERIAL GUARD CAPTAIN



CHAOS ORC CONVERSION



BLOODLETTER



FLESHOUND WITH BLOODLETTER HANDLER



BLOODLETTERS - LESSER DAEMONS OF KHORNE



GENESTEALER



A SELECTION OF BLUE HORRORS



WARBIKE

ORK ATTACK BIKE MOUNTING TWIN AUTO-CANNON FOR WARHAMMER 40,000

By Rick Priestley

Of all the Ork vehicles, the Warbike is perhaps the strangest. Best described as a solo half-track, the Warbike sports two very powerful autocannon, arranged to fire in unison and quite capable of shredding an opponent in a blaze of shrapnel. One minor side-effect of the guns' arrangement however, is their recoil; it's quite capable of spinning the vehicle round uncontrollably. But of course, this only adds to the fun...

Ork Mekaniaks are a strange bunch. Armed only with spanners, hammers, nails, and other basic tools - plus welding equipment of course - they can knock up a vehicle from almost anything. Such machines are often horrendously complicated considering the simple job they are designed to do. Take the Warbike, for instance.

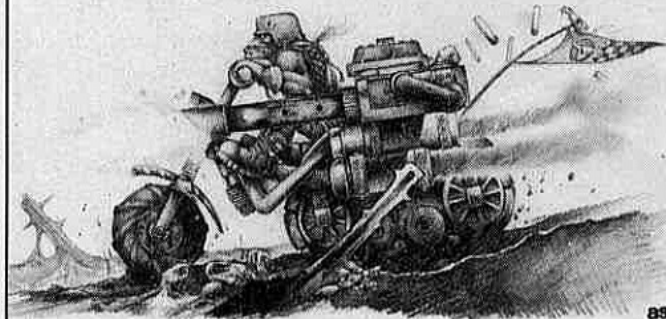
The Ork Warbike is a one-man (or in this case one-ork) attack bike mounting twin auto-cannon. Of course, stringing such a lethal combination of weaponry onto a small and relatively unprotected bike poses a few problems - not the least of which is the machine's tendency to spin wildly out of control everytime the guns are fired. Fortunately, Orks don't regard petty problems of this kind as any deterrent, rather they add to the character of the bike and make it more interesting to ride.

● THE WARBIKE

Being a cranky combination of motorcycle and tracked vehicle, the Warbike has a far more solid structure than most bikes. The primary effect of this is to give it a greater toughness.

0-20 ORK WARBIKE WITH 1 ORK DRIVER at 80 points each

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	CI	WP
ORK	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6	7	7



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MAX SPEED	ACC/ DEC	SEATS	T	D	5	ARMAMENT
36	8	1	6	3	5+	TWIN AUTOCANNON

BASIC EQUIPMENT

ORK DRIVER..... FLAK ARMOUR

● MOVEMENT

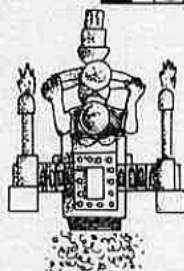
Warbikes can move over any ground without penalty, but can only move through woods or over linear obstacles (low walls/scrub hedges) at up to 8". If attempting to move through woods or obstacles at a faster rate they will crash (see main rules for collisions).

You will notice that the Warbike's profile does not include a Turn Radius Ratio (TRR). This is because of the Warbike's transmission arrangement. Although the Warbike's front wheel is pivoted in a similar manner to any other bike, it is also linked directly to the track. When the front wheel is turned, the track also pivots, causing the Warbike to dramatically turn on the spot. This remarkable innovation is technically known as the 'Orkiomatic Variatronic Track Transmission System' - commonly known as 'the gubbins'. Remarkably, this superb example of Ork know-how seems to work most of the time - so long as the driver doesn't try to turn the vehicle at speed.

Turning the Warbike

Position the Warbike Turning Template at 90° to the Warbike, as shown on the accompanying diagram. Move the bike around the outside edge a number of inches equal to its current speed. Each graduation on the template is an inch, and thus the template describes a total turn of 6". To turn the Warbike more than 6", or to change its direction halfway through its movement, simply reposition the template so that is again at 90° to the Warbike and repeat the procedure.

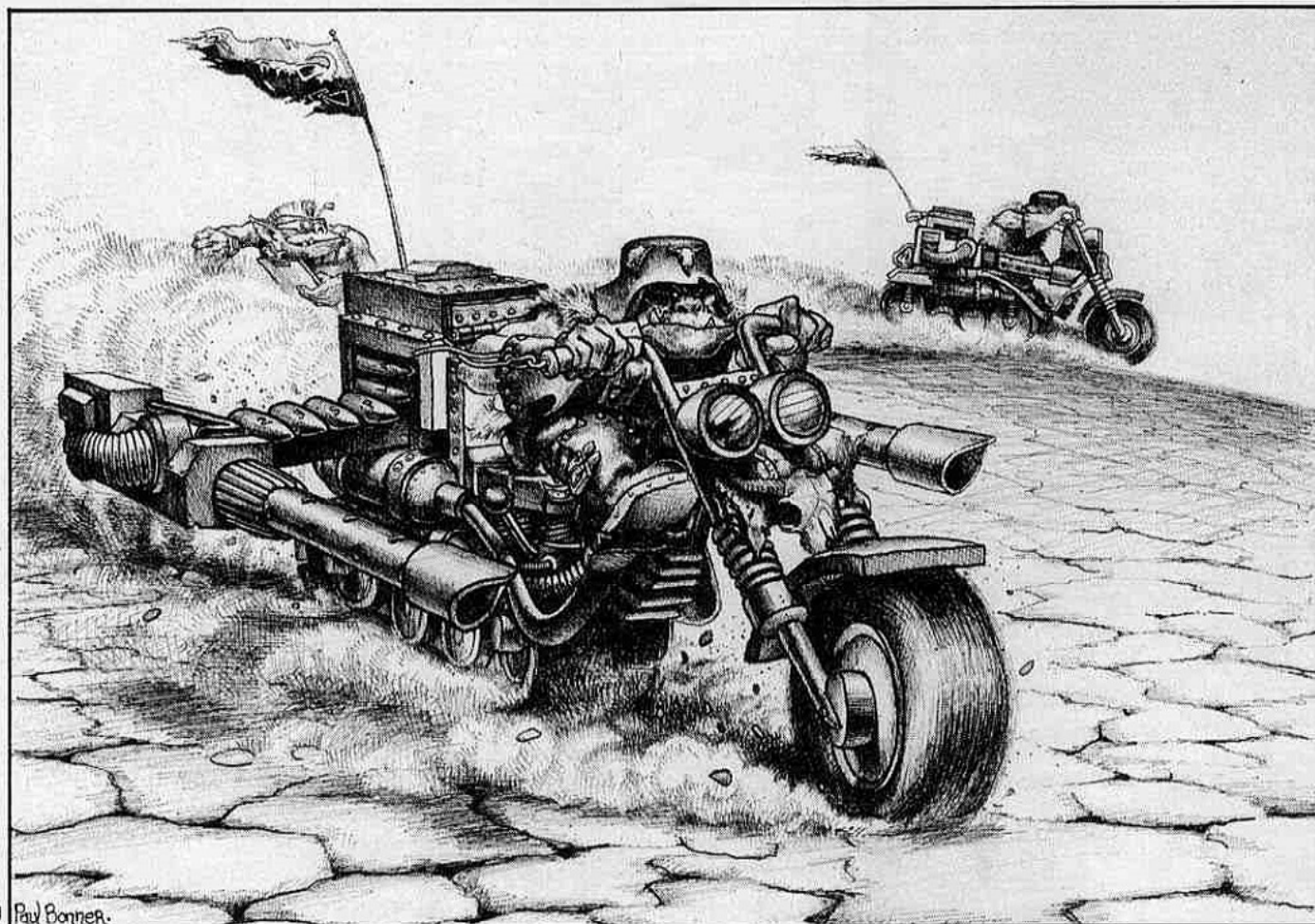
Warbike Turning Template



Warbike is moved around the edge of the template one segment for each inch of its current speed.

The Warbike may stop turning and move straight ahead or change direction at any point during its move.

The Warbike can be included in any Ork army according to the above army list box.



If the Warbike's speed is 9" or less it turns safely. At greater speeds however, the Warbike may either turn wildly or even flip over. In such an event, consult the *Warbike Control Chart* to find the score that is needed on a D6 to retain full control of the machine. The test should be made during the movement phase, immediately before attempting the turn.

WARBIKE CONTROL CHART			
Speed	Lose Control	Turns Wildly	No Problem
1-9"	No need to test		
9-18"		1-2	3-6
18-27"	1-2	3-4	5-6
27-36"	1-2	3-5	6

An Ork personality model may take the test again if he doesn't like the first result, but must abide by the second dice roll even it is worse.

No Problem

The Ork manages to regain control and may turn normally.

Turns Wildly

The Warbike's tracks start to slip and the protesting innards make desperate grinding and sproinging noises. All the Ork driver can do is hang on and watch his life unroll in front of him. Work out where the bike goes as follows:

1. Roll a D6 and move the bike around the turn template this number of inches, up to a maximum of its total speed for that move phase.

2. The remainder of the Warbike's move is completed in a straight line - even if this causes it to hit something else or crash into a piece of terrain. If this happens, resolve it according to the normal rules.

The bike can be driven normally from its following turn.

Lose Control

Despite his best efforts to the contrary, the Ork driver loses control of the Warbike. Roll a D6 on the following table:

D6	Result
1	Errk! The Ork driver flies over the handlebars and hits the ground with a crunch, breaking his neck. It's the end of the road for this Warbike.
2	Wheeee! The Warbike comes to sudden halt, throwing the driver D6" in a random direction. He may return to the Warbike and move off in the following turn.
3	Arrghhh! The driver leaves the Warbike and bounces along the ground, removing most of the skin from his rear end. He must spend the whole of his next turn doing nothing while he picks himself up and regains his senses.
4+	Judder...judder. fuff! The bike shakes to an uncertain halt and stalls. The driver goes a darker shade of green with embarrassment and mutters something about a dodgy differential and duff clutch. The bike cannot move, or do anything else, for the rest of the turn, but may start up immediately in its following turn.

CLAN BADGES & MEKANIAC EMBLEMS

BLOOD AXES



GOFFS



DEATH SKULES



EVIL SUNZ



SNAKE BITES



BAD MOON



These banners are flown on the backs of a Clan's bikes. The Mekaniacs put their personal emblem on anything they have built - on bikes this usually means the front mudguard.

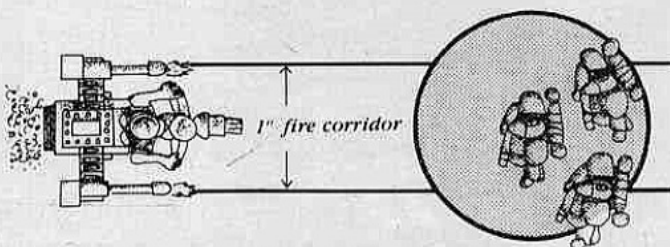


An Evil Sunz Household led by a war bike advances into battle.

● FIRING

If you were to ask an Ork what it is that makes the Warbike so appealing he'd would probably thump you on the head for asking stupid questions. It's fairly obvious what Orks like about the Warbike - its auto-cannon

The Warbike is armed with two formidable auto-cannon that are designed so that they fire simultaneous and at the same target. Because the auto-cannon are rigidly fixed to the bike chassis, they can only be fired directly ahead - the target must be the first object within a 1" wide corridor drawn directly in front of the bike. Place a single 1" radius area template over the target - do not roll for deviation as the fixed nature of the auto-cannon means shots cannot deviate.



Burst circle doesn't deviate as autocannon are linked.

1" radius burst circle placed over first target in fire corridor

When firing the auto-cannon you should only roll to hit once; because they are fixed together either both weapons hit or both miss. If the to hit roll is successful, roll for each weapon's damage individually.

However, every time the Warbike fires its weapons there is a tendency for the vehicle to jump about three feet in the air because of the recoil. Most Orks say that this simply adds to the excitement of being a Warbike driver and don't let it worry them too much.

After the bike has fired roll a D6 on the following table:

D6	Result
1-5	The Ork manages to keep control of the vehicle as it leaps into the air. Even though it comes to earth with a bit of a bump, everything's alright.
6	The Warbike twists in the air as it jumps. As it hits the ground it twists through 45°. Roll a second D6: on a result of 1-3 it twists to the left, on a result of 4-6 to the right.

● SHOOTING AT THE WARBIKE

Someone shooting at the Warbike at short range can choose to fire at the driver or the bike. At long range, roll a D6: on a 1-3 the shot hits the driver, on a 4-6 it hits the Warbike. If the driver is killed the Warbike is removed from play.

If the Warbike is hit work out damage in the normal way and adjust the Warbike's Damage value accordingly. Once the Warbike's D characteristic becomes 0 any further hits automatically cause special damage.

Every time the Warbike is damaged roll a D6 and add the damage sustained from that hit. If the result is 7 or more the warbike has suffered special damage. Roll a D6 to find out where. On the location of the damage has been found, roll on the *Warbike Special Damage Charts* to find out exactly what has happened.

D6	Location
1-2	Wheels, Brakes and Steering
3-5	Body and Engine
6	Weapons

Dugrug kicked the engine into life. It turned over with a throaty roar, belching out thick plumes of oily black smoke.

"Vrum. Vrum." Dugrug squeezed the accelerator. The bike lept forward with a lurch, throwing Dugrug backwards. He smiled. The bike felt good under him, the - now what had Shagnag called it - oh, yeah the gubbins; he could feel the gubbins throbbing underneath his seat as its multitude of tiny gears, springs and chains fought for control of the wheels.

Dugrug twisted the handlebars slightly. The track gave an ominous clunk and suddenly shifted to one side. The rear end of the bike swung around, the track bouncing noisily over the rough earth.

"Oo eck," said Dugrug as he started to lose control. Shagnag had mentioned that the track moved, but Dugrug hadn't realised how much. Unperturbed, he struggled with the front wheel as it bucked beneath him. Finally he got it under control. Dugrug grinned, toothlessly.

"Now fer the stunts." He jammed his foot down hard, aiming the bike towards the Squats that were snaking through the valley. The bike sped forward, the engine tone rising to a high pitched whine. Dugrug dipped his head and closed one eye. He lined up the handlebars with the middle of the Squat convoy and slowly squeezed the trigger.

The bike left the ground.

"Aaaargh." Dugrug screamed as the autocannon went off and the ground dropped away, the recoil of the huge shells lifting the bike backwards and upwards. Fortunately, the journey upwards was short: unfortunately, there was the journey back to earth. The bike dropped like a stone and hit the ground with a crunch. The Variatronic Track Transmission System variated and the Warbike sped forward.

Dugrug pumped the trigger again. Expecting the recoil he shifted his weight backwards. The bike lurched slightly, but remained on the ground. The autocannons' huge shells shot forward, whistling as they spun through the air. They hit the Squats with a crump sending six of the tiny figures sprawling, their long beards burning brightly.

"Got 'em! Hur, bur!"

The Squats ran in all directions as Dugrug thundered towards them, autocannon blazing. Even though the guns drowned out his deep howls of laughter, the wide smirk on his face confirmed he was enjoying himself.

"Dead gud, this. Nice and shooty, and very noisy - just wot I like!"

● WARBIKE SPECIAL DAMAGE CHARTS

WHEELS, BRAKES AND STEERING

D6	Result
1	Brakes fail. The Warbike's brake lines burst - hydraulic fluid spurts out all over the place as the brakes fail. The Warbike's deceleration rate is reduced to a maximum of 2" per turn (although the acceleration rate is not affected).
2	Track fractures. Plink... plink... plink... shards of metal fly in all directions as the track disintegrates. All further turn tests are made with a -1 modifier.
3	Skideroo. The Warbike is knocked D6" in a random direction, before coming to a complete standstill facing a random direction. The bike can be started up again in the following turn.
4	Steering. The steering gear bends and buckles, making any attempt at turning extremely foolhardy (and therefore a challenge!). Any further attempts to turn the vehicle must be accompanied by a turn test made as if the bike were travelling at its maximum speed.
5	Pitched over. The Warbike flies into the air and smashes to the ground with a painful crump. The bike is destroyed and its driver must make his basic saving throw or be killed.
6	Ker..splat. The secret of the Orkiomatic Track Transmission System is revealed to all as the main spring bursts from its casing and the bike shatters into a million pieces. The driver is propelled into the air and quickly disappears from sight. Where he lands is never discovered for sure.

WEAPONS

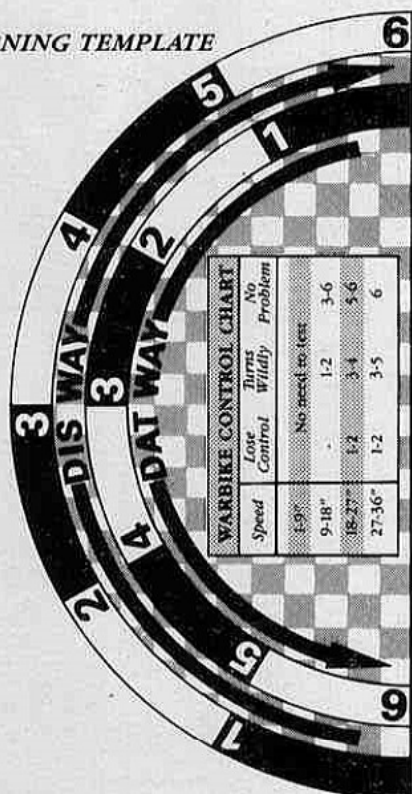
D6	Damage
1-3	Blammo! One auto-cannon is hit and destroyed. Roll a D6: on a 1-3 the left gun is hit, on a 5-6 it's the right gun.
4-5	Thoom! Both auto-cannon are hit and destroyed.
6	Click! The ammo feed jams and the auto-cannon will no longer fire. Roll a D6: on a roll of 1 they can be freed, on a 2-5 try again next turn, on a roll of 6 the weapons explode and the bike and driver are destroyed.

