

WHITE DWARF



- **ARENA OF DEATH!**
Yarrick vs Ghazghkull
- *The Land Raider Crusader ready for deployment!*
- *'Warzone Tempestora' - the battle concludes!*

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WD249 September
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*(inc. GST)

THE THIRD WAR FOR ARMAGEDDON CONTINUES!

Take part in our colossal, global gaming event...





95 ▼ **Warzone Tempestora!**
The cataclysmic conclusion.



23 ▼ **One of our Colonel's is missing!**
Three linked battles played on the
same night in different stores.

64 ▼ **Warmaster Terrain**
Some of the great Warmaster Terrain
available from Forgeworld.



51 ▼ **Land Raider Crusader**
The new Land Raider variant arrives.



WHITE DWARF CONTENTS

Regulars

- 2 Games Workshop News**
All the latest happenings at Games Workshop.
- 36 Index Astartes**
An in depth look at the Salamanders Space Marine Chapter.
- 70 Games Workshop Stores**
What's going on in your local Games Workshop store.
- 87 Games Workshop Stockists**
Where can you find our independant stockists.
- 117 Mail Order**
Brand new deals from the Mail Order Trolls and all the new releases.

- 95 WARHAMMER 40,000 WARZONE TEMPESTORA - PART 2**
The Imperial defenders are hard pressed as the Ork horde smashes into them. Who will win? Find out in the concluding part of last month's epic battle report.

Features

- 7 Best of Enemies**
WARHAMMER 40,000 Why do Ghazghkull and Yarrick hate each other?
- 11 Arena of Death**
WARHAMMER 40,000 Step inside the Arena of Death as Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka and Commissaar Yarrick fight man to, er, Ork!
- 23 One of our Colonel's is missing!**
WARHAMMER 40,000 Check out the results of these Battles for Armageddon that the intrepid OZ Studio lads played against some of the Games Workshop Retail boys.
- 32 Wild Magic**
MORDHEIM A Mordheim Scenario that takes you closer to the pit.
- 22 The Future of Warmaster**
WARMASTER Rick Priestley explains the future of Warmaster is bright.
- 51 Land Raider Crusader**
WARHAMMER 40,000 A new assault variant of the Land Raider.
- 54 The Grand Mustering**
WARHAMMER 40,000 The huge Empire and Dwarf armies of Mark Roberts
- 64 Warmaster Terrain**
WARMASTER Forge World has loads of superb resin terrain for Warmaster.
- 66 Bigger, Better, Badder!**
Tuomas tells us all about the upcoming new Warhammer.
- 76 Delaying Action**
WARHAMMER 40,000 Our ladz from Brisbane and Mt Gravatt present the last of their linked scenarios.
- 80 Alien Menace**
WARHAMMER 40,000 A treatise on the Ork tribes on Armageddon.

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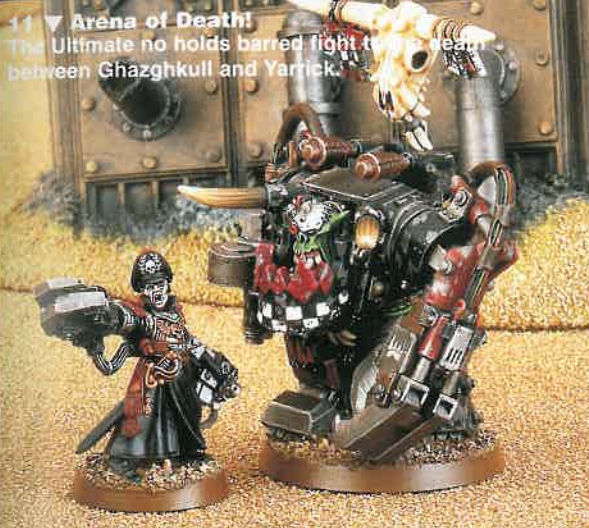


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rain
master Terra
world.



11 ▼ Arena of Death!
The Ultimate no holds barred fight between Ghazghkull and Yarrick.

76 ▼ Warhammer is back!
And battlelines are already being drawn.



The other Bloke has gone missing!

Dave Taylor, Editor for OZ White Dwarf has disappeared!



Well...not really, he has gone off for a few weeks for a well earned holiday. Last we here in the Oz White Dwarf Bunker had heard, he was off trekking across a glacier in Canada. Let's just hope he doesn't sit down whilst on the glacier, as we imagine that the piles would really hurt. So in the meantime we've nicked one of the Fat Bloke's Editorials from the U.K. to pop in the place of Dave's.



Studio boys hard at work

The Fat Bloke Editorial



Paul Sawyer
'Fat Bloke'
and Editor

As the old adage goes, when one door closes another opens, and nothing could be more true at the moment.

As the curtain is preparing to draw on the *Third War for Armageddon* campaign – the biggest Games Workshop gaming event the world has ever known, the cast of another engrossing GW production are waiting in the wings. Want to know more? Then read on...

With Ghazghkull once again locking horns with his arch nemesis, Commissar Yarrick, on the planet of Armageddon, we've been running a worldwide gaming event which will decide the fate of the entire Armageddon sub-sector. Even at this late stage it is unclear whether the Ork invasion will succeed or whether the valiant Imperial defence forces

will keep control of the planet and its surrounding systems.

This issue carries the conclusion to *Warzone Tempestora*, our colossal Armageddon battle report, which is so big we've had to run it over two issues!

One thing is for sure – there are plenty of games yet to be played as the campaign runs until Monday 4th September. So at the time this issue goes on sale, there will still be a couple of weeks left to get those battles in and affect the outcome of your warzone – so get gaming and send us your results!

Of course you could check out our splendid Armageddon website, which holds far too much cool stuff for me to tell you about here – check it out at www.armageddon3.com.

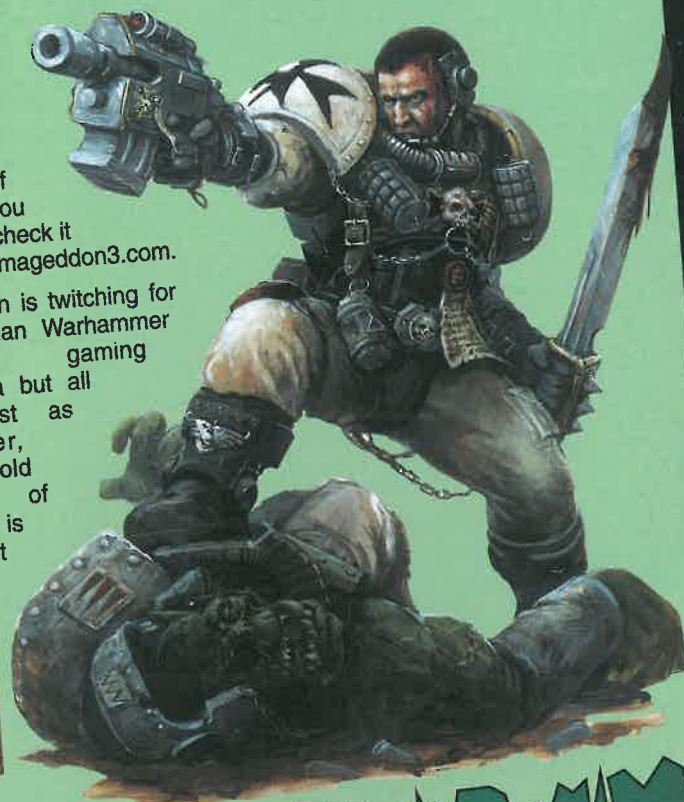
So the curtain is twitching for our gargantuan Warhammer 40,000 gaming extravaganza but all is not lost as Warhammer, the grand old duke of wargaming, is about to get a

makeover!

Everyone's favourite fantasy game has been spruced up and is due for release next issue. To answer all those eager questions that are doubtless welling up in your throats as you read this, Warhammer guru Tuomas Pirinen has put pen to paper to fill you in on the plans for Warhammer. All the gory details should be revealed next issue.

FAT BLOKE

See you again,



The 3rd War for
ARMAGEDDON

PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE...



But knowing you are an unvirtuous bunch, we knew you couldn't wait until later in this issue to get a glimpse of some of the wondrous delights we have planned for Warhammer!

So to satisfy your curiosity we've hastily photographed these spanking new models whilst Fat Bloke wasn't looking (it'll be our little secret, okay?).

On the left is a regiment of Empire spearmen. These superb plastic models were sculpted by the Perry twins and are available in the starter boxed game. And of course, we've got stacks more new models for you over the coming months – hurrah!

GAMER'S SAVIOUR

We recently received this letter extolling the virtues of latter day saint, Jervis Johnson...

Dear comrades,

I'm writing to celebrate the sporting attitude of Jervis Johnson in the battle report fought out in WD245. As an avid Space Wolves commander, I am very (very, very) competitive when playing Warhammer 40,000. Normally I would love to read a report of devastation dished out by the Sons of Russ. In this battle report however, I think that the Space Wolves victory was definitely overshadowed by Jerv's refreshing attitude to the game. Jervis displayed an approach that I had never before even contemplated. He knew he had little chance of winning before the battle even started; he was the one that suggested the scenario in fact.

It was then that I realised that I usually get caught up in the winning rather than enjoying a battle for what it is: a game. Jervis should be proud of himself – he displayed the wisdom of an ancient Longfang in his whole outlook. While Andy Chambers fought a good battle, I think that Mr Johnson was the true winner. He should be an example to us all. I challenge everyone to think over the way we play wargames, I think you'll have more fun if you do just that.

Your most humble Wolf Scout of Fenris,

JJ Digby

It did cross our minds that the 'JJ' might actually stand for Jervis Johnson...

MOUNTING PRESSURE

For some masochistic reason, a handful of obviously deranged individuals from GW head office elected to undertake the Four Peaks challenge in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (U.K.).

The challenge is a non-stop trip to climb the four highest mountains in Britain (one each in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland). The team managed it in 48 hours, despite one of the minibuses having a vote for who was the scariest driver (Doug Lister won!). It all went very smoothly in spite of an almost complete lack of sleep. Pictured here at the top of Carrantouhill in Ireland are: Dave Cross, Helen Morley, Chris 'Commissar' Bone, Sue Ladbroke and Sue's daughter, Hanna. Well done to everyone who went.



MOTION TRACKER

This month sees a huge serve of club information manifesting itself into this reality from the nether-reaches of the warp. With a little extra cheese, but no anchovies.

Newcastle Inner Circle Wargaming Club are a club who are dedicated to enjoying their hobby in the Newcastle area. The Club meets every Sunday from 12 noon to 5pm, at the Charlestown Community Centre, Hilltop Plaza, in Charlestown.

The members regularly play campaigns in Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer Fantasy, Necromunda, Bloodbowl, and Mordheim as well. Each meeting will cost you \$4.00 to attend, and if you'd like to obtain more information, you can contact club organiser Steven Gibb on (02)49 635 881 or you can E-mail him at: huge_troll@hotmail.com

The **Ravenguard Gaming Club** of Bundaburg, in Queensland, apart from playing all of the major Games Workshop games, the club also runs campaigns, leagues and are currently experimenting with a rather unique handicapping system. There are no fees to join or participate in the club's activities, which are held at 31 Windemere St, in Bundaburg, after lunch (this is what they wrote!) on the 1st & 3rd Sunday of each month. The Club also holds an annual Warhammer 40k tournament over the Queen's long weekend in June attracting entrants from far and wide. For more information about Ravenguard, you can check out their website at: <http://ravenguard.iwarp.com/> or telephone the club organiser Adam Nordberg on: (07) 4151 1448, or E-mail him at: ahirman0@excite.com

Based in Weribee, Victoria, the **Armageddon Wargame Club** meet weekly to do battle against each other, testing their tactical prowess in both Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer Fantasy. The members also test their wits commanding fleets in Battlefleet Gothic, gang rivalry in Necromunda, maniacal schemes in Mordheim, as well as bludgeoning each other (not physically, just their toy soldiers) in Blood Bowl and Gorkamorka.

The Club meets every Sunday at their local G.W. stockist, **Futuristic Games**, situated at 1/36 Synnot St Weribee. Members meet there after 10:30am and play all day until 6:00pm. Annual Membership to the club is \$30.00 for concession, and \$40.00 for adults. Members also enjoy a 10% club discount for all of their wargames supplies at Futuristic Games. If you'd like to find out more information about the Armageddon Wargame Club, you can contact Duane Henley (Club Organiser) either on: (03) 9974 1187, or E-mail him at: GARGRIM@bigpond.com, or Mark Sterling (Club President) on: (03) 9734 0729 or you can write to the club at P.O. Box 2289, Weribee, Victoria, 3030.

We have news of a new club which has just been formed in the Cessnock area, The **P.C.Y.C. Trollslayers** meet every 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month between 10:00am and 4:00pm. To attend the club you must first become a member of the Cessnock P.C.Y.C. (annual membership is \$5.00 for juniors & \$20.00 for adults) in addition, Trollslayer members pay a one time fee of \$10.00 for tables and scenery (which is supplied) as well as \$2.00 per visit. The club fosters and encourages development of members skills in painting, modelling as well as game tactics and army selection. They play most of the G.W. games available and the club is currently planning a large Warhammer Fantasy & 40,000 tournament during the Easter holidays in 2001.

If you'd like to find out more about Trollslayers, you can contact the Club Organiser, Tony Sharpe, on (02) 4990 5171.

If you remember last month we featured here **Denizens of the Coast Wargaming Club**, we now have news of their second "**Ye Olde Worlde Challenge**". This is an Inter-Club tournament in Warhammer Fantasy. The Club has thrown down the gauntlet in an open challenge to all clubs who believe they are "Champions on the field of battle". The team member requirements for the tournament are that the challenging clubs provide four playing members (with 1,500 point armies) and one non playing member to act as a referee. The tournament will be held on the 10th of December 2000, at Mingara Recreation Club, Wyong Road, between Tuggerah and the Entrance on the Central Coast. For more information about restrictions, requirements and venue, you can contact either Julian Gatt on (02) 4940 1668 (BH)/ 0419 981 668(AH) or Scott Cranfield on (02) 9963 7113(BH)/ (02) 4328 4332(AH) or E-mail the Club at: denizensofthecoast@hotmail.com

And finally, if you are a member of a club and you'd like to have your club featured here in the pages of White Dwarf, it's as simple as sending us a letter with some of the following information:

- * Name of your club(always handy)?
- *where you meet (any helpful directions are always handy, better than just an address)
- *how often you meet
- *what do you play?
- *how long has your club been operating?
- *Fees...if any, annual membership?
- *Does your club have a contact telephone number, webpage, or E-mail address.

You can mail this, along with any other relevant information to:

Clubs & Tournaments
c/o Games Workshop
PO Box 576 Ingleburn N.S.W. 1890



Rumours from the

Black Library



NEW DAEMONIFUGE

Holy Boltguns! Battle Sister Ephrael Stern returns to the pages of Warhammer Monthly this month. Left for dead on the ravaged world of Parnis, Ephrael's hopes are raised when a strange ship makes planetfall, but does it contain friends or foes?

STATUS DEADZONE BOOK

Necromunda fans rejoice, the Black Library's scribes have been hard at work collating the greatest Necromunda stories ever to grace the pages of Inferno! into one mighty tome. Status Deadzone is the latest in the Black Library's collection of short story anthologies containing nightmare tales of the Underhive from such luminaries as Gordon Rennie, Alex Hammond and Jonathan Green.

DARKBLADE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Merciless Dark Elf anti-hero Malus Darkblade returns to the Black Library in the latest graphic novel release. Darkblade Book 1, charts the epic quest of the doomed druchi as he travels the Warhammer world in search of the five arcane artefacts that will free his soul from the Daemon Tz'arkan. Darkblade Book 1 is essential comic carnage from the pens of Kev Hopgood and Dan Abnett.

NEW THIS MONTH



This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:

IMPERIAL GUARD

	AUS	N.Z.
Armageddon Steel Legion Commissar	\$13.95	\$15.95
Armageddon Steel Legion Lieutenant	\$11.95	\$13.95
Armageddon Steel Legion assault weapon and Sergeant	\$14.95	\$16.95
Armageddon Steel Legion Missile Launcher team	\$17.95	\$19.95
Armageddon Steel Legion troopers (3 models per blister)	\$14.95	\$16.95
Armageddon Steel Legion Heavy Bolter team	\$17.95	\$19.95
Armageddon Steel Legion Lascannon team	\$17.95	\$19.95

SPACE ORKS

Ork Stromboyz Nob	\$11.95	\$13.95
Ork Warboss	\$24.95	\$29.95
Ork Tankbustas	\$13.95	\$15.95

SPACE MARINES

Scout bike squadron (plastic and metal boxed set)	\$59.95	\$64.95
Black Templars squad (plastic and metal boxed set)	\$39.95	\$44.95
Space Marine Devastator w/Multi-melta	\$11.95	\$13.95
Space Marine Landraider Crusader	\$79.95	\$84.95

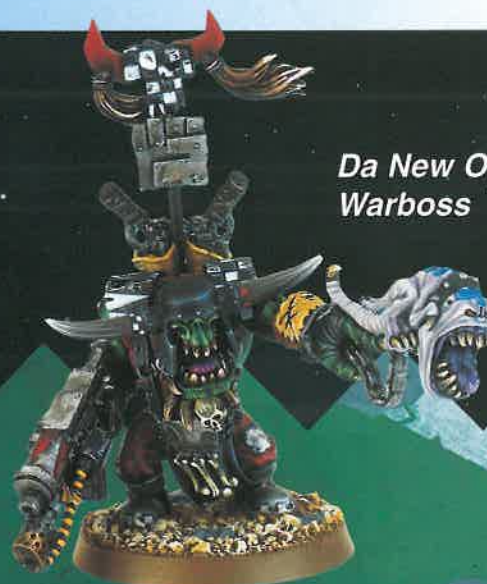
ELDAR

Eldar Fire Dragons Exarch	\$11.95	\$13.95
Eldar Swooping Hawks Exarch	\$11.95	\$13.95



This month's releases from the Black Library:

Warhammer Monthly 32	\$4.95	\$5.95
Inferno 19	\$9.95	\$11.95
Darkblade, graphic novel	\$14.95	\$16.95
Gang War 6	\$7.50	\$9.95
Town Cryer 9	\$7.50	\$9.95
Status Deadzone, new novel	\$12.95	\$14.95



Da New Ork Warboss

GAMES DAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

AUSTRALIA

If you remember April, we had shown you the plans for this year's Games Day table, simply known as "Da Fort". Depicting Empire forces laying siege to an Orc Village, our most ambitious table yet.

As you can now see, work has begun in earnest, and the task of transforming humble polystyrene into a rugged mountain wilderness is well on the way to be finished.

In addition to over 144 square feet of display, there are also over 1,500 miniatures currently being painted in Games Workshop's retail stores, for this massive display to celebrate the release of the latest edition of Warhammer Fantasy Battles.



The lower half of the canyon where the Goblin stilt village will be situated, spanning the river to the rear of the Orc village fortifications.

The "Front Door" of the Orc village



The picture below, and below-right, are a before and after shots of the main body of the mountainside as work progressed.

The entire mountain was first sculpted from thick sheets of Polystyrene, bonded into place with a strong construction adhesive, and then coated in a mixture of plaster and bonding cement to make the plaster hold onto the polystyrene, and of course, give it texture.

The entire thing was then painted with seven different shades of grey paint to give the mountain extra dimension and depth.

Wait until you see it with Orcs clamouring about it!

The cracks are painted first



Blizzard's are a common occurrence on a mountain!



The Ravine is ready for the next stage



ARMAGEDDON

The beast returns...

the Goblin
the river
ons.

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

Two of the key protagonists in the Second Armageddon War, Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka and Imperial Commissar Yarrick have once again been thrown together in a global conflict on the world which made their reputations.

BEST

Imperial Commissar Yarrick



Commissar Yarrick was an old man when Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka first attacked the world of Armageddon and the second war began. His years with the Imperial Guard had been eventful ones for he had seen action in a dozen warzones with regiments from Necromunda, Luther McIntyre and Armageddon. His last mission was to run the Departamento Munitorium recruitment program on Armageddon, where the 4th regiment was being reformed. Armageddon being a large and populous world with a substantial military recruitment base, the 4th Armageddon was a big regiment – almost an army in its own right.

In his youth Yarrick had learned the Ork tongue whilst fighting on V'run. Since then he had made a study of the creatures and was considered something of an expert on the Ork mind. During the second war this knowledge was to prove invaluable, though it undoubtedly could have been used to better effect were it not for the stubbornness and arrogance of Herman von Strab, then Lord of Armageddon. Rather than listen to the advice of the old Commissar, von Strab had him banished to Hades, a sprawling hive complex away from the seat of government. As it happened, this was probably the best decision von Strab made during the whole war.

