

WARHAMMER 40,000

**Chazghkull's
back!**

**...and this
time it's
WAAACH!**



WD248 August
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campaign and how you can affect the course of
Warhammer 40,000 history...

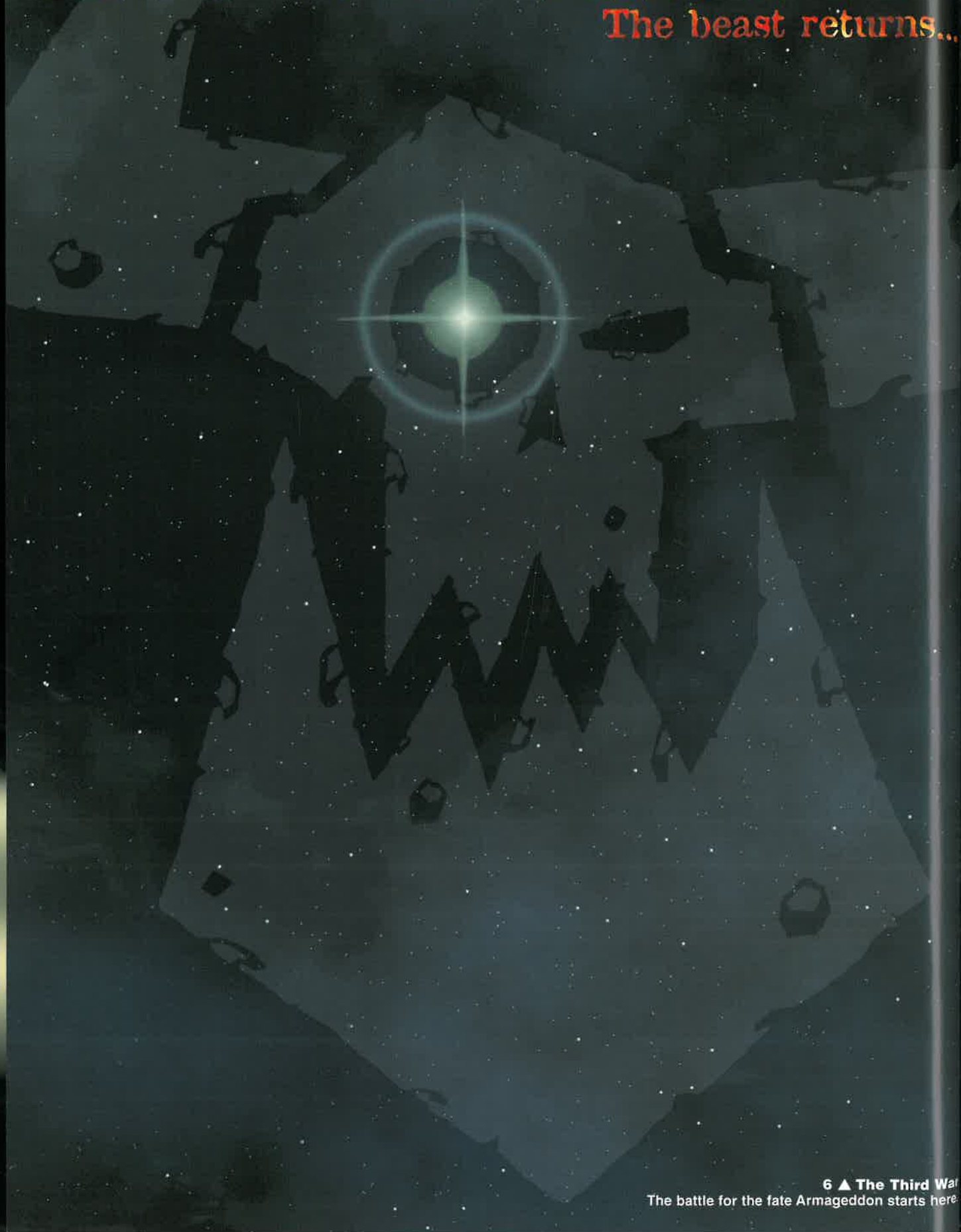
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ARMAGEDDON

The beast returns...



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ISSN 0265-8712



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Product Code: 60249999248

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Dave Taylor's Editorial



Dave Taylor
White Dwarf
Asia Pacific
Editor

It's been a long time for me in the big chair (over three years now) and this issue is by far one of the most exciting issues we've ever put together.

"Why do you say that Dave?" I hear you ask.

Well, this month is Armageddon month! That's right, August sees the release of the exciting Codex Armageddon, a departure from our usual style in that it introduces FOUR brand new army lists! a mechanised Imperial Guard regiment - the Armageddon Steel Legion (my favourite, of course), Ork Speed Freaks and two Space Marine Chapters - the Salamanders and the Black Templars.

And we don't stop at the release of the Codex, no we don't. Over the next three months we'll be releasing a series of exceptional models from the likes of Michael and Alan Perry and Brian Nelson, prepare to drool. You'll get to see many of the awesome models over the coming pages.

But the main reason this issue has been so exciting to assemble is the enormous amount of information on the worldwide campaign! This colossal, global gaming event will eventually decide the history of that part of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, pretty cool hey? The campaign kicks off worldwide in August and

will last for over a month. Every game of 40K, Epic 40K and Battlefleet Gothic can count towards the fate of the Armageddon system, just send us the results on the registration form in this issue (or a photocopy of it) or the registration form on the Armageddon website.

"Website Dave?" I hear you cry.

Well, if you haven't been there yet log on to www.armageddon3.com to see one of the best sites around. Jammed packed with background information on the Armageddon system and the forces involved in the 3rd War for Armageddon. This site will be updated regularly, and will be the global collection point for the results that will flood in.

That's not all (as if you thought that would be it), we also have a massive battle report over this issue and the next. Fought over four huge tables between eleven players, this Armageddon report is part of the Tempestora Hive conflict.

If you play 40K, Epic 40K, or Battlefleet Gothic you've got a busy couple of months ahead of you!

"What about Warhammer, Dave?" (whats with all these voices in my head?).

Fear not for your time is at hand. Take a look at this month's teaser, later in this issue.

Finally, the White Dwarf team would like to dedicate this bumper Armageddon issue to the memory of Tim "The Silver Fox" Wilson. We'll all miss you.



— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

BLOODQUEST - THE MOVIE!

At the time of going to press a television movie based on the Bloodquest story found in Warhammer Monthly is in the early stages of development.

So far there is no release date for the movie as the team at Exile are still in the development/pre-production phase, which means they are still working on fleshing out the characters, and working on designs. It's probably safe to say that it's at least a year away.

Bloodquest was first published in Games Workshop's 'Warhammer Monthly' comic, winner of Best New British Comic at the 1999 National Comic Awards. The Bloodquest story headlined the very first issue, and the ongoing

story continues to be a mainstay as Warhammer Monthly enters its third year of publication.

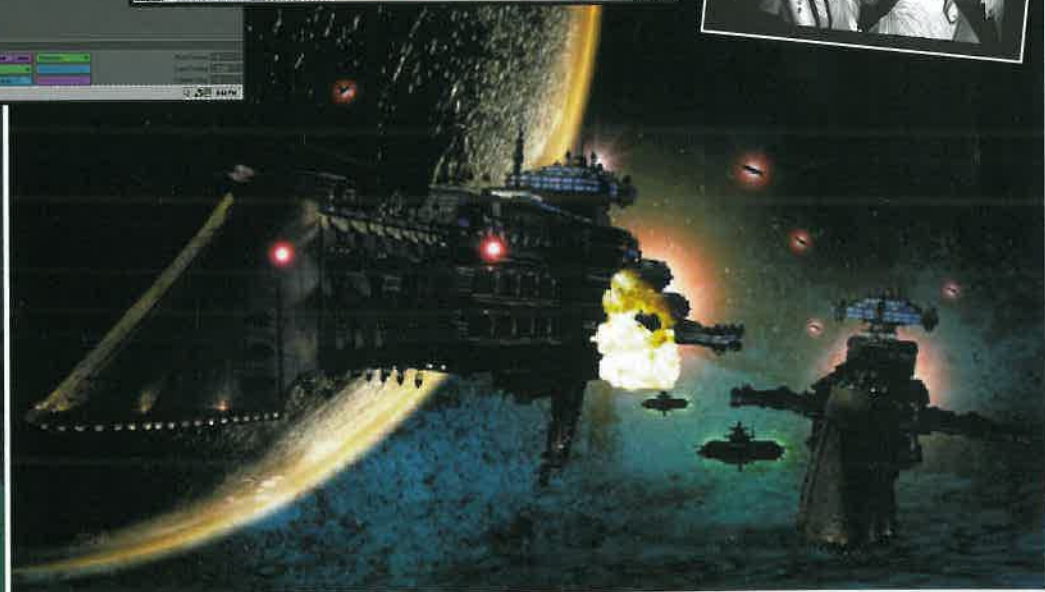
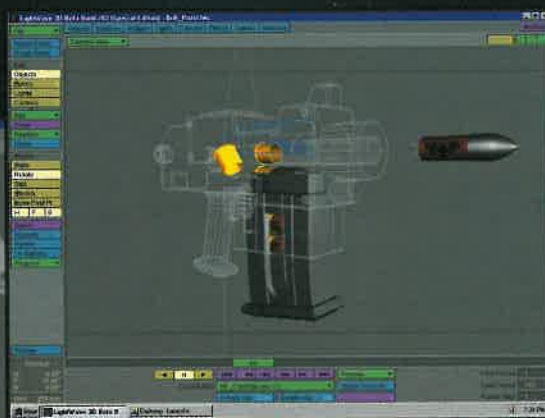
Of course all this is very much in an embryonic stage but what we've seen so far is absolutely stunning! As with most film productions in their infancy, anything can happen, so if you want to know more about this remarkable project check out the website of the team responsible for making the film, Exile Films. Containing answers to all the questions you're doubtless wondering about, you'll find it at:

<http://www.exile-films.com>



Above: A look behind the scenes at the technical wizardry that goes into making the images you'll hopefully be seeing.

Right: This isn't a piece of rendered artwork but a still taken from a very short section of film that the team at Exile have produced to show just what they are capable of!





Imperial Engineer



Orc standard bearer



Orc drummer

IN THE PIPELINE...

Orc Warlords and Empire Generals will be pleased to hear that there are proposed additions to their forces in the next few months.

Above left you'll see an Imperial Engineer sculpted by Alan Perry and two Orc command miniatures by Brian Nelson. This is just the start however as both the Empire and Orc & Goblin armies will be taking receipt of fresh reinforcements which you'll see in White Dwarf over the next few issues.

There are some really exciting plans for Warhammer over the coming months – check out elsewhere in this issue for a taster...

DIRE NEWS

This month sees the release of the spanking new Dire Avenger Aspect Warriors boxed set. Based on the excellent Eldar Guardian plastics, the addition of new components means you can now scythe down your foes in a withering hail of shuriken fire.



Dire Avenger Exarch

Dire Avengers armed with Shuriken catapults

TOURNAMENT EVENT

POWERFIST VII

Warhammer 40K (3rd edition rules)

September 9 & 10, Lyndale Secondary College
Cnr Gladstone Rd & Halton Rd, Dandenong North, Victoria

For further information contact Mike or Grant at:
mbantick@netspace.net.au OR Grendal@bigpond.com.au

web site: <http://www.users.bigpond.com/grendal/powerfist/details.html>

MOTION TRACKER

This month we have two clubs step into light of the all seeing eye of the Emperor. With battle litanies prepared, weapons at the ready, and fire in their bellies, the following stand fourth to be recognised;

Denizens of the Coast Wargaming Club have been operating on the central coast of N.S.W. for the about the last eighteen months, meeting on the last friday evening of every month at the Berkley Vale Primary School, Berkley Vale.

Organisation seems to be these guy's forte, not only does the club offer the first meeting for free for you to see what their club is all about. They have a web-page listing recent results of club campaigns and tournaments, as well as upcoming events.

Membership costs are low as well. Firstly you have a \$10 annual registration fee, meeting costs are then \$2 per visit for registered members and \$4 for non-registered participants. And it gets better, with players under 20 years of age admitted for half price!

Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, and Mordheim are the most popular games currently being played at their meetings. For more information about this club, either check out their website at:

<http://members.optusnet.com.au/~gagaga/denizen/denizens.htm> or you can E-mail the club organisers for more information on: denizens@egroup.com

The **Hobart Wargaming society**, quite possibly the longest running Tasmainian Wargame club, is equally unique in the way it runs. The society meets every Sunday afternoon (12:30pm-5:30pm) at 6 Goulburn street, in the centre of Hobart. The first meeting attended by players is free, with no annual membership costs, only a \$2 fee for every visit after the first.

The members claim to play all Games Workshop's games at one time or another (*Do they play Trolls in the Pantry as well?--Matt*) with at least one campaign running at any given time.

We have it on good authority that not only does the society encourage fully painted armies and gangs, they also award prizes for the best painted of these taking part in their campaigns. There are also prizes for the winners of the campaigns as well as those that suffer the most spectacular losses!

It seems these guys can't stop giving things away, they also have a weekly lucky door prize of a \$15 voucher which is redeemable at Area 52 (a local Games Workshop stockist in Hobart).

For more information on the Hobart Wargaming Society, you can either contact Mark Morffew after business hours on (03) 6273 6659 or E-mail him at:

mmorffew@utas.edu.au

NEW THIS MONTH



This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:

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

IMPERIAL GUARD

Armageddon Steel legion (boxed set)	\$49.95	\$54.95
Commissar Yarrick (one model per blister)	\$17.95	\$19.95
Sentinel (plastic boxed set)	\$24.95	\$29.95

ELDAR

Dire Avengers (plastic and metal boxed set)	\$34.95	\$39.95
Eldar Striking Scorpions Exarch (1 model per blister)	\$11.95	\$13.95
Fire Dragons (2 models per blister)	\$13.95	\$15.95
Swooping Hawks (2 models per blister)	\$13.95	\$15.95
Eldar Support Weapon Platform (1 gun, 2 crew/blister)	\$24.95	\$29.95
Eldar Dark Reaper Exarch (1 model per blister)	\$11.95	\$13.95

SPACE ORKS

Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka (boxed set)	\$29.95	\$34.95
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SPACE MARINES

Salamanders Tactical Squad (plastic/metal boxed set)	\$39.95	\$44.95
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This month's releases from the Black Library:

Ragnar's Claw (Novel)	\$12.95	\$14.95
Citadel Journal 38	\$15.95	\$17.95
Warhammer Monthly 31	\$4.95	\$5.95
Deathblow 3	\$7.50	\$9.95
Blood Bowl Compendium 3	\$15.95	\$17.95



ARMAG



ARMAGEDDON

The beast returns...

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON



Paul Sawyer

The Third War

Last issue we tantalised you with a taster of what is undoubtedly the year's biggest and most exciting gaming event, along with an account of the last incursion suffered by the planet of Armageddon. Now you're going to get all the gory detail, so, if you're sitting comfortably, I'll begin by recapping what has gone before...

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, nemesis of the Imperium, has returned to the Armageddon sub-sector. Fifty years ago he laid siege to the strategically important planet of Armageddon and was only thwarted by the combined forces of the Imperium of man under the leadership of one of its greatest heroes, Commissar Yarrick.

This wasn't the last the Imperium of Man was to see of Ghazghkull, however. The cunning greenskin was using this invasion as a test of both Armageddon's Imperial defences and their military strategy.

Now Ghazghkull has returned with a vengeance as he sweeps all before him in a deadly green tide. Once again, the fate of a thousand worlds hangs precariously in the balance and billions of lives depend on the outcome of the coming Ork invasion.

To arms!

The invasion is under way and you now have the opportunity to influence the fate of every planet in the Armageddon sub-sector!

The plan is cunningly simple – during the month of August, Games Workshop stores throughout the world will be running games of Warhammer 40,000 (and some will even include Epic 40,000 and Battlefleet Gothic!) between the Ork invaders and Armageddon's defence forces. The results of these games will be compiled here at White Dwarf to reveal the outcome of the gargantuan planetary invasion, which we'll publish in a coming issue.

The Third War for Armageddon is primarily a conflict embroiling the Ork invaders and the combined forces of the Imperium. However, there are also other allied or mercenary forces involved. Dark Eldar and Chaos Space Marine contingents have been sighted fighting alongside the Ork horde. The enigmatic Eldar have reportedly been seen aiding both sides, although their purpose in this is unclear as forces from various Eldar craftworlds have even been seen to lock horns with their own kin! All this, combined with the increasing number of Tyranid hive fleets being sighted in the area, means that anyone with a Warhammer 40,000 army will be able to take part in this all-encompassing conflict.

If you can't get to a store, it doesn't matter – simply send us the results of your games whether they're played at a games club, at home or even in your officers' mess (and we know it happens!). You could send us the details on the form which you'll find elsewhere in this issue or you may want to send us even more information (which would be great as we'll be printing the best in a future issue!). Of course, you could also register your results on our Armageddon Campaign website...



for Armageddon

Enter the webway

Those of you with access to the internet should log on straightaway and check out the Armageddon Campaign website at:

www.armageddon3.com

Not only does this website have loads of background to the campaign but it also has an interactive results service! You can visit the Imperial High Command war room for their overview of the campaign or pop into Ghazghkull's Kommand Gargant for the Orky perspective on proceedings. At these points you can register the results of your games and see how the war is going by campaign sector or across the whole war front!

The site will be updated frequently to reflect the flow of the war, with extra material being added on a regular basis so you'll want to keep on coming back for another look!

History is written by the victors

Once the ash clouds of the burning hive cities and ruined Ork Gargants settle and the results are all in, we'll know the final outcome of the

global campaign! Will Armageddon fall to the irresistible might of Ghazghkull and his green horde? Will the valiant Imperial defenders and their allies stave off the greenskin invasion ensuring survival for billions of Imperial citizens? Or will the battle rage on and Armageddon become a world at war, an unrelenting battlefield, a world torn asunder? The simple answer is that it's in your hands! The more games you play, the more you'll be able to influence the final outcome!

What next?

An all-encompassing, worldwide campaign, a new Codex, a set of brilliant new miniatures and still there's more! We'll also be including as much extra stuff as we can about Armageddon over the next few issues of White Dwarf. You'll kick yourself if you miss out, so now really is the time for that White Dwarf subscription you've been promising yourself!

CODEx ARMAGEDDON

In addition to running this cataclysmic gaming event, we're also releasing Codex Armageddon. This new Codex focuses on the return of Waaagh! Ghazghkull to the strategically important Armageddon sub-sector and, in particular, the colossal war that threatens to consume the planet of Armageddon – a world whose name has become a byword for war and destruction on a massive scale.

Codex Armageddon outlines the background to the campaign, the major players on both sides and also explains how to get the most from your games set on Armageddon. It doesn't end there, though, as this new Codex also includes four brand new army lists:

- *Ork Speed Freaks* – dangerous velocity-addicted greenskins.
- *The Salamanders Space Marine Chapter.*
- *The Black Templars Space Marine Chapter.*
- *The Armageddon Steel Legion* – a mechanised Imperial Guard regiment.

In addition to all the hard work put into this Codex by Andy Chambers, Gav Thorpe and Jervis Johnson, we also have dozens of new miniatures which you'll be seeing over the course of the next few months, starting with this issue!



Will this be Commissar Yarrick's last stand?

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

Ghazghkull's opening gambit...

Amidst the wreckage of Ghazghkull's first invasion of Armageddon, a lengthy investigation of the planet's readiness and defences was begun in 948.M41. In light of the strategic value of Armageddon to the Imperium, extensive works were ordered by the Adeptus of Terra to secure the Armageddon system against future attacks. Sector Naval command was transferred to the Armageddon system and the Naval facility of St. Jowen's Dock was rebuilt and expanded to accommodate all classes of interstellar warship. Three permanently manned monitor stations were established in the

outer reaches, named after three great heroes of the Second War of Armageddon; Mannheim, Dante and Yarrick. Ground based and orbital defences were rebuilt and heavily reinforced, minefields were seeded throughout the system and a substantial increase in the numbers of system ships and monitors were ordered.

On Armageddon itself, the long process of rebuilding the hives devastated by Ghazghkull's hordes was begun. A process which, despite massive application of resources and manpower, remained incomplete fifty years later. In part, this was due to the increased number of defence

regiments which were raised over this period, despite a lowering of Armageddon's title of regiments destined for the Imperial Guard. A military council was appointed to rule over Armageddon, comprising high ranking representatives from the Imperial Guard, Navy, Departmento Munitorium and Adeptus Mechanicus, the Ecclesiarchy and the Governor of each of the major hives on Armageddon. The council was headed by General Kurov of the Imperial Guard, a respected veteran of the Bakku Crusade. From 949.M41 to 978.M41, General Kurov coordinated a series of xenocidal campaigns conducted



With the aid of Adeptus Sororitas from the Order of Our Martyred Lady, the Armageddon Steel Legion stoically defends at Impe

throughout the equatorial jungles between Armageddon Primus and Secundus and the ice-bound world of Chosin to eliminate Ork infestations which sprang up in the aftermath of Ghazghkull's invasion. Fifty years passed and Armageddon rose from the ashes, its defences stronger and more powerful than they had ever been before. Still it was not enough.

The first signs of the coming storm was a series of attacks on systems surrounding Armageddon and other worlds nearby. First the nearby world of Minerva suffered the depredations of Ork pirates, then the agri-world of Ruis was likewise assailed. Over a period of months,

in spite of the best efforts of the Imperial Navy, the number of merchant ships reaching Armageddon was cut by half. It was as though an unseen presence knew that the Imperial forces were bound by the need to guard the Armageddon system and were not free to patrol the sector as freely as they should. Almost overnight, the pirate raids grew into assaults on outposts and then into attacks against lightly-held colonies and satellites. Soon, the first full-scale planetary invasions began. Two dozen Imperial worlds came under attack in as many hours and the Astropaths of Armageddon received constant reports of yet more Ork

assaults. Every consultation of the Emperor's Tarot showed bloodshed, destruction and the sign of the Beast Resurgent. Rumours spread that Ghazghkull was returning to wreak his vengeance, and soon even the most obstinate bureaucrat could no longer deny that an Ork Waaagh! of gargantuan proportions was engulfing the Armageddon sector. After Task Force Trajan was presumed lost battling Orks in the Desdena system, General Kurov sent forth a call to nearby Imperial Guard regiments and Space Marine Chapters to muster in defence of Armageddon.



Imperial landing station against a rampaging Ork warband.

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

Ghazghkull's back...

Return of the Beast

On the Day of the Feast of the Emperor's Ascension, fifty seven years to the day after the first Ork invasion, augur probes registered a massive disruption in the immaterium as an Ork fleet tore its way back into reality and Ghazghkull's hordes descended on Armageddon once more. An alert from monitor station Dante was cut off in mid-transmission as the Ork ships swept past in their hundreds.

The monitor station's final reports indicated an Ork fleet moving into the system, comprising 50 Ork cruisers and over 300 escort vessels accompanying at least four space hulks. The forces of Armageddon were placed on full alert and seven Imperial cruiser squadrons, led by the Apocalypse class battleships *His Will* and *Triumph*, departed St. Jowen's Dock within twenty four hours. The Imperial fleet, under Admiral Parol, entered battle five days later, catching the lead elements of the Ork fleet in an ambush around the high-G world of Pelucidar.

Sixty Ork attack ships were blasted out of the void by Imperial fire in the initial engagement, without the loss of a single Imperial ship. Then Parol's ships were engaged by heavy squadrons of Ork Kill Kroozers and swarms of Fighta-Bommerz racing ahead of the main body of the Ork fleet. The Imperial ships fought valiantly, their weapon batteries pounding the crude Ork

vessels into scrap, ravening lance beams incinerating wave after wave of Fighta-Bommerz.

Nonetheless, the Ork fleet outnumbered that of Armageddon by six to one and the Imperial ships were gradually battered back. The Orks made suicidal rushes against the Imperial gun-lines with unbounded ferocity, losing a dozen of their ships in exchange for a single Imperial vessel. At the height of the engagement, Admiral Parol received comm-bursts from the Yarrick and Mannheim monitor stations warning of three more Ork fleets entering the edges of the system. Almost simultaneously, the *Triumph* was bracketed by five Ork Kill Kroozers and crippled by their combined heavy gunfire and massed teleport attacks. Realising that his duty lay in preserving the fleet for a protracted conflict, Admiral Parol reluctantly gave the order for a general disengagement.

The doomed monitor stations were overwhelmed a few hours later. By their last count, the combined Ork fleets numbered in excess of 2,000 ships and at least twelve space hulks, the largest number of hulks ever to assail a world of the Imperium in its 10,000 year history. Admiral Parol, his command reduced to five squadrons of cruisers and a single operational battleship, could do little more than mount hit and run attacks against the massive Ork armadas as they moved in-system. Imperial

reinforcements would arrive soon, and then Parol could hope that Ghazghkull's control of space could be challenged with some hope of success.

In the meantime, Parol's escorts and light cruisers harried the Orks as best as they could, distracting and drawing off their foes into baited traps and minefields, doing whatever was in their power to reduce the tidal wave of Ork machines arriving in-system. To their dismay, the Imperial Navy ships encountered dozens of crude asteroid fortresses, or 'Roks', in the normally vulnerable tail of the Ork fleets. These heavily armed weapons platforms proved difficult to attack directly, but the very presence of such unusual numbers of them seemed to indicate some more sinister design at work.

Surprisingly, the Orks did not turn aside to capture St. Jowen's Dock. Instead they subjected it to a six day long bombardment as the Ork fleets moved past, enlivened by repeated attacks from assault boat squadrons. Ork warriors succeeded in establishing themselves throughout the lower sections of the dock, and, although the facility remained in Imperial hands, it was rendered virtually useless by damage from the bombardment and constant Ork raids. Only the arrival of two Ordo Xenos Inquisitorial kill-teams later in the campaign succeeded in driving the Orks back to the isotope storage pits at the base of the station.

Ground Zero

On Armageddon, the final weeks before the Ork fleet's arrival were occupied with frenzied preparations. Titan Legions fired up their ancient plasma reactors and took up defensive positions around the hives, their scanner-eyes scouring the skies. Imperial Guard regiments were mustered and dug in, Space Marines from over twenty Chapters dispersed into the wastelands and mountains to



Check out the Armageddon Campaign website now, at:

...and this time it's Waaagh!



Imperial Guard Storm Troopers prepare to repel the speeding Ork assault.

prepare to face the aliens. Imperial merchant vessels daily ran the tightening gauntlet of Ork ships to rush more reinforcements to the planet. The last transport to touch down carried a legend. Commissar Yarrick, the 'Old Man' himself, set foot on Armageddon for the first time in twenty years to the rapturous cheers of the populace.

The old Commissar met with the military council that very night and advised them on Ghazghkull's most recent tactics and strategies, adding a dire warning against underestimating the Warlord's capabilities. Many said he had become old and weary, bowed down with the horrific prospect of the coming invasion. Those who knew him well could see the fierce determination that still burned in his single eye. General Kurov had always been renowned for his judgement of men in battle, and he was deeply impressed by Yarrick's drive and intelligence. He requested that Yarrick take over leadership of the military council for

the duration of the current crisis and, to the relief of all, Yarrick agreed.

Six weeks after entering the Armageddon system, the vast armada of Ghazghkull's forces went into battle with the space stations and weapons platforms in high orbit over the planet. Those who had hoped that the powerful orbital defences of Armageddon would keep the Orks at bay were soon shown to be hopelessly deluded. The orbital battle raged for three days and two fiery nights, but, by dawn of the third day, the skies were filled with the vapour trails of Ork landing pods and the incandescent meteors of attack ships carving through the skies. Hades Hive, still a virtual ruin after the last war, was the first to die. In an act of terrible vengeance Ghazghkull chose not to fight again at Hades. Instead, the entire hive and its inhabitants were smashed asunder by giant asteroids dropped from orbiting space hulks. This act of wanton annihilation was but the

prelude to the bloodshed which was to follow.

As the fires of Hades' destruction lit the eastern horizon, the first Ork drop legions clashed with Imperial forces near Volcanus, Acheron and Death Mire. Ground based defence lasers and missile silos took a terrible toll on the Orks as they landed, but the survivors regrouped and assailed the defences with such terrible ferocity that soon more and more of the horde was reaching the planet's surface unscathed. Feral Orks swept down from the Palidus Mountains and out of the equatorial jungles to join the growing hordes. Where the defences proved too strong to be taken by direct assaults, huge mobs of Orks and their war machines were teleported directly into battle from the hulks above. As the ground defences fell silent on the third day of the landings, Yarrick ordered every remaining aircraft on Armageddon to be thrown into the battle in a desperate attempt to destroy as

www.armageddon3.com

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

Ghazghkull's back...

much of Ghazghkull's hordes as possible before they reached the ground.

The yellow skies over Armageddon became interwoven with twisting con-trails as thousands of Ork Fighta-Bommerz duelled with Imperial Thunderbolts and Furies. The Imperial craft had an edge in that they could return to their armoured airbases to refuel and rearm, whereas the Orks had to reserve enough fuel to climb back up to their Terrorships and hulks in orbit. But soon the Orks secured ground bases and the battle turned against the brave Imperial pilots as the crushing numbers of the Orks was brought fully to bear.



As the aerial battles reached their height five days after the landings, Acheron Hive fell to the Orks without warning, captured by treachery from within. Garbled reports spoke of power grids sabotaged and the Orks boiling out from secret access tunnels at the very heart of the metropolis. The instigator of these foul crimes was soon revealed as none other than the infamous war-criminal Herman von Strab. He took over the hive as its new Overlord, announcing that it was his divine right to rule over Armageddon. Ork brute squads stood ready to silence any dissenters who doubted von Strab's determination.

Despicably, much of the old nobility in Acheron welcomed back von Strab as a long-lost prince, choosing to genteelly ignore the fact that he had thrown in his lot with some of the most dangerous aliens the galaxy had ever seen.

At Volcanus Hive, on the same day that Acheron fell, massed Ork infantry surged over the twenty square miles of defences atop Volcanus Mount just beyond the hive's outer suburbs. Seventeen garrison regiments of Armageddon Hive militia were routed and the Orks captured many weapons and fortifications intact. Volcanus itself was soon besieged, surrounded by a ring of Orkish steel and relentlessly pounded by captured macro cannons and barrage bombs.

Outside Death Mire, the war went better. The Titans of Legios Tempestor and Victorum with their supporting regiments of Skitarii virtually annihilated the Ork Blackfire tribe in a three day running battle across the Plain of Anthrand. But the Ork landers fell from the skies like a relentless storm and fighting spread across Armageddon like a forest fire, until every hive and factory complex was embroiled. In many places, Ork attacks were beaten off, but again and again the Orks would regroup

and attack within hours, stretching the defenders to their limit.

As Yarrick had predicted, Ghazghkull's strategies proved deadly. The Orks kept an iron grip on Armageddon's skies, orbital bombardments and Fighta-Bommerz pounded Imperial forces wherever they tried to form a battleline, pinning them in place while further landings were made to surround them. Where the Orks were outnumbered, they fought a guerrilla war, striking at their foes and withdrawing into the harsh wastelands before retribution could arrive. Ghazghkull had learned the lessons of Chigon 17 well, and deliberately prepared his plans so that the fighting was scattered and chaotic; precisely the conditions in which Ork warbands thrive and Imperial regiments were denied the support and coordination they needed to fight back effectively. The only force which consistently defeated the Orks was the Adeptus Astartes and the Space Marines tirelessly scoured the hinterlands of Armageddon on search and destroy missions to eliminate the greenskins at every opportunity.

The opening gambit

As the battles raged on the planet, Ghazghkull unleashed another of his carefully prepared surprises. Incredibly, dozens of the great asteroid fortresses encountered by Admiral Parol's ships began to descend from orbit. Slowed by powerful force fields, rockets and modified traktor kannons, the Ork Roks made landings in the verdant equatorial jungles and across Armageddon Primus and Secundus. Many were lost to ground fire or accidents but each one that survived became a bastion for the Orks, a rallying point and a ready-made fortress. As well as their huge guns and missile batteries, the Roks contained giant teleport arrays like those first used by Ghazghkull in his Piscina campaign. These were employed to teleport down Ork reinforcements,

Check out the Armageddon Campaign website now, at:

...and this time it's Waaagh!

including Gargants and heavy artillery, in an endless stream. Commissar Yarrick personally led attacks by Cadian shock troops supported by the Titans of Legio Metallica and Legio Ignatum which destroyed several of the fortresses, but bloody battles around many others consumed whole regiments in hours. For the rest of the war, the Space Marines bore the brunt of eliminating the Ork fortresses where they could, the Salamanders Chapter winning particular acclaim for their successes against fortresses along Hemlock River.

Mysteriously, the Orks also made landings in the Fire Wastes and Deadlands to the north and south of the main continent of Armageddon. Even Yarrick was surprised; these grim, forbidding lands had always been believed to be uninhabitable and utterly valueless. Their value to Ghazghkull became apparent when weeks later hundreds of tanker-sized Ork submersibles rose from the polluted waters and made landings at Tempestora and Helsreach. Surprise was total; Tempestora fell within days and the dockyards of Helsreach were soon captured. Only a bitter defence by the Helsreach Hive gang militias, with supporting companies of Storm Troopers and Space Marines which had been rushed to the area, prevented the Orks overrunning the entire hive.

Fourteen days after the initial Ork landings, the first major confrontation between Ork and Imperial war engines occurred. A ten day battle raged over the Diabolus factory complex as the Gargant mobs of Warlord Burzuruk and Warlord Skarfang clashed with the Titans of Legio Crucius. Six Titans and eight Gargants were utterly destroyed in the fighting and many others needed months of repairs before they could fight again. The Diabolus complex was wrecked during the battle, its foundries and machine shops blasted apart or crushed underfoot

by giant fighting machines. In the aftermath of the battle Ork Speed Kults swiftly encircled Infernus Hive, cutting it off from all outside help. Mechanised counter-attacks into the ash wastes met with initial success, but when an entire regiment of Savlar Chem Dogs was surrounded and wiped out by the Speed Freaks, further attempts to break out were abandoned by those inside.

As the beleaguered defenders pondered how to lift the siege, reports came in of a vast Ork horde rounding the Palidus Mountains from the north east. Soon the horde was visible from the hive spire, a great sea of warriors which seemed to fill the empty expanse of the ash wastes to overflowing. Towering Gargants strode through the tide, like great ships rolling on a green sea. The guttural war chants of the Orks could be heard from over twenty miles away, the ground shaking with their progress. Worst of all, the countless bannerpoles swaying over the horde bore the personal glyph of the mighty Ghazghkull himself.

As the skies darkened beneath the shadow of Ork hulks high above and the first orbital bombardments crashed down, the citizens of Infernus knew that their doom was upon them. They made what preparations they could with preternatural calm, commending their souls to the Emperor as they built barricades or distributed weapons and ammunition to the troops. They tried to take inspiration from the legends of Commissar Yarrick and how he made the Orks pay for every inch of ground at Hades Hive. Not all were brave enough to face their doom, thousands fled into the wastes to be killed or captured by Speed Kults which circled the hive like vultures over a carcass.

The Adeptus Arbites soon moved to secure the hive, turning back or executing any who failed in their duty to the Emperor. As Ghazghkull's horde came within



range, the last great siege guns of Infernus pounded them, lobbing thousand-pound shells into the mass of Greenskins until return fire from the orbiting hulks smashed them apart. In the brief lull that followed, Ghazghkull delivered to the defenders of Infernus a messenger. It was Colonel Gortar of the Chem Dogs, horribly mutilated and missing his eyes and hands. The message the Colonel bore was a simple one which would be heard many times across Armageddon in the months to come:

"Surrender or die!"

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

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Campaign warzones

We will be assigning each country or continent a specific warzone. Imperial defenders will be trying to hold off and break the relentless tide of Greenskins, whilst Ork Warlords and their allies will be attempting to sweep aside the paltry forces of the weakling 'umies. For instance, Infernus warzone will be fought over by anyone living in the United Kingdom whilst gamers who live in Asia will be fighting tooth and nail to take control of the Equatorial Jungle warzone.

Check out your local store or independent stockist as they'll be running all manner of special events around this campaign. It doesn't stop there however as we also want to hear from individuals and clubs! We'll be printing the best of the material sent in to us, so if your local Games Workshop is running a suitably exciting gaming event or if you and your mates are just playing as many games as you can manage in a week, we want to hear about it!

Remember, it doesn't matter if your battlefield is set up for fighting in, say, the jungle but you are

fighting in a warzone which has another predominant terrain type (Scandinavia battles over a large area of the Deadlands, which is mainly arctic, for instance). In coming White Dwarfs (and on the Armageddon website) we'll be bringing you even more maps which will zoom in on each warzone, to portray all the important geographical and strategic features which you can fight your battles over. These maps will all incorporate pockets of varying terrain types so don't worry! The overriding principle behind this campaign is to get everyone with a 40K, Epic 40K or Battlefleet Gothic force to play as many games as you can in a month and try to help win your country's warzone for the greater glory of your side, be it Ork or Imperial!

Will your compatriots stave off the Greenskin invaders or will those of you who have green blood running through your alien veins stand victorious amongst the 'umie corpses?

The campaign will work as follows:

1. Play a game of Warhammer 40,000, Epic 40,000 or Battlefleet Gothic.
2. Fill in the Armageddon campaign registration form which you'll find on page 19 (as you'll be playing lots of games we suggest you photocopy it!) and post it to us:

ARMAGEDDON CAMPAIGN RESULTS,
White Dwarf, Games Workshop,
PO Box 576 Ingleburn NSW
1890 AUSTRALIA

3. As we receive your results we'll be logging them against your warzone and as the coming months pass we'll be able to give you a progress report outlining how the war is going in your warzone.
4. At the end of the campaign we'll add up all the results and publish the final outcome along with who was victorious in each warzone.

So what are you waiting for? Muster your troops and take to the field of battle – only you can decide the fate of your warzone...



The Fire Wastes

The Fire Wastes (Australia)

If at all possible, the Fire Wastes are even more inhospitable than the ash wastes of Prime and Secundus. However, here are found the majority of the ore mines and mineral processing plants which supply the hives and factories of Armageddon with the raw materials they need. With many of these mines under Ork control, the weapon shops and armouries of the Imperium will soon be forced to halt production. It is imperative to the continuing war effort that the supply from the Fire Wastes be re-established.

Phoenix Island (New Zealand)

Phoenix Island is located in the midst of the Boiling Sea. It acts as a major artery of supply across from the Fire Wastes, and has large spaceport facilities for supply to the orbital Navy station of St. Jowen's dock. Despite several fierce attacks, the Orks have yet to take the starport, enabling new regiments arriving on world to use Phoenix Island as a staging point.

The Deadlands

The Deadlands (Scandinavia)

The polluted ice wastes of the Deadlands hold perhaps the most valuable commodity for those living and fighting on Armageddon – water. Usable water is impossible to find anywhere else, and refineries and processing plants remove all the contaminants and toxins from the foul ice and snow of the Deadlands before shipping the water to the hives and factories in massive super tankers. It is believed that it was these super tankers that were cannibalised by the Orks to create the flotilla of submersibles that attacked Helsreach.

The Netheria Peninsula (Canada)

The Netheria Peninsula of the Deadlands extends far into the Tempest Ocean, and control of it has allowed the Orks to set up airfields from which their Fighta-Bommerz can launch attacks on Helsreach and Tartarus Hives. These scattered airstrips are almost impossible to detect, and only vigilant sweeps by Imperial Navy fighters and Armageddon strato-craft have so far stopped the Orks from establishing an airforce which is not reliant on orbital facilities. At the moment, the Imperium's slim aerial supremacy is one of the few factors keeping the Ork attacks in check.

Armageddon Prime

Hive Volcanus (Spain)

Situated in Armageddon Prime, Volcanus Hive is currently enduring a heavy siege. Supplies have been ferried across from the north-east to stop much of the population starving, but the situation inside the hive is desperate, and every day thousands are dying from dehydration and malnutrition, not to mention casualties from the continuous Ork bombardment. Recently reinforced by a regiment of Elysian Drop Troopers, the defenders are attempting to break out of the Ork cordon and link up with elements from the North Primus Front fighting around Tempestora.

Plains of Anthrand (Africa)

The wide area in the south west of Armageddon Prime is known commonly as the Plains of Anthrand. It is rumoured that there was once a hive here, but it was abandoned when the dunes half-swallowed it during a storm that lasted for three decades, the acid rain melting the ruins into rivers of metal that flow beneath the ash and sands. Anthrand was the site of the first major Imperial victory, and South Primus Front is currently pushing the Orks back towards the jungles.

Equatorial Jungle (Asia and South America)

Orks have infested the Armageddon jungles since the first invasion by Ghazghkull over fifty years ago. Dedicated armies of hardened Ork hunters are trained at Cerbera Base in the middle of the jungle, and from here firesweep teams are sent out to keep the Ork population under control. However, such cleanse and burn missions were obviously not as successful as suspected, for when Ghazghkull landed, thousands of feral Orks attacked Cerbera, and more poured from the jungles into the ash wastes and mountains.

Death Mire (France)

The forces of Death Mire held out well against the initial Ork assault, preventing them from crossing the River Insane despite suffering heavy casualties. However, the defensive lines drawn up on the banks of the Insane have been seriously compromised by a large force of feral Orks who have begun rampaging northwards out of the jungles, headed straight for Death Mire itself.

Hive Tempestora (GW HQ)

Tempestora is under siege, but unlike Volcanus, it is the Orks who are being contained. Using submersibles built in the Fire Wastes, a large force of Orks circumvented the Imperial defensive entrenchments and fortresses, taking Tempestora from the seaward side. At the moment, the Imperial Guard can only hope to contain the Orks, whilst a force of Salamanders, Blood Angels, Storm Giants and Marines Malevolent Space Marines is assembled to retake Tempestora.

Armageddon Secundus

Hive Infernus including Palidus and Diablo mountains (UK)

Infernus is one of the most heavily defended hives, as it acts as a staging post and rallying point for armies moving from Prime to Secundus, or vice versa. However, the defenders are hard-pressed, and the Orks have penetrated into the hive itself, albeit still in small numbers as yet, and these are comprised mostly of mobs of dedicated Kommandos. Infernus also has the greatest concentration of Space Marines, as its extensive aircraft and shuttle facilities were considerably increased in the last decade, allowing the Chapters stationed there to launch Thunderhawks across the whole of Armageddon. It is widely believed that Ghazghkull himself leads the Orks fighting at Infernus.

The mountain ranges around Hades and Infernus are now in Ork hands –

several Rok forts have landed there unmolested, establishing the Orks' dominance. For now, the Emperor's servants can only hope to keep the Orks contained until dedicated mountain troops can be shipped in from another world. The valleys ring to the thunder of large cannons, and dust avalanches and volcanic eruptions are as much a threat as the enemy.

Hive Acheron (Italy)

The status of Acheron is somewhat dubious, as it is under the control of the renegade Herman von Strab, deposed Imperial Commander of Armageddon. The old Armageddon aristocracy welcomed von Strab's return with open arms, while the remainder of Acheron's inhabitants quail in terror at the Ork brute squads that accompanied his arrival. Ad-hoc human guerrilla units combat the Orks from within the hive, while Imperial forces attempt to gain entry from outside. Undoubtedly the Officio Assassinorum are aware of the situation.

Hive Helsreach (USA)

Helsreach is a contested hive, its outer fortifications and labyrinthine docks and harbours fell to Orks swarming from submersible war engines launched from the Dead Lands. Many in Helsreach are veterans of the long and bitter siege in the last Armageddon War, and their tenacity and ferocity has not been diminished by time. Despite horrendous casualties, the people of Helsreach are fighting hard, making the Orks pay for every yard they advance, making frequent suicidal counter-attacks to smash the Greenskins' supply lines and force them back.

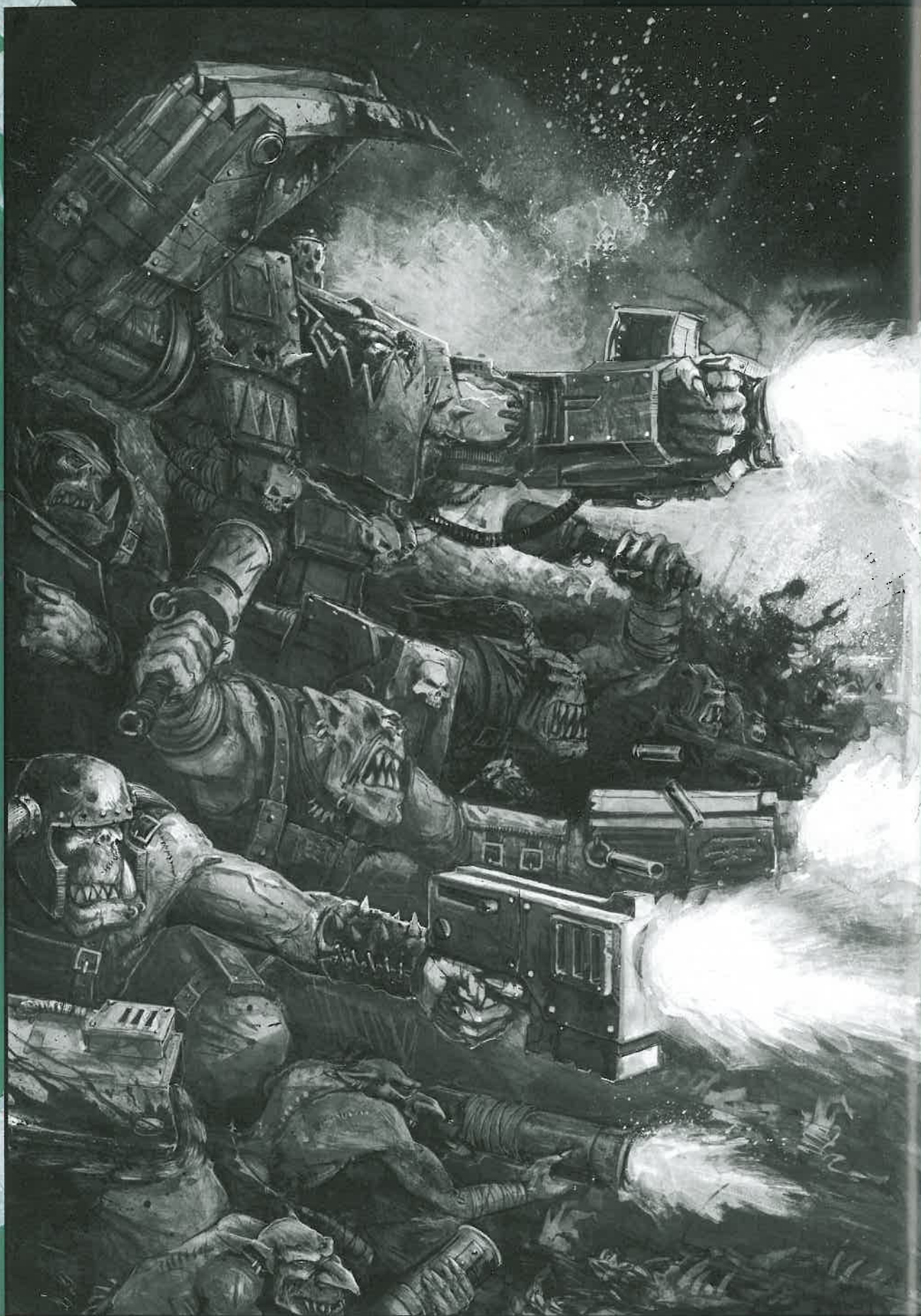
Hive Tartarus (Germany)

At first it seemed that Tartarus would escape relatively unscathed, when Ork armies dropping to Armageddon headed North towards Acheron. Commander Clain, in control of the Tartarus battle front, sent a strong force of Titans and Guard regiments to help with the defence of Infernus. Unfortunately, the force was subsequently attacked in the ash wastes by a contingent formed of several Ork armies and they are now set in a defensive formation out in the wastelands. Secondary Ork drops have attacked Tartarus, and the poorly defended city cannot hold out for much longer if the Orks receive heavy reinforcement.

Hive Hades (rest of the world)

It was at Hades Hive that Ghazghkull's horde was finally halted during the last invasion. This time Ghazghkull wanted to send a clear message to the Imperial forces – from orbit the Orks dropped massive asteroids on the hive, crushing it into the ash wastes, wiping out the millions of people scraping out a living in its ruins. However, the symbol of Hades is still strong and inspiring, its sacrifice will not be in vain, and embittered fighting now rages around the burning remnants of the hive.

The 3rd War for
ARMAGEDDON

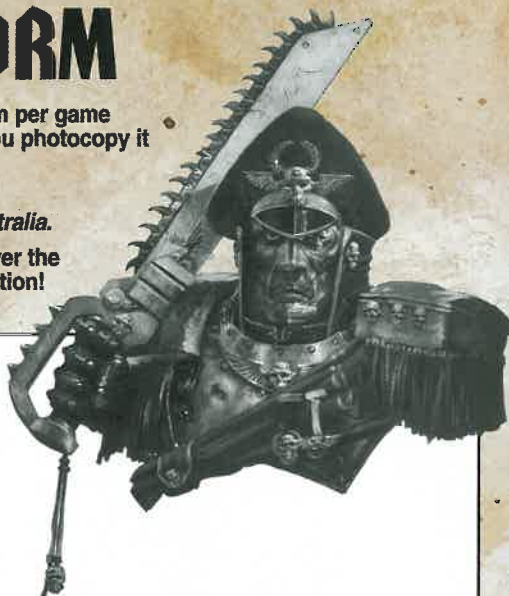


BATTLE RESULTS FORM

For each game you play, simply fill in the details below (only one form per game please!) and send it off to us at the following address. We suggest you photocopy it as you'll doubtless be playing lots of games!

**ARMAGEDDON CAMPAIGN RESULTS, White Dwarf,
Games Workshop, 23 Liverpool Street, Ingleburn NSW 2565, Australia.**

We'll add the result of each game into our campaign database and over the next few months we'll bring you progress reports on the overall situation!



YOUR DETAILS

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Address:

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.....

Which game did you play?

Warhammer 40,000 ☐

Epic 40,000 ☐

Battlefleet Gothic ☐

What was the total points value of your game?

Up to 1,000 ☐

Up to 2,000 ☐

Up to 3,000 ☐

3,000+ ☐

ORK INVADERS

Supreme Commander's name:

Tick all armies that took part:

Orks ☐

Speed Freaks ☐

Chaos ☐

Dark Eldar ☐

Eldar ☐

Tyrannids ☐

IMPERIAL DEFENCE FORCES

Supreme Commander's name:

Tick all armies that took part:

Space Marines ☐

Imperial Guard ☐

Sisters of Battle ☐

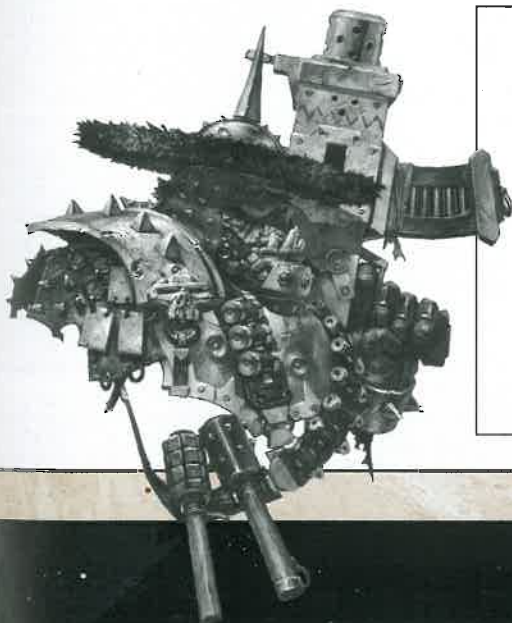
Eldar ☐

WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

Imperial victory ☐

Ork victory ☐

Draw ☐



Which warzone are you fighting for?

- Plains of Anthrand (Africa) ☐
- Death Mire (France) ☐
- Equatorial Jungle (Asia & South America) ☐
- Infernus inc. Palidus & Diablo Mountains (UK) ☐
- Helsreach (USA) ☐
- Tartarus (Germany) ☐
- Acheron (Italy) ☐
- The Fire Wastes (Australia) ☐
- Phoenix Island (New Zealand) ☐
- Volcanus (Spain) ☐
- Deadlands Alpha (Scandinavia) ☐
- Netheria Peninsula (Canada) ☐
- Hades (Rest of the world) ☐

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Index Astartes



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

rites of initiation

The creation of
a Space Marine

With a soft hum, the doors opened and a burly figure stepped through, swathed in a red cloak. As the elevator doors hissed shut behind him, Inquisitor Thraxx gazed around the chamber.

"Apothecary Malus?" Thraxx asked the room in general and one of the assembled Space Marines stepped forward, his power armour replaced by a long white robe.

"I am he," the Apothecary replied in a deep voice, bowing his head slightly to look at the Inquisitor.

"I have come to Varsavia to further investigate the purity of the Silver Skulls' gene-seed, following study of the reports by your Lord of the Household."

"Of course, Inquisitor," Malus replied smoothly. "I shall show you our Apothecarion. We have nothing to hide."

The Origin of the Legions Astartes

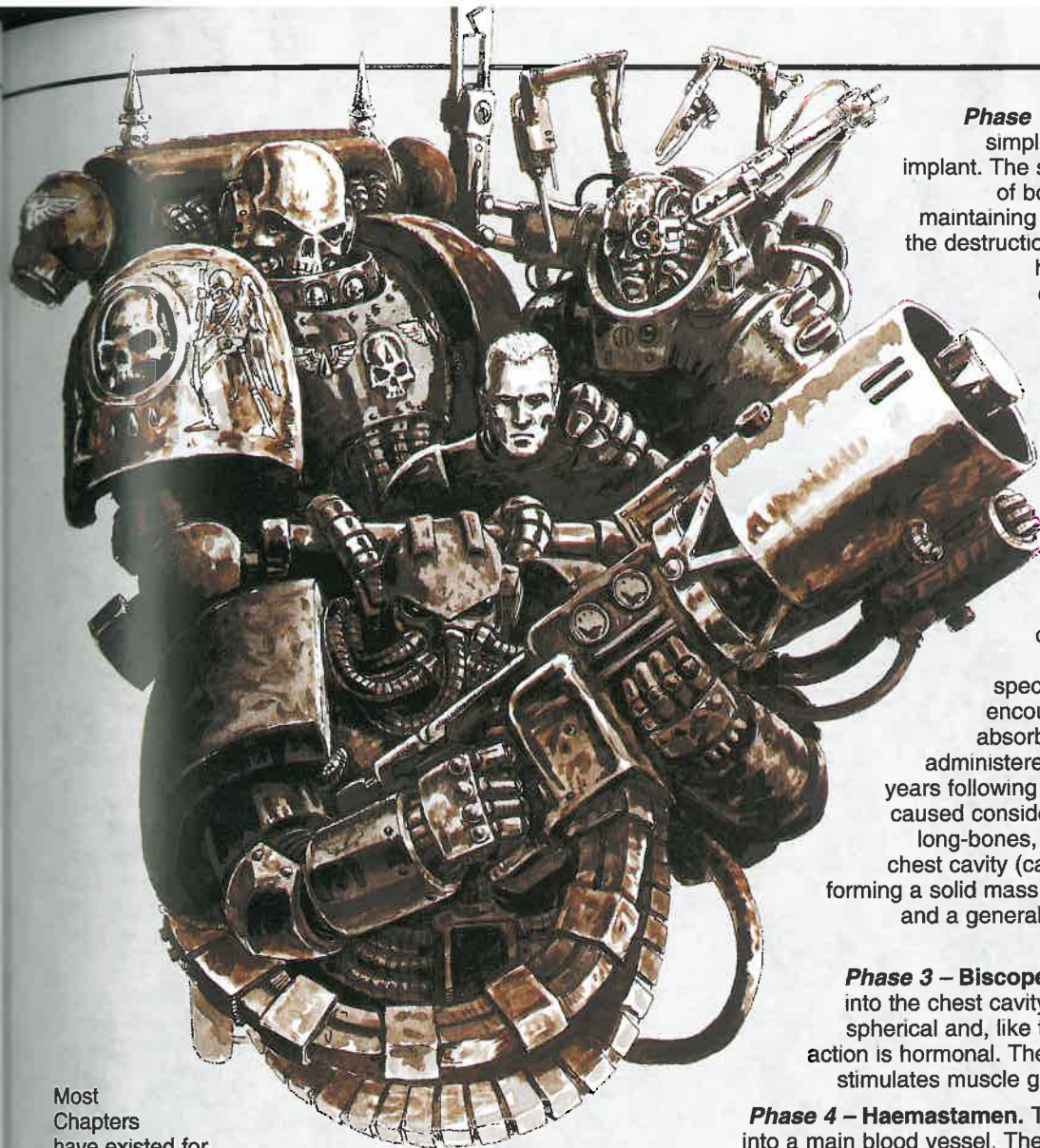
The Legions Astartes (Space Marines) were instrumental in the early wars that put the Imperium on the galactic map. At the end of the Age of Strife, Earth was a single sovereign planet which had only recently become free of volatile warp-storms. With the sudden dispersal of these storms, it became possible once again for spacecraft to travel to and from Earth. Earth's forces carved out an Empire that stretched almost half-way across the galaxy within two hundred years. This was the Great Crusade.