BODY AND ENGINE

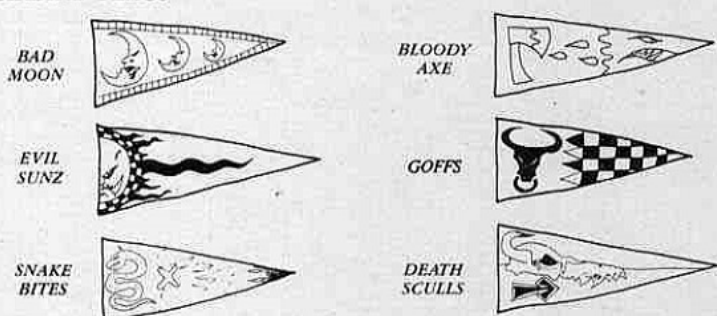
D6	Damage
1	Armoured casing. The enemy fire rattles around the driver's legs causing him a few anxious moments and momentary loss of concentration. The Warbike must travel straight ahead for its next move - it may not turn. The effect only lasts for one move.
2	Engine disabled. Thud! The shot leaves the Warbike's engine spewing black oil and smoke. With a little care and lots of bad language the bike can be nursed along at a maximum speed of 8". Speed is immediately reduced to 8" if the bike is travelling faster.
3	Throttle jams. In its next turn the Warbike automatically accelerates as much as possible and continues to accelerate in each move until it reaches its maximum speed.
4	Engine disabled. Splut... splut... splut! The engine conks out, despite the driver's best attempts to keep it going with threats, curses and well aimed kicks. The Warbike is useless, although the driver can dismount and fight on foot.
5	Transmission shattered. The Orkiomatic track transmission does it again! Fortunately, the thick armoured casing keeps the bike intact and the driver is unharmed. Unfortunately, the track starts to pivot uncontrollably, so that the bike spins round and round really fast. This continues until the Warbike runs out of fuel (after the game is over). Meanwhile, the driver hangs on and tries to keep his lunch down. The bike can do nothing else.
6	Kerboom! The fuel tank is hit and the bike explodes, removing all traces of machine and driver from the planet.

WARBIKE TURNING TEMPLATE

This template should be mounted on card and cut out.



WARBIKE FLAGS



These banners can be photocopied, painted and then cut out and glued to your models

The latest addition to the Studio's miniature painting team, Dale Hurst, reveals some of his stunning work. Of special note are his Terminators, which are a particular favourite of Dale's.



BLOOD BOWL OGRE



MUTANT SKAVEN



RATLING SNIPER



CHAMPION OF TZEENTCH



BLOOD BOWL OGRE



WHITE SCAR TERMINATOR
WITH STORM BOLTER
& CHAINFIST



WHITE SCAR TERMINATOR
ARMED WITH ASSAULT
CANNON & CHAINFIST



CHAMPION OF TZEENTCH
ON FLYING DISC



BLOOD BOWL TREEMAN



RENEGADE MARINE IN
TERMINATOR ARMOUR



GREY KNIGHTS MARINE IN
TERMINATOR ARMOUR



CHAMPION OF TZEENTCH



ORC - BLOOD BOWL CHAINSAW
WIELDER



WHITE SCAR CAPTAIN IN
TERMINATOR ARMOUR



CHAMPION OF TZEENTCH

A mixture of old, new, and converted miniatures from the Studio Staff, including newcomers Paul Benson (Palanquin of Nurgle) and Dale Hurst (Blood Bowl Troll).



MOUNTED KING



BLOOD BOWL TROLL



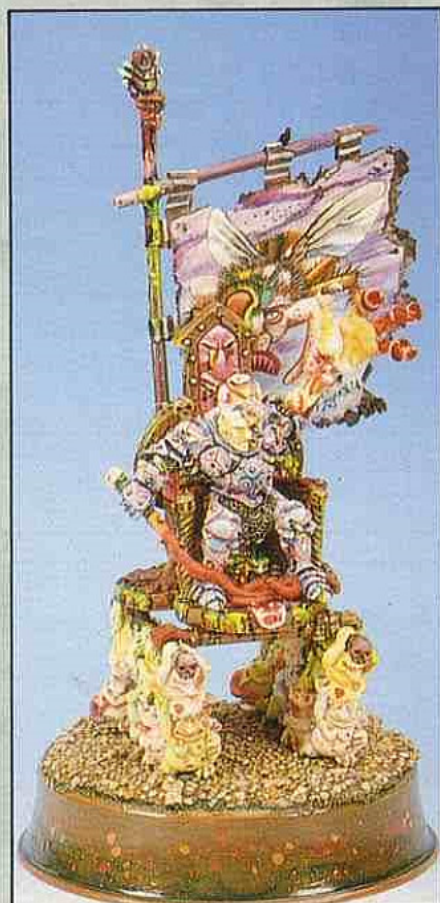
SKAVEN



MOUNTED WIZARD



MOUNTED GENERAL



PALANQUIN OF NURGLE



MOUNTED PLASTIC SKELETON CONVERSION



MOUNTED KNIGHT

VINDICATOR

A NEW RHINO VARIANT FOR WARHAMMER 40,000

By Rick Priestley

Many of the war machines used by the Imperium are derived from a small number of basic designs found in the STC system. The Rhino Armoured Personnel Carrier has proved to be one of the most versatile of these basic designs, with literally thousands of variants in service. The Vindicator is just one of these.

This article is split into two parts. The first section gives you the rules you need to use the Vindicator in your games of *Warhammer 40,000*, while the *Modelling Workshop* column carries details of the simple conversion work required to construct your Vindicator from the basic Rhino kit.

The Vindicator is a further example of the many ways in which the Rhino Armoured Personnel Carrier can be adapted to fulfil a huge variety of battlefield roles. The notion of fitting a large calibre cannon into the Rhino evolved during the very early years of the Horus Heresy, as a result of the fierce inner-city battles on Rothern I, when a method of destroying well-armoured enemy positions in cramped conditions was required. The ad hoc vehicles, which were later to become the Vindicators, were designed to take badly needed heavy weapons amongst the narrow alleyways.

The design proved to be tremendously successful; the prototype Vindicators were instrumental in the decisive clearance of Stahlenburg, and hence the ultimate victory of the Rostern I campaign. The design was quickly copied by Horus' forces, and comparable Vindicators fought on both sides throughout the whole of the Horus Heresy. Since the end of the Heresy, the Vindicator has been refined and now forms a standard part of the Imperial forces equipment.

Most of the modifications made when constructing a Vindicator are internal. The main sections of the bodywork, including the chassis, outer armoured frame and armoured body shell are retained from the Rhino. The front section is reinforced around the gun mantle, both to support the weapon and to protect the Vindicator against frontal attack. But it is inside that the greatest alterations take place. The driver's compartment is moved towards the rear of the vehicle and shifted to one side to avoid the huge Thunderer Cannon that passes into the vehicle's interior. The crew compartment is refitted to take the cannon crewman and the ammunition storage area. The latter is especially vulnerable to enemy fire, and is therefore heavily armoured.

The Thunderer itself is an awesome weapon, fully capable of destroying an enemy position with one shot. Unfortunately, given the large size of the Thunderer's shells - which are almost five feet in length - there is only room for half a dozen in the Vindicator's ammunition storage area. This rather odd situation arose when the Vindicator was first designed. Original versions of the stub-nosed, large calibre cannon were made from the breech and cut-down barrel sections of a macro-cannon, as this was the only available weapon suitable for the role that the Vindicator was expected to fill.

As the size of the vehicle was of paramount importance, the fact that it could only carry a limited number of shells was considered secondary.

The Vindicator has remained in service because this logic still holds true today. In amongst the labyrinthian streets of a hive-world, and other similar environments, the Vindicator is unparalleled. Whereas other vehicles would quickly be outflanked, the Vindicator can simply obliterate obstacles that lie in its path and power over the rubble.

Using Vindicators in Your Army

Vindicators can be added to any Space Marine or Imperial Guard army at a cost of 400 points each (including the crew). Each Vindicator requires one Techmarine or Adeptus Mechanicus custodian and two crew members. The custodian may act as one of the crew members if you wish.

The Vindicator has the following profile. Note that it differs slightly from the standard Rhino due to its heavier armour.

Max Speed	Acc/Dec	TRR	Toughness	Damage	Saving Throw
12	4	1	8	40	2-6

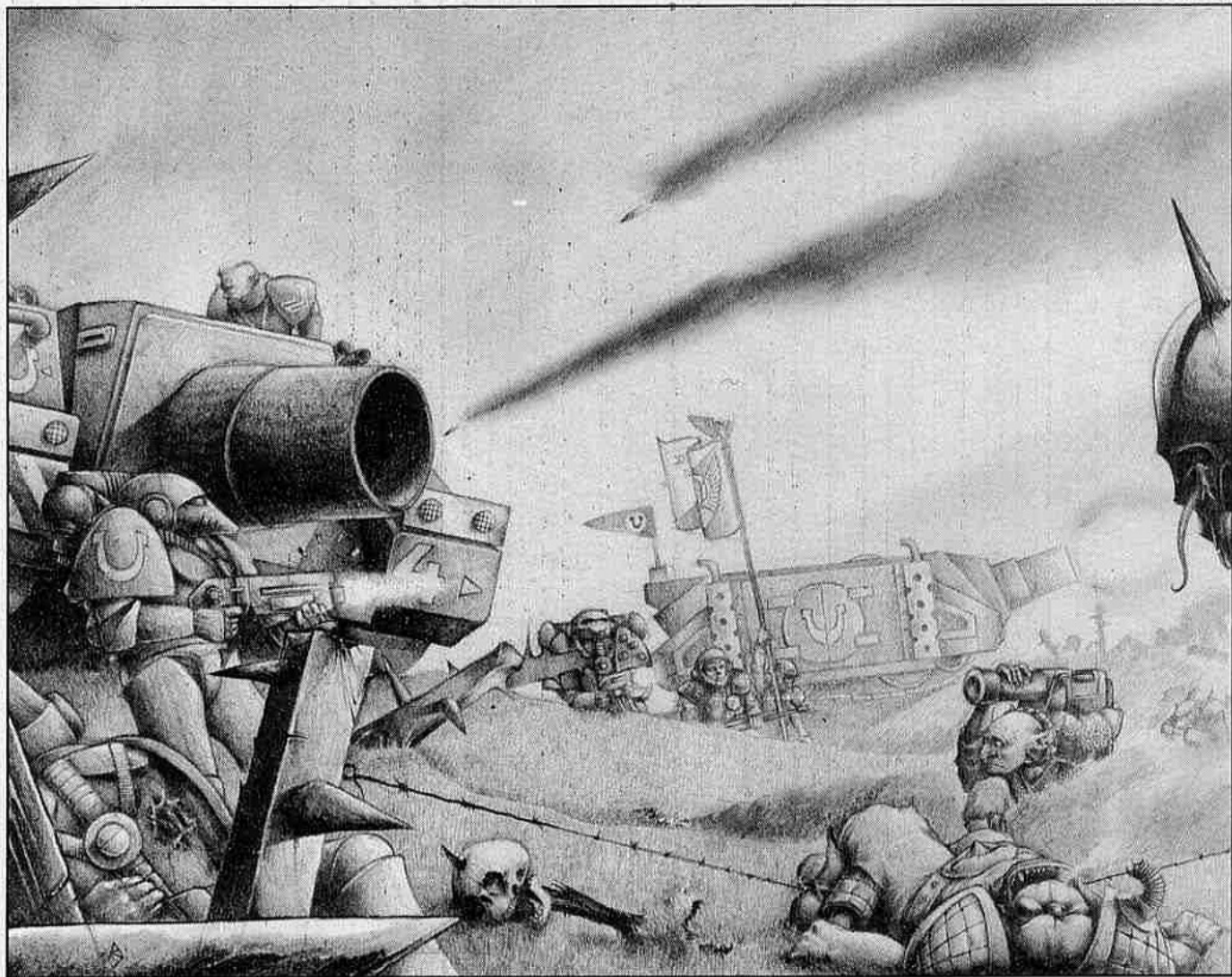
The Vindicator cannot carry any additional troops. It is armed with a Thunderer Cannon.

● THE THUNDERER CANNON

To Hit		Strength	Damage	Save Mod.	Area
Short	Long				
-	0-36	10	3D6	-3	2"

The Thunderer may only be used as a vehicle mounted or emplaced weapon; it is too heavy to be carried or mounted on a normal weapon mount such as a Tarantula or Rapier.

Because of its mounting, when attached to a Vindicator the Thunderer may only fire straight ahead. In addition, because of the limited ammunition carrying capacity of the Vindicator, the Thunderer may only fire six shots.



"Brother Dysan reports a large group of Stormboyz and vehicles rallying in Area Four, sir. The 12th Belerophon may not be enough to hold them."

"They mustn't be allowed to escape, Gavan. Brother Dysan must hold at whatever cost. Consider the 12th Belerophon to be expendable; use them to push the Orkish scum east and lay down heavy flanking fire so they head south."

Inform Brother-Lieutenant Jarvis of the situation. He must make sure the Vindicators are ready to follow the Orks; and that if we do pull Jarvis away before that Gargant blows, that First Company's Terminators are deployed to clear it out. Understood?"

"At your command."

"FIRE!" Jarvis gasped as the pressure inside the vehicle momentarily increased tenfold. He felt the Thunderer Cannon's roar rather than heard it, but the immediate effect on the already damaged Gargant was adequate compensation for the discomfort. A huge gout of flame erupted from the Gargant's torso. Debris and bodies began to fall through the gaping holes that suddenly appeared as a series of bright explosions spread across its surface.

A volley of shells from one of the Gargant's turret guns blasted a trench across the battlefield, cutting through two Vindicators as if they were paper. "Reverse! Get out of its line," yelled Jarvis as the turrets swung down to face his unit. "Dolland, the Belly-Gun; Keppler, those turrets. FIRE!" There was a deafening roar, and the Vindicator was filled with a blinding light.

"We've been hit!" Jarvis's shocked voice cut through the sudden silence. Then the realisation hit him.

"That wasn't us being hit - the Gargant's blown! Reverse - full power!" he screamed to his driver.

As the Vindicator began to move backwards, Jarvis saw the Gargant start to topple. The explosion had destroyed both it and everyone aboard; there was nothing left but a burning hulk. Unless they could get out of its way, it would crush them like ants as it fell.

"MOVE! MOVE!" Jarvis couldn't tell whether anyone could hear him over the tortured protests of the Vindicator's engine. He watched the Gargant fall as if in slow motion, burning fiercely. Three Vindicators were crushed beneath it as it hit the ground with a crash, crumpling against the dry soil. But by the Emperor's good grace, Jarvis had survived.

The driver turned to face him. "Orders from Captain Kelan, Lieutenant. We're to break off here and engage a large force of Ork infantry".



ORC BOAR

RIDERS

MM22 MM24

MM22/1



MM22/2



MM22/3



MM22/4



MM22/5



Orc General on
armoured Boar



MM22/6



Detail of Orc General's
back banner

MM24/1



MM24/2



MM24/3



3.50
PER PCK

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MODELLING WORKSHOP

VINDICATOR

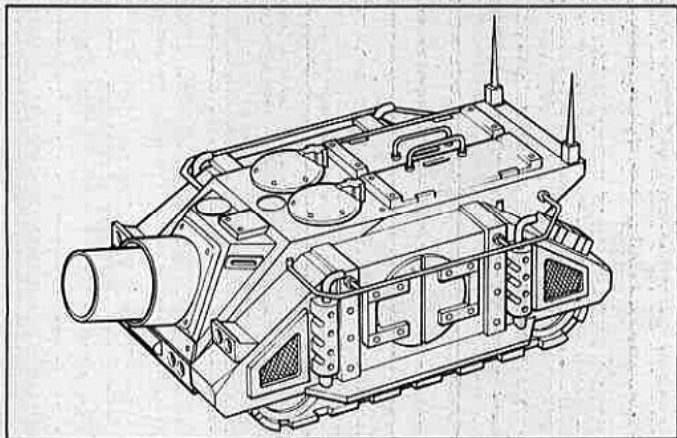
BY TONY COTTRELL

Continuing last month's theme we also use the Rhino kit as a basis for this month's model the Vindicator. The Vindicator is slightly more difficult to construct than the Whirlwind but as long as you follow the instructions you should have no trouble.

There are also instructions to make the shells fired by the Vindicator's Thunderer cannon. This should hopefully be helpful to modellers who want to put their vehicle in a diorama setting or wish to show the interior detail through open hatches.

You will need the following tools to make the model; a sharp knife, a small hacksaw, some fine sandpaper suitable for metal and plastic, a pin vice and drill bit and a steel ruler. All these can be bought from model or DIY shops. These are all useful modelling tools so if you have to buy some of them it will be money well spent. You will also need some polystyrene cement, superglue, two-part epoxy glue, milliput and plastic model filler.

In these instructions the numbers preceded by a 'V' refer to new parts made specifically for this model. Parts preceded by 'VS' are for the Thunderer shell. The other numbers match those given on the Rhino instruction leaflet.



● MAKING THE NEW PARTS

Parts V1 & V2 should be made from tubing. The gun barrel on my model was made from brass tubing and the gun barrel sleeve from part of a metal cigar tube. These parts could just as easily be made from plastic tubing, suitable plastic container tops etc.

Part V3 is made from thick plastic card of 0.06" thickness. After cutting out the basic shape the front edges were rounded using fine sandpaper. The sunken rivet holes were then added using a thin drill bit clamped in a pin vice. Don't drill all the way through, about 1/2 mm is fine.

Parts V4, V8, V9 & V10 should be made from thinner plastic card of 0.03" thickness or from cardboard. Sunken rivet holes are then added, as above, where appropriate.

To make the window parts (V6) carefully slice the windows from the front hatches (6) of the Rhino kit. This is quite tricky, so you should cut slowly with sharp knife. The windows will tend to bend when cut off, so you will have to carefully bend them flat before you apply them to your Vindicator.

Part V7 is just an ordinary drawing pin.

For my model the shell casing (VS1) was made from brass tubing, but plastic tubing would again be equally suitable. The Warhead (VS2) can be shaped from milliput. When dry this should be sanded smooth. It is best made on the casing so you have something to hold. The shell back (V3) is a round 13mm Citadel shield. The inside of the hole should be covered with a small piece of plastic card.