The Ork assault was swift and seemingly unstoppable. Von Strab's armies were by no means small or poorly equipped, but they could not stand before the savage Ork advance. Only when the Orks reached Hades did the surging tide come to a halt before the well ordered defences that Commissar Yarrick had quickly put into position. Even so, the

initial Ork attack led by Warlord Ugulhard would have swept away human resistance were it not for the presence of Yarrick himself.

The Ork Warlord glimpsed the Commissar across the battlelines and drove his forces directly to where Yarrick stood. With a barbarous roar the Ork threw himself upon the Commissar. He swung his snapping battle claw at Yarrick and severed his right arm at the elbow. The Warlord's bellow of victory was cut short as Yarrick, fighting the pain and shock as no normal man could, swung his chainsword in a crimson arc and severed Ugulhard's bony head from his shoulders. The Ork's body collapsed to the ground whilst the head continued to sneer and curse momentarily until the creature's extraordinary metabolism finally conceded that it was dead.

Yarrick calmly reached down and plucked the battle claw from the Ork's twitching body. He held it aloft so that all the green-skinned warriors could see it and know their champion had suffered defeat. A hush fell over the battlefield as man and Ork gazed in silence upon the gnarled old man brandishing the bloody claw. Then the humans cheered and the Orks wailed in horror, and all at once the defenders leapt upon the aliens with indomitable vigour. Only when the Orks had been beaten from Hades did Yarrick allow himself the luxury of passing out.

News of this incident spread like wildfire amongst the Orks. They said that Yarrick could not be killed and that his gaze was death to even the most powerful Ork. Wherever Yarrick fought the Orks would flee in terror, or whatever passed for terror inside their inhuman green skulls. Yarrick understood the Ork mind well and exploited this weakness to the full. He had Ugulhard's battle claw fabricated into a prosthetic limb to replace the arm the Warlord had taken from him. Later he lost his left eye to a splinter shot from a laser, and had a bio-implant made that projected a pulse of laser light. This terrified the Orks even more and they called him the Bale Eye who could kill with a glance.

For six months following the fight in which Yarrick lost his arm the defenders of Hades held out against further attack. Those who survived paint a confused picture of heroism and dark savagery as the Orks gradually infiltrated the hive complex. But all agree that it was Yarrick who kept the defenders together, who brought them back from defeat time and time again, and whose dogged belief in ultimate victory gave others the strength to go on. The time that he bought was to make all the difference. By the time relief forces of Imperial Guard and Space Marines arrived, the Orks had been worn down by the human defence. Even as Yarrick and his few remaining defenders gathered for the last stand the Ork armies were crumbling away.

Yarrick was one of the few survivors of the fighting around Hades. His barely living body was found by rescue searchers amongst the ruins, dozens of Ork corpses heaped at his feet. It took Yarrick many months to recover from his injuries, by which time the Orks had been defeated and a new Lord installed in place of the insane and incompetent von Strab. The old Commissar accepted nominal retirement and a training post on Armageddon where the planet's armies were being reformed. However, the knowledge that the supreme Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka was still living proved too great a distraction for Yarrick. After only a few months of peace he strapped on the Ork battle claw and reported for duty, vowing that he would not rest until Ghazghkull was hunted down and destroyed at last.

T OF ENEMIES

Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka

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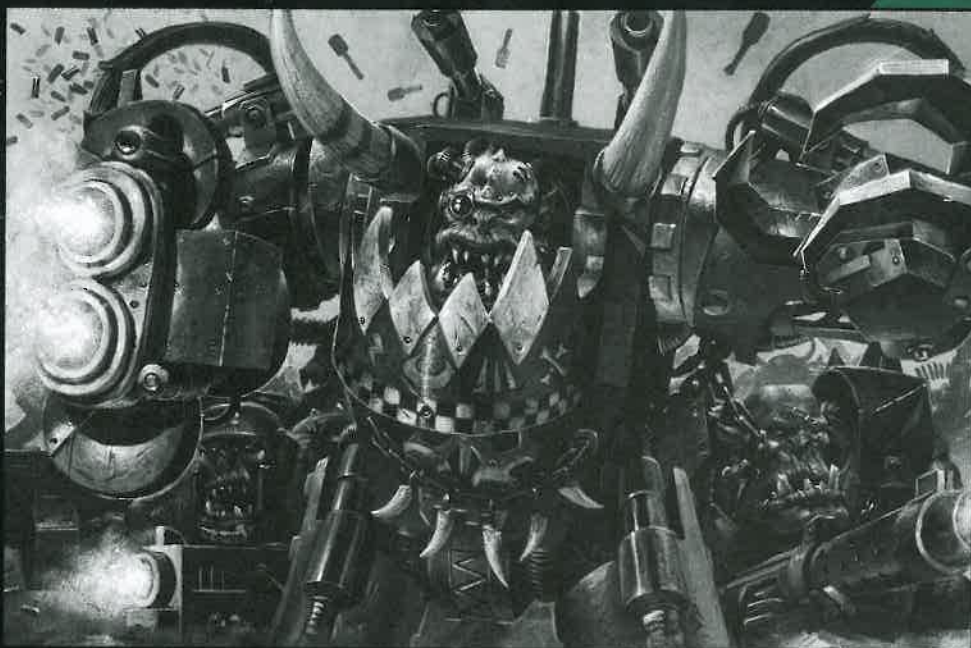
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Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka started his career as a common Goff Ork trooper on the backwater planet of Urk. During a raid, a bolter shell pulped a large area of his cranium and he suffered extensive brain damage. An Ork Painboy called Doc Grotsnik replaced part of his cerebellum with a bionic device made of an incredibly strong metal called adamantium. It may be that this device triggered his latent psychic powers or it may be that Ghazghkull simply suffered from delusions, but, for whatever reason, ever after his 'accident' he claimed to be in contact with the Ork deities Gork and Mork.

Some dark power certainly favoured Ghazghkull, for his rise to prominence among the Orks of Urk was meteoric. He swiftly fought his way through the ranks till he achieved the position of supreme planetary boss. Orks are simple, brutal creatures, respecting little other than courage and battle prowess. It cannot be doubted that Ghazghkull possessed both of these qualities in abundance. In addition, he had something most Orks lack: he had vision. He stirred the Orks with impassioned speeches telling them that it was their mission to conquer the galaxy, to force all others to bow before them and pay tribute. He gave them a sense of common purpose and an overwhelming sense of destiny.

All this might have come to nothing, had not Urk's sun started to flicker and die. Ghazghkull told the Orks that this was a sign from Gork that the time had come to launch a Waaagh!



Those who wished to join the great crusade would follow Ghazghkull. Those who wished to disobey their gods would die. To an Ork they chose to follow Ghazghkull. They would conquer the galaxy or die in the attempt!

The first Imperial planet to be attacked by Ghazghkull's hordes was Armageddon. The full story of this cataclysmic conflict can be found in the Games Workshop game of the same name, but for the moment suffice to say that Ghazghkull's army was defeated and he was presumed killed. However, before long it became clear that Ghazghkull had managed to escape, and was still at large within the Imperium.

In battle Ghazghkull is a masterly opportunist and a great tactician, ever ready to exploit any weakness an opponent might present. Once combat is joined Ghazghkull is always in the thick of the fighting, roaming the battlefield in his highly mobile battlewagon so that he can ensure that everything is going according to "da plan". In close combat Ghazghkull is an awesome opponent, gunning down opponents and demonstrating the devastating effects of his adamantium skull when the fighting gets 'up close and personal'.

"I'm da hand of Gork and Mork. Dey sent me to rouse up da Boyz to crush and kill 'cos da Boyz forgot what dere 'ere for. I woz one of da Boyz till da godz smashed me in da 'cad an' I remembered dat Orks is meant to conquer and make slaves of everything they don't kill.

I'm da prophet of da Waaagh an' whole worlds burn in my boot prints. On Armour-Geddem I led da Boyz through da fire deserts and smashed da Humies' metal cities to scrap. I fought Yarik, old one-eye at Tartarus, an' he fought good but we smashed iz city too.

I'm death to anyfing dat walks or crawls; where I go nothin' stands in my way. We crushed da Stunties on Golgotha, an' we caught old one-eye when da Speed Frecks blew da Humies' big tanks ta bits. I let 'im go 'cause good enemies iz 'ard ta find, an' Orks need good enemies ta fight like they need meat ta eat an' grog ta drink.

I iz more cunnin' than a Grot an' more killy dan a Dread, da Boyz dat follow me can't be beat. On Pissnah we jumped da Marine-boyz an' our boss-poles was covered in da helmets we took from da dead 'uns. We burned dere port an' killed dere bosses an' left nothin' but ruins behind.

I'm Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka an' I speak wiv da word of da godz. We iz gonna stomp da 'ooniverse flat an' kill anyfing that fights back. We iz gonna do this 'coz we iz Orks an' we was made ta fight an' win."

Graffiti on Warlord Titan Wreckage found by Dark Angels at Westernisle, Pictsha IV

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

Armoured Fist



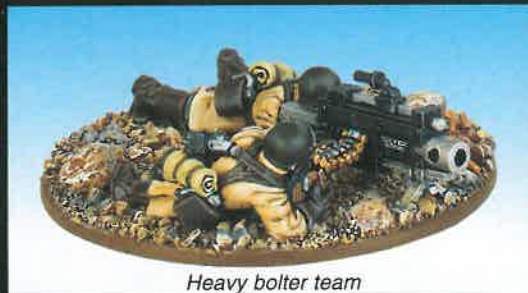
Lieutenant



Lieutenant



Missile launcher team



Heavy bolter team



Lascannon team



Sergeant



Sergeant

The roar of Chimera engines shatters the air as a new batch of reinforcements for the Steel Legion smashes its way into this issue! This month sees the release of more Steel Legion infantry. Whether you face the vile Orks across the burning ash wastes of Armageddon, or other foes of humanity on distant planets, these new models will give you the flexibility and firepower to destroy any threat to the Imperium!

In addition to these disciplined soldiers, the awesome Steel Legion Sentinel stomps in to lend some heavy support to its fellow groundpounders!



Plasma gun



Grenade launcher



ARENA
WARHAMMER
40,000
OF DEATH

presents...

**The fight of the Millennium
GHAZGHKULL MAG URUK THRAKA vs COMMISSAR YARRICK**

ARENA OF DEATH

WARHAMMER 40,000

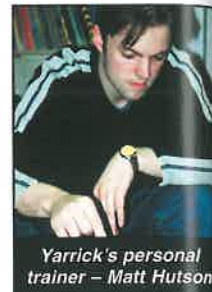
Welcome battle-fans to the 40K Arena of Death! I'm Nick Davis, your commentator for this brutal clash of giants, with unparalleled Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka facing his most hated foe, Commissar Yarrick. This pair have a long history of hatred and grudging respect for each other, and will be going head-to-head to see who's 'best'.

Let battle commence!



Ghazghkull's Manager & PA – Nick Davis

As we were putting together the first few Codex Armageddon articles, Matt Hutson and I were discussing what would happen if Ghazghkull and Commissar Yarrick actually fought one-on-one on the field of battle. History makes no mention of the two actually having met but I was certain that Ghazghkull would thrash the impudent human, while Matt was adamant that Yarrick could beat the Ork Warlord. Once the heated argument died down, Fat Bloke decreed that there was only one way to settle it – an Arena of Death bout! The original Arena of Death (see WD221) pitted several Warhammer special characters against each other in a 'just for laughs' knockout competition...



Yarrick's personal trainer – Matt Hutson

THE RULES

Each participant rolls a dice to decide who sets up first.

Models cannot be placed closer than 12".

Each participant rolls to see who wins the first turn.

Play as a normal game of Warhammer 40,000 until only one opponent is left standing.

In the green corner – 'The Hand of Gork & Mork', Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka!
In the red corner – Commissar 'Saviour of Hades Hive' Yarrick!

FIGHT ONE

Winning the deployment dice-off, I forced Matt to place Yarrick first, and he chose the cover of a ruined building. Determined to get stuck in, I placed Ghazghkull in a direct line with his foe. I was going to end this as quickly as I could (Yarrick was an old man, best not make him run around too much – it wouldn't be good for his health...).

Turn one

I won the dice roll for the first turn too and decided to go first. I charged Ghazghkull directly at Yarrick and let fly with his kustom shoota, managing to cause a wound – even though Yarrick's D6 Strength reducing force field had lessened the effectiveness of the shot. First blood to me. Unfortunately, I rolled low for Ghazghkull's mega-armour movement and was just out of assault range. I'd definitely be having a word or two with that unreliable Mekboy git.

Matt surprised me by moving Yarrick directly towards Ghazghkull and firing his storm bolter. The Hero of the Imperium managed to hit Ghazghkull and wound him (although his tough mega armour saved the shot!). Yarrick then charged, his Bale Eye blazing, though it had no effect on the Ork Warlord – so it came down to simultaneous combat with their power claws. Yarrick wounded Ghazghkull and, although three of Ghazghkull's attacks hit, Matt managed to roll a pair of 6s for Yarrick's force field! Reducing the Strength of the attack to 4, they failed to wound, but the final attack did – Ghazghkull seemed to have the upper hand...

Turn two

Commissar Yarrick hit only once and failed to wound. With the immortal words 'I have you now!' I rolled to hit, wounding the Commissar twice and knocking him to the ground. It was all down to his Iron Will and surely there was no way Matt was going to make that roll. Victory was in my grasp...

To my horror, Matt rolled the dice and Yarrick passed his test, bouncing back to his feet to strike at Ghazghkull! This only served to anger the Ork Warlord as Ghazghkull's blows all connected but failed to wound as Yarrick's force field absorbed the strength of the hits. Yarrick struck back, hitting Ghazghkull twice, knocking him down and winning the match – first win to the Imperial Commissar!

I couldn't believe it! Surely it was a fluke? This called for a rematch...



FIGHT TWO

This time I lost the deployment roll and, a little more wary of the Commissar, I set up Ghazghkull in the ruined building. Filled with confidence, Matt placed Yarrick on a direct charge line with Ghazghkull.

Turn one

I won the roll off for the first turn and elected to go first, charging at the impudent Commissar. There was no way I was going to let a mere 'umie succeed against the greatest Ork Warlord in the galaxy! I fired his kustom shoota but missed with both shots and despite having the mega boost re-roll, Ghazghkull fell short by an inch as he attempted to take out the old man in close combat!

It was Yarrick's turn and Matt moved him towards Ghazghkull whilst firing his storm bolter, the shots hitting home, but the Ork's thick armour saving him from harm. Then Yarrick charged. Determined not to lose to him the same way as last time, I call down the *Power of the Waaagh!* – giving Ghazghkull an invulnerable saving throw for this and the next round's combat. Yarrick's Bale Eye was ineffective and, even

though his power claw hit home three times, they were all deflected by the *Power of the Waaagh!* Ghazghkull struck back and although only one blow hit the Commissar, it managed to wound even though Matt rolled a five for his force field.

Turn two

Again the Bale Eye had no effect and it was down to the combatants' power claws. Yarrick's blows hit home but the Ork Warlord was saved by the *Power of the Waaagh!* yet again. I rolled for Ghazghkull's attacks, hitting 3 times and, despite the Commissar's increasingly annoying force field, two of the wounds were strong enough for instant kills. With Yarrick on the ground it was down to his Iron Will to save him. This time Matt failed the test – Waaagh! Ghazghkull!

'Okay,' says Matt, 'Now, try that without your gods' help. Ghazghkull didn't kill Yarrick – Gork and Mork did.' I couldn't turn down the challenge so we set up again (*is it me or have Nick and Matt hit on a sneaky way of playing games all afternoon and thus avoiding any real work?* – Fat Bloke).

FIGHT THREE – the decider!

Determined to show that Ghazghkull didn't need the *Power of the Waaagh!* to defeat Yarrick, we set up one last time. I won the deployment dice roll and let Matt place the good Commissar down first. This time he placed him on the far side of the ruined building. Going for the Orky approach I placed Ghazghkull on the other side of the ruin, directly facing Yarrick. It was time to end this...

Turn one

I won the turn dice off and elected to move Ghazghkull first – there really was nothing else for me to do except charge straight at Yarrick. Ghazghkull fired his kustom shoota and both shots hit, but the Commissar's force field reduced the Strength of the gun down to zero – Matt just wouldn't stop rolling sixes! Again Ghazghkull's mega boost let him down and he fell short of the Commissar in the assault phase. Chewing my lip with frustration, I let an optimistic Matt have his turn.

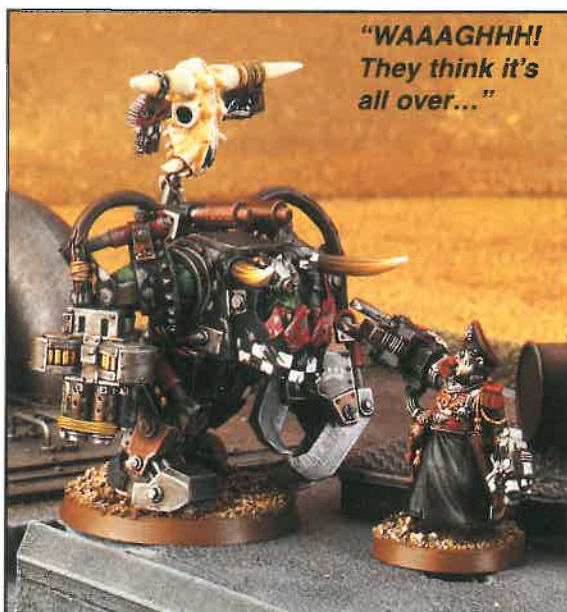
Wasting no time, Matt moved Yarrick towards Ghazghkull, fully confident that I would not call down the *Power of the Waaagh!* to assist me this time. Yarrick hit with both of his storm bolter shots but they rebounded harmlessly off Ghazghkull's metal body. For Commissar Yarrick there was only the charge...

With his Bale Eye blazing, the Commissar crashed into the Ork Warlord. Again the Eye was ineffective – Matt had managed to roll ones every time he used it which went some way to counter the number of sixes he'd also managed to roll! Yarrick struck at the Ork Warlord with his power claw, causing a single wound. Ghazghkull's reply was more impressive as he hit Yarrick three times and, even with the force field, I got an instant kill, forcing the brave Commissar to the ground.

Turn two

With Yarrick on the ground, Ghazghkull sauntered off after giving the Humie a good kicking. I watched as Matt rolled the dice and failed the crucial Iron Will test, leaving Yarrick lying in the dirt of the arena.

I cheered – Ghazghkull had won, beating his arch-nemesis two games to one. Matt then suggested a handicap match as Ghazghkull cost 226 points whilst his Imperial counterpart cost only 171...



"WAAAGHHH!
They think it's
all over..."



...it is now!"

The one-on-one results were really pretty much as we expected, despite Matt's protests to the contrary. However, we weren't finished yet with this dastardly duo. Matt argued that with the help of the brave men of the Imperial Guard, Yarrick would always beat Ghazghkull. So I agreed to a handicap match where Matt could bring along a Steel Legion squad to even things up a little bit.

THE HANDICAP MATCH!

Matt brought along ten Armageddon Steel Legion troopers to try to take down the lone, yet fearsome, figure of Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka. Outnumbered and outpointed, I was still confident that the Ork Warlord would win the day.

The rules for the Arena of Death match stayed the same; whoever was left standing at the end was the winner. We rolled off for deployment and for the third time Matt lost. This time, he chose to set up his troops on top of the ruined building. Keeping with the no-nonsense Ork tactics that had served me well so far, I set up in front of the squad – after all, the Humies' puny lasguns wouldn't hurt the Ork Warlord...

Turn one

Matt won the dice roll for the first turn. Staying put and taking careful aim, the Guardsmen fired. The lasgun shots bounced off Ghazghkull's thick armoured hide, while the heavy bolter and grenade launcher shots wounded but were saved by his armour. Yarrick added to this firestorm with his storm bolter and he managed to hit the hulking Ork Warlord, but yet again the shots were saved by his armour. Waiting to see what the Warlord would do next, Matt sat back nervously and watched.

Not wanting to be in front of the guns of the Steel Legion for long, Ghazghkull opted for the same old direct attack approach and charged Ghazghkull straight towards the guns. I fired off his kustom shoota and one of the shots hit and killed

a Guardsman. Again using the mega boost built into Ghazghkull's armour, I actually got into assault range (at last!) and charged in. The Warlord's head butt attack killed a guardsman whilst their replies with lasgun butts and bayonets had no effect on the colossal Ork. Sweeping around with his power claw, Ghazghkull hit and killed two more Guardsmen. Unfortunately Yarrick's inspirational presence meant that the squad didn't need to take a Leadership test and they closed in around Ghazghkull as he went head-to-head with the Imperial Commissar.

Turn two

With no shooting, we went straight into the assault phase. The Guardsmen actually had the temerity to cause a wound on the Ork Warlord but he managed to save it with his armour. It was time for Yarrick and Ghazghkull to fight, again simultaneously. Yarrick punched with his power claw hitting and wounding the Ork Warlord once whilst Ghazghkull replied with three hits on the Imperial hero. This time Yarrick's force field was only able to reduce one of the blows below instant kill Strength and for the third time Yarrick fell to the ground. Matt again had to rely on making that all important Iron Will test. The Guardsmen in combat, determined to defend their beloved Commissar, closed in around the Ork Warlord. All they had to do was wound Ghazghkull once and Matt would win this fight.