Research and development leading to the creation of the Space Marines was undertaken in the thirtieth Millennium immediately prior to the beginning of the Great Crusade. This work was conducted in laboratories built deep inside Earth. The objective of the program was to create a caste of warrior elites, characterised by super human strength and unflinching loyalty. The first of these warriors were used by the Emperor to reconquer Earth and subjugate the various barbarian tribes and rival factions that contested for control of the planet. Later, the Emperor created twenty beings known as the Primarchs. Quite what the Emperor intended for the Primarchs is not known, but while they were still mere infants they were snatched from Earth by a great Chaos vortex and scattered around the galaxy. The Emperor's geneticists continued their studies and created the first true Space Marines, as other scientists engineered the first suits of powered armour and boltguns.

During the Great Crusade, the Emperor encountered the Primarchs in turn, each having risen to a position of authority within the cultures they had been deposited in, due to their superhuman skills and physiques. It was found that the genetic data of the Primarchs could be used to greatly speed up the development of the organs and genetic material needed to make a Space Marine, and the event known as the First Founding occurred. Twenty Space Marine Legions were formed, each led by one of the Primarchs, and his genetic data was passed on to his warriors. After the Primarch Horus rebelled against the Emperor, the Legions were split into many smaller fighting forces during the period known as the Second Founding. These forces are called Chapters and consist of roughly a thousand battle brothers.

Gene-seed and Zygotes

There are nineteen varieties of gene-seed corresponding to the nineteen different superhuman organs that are surgically implanted into a Space Marine.



Phase 1 – Secondary Heart. The simplest and most self-sufficient implant. The secondary heart is capable of boosting the blood supply or maintaining full life functions even with the destruction of the recipient's original heart. The Phase 1 implant enables Marines to survive low oxygen concentrations and traumatic injury.

Phase 2 – Ossmodula. This is a tubular shaped organ whose small size belies its complex structure. The ossmodula monitors and secretes hormones affecting epiphysal fusion and ossification of the skeleton.

At the same time, the specially engineered hormones encourage the forming bones to absorb ceramic based chemicals administered in the Marine's diet. Two years following implantation, this will have caused considerable strengthening of the long-bones, extreme ossification of the chest cavity (caused by growth of the ribs forming a solid mass of inter-laced bone plates) and a general increase in the size of the recipient's skeleton.

Phase 3 – Biscopea. This organ is implanted into the chest cavity. It is small, approximately spherical and, like the Ossmodula, its primary action is hormonal. The presence of the biscopea stimulates muscle growth throughout the body.

Phase 4 – Haemastamen. This tiny organ is implanted into a main blood vessel. The haemastamen serves two purposes. It monitors and to some degree controls the Phase 2 and 3 implants. The organ also alters the constituent make-up of the recipient's blood. As a result, Marine blood is considerably more efficient than ordinary human blood, as it has to be when you consider the extra biological hardware a Marine carries inside him!

Phase 5 – Larraman's Organ. This is a liver shaped, dark, fleshy organ about the size of a golfball. It is implanted into the chest cavity along with a complicated array of blood vessels. The organ generates and stores special 'Larraman cells'. If the recipient is wounded, these cells are released into the blood stream. They latch onto leucocytes in the blood and are transported to the site of a wound. Once in contact with air, the Larraman cells form a skin substitute of instant scar tissue, staunching the flow of blood and protecting any exposed wound area.

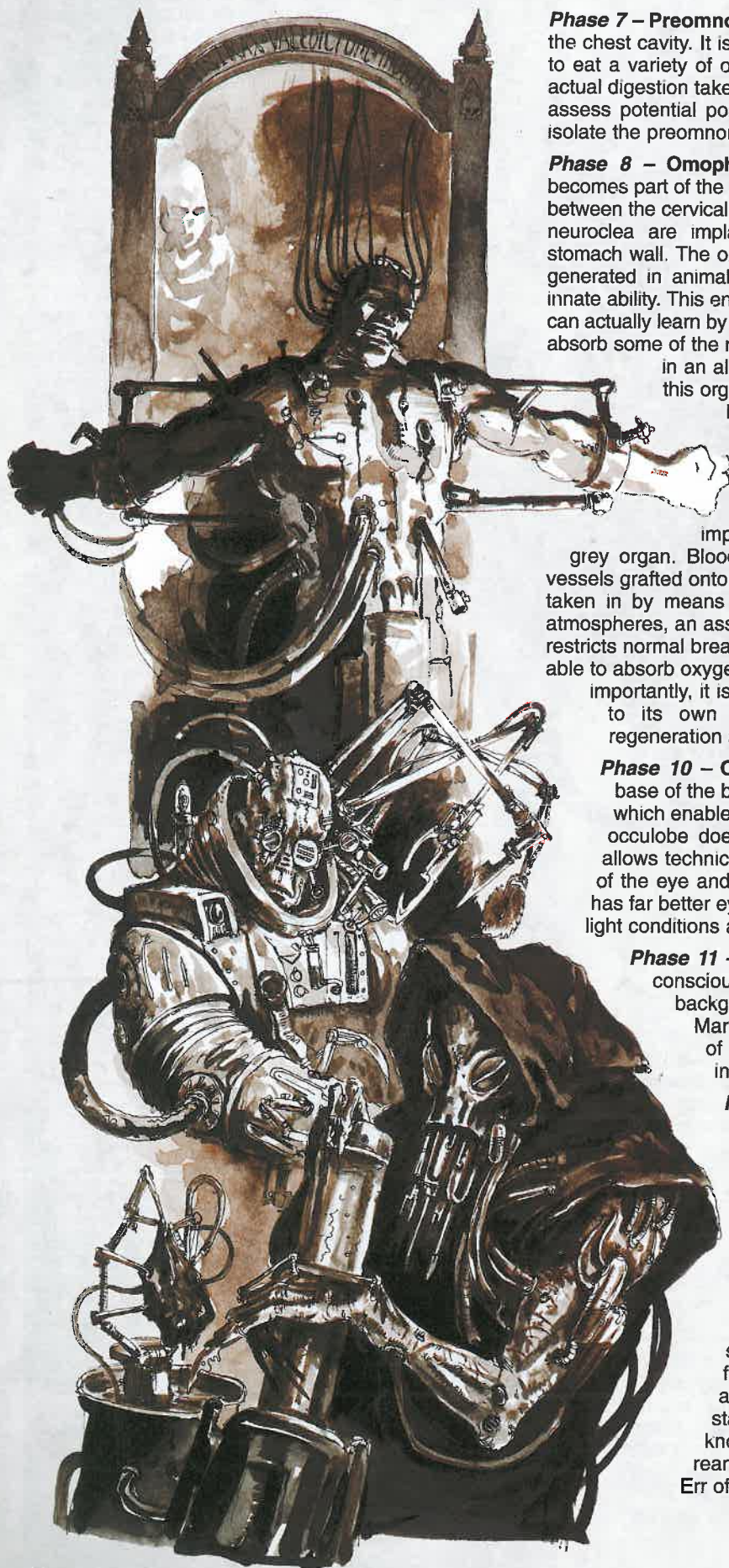
Phase 6 – Catalepsean Node. This brain implant is usually inserted into the back of the skull via a hole drilled into the occipital bone. The pea-sized organ influences the circadian rhythms of sleep and the body's response to sleep deprivation. Normally, a Marine sleeps like any normal man, but if deprived of sleep, the catalepsean node 'cuts in'. A man implanted with the node is capable of sleeping and remaining awake at the same time by 'switching off' areas of the brain sequentially. This process cannot replace normal sleep entirely, but increases a Marine's survivability by allowing awareness of the environment whilst resting.

Most Chapters have existed for thousands of years. During that time, gene-seed belonging to some Chapters has mutated. This has resulted in changes in the exact nature of the artificially cultured organs. Such changes may sometimes make an implant useless. In other circumstances, changes in an organ might reduce its effectiveness or cause strange new effects. Whatever the result, it will affect the entire Chapter – all Space Marines belonging to a Chapter share implants cultured from the same original gene-seed.

As well as mutant implants, many Chapters have lost one or more types of gene-seed due to accident, genetic failure, or some other cause. Very few Chapters therefore possess all nineteen implants. All possess the carapace implant (phase 19). It is this implant which marks a Space Marine for what he is, irrespective of other implants, training or psycho-surgery.

Implants

The nineteen organs created by the ancient technicians of the Emperor are described below. Each of these organs is extremely complicated and because many of the organs only work properly when another organ is present, the removal or mutation of one organ may affect the exact functioning of the others. For these reasons, implants must be constantly monitored, and many Marines have to undergo corrective surgery or chemotherapy to re-balance their metabolism.



Phase 7 – Preomnor. The preomnor is a large implant which fits into the chest cavity. It is a predigestive stomach which allows the Marine to eat a variety of otherwise poisonous or indigestible materials. No actual digestion takes place in the preomnor. Individual sensory tubes assess potential poisons and neutralise them or, where necessary, isolate the preomnor from the rest of the digestive tract.

Phase 8 – Omophagea. This is a complicated implant. It really becomes part of the brain, but is actually situated within the spinal cord between the cervical and thoracic vertebrae. Four nerve sheaths called neuroclea are implanted between the spine and the preomnor stomach wall. The omophagea is designed to absorb genetic material generated in animal tissue as a function of memory, experience or innate ability. This endows the Marine with an unusual survival trait. He can actually learn by eating. If a Marine eats a part of a creature, he will absorb some of the memories of that creature. This can be very useful in an alien environment. Incidentally, it is the presence of this organ which has created the various flesh eating and blood drinking rituals for which many Chapters are known, as well as giving the names to Chapters such as the Blood Drinkers, Flesh Tearers etc.

Phase 9 – Multi-lung. This is another large implant. The multi-lung, or 'third' lung, is a tubular grey organ. Blood is pumped through the organ via connecting vessels grafted onto the recipient's pulmonary system. Atmosphere is taken in by means of a sphincter located in the trachea. In toxic atmospheres, an associated sphincter muscle closes the trachea and restricts normal breathing, thus protecting the lungs. The multi-lung is able to absorb oxygen from poorly oxygenated or poisonous air. Most importantly, it is able to do this without suffering damage thanks to its own efficient toxin dispersal, neutralisation and regeneration systems.

Phase 10 – Occulobe. This small slug-like organ sits at the base of the brain. It provides the hormonal and genetic stimuli which enable a Marine's eyes to respond to optic-therapy. The occulobe does not itself improve a Marine's eyesight, but it allows technicians to make adjustments to the growth patterns of the eye and the light-receptive retinal cells. An adult Marine has far better eyesight than a normal human, and can see in low light conditions almost as well as in daylight.

Phase 11 – Lyman's Ear. This organ enables a Marine to consciously enhance and even filter certain types of background noise. Not only is hearing improved, but a Marine cannot become dizzy or nauseous as a result of extreme disorientation. Lyman's ear is externally indistinguishable from a normal human ear.

Phase 12 – Sus-an Membrane. This flat, circular organ is implanted over the top of the exposed brain. It then grows into the brain tissue until completely merged. The organ is ineffective without subsequent chemical therapy and training. However, a properly tutored Marine may then enter into a state of suspended animation. This may be a conscious action, or may happen automatically in the event of extreme physical trauma. In this condition, a Marine may survive for many years, even if bearing otherwise fatal injuries. Only appropriate chemical therapy and auto-suggestion can revive a Marine from this state – a Marine cannot revive himself. The longest known period of deanimation followed by successful reanimation is 567 years in the case of brother Silas Err of the Dark Angels (d.321 M.37).

Phase 14 – Oolitic Kidney. This red-brown and heart shaped organ improves and modifies the Marine's circulatory system enabling other implants to function effectively. The oolitic kidney also filters blood extremely efficiently and quickly. The secondary heart and oolitic kidney are able to act together, performing an emergency detoxification program in which the Marine is rendered unconscious as his blood is circulated at high speed. This enables a Marine to survive poisons and gases which are otherwise too much for even the multi-lung to cope with.

Phase 15 – Neuroglottis. Although the preomnor protects a Marine from digesting anything too deadly, the neuroglottis enables him to assess a potential food by taste. The organ is implanted into the back of the mouth. By chewing, or simply by tasting, a Marine can detect a wide variety of natural poisons, some chemicals and even the distinctive odours of some creatures. To some degree, a Marine is also able to track a target by taste alone.

Phase 16 – Mucranoid. This small organ is implanted in the lower intestine where its hormonal secretions are absorbed by the colon. These secretions initiate a modification of the sweat glands. This modification normally makes no difference to the Marine until activated by appropriate chemotherapy. As a result of this treatment, the Marine sweats an oily, naturally cleansing substance which coats the skin. This protects the Marine against extremes of temperature and even offers a slight degree of protection in vacuum. Mucranoid chemotherapy is standard procedure on long space voyages and when fighting in vacuum or near vacuum.

Phase 17 – Betcher's Gland. Two of these identical glands are implanted, either into the lower lip, alongside the salivary glands or into the hard palette. Betcher's gland works in a similar way to the poison gland of venomous reptiles

by synthesising and storing deadly poison. Marines are rendered immune to this poison by virtue of the gland's presence. The gland allows the Marine to spit a blinding contact poison. The poison is also corrosive. A Marine imprisoned behind iron bars could easily chew his way out given a few hours.

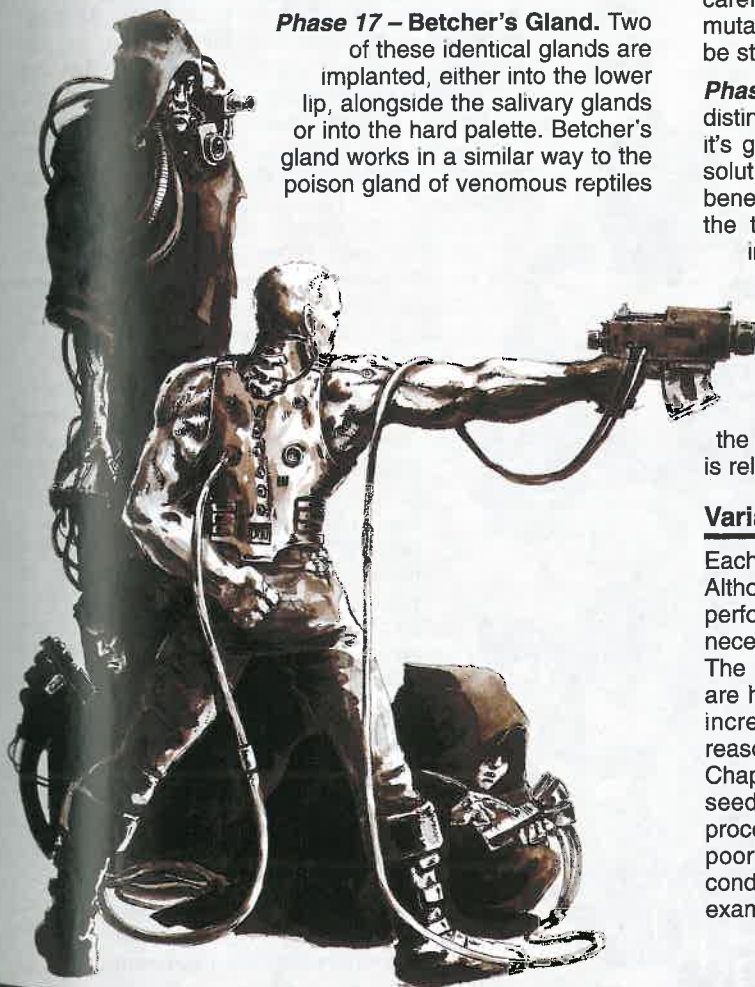
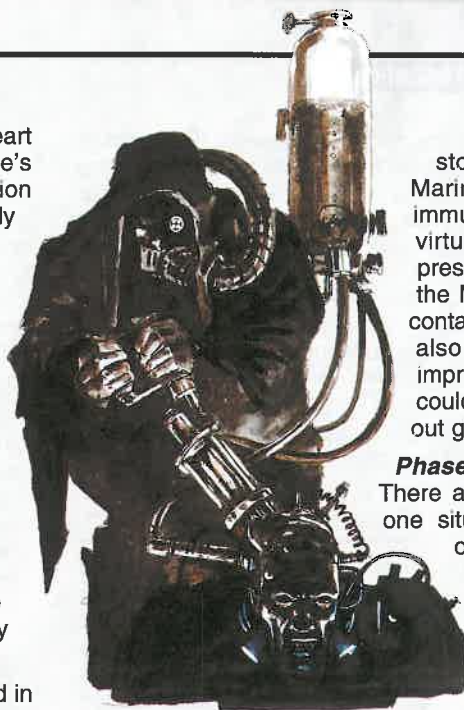
Phase 18 – Progenoids. There are two of these glands, one situated in the neck, the other deep within the chest cavity. These glands are important to the survival of the Marine's Chapter. Each organ grows within the Marine, absorbing hormonal

stimuli and genetic material from the other implants. After five years, the neck gland is mature and ready for removal. After ten years, the chest gland becomes mature and is also ready for removal. A gland may be removed any time after it has matured. These glands represent a Chapter's only source of gene-seed. When mature, each gland contains a single gene-seed corresponding to each zygote implanted into the recipient Marine. Once removed by surgery, the progenoid must be carefully prepared, its individual gene-seeds checked for mutation, and sound gene-seeds stored. Gene-seeds can be stored indefinitely under suitable conditions.

Phase 19 – Black Carapace. This is the last and the most distinctive implant. It looks like a film of black plastic when it's growing in the tanks. This is removed from its culture-solution and cut into sheets which are implanted directly beneath the skin of the Marine's torso. Within a few hours the tissue expands, hardens on the outside, and sends invasive neural bundles deep inside the Marine. After several months the carapace will have fully matured and the recipient is then fitted with neural sensors and transfusion points cut into the hardened carapace. These artificial 'plug-in' points mesh with features integral to the powered armour, such as the monitoring, medicinal and maintenance units. Without the benefit of a black carapace, a Space Marine's armour is relatively useless.

Variations between Chapters

Each organ serves a specific function as outlined above. Although a Chapter's Apothecaries and surgeons are able to perform the necessary implant operations, they do not necessarily understand the exact functioning of each organ. The processes involved are incredibly ancient. Procedures are handed down from generation to generation, becoming increasingly ritualised and misinterpreted. For these reasons, the efficiency of each organ differs from Chapter to Chapter, depending on the condition of that Chapter's gene-seeds and the degree of debasement of its surgical procedures. In some Chapters, mutation of gene-seed, poor surgical procedure, or inadequate post-operative conditioning, has twisted the functioning of implants. For example, the omophagea gene-seed of the Blood Drinkers



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Reproducing Zygotes

Gene-seed can only be obtained by removing one or both progenoid organs from a living (or very recently deceased) Marine. For this purpose, Space Marine Apothecaries carry a special device known as a reductor, which they can use in battlefield conditions to remove the progenoid glands of a fallen Marine. The

whole purpose of the progenoid organ is to provide gene-seed to enable the Chapter to continue. It is not possible to create a zygote in any other way. Each Chapter's stock of gene-seed is therefore unique to itself. Gene-seed has a great deal of religious significance to a Chapter, representing its identity and future. Without gene-seed, a Chapter has no future. The extinction of a type of gene-seed means that a zygote has been lost forever. The extinction of a Phase 18 or 19 gene-seed would effectively mean an end to a Chapter.

As each Marine has only two progenoid glands, the rate at which a Chapter can create new Marines is restricted. It may take many years for a Chapter to rebuild itself after heavy losses. Gene-seed is often rendered useless if a Marine is exposed to high radiation levels or other forms of genetic disturbance. The efficiency of different Chapters' progenoid gene-seed also varies, so some Chapters are able to make up their numbers faster than others.

Founding new Chapters

According to their charter, each Chapter is obliged to send 5% of its genetic material to the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars. This 'tithe' has two purposes. Firstly, it enables the Adeptus Mechanicus to monitor the health of each Marine Chapter. Secondly, it enables the Adeptus Mechanicus to store gene-seed with a view to founding new Chapters.

A new Chapter cannot be founded overnight. A single suitable gene-seed must be selected for each zygote. Zygotes are then grown in culture and implanted into human test-slaves. These test-slaves must be biologically compatible and free from mutation. Test-slaves spend their entire lives bound in static experimental capsules. Although conscious, they are completely immobile, serving as little more than mediums within which the various zygotes can develop. From the original slave come two progenoids, which are implanted within two more slaves, from which come four progenoids and so on. It takes about 55 years of constant reproduction to produce 1,000 healthy sets of organs. These must be officially sanctioned by the Master of Adeptus Mechanicus and then by the High Lords of Terra speaking for the Emperor. Only the Emperor can give permission for the creation of a new Chapter.

Recruitment and initiation

The various implants cause vital changes in a Marine's physique and mental state. Many of these changes are controlled by natural hormonal secretions and growth patterns. Implants may not prove effective, or may not become fully functional, if they are carried out once the recipient has reached certain stages of natural development. It is therefore inevitable that recruits must be reasonably young. Tissue compatibility is also essential, otherwise organs may fail to develop properly.

The third consideration is mental suitability. The catalepsean node, occulobe, and sus-an membrane will only develop to a useable condition under the stimulus of hypnotic-suggestion. A recruit must therefore be susceptible to this particular treatment.



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These considerations mean that only a small proportion of people can become Space Marines. They must be male because zygotes are keyed to male hormones and tissue types, hence the need for tissue compatibility tests and psychological screening. If these tests prove successful, a

The Marines tensed as they heard the faint but unmistakable sound of an approaching mole mortar shell. Battle-brother Draeg was already moving before the earth began to bulge upwards – hurling himself flat onto the rising shell before his brothers even saw it. He was only fully aware of his action when his world exploded in white flame that hurled him into darkness.

It was the feel of cold air on his face and the acrid smell of burnt flesh that revived him to a dim awareness. He struggled to ignore the pain of his shattered body and made his remaining eye focus on the figure that knelt beside him.

"Your wounds are too grave, brother," he heard the Apothecary speak, as though from a great distance. "Do you desire the Emperor's Peace?" The Apothecary raised the Reductor, and Draeg was dimly aware of the click as the bolt was drawn back into the firing position. With what remained of his life, Draeg tried to speak. The Apothecary seemed to understand.

"The others? They are whole, brother. You saved them. Your name is entered in the Book of Honour."

Draeg nodded weakly and closed his eye. His gene-seed would return to the Chapter.

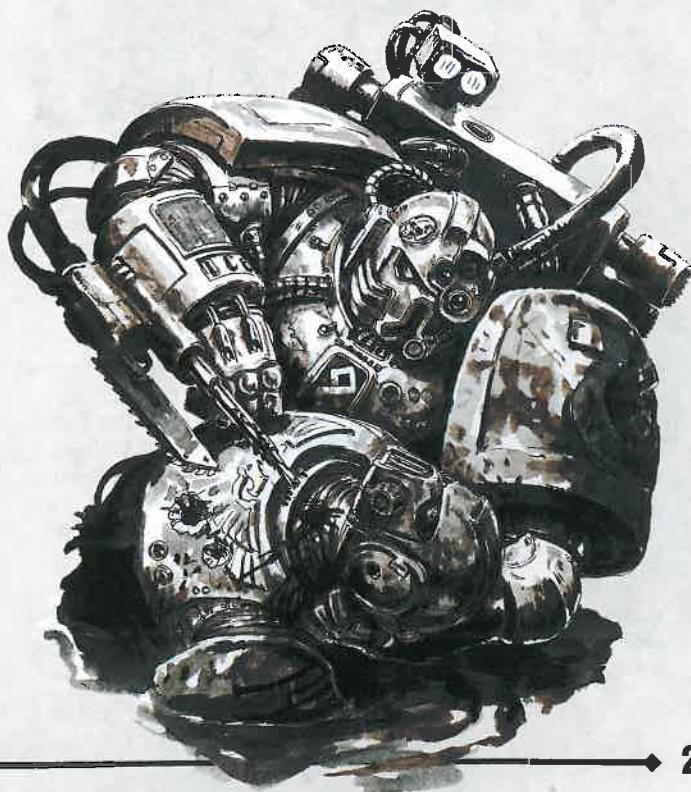
candidate becomes a neophyte. With the completion of organ implantation and attendant chemical and hypnotic training, the subject becomes an initiate. An initiate receives training before joining the ranks as a full brother. A Marine usually joins the ranks between the ages of 16-18, but such are the hormonal changes induced by the process of creating a Space Marine that recruits are physically fully grown before then. Pressures during wartime may accelerate the process.

The Risks

Although the Chapters are careful to select only the most suitable candidates, not all neophytes survive to become initiates. This is due in part to the degeneration of knowledge amongst the individual Chapters that makes screening procedures less effective than they once were. Nor are operational methods entirely satisfactory in some cases. In many Chapters implant surgery is heavily ritualised, and is often accompanied by scarring, incantation, periods of prayer, fasting and all sorts of mystical practices which compromise medical efficiency. For example, the Space Wolves' Phase 17 implant has slightly mutated so that Space Wolves' canine teeth continue to grow throughout their lives, turning them into vicious fangs over several centuries. The length of fangs is a source of Chapter tradition, and is even part of their organisation, hence the veterans of their heavy weapons squads being known as Long Fangs.

Another Chapter about whom there is widespread rumour regarding their gene-seed are the Blood Angels. They often lapse into a battle-induced frenzy, known as the Black Rage, and can become berserk warriors who thirst for blood and raw flesh. The Blood Angels search eternally for a cure to the Curse of Sanguinius, but at the same time the Death Companies made up of such Marines are highly valuable shock troops, who are almost impervious to pain and rend apart their foes with their bare hands.

Another extreme example of gene-seed deterioration can be found in the Black Dragons Chapter, whose Ossmodula





implant functions in an abnormal way. This leads to the growth of bony crests on the head, and blade-like protuberances from the forearm and elbow. Like the Death Company of the Blood Angels, warriors inflicted with such abnormal developments are formed into a separate fighting unit. Known as the Dragon Claws, they sharpen their additional protrusions and sheath them in adamantium to turn them into vicious close combat weapons.

If an implant fails to develop properly, it is likely that a Marine's metabolism will become badly out of synchronisation. He may fall into a catatonic state or suffer bouts of hyperactivity. In either event, he will probably die.

STAGES IN SPACE MARINE INITIATION

Phase	Implant	Age range for implantation	Notes
Phase 1	Secondary heart	10-14 years	- Phases 1-3 can be introduced at the same time.
Phase 2	Ossmodula	10-12 years	
Phase 3	Biscopea	10-12 years	
Phase 4	Hacmastamen	12-14 years	- Phases 4-5 can be introduced at the same time.
Phase 5	Larraman's organ	12-13 years	
Phase 6	Catalepscan node	14-17 years	Hypnotherapy begins.
Phase 7	Preomnor	14-16 years	- Phases 7-9 are usually introduced simultaneously.
Phase 8	Omophagea	14-16 years	
Phase 9	Multi-lung	14-16 years	
Phase 10	Occulobe	14-16 years	
Phase 11	Lyman's ear	14-16 years	
Phase 12	Sus-an membrane	15-16 years	
Phase 13	Melanochrome	15-16 years	- Phases 14-15 may be introduced at the same time.
Phase 14	Oolitic kidney	15-16 years	
Phase 15	Neuroglottis	15-16 years	
Phase 16	Mucranoid	16 years	
Phase 17	Betcher's gland	16-17 years	
Phase 18	Progenoids	16-18 years	
Phase 19	Carapace	16-18 years	Final implant.

Those unfortunates that do not die almost invariably suffer mental damage, degenerating into homicidal maniacs or gibbering idiots. When a Chapter is at full strength these misfits may be put out of their misery. However, if the Chapter is short of Marines they are often allowed to live, and may be placed within their own special units. Those who display uncontrollably psychotic tendencies can be recruited into suicide assault squads.

Some Chapters deliberately foster such creatures, even going so far as to implant deformed zygotes into some initiates. This is very dangerous, and the practice is discouraged by Imperial edict. But old traditions die hard.

"This is where the main implantation takes place," announced Malus, gesturing to a wide steel table that looked more like a torture device than surgical apparatus. Various bindings of differing sizes were chained to its surface, along with a complex mechanism of blades, saws and drills which hung on a hydraulic arm over the operating table. The floor around its feet, which the Inquisitor noted were bolted into the flagstones, was stained dark red from centuries of spilt blood.

"Rest assured, we are most vigilant in our ablutions and the maintenance of cleanliness," Malus told the Inquisitor, noticing his gaze on the discoloured flags. "Many of the organs must be implanted whilst the subject is in a fully coherent status, and there can be much pain, more than we can compensate for with pharmaceuticals."

"I see," the Inquisitor replied after a moment's thought, his hand resting on a great iron ring protruding from the bench, positioned to grip the occupant's chest.

"And where do you keep the gene-seed before it is implanted?" he asked, turning to face Malus.

The Apothecary gestured to a massive reinforced door behind the Inquisitor. Coils of pipes ran through the walls, and large runes of Varsavian script were painted in red across the door lintel.

"Afraid it will get stolen?" the Inquisitor commented sarcastically, pointing towards the heavy barring on the portal.

"No, Inquisitor," Malus replied heavily. "The gene-seed storage facility is the most heavily armoured location in the fortress-monastery, even including the arsenal. If the monastery is destroyed, it will survive and the Silver Skulls can be reborn in the future. We do not take any risks with that."

Psycho-chemical and other conditioning

Implantation goes hand-in-hand with chemical treatment, psychological conditioning and subconscious hypnotherapy. All of these are essential if the Marine is to develop properly.

Chemical treatment – Until his initiation, a Marine must submit to constant tests and examinations. The newly implanted organs must be monitored very carefully, imbalances corrected, and any sign of corrupt development treated. This chemical treatment is reduced after completion of the initiation process, but it never ends. Marines undergo periodic treatment for the rest of their lives in order to maintain a stable metabolism. This is why their power armour suits contain monitoring equipment and drug dispensers.

Hypnotherapy – As the super-enhanced body grows, the recipient must learn how to use his new skills. Some of the implants, specifically the Phase 6 and 10 implants, can only function once correct hypnotherapy has been administered. Hypnotherapy is not always as effective as chemical treatment, but it can have substantial results. If a Marine can be taught how to control his own metabolism, his dependence on drugs is lessened. The process is undertaken in a machine called a hypnomat. Marines are placed in a state of hypnosis and subjected to visual and aural images in order to awaken their minds to their unconscious metabolic processes.

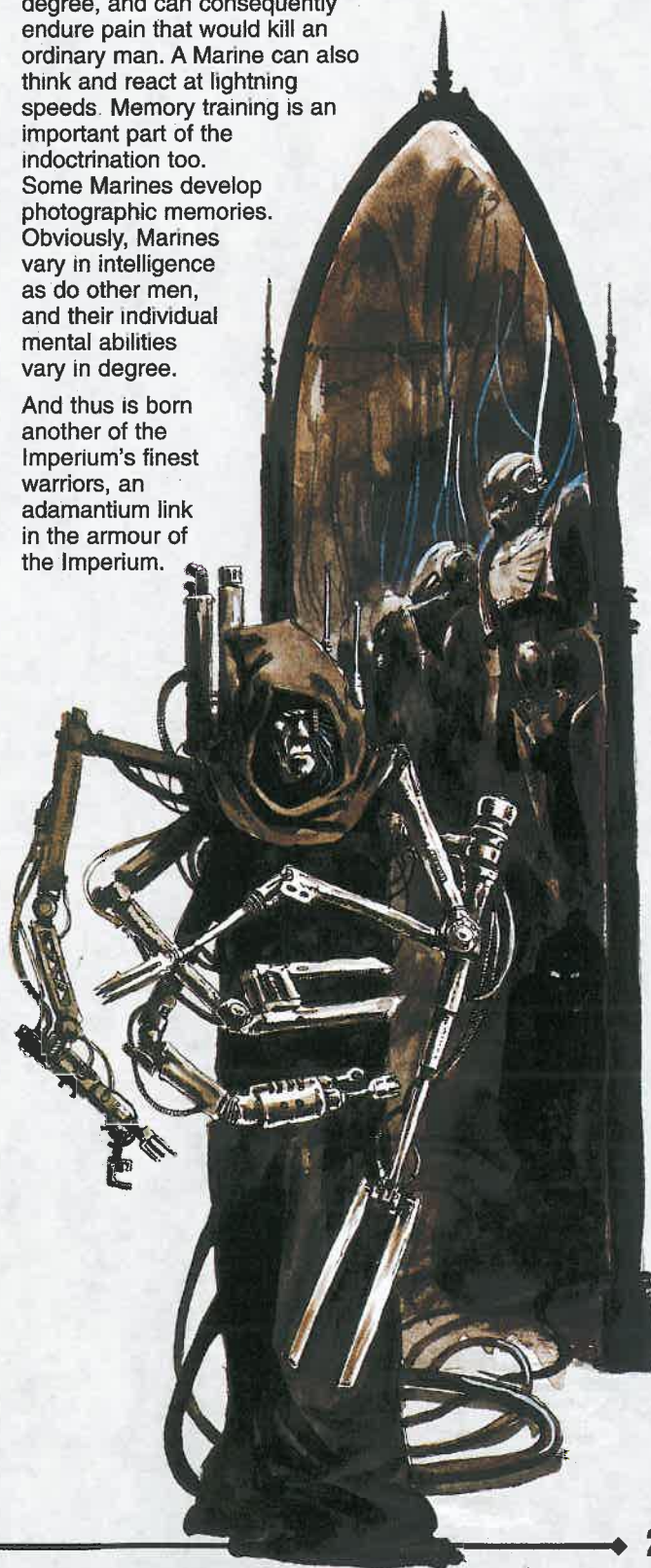
Training – Physical training stimulates the implants and allows them to be tested for effectiveness.

Indoctrination – A Marine is more than a human with extraordinary powers. Marines have extraordinary minds as well! Just as their bodies receive 19 separate implants, so their minds are altered to release the latent powers within. These mental powers are, if anything, more extraordinary than even the physical powers described previously. For example, a Marine can control his senses and nervous system to a remarkable degree, and can consequently endure pain that would kill an ordinary man. A Marine can also think and react at lightning speeds. Memory training is an important part of the indoctrination too.

Some Marines develop photographic memories.

Obviously, Marines vary in intelligence as do other men, and their individual mental abilities vary in degree.

And thus is born another of the Imperium's finest warriors, an adamantium link in the armour of the Imperium.



In Defence of



COMMISSAR YARRICK THE HERO OF HADES HIVE

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Yarrick	171	4	4	3	4	3	4	3	10	4+

An Imperial Guard army of 2,000 points or more may include Yarrick. If you decide to take him then he counts as one of the army's HQ choices. The army may include other Commissars as normal. He must be used exactly as described below and may not be given any extra equipment or wargear. In addition he may only be used in a battle where all players have agreed beforehand to the use of special characters.

Wargear: Master-crafted storm bolter, master-crafted laspistol, carapace armour (save modified above), force field, Bale Eye, battle claw (counts as a power fist).

SPECIAL RULES

Force Field: Yarrick is protected by a special force field that reduces the energy of enemy attacks. Whenever he is hit, roll a D6 and deduct the amount from the Strength of the attack. If reduced to 0 or less, the attack is stopped completely. The force field has no effect on attacks that don't use Strength to inflict damage.

Bale Eye: Yarrick's Bale Eye is a bionic implant that incorporates a laser. It can be used at the same time that Yarrick attacks in close combat and hits automatically with a Strength of 4.

Independent Character: Yarrick is an Independent Character and follows the Independent Character special rules in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Note that he does not follow the

special rules for Commissars and so is not assigned to an Officer or Sergeant, nor will he execute members of a squad that he joins.

Fearless: Yarrick is totally fearless and never has to take Morale or Pinning tests. He confers this ability to any unit that he joins.

Iron Will: Yarrick suffered numerous wounds during the Battle for Armageddon and yet miraculously cheated death and bravely carried on fighting. To represent this do not remove Yarrick as a casualty if he loses his last wound (even if the wound was lost to an 'instant kill' attack). Instead, place him on his side. Then, at the start of the Imperial Guard player's next turn, roll a D6. On a roll of 4+ Yarrick staggers back to his feet, bloody but defiant, and is restored back to 1 wound. On a roll of 1-3 even Yarrick has been laid low by the wound and is removed as a casualty.

The old man was tired. He had not slept properly for a long time. He was sick of the long pursuit and weary of the unending war. The Ork Warlord seemed to know neither doubt nor fear and was all the more frightening because of it. Defeat did not shake his confidence. Uncertainty did not enter his mind. He had taken the destruction of the Ork armies on Armageddon in his stride and immediately and ruthlessly started rebuilding his power base here on the arid world of Golgotha. Already he'd welded a disparate coalition of tribes into a force powerful enough to conquer the western continent. This was the last chance to stop him. "By the Emperor, where did he find the strength?" There were times when the old man almost admired Ghazghkull Thraka.

"Almost," he thought, savouring his hatred - "almost." The old man had many reasons to hate the Ork. He'd seen too many good people die because of Thraka's mad ambition. He had seen cities plundered, populations annihilated and a world laid waste by war, all because Thraka suffered under the delusion that his daemon gods had chosen him to rule the galaxy.

The old man leaned forward and braced himself on the Baneblade's huge turret. Overhead, the two fading moons looked down on the dawn-silvered land. He raised the magnoculars to his eyes and touched the focusing runes. The Ork horde leapt into view. Instantly he was transported back to similar dawns on Armageddon, when he had looked out the great view port of Hades Hive and seen a sea of bestial green faces. He recognised

the silhouette of a Great Gargant. It towered over a smaller Kustom Gargant. Around their bases were hundreds of other crudely constructed vehicles and war-machines. As the old man watched, thousands of green warriors broke camp and made ready for battle.

The horde out there was but a fraction of the size of the army Ghazghkull had once commanded and would command again if he was not stopped. It was a puddle compared to an ocean but the sight of it brought back the unwanted memories that haunted the old man.

He remembered the giant Gargants, their guns blazing from behind miles of earthworks, as they pounded his home-city to rubble. He remembered the terrible waves of attacks by the uncountable frenzied horde that had finally broken the will of the defenders. He remembered the men he'd led, and the people who had believed in him. Dead now, their fates seen only in the nightmares that drove him from his sleep.

He remembered the cries of the wounded, the pleas of the starving and the gibbering of those who had gone mad with fear. He recalled the shudder of the hive as shells from the distant Gargants ploughed into its armoured walls. He remembered faces gaunt with hunger and eyes dull with weariness as tired men looked to him for leadership. They trusted me, thought the old man, and I failed them. They asked me for leadership and I gave them lies. I promised them salvation and you gave them death. For that you will pay, Ghazghkull Thraka. This I promise you.

f Armageddon



Armageddon Steel Legion infantry squad

ARMAGEDDON STEEL LEGION

Armageddon has a massive population and is capable of raising a large number of Imperial Guard regiments in times of war. At the height of the second Armageddon campaign, dozens of regiments were fielded with troops raised from Armageddon alone. The highly industrialised nature of Armageddon means that a large proportion of companies are Mechanised Infantry, and it's not uncommon for over 90% of a regiment to be made up of such units. It is for this reason that regiments raised on Armageddon are known as Armageddon Steel Legions.



Missile launcher heavy weapon



Grenade launcher

Sergeant

WARHAMMER
40,000

THE ARMAGEDDON STEEL LEGIONS

By Jervis Johnson

Mechanised infantry is well respected throughout the Imperium. Jervis Johnson designed the Steel Legion army list for Codex Armageddon, and below he describes three of the campaigns which helped establish the reputation of the Armageddon Steel Legions.

THE CHAOS WARS

The Ork invasions of Armageddon are not the first time that the planet has been attacked. Five hundred years before Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka was born, Armageddon faced no less deadly a threat but from an entirely different enemy – the forces of Chaos.

Within the Eye of Terror, the forces of Chaos are constantly at war with each other. On occasions, however, the followers of Chaos put aside their personal rivalries and join together to mount a large invasion. Sometimes the assembly of such an invasion force will be triggered when a space hulk drifts near to a planet that is in the thrall of the Chaos Gods. These ancient space ships can be used to transport vast armies through the warp. Driven and tossed by the currents of the warp, no one can predict where or when they will reappear, least of all the warriors inside the space hulk itself. Usually the attack occurs

within a few hundred light years of the Eye of Terror, but sometimes the hulk will drop out of the warp thousands of light years away.

Such was the case with the first invasion of Armageddon. Travel to the planet had been disrupted for several months by severe warp storms, and the resulting food shortages caused much suffering in the overcrowded hives. As the situation worsened, feelings of discontent soon grew into outright revolt. Food riots became increasingly common, and finally in M41.474 armed rebellion broke out in half a dozen hives.

The revolts were quickly put down on Armageddon Secundus, but amongst the more scattered hives of Armageddon Prime they proved more difficult to eradicate. However, with the situation stable on Secundus, additional Steel Legions were sent westwards to help crush the revolt on Armageddon Prime.

No additional troops were sent to the planet by the administratum – after all, Armageddon was a very long way from the Eye of Terror, and no one suspected any more sinister cause for the revolts than civil unrest (a distressingly common occurrence on hive worlds like Armageddon).

So it was that the Armageddon Planetary Defence force was fully occupied dealing with the revolt when the space hulk *Devourer of Souls*, escorted by five World Eaters battle barges and a full Chaos battle fleet appeared in the Armageddon system. On board these ships was a vast Chaos host led by the Daemon

Primarch Angron. He was the first Primarch to join with Horus when the Warmaster turned against the Emperor at the start of the Horus Heresy. Angron supported the Warmaster in demanding a new order of discipline and martial virtue as the only way to save mankind from destruction in a hostile galaxy. He and the World Eaters Legion of Space Marines that he commanded had always been warlike and savage, and before long they were seduced into giving their fealty to Khorne, Chaos god of war and bloodshed. Thus were they damned for all eternity. Twisted and horribly mutated over the centuries, Angron became a hulking giant with skin the colour of spilt blood. He continues to serve his Daemonic master Khorne, smiting his foes with a mighty Chaos blade of black glowing iron etched with runes of doom and destruction.

With Angron's arrival, the insidious effects of Chaos were quickly felt as nearly half the local hive defence forces on Armageddon Prime joined the revolt and went over to the invaders. The rebels immediately attacked the





Khorne Berzerkers assault the entrenched Steel Legion.

continent's planetary defence batteries, capturing or destroying over 90% of them, and allowing Angron's daemonic host to land almost unopposed. Chaos Space Marines from the World Eaters Chapter and hordes of daemonic creatures poured from the space hulk and swept across Armageddon Prime.

Although three regiments of the Steel Legion joined with the forces of Chaos, the vast bulk remained loyal. Even so, it was obvious that the battle for Armageddon Prime was already lost, so the Planetary Defence Council ordered the surviving Imperial forces on Armageddon Prime to fall back to Armageddon Secundus. The retreat was a nightmare: although the Steel Legions were fully motorised, the troops that made up the loyal Hive Defence units were not. These poorly equipped troops, many of whom had never in their lives left the hive of their birth, were forced to trek hundreds of miles across the hostile ash-wastes of Armageddon. To make matters worse, the retreating columns were harried every step of the way by Angron's forces. Although the Steel Legions did their best to cover the retreat, they could not be everywhere at once, and entire Hive Defence regiments were lost to surprise attacks launched by the World Eaters or Angron's foul daemonic followers. Tens of thousands died from exposure to Armageddon's hostile elements or attack by Angron's forces.

By the time that the troops reached the relative safety of the jungles to the south, only one in five was left alive. Nonetheless, the presence of the Steel Legions had stopped the retreat

from turning into a total rout. Time and again a beleaguered Imperial force was saved by the timely arrival of a flying column of Steel Legion Guardsmen in their Chimera armoured vehicles. As the last survivors of the Hive Defence forces limped into the jungles they were still being guarded by the Steel Legions. It was during the long, terrible days of the great retreat from Armageddon Prime that the Steel Legions earned their motto of "First to Battle, Last to Retreat".

Falling back through the jungles, the survivors of Armageddon Prime joined up with the units that had been left on Armageddon Secundus and prepared to make a last ditch defence along the rivers Styx and Chaeron. The Imperial defence lines were well organised. Unknown to Angron, three Great Companies of Space Wolves under the command of Logan Grimnar were on Armageddon. They alone may have been enough to make the difference between victory or defeat, but the defenders also gained valuable time when Angron, replete with success, wasted weeks building monuments to his lord Khorne instead of pursuing the shattered Imperial armies into Armageddon Secundus.

Angron's failure to follow up his initial success cost him dear. It gave time for Battlefleet Armageddon to arrive to contest the space lanes that Chaos had controlled since they arrived. More importantly, when Angron's army emerged from the jungles that separate Armageddon Prime from Armageddon Secundus they found the defenders ready and waiting. At places the Imperial fortifications



and trenches were over fifty miles thick, while Armageddon's formidable industrial capacity had been placed on a full war footing, producing arms and armour at an unprecedented rate. By the time Angron attacked, all the losses which the army had suffered had been made good, and nearly two dozen new Steel Legions had been raised and were ready to fight.

Titanic battles erupted all along the river defence lines as the forces of Chaos crashed into the Imperial defenders. On the banks of the River Chaeron the Imperial defenders held, and Chaos was hurled back in disorder. But further to the west, Angron led the attack personally, smashing deep into the Imperial lines and leading his forces towards Infernus and Helsreach hives. It was at this moment that the Defence Council played their trump card – a full company of Grey Knights, whose assistance had been requested as soon as the Council were aware of the dangers that faced Armageddon.

Only the Grey Knights had the ability to truly defeat an entity such as Angron. They arrived just as the Chaos army reached Infernus and Helsreach hives. Teleporting directly into the presence of Angron at the centre of his Daemonic host, the Grey Knights defeated the Daemon Prince, hurling his spirit back into the warp from where it did not reappear for over 100 years. At the same time, the Steel Legions, spearheaded by the Space Wolves, launched a massive counter-attack into the flank of the Chaos army, which had been exposed in their headlong rush towards Infernus and Helsreach hives. The Imperium's armoured columns dealt the overextended Chaos forces a decisive blow. Reeling from the shattering attack, confused by the loss of their leader, the minions of Chaos attempted to fall back but found that they were already surrounded by the mechanised units of the Steel Legions.

Unable to retreat, the Chaos forces were cut to pieces by the victorious Imperial armies. Only the World Eaters managed to retreat back to their battle barges and escape to the safety of the warp, harried all the way by the ships of Battlefleet Armageddon. The Imperial victory was complete and overwhelming, and firmly established the reputation of the Armageddon Steel Legions as one of the Imperium's greatest fighting forces. Little did anyone suspect that a far greater test would await the Steel Legions in the future.

FOR KERSCHLACT!

Early during the Second Armageddon Campaign, Imperial units were ordered by Von Strabb to launch counter-attacks against the overwhelming Ork forces. The attacks were disjointed and poorly conceived, and led to many fine formations becoming cut off and surrounded by the Orks...

Ordered to counter-attack and cut off the Ork spearheads, the 9th Armageddon Steel Legion, under the command of Colonel Kerschclact, had already punched its way deep into the gap which exposed the Ork's flank. Kerschclact's regiment forged on, seeking a point for their breakthrough to the north. A weak spot was located during the night and the defending Orks overwhelmed, creating a 'corridor' which held across the Infernus hive – Acheron hive highway. Kerschclact now turned south-west, moving virtually unopposed along the highway towards Infernus hive.

Von Strabb had promised Kerschclact that the corridor would be shored up properly with three Imperial Guard infantry regiments, but almost at once, Ork units attacked the flanks of Kerschclact's corridor and shut it tight, sealing Kerschclact from the main body of the Imperial forces. Much of his artillery and rear service organisation was thus abruptly and disastrously snatched away from Kerschclact, who now found himself isolated deep behind the Ork lines. The three late arriving Guard regiments were hurled into assaults on the newly established Ork lines in an attempt to break through to Kerschclact, but these attacks were also stalled. Kerschclact was now ordered to turn about and aid in the attempt to break through the Ork lines. The 9th Steel Legion was operationally encircled, their 'gaps' sealed behind them by Ork assault units, and conditions were growing worse every day. Already Kerschclact had 270 wounded men and 150 men infected with Armageddon lung rot. Several days of heavy fighting brought no breakthrough, only serious losses and the dispersal of the Imperial attackers; Kerschclact's 7th Company became doubly encircled and had to fight its way out to the main group, now pushed back some 14 kilometres from the Ork front lines. On the other side of the Ork lines, the 11th Armageddon Regiment and the 114th Pyran Dragoon Regiment went into the attack, but neither could make much headway against heavy fire from Ork lobbas and zappas; at night the Ork bombardment continued as Ork fightas and fighta-bommerz dropped flares and then bombed the garishly illuminated targets.

While these attacks were going on, Kerschclact also helped the remnants of the 81st Armageddon Assault Legion, landed from orbit in a suicidal bid to recapture Infernus hive, to battle their way out of encirclement. The members of the 81st Regiment that managed to escape, amounting to barely a Company in strength under normal conditions, were subordinated to Kerschclact's 9th Regiment. As well as members of the 81st Regiment, the 9th was joined by large numbers of citizens from Infernus hive, who had escaped the Ork attackers and were now also trapped behind the Ork lines. Many of the hive dwellers were armed, either with their own or captured weapons, and Kerschclact requested permission to recoup his manpower from these 'partisan' units. Kerschclact was authorised to mobilise hive gangers and civilians of suitable character and moral fibre, an assignment handled by the Commissar officers with his regiment. The Commissars quickly directed several hundred men to the 9th Regiment.

At the front line, Imperial forces prepared one final throw, by which the 50th Armageddon Regiment would attempt to break across the Infernus-Acheron highway and link up with Kerschclact, attacking from the rear of the Ork forces. Only a narrow corridor

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separated the 9th from the 50th Regiment, but it was packed with strong Ork units ready to face a front-and-rear strike. The following report by Kerschlaht shows what action he contemplated:

"Strength of regiment and length of front oblige me to attempt to break out rather than continue offensive operations to the south. Initiative visibly with enemy. No reserves. In such conditions suggest offensive plan:

1. To break encirclement ring to meet 50th Regiment in general direction of Acheron hive.
2. To this end to concentrate assault force of 1st and 2nd Companies Armageddon Steel Legion, elements of 81st Mobile Assault Regiment, and partisan detachment Zhabo.
3. Attack with above force aided by 50th regiment units and possibly 10th Regiment to seize the old motor road in the Zanthon heights sector. Thereafter to dig in on motor road in indicated sector.
4. After my link up with Koldin [commander of the 50th Regiment] to bring all my regiment and other assigned units, and drive regiment across Zanthon heights to join with 3rd Army front or for other assignment."

Kerschlaht's plan was a good one, and would have worked. Disastrously, however, the attack was held up for several hours while Von Strabb dithered as to whether to give permission to carry out the operation. By the time he consented, further Ork forces had been brought up and Kerschlaht found himself under attack from the south while at the same time trying to break out to the north. The northern

assault when well, breaching the Ork lines as planned and linking up with 50th regiment along the motor road.

To the south things were far more desperate. Kerschlaht personally led a fighting withdrawal, as the 3rd and 6th Companies valiantly tried to hold up the Orks long enough for the rest of the regiment to escape. Slowly giving ground, the two Companies mounted a tenacious defence, using their Chimera transport vehicles to fall back to a new defence point each time the Orks closed in. Only half a mile separated Kerschlaht from Boldin's regiment when the Ork fighta-bommerz caught them, blasting forward units of the 50th Regiment off the Zanthon heights and flaying the 3rd and 6th Companies under Kerschlaht's command. This small force was now systematically and literally cut to pieces. Kerschlaht himself was severely wounded when his Command HQ was caught by an Ork assault. With Kerschlaht dying, his much reduced force practically ceased to exist in its last desperate push to cover the few hundred yards to the Imperial army lines. Kerschlaht, unable to help his men and unwilling to die a prisoner, whispered "Boys, this is the end for me, but you go on fighting". At that he shot himself in the temple.

Although the actions of the 9th Armageddon Steel Legion had done little to slow the Ork juggernaut, thanks to Kerschlaht's inspired leadership the bulk of the regiment had managed to escape to fight another day. When much later in the campaign the tide turned and the Orks were driven back, the 9th Regiment was there, its men bellowing their battle-cry "For Kerschlaht!".



A 9th Armageddon Steel Legion mechanised company attempts to break through the Ork lines.

THE SIX HOUR REVOLUTION

Titled regiments from Armageddon have served in wars all over the Imperium. This is an example of how the presence of a single Armageddon Steel Legion made a significant difference to the outcome of a war.

In M36.776 the 16th Armageddon Steel Legion was on the planet of Cassell. It had been stationed there following its participation as part of General Belov's 3rd Imperial Guard Army in the Lortham Campaign, where it had served with distinction.

Cassell is an agri-world, which was ruled at this time by the followers of a local Imperial cult known as the Way of the Emperor's Flesh. The leader of the cult, the Supreme Pontiff Skalin, had long been noted for his eccentric views, but had to this point been a loyal and reliable governor of Cassell for the Imperium. Worrying reports, however, had reached the ear of Colonel Kleist, commander of the 16th Steel Legion. These reports concerned rumours that the Supreme Pontiff had been becoming increasingly outspoken in his belief that the cult over which he ruled was the one true cult of the Emperor, and that the rest of the Imperium had to be made to acknowledge this fact.

Loath to act without hard evidence, Kleist put the 16th to combat readiness and requested permission from the administratum to investigate the rumours he had received. Before such permission could be received, however, the Pontiff called upon the people of Cassell to join with him in a crusade to bring the Way of the Emperor's Flesh to all of the peoples of the Imperium. Their righteous armies would overthrow the High Lords of Terra and lead the Imperium back into the light... all under the beneficent rule of the Supreme Pontiff, of course.

Kleist acted immediately. Fortunately for him, Cassell had only one major city, the unimaginatively named Port Cassell. The bulk of the population lived in scattered farming communities spread all over the planet and Kleist knew that if he acted quickly he could quell this rebellion before it had a chance to get started. Less than an hour after the Pontiff's announcement, Chimera armoured vehicles moved out from the 16th Steel Legion's containment just outside Port Cassell.