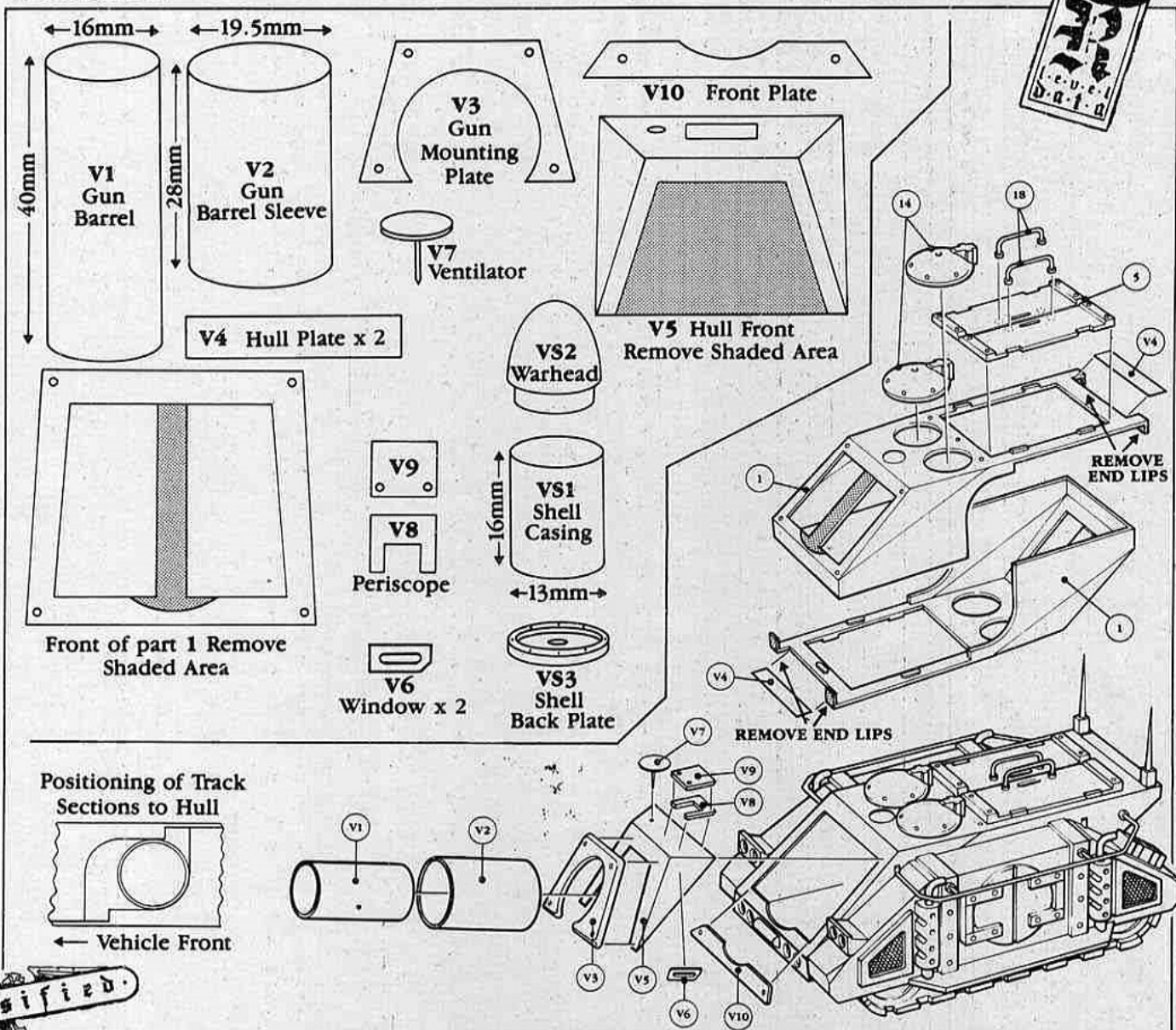
The new plastic and metal parts should have their edges smoothed using a fine sandpaper. Plastic parts can be stuck to other plastic parts using polystyrene cement. Other gluing should be done with either superglue or two part epoxy glue. Any gaps that occur during assembly can be filled with model filler and smoothed with sand paper.

● CONSTRUCTION

Hull & track assembly

1. Remove the middle bar from the upper main body half (1) and cut out a small area as shown.
2. Remove the end lips on each of the two main body halves (1). Glue the two halves together as indicated in the diagram to lengthen the body slightly.
3. Assemble the rest of the hull and track parts as normal, but omitting front hatches (6), Dozer blade (10), and bolters (13). Glue circular hatches (14) on backwards and spare tail light (9) to the front of the hull. The circular hatches should have the small holes in their tops filled with plastic model filler.
4. Glue the track section into the rear half of the larger hole in the hull so the front of the vehicle protrudes further than normal.
5. Glue hull plates (V4) into the gaps left on the hull.

VINDICATOR



Gun assembly

1. Wedge a lump of milliput into the base of the gun barrel sleeve (V2). While the milliput is still wet push the gun barrel (V3) through the gun barrel sleeve into the milliput so it is held in the centre of the sleeve with 19mm protruding. Leave this to dry until the milliput has set.
2. Glue gun mounting plate (V3) onto the hull front (V5).
3. Push gun assembly through hull front assembly so the total protruding length is 33mm at the top of the barrel and glue in place with epoxy glue.
4. Glue the gun and hull front assembly to the vehicle.
5. Glue V8 to V9 to make periscope.
6. Glue periscope and ventilator V7 to the hull front. The ventilator (drawing pin) should fit through the hole drilled.
7. Glue the front plate (V10) and windows (V6) to the vehicle front.

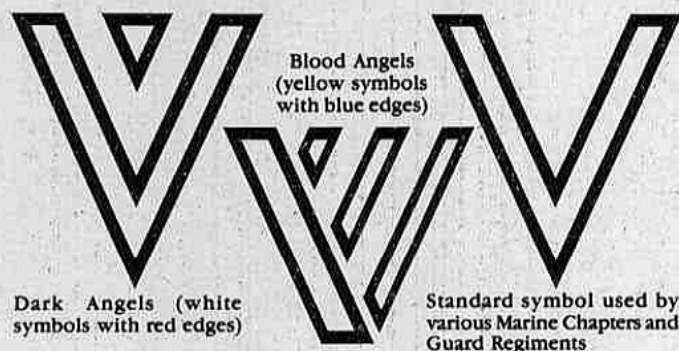
Shell assembly

1. Glue the warhead (VS2) to the casing (VS1) and back plate (VS3) to this with rivet detail showing.

Note: Used shell casings can be made by simply leaving off the warhead.

● PAINTING THE VINDICATOR

Vindicators are painted in the same colour scheme as other vehicles of a Marine Chapter or Imperial Guard regiment. Vehicles frequently carry an identification symbol on the roof hatch. Although this varies between the various Chapters and Regiments, it is usually based around a 'V' shape, and a few examples are shown below. You can either paint the symbol directly onto your model, or stencil it on as described in the Whirlwind article. Alternatively, you may prefer to photocopy the examples we've provided, colour them, cut them out, and stick them on your model.





▲ **VINDICATOR** by Tony Cottrell

The finished Vindicator model, with the enormous Thunderer shells, in the colours of the Traitor Space Marine Chapter, the Emperor's Children, to represent a vehicle used at the time of the invasion of Terra. Early in the Horus Heresy all the Chapter's vehicles were painted in a distinctive purple colour scheme. However, during the later stages of the conflict, many vehicles were fielded in this basic dark grey scheme with purple flashes.



▲ **RHINO CONVERSION** by Tim Prow

In a similar vein to the Whirlwind conversion this model has had a smaller missile launcher added to the rear and a small turret added to the front. This is a good example of how the addition of a few well chosen spare kit or toy parts can give you a new type of vehicle.

▶ **PREDATOR CONVERSION** by Tony Cottrell

This command tank was made by replacing the guns with ones off SF toys and adding extra detail with parts from the spares box. The turret was mounted further back to balance the effect of a larger main gun. The aerial was made from a plastic sprue heated over a candle and then stretched to produce a thin 'wire'.

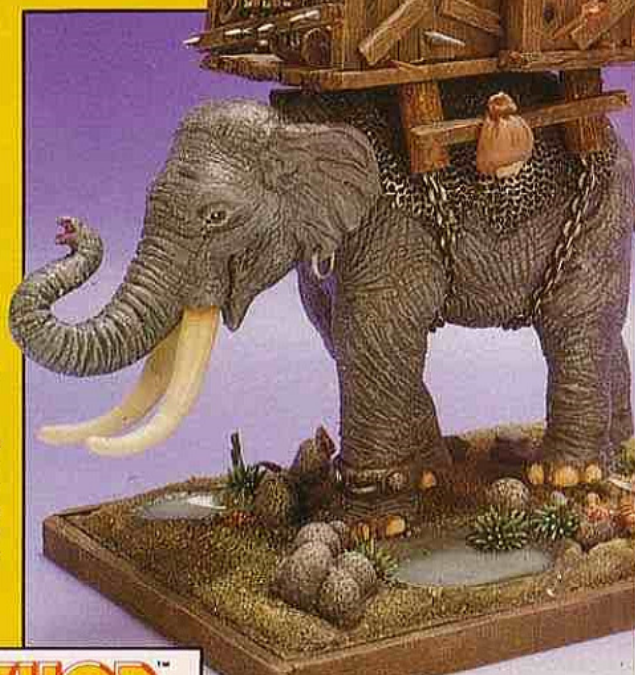


FANTASY MINIATURES



Fantasy Miniatures is the book of the 1989 Golden Demon Awards. It is packed with full-colour photographs of the world's best painted miniatures, including the finest work of the Games Workshop staff painters and all the Golden Demon award-winning models.

Fantasy Miniatures also contains the Citadel Painting Guide, the definitive guide to miniature painting and modelling, taking you from basic preparation to advanced techniques such as blending and conversions.



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BLOOD BOWL™

MAGIC

by Jervis Johnson

From all over the Old World, the fans flock down to the Blood Bowl stadiums to watch their favourite game of skill, finesse and mindless violence. And Wizards are no exception. In fact, many are so keen that they like to get more involved with the Astrogranite action and offer their talents as spellcasters for the grateful Coaches.

At the beginning of a Blood Bowl match, tens of thousands of blood-thirsty fans stream into the stadium. The arrival of one particular fan is awaited with special interest by team Coach and players alike. Ticket-sellers are frequently shaken by the windpipe and asked if this individual has been sighted (they sometimes even survive if they answer in the affirmative). The object of this extreme anticipation and anxiety is the first spellcaster to be present at the game. For by tradition, he alone may supply his side with spells.

Upon his entry to the arena, the Wizard will find himself subject to the most intense adoration. After being good-

naturedly mobbed, he is carried shoulder high and then eventually deposited in his team Dug-Out. The players crowd around impatiently to find out what arcane necromantics the Wizard has brought to aid them, and they are seldom disappointed.

The Wizard sits down and clears his mind. He will have previously selected a handful of useful spells and converted them into easy-to-use parcels of magical energy activated by a single command word. He then calls the first spell to the forefront of his mind and projects it into the brain of one of the players in a crimson flash of sorcerous power.

Although most players are sensible enough to accept just one spell then eat their pre-match orange, some insist on bullying the Wizard into cramming more arcane energy into their minds. This is not always such a good idea. Morg'th N'hthrog of the Chaos All-Stars once demanded that all six of a Wizard's spells be loaded into his thick skull. After the spells eventually permeated the several inches of bone that make up The Ballista's cranium, he began to exhibit extremely bizarre behaviour. His skin bristling with magical potency, he began eating the astrogranite from the pitch like icing off a cake. When four of his team-mates made the mistake of trying to restrain him, he started juggling with them. Finally, he collapsed in a multi-coloured explosion and upon waking related a strange dream he'd had about entering a pie-eating and Halfling juggling competition.

In the days before the Colleges of Magic decided that only the first Wizard to arrive could hand out spells, games were awash with magic. A 2472 Elfheim Eagles - Bright Crusaders game resulted in the entire stadium sinking in a morass when a record 93 Quagmire spells were cast. Fortunately, the Wizards' attitude to the use of magic in Blood Bowl has gradually shifted to a more enlightened one. They now prefer to give their teams a sudden advantage at a strategic moment, rather than allowing magic to dominate the game entirely. The Wizards gradually realized that they, like the rest of the fans, turn up to see football rather than spell-casting.



GETTING SPELLS

Wizards are fiercely fanatical in their support of Blood Bowl and so at least one will always turn up for any given match - so a Coach will always have spells at his disposal.

To find out how many spells his supporting Wizard brings along each Coach should roll a D6.

Spells Available Table	
D6	Number of Spells
1-2	4
3-4	5
5-6	6

Then roll 2D6 on the *Spell Table* for each available spell to determine which spells the Wizard has prepared.

Spell Table	
2D6	Spell Name
2	Bomb Blast
3	Fearmonger
4	Quagmire
5	Grabbit
6	Unseen Shield
7	Speed Burst
8	Muscle Boost
9	Cloud Jump
10	Mind Blow
11	Flying Fist
12	Special - roll once on the <i>Special Spell Table</i> below, or roll twice more on this table disregarding rolls of 12 and rolling again.

Special Spell Table	
D6	Spell Name
1	Deathbringer
2	Elemental Breeze
3	Gravel Storm
4	Lightning Strike
5	Meltdown
6	Old Faithful

The coach may allocate the spells to any of his players, noting the information down on a scrap of paper.

A player can usually only carry one spell, since an untutored brain can only safely contain so much magical energy! However, if you want to risk placing extra spells in a player's head, try to roll a 4 or more on a D6. Success means he gets the extra spell (and can try for more if he wants to). Failure means his poor brain is spectacularly overloaded - the stored magical energy is released in a sudden torrential burst and streams of brightly-coloured magical power pour out of the player's eyes, ears, nose and mouth, quickly dispersing with an electric crackle. All that player's spells are lost and the player is placed in the KO'd box of the Dug-Out.

CASTING SPELLS

Each spell a player has may only be cast once per game. Cross it out once it has been used.

In the spell descriptions, you will be told when each spell can be cast. A casting player can only perform other actions if they are enhanced by the spell effect. Unless otherwise stated in the spell description, the spell takes effect at the start of the team turn and lasts for a single turn.

Any player who is KO'd during the game loses any spells he has.

Before the game starts, each Coach may demand to know *either* how many spells each player on the opposing team is carrying *or* which spells were rolled on the *Spell Table*.

Ranged Spells

Some spells are described as *ranged*. These are thrown just like the football - work out the range to the target in squares and roll 2D6, subtracting -1 for each opposing player who has a tackle zone on the caster's square, and look up the result on the *Throwing Table*. Do not add the caster's TS score.

Spells can never be intercepted - treat the result as *Missed* instead. A missed spell will scatter once at Quick or Short range, twice at Long range, and three times at Long Bomb range.

A roll of 2 or less means that the caster has fumbled the spell; the spell will not scatter - it just goes off in the caster's square.

The spell will affect anyone in the square it ends up in - even players on the caster's team, should they be unfortunate enough to get in the way!

Attack Spells

Some spells are described as *attack spells* and have a ST listed in the spell description. Any player in the square that the spell ends up in is assumed to have been hit by the spell. The player is knocked over and must make an roll to see if he is injured by the spell, subtracting the spell's ST from his AV. If the armour roll is failed, the player must roll on the *Injury Table* as usual, adding the spell's ST to the dice roll.

Example

The Coach of the Creeveland Crescents rolls to see how many spells his team has for the forthcoming Halfling Thimble (like a Bowl, only smaller). He rolls a 3 and gets 5 spells.

Next, he rolls to see which ones he has. The 2D6 rolls are: 11, 5, 5, 9 and 4 - a Flying Fist, 2 Grabbits, a Cloud Jump and a Quagmire. He decides not to risk placing more than one of these in any one Halfling-sized brain. He has seen plenty of players get KO'd in the course of a game without starting off brain-burning one. The spells go to 5 different players.

The Cloud Jump will give one of his players the chance to make a Heroic Leap into the end zone; the Grabbits will overcome his team's normal difficulties with interceptions; he notes that the Quagmire is ranged, and that the Flying Fist is ranged and has an attack rating of ST 2.



SPELL DESCRIPTIONS

Bomb Blast

Ranged, Attack ST 1 and 0

Cast after the player has moved instead of making a block.

A small ball of energy flies from the caster's hand to explode on the target square. The appearance of the explosion depends on the caster: Elves produce scintillating bursts of fabulous rainbow light, Humans produce impressive blasts of fire, Orcs throw smelly balls of what they assure us is mud.

Any player in the target square receives a block as if from a ST 1 opponent (obviously, only results affecting the target are applied), while players in adjacent squares receive one block at ST 0 each.

Cloud Jump

Cast during the player's turn.

This spell allows the caster to partially negate the law of gravity by sheer will-power. As he casts the spell a writhing golden mist encircles his legs and his step becomes light and airy. He behaves as if he had the skills of Leap (level 3) and Heroic Leap for the turn.

Fearmonger

Cast at the start of the opponent's turn.

The caster's features twist and distort as his body takes on hideous proportions. Evil fangs spring from his gums. Bones creak, teeth rattle, and a huge pair of antlers grow swiftly from his forehead. A blood-curdling scream emanates from his throat, while all around him his opponents cower and cringe, too terrified to enter his tackle zone that turn.

Flying Fist

Ranged, Attack ST 2

Cast after the player has moved instead of making a block.

As the caster intones the evocation he lashes out with a mighty right hook. A disembodied fist pulsing with arcane energy flashes through the air leaving a trail of multi-coloured sparks of raw magic in its path. With a final turn of speed, the Flying Fist cracks its target painfully on the chin, delivering a ST 2 hit.

Grabbit

Cast just after the opponent has thrown the ball, before the dice are rolled on the *Throwing Table*.

As the ball arcs over the pitch the player reaches out as if to catch it and speaks the memorised incantation. If he is eligible to intercept the ball, a pair of huge ghostly hands reach down from the sky and guide it firmly into his grasp (much to the consternation of the opposition). Then, with a frightful clap of thunder, the hands shrink away to nothing and disappear.

Mind Blow

Ranged

Cast after the player has moved instead of making a block.

This spell blasts the brain of the target player with the formidable mind-power of the team's supporting sorcerer. A stream of pure magical energy leaps from the caster's hand and strikes his target squarely between the eyes. The target's eyes glaze over and he collapses in a heap, his poor grey-matter completely over-loaded.

Never mind that some Blood Bowl players would be improved by a severe blow to the cortex, the unfortunate target is placed in the KO'd box of his team's Dug-Out, a constellation of blue and green stars swirling about his forehead.

Muscle Boost

Cast just before the ball is thrown or kicked.

The caster's uniform rips as the muscles on his arms and legs instantaneously swell to heroic proportions, bulging to twice their normal size. With a mighty shout he beats his chest and flexes rippling biceps - even the largest players on the pitch stare with envy at his new-found strength. The caster's increased musculature allows him the skills of Long Kick and Long Throw for the turn.