Turn three

Matt failed his Iron Will test again and the incapacitated Commissar was removed from the Arena. The Guardsmen lashed out with gun butts and bayonets, hitting and wounding the Ork Warlord twice. Luckily for Ghazghkull his saving throw succeeded – it would have been very embarrassing to die to mere Guardsmen! I threw the attack dice for Ghazghkull; he hit and killed with three of his attacks. The Guardsmen had finally had enough and without Yarrick's leadership, ran (or as Matt said 'fought a valiant tactical withdrawal') with Ghazghkull in hot pursuit. He caught and dispatched them at the base of the ruins, winning in grand style.

"I don't like you. My friends don't like you..."

"Paste the Greenskin!"

"Paste da Humies!"

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Well, Ghazghkull had managed to best ten Imperial Guardsmen and Commissar Yarrick; surely there was nothing left to prove. However Matt wasn't about to give up that easily...

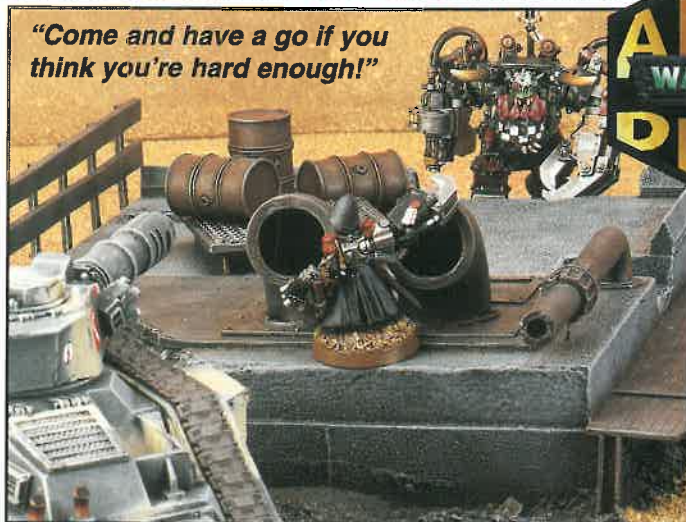
"Bet you won't be so lucky against a tank," he ventured.

"Bet you I will," I replied foolishly, heady from my wins in the last three matches.

"Okay: Ghazghkull versus Yarrick and a Leman Russ."

This would be interesting – almost a full 100 points over Ghazghkull's cost, but if I could pull this one off, there would be no argument as to just how 'ard the gargantuan Ork really is.

"Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough!"

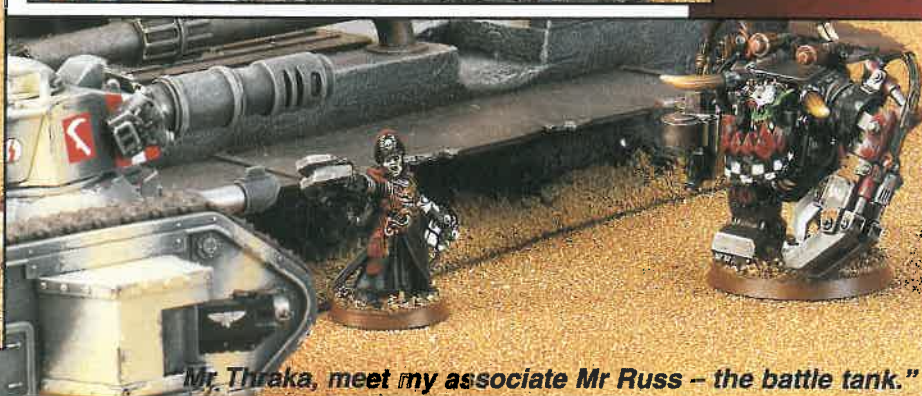


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"Thank you. Thank you very much!"



Mr. Thraka, meet my associate Mr Russ – the battle tank."

THE FINAL CONFLICT

This was going to be difficult. To kill the Leman Russ I had to assault it or shoot its weaker rear armour. Matt lost the deployment roll and placed the tank and Yarrick into the Arena first. Conscious of the Leman Russ's guns, I placed Ghazghkull in cover to the side of the tank and hoped to close the gap quickly.

Turn one

Winning the roll to see who went first, I moved Ghazghkull towards the tank. Yarrick was skulking around the other side of the Leman Russ so I had nothing to shoot at. Predictably I failed to get close enough to the Leman Russ in the assault phase.

Unsurprisingly, Matt reversed the tank, turning it to face the Ork Warlord. He then moved Yarrick up alongside the tank and fired the tank's lascannon. I closed my eyes and prayed to Gork and Mork for the usual Imperial Guard inaccuracy, but to no avail as it hit and wounded Ghazghkull.

Turn two

With nothing to do but head towards the battle tank I gritted my teeth and waited for Matt's next move.

Matt again reversed the Leman Russ and moved Yarrick a little further forward of the Leman Russ. As Matt prepared to fire the lascannon I declared the *Power of the Waaagh!* and the invulnerable save protected the Ork Warlord from the lascannon this turn.

Turn three

With the tank in my sights I only needed to roll a 6 to get into contact with it, but again I fell short. I contented myself by firing Ghazghkull's kustom shoota at Yarrick, wounding the Commissar. With one wound each suffered I felt a little better.

With the *Power of the Waaagh!* dissipated, Matt chose to leave the Leman Russ stationary and moved the Commissar into assault range. The tank's lascannon and heavy bolters fired. The lascannon missed but the heavy bolters found their mark, wounding Ghazghkull.

This was the moment that Matt had been waiting for and he charged Yarrick into the Ork Warlord. The Commissar was hit twice by the Ork's huge power claw and Yarrick's force field saved one wound but another got through. Yarrick returned the compliment and wounded the Ork. With his last Wound gone, the Ork Warlord hit the ground with a thud, leaving Commissar Yarrick triumphant!

It was all over! We played five games using these two very special characters. Although in the last match the Commissar did have the odds tipped in his favour when he brought along the Leman Russ, it proved that if these two did actually meet on the battlefield, there would be only one victor – the mighty Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka!



**Arena of Death champion:
Ork Warlord Ghazghkull
Mag Uruk Thraka**

WARHAMMER
40,000

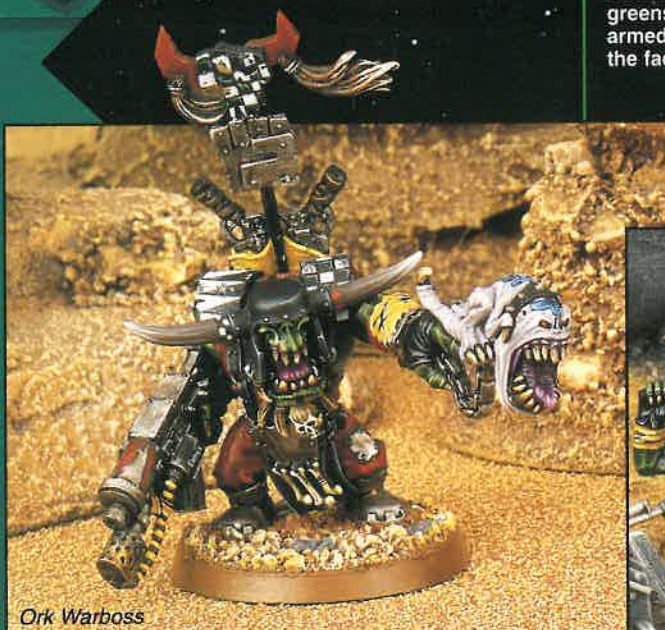


Ork Stormboy Nob

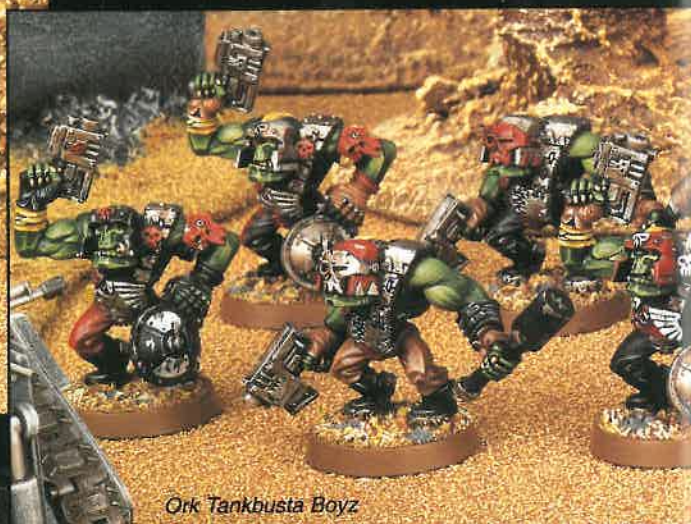
WAAAGH ORKS!

DA BOYZ

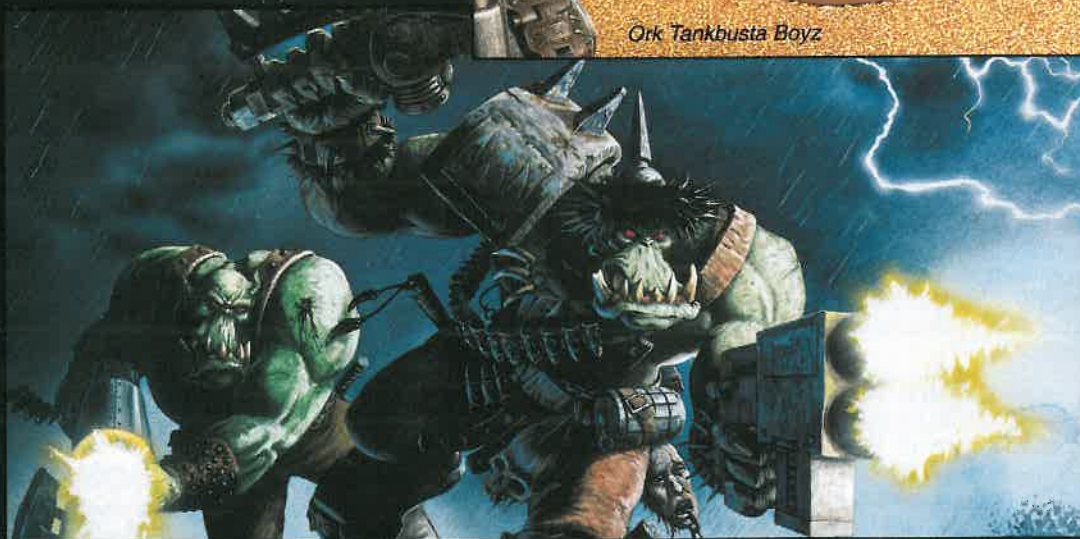
Coinciding with the release of Codex Armageddon are more greenskins to bolster your warband. The new Warboss is armed with a ferocious Attack Squig, coiled and ready to bite the face off your opponent! Deadly Ork Tankbusta Boyz are also here. These lads are perfect for destroying troublesome enemy tanks. Last but not least is the Stormboyz Nob to lead your Stormboyz to where the fighting is thickest.



Ork Warboss



Ork Tankbusta Boyz



SPEED FREEKS!

Ork Kults of Speed in Warhammer 40,000

All Orks want to get to grips with their enemy as fast as they possibly can. For Speed Freeks this means jumping into their buggies and racing top whack towards enemy lines. The release of Codex Armageddon now allows players to take an army of Speed Freeks into battle. Space McQuirk (*Apparently that's his name - DT*) takes a closer look at the background of these adrenaline charged tread heads.

Spored to be Wild

The mere thought of ear deafening noise, machines and charging at full speed into battle is enough to make any Ork drool with excitement. So it is hardly surprising that a large number of them crave nothing more than to cut a swathe through the enemy's troops whilst mounted on a motley collection of bikes, buggies, trukks and Battlewagons. In fact an Ork will attach a powerful motor, armour plating and the shootiest weapons they can get their hands on to any set of wheels that moves. Any Ork who can get his hands on his own set of wheels (or even his mate's for that matter), won't pass up the chance to tear full-speed around the battlefield.

Ork Meks spend hours tinkering in garages, fixing armour plates and big shootas to their buggies and bikes in a frenzy of kustomisation. For some Orks, though, the passion to drive begins to take over all other thoughts, they find themselves unable to stop their vehicles, eating and even sleeping on the move. The Ork becomes engrossed in the need to race his comrades at every opportunity. Finding rivals to beat becomes an obsession and soon he becomes lost within the Kult of Speed. To his old companions he becomes known as a Speed Freek.

Da Kultz of Speed

A vast variety of Kultz of Speed can be found within the settlements of most tribes, and more often than not there will be a couple of Kultz competing against each other to see who is the best. This is certainly true amongst tribes with a high proportion of followers from the Evil Sunz clan, whose dominant characteristics are an obsession with vehicles and speed. They are by no means the only clan in which the Kult is found. The need to go fast is a common trait amongst Orks and so most clans contain Kult of Speed fanatics.

Unlike many religious cults found within other races' societies, the Kult of Speed has no ordered hierarchy. The Ork with the most powerful machine tends to take the honour of being Da Boss. The Kult's followers can usually be found tearing around the boundaries of the stronghold, racing each other over crudely marked tracks. These racecourses are littered with the wrecks and debris of previous contenders' crashed vehicles, making them excellent training grounds for when the Orks go into battle. To the deep frustration of many an Ork Warlord, the races can get out of hand. Drivers often lose all control of their vehicles, careering straight through the heart of the camp. Untold mayhem is created as the vehicles crash, causing Orks and their slaves to scatter into cover.



Grand Warlord Adrian Wood's converted Ork buggies.

Hidden, protected from the elements beneath a giant sand dune, the egg had been incubating for over seven hundred years. Driven by some deep instinct, the small creature inside began to stir. Forcing its way out of the fragile shell, it pushed up through the sand. The hatchling finally crawled onto the surface. For the first time its small, innocent eyes opened to look into the light of a bright new day.

Kersplakk! Guzbob never noticed the tiny fire turtle as it was flattened beneath the massive front wheel of his bike. It would not have made any difference even if he had seen it. His eyes were focused upon the distant horizon; everything else within his field of vision became one huge blur of colour. A short distance ahead, through a thick cloud of dust and black smoke, he could see the silhouettes of the rest of the Boyz. Warbuggies tore along the sand, their engines roaring loudly. Ahead of the buggies, barely visible through the layers of fine dust that gathered on his goggles, he could see the warbikes. Their banners flapped in the hot desert wind as each Ork bravely launched his bike off the dune crests. At the rear of the pack, throwing plumes of dust into the trailing Ork's face, a massive, armour plated Battiewagon with smoke billowing out from its large exhaust carried all those Orks who had no vehicle of their own. Protruding from above the jagged panels of corrugated metal rivetted to the side of the

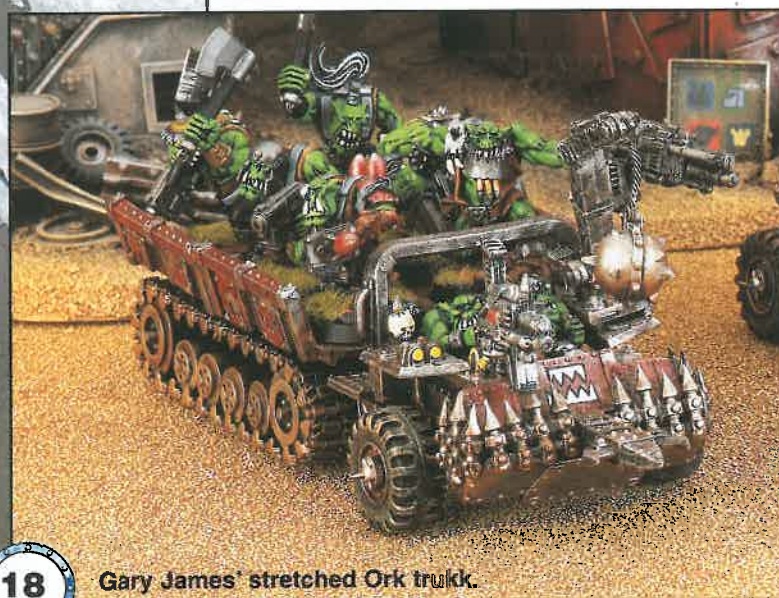
vehicle, he could just about make out the heads of the Orks letting the rush of wind blow against their faces. Those who were at the back of the vehicle were jeering at him, gesticulating with their fingers.

"If yoo ever forget ta fill 'er up again, I'll kill yer!" Guzbob cursed at his Grot Rigger who clung onto the banner pole on the back of his bike. He had the fastest bike in the whole gang, and normally led at the front of the pack. No self respectin' Speed Freek ever wanted to come last. Still they could jeer all they wanted, they were only jealous of his shiny, red bike. As he made sure his throttle was fully pulled back he noticed dark shadows racing across the dune sea. Guzbob instinctively ducked as two Fightabommerz thundered overhead barely metres above him. The appearance of the planes could mean only one thing, they must be nearing the target. Guzbob waved a fist in anger at the huge aircraft. The fact that something was going faster than he ever could bit deep into his pride.

"Snagitt, hit da boosta. Dem humies is close by an' I wanna get dere furst." As the turbo flared into life, the small Grot desperately clung with all his strength to the bike. One massive burst of acceleration and the bike had overtaken all the other vehicles. Guzbob readied his finger on the trigger, the fuel depot was in sight and the last one there was a rotten squig!



Grand Warlord Adrian Wood has used bits from all manner of plastic kits to convert his Ork bikes.



Gary James' stretched Ork truck.

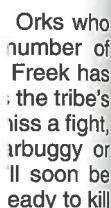
Speed Freeks are not only limited to those Orks who own their own transport. With the high number of accidents on the racetrack, many a Speed Freek has found his bike or buggy still 'unda repair', as the tribe's warband races off to battle. Not wanting to miss a fight, he'll jump into a fellow Speed Freek's warbuggy or truck, content with the knowledge that he'll soon be racing head first into combat, gun in hand, ready to kill anything that gets in his way.

Many Ork Bosses and Warlords get their pick of the best kustom trukks and Battiewagons available, and will seek out the best driver to take them full throttle into battle. As the boss rumbles off, the Speed Freeks scramble into action. Tankbustas load up with bombz while Skarboyz grab their favourite choppas before launching themselves onto the back of any moving vehicle that they can clamber aboard. Howling with excitement at the prospect of getting to the enemy first, they urge the driver to go faster so they don't miss out on any of the fun. When they reach the battlefield, they jump off the back and charge towards enemy's lines.

Da Meks' Workshop

The need to know how a machine works is rooted deep within the genetic structure of a few select Orks. These Boyz spend hours locked away in cramped garages and workshops, fixing the broken weapons that are brought to them. In Ork culture, these Orks become known as Meks and no machine is safe from their welda gunz or 'eavy spannerz. An Ork's prized possession, whether it is his Shoota or his shiny new bike, will be stripped down and rebuilt but 'wiv bigga bitz'. Sometimes this will be a simple paint job, but more often than not the Ork returns to the Mek's workshop to find his bike or truck has a new kustom weapon or krusher attached. Whether the vehicle will still work or not is a risk that the Ork must take, but most kustomers are more than happy to let a Mekboy 'unda da hud'.

Speed Freeks' vehicles are usually sprayed with a bright red paint job, with added flames if the owner is feeling especially flash. All Orks know that 'red wunz go fasta', and whilst no-one can come up with a rational explanation for the phenomenon, it certainly seems to hold true. In addition to a paint job, many sport a wide variety of wicked kustomisations. Turbo boostas



Stuart Witter's scratch-built Ork Battlewagon

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Chris Smart used bits from other Ork vehicles to customize the vehicles in the Studio Speed Freeks army.

are securely bolted into place and aerodynamically engineered. Armour plating is rivetted to any sections of the vehicle the Mek thinks are vulnerable.

As a good Mek is never around when you need one, the Speed Freeks take Grot Riggers with them into battle. These small slaves cling to the vehicles or balance precariously on footplates, ready to fix things if they go wrong. Usually a short sharp blow to the engine with a heavy tool is enough to get a motor functioning properly again. Failing that, the Ork boots the Grot off the bike and orders him to push. Often scores of Riggers join together behind a vehicle trying to give the machine enough momentum to enable the Ork to jump-start his crude vehicle back into action.

Death from Above

A few of the least sane Orks find that accelerating at maximum velocity across the ground is still not enough of a buzz. They feel an overwhelming desire to take to the air. The Meks are always seeking test pilots for their latest and most dangerous 'invenshun'. If one of these Boyz is crazy enough to try, he becomes the pilot of a Deth Kopta. You could be

forgiven for imagining that the idea of raining down a blanket of fire from big shootas mounted on a flying machine would be enough to satisfy even the most obsessive Kultboy, but you'd be wrong. Speed Freeks are constantly craving more thrills and, of course, the only thing faster in the air than a Deth Kopta is a Fighta-bommer.