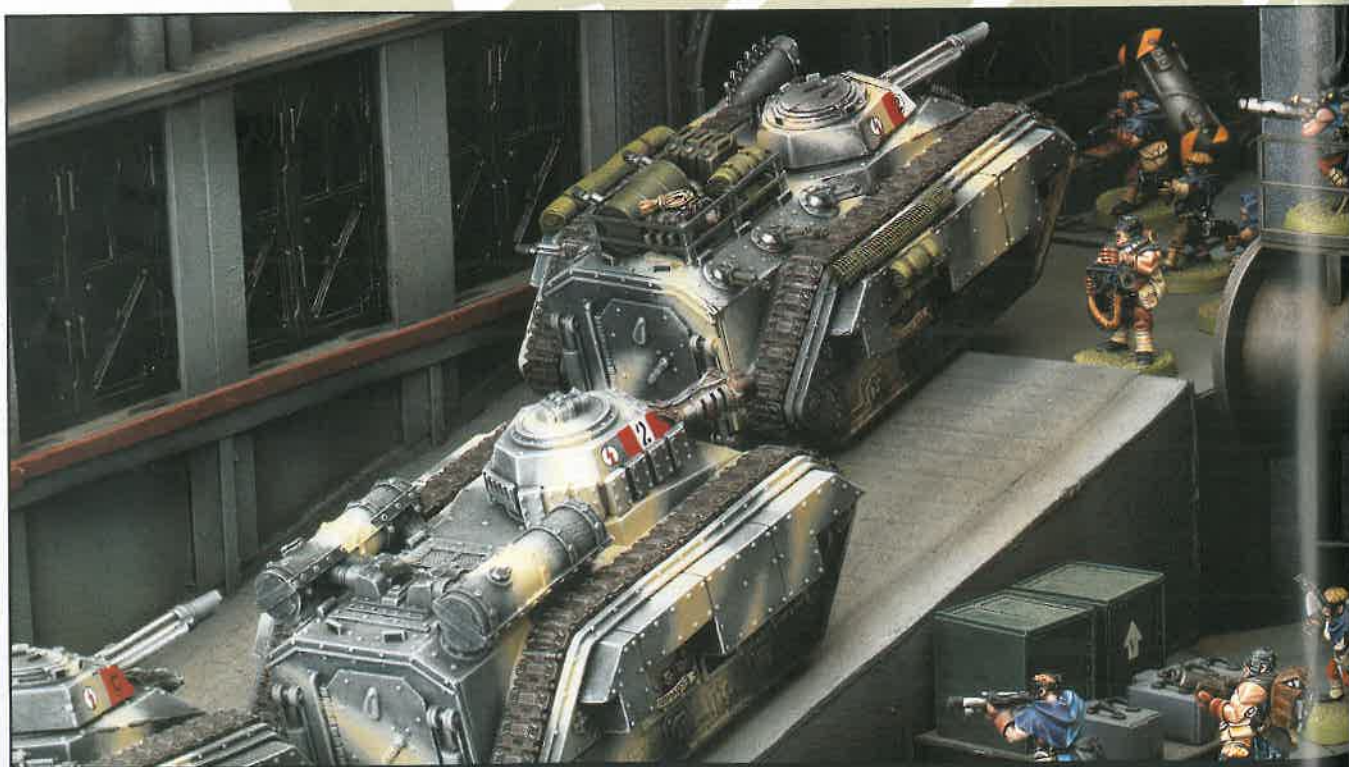
The column, under Kleist's personal command, approached Port Cassell's main gate, where it was immediately obvious that the

Pontiff's followers were not at all prepared for an armoured assault. The gate was lightly held by members of the Pontiff's personal guard, whose lasguns and heavy stubbers were of little use against the armour plate of the Steel Legion Chimeras. Ignoring the desultory fire from the defenders, Kleist ordered a Chimera to smash down the city gate, and then he and the rest of the column surged into the town.

Leaving one platoon to secure the gate, Kleist split the remainder of his force into two columns. The smaller of these, consisting of the 3rd Company, roared off towards Port Cassell's space port and main communications centre. By now word had spread that the city was under attack, and the 3rd Company met more determined opposition than they had at Cassell's main gate. Nonetheless, the defenders still had little in the way of heavy weapons with which to oppose the Steel Legion's Chimeras, and, after a short but brutal firefight, the communications centre was captured.

Meanwhile Kleist and the rest of his flying column headed towards the Divine Palace of the Supreme Pontiff. The palace was defended by the bulk of the Pontiff's bodyguard, along with the bodyguard's only armoured vehicle, an ageing Leman Russ gifted to Cassell many centuries earlier. The Leman Russ's crew were desperately attempting to make the tanks aged engine start up when Kleist arrived at the palace. Leading from the front, Kleist's Chimera charged at the Leman Russ, shots from its multi-laser bouncing harmlessly off the tank's thick frontal armour. However, the fire distracted the tank's crew, giving Kleist long enough to get behind the armoured behemoth. As the Chimera braked to a halt, the lascannon team carried in the passenger compartment threw open the top hatch and let fly at the Leman Russ's thinner rear armour. The lascannon shot carved through the rear of the tank, hitting its ammunition. With a huge explosion, the Leman Russ exploded.

Thrown into confusion by the destruction of the tank, the remainder of the Pontiff's guard offered little resistance to the troops in Kleist's flying column. In less than two hours the Pontiff's palace was firmly in the hands of the 16th Steel Legion, and the Pontiff himself had been captured as he attempted to escape in a small skiff from the Palace wharf. The news was broadcast from the captured communications centre and, less than six hours after it had started, the Cassell Rebellion was over.



The 16th Steel Legion use their mobility to punch a hole through Port Cassell's defences.

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JANTINE PATRICIANS

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COLONEL TAYLOR

Dave Taylor has been collecting Imperial Guard since the release of the Leman Russ Battle Tank in 1994. As the number of guardsmen he has painted approaches one thousand we thought we'd take a look at how things are going. Take it away Dave...

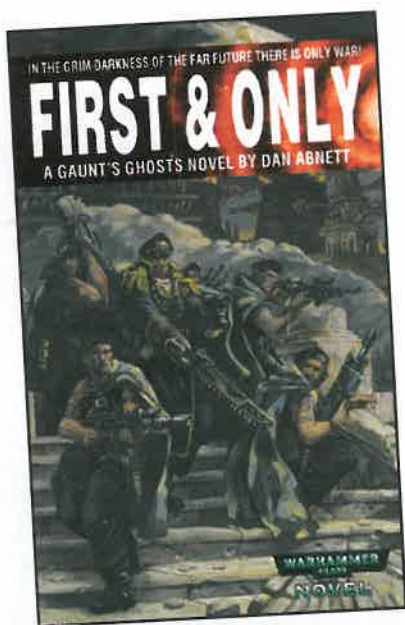
Those of you who regularly read White Dwarf will know that I really love to paint armies, not single models or dioramas, but ARMIES! There is no more impressive sight for me than 150+ footsloggers battling across no-man's land in a massive (if slightly suicidal) frontal assault - unless they can pull off a victory doing it.

I'm quite lucky really, part of my job is to travel around the region and I get to meet loads of Imperial Guard colonels,

all with their own slant on the backbone of the Imperium's war machine. I'm constantly bombarded with ideas and inspiration for new Imperial Guard tanks, platoons, and armies.

Over the last year I've been working on a few armies with a consistent theme. Dan Abnett's novel,

One of the beloved Demolishers of the Jantine Patricians. The extra armour plates are available from Mail Order.



Tales of the Tanith First and Commissar Gaunt were first published in Inferno! New stories can be found in the Black Library novels First and Only and Ghostmaker.



ATRICIANS

JANTINE PATRICIANS

JANTINE PATRICIAN

JANTINE PATRICIANS

First and Only, is full of regiments just itching to be converted. The first task, of course, was to complete an army of Gaunt's Ghosts, which may appear in these pages soon. Then (with the Mechanised Infantry list looming) it was on to those misguided but devilishly effective Jantine Patricians - led by their bitter Colonel Flense and his equally twisted aide Major Brochuss.

Described as elite heavy infantry I knew the Imperial Guard Stormtrooper models would be ideal. During the first engagement in *First and Only* (on Fortis Binary) the Jantine forces are loaded into Chimeras and supported by Leman Russ Battle Tanks, Demolishers, and Griffons. Many years of half-finished projects and crazed buying frenzies meant that I had a few Chimeras I could direct towards the freshly raised Jantine Patricians. Perhaps the most impressive of these was a hybrid Leman Russ/Chimera mix that spent the first part of its life as a Chaos Land Raider (hey, no need for it now!).

After a few weeks of gathering, assembling, and converting I could launch into the painting. The deep Purple colour was achieved by mixing Liche Purple, Scab Red, and a touch of Chaos Black. The weapons were painted with Boltgun Metal, given a Black Ink wash,

and then highlighted with Mithril Silver. Bleached Bone was chosen as a contrasting colour for the bedrolls and such because it "works" so well with purple. The end result is a cohesive army that strikes fear and dread into the heart of my opponents, just like the well-drilled warriors from Dan Abnett's tales.

Next on the list is a massive army using the Armageddon Steel Legion models, followed by an army of Vitrian Dragoons, the mica-armoured troopers who aid Commissar Gaunt and his men throughout the *First and Only* novel.

Why all this construction? All will be revealed at Games Day 2000 on my Fortis Binary Forgeworld table - do you dare take the challenge?



The command Chimera of Colonel Flense.



JANTINE PATRICIANS

JANTINE PATRICIANS

The Path of the Warrior calls to all Eldar at some time during their long lives. This path, unlike others, is divided into many separate Warrior Aspects representing the Eldar war god Kaela Mensha Khaine. This month we take a look at these Warrior Aspects and what draws the Eldar onto the Warrior path.

* Models marked with an asterisk are released next month.

The Eldar are extremely long-lived by human standards, commonly surviving for over a thousand years unless a premature death in battle or an accident takes them. They also live at a pace and pitch of intensity many times greater than even the most talented and determined humans. It's hard for a human to understand the incredible potential of the Eldar mind. To an Eldar all of life's experiences are available to a heightened degree: the intellectual rewards of study, the exhilaration of battle, the creative impulses of art and music, and every imaginable pleasure or sensation. No creature, not even an Eldar, can taste of such fruits in an uncontrolled or undisciplined way. For an Eldar to yield absolutely to his desires would destroy him. Such was the fate of the ancient Eldar, who succumbed to the temptations of intellectual conceit and physical pleasure, and whose depravities brought about the fall of the Eldar worlds themselves.

The survivors, the Eldar of the craftworlds, have developed a way to control their own inner natures. Every Eldar chooses for himself a discipline which he then makes it his task to master. Each discipline is rightly called a path, and each path may necessitate further choices and specialisations. For example, the Path of the Warrior has many Aspects, and whilst all enable the Eldar to master the skills of combat, each Warrior Aspect brings with it its own special techniques and abilities. There are innumerable paths, some chosen but rarely, each offering its followers a complete way of life. Amongst the most arduous of all paths is that of the Seer, for the Seers manipulate psychic forces to foretell the future, and Seers of great accomplishment have fearsome powers.

Once an Eldar has mastered a path he then chooses another, and in this way builds up a repertoire of abilities over which he has complete control. An Eldar will travel many different paths in his life, and the skills he learns in each path serve to enrich further accomplishments. A few Eldar may be drawn so deeply along their chosen path that they can never leave it. This is a frightening fate for the Eldar, for anyone who is trapped in this way can never choose another path, but must live out the rest of their life as a living icon of achievement. Such individuals slowly deny the broad range of experience,

THE WARRIOR ASPECT

By Rick Priestley

concentrating increasingly on their path, until their self identity disappears and they become pure expressions of their path. In the case of the Warrior Aspects, these individuals are known as Exarchs.

THE PATH OF THE WARRIOR

The Path of the Warrior calls to most Eldar at some time in their long lives. Unlike some of the other Eldar paths, that of the Warrior is divided into many separate ways. Each of these is called a Warrior Aspect, and represents a different facet of the Eldar war god Kaela Mensha Khaine. Every Aspect differs in its methods of warfare, and many offer specialist skills designed for specific battlefield roles. Exactly what draws an Eldar onto the Path of the Warrior is uncertain. Perhaps it is the recognition of an innate destructive impulse in their soul which only ritual training and combat can purge.

Each Warrior Aspect on a craftworld is represented by a shrine. Within these shrines the Aspect Warriors are trained in the lore of combat. Their minds and bodies are honed with endless exercise, both physical and spiritual, until they become suffused with the Aspect of Kaela Mensha Khaine that their shrine represents.

The Aspect Warriors do not live in the shrines, and when they put aside their ritual masks and uniforms they can walk at peace through their craftworld. Only the keepers of the shrine live within them. The Exarchs – the lost ones – are Aspect Warriors who have become so wholly one with their Aspect that they cannot leave the Path of the Warrior. Exarchs emerge from their shrines only in times of war or conclave, and are held in a mixture of fear and awe by other Eldar.



Dire Avengers & Fire Dragons led by their Exarchs engage in a vicious fire-fight to clear the Imperial Guardsmen from their trenches.

Although there are many different Warrior Aspects there are some which are common to all, or at least to most craftworlds. These are the Aspects of the Dire Avengers, the Howling Banshees, Striking Scorpions, Shining Spears, Swooping Hawks, Fire Dragons, Dark Reapers and Warp Spiders. Each Aspect has its own warrior costume, a form of ritual battle suit, and distinctive weaponry. When the Eldar go to war, the Warrior Aspects fight in a predetermined role associated with their shrine.

All Aspect Warriors wear a flexible armoured suit of Aspect armour. This is fashioned from a psychosensitive material which reacts to the movements of its wearer, moulding and reshaping itself to fit like a glove as the warrior moves and fights. The material itself is quite rigid when the warrior is still, and its surface is reactive to impact so that it stiffens even further if subjected to a blow. Some suits also include inflexible bone-like plates to protect vulnerable areas.

Each of the Warrior Aspects is associated with certain colours and themes which are reflected in the uniforms of their shrine. No shrines use exactly the same uniform, and some shrines have so many warriors that they have varied uniforms so that each fighting squad of warriors is visibly different.

DIRE AVENGERS

The Dire Avengers represent the Aspect of the war god as noble warrior – merciless to his foes and unstinting in his devotion to his people. They are the least specialised and the most tactically flexible of all Warrior Aspects. They are also the most common, and their shrines are the largest among all of the craftworlds. Their ritual weapon is the shuriken catapult in the use of which they are highly skilled. Of all weapons, this one is most distinctively Eldar and it is a fitting armament for the Dire Avenger as the most archetypal Eldar warrior.

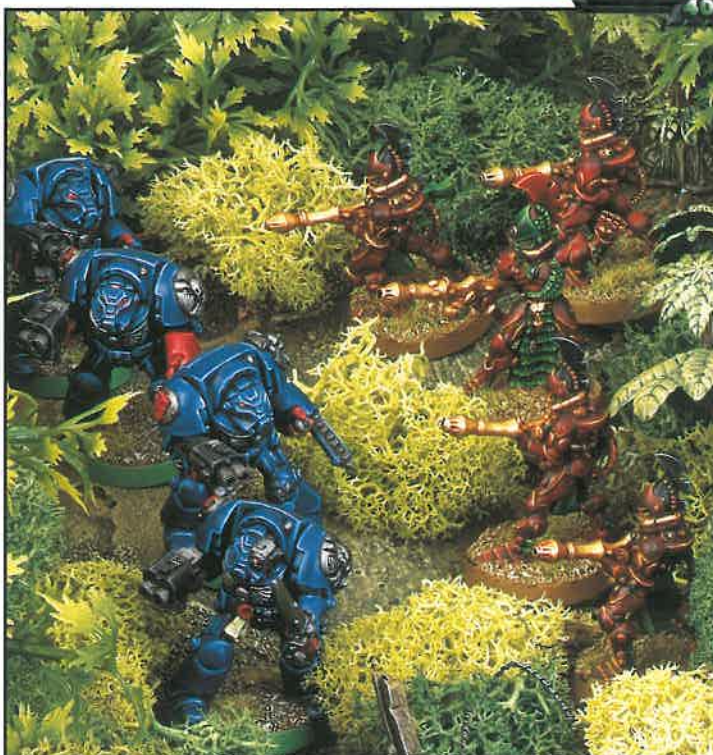
FIRE DRAGONS

This Warrior Aspect is modelled upon the dragon of Eldar myth, the writhing, sinuous fire-breathing reptile which represents wanton destruction and devastation. Their armour is the colour of fire and flame, and they carry the powerful fusion guns which spew deadly fire. Fire Dragons are experts at close-quarter fighting, where their fusion guns and melta bombs can destroy any foe no matter how well armoured.

HOWLING BANSHEES

In Eldar legend, the Banshee calls the dead spirit into the warp, and its eerie howl is said to be a certain premonition of death. The Banshee's call has an even more sinister implication, for it is said to call spirits from their spirit stones and lure them into the arms of the Chaos gods. Certainly the release of a spirit is often accompanied by a strange call, felt rather than heard, and it has been known for spirits to disperse unexpectedly into the warp when transferring into the spirit stones.

Unlike most other Aspects, the Howling Banshees are almost always female Eldar, for the Banshee is said to be a female spirit. The Howling Banshees are fast and mobile, and their warrior training is in swiftness of foot and mobility. Death, they say, will find you when your time has come, no matter where you may hide, and the same may be said of the Howling Banshees. These Aspect Warriors are armed with shuriken pistols and power swords, weapons of the close-quarter fighter, and it is in hand-to-hand combat that they excel. Their other weapon is the banshee mask, an enclosing death's head helmet which contains a psychosonic amplifier. This device intensifies the warrior's battlecry into a howling shriek of psychic rage. By means of their banshee masks, the warriors focus their enmity, flooding the central nervous system of their adversary with psychic energy and causing temporary paralysis.



In the close jungle terrain, a Fire Dragon Exarch* leads his Aspect Warriors in an ambush on Space Marine Terminators of the Crimson Fists Chapter.

STRIKING SCORPIONS

Though small, the scorpion is deadly and may sting and kill a creature many times its size. The Warrior Aspect of the Striking Scorpion epitomises the deadly attributes of its namesake, and they are one of the most potent of all close-quarter fighting Aspects. Only the strongest and toughest of the Eldar join this Aspect. Although not as swift as the Howling Banshees, the other common close-quarter fighting Aspect, the Striking Scorpions are more heavily armoured and excel in dense terrain.

The Striking Scorpions' Aspect armour is reinforced with rigid plates that offer more protection than most other Aspects. Their costumes are primarily green, but may incorporate bands of strongly contrasting colours such as black, yellow and orange. Their weapons are the shuriken pistol and chainsword, a combination which is deadly in its own right, but it is reinforced by the Striking Scorpions' unique mandiblasters.

The helmet of the Striking Scorpion incorporates a pair of weapon pods positioned and shaped much like the mandibles of a scorpion. Each pod houses a mandiblasters weapon, an extremely short-ranged weapon, useful at a distance of only a few metres or so. It is fired by means of a psychic node within the helmet.

When fired, the mandiblasters discharge a hail of tiny psychosensitive crystals, like tiny needles only a few millimetres long. These needles can tear and lacerate exposed flesh, but this is not their principal damaging effect. The deadly sting is actually a psychokinetic laser charge which energises the crystals and creates a tightly controlled plasma discharge. This sting is delivered as the Striking Scorpions enter combat, and can often kill their opponent before they have a chance to fight back.

WARP SPIDERS

The Warp Spiders take their name from the tiny creatures which may be seen within the Dome of Crystal Seers amongst the wraithbone trees. These minute sparkling creatures can move anywhere within the craftworld by means of the wraithbone core, melting their bodies into the infinity circuit and crystallising



Striking Scorpions charge the retinue of a Dark Eldar Archon.

at a new location. They have evolved from the psycho-plastics of which the craftworld is made, and are therefore able to meld with the Eldar's physical environment, moving through the infinity circuits much like the souls of dead Eldar. In theory, it would be possible for a Daemon of Chaos to find its way into the wraithbone core, although such a thing would be immediately apparent. The tiny warp spiders ensure that this doesn't happen, hunting and destroying alien psychic fragments much as white blood cells in the human body attack and neutralise foreign bacteria.

The Warp Spider Aspect Warriors epitomise the doctrine of aggressive defence. Their costumes and weaponry reflect the tiny warp spiders after which they are named. By means of a compact warp-generator within their armoured shell, the warriors are able to make short warp-jumps, disappearing and reappearing some metres away. This enables them to make sudden and totally unexpected attacks upon their foes. Their ritual weapon is the Death Spinner, which projects a deadly cloud of mono-filament wire ensnaring and contracting around their victims the more they struggle.

DARK REAPERS

The Dark Reapers are the most sinister and most lethal of the Warrior Aspects. They portray the war god as destroyer, and their skull-

encrusted costume embodies death as the dark reaper of souls. Their Aspect armour is black or a midnight shade of blue, and it incorporates interlocking plates and heavy limb supports to increase stability when firing the deadly reaper launcher. The Dark Reapers' armour also incorporates sensory and range-finding equipment. This enables the Dark Reapers to lock onto a fast-moving target, and increases their already deadly accuracy still further.

The tactical role of the Dark Reapers is to provide heavy, long-ranged support. Dark Reapers usually take up positions in cover, often behind the main Eldar line of advance, from where they direct their deadly weapons against suitable enemy targets. Their unerring accuracy enables them to dominate the battlefield, pinning down enemy forces before they can advance, and destroying selected targets at will.

SHINING SPEARS

In Eldar mythology, the war god Khaela Mensha Khaine carried a great spear that could kill any foe with a single blow. Aspect Warriors of the Shining Spear shrines take this weapon as their inspiration. Uniquely amongst the Aspect Warriors they ride jetbikes, allowing them to strike with the speed of a coiled snake. The laser lance that they carry is designed to fire a powerful laser bolt into enemy ranks, reducing the odds against the Shining Spears before they close to impale their foes.

They are particularly suited to leading massed assaults or pouncing on isolated units. The small size of Shining Spear squads means it is unwise to commit them by themselves, but if they are well-supported they will be more than a match for nearly any foe.

SWOOPING HAWKS

The Swooping Hawks take their name from the wild hunting birds of the Eldar myths which are portrayed as birds of vengeance and retribution. In ancient times the Eldar believed that the spirit of a murdered person would pass into a hawk, in which form it would seek out the murderer, hovering above his head as a mark of guilt for all to see.

The Swooping Hawks are the most mobile of all Aspect Warriors as they have the ability to glide or even to fly high into the air. Their wings are made from vibrating feather plates and incorporate small jet motors and gravitic reaction lifters. When they fly,



Swooping Hawks with their Exarch* drop behind an Ork mob to catch it in a deadly crossfire.

their wings vibrate with such speed that they turn into a blur of colour and emit a characteristic shrieking note. Their Aspect costumes are coloured like the sky, whether blue and clear or dark and grey, with contrasting bands of colour.

The Swooping Hawks' ritual weapons consist of the multi-barrelled lasblaster and a special pack of grenades. These grenades are contained in a pack strapped to the warrior's leg. Grenades can be removed from the pack and thrown by hand, or discharged directly from the pack whilst in flight, scattering lethal charges over the enemy below. This combination of weapons is especially suited to the Swooping Hawks' role. They often attack the enemy ahead of the main Eldar army, flitting over their foes' heads and discharging grenades, and then attacking in close combat or retiring into cover to use their lasblasters.

EXARCHS OF THE WARRIOR ASPECTS

The Eldar mind is capable of depth and understanding which goes beyond the concept of mere human obsession. Such obsessions are likened to traps or nets, waiting to catch the unwary upon the Eldar path and hold him fast forever. When an Eldar's mind becomes so tightly focused upon one thing he can no longer make the change to another path. This is a terrible thing for all Eldar, as it is a fate which can befall any of them despite all of their discipline and training.

An Eldar who is lost upon the Path of the Warrior is called an Exarch. Such a fate does not befall an Aspect Warrior quickly, but the repeated exhilaration of battle can act like a dangerous drug upon a warrior's psyche. Aspect Warriors learn to control their warrior-selves, putting on and casting aside their warrior-self as they don or discard their ritual costumes. An Aspect Warrior who becomes an Exarch loses this ability to dissociate himself. This has serious consequences because upon his death an Exarch's soul cannot be freed into the infinity circuit, for its only impulse is to wage war; all other feelings are subordinated to that single deadly desire. When an Aspect Warrior becomes an Exarch he adopts an armoured suit from his shrine, often the very suit worn by one of the shrine's founders. Once put on, the suit is never removed and becomes a permanent part of the Eldar, its psycho-plastic form meshing with his own body tissues. If slain, the warrior's costume will be found to be empty, the body having long since been consumed within the suit itself. Exarch suits are studded with the spirit stones of all the Eldar who have ever worn the suit. Their spirits continue to circulate throughout the suit, like a miniature version of the infinity circuit of the craftworld. It is the presence of this spirit-pool of raw psychic energy that gives the suit and warrior (for the two are indistinguishable) their special warrior powers.

Once he has become an Exarch, a warrior is known by the ancient name associated with his armoured suit. The warrior's personality flows into the spirit-pool of the suit and is conjoined with the personalities of all the other Eldar who have ever worn it. Their lives and experiences meld with his own, and his name is added to the long list that constitutes the suit's full title. It is the first Exarch whose name alone denotes the warrior within, and whose personality remains strongest within the spirit-pool. Thus an Aspect Warrior who becomes an Exarch is reborn as an ancient warrior hero.

Exarchs do not leave their shrines except in times of war or high conclave. Even the smallest shrines are extensive structures with areas dedicated to training, instruction and ceremony. Each shrine has its own armoury, and its own inner sanctum where the Exarchs administer the rites of war before the altar of the Bloody-handed God. It is here that the Exarchs recite the battle songs of old and mark the warriors' bodies with runes of blood before they don their Aspect's armoured suits in readiness for war. In this way, the Exarchs are the priests and guardians of the shrines, as well as armourers and instructors who will guide their fellow Eldar along the Path of the Warrior.

The Exarchs' ritual armoured costumes and weapons are unique and incredibly ancient. Invariably their weapons are extremely potent and their abilities are far more developed than even the finely-honed warrior skills of the Aspects. The spirit-pool of each armoured suit combines the lives and abilities of all the Eldar who have ever worn it, a sum total of energy which far outstrips that of any ordinary Eldar. The Exarchs' skills reflect the Aspect of the shrine to which they belong. Their armoured suits to some extent resemble those of their shrine's uniform.

THE PHOENIX LORDS

A few of the most ancient Exarchs have no shrines and no craftworld to call their home. They wander from world to world, instinctively driven by war, attracted by places of great danger and need. These Exarchs are known as the Phoenix Lords and they are great heroes amongst the Eldar race. During moments of desperation they appear, sometimes just one but often several depending upon the perils faced. Following in the path of the Bloody-handed God, their names are well known throughout the craftworlds, and their deeds form part of the legends of the Eldar.

No one knows exactly how many Phoenix Lords there are, for some are seen but rarely, while others disappear for millennia only to reappear suddenly and unexpectedly. Some have undoubtedly perished far away, their suits lying upon some hostile world awaiting discovery by some predestined Eldar warrior doomed to don the armour and become the ancient hero for another cycle of his existence.

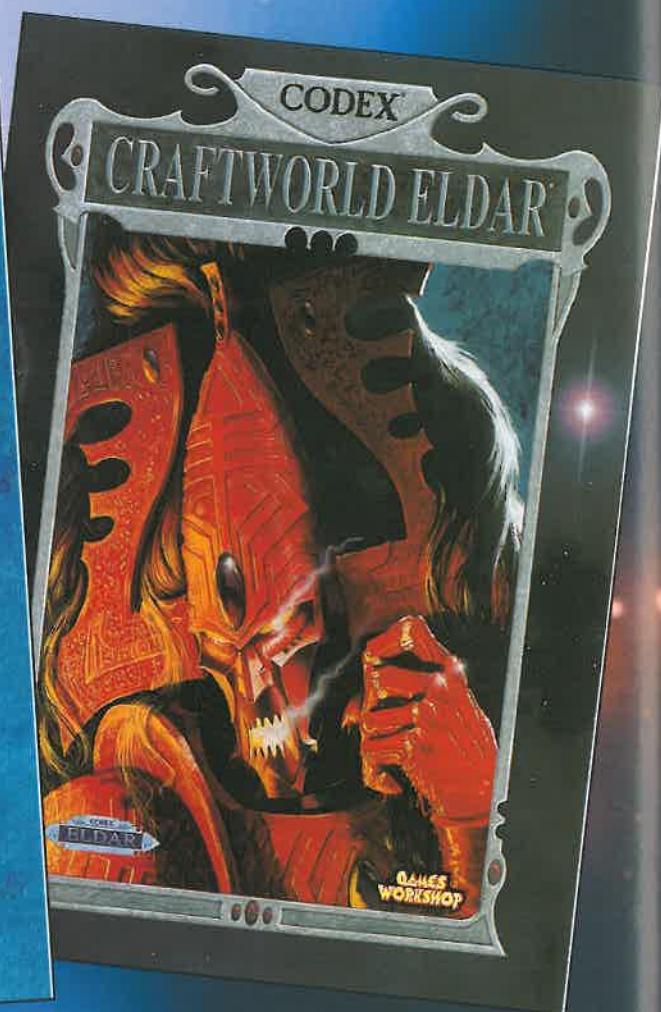
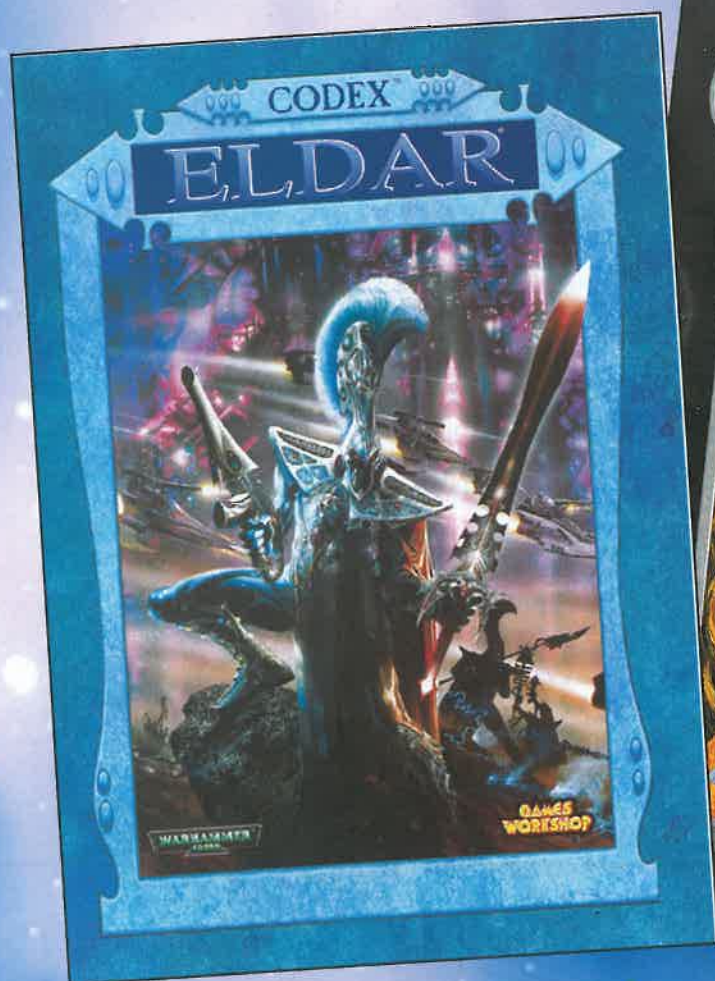
Some of the Phoenix Lords are as old as the Fall. They were heroes during the cataclysm, and were the first to bear the spirit stones of the Warrior Aspects. Perhaps they never reached the craftworlds and so never founded their own shrine as others did, or maybe their shrines have since been destroyed along with their craftworlds. Whatever their past, they are the most fearsome of all Exarchs, and the most powerful warriors of all the Eldar.



SWOOPING HAWK EXARCH *

FIRE DRAGON EXARCHS *

**The stars themselves once lived
and died at our command, and yet
you still dare to oppose our will?**



Trust not in their appearance, for the Eldar are as utterly alien to good, honest men as the vile Tyranids and savage Orks. They are capricious and fickle, attacking without cause or warning. There is no understanding them for there is nothing to understand – they are a random force in the universe.”

Imperial Commander Abriel Hume.

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THE GHOST IN THE MACHINE

Collecting an Iyanden Craftworld Ghost Warrior army, by Phil Kelly.

Iyanden. A beautiful world-ship gracefully carrying its people across silent light years of empty space. But the surface is blackened and desolate, the once majestic buildings ripped to pieces by violence and war. This peaceful Eldar home world bore the brunt of a vast Tyranid invasion, a massive swarm of bio-engineered aliens intent on destroying all other lifeforms. Iyanden was directly in the path of Tyranid Hive Fleet Kraken when it spread like a plague across the galaxy. Finally though, the black swarms that engulfed the craftworld were beaten back and eventually stopped in their rampage. Only the intervention of a fleet led by the rogue Exodite and pirate Yriel, a former Iyanden noble, saved the craftworld from being devoured whole by the invading Tyranid swarm. At the cost of countless thousands of Eldar lives, Craftworld Iyanden had achieved an almost impossible task – stemming the tide of the Great Devourer. Tragically, the craftworld suffered such horrendous casualties that the Iyanden Army is now mostly comprised of the dead.

The Ghost Warrior army is not the easiest to command, but is extremely rewarding, and every victory for Iyanden is a cause for celebration.

If you're new to this craftworld and the unusual practices of its inhabitants, I probably have some explaining to do. The army of Iyanden is structured like no other – nothing in the Warhammer 40,000 universe comes close. Firstly, it is important to understand just why this army is so different, and how the craftworld deals with the fact that almost all of its soldiers fight on despite already being dead. Secondly, I'll take you through the steps necessary to get started, and how to build your warhost to 1,500 points and more. In terms of background, Iyanden has one of the richest and most detailed histories in the Imperium. The craftworld concept is as exciting as it is eerie.

But on the field of battle, what does the Iyanden army have going for it? How can the army of this decimated civilisation hope to survive the heat of battle? The answer is simple: the Iyanden army is extremely tough. The troop choices in the Iyanden army lists are squads of Wraithguard and Wraithlords (although you cannot have more Wraithlords than Wraithguard squads). I cannot stress enough just how



difficult it is to stop the march of a well-coordinated Iyanden army in the hands of a competent general. The troopers are comprised of faceless artificial constructs made from the psycho-active material Wraithbone, and range from nine to thirty feet in height. Each of these troopers is host to the spirit of an Eldar warrior, bound within a glowing soulstone. The constructs housing these spirits are immune to pain. They are immune to fear. They will never, under any circumstances, fall back, and cannot be pinned. They are tougher than a Space Marine, benefit from the same saving throw as power armour, and are all armed with the most lethal of advanced Eldar technology that can carve through the armoured shell of a tank as if it was paper. With a bit of psychic trickery from the Spiritseers who accompany the Wraithguard into battle, even a direct hit from a lascannon may not kill one of these Ghost Warriors. Being dead isn't the handicap it ought to be in an Iyanden army.

So given this impeccable list of credentials, where are the drawbacks? Yes, you guessed it – the points values! Only in an Iyanden army are the characters and squad leaders cheaper than the troops. But after reading more about these deadly machines, believe me, you'll see why. Of

course, there is a bright side to fielding an army comprising of quality over quantity. There are less models to paint, so you can lavish a bit more time on each miniature. Also, you don't have to buy as many. Iyanden can be difficult to use properly as they will inevitably be outnumbered. However, this is one of the things I shall be addressing later on, so don't worry if you're new to the Eldar.

When starting to collect any army, it is vital that you obtain a copy of the relevant Codex. Because Craftworld Iyanden is a special type of Eldar army, the details are contained in

the recently published supplement *Codex Craftworld Eldar*.

However, as this is not a stand-alone Codex, you will need a copy of *Codex Eldar* as well. These books provide everything you need to know about the Eldar and Iyanden, from detailed background to complete army lists, and from modelling advice to special characters. For the time being, though, let's look at what comprises a Ghost Warrior warhost.



THE GHOST WARRIORS

Long ago, the Eldar mastered advanced psychic and soul-grafting practices and technologies. In conjunction with the development of Wraithbone, a strange psycho-responsive plastic that is so tough as to be virtually indestructible, the Eldar have devised a way for the souls of Eldar warriors and heroes to fight on. When an Eldar dies, his soul can be stolen and consumed by the nemesis of the Eldar race, Slaanesh. This evil god, whom the Eldar name 'She Who Thirsts', was born of the race's previous folly, before the Fall. Each Eldar dreads this fate, and rightly so, but they have devised a way to escape this foul destiny. They wear a special psychically attuned gem on their chests, called a spiritstone, and when an Eldar dies his essence passes into the stone, entering an empty but peaceful limbo, preferable to the hell they would otherwise experience. However, for those who died in defence of Iyanden, that is far from the end of the warrior's story. Many of these spirits are awoken from their peaceful afterlife, torn from the emptiness and silence of their crystal tomb by the Spiritseers. They are then grafted into the huge, inert forms of the Wraithguard, elegant war machines that form a host for the now bodiless souls. The soulstone sits within the construct's wraithbone body, and the dead warrior can once more bear arms for the craftworld. However, although this seems like a perfect solution to Iyanden's problem, this process is abhorrent to the Eldar, living and dead. It is only in the direst necessity that the Spiritseers dare disturb the rest of their war heroes and ancestors. Unfortunately, there is no other way to preserve what is left of the shattered craftworld, and the living Eldar are ridden with guilt and shame at what they are forced to do.



They are effectively exhuming their dead and asking them to fight again and again, a twilight existence of death and war.

As you can see, this craftworld's concept runs a little deeper than most, and for me this makes it that much more interesting to collect. But back to the staple troops of the Iyanden army: the Wraithguard. You will need to buy plenty of these to complete your army, but they are beautiful models and, as mentioned above, form extremely efficient front line troopers. To start with I would recommend getting them in squads of five.

A squad of Wraithguard can march across the battlefield without worrying too much about bolter or lasgun fire; their Toughness of 5 and save of 3+ means that most bolter shells will patter off the carapaces of the Wraithguard like rain. Also, because your army will include Wraithlords (larger and more powerful versions of the Wraithguard) your opponent's heavy weapons fire will most likely be focused elsewhere. This is invaluable, because the one weakness that the Wraithguard suffer from is their speed, because, unlike most other Eldar, they may not *fleet of foot*. Bearing in mind their potent weaponry only has a range of 12", this means that they will have to march right across the battlefield to get into range. Obviously, it is important that you do not sustain too many losses before you reach the enemy.

The Wraithlords are also artificial Wraithbone constructs, only they are far taller, more heavily built, and better armed. These towering behemoths are used as host bodies for the most revered of Eldar heroes, normally Exarchs who are unwilling to give up the struggle for their craftworld, and who have performed so valiantly that they are given the honour of inhabiting one of these vast Dreadnoughts. Unlike the Dreadnoughts of other races, the Wraithlord is long limbed and elegant, and moves with a grace that belies its lethal arsenal of weaponry and vast strength. There are very few war machines in the galaxy as difficult to destroy as the Wraithlord, so they are rightly feared by any non-Eldar



The Studio's Craftworld Iyanden army in all its glory. This army goes a long way to providing what you will need to field a Ghost Warrior army, and Mail Order are currently running an Army Deal for this very force.

The Army Deal includes: 1 Farseer, 16 Guardians, 10 Wraithguard, 1 Warlock, 2 support weapon platforms, 1 heavy weapon platform and a Wraithlord. If you're interested, why not give the Mail Order Trolls a call on (02) 9829 6111.

commander because of their potency on the battlefield. I will describe how best to use these excellent additions to your army list later in this article.

Finally, the Iyanden army also includes the remnants of the living denizens of Iyanden. Only a handful of squads of Guardians can be roused in times of war, and the number of Aspect Warriors which Iyanden can employ is worryingly small. As a result, the Eldar seen in the Ghost Warrior army tend to take up support roles, taking no risks and ensuring their safety at all costs. For this reason, I would advise against taking units such as Guardian Storm squads, jetbikes and even Howling Banshees. These squads often tend to get completely wiped out before the battle ends. Although Iyanden expects casualties from those already dead, they typically do not squander lives in reckless charges into enemy ranks. It is a good idea to look at support troops and heavy weaponry to cover the inexorable advance of the Wraithguard, and we shall be taking a closer look at these later on. But first, let's take a closer look at the staple troops of the Ghost Warriors army.

THE WRAITHGUARD

Now we have some understanding of how an Iyanden army operates and what comprises the warriors of this strange craftworld, we can take a look at exactly what to utilise when building the army, and how best to employ your forces on the battlefield.

Firstly, when starting an army I find it is a bad idea to buy a huge amount of miniatures at one go and then sit there

thinking, "How on earth am I going to get this lot painted?" At the risk of repeating myself, it really is a good idea to collect your army in manageable chunks, and paint it a squad at a time. This way you can get a small army together and play a few games as you paint up the rest of the battle force. Luckily, with the Ghost Warrior army, all the troops are great models that are easy to paint. So long as you are neat, the Wraithguard look fantastic however you paint them. Which is good news, as the first thing to get your hands on is a squad of five Wraithguard and a Warlock.

Bear in mind that because Wraithguard are so tough, they cost more points. Eldar psykers, although relatively cheap, have to pay for the psychic power they intend to use. This first squad will set you back around 200 points. So I shall explain why.

Wraithguard are very difficult to hurt. Their Toughness of 5 is the equal of an Ork Warlord, and as mentioned above, they have the same saving throw as power armour. You'll probably have seen a squad of Wraithguard in action on the battlefield, and they most likely lost some of their number to heavy weapons fire. True, heavy weapons of AP 3 or lower pose a problem, as do power weapons. But this is true for any troop type in the Warhammer 40,000 galaxy. Besides, remember that your basic troops are even tougher than Lictors and Ogryns, they will never fall back, and never become pinned. They are also immensely strong: each Wraithguard has a Strength of 5, more than enough to bend an Ork's big shoota around his loathsome green neck. When you field more than one unit of these war machines in conjunction with Wraithlords, the enemy will be very limited in what he can achieve.

The Wraithguard is armed with a wraithcannon, an extremely advanced weapon that is unique in the way it destroys the enemy. Wraithcannons are like portable D-cannons, they work by opening a hole in the warp where their target is, ripping them apart between conflicting dimensions. This means that regardless of how tough an opponent is, how well-armoured they are or even how many Wounds they have, a hit from a wraithcannon can kill them instantly. A model hit by a wraithcannon takes a wound on a roll of a 4+, regardless of its Toughness. The weapon is AP1, and the target will die instantly on a To Wound roll of a 6. This is incredibly useful against high Toughness troops with multiple Wounds such as Carnifexes, Hive Tyrants, mega-armoured Nobs and the like. A squad of five Wraithguard, all firing their wraithcannons at one target, is among the most lethal prospects an enemy can face. Imperial heroes in Terminator armour, Tyranid Warriors, and even the notorious Dark Eldar Talos can be killed with one shot.

If you think I've finished extolling the virtues of these incredible weapons, you couldn't be more wrong. Firing a set of five wraithcannon at a model with an Armour value is where the fun really begins. It doesn't matter whether the target is a Dreadnought or a Land Raider, a hit from your wraithcannon will cause a glancing hit on the roll of a 4, and a penetrating hit on a 5 or a 6. Needless to say, this is incredibly useful, especially when you have a set of five targeted on an enemy vehicle. It won't guarantee you a kill, but it isn't far off, and short of a big squad of Fire Dragons these troops are a perfect tank-busting unit. I must admit, I like the image of a Land Raider with huge, perfect spheres of matter missing from its hull. The only drawback is that these weapons have a comparatively short range of 12", but anything that comes close is in serious trouble, and as I will mention later, there are ways around the range problem. Besides, they are assault weapons, which means you can move, unleash a devastating salvo of high-tech fire, and then charge into combat.

Amongst all the benefits of fielding Wraithguard, there is one major drawback. Wraithguard do not have eyes, or any kind of sensorium. They 'see' by detecting the shifting emanations of other spirits, and as a result are often slow to react to the chaos and havoc of the battlefield. Every turn, each unit must roll a D6, and on the roll of a 1, does nothing at all that turn. This is a real pain if you are in hand-to-hand combat, or in front of an Imperial Guard battalion. Standing stock still in front of a battlewagon full of Orks is also a bad

idea. Luckily, there is an easy solution to this: any unit of Wraithguard led by a Warlock, Farseer or Spiritseer is immune to these tests.



The tireless Iyanden Wraithguard

THE SEERS OF IYANDEN

The addition of a Warlock or Spiritseer to your Wraithguard unit can make all the difference. Over the millennia, Iyanden's Warlocks have specialised in communing with their dead through the infinity circuit. The reliance upon these techniques has given rise to the Spiritseers, Warlocks whose abilities at necromancy far exceed

those of other psykers, and whose minds act as both an anchor and beacon for the spirits of the dead. As well as being skilled at war magic, these Spiritseers have one major advantage; they can guide the dead even in the midst of a roiling battle. Make sure that there is a Warlock in each squad of Wraithguard, or at the very least a Spiritseer nearby, as any Wraithguard unit within 6" of a Spiritseer does not have to test for the disabilities of their Wraithsight.

Spiritseers count as independent character models, so you need not attach them to a squad. Thus you can take care of two squads with one Spiritseer should you need to. There is a major benefit to accompanying your troops with a psyker: Eldar Warlocks are among the most accomplished in the universe. Of the four Eldar psychic powers, three are ideal for the Warlock accompanying the Wraithguard. *Destructor* is basically a sort of psychic heavy flamer, and uses a template so is very handy before charging troops in cover. *Enhance* is even more useful when you are about to charge an enemy, and turns your Wraithguard into an excellent assault squad: the Wraithguard with the Warlock will benefit from +1 Weapon Skill and +1 Initiative. The squad will now have a Weapon Skill, Strength, Toughness and Initiative of 5. Any unit charged by them will be faced with a close combat nightmare. Last of these psychic powers is *Conceal*, and although it is not quite as dramatic, it makes sound sense to use this power. Covering the unit with a shifting haze of psychic camouflage, the Warlock can transfer a 5+ cover save to the entire unit, even when they are standing right out in the open. This means that in the event of your Ghost Warriors falling under heavy weapons fire that would negate their armour save, such as lascannons or krak missiles, they still have a good chance of survival. As you can well imagine, this is well worth it when you have paid 35 points per trooper.

One psyker that is compulsory in the Iyanden army list is the Farseer. The Farseer acts as the HQ unit of your army, and therefore it is important you give this miniature a decent paint job. The Iyanden battle leader is a master of necromancy and the guiding of the departed Eldar spirits. The Farseer's role in this army is different from most others. I would recommend keeping him near the back of the army, with the support troops. Giving your Farseer the *Guide* psychic power is a good move, as it vastly improves the efficiency of Guardian support troops (we'll take a look at these later on). This power is at its most useful on troops with a low BS, and when used on barrage weapons it allows you to re-roll the Scatter dice. Needless to say, this can turn a powerful but inaccurate weapon into a blossoming pattern of Blast templates.



Chris Smart's converted Spiritseer

THE STRIKING SERPENT

So far, the troop types we have examined are all lacking in one vital thing: mobility. The Iyanden army is mostly comprised of foot troops, and sadly this will allow your enemy to outmanoeuvre you. Wraithguard are simply too big to fit into a Falcon. However, the Eldar Wave Serpent troop transport can accommodate a squad of five Wraithguard and a Warlock. Wave Serpents are resilient, fast and well-armoured. Because they are classed as Fast vehicles, if you keep them moving, your enemy can only cause a glancing hit on them. They are also protected by an energy field; this rippling force field means that any ranged attack with a Strength greater than 8 only counts as Strength 8. Also, weapons such as meltaguns, multi-meltas and ordnance weapons may only roll +1D6 for armour penetration, rather than two. Simply fill this excellent transport with a squad of Wraithguard, accompany them with a Warlock with the *Enhance* power, and fly deep into the enemy's flank to cause some major problems. If you're clever, you can drop this unit near enough to the enemy that they can fire their Wraithcannon and then immediately charge into combat. This squad will form your elite assault unit, and a well-placed offensive will buckle the enemy lines even before the rest of your army gets into range. Arming the Wave Serpent with twin-linked starcannon will really give your opponent some trouble, as it fires three Strength 6 AP2 plasma bolts, re-rolling any shots that miss. Also, Iyanden vehicles are likely to have a large auxiliary spirit stone, holding the essence of a long-dead pilot who can command the Wave Serpent in the event of the crew becoming stunned or shaken. Even the vehicles of Iyanden can be used to house the essence of the deceased. (For ideas on converting a Wave Serpent model check out WD238.)

LORDS OF THE DEAD

Now onto the part we've all been waiting for – the Wraithlord. These mighty giants are incredibly tough. In a recent game I saw a Wraithlord bear the brunt of an entire Steel Legion battalion (*you'll have to wait till next issue to find out what these are – Fat Bloke*) and their Space Marine allies. When the smoke cleared, the Wraithlord was a battered mess, but it was still standing, and to the Imperial player's horror, it proceeded to charge a nearby unit of Space Marines who had no hope of wounding it at all. This is because the Wraithlord is unlike other Dreadnoughts in that it has a Toughness value, not an Armour value. You'll be happy to hear that its Toughness is 8, the highest in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Because of this, it is impossible to wound it with a Strength less than 5, and therefore most troops are incapable of damaging it in combat. As a result, it tends to attract a vast amount of heavy weapons fire, but this is where it excels over other Dreadnoughts and even heavy duty tanks. The Wraithlord has three wounds, which means you have to hit it three times, then wound it three times, before it will finally keel over (this is assuming the weapon fired has an AP of 3 or better). Even the heavily armoured Land Raider can be despatched with one lucky hit from a lascannon. The Wraithlord will always need to be wounded three times; very tricky when it has such a high Toughness and a saving throw of 3+. So you



The Ghost Warriors relentlessly advance upon the Dark Angels' fortifications.

can afford to put it right at the front of your line and march directly into the thick of the fighting. Also, it cannot be stunned, shaken, disarmed, immobilised or suffer any of the undesirable fates of the Vehicle Damage charts. Because it is manned by a fearless (and deceased) Eldar hero, it cannot be pinned, and will never fall back. Also, it can fire up to two of its weapons even when moving, and this includes heavy weapons. As most Wraithlords have a shoulder-mounted heavy weapon such as a brightlance or starcannon, this can be extremely useful.

As all good Warhammer 40,000 commanders know, some troops are actually safer in combat than they are on the open battlefield (they can't get shot to pieces!) and this is especially true of the Wraithlord. As I said before, most troops cannot hurt the Wraithlord in close combat. The only weapons that a Wraithlord need fear are power fists, chain fists and weapons that double the user's Strength. However,



A towering Iyanden Wraithlord strides into battle.

there is a bright side: Wraithlords are not only exceptionally good in close combat, given their Weapon Skill of 4 and three attacks, but they are also armed with power fists. Two of them. This means that a Wraithlord's Strength is a mighty 10, and best of all, unlike your assailants, they do not strike last in combat! As a result, it makes sense to charge the enemy model hefting a power claw around and crush him to a pulp before he can strike back. As an additional bonus, the extra Strength conferred by the power fists will be enough to kill most characters outright. Lastly, each fist incorporates a flamer or a shuriken catapult. It's worth the tiny amount of conversion work necessary to equip Wraithlord with two flamers just to see the look on your opponent's face when you pick up two Flamer templates and roast half of the squad you are about to charge. Be careful though, not to kill the enemies within 6" or you won't be able to charge at all.

It is worth bearing in mind that more often than not your enemy will go to extraordinary lengths to take out your Wraithlord. Despite the fact that they are very difficult to kill, I'm afraid to say that outside of combat a concerted effort over a couple of turns will finish one off. Sniper rifles, wounding on a 4+ regardless of Toughness, also pose a problem for Wraithlords. However, for this Iyanden army I would recommend taking at least two, and this will mean the rest of your army can advance whilst your opponent frets about your towering Dreadnoughts. A Wraithlord, equipped with a brightlance or starcannon, costs a mere 120 points.

THE STILL-LIVING

The next addition to your army should be some Guardian Defenders which count as a Heavy Support option. I firmly believe every Eldar army should have a squad of these troops, and they are far more useful than they are given

credit for. Unlike Ulthwé, whose Guardians are professional soldiers, the Guardian Defenders of Iyanden are more likely to be artisans, musicians and retired warriors forced by necessity to bear arms. Perhaps the soundest reason for including them is to bulk out the numbers a little. You will have to get used to the fact that in most games you will be badly outnumbered, but it is reassuring to know that if anyone strays too close to your support troops' baseline, you can pour shuriken catapult fire into them until they stop. Guardians are sold in boxed sets of 16 and are excellent value for money. Guardian Defenders are counted as Heavy Support options in the Iyanden army, and so it is worth having a large group of them to act as an anchor point for your forces. Splitting them into more than one unit is a mistake; not only will they be easier to break on the battlefield, but they will use up valuable Heavy Support options for later on. A squad of 16 Guardians will set you back a mere 128 points.

Finally, a word about support troops. Iyanden is likely to place emphasis on long-range fire, keeping the enemy at bay until they can close quarters with the Ghost Warriors. As a result, it is worth taking a close look at the support weapon batteries available to your army as a Heavy Support option. Each of the three weapons available has its strengths and weaknesses: the vibro-cannon is very useful against heavily armoured vehicles, causing an automatic glancing hit. The D-cannon (a larger area-effect version of the wraithcannon) is also superb at taking out vehicles, as it is Strength 10 and rolls on the Ordnance Damage table. Aside from this it does not need line of sight, so you can fire from the other side of a building if you wish. This is often a good idea with support weapons as they are quite fragile. The down side to the D-cannon is that it has a comparatively short range of 24".

The Studio army is equipped with two shadow weavers, massive cannons that fire clouds of monofilament wire high into the air, to drift down onto their enemies. The wire cuts straight through flesh and bone and even light armour, reducing its targets to bloody heaps. This barrage weapon is most effective against massed infantry, and with a Strength of 6 and a very cheap points value the shadow weaver takes an important role in the Iyanden arsenal. Although traditionally a support weapon ought to be able to slam a hole through the wall of a reinforced bunker, the shadow weaver only has an AP of 6. However, considering that most of your army is equipped with the very best in anti-tank weapons, it is useful to have something to carve great chunks out of massed infantry. They excel against Tyranids and Orks, and when under the influence of your Farseer's *Guide* power, they can be deadly even at their long range of 48". Not only do they force their targets to take a pinning test if casualties are caused, they do not need line of sight and can be concealed behind hard cover.

In my opinion, no Eldar army would be complete without a squad of Aspect Warriors. Like many Eldar commanders, I started collecting Eldar because of the diversity and style of these elite warriors. Although nearly all of the Iyanden forces have been destroyed, it is not out of the question that a small squad could be mustered in times of need. On a craftworld so involved with the study and philosophy of death, what better addition to your army than a squad of Dark Reapers. These have to be one of the best troop types available to the Eldar, and are unparalleled in the amount of destruction they can cause to an army equipped with power armour. Every member of the squad is armed with a Reaper Launcher, a compact missile launcher that can fire two shots per turn. The projectiles are AP3, and having seen the horrific

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A Farseer 'Guides' an Iyanden firebase, with the support battery taking advantage of nearby cover.

casualties a squad of Reapers can inflict on a unit of Space Marines, I would recommend taking a squad of four. An Exarch is also worth considering, as their Powers and access to other types of heavy weapon allow you to tailor your squad to take down even the most heavily armoured of targets. Giving your Exarch the skill *Fast Shot* and an Eldar missile launcher with plasma missiles allows you to lay down two Blast templates per turn. Placed behind a screen of Guardians to protect them from assault, the inclusion of these death-dealing adepts should soon even out any numerical advantage your enemy may have.

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

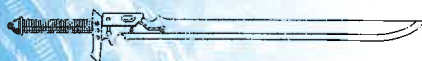
Having examined everything that our Iyanden army will include, it's time to see exactly what we can afford. With a Ghost Warriors army, it is fairly pointless aiming for the total of 500 points. Due to the cost of the troop choices in the army, it will only comprise of around 18 models. This almost guarantees that you will be outnumbered and outmanoeuvred, and as a result I would recommend playing an Iyanden army of at least 1,000 points.