Interestingly, Dieter Hammerlash of the Mongrel Horde is one of the few players to have cast a spell without anyone noticing. Playing against the Albion Wanderers in 2475 he successfully cast a Frightmonger spell which would have given him the appearance of an enormous vile monster and generally caused his opponents to go weak at the knees... had he not, of course, already been an enormous vile monster eliciting that very same response.

Quagmire

Ranged

Cast after the player has moved instead of making a block.

As the caster releases the spell, a ray of green-brown light slowly arcs across the arena to land between the target's boots. The ground at the target's feet suddenly softens and he finds himself wallowing in a mudhole. The target becomes unavoidably bogged down, and must languish in the fetid ooze for the whole of his next turn. He does not have a tackle zone and may not block or tackle.

Speed Burst

Cast just before the player moves.

The caster suddenly gains panther-like grace and power. With a spring and a bound he accelerates off down the pitch accompanied by a sound like the roar of wild beasts and wind rushing through trees as he disappears behind a cloud of dust. Roll a D6 and add the number rolled to the caster's MA for that turn.

Unseen Shield

Ranged

Cast just after the opponent has thrown the ball, before the dice are rolled on the *Throwing Table*.

The caster nominates a square the ball travels through on its way to the target and rolls to see if he hits the right square, subtracting -1 from the dice roll for trying to hit a moving target. If the spell hits the right square, or is

scattered to another square the ball would pass through, the spell takes effect (the flight path of a ball is quite narrow, never wider than two adjacent squares). All that can be seen of the Shield is a slight shimmering in the air, but the resounding clang that echoes across the arena as the ball makes contact is unmistakable.

A successful Unseen Shield knocks the ball out of the air to land a D6 squares away from the point where it was hit. The ball must be placed in a square as far away as possible from the casting player without going out of bounds. If there is a player in the square where the ball ends up, he catches it.

SPECIAL SPELL DESCRIPTIONS

Deathbringer

Cast at any time.

The sky darkens and a grotesque figure clad in a black cloak and wielding a scythe appears; he is the spirit of Death. He points his bony finger at a randomly-chosen opposition player and then drains the life from his body. Everything goes quiet as the players and crowd are reminded of their own mortality. Pretty quickly, however, they remember that killing's what they're here for anyway, and the game starts up again, more violently than before in memory of their departed player. Substitutions may be made as usual.





Elemental Breeze

Cast after the opponent has thrown the ball, before the dice are rolled on the *Throwing Table*.

In the form of a great eagle, an air elemental swoops down and plucks the ball out of the air. As it soars away, the eagle releases the ball and it is caught by a gentle breeze which wafts the ball directly into the caster's waiting hands.

Gravel Storm

Attack ST 0

Cast at the start of the player's turn.

The ground begins to shake and shudder as a terrible rumbling is heard from deep beneath the earth. The stones on the playing field rise up as if caught in a momentary whirlwind, then fly off rapidly to pelt the opposition, giving each of them a block as if from a ST 0 player. Players cannot be knocked over by this attack; they will either be injured in some way or come through unaffected.

Lightning Strike

Ranged Attack ST 3

Cast after the player has moved instead of making a block.

Everyone's hair stands on end; the air dries and stretches taut and a feeling of tension grips players and fans alike. Suddenly the awesome energy is released and a bolt of lightning zig-zags down from the sky and smacks into the target delivering a high voltage shock. The target is assumed to automatically fail his armour roll (ie he just rolls on the *Injury Table*, adding +3 to the dice roll).

Meltdown

Attack ST 4

Cast after the player has moved instead of making a block.

Smoke begins to seep from the cracks in the caster's armour and the air around him shimmers in the heat. Tongues of fire lick along his fingers and sparks fly from his eyes. A look of distinct unease passes across the caster's face as his helmet begins to melt. Then with a mighty *whoomf!* he explodes in a ball of searing violet flames.

Any player in an adjacent square is caught in the blast, and takes a hit as if tackled by a ST 4 player. The caster is assumed to automatically fail his armour roll (ie he just rolls on the *Injury Table*, adding +4 to the dice roll), but all others go through a standard tackle resolution.

Because of the suicidal nature of the spell, the caster must roll a 4 or more on a D6 to use it. A failure means he is too scared, and refuses to cast the spell (although he may try again in a later turn).

Old Faithful

Cast at the start of the opponent's turn.

A geyser erupts from the centre of the pitch, leaping high into the air in a foaming plume. An eerie sound of crying gulls is heard through the deafening roar. Small fish and crustaceans rain down upon the rapidly-forming lake. The soaring column of water subsides only when it has completely flooded the playing area. The opposition's MA is cut in half (round fractions down). They may not sprint, and the ball may not be thrown or kicked. At the end of their turn the water magically drains away.

ILLUMINATIONS

ADRIAN SMITH



AGE: 19
ZODIAC: Gemini
FILM: Excalibur
MUSIC: Psychedelic Thrash, Butthole Surfers
BOOKS: Gormenghast series
ARTIST: Hieronymous Bosch
AMBITION: To develop into a better artist

Adrian is the latest addition to Games Workshop's artistic community. He first contacted me around Christmas last year, and by summer had become a full-time member of staff. His success is obvious when you look at the work shown here.

I will eagerly be watching Adrian's development; I'm sure you will too.



Daemon Prince of Tzeentch



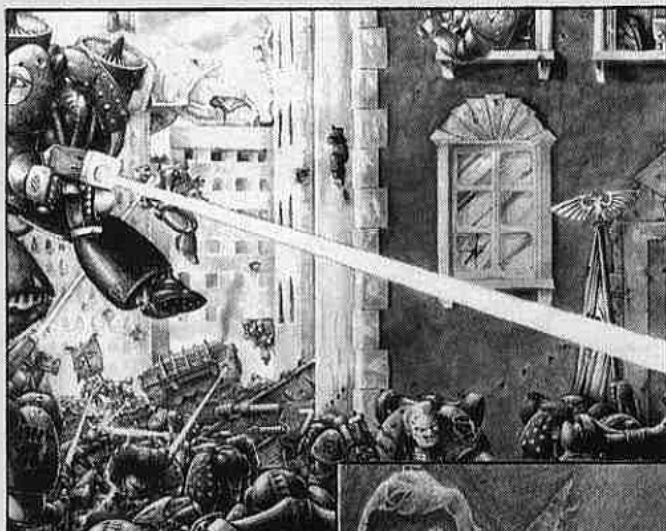
A Bosch-Like Nurgle Banquet



Decayed and Diseased Champions of Nurgle

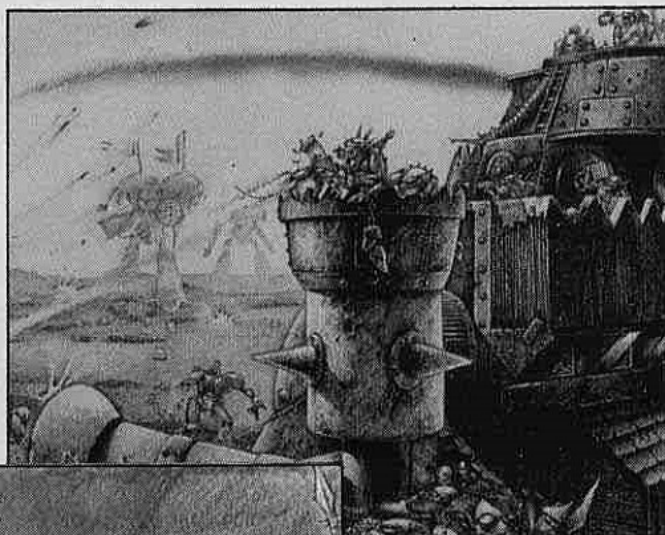


The Power and Might of Warriors of Tzeentch



▲ Battle Brother Fights Battle Brother During the Horus Wars

March of Chaotic Priesthood



▲ Confrontation between Gargant and Imperial Titans



▲ Sorcerer of Nurgle

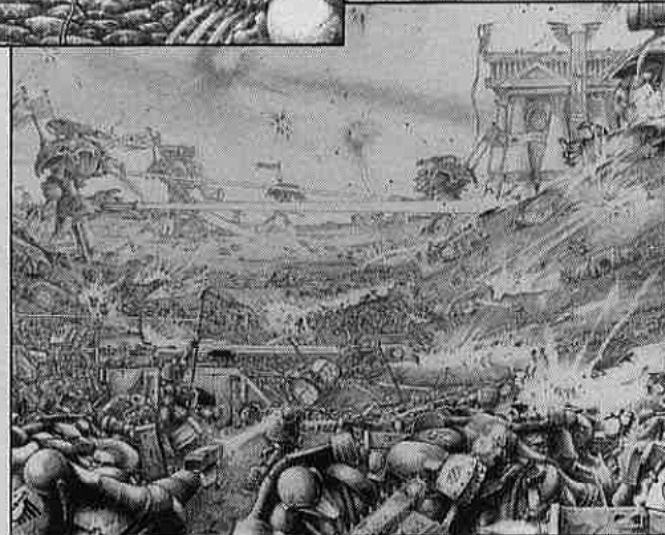


▼ Mighty Titans Clash



▲ Nurgle Beastmaster

▼ The Land Ravaged by War During the Heretic Rebellions



ADVANCED HEROQUEST

HEROIC ROLEPLAY IN A WORLD OF MAGIC AND MAYHEM

A complete adventure game for 1 - 5 players



**A vast world of mystery and adventure; a world of heroism
and untold riches.
The world of Advanced Heroquest...**



Heinrich tentatively pulled aside the gnarled creepers to reveal the ragged maw of the entrance. He prodded a burning torch into the gloom; the flickering light cast dark shadows around the passageway as it weaved away out of his sight. He turned to the others. They returned the armoured warrior's gaze and nodded; this was it. A whispering breeze wafted the fetid stench of death and decay toward them. Torallion ignored it and scanned the rockface for signs of what lay within; his keen Elven eyesight soon picked out a mark scratched onto the stonework by the rusted portcullis. He glanced at the wizard. Like Torallion, Magnus understood the dangers that lay ahead: the tunnels before them were the domain of the vicious, scheming Skaven. Many Heroes had entered this dungeon and not returned - the scattered bones and gnawed skeletons around the entrance told the story of their fate. Very carefully, the Heroes entered.



Beneath the surface of the Old World, thousands of creatures gather in worship to their dark gods. In vast subterranean labyrinths they mass their forces, planning for the moment when they can pour forth to claim what is rightfully theirs - total control of the world.

Many are unaware of this hidden terror, quietly carrying on their lives. But there are a few who are aware of the threat that lurks beneath the earth. Some go armed with sword and shield, testing cold steel against the creatures of the deep. Others are gifted in the magical arts, and can summon all manner of arcane energies and enchantments to fight the enemy. Whatever their weapon - sword or magic - they make their living seeking danger, excitement and rich rewards, and enter the underground domains to find the source of the evil and destroy it.



The dungeon floor dipped before them as the passageway slipped underwater. They waded in eagerly, keen to wash the Skaven blood off their clothes and numb their painful bruises in the chill water. The room's stillness was broken by a stern warning from Sven. The Dwarf shouted for help as a dozen Skeletons burst through the surface of the dark water around them. Sven swung his warhammer in a deadly arc and shattered the spine of one Skeleton with a crunch.

Magnus rummaged through his pouch, pulling out a pointed tooth. He flung it and a handful of dust towards the skeletons. As the tooth tumbled through the air it drew in the dust and began to glow. Suddenly it was engulfed in an expanding sphere of spitting white fire that consumed the Skeletons. Their bones cracked and charred in the intense heat as the stagnant water boiled around them. Then, as suddenly as they appeared, the undead fell back into the depths. The flames and smoke dissipated rapidly as the burnt bodies slipped into the water. The Heroes gathered their wits and pressed on.





Though they know that evil plans are being formulated by those that lie below ground, the Heroes enter the caverns unsure of what they will find. It could be any number of foul creatures, for man has many foes.

Among the cleverest are the Skaven, Humanoid rats, warped by Chaos, they gnaw at the fabric of civilization; they are vermin that spread the foul disease of murder wherever they are given the opportunity. Their domain

increases at a terrifying rate, their numbers exploding as they spread like an unchecked cancer.

Battling constantly, the Skaven warrior clans are fearsome fighters. They appear from nowhere, strike down their enemies, and vanish into the shadows. They show no mercy and no remorse.

Sustained by warpstone, the Grey Seers of the Skaven work their dark magics in isolated caverns far below the surface. Summoning other dark creatures to their banners, they scheme and plot in secret covens to take over the world.



As they turned into the corridor the sewer-stench of the Skaven became almost unbearable. Sven was the first to see them, a great horde of screeching, squealing humanoid rats that leapt from the shadows, crazed with blood-lust and impatient to feed their cruel-edged weapons. They advanced as a group, their rune-encrusted shields held before them. The Dwarf leapt forward and cut a wake of carnage through their number, Heinrich and Torallion close at his side. Their weapons cut through matted fur to tear into the flesh and sinew beneath, splashing the masonry with Skaven blood. Torallion gracefully darted between the fallen bodies and confronted the Skaven Clanlord. He parried the Clanlord's blow, and ducked beneath his outstretched arm. Flinging his arms around the Skaven's torso, Torallion jabbed his back with a dagger. The Skaven convulsed, throwing the Elf to the ground. Towering above him, the Clanlord lunged for the kill, and fell onto Torallion's sword as he jabbed it skywards. The Skaven's scarlet eyes glazed over as he came crashing down.





Advanced Heroquest is a complete game, and contains everything you need to enter the underground domains of the Old World in search of adventure. Roleplaying a band of heroic characters, you descend into the gloomy depths in search of treasure, with only your wits, swords and spells to protect you from the fearsome monsters that wait around every corner.

To represent your characters and their opponents, the game is packed with 36 finely-detailed plastic Citadel Miniatures: 4 Heroes, 12 Henchmen, and 20 Skaven. The game features a full-colour, interlocking board that forms the tortuous passageways of the dungeon, and comes complete with all the counters, mapping paper and character sheets you need.

Advanced Heroquest revolves around a full campaign system, with each game as a single episode in the Heroes' adventuring careers. Each successful foray beneath the earth can improve their abilities. They can buy better equipment with the treasure they find, or hire henchmen to make the party stronger. Advanced Heroquest also includes full rules for solo play.

Advanced Heroquest will be fully supported in White Dwarf, and future releases will add new scenarios and more detail to the system and its background. The game is a gateway to a world of adventure and excitement, rich with unimaginable treasures for those with the courage to find them.



Heroic Warrior



Wood Elf Adventurer



Wizard of the College of Bright Magic



Imperial Dwarf Adventurer



The four adventurer models shown here are painted versions of the ones in the game. Of course, you can use any other suitable character model from your Citadel collection, which gives you a vast range of adventurer types to choose from.

Heinrich was the first into the room. The others were nearing the limit of their stamina, and only Heinrich's iron will - the product of years of experience as a warrior - stopped him from succumbing to the pain of his many wounds. He moved cautiously, balanced on the balls of his feet, and peered through the dimly-lit gallery. As if from nowhere, a red-armoured Warrior wielding two ugly-looking blades suddenly towered above him. Then Torallion was at his side, closely followed by their Henchmen. Against such odds, even a Warrior of Khorne stood little chance, he despatched two of the Henchmen, stumbled and fell. In that instant the survivors were upon him, pinning him to the mossy floor. He struggled and kicked with inhuman strength, but Heinrich and Torallion would not be thrown off; blood seeped through his armour and ran in scarlet rivulets along the flagstones. With a final spasm, the great Warrior expired. Sven ran forward to search the chest the Chaos Warrior had been guarding; within seconds he'd found what they were after. The Dwarf turned to show the others: he held a fragment of the Amulet of Solkan towards them. Sven looked up. Just three more to find..."





Having been designed with the vast range of Citadel Miniatures in mind, *Advanced Heroquest* is certain to be one of the best supported fantasy games ever published. The game's special encounter matrix system means you can easily incorporate any or all of your existing collection. And, of course, the sheer wealth of background detail that has gone into the creation of Citadel Miniatures's fantasy range adds an unparalleled level of atmosphere and richness of character. From Snotlings to Dragons, from our current ranges to all the miniatures yet to be released. Whatever Citadel Miniatures you have available, they are all compatible with *Advanced Heroquest*.