The ultimate rush is to fly one of these heavily armed planes, strafing the enemy whilst at the same time trying to perform the best low-level tricks possible. No Speed Freek likes the idea that someone got to the battle before him; after all, the sooner he gets there the more enemy there will be left for him to fight. The 'Flyboyz' as the pilots of the Fighta-Bommerz are often known, know that the simple fact that they can get there first will infuriate the Speed Freeks on the ground below. They show off their superior speeds, buzzing the warbands with low-level passes over their heads, whilst the Boyz on the back of the trucks and Battlewagons take pot-shots at the planes with their shootas.

Renegade Speed Freeks

Occasionally a Speed Freek will upset a Warlord by wrecking his best and newest machine and is outcast from the stronghold. Others simply lose all contact with the tribe as they race off into the distance, never to be seen by their comrades again. When this happens they become Renegade Speed Freeks, hiring their services to whoever will pay them the most fuel. Most Warlords love to hire these renegades as they usually race off after the battle into the distant horizon, not stopping long enough to collect their reward.

Bands of Renegade Speed Freeks will often group together forming deadly convoys of machines that rampage and loot entire planets. 'Get dere fast and get dere furst', the motto of the Thundaboyz Speed Freeks, exemplifies the ideals of the Kult of Speed. If you ever fancied leading a psychotic gang of adrenaline-charged killers into battle, the Kult of Speed could well be what you've been waiting for. Full throttle and fingas on da trigga, the Kult of Speed are an awesome sight on the battlefield, guns blazing as they race around the enemy. Keep your eyes focused for the tell-tale cloud of dust on the distant horizon that often forewarns of a Speed Freek attack, but you'd better not blink or you'll miss them.



Bogrot revved the throttle on his large warbike again, the engine shaking as it roared. Tapping his heavy, studded leather boots on the ground in a rhythmical repetition, it was obvious that Bogrot was agitated. He had been sat on his stationary bike for less than a minute, but it seemed like an eternity to the Speed Freek. Da Boss had disappeared off ahead to scout. They were getting close to the Space Marines' base and he wanted to catch 'em wiv dere pantz down. Thankfully he could see his leader approaching in his heavily customised wartrukk. The boyz riding with the Warboss all whooped and screamed with delight as the massive machine skidded to a halt inches from Bogrot, sending clouds of dust and grit flying into the air.

Both engines were belching out billows of fumes, and the noise would have deafened any creature other than the fanatical Kultboyz.

Above the almighty din, the Warboss shouted at Bogrot, but the

Ork could only see Grimtuff's mouth moving – no words could be heard through the noise of the two rumbling engines.

"Speak up boss, I can't 'ear ya!" the biker yelled, revving his throttle once again for good measure.

"I sed wait fur da uvvas or you'll get shot ta shreds!" the Warboss screamed at Bogrot.

"Race all da uvvas, full speed ahead!! Righto Boss." Bogrot let the clutch of his bike slip, pulling a fantastic wheelie as he tore off into the distance, heading straight towards the Marines' camp, who to the dismay of the Warlord and his surprise plan, had been in the middle of heavy weapons target practice.

"Oh well! Who wants ta live furever?" Grimtuff signalled to his driver to follow the doomed biker. The rest of da Boyz weren't far behind and Bogrot might need a bit of help.

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Ceramite armour cracked beneath the heavy weight of the bike as it hurtled over the fallen Space Marine, continuing its rampage through the enemy's flank. The giant Ork briefly looked down to see the carnage he had just caused. With a grim smile of satisfaction, he noticed the green helmet of the Dark Angel had been crushed to a messy pulp of bone, armour and flesh. Another Space Marine jumped out in front of his bike, his bolter already flashing its hail of deadly shells. Wazzdakka squeezed the red trigger on his crossbar, howling madly as the twin-linked big shoota and his own scratch-built blasta blazed simultaneously. His bike continued its charge, blood spraying from the wheels as it passed through the puddle where seconds earlier the Space Marine had stood.

The speed and ferocity with which his Bike Boyz had struck the flank of the Space Marines had caught the whole army by surprise. Wazzdakka was impressed. The Flamin' Wheelz Speed Kult bikers had devastated the defensive lines, allowing the mob to advance without any resistance. Now it was simply a matter of hunting every last one of these humans down. These ladz could ride with him any day.

Out of the corner of his eye the Ork leader spotted a fast moving object closing in on his position. Turning to face it, Wazzdakka's black heart leapt for joy. A lone Dark Angels bike was charging at

him, its bolt shells exploding all around. Spinning the rear end of the massive warbike, he turned the machine to face the new challenge. The Emperor's Warrior was still a fair distance away, so Wazzdakka let his bike accelerate. Space Marine and Ork hurtled at high speed straight towards each other. The distance between them closed at an alarming rate as the dial on the bike's speedo began to climb faster and faster – he would soon be at maximum velocity.

The two bikes were now within metres of each other. The game of chicken was on and it was Wazzdakka's favourite. The Ork knew Space Marine bikers too well; they would rather die than bring dishonour to their Chapter by breaking off. With a millisecond to spare, the infamous biker veered slightly to his left, drawing his enormous choppa. Its blade chattered as the sharp metal teeth, stained red from the blood of countless victims, began their deadly cycle. He thrust the weapon out horizontally, his long muscular arm extended to its fullest length.

The Space Marine's bike continued its charge forward until colliding to a halt with a ruined building. The rider's body was still upright in the saddle, his gauntlet tightly gripping the throttle, whilst the severed, helmeted head rolled to a halt in a nearby crater hole.



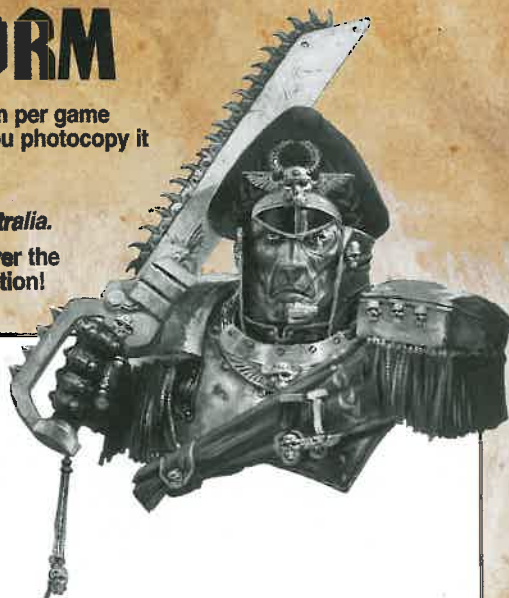
Andy Chambers' converted Battlewagon, built around the Space Marine Land Raider.

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

Name:

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 ☐

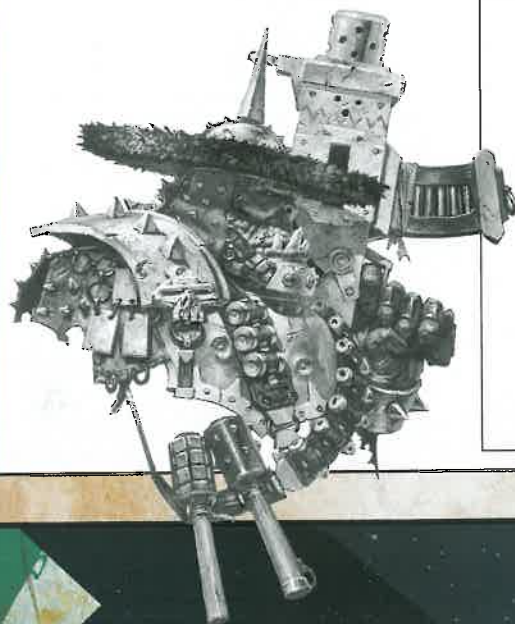
Eldar ☐

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)
- Inferus 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)
- Armageddon Sub-Sector (all Battlefleet Gothic battles)

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

ONE OF OUR COLONEL'S IS MISSING!

by Troy Cukas, Justin Keyes, Dan Richardson, Matt Weaver, Ryan Kennedy, Dave Taylor, Nick Gilbert, Ben Harris and Geoffrey Macpherson.



Mad Doc Cukas

OVERVIEW by Troy Cukas

I've been a greenskin player for around five years as I love converting (especially vehicles). When I saw the Speed Freaks army in Codex Armageddon, I developed a cunning plan to convince Dave Taylor to let me do a mini-battle report with my heavily converted army (*I saw right through the plan Troy - DT*).

With the worldwide Armageddon campaign about to commence, I formulated a three battle scenario involving the three Studio guys (Dave, Booster, and Matt) playing at three Sydney stores. Three of the armies detailed in Codex Armageddon would be used, and it would revolve around an Imperial Guard Colonel (Von Hardtkaur) missing in action in the Fire Wastes whilst relaying battle plans.

Booster's Black Templars would be scouring the coastal areas near the Argyle River in search of Von Hardtkaur and clash with my Kult of Speed (Wizbang Gofarsta's Burning Lightning Kult) in a Rescue Mission.

Further up the coast, Ryan's Orks would be returning to refuel only to be confronted by Dave's Gaunt's Ghosts Guard army (*Try saying that three times quickly - DT*) attempting to sabotage the fuel depot.

Inland, Matt's Armageddon Steel Legion (11th Comp. 41st Reg.) would be advancing to reinforce the Black Templars when they are ambushed by Dan's Goff clan (Waaagh Gofgob).

Well, let the battles begin and may the best ork win!



Matt Weaver's Armageddon Steel Legion arranged in column.

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

Battle at Argyle River

Justin Keyes: Accept any Challenge, No Matter the Odds. I had only recently decided to collect a Black Templar Space Marine Army when Parramatta staff sergeant Troy Cukas developed an idea to have a series of 40K games to celebrate the release of Codex Armageddon. My initial thoughts of painting a small 1000 pt force would grow until it would reach the 2500 points that Troy and I had decided upon.

The mission was to be *Rescue* (not one of my personal favourites). I wanted to have an army that was going to be well balanced with the ability to fight well in Close Combat and still have the option to destroy the foe with a righteous rain of bolt rounds. Having a sneak peek at Codex Armageddon I saw that some changes had been made to the Space Marine Army List if you are using a Black Templar army, the changes that were made really suit my style of gaming so I designed my army accordingly. With that all worked out it was off to Parramatta to meet my foe.



Booster checks his Land Raider

Turn One

Booster had a sense of foreboding as he lost the rolls for table side, deployment AND first turn. The Templars deployed three Tactical squads to the east, protected by the river. The four Ork trucks spread across the table

and sped forward towards the four counters on their side of the river. The shoota armed Dakka Mob dismounted behind a bunker to the east, with "Wazzagor's Sluggas" jumping out into the forest to the west. Opposite, Squad Agrippa advanced towards the river, covered by the boltgun armed Squads Gruber & Ronoke.

Turn Two

Warboss Gofarsta, Da Buggies (two), Zagruks' thirteen Stormboyz and Skraga's ten Skarboyz arrived and headed for the central bunker where Zaggul had discovered the now dead



Argyle River, scene of the battle.

Colonel. Not knowing what to do with the satchel of plans, Zaggul waited for Gofarsta's arrival. To the west, the six Warbikes arrived and rode towards the river ford, their gunfire falling short of Squad Agrippa, whilst the Dakka Mob fired wildly at Tactical Squad Gruber.

The arrival of the Emperor's Champion Akrida and a Whirlwind bolstered the Templars eastern defence line. The terminator armoured Sword Brethren Squad Molay advanced after Squad Agrippa. In a blaze of bolt rounds Squad Ronoke cut down six of the Dakka Mob. The survivors of the mob took cover in the safety of the bunker. The west was set alight when the newly arrived Land Raider, Waffenn, destroyed Gofarsta's truck, killing one Nob, and wounding another.

Turn Three

With 'Flight of the Valkyries' bursting the speakers, Mek Zagdakka's Dethkopta squadron flew through the eastern gorge, and Da Bikerz reached the river bank. Their combined fire was repelled by Squad Agrippa's power armour, only one succumbing to the hail. Tactical Squad Gruber were halved by rokkit, shoota and slugga fire from the Dakka Mob, advancing buggies and Skraga's Skarboyz. Enraged, the Space Marines charged down the hill towards Skraga's Trukk. In the centre, Gofarsta and his Nobz slogged it out on foot towards Zaggul and the plans. To the west, heavy support arrived with the Zzap truck following Wazzagor's dismounted Sluggaz and Da Hotdoggz (burna mob) who headed through the forest towards the Land Raider.

As the second whirlwind pulled in next to it's brother, the first tank fired at Da Bikers, only killing a nearby Stormboy. The Sword Brethren advanced through the

trees that were screening the Whirlwinds, taking out the rokkit launcha on Skraga's truck. To their east, Squad Agrippa reached the island at the river ford, taking out an Ork warbike. Squad Ronoke advanced behind them.

Squad Gruber *Immobilised* Skraga's truck with bolter fire, but inflicted no damage in their assault.

To the west, the ten Black Templars of Assault Squad Fokker bounded in, supported by their five battle brothers of Assault Squad Werner. Fokker screened the Land Raider, whilst Werner headed towards the Zzap truck.

Advancing into battle, Grand Marshal Hughes de Payen disembarked his Command Squad from their Razorback. The Grand Marshal opened fire on the nearby Hotrodd (burna's truck), destroying it with an accurate shot from his plasma pistol, in the ensuing explosion three boyz were engulfed in flames. Charging forward, Hughes de Payen personally slew six of the Ork squad, the remaining Ork fled and was trampled by the advancing command squad. Hughes de Payen and his bodyguard continued into Wazzagor's mob behind.

Turn Four

On the far west, Skarfang's battlewagon trundled forward, its big shootas scything two of Squad Werner's Space Marines in half.

In the centre, Da Kraw's five Nobz warbikes roared towards Zaggul while Wizbang leaded his Nobz towards the rampaging High Marshal Hughes de Payen.

With the buggies in support on the river bank, Skraga's grot rigger Fixit resurrected the immobilised truck, and immediately reversed away from the approaching Space Marines. Jumping from the truck, Skraga's mob wiped out the stranded Squad Gruber, before

They didn't come as I expected. What can I say? When Troy captured the *Rescue* token in his first turn I knew that I was going to have my work cut out for me. This coupled with my poor reserve rolls, meant that I was going to have to be on the defensive if I was to try to win this battle. I am not sure which famous general stated "The best defence is offense" but it seemed like a good plan to me. My new battle plan was simple, shoot any Ork that presented themselves as a target, and assault any that I could reach. Having decided to take the fight to the enemy I moved the majority of my army forward. I did lose the game as the Orks held the objective at the end of turn 6 but it was a lot of fun with the Templars achieving a two to one kill ratio as well as initiating the majority of the close combat in the game. Thanks to Troy and everyone who came to the store to watch our game. Troy, you agreed to a rematch, just remember that I choose the mission this time. Mmmm, *Meatgrinder* sounds fun.

RESCUE mission

Troy Cukas: As a conversion mad dok, my army is constructed mainly around my vehicles. I made sure I had a solid core of boyz to chop down Booster's Templars, especially two mobs of Skarboyz for strength 4 action, also with lots of burnaz. My bikes/koptas would give big shoota fire support, with two Zzaps to combat his Land Raider. The Whirlwinds concerned me, along with being charged by Space Marines who failed their break tests from shooting casualties, denying me any charge bonuses.

Da Plan: spread out, use speed to locate Von Hardtkaur's plans then consolidate all reserves on that spot, sending my bikes/buggies/koptas to hunt down the whirlwinds.

consolidating back into the truck.

Further east, Da Bikes and Deathkoptas laid down a hail of fire at Squad Agrippa. Only two marines succumbed despite inflicting nineteen wounds in shooting and combat. Chanting hymns and prayers of devotion the Black Templars reply by dragging three bikers into the river. In the continued combat the Templars destroyed the two 'koptas and the remaining bikes without any further casualties. Two Whirlwind salvoes targeted Wizbang and Zaggul, wounding Zaggul as well as killing a nearby shoota boy and immobilising a truck. After advancing to the river the Sword Brethren fire was ineffective against Skraga's truck. Squad Fokker advanced towards Zaggul, their fire wounding one of Gofarsta's Nobz. However their assault failed when the the burna boy in combat torched two of the Templars. The boyz leapt from the bunker and swarmed the Space Marines.

In a fit of battle rage, Hughes de Payen personally cuts down Wazzagor and 4 of his boyz while his command squad dispatched the remaining Orks and followed up into one of Wizbang's Nobz. The remaining Assault Marines of Squad Werner used their melta bombs to destroy the Zzap truck, emerging unscathed and headed towards the battlegwagon.

Turn Five

Charging from the battlegwagon, Skarfang and his ladz destroyed the 3 marines of Assault Squad Werner for the loss of three boyz.

The battlegwagon and Nobz bikers converged on the advancing High Marshal and his retinue, reducing the Command Squad to the Standard Bearer in a hail of big shoota, slugga and rokket fire. Challenging Wizbang in combat, Hughes de Payen's only wounding blow struck the Warboss's cybork body. In return, Gofarsta reduced him to one wound before a Nob's power klaw snuffed him out. Slowed by his powerfist, the Standard Bearer succumbed to a Mek's burna.

Their job done, Wizbang led his retinue and Nobz bikers towards the waiting Zaggul. With the support of Zagrukk and his Stormboyz, the wounded Zaggul and his boyz fought it out with Squad Fokker, taking out five for the loss of seven sluggaz.

To the east Da Buggies raced up the hill after crossing the river, their fire missing the menacing whirlwinds.

Gunning his truck, Skraga jumped onto the opposite river bank, blasted a Templar from Squad Ronoke, before decapitating three Sword Brethren. The two burna boyz torched the remaining two! Sighting the nearby Space Marines, Skraga and his boyz charged Squad Ronoke.

In response, Squad Ronoke brutally cut down half the skarboyz, sending the remainder scurrying like Grotz to the safety of their truck.

Da Buggies were horrified as Dreadnought Hansel arrived on the field next to them, its fire jamming the lead rokket launcha. The whirlwinds targeted the central bunker, demolishing Zaggul's truck and a stormboy.

Sighting Zaggul, Chaplain Bernard de Payen jump packed into combat, swinging his Crozius Arcanum he decapitated the Nob who dropped the Imperial satchel. In the surrounding melee two more Marines of Squad Fokker died, taking six stormboyz with them. Both mobz held, despite only two truckas surviving. The Land Raider again targeted Da Nobz, evaporating two but not distracting Gofarsta.

Turn Six

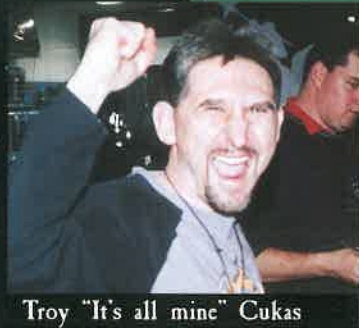
Racing forward, a biker nob swoops onto the satchel, whilst Wizbang is held back by the terrain. With only one Assault Marine in support, Bernard de Rayen cut down a slugga boy only to take a blast from the sole surviving burna. Taking two stormboyz with him, the last member of Assault Squad Fokker was also slain.

Recovering in his truck, Skraga raced across the river, dismounted into the copse of trees screening the whirlwinds. Two searing burna blasts destroyed one "lobbawagon" and immobilised the other, which exploded when hit by a buggy's rokket. With a mighty "WAAAGH" Skraga charged into Squad Ronoke, the mob slicing through two Marines losing only one skarboy.

With a hail of bolts Squad Agrippa destroyed Skraga's truck and charged the skarboyz, accompanied by the Emperor's Champion. Surrounded by Black Templars, the mob was ripped apart by the enraged marines, the Emperor's Champion cutting Skraga almost in two with a mighty blow from the Black Sword.

With a swipe of it's powerfist the Dreadnought crushes a buggy. Lascannons blazing, the Land Raider lances two nobz bikes, with the final Nob safely holding the satchel.

In combat, Bernard de Payen slays a further three more stormboyz before Zagrukk cut him down, ending the game.



Troy "It's all mine" Cukas



The Orks try to defend the satchel.

WAAAGH! Was Skraga hardcore or what? With twelve Tactical Marines, five Terminators and two Whirlwinds to their credit the ten Skarboyz took a heavy toll. Unlike my bikes and koptas who did comparatively little due to some miraculous 3+ armour saves. Booster's deployment confused me initially but, while I had the upper hand most of the time, I realised he intended pounding me with the whirlwinds then mop me up with the assault squads and HQs. Fortunately his barrages were off target (two vehicles and about four boyz lost), leaving his cleanup squads a hard slog (although his Command Squad quickly carved through two mobz). In the end my numbers and speed came through. NOW, to decipher those humie planz!

The 3rd War for
ARMAGEDDON

On the outskirts of the Hive.