In an army of this size, you will need a couple of five-man strong Wraithguard units. One of these can be mounted in your Wave Serpent, along with a Spiritseer. The Spiritseer is very useful if the Wraithguard are engaged in combat and become separated due to the confusion of close combat; so long as the Spiritseer remains within 6" they do not need to roll for Wraithsight and risk inactivity for a turn. This assault squad should be deployed on your flank, and as the Wave Serpent is relatively lightly armed you can afford to move its

maximum distance (24") without wasting too much in heavy weapons fire. It will intimidate and confuse your opponent to see one of your most formidable squads crash into his flank at the very beginning of the game. After the initial salvo of wraithcannon fire, the assault phase will progress relatively smoothly (provided you have not charged a large group of close combat experts) and you can work your way through to another squad whilst the rest of the army marches forward. Another tactic is to keep the Wave Serpent out of the way until the rest of your army is in range, and then, in the space of one turn, launch a devastating offensive at several points on the enemy line. The drawback here is that you may allow your opponent a couple of turns of shooting before you can close the distance and unleash your attack.

The main battle line consists of the two Wraithlords and a squad of Wraithguard accompanied by a Spiritseer. By deploying the Wraithlords on either side of the Wraithguard squad, you can pretty much guarantee that your enemy will concentrate on the Wraithlords and try to bring one down. If the enemy tries to get around the side of this line to attack the more vulnerable targets behind, charge them with a Wraithlord after firing your twin flamers. This will give any squad a headache they are unlikely to recover from. With the Wraithlords deployed cleverly, you should be able to block any offensive your opponent mounts with a thirty-foot construct of angry wraithbone. All the while, your Wraithguard squad advance to a position where they can unleash the devastating effects of their wraithcannon. With a little practice, this strategy can tear an opponent's battle plan to pieces. If you confuse and disrupt the enemy's forces, you are far more likely to succeed.

The rest of your army should deploy in cover. The shadow weavers, accompanied by the Farseer, need not be in line of sight of any of the opposing troops at the beginning of the battle, they will still be just as effective. If you are any good at guessing ranges, you can confidently expect this battery to pin a unit of infantry in place and inflict horrible casualties on anything lightly armoured. Just in front of this artillery you should deploy your Guardian squad. This flexible unit acts as the rapid response team, if an enemy unit manages to sneak past your battle line without being caught by the Ghost Warriors, then the Guardians can respond with a deadly cloud of razor-edged shuriken. More wary commanders may wish to reinforce this firebase with a close combat squad. However, assault troops are at their best in the thick of the fighting, not hanging back in case your opponent *Deep Strikes* into the heart of your deployment zone. When using this army, be confident. Most of your troops can handle anything that is thrown at them, and if you hang back and wait then your opponent will really press home his numerical advantage. So get fighting, see which units you think are the most effective, and annoy your friends by repeatedly administering to them the beating of their lives. If you're still having fun, it's time to realise this army to its full potential.



EXPANDING YOUR GHOST WARRIORS ARMY

In a larger battle, the Iyanden army becomes truly fearsome. When aiming for a points value of 1,500 you can vastly increase the impact of your battle line. Your 'assault' Wraithguard in the Wave Serpent fulfil the same role, but your main battle line can now consist of two squads of Wraithguard (accompanied by Spiritseers) and no less than three Wraithlords. Anyone who sees that marching toward them will quite likely be gibbering in fear, especially if they have seen Wraithlords in action. With the frontage allowed by the increase in troops, the chances of anything slipping through the net are reduced drastically.

With a little juggling in the points values, you can also afford to add to your Iyanden firebase. A unit of Dark Reapers will hugely increase its effectiveness, and if cleverly deployed, they can rain missiles upon the enemy even as they prepare for the charge of the Ghost Warriors. The latest models for the Dark Reapers look fantastic and

are great to paint, and the Exarch model is extremely impressive. They are costly in points value, however, and you may need to consider taking only two Wraithlords if you want a squad of any real size.

Finally, the addition of another Warlock or Spiritseer is a sound investment, minimising the chance of your squads letting you down at a crucial



moment. It is always a good idea to shelter the psykers behind the main line as your opponent may pick on them for this reason.

At this level, you can quite rightly claim to have a complete Iyanden army. However, many commanders like to take their armies to a higher points value. With Iyanden this is far easier than most, as you will need fewer models. Perhaps you will consider investing in some more of the superb Aspect Warriors, as each of these squads is tailored to a different role. After identifying any gaps in your army, you will find the answer in one of these elite squads. Don't go overboard, however; remember that you are playing a Ghost Warrior army, so put them first. Expanding the squads of Wraithguard is also a good option, especially if you are the purist type. Each squad can have up to ten models, and swelling the ranks of your main squads is a sound tactical idea. You may even want to take something a little more unusual, such as a squad of Rangers.

Feel free to experiment, but remember the theme of this army and don't lose sight of the concept behind it. Nearly all of Iyanden's soldiers have already given their lives in the service of their craftworld, and the society is on the brink of collapse. It is only the hosts of their undead that stand between the remnants of a once-proud civilisation and total extinction, so use them well. Remember, in every battle the stakes are far higher than with any other craftworld. So take care of those warriors still living, and reach out to the enemy from afar with superior firepower. But with the relentless, silent Ghost Warriors, *go for the throat!*

IYANDEN 1,500 point ARMY LIST

HQ

Farseer	Shuriken pistol, close combat weapon, Guide, runes of witnessing, ghosthelm	82
Spiritseer	Shuriken pistol, close combat weapon, Enhance	36
Spiritseer	Shuriken pistol, close combat weapon, Conceal	41

TROOPS

5 Wraithguard	175
5 Wraithguard	175
5 Wraithguard	175
Wraithlord: 2 flamers, brightlance	120
Wraithlord: 2 flamers, brightlance	120
Wraithlord: 2 flamers, starcannon	120
Wave Serpent: Spirit stone, twin starcannons	135

HEAVY SUPPORT

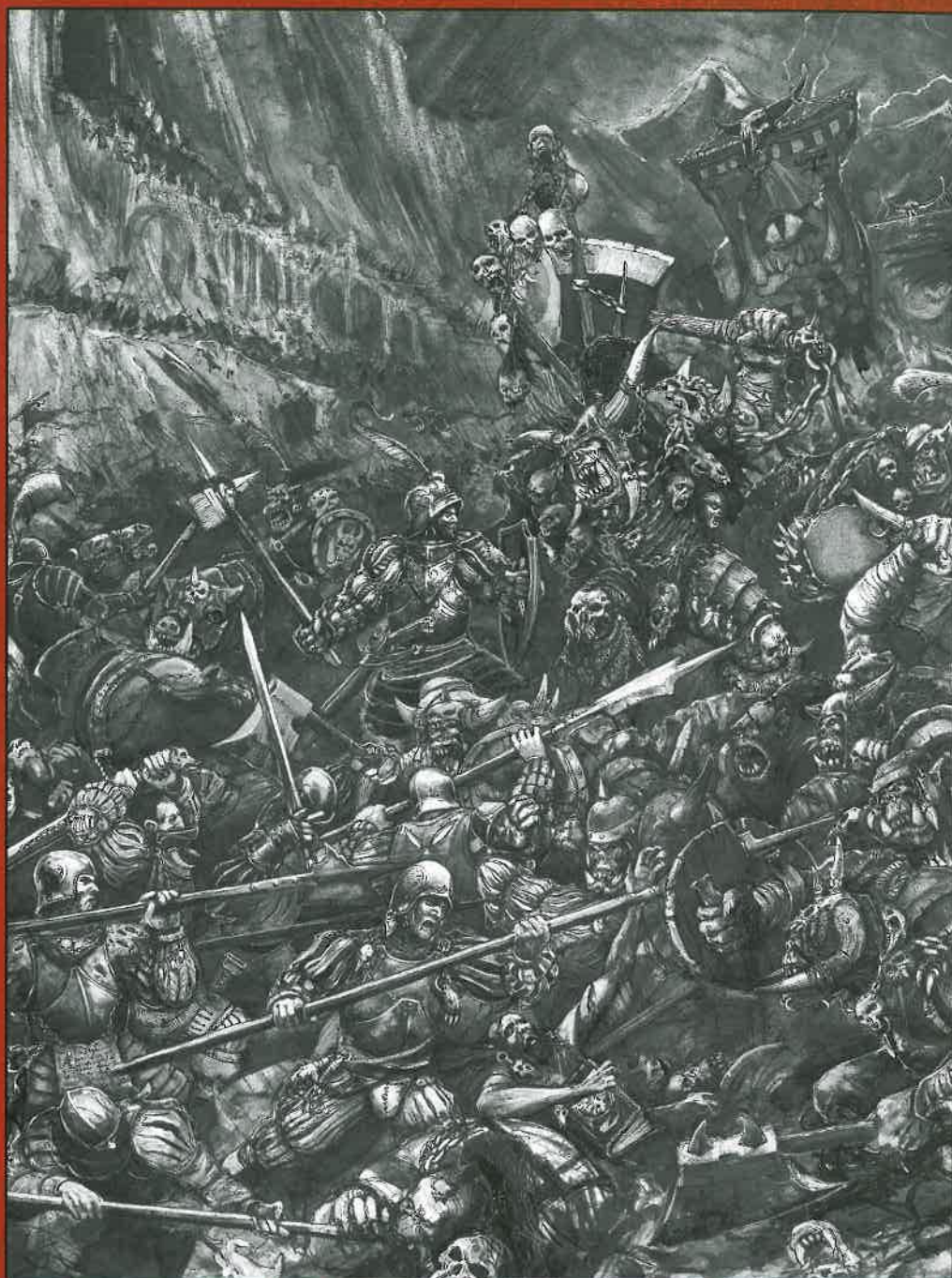
10 Guardian Defenders	80
4 Dark Reapers	148
Support Weapon Battery: 2 Shadow Weavers	90
TOTAL:	1,497

WARHAMMER



THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES





WARHAMMER®

The din of battle rises above the lands of the Old World. Armies gather for the day of reckoning. It is a dark age, a bloody age, an age of daemons and sorcery, of battle and death, and of the world's ending. Amidst all the fire, flame and fury it is a time too of mighty heroes, of bold deeds and great courage.

This is the world of Warhammer, a world disputed by dark powers and monstrous hordes, where the realms of Men, Dwarfs and Elves must battle for survival against awesome forces of destruction. It is a world which you too can enter – though the journey will require determination and no little courage.



A Wood Elf hero on a mighty Forest Dragon defends the entrance to a sacred glade.



Jonathan Green takes a look at one of the most ancient and magnificent creatures of the Warhammer world, that mighty serpent of the skies, and one of the most powerful models on the battlefield – the Dragon.

WARHAMMER

Enter the Dragon

By Jonathan Green

Ask anyone who is uninitiated in the ways of Warhammer (or indeed the whole fantasy milieu) what they associate with the 'fantasy' genre and they will probably say swords, sorcery and Dragons. Ever since the Middle Ages when cartographers wrote 'Here be Dragons' on their maps of the uncharted reaches of the world, and legends such as that of Saint George or Siegfried spoke of heroes slaying vile wyrms, right up to the relatively recent writings of Tolkien and beyond, Dragons have played a central part in the fantasy tradition. They can variously represent nobility, ancient wisdom, forgotten mystical powers, great strength, even greater age, fearful ferocity, an obstacle that must be overcome and base evil. What could be more intrinsic to the fantasy genre than the Dragon? And the world of Warhammer is no exception.

The Children of Kalgalanos

In the Warhammer world, Dragons are an incredibly ancient race. Be they referred to as Serpents, Wyrms or Drakes, the first of their kind lived many thousands of years before either Men or Elves settled in the Old World. Compared to those legendary times long past, today's Dragons are few in number. There was an age when Cold Drakes and Dragons vied for supremacy of the primeval skies. But those that exist in these turbulent times are reclusive creatures that spend long decades asleep in their hidden lairs deep beneath the oldest mountains.

As a race, Dragons display an infinite variety among their kind (especially in the case of Chaos Dragons). The species varies enormously in coloration and abilities, particularly in reference to that for which they are most well known – their breath attacks. Despite these differences (and they can be huge) all Dragons share the same ancient ancestor, for they are all the spawn of Kalgalanos the Black. The father of all Dragonkind sired offspring that were red, golden, silver, white, blue and all colours under the sun. These differences in coloration denote peculiarities in the differing metabolisms of Dragons, resulting in various sub-species being able to project a number of differing

Dragons in Warhammer

Of course, it goes without saying that Dragons are truly a force to be reckoned with on the battlefield. Such is the impact they can have on a conflict that it can be fairly said that the Dragon race has helped to shape the history of the Warhammer world. The following rules apply to Dragonkind in general. For the special rules associated with particular characters see the relevant Warhammer Armies book.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	7	8	7	7
Great Dragon	6	7	0	7	7	8	7	8	8
Emperor Dragon	6	8	0	8	8	9	6	9	9
Chaos Dragon	6	6	0	7	7	7	6	8	8
Forest Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	7	8	7	7
Zombie Dragon	4	4	0	7	6	7	3	6	8
Wyvern	6	5	0	5	6	4	4	3	5

Fly

Dragons have wings and can fly up to 24" as described in the Warhammer Rulebook.

Scaly Skin

The scales that cover a Dragon's hide are extremely hard, acting like armour that protects them from attack. This gives a Dragon an armour saving throw of 4+, regardless of the Strength of the attack. This save is only ignored if the attack discounts saves altogether (e.g. stone throwers, bolt throwers, cannons, etc.)

Terror

Being huge and frightening monsters, Dragons cause *terror* as described in the Psychology rules on page 49 of the Warhammer Rulebook.

Dragon's Breath

The nature of the breath attack, that Dragons are renowned for, depends on the beast's colour. Breath attacks are worked out using the teardrop-shaped template. (If, for some reason, this is not the case, special rules for the Dragon concerned will explain how the attack should be worked out instead.) Place the broad end of the template over the target and the narrow end at the Dragon's mouth. Any model lying under the template area is hit on a D6 score of 4 or more.

Dragons use their breath attack in the shooting phase. Dragons fighting in hand-to-hand (or should that be claw?) combat can continue to breathe in the shooting phase but must direct their attacks against the units that they are fighting. Models removed as a result of breath casualties in the shooting phase are not counted towards the combat result.



breath attacks from their great mouths. For example, Green Dragons belch corrosive fumes from their acidic gullets while Red Dragons breathe jets of roaring flames.

Dragons continue to grow in size as they age throughout their lives so that, if they live long enough, they are able to attain truly gigantic proportions (although as a result of their great size the more powerful Dragons are also slightly slower). In these lean times, the dying days of Dragonkind, few Wyrms come close to the size of Kalganos the Black himself. For the Father of all Dragons' body was bigger than a ship, his head larger than a house and his wingspan as wide as a battlefield. To take account of such variations in size and age, the scholars of the Old World classify older and larger Dragons as either Great Dragons or even as Emperor Dragons (in the case of the incredibly ancient).

A High Price

Being able to have such all-consuming fiery death at your disposal in your Warhammer army comes at a price. Dragons are among some of the most expensive models points wise in the Warhammer game, but ultimately they are worth it!

Type	Points
Dragon	450 points
Great Dragon	600 points
Emperor Dragon	750 points
Chaos Dragon	625 points
Forest Dragon	450 points
Zombie Dragon	500 points
Wyvern	180 points

Here be Dragons

Despite being few and far between compared to days of yore, Dragons can still be found right across the Warhammer world. Long ago, the skies were filled with the great winged beasts riding the thermals that rose over volcanoes. Nowhere were they more prevalent than in the skies over the realm of Caledor in Ulthuan. Now the volcanoes are cold and the Dragons sleep beneath the Dragon Spine Mountains. In the Old World, with the rise of the younger races, the Dragons also retreated to the mountains where they have had to face the destructive attentions of Dwarfs of the Slayer cult, but still some survive within the impassable mountain ranges. Despite the best efforts of Questing Knights, Dragons can still be found in the wild, untamed Forest of Arden while in the lands of the Empire the dark, ancient woodlands hide many terrible secrets. In the magical forest realm of Loren the peculiarly adapted Green Dragons of that land have found their own hideaways within the almost

impenetrable Chasm Glades. From the frozen lands of Norsca and the ever-changing Realm of Chaos at the northern pole, as far as the scorching Plain of Bones to the south, where the great reptiles of times past went to die, Dragons can be found throughout the Warhammer world.

Notorious

Tales abound across the Old World and beyond of infamous Dragons who have been tracked down by Questing Knights or Dwarf heroes and slain, for the good of all mortal races, and of evil wyrms yet to be brought to account for their heinous crimes against humanity. The greatest of all Dragonkind in the Old World still lie beneath their ancient stony mounds. They are the kin of the beast known as Graug the Terrible, or Dwarf Slayer. It was this foul creature that slaughtered the last Dwarf defenders of Karak Azgal, taking their treasure to line his golden nest which, as a last act of desecration, he made within the throne room of the Dwarf Lords. Having collected all the gold and jewels that lay within the stronghold itself, Graug began to roam further afield so as to increase his hoard. Even Bretonnia, the Land of Chivalry, fell victim to his attacks. Entire villages were devoured to satisfy his ravenous appetite while armies sent against him were all vanquished by the ancient serpent. After terrorising the lands of Men and Dwarfs for over a thousand years, Graug was finally slain by the Dwarf Skalf Dragon Slayer who, as his prize, claimed the fortress of Karak Azgal for himself and all Dwarf people.

Bretonnia has received the attentions of more than its fair share of Dragons, or so it would seem. Malgrimace was a ferocious monster, the greatest Dragon of his time, who terrorised the people of that fair and noble land. The cruel wyrm captured the King of Bretonnia's daughter but this proved to be his undoing for it drew the Questing Knight Jasperre le Beau to hunt him down and kill him in order to rescue the princess. Malgrimace's defeat earned Jasperre the title of 'Dragonslayer'. Almost as infamous was the Dragon Drogo Le Mal, who made his lair among crags within the wild heath that bordered the mysterious Forest of Loren. Drogo Le Mal had been a persistent scourge on the Domain de Beaumarchais and its neighbouring dukedoms. He was a fearsome Dragon (but then, aren't they all?) who plucked labourers from fields so that he might feast upon tender human flesh. Drogo was at last slain by

two knights, Agravain and Jacques, whose quests it had been to kill the Dragon, set to them by the Lady Isabelle of Beaumarchais to see which knight would rule that domain. Between them, the pair thrust their lances deep into Drogo's gullet, through his open jaws, and through its black heart.

Despite the number killed by the knights of Bretonnia and Dwarf Dragon Slayers there are still a multitude of monstrous, winged, fire-breathing serpents ready to test the mettle of any warrior or army that might decide to stand against them.

Heroes

Of the twelve races*, both good and otherwise, for which there are currently fully-fledged Warhammer Armies books, eight include Dragon-riding characters among their army lists, or at least, in the case of the Orcs and Goblins, a War Wyvern. Almost every race uses them (although notably not the Lizardmen, who have their own ancient reptiles). However, it is often through their riders that the great lizards' reputations are known. These human or Elf companions are often paragons of their own races (Orcs are something else altogether!). They are all imposing figures on the battlefield and many are renowned individuals whose exploits are spoken of in towns and villages across the Old World.

High Elves

The High Elves of the island continent of Ulthuan are an ancient and honourable race. As such they have, in the past, made a special bond with the Dragons that now lie dormant within the cold volcanoes of the Dragon Spine Mountains in the thinly populated realm of Caledor. Long ago, the High Mage Caledor Dragontamer came to this fabled land and bound the Dragons to his will, using enchanted truesteel harnesses forged in the fiery heart of Vaul's Anvil. His descendants, in honour of the mighty mage, named the kingdom after him. Indraguir, the greatest and oldest Dragon of that time, was presented to Aenarion, the first Phoenix King, by the Dragontamer and it was mounted on this fiery steed that Aenarion led the Elves against the Chaos hordes that threatened to overwhelm Ulthuan.

The Dragon Princes of Caledor are formidable yet noble warriors who are still able to rouse their Dragon steeds, when called upon for their aid in times of direst need. At other times the Dragon Princes ride to war on mighty Elven horses instead, which are armoured so

CHAOS DRAGONS

Chaos Dragons have two breath attacks, thanks in part to having two heads and in part to the corrupting influence of Chaos itself. The Dark Fire of Chaos causes a Strength 4 hit on a victim. The Fumes of Contagion also causes a Strength 4 hit but allows no armour saving throw.

GREEN DRAGONS

Green Dragons belch acrid clouds of corrosive green fumes, which irritate eyes and even dissolve skin! A model suffering an attack in this way suffers a Strength 4 hit (with no saving throw for armour allowed). In addition, a unit attacked by choking fumes may be forced to give ground as they back away from the inexorable approach of the corrosive cloud. The unit must take a Leadership test which, if failed, results in the unit moving directly away from the attack by D6" (this does not affect the unit's move next turn). The Forest Dragons that dwell within the sunless Chasm Glades of the mysterious Forest of Loren are a form of Green Dragon.

BLUE DRAGONS

Blue Dragons have the ability to spit out bolts of lightning generated within them. This electrical charge attack does not use the flame template. The lightning has an initial range of 12". A single enemy model within range is nominated as the target. The target is hit on a D6 roll of 4+. If the target is hit, the lightning bolt will then leap to a model touching the original target, again on a roll of 4+, and so on, and so on. This continues until a roll of 3 or less is made, meaning that the lightning bolt has hit the ground and been earthed. The Dragon can direct the bolt to some extent by choosing where the bolt leaps to next where there is a choice. Any model struck by lightning suffers a Strength 6 hit from a Dragon, a Strength 7 hit from a Great Dragon and a Strength 8 hit from an Emperor Dragon. Armour saving throws are allowed as normal.

RED DRAGONS

Red or Fire Dragons, as you would expect, breathe flames. Each of the enemy models hit suffers a Strength 4 hit from Dragons, a Strength 5 hit from Great Dragons and a Strength 6 attack from Emperor Dragons. Damage and saving throws are worked out normally. The Dragon also causes extra damage on particularly flammable targets, such as Mummies and Treemen.

WHITE DRAGONS

White Dragons breathe a freezing chill mist so cold that enemies are frozen on the spot. Any frozen model suffers 1 wound on a roll of 6 on a D6, regardless of its Toughness, with no saving throws permitted for armour. A frozen unit may fight if attacked but will require 6's to hit, otherwise it may do nothing else at all until it thaws out. Those affected by the freezing chill are automatically frozen for 1 turn, after that they must test to see whether they thaw out at the beginning of the player's following turns. Units frozen by a White Dragon must roll 2 or more on a D6 to thaw out, those frozen by a Great White Dragon require a roll of 3+ and the victims of an Emperor White Dragon's icy breath must roll 4+.

*Dogs of War mercenary armies are made of characters from the other races.

High Elf Prince Imrik challenges Azbag the slaughterer during a High Elf assault on an Orc fort.



as to look like Dragons. However, the bond between a Dragon and its rider is unusually strong thanks to the fact that generations of Elves and Dragons have grown up together over the endless centuries. As a result there are a number of particular skills concerning the care of Dragons which the Elves of Caledor possess but other races do not.

If a Dragon's High Elf rider is slain then the beast becomes subject to Dragonrage. Roll on the Monster Reaction Table in the Warhammer Rulebook as normal, but add +1 to the dice score. This means that a Dragon will never fly away from battle. On rolling a 6, you may choose any result you wish from the Monster Reaction table.

The Elves of Caledor have a natural empathy for Dragonkind that is recognised by all Dragons of any alignment. This gives them the power of Dragontamer. If a High Elf character is riding a Dragon and fighting in hand-to-hand combat with another Dragon, the second beast must pass a Leadership test on 2D6 before it attacks. This test uses the Dragon's Leadership characteristic if it is unriden, the rider's Leadership if it is ridden, or the General's Leadership if he is within 12". This test is only taken at the start of the combat, the result determining whether the Dragon fights to the finish or refuses to fight at all. Should the Dragon be attacked, it will always fight back, whatever the result of the initial Leadership test.

Prince Imrik, Lord of Dragons

Prince Imrik, Lord of Dragons, is the last descendant of the house of Caledor, the Phoenix King of ancient times. As such, he is imbued with all the power and nobility of that great and noble house. When he calls on them, the greatest of the Dragons will wake from their sleep of centuries and come to the aid of the High Elves.

Prince Imrik is the greatest High Elf warrior of his age. Some even go so far as to say that in him has been reborn the nobility of Phoenix King Caledor and the battle prowess of Phoenix King Tethlis! The first an enemy will know of Imrik's presence in a battle will be when the Lord of Dragons plunges to the ground on the back of his Dragon in a burst of lightning-like, destructive fury. The great wyrm seizes its victims in its great claws and tears the poor wretch apart, or crushes them between its terrible fanged jaws, as Imrik thrusts his magical Star Lance into the ranks of the foe. The beasts themselves may change but Prince Imrik remains, guiding his fiery steeds with all his experience of countless campaigns.

Asarnil the Dragonlord and Deathfang

Another of the High Elves of Caledor who has passed into legend is the mercenary Asarnil, who rides into battle mounted on his Dragon-steed Deathfang. Asarnil was the

son of Aserion, the hero of a thousand battles, and in time became a great warrior in his own right. Able to rouse the Dragons of the mountain realm, one of the mightiest, Deathfang the Great Green Dragon, became his companion, and together they were all but invincible. However he earned the enmity of the Phoenix King Finubar having disobeyed direct orders after the Battles of Finuval Plain in order to protect his precious Caledor. Too proud to face Finubar's justice, Asarnil was stripped of his title and lands and exiled from Ulthuan.

A prince without a domain to preside over, Asarnil gathered together his weapons and armour and, riding on the back of his loyal Dragon mount, departed the island continent of the High Elves forever. The Dragonlord eventually found himself in the Tilean city of Remas, which was built on the ruins of a much earlier settlement once

occupied by Elves, and allied himself with the Prince of Remas. Thanks to the assistance of Asarnil and the awesome Deathfang, Remas defeated its rivals. Since then the two inseparable companions have fought in countless battles across the Old World. Whoever hires them is almost guaranteed victory against their enemies.

Wood Elves

On the whole, the Forest of Loren is free from many of the monsters that roam the ancient woodlands of the Old World. However, within the almost inaccessible Chasm Glades, which lie at the foot of the Grey Mountains, dwell the Forest Dragons, ancient reptiles awesome enough to rival anything that the darker forests of the world might have to offer and a race apart from other wyrms. Over centuries of isolation they have adapted to their woodland habitat, their nests protected by the inaccessibility of the

BLACK DRAGONS

Black Dragons emit thick oily smoke from their mouths. Each model hit by this breath attack is choked, suffering a number of wounds equal to D6 minus the target's Toughness. No armour save is allowed. Great Black Dragons inflict 1 extra wound on top of this total, whilst Emperor Black Dragons inflict 2 extra wounds.

ZOMBIE DRAGONS

Zombie Dragons, titanic skeletal Undead creatures from the forbidding Plain of Bones, with wings of ragged, parchment-like skin, have their own particular Pestilential Breath attack. Zombie Dragons can expel a deadly black vapour from their rotten throats that blackens skin and withers flesh, resulting in an agonising death for the victim. Any model hit in this way suffers 1 wound on a D6 roll of 4 or more. No armour save is allowed except that given by magical armour. However, Zombie Dragons have a second defence. Clouds of flies surround their decaying carcasses. When a Zombie Dragon is fighting, these insects fly into the mouths and eyes of its opponents, the terrible distraction making them deduct -1 from their to hit rolls in hand-to-hand combat.

WYVERNS

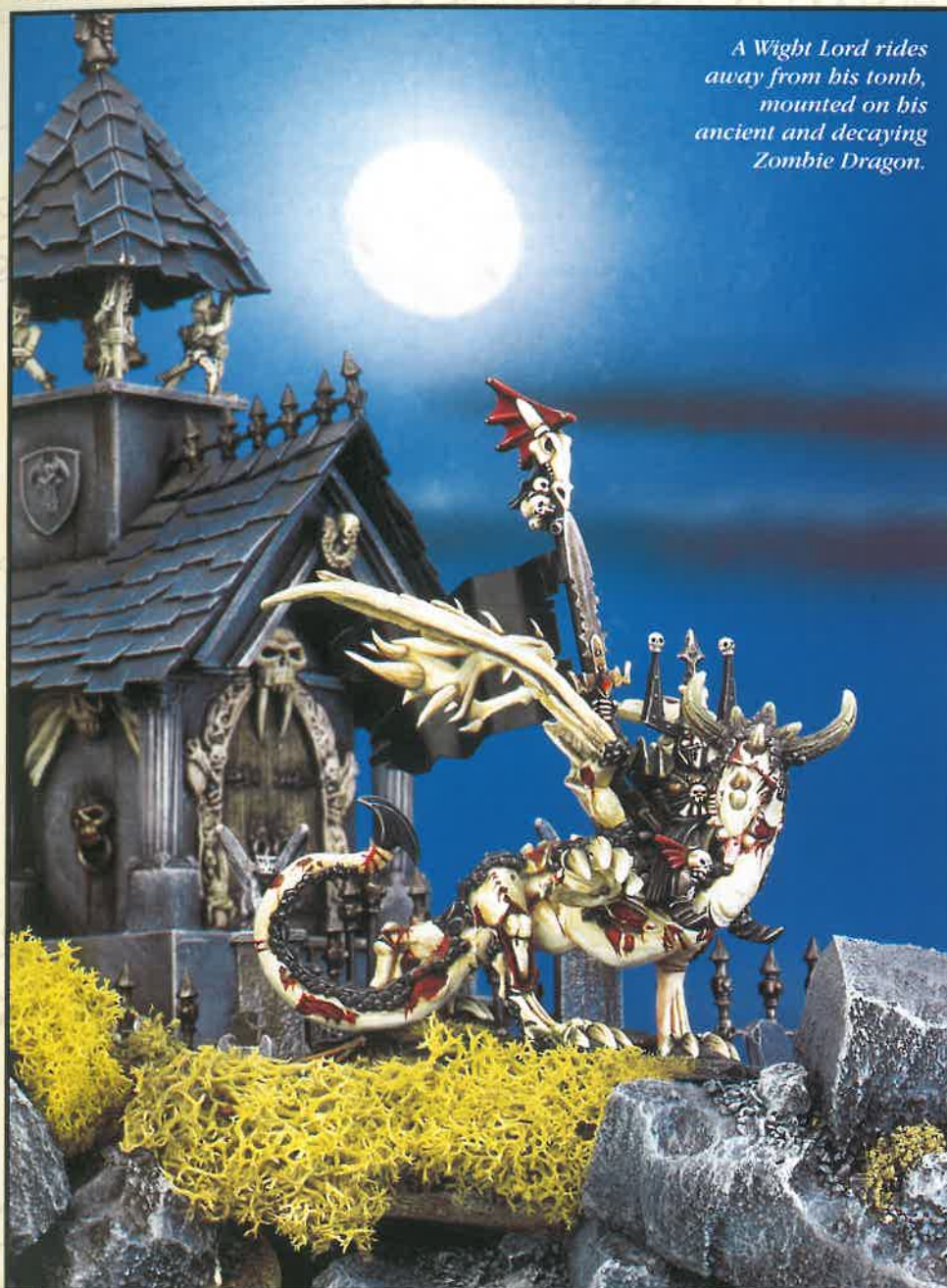
Wyverns make their nests in dark caves, high on the upper slopes of the World's Edge Mountains. It is there, having braved the perils afforded by the crags, that Night Goblins find what they prize so dearly - Wyvern eggs. Wyverns are the mounts particularly favoured by Orc Shamans. Amazingly, these vicious reptiles develop a strong bond of loyalty to their masters.

Wyverns should not be underestimated as they are ferocious creatures that must be bound by magic or years of training if they are to be ridden, or fight for their masters in battle. As a result, it is subject to the Bound Monster rule (see the Monsters section of the Warhammer Rulebook). They are highly prized battle-steeds as they cause *terror* and are able to fly.

They do not, however, have any form of breath attack. Instead, they make up for this with their venomous tails. In hand-to-hand fighting, before it makes its normal attacks, a Wyvern may make a special venomous tail strike. To do this, roll a D6. Any enemy models in base contact with the Wyvern that have a lower Initiative score than the number rolled are automatically hit by the Wyvern's sting and suffer a Strength 5 hit (with large monsters and riders, and crewed chariots, each rider, mount or crew member is treated separately).

Wyverns, although not strictly Dragons, are still related to the Dragon species. They can be longer and more sinuous, with mouths full of cruelly barbed teeth, but lack forelimbs. Like Dragons they are scaly beasts, their hides made up of thick, overlapping plates of horn which acts like armour in its ability to protect them from injury, giving them a saving throw of 5 or more on a D6.





A Wight Lord rides away from his tomb, mounted on his ancient and decaying Zombie Dragon.

that roam the oceans of the world, seeking out slaves to take back to the Land of Chill, make use of Dragons, not only as aerial attack units but also as the means of bearing their loathsome, twisted towers into battle across the seas. Sea Dragons are the largest of the Dark Elves' sea-going monsters, quite capable of carrying huge, spired castles on their backs. These creatures were once true Dragons but over the centuries they have mutated, perhaps under the influence of Chaos that is so prevalent in the dark realm of Naggaroth, becoming something less than true Dragons and yet more. They are now bound to the will of the Dark Elf sorcerers to do their evil bidding. Helldrakes are smaller by comparison but are still used to carry floating fortresses to war over the waves in a ferocious onslaught of claws and fangs.

The Beastlord Rakarth of Karond Kar and Bracchus

The Dark Elves of Naggaroth are infamous for their use of enslaved monsters, whether it be to carry their Black Arks on their voyages of destruction or to terrify the foe in land battles. There have been many Beastmasters in the past, but none have ever matched Rakarth in his ability to tame any wild creature. His steely-eyed gaze has subdued countless beasts that now fill the dungeons beneath Karond Kar, the Tower of Despair.

Since his childhood Rakarth displayed an almost supernatural ability to tame wild animals. At the age of eight he mastered the vicious Dark Steed Bracchus that even his father could not break. From then on, the horse was Rakarth's faithful mount, serving the Beastlord well until it was slain at the Battle of Finuval Plain. Rakarth now rides to war on the back of a mighty Black Dragon, named Bracchus in honour of the Dark Steed.

Chaos

Under the corrupting influence of Chaos, a Dragon is able to achieve all its dark potential for cruel, destructive power. Chaos Dragons are wracked with mutations that make them appear to be an amalgam of two ancient reptiles, having two heads and two tails. Each head is able to breathe different forms of devastating Chaos power. This destructive energy merely augments the Dragon's savage death-dealing abilities that come from its long, sword-like fangs and terrible scything talons. It is hardly surprising then that they are the mightiest of Dragonkind.

Chasm Glades, to the extent that they no longer eat meat but rather the roots and branches of ancient trees.

With their hides of mottled green and the leaf-like appearance of their iron-hard scales, Forest Dragons are supremely camouflaged to hide among the trees of Loren, but still the Wood Elves know where to find them. A few exceptional Wood Elves, and in particular the mages of that race, communicate with the Forest Dragons who are just as much protectors of the forest realm as the Elves are and as a result are natural allies. On occasions a mage is even able to persuade a Forest Dragon to leave its chasm home and help the guardians of Loren fight off evil-intending invaders.

Dark Elves

Like their kinder-hearted kin, the Dark Elves of Naggaroth have their own bond with Dragons, though it is a vile, evil pact made with human sacrifice and obscene promises to the bloody-handed god Khaine. Even the Dark Elf fleets

Egrimm van Horstmann and Baudros

The imposing figure of Egrimm van Horstmann riding atop his two-headed Chaos Dragon is immediately identifiable when the Sorcerer of Tzeentch leads the armies of the Cabal against their enemies. Once the Grand Magister of the Order of Light, van Horstmann had sworn allegiance to the Changer of the Ways long before he feigned loyalty to the mortal Emperor. While pretending to serve the Order of Light he sowed his seeds of corruption in the darkness. He unleashed unimaginable horrors on the world before his evil and the depth of his deception was eventually uncovered by the Grand Theogonist Volkmar and the Inquisitors of Sigmar.

Baudros, the most infamous of all the Chaos Dragons, was freed from its timeless prison beneath the Pyramid of Light by van Horstmann. The sight of the Sorcerer riding across the sky from the Screaming Hills at the edge of the Chaos Wastes on the back of this sail-winged monstrosity strikes fear into the hearts of brave men. Baudros breathes both the Dark Fire of Chaos and Fumes of Contagion from the grotesquely fanged maws of its twin, twisting-horned heads and is capable of wiping out an entire army by itself, without the warriors of the Cabal to support it.

Orcs and Goblins

As already related, Wyverns are the most favoured monstrous mounts of Orcs and Goblins, particularly Shamans. It is a truly terrifying sight to see a greenskin warlord, waving his notched battleaxe, bearing down on you from out of the sky on the back of a venomous, armour-plated, sinuous beast with its fang-lined maw snapping at you as its snake-like neck darts forwards with lightning speed.

Azhag the Slaughterer

There have been many infamous Wyvern-riders from the green-skinned tribes of the Badlands. The Dwarfs speak of Scarbone and his Wyvern Bigbeast, which helped lead the assault on the doomed Dwarf stronghold of Kazad Grund, but none was more feared by the people of the Empire than the Orc Warlord Azhag the Slaughterer. He was one of the

most dangerous warlords of recent years, his destructive campaigns almost bringing the eastern provinces of the Empire to their knees. Having defeated countless Orc and Goblin tribes from the World's Edge Mountains, Azhag led his greenskin horde into Ostermark, looting several towns and destroying the Temple of Sigmar in Nachtdorf.

Azhag was helped to achieve his conquests by the Crown of Sorcery that he had in his possession. This strange iron crown was taken by the Grand Theogonist of Sigmar after Azhag's final defeat and locked away forever so that it would never again elevate some other upstart warlord to such a dangerous position. Azhag always rode into battle on the back of a huge Wyvern and would harry his fleeing enemies from the air after the battle had been won.

Of course it is not only these heroes who may ride Dragons, should the scaly beasts permit it. Bretonnian dukes and Imperial nobles have also been known to pay high prices in order to obtain Dragon eggs that they might raise the creatures from hatchlings to be their steeds in battle (this is as much for prestige as to reduce a foe to a pile of charcoal before them).

No Smoke without Fire!

But why use Dragons in the first place? They have an extremely high points cost, they're big, obvious targets and attract unwanted attention: any opposition will no doubt try to knock a Dragon and its rider out first. But let's look at the plus points. Firstly a Dragon is a huge modelling project, which is a big part of what the Warhammer hobby is all about! To put together one of these imposing, ancient, winged lizards and then paint it up, putting in hours of painstaking work, is extremely rewarding.

When it comes down to it, that high points cost is worth it! A Dragon is a massive, leathery-winged monster with fangs like ploughshares, talons like scimitars and the ability to breathe a plethora of noxious or flammable substances from its maw. The mere sight of such a beast bearing down on them across a battlefield instills a primordial fear in most troops causing them to act on their most primitive instincts and run

away! It takes someone truly special (or clinically insane) to stand up to a Dragon!

With between 6 and 8 Attacks, just one Dragon in an army can have a truly devastating effect on the battlefield. Just as it can dish out more than its fair share of attacks, a Dragon can stand up to numerous attacks simply because most of them will just glance off its scaly, armour-thick hide. Being able to fly means that with a Dragon in your army you can take on high flyers sent by the enemy, the bane of many a general. Dragons are noticeably more powerful than other large, flying monsters such as Manticores, Griffons and Hippogriffs, able to strike them down before they attack your own troops.

Don't hold back with your Dragons either. What is the point in having such a creature in your army if you don't use it? Your Dragon will undoubtedly attract the attention of the enemy, becoming a focus for their attacks. It is such a huge threat that they will probably want to destroy it as quickly as they can (although it's possible that the enemy will be so terrified of the monster that they prefer to leave it alone and hope it will just go away). Don't let this put you off. You can pretty much ignore the foot soldiers barring the way, as your Dragon will shrug off their attacks, and instead you can concentrate on sending the monster and its rider after the serious targets, which are a threat to your own force.

Conclusion

And of course, going back to the point with which I started this article, one overriding reason for including a Dragon in your army is that these mighty, ancient, winged reptiles are inherent to the fantasy genre! What else can make your army stand out better than a Dragon? It is the mark of a truly remarkable general that he can call on such a magnificent and awe-inspiring beast as a Dragon to fight for him in times of need. Of course, they look great too, as a centrepiece to your miniatures collection! So, as I bid you farewell, I wish you well in your Dragon-hunting and may Kalgalanos smile on you in your quest to tame the beast of all beasts – the Dragon!

THE BATTLE OF GAPING MOOR

A Warmaster Scenario by Rick Priestley

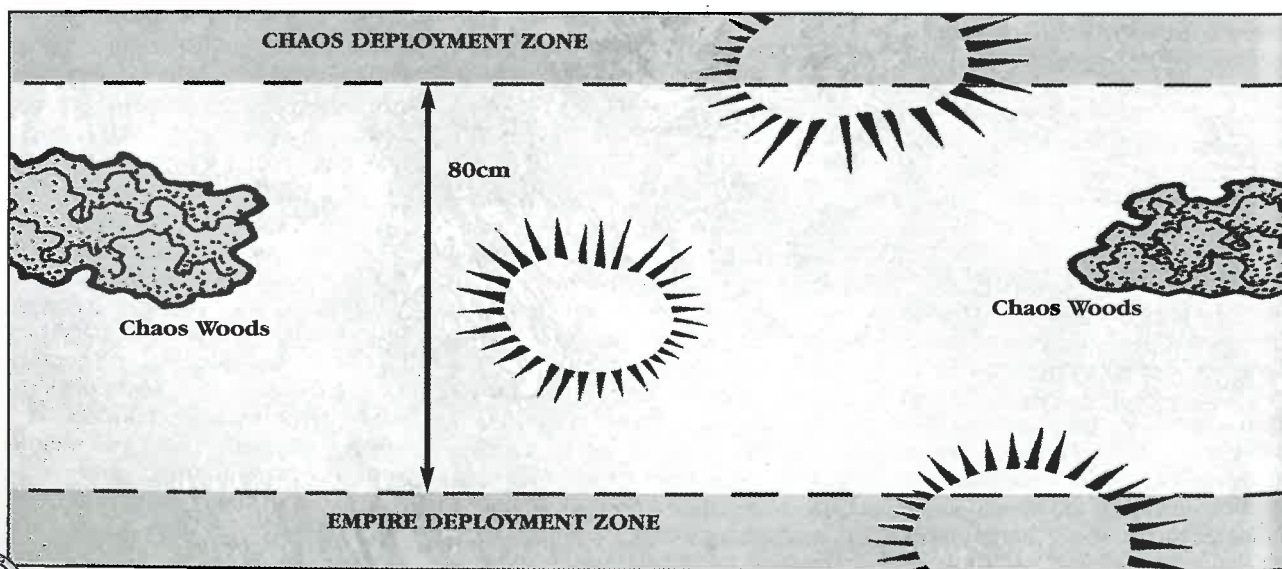
During the Great War Against Chaos, armies of daemonic, gibbering monstrosities poured southwards over the Empire. The horde advanced upon a tide of magic so that as it fought its way southwards all the territory behind was warped by the awesome power of the Chaos gods. Lands that had once been verdant and fertile were turned into deserts of broken bones. Trees were twisted into wooden Daemons of branch and root. Rivers of rancid blood bubbled across the bone-filled plains and in them swam fish with scales of flame. During the Battle at the Gates of Kislev the Chaos armies were halted by the combined armies of the Empire led by Magnus the Pious. In the following weeks Magnus' zealots pursued the retreating armies of Chaos over the magically warped lands, hunting down and destroying the remnants of the once great horde of the Chaos gods and restoring the world to its natural order.

The Battle of Gaping Moor was fought between vengeful humans and a fleeing army of Chaos. The Empire army that had beaten Chaos at the Battle at the Gates of Kislev comprised a ragtag mix of professional soldiers, brigands, and religious zealots. After Magnus' victory, this army split into many factions. Some returned home, whilst others, despite Magnus' best efforts to bring them to order, took off after the defeated enemy. Many men had been touched by the power of Chaos during the fighting and had gone crazy as a result. Quite a few, though, were crazy to start with. For the most part, these small armies disappeared into the Chaos Wastes and their stories are lost to history. The Battle of Gaping Moor is one battle of which some details survive.



Chaos troops emerge from the twisted woodland.

Following the defeat of Chaos, a large body of Chaos troops retreated northwards together with a great prize they had plundered during the war. This was an icon from the Temple of Ursus in Kislev – an ancient relic revered amongst the Kislevites for its magical powers of healing. The army was led by a mighty Lord of Chaos called Helgrim Darkblade, a warrior of almost supernatural power who had for many years enjoyed the favour of the gods of Chaos. Now he found his retreat blocked by a heinous landscape transmuted during the advance of the Chaos horde. This was the Gaping Moor, a gigantic barren moorland where the ground had taken on the form of thousands of gnashing jaws hidden just beneath the surface. These were impossible to see or avoid, so the first thing a warrior knew of his peril was





A foul, leering mouth emerges from under the earth to snap at the passing Dragon Ogres.

when the ground rose up around him and gulped him down whole! Lord Helgrim realised that his army was slowly vanishing around him whilst his enemy drew ever closer, seemingly oblivious to the loss of its own men. In fact, the Empire army was driven onwards by the fanatical witch-burning, mutant-hating, rabble-rouser Nikolai Mouss – a crazed but charismatic defrocked

priest of Sigmar. Nikolai had sworn to die rather than let Helgrim get away with the icon he had stolen from the Temple of Ursus, and had gathered round him a group of similarly minded warriors. Their pursuit of the retreating armies of Chaos had been relentless. The army had lost many troops in the Chaos-warped landscape, but rather than deterring Nikolai, this simply made him more determined than ever to recover the icon.

This battle was fought between Chaos and Empire armies in the magically twisted lands of the Chaos Wastes. Although it could be fought between any two opponents, it is especially suited to Chaos because of the terrain which is typical of the weirdly altered land of the Chaos Wastes. The icon provides the attacking army with a particular objective. Although it is possible to win without possessing the icon, it is very difficult to do so.

The defenders (the Chaos army in the story) deploy their army along the northern table edge. The attackers (Empire) deploy along the southern edge once the Chaos army is fully deployed.

Victory Points Bonus

+ 500 For the side which has the icon at the end of the game.



Right: Crazed Flagellants charge into the Chaos cavalry's flanks from the cover of a hill eaten away by the very earth.

To represent the carnivorous terrain of the Gaping Moor, troop units which move either because they receive an order or use their initiative must roll a D6 to determine what happens. Flying units do not have to roll – they are assumed to fly above the twisted landscape. Make this test immediately before moving the unit. Roll a D6 and consult the chart below.

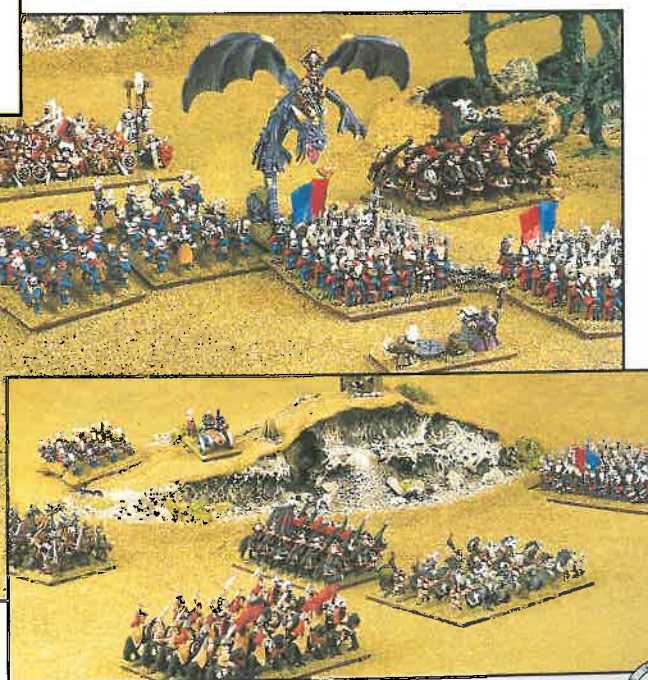
- | | |
|----|---|
| 1 | Roll a dice. On the score of a 1-3 one stand is destroyed. On the score of 4-6 the unit escapes unharmed. |
| 2+ | The unit escapes the predations of the Gaping Moor this turn. |

To represent the near-crazed nature of the attacking army, none of its troops are affected by terror during the battle – they are not afraid of anything! This means that the usual -1 Attack penalty will not apply when fighting terrifying opponents.

The icon from the Temple of Ursus is in the possession of Lord Helgrim Darkblade. Its power is such that a unit Helgrim is with does not have to roll for the effect of the Gaping Moor and can automatically disregard the first hit it suffers in any turn. If Helgrim is slain in combat then the Empire side automatically recovers the icon. If Helgrim is slain by shooting then the icon is lost and neither side may claim it.

In this battle the Empire player can have up to three units of Flagellants for each 1,000 pts to represent the crazy zealots that made up such a large portion of the Empire's army at this time.

Below: The righteous fury of the Empire is met head-on by thousands of frenzied Chaos troops, as the warped terrain takes its unnatural toll on those who lag behind.



THE WOODS OF GAPING MOOR

After WD246's success with the Battle of Death's Gate scenery, Nick Davis has had a go at something a little different – the Chaos woods for the Battle of Gaping Moor, a Warmaster scenario featured in this month's White Dwarf. Here's how he did it...



Nick Davis

Time for me to have a go at some more Warmaster terrain – woods. Not just any kind of woods, but Chaos woods infested with Daemons and other nasties.

As with the Death's Gate terrain, the Chaos woods were created with a specific scenario in mind (although they are excellent for use in any game set in the Chaos wastes) which, although always a challenge to build, will help to bring the scenario to life. The Battle of Gaping Moor calls for two large Chaos woods, some of the only cover in the blasted Chaos landscape that is the Gaping Moor.

STUFF I USED

With my budget at breaking point from last month's barrow terrain, almost all the materials for this project had to be cheap and easy to get hold of. I managed to collect together some metal and plastic bits to help complete the scenery. This is what I used:

- Hardboard
- Thin garden wire
- A handful of small stones
- Masking tape
- DAS modelling clay
- A bag of coco flower shells (available from stores that sell dried flowers and plants)
- A loose collection of metal pieces, Epic Tyranid arms and heads, Great Unclean One belly and some Chaos Spawn tails
- 2 Warmaster cannons
- Lots of PVA glue & texture paint!

Now to me Chaos woods are twisted, evil, wasted, rotten, blasted and malevolent. I wrote these words down and this helped me to form a picture in my head. I then took a look at the woods built by Owen Branham and Mark Jones for the Warhammer Chaos scenery and decided to use a similar look. With the style of the trees sorted out I began. The only thing I had to remember is that the scale of Warmaster allows you to really go over the top!

The first thing to build was the bases for the woods. This would give me an idea of how many trees I would have to build. I decided to keep the bases a good size of about 20cm x 20cm and cut them out of

hardboard. This gave me two fairly large woods with enough space to put some features on the bases. After a little thought I decided on a fetid lake and an embankment. I also remembered an old Hammer Horror movie that had giant silicon-like beasts in the woods. This was something I was keen to represent on the Chaos woods, something slug-like that you were not sure if it was a hillock, alive or both.

The embankment was easy to build. I glued on an old bit of blue insulation board I had in my bits box (it's sort of a compact polystyrene – remember the first rule of modelling, never throw anything out) on to one side of the base and cut it into shape with a modelling knife. The fetid lake's banks were made out of modelling clay, then the lake was filled with PVA glue and left to dry (see box right). The hillock/slugs I wanted on the second base required a little more thought. At first I was going to make them out of modelling clay, but then I found a bag of coco flower shells in my bits box. I'd bought them to add some strange alien plants to my jungle terrain. Turning them upside down I had the perfect hillock/slugs (see box right). These were then glued all over the second base. To finish off the bases I added some small stones, a few metal bits for the woods' denizens and a couple of Epic 40K plastic ruins.

With the bases ready I 'guess-timated' I would need about sixteen Chaos trees and set about making them out of garden wire and masking tape (see box far right). The trees were then glued to the base (it turned out I needed seventeen). Both Chaos woods were painted with coarse texture paint and then with Chaos Black.

I flocked the bases leaving large areas uncovered so I could do a little drybrushing with Bubonic Brown followed by Bleached Bone, then Skull White. Once the painting was done the Chaos woods were ready for the battlefield.





In both Chaos woods, metal components were added from various Citadel miniatures.



CHAOS TREES

The trees in the Chaos Wastes are blasted, rotten husks, warped by the powers of Chaos into evil looking, gnarly, twisted shadows of their former selves. In short this makes them incredibly easy and fun to build. Here's a guide to how I did them...

FETID LAKE



The banks of the fetid lake were made with DAS modelling clay. The water is PVA glue in which I placed a hand from an old Pink

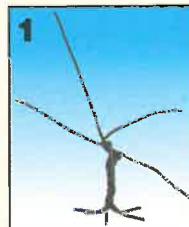
Horror miniature. I painted the water Chaos Black and then Dark Angels Green. The wet effect is created using gloss varnish painted directly onto the lake.



HILLOCK/SLUG



The hillock/slug things are a little unusual in their shape. I found that upturned coco flower shells are suitably strange. Once painted black and given a coat of gloss varnish they looked positively disturbing.



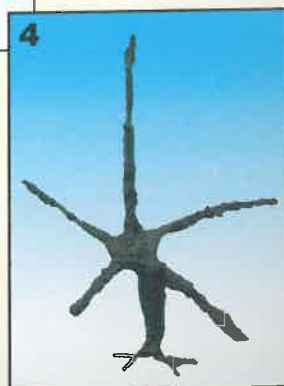
Stage 1. Cut about 5 lengths of garden wire, of 4-5cm in length. Then start twisting them together to form the trunk. Make sure you leave enough wire clear for the branches. This is your wire armature.

Stage 2. Get a length of masking tape and cut it in half length ways. Wrap the tape around the wire armature to bulk the tree out.



Stage 3. Paint the tree with textured paint. I used Polytex coarse texture paint.

Stage 4. Spray or paint the tree with Chaos Black. Then drybrush with Goblin Green. Your Chaos tree is now ready to be based.



Chaos Marauders retreat to the woods to defend against the Empire knights.



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AUSTRALIA

GOLDEN DEMON INFORMATION

Just in case you missed it last month or haven't checked out the details on our website, here is all the information you should need to prepare your entries for the Golden Demon Painting Awards...

PAINTBRUSHES READY

Golden Demon is Australia's most prestigious miniature painting competition. This year it will draw entries from all over the Asia Pacific region. There are twelve categories this year (including the Open and Young Bloods categories) to challenge your painting and modelling skills, an entry into any one of the first ten may win you the coveted Golden Demon Slayer Sword!

Our Judges this year include master Citadel miniature sculptor Jes Goodwin (all the way from the UK), 1998 Slayer Sword winner Leigh Carpenter (all the way from Katherine, NT), and 1999 Slayer Sword winner Paul Caincross (from just down the road) - so all entries are sure to be scrutinised for their use of original and inspiring ideas.

PAINTING FRENZY

Here are a few tips to help you on your way.

- The most important hint is about your choice of miniatures. Don't choose a model purely because it's the latest release, or because it's from a fashionable army. Pick something which **you** really want to paint regardless of whether it is an old or new miniature. You will make a much better job of it if you have genuine enthusiasm for the project rather than just trying to please the judges.
- Don't neglect your bases. A good base, finished with a little care and attention, really sets off the model on it and enhances your chances of winning. Don't give in to the temptation to go overboard, though!
- Try to concentrate on one or two categories. Focus on those areas you enjoy eg: if you like detailing tanks then enter the Warhammer 40,000 Large Model or Armoured Fury categories.
- When painting groups of figures, it's important that they look coherent. Be consistent with your colour schemes of groups of models. This will make them more visually striking than groups painted with two or more colour schemes.
- Entry forms are available from Games Workshop stores and Games Workshop Mail Order when you purchase your tickets. Don't forget to bring these along with you on the day!

Well, that's it for advice. Good luck everyone!