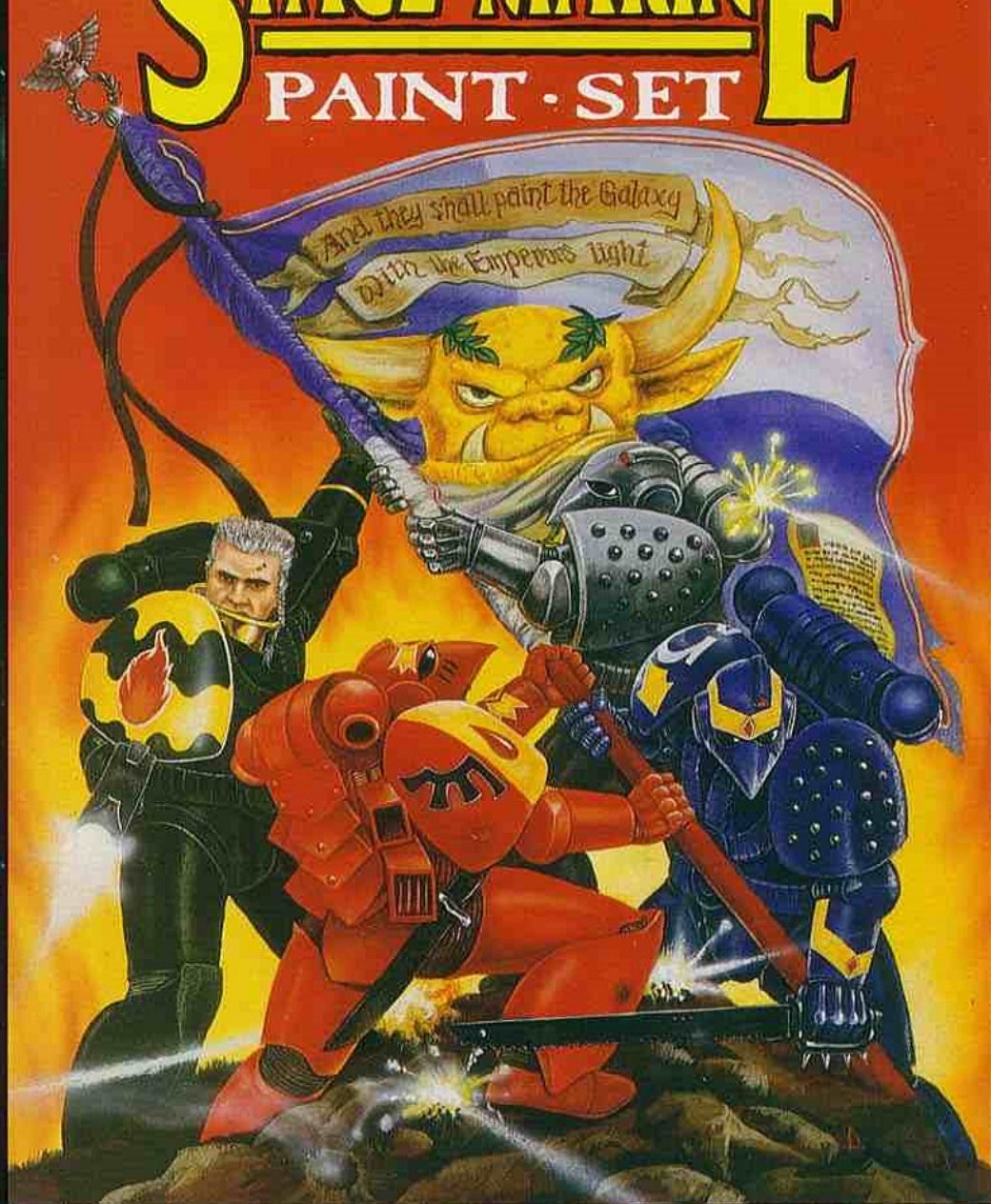
HEROQUEST

What's more, *Advanced Heroquest* has been cunningly designed so that possession of MB's *Heroquest* will give you the ideal materials to expand the game and add even greater detail. *Heroquest* has been developed in collaboration by MB Games and Games Workshop, using the talents of games designers Jervis Johnson and Steve Baker, and artist John Blanche, plus the skill and creativity of the Citadel Miniature designers to produce a unique boardgame. *Advanced Heroquest* contains full rules for using the 35 Citadel Miniatures, playing board and furniture that come with *Heroquest* and for transferring your *Heroquest* characters to *Advanced Heroquest* to continue their adventures.



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The Space Marine Paint Set contains nine acrylic paints: Salamander Green, Salamander Black, Ultramarine, Marine Dark Blue, Space Wolf Grey, Blue Grey, Blood Angel Orange, Terracotta and Bolt Gun Metal. The colours have been specially selected for painting four of the greatest Space Marine Chapters: the Salamanders, Ultramarines, Space Wolves and Blood Angels. There is a base colour and top colour for each Chapter's uniform, plus a metallic paint for the weapons. You also get a full-colour booklet that is the definitive guide to painting Marines of the four Chapters, detailing uniforms, insignia, rank markings and banners.



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WILLKOMM EN MARIENBURG!



The largest city and the greatest port in the Old World, Marienburg offers endless possibilities for adventure. Month by month, we will explore this great city.

So, what will we find?

Streets, for a start. Full of buildings. Marienburg has lots of buildings. Dwellings of every class

from hovel to palace. Shops selling everything from fish to diamonds, from bread to dried Vampire's blood. Workshops representing every craft and trade from alchemy to zymurgy (that's brewing to you). Inns, taverns, hostelrys, dives, grand hotels and flophouses. Theatres, opera houses, cockpits, burlesques and bordellos. All you can imagine, and more.

It is said that there is no human activity which cannot be found in Marienburg – and turned to profit, at that. There are traders and artisans of every type operating on both sides of the law. If you can't buy it in Marienburg, the odds are it hasn't yet been invented! And every conceivable service can be bought and sold – necessary or unnecessary, legal or illegal, moral or otherwise. If the mind can conceive of it, Marienburg can supply it – for the right price.

And overseeing it all there are guilds, factions, political and mercantile parties, courts, councillors, lobbyists, agitators, demagogues and peddlers of influence. There

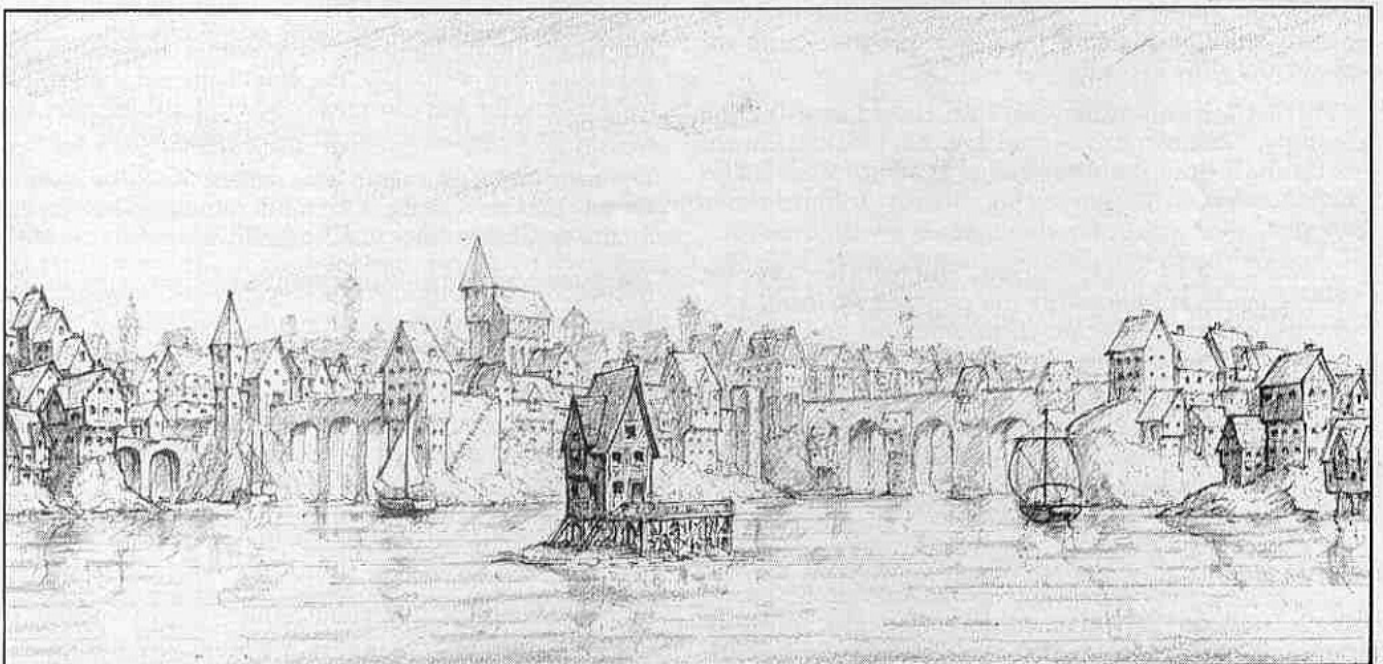
are thieves, beggars, racketeers, neighbourhood associations and local gangs. There are wizards of a dozen hues and priests of half a hundred gods. There are garrisons, watchmen, bailiffs, merchant militias and the ever-watchful Excise. Who wields the true power? It depends on what you want.

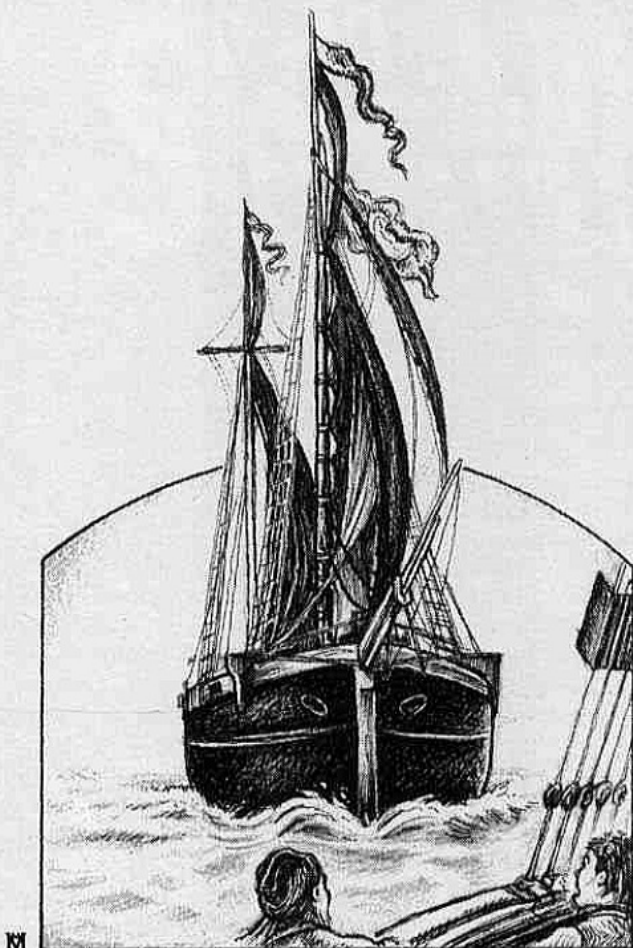
Then there are the wonders of Marienburg. The docklands of Suddock, stretching along the Reik for more than a mile – the largest in the Old World, with ships leaving daily for nearly every known place. The great Temple of Manann – the heart of the cult of the sea-god, adorned with the wealth of generations of grateful sea-traders. The lofty towers of the Hoogbrug bridge, one of the marvels of the Old World. The dark corners of Three-Penny Bridge, the notorious thieves' kitchen where, they say, anything can be bought and sold – even a life. Rijker's Isle, the great fortress-prison looming over the river like a man-made mountain.

And not the least of these many wonders is *Sith Rionnasc'namishathir*, "Star-gem of the Sandy Coast", known as Elftown – a city within a city, and the oldest and largest Sea Elf community in the Old World.

There are the palaces and warehouses of a score of merchant princes, stuffed with exotic treasures from the far corners of the world; the enclaves of traders from Araby, Norsca, Albion – even from distant Cathay and Nippon. Marienburgers claim they took to the seas because the Old World had nothing more to show them. They could be right.

Right then – we go in through the Oostenpoort Gate. Who's got the map?





"Eh! 'ee-RONimo! When we getta to dis bigga citta, eh? Itsa nearly three weeks since we lefta Carroburg, an' I ain't seen noplase bigger'n a shack!"

Scarzini gestured dramatically at the bleak landscape around them.

"First, trees – everywhere trees, nothin' but trees! Then sand dunes! Now we inna middle of a stinkin' swamp! An' iffa hafta to eat-a fish one more day, I'm-a gonna..." At the mention of fish, the Tilean's swarthy face gained a sudden green tinge. He leaned over the rail and noisily fulfilled his own unspoken prophecy into the broad and slow River Reik.

"Third time this morning," muttered peg-legged Stumpy, "The manling would lose his breakfast in the bathtub. If only it stopped him griping." The Dwarf took another swig from his jug. Brandy dribbled down his chin.

With a gasp of exasperation, Doctor Hieronymus Applejack slammed shut his copy of *Pfeihandler's Pharmacopeia of Toxins and Their Antidotes* and took off his wire-rimmed glasses.

"Will you please stop your whining, you half-baked ham! I told you before we left Altdorf that the trip to Marienburg would take nearly a month. It's over 500 miles, for pity's sake!" The Halfling paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Speaking of ham..." He rummaged in his rucksack for a moment, and produced yet another of his seemingly endless supply of sandwiches.

"Aah." Hieronymus grinned appreciatively. "River eel and watercress. Must be left over from yesterday." He started chewing with gusto.

"Besides," he said through a mouthful of eel and greens, "that last merchantman we ran across said we were only a day away from Marienburg."

The Tilean hauled himself painfully upright, and cast a baleful eye at his companion.

"Three days ago we meet him, an' he was-a stinko worse'n Stumpy!" The Dwarf glowered, and muttered something into his beard. Scarzini carried on, too lost in his own self-pity to notice anyone else.

"I'ma gonna die out here, lost inna swamp," he groaned. Hieronymus patted him gently on the shoulder.

"Cheer up," he said, "I'll bet that before you can say 'Meat's on the table!' we'll be docking in ...LOOK!!"

On the port bow, the towering reeds had suddenly parted.

Marienburg was huge.

The river divided into several channels, winding round rocky islets. Capped by peaked roofs, lashed together by dozens of bridges, the city looked like a grand fleet, bound together to face the sea.

"Good engineering, that's what keeps it in place." Stumpy waved towards the edge of the city. His tone had a certain pride. "My Great-grandda' told me that. Manlings couldn't manage it, but good Dwarven craftsmen could. They built the sea wall."

"But can you fish from it?" Hieronymus tried to retain his sense of the practical. But faced with the sight of Marienburg, even his sandwich was forgotten for a moment.

And then there were the ships: scores of great tall-masted caravels which braved the seas to reach Cathay and Lustria. Far off were the white clipper ships of the Sea Elves, come to sell and buy cargoes in their own quarter of the city. And the scores of smaller craft: coastal traders from Erengard and L'Anguille; river boats from the Empire; and Marienburg harbour pilots, ready to lead a ship into safe dock for the right price. His sickness forgotten, Scarzini spat over the side as he recognised the triangular sail of an Arabian dhow.

But surmounting them all, three points dominated like fixed stars in a misty sky: the great spires of the Temple of Manann, the lofty tower of the High Bridge, and the grey stone massif of the fortress-prison of Rijker's Isle.

The measure of Scarzini's amazement could be seen in the fact that he was silent for a full minute. When he did finally speak, his voice was hushed with awe.

"Mamma Myrmidia! It'sa magnifico!"

He looked towards the Halfling.

"I'll wager they've got some superb lobster here." Hieronymus' eyes were gleaming with the thought of the local cuisine. Suddenly, a more mischievous glint appeared.

"But I'm forgetting my manners! Scarzini, my dear fellow, you haven't had a bite all morning! Have some of this while we dock!"

He held forth the half-eaten sandwich with a look of perfect innocence. Bits of eel dangled from the bread.

Scarzini barely made it to the rail in time.

GETTING TO MARIENBURG

Marienburg is probably the easiest place in the Old World to reach from anywhere else in the Old World. Here are a few ways in which your adventurers can get to Marienburg, according to where they start out:

By River

The Reik and its tributaries cover just about every part of The Empire, and the Talabec-Urskoy route links Marienburg to south-western Kislev. The range of boats plying the Reik to and from Marienburg is enormous. Passenger lines run from Nuln, Talabheim and Altdorf, and traders of various sizes travel to Marienburg from all parts of The Empire. Adventurers might buy passage on a passenger-boat, or work their passage on a trader. Wealthy characters might even have their own boat. The **WFRP** adventure book *Death on the Reik* includes a section on river travel, which you might find useful.

The first sight of Marienburg from the Reik is impressive. After days of travelling through a dreary landscape of reed-marshes, the river – which is almost a mile wide by now, and very slow-moving – rounds a bend, and the reeds part to reveal the city a mile away. Boats enter the port of Marienburg through the Strompoort, a great channel flanked by high walls and artillery towers. A Marienburg pilot will then board the boat, and steer it through the deceptively shallow and ever-shifting channels to a berth in the Suiddock.

By Road

The main overland route to Marienburg from The Empire is the road from Middenheim. This is a wide and well-maintained highway, efficiently patrolled by a large force of Roadwardens. It is an arterial route, very important to the city-state of Middenheim, and every effort is made to keep it open. Both Castle Rock and Wolf Runner Coaches run regular services between Middenheim and Marienburg, and within the last few months, the rapidly-expanding Four Seasons coaches has begun to do the same.

In addition to the Middenheim road, there is a less well-used route across the Pale Sisters to the headwaters of the the river Ois. This route was more important a couple of centuries ago, when the Wasteland was practically at war with The Empire and Bretonnia became a major trading partner. Since then, though, Kings Louis IX, X and XI of Bretonnia have imposed a number of punitive duties and taxes on goods entering and leaving the Wasteland, in the hope of boosting the fortunes of their own ocean ports of Brionne, Bordeaux, Mousillon and L'Anguille. The Gisoreux road is little-used these days, unreliable and often dangerous, but there are some who take it.

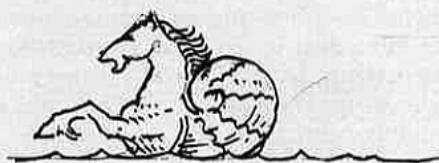
According to where they have come from, travellers approaching Marienburg by road will enter through the Oostenpoort or the Westenpoort. These great gateways are each wide enough to admit three carts at a time, and each is guarded by well-armed militia and excise officers. Travellers are admitted free of charge if they can produce some document indicating that they have some business with one of Marienburg's great merchant families; otherwise, there is a standard gate tax of 1 Guilder per head, plus 1 Guilder per wheel, plus 1% of the value of any trade goods.

By Sea

There is, almost literally, no port in the world from which Marienburg cannot be reached by sea. Ships from Norsca and Erengrad are common visitors except in the depths of winter, when northern ports are sealed by ice and the Sea of Claws becomes so treacherous that even the Norse think twice about setting sail. Traders from Albion put in every few days, and there is a regular and lucrative trade between Marienburg and the city-ports of Albion. There is also a flourishing coastal trade network extending from Marienburg along the coasts of Bretonnia, Estalia and Tilea.

But the real wealth of Marienburg lies in her long-distance trade. The occasional visitor from as far afield as the Border Princes and Araby raises no eyebrows. The great ships of the Sea Elves put into Star-gem Fortress from Lustria, the New World and the Elf Lands, and strange-looking junks and galleys bring silks, spices and other rarities from Cathay and Nippon. It is a proud Marienburger boast that they do business with everywhere except the Chaos Wastes – Imperial citizens have been known to retort that Marienburg is only waiting for Chaos to offer the right price.

Approaching Marienburg by sea, you could almost believe it was an island. The transition from sea to tidal mud-flats to reed-marsh is almost imperceptible to the eye, and the city towers over the unbroken flatness of its surroundings. Incoming ships are required to heave to by the great Lighthouse of Manann, and wait for a pilot to come aboard; there are no exceptions to this law, and any ship which tries to break it will get a shot across the bows from the battery of cannon in the lighthouse tower. Once a pilot has come aboard, the ship will be guided to a berth in the Suiddock – Marienburg's main port area. A pilot costs a Guilder for every foot of a vessel's length from stem to stern, and any master trying to bring a ship or boat in without a pilot is going to be in very serious trouble. The authorities in Marienburg do not look kindly on anyone who risks clogging their waterways with grounded shipping.