Matt Weaver and his army list.

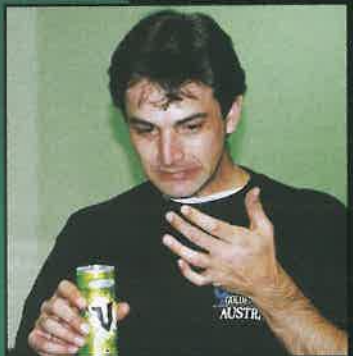
Matt Weaver: I wasn't able to get the image out of my head. Imagine a column of battle tanks and armoured troop carriers, a freshly raised Imperial Guard regiment speeding its way to the battlefield. Inexperienced and un-blooded troops with new steel were setting off for their fiery baptism in the Imperium's darkest hour. Troy Cukas had assigned us to our various missions, I was set to play Dan Richardson (the People's Dan) from the Chatswood store, the scenario was *Ambush*, and I was the Defender. Yes! this is the first time I've actually looked forward to playing this scenario.

I was anticipating Dan to attack me head on cutting me off from my objective. My plan was to punch my way through this, with the lead Chimeras ploughing through at full speed.

Turn One

The Orks began their first movement phase by charging towards the guardsmen, the Stormboyz jumping to within assault range of the lead Chimera. The Dreadnought and Killer Kanz crashed through a steel mesh fence. The Stormboyz levelled their bolt pistols at the Chimera, but the explosive shells could do nothing to the tank's armour. The Killer Kanz fired off their rokkits at Alpha Two Chimera, one of which exploded in the tracks, stunning the crew inside (and Matt). The 'Ead Takerz then fired their rokket launchers at Beta Two Chimera, immobilising it, and destroying the turret mounted multi laser. The Stormboyz charged the Alpha One Chimera, and while the Boyz did nothing, the Nob affixed one of its tank buster grenades to its heavy flamer, blowing the gun off the hull of the tank.

The Imperial Guard movement began with most of the tanks pivoting on the spot, and all but the two lead Chimeras deploying their troops. The Alpha One Chimera tank shocked the Stormboyz who were in combat with it, and Dan countered with his Nob, using the Death or Glory tactic. The Nob frantically fixed a tank buster grenade to the front of the tank, and was just triggering his jet pack to jump out of the way when a huge explosion ripped out the entire front of the tank, causing shards of metal to fly everywhere, injuring one Stormboy who was too close to the explosion. Miraculously all but one of the Guardsmen who had been travelling inside poured out, coughing from the smoke, but otherwise unharmed. The entire left flank of the



Mmmm, sugar and V. mmm

column opened fire on the 'Ead Kickerz and as the smoke and plasma explosions cleared only a third of the boyz remained. Despite suffering huge casualties, the 'Ead Kickerz demonstrated proper Orky courage in the face of heavy fire and stood their ground. Meanwhile on the right flank of the Guard army, the Hellhound (nick-named Big Flamey Death) crashed through a fence to appear right beside the 'Ead Takerz. The right flank of the armoured column took aim at the 'Ead Takerz. The concentrated fire of fifteen Guardsmen and three tanks left gaping holes in the Ork mob, which fell back from the scorching flames of the Hellhound. Alpha One squad and Beta One squad both took shots at the Stormboyz and then charged into the Orks. The Stormboyz were taken completely by surprise by this strange tactic of the Guardsmen and four of their number were cut down. The Nob's choppa sliced through two Guardsmen in one huge sweep, the sight of blood renewed the Stormboyz and they killed five more. Both Imperial squads passed their leadership tests and stood fast.

Turn Two

Much to Dan's dismay none of his reserves made it onto the table. This left the few Orks remaining on the table (over a third had been wiped out last turn) very outnumbered. The Killer Kanz and Krank the Dreadnought lumbered towards the column of tanks, taking up a imposing position in front of the line. The smoking remnants of the 'Ead Takerz beat out the flames and began advancing around the fence between them and the Steel Legion troopers. The 'Ead Kickerz, despite the beating they had suffered the turn before began to move towards the Guard Command HQ. They managed to get three burna boyz into position to open up on the demolisher, the flames did very little but melt the paintwork of the massive tank.

On the right flank the Dreadnought set to with two scorchas, killing seven troopers. The Killer Kanz rokket launchers fired on the lead Chimera and the resulting explosion tore a hole through engine, which exploded, taking with it two Guardsmen who were standing close by. The Kanz followed this up by assaulting the stunned Steel Legion squad and killed three with their power claws. The Stormboyz continued their combat against the two Imperial squads, and two more Orks were cut down. The Orks' retaliation killed eight Guardsmen, half of their number, the remaining troopers fled from the enraged Ork mob who gave chase and cut them down to a man (with a massive 17" advance).

Only the Hellhound and the Command HQ moved, the one to follow after the 'Ead Takerz, and the other to get into a position to fire on the line of Stormboyz. The tank turrets turned ominously, and the shooting began. The Command HQ, Alpha Command, and two Chimeras opened fire on the Stormboyz, completely wiping them out. The Leman Russ, the Exterminator, and the Alpha Command Chimera then concentrated their fire on the advancing 'Ead Kickerz and wiped out all but the Nob and one burna boy. On the left flank a flurry of fire at the Dreadnought smashed off a claw and stunned it for a turn. The remaining tanks killed another ten of the 'Ead Takerz, who promptly broke and ran for it. The two 'Ead Kickerz passed their leadership test, a testament to Orkish stupidity, as they stared directly down the barrel of the Leman Russ' battlecannon. The squad in combat with the Killer Kanz finally fell back, only to be caught and killed by the advancing Killer Kanz. As the smoke cleared on the second turn the Orks' position was in doubt, they only had six unbroken models left on the table.

Praise the Emperor! Halfway through Dan's first turn (he went first as the Attacker) I felt my initial plan was wrong. As he began advancing on both flanks, I knew I would have to bring all possible guns to bear against the dreaded green tide. There were several moments where the game could have ended very quickly with doors I'd left open (my negligence... of course) for Dan to take advantage of. The charge of the Stormboyz toward the front left flank of my tank column quite possibly filled me with the most dread during the entire game. The twenty guardsmen that sacrificed their lives to stall the potentially devastating advance, by charging and blunting the Stormboyz effectiveness in close combat, will go down as my most favourite Warhammer 40,000 experience to date. Dan played hard and fought well. The result was so close (70 points in my favour), that even if I'd lost I would still have had a bloody good game (emphasis on the bloody).

AMBUSH mission

Dan Richardson: Finally, Ghazghkull has come back to Armageddon!

And it's an honour to march under his banner. The Infamous Warlord Goffgob, fresh from ravaging Antillus III has joined the Waaagh and now at large fighting in the fire wastes. The Warband is now laying in wait for a Steel Legion convoy travelling to reinforce a Black Templar Force under a large Kult of Speed attack. The Warband itself is entirely Goffgob and as such consists purely of the toughest Ork boyz and plenty of Kanz. The centrepiece has to be the monstrous Goffgob himself, Mega-Armour built by the genius Mad Mek Ben Harris. As for Goffgob's ambush plan. It's simple: *Shoot da Tanks! Surprise 'em with more Boyz! Chop up the gitz inside!*

Turn Three

This turn Dan was allowed to bring on his Warboss, along with the Can Openers (a squad of Tankbusters) and a horde of Grotz. The Killer Kanz were now within striking distance of the Chimeras. The last three members of the 'Ead Takerz fled towards their table edge, but took a shot at a Chimera as they fled, they missed. The Can Openers opened fire on the Demolisher, lodging a rokket down the huge barrel of its cannon, which exploded, taking the cannon well and truly out of action, leaving the tank otherwise unharmed. The remaining burna boy of the 'Ead Kickerz opened up with his burna, taking out two members of the Command HQ. The assault phase then began, with Warboss Goffgob, and the Tankbusters assaulting the pesky Hellhound tank. They only managed to immobilise it. The Killer Kanz also charged into combat with the Chimeras in front of them destroying both and advancing into another two Chimeras. Finally the remaining 'Ead Kickerz charged the Leman Russ, hoping to punch through the thick front armour, but even the Nob's tankbuster bomb was unable to penetrate.

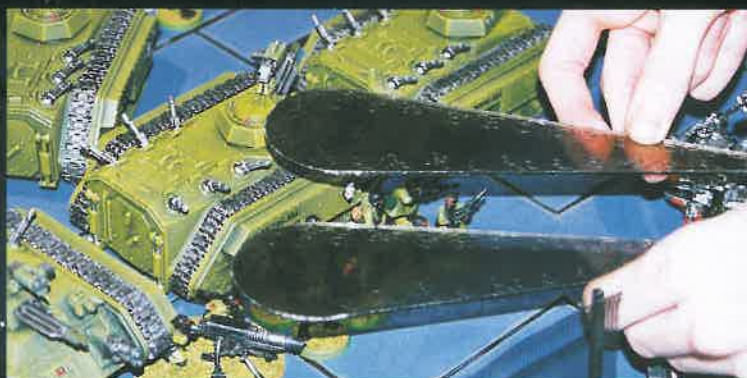
The shooting began with the Command HQ and their Chimera taking out the remnants of the 'Ead Kickerz, followed by the Demolisher and the remaining Guardsmen concentrating their fire on the Killer Kanz. Shot after shot penetrated their armoured bodies, and first one, then another exploded. The last was left with both of its weapons destroyed, and its legs jammed. The Leman Russ fired at the Dreadnought, but missed, and the Exterminator and the Alpha Command Chimera fired at the Grotz, killing eight of them. The Beta Command Chimera drew a bead on the Tankbusters, killing three of them with its powerful multi-laser. Finally the Hellhound's inferno cannon spewed fiery death over the Tankbusters, killing three more and forcing them to fall back. The remaining Killer Kan lashed out with a

broken claw, skewering a guardsman despite the heavy damage it had suffered. The Warboss used his power claw to rip into the Hellhound, tearing sheet after sheet of metal from it and finally gauging a hole in the fuel tanks, causing a huge explosion to engulf both the tank and the Warboss. As the smoke cleared, the Warboss lumbered from the burning wreckage, his huge mega-armour gouged and pitted, but intact.

Turn Four

Daniel rolled for his remaining reserves and his Killer Kanz clanked onto the right flank, it was make or break time for the Orks. Warboss Goffgob moved towards the Beta Command Chimera, the Can Openers began a mad rush towards the Demolisher, and the Grotz moved away from the tanks which had troubled them last turn. The Tankbusters took aim at the Demolisher with their rokket launchers, the thick front armour proved too much even for the veteran anti-tank mob. The new mob of Killer Kanz fired at the Command HQ Chimera, taking out the multi-laser. The Tankbusters charged the Demolisher, but their explosives could do nothing. Finally, the Dreadnought chopped off the multi-laser of the Beta Command Chimera.

The Command HQ Chimera moved into a position where they could fire on the Tankbusters. The Exterminator turned to face directly at the remaining rokket equipped Killer Kan. It fired away with weapon after weapon, until a heavy bolter shell struck its fuel supply and the Kan was enveloped by a huge gout of flame. The Alpha Command Chimera fired on the Grotz, killing another three. The Alpha Command squad fired, hitting the Dreadnought's stocky body, but failing to do more than shake it. The concentrated fire of two Chimeras wiped out the Tankbusterz who were frantically strapping explosives to the Demolisher's hull. The last assault phase of the game saw the Dreadnought in combat with the Beta Command Chimera, whose armour was no match for the huge power claws of the Orky construction. The claws sheared through the hull and set off a catastrophic explosion which enveloped both the Dreadnought and Warboss Goffgob. Realising that this would be the last dice roll of the battle Daniel rolled to see if he had wounded his own Warboss in the explosion. He breathed a sigh of relief as the Warboss passed his armour save.



Some hot scorcha action!

Waaaaagh! Everything went exactly according to plan! Except for the boyz getting shot up, the tanks not blowing up and the Reinforcements taking their sweet time. All in all a great victory except that I lost. It's all the same to us Orks. That's got to be one of the most tense and rewarding games I've fought in a while. I even learnt something from it. Matt had a word in my ear afterwards and explained that if I had attacked from one side then one half of the convoy would have been blocked from firing by the tanks beside them. This would have reduced my casualties on the charge in. At least Gork was content as lots of guardsmen were chopped up and none escaped off the board, to reinforce the Templars. At the end of the day though Matt stopped me in my tracks and I would like to thank him and all the great people who came to cheer us on for an excellent time. Waaagh on with Armageddon!

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON



The many faces of the people's Dan.

They came from the trees.



Dave Taylor does his happy dance!

Dave Taylor: I actually finished my Gaunt's Ghosts back in January, but I hadn't played a game with them using the Deathworld Veterans list (not too many jungle tables around back then). When Troy suggested this whole event I thought it would be a great chance to get these guys skulking through the forest, taking great advantage of their great skills and abilities.

The Sabotage mission is ideally suited to the Deathworld Veterans as they are all able to deploy on the board, putting me 12" closer to my objective. The mission is doubly suited to the Tanith First and Only as their stealth abilities and reputation always put them in this sort of situation.

Bring on those Orks, the Tanith love their knife work!

Turn One

Fortunately, the entire Tanith army was able to deploy on the board, thanks to the Infiltrators ability. This meant Gaunt's Ghosts started 12" closer to their objective. As they advanced through the jungle on both flanks Larkin (their expert sniper) revealed himself and dropped one of the Grot sentries. The Ghosts advancing were keen to close on their objective and during the assault phase four more Grotz were taken out. Unfortunately for the usually stealthy Tanith, the death of the final Grot raised the alarm and reinforcements were poised to close on the Imperial force.

As Ryan rolled for his reinforcements it became increasingly obvious that things would be tough for the Ork defenders. One mob of Slugga Boyz and the Stormboyz mob entered the table from the opposite table edge, as far away as possible from the Tanith. The clunking Ork Dreadnought entered from the Ork's left flank and headed down the road towards the massed Ghost infantry. The Orks shooting was particularly ineffectual, the only casualty was patched up by Dorden (the Ghosts' medic).

Turn Two

Once again the Tanith, using their native skills, slipped easily through the dense forest terrain. Concentrated fire from the centre of the Imperial line wiped out huge swathes of the Grot mob and Mad Larkin claimed another victim, the Ork Slaver.

Ryan rolled for his reserves again and was rewarded with the Killer Kanz

turbing up behind the Dreadnought, ready to cause a bit of a problem for the lightly armoured Tanith. The second mob of Slugga Boyz arrived, behind the first mob. The bulk of the Ork infantry would have problems reaching the fuel dump in time. The Ork Wartrakk arrived on the Ork's right flank, bursting through an Imperial squad (unfortunately the plasma gunner was killed in his heroic Death or Glory move). A general advance from the Orks began to worry the Tanith. Two fell to the combined fire of the Dreadnought and Killer Kanz. A few more went down in the face of the advancing Shoota Boyz.

Turn Three

With a wall of Orks in front of them the centre of the Tanith line began to dig in, preparing for the assault that was bound to come. On the flanks a general advance was in progress. Switching their power packs to full charge, the Ghosts opened fire on the Shoota Boyz, only causing minimal casualties.

The last of the Ork reinforcements appeared, the Burna Boyz entering from behind the Slugga Boyz (the Emperor be praised). However, those Orks in position to do so assaulted the Imperial line. On the Ork's left flank the Dreadnought made it through the thick



The Tanith First and Only advance on the fuel dump.

Once more for Tanith: Well, that was actually quite tough. It all came down to the roll for turn continuation at the end of turn five. If Ryan had rolled a 1 or 2 then I was scuppered, anything higher and I was home free. About twelve Tanith models from four different squads contacted the fuel dump (cunningly stashed in the wrecked Rhino) in the Assault phase of turn five, while Ryan could only defend the fuel with his rock hard Warboss Grotbreff.

The game was great, full of some very characterful situations (the wartrakk Tank Shocking the guardsmen and then refusing to die, the Sniper (Mad Larkin) killing with every well placed shot, etc.), one of my favourite.

SABOTAGE mission

Ryan "The Hammer" Kennedy: Wow, my very first battle report in the hallowed tomes of White Dwarf, and I am going to be playing Dave Taylor so I am expecting a great game. When Dave asked what army I would be using in the upcoming third battle of Armageddon campaign and battle report, I knew that Warboss Nidgrunt and his boyz would be emerging from their dark, dank caves to join Ghazghkull in the Orks conquest. Having not played a game of Warhammer 40,000 using Orks for over three years I was both excited and fearful in equal measure, oh well time to roll the dice and see what happens.



The massive column of Slugga boyz.

undergrowth to engage Squad Three of Blane's platoon. The Shoota Boyz assaulted the centre of the line (Squad five of Grell's platoon). Both of these advances were blunted as the squads held firm. On the Ork's right flank Warboss Grotbreff and his retinue of Nobz made short work of Sergeant Grell and the men of Squad One, wiping them out to a man.

Turn Four

Experts at setting ambushes, the Tanith patrols revealed themselves at the pre-arranged signal. Domor and his squad flitted between the trees towards the

objective, while Mkol and his team prepared to blunt the Ork reinforcements, targetting the advancing Stormboyz. Meanwhile the Killer Kanz were both destroyed by concentrated fire from Squads Four and Five of Blane's platoon. In the assault phase Mkol's patrol tore into the side of the softened Stormboyz, destroying all but four for the loss of one Ghost. Domor's patrol reached the fuel dump (cleverly hidden in the wreckage of an Ultramarine Rhino) and began their work. In the centre of the line four Imperial units joined the fray and reduced the Shoota Boyz to eight, the Orks held.

Emerging from the forest to the right of the objective, Grotbreff and his ladz proceeded to

take Domor's squad out of action, halting their sabotage attempts. The surviving Stormboyz mobbed up with the Slugga Boyz and advanced on Mkol's team. The Ghosts stood no chance against the barrage of dice so they withdrew into the shadows, not to return this battle. In the centre the remaining Shoota Boyz were again attacked by a multitude of Guardsmen, the were wiped out to an Ork. The Imperial units involved advanced towards the fuel dump, time was running short.

Turn Five

With the objective in sight all units within range swept forward. Heavy fire from assault weapons was concentrated on the Nobz mob. The dangerous Major Rawne lobbed a demolition charge into the fray (a very dangerous thing to do) but fortunately the charge was on target and four Ork Nobz were killed. Grotbreff's wartrukk was also destroyed and the resulting explosion killed another Nob. Colonel Corbec and his hardened veterans assaulted the Ork Warboss and his retinue, to give the Tanith more time to plant their charges. Four squads moved into contact with the fuel dump and started preparing the explosives.

The Slugga Boyz and Burna Boyz continued their long haul towards the objective. Another turn and they might just make it. The battle between Warboss Grotbreff and Corbec was short and very one sided, but there was little Ryan could do to stop the Imperial victory...except roll 1 or a 2.

Turn Six

Ryan rolled a three, meaning the game went on to the sixth turn. Squad Three of (the late) Grell's platoon threw themselves in the rampaging path of the Ork Warboss, giving the other Tanith enough time to finish setting their charges and blowing the fuel dump.

Victory to Gaunt's Ghosts, for the Emperor, for Tanith!



Ryan "Hammer" Kennedy



Ryan "Tragic" Kennedy

Wot went Rong?: It began with the cursed little grot screaming at the top of his puny lungs. From that point it all went down hill for me with only the Dreadnought and the Killer Kanz appearing on a table edge where I wanted them to. With most of my boyz appearing on the furthest table edge from the action they were going to have to foot slog it out to get into combat. If some of them had been mounted on vehicles they would have been able to see some decent combat as every Ork wants and needs. All in all even though I lost the mission I had a great game and learnt many new cunning and feral ways of the Ork race which will come in useful in my upcoming Armageddon games. Watch out 'Umies!

— The 3rd War for —
ARMAGEDDON

ONE OF OUR COLONEL'S IS MISSING!

AFTERMATH

by Troy Cukas

With Da Planz in Wizbang Gofarsta's hands and Gofgob holding off the Guard reinforcements, the Orks are free to rampage inland. If only they had enough fuel to get there. Damn those Ghosts!

All players are keen for a rematch so keep an eye out for results in a future issue. Troy will be meat grinding Booster's Templars in an attempt to seize a fuel depot. The others are discussing their missions. All three battles add to the worldwide conflict held during August and September to decide Armageddon's fate.

Keep an eye out in future issues for more of these impressive armies.



Victorious Warboss Troy commiserates High Marshal Booster...



...and victorious Colonel Matt commiserates the narrowly defeated Warboss Dan...



...while the assembled hordes of supporters at Castle Hill Waaagh! away the evening!

WAAAGH! MORE DAKKA!

"The Orks plague the galaxy from end to end with their ceaseless warring and strife. They are a race rooted so deeply in war that peace is utterly incomprehensible to them. They cannot be bargained with or bought save with weapons which they will inevitably turn against those who tried to bribe them. I pray with all my faith that some great catastrophe will annihilate them but I fear that ultimately it is they, not we, who will rule this galaxy."