GOLDEN DEMON CATEGORIES

1. Warhammer Single Miniature

This Category is open to single Warhammer miniatures on standard slottabases up to 25mm x 50mm maximum size. Models on monster bases should be entered into the Warhammer Large Model category.

2. Warhammer Command Group

Entries for this category consist of four Warhammer miniatures on their standard slottabases (25mm x 50mm maximum size as for Single Miniature). Your entry **must** include a Standard Bearer, a Musician, and a Champion for a single regiment **plus** an Army General or a Wizard.

3. Warhammer Large Model

This category is open to Warhammer monsters on 40mm x 40mm or 50mm x 50mm standard bases. This covers Hydras, Dragons, ridden monsters etc. This category also includes War Machines and the appropriate number of crew members eg: Dwarf Organ Gun with three crew.

4. Mordheim Warband

Entries for this category consist of 4-15 models forming a 500gc starting Mordheim Warband as chosen from lists published in the Mordheim rulebook, White Dwarf or Town Cryer. Once again these models must be presented on standard slottabases (up to 50mm x 50mm).

5. Warhammer 40,000 Single Miniature

This Category is open to single Warhammer 40,000 miniatures on standard round slottabases up to 40mm maximum size. Models mounted on vehicles should be entered into the Warhammer 40,000 Large Model category.

6. Warhammer 40,000 squad

This category is for Warhammer 40,000 squads chosen from the appropriate Codex (or section of the 40K rulebook for Tyranids and Sisters of Battle). This category includes squads mounted on bikes, jetbikes and warbikes as described in the various army lists. All models must be presented on standard gaming bases (slottabases where appropriate).

7. Warhammer 40,000 Large Model

This category is open to a single Warhammer 40,000 vehicle, walker, or Monstrous Creature. This category also includes small individual vehicles like bikes if appropriate to the model and the army eg: Space Marine Chaplain on bike. Please note

that any Land Raiders must be entered in our Armoured Fury category

8. Battlefleet Gothic Fleet

Entries for this category consist of 5-15 models of up to 1000 points value as chosen from the fleet lists published in the BFG rulebook, White Dwarf or Planet Killer. These models may be Capital ships, Escorts and Planetary Defence structures. Here's a tip, bring spare flying stands.

9. Armoured Fury

As we revealed last issue, our special guest for Games Day 2000 is none other than master figure sculptor Jes Goodwin. In honour of Jes' visit we've decided on the special, once-off category "Armoured Fury". Entries in this category must be Land Raiders (or Land Raider based conversions). The Land Raiders may be placed on a scenic base (30cm x 30cm maximum size) although this is not essential. This category **will** also include Battle Scenes using Land Raiders.

10. Battle Scene

Entries for this category consist of a Battle Scene from either Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, Mordheim or Warmaster. The display must not be larger than 30cm x 30cm x 30cm. The Battle Scene should have at least two miniatures arranged in a combat pose, but otherwise there are no restrictions on the Battle Scene's theme or content.

11. Open Category

The Open Competition is quite literally that - an open opportunity for you to let your imagination run riot! There are no restrictions on your entry. Anyone can enter, including Games Workshop staff, so beware the competition will be very stiff. Remember that no matter how wild your entry the judges will be looking for well-painted and well-modelled miniatures. You are allowed to include conversions if you wish, but they too should be consistent with the atmosphere of the game world and the spirit of the miniatures.

12. Young Bloods

The Young Bloods painting competition is open to any competitors aged 14 years or under. Your entry should consist of any single Citadel miniature, either Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000, on its standard slottabase (25mm round for 40K, 20mm or 25mm square for Warhammer). Note that, like last year, you can enter both metal and plastic miniatures in the Young Bloods competition.

GOLDEN DEMON 2000 COMPETITOR GUIDELINES

- Each competitor is allowed a maximum of **THREE** categories. You may only enter once in each category and all entries to the Golden Demon Competition must be painted Citadel miniatures.

- Conversions are allowed, but should be consistent with the atmosphere of the game world and spirit of the miniatures.

- Overall, the judges are looking for well-painted miniatures that adhere to the imagery and ethos of Games Workshop's different fantasy universes.

- All entries to the 2000 Australian Golden Demon Awards must be personally handed in and registered at the Hordern Pavilion, Fox Studios Australia, Moore Park, Sydney, on the 22nd of October 2000. All entries must be picked up on the day of the event at the specified times, by the entrant in person.

- Competitors will be fully responsible for the transport of their own entries to and from the competition and for storing their own transport and packing materials on the day.

- Once they are booked in Games Workshop undertakes to treat all entries with the greatest care, but can accept not responsibility for loss or damage to individual entries. Entry to the competition is entirely at the competitor's own risk.

- Entry into any of the competitions gives Games Workshop the right to display, photograph and publish any entry they see fit. The judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

- The Golden Demon Slayer Sword can only be won by entries in Categories 1-10. Previous Slayer Sword winners may only enter Category 11 (the Open Category).

THE MILLENNIUM BATTLE

by Ben Wong (Store Manager - Tsuen Wan store)

With the recent development of Games Workshop Asia Pacific, we thought it would be an ideal time to take a look at the Warhammer South East Asian Grand Tournament 2000, held over Easter this year in Hong Kong. Our intrepid editor, Dave Taylor, was on hand to witness the event and Ben Wong penned this piece for us.

On the 22nd and 23rd of April 2000, the third Warhammer South East Asian Grand Tournament was held in the Hong Kong Exhibition and Convention Center. Obviously it was the most important event in Hong Kong since the handover of sovereignty back in 1997. As a matter of fact, they both took place at exactly the same venue. Cool!

On the first morning, a nasty thunderstorm signal was hoisted. Fortunately the rain was only enough to dampen our clothes. The chaotic



Above: On the first morning the staff prepare for the ravaging borders.

weather did nothing to dampen our spirits. Over eighty Daemon Lords and Warbosses arrived at the battlefield to fight for the glorious Warhammer and 40K Open and Young Bloods tournament championships.

Below: The ravaging borders prepare for the coming battles.



Above: Denied the opportunity of making a fool of himself on the gaming tables, Dave puts "Plan B" into effect.



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At the center of the arena, many people joined in the demonstration games of Mordheim in order to win the Wyrdstone (by that I mean limited edition Games Workshop souvenirs). Other players grasped red hot flamers to be one of the Catachan Jungle Fighters up against the Saim-Hann Craftworld Wild Riders in the big 40K demo!

A large number of the players finally understand the *Deep Strike* rules, with many of them dropping in from Taiwan, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand and the Philippines to fight for their prizes!

At another table, the frenzied hobbyists could enjoy a traditional Games Workshop event - the speed painting contest. Hong Kong people are surely no strangers to working against time so you can imagine how quickly they finished a Gretchin Mob.

It was also our greatest honour to have a very special guest from Australia to witness our two day tournament - Dave Taylor (*Thanks Ben, the cheque's in the mail - DT*). He brought along his Jantine Patrician Army (featured earlier in this issue) and intended to join the tournament at the last minute. Unfortunately, we decided we could only allow three Elites in the army selection; otherwise his 75 Stormtroopers and 12 tanks would certainly have made him the overall champion! Maybe next time, Dave!



Above: Almost all of the games were played in a very friendly atmosphere.



Above: Chris Mackreth keeps an eye on the flying paint.



Dave and the Thai representatives.



Dave and the Philippines representatives.



Dave and the Taiwan representatives.



Above: Many of the Warhammer games were very closely contested.

Left: There were so many gamers there for the closing ceremony that we couldn't fit them all in the one shot!



One other feature of the Hong Kong Grand Tournament is the South East Asian Golden Demon. The Golden Demon masterpieces were all top class, showing just how serious and talented our fanatics are.

The atmosphere was very charged towards the end of the tournament. Finally, after the two days bloodshed, Ultramarine Force Commander Constantine Mario Sandico (from the Philippines), together with Herbert Wong (Skaven Warlord), emerged as the Overall Champions. Both generals had fought hard over the weekend and thoroughly deserved the applause heaped upon them.

Until next year, may your dice always roll sixes!

THE MILLENNIUM BATTLE WINNERS

WARHAMMER

Herbert Wong Sze Yuen - Winner
Tony Lee - Runner up

WARHAMMER 40K

Constantine Mario Sandico - Winner
Christopher Sandico - Runner Up

WARHAMMER YOUNGBLOOD

Chung Kwong Man - Winner

WARHAMMER 40K YOUNGBLOOD

Wong Sum Sung - Winner

Overall Golden Demon

John & Jenny Szeto - Winner

Open Category Painting

John & Jenny Szeto - Winner

Best Painted Monster

John & Jenny Szeto - Winner

Best Painted Single Miniature

Horace Siu - Winner

Best Painted Squad

Kit Leung - Winner



*Photos of the 40K,
Warhammer, Youngblood,
and Golden Demon winners.*

ROGUE TRADER

Sanctioned Tournaments

and

GRAND TOURNAMENTS

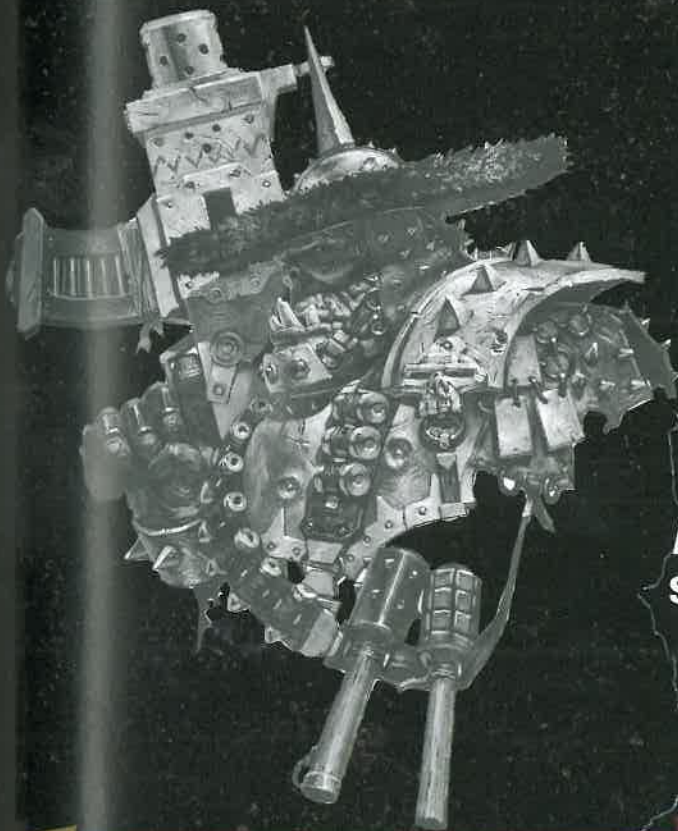
We're changing the way Games Workshop supports tournament gaming in the Asia Pacific region.

Over the next few months we'll be trialling our new **ROGUE TRADER SANCTIONED TOURNAMENT** system. Keep an eye out in *White Dwarf* for more information.



September 2000 sees the second **GAMES WORKSHOP NEW ZEALAND GRAND TOURNAMENT - Fields of Blood** - being held in Auckland over the 23rd and 24th (contact GW Auckland or GW Wellington for more details).

We are also proud to announce the first **GAMES WORKSHOP AUSTRALIA GRAND TOURNAMENTS**, scheduled for early 2001. We hope to run events in Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne. More details will follow as they come to hand.





GAMES WORKSHOP
STORES

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



LOCAL WARZONES

The Fire Wastes

The Fire Wastes (Australia)

If at all possible, the Fire Wastes are even more inhospitable than the ash wastes of Prime and Secundus. However, here are found the majority of the ore mines and mineral processing plants which supply the hives and factories of Armageddon with the raw materials they need. With many of these mines under Ork control, the weapon shops and armouries of the Imperium will soon be forced to halt production. It is imperative to the continuing war effort that the supply from the Fire Wastes be re-established.

Phoenix Island (New Zealand)

Phoenix Island is located in the midst of the Boiling Sea. It acts as a major artery of supply across from the Fire Wastes, and has large spaceport facilities for supply to the orbital Navy station of St. Jowen's dock. Despite several fierce attacks, the Orks have yet to take the starport, enabling new regiments arriving on world to use Phoenix Island as a staging point.

Armageddon Prime

Equatorial Jungle

(Asia and South America)

Orks have infested the Armageddon jungles since the first invasion by Ghazghkull over fifty years ago. Dedicated armies of hardened Ork hunters are trained at Cerbera Base in the middle of the jungle, and from here firesweep teams are sent out to keep the Ork population under control. However, such cleanse and burn missions were obviously not as successful as suspected, for when Ghazghkull landed, thousands of feral Orks attacked Cerbera, and more poured from the jungles into the ash wastes and mountains.



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GAMES WORKSHOP
STORES

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

Ghazghkull's
back, and this
time it's
Waaagh!



GAMES WORKSHOP STORES
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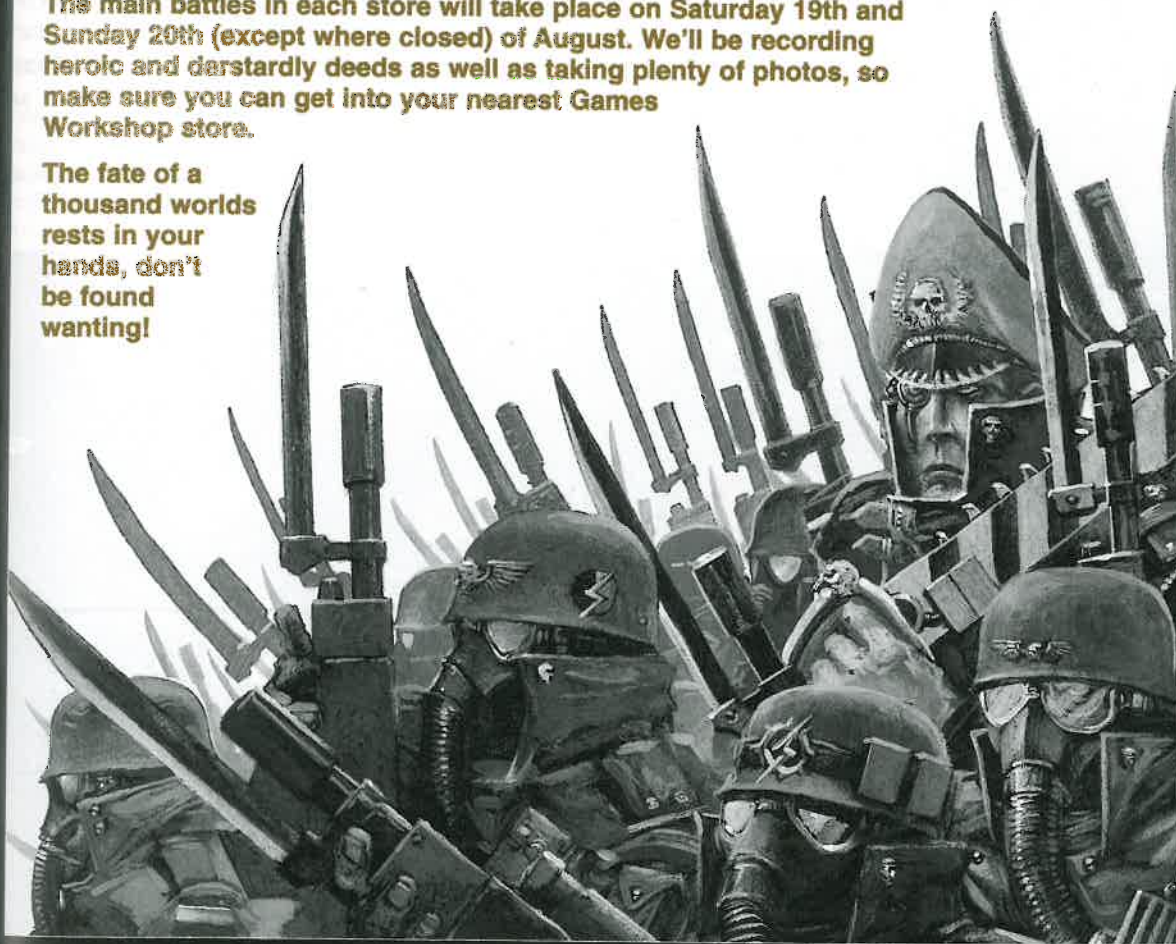
GAMES WORKSHOP STORES
7th & S

ARMAGEDDON WEEKEND

During August and September, around the world, millions of gamers will answer the call and rally to defend or destroy the Armageddon system. Never before in the history of Games Workshop have we attempted such a mammoth project. Elsewhere in this White Dwarf you'll find details of how you can become involved in determining the history of Warhammer 40,000. In addition to your own games at home we'll be running loads of Armageddon games in all of our stores.

The main battles in each store will take place on Saturday 19th and Sunday 20th (except where closed) of August. We'll be recording heroic and derstardly deeds as well as taking plenty of photos, so make sure you can get into your nearest Games Workshop store.

The fate of a thousand worlds rests in your hands, don't be found wanting!



19-20 AUGUST 2000



Nathan Brown
GW Adelaide

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

RIGHTEOUS ZEAL

A Black Templar Crusade

While we know that this isn't exactly an army yet, we just couldn't wait to show you these cool conversions. Nathan Brown (manager of our Adelaide store) has been wargaming since he could reach the table. He's researched background for dozens of fantasy and historical armies, so his latest project was almost second nature.

From the first time I saw the cover of third edition 40K I knew I just had to build a Black Templars army (perhaps the Emperor guided me, blessed be his name). The



Nathan has used Azrael's helmet in this conversion.



Nathan's Terminators prepare to assault a Dark Eldar line.



Left: these models are the first for Nathan's close combat Black Templar squad.

Right: Nathan has given this Special Edition Space Marine Captain a power sword, plasma pistol and jump pack. He intends to use him as a Chaplain.

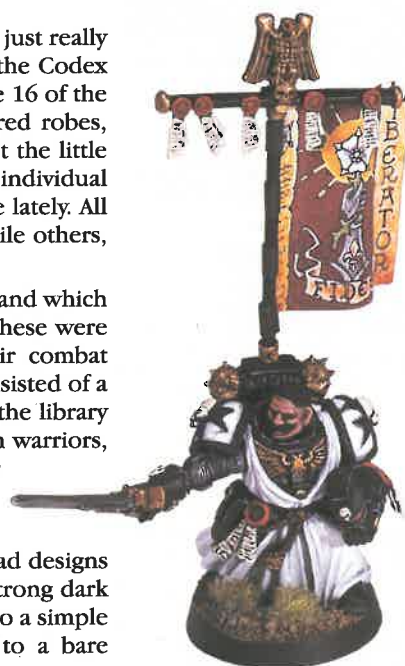


dark menacing armour contrasting with the white robes was something that just really appealed to me. Looking through all my back copies of White Dwarf and the Codex books a mental picture began to form. The artwork of the Templars on page 16 of the Space Marine Codex provided most of the inspiration. Take a look, tattered robes, variant shoulder pad designs and loin cloths, these guys look mean (except the little weedy guy at the back, must be a Dark Angel, hey Booster!). The scope for individual conversions was enormous, something I have been doing more and more lately. All my characters are converted in some way. Some are simple head swaps while others, like my High Marshal, have had a bit more work.

As luck would have it, I happened to be reading a book on the history of Poland which spent a couple of chapters on the invasions of the Teutonic knights. Now these were some nasty boys, big, strong, arrogant and extremely confident in their combat prowess. Sounds like a Space Marine to me. The uniforms of the knight consisted of a white surcoat displaying a large maltese cross, perfect. Further research at the library and some old books of mine provide a wealth of information on these grim warriors, Banner designs, names of important individuals and a mass of colour schemes. My army was complete, in my head anyway! All I had to do now was transform the ideas onto the tabletop.

The helpful lads at Mail Order supplied me with lots of different shoulder pad designs (Chaos, Death Company and Legion of the Damned). I wanted to keep a strong dark feel to my army so I minimized on the highlighting of the armour, keeping to a simple Shadow Grey outline of the relevant parts. All other colours are kept to a bare minimum to keep the dark feel.

There you have it, with a little research my army had become unique.



One of his most extensive conversions, Nathan's High Marshal looks very teutonic.



Note the use of a variety of shoulder pads on these Black Templars.

MOUNT GRAVATT GRAND OPENING

Back in April (27th-29th to be precise) the staff and customers of our Mount Gravatt store celebrated the store's Grand Opening event. Loads of people travelled great distances to take advantage of the great deals.

Right: Store manager Laurie Goodridge revs up the crowd before opening time!



Above: The first two hobbyists burst through the door after a five hour vigil.

Right: More excited gamers froth it up before the doors open. If this is your face circled, then pop back into the Mount Gravatt store to claim your prize!





Remember the Ork Dreadnought from the Brisbane Grand Opening? Well the Madboyz responsible were up to their old tricks again!

These ladz were so excited they couldn't wait until they got home to inspect their loot!



You just can't take these guys anywhere!

No-one could escape the madness of the weekend, not even Brisbane Cell Manager Chris "I'm a teapot" Feldman.





White Dwarf 230 heralded the release of the Keeper of Secrets, last of the four colossal Greater Daemon models. These remarkable monstrosities, beautifully sculpted by Trish Morrison, are equally suitable for use in either Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000. Here, Jonathan Green takes a look at how battles between the minions of the insidious Chaos powers can be re-enacted...

The Powers That Be

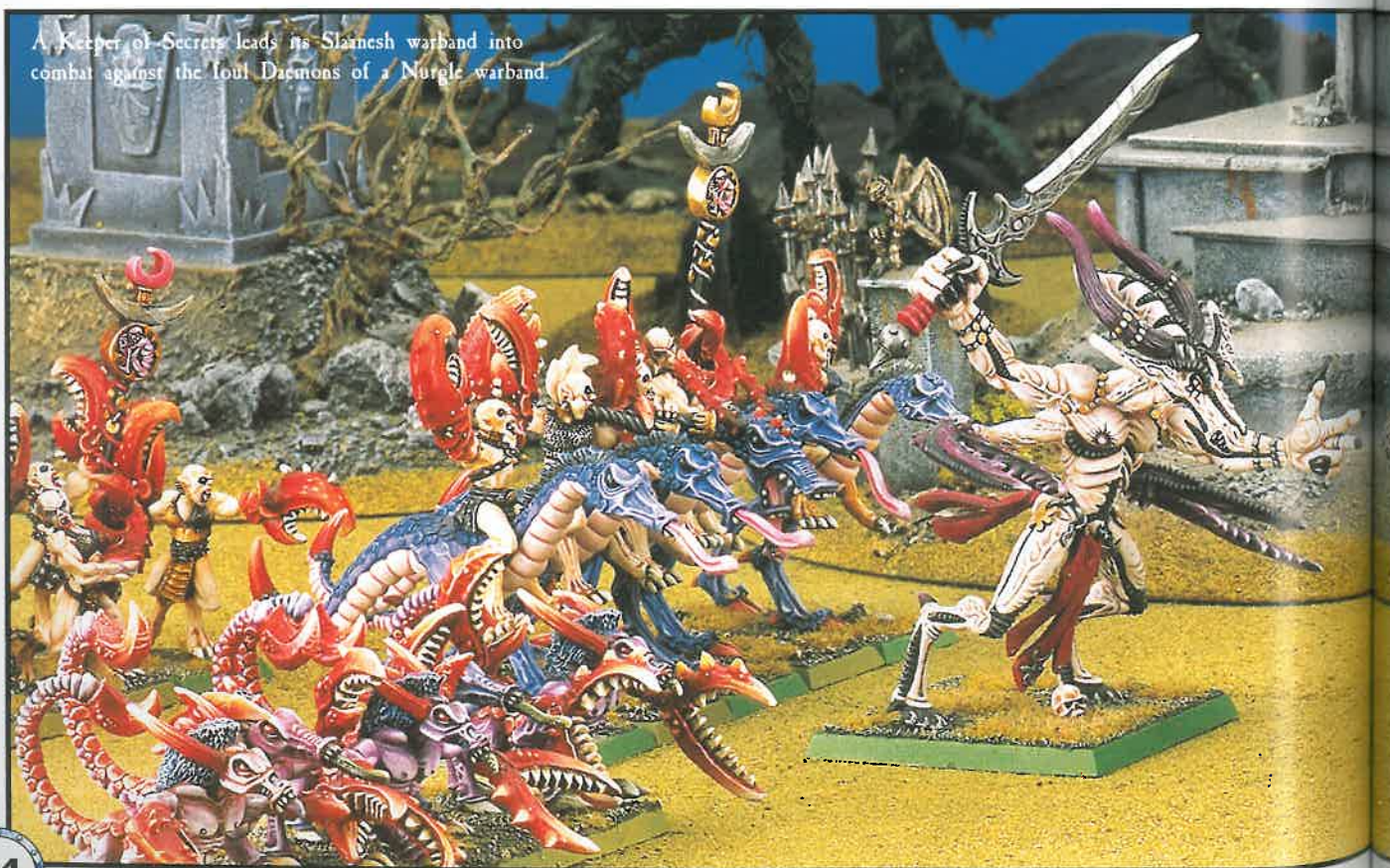
by Jonathan Green

In the Warhammer world it is written that within the Realm of Chaos, vast armies dedicated to the different Chaos powers march forth to war against each other, solely for the pleasure of their warped patrons. Following the release of the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh, and inspired by the background found in the 'Realm of Chaos' armies book, a thought seeded itself in my mind, spreading like one of Nurgle's virulent diseases, as I considered fighting a massed battle between all four of the major Chaos powers simultaneously. But of course, this could not only be done in a game of Warhammer.

I looked into the gothic future incarnation of Chaos in the 41st Millennium, where vast warbands battle incessantly over a myriad worlds, vying for dominance of the warp/realspace interface, thousands of light years across, that is known as the Eye of Terror. Such a conflict could be fought out in an exciting game of Warhammer 40,000 or even Epic!

So, with my mind consumed by Chaos, I began work on two scenarios which would pit the followers of the four powers against each other – one for Warhammer and one for Warhammer

A Keeper of Secrets leads his Slaanesh warband into combat against the foul Daemons of a Nurgle warband.



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40,000 – considering how such a battle would be fought out, as well as what restrictions should be put on army selection.

The Greater Daemons – big, bad and ugly!

Physical manifestations of malice, cruelty and pure evil, the Greater Daemons of Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle and Slaanesh have their own particular strengths in a game of Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000. For those of you not yet totally dedicated to the worship of the dark gods, check out the side bars in this article for a brief overview of each.

Fighting four ways

Fighting with four armies at the same time isn't as hard as it first sounds. To be victorious in such a battle may require some brilliantly thought out tactics and the ability to change your plans in an instant, but the actual process by which four gamers can fight against each other simultaneously is quite straightforward.

Simply roll a dice to determine in what order the players take their turns, the

one rolling the highest making the first move.

So that the battle doesn't merely become a war of attrition, temporary alliances could be the way forward. In more usual games of Warhammer, allies are, of course, already allowed, with Wood Elves supporting Bretonnian armies or mercenary regiments being employed to back up Imperial forces. However, during a battle these allies do not suddenly turn on each other – how dull! But have no fear, the temporary alliances that the fickle forces of Chaos form allow for just such a thing to happen. Having gained the upper hand against a Khornate warband, suddenly the Slaanesh General abandons his erstwhile Tzeentchian allies and slaughters them to a man (or Daemon)!

Where Initiative scores are the same simply roll a dice: highest score goes first. Who deploys first? Again your trusty dice will provide the answer. Probably one of the trickiest things about fighting a battle with four opposing armies at the same time is keeping track of whose turn it is and where you are in that turn (a piece of paper could prove useful here.)



Keeper of Secrets, Greater Daemon of Slaanesh

The First Book of Audocrinaton of the Imperium states that the Daemon has many forms and just one of them is the



beautiful and yet terrifyingly grotesque, multi-limbed, hermaphroditic Keeper of Secrets. Clad in delicate silks and bedecked with exquisite jewels, this monstrous, lithe and powerful Daemon takes great delight in inflicting its sadistic and torturous desires upon its enemies.

Great Unclean One, Greater Daemon of Nurgle

With its pustule-ridden body, slivering rotten maw and grotesquely horned head, the Great Unclean One is a stomach-churning living



embodiment of the Plague God himself. Its huge body is bloated and decaying, its green, leprous skin torn in places to reveal diseased and decomposing internal organs. As it drags its vile bulk into battle, a host of crawling, scuttling and slithering things that infest its carcass swarm in and out of rents in its putrid flesh.





Khorne Berserkers follow a mighty Bloodthirster into combat.

Restrictions on army selection

Whether you are fighting battles in the fantastical Warhammer world or in the war-torn far future of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, restrictions on troop selection are again pretty straightforward. Obviously, Daemons or troop types only available to one power, such as Bloodletters or Noise Marines, would not be able to fight for an opposing Chaos force (as they would in more conventional games). In the kind of set-ups that I am suggesting, you would never have Tzeentchian Daemons such as Pink and Blue Horrors fighting in a Nurgle warband.

In a game of Warhammer, an army of any of the four powers could contain the appropriate Chaos Warriors or Marauders. Each side could have Beastmen fighting for them, along with Chaos Spawn and other creatures from the Monstrous Host section of the Realm of Chaos book.

In the extensive Warhammer 40,000 background there are numerous troops available to any side, be they Chaos Dreadnoughts, Chaos Terminators, Chaos Space Marine Bikers, Raptors, Havocs, Obliterators or vehicles such as the Chaos Predator or Land Raider. You can always bulk out your army with cultist followers of the appropriate Chaos Power, whether it be in the gothic future or the traditional fantasy setting.

Lastly, there are those who serve Chaos Undivided. You can treat troops of this nature in one of two ways: You can either exclude them from your game altogether or allow them to fight for any of the four sides. So there you have it: how to select the warriors of your warband to fight against other Chaos hordes. Simple, isn't it? Now all you need is a scenario that will pit the followers of the Fell Powers against each other...



Bloodthirster, Greater Daemon of Khorne

The greatest of the servants of the Lord of Skulls, the Bloodthirster, is the most dangerous creature in all the

Warhammer

world (as was proved in the WD 221s Arena of Death, contest of champions - Dice for the Dice Throne of Khorne!).

These Greater Daemons of Khorne appear on the earthly plane as a terrifying amalgam of human, dog and bat. With bloodstained fur, their mouths full of teeth like knives and clad in the ruddy bronze armour of the god of battle, they well deserve the reputation of being the greatest fighters of all daemonkind. Savagely ferocious monsters driven by an insatiable desire to kill, as their name might suggest, they exist purely for combat. Armed with the blood-hungry Axe of Khorne and cruelly barbed Whip of Khorne, Bloodthirsters stride into battle on great cloven hooves, bat wings unfurled behind them - and their bloodlust knows no bounds!



Lord of Change, Greater Daemon of Tzeentch

Wise in the ways of magic, as befits a servant of Tzeentch, the Master of Sorcery, the Lord of Change is the subtlest of all

the Greater Daemons. Nonetheless, it is still an awesome monstrosity to behold. Its body is covered with iridescent plumage and its vast, multi-coloured wings flash with radiant hues of yellow, red and blue. With horrific avian aspects, the Lord of Change is a terrifying creature whose gaze can penetrate a victim's soul to expose their innermost hopes and fears. Its raptors beak and tearing talons are equally adept at exposing a victim's bones and intestines!





Massacre at the Monoliths

The Proving Ground

The lands that border the northern Chaos Wastes, such as the Troll Country and frozen Norsca, are littered with ancient monuments. These totems were raised over the millennia by primitive tribes and mighty warbands, to glorify champions of legend who once fought for the Chaos gods, furthering the reality of their masters' dark dreams of conquest and dominion.

One such place is known simply as the Plain of the Four Monoliths, or the Proving Ground. During times long past, four mighty champions of the Four Powers (whose names have not survived the passing of so many centuries) fought a superhuman battle to see which of the Chaos gods was the strongest. But, as is the way with the whimsical, sadistic Lords of Chaos, not one of them could best his rivals and, as a consequence, all died of the wounds they suffered during their titanic struggle. To mark the site of the battlefield,

which witnessed this clash of titans. The followers of the nameless champions erected great monoliths, each one quite unlike the other, reflecting the unholy qualities of each champion's dark patron. These bizarre and perverse monuments have stood for hundreds of years, like ancient sentinels watching over the blighted battlefield.

Marauders, Chaos Warriors and other devotees of the dark gods have come to this place since that legendary time to make offerings to their unholy masters and pay homage to the heroes in the hope that just a fraction of their rumoured power might be conferred upon them and advance them on their way towards attaining daemonhood.

A Time of Woe

The portents have been clear. At this spot, on the edge of the Realm of Chaos, storms of unnatural magnitude and nature have been brewing.

Sickly purple clouds, like great baemorrhages against the sky, have discharged lightning bolts on an unprecedented scale. Farm animals in this border country have turned on their masters, eating them and each other. In places it has even rained blood while trees and boulders have screamed out in agony. It is time for the forces of Chaos to make an insurgence into the lands of mortal men once more to claim skulls and souls for their dark masters. But before such an unholy campaign can be undertaken, a champion must be found to lead the hordes of evil to victory.

For such a purpose, champions of Chaos have converged on the Plain of the Four Monoliths with their loyal followers, each one representing one of the four main Chaos powers. All that remains is for battle to be joined and a champion found through trial by combat, even if it means that all the other factions are slaughtered in the process.

The set-up

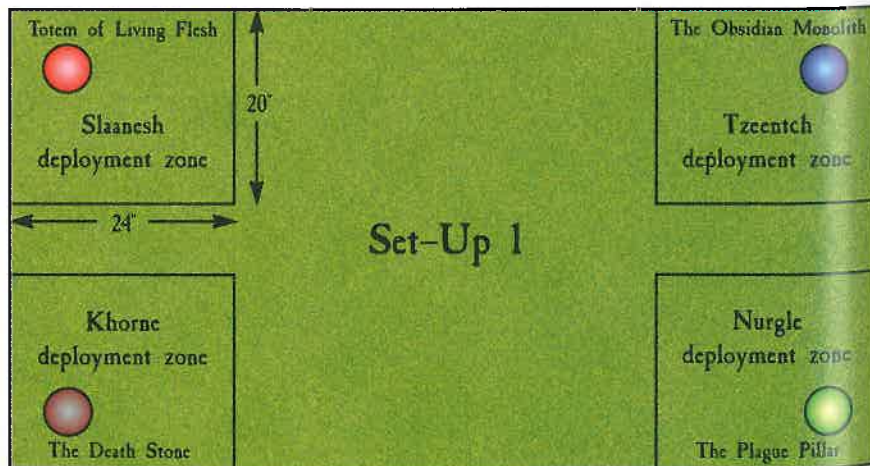
Place each of the monoliths at a different corner of the battlefield, 4" from any table edge. It should be very straightforward to represent the monoliths on the gaming table. You may well already have something suitable in your scenery collection, such as a Beastman herdstone, which would make an ideal Death Stone. If you don't have anything appropriate, and you don't fancy sculpting each of the ancient monuments, you could just use a stone marked with the relevant Chaos rune.

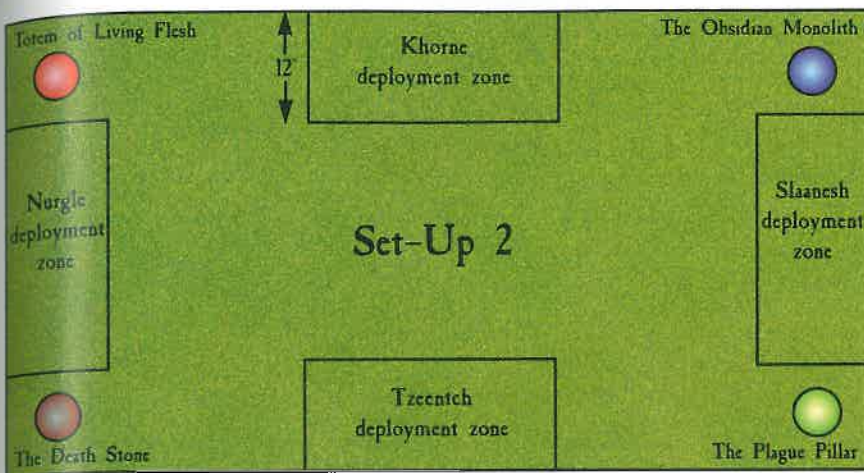
To determine which of the four armies deploys first, roll a dice to determine an order. The players then place one unit of troops on the battlefield at a time, with the player who rolled the highest dice score setting up first.

There are two ways that you might like to deploy your troops. You could either have each side massed around its own monument, with Khorne's

warband roaring their battle-cries from in front of the Death Stone and the entourage of Slaanesh cavorting before the Flesh Totem, or you could have each army lined up along one table edge. To make it even more interesting and to give the game yet more purpose, the four sides could deploy opposite their respective monoliths, rather than next to them,

so giving them a different advantage (in some cases) right from the start. Hence Nurgle's cavalcade might be deployed between the monoliths of Khorne and Slaanesh, while Tzeentch's cabal mount their attack from between the Plague Pillar and the Death stone. Of course, which table edge the four armies deployed from could be decided by the throw





of a dice, as if they had come upon the Proving Ground from all over the Chaos Wastes.

Play this as if it were the Pitched Battle scenario (see page 24 of the Warhammer Battle book). Play ends after six rounds of battle.

Special rules

The Monoliths

Each of the four monoliths acts as a rallying point for the respective army, just as a banner would. Any fleeing unit of troops will automatically rally if it is within 12" of the monolith of the appropriate Dark Power. However each of the ancient, warped totems also confers added bonuses on the followers of whichever Chaos power it was raised to glorify.

The Death Stone, Monolith of Khorne

The monolith raised to praise the Blood God is a huge, uncarved menhir, daubed with Khorne's skull rune and other sigils of Chaos. It is bedecked with skins and skeletal remains while piled around its base are countless skulls, be they human, Beastman, those of Trolls and Chaos Ogres, or even that of a Dragon. Any Khornate troops coming within 6" of the Death Stone are driven into a rabid frenzy as an overwhelming bloodlust consumes them. As long as the Blood God's warriors stay within 6" of his monolith they are affected by the rules for frenzy.

The Obsidian Monolith, Monolith of Tzeentch

The winds of magic flow in a vortex of esoteric energy around the Obsidian Monolith. Carved in the form of a perfect octagonal prism, from a huge block of the blackest volcanic glass, the Obsidian Monolith collects these mystical energies so that those skilled in the ways of wizardry may tap into

the great store of magic contained within it to enhance their own spell-casting. Any sorcerer within 6" of the Obsidian Monolith can draw one extra magic card during the Magic phase. A sorcerer of Tzeentch may draw two cards on a roll of 1, 2 or 3 on a D6.

The Plague Pillar, Monolith of Nurgle

The monolith raised to the glory of the Lord of Decay is nothing more than a heap of festering refuse and rotting remains. Bubonic rats and bloated maggots feast on cankerous filth that drops from intestinal-like openings, while gibbering Nurglings wallow in the vomit and pus that collects at its base. A disgusting cloud of flies fills the foetid air surrounding the excremental mound of decay that is the Plague Pillar. Any troops who do not follow Nurgle that come within 6" of the monolith are unavoidably distracted by the swarm of buzzing, black bodies and must reduce all dice rolls to hit by -1.

The Totem of Living Flesh, Monolith of Slaanesh

Unlike the inanimate monuments raised to his brother gods, the Totem of Flesh is a living thing, even though such a thing should only exist in the nightmares of evil men. It is a writhing column of pink flesh that sprouts half-formed limbs all over its surface while mewling mouths open in the sickly white skin and moan in agony or ecstasy. The Totem of Flesh is all that remains of the orgiastic entourage of Slaanesh's long-dead champion, granted their final wish to be joined in vile bodily union for all eternity. The perverse blasphemy against nature that is Slaanesh's monument exudes an intoxicating musk that causes enemy models within 6" of the totem to deduct -1 from all their dice rolls to hit.

And I saw before me the place of slaughter, a barren field where no tree or other plant grew, where no waters ran and nothing that was not born of evil walked. At each corner of this blighted plain stood a monument raised to one of the dark gods of Chaos (whose names we are forbidden to speak by the Holy Church of Sigmar). These monoliths and totems were as dark and twisted as those they had been raised to edify. I could speak of mounds of putrescence, crawling with carrion-creatures, or ancient stones adorned with the broken skulls of men and half-human beasts, but the Archlector would declare me heretic and have my tongue cut out.

Then I saw, as though through a pink mist, a creature not born of flesh and blood but of the essence of that nightmare realm itself. Its skin was as white as ivory and its eyes shone with an emerald light. It had taken on the appearance of the most beautiful of women but this vision of loveliness was ruined by sharp, pointed teeth and a darting snake-like tongue. In place of delicate hands this siren had dreadful pincers, like those of a crab. Mounted on the back of yet another unspeakable creature of Chaos, the Daemon raised its three arms and I heard an ululating cry issue from its unnatural throat.

And so battle was joined among the foul armies of the Four Powers.

From the Visions of Mandrus the Heretic



The conquest of M'Laar XIII

The Domain of Daemons

On those worlds throughout the galaxy that are held by the Fell Powers or controlled by Daemon Princes, the normal physical laws of the universe hold no sway. Days can pass in mere minutes or last a thousand years. Planets orbit frozen stars in burning skies. Even the form of these worlds can be altered beyond rational comprehension. Worlds shaped like skulls or drifting island asteroids linked by void-spanning bridges all exist within the warp/realspace overlap known as the Eye of Terror.

But not all such worlds lie within the shifting tides of the Immaterium. Some are planets captured by the forces of Chaos. One such world is M'Laar XIII.

The Blackstar Crusade

In the 34th millennium, 3,000 years after the Emperor's Great Crusade to reunite humanity across the galaxy, the forces of Chaos mounted their own black crusade in the distant Ganglax Sector. Aboard his flagship Desolator class vessel, the *Blackstar*, Ekrak, traitor Space Marine Lord and Champion of Khorne, conquered the planet designated M'Laar XIII by the Imperium and brought it under the influence of Chaos.

As reward for his great victory, Ekrak was elevated to daemonhood by his master Khorne and granted dominion over the newly taken planet. However, now a domain of Daemons, the other warbands that made up the Blackstar Crusade broke their allegiances to fight for possession of M'Laar XIII themselves. Ekrak was no longer ruler of this world. Other pretenders vied for his throne. War was at hand, and it was not a war Ekrak was prepared to lose.

Overview

All sides are attempting to wipe out any opposing troops. Not one of the enemy may remain alive!

Scenario Special Rules

This mission uses the Deep Strike, Infiltrators and Sustained Attack scenario special rules.

Forces

As there are four forces I suggest using armies of 500 points.

Set-up

Each player rolls a dice. The player that rolls highest chooses his deployment zone, which can be any of the four corners. He may deploy his forces as shown on the map below. Note that no models should be within 8" of an opponent's force.



The other players then deploy in the other corners in turn, in descending order of their initial dice rolls.

Mission Objective

To win the battle each of the four sides must try to wipe out as many of his opponents as possible. Quite

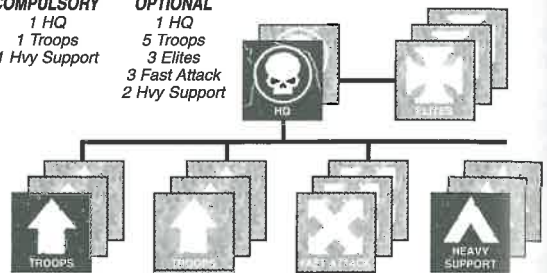
The conquest of M'Laar XIII

COMPULSORY

1 HQ
1 Troops
1 Hvy Support

OPTIONAL

1 HQ
5 Troops
3 Elites
3 Fast Attack
2 Hvy Support



simply, whoever has the largest number of troops remaining at the end of the battle wins.

Reserves

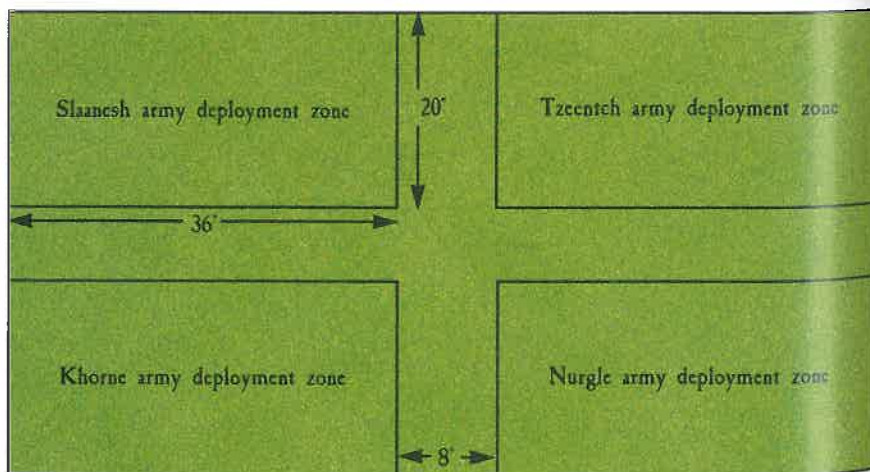
None.

Game Length

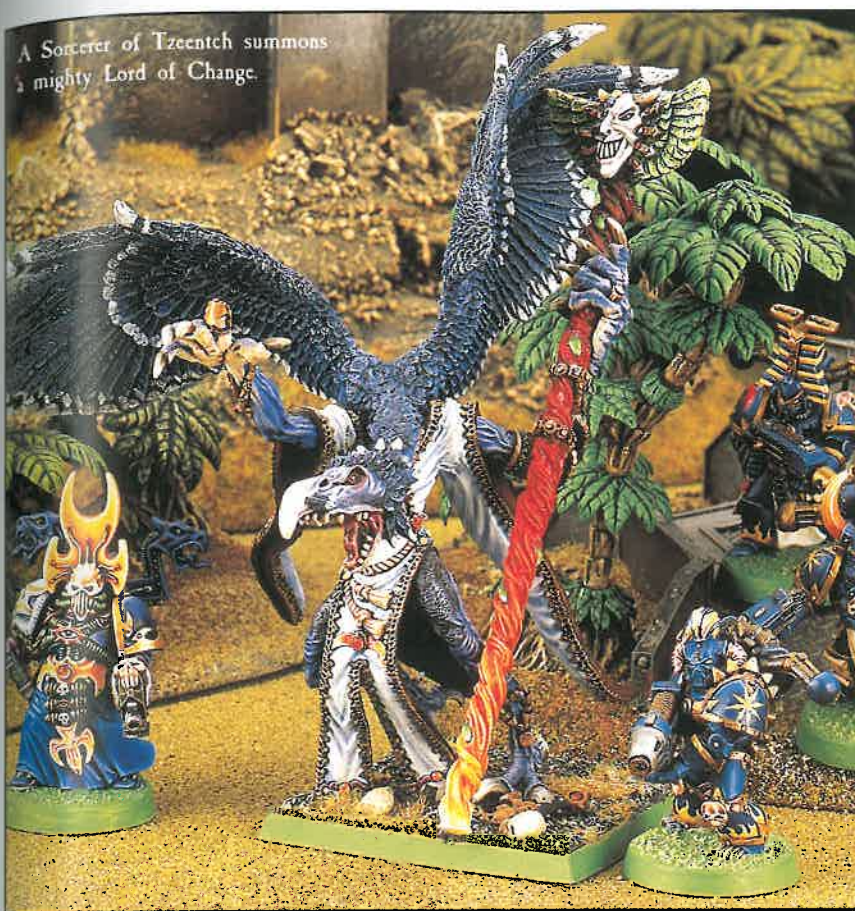
The game lasts for six turns.

Line of Retreat

Troops which are forced to fall back will do so towards the nearest board edge of their deployment zone, using the normal Fall Back rules.

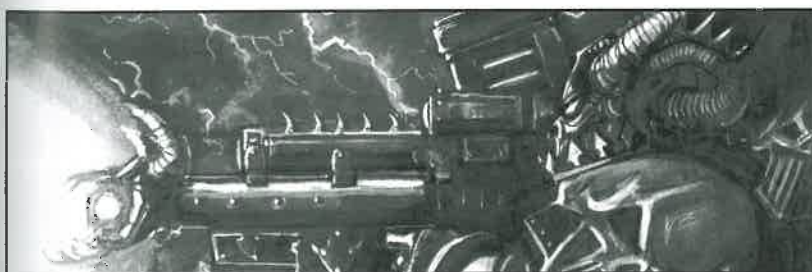


A Sorcerer of Tzeentch summons
a mighty Lord of Change.



A Campaign of Epic Proportions

The battle between four mighty armies for an entire planet would be vast – so vast in fact that the size constraints of Warhammer 40,000 might prove too restrictive. So instead, why not fight the battle in the Epic 40,000 setting, with great war machines of living metal and massed armies of Chaos Cultists determining the future of the doomed world. Converting the core armies above really couldn't be simpler to any experienced player of Epic. And having won the battle for M'Laar XIII, why not take the battle into space in the Battleship Gothic incarnation of the Warhammer 40,000 universe.



Conclusion

So there you have it: some suggestions for how you might like to fight a civil war style battle between the followers of the four Chaos powers, whether it be in the Warhammer fantasy setting or the grim, gothic future universe of Warhammer 40,000. I have only really scratched the tip of the iceberg with this concept. There is so much more that you could do if you just take a look at the volumes of background material that exists for both games. But whatever you decide to do, I have just one thing more to say on the matter:

*Blood for the Blood God,
Skulls for the skull-throne of Khorne!*

An incessant moaning, fuelled by the agony and despair of a thousand tormented souls, echoed across the ravaged plain heralding the inexorable approach of the Plague Towers. An obscene jumble of rotten timbers and rusted metal, the towers rolled on over the charred and fissured ground, crushing beneath their titanic wheels the bodies of the fallen of a thousand days of battle. The monstrous vehicles were surrounded by buzzing, thunderhead-sized clouds of black insects. An awning of pock-marked, flayed skin was stretched taut over a rotting framework of fungi infested wood. Each macabre edifice rumbled across the battlefield on massive tank-wide wheels, their mouldering joists creaking and arcane engines groaning in tortured defiance. The foetid stench of pestilence and decay lay heavily over the war machines of the Plague God like a suffocating shroud.

The constant rumble of distant bombardment formed a backdrop of cacophonous sound to the unceasing battles that covered the fractured lands of the young Daemon world. Other warped engines of war dedicated to the gods of blood, magic and perversion, strode over earth that had been fused to glass by the heat of a hundred nuclear explosions. And beneath the feet of these great titans scurried a million mortal followers of the Fell Powers, harried to their deaths by the Warlords of Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle and Slaanesh. Where one hundred Chaos cultists fell, screaming praises to their dark masters, ten times that number rose up to continue the fight.

The black sun has risen and set on this scene a thousand times. The battle for M'Laar XIII would not be won quickly. But then, time meant little in the realm of the Immaterium.

DEMON PAINTING

In the first of a series of articles designed to inspire you to greater painting heights, Leigh Carpenter - 1998 Golden Demon Slayer Sword winner - takes us step by step through his most recent painting project.

CAPTAIN LEONATOS

The first time I laid eyes on the Leonatos miniature I was not really impressed. It was a small black and white photo in White Dwarf, replete with gaping eyes as if he had just discovered a nest of snotlings inside his power armour. Not quite the awe inspiring figure that appeared on the cover of Warhammer Monthly. Being an avid collector for years (much to my wife's dismay!), I wanted to give the miniature a go and its amazing what a few coats of paint could do.

Planning and painting individual figures like these takes time and a lot of patience. This one model took me two and a bit days of full time work to complete, and the results achieved were worth the effort. First and foremost, the miniature had to be cleaned up. One trick I have learnt over three years of painting - when filing down miniatures, hold the model to a light so that the light source is just behind the model itself. By flipping the model over a couple of times the mould lines soon become apparent, even those in hard to reach places.

The first item that I painted was the base. This is in reverse order to what is a normal convention, but in this case all pieces were being painted separately and I wanted to leave Leonatos for last. The base was done in fairly muted colours, dark grey for the stonework, and the base coat was Boltgun Metal, thinned down with Black Ink, and highlighted up to Chainmail. The metal areas were given a watered down wash of Chestnut Ink to take the harsh metallic edge off the highlights. The hazard markings were carefully painted using masking tape to get straight lines. These were then "roughed up" by painting metal in small patches to give the appearance of well-trodden ground. Finally, the banner at the front was painted in bone with the lettering in black, highlighted to grey to help it to stand out.

Painting Leonatos was something of a challenge, as he basically a standard Space Marine with little in the way of sculpted detail that can be found on other commander figures. The trick was not to go overboard by adding painted detail, but just enough to make it interesting. Knowing when to stop is one of the hardest things to come to grips with for single miniatures. With a little bit of practice, you can start to get a feel for it.

I started with the face, working from a fifty-fifty mix of Dark Flesh and Dwarf Flesh for the base coat. Highlights were added from the base coat through to a mix of Elf Flesh and Skull White for the final stages. Rather than use a wash, I prefer to paint shading and highlighting on as it gives me far more control in the whole process. The entire head took in excess of three hours of painting and gave me a focal point from which to work.

Space Marine armour is quite easy to get the hang of. The basic principles don't change from model to model. Piping (the flexible layer that usually shows at the back of the knees etc) should be done first in black/grey or silver and then tidied up. Then you can start with a base coat for the armour that which should be one tone darker than you want. This gives immediate and subtle shading. For the areas in between the plates of the armour, use a dark wash (in this case I used Brown Wash), and again, tidy up the areas with the base coat colour. Highlights for the armour were taken through to Fiery Orange for the very top layers. As with any flat surface, do not drybrush, but paint the highlights on. If you try to drybrush over a flat surface, all that will be achieved is a streaky finish!

Chapter markings were added at this stage, and no they are not transfers! One trick that works a treat is using a sharp, hard pencil to gently trace the outline of the fine detail. In this case the yellow was too thin, I was able to see the pencil marks underneath, so I carefully went round the outline in black. The same procedure was applied to the grail motif on the front of the model. The grail was painted with a mix of Scorched Brown, Snakebite Leather, Golden Yellow and Skull White. Working with such a small area, the highlights had to be quite severe in order to stand out.

The rest of the model was painted using just a few common colours. This livens the model up a bit, I used Shadow Grey highlighted to Skull White for the chest eagle and other wings to give a touch of light to the model and to help break up the dark outlines of the cloak and armour. Finally, the sword was painted to appear a dark, rusty red to tie in with the history of the Sword of Belarius (before the git lost it!).

Overall, I'm very happy with the result. Goes to show, no matter what the first impression, with a bit of imagination and patience great results can be achieved. Don't be afraid to experiment, I'm still looking for new ways to do things and there is no better excuse to pull out all the stops than with miniatures like these. This miniature and hopefully the entire Black Library collectors' range will be on display at Games Day 2000. Looking forward to seeing you all there!

Leigh Carpenter has written a number of painting articles for us in the past, and because we think he does some pretty good work he'll be one of the judges at this year's Golden Demon Painting Awards.



HEROIC ACTIONS OF THE LAND RAIDER

The Land Raider has a distinguished history of service throughout the Imperium and has been involved in many epic battles. We have unearthed four of the many heroic tales of Land Raiders in action...

One of our Land Raiders is missing

When the Orks invaded the home world of the Crimson Fists Space Marines, it was a disaster for the Chapter. Amidst the great tales of heroism, one particularly strange event came to light. During his epic fight across Rynn's world, Chapter Master Kantor came across a burnt and abandoned Land Raider, surrounded by Ork bodies and wrecked greenskin vehicles. Inside, they found Ork bodies sprawled across the controls and decking. Following a lengthy interrogation of the Land Raider's machine-spirit, the following story was related.

When a malfunctioning defence missile had all but destroyed the Crimson Fists' Fortress-Monastery, almost annihilating the entire Chapter, the Land Raider *Rynn's Might* survived the blast and was hurled clear. The detonation woke the vehicle's machine-spirit, which went about executing the last orders it had received – seek and destroy.

Rynn's Might spent several hours righting itself from amongst the tangled wreckage before setting off in search of the enemy. It came across an Ork vanguard shortly after and attacked immediately, its lascannons and heavy bolters turning trucks and buggies into flaming coffins for the Orks. After destroying some thirty Ork vehicles and chasing down their fleeing crews, *Rynn's Might* continued its search.