Starting in Marienburg

Of course, there is absolutely no reason why your PCs shouldn't start their adventuring life in Marienburg. It is, after all, the largest city in the Old World, and a good many of its thousands of citizens turn to adventuring rather than commerce.

There are no special rules for generating adventurers in Marienburg. Because it was part of The Empire up until so recently, the normal character generation procedure and range of careers are as valid for Marienburgers as for Imperial citizens. All careers and career classes are available, although you may decide to restrict access to Ranger careers – although Ranger-class characters may be found in Marienburg, they are rarer than in the cities of The Empire. Starting money will, of course, be in Wasteland Guilders rather than Imperial Crowns, but the amount will be the same.

ADVENTURING IN MARIENBURG

In many respects, Marienburg is not unlike the great cities of The Empire. However, Imperial characters will notice that certain things are different in Marienburg. The differences are only minor, but the similarities throw them into sharp relief.

People

"When you shake a Wastelander's hand, count your fingers." - Imperial proverb

By and large, citizens of The Empire have a distorted view of Wastelanders. For one thing, most Imperials assume that Wastelander and Marienburger are one and the same. When an Imperial speaks of Wastelanders, he is usually thinking about Marienburgers.

The Marienburger is seen as a sharp-practicing rogue, who would sell you his mother for a Guilder and then beg another ten shillings because he's an orphan. He can talk a lawyer out of his wig or a snake out of its skin, and you will never get the better of him.

Like all stereotypes, this is overstated. However, it does have to be said that Marienburg is a city which exists for trade, and entrepreneurial flair seems to run in Marienburger blood.

The Marienburger see themselves as practical. Business isn't going to wait around if you're not there to grab it. The Marienburgers see Imperials as yesterday's heroes, still living in the days of Magnus the Pious and always looking backward for glory rather than getting out and grabbing it today. They think they own the Old World, but where would they be without Marienburg? Under most circumstances, Marienburgers view Imperials with a degree of amused tolerance – after all, when the hard bargaining starts, they know who's going to win.

All Wastelanders speak Reikspiel, but they have a distinctive accent; rapid and staccato, with slightly stretched vowel sounds and very little rise and fall in tone. They are almost continually on the move. There is always another deal to arrange, another few coins to turn. According to a common Imperial joke, a Wastelander keeps moving because he's always on the run from someone he swindled.

And despite the deadly seriousness with which they approach business, Marienburgers tend to be more lighthearted than Imperials. Most Marienburgers have a strong sense of humour and a keen eye for the absurd. This often leads Imperial citizens to brand them as flippant and smart-mouthed.

Calendar

The Wasteland uses the Imperial calendar, which you will find in the **WFRP** adventure book *Warhammer Campaign*. When the Wasteland seceded from The Empire, the Council changed the name of the sixth day of the week from Konistag ("King Day") to Guilstag ("Guilds Day"). Although this change never properly caught on, Wastelanders – and especially Marienburgers – often use the two names interchangeably. Many of them will use Guilstag in the presence of Imperials, just for its annoyance value.

Money

The Wasteland uses the same monetary system as The Empire. Marienburg has its own mint, and issues its own coinage which is valid throughout the Wasteland. All Marienburger coins have the city's badge (a mermaid holding a bag of money in one hand and a sword in the other) on one side, and the coin's value and year of issue on the other.

The Wastelander gold coin is called a *Guilder* instead of a Crown, reflecting the fact that Marienburg is ruled by a Council rather than a monarch. It has the same value as an Imperial Crown. The standard written abbreviation for a Guilder is Gu – hence, 5 Gu 17/6 is 5 Guilders, 17 shillings and 6 pennies.

Marienburg is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and its traders will accept coinage from anywhere. They take nothing on trust, though, and will weigh foreign coins to establish their value. Imperial traders faced with Wasteland Guilders are more cautious – they will weigh the coins as a matter of course, but most will give only 19/- in the Crown. After all, a Guilder isn't the same as a Crown – it's *foreign*...

Some travellers arriving in Marienburg from The Empire decide – quite unnecessarily – to get their money changed by one of the moneylenders and goldsmiths who are to be found in every quarter of the city. These traders are quite happy to change Crowns for Guilders at the rate of 19/- in the Guilder, less a 10% exchange commission. The customer is always right!

Goods and Services

There is almost nothing that can't be obtained in Marienburg. All goods are one step more plentiful than stated in the **WFRP** rulebook – thus, a *common* commodity becomes *plentiful*, and nothing is *very rare* – unless you want it to be.

Most goods are cheaper in Marienburg, too. As a rule of thumb, most goods are 5% cheaper than the price in the rulebook. The exception to this is agricultural produce, foodstuffs and livestock – most of which is imported from The Empire. Fish, of course, is cheap in Marienburg.

Religion

The major deity in Marienburg is, and always has been, Manann. Most of the other Old World cults have a presence in the city, apart from Myrmidia who is principally a southern deity. The cult of Sigmar is well-established in the Wasteland, but since the secession it has been increasingly overshadowed by that of Manann, both as the sea-god and in his aspect as Rijkstrum, the god of the lower Reik.

Handrich, the deity of commerce and merchants mentioned in *Warhammer Campaign*, has a strong following in Marienburg, and there are temples and shrines to a wide and sometimes bewildering range of deities from all corners of the world.

Cults which are proscribed in The Empire are likewise proscribed in the Wasteland. These include the cults of all Chaos Gods, the death-cult of Khaine, and the wrecker-cult of Stromfels, of which we shall hear more later on.

THE WASTELAND

The Wasteland is the youngest of the nations of the Old World, having been in existence for less than a hundred years. It extends from the borders of the Reikwald Forest in the east to the foothills of the Pale Sisters in the west, from the marshes of Grootmoers to the sea.

It is a flat and windswept area, consisting of the Reik estuary and the salt marshes and sand flats around it. Most of the Wasteland is barren wilderness – farming on the sands is largely futile, and there is no shelter from the biting winds that blow down from the Sea of Claws.

In fact, the Wasteland has only one resource of any note, and that is the city of Marienburg. Over 90% of the Wasteland's 150,000 population lives or works within the city walls; the few that remain are stubborn sand-crofters, hardy fishermen, grim, closemouthed fensmen and optimistic adventurers.

At first glance, Marienburg is not in a place most reasonable people would choose to locate a prosperous city. East, West, and South, it is surrounded by mile upon mile of brackish swamp, an abysmally unhealthy delta wherein the River Reik meets the sea.

To the north lies the Sea of Claws. In winter it is churned by raging storms so fierce that, as the saying goes, "only mad Elves and Norsemen" would dare sail it. Its tides are fiendishly unpredictable, and Marienburg suffered from disastrous floods on several occasions in its early history.

Beyond the delta, stretching from the Laurelorn and Drak Wald forests to the foothills of the Pale Sisters, lie seemingly endless leagues of barren and windswept sand dunes. Here and there, most often near the river Reik or by the sea, one finds isolated farmsteads and villages that have tamed a patch of land, providing a dull but comfortable life. Such settlements are few and far between, though.

Marienburg's climate is a milder version of that found in much of the northern Empire: cold and rainy in the winter, with dry, warm summers. Its closeness to the sea gives the city a more even, temperate climate than that in the heart of The Empire, so that the city is rarely blanketed by snow. Instead, it rains. And rains. And rains. "It'll be a dry day in winter when that happens" is a common Wastelander scoff.

Sitting as it does in a swampy delta, Marienburg has suffered recurring problems with disease. While sanitation here is better than in most Old World cities, outbreaks of plague and red pox are still relatively common occurrences; in the poorer districts, they are a part of everyday life.

For all its faults, though, Marienburg's location does have one great advantage: the mouth of the River Reik is the only reliable river access to The Empire and the central Old World. Indeed, in winter it is often the route of choice to reach distant Kislev, whose own port of Erengard is often choked with ice for four months of the year.

For the merchants of The Empire, Marienburg is a far more dependable gateway to the west than the overland

routes through Bretonnia. The overland traveller must brave robbers – and sometimes Beastmen or Goblinoids – in the mountains and travel by land and river for several hundred miles before reaching Bretonnia's small and often ill-managed ocean ports.

The routes to the east are scarcely better. The expansion of the Hobgoblin Hegemony across the Steppes has closed the northern overland route, while the southern route through Araby has always been uncertain since the holy wars a thousand years ago; faced with robber barons in the Border Princes, a perilous journey skirting the southern edge of the Dark Lands, and the whims of capricious and often downright murderous Arabian potentates, few travellers will venture overland to the east.

All of these things have combined to make Marienburg the gateway to the northern and eastern Old World. The Empire's wealthy desire the fabulous luxury goods of Cathay and Ind. Wizards and alchemists depend on the port for exotic ingredients unavailable in the Old World, whilst scholars will pay a high price for news and information from lands they will never visit.

All this the Marienburgers know and exploit to the hilt. And it has made their city very wealthy indeed.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MARIENBURG AND THE WASTELAND

The history of Marienburg begins many thousands of years ago. Long before the rise of Humanity, when the Elves began to explore the Old World, they built a great port and fortress on the delta. They called it Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, "Fortress of the Star-gem on the Sandy Coast", and it formed a home base for the colonization of the inland forests, and a port linking them to the Elf Lands.

Elves and trade-goods flowed through the Star-gem Fortress in those early centuries, and despite its low-lying position, a large and prosperous Dwarven community came to settle there. They lent their skills to the Elves, trading gems and precious metals and building great towers and bastions for the city's defence. They fought and died alongside the Elves in the defence of the fortress against Dark Elf raiders during the Elven civil wars. It was the Dwarfs, too, who built the Vloedmuur, the great stone barrier to protect the city from flooding.

Then came the Dwarf-Elf Wars. Star-gem Fortress became the Elven capital in the Old World, and its armies ranged far and wide. At the height of the Elven advance, it ruled an empire stretching from the Western Sea to the Black Mountains.

But then, the tide of the war turned. Contact was lost with the forest colonies, and the Dwarfs marched against the fortress that they themselves had helped to build. The siege of the Star-gem Fortress lasted for five years, and its walls saw some of the bitterest fighting of

the war. Finally, the Dwarven blockade was broken by an Elven fleet, and the fortress-port was evacuated. The dead were left where they lay, and the last ship set sail as the gates fell.

The Dwarven victory was a bitter one. Their losses had been tremendous, and although they tried to occupy the fortress, they were continually harried by pirate raids from both Elves and Dark Elves. And Goblins were beginning to flood across the Worlds Edge Mountains in ever-greater numbers. The word went out that Zhufbar was besieged, and Caraz-a-Carak itself was threatened.

So, after less than a century, the Dwarfs abandoned the city which they had renamed Zhorak-Kuban, "Defiant Lowland Stronghold". The towers and bastions were destroyed, and the city was razed, so that the Elves could not regain it. For more than a thousand years, the ruins of the once-proud fortress crumbled in the sand of the delta.

No record tells exactly when the first Humans came there. Ancient manuscripts in the temples of Verena tell of a tribe called the Jutones, who lived among the fens on fish and fowl and fought off Goblin and Human alike. Fiercely independent, the Jutones were the last tribe to swear allegiance to Sigmar Heldenhammer when he founded The Empire. Some local legends tell of an epic duel between Sigmar and the Jutone chieftain Gulderic, which lasted three days and three nights before Gulderic conceded defeat; most Imperial historians discount these stories, although they enjoyed a popular revival centuries later when the Wasteland seceded from The Empire.

As The Empire established firmer control over its extensive territories, a descendant of Gulderic named Marius was granted the title of First Baron of Westerland. His name is variously spelled in contemporary documents, but the names Marius, Marjus, Marijus, Mårus and Marjoos all seem to refer to the same individual. Marius the Fen Wolf as he became known, conducted a long-running and successful campaign against the Fimir in the marshes and the isolated bands of Goblins who still lurked among the fens. After about ten years of hard fighting in this treacherous country, Marius had completely broken all nonhuman power over a wide area either side of the river, from the forest to the sea.

During the course of his campaigning, Marius came upon the ruins of the Star-gem Fortress. The Dwarven flood-wall still protected a large area, and Marius set his capital here, calling it Marienburg, the City of Marius.

In the following centuries, the Barony of Westerland flourished. Norse raids were repulsed, and a treaty was concluded at the Althing of Traktatsey in 765 IC; the Norse came now to trade instead of raiding. A dynastic marriage with the Dukes of Moussillon in 936 IC brought a valuable connection at the end of the Grismerie-Ois-Pale Sisters route to the ocean, cutting out the Barony of L'Anguille, with whom Moussillon was at war at the time. In 1087 IC, a treaty was concluded with the eastern kingdoms of Albion, and Marienburg was firmly established as the major port of the northern Old World.

But perhaps the greatest coup was to come in 2150 IC, when a huge ship of unfamiliar design was sighted off the coast. Although it seemed to be peaceful, Baron Matteus van Hoogmans sent four warships to hail the



strange vessel and discover its intent. Later the same day, the Sea Elf vessel Lughsoll-Siaisullainn – "Jewelgleam of Sunlight on Wave-foam" put into Marienburg, towering over the four warships which escorted it to port with their flags flying and their cannon firing in salute. The Elves had come back to Star-gem Fortress.

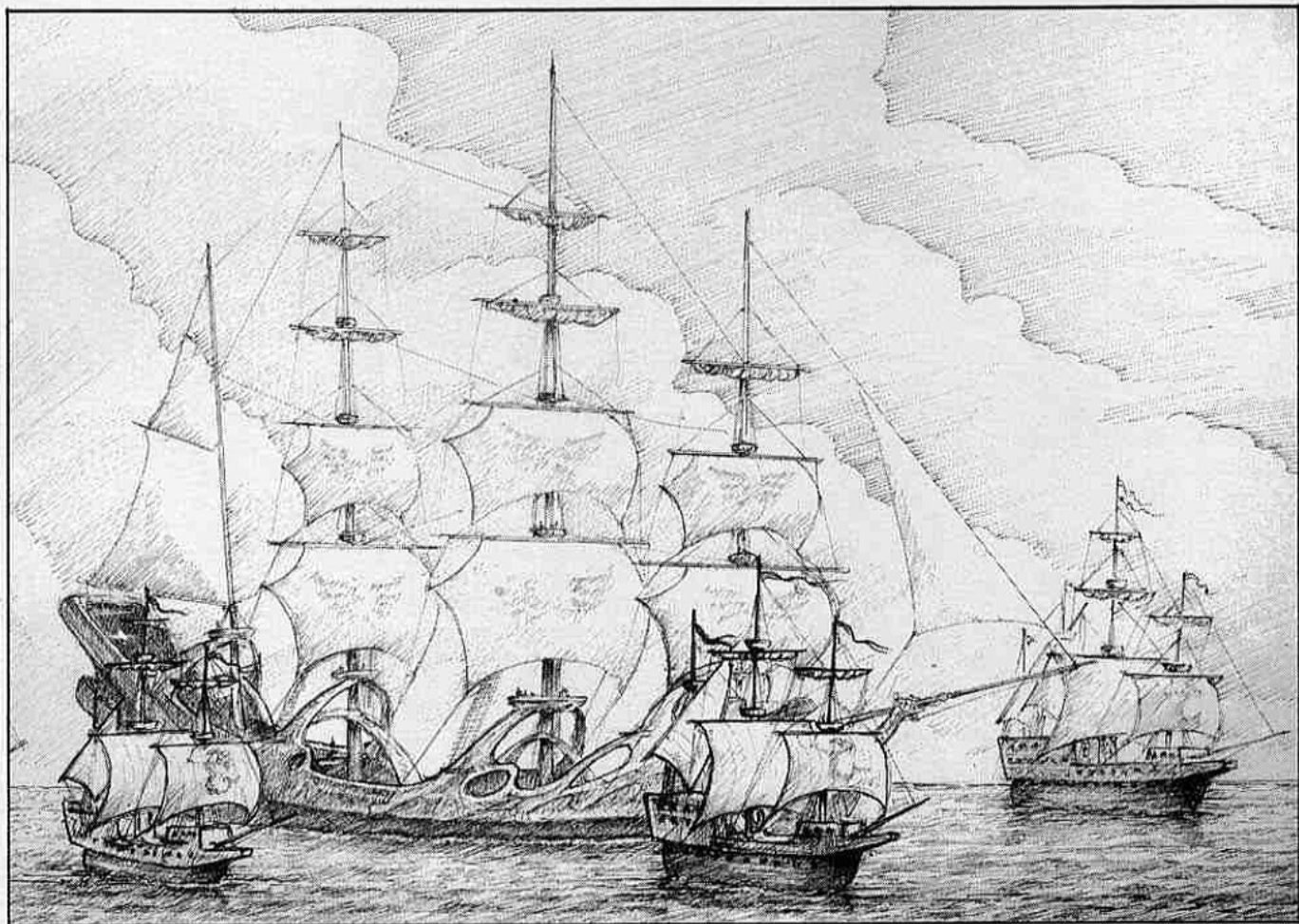
Quick to seize the opportunity of a lifetime, Baron Matteus granted the Sea Elves possession of the site of the ruined fortress and pledged Human aid in rebuilding the Star-gem. The Sea Elf leader, Wavemaster Sullandiel Fartrader, accepted the offer, and within a century the Elven town-within-a-town was restored to its present form. With the monopoly on Sea Elf trade to the Old World, Marienburg's triumph was complete – no port in the Old World could challenge her dominance.

The last Barons of Westerland were the van der Maacht family, a junior branch of the ruling house of Nordland. In 2302 IC, the last of the line, Graf Paulus van der Maacht, died in battle during the last Incursion of Chaos. He left no heir, being but fifteen years old and unmarried. Candidates for the Barony were immediately put forward by both Nordland and Talabecland, and within the month the Emperor had received petitions from nearly every noble house in The Empire. Everybody wanted control of Marienburg, for whoever controlled Marienburg would control almost all The Empire's trade.

The claims to the Barony of Westerland were various in the extreme; third cousins by marriage, great-nephews five times removed – every distant or spurious connection that the genealogists could discover or invent. Lawyers worked overtime trying to unravel all the alleged connections and claims, and spies brought in disturbing reports; some provinces were secretly arming, in case their claims should be disappointed.

It was early one evening, so the story goes, that three men appeared in the throne hall of Magnus the Pious. They were not dressed in the gorgeous silks and furs of noblemen, and they brought no horde of lawyers and lackeys, no extravagant presents and bribes. But still, the Emperor received them, and together they talked long into the night.