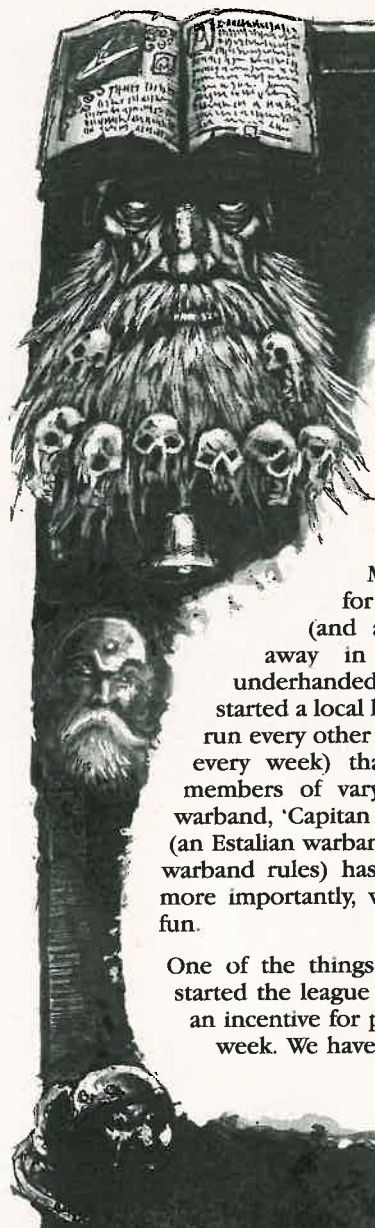
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Wild Magic!

Creating your own scenarios is a great way of adding an extra level of detail and fun to your Mordheim campaigns. Here, Mark Havener talks about his own new campaign scenario. In it, warbands are looking for the wyrdstone near the crater in the centre of the city, and large quantities of wyrdstone have some rather unpredictable effects on magic...

With the appearance of Mordheim, it didn't take long for the new game to sweep me (and a good many local players) away in a fervour of warbands, underhanded dealings and hasty alliances. I started a local league which was supposed to run every other week (and ended up running every week) that currently has around 30 members of varying levels of devotion. My warband, 'Capitan del Norte's Raiders of Solkan' (an Estalian warband that uses the Marienburger warband rules) has been doing fairly well and, more importantly, we've all been having lots of fun.

One of the things I decided early on when I started the league was that I wanted to provide an incentive for players to show up week after week. We have a league standings sheet and

on it we track who's currently winning the most games, didn't feel that that would be enough to keep the players interested. To keep them from getting bored, I decided on two things: restart the league on a regular basis (it was a month, but we're currently experimenting with a 6 month limit), and provide special scenarios that were different from those which the players would play outside of their Mordheim games on non-league nights. Every other week I introduced a new scenario – my players have fought against the dreaded Bone Giants, sacked the local Merchant Guildhouse and borne witness to the grisly remains of a quarter battle between rival warbands. It seems to be a popular aspect of our league, and I encourage anyone considering starting his or her own Mordheim league to do the same thing.

On the next few pages I've included one of these homebrewed scenarios, 'Wild Magic', plus new random spell charts for either one-on-one or multi-player games. Feel free to use the scenario for your games, or substitute your own

Reinhold had been in the cursed city a long time. He now walked with a limp, and his left eye had been taken out by a lucky shot from a Dwarf crossbow. Damn that stunty – he'd thought he was out of range! In the weeks and months that he had been fighting here, the old veteran figured he'd seen everything a man could see and still be alive. Not much surprised him anymore. Sure, the danger of losing life and limb was still ever-present, but everything seemed to be much the same, day in and day out. It was as if he'd never left his father's farm! As he looked down the street from the cover of a ruined chapel, he saw a warband of the Possessed. They appeared to be waiting for Reinhold's warband. Another street fight, thought the old warrior ironically. Was it his imagination, or did the enemy warband look just as bored as he at the prospect? As he signalled his men forward, Reinhold wondered if he would learn anything new this day, or if it would be just like any other. As soon as they came within range, the Wicker Man, the warlock Reinhold had hired long ago, began the chant that would start the spell he always began each battle with – Bolts of Silver... or was it Arrows of Light? Reinhold couldn't remember the name the hedge wizard gave the spell... all he knew was that he had seen it and its effects

countless times. Down the street the enemy Magister looked to be preparing a spell of his own.

Almost as one, both wizards finished their chanting – the spells were ready to be released. With a flash of light a half-dozen sparkling arrows flew from the Wicker Man's outstretched fingers toward the enemy. On the other end of the street, a shimmering glow appeared in front of the Magister, it appeared that he was invoking the Eye of God. Suddenly there appeared to be a twist in the air, and the ordinary became decidedly EXTRA-ordinary. The Wicker Man's silver arrows did a quick twist in the air and flew back towards Gunnar, one of Reinhold's spearmen. The poor fellow was skewered by three bolts of light and fell to the ground in a heap. In front of the Magister an equally strange thing happened – a Bloodletter, cursed Daemon of Khorne, stepped out of the shimmering circle in the air in front of the Magister. The Daemon took a quick look at his surroundings and proceeded to attack the astonished band of Chaos cultists.

Well I'll be damned, thought Reinhold, utterly baffled by these new developments. Something new today after all!

homemade scenario in its place on the chart!

Scenario table for one-on-one games

2D6	Result
2	Play the new scenario: Wild Magic.
3	Play Scenario 2: Skirmish.
4-5	Play Scenario 3: Wyrdstone Hunt.
6	Play Scenario 4: Breakthrough.
7	Play Scenario 5: Street Fight.
8	Play Scenario 6: Chance Encounter.
9	Play Scenario 7: Hidden Treasure.
10	Play Scenario 8: Occupy.
11	Play Scenario 9: Surprise Attack.
12	The player with the lower warband rating may choose which scenario is played.

Scenario table for multi-player games

2D6	Result
2	The player with the lower warband rating may choose which scenario is played.
3-4	Play Scenario 1: Treasure Hunt.
5	Play Scenario 2: The Lost Prince.
6	Play Scenario 3: The Pool.
7	Play Scenario 4: The Wizard's Mansion.
8	Play Scenario 5: Street Brawl.
9	Play Scenario 6: Ambush!*
10	Play Scenario 7: Dragonhunt.
11	Play the new scenario: Wild Magic.
12	The player with the lower warband rating may choose which scenario is played.

*Note on Ambush! In our league we've found that this scenario can get quite vicious if the ambushed player is not on good terms with his fellows. To remedy this, we've come up with the following 'fix': Any player may have his models drop the wyrdstone that they are carrying at any time. Place Wyrdstone counters on the table exactly as if the models carrying them had been taken out of action (see the rules for Ambush!). This player's warband may not pick up this wyrdstone later in the game (his warriors have decided to give up to the treasure to their betters!). Any player whose warband is not carrying wyrdstone may voluntarily Rout if able to do so under the normal rules. This gives players a way out that can keep their warbands from getting unfairly slaughtered.



Scenario: Wild Magic

Shards of wyrdstone lie throughout the doomed city, but rumours abound that the largest deposits by far lie near the area known as the Pit, the site where the meteor landed. Warbands who dare venture near the Pit risk discovery by the servants of the Shadowlord, and even those that escape the attention of these foul denizens find that the proximity of so much wyrdstone can have a strange effect on reality. Extended periods of time spent near the Pit can warp both mind and body, and those foolish enough to search these areas frequently find themselves sinking into madness or mutation. Even short periods of time spent in these areas can be hazardous, while dabblers in magic find that the presence of large amounts of wyrdstone can make casting spells more difficult, and their incantations can sometimes have unexpected results.

terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a ruined building, tower, or other similar item. We suggest that the terrain is set-up within an area roughly 4'x4', or 4'x6' for multi-player games.

warbands

For basic (one-on-one) games, each player rolls a dice. Whoever rolls highest chooses which table edge to set up on, placing all of his warriors within 8" of that edge. His opponent then sets up within 8" of the opposite edge. In multi-player games, players use the normal set-up rules (see 'Setting up the Warbands' in the multi-player rules from WD242).

starting the game

Each player rolls a D6. The player rolling highest has the first turn, and order of play proceeds clockwise around the table (based on where players placed their warbands) from there.

ending the game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. The routers automatically lose. If one or more warbands have allied, they may choose to share the victory and end the game.

wyrdstone

Due to the large quantities of wyrdstone nearby, all warbands add +2 shards to the number found at the end of the game.

experience

+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

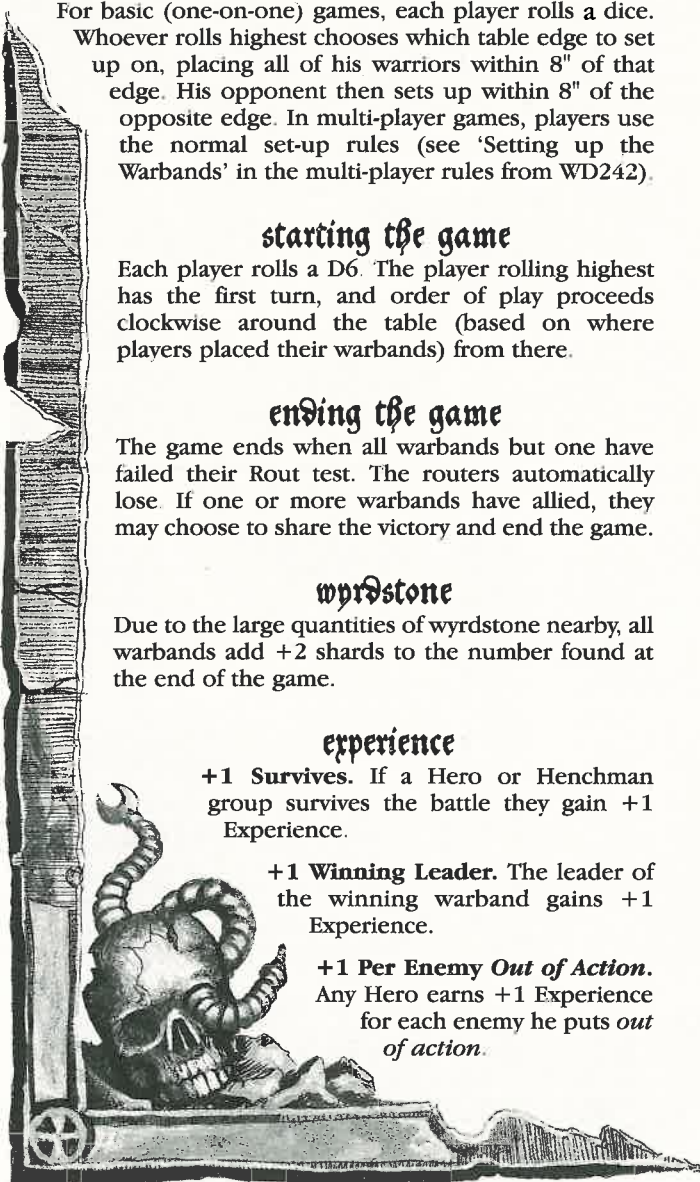
+1 Winning Leader. The leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience.

+1 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts out of action.

special rules

Each time a wizard wants to cast a spell, nominate the spell (and target) as normal, but before rolling to see if the spell is successful, roll on the following chart to determine what effects the large deposits of wyrdstone nearby have on his spellcasting:

2D6	Effect
2	The wizard is overloaded with power and may cast no spells this turn.
3	+1 Difficulty on any spell attempted this turn.
4	The range of any spell that the wizard casts this turn is halved. Note that this has no effect on a spell that doesn't have a range (like a spell centred on the caster).
5	The spell is cast as normal, but it is weak and may be resisted. If the target's controller wishes, the target may resist the spell by making a 1d test on 2D6. If the test is passed, the spell has no effect. Note that resisting the spell is an option; some spells may help the target and he may therefore not want to prevent their effect.
6	The spellcaster has inadvertently created some sort of effect in addition to the spell. Resolve the spell as normal (rolling against the spell's Difficulty, etc), and then roll on the Random Happenings chart, printed in White Dwarf 240, to see what added effect the spellcaster's inept dabblings have created. If the players do not have the rules for Random Happenings, the randomness of the spell has injured the caster. Roll once on the Injury table to determine what happens to the spellcaster.
7	Role reversal! If the spell is normally cast on a friendly model, it is cast on the closest enemy model within 12" instead (resolve any effects like extra movement or attacks during the enemy player's turn). Conversely, if the spell is normally cast on an enemy model, it is cast on the closest friendly model within 12" instead.
8	-1 Difficulty on any spell attempted this turn.
9	The range of any spell which the wizard casts this turn is doubled. Note that this has no effect on a spell that doesn't have a range (like a spell centred on the caster).
10	The wizard may direct his spell at two targets within range instead of one. Spells that affect the caster may be directed at another friendly model within 6" as well.
11	The spell is automatically successful; there is no need to make a Spell Difficulty roll.
12	The caster is filled with magical power! If the spellcaster has more than one spell, he may attempt to cast two spells this turn. Note that the second spell must be different than the first; he may not choose to cast the same spell twice in one turn.



A Possessed Magister unwittingly summons a mighty Bloodletter of Khorne.



Hear ye! Hear ye!

Town Cryer is a Fanatic Press publication that is packed full of new rules, scenarios and warbands for you to use in Mordheim. Written by gamers for gamers, Town Cryer provides the very best in hardcore hobby. Issue eight is available now. Some of the exciting articles in this issue are:

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KNIGHTS OF BRETONNIA BATTLE EVIL

The chivalric sons of fair Bretonnia have been seen leading their brave and loyal retainers in running battles against the vile creatures dwelling in our once fair city. The knights of Bretonnia will hopefully help the beleaguered warbands of the

Empire in defeating the foul followers of the Chaos Gods.

As yet, there has been little contact with our brave cousins from across the Grey Mountains apart from trade and lodgings and their true intentions still remain a mystery.

A spate of fires has been reported in the remains of the northern quarters of the city. Bands of Possessed cultists are believed to be linked to these acts of arson

in what are thought to be vicious territorial disputes amongst the godless heathens. All upstanding, righteous men are advised to stay away from this part of the city

Here Within

A look at the spate of arson that appears to be all too prevalent in the city.

Rumours abound of a wizened priest of Ulric wandering the streets.

Ye noble sons of Bretonnia have been spotted doing all things knightly to evil doors.

Madam Helge gives her accurate predictions as to the weather.

35

Index Astartes



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

PROMETHEAN WARRIORS

The Salamanders
Space Marine Chapter

As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders' history goes back to the very birth of the Imperium. Salamander Space Marines are raised from the populace of Nocturne, a deadly volcanic world. Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded in purpose; ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes. Gav Thorpe takes a closer look at their history from their early beginnings to their involvement on the war-ravaged world of Armageddon.

Origins

When the gods of Chaos scattered the Emperor's nascent Primarchs across the galaxy, one came to rest on the harsh volcanic world of Nocturne. The Primarch was found one morning by a blacksmith named N'bel, as he entered the yard of his smithy. For a long time the people of Nocturne had been plagued by Eldar pirates, whose constant raids pillaged the small settlements and enslaved Nocturne's children. The wise men had prophesied the arrival of a saviour, who would come to them from the heavens to rid them of the decadent Eldar. So it was that N'bel instantly recognised the greatness within the infant that he found lying on the bare stones of his yard. He named him Vulkan, after the first king of the salamanders, the giant lizards that roam Nocturne, and raised him as a son.

Vulkan's growth was extraordinary. Within three years he was bigger and stronger than any man in the town, and his mind was sharper than any Nocturne-forged blade. He had rapidly learnt all the skills of metalworking taught to him by N'bel, soon surpassing even the master smith's renowned ability. It was Vulkan who taught the people of Nocturne the most hidden secrets of alloys and bonding, improving their already considerable skill at weapon-making and artifice.

It was during Vulkan's fourth year that the Eldar came to his town, intent on raiding and pillaging. He roused the town's populace from their hiding places in attics and cellars, standing at the forefront of the defence and single-handedly slew a hundred Eldar that day, wielding a huge blacksmith's hammer in each hand. The Eldar fled from Vulkan's wrath and the story of the town's triumph spread across Nocturne. Soon the headmen of the seven most important settlements travelled to pay homage to Vulkan, praising him for his example in fighting the Eldar. They swore to never again hide in fear, but to face their foes and crush them. It was decided to hold a huge celebration, including a massive contest of skill at arms and craftsmanship.

It was at the opening ceremony of the celebrations that a stranger appeared. His skin was pale and his garb outlandish. He announced that he could best any man in any contest. The gathered crowds laughed uproariously, believing that none could be more superior in intellect, physique or skill than their superhuman leader. Vulkan and the stranger wagered that whoever lost was to swear eternal obedience to the victor. The competitions lasted for eight days and including many feats of strength and endurance. At the anvil lift, the strongest men could hold an anvil above their head for an hour and a half – Vulkan and the stranger carried the heavy anvil aloft for half a day before the judges declared the contest a draw so that they could proceed to the next event. And so it was that they were almost equally matched in skill and strength. Occasionally one would

slightly best the other, but when it came to the start of the final event, the salamander slaying, they were evenly matched. Each had a day and a night to forge a weapon and then hunt down the largest salamander they could find. Whoever brought back the heaviest carcass would win the wager and the allegiance of the other.

The ringing of hammers on metal echoed across the volcanic hills for the whole day, neither man pausing for a moment to rest or refresh themselves. As the Nocturne sun sank below the mountains they watched the highest peaks for signs of the giant salamanders. Vulkan vowed that he would climb to the summit of Mount Deathfire, where the largest firedrakes could be found, huge beasts weighing several tons. The stranger said that wherever Vulkan went, he would follow.

It is claimed that the two climbed the precipitous mountains with astounding speed, bounding from rock to rock, the stranger carrying a keen-edged blade. Vulkan with his immense silver-headed hammer held ready. They passed from sight, but soon the skies were rent with the sound of battle and the flames of the firedrakes licked the clouds of smoke that gathered over the volcanoes. It was Vulkan who found his prey first, smashing its armoured head from its shoulders with a mighty sweep of his hammer. The stranger spied another, even mightier still than Vulkan's conquest and set off in pursuit. As Vulkan carried his prize back to the settlement, ill fate beset him, Mount Deathfire erupted into violent life, hurling rocks and lava high into the air. He was flung to the edge of a precipice, where he clung for several hours by one hand, the other grimly held onto the tail of the dead salamander, Vulkan determined to keep his prize.

It was then that the stranger appeared, calling Vulkan's name from the other side of a wide lava flow. Vulkan answered the cry, and could see that the stranger's prey was indeed larger than his own. But by now even Vulkan's almost endless constitution was growing slim, weakened as he was by over a week of hard contest. His grip began to shake, and

yet he was too proud to call for help. But it seemed that the stranger realised the Primarch's peril, and hurled the corpse of his salamander into the lava, making himself a bridge to cross. With great leaps the stranger hurled himself towards Vulkan, hauling the wearied Primarch from the edge of the abyss. Even as Vulkan felt himself being pulled up by the stranger's strong arms, he saw the salamander's body being consumed by the lava and swept away.

When the two returned to the settlement, it was the ruling of the judges that Vulkan had won, for the stranger had returned with no prize at all. The gathered throng cheered heartily, but were silenced by Vulkan. As they watched, he knelt on one knee and bowed his head to the stranger, saying that any man who valued life over pride was worthy of his service. The stranger revealed himself to be the Holy Emperor himself and, from that day forth, Nocturne was to be the home of the Salamanders Legion, in memory of the mighty beasts which had united the Primarch and his Lord.

Home world

The Salamanders Chapter hails from a binary planetary system in the western reaches of the Ultima Segmentum. The two worlds, Nocturne and its oversized moon Prometheus, circle each other in an erratic orbit, causing massive tectonic activity across the thin crust of Nocturne. The world is girded by chains of active volcanoes and rent apart by frequent earthquakes. Once every Nocturne year, some fifteen Terran years long, the two worlds approach so closely that Nocturne is almost torn asunder. Known as the Time of Trial, this period is marked by tidal waves sweeping across the rough seas, the ash and smoke from thousands of volcanoes blotting out the dim light of Nocturne's sun, and the ground trembling constantly. Towns and villages are thrown down into ruin, continents shift and a cold winter envelops the lands for the next quarter of a year, freezing the young and killing the few livestock animals that can survive the normally harsh and hot climate of the planet.