For three days it scoured the area around the burning Fortress-Monastery, running across several Ork patrols and swiftly annihilating them. It was as night fell on the third day that *Rynn's Might* encountered a full Ork warband. The Orks were thrown into confusion by the sudden attack of the lone Space Marine assault

tank, disturbed by the metallic war cries bellowing forth from its external speakers. In the darkness, the Land Raider's artificial eyes and ears served better than even the night vision of the Orks, and as they recoiled from its initial assault, *Rynn's Might* attacked with greater determination.

Missiles and high energy bolts scorched the hull of the Land Raider, but it continued its charge, crushing bikes and Orks under its armoured tracks, its weapons lighting the darkness with flashes of lascannon bursts and heavy bolter fire, illuminating the battle with the flames of wrecked Dreadnoughts and Killer Kans. The Orks attempted to muster a counter-attack, their Warboss gathering his bravest warriors and Nobz about him. *Rynn's Might* noted this build up of force and headed for the Ork leader at full speed, ignoring the shells that ricocheted off its armoured hide as it drove over the mangled corpses of the greenskins.

Out of heavy bolter ammunition and with its lascannons fused from near-continual firing, *Rynn's Might* used the only weapon left to it – its bulk and weight. Many of the Orks fled from this image of the Emperor's fury as it bore down on them, searchlights blazing in their eyes, external vocalisers still blaring prayers to the Emperor. The Warlord stood firm though, firing blast after blast from his crude cannon, until a lucky shot splintered a track link and sent *Rynn's Might* spinning madly. Immobilised, there was little it could do as the Orks clambered across its hull with their tankbusta bombs, blowing off chunks of ceramite and adamantium.

But *Rynn's Might* was to have a final vengeance. It opened up its hatchways and assault ramp, and the Orks poured on board, eager to loot what they could from this prize. As they entered, *Rynn's Might* slammed the entrances shut again, hydraulic rams cutting Orks in half and trapping the Warlord and his bodyguard on board. In a final act, *Rynn's Might* overcharged its reactor, spewing plasma and poisonous gases into its own interior, incinerating and choking the greenskins that had got inside.

Kantor ordered the location of *Rynn's Might* to be recorded carefully and left a guard over its remains, vowing to return and retrieve its machine spirit and give it a new body so that it might fight with such vigour and determination once again.

By Gav Thorpe



The Orks feel the full fury of the Land Raider.

OBJECTIVE 103

Rittman took a last drink of aquavit and wished he hadn't bothered. He spat the mouthful back into the flask, then reached up and turned on the command readout. It came online, the enemy positions marked in red, his own forces in blue.

He punched up the primary objective marker. A pale blue star moved over the holo and settled on a tall building with no name, only a designation: Tower 103. The rebel command bunker for this sector was supposedly in its sub-basement. The secondary marker slid into place, hovering over a line of lower buildings which ran along the river front one thousand metres beyond the tower. One by one the icons changed. Reconnaissance reports were filtered into the system, and a large red symbol flared next to the objective marker. A Titan, but only one Titan – a Night Gaunt. Smaller red triangles marked probable infantry in their bolt holes. In all, less than a full battlegroup. Perhaps there was a chance the attack would work after all.

As each vehicle captain completed his system checks, one by one the Land Raider icons flashed, then became a steady white, a tiny number next to each. Sword Seven, the oldest machine in the company, was the last to report in as usual. The tech-aidepts had spent much of the night repairing its worn suspension units. The comm-net whispered as each Raider crew joined in prayer to the Emperor. Sword Company was ready to move.

Rittman sat quietly, reviewing the situation. Behind his force, other units were coming online. A batch of white triangles marked the infantry dispositions behind him. This time they would follow the Land Raiders, rather than ride in the machines, reducing any pockets of resistance that remained. But it was Rittman's company that would bear the brunt of the fighting, running on point. His machines, still hidden in the ruins of a warehouse complex, would have to fight and win against the Night Gaunt. That meant crossing open ground under fire from the gigantic machine. Rittman hoped that there would be enough of the company left to do the job afterwards. There was nothing to be gained by staring at a display. "This is Sword Leader. Company!" he paused. "Follow me!"

The Raiders' tracks squealed as they moved out of the warehouse. Rust, shaken loose by the howling engines, fell from overhead beams and covered the machines. Rittman watched the holo as the Land Raiders rumbled into position in the company column. They drove between shattered buildings, each machine's tracks throwing up rubbish as they moved over patches of rubble. They crossed a square, its abandoned market stalls still laid out waiting for long-dead customers. The Raiders crashed through them all, trailing streamers of bright cloth from hatches, tracks and lascannons. Where the cloth flapped against hot exhausts it smouldered, dropping from the machines in small, burning lumps.

Rittman monitored the company's movement on the holo. The Land Raiders were running parallel to the rebels, shielded from view by a line of ruined buildings. The road they were using was taking them closer to the enemy, but ahead the ruins turned to tangled wreckage. It was impassable to the heavy armoured vehicles. They had come as far as they could manage, and it was time to break cover.

Rittman leaned forward. "Company, left wheel. Follow me."

Lahoon, Rittman's driver, slewed the machine round and drove straight into a ruined building. Plasteel clattered down on the hull as he drove through its broken front windows. Then the back wall collapsed as the big machine crunched through it. The Raider turned sharply as its tracks caught on a crossbeam, and Rittman was thrown sideways in his seat.

One by one, the rest of the company followed. The information opened out as the Land Raiders jolted across the rubble. In front of the machines was open country, a dead zone which stretched all the way to the rebel oppositions. A killing ground which had to be crossed quickly.

The Night Gaunt's Princes had seen them at last. The composite image in Rittman's tactical display showed the Night Gaunt's plasma reactor coming online. Its shields winked into existence. Its plasma reactor was still warming up as the company moved forward. Then the Titan was striding towards the Raiders, its macro cannon aimed and ready. Smaller weapons winked at its feet as the rebel foot soldiers opened up. At this range their firepower was of no consequence. It was only the Titan that mattered. Rittman switched the holo to overview. Sword Company, all thirteen vehicles, was spread out in a rough line. The Raiders were running at top speed towards the Titan.

In his earpiece he could hear Lahoon repeating a prayer to the

Emperor. The range was closing rapidly. The Titan fired, and a Land Raider, Sword Ten, skidded to a halt. Its hull was blackened and charred, its entire left side gone, torn away by the macro cannon's blast. Rittman watched as Sword Ten's icon went black in the holo.

"All Swords, attention. Evens, advance. Odds, overwatch fire." Rittman selected the auto-fire systems of his own lascannons, and left the machine-spirit to do the work. The tiny thought-machine was a better shot than he had ever been.

"Sword Nine. Ignore the infantry." The Titan, that was the only true enemy here. It fired again. Sword Nine had no time to obey Rittman's orders as it took a direct hit and dissolved into a bright mushroom cloud. There was another black icon in the holo display.

"Odds, advance. Evens overwatch. By the numbers." The lascannons on Rittman's command Raider fired again. The Night Gaunt's icon flared orange as a void shield collapsed.

The Land Raiders were moving forward in pairs, one machine firing from what little cover was available while the other rushed forward. Again the Titan icon went orange as another shield went down. Sword Twelve melted in the heat of a direct hit, spraying metal into the air. The Raider's icon vanished for a moment as the holo's system was confused by the metallic cloud of debris. Then it came back, the solid black of a kill. Sword Seven dropped out of the line and came back to a halt, broadside on to the Titan. The suspension units had failed again. The vehicle captain scrambled clear as the Night Gaunt took aim. His driver was less fortunate, and the Raider became his tomb. In Sword Leader, Rittman cursed.

Yet the Titan was pulling back, its Princes picking his way through the rebel positions. He was walking the machine backwards, and managing not to crush any of his supporting forces. Even in the heat of battle, Rittman could admire the man at the Titan's controls. Such a talented heretic had to die, he could not be allowed to use such skills against the Emperor.

"Evens maintain fire on the Titan. Odds fire at rebel ground targets." They were close enough for the infantry to be a danger.

Rittman's tactical display flickered as the Titan's last void shield collapsed. The Night Gaunt stopped moving backwards, its Princes had realised that retreat was futile. Rittman was ecstatic.

"Fire at will. We have him!"

The Raider crews needed no encouragement – time was not on their side. The Night Gaunt's shield generators might reset at any second, and then it would be invulnerable again. Only while its void shields were down was there any hope of besting the machine.

Molten metal flowed down the Titan's legs and chest as the Raiders' lascannons scored hits. In the holo Rittman saw the Night Gaunt's shoulder fuse, its macro-cannon was locked in position, pointing uselessly at the skyline. Its chest armour failed, and a las-cannon bored into its internal mechanisms. The machine was wounded, perhaps even dying, but it could still win this fight. A good Princes could still use the Titan's size and speed to stamp Sword Company's Land Raiders into the ground.

"The chest! The chest! Go for the chest!" the Night Gaunt was no longer a machine for Rittman. He was slaying a giant, ripping its heart out, breaking its bones, stabbing the life out of a monster.

Then one stray shot caught the Night Gaunt in its knee. The joint popped and the Titan leaned over as the leg buckled under its weight. The Titan fell backwards, its chainfist flailing uselessly as the Princes



Land Raiders thunder across open ground.

and a Land Raider's crew to safety, but it didn't happen. The chest, already weakened, groaned and shattered under the new strain, coming out in jets of white light and screeching gas as the plasma reactor went critical. The Night Gaunt crashed to the ground, and the dying plasma, hotter than a sun's heart, did the rest. It exploded in white fire, and the rebel position around the machine's carcass dissolved. Rittman's holo cut-offs overloaded and went dark.

There was a moment of stunned silence in each Land Raider, the only sound the muted roar of engines. Then the comm-net started crackling, the crews congratulating each other.

"Sword One. Range two hundred. Rapid fire." Rittman allowed his crews no time to enjoy their victory. He was determined to win. He switched on the holo. He could see tiny, fleeing rebels – some of the rebels were breaking. The catastrophic loss caused by the dying Night Gaunt had been too much for them. In places, he saw, the Traitor Marines were holding, trying to make a fight of it. But even they were shaken by the destruction of their only Titan.

"Advance. Odd numbers forward. Evens overwatch." Rittman's words carried through the sound of battle to each vehicle captain.

Sword Leader's hull shuddered, as though hit by a tremendous hammerblow. Lahoon's gasp was loud in Rittman's ear. He stared at the damage readouts: all clear. He punched up the playback and watched a Dreadnought fire a missile at his Raider. It came straight in, a perfect shot aimed at the transmission systems. He blinked involuntarily as the recorded missile hit, waiting for an explosion that never came. It had malfunctioned! Surely here was an omen – the Emperor's luck was with him today!

And then, in an instant, Rittman thought the advance was on the point of dissolving into confusion. Sword Company were still moving forwards, following orders to the letter, but now the raiders were rolling over and through the rebel positions. If an enemy officer managed to rally his troops, any of his troops, Rittman's company would be vulnerable.

But it didn't seem to be happening. The enemies were still running. Sword leader came to a halt outside Tower 103. Its icon flashed, blue and white, on the holo. Objective Taken. The command acknowledgement from headquarters came up. Rittman's achievement was confirmed. Outside the vehicle, rebels streamed past, throwing aside their weapons, dropping packs and respirators in their desperate attempts to escape. They were running towards the river, their only hope of salvation.

But Rittman had to be sure that the victory was his. No one was going to take it away. He snarled and punched his personal code into the Raider's command system. The top hatch opened, and he climbed up, standing on the command seat. He swung the command hatch's storm bolter around and pointed it across the smoking ruins, firing into the fleeing rebels. They were swept away by a cloud of tiny explosions. He kept firing and the bolter readout glowed amber, then red. It had run out of ammunition. Rittman heard a single shell case slide down the front of the Raider and drop to the road with a tiny clink. Behind him Sword Four was burning, a loose hatch flapping in the fire's breeze. Beyond the wreck were the familiar figures of his infantry support, advancing through the smoke.

The smell of burning meat blew across Rittman as a flamer team hit a foxhole, and another one, and then a wrecked Dreadnought. The troops were burning everything in sight, a celebration of victory. There was a



It was futile. He flipped back to real-time, the Dreadnought got no second chance. Sword Three crashed forward, sweeping the rebel heretic off its mechanical feet. The enemy machine was crushed beneath the Raider's tracks. "General advance. Fire at will. Watch your targets!" Rittman grinned like a Ferrisian wolf. The attack was becoming a pursuit. All around Sword Company the ground and sky seemed to be on fire. Rittman could hear the chatter on the comm-net as his drivers and captains pinpointed targets. He watched the command readout count down the distance to the Company's primary objective, then he punched up the range to a secondary target.

"Keep going, keep going," Rittman howled at his company. He could feel the berserker rage building within him. Victory was within his grasp. "We have them now. Dress the line, Sword Five."

Sword Five burst apart as it ran over a rebel suicide bomber. The leading Raider, Sword Two, threw a track and was immediately covered by the swarming rebels. There was dull explosion, and Sword Two's white icon turned black on the command holo. Rittman turned his Raider's lascannons on the remains of Sword Two and fired. The rebels fell back, leaving their cauterised dead as grotesque decorations on the Land Raider's hull. Rittman screamed in hatred – didn't these fools know when they were beaten?

"Kill them all! Vengeance for the fallen! Vengeance for the Emperor!"

dull 'crump' and the flamer ignited a grenade, the laughter at the dead rebels who twitched horribly as their ammunition cooked off.

Rittman pulled the comm-net out of his ear and swung his legs out of the hatch. Suddenly careless, he sat down and drummed his heels against the armour. Lahoon had powered down the engines, and they creaked quietly as they cooled. He nodded as an Imperial Guard sergeant saluted him. The man's uniform was pristine. As he turned away to shepherd his men past the battered Land Raider, Rittman had to fight down the urge to ask the sergeant where he had been, to throw dirt all over his spotless uniform, to hit him, perhaps even shoot him – but the bolter was empty.

The moment passed. The battle was over, and Rittman was weary.

By Bill King. Edited by Jervis Johnson

Editors Note: This story was set during the Horus Heresy, the galaxy wide rebellion led by the Warmaster Horus. The rebellion occurred during the period when the Imperium was being founded in the 30th Millennium. At that time the Space Marines were organised into Legions rather than Chapters. The Legions were considerably larger than the later Chapters, and it was not uncommon for them to include entire Companies of Land Raiders.

Behind Enemy Lines.

One of the most famous stories in the history of the Red Talon Space Marine Chapter is that of Tech-Marine Clearn, his driver Marine Rillan, and their Land Raider *Eagle's Claw*. The action took place during the first day of the Battle of Amion, during the campaign fought against the rebel Imperial forces of the self-styled King of the Further Reaches in M41.917. The battle resulted in the breaching of the rebels' main defensive lines, and led to the final defeat of the rebel forces.

Eagle's Claw formed part of the Red Talon's 6th Company, which had been split up over a wide front to support the Imperial Guard units making the attack. Clearn had been given the task of first supporting the assault and then, once the rebel lines were breached, to aid the 189th Armageddon Steel Legion as it exploited the breakthrough.

By 0620 the Land Raider was 2000 metres ahead of its original start line and was beginning to catch up with the Bane Blades, Leman Russ battle tanks and Imperial Guard infantry assault teams attacking the rebel lines. As *Eagle's Claw* crossed the last line of rebel trenches it came under fire from rebel anti-tank teams armed with Imperial lascannons, which had already managed to knock out two of the Guard's Leman Russ tanks. The lascannon fire damaged *Eagle's Claw's* communications array, cutting Clearn off from the rest of the Company for the remainder of the battle. Undeterred, Clearn was able to use a belt of trees for cover in order to close with the enemy in relative safety. Bursting from the tree line the *Eagle's Claw* swept over the rebel position. The rebels attempted to flee but were cut down by the Land Raider's heavy bolters. The Guard assault squads arrived to occupy the position and Clearn set off again, travelling east towards the main objective of Amion itself.

By now the 189th had come forward and were beginning to harry fugitives from the broken enemy lines. Unfortunately, wherever they met stiffer opposition, the mechanised infantry began to suffer casualties and were forced to halt. Clearn provided assistance in two such actions, destroying five enemy tanks and killing dozens of enemy infantry in the process, but more importantly allowing the mechanised infantry to head on towards their next objective.

At this point Clearn evidently decided that he would make far better progress on his own. His map told him that there was an enemy supply cantonment in a shallow valley not more than five kilometres away. He headed towards the location of the camp, and when he finally reached the crest of the valley, he found the occupants hastily stuffing their belongings into their packs as they attempted to evacuate. Clearn opened fire at once, killing or wounding sixty of the rebels before the rest made good their escape, and then using *Eagle's Claw's* lascannon to blow up the rebels' vital stock-piles of fuel and ammunition which had been left in the camp.

This secondary objective having been reduced to a blazing inferno, Clearn decided to head towards the main objective of Amion. He soon came across files of rebel infantry retreating towards the defences of the hive and engaged them at ranges of 200 to 600 metres. *Eagle's Claw* remained in the area for over an hour, shooting at any sign of movement as it cruised up and down. In the process, return fire damaged the *Eagle's Claw's* fuel cells, which started to leak fumes into the interior of the tank, rendering the air so poisonous that the crew were forced to don the helmets of their power armoured suits.

Because of the risk of fire and explosion most men would have decided that enough was enough. Clearn, however, was not a man – he was a Space Marine, and a Space Marine of the Red Talons Chapter at that. So, although he was now completely alone, he decided to press on. Soon he found himself in the midst of the retreating rebel army, surrounded by columns of vehicles and marching men who believed they were beyond the reach of danger.

When *Eagle's Claw* opened fire on them at close range, inflicting heavy losses, a wild panic ensued. Men ran in all directions, vehicles careened out of control and crashed into each other. It was carnage! Now satisfied, and with no ammunition left for his heavy bolters and the barrels of three of *Eagle's Claw's* lascannons burnt out from over-use, Clearn ordered Marine Rillan to turn for home. But he had left it a moment too late. The enemy had brought up a battery of Basilisks, which quickly scored three hits, causing *Eagle's Claw* to burst into flames. Clearn and Rillan leapt clear, pausing only to grab their bolters from the burning vehicle's ready rack as they did so. Surrounded on all sides by enraged rebel infantry, the fate of the two Space Marines was never in doubt. Nonetheless, they put up a stiff fight as the rebels swarmed round them. Finally, however, Rillan was shot dead, and Clearn was dragged down and kicked and hammered with lasgun butts until he was unconscious.

Hours later the burned out shell of *Eagle's Claw* was found by the advancing 189th Armageddon Steel Legion some 16 kilometres beyond what had been the original start line. How it had got there remained a mystery and a source of much speculation to the troops that made up the armies fighting in the campaign for many months. It was only when Clearn was freed from the cells of infamous Temple of Truth Through Pain that the full story was able to be told. But by then the colourful tales of the exploits of the Land Raider *Eagle's Claw* had already become legend...

By Jervis Johnson

The Battle of Thranx

Few worlds have suffered beneath the scourge of heresy and treachery like the hive world of Thranx in the Segmentum Solar. From its day of liberation during the Great Crusade to the day of its Exterminatus by the Dark Angels, Thranx was a by-word for anarchy and disruption. During the 36th Millennium an alien-inspired rebellion erupted amongst the monolithic equatorial heat sinks which controlled the atmosphere and heat exchanging across the rest of the world-encompassing hive. Aliens controlling the rebels sought to ransom the world for their own ends but were met by the solid resolution of Governor Gount Momery. He sent his own finest mechanised regiments against the rebel positions without hesitation. At his command, ten thousand Leman Russ tanks clattered across the endless rooftops and terraces which covered the world-hive.

The Governor's proud tanks were decimated in the course of a single afternoon by rebel lascannons and Earthshaker cannons mounted high on the ziggurat-like steps of the heat sinks. As the tanks advanced across the open rooftops the rebels simply picked them off. Over five thousand wrecks were left upon the battlefield. Governor Momery was a rash man, and sent his depleted regiments again the next day, this time preceded by a massive bombardment from orbital monitors and attack craft. Unfortunately the damage to the rebels' defences was counterbalanced by the cratering of roadways and bridges the tanks needed to advance. Two thousand more wrecks were added to the battlefield before the regiments broke and fell back again.

By now the rebels were literally turning the heat up across the whole planet and millions of citizens were already dying of heat



Dark Angels Land Raiders patrol on a hive world.

stroke and dehydration. At last Governor Momery instructed his Astropaths to request assistance from the Adeptus of Earth. By great good fortune, a Battle Barge of the Iron Hands Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes was passing close to Thranx and it was diverted to prevent Thranx becoming a dead world. The Iron Hands Companies aboard were depleted after a tunnel fighting campaign on Kolyma, but their vehicles were intact. Their leader, Commander Sien, determined to make a last ditch offensive using his handful of Land Raiders and the Governor's surviving tanks for support. Although his force was limited, he believed that if the rebels' defensive position could be cracked at one point, the entire ring of heat sinks could be easily rolled-up by the Governor's troops. He led the five Land Raiders of his company forward during the night, walking ahead of them to personally examine the route while the rebels were kept busy with a bombardment from the battle barge overhead.

Commander Sien mounted up and led his Land Raiders into the attack at dawn, forming a hardened tip to a wedge of Thranx Steel Legions in an assault on Heat Sink 871. The defence was bitter, from the instant the Land Raiders appeared they were at the centre of a storm of shells and bolts raining down from above. The heavy armour of the Raiders shrugged aside much of the fire but Sien had advanced no more than 200 metres before Land Raider four, *Metallus Gravus*, was immobilised by a shattered track and then destroyed as rebel Earthshaker batteries found their range. The other Astartes battle tanks pushed forward, racing along a shell-torn skedway to reach the first ramp up the flank of the heat sink. Land Raider two, *Quoth Karrasis*, was blown apart by a direct hit from a rebel defence laser at the top of the ramp. Sien allowed the laser no time to recharge and gunned his own machine, *Cestus*, up the perilously narrow roadway to get a clear shot at the laser's armoured cupola. After a few tense seconds *Cestus* reached a firing position, only to miss with his first salvo of lascannon fire and be left fully exposed to the emplacement's return shot. To Sien's amazement the panicking rebel gunners also missed and he was able to use the Land Raider's heavy bolters to drive them away from their position.

Wasting no time, Sien turned up the second ramp followed by Raiders three and five, only to find his way blocked by welded steel anti-tank obstacles. Commander Sien and his Tech Marine dismounted under increasingly intense fire from rebel infantry to attach melta bombs onto the obstacles, both being lightly wounded in several places. As they remounted, Raider five notified them that the defence laser was being re-manned. Sien detailed Raider five to keep the laser position suppressed, but as the giant tank turned to bring its full armament to bear it slipped partly off the roadway and was left with its right tracks hanging over empty space a hundred metres over the steel plain below. With commendable clarity of purpose, Raider five opened fire on the laser emplacement and knocked it out with several direct hits. Seconds later a shellburst tipped Raider five over the edge and Sien was reduced to a command of just two tanks.

Sien triggered the melta charges and pushed on, *Cestus* leading and Raider three giving fire support, the two battle tanks ground up the second ramp, scattering enemy infantry and taking more hits as they did so. The third and final ramp was blocked by a salvaged Leman Russ, its battle cannon zeroed in on the corner as Sien made the turn. Once again the Emperor was watching over Sien and the hit only wrecked one of his lascannon sponsons. Slewing his vehicle to bring the other weapons to bear, Sien riddled the Leman Russ with lascannon bolts. To clear his path he maintained fire on the tank until it was reduced to a molten skeleton. Crunching over the wreck brought him to the top of Heat Sink 871 where the two battered Land Raiders made short work of the Earthshaker battery atop it. With the rebels' defences fatally breached the Thranx Steel Legions swarmed into the gap and began the long process of reducing the rebel redoubts. At the end of the battle Sien counted the number of hits to his Land Raider's adamantium hide and found it had survived 132 enemy shots.

By Andy Chambers

PAINTING WARMASTER



Rick Priestley

On a recent foray to Rick Priestley's winter refuge in the potting shed, we discovered that he had been frantically painting his Warmaster Orcs. So we plonked him in front of a typewriter and bribed him with cups of tea until he agreed to tell us about how he collected and painted his Warmaster Orc army.

When we're working on a new game, the game design and model design take place more or less together. This means that most of the development of Warmaster was conducted with trial models and preliminary mock-ups. One of the last armies to be started was the Orcs and Goblins. Although Brian Nelson was originally scheduled for this work, other projects intervened and in the end Colin

Grayson completed the bulk of the range. The result is a very impressive mix of Brian's distinctive '28mm Orc' look and Colin's accomplished micro-modelling.

As the new models emerged, I quickly decided that I had to have an Orc and Goblin army. Unfortunately, because the little greenies were the last army to be designed, and bearing in mind

that White Dwarf is put together eons before it is published, I have only just begun. But by the time you actually read this, the horde should be virtually complete.

For this article, I've put together a few notes about painting Warmaster models based on my own experience. The aim was to put together an entire army that looked good en masse and in a reasonable time.

TOOLS AND SET-UP

A craft knife and files are needed to clean up the castings just as with regular models. I found that clippers were essential to separate the characters, artillery crews and other individual figures from their 'strips' – the castings are too robust to break apart and sawing them takes ages.

Superglue was used to assemble the components and also to stick the individual strips to their bases. The bases themselves are 'sanded' by sprinkling a mixture of sand and grit over PVA glue. I also used a little static grass on the finished bases.

Before painting, each unit (i.e. six strips in the case of infantry) was fixed to a piece of long, thin card using a dab of superglue. The models were then undercoated with black undercoat spray.

Citadel Colour paint and brushes were used throughout. A fine detail brush was employed for general work and an old basecoat brush for applying glue to the bases.

My standard painting set-up is a desk which is well covered with newspaper, a jar of clean water, an old plate to mix on, some kitchen roll, and an angle-poise lamp with a daylight bulb.

Right: Making a start! The core of the army is now finished and Rick will soon have a useable force to take to the field of battle.



UNDERCOAT

I found it more convenient to attach the entire unit to lengths of fairly robust card before undercoating with spray paint. All the spraying was done in my garage where I have a covered workbench and decent ventilation (i.e. an open window). Black undercoat was used and I tried to get a good overall coverage. Just to make sure, each unit was checked over before painting and any exposed metal was covered over with black paint. There's always a bit!

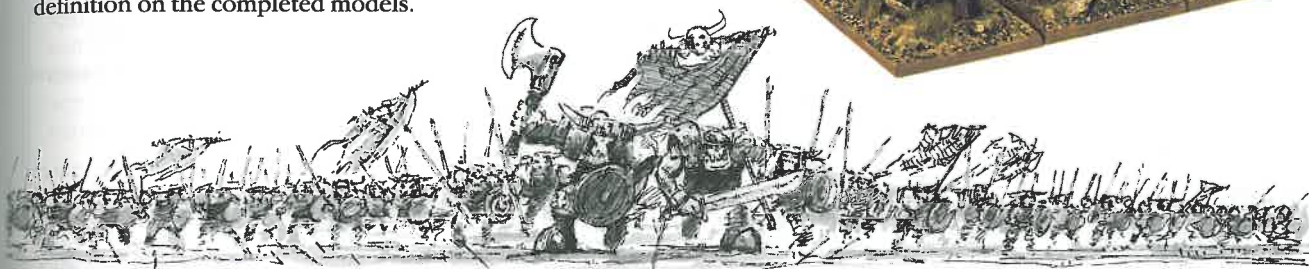
The black undercoat does two jobs. It acts as a 'primer' or 'key' for the paint and, by leaving much of it uncovered by other paint, it provides all the dark shading and definition on the completed models.



Orc Warriors



Goblin Wolf Riders



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MIXIN' IT

I hardly ever use Citadel Colours straight out of the pot, but transfer some to a plate where the colours can be mixed or thinned with water as required. It astonishes me that anyone can do anything else, although I'm constantly told that few people mix or thin colours at all. I stubbornly refuse to believe this!

Citadel Colour dries out quickly whether on your mixing plate or in an open pot. It's worth putting a few drops of clean water into the pots as you paint and especially before putting the tops back on after a painting session.

COLOURS

Citadel Colours are generally very strong and distinct colours that lend themselves well to painting standard sized models. I find that when painting Warmaster models, far lighter colours work much better. This is partly because the black background makes the models look darker anyway, and partly because very small areas tend to demand lighter colours. I don't know why this should be – it just seems to be so!

To achieve the desired lighter, softer look I did two things. Firstly, I lightened up the colours by adding white. This has a further advantage in

that white paint covers well and a mixture including white covers much better than a standard colour. Secondly, at the start of each session, I mixed a batch of 'soft' grey on my plate. This was added in small amounts to other colours to tone them down as required. This colour was made by taking Blood Red and Goblin Green and mixing them together so that the result looks neither red nor green but kinda... ugh! If a little of this mix is added to white you should get a neutral, slightly brownish or 'warm' grey as opposed to the 'cold' grey you get by mixing black and white.

A FEW TIPS

- When the infantry are based up you won't see the back bottom half of the front stands or front bottom half of the back stands. Figure out which stands go where as you paint and don't waste too much effort where it won't be seen.
- You can animate the individual figures by twisting arms and weapons slightly. Some of the weapon tips join on to the next figure to facilitate casting, but can be separated fairly easily with clippers or a knife. Some of the Trolls can be carefully coaxed from their upright position into a more menacing posture.
- If, like me, you choose to mount your character stands on coins or washers, it's best to glue the figure to the base and apply the base texture before undercoating. This makes the piece easier to handle and saves time rebasing.
- Don't put your freshly made cup of tea right next to the water pot as the inevitable always happens.



Orc Shaman



BASES

You'll often hear it said that armies which are nicely based will always look good on the table top. The Warmaster models come with flat 20 x 40mm bases which you can arrange the models on and complete as you wish.

The painted strips were superglued onto the bases. As you do this it is a good idea to check that the individual strips don't overlap or interfere when stands are placed next to each other. In the case of the Wolf Boyz and Trolls you can arrange the models in a variety of ways so that they look purposeful.

I decided to finish the bases with sand. PVA glue was applied to the base using an old brush and sand sprinkled on to produce a rough texture. Note that if you glue the front and back ranks of the infantry very closely together it is difficult to reach the gap between them.



Trolls

Once dry, the sand was painted a dark brown colour, Scorched Earth in this case, although I also use Dark Flesh on occasions.

Beware that gap! Painting the gap between the two infantry pieces is a real pain and I'm keen to find a way round this in future. It would probably be better to glue one strip to the base, paint the area where the gap is, and then glue the second strip in place. Unfortunately I based all the models shown here in one go before I realised. Slow careful work!

The actual base colour is a lighter mix of Snakebite Leather and white brushed over the darker brown and finished with a very light mix of the same colour. A little black or green added to the mix takes the warm edge off the Snakebite Leather.

To complete the bases, a little static flock has been glued in place. Just dab a little PVA here and there and dip the base in the flock. This works best if you don't overdo it. Too much and all you see is flock!

RELAX!

Painting is a craft, and like all crafts the process can be very satisfying in itself. The style adopted for this army was intended to be fairly relaxed, not too demanding, aiming for overall effect rather than absolute precision. It's easy to overdo Warmaster models by trying to paint each tiny figure individually. This obviously takes forever! I found that it took a couple of hours to paint an infantry unit once undercoated – that's not including basing.

APPLYING THE PAINT

Warmaster models are rather small and for this reason a fine detail brush is much 'handier' than a larger brush. My preference is to start with the flesh and then work from the inside out, finishing with weapons, spearpoints and

so on. This has the advantage that you don't have to be ultra-neat because each coat covers up previous mistakes.

Each unit was painted all at once – all the flesh, all the clothes, all the belts/bits, and so on.

I found that by drawing the tip of the brush over the model's features it was possible to cover the faces, arms, and other fleshy bits without obliterating all the recessed shading. Nice sculpting Colin!

For the Orc clothing I started off with a mixture of Snakebite Leather, Skull White and my soft grey. As I worked I added a bit more brown, white, grey or black to the mixture so that each Orc got a slightly different shade of jerkin, trousers, etc.

The Goblins are Night Goblins and all wear hoods and cowls. Although the finished result looks black these are actually painted a brownish grey and varied slightly from figure to figure to produce a rag-tag look. I like Night Goblins to look a bit shabby.

Some of the shields and larger weapons have a wood effect finish which dry-brushes very effectively.

The same is true for the Troll skin and the wolves, whose textured fur lends itself to a light stoke with an almost dry brush.

Where appropriate, it is possible to add a few highlights as you go, by adding white to the basic mix and just lightly picking out prominent features such as noses, the tips of chins, knuckles, and so forth. You can use almost a pure white for this – too subtle and it won't show.

Eyes? – are you crazy! OK I couldn't stop myself with the Trolls but these are bigger models and I confined myself to a simple white dot. Teeth can be brought out with a single light stroke whilst bigger tusks are picked out individually.



Orc Warlord



Rick P

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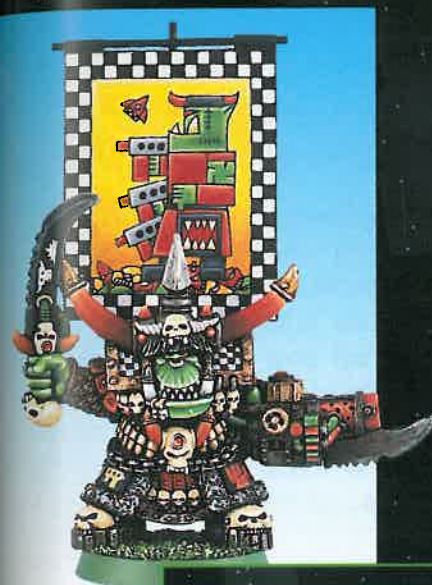
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POWER OF DA WAAAGH!

ORK WARLORD GHAZGHKULL MAG URUK THRAKA



By now you can't have failed to notice that arguably the greatest Ork ever to have lived, Ghazghkull Thraka, is back and bigger than ever. Matt Hutson takes a misty-eyed look back at the various incarnations of Ghazghkull, starting with his first appearance way back in WD134...

1 In da beginning

The first Ghazghkull appeared way back in WD134 as part of Andy Chamber's sample Goff Ork warband, picked from the Goff army list in 'Ere We Go (one of the first Ork army books). Ghazghkull's characteristic adamantium skull and his power to call on the Waaagh! came into being when Andy used the equipment charts to randomly generate them. The model itself was a Mike McVey conversion. Also appearing for the first time in this army was Mad Doc Grotznik.



2 Armageddon

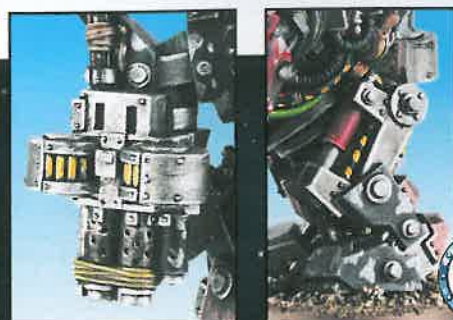
The next Ghazghkull appeared after the release of our boardgame, 'Battle for Armageddon' (you can download this game free from our campaign website: www.armageddon3.com - Fat Bloke). The game was based on the second Armageddon war and the two main characters were Ghazghkull and Commissar Yarrick. Inspired by the game's background, Jervis Johnson designed special rules for using them in Warhammer 40,000 and Epic 40,000, thus turning them into our first special characters.



3 The Beast Returns!

The new Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, sculpted by Brian Nelson, is an absolute monster. Clad head to toe in mega armour, he makes even the other Warbosses look like Grots in comparison! As big as a Dreadnought, he is proof that the more powerful an Ork gets the more he grows. We think this gargantuan model is one of Brian Nelson's best to date (all the sample models in the Studio disappeared very quickly!).

But Ghazghkull isn't just a great model - he is also a mighty special character to use in your Ork army. Able to call upon the Power of the Waaagh!, Ghazghkull is easily capable of turning the tide of battle for the Orks. Check out Arena of Death next month to see how he fares against his arch-enemy Commissar Yarrick.





Imperial Guard attack an Ork held position, closely supported by a Sentinel.

DESIGNS ON A SENTINEL

The Imperial Guard Sentinel is a very adaptable vehicle. Veteran Imperial commander, Matthew Sprange, takes a look at its tactical use on the battlefield, whilst Nick Davis interrogates Tim Adcock and Andy Chambers about the new kit's modelling opportunities.



Many Imperial Guard commanders have had cause to praise the versatility of the Sentinel in battle and I'm no exception. Though it was primarily designed as a light scouting vehicle, the chassis has proved adaptable enough to be suited to a wide range of roles in military service and in this article I'll look at the various ways in which you, as an Imperial Guard player, can integrate Sentinel squadrons into your games.

BATTLEPLAN: SENTINEL - BASIC CONCEPTS

Whilst the Sentinel may, at first appearance, seem too lightly armoured and too undergunned to survive the rigours of

battle, skillful use of the walker will allow you to achieve many tasks not suited to the other units you field.

Primarily, I find the Sentinel most useful in an infantry support role – that is, moving squadrons alongside infantry squads so that both derive mutual protection from the other. In this way, the Sentinels are used in a similar manner to two adjacent infantry squads on their own, providing the enemy with two targets rather than just one and throwing out double the firepower of a single squad, enabling a far quicker suppression of enemy targets before they can bring their own weapons to bear.

A Sentinel squadron will lend far greater flexibility to you than two infantry squads alone. A Sentinel's strengths and weaknesses are well complimented by those of the infantry squad it moves alongside. The squadron is capable of dealing with large numbers of infantry that would otherwise swamp the Guardsmen, whether it is armed with multi-lasers or heavy flammers. On the other hand, the squad's own heavy and special weapons are able to protect the Sentinels from enemies that, on a level field, would have little trouble destroying the Sentinels – enemy armoured vehicles are a good example here. In extreme circumstances, the Sentinels may even be employed to physically shield the infantry squad from enemy fire by having the squad take cover behind them.

After playing just a few games, you'll more than likely find that Imperial Guardsmen are extremely vulnerable to assault. Here too, the Sentinel proves a very capable machine as most

enemy assault infantry, such as Eldar Banshees and Ork Boyz, are unable to breach its armour. Even in the face of stronger opposition, such as Chaos Marines or Genestealers, a squadron of Sentinels will easily be able to tie up large numbers of them, leaving the infantry squad free to attack more important targets. The Catachan Sentinels, with their rough terrain modifications, are particularly well suited to this type of combat.

As the Sentinels are vehicles, they will never flee from assaults and may well effectively pin down a valuable enemy squad for much of the battle, rendering them next to useless.

IN ASSAULT AND DEFENCE

Combining all of this into a cohesive battleplan is what will make or break you as an Imperial Guard player. In every battle you'll have to, at the most basic level, accomplish either a successful attack or an unbreakable defence. Whilst specific goals may vary from battle to battle, every fight is a variation of an assault or a defence. It is therefore important to know exactly how to employ high value units such as Sentinels in each battle.

HOLDING THE LINE

The key to a successful defence is to stall an enemy long enough for your own forces to deliver a series of unrecoverable killing blows. With the Imperial Guard, this is usually achieved through the use of superior firepower concentrated at a few key points in the enemy's line. However, any Imperial Guard force is going to find itself extremely vulnerable to any form of breakthrough by the enemy. This is where the Sentinels come in. A squadron can lend its weight of firepower to that of the rest of the army whilst keeping close to the squads it protects, until the enemy musters enough strength to attempt a breakthrough of the Guard line.

If the enemy attempts to annihilate the infantry squads through the use of heavy anti-personnel fire, the Sentinels can simply move to block lines of sight, shielding the squads as they will be relatively unharmed by such weaponry. If, however, the enemy tries a more direct form of assault, then the Sentinels

can move forward to block their attack and tie them up for a good length of time.

In either case, the Sentinels should be considered expendable – sometimes, just keeping their infantry squads alive and functioning for just one more turn may grant victory. After all, how many battles have you fought where you could have won if you had had 'just one more turn?' – I've lost count of how many times this has happened to me! For this sort of battle, the Sentinels are best armed with multi-lasers, and suitable upgrades to be considered are hunter-killer missiles, extra armour and armoured crew compartments – anything, in fact, that keeps them moving, firing and capable of tackling enemy offensives.

BREAKTHROUGH AND ATTACK

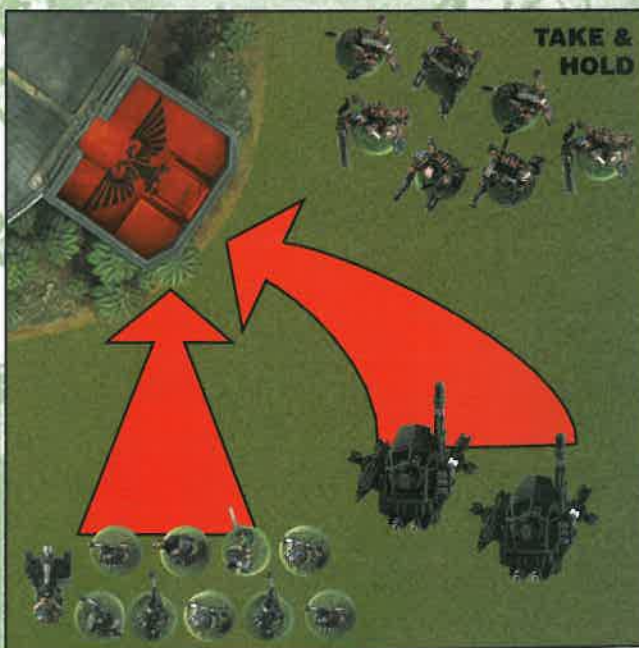
Assaults typically take a lot of planning for an Imperial Guard player as the army is very 'static' in nature and always operates better from prepared positions. Inevitably, however, there will be times when an army is called on not just to destroy an enemy, but to seize terrain or capture a valuable objective. You'll find the Sentinel can be an immense help in this situation.

Usually in an assault, you will deploy a good portion of your army far back, to provide supporting fire for a forward assault force that will be tasked with covering ground and taking objectives. Sentinels can form a valuable part of this assault force for a number of reasons...

Firstly, the majority of Imperial Guard units find that their firepower suffers whenever they begin to move – heavy and ordnance weapons cannot fire and the effective range of small arms is greatly reduced because of the Rapid Fire rules. With one or more squadrons of Sentinels marching alongside infantry squads, a veritable hail of fire can be kept up until the squads get within range with their lasguns and special weapons. The Sentinels can serve a double role in this way by actually shielding the squad as both of them advance, but you must take extreme care or the Sentinels may prove just how fragile they can be. With the likelihood of facing very heavy



Above: The Sentinels can move to block the assault troops or shield the infantry from fire.



Above: The Sentinels can shield the Infantry and give covering fire as both move towards the objective.

enemy fire during the advance, every piece of terrain must be used by the Sentinels and the squads they protect to provide cover or fully block off lines of sight as they close the distance. It is also imperative that the rest of the army behind the assault force co-ordinates its fire to eliminate the most serious threats, not to themselves, but to the Sentinels and squads ahead.

Sentinels used for this sort of attack can be suitably armed with either heavy flamers or multi-lasers, but upgrades are best confined to extra armour, smoke launchers and rough terrain modifications. These upgrades will ensure that the Sentinels are able to keep moving forward towards their objectives whilst under the heavy fire which they are likely to attract.

One very rash tactic sometimes attempted by the more impetuous players is to make use of the Sentinel's ability to scout ahead of the rest of the army and begin engaging in combat almost as soon as the battle begins. This is done by deploying the Sentinels right at the front of your army when the enemy sets up only 18" away, then moving them forward 6", thus putting them in range to move and charge on the first turn. This is typically used to either get the Sentinels immediately into assault with an enemy infantry squad that

has deployed too far forward or to take an objective early on in the battle. It has to be said that this is a very dangerous tactic to try, especially in larger battles where the squadron may well find itself quickly cut off from the rest of the Guard army, without support and without hope. In this position, the Sentinels' thin armour will prove to be little comfort as every heavy weapon begins to target them. I advise that recently-graduated Imperial Guard commanders don't try this tactic until they've become fully familiar with Sentinel operations and then only when the situation is of the direst importance – it is likely that you'll lose the whole squadron very quickly.

SENTINELS... ADVANCE!

Hopefully, my thoughts will have helped you to discover new and more effective ways of using Sentinels in combat as part of an overall plan of battle for your Imperial Guard army. You can experiment with different deployment strategies and new vehicle upgrades for your Sentinels, but the basic principles discussed here will remain the same from battle to battle.

So, get your Sentinel jocks to strap into their walkers, fire up the engines and start dealing destruction to the enemies of the Emperor!



Tim Adcock

SENTINEL TANK HUNTER

The Sentinel designer, Tim Adcock, has put together a rather unique variant to join his growing Sentinel squadron – A Sentinel Tank Hunter. This is what he did...

Radar & rocket launcher from the Land Raider kit.

Brass mesh, available from model shops.

Rivets on cab made from thinly sliced micro rod.

Flamer from an Imperial Guard Catachan kit, mounted on buzz saw arm.

Scratch-built lascannon made from laminated plasticard, plastic tubing and Green Stuff.

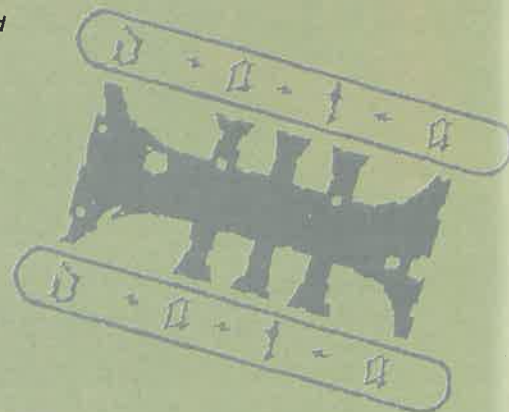
New exhaust made from plastic tube and thin plastic strip.

Helmet and lasgun from a Cadian Imperial Guard miniature.

Leg cut at knee joint.



Bed rolls & tarpaulins made from Green Stuff and thin plastic strips.



XXIII ORAN, 3RD REGT. "HEADHUNTERS" SENTINEL SQUADRON



Andy Chambers

My Sentinel conversions started a long, long way back when I first got hold of a squadron of the old all-metal type to add to my Imperial Guard XXIII Oran "Headhunters". I wasn't too keen on the basic body of the old-style sentinel (AKA the egg on legs), so I decided to use an old trick of obscuring their shape with lots of camouflage, ammo, stowage, grenades, guns and even skulls (I wanted my squadron to have a very feral look) scavenged from different kits. With the foolhardiness of youth, I stuck everything onto the models and then had to struggle with painting them afterwards, using a fairly bold and mercifully disruptive green/brown camo scheme.

Many years passed and thanks to the great efforts of Tim Adcock and Jes Goodwin, the superb new plastic Sentinel came in to being. The kit-bashing side of my nature rose to the challenge immediately, although this time it felt a little sacrilegious to mutilate a very nice model. But I really wanted to have a go at personalising these Sentinels like my other squadron, and I had Jes badgering me to go ahead and do it because he really liked what I'd done with the old ones. So, out with the knives, clippers and superglue and off I went.

I built each Sentinel in turn, modifying it as I went along. I found that it was best to start off by building half of the cockpit (the multi-laser side) and, while that was drying, start construction on the legs. I then popped those in place onto the hip section but didn't glue them on for the time being. Having done any monkeying around I deemed necessary with the pilot figure, I then stuck him in place before gluing the two halves of the cockpit together (I failed to do this on one and had a curse-filled five minutes jamming the model home).

Engine and exhausts went on next, and while that was drying I clipped the feet off the legs and tried posing the legs before gluing them into place on the base once they looked OK. Finally, I glued the cockpit assembly on top of the hips and added extra bits on the outsides. This worked well as it meant that I had several sections on the go at the same time and I could spend some time putting dents, nicks and bullet holes into the bodywork of the Sentinels using a sharp knife.

I paid particular attention to the exhausts at the back as these would be quite prominent and real-life exhausts are made of thin metal which gets pretty battered looking. I also cut out the door panel from the cockpits on my Sentinels, figuring that this would give them more of a stripped down, irregular look. I've given each of the Sentinels a name to help me 'theme' each one; as I built them I tried to keep these in mind, while giving them a few helpful vehicle upgrades along the way.

So here's the lowdown on the XXIII Oran, 3rd Regt. Sentinel Squadron...

Mangrove Jack

Upgrades: Camo netting.

On the first, and probably most restrained, Sentinel conversion, I used water bottles, pouches and knives from the Catachan and Mordheim kits to give the cockpit a lived-in feel and attached a variety of heads culled from the Skeleton, Ork and Zombie kits to keep up the feral feel. Other bits of clutter include a fuel can from the barrels set and a Necromunda autopistol for Jack's personal side arm.

The main thing I did to this model was to add camo netting over the roof and cockpit front, with a minor theft from our first aid box to get some bandage. I soaked the bandage in a mix of PVA glue and water and then draped it into place on the model, taking care to tease it out quite thinly so that didn't look too lumpy. Once the netting was dry, I pruned a few leaves off the plastic aquarium plants in my jungle terrain collection and glued them onto the netting with super glue. Further domestic theft turned up some brush bristles which I glued on for radio aerials. These are a bit too fine really and I may replace them with wire at some point.



The original Oran XXIII Regt. 3rd Company Sentinel Squadron - The Headhunters.

THE SARGE

Upgrades: Camo netting, extra armour, hunter-killer missile.

I put together the Sarge after Mangrove Jack, and got a bit more ambitious. I used a Catachan trooper in place of the pilot so that I could have the Sarge standing tall in the saddle as if he was checking out the lie of the land. I had to fudge his arms a little but covered the resulting gaps with some Green Stuff worked into easy-to-do furry texture. For added firepower I also constructed a stubby little hunter-killer missile using the head of the missile on the Imperial Guard tank accessories kit mated to the heavy flamer also on that sprue. I also had a fantasy Orc totem from who knows where which fitted nicely between the exhausts as an added bit of decoration. As a finishing touch, I added camo netting and found that a few track links fitted nicely along the upper thigh and knees for extra armour.



Gas Boy

Upgrades: Camo netting, smoke launchers.

By far the most ambitious of all my conversions, Gas Boy was the one I wanted to try and animate to look like it was running. I canted the cockpit and hips over as far as they would go in opposite directions and modified the foot of the raised leg, cutting off the toes and re-attaching them in a more closed position. Be warned, this was horribly fiddly and I ended up having to use bits of plastic strip to brace the toes at the right angles - but more care and patience should render it a less troublesome task. I cut away most of the roof, added a smoke launcher and modified the pilot using bits of Mordheim figures so that he was gripping the remaining stanchion to give the impression of the whole thing lurching along. I added the fuel drum at the back to help counter balance the whole thing, which had become dangerously front heavy, meshing it in with a draped camo-net.



— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

A Warhammer 40,000 battle report written by Phil Kelly, Andy Chambers, Graham Davey, Nick Davis and Dylan Owen. Played out by Paul Sawyer, Karl Renwick, Alan Merrett, Owen Branham, Andy Chambers, Rowland Cox, Matt Hutson, Adrian Wood, Gordon Davidson, Gary James and Alex Boyd.

WARZONE TEMPESTORA



Welcome to this month's titanic battle report, chronicling one of the battles at the centre of the apocalyptic Third War for Armageddon. A system-spanning invasion of Orks, far larger than any the Imperium has ever witnessed before, has chosen the war-torn planet of Armageddon as its primary target.

Under the iron claw of Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, thousands upon thousands of Ork tribes have been united into one devastating army. The Imperium responded rapidly to the gathering of the Ork warhost, mustering aid from more than a score of Adeptus Astartes Chapters and countless regiments of the Imperial Guard. Set in and around the industrial wasteground of Hive Tempestora, this battle report focuses on the war-torn landscape of an Imperial tank factory and its environs.

A horde of greenskins invaded the industrial city, burning buildings and slaughtering civilians as they rampaged through the streets. Night after night the battle raged across the bleak landscape, and slowly, at the cost of thousands of lives, the alien advance was halted. Stemming the avalanche of battle-frenzied Orks was only the beginning, however. Conceding possession of the south side of the city, the Imperial forces were relieved to see that the Orks had stopped to regroup. The Armageddon Steel Legion, forming the bulk of the Imperial defence force in this warzone, was bolstered by a contingent of Salamanders and a small assault force of Blood Angels, all sworn to keep the Orks from taking the city entirely.

This battle report is so large we have had to split it over two issues! No less than eleven players were involved over four separate gaming tables, using 16,000 points of models along with a space hulk, aerial raids, tanks by the dozen, heavy artillery and tape measures up to twenty feet long! At the end of a long day of bitter fighting, we had one of the largest and most exciting battle reports ever seen...

Needless to say, we wanted this battle report to be suitably vast to reflect the sheer scale of the fighting taking place in the Armageddon sub-sector. All around the Studio there were suggestions of taking thousands upon thousands of Orks, calling in people from other departments, fielding everything from actual Fighta-Bommerz to the Imperial Baneblade. Fat Bloke, in a flash of inspiration unfettered by mere practicalities, envisaged two solutions: fight the battle on the biggest, most extensively modelled board we could find in the whole of the Games Workshop HQ, or to fight the battle over several separate boards on different terrain.

Of course, he decided to do both! The main battle would be set on the wonderfully modelled Tank Factory battlefield, an architectural marvel constructed by the Warhammer World team that is one of the centre pieces of the Warhammer World museum. The games development team came up with fully detailed scenarios and special rules for the industrial complex, enabling us to use every nook and cranny of the detailed boards. This sprawling cityscape features docks, a suspension bridge, towering barracks and a communications centre, but above all a cathedral-sized factory that completely dominates the ruined landscape.

Each of the peripheral tables would also be fully blown games, and the results of each battle would directly affect the chances of victory on the main board. One would enact the fierce fighting in the ash wastes outside the city as the Orks raced to smash the Imperial Guard artillery raining bombardments into the main Ork force. Another was set on the rolling plains to the east of the city, where the White Scars rapid response force battled to the last in an attempt to stop the Speed Freeks from reinforcing the assault on the city. The last was set high in the stratosphere above the battle, as the grim Black Templars raged through a gargantuan Ork Hulk in an attempt to silence its lethal supporting fire.



Surrounded by gaming tables, Fat Bloke rubs his hands in eager anticipation of the fight of his life.

WARHAMMER
 40,000

Detonations lit up the desolate skyline of Hive Tempestora like fireworks, throwing the once proud buildings into relief against the bruised sky.

Hive Monitor Van Heulen scanned the landscape from his position high in the watchtower, one of the few buildings untouched by the alien menace. His macrobinoculars showed little of the darkened landscape except the torches and headlamps of the encroaching invasion, carpeting the city with a blanket of flickering lights. Flames sporadically lit up sections of the city as the Orks continued their methodical arson. When he switched the settings to infra-red, however, the whole south side of the city glowed Orks, thousands of filthy, noisy Orks, fouling his city with the stench of death. And what had the Emperor, in his wisdom, chosen to repel them? Tanks by the score. Artillery pieces that dwarfed the buildings they travelled through. Bombardments that would level his city to the ground. If even one building stood in the hive of Tempestora when this was over, Van Heulen would be very surprised indeed.

He had seen, from his hiding place, the distinctive colours of several Space Marine Chapters taking up positions in the ruins below. He could see the urban camouflage of the Armageddon Steel Legion tank battalions far below him as they formed a wall of metal and firepower across the centre of the city. For so very long the chief export and source of income for Tempestora, the tanks had been clogging the streets with smoke and noise for a week. It seemed that every tank that had ever rolled forth from the factory was back, ready to defend its birthplace. He only hoped the last sixty years of tank production could stop the aliens before they burnt Hive Tempestora into the ash.