The names of these three men were Jan Koopmans, Pieter Winkler and Thijs van Onderzoeker. Each was the



head of a powerful merchant family in Marienburg, and they had been elected by the merchants and Burgomeisters of the city to present the Emperor with a business proposition.

The Westerland situation, they pointed out, threatened the stability of The Empire. Beneath its new-found unity, the schisms and dissensions of the Age of Wars still rankled. Without a clear successor to the Barony of Westerland, the Emperor would be forced to choose among the competing claims from all over The Empire. No matter how carefully he chose, many factions would be disappointed; and their disappointment could easily destroy the fragile new peace. But, said the Marienburgers, they had an answer to the Emperor's dilemma.

They suggested that no new Baron of Westerland should be appointed; in this way, the Emperor could avoid showing favour to one noble house and alienating others. In place of the Baron, the government of the province could be handed over to a Council made up of Marienburg's merchant princes. After all, they said, who better to rule a great trading port than the merchants themselves? As far as The Empire would be concerned, it would be business as usual; Imperial taxes would be collected as they always had, military obligations would be met, trade would flow, and so on. The only difference would be that the Emperor would be spared this diplomatic problem about the baronial succession.

Magnus the Pious thought long and hard and he prayed for guidance in the great Temple of Sigmar. Three days later, he published an Imperial decree:

BE IT KNOWN,

- ✠ That in the matter of the succession to the Barony of Westerland, I, Magnus, Son of Sigmar, Emperor, Lord of Altdorf, Elector for the Grand Principality of Reikland, etc, etc, do decree as follows:
- ✠ Item – that following the heroic death of Graf Paulus van der Maacht in the defence of The Empire, his line has become extinct.
- ✠ Item – that while many claims have been pressed by the highest and most illustrious houses of The Empire, there is no clear heir to the said Barony.
- ✠ Item – that, following many centuries of war and the most recent struggles to save The Empire from the most deadly of foes, we cannot in all conscience ask any of our noble houses to shoulder this further burden of government in addition to the monumental tasks of healing ancient rifts and rebuilding The Empire's proper greatness.
- ✠ THEREFORE, it has been decided, after careful consideration of all the issues appertaining to this matter, that the Barony of Westerland shall cease to be counted among the noble offices of The Empire.
- ✠ By this decree is created the Province of Westerland, which shall be governed by an appointed Council drawn from among the burghers of Marienburg. The said Council shall retain all the duties and privileges previously invested in the Baron of Westerland, but may never seek or be granted the status of Imperial Elector and shall be chosen by appointment rather than blood succession.
- ✠ Made by me, this thirty-second day of Vorhexen, in the Year of Empire two thousand, three hundred and five.

So it was that Westerland went from a Barony to a Province, and the first of the ties which bound it to Imperial rule was loosened.

For the next hundred years, Westerland was ruled according to Magnus' decree, by a council drawn from its powerful merchant families.

On the surface, everything appeared to be normal: Imperial taxes were raised and paid as before, the flow of trade continued uninterrupted, and the occasional demand for troops was met. But little by little, things were changing.

The very normality of proceedings was the Marienburgers' greatest ally. Under the government of the Council, nothing was allowed to happen which attracted Imperial attention, and they were left – largely forgotten – to look after themselves.

But all was not as Magnus had intended.

First, the Council quietly extended the right of merchant houses to recruit and maintain their own fleets and militias. This right had originally been granted as a safeguard against the pirates which infested the Sea of Claws. After these private forces had conducted a highly successful campaign against the pirates in 2378-9 IC, the Marienburgers approached Emperor Leopold with a proposal.

The Imperial Second Fleet had been stationed in Marienburg since the end of the Age of Wars; it was a time of poor harvests and high taxation, and the Council offered to take over the maritime defence of Marienburg, thus saving the cost of maintaining the Imperial fleet.

Leopold was faced with the threat of uprisings in a number of areas. His forces were at full stretch, and on the point of mutiny themselves. He was only too happy to accept the Council's seemingly generous offer, and rid himself of one drain on the Imperial coffers. The Imperial Second Fleet was duly disbanded, and many of its ships and men found their way into the service of the merchant houses of Marienburg.

Meanwhile, the Council had also eased the burden on the Imperial Excise service by appointing its own

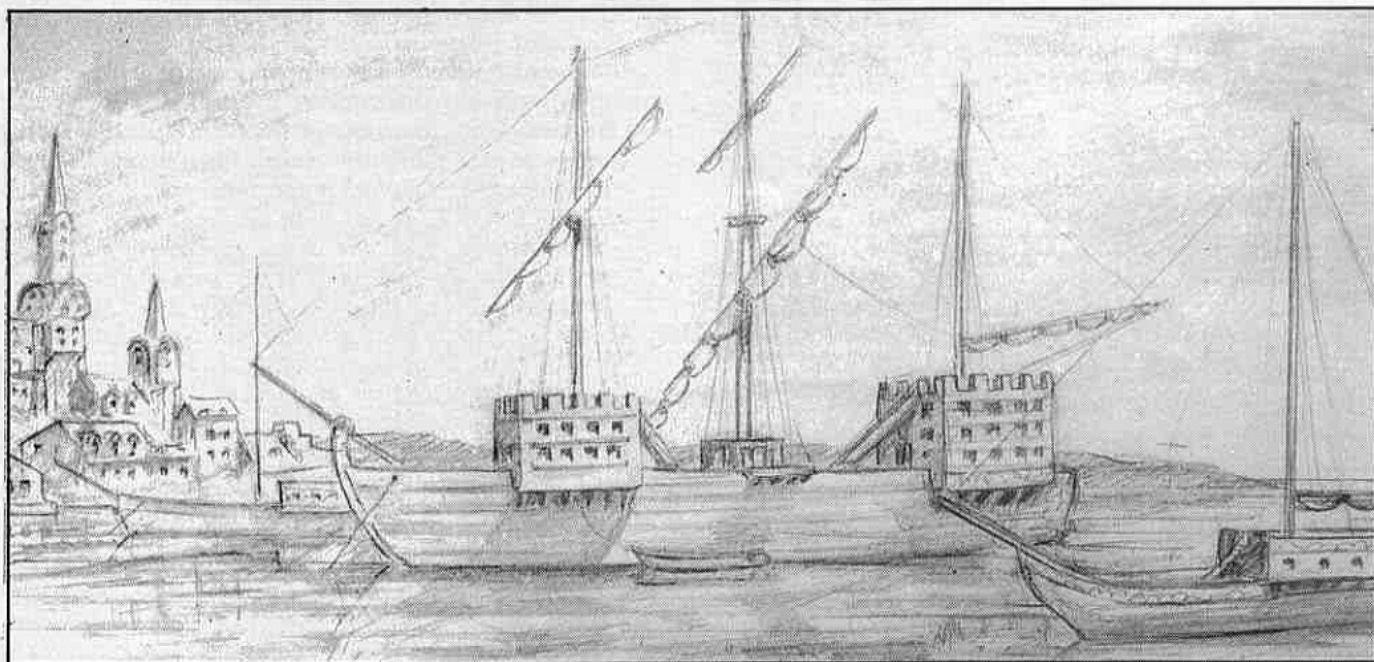
officials to see to the collection of import and wharf taxes. The sums were duly handed over, fully accounted for, and all the Imperial excisemen had to do was count the money and check the figures. Within a year, the Imperial Excise at the port of Marienburg had shrunk from one hundred and twenty officers to three. In the process more power was concentrated in the hands of the Council, which now had – in all but name – its own armed forces and its own tax-gatherers. Neither were truly under Imperial control.

The break finally came in the spring of 2429. Emperor Dieter IV was the last of the House of Unfähiger; during the seventy-year reign of that dynasty, the Imperial coffers had been all but emptied in a number of abortive attempts to gain control of the Border Princes. The population of The Empire had been taxed to the hilt, and as more and more men were levied for successive campaigns in the south, Westerland was just one of several provinces and baronies which finally refused to provide any more troops. While a powerful caucus of nobles staged a coup and installed Prince Wilhelm of Altdorf on the throne, Westerland formally seceded from The Empire.

Wilhelm sent three punitive expeditions against the rebellious province which he contemptuously called "that damned wasteland" – a jibe at the local dialect of Reikspiel, which pronounced "Westerland" something like "Weysterlaand" – but all three failed.

The Imperial armies were tired and depleted after their abortive attacks on the Border Princes, and the expeditionary forces consisted largely of semi-trained and unwilling levies, who were easily turned back in the fens and marshes south of Marienburg. The decisive battle took place at Grootscher Marsh, twelve miles south of Marienburg, in Erntezeit, 2429. The Imperial expedition had been harassed all the way through the marshes by small forces of fenlanders, and was backed into a vast area of quicksands by a force of Marienburg river militia backed up by Sea Elf marines.

Finally, on Marktag 20th Kaldezeit, 2429, Wilhelm formally acknowledged the Wasteland – for the Council had turned his jibe back at him – as an independent nation.



BOLT THROWER

FROM THE HEART OF THE CHAOS WASTES COMES THE EAR-SPLITTING SOUND OF BOLT THROWER. A GRINDING DEATH METAL SOUNDTRACK TO THE SCREAMS OF TORTURED SOULS.



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**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

Realm of Chaos

DRYAKTYLUS

More than a hundred years has passed since Dryaktylus was enthroned. He has presided over four generations of his progeny and now the purestrains of the brood have come of age. It is time for them to claim their inheritance, but first they must know their lineage.

The elders of the brood have been summoned by their Patriarch's psychic call. In his dark sanctuary they have assembled: the firstborn of each generation have gathered to pay their respects to their progenitor.

The first generation are old and wizened now, the growth rings upon their carapaces count over a hundred years. And the second generation - there are a few left, bearing the scars of a century of skirmishes. The third generation? They show the signs of human ageing in their gaunt faces, but their claws retain their ivory sheen. The fourth generation are here too, represented by the priests and acolytes in their robes. Like the third generation, they are in their prime, but the worldly wisdom of their human minds sets them apart from their blue-skinned brethren.

The assembly wait to hear the words of Sheman, the arch-priest who, as always, stands beside their Patriarch. Dryaktylus scans the gathering with alien eyes, satisfaction in his alien heart. Breathing deeply, he speaks in silent psychic incantation to his arch-priest. With each pause a chapter in his long life is revealed. For his part, Sheman speaks aloud to the enraptured brood, translating his master's thoughts into words. The story Sheman tells is that of the lineage of the brood...

Dryaktylus, ageless and ancient, was born on a far distant world in a far distant time. He was of the last generation of the brood - a purestrain Genestealer, firstborn of Human parents, who were themselves descended from Hybrids of the fourth generation. He was born into a clan of the sacred caste. His human kin revered him as a god, a many-armed deity incarnate. For generations his community had thrived, with each generation Human and alien had drawn closer, sharing their blood. Four generations of toil culminated in the arrival of his generation.

Then came the sundering of the clan. For reasons unknown, pure Humans from another settlement who were without the gene attacked. The brood fought hard; Hybrid and Human brothers fell together in defence of their newly-born gods. But it wasn't enough - the end was imminent; sensing their downfall was at hand, the young Purestrains were taken to safety by some of the older Hybrids. Together they trekked across the wastes to start anew. Behind them their settlement burned as their brothers bought time for their escape.

The caravan trudged on and on through trackless wilderness. Marauders set upon them only to be beaten off, fleeing in terror at the sight of the young Purestrains. But one by one the precious Purestrains succumbed to their wounds. Then, when all had lost hope, a settlement came into sight.

But even as salvation was at hand, tragedy struck. The small huddle of buildings was only an outpost. The community that scraped a living from the barren land were not large enough to hide the brood. Their plans dashed, the brood attacked and easily overwhelmed the outpost. They destroyed the garrison and killed everyone in it, not even a single host survived to take the kiss.

Then they found the shuttle in a derelict hanger. The few remaining Hybrids took the controls as the Purestrains boarded the weather-beaten craft. A single, wounded Hybrid remained, sacrificing himself so that the brood would survive.

The ship was pre-programmed and docked with an unmanned freighter in orbit. The brood boarded quickly and set a course for the nearest system. They had found their escape route. But fate struck again, somewhere in the warp the freighter went adrift and it never arrived at its intended destination.

Stranded, the ship followed currents to nowhere as it drifted in the warp, only to emerge centuries later as a battered and scorched hulk in a system far from its origin. The Hybrids were long since dead; only the Purestrains survived the centuries of incarceration in the warp. Dryaktylus was one of the lucky ones.

A few years passed as the hulk drifted aimlessly at the system's edge. Then, as expected, a team of armed warriors came to investigate. As they probed the black corridors the brood watched, waiting for their chance.

When it came they were ready, but the warriors' firepower was greater than the Genestealers had anticipated. All but Dryaktylus were slain. He hid in an air vent until the Guardsman started to leave. Then, seeing his last chance slipping away, Dryaktylus scraped the bulkhead with a claw. The last Guardsman turned for a moment, disturbed by the barely perceptible noise. But that was enough - fixed for a second by Dryaktylus's gaze, the warrior became a host.

Many years later, the darkened hulk was violated again. As the Guardsmen penetrated the innermost corridors for the second time, Dryaktylus slunk back before their advance. Then he heard the call; it was the psychic signal which could only come from a kindred being. Dryaktylus stepped into the open to look at his descendants. He saw the recognition in the face of the leading Guardsman and an understanding passed between them. Dryaktylus had been recognised by the progeny he had never seen but knew must exist.

Word of the hulk's existence had been passed from Human parent to Hybrid offspring. Although no one knew what they would find, they were all aware that they must look. And at long last the family had the means to do so: Hybrids and brood brothers held the highest posts in the defence force. A mission was authorised and brood brothers were sent out to the hulk. When they returned, Dryaktylus came with them.

Dryaktylus was found and brought down to dwell amongst his kin. He watched over them as each generation reached maturity, until a new generation of purestrains has now arisen. He must reveal their lineage, and tell them what they must do.

The firstborn must spread throughout the system, where they shall found colonies and set up shrines to their many-armed god while Dryaktylus will remain here, presiding over his growing clan.

Dryaktylus knows that on some remote world, a distant ancestor - the progenitor of his own Patriarch many hundreds of years ago - still lives. In the depths of his alien mind, Dryaktylus can see the great invisible gene-web extending across the universe to infinity.





**TERMINATOR
WITH ASSAULT CANNON**



**INQUISITOR
IN TERMINATOR ARMOUR**



**WHITESCARS TERMINATOR
CAPTAIN**



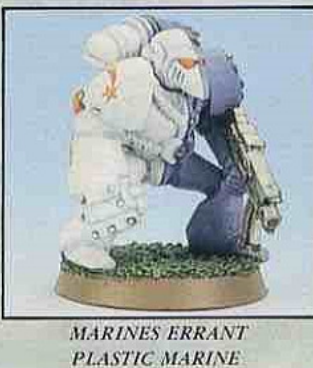
**ORDO MALLEUS
IN TERMINATOR ARMOUR**



FIRE HAWKS PLASTIC MARINE



**BLOOD ANGELS MARINE WITH
TERMINATOR HONOURS**



**MARINES ERRANT
PLASTIC MARINE**



**TERMINATOR
WITH BACK BANNER**



WAR GRIFFONS REAPER TITAN



**RED SCORPIONS
PLASTIC MARINE**



GENESTEALER MAGUS



IMPERIAL ASSASSIN



WAR GRIFFONS WARLORD TITAN



PLASTIC HEROQUEST CHAOS WARRIOR



PLASTIC HEROQUEST ELF



PLASTIC
HEROQUEST YOUNG MAGE



PLASTIC HEROQUEST DWARF



CHAOS SPAWN CONVERSION



SKAVEN WITH JEZAIL



BEASTMAN OF KHORNE



PLASTIC
HEROQUEST BARBARIAN



ELDAR WARRIOR



CHAMPION OF TZEENTCH



ORK WEIRDBOY



ORK CHAMPION



ORK RUNTHERD



BAD MOON ORK BIG BOSS & GRETCHIN SLAVE



ORK WARTRAK SCORCHER
HATCH OPEN



ORK PAINBOY



SNAKEBITES CLAN ORK WARTRAK SCORCHER



We kick off this month's *Eavy Metal* with a couple of problems that crop up in your letters fairly regularly.

One of the most frequent questions asked is, "How can I strip the paint from a model?" Unfortunately, we haven't yet discovered what we would consider a safe and/or effective way of doing this. Most of the methods we've tried involve somewhat noxious substances which we certainly would not recommend. These also have the drawback, in some cases, of removing the detail from the casting and leaving bits of paint in the more recessed parts of the model. None too satisfactory this! Any bright ideas out there? If so, remember it would need to be an effective and safe method before we would recommend it in these pages.

Another query that appears regularly is, "How do I get a matt finish on my models so that they look like the ones in *White Dwarf*?" The simple answer is to give them a coat of matt varnish. In the studio, we varnish all our miniatures to protect them when handled. The most effective varnish we've found so far is matt letracoat which is available from graphic suppliers. It is relatively expensive but it does have the definite plus of always coming out matt whereas some cheaper varnishes can be inconsistent.

This said, you should still obtain a matt finish on your models without the need for a coat of varnish, except for miniatures which have had a final inkwash or glaze which will come out slightly shiny. Our guess would be that some of you are trying to apply the coats of paint too thickly. Don't worry if the initial colours look slightly opaque over a white undercoat. Either build up the colours gradually or add an appropriate ink to the paint in order to increase the density of the pigment. Using inks in this way will help with blending techniques by keeping the paint fluid for a longer period.

Going back to varnishing, it is worth protecting your models in this way, especially if you use them for gaming. Paint does gradually rub off if it's handled a lot but a coat of matt or gloss varnish will protect the paintwork. Gloss varnish is more resilient than matt, but if you don't like gloss you can always cover this coat with a layer of matt. If you do this, let the first coat dry properly otherwise the two layers will react. This is usually more of a problem if you brush on the varnish rather than use a spray.

STEVE MUSSARED & MICK BEARD



Returning to the pages of *Eavy Metal* we have two of this year's Golden Demon champions, Steve and Mick.



Mick has been adding to his *Blood Bowl* team whilst Steve has been assembling an impressive selection of miniatures and conversions for a legion of Khorne which will soon grace his tabletop. Many of Steve's wargames take place on his highly polished dining table rather than on a custom-made wargames table. To protect the surface of the table and facilitate the movement of units of models across the battlefield, Steve sticks a piece of felt underneath most of his models. Good idea, Steve!