Chapter Approved Access Level Ω seven

Salamanders Chapter, Progenitor Legion M.31

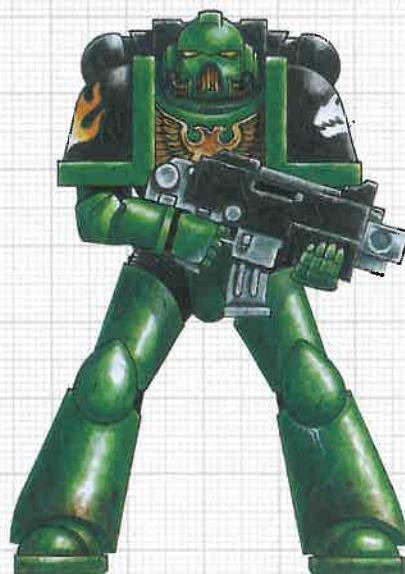


Ref. 326.89

Mk IV Boltgun, Ultima pattern



Imp ref. 555/ftp/mantle



Mk VII Adeptus Astartes Power Armour



Ref. 00921/Promethean cult markings (cross-ref. Heretic Cults)



Code: Iura crumme



Imp ref. 004/i Adeptus Astartes relic

Thought for the day: Let the flames of battle consume us

Imp ref. 004/562 Codex Retrieval File ZB.221

Some would say that the people of Nocturne are mad to endure such conditions, but over hundreds of generations they have been moulded by their world into a hardy race. And Nocturne's Time of Trials brings great reward too. The upheaval opens up veins of precious gems and metals, uncovering vital ores for smelting. When the lava flows cool, they can be mined for other precious elements, pockets of gas that can be used to power engines, diamonds and other crystals valuable to the Adeptus Mechanicus for lasers and energy transmission systems. And this is how Nocturne survives, by trading its vast mineral wealth with other worlds, using its resources to bring in new livestock and building materials and the few weapons which the Salamanders Space Marines cannot construct themselves.

The Chapter fortress-monastery is based upon the giant moon, Prometheus. It is the only settlement on Prometheus, and is little more than a space port linked to an orbital dock where the Chapter's strike cruisers and battle barges can be refitted and restocked. The Chapter spends its time, when not at war, on Prometheus, living amongst the inhabitants. The Salamanders have very close links with their home world, mingling with the people rather than living aloof as many Chapters do. The Salamanders are the settlements' leaders, a source of inspiration and guidance for the Nocturne populace, and it is as much this position of authority and respect that young aspirants crave as the chance to become a legendary warrior of the Emperor.

Recruitment starts very young for the Salamanders, with a hopeful coming to work as apprentice to a Salamander at the age of six or seven Terran years. They will then spend



several more years learning the skills of the smith, as Vulkan did in his early life. From these apprentices, the most able will then be judged by the Chapter's Apothecaries and Chaplains and the worthy will be taken to Prometheus to undergo the bio-surgery required to make them into Space Marines. At various points in their adaptation and training, the young Scouts must endure the same trials and tests that Vulkan and the Emperor competed in, their final initiation culminating in them hunting down a salamander and slaying it.

Combat doctrine

The Salamanders follow normal Space Marine tactical and strategic dogma, with a slight variation to compensate for their own physical and mental traits. They have a preference for close-ranged firefights, using many melta and flamer weapons to smash armoured foes and burn swathes of lighter troops.

Coming from a society that places great prestige in craftsmanship and which has high regard for artisans, the Salamanders have access to, and can maintain, highly sophisticated forms of technology. This is most evident in the numbers of Terminators in their armies, as well as a greater proportion of artificer armour and master-crafted weaponry and is supplemented by regular trade with the Adeptus Mechanicus, made possible by Nocturne's abundant mineral resources.

Organisation

The Salamanders Chapter organisation was laid down when Vulkan swore allegiance to the Emperor. Each Company was founded from the seven greatest settlements of Nocturne, each commanded by a Captain from that settlement. This organisation is still true today, although ever since the disappearance of Vulkan some thousand years after the Legion's Founding, the Captain of the First Company has been given the role of Chapter Master. This position is considered a regency by the Salamanders, who believe that one day Vulkan will return to lead the Chapter in a great campaign to conquer Chaos.

Each Company is slightly larger than a standard Codex Company, and squads were reorganised following the

writing of the Codex Astartes after the Great Heresy. The conditions on Nocturne are not conducive to training for high speed attack or using the anti-grav engines of Land Speeders, so the Chapter employs relatively few of these specialised fast attack units. The Scout company is the smallest known in any Chapter, the sparse population of Nocturne and the Salamanders' slow but meticulous selection process gives a low turn around of new recruits.

The First Company is treated as a warrior cadre within the Headquarters itself, and forms the personal guard of the Chapter Master. They are known as the Firedrakes, after the largest of the salamander lizards that roam Nocturne. To enter the First Company, a warrior must be nominated by his Captain for the honour, and then must prove that such faith was well founded by slaying a firedrake. The Hall of the Firedrakes in the Chapter Monastery on Prometheus is hung with all the hides from the Firedrake salamanders slain as part of this trial.

Beliefs

The beliefs of the Salamanders are governed by the Promethean cult, which places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty and self-sacrifice. Much of this stems from the lessons learnt while training as a smith – patience with relentless determination are highly valued mental characteristics.

The hammer and fire are important symbols in the teaching of the Promethean cult. Ritual scarring by branding and burning is commonplace amongst the battle brothers of the Salamanders, and trials of walking over burning coals and carrying red-hot metal bars are held frequently.

Gene-seed

As far as can be ascertained, the Salamanders' gene-seed appears to be stable and as yet uncorrupted. The reflexes of Salamanders Space Marines are not as fast as those of other Chapters, although still quick when suited in power armour. However, it is unknown whether this is due to a defect in the gene-seed, a result of their high gravity world, or comes about from the Chapter's doctrines against hastiness and impetuosity.

The Salamanders have never been great in number and were the smallest of the First Founding Legions. Perhaps it is for this reason that there seem to have been no Second Founding successor Chapters formed from the Salamanders, whilst the other Legions were broken down into several smaller fighting forces. It is a matter of debate whether there have been Successor Chapters during subsequent Foundings, although it appears likely and many scholars point to similarities in the physique, markings and tactical dogma of Chapters such as the Storm Giants and Black Dragons.

Battlecry

"Into the fires of battle, unto the anvil of war!"

The Salamanders and Armageddon

The Salamanders have been involved in many magnificent conquests and wars, but in recent times even these great achievements have been eclipsed by their stalwart fighting during the Second Armageddon War. While the Blood

TU'SHAN.

Chapter Master of the Salamanders, Regent of Prometheus

At the outset of the Second Armageddon War, Chapter Master Tu'Shan had only held his rank for three years. To do battle against Ghazghkull Thraka would be a hard test of his skills as a leader and strategist, and it was with no hesitation that the humble Tu'Shan agreed to follow



Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. During the campaign, it was Tu'Shan who helped rally the scattered Imperial defenders. In battle, Tu'Shan and his Firedrakes were responsible for defending one of the few bridges across the Stygies river, against a thousand-strong Ork Speed Freek column, fighting continuously for three days and four nights. At the end of the campaign, Dante himself sought out the young Chapter Master and praised Tu'Shan in front of all of the Blood Angels. This was a supreme gesture, for the Salamanders no greater honour can be bestowed than the respect of one's brothers in arms.

He is known to have met Yarrick on at least one occasion, and it is claimed that the two had an instant respect for each other. Yarrick heartily welcomed Tu'Shan's offer to once again defend Armageddon when Ghazghkull returned at the head of the mightiest Ork force ever seen.

Angels set about destroying the Ork horde, and the Ultramarines bent their strength to the defence of the surviving hive cities, the Salamanders took upon themselves the essential but neglected task of protecting the supply convoys, fighting rearguard actions against the Ork advances and escorting refugee columns. So unstinting were they in these arduous but unsung duties, the Salamanders were to earn the gratitude and respect of thousands of Imperial Guardsmen and civilians. The Salamanders have become renowned as sturdy and dependable allies, a reputation which is not shared by other, more unpredictable, Chapters.

When Ghazghkull launched his new offensive against the Imperial forces on Armageddon, the Salamanders were one of the first Chapters to respond, sending a full six Companies to combat the Orks, including Chapter Master Tu'Shan personally leading his Firedrakes. The Salamanders have launched several counter-attacks against the rock-forts landed by the Orks along the Hemlock river. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Rokhs to the long-range duels in the desert, the Salamanders have made the Orks pay a high price for their audacity. At least three Rokhs have been destroyed by the Salamanders' attacks, killing untold thousands of greenskins.

THE SALAMANDERS CHAPTER ORGANISATION

HEADQUARTERS

HEADQUARTER STAFF

The title of Chapter Master is taken by the Captain of the First Company (who act as his personal bodyguard).
Administrative Staff Support Personnel

FIRST COMPANY 'FIREDRAKES'

Chapter Master
Master of Chaplains
Chief Apothecary
Chapter Standard Bearer

Squads:
12 Veteran

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Land Raiders
Terminator Armour

ARMOURY

Techmarines
Servitors
Predators, Vindicators,
Whirlwinds, Rhinos,
Razorbacks, Land Raiders

LIBRARIUS

Chief Librarian
Epistolaries
Codiciers
Lexicaniums

BATTLE COMPANIES

SECOND COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
7 Tactical
3 Devastator
2 Assault

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Bikes
Land Speeders

THIRD COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
7 Tactical
3 Devastator
2 Assault

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Bikes
Land Speeders

FOURTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
7 Tactical
3 Devastator
2 Assault

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos
Bikes
Land Speeders

RESERVE COMPANIES

FIFTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
8 Tactical
4 Devastator

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos

SIXTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary
Standard Bearer

Squads:
4 Tactical
8 Devastator

Support:
Dreadnoughts
Rhinos

SEVENTH COMPANY

Captain
Chaplain
Apothecary

Squads:
6 Scout

Support:
Bikes

SQUAD NUMBERS AND HONOUR MARKINGS



Salamander Space Marines often display squad numbers on their leg armour.

Typical honour markings are the blacksmith's hammer and stylised fire symbols.

FIRST COMPANY

Veteran



Terminator

BATTLE COMPANIES

2nd Company



3rd Company



4th Company



RESERVE COMPANIES

5th Company



6th Company



SEVENTH COMPANY
Scouts



GHAZGHKULL IS BACK!

And this time it's Waaagh!

A world is torn apart by the largest Ork invasion in Imperial history. Arrayed against this mighty Ork horde is the greatest gathering of Imperial might since the time of Lord Solar Macharius. The fate of a hundred worlds will be decided on the blood-soaked ash dunes of Armageddon.

This Codex contains four army lists: Ork Speed Freeks, Armageddon Steel Legion Imperial Guard, Black Templars and Salamanders Space Marine Chapters, plus the complete battle-scarred history of Armageddon.

Codex Armageddon is a source book for Warhammer 40,000, with additional material that supplements Codex Space Marines, Codex Orks and Codex Imperial Guard.



**CODEX
ARMAGEDDON**
\$11.95
NZ\$13.95



Salamanders Space Marines favour multi-meltas as heavy weapons.



An Armageddon Steel Legion patrol guns down an Ork warband.



Black Templars Space Marines cleanse a captured trenchworks.



Ork Speed Freeks looking for a fight!

BATTLE FORCE VULKAN

SALAMANDERS SPACE MARINES OF THE 2ND COMPANY



Salamanders Space Marines support a Land Raider as it advances across the battlefield.



Salamanders cleanse the evil Dark Eldar from the ruins of a hive world.



A favoured heavy weapon of the Salamanders is the deadly multi-melta.

ORKLYMPIKZ

You might just be wondering what this title is all about? Well it just happens to be Olympics time in Sydney and Games Workshop Sydney City store just happens to be having a massive display of Orky proportions. So what have they got to do with each other? Absolutely nothing! However, we will be running all sorts of events and displays over the coming months for you to feast your eyes on and an assortment of special promotions for you to come along and participate in.

MEGA ORK DISPLAY



Some of you may have seen our Mega Ork display at our Loot Da Store! event last month and for those that didn't we will have it still on display during the month of September. It includes a selection of Ork artefacts made by Studio's Matt Weaver (above) and our favourite Ork Slugga Boy painted by Troy Forster (below). There will also be loads of Ork armies painted by staff from all around Australia, Orky banners and themes designed for display at Games Day 2000 which will be held on October 22nd.



During the month of September the Sydney store will be running special Staff Challenge Games Night every Friday and will be open until the special time of 7pm. So if you would like to challenge any of the staff (Craig, Bryan, or Grant) give the store a call to organise a game, or just come in to watch.

So, for all those who have never been to the new Sydney City store, now is your chance to make the trip worthwhile.

So what are we doing? Firstly all the staff are madly painting for the staff tournament which is about to take place. Craig, Bryan and Grant will have a chat about their armies on display which they plan to crush each other with. They'll also take on challengers during the month of September, on the new Staff Challenge Night.

ARENA OF BLOOD

To celebrate the Olympic games in our own special way we thought we could give everybody an opportunity to join in the festivities.

During September we will be using the now infamous Arena of Blood gaming table from Games Day 1999. The rules first featured in White Dwarf 229. For those who don't know what Arena of Blood is, it is a gladiatorial styled combat set against the background of the Dark Eldar homeworld. Each player controls a Dark Eldar combat specialist to duel it out in deadly hand to hand combat. It's a quick and easy game to play and we will be taking the best combatants from the event over the month and giving away our very own 'Olympic' prizes.

So come in any time and test your skill against the staff, another customer or just to check out this awesome games table originally designed for Games Day by the Games Workshop Auckland staff.

TOURNAMENT ARMIES

SYDNEY CITY PRESENTS



GRANT PEACEY

Grant Peacey - Sydney City manager

Last year my staff tournament aspirations were laid to ruin by Richie Sales' Dwarf army, I didn't even get the opportunity to make the finals due to two sound thrashings from Richie's Dwarfs. So this year I thought I'd postpone my Warhammer tournament victory and give the Warhammer 40,000 tournament a run.

Firstly I needed to paint a new army. My infamous Ultramarine army was starting to wear a bit thin, I needed something new to game with. It wasn't until one of the Sydney City store regulars brought in a tournament Space Marine army of his own, painted in the colour scheme of the Emperor's Scythes (black and yellow) that I decided to go with the Imperial Fists Space Marines, a First Founding Space Marine Chapter and a difficult one to paint well (there is just so much yellow!). You see, my customer had divulged the secret steps of painting large areas of yellow. It's a bit like the secret herbs and spices bit, but unlike the secret herbs and spices I'm going to let you know how it's done.

Step 1: Assemble your models and undercoat your models with Skull White undercoat spray (make sure that you have filed down and trimmed the model very carefully first)

Step 2: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).

Step 3: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).

Step 4: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).

Step 5: Yellow Ink the whole model (let it dry).

Step 6: Ink the model with one part Chestnut Ink and three parts Yellow Ink (mix it yourself).

Concentrate this on the cracks and grooves of the model. The ink layers you have laid down before hand are slippery and the wash should go pretty much straight in the cracks rather than adhering to the armour surface.

Step 7: Touch up areas with Golden Yellow

Step 8: Highlight edges with a Golden Yellow/Skull White mix.

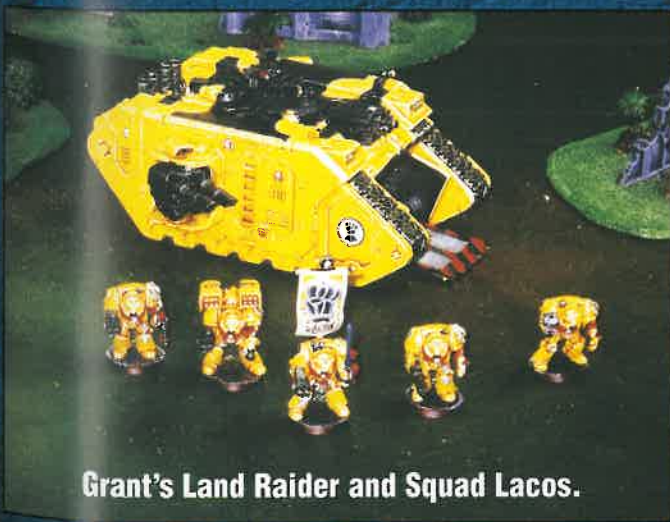
Step 9: Paint the rest of the model however you like.

It looks fantastic and fairly quick for the results that you get. If you're in a bit more of a hurry you can probably get away with one less coat of Yellow Ink...hey, it's your hobby!

For my 1500 points I decided to base the army around the new Land Raider model and a squad of Terminators. They just look so damn hard. I also have included three 10-man Tactical squads with a mix of heavy and assault weapons (in fact, one of each, just to be democratic), a Land Speeder squadron of

3 Land Speeders with 2 multi-meltas and a heavy bolter respectively. The army also includes a Predator Annihilator tank with heavy bolter sponsons and is led by the 25th birthday Emperor's Champion model, converted to an Imperial Fist. Quite frankly I think the Imperial Fist Space Marines have more right to the Emperor's Champion than the Black Templars. After all, the first Emperor's Champion was actually an Imperial fist, the Black Templars are a Second Founding Chapter based on the Imperial Fists.

So there you have it, a painting challenge and an army to destroy (hopefully) all foes.



Grant's Land Raider and Squad Lacos.

SYDNEY CITY PRESENTS

Bryan Reilly

- Sydney City staff sergeant

I remember the first time I entered a Games Workshop store. It was a Games Night and as I approached the smell...err...noise was getting louder and louder. When I stepped in I thought to myself "What have I just walked into?"

After walking around for a bit, some guy in a red shirt started shouting at me. I soon realised that he was actually trying to talk to me. He was asking me questions like "Do you play?", "What army do you collect?" and after using a complex combination of hand signals, I told him that I had no idea what he was on about.

So, after about forty five minutes I walked out of the chaos with a Warhammer 40,000 box set and a Paint Set under my arm, and made my way home so I could open up my new presents.

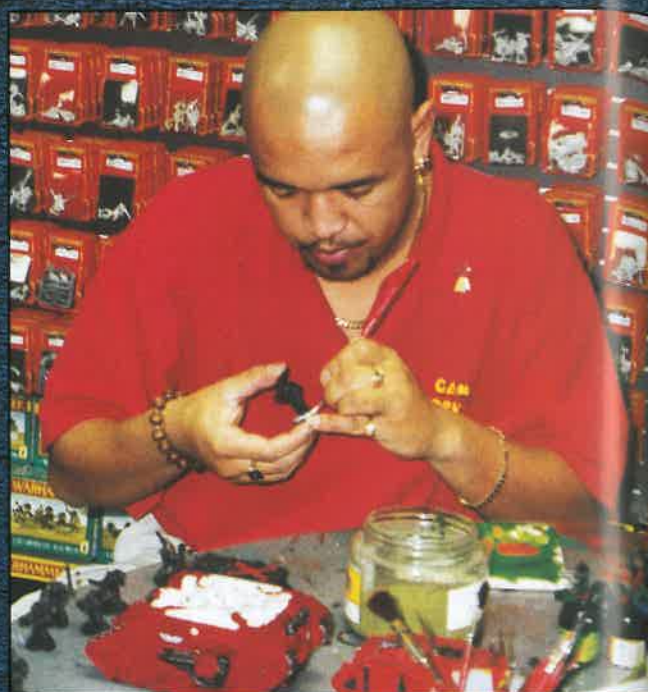
When I got home I opened up the box and started reading. I was about to start painting when I realised that I had no idea why all these robots were different colours...so off I went back to the Sydney City store to ask. After Mr. Shouty explained the differences, I

had to toss a coin to pick between Blood Angels, Dark Angels, and Space Wolves. Luckily it came up edges so I went about painting the mighty frothing vampire-like Space Marines of the Blood Angels Chapter.

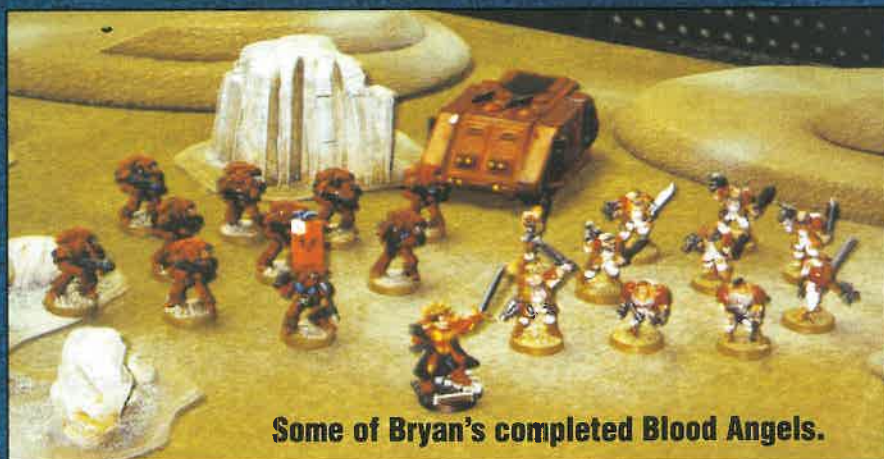
This little flashback felt like decades ago. It was actually just two years ago and I haven't looked back since. Naturally when I had to prepare an army for the staff tournament there was no other choice but the boys in red. When I was pondering what to put in this 1500 point army, I decided I wanted to go for an army with the following two pre-requisites: it had to have the new "supergigantormous" Land Raider, and I would base it around the legendary Bloodquest story from Warhammer Monthly.