The streets ahead were packed solid with a mass of jeering Greenskins. The noise of their shouting was clearly audible even over the expanse of the industrial city. Occasionally an imperial bombardment would thunder into the horde, showering masonry and dust over the assembled Orks. Each time a barrage hit home, each time Ork corpses were thrown into the air, they just seemed to shout louder, greeting hits that would have crippled the morale of a platoon with a thunderous roar of battlelust.

Sergeant Haines hated that sound with a passion. It brought back terrible memories of panic, pain, and blood trickling across barren ash. He had fought Orks time and time again, beating back wave upon wave of invading Greenskins from the city he used to visit as a child. His grandfather had fought hard all his life in the defence of Armageddon, and looking back on his life, Haines realised that he had done nothing less himself. With a shudder, he reflected on his situation. He lay flat on a rusty walkway thirty feet above a squadron of the very tanks he used to gawp at as a youth, slack-jawed, as they rolled out of the vast industrial cathedral. He could see that very building now, looming in the near-dark, riddled with holes and scorch marks from previous clashes with the alien menace. He was caught off guard by the deafening white noise of the bombardments, so loud it blotted out the low roar of the Orks for a few blissful seconds. A hard, stinging wind whipped around his greatcoat, grit clouding his goggles. He wiped them clean with the back

of his hand and opened the comm-channel.

"Well gentlemen, we may have the best seats in the house, but it's vital we keep our minds on our mission brief. For the next few hours every single thing you think, say or do will be concerning the defence of the building to our left. Although it is well defended, we all know what Sergeant Wakefield's lot are like under pressure, so don't think we won't see any action."

Nervous laughter came across the comm-link from his squad. Some of them were itching to exterminate the horde of Orks that had rained down on their planet, but those of his squad who had fought Orks before were silent and grim. Haines turned to the lascannon team lying beside him.

"Gayner, as soon as those Ork personnel carriers come into the open I want them taken down. Do not, repeat do not, allow them to close in on our position. The entirety of our platoon is counting on this. Jameson, get back down and stay down. The next warning you may get could be a piece of shrapnel in the face."

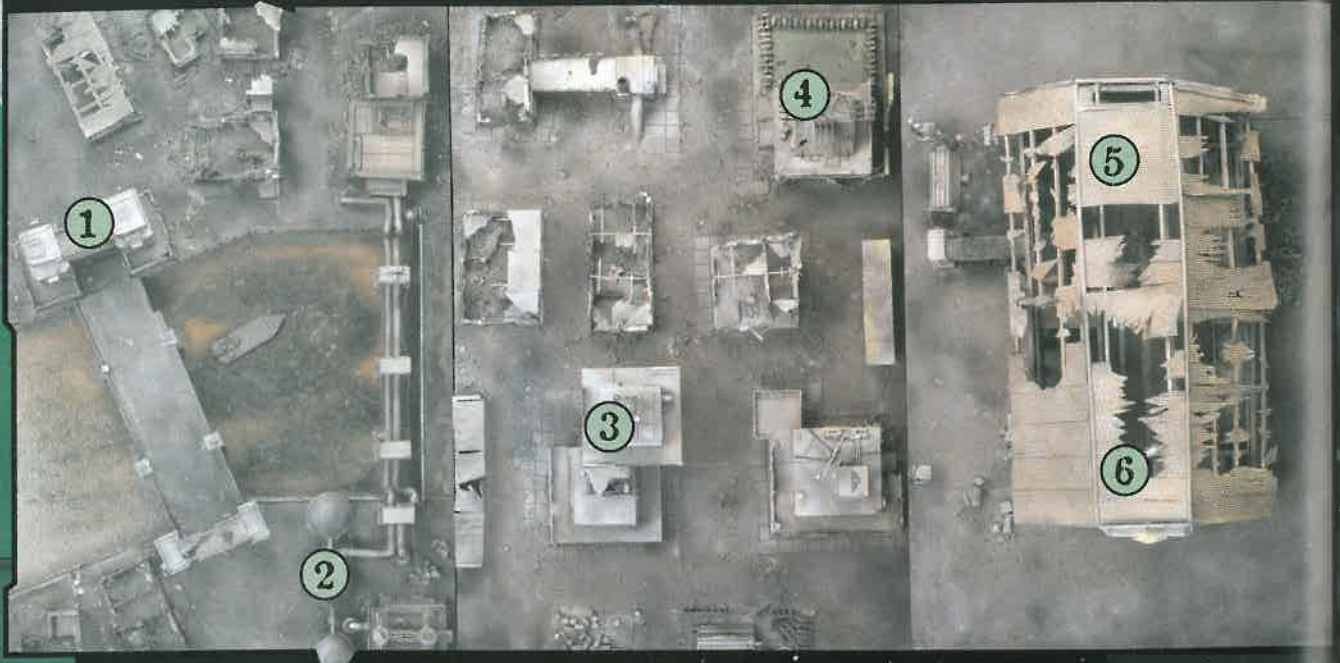
There was a series of smaller explosions over to his right, and he could see detonations rocking the bridgehead to its foundations. His photochromatic goggles magnified the view just in time to see an Ork Fighta-Bommer, belching smoke, wheeling away from the guns of the platoon defending the bridge. With a sudden sense of vertigo, he looked back down through the streets.

He could feel his heart rate quicken as he saw the horde of Orks start to move through the streets. The aliens must have received the signal they were waiting for, as all across the city he could see Orks spilling from the buildings. Carried on the wind was the sound of countless motors revving, each carrying a lethal cargo of frenzied Orks. The beasts were on the move.

Haines just couldn't shake the feeling that this would be the last day of his life.

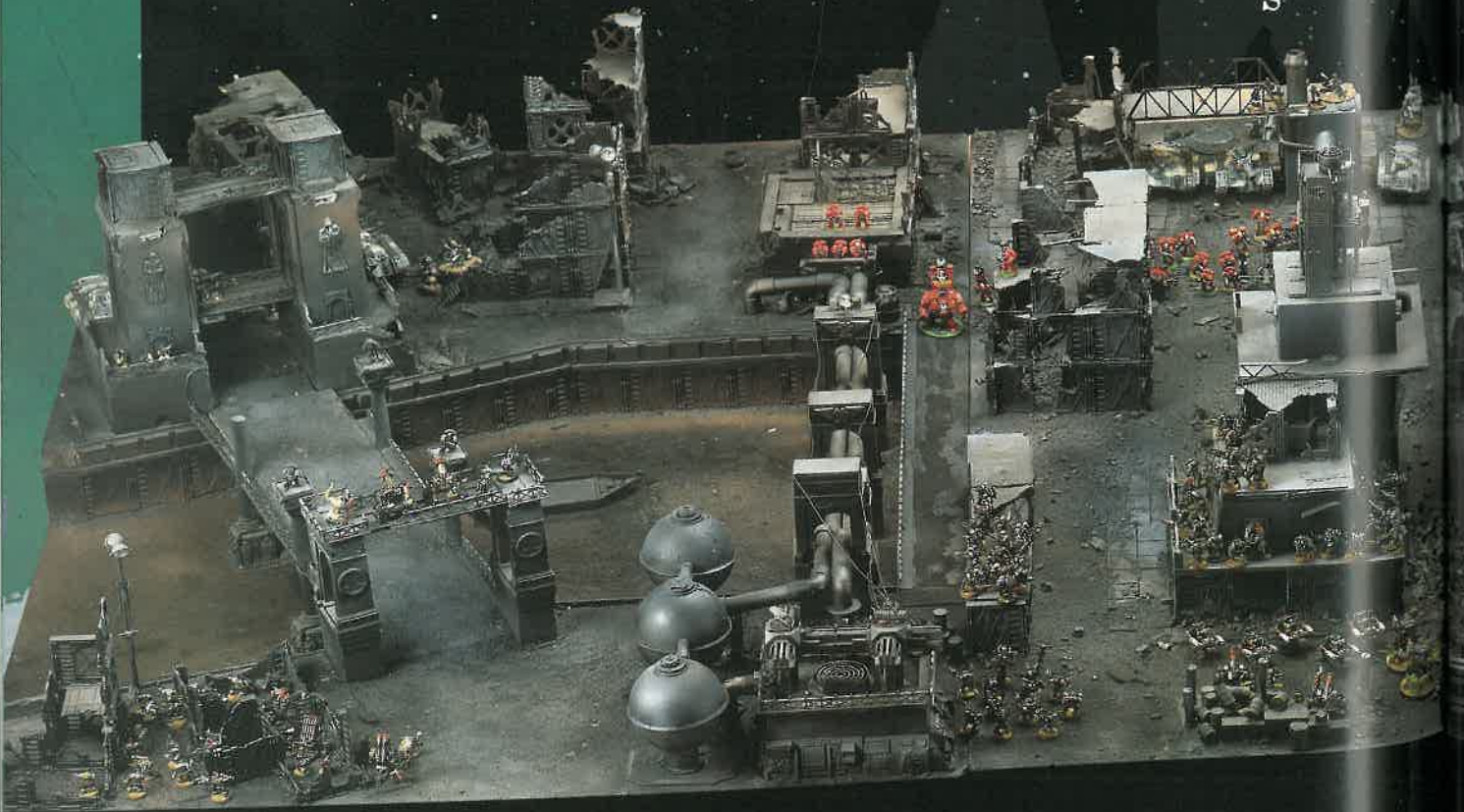


WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY



OBJECTIVES

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1: The Main Bridgehead | 4: The Comms Relay Centre |
| 2: The Generator Spheres | 5: The Tank Factory (North) |
| 3: The Barracks | 6: The Tank Factory (South) |



THE SCENARIO

A massive battle rages between the Orks and a force of Salamanders, Blood Angels and the Armageddon Steel Legion, fighting for control of key strategic points around the Imperial Tank factory.

This is a Cleanse scenario with the following modifications:

- The game will be fought over a 12'x6' city table.
- Armies will deploy up to 24" onto the table from the long edges.
- The game lasts 8 turns (or until the end of the day!).

Rather than possession of quarters, the Cleanse objectives are: each half of the Tank Factory (North and South), the Main Bridgehead, the Generator Spheres, the Comms Relay Centre and the Barracks (see map left).



— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

Imperial artillery is raining down supporting fire on the main battlefield and the Orks have launched an attack to take it out of commission.

- The Imperial player has 1,500 points and three immobile Earthshakers.
- The Ork player has 1,500 points [plus two extra Fighta-Bommerz].
- The Imperial player deploys first, up to 24" in from the table edge.
- The Orks deploy second, at least 24" from the Imperial deployment zone.
- The Orks get the first turn.
- The Orks used the Sustained Assault scenario special rules.
- In each Imperial shooting phase, the surviving Earthshakers must fire at the main table, guessing the range as normal. Any other guess range weapons on the table may fire at the main table if they have sufficient range, if the Imperial player wishes.



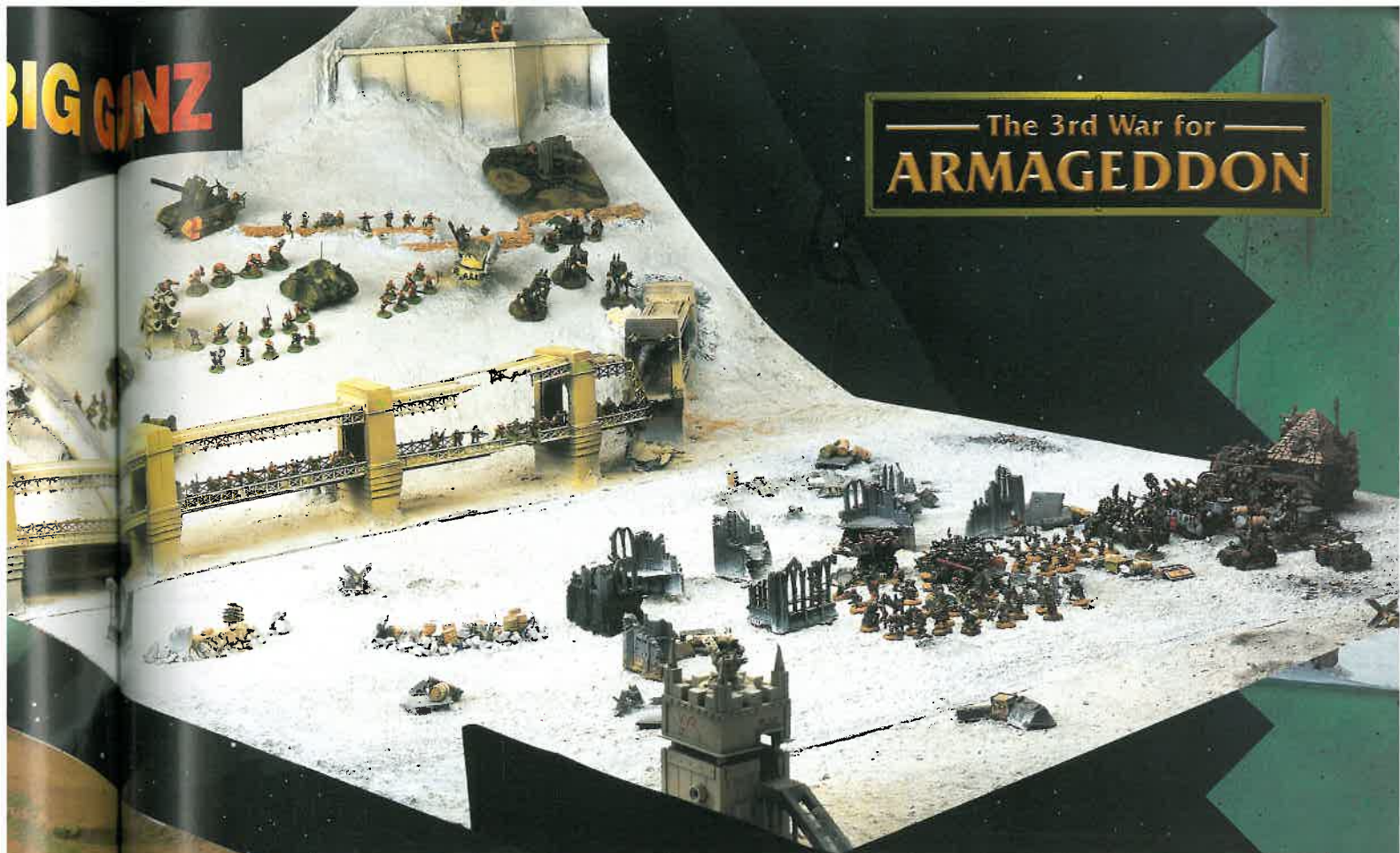
The Black Templars have launched an attack against the hulk 'Ogron', which is currently raining fire down from orbit. They have three objectives to destroy, each of which will silence one of the gun batteries currently blasting apart the Imperial army.

- The basic scenario is the same as Sabotage, except that it uses the Standard Missions force organisation chart. The following changes are also used:
- There are three objectives on the board.
- The defender deploys one unit of Troops per objective, each within 8" of its objective.
- There are no sentries.
- The attacker deploys up to 18" in from one corner.
- The following reserves rule is used: at the start of the second and subsequent turns, the Ork player can bring on half of their units still in reserve (rounding up). The units that arrive are randomly determined from those left off the table.
- The attacker may not use jump packs or vehicles (except Dreadnoughts).
- In every Ork shooting phase, any intact objectives allow the Ork player to fire an Earthshaker shot at the main table, the range guessed from each of the individual objectives.
- There is no maximum game length. The boarding action continues until the main table game is finished.



BIG GINZ

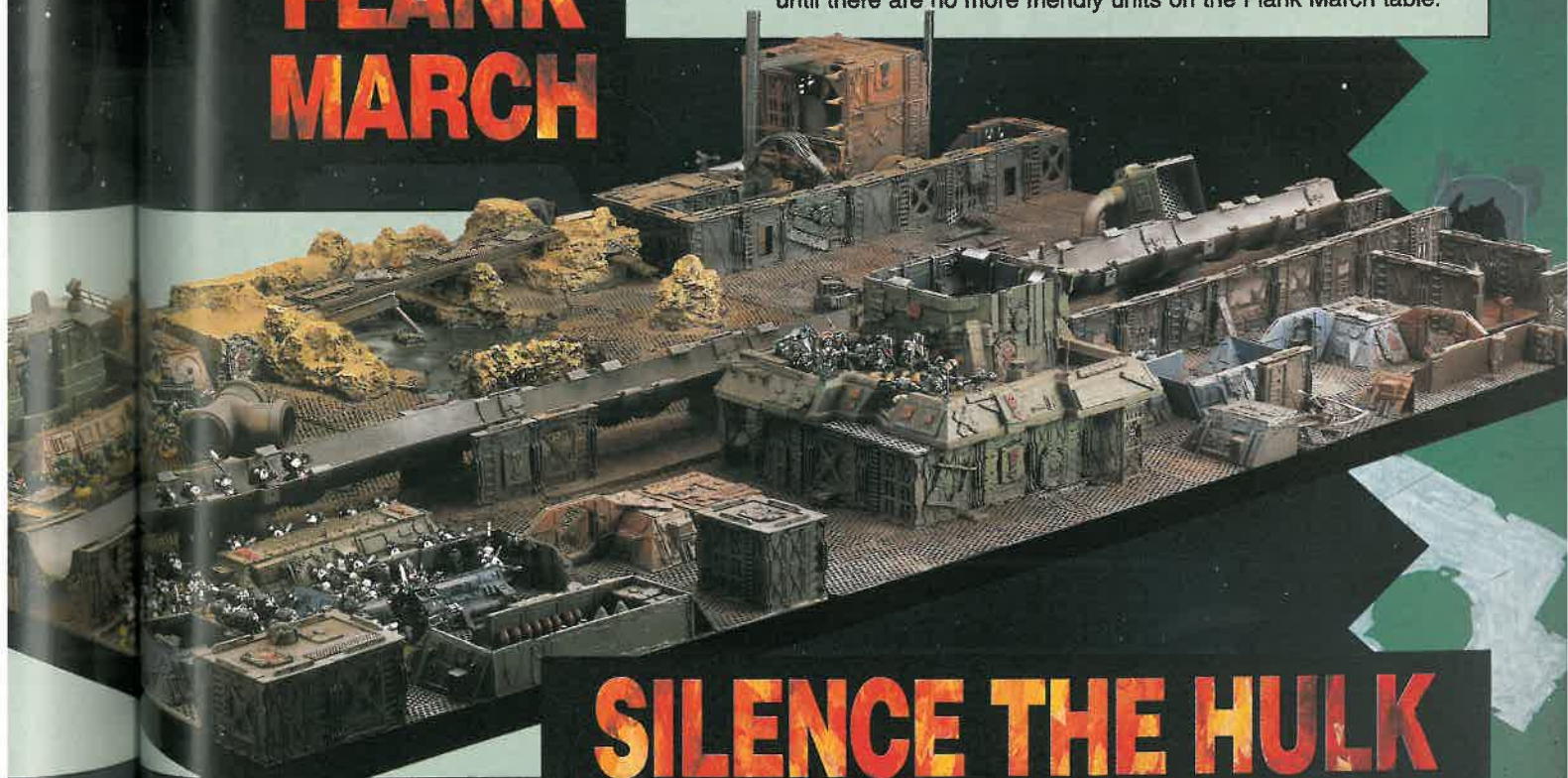
The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



A White Scars patrol engages Ork Speed Freeks in a high-speed duel to fight off the enemy force and outflank the main battle.

- The Recon mission from the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook fought on an 8'x6' table, with armies deploying along the 8' length.
- Units that move off the opposing table edge will join the main battle. They move on to the main battle in the movement phase of the next friendly turn. They are under the control of one of the main table commanders until there are no more friendly units on the Flank March table.

FLANK MARCH



SILENCE THE HULK



Gary 'Wazneg' James (left) and Andy 'Gorbag' Chambers

CHOOSIN' DA HORDE

Andy: With but days to go before the big battle I still hadn't picked my army. I had only thought of a long mental list of things I wanted to use. Fortunately Gary was a lot more organised and sent me a copy of his army list ahead of time. With this to work from I could start to get an idea of what our combined forces would amount to. Gary had gone for a mobile and hard hitting

force with plenty of trukks, Stormboyz and warbikes, backed up by Killa Kans, Lobbas and Tankbusta Boyz.

This played pretty well into the hands of the fuzzy plan I had, to take lots of ordinary Boyz with a few interesting things to help them out (like my newly converted Battlewagon and 'Ardboyz mob). I figured that by taking as many Boyz as possible I would gain two advantages. Firstly I would have enough Ork-power to cover the whole front, enabling Gary's army to concentrate its efforts on attacking the Imperial objectives. The second was that if my casualties accumulated over what would be a long and bloody battle, the mobs would find it easy to mob up and return to the fray.



Alan Merrett

Alan: As a veteran Space Marine player, the opportunity to lead a force of Blood Angels in the Armageddon battle was too good to let pass. I've always been enthralled by the imagery and background of the Chapter, and I love fielding the Death Company! Going up against Orks, they were just what I needed to fight fire with fire.

Being the commander of the smallest of the three forces deployed on my table, I decided that I could do the best job for the Imperial effort by setting up a fast and incisive attack. This would give Rowland's Steel Legion force time to set up good fire support and would keep the Ork forces off-balance whilst our superior firepower could be brought to

bear. Leading my attack would be the Death Company in their super-charged Rhino transport, followed up by the jump-pack Assault troops. The Furious and Tactical squads would hopefully be able to reinforce my main thrust and react to any Ork counter moves.



Rowland Cox

Rowland: Most Imperial Guard players, like myself, have been waiting with baited breath for the Steel Legion army list. It has definitely been worth the wait. The models are great, and the army list works really well. Now you can field great armoured columns, and have a totally mobile army.

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



The day of the battle, Gary arrived and we had time to take a quick look over the board and go away to come up with some kind of plan. I thoroughly expected us to have a tactical advantage in that the efforts of the opposing three Imperial players were bound to be more disorganised than just two of us with bigger armies. This made me think that we needed a strategy to our approach which would sweep aside the Imperials with an avalanche of Greenskins.

We started by looking at the objectives. We decided not to try to charge across the bridge over the river, tempting as it seemed, because that would be tantamount to suicide. The tank factory, on the other hand, was worth two objectives in effect (one for each

half) so it represented a juicy target as any forces in there would not only be able to fight into the enemy half, but protect their own half too.

The idea was that the strong part of our force made up the mobile element and would move forward decisively. The remainder of the force would form a block for the attack to hinge around. With luck the enemy force would be caught by the mobile attack while it was still busy fighting the block in the centre. Assuming our motorised right flank fulfilled its role, we would have a whole section of the Imperial defence shattered in the first few turns of the game...



WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY



The Studio Steel Legion army is extensive and comprehensively equipped, so choosing units was easy. I took two platoons of troops to provide a solid defensive force, along with a Leman Russ for long range support. These would guard our objectives, being stationed along the main bridgehead and at the Comms Centre. The rest of the force would be designated for a swift counter attack. This consisted of Commissar Yarrick and his squad of highly trained Storm Troopers, along with the obligatory Chimera transports, the Command HQ, a Hellhound and Sentinel. That should be more than enough to strike back with irresistible force if the Orks got too close. All I had to worry about was the off-table barrages blowing up my carefully selected army...



Owen
Branham

Owen: With the Salamanders being one of the new armies covered in Codex Armageddon it would have been rude not to take them in this battle report. As a long-time Space Marine player (my own army is not all that different) I like the army list for the Salamanders. With the character of the army in mind I equipped my troop-heavy army with lots of infantry armed with meltas, flammers, multi-meltas and a heavy flamer. The

Dreadnought and the Predator were reserved for support roles. It wasn't until I'd handed my list in that Fat Bloke told me I would be defending the factory against the Ork Warlord and his retinue (including the Ork Basilisk)...

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



Paul Sawyer
'Fat Bloke'

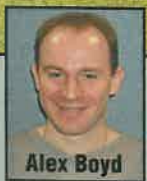
Paul: After all the hassle of dreaming up and organising a battle report this size (aided by a cast of thousands!) I was damn sure I was going to have the fun of playing in it! So with my White Scars, proud warriors of Primarch Khan and masters of the lightning attack, facing the Ork Speed Freaks I'd have to think carefully about force composition as I wouldn't necessarily have the advantage of superior mobility I usually enjoy. On the other hand neither would the Orks...

I'd just painted a brand new Land Raider Crusader but at 250+ points it would be too much in a 1,500 point game. No, I'd rely on my trusty Space Marine bikes who have served me so well in the past. So, lots of bikes backed up with a Tactical squad in a Rhino

to provide a solid fire base along with a squad of scouts armed with sniper rifles and a heavy bolter. To make absolutely sure the Ork trucks wouldn't be able to race across the board and unload their vile Greenskin cargo, I took a squadron of Attack bikes (12" move, 2+ save, 2 attacks and mounting a heavy weapon. Blessed is the Emperor in his foresight!). If the Orks did manage to make it to my battleline they'd have to deal with a full assault squad. Led by a power weapon wielding Veteran Sergeant they would certainly be able to hold their own against almost anything the Orks had to throw at them. This whole attack force would be led by Subedai Khan, the most revered of the Chapter's Chaplains.

With the White Scars mobilised and eagerly revving their collective engines, the time had come to eradicate this alien menace from the warzone once and for all!

FLANK MARCH



Alex Boyd

Alex: I'd never seen the Speed Freaks army used before so I had no idea what to expect. They're fast (which is ideal for the scenario) and have some cool new elements – Deth Koptas and Fighta-Bommer raids, which will be interesting. However, the Studio army did not have much leeway in what troops I could choose. I would definitely have taken a Nobz Warbikes unit (the firepower of a

warbike with the fighting prowess of a Nob – wow!) as a second HQ. But this was just a minor gripe, and the game would be great fun anyway.

As far as tactics went, I was more concerned about Paul getting off the table and reinforcing the Imperials than getting off the table myself. In other words I was just going to try to clobber him. If I had anyone left after that, all the better!



Karl Renwick

Karl: Ever since I first started playing Warhammer 40,000 I have loved close combat armies. Charging across the battlefield, taking huge casualties on the way, before finally engaging the enemy and hacking them limb from limb – what better army to play than Orks?

My chances of winning this game were slim to none in my opinion. My plan was just to hold up the Black Templars assault as long as possible allowing the Ork guns to rain more barrages on the Imperial forces on the main table.

First I wanted to choose a couple of big units to hold up the Space Marines, and give them something to chew on. Thirty Shoota Boyz and twelve Stikk Bommas would do for a start. Two Killer Kans and one Ork Dreadnought would give some heavy support to the Boyz. Killer Kans and Dreads are two of the best units in the Ork army, but can easily be taken out by long range weapons as they plod across the battlefield. This would be less of a problem on a cluttered Ork space hulk with all its corridors and debris to block line of sight.

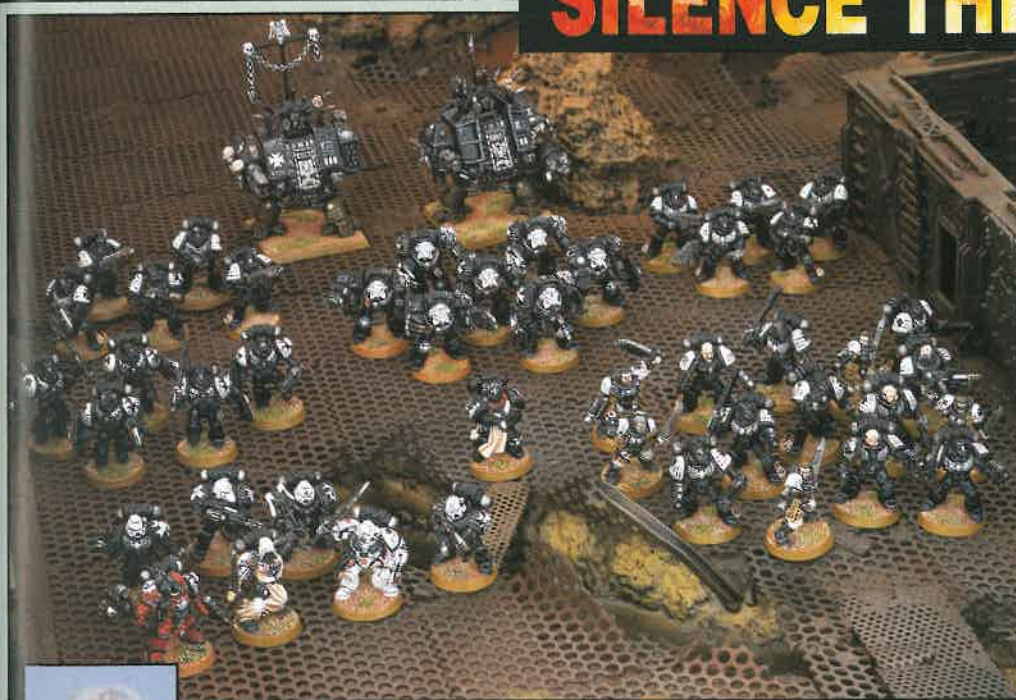
A unit of three zzap guns with a Slaver (to keep the Grots in check) would be my last line of defence if all else failed to stop the Adeptus Astartes.

Last but not least, my secret weapon. Three units of Trukk Boyz with a Nob in each unit and the Warboss's retinue also mounted in



a truk. This would provide quick response to plug any gaps the Marines made and quickly throw more Boyz in to any combat the Black Templars were winning. I armed all the Boyz with a choppa and slugga, as I knew they would get in to close combat. This gives them all +1 attack, and leaves only a 4+ save for the Space Marines. The Warboss was escorted by three Nobs with choppas and two Mek Boyz with burnas to slice through that power armour. That ought to stop those meddling humies dead in their tracks!

SILENCE THE HULK



Matt Hutson

Matt: I've been collecting and gaming with Black Templars ever since the new Warhammer 40,000 appeared. Close combat has always been my favourite way of fighting so when I first read the army list I was a very happy person indeed.

In a typical battle I take as many close combat units as possible, load them all up in transports and hurtle across the battlefield en masse. However, in this scenario, the fact that my army would be arriving by teleporter or boarding torpedoes meant that I was not allowed to use any transports at all. Also out of the frame were jump packs. Time for a rethink.

this scenario I had been allowed to remove their jump packs. To give the army some much needed fire support I took two five-strong Black Templars squads each armed with bolters and a meltagun. To finish the army two Dreadnoughts would give the army some real backbone.

My tactics were simple. My whole force would go for a single objective at a time, to destroy it before the Orks could bring their numbers to bear. The only thing left to do was to pick my Black Templars vow. After no deliberation whatsoever I picked 'Accept Any Challenge, No Matter The Odds' meaning that everyone except the Neophytes would hit on a 3+ in close combat.

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



Gordon Davidson

Gordon: Is my timing lucky or what? I had just finished my Catachan Imperial Guard army (3,000 points worth) the very same week Paul was looking for combatants to fight over the fate of Armageddon. When he asked me if I could take part I jumped at the chance.

My opponent Adi's mission was to 'Smash da big gunz' and I had to pick a 1,500 point army to defend the Basilisks which were to rain down fire on the main table.

The Orks would be fast so I needed to blast them from range and volley fire the remnants when they got too close. Two Leman Russ battle tanks and a Basilisk of my own would hopefully do the damage required, with two platoons totalling 60 men mopping up any Orks foolish enough to advance on my lines. Mobile support to counter attack came in the form of a Hellhound, three Catachan Sentinels and my Ogryns, which I finished painting the night before the battle.

For the honour of the Emperor and proud Catachan we would hold off the filthy green scum and help our brothers to hold Hive Tempestora.

SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

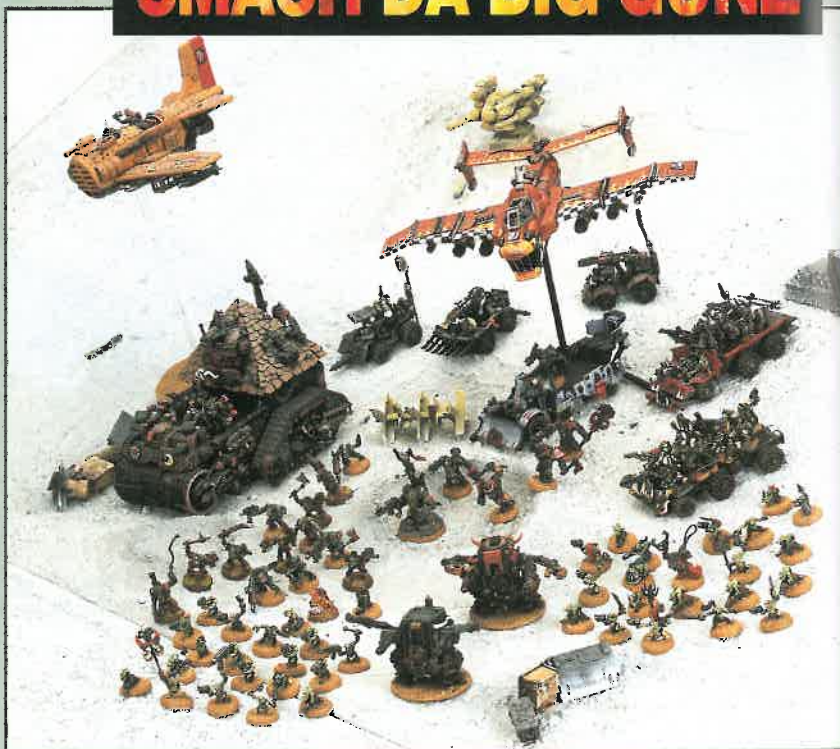


Adrian Wood

Grand Warlord Adi: Aha, an opportunity to smash those damned Imperial Guard is never to be sneered at! I had to destroy three Basilisks who would be bombarding the main table, defended by the Imperial Guard. The battleground was a huge valley with the Orks setting

up in the centre and the Imperials up the valley sides. Without a doubt the Basilisks would be set up at the back of the Imperial Guard deployment zone, as far away from my forces as possible. With an entire Imperial Guard army in between. Ouch!

I could easily die in my own set-up zone, bombarded by Leman Russ tanks and shot by massed lasguns. As much as I would like to ignore the army in favour of blasting the Basilisks, I knew I would end up having to fight my way through the Guardsmen. To give the Orks a fighting chance they would use the Sustained Attack rule to simulate wave upon wave of greenskins advancing against the Imperial Guard. For this to work best I would need to take an army with lots of Troops in it; vehicles and transports don't come back with Sustained Attack. Problem. My army has stacks of Orks but they're all in trukks! I only field one large mob of Ork Shoota Boyz and two mobs of Grots in the way of Troops. I need all my fast stuff to get within striking distance of the Basilisks too. The terrain I'd be fighting on was quite open and my only hope was to get the trukks moving as fast as possible (with turbo boostas) into cover. While Gordon was concentrating on the fast stuff, the foot troops would hopefully be advancing on the Imperial Guard. To balance things out Paul gave me a couple of



Fighta-Bommerz (one bagged from those nice Forge World chaps and the other from Warhammer World's 'Massacre at Big Toof river' display - Fat Bloke) for free. I mean real Fighta-Bommerz with a stat line, good guns etc. Hoorah! These should help distract the enemy and hopefully bag me some Basilisks too. The only thing that remained was for me to set up and charge!



Flames reached up hungrily into the night sky from a ruptured fuel-cell on the river bank. Even as Gorbag watched, fire spread over the surface of the river and lapped around the bridge, driving the two forces apart with heat and fumes. Lasfire, intercut with the throaty chug-chug-chug of heavy bolters scoured through the smoke at random, daring the Boyz to try their luck crossing the hundred metres of open ground from one end of the bridge to the other. Some did. They died.

Warboss Gorbag Gitburna ground his jagged fangs in frustration. The Humies didn't want to give up their big city and no mistake. This was the third time they'd tried to grab it back and needed to be kicked out again.

He turned to watch more Boyz and trukks arriving with a practised eye. The Boyz were alert and looking for a fight but he'd need more of them to smash the Humies good, and it'd take time for the mobs to pass the word and muster. He'd wait until dawn. Then they'd attack. The thought of a fight gave Gorbag a warm glow in his guts and he flexed his power claw open and shut a few times in anticipation of the mayhem to come.



WAAAGH! The Ork Warbosses psyche themselves up...



...and the Imperial commanders laugh in the face of danger!

After a grand mustering of all the Orks we could get our hands on in the Studio and beyond, several hours of heavy lifting, haggling over rules and scouring of army lists, we were about ready to start. The scale and detail of the events described here prevent us from giving the usual blow-by-blow account, so we've presented the battle as an ongoing story. Over the next few pages, battle is joined and blood runs thick through the streets of Tempestora...

06.14: THE BARRACKS

Boss Krushkul had a great view from the top of the shattered barracks block. Behind it he could see the warbikes pulling doughnuts and wheelies in front of a lobba battery while they eagerly waited to be sent in. Half a dozen Killer Kans stamped into the street on the right, following a mob of Stormboyz with their heavy-looking rotor packs as yet unused. The Kans' blocky hulls looked distorted through the force bubble being projected by a Big Mek walking in their midst with a big back-pack generator and a small swarm of Grot slave-meks. A long way off to the right he could see the vast bulk of the tank factory blotting out the sky. There was a cloud of dust swirling around the south doors where Krushkul knew the Warboss was leading a Battlewagon and a load of trukks into the factory's cavernous interior.

To the north was the enemy, their grey tanks crawling over the rubble as their infantry took up positions in the skeletal ruins. Krushkul caught sight of flickers of red moving at the end of the street on the left. He grinned; it must be the Humies' allies, the Bloody Boyz. They were tougher than all the rest put together and nearly as brave as Orks. They'd be attacking soon. Good.

A flight of Fighta-Bommerz roared overhead, banking past the huge block of the tank factory before speeding north to blitz the Humies' big gunz. It was like a signal to both sides, and over the next minute the battle flared up from a few desultory bursts of fire to a roaring, spitting cauldron of noise and fury.

06.16: THE COMMS CENTRE

Haines readied his lasgun and took a long look around him, gauging with a glance where the Orks were concentrating their attack. The 'war-torn city would be destroyed by the end of the day, buildings reduced to rubble by the bombardments of the graceless Ork spacecraft and the supporting fire from the Imperial Guard Basilisks. Far on the right he could see the bright red armour of the Blood Angels Space Marines. He had tried to communicate with them twice now, to seek some reassurance as to their role in the battle, but all he could hear over the comm-link was a low, foreboding chant. As he was watching, two of their elite assault squads ignited their jump packs and flew through the shattered halls of the building they were stationed behind. He had heard dark rumours about these warriors. Although he would never admit it, he was glad to have such a large distance between him and the Imperium's elite. Below, the black Rhino stationed behind the building accelerated far faster than he expected through the narrow streets. He recognised the markings: the troop carrier held a squad of the feared Death Company. Sergeant Haines realised he needn't worry about the right flank of the battleline. He could see their objective across the far side of the city, three huge generator spheres providing the vast amounts of power needed for the city. At full magnification he was disgusted to see an Ork relieving himself in the shadow of the power plant. The black Rhino opened fire, storm bolter chattering as the Ork took an explosive bolt full in the face. The rest of the vile creatures scrambled back into the cover of the barracks.

Beneath him the Chimeras of his platoon moved forward. He could hardly believe that one of these camouflaged tanks contained old man Yarrick himself. He almost laughed at his own nervousness when he thought of the legendary Commissar, who had been a hero to him ever since he was a child. Haines was still watching when a whistling scream ripped through the air above him and the Chimera

just in front of Yarrick's burst apart in a cataclysmic explosion. Firepower such as this could only have been an Ork 'krooz' missile, sent from an Ork hulk orbiting the planet above them. Sergeant Haines hoped that was a lucky shot. He had been reassured that such a bombardment would be short-lived, as a contingent of Black Templars had been dispatched to deal with this potential threat, but with accuracy such as this from orbital gun batteries he felt no better off. As if in answer, the Imperial Guard Basilisks' low boom sounded in the distance behind him. A building in the centre of the main street crumbled and collapsed, slowly falling in on itself. Haines fervently hoped that there had been Orks in the wreckage.

06.17: THE TANK FACTORY

The immense internal space of the tank factory was quiet, lit only by irregular shafts of light spilling through gaps torn in the roof by shelling. Outside the south doors the stink and din of revving engines was thick in the air as Gorbag climbed aboard his personal truk. Its rusting flatbed groaned and shifted under the considerable extra weight of the hulking Warboss and his monstrously heavy mega-armour as he bulldozed a space among his bodyguard. It was a tight fit; Ghashkul and Vorkash were both in mega armour too, and Ruksnik, Thugfang and Morkul were burly for Ork Nobs even without it. Gorbag had selected them for his bodyguard for just that reason. As it was Skarmek the Mekaniak was squeezed out of his corner and ended up clinging on to the outside of the truk.

Gorbag turned to look over the Orks amassed around him. A slab-sided Battlewagon built from the wreck of a Humie Land Raider was to his left, its jagged walls lined by steel-masked 'ardboyz who were excitedly swivelling the baroque-looking zap gun mounted on its bow. Beyond that was the low bulk of a Basilisk, another ex-Humie tank, parked at the corner of the factory. Its crew of Orks and Gretchin slaves was visible in the open-backed compartment scurrying to load a fat-looking shell into the battle cannon's breech. Around Gorbag were mustered two more trukks full of Boyz. Dust rose beyond the Basilisk where more trukks and bikes were moving up. Warboss Gorbag and his Orks were going to sweep straight through the Humies and take back the tank factory. Seizing the factory would mean more Battlewagons for Gorbag's warband, and that could only be a good thing.

The shadow of the Ork hulk Ogron could be seen moving up from the horizon. The hulk was giving them Big Gun support for the day, although Gorbag could scarcely understand how they hit anything from that far away. Much better to have something to hit within arm's length. Gorbag's power claw flexed unconsciously at the thought.

A flight of Fighta-Bommerz flashed overhead, the prearranged signal for Waaagh-time. "GO, GO, WE MOVE!" Gorbag roared, snapping his power claw overhead for emphasis. Ghashkul heard the order and waved the warband's Waaagh-banner like a starter's flag to relay it, easily hefting the thick steel pole and its selection of metal glyphs and trophies in his own servo-augmented grasp. The Basilisk rocked back on its tracks as it belched its first shot at the Humies. The flat crack-boom of shot and detonation was almost lost as the engine noise rose to deafening-point and Gorbag's mechanised blitz surged forward.

Gorbag's truk and the Battlewagon were second through the doors, with another truk full of Orks pulling ahead and gesturing derisively at those behind them. They came under fire, ricochets kicking sparks off concrete and girders, the attackers only

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visible as muzzle flashes in the dark recesses of the northern end. Gorbag blinked as he adjusted from the light outside to the gloom within.

There! Space Marines in dark green armour were leaping in through a gap high in the wall, picked out by the blue-white flames of their jump packs. Gorbag loosed off a burst from his kustom shoota and his bodyguard blazed away a second later, punching two of the figures out of the air. The rest scattered onto a high gantry where Gorbag spotted more Space Marines had already climbed into position. One of them hefted a weapon and sent a jet of flame down at the lead truck. It skidded aside at the last instant but still caught fire, the Boyz on board struggling to stay in cover from the bolter-fire and not get barbecued by the flames. Gorbag bellowed at them to get moving, impossible over the din, but the idiots had stalled their truck and were pinned down right in the path of the rest of the blitz.

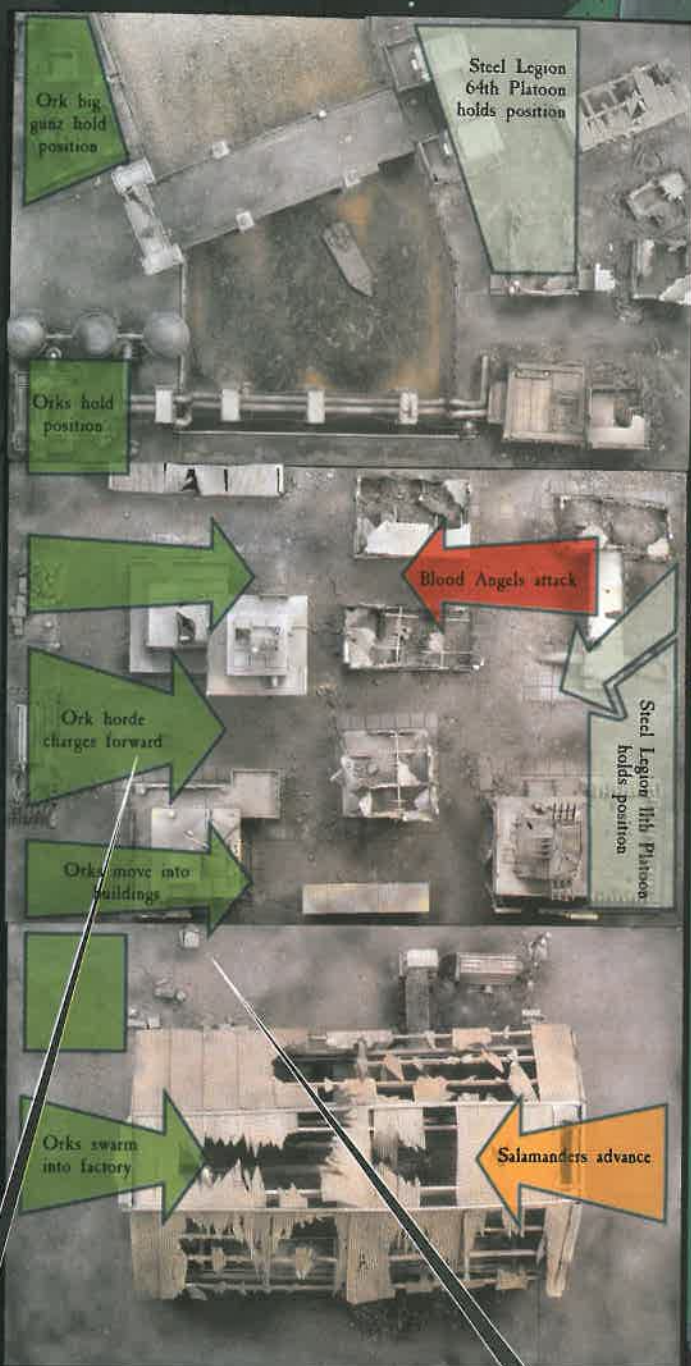
06.21: THE COMMS CENTRE

Down in the street, a lone Sentinel stamped through the dirt as its lascannon swivelled toward the Ork battleline. With a high-pitched whine, Haines heard the devastating weapon power up and release a searing bolt into the centre of the clanking, smoking Ork Dreadnoughts. For a split second the bolt seemed to expand across a crackling hemisphere of white light, but Haines saw that it must have struck home. One of the six machines went haywire, waving its pincers and rocket launchers as if in pain. A scarred green head appeared on the top of the Dreadnought and seemed to strike it repeatedly with a large spanner. The Dreadnought started to move again, and for a second, Haines thought the alien mechanic met his artificially enhanced gaze.

Suddenly the Chimeras opened fire, lasers streaking through the streets and impacting in the centre of the scattering mob. Across the rooftops to the left he could see a large, squat vehicle, heavily laden with Orks in hulking suits of powered armour. Hanging off the side was an enormous, hugely muscled Ork, bellowing a challenge as it used its weight to turn the truck in a tight circle around the street corner. The sheer size of the thing was daunting enough, and its companions looked armed to the teeth. He looked down at the sound of his weapons team charging the lascannon. "Fire! FIRE!" shouted Haines, and a bright white beam shot into the distance, slamming into the front of the Ork truck. A bright nimbus of light was thrown up, blinding in its intensity. Haines' elation was short lived; the truck was speeding forward still. How could these animals have developed force fields? The squad's chimera, below Haines, also opened fire. Ruby red streaks of light arced across the vehicle, crackling fiercely as the multi-laser shot again and again at the truck. Suddenly the vehicle lurched across the street, slewing to a halt. The Orks piled out, their bulky forms barely making it clear before the burning wreck's fuel exploded. The Orks were stranded in their slow, cumbersome armour and they were still a good quarter of a mile away. His squad had effectively removed an Ork Warboss and his retinue from the equation. Haines' chest swelled as he thought of how pleased Commissar Yarrick would be.



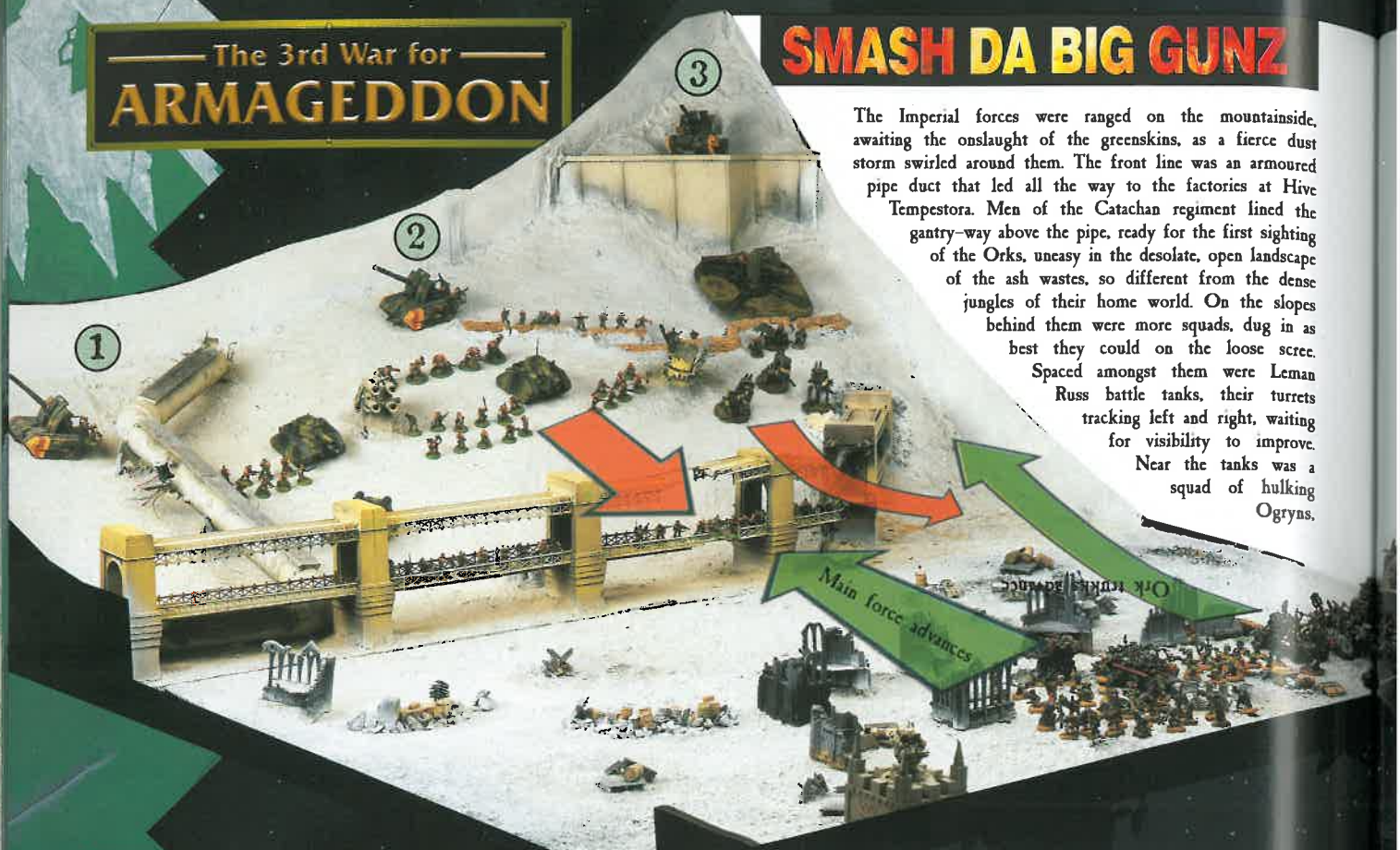
An Ork Mek and his slaves quickly 'repair' the haywire Killer Kan.



Warboss Wazneg Skarsnik abandons his ruined vehicle just before it explodes.

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

SMASH DA BIG GUNZ



The Imperial forces were ranged on the mountainside, awaiting the onslaught of the greenskins, as a fierce dust storm swirled around them. The front line was an armoured pipe duct that led all the way to the factories at Hive Tempestora. Men of the Catachan regiment lined the gantry-way above the pipe, ready for the first sighting of the Orks, uneasy in the desolate, open landscape of the ash wastes, so different from the dense jungles of their home world. On the slopes behind them were more squads, dug in as best they could on the loose scree.

Spaced amongst them were Leman Russ battle tanks, their turrets tracking left and right, waiting for visibility to improve. Near the tanks was a squad of hulking Ogryns.

SILENCE THE HULK

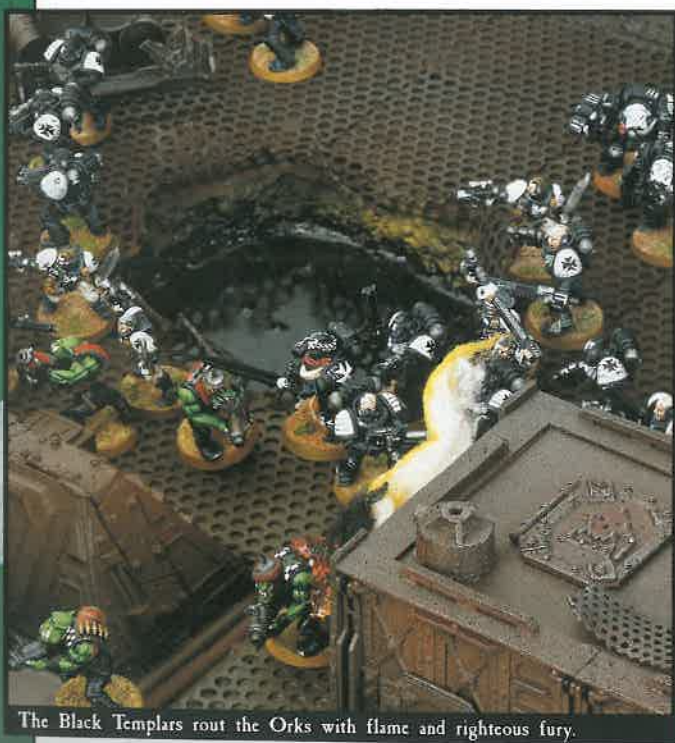
The Black Templars strike force teleported accurately from the Strike Cruiser Holy Crusade into the Ork hulk, materializing in the twisting corridors between two of their three objectives - the coolant tanks on their left and the fire control tower ahead of them. Fully aware of the large mob of green-skinned aliens milling around the coolant tanks, Chaplain

Fernandez swiftly gave the order for squads Phemeus and Actaon to move left and engage the unsuspecting Orks, with the Emperor's Champion and Sword Brethren Terminators in close support. The mighty Dreadnought Honoured Ancestor Brother Tiberius and Squad Geryen were given the duty of keeping the Orks around the fire control tower suppressed. Overhead in the slurry pipe, Assault Squad Navarre start wading through the effluent towards their prime objective, the distant power turbine.

On the left, several Orks were blown to pieces in a torrent of bolter fire as the Black Templars made their intentions clear. Living for battle, the Orks quickly returned the compliment, holding their ground and firing back at the Templars, with Squad Phemeus the first to report casualties. The Greenskins guarding the fire control tower fared better, ducking behind the cover of the structure. Even so, the adamantium-armoured Dreadnought Tiberius tracked his lascannon across to disintegrate one unlucky alien.

With the hulk raining death onto the battlefield miles below, time wasn't on the side of the Black Templars. Chaplain Fernandez ordered Squads Phemeus and Actaon to charge the Orks congregating around the coolant tanks. Fernandez instructed Squad Geryen to move to the left flank and back up the assault on the tanks, as quick seizure of the objectives was primary to the mission's success. Chanting their litanies of cleansing, the Black Templars squads closed in on the Orks, gunning down as many as possible. The Orks remained resolute as the Black Templars charged, led by the mighty Emperor's Champion into the assault, but their will finally buckled as a many of them were cut down by the Champion's Black Sword and the Neophytes' combat knives. The survivors fled into the darkness of the hulk's tunnels. Triumphant, Squads Phemeus and Actaon swept towards the coolant tanks, only to be confronted by an Ork Dreadnought that emerged from the gloom to bar their way.