As you can see, quite a number of Steve's models are relatively simple but very effective conversions. The head and arms sections of Bloodletters have been used as clever additions to a plastic Genestealer and also a Fleshound. The Fleshound conversion works well with this particular Bloodletter head as the model seems to be steadying itself ready for an attack. Steve has obviously thought about this conversion rather than using any old Bloodletter head. Even with the simplest conversion always take time to see whether the detail and overall form of your creation looks right as Steve has done here.

Possibly the simplest conversion on these pages is the one carried out on the Bloodletter who acts as a handler for the Fleshound. All that was done here was a straightening of the model's right arm and the addition of a chain to the Fleshound's collar. Again, you can see how a little careful thought, this time over the choice of particular miniatures, has added a real sense of dynamism to this group.

More heads, this time Orc's heads, have been used for the three-headed Chaos Orc. The grinning Snotling head is a perfect choice for a more light-hearted conversion. The head itself has been attached by pinning a short length of wire from the head to the back of the Orc body and sculpting Milliput over this. Although Milliput is strong, it can also be quite brittle, so it is always a good idea to give it a core of wire when using it for conversions of this nature. As a final word on Steve's contribution, the dark red on his Khornate legion models has been achieved by adding numerous glazes of red ink to give a deep tone.

No conversions for Mick this time around but we particularly like the mini-vignette of the Tzeentchian champion flying over a Dwarf. Mick has also used his grey matter to find an effective combination of models. The Dwarf, from the flame cannon set, appears to be ducking under the champion in absolute terror hoping that he won't be noticed. By pinning the disc to the stone column, Mick has created the illusion that the disc is skimming along unsupported.

Great stuff and many thanks to you both!

DALE HURST

New staff miniatures painter, Dale Hurst - yet another Golden Demon champion - steps in with a page of models photographed shortly before he joined us. What particularly impressed us about Dale's work was his use of very bright and vivid colours.

Notice how the white on the White Scar Marines has been made effective by the addition of pale blue shading rather than grey. This makes the suits appear even brighter than usual and with the combination of fine detail work, especially on the chainfists, these models really stand out. Genestealers beware!

Another point of interest is the way Dale has based his Marines for a *Space Hulk* look. Using 'slotless' plastic Marine bases Dale has stuck on aluminium gauze and carefully trimmed the edges. The basing tags have been removed from the Marines and the models are then superglued directly onto the gauze. The gauze acting as a good key for the glue makes the bond surprisingly robust. The aluminium gauze can be bought from hardware shops or shops that sell car body filler kits for about 15p a square foot.

STAFF PAGES

This month's selection from the Studio features work by all our regulars plus Paul Benson, Dale Hurst and Chris Roberts from our shop in Birmingham.

A couple of pages this month seem to be dominated by mounted models. The king's retinue set illustrates how a good colour contrast, in this case yellow and blue, works well with these brightly painted miniatures. On the other hand, the drab and dirty shades of Ivan's mounted Skeleton conversion perfectly suits this member of the undead army.

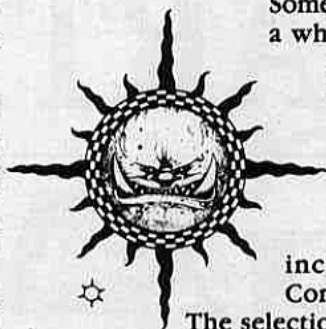
The undead horse was started by having its right foreleg cut away and repositioned using superglue. The right hind leg, which is normally not in contact with the base on this miniature, was secured to the base thus elevating the horse to a raised position. The left hind leg was cut away at the 'knee' and repositioned until it also reached the base and it was then bonded.

The Skeleton's lance arm was created by removing the javelin from the javelin arm and pegging the front and rear portions of the lance into the hand. The tattered barding and cloak were made from rolled Milliput. The Milliput, whilst sticky, was draped across the horse's body and pushed gently into position with an old, wet brush. This was allowed to harden slightly before it was 'slitted' using a scalpel and then the slits were curled slightly upwards with a damp brush. Ivan brought out the highlights of the initial colours of Moody Blue and Sunburst Yellow by adding Skull White to them. A thinned wash of yellow and blue ink was painted over the respective colours and, once dry, these were drybrushed with Bronzed Flesh and a Bronzed Flesh/Skull White mix to give a bleached appearance to the cloth. This is effective in creating an old and worn out look. Most evocative and lifelike - sorry - deathlike!

Inquisitor Krane, whose details you'll find elsewhere in this issue, was given a dark and slightly sinister look by using black as the predominant colour. After painting almost all of the miniature with Chaos Black, Tim blended up to the highlights by the simple addition of increasing quantities of Skull White until a light grey colour was achieved. The check patterning, which contrasts well with the dark areas, was painted by 'gridding' the areas first and then filling in the alternate squares using a fine brush. The green of the Inquisitor's laurels also contrasts well with the dark areas.

Death's Head, the Ordo Malleus model, has a base colour of Imperial Purple which was blended up to the highlights with the addition of Skull White. The decorations were blocked in with gold paint, given a brown ink wash and then the final highlights were picked out, again using the gold. Having painted the hood black, the flame effect was picked out with white and then painted over using orange, yellow and white paint.

Chris Roberts, from our retail branch in Birmingham, recently spent a few days at the Studio brushing up - if you'll excuse the pun - his own techniques alongside our miniature painters. We hope, eventually, to have at least one top-class painter at each of our branches countrywide so that you'll be able to see more painting demonstrations on a regular basis at each Games Workshop and put your questions directly to an expert. Chris's contribution to this issue includes the finely painted Marine Captain and the Imperial Assassin.



Some of the finest reinforcements for a whole new range of Space Orks are also shown this month. These have to be some of, if not the, finest models that designer Kev Adams has ever produced and there's more yet to come. Even as I write Kev is sculpting away increasing this range for Ork Commanders everywhere.

The selection of models follows the very strong tribal themes found in our soon-to-be-released book, *Waargh the Orks!*, which tells you everything you need to know about Orks in *Warhammer 40,000*. The Weirdboy has been given the blue face colouring favoured by the Deathskulls Clan, whereas the Ork Painboy, a surgeon/torturer, has been given a chequered design beloved by the Goff Clan. Note the sadistic grin on this model - someone who obviously enjoys his work!

The members of Evil Sunz Clan wear at least one item of red clothing so no prizes for guessing the Runtherd's tribal allegiance. On his back are a few of his charges who haven't been obeying orders! The Ork Big Boss with his gretchin slave leads the Bad Moon Clan. Andy, who painted all of the above mentioned Orks, has done fine detail work on this particular miniature. Note the 'tiger skin' at the top of the boots and the plain yellow flame effect on the shoulder armour. The flesh tones for all of these models were done with Andy's usual Ork colouration consisting of a mix of Goblin Green and Sunburst Yellow and highlighted by the addition of Skull White to the original mix.

The Wartrak Scorchers at the foot of the page belongs to the Snake Bite Clan. Orks don't like trundling anywhere so rest assured that the driver will push this machine to its utmost limit in an effort to squeeze every last drop of speed from it. Just look at the gretchin hanging on for dear life at the back! Mike has given the metalwork on this model the perfect greasy, weathered look using glazes of thinned brown, orange and black ink over a Chainmail basecoat.

Waiting to be unleashed against Traitor forces are two Titans from the War Griffons order. Painted from stunning artwork by Wayne England (featured in *Codex Titanicus*), these two examples illustrate how careful shading and attention to detail can bring these giant machines to life.

This month we also get a first look at a small selection of models from our forthcoming *Advanced Heroquest* game. The detail on these models is superb, making them excellent subjects for a careful paint job.

Finally, we welcome Paul Benson and Dale Hurst to these pages for the first time as Studio staffers, both of whom will probably be well known to you by now. With yet another two of the country's finest miniature painters joining the Studio, I look forward to *Heavy Metal* going from strength to strength.

Paul

Johann parried a blow and felt its force ringing throughout his entire body. His opponent was a foot taller and heavily armoured, but its reactions were slower and its helmet was distorted by a head that seemed to have expanded inside it. It was a mutant of some sort, a human being under the influence of the warpstone, turning into the physical image of whatever dark desires or fears it had harboured.

• IGNORANT ARMIES •

Characters by Andy Warwick, from stories written by Jack Yeovil and William King

The second in an irregular series that takes the major characters from Games Workshop's new range of novels and short stories and translates them into game terms; the three characters presented here are for use with *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. They have been taken from *Ignorant Armies*, the first Warhammer anthology from GW Books, which brings together work by well-established authors and a host of new writing talent.

The first two characters, Baron Johann Von Mecklenberg and Vukotich, are taken from the title story, *Ignorant Armies* by Jack Yeovil. The story tells of their journey into the Chaos Wastes in search of Johann's kidnapped brother, to a grand finale on a vast battlefield of broken corpses where the great armies of Chaos clash.

The third character, Kurt the Wolf, is taken from *The Laughter of the Dark Gods* by William King, which tells of Kurt's pact with Chaos. Ousted from his inheritance by his scheming brothers, Kurt sets out into the Chaos Wastes in search of Khorne himself. As he ventures deeper into the Chaos Wastes, and others flock to his banner, he begins to realise the consequences of his action, but finds it is far too late to turn back.

Of course, you can always vary the characters' details to fit in better with in your own games. However you use the characters, we do recommend that you read *Ignorant Armies* as the stories it contains provide a better insight into the motivations and personalities of the characters than the short summaries presented here.

• BARON JOHANN VON MECKLENBERG •

"Do you want me to do it?"

"No. I named her, I'll finish her ..."

Johann von Mecklenberg is a strikingly good-looking 23 year old, standing just under 5ft 11in tall, with a mane of thick, blond hair and strong, square features. Invariably dressed in furs and hunter's garb, you wouldn't think to look at him that he's a very important nobleman. You might suspect he is more than a simple woodsman, given his penchant for richly-patterned clothes, but you'd never guess he's the son of an Elector: or rather, he was...

As the eldest son of the Baron of Sudenland, Johann would have been Baron upon his father's death and have become one of the most important men in the Empire. But ten years ago, any expectations he may have had were cruelly dashed when a horde of bandits descended upon his father's land. His father and the servants were slaughtered and the family castle burnt to the ground. But of all that happened that fateful day, it was his brother's kidnap that proved to be a turning point.

Johann abandoned his inheritance and, with his mentor Vukotich, set out to find the bandits that had seized his brother.

Under the tutorship of Vukotich, Johann has discarded the isolated attitude that many of the Empire's nobles have, and has become much more realistic in his outlook. Although as a young man he could never bring himself to kill while on a hunt, believing the creatures of the forest to be too fine to slay purely for sport, years in the wilderness have



hardened him. Now he has no qualms about killing - indeed, he looks forward to taking his revenge upon his brother's captors.

It is this thirst for revenge that drives Johann; the overwhelming desire to rescue his brother and kill Cicatrice, leader of the bandits, has taken over his life. He has no desire to become Elector and does not wish to return to Sudenland.

The PCs are most likely to encounter Johann living rough in the forests of the Empire, almost certainly with Vukotich in attendance.

Johann will be friendly enough, although slightly distant as if there is something on his mind. If the PCs offer to help in his quest he will be willing enough to let them tag along. If they have definite information on Cicatrice's whereabouts, however, Johann will become quite insistent that they tell him ...

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	55	40	3	3	12	50	3	40	65	55	50	40	55

Skills: Animal Care - hawks, horses; Animal Training - hawks, horses; Charm; Concealment - Rural; Cook; Dance; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Etiquette; Evaluate; Follow Trail; Game Hunting; Haggle; Heraldry; Herb Lore; History; Identify Plant; Law; Luck; Orientation; Public Speaking; Read/Write - Classical and Old World; Ride - horse; Secret Language - Classical; Set Trap; Silent Move - Rural; Sixth Sense; Speak Additional Languages - Breton, Slavic, a little Tilean; Specialist Weapons - Crossbow; Fencing Sword, Longbow, Parrying Weapons, Throwing Weapons; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun; Theology; Wit; Wrestling.

Possessions: expensive clothing and furs (1 AP, all locations except head); sword; two knives (I +10, D -2, P -20); other items as you see fit.

• VUKOTICH •

"This is the Battlefield of Chaos, Johann. This is what Cicatrice has been heading for all along. It's nearly over."

To meet Vukotich in the dark would be a frightening experience. He is nearly 6ft 2in tall, of stocky build, and has a deep, gruff voice. He dresses in thick furs and wools, and bears the scars of many battles. To Cicatrice's men he is known as 'The Iron Man'.

Most of Vukotich's background is shrouded in mystery; the only person who truly knows his past is Vukotich himself, and he's not telling. Suffice to say Vukotich is a Kislevite and a hardened mercenary who has fought many campaigns and has travelled far and wide.

As to his recent history, after being captured during a skirmish on the border between Sudenland and Wissenland by Johann's father, Vukotich swore allegiance to the house von Mecklenberg and became a tutor to the Baron's sons.

Vukotich is a quiet man. He bears hardship without complaint, and would rather die than be a burden to his fellow man. He is generally distrustful of new situations and people, and it takes a great deal of hard work to break down his guard and gain some inkling of what the real man is like.



The flares died, and nothing moved in the clearing. Johann gripped the hilt of his sword, while Vukotich brought up his crossbow.

Above all, Vukotich is a realist, and has no illusions about his place in society; he's been a man paid to kill and he did so - now it is his duty to protect Johann and will do that to the best of his abilities.

Vukotich is most likely to be encountered with Johann, wandering the forests of the Empire and heading northwards. Of the pair, the PCs will most likely have dealings with Johann, though Vukotich will jump in if he feels their presence is threatening. While he is slow to anger, Vukotich is like a bear when he gets mad, and unless the PCs can gain his trust - and the only way to do that is by gaining Johann's trust - they are likely to come off quite badly...

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	65	55	4	5	14	60	3	45	45	40	55	60	45

Skills: Animal Care - horses; Animal Training - horses; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Gamble; Ride - horse; Secret Language - Battle Tongue; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Wrestling.

Possessions: cold weather clothing (1 AP, all locations except head); sword; 2-handed sword (I -10, D +2); knife (I +10, D -2, P -20); crossbow (R 32/64/300, ES 4, Rld 1); other possessions as you see fit.

IGNORANT ARMIES



·KURT THE WOLF·

Here we become masters of our own destiny. I have dreamed of making my way to the uttermost North, to the black Gate. I will stand before great Khorne and he will grant me power.

Banished as an outlaw when his treacherous kinsman betrayed him, Kurt the Wolf turned to the only source of power he had at hand; in his search for revenge, Kurt asked Khorne for aid.

Now, with his band of misfits and followers, he roams the Wastes searching for the Gates; his only aim is to meet Khorne face to face and claim a share of the power which is warping his body and mind. Clad in black armour that has bonded to his skin and barely hides the terrible changes wrought upon his body, Kurt is an imposing figure.

Kurt's companions are many and varied. Oleg Zaharoff once counted himself as Kurt's friend and equal, but has suffered terribly at the hands of Khorne, degenerating into an animal that feeds on the dead.

Another of his warband, Prince Dieter, a thin laconic character, is Kurt's bane. Always at hand with a snide comment, Dieter can provoke Kurt into acts of gross violence and destruction, only to then remind him if he were more 'human' he would not commit such atrocities.

As for the rest, they are simply the flotsam and jetsam that flock to the banner of anyone who can offer power.

The PCs are most likely to encounter Kurt and his warband on the outskirts of the Chaos Wastes, from where he makes occasional forays into Kislevite villages for supplies. The PCs could be stopping in one such village on their way elsewhere and have to protect its populace from Kurt.

Kurt the Wolf

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	60	55	8	7	13	50	4	35	50	30	20	5	

Skills: Animal Care - horses; Arcane Language - Daemonic; Consume Alcohol; Daemon Lore; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Frenzied Attack; Game Hunting; Lightning Reflexes; Luck; Marksmanship; Night Vision; Orientation; Read/Write - Old Worlder; Rune Lore; Secret Language - Battle; Specialist Weapons - 2-Handed Weapons, Parrying Weapons, Firearms, Fist Weapons; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun; Very Resilient; Very Strong; Wrestling.

Rewards: Aggression; Bestial Face - Ape; Frenzy; Horns; Manic Fighter; Rearranged Face.

Possessions: Sword (Cutting and Smashing Runes); Axe; Crossbow (fires a beam of boiling light, R 16/32/320, ES 7, 1 shot per round); Chaos Armour (bonded to flesh, 2 AP, all locations); other possessions as you see fit.

·KURT'S WAR BAND·

8 Beastmen

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	25	4	6	11	30	1	30	29	24	29	24	10

Skills: Disarm; Dodge Blow; Frenzied Attack; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun.

Rewards: Blood Rage.

Possessions: Sword; Shield (1 AP, all locations); Mail Shirt (1 AP body); other possessions as you see fit.

6 Chaos Dwarfs

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	41	25	4	5	7	20	2	24	66	29	66	66	24

Skills: Disarm; Dodge Blow; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun.

Rewards: Crab-like Claws; Multiple Arms; Poisonous Bite.

Possessions: 2-Handed Axe or Hammer; Crossbow (R 32/64/300, ES 4, Rld 1); Armour (1 AP, all locations except head); other possessions as you see fit.

Prince Dieter the Unchanging

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	35	4	3	10	70	3	35	25	35	30	25	20

Skills: Disarm; Dodge Blow; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun.

Rewards: Agility; Albino; Extremely Thin; Mark of Khorne; Resilient.

Possessions: Sword; Chaos Armour (1 AP, all locations); other possessions as you see fit.

Oleg Zaharoff

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	38	35	4	3	6	40	3	25	30	30	30	30	25

Skills: Dodge Blow; Frenzied Attack; Wrestling.

Rewards: Blood Rage; Fangs; Horns; Plague Bearer - Bone Ague; Tail.

Possessions: None to speak of.

SPACE MARINE



Scant centuries after the ending of five thousand years of war, we stand on the brink of a second Age of Strife. Imperial Warmaster Horus has turned Traitor, and his agents spread the stink of corruption everywhere. With all his forces at his command, he now prepares for an assault on the very heart of the Imperium - on Terra itself.

Now, Marine must fight Marine. The greatest warriors humanity has ever seen are turned against one another. Horus must be stopped. For the sake of Humanity, for the survival of our race, this heresy must be obliterated, or all shall perish.



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