Undaunted, the Emperor's Champion moved to engage the Dreadnought as the hulk started to come alive with Orks. Chaplain Fernandez's helmet display blurred as it updated the information it was receiving - two Trukk mobs were speeding towards his position down the wide central concourse of the hulk section, closely followed by two Killer Kans. Apothecary Lentus added to the information as his auspex scanner tagged one of the trukks as carrying a Warboss and his retinue. He barely had time to acknowledge the information before Brother Techmarine Pracpollo informed him of a sudden power spike, and the whole hulk of shook as it unleashed a bombardment into the battle taking place far below on the planet's surface.



The Black Templars rout the Orks with flame and righteous fury.

waiting to be told where to advance and ready for action, while on the lower slopes a Hellhound flamethrower tank and a squadron of Sentinels patrolled. Behind all of this, well up the mountainside, were the huge Basilisk earthshaker guns that the Catachans were here to protect, sending their massive shells streaking towards the city more than a mile away. They had commenced their thunderous barrage before dawn and it was only a matter of time before an Ork force arrived in an attempt to silence them. Just one of the great guns had been commanded by the Catachans and turned to help defend the position.

Then the wind dropped and the grey ash clouds cleared to reveal the enemy charging up the slope towards the Catachans, already much too close. A swarm of buggies and trucks raced forward, led by a huge Battlewagon, while dozens of Orks and Grots advanced on foot up the centre with two clanking Dreadnoughts in their midst. The first Imperial shots were fired in seconds, without their officers even taking time to redeploy. Accurate ordnance fire rained down on the speeding vehicles, destroying the three lead trucks and sending their cargo of Orks diving for cover amongst the wreckage.



The Orks' first wave is stopped in its tracks.

FLANK MARCH

The plain stretched out before the White Scars patrol. Two bike squadrons, a Rhino APC and a squadron of Attack bikes sped across the shell-shattered landscape, the chrome of their engines glistening in the sun. An Assault squad brought up the rear using their jump packs to bound in graceful arcs, resplendent in their gleaming red and white power armour. Their goal, the spires of Hive Tempestora, loomed on the distant horizon. A brief, crackling plea for reinforcements across Chaplain Subedei's comm-link from the 64th brigade Armageddon Steel Legion had diverted them from their original course. Orks were overwhelming the Hive. Now it was a race against time to see if the White Scars could reach their beleaguered allies in time.

Ahead was an abandoned Imperial outpost, half hidden by undergrowth. The briefest flash of light glinted from the roof of this building. A warning from Scout squad Oghlai, infiltrating ahead. As one, the White Scars changed their course, wheeling eastwards to face the danger, and split into attack formation, the bike squadrons protecting the flanks, the Rhino and Assault Marines speeding to secure the outpost while the Attack bikes, thirsting for battle, held the centre. Seconds later, a cloud of dust billowed on the horizon; there came the faint stench of crude engine oil and a buzzing like a swarm of enraged wasps hummed in the distance, slowly getting louder.

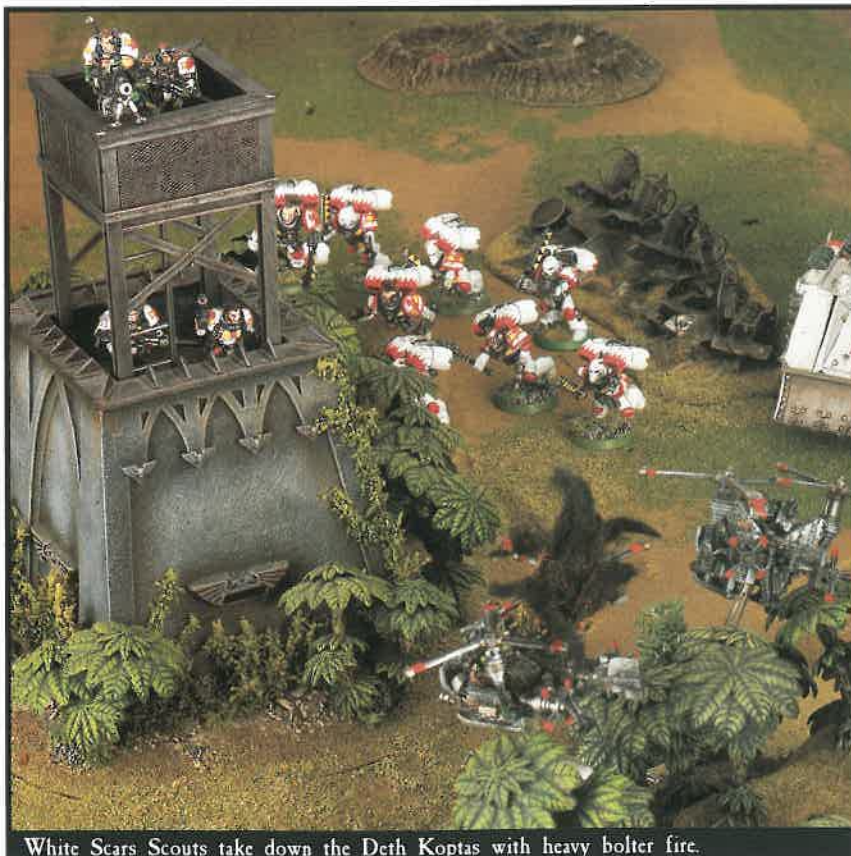
"Alert! Full evasion pattern! Repeat, full evasion pattern!" In a moment the squadrons split up, as fire suddenly screamed from the sky. The Rhino shuddered as an explosion tore up the earth beneath it, but it advanced unharmed through the hellfire that burned all around.

The Fighta-Bommerz screamed away as suddenly as they had arrived and the Marines maintained attack formation to face the wall of Ork trucks and warbikes now visible across the river which meandered along the plain. Speed Freaks! Doubtless these mobile Greenskins were attempting to reinforce the attack on Tempestora. They could not be allowed to join their vile kin in the Hive. Opening fire with their heavy bolters, the Attack bikes ripped apart the closest

truck, which careered, cartwheeling, flinging Orks and bits of metal in all directions.

As the two sides closed, bolters and shootas drowned out the roar of engines and screech of wheels with a relentless chatter of gunfire. Two White Scars bikers from the Chaplain's own squad died screaming in a white hot blast of heat as Ork wartraks emerged from the dust cloud, rumbling round the shell of a long destroyed Chimera, a monument to the previous war, and pumped rokkits into the squad.

Deth Koptas spat death from above at the outpost, whirring round the tower before being dispatched by the Scouts' heavy bolter, spinning wildly into the ground as their Kopta blades were shattered.



White Scars Scouts take down the Deth Koptas with heavy bolter fire.

06.17: THE BARRACKS

Fire scythed across the corner of the barracks and two of Krushkul's Boyz were cut down almost immediately. Krushkul snarled at the others to get down, but more were injured and their position that gave such a great view started looking more and more exposed. Peering out between two twisted pillars, Krushkul could see three or four grey tanks hammering away at the barracks, while a smaller black one raced around the corner and careered down the street towards the storage sheds on the riverfront. Shootas mounted on it stitched a line of explosions along the Skarboyz' hiding place and old Harluk copped one right in his remaining eye. Krushkul was cursing continuously now and bellowed for the Tankbustas lurking on the other side of the barracks.

Too late! The black tank slewed to a halt and armoured figures leapt out. Bloody Boyz! And they they were the black ones too, the ones that just wouldn't lay down and die. Krushkul drooled in anticipation of the fight of his life. But Goffmog and his Boyz were in the sheds, waiting for just such a move. If Goffmog killed them all before he got there... Krushkul kicked his Boyz into motion and ran for the stairs down.

06.42: THE COMMS CENTRE

From his high vantage point on the rusty walkway spanning the street, Haines could see that the battle was going well for the Imperium. The Blood Angels were advancing through the street on the right, Tactical squads filtering through the ruined buildings as the Assault Marines manned the roofs. A group of heavily armed Orks, previously hidden by the building that had been demolished by the Imperial barrage, were now in plain sight. His Chimera opened fire on the Orks, the fist-sized bolts ripping them apart and causing them to scuttle back into the building.

His colleagues in the platoon by the bridge were less successful, the Chimeras failing to destroy the Ork artillery that had been winched into place on the opposite bridgehead. The inferior slave race the Orks used to man the guns were dancing on the high bridge, hauling the guns into position in preparation to return fire at the tanks as they rolled forward onto the bridge itself. He could see a bulky, grinning Ork cracking a whip behind the battery. Haines saw a blinding lance of electricity leap from one of the peculiar weapons and earth itself near the Command Squad's Chimera, blackening the dirt and leaving a smoking crater. Frantically, he opened a comms channel to the Leman Russ directly beneath his position, and, looking down through the holes in the walkway, he could see the turret swivel as they followed his coordinates. At Haines's order, the huge grey tank fired its battle cannon. Dust and debris clattered from the walkway around him, and for a brief quiet moment he held his breath. Then with a scream of tortured metal the bridge gantry in the distance was torn to pieces by the shell, and skinny green bodies were flung high into the air. The Slaver, his robes on fire, dived for safety into the water below. Several of the runts followed his example. Then one of the guns toppled forward, splashing into the river and sending a last electric pulse through the water. He looked away as inert green bodies floated on the surface like dead fish.

06.49: THE BARRACKS

Krushkul and his Skarboyz dropped onto a lower terrace and the enemy's fire slackened off momentarily as they continued to pound the Skarboyz' previous position. The Bloody Boyz had



The Chimeras of 64th Platoon thunder across the bridge.

disappeared into the sheds where the crackle of slugga fire and crump of frag bombs marked a vicious fight in progress. Several Ork corpses were strewn around gaps in the wall - it looked like Goffmog wasn't doing too well (Krushkul rejoiced at this, no Ork boss likes to be out-done by another) but there was a big mob of Shoota Boyz running over from the fuel depot and the warbikes had come screeching around the corner at the sound of a fight. They opened fire at the Bloody Boyz' black tank, a storm of shoota shells pinged off the tank's armour. One found a weak spot, and the vehicle jumped as an internal explosion blew the hatches out with a dull whumph. In the street below, he heard the raucous laughter of the bikers. Things still looked bad for getting to the fight while there was some left. Krushkul hefted his power claw. Still time to inspire the ladz he thought. He turned to the hulking Ork veterans at his back, proudly reviewing the sharp, hooked blades they carried and the plentiful scars they wore (many of which he'd inflicted himself). "Dis iz it, ladz. Dere's Bloody Boyz down dere wot need killin' and we's da only Orks can do da job. Wot is We?"

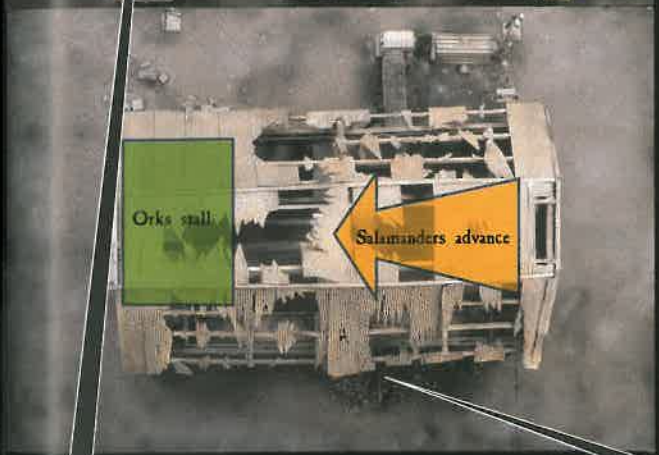
"We's Orks!" They roared back.

"Waaagh-Ork!!!"

"Waaaaagh-Ork!!!!"

As one, the Skarboyz broke into a run for the steps down at the other end of the terrace. The black tank exploded in the street, torn to pieces by the warbikes' big shootas. Tankbusta rockets leapt from the Skarboyz old position and arrowed down into street to strike something out of sight behind the sheds with a satisfyingly loud explosion. The shootas were piling into the sheds now and the fighting erupted anew. Krushkul was hurled on his face as a salvo of explosions shook the barracks to its foundations. Clouds of smoke and dust were rising from the street where the Killer Kans had gone, and he could see a hapless Stormboy rocket up uncontrollably until he smashed into a radio mast. Everything was quiet now, not because the fighting had stopped, Krushkul realised as Luzog took a hit that tore his arm off, but because he was deafened by the concussion. So much for the Fighta-Bommerz stopping the Humies' big gunz, he thought.

A missile arced over the edge of the terrace and the Boyz scattered, one being unlucky enough to catch it right in the chest. Heavy bolter fire ripped across them seconds later, but by now they were all behind cover and escaped unharmed. Krushkul glared at the handful of remaining Boyz and deliberately stood up in full view before turning his back on them and loping for the steps. The trick worked and the Skarboyz ran after him, each abandoning the safety of cover in their determination not to be the first one to give up.

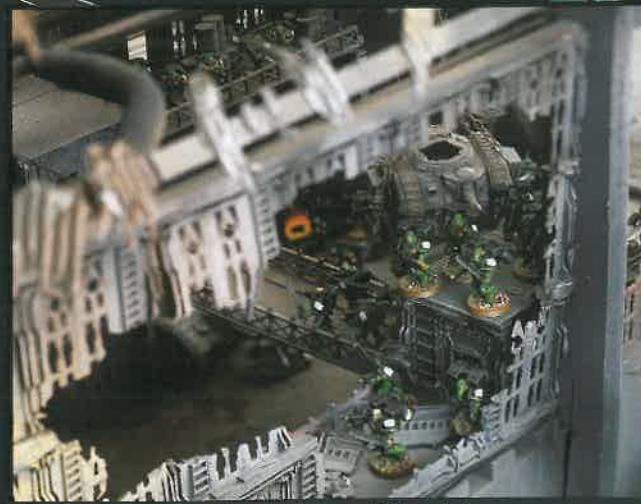


The Death Company, led by their Chaplain, charge into the Ork lines.

The Death Company fell upon the Ork mob with untold fury. They had no battlecry, no shouts of pain or elation as they cut their way through the wall of Orks opposing them. Haines saw eight of them rush headlong into the midst of a huge mob of Shoota Boyz, the Orks rushing forward to meet their charge. Violence on a scale Haines had never seen erupted, a storm of blood greeting the arrival of the black-clad warriors. Orks fell before them by the dozen. He swore that he saw one of the dark warriors hacking deep wounds into an Ork that was already dead, revelling amongst the bloody corpses of the fallen. He saw the Chaplain slam his helmet into the face of an Ork that had leapt straight for his neck, and bring his crackling crozius arcanum in a vicious arc that took the reeling Ork's head from his shoulders. Wading through the pile of Ork bodies, the Chaplain ducked an axe aimed for his head and smashed his holy weapon deep into the chest of his assailant, emptying his bolt pistol into the back of another Ork's skull. Large calibre bullets from the Orks in the barracks ripped into the Death Company, tearing armour apart and shattering limbs. They ignored the most horrific of wounds, fighting regardless, as if they had nothing but contempt for the damage the Orks were inflicting. One of the madmen was struck from behind by an Ork at least eight feet tall. The brute's chainaxe tore away a large chunk from the back of the Marines' head. He fought on still, killing two more Orks in a last frenzy of destruction before sagging to his knees. As more Orks poured into the fray from a nearby building, Haines was mesmerised by the callous efficiency with which the Death company slaughtered their prey, their armour shiny with thick alien blood.



The Death Company butchers the Shoota Boyz.



The Salamanders advance into the darkness of the tank factory.



The two Fighta-Bommerz strafe the Imperial Guard lines and combat erupts on the bridgeway as the wave of Greenskins rushes onward.

SILENCE THE HULK

With time still ebbing away and no objectives destroyed, Chaplain Fernandez ordered the Sword Brethren to assault the Ork Dreadnought that was guarding the coolant tanks and moved left himself in case they needed support. Dreadnought Barbarous and Squad Geryen took up position to fire down the hulk's main concourse at the approaching Orks. Aware of the sudden appearance of Ork Killer Kans and a need to re-deploy his firepower, Dreadnought Tiberius started to backtrack down the corridor, keeping the Orks pinned in the fire control room with controlled blasts from his lascannon.

The combat around the Ork Dread became fiercer as the Initiates of Squad PHEMEUS emptied their bolters point-blank into its armoured back. Again the Emperor's Champion was buffeted by the Ork Dread but his iron halo powerfield saved him from being wounded. He brought his sword down into the flank of the Dreadnought, carving through more armour plates, but still not striking anything vital.

Chaplain Fernandez scowled as more Orks appeared on his helmet's data display. The roar of an engine and the squeal of brakes betrayed the presence of a Trukk mob dismounting in the corridors right behind him, and Dreadnought Barbarous informed him of Ork support weapons being wheeled in behind the advancing Ork Trukk mobs in the central concourse. Now in range, the Warboss ordered his Boyz to fire on the Black Templars Command Squad with surprising results as three of the bodyguard Initiates fell to the ground, and the Chaplain was knocked to his knees. A rokkit corkscrewed away from one of the Killer Kans and blew apart a member of Squad Geryen.

With Apothecary Lentus helping him back to his feet, Fernandez took stock of the situation. A dull krumph from the passages behind him followed by Dreadnought Tiberius's icon going black in his display grimly informed him that one of the Honoured Ancestors was dead. Then, horrors of horrors, he looked up to see the Emperor's Champion being torn apart by the claws of the Ork Dreadnought. Squads PHEMEUS and ACTAON were seemingly powerless to avenge his death. Quickly shaking

his head to clear the pain, he ordered Squads PHEMEUS and ACTAON to stand their ground and destroy the Ork Dreadnought whatever it took. The Sword Brethren were sent forward to advance on the fire control room and Squad Geryen formed a firing line in front of the advancing Orks in the concourse.

Requesting Dreadnought Barbarous to join him, Chaplain Fernandez advanced on the Ork mob that had destroyed Dreadnought Tiberius, as they clambered back into their truck. Roaring with vengeance, Dreadnought Barbarous opened fire on the Trukk mob, destroying the vehicle and causing the wreckage to cartwheel into an access corridor and block it. Most of the Orks were flung clear but two were trapped in the blazing wreckage. Adding to the flames, the Command Squad's flamer fired on the confused Orks, incinerating three more. Then, leading the charge, Fernandez assaulted the Orks, cutting down the Nob with a sweep of his crozius arcanum. The Orks put up a stubborn resistance, forcing Fernandez to cut them all down before sweeping towards the fire control room. Squad Geryen reported in that they were currently engaging the Ork Warboss. Meanwhile, back at the coolant tanks, the Black Templars squads struggled with the Ork Dreadnought. The clanking machine caught one of the Space Marines in its claws, snapping him in two.

The hulk shuddered again as another bombardment was unleashed on the planet and the Ork reinforcements continued to arrive. A new Trukk mob appeared at the far end of the main concourse and sped towards the beleaguered Black Templars. Yet another Trukk mob dismounted to assault Squad Geryen, cutting down all but one of the Black Templars for the loss of just one Ork. Stubbornly holding his ground, the surviving Initiate prepared to sell his life dearly as the Orks closed in around him.



SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

The Trukk Boyz had lost their vehicles but now they were close enough to clamber up onto the gantry-way and hurl themselves into the defending Guardsmen. The Orks hacked down most of the first squad in their initial charge but the determined Catachans grimly held their position. The rest of the Imperial army targeted the approaching Greenskins, and once again the heavy guns did most damage, blowing a track off the Battlewagon, causing it to slew to a halt and killing the unfortunate Ork Warboss Grishnak Grimjaw who was hit full-on in the blast. The Sentinel squadron then charged into Grishnak's retinue of Nobs, but the enraged Orks smashed apart two of the walkers. The Orks on the gantry cut down more of the Catachans, swiftly working their way along the pipeline. Meanwhile there was a deafening roar overhead as an Ork Fighta-Bommer dropped out of the clouds. Keeping his distance to avoid ground-fire, the pilot launched one of his smart-bombz at the Basilisk earthshaker guns that were pounding the city. However the bomb proved to be not that smart at all and impacted harmlessly into the mountainside.

The gunners on the Battlewagon targeted the Basilisk gun platform that had just blown off its track, and were rewarded when the ammunition detonated, destroying the gun in a fiery explosion. The Hellhound was reduced to a burning wreck by one of the Ork Dreadnoughts, while the Boyz on the gantry sent the squad they were fighting fleeing back up the mountainside, only to be cut down as the Greenskins pursued them. However these Orks now found themselves in the open, right in front of the Imperial lines, while all over the battlefield the Ork ranks were being thinned by the massed guns of the Catachans.

A fresh mob of Grots appeared from further down the pipeline, while the last remaining buggy sped up the mountainside, past the lines of defenders, towards the objective - the Basilisks that were bombarding the Orks in Tempestora itself. From the skies the Fighta-Bommer returned, round for another pass, this time accompanied by a second of the deadly aircraft. The newcomer targeted its weapons at the Catachan ground troops, scything them down on the desolate slopes. The first Fighta-Bommer and the buggy both fired on the Basilisks and scored hits, wrecking tank tracks in each case. However the guns were already aimed in the right direction so this did nothing at all to reduce the barrage!

FLANK MARCH

The Assault Marines had already reached the outpost. Their firepower blasted another truk off the ground, but from the blazing wreck charged the Warboss himself and his Nobz, bleeding and angry. From the belly of the Rhino spilled out more White Scars, concentrating fire on the aliens, but the furious Orks simply hurled themselves through the curtain of bolts to smash into the Marines. Another truk revved up to the building and a mob of Tankbustas rolled out, ploughed through the dense



White Scars bikers feel the punch of an Outrider charge.



The battle is joined in earnest around the disused outpost.

undergrowth surrounding the building, hurling stikkbombz and bludgeoning the Assault Marines. Confused by the speed and ferocity of the attack, the Assault squad boosted up their jetpacks and flew out of the building, leaving it swarming with jeering Greenskins.

Next a squad of Stormboyz zoomed forward through the air from behind a clump of trees beyond the river. Too eager to join combat, they underestimated the firepower of the surviving Space Marines who cut down over half of them, forcing them to retreat back to the safety of the trees.

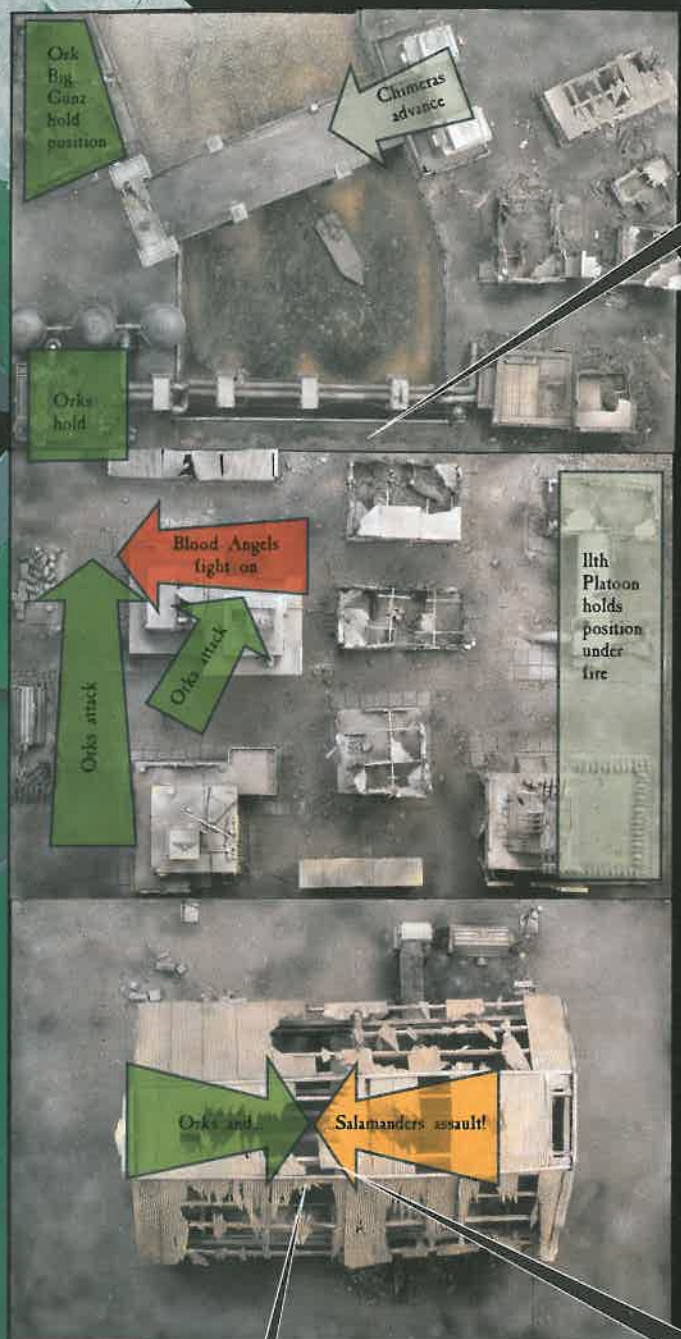
The Warboss and his Nobz, oblivious to the rest of the battle, split apart power armour and severed heads with their cruel chopas. A lone White Scars Veteran Sergeant sliced off a Nobz' arm with his power sword, but he alone could not stand up to the Orks' wrath, and the survivors stumbled back towards their Rhino, their attackers loping after them, picking off the stragglers one by one. One of the Nobs crawled up the front of the Rhino, ignoring the storm bolter which tore chunks from his flesh, and ripped open the hold with his power claw. There was a blinding explosion as the tank was destroyed. The surviving Marine from the fleeing Tactical squad collapsed, shards of twisted metal

embedded in his body, but the Warboss and his Nobz emerged blackened but still alive from the cloud of thick smoke where the Rhino had once been. Slightly dazed, the Nobz wandered straight into the massed firepower of the Attack bikes which had now outflanked them. One Nob was reduced to a puddle of green goo by a multi-melta and the others were cut apart by bolt shells. The Warboss, spattered in the green gore of his bodyguard reeled as a sniper shot from the tower struck between his

shoulders, but he remained standing.

At the same time, the two remaining Assault Marines powered themselves forward back into the fray to avenge their fallen brothers. A Tankbusta's head exploded like a rotten fruit as a bolt shell hit it. Between them, the two Marines struck down each Ork who faced them, until a lucky blow from an Ork Nob severed one of them in two. Alone and outnumbered, the last Assault Marine battled on with a fury inspired by sheer desperation.

Meanwhile, near the ruin of the old tank, the remnants of the Chaplain's squad faced the full force of an Ork Outriders assault. With heavy shootas blazing, the Chaplain's brethren were cut down around him. One Marine slumped over his bike, which careened forward despite the flames; a speeding funeral pyre. Unable to withstand such devastating firepower, the Chaplain called the order to retreat. The White Scars' battlelines were shattered on all fronts. The Outriders charged forward again but this time the Chaplain and his men were ready for them. Evading their firepower, the bikers swept past, each sweeping stroke of their chainswords felling an Ork biker until all that remained were a pile of green corpses on a mound of shattered metal and still spluttering engines.



The Terminators bravely give up their lives in stemming the tide of Orks.

+++TARGET SIGHTED+++

The display fused into Honoured Brother Adcon's cerebrum flashed harsh and bright in the stillness of his tomb. Fierce battle raged around him, the only time when this withered body, interred within this armoured sarcophagus, could feel close to alive. The Furioso had carried his near-corpses for century upon century, the vast metal fists stained with the blood of a thousand campaigns. Blood was all he could think of at times like this. In the dessicated void of this walking coffin, he longed for the wet crunch of close combat, the snap and tear as his metal body ripped worthless aliens and heretics limb from limb.

+++MULTIPLE TARGETS+++ENGAGE+++

Orks. Hated, foul Orks, who infested this steel paradise like a living plague. They were insignificant pests, and they would be consumed by the holy fire of the Emperor. Crushed beneath his merciless feet. Ground into the dirt where they belonged. He was getting closer, every titanium muscle straining for more speed, for the release of violence.

+++INCOMING PROJECTILE+++

Adcon's sensors screamed in warning as one portion of his sensorium blinked up an image of Orks armed with inefficient, oily rocket launchers clambering to the ledge of a building on the left. They were aiming at him, and in his haste to close with the enemy, he had left himself open in the middle of the street. Rockets thundered towards him and every metal joint in his bulky shell braced for the impact. His sensorium flashed black two, three times, and narrowed to a thin green pulse.

+++IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO:

+++RIGHT ARM+++LEFT ARM+++

His fists, his beautiful, lethal fists, hung inert at his sides. One half of the Furioso was completely senseless, half of his systems were malfunctioning. He was cut off completely from his brother Marines. They had crippled him beyond redemption.

Trapped in the claustrophobic darkness of his metal grave, Adcon screamed.



From above, the Salamanders avenge their fallen brothers with purifying flame.

06.57: THE TANK FACTORY

Gorbag's *truk*k and the Battlewagon slewed to a halt. Behind him the other *truk*k turned sharply and clattered off out of sight around the east side of the factory, either too impatient or too scared to push through the storm of fire now emanating from its northern end. Gorbag could pick out the defenders better now they'd halted, at least. They were tricky, sticking to the shadows in their dark armour as they advanced down both sides of the factory and the gantries. They even had a tank hiding among the half-built hulls at the far end. A tank sized Dreadnought clumped into view and raised its multi-barrelled cannon. This was getting serious.

The Battlewagon spotted the Dread and its *zzap* gun swivelled to point at it. Crackles and sparks showered from the weapon before it discharged a brilliant green lightning bolt into its target. Harsh black shadows danced as the Dreadnought went up in a fireball. At least someone was doing their job. Another crack-boom from outside reminded Gorbag about the Basilisk and he threw a Grot rigger overboard to go and fetch them. He was going to need bigger gunz.

06.59: THE COMMS CENTRE

BOOM! Wakefield's squad was suddenly obscured by a cloud of ash and debris as the shell hit home. When the haze had cleared, Haines saw that only six of the squad were still alive, picking themselves up from the ruins of the comms centre. Wakefield was up on his feet immediately, barking orders at his dazed men. Haines could see what had launched the shell over by the tank factory, and was shocked to find it was an Imperial Basilisk. However, this tank had been daubed with Ork colours and sigils, adorned with trophies and skulls. Slave-runts scampered around its tracks, and an Ork laboured with a shell big enough to demolish the whole comms centre. Haines was here to make sure that the Steel Legion held the centre to the bitter end. Gayner repositioned the lascannon without Haines having to give the order, and the thin whine of the weapon rose in pitch. Suddenly the view was obscured by a billowing cloud of dust as the distant Imperial artillery thundered supporting fire into the buildings on the other side of the city. The lascannon beam shot blindly into the dust – there was no way of telling if it struck home. A crowd of scurrying slaves, herded through the wide central streets by a Slaver and his weird dog-beast, took most of the blast from another shell. Behind the wretched creatures, the uniformed bodies of an Ork assault team

lay dead in the dirt, the survivors rocketing erratically into the air onto the rooftops of the barracks. The whole of the city seemed to shake as another krooz missile hammered into the buildings to the west, an entire level of the ruins collapsing beneath the Blood Angels Assault Marines. Several died in the incandescent flash of the blast. The remainder shot forward onto the next roof to engage the Orks there, white flame flickering from the vents of their jump packs. There was just too much to take in as the battle was joined in earnest. Haines felt the bile rising in his throat.

07.01: THE TANK FACTORY

Gorbag gnashed his fangs in frustration. The *truk*k blocking his way was still pinned down, not moving. He and his bodyguard were blazing away but hitting nothing. He waved the Battlewagon forward and the 'Ardboyz got the idea. Gunning its engine, the Battlewagon lurched into the obstinate *truk*k with a squeal of protesting metal, shunting it out of the way and driving forward. Gorbag's *truk*k followed and he shouted a number of dire promises at the cowardly *Trukk* Boyz as they clattered past. Behind them the Basilisk nosed in through the factory's southern entrance and stopped. The crew started cranking their cannon up to point at the gantries.

The Battlewagon and Gorbag's *truk*k roared to the centre of the factory, bolt rounds coming in from all around them. They skidded to a halt and everybody who was worth something in a fight jumped out, leaving just skeleton crews in the vehicles. The defenders seemed to be caught out by the sudden move and their fire slackened momentarily as it split between Orks and machines. It was all Gorbag needed. The mighty Warboss, his bodyguard and the heavily equipped 'Ardboyz stormed across the factory floor towards the nearest Space Marines in a tide of fanged green death.

A squad of equally mighty, mega-armoured Space Marines moved to confront Gorbag. What was it the *Humies* called them? *Verminators* or something. The Orks' shoota fire certainly bounced off, them impressively but lightly-armoured Morkul, Ruksnik and Thugfang got among them and hacked two down before they could even fight back. Skarmek crippled another with a beautifully aimed shot with his extra-big lug spanner. The two surviving *Verminators* waded through a handful of 'Ardboyz without a scratch to come at Gorbag. Verkash barred their way but their flaring sword and crackling hammer clove through his mega-armour like it was paper.

Gorbag launched himself over Verkash's smoking corpse, body-slammng the hammer-armed *Verminator* out of the way and clamping his power claw onto the sword-wielding one. He tightened his grip and, after a moment of resistance as the thick armour struggled against the titanic pressure applied by the claw's hydraulic rams, the *Verminator*'s head and arm came off messily. The hammer boy came back in, swinging his weapon up – too slow. Gorbag rammed the metre-long blades of his claw through the *Verminator*'s midriff, lifted him with a brutal laugh and hurled him at a nearby knot of Space Marines.

Even Space Marines know their limits. The centre of the factory had become a charnel house, their Dreadnought and Terminators were lost and they were fighting on the Orks' terms now. Within a heartbeat a decision was made and commands communicated. They retreated as one, trying to regroup behind a line of Leman Russ tank hulls near the northern end. But Gorbag and his Boyz were hard on their heels and gave them no respite. The Warboss was all beast by now, tactics and plans forgotten in the wild rush of hand-to-hand combat. He was going to personally butcher every Space Marine in the building.

Then he was going to start on those zoggin' *Trukk* Boyz.



The Tankbustas irreparably maim the Furious as it strides forward.

07.19: THE COMMS CENTRE

Sergeant Haines had hit the deck. The lasgun, gripped white-knuckle tight in his gloved hands, seemed completely redundant. It was as much use as a toothpick when shells were raining down around him and tanks occupied every street. Hundreds upon hundreds of Orks filled the horizon. He had no idea how many of them had been ensconced in the buildings. The Blood Angels were holding the right flank superbly, and had very nearly succeeded in breaking through to the power generators, but a large force of aliens had been diverted from the central mob and they were already surrounded. Orks were still pouring out of the barracks. He wondered how the battle in the tank factory itself was going as he heard a muted explosion and a flash of light. If the Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes positioned there lived up to their reputation, the building was safe. However, if there were as many Orks in there as there were in here... his imagination filled his head with visions of yet more Orks speeding out of the vast hanger doors toward his position. He could virtually feel the fear taking root in his squad. Another shell screamed overhead. At any second they could all be killed. He opened the comms channel to his squad, and stood up as the city shook around him. Wind howled across the gantry, and it creaked beneath Haines's feet.

"There is a finite number of aliens here. Every single one can and will be killed. It is our duty to ensure none of them reach these buildings. So far no Ork has got close. No matter how many pour in, no matter how high we pile the corpses of our enemies, we will rid our home world of these vile aliens! By the Emperor, we will win this war!"

His speech was punctuated by the thudding of the Leman Russ beneath him as the battle cannon fired, supporting the Blood Angels attack. Looking round, he saw the crimson Assault Marines fly down onto the roof where the Ork anti-tank squad were in position, their flamers spitting long tongues of fire into the cover provided by the radio masts. Orks tumbled from the roof, clothing burning, into the rubble-strewn street. Nearby the second squad of Assault Marines had also flown into the thick of the fighting, ferociously attacking the crowd of Orks attempting to overwhelm the Death Company. On the tiers of the barracks, the Blood Angels cut a swathe through the heavily encumbered Orks, beating them back across the rooftops. Some Orks even jumped down to the level below, having seen the carnage caused by the Death Company. Haines upped the magnification on his goggles as he squatted behind the blackened rails of the walkway, and saw a squadron of Stormboyz, rotors whirring as they closed in on the Blood Angels' position. He could see the markings on the shoulders of the Assault Marines; these were veterans. The Stormboyz were about to make the last mistake of their worthless lives.

Below him, the front of a skirmish screen of slaves was engulfed in a sheet of flames as the Hellhound spat liquid fire across the street. A little closer and the tank would have taken down all of them, thought Haines, as Wakefield's heavy bolter team slammed explosive bolts into the Orks on the roofs above the scampering figures. Behind them, filling the road with smoke and steel, marched the pack of crude, small Dreadnoughts, which now seemed to be splitting into two groups. An Imperial bombardment struck home in their midst, waves of sheer force slamming across the power field surrounding the hideous machines. Dust and shrapnel fizzed brightly in a hemisphere around them, the mechanic in the middle cringing to the floor as waves of force rippled across the dirt. The rocket launchers on two of the machines detonated in sympathy at the tremendous dissipation of force, blowing open the flanks of the ugly Dreadnoughts. Another fell backward, wreathed in smoke, breaking apart as it hit the floor. Flamethrower fuel sprayed into the road, igniting and surrounding one of the metal

beasts with a halo of flame. Dead slave-mechanics, eardrums burst and brains liquefied, lay twisted in the road. One of the clanking behemoths staggered in a tight circle, its crude electronics fried by the blast. Although he couldn't hear them, the howls of the Ork mechanic brought a smile to Haines' lips.

07.24: THE BARRACKS

Krushkul was glad when they reached the open street. Two more great stomps of the Humies' gunz had landed near the barracks and the whole place was coming apart. A hail of dirt and debris was raining down on the cracked road, but the burly Ork Boss took some comfort that their own hulks' gunz were also in action. A curtain of fire was smashing the ruins the Bloody Boyz were advancing through and several plumes of black smoke spoke of smashed tanks in the streets behind. Warbikes zoomed past, jinking through the wreckage littering the ground, their shootas chattering as they ripped up the far end of the sheds. Krushkul saw a swarm of red armoured figures boost up to the roof of the barracks on jet packs, but a cloud of Stormboyz swept over the building from the other side to intercept them and soon figures were tumbling back streetward from both sides. Krushkul turned his attention back to the sheds.

The Shoota Boyz were breaking and running, a handful backing out of gaps in the walls and shooting wildly. The survivors ran to the Skarboyz, their faces twisted with distinctly-unOrky fear.

"Dere's 'undreds of 'em!" they bleated. Krushkul curled his lip in a sneer.

"WHAT ARE YA? A BUNCH O' SNIVELLING GROTS?" He bellowed in a voice that drowned out the explosions all around them. The Shootas snarled at the insult. "RIGHT DEN! WIV ME! SKABSNIK! NASHBAD! SKRAG! READY DA BURNAS WE'RE GOIN' IN!"

07.32: THE COMMS CENTRE

There was a crackle of static over Haines's comm-link followed by an abrupt scream of pain. On the bridge, the armoured column had come under heavy fire from the Ork mortar battery on the other side of the river. One of the Chimeras had come apart, and it lay smoking at the side of the road. He could see the broken, charred body of his friend Osborne lying dead in the driver's compartment. Voice choked with rage, he called down the coordinates of the Ork gun battery to the Leman Russ below. Without warning, there was a deafening scream right above him and a huge Ork missile shattered the walkway barely twenty feet from his position. The gantry buckled and he fell forward over the railing, catching hold just in time as the battle tank below was blown to pieces by the Ork barrage. Two of his squad were thrown high into the air by the explosion, landing heavily in the street below. Scott's neck was bent at a sickening angle. Gayner was struggling to keep himself on the walkway, the rusty metal dropping down in crumbling chunks beneath him. Haines pulled himself over the rail as a chatter of bolts from the nearby Slaver's gun smashed into the Sentinel in the street below. Haines could feel the detonation of the Sentinel's fuel cells at his back; he doubted very much if he would ever hear again. The other end of the walkway had been reduced to scrap, girders hanging loose. One dropped into the street next to the broken body of Maitland, lying in the shadow of the molten wreck that had been the platoon's Leman Russ. He cursed through clenched teeth as he hauled Gayner back onto what was left of the walkway. He could see Orks sprinting through the streets toward their position. His vision clouded red as sticky blood dripped from the large gash on his forehead. As he slumped back against the twisted girders of the walkway, he knew that the worst was yet to come.

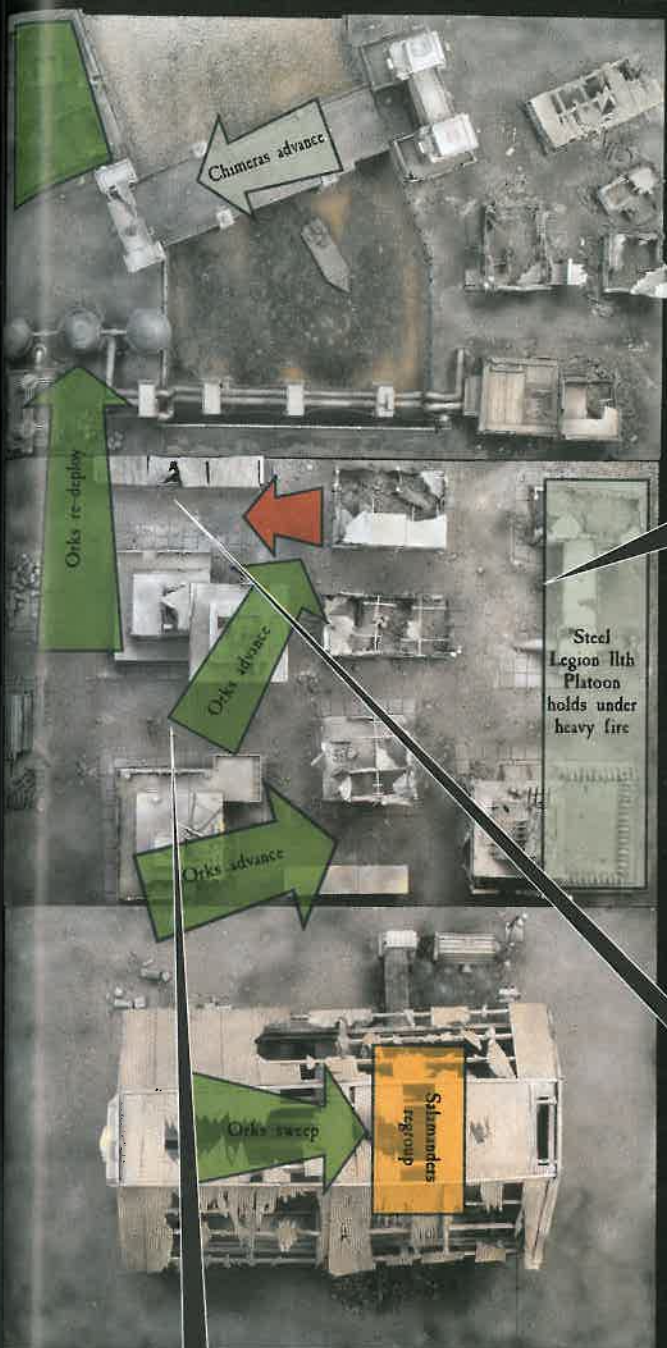
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Ork shells rain down around the Steel Legion defence force.



The Mek looks on helplessly as his beloved creations fall apart around him.



The Death Company Chaplain fights to the bitter end against the Skarboyz.

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

07.33: THE BARRACKS

"WAAAGH-ORK! WAAAGH-ORK! WAAAGH-ORK!"

Krushkul could see black-armoured figures moving to block the entries and he blazed at them with his slugga, its extra-shooty ammo ripping chunks out of the steel walls. The Boyz all opened fire as they charged forward, the loud cracks of the Skarboyz' sluggas intermingling with the dakka-dakka of the shoota-fire as they hosed down the building. Two of the Bloody Boyz fell, riddled with red holes. Krushkul didn't bother running for a gap, he charged straight at the wall and tore through it with his power claw as though it were paper. Nashbad and Arik clove straight through on his left and right, their burnas' torches narrowed into white-hot flames of destruction.

Krushkul turned in time to see a skull-masked Bloody Boy in fancy armour swinging at him. He swung his great claw in the way but the Bloody Boy's eagle-headed axe crackled with power as it cleaved through the claw. The Bloody Boy's next stroke was quick as forked lightning and caught Krushkul under the chin. He felt himself falling and caught sight of the rest of his armoured body, smoking power claw and all, falling in the opposite direction. Slightly dazed, he cracked his skull on the floor and was kicked, rolling to a halt where his slowly-dimming gaze could see the length of the storage sheds. Krushkul raged inwardly. Zoggin 'ell. Comin' all this way to get caught out by a fancy move like that. He knew from experience that Boyz without bodies had a good half hour before their spirit went back to Gork and Mork, unless a Painboy got to them first. He would have shuddered at the thought if he could.

He could see the Boyz were doing good even without him. The shootas had pulled down one Bloody Boy and were emptying their guns into him, Skrag was standing over the burning corpse of another and even as he watched Nashbad got behind another one and blew him apart with the fiery lance from his burna. The rest of the Skarboyz were all over the survivors, lopping off limbs and heads with gusto. Three of them jumped the flash

Bloody Boy and hacked him apart. Suddenly there were no Bloody Boyz left. The storage sheds were back in Ork hands. The surviving Shootas and Skarboyz rushed off towards the far end where there were more sounds of violence, still chanting.

"Waaagh-Ork!"

"Waaagh-Ork!"

"WAAAGH-ORK!"

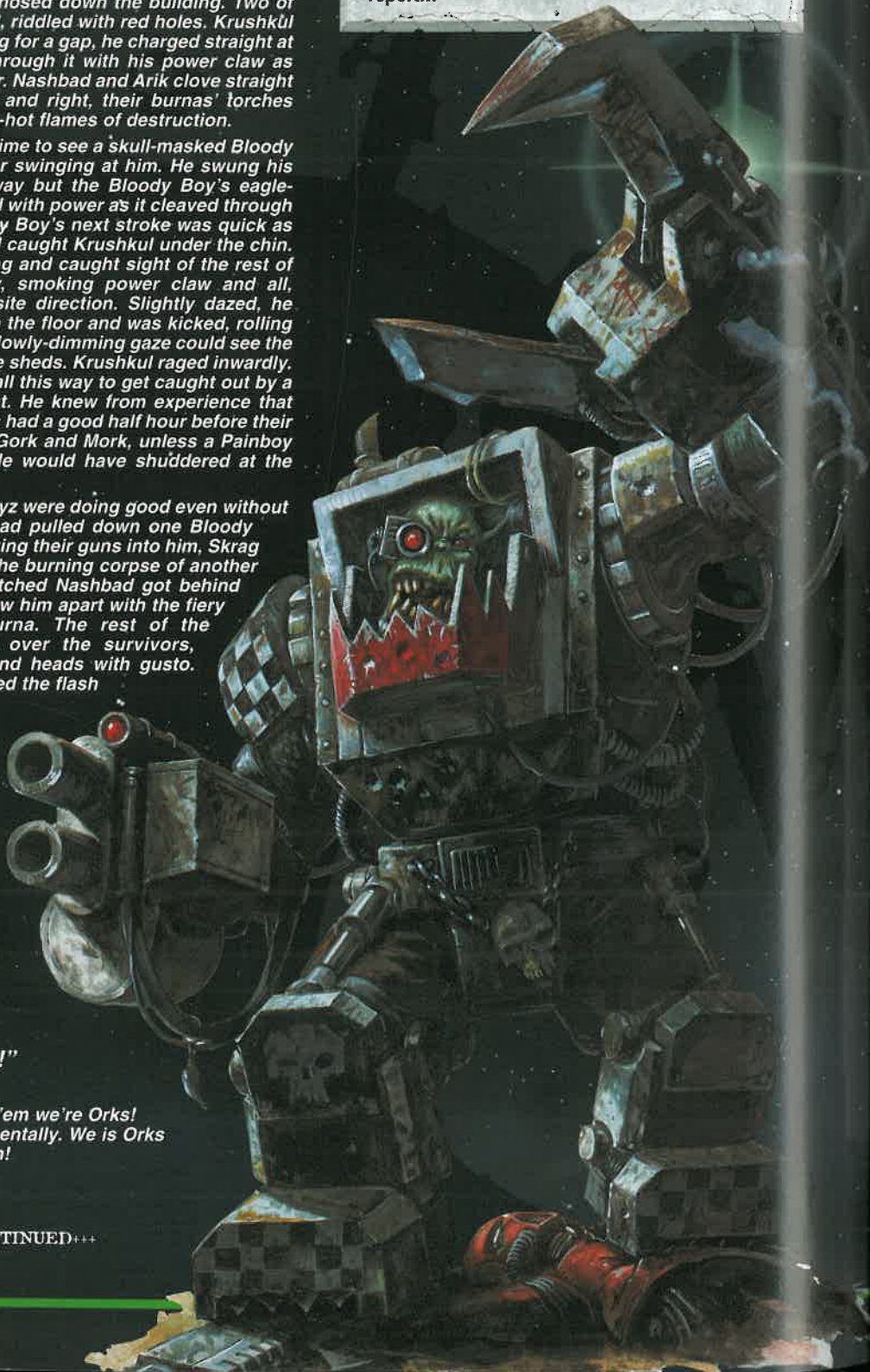
That's it ladz, show 'em we're Orks!
Krushkul cheered mentally. We is Orks
and we're gonna win!

+++TO BE CONTINUED+++

NEXT ISSUE!

The battle continues at a breakneck pace in the burning hive of Tempestora, as the battered forces of the Imperium try desperately to regroup and repel the Ork offensive. The seemingly numberless Greenskins are rampaging through the heart of the city. Can the Imperial forces turn the tide of battle? Will reinforcements arrive, and if so, for which side? Will the artillery of either side be silenced before the city is reduced to smoking ash?

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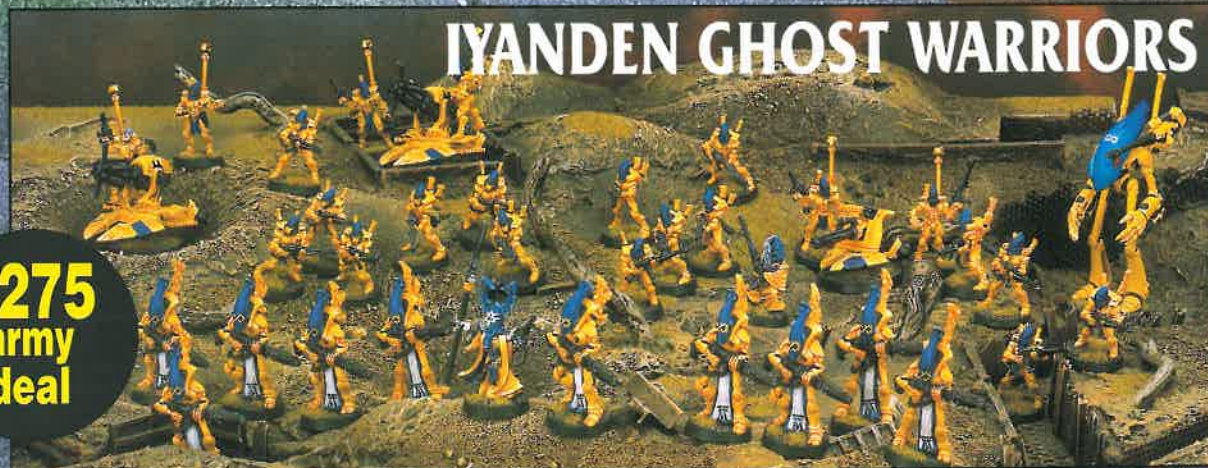
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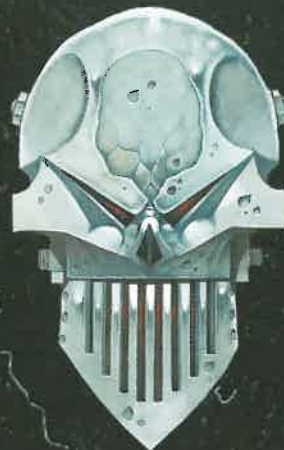
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SKULZ CATALOGUE



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This awesome Space Marine miniature was specially commissioned for the Skulz promotion and is only available to customers who collect 10 Skulz!

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The Skulz offer is open until October 31st 2000.
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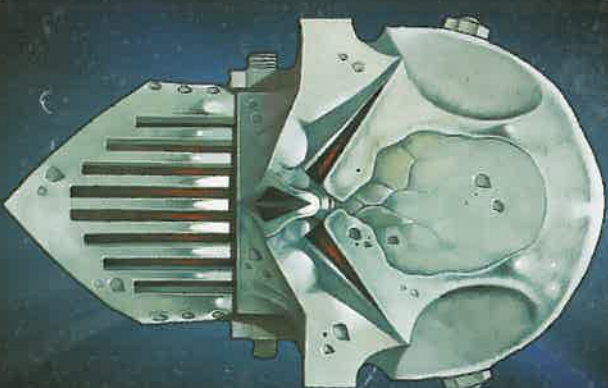
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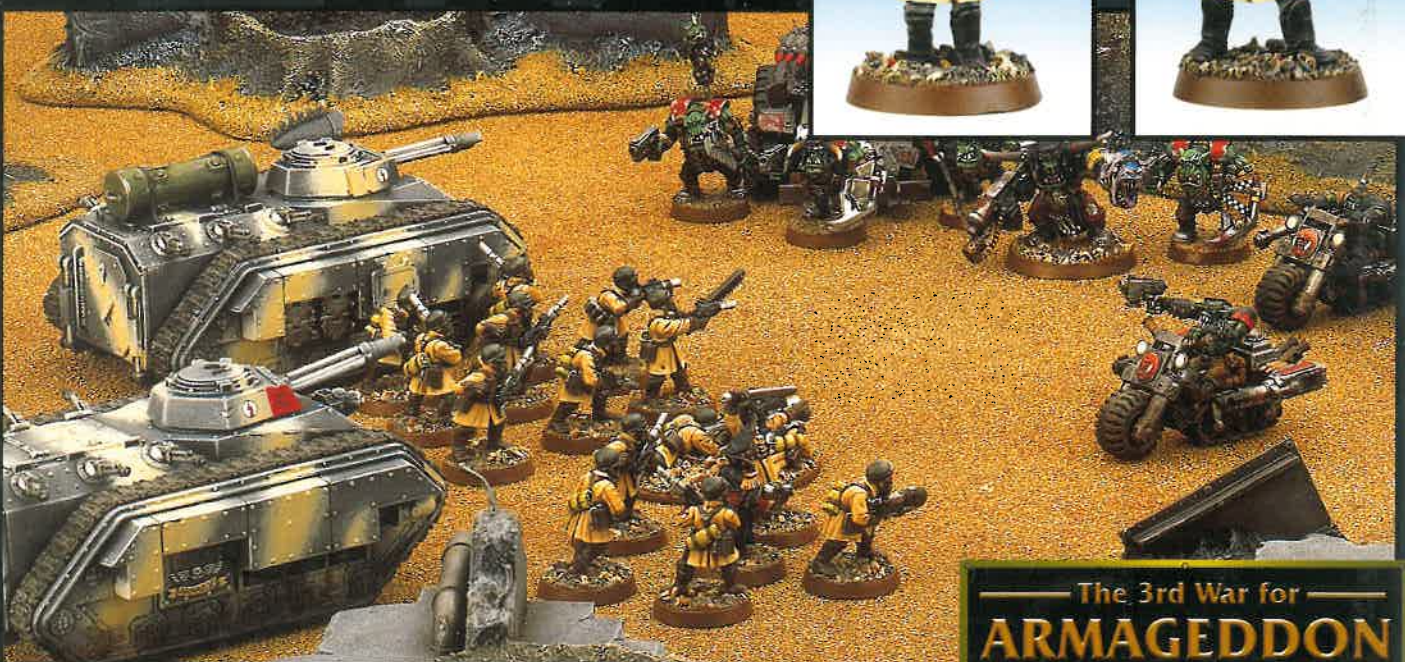
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