So, first things first. I had to re-read the comic and find all the characters then find something suitable to represent them. The most important one of course was Leonatos and I managed to grab this limited edition figure from Mail Order. The other characters I converted a bit and built the army around them. Now Robin...to the Batcave...umm I mean painting table.

Painting Space Marines is pretty easy. Painting Blood Angels is even easier, especially since the release of the Blood Red spray. To me however, the Blood Red paint was still too bright for my vision of almost vampiric Space Marines so I went for something darker, RED GORE. After the Blood Red spray undercoat, I hit them with the essential ink, Chestnut Ink. After that dries it's a light drybrush of Red Gore over the whole figure carefully then paint Blood Red for the highlights. Once the detail like eyes and weapons are completed you're finished. If you want to check them out they're in the Sydney-City store.



Bryan starts work on his Death Company.



Some of Bryan's completed Blood Angels.

I've got a couple more projects for my Blood Angels. I'd like to complete the 4th Company, the 10th Company (Scouts), the mythical 11th Company which consists of a hundred (yes, one hundred!) Death Company Blood Angels. Am I crazy? What's normal? For now though I want to finish off my Ultrawar army and get myself ready for the new Warhammer!

Keep an eye out for more goings on in the Sydney City store.

Craig O'Neil - Sydney City staff member

Three weeks ago Grant and I was talking about how we perceive our hobby and what we were working on at the moment. We talked about the upcoming staff tournament and how it would be nice to have a brand new army, to experience the highs and lows of commanding it on the battlefield for the first time, the exhilaration of victory and the lament of defeat.

So it was decided a new army it was going to be!

As this was going to be the first army I would be organising since I started with Games Workshop seven months ago I thought it would be cool to try a new style of army something that was new and fresh.

At the best of times I am not a quick painter. I would like to say it's because I am finicky about the finished product. That wouldn't be true, the main reason for lack of speed is I mess around when I paint (as do a lot of hobbyists) so I realised I might need some pointers on how to paint an army quickly and neatly. I asked around and one name continued to pop up when I put "quick", "paint" and "army" in the same sentence none other than our very own Dave Taylor. So after fighting through the hordes of adoring fans to seek audience with the guru himself I was finally allowed to seek enlightenment to one of hobbyists' oldest questions:

"How do you paint an army quickly?" I asked with baited breath

"Stop faffing about, get organised, pick a colour scheme, and do it", came Dave's reply

With fresh new ideas in mind I headed off to my White Dwarf collection to find an appropriate Space Marine Chapter to start collecting. This task seemed larger than I first thought. I have been collecting Space Wolves since I first started playing back in the Rogue Trader days, and as far as other Space Marine Chapters go they are my favourite chapter. They're so characterful and relatively simple to use, a true boltgun of a Marine Chapter

I needed a new Chapter to collect and one that wouldn't be too difficult to master but with a characterful history. With the release of the new Codex Armageddon approaching rapidly I thought I would check out if any new Space Marine Chapters would be involved in this new publication.

It was then that I hit upon the new rules for the sons of Nocturne, the mighty Salamanders, along with their paint scheme and most importantly their history. I talked with Dave and he told me to come into the Studio to see some colour pictures of the Salamanders Space Marines. After seeing these pictures I rushed off home to work out my new Marine army.

I worked out a 1500 point Salamanders army for the staff tournament and set about looking through my bits and pieces to put the army together. With a Terminator Chaplain assembled and undercoated overseeing the construction of his brethren, he was set aside to be painted last.



Craig finishes off his first squad.



A Staff Challenge in progress.

I tried a few different techniques of painting before I got my test squad the way I wanted them, dark but not as dark as the Dark Angels. I used a Chaos Black undercoat followed by a Dark Angels green basecoat, secondary basecoat of Snot Green and highlight of Scorpion Green. Once these test models were done, I set about painting my troops choices and transports for them, twenty down 56,000,000 to go.

Anyway as for the staff tournament I don't know how I'll go but at least I'll have a new army and some new ideas that I can use for future armies. If you want to see how they look come into the GW Sydney City store and have a look.

WHAT'S ON AT SYDNEY CITY STORE DURING SEPTEMBER

- Ork Ancient Artefacts Display until 1st October.
- Arena of Blood Dark Eldar gladiator tournament for the duration of the Olympic games, 15th September - 1st October.
- Staff Challenge nights: September 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th. 3pm-7pm.
- Campaign Days Every Sunday from 11am-3pm

THE FUTURE OF WARMASTER

Now that all the rulebook armies are available you're probably thinking, "What's next then?" Well, Rick Priestley takes a peek at the future and also looks at some of the models you can expect to see over the coming few months.



At last – we now have the Orc and Goblin army available for Warmaster which, together with the Chaos, Dwarf, Empire, High Elf and Undead armies makes the full six in the Warmaster book. Which begs the inevitable question, "Where do we go from here?" Well for a start you can get painting those marvellous

greenskins, and elsewhere in this issue I've described how my own fledgling green horde is getting on. However, following the wise principle that too much really is never quite enough, what everyone wants to know is what else will be available and when.

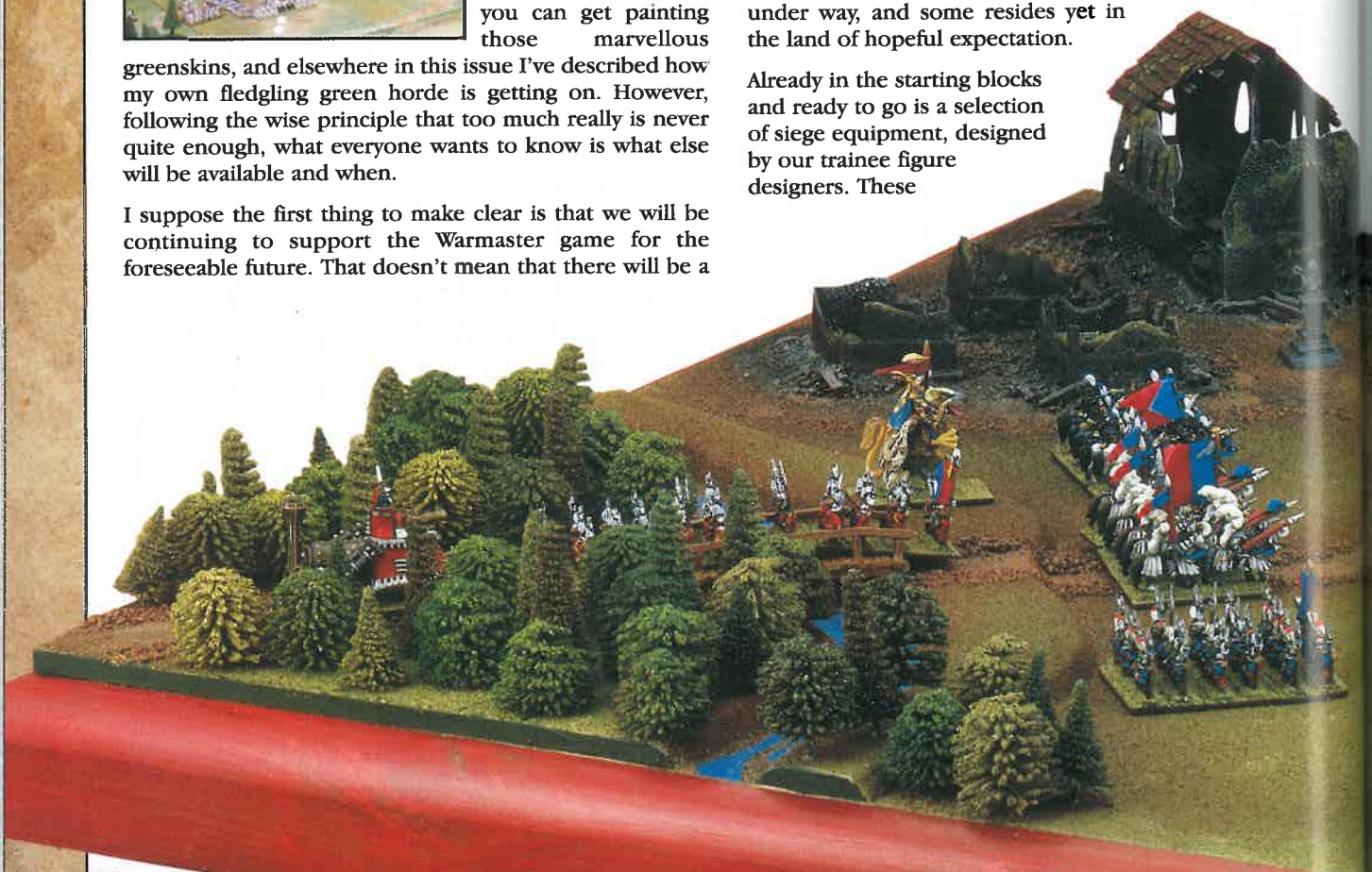
I suppose the first thing to make clear is that we will be continuing to support the Warmaster game for the foreseeable future. That doesn't mean that there will be a

Some of the siege equipment we hope to be releasing in the future.



new Warmaster army every month as there has been so far. That would prove too much for our sculptors who, I'm told, have work to do for some other games (can't imagine what!). However, there will be new releases for Warmaster and they will be reasonably frequent too. Some of this work is already completed, some is still under way, and some resides yet in the land of hopeful expectation.

Already in the starting blocks and ready to go is a selection of siege equipment, designed by our trainee figure designers. These





Chaos, Empire and Orc Siege towers.

n so far.
who, I'm
imagine
warmaster
of this

include siege towers, rams, fieldworks, mantlets, and various defensive gear such as cauldrons of boiling oil and devices for dropping rocks on uninvited guests. Everything you need for a siege, in fact, apart from fortifications, but even here Forge World have come to the rescue with castle walls and towers in resin (see page 96 for more details).

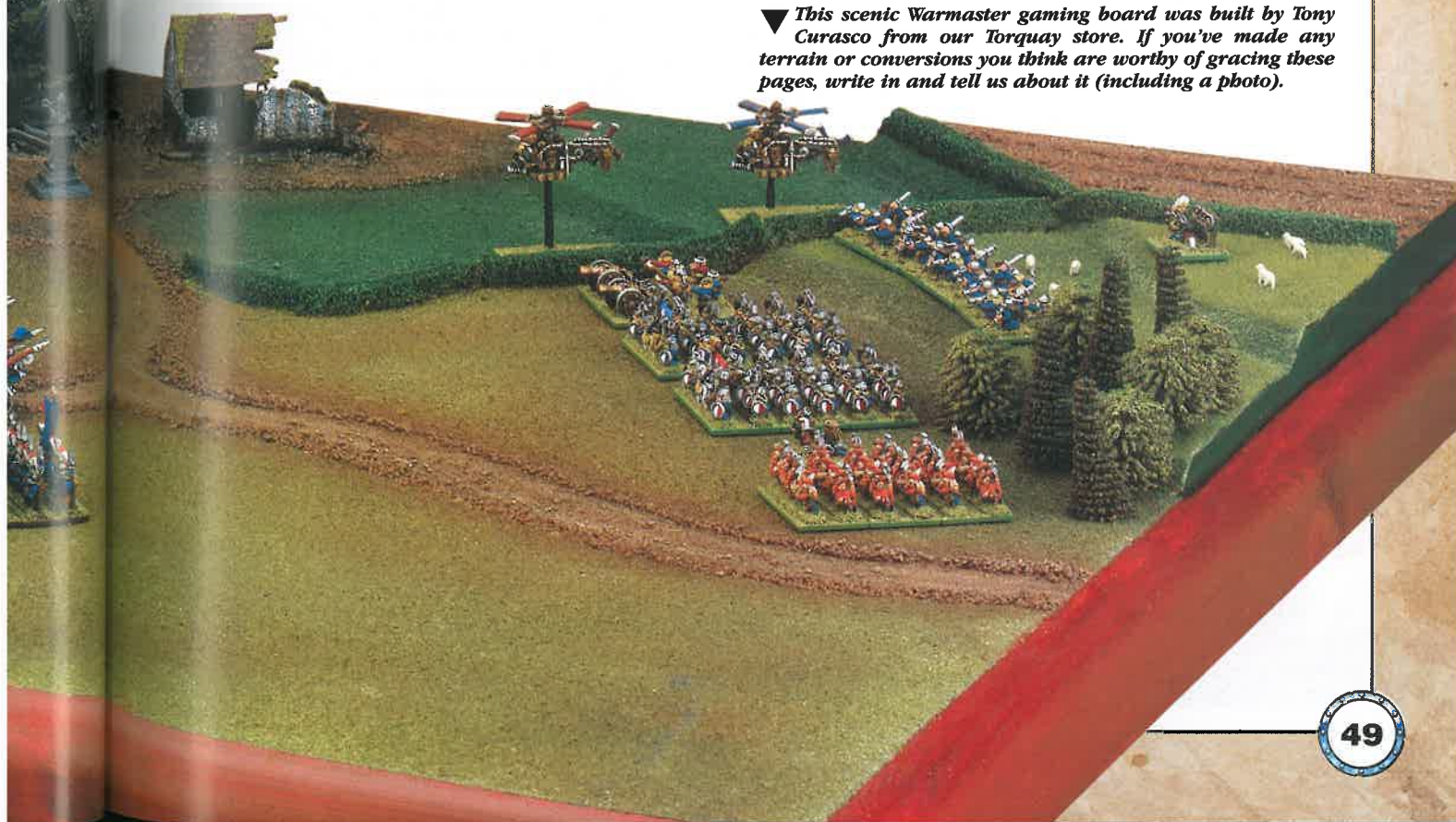
For keeping track of protracted combats we have a range of casualty markers. These take the form of individual round bases each with a number of 'deadies'. As casualties stack up, the markers are used to keep track of how many

hits each unit has taken so far in the combat. I don't know about you but I always have to resort to pencil and paper during complex combats, so I know these markers will come in handy.

We also have some very nice wagons and a small selection of new artillery pieces which we haven't quite decided what to do with yet. I suspect some new rules may be in the offing before these will be ready for sale.

Two big Warmaster projects are still under development. That means the figure designers have done some of the

▼ *This scenic Warmaster gaming board was built by Tony Curasco from our Torquay store. If you've made any terrain or conversions you think are worthy of gracing these pages, write in and tell us about it (including a photo).*





Dave's first concept models for the Bretonnian army. Although these are not the final versions, they do give a good idea of how the range will look.



work but haven't quite finished. Almost complete at the time of writing is the new Kislev army from the master of all things tiny, Colin Grayson. Colin sculpted the bulk of the Empire and Orc ranges and these new models are every bit as good. I won't tell you what the army itself is like except to say that there are bears in it somewhere! Although not yet scheduled for release I wouldn't anticipate having to wait too long as Colin has definitely got the Warmaster bug – you should see the Kislevite log fort that's taking shape behind his desk!

Whilst Colin has been hammering away at the Kislev army, Dave Andrews has been making progress on the Bretonnians. Dave made the bulk of the Undead and Chaos armies for the Warmaster range but his real passion is for the high medieval style of the Bretonnians. As Dave is having to fit this work in amongst his other commitments this project isn't as far advanced as the Kislevites, so you'll have plenty of time to practice painting Warmaster scale heraldry. I may be able to persuade the White Dwarf crew to sneak in a photograph of some of Dave's early test models.

Once this work is complete, we have plans to continue producing further Warmaster models for existing armies and new armies too. Colin is already lined up to produce another army as soon as the Kislevites are complete. Quite a few players have asked whether we will eventually make every Warhammer army for Warmaster. Right now I don't know the answer to that. It's taken us years to build up the Warhammer range to the size it is today with 14 armies (Yes I know it's not necessarily 14... it depends how you count them). I think the only assessment it's possible to make right now is that we'll continue to work on new

armies whilst players want to collect them.

Aside from new models and new armies we have been busy with plans for expanding Warmaster by means of the GW web-site and an appropriately modest but intensely dedicated magazine which will probably be called Warmaster Magazine (I'm easily confused so it's best to keep things straight forward). We'll be posting

news and information about our plans on the web-site and in White Dwarf.

Is there any more? Well a few players have asked me about tournaments and I would certainly like to see something organised if there is the demand to justify it. I know that only a tiny proportion of players actually participate in tournaments, but nonetheless I believe that they are important to the life of any game. Just as we have Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 national and international tournaments, it would be great to include Warmaster in the tournament circuit.

And I think that's probably enough to be going on with. If you love Warmaster and want to see more, all I can say is keep playing it, keep telling us about it and keep spreading the word. I certainly intend to do all I can to champion Warmaster, but I recognise that ultimately the popularity of a game depends upon the enthusiasm and support of its players. So – I would like to thank you very much, each and every Warmaster player. Now – back to those greenies!



Baggage train

Tony also made this stage-by-stage guide to making a ruined farm building out of nothing more than a box of matches.



LINE BREAKER

Out this month is the Space Marine Land Raider Crusader variant. This awesome tank is armed with numerous short-ranged weapons, enabling it to soften up the enemy before delivering its deadly Space Marine cargo into their midst.



Although designed by the Black Templars Chapter, other Chapters also make use of them in limited numbers.

The new Space Marine Land Raider Crusader variant is a specialised assault vehicle developed by the Black Templars Chapter. This awesome tank is perfect for making sure that your prized Command Group or Terminator assault squad gets into close combat with the enemy. The increased transport capacity allows it to carry either fifteen Space Marines in power armour or eight Terminators. This is especially good news for Black Templars players as it allows you to transport your fifteen-man Black Templars squads into the heart of the opponent's forces where they can do what they do best – chopping the enemy up in close combat.

WARHAMMER
40,000

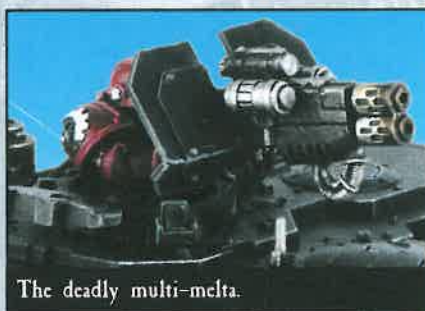
LINE BREAKER



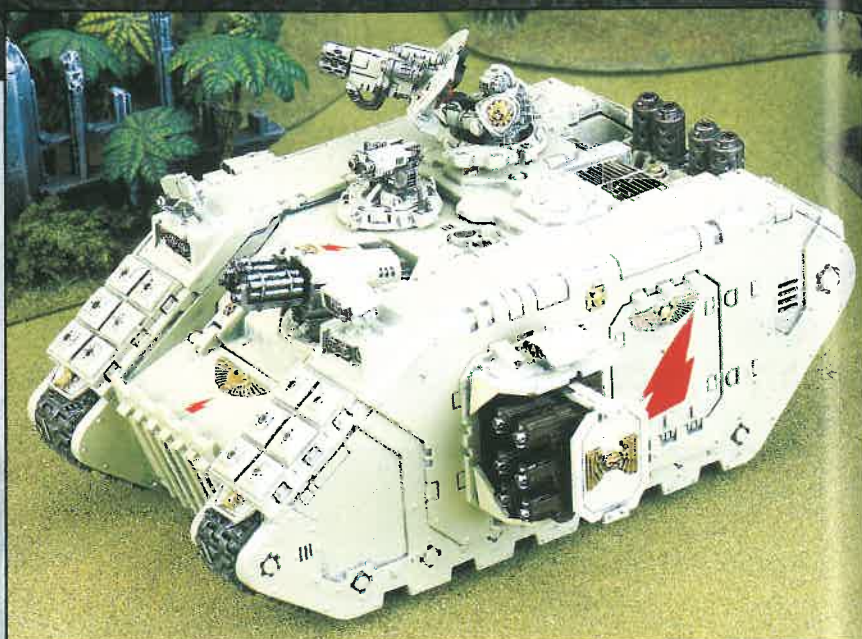
The new 'hurricane' bolters are the perfect weapons for taking on light infantry.



Twin-linked assault cannons.



The deadly multi-melta.



Jim Butler's Storm Giants Land Raider Crusader.

The Crusader is armed to the teeth with short-ranged weaponry. Of particular note are the two 'hurricane' bolters. Each one of these counts as three twin-linked bolters. This is deadly at close range as it means that the Crusader can fire twelve bolter shots with re-rolls! The fact that they can always fire makes them the perfect weapon for softening up the enemy before your transported squad charges into combat.



Paul Sawyer's White Scars Crusader escorted by his bike squadrons.



Matt Hutson's Black Templars Crusader crashes into the Chaos Space Marine line, disgorging its squad into the heart of the enemy.

HEAVY SUPPORT

LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

	Points	Front Armour	Side Armour	Rear Armour	BS
Crusader	255	14	14	14	4

Type: Tank

Crew: Space Marines

Weapons: The Land Raider Crusader is armed with two 'hurricane' pattern bolters, a twin-linked assault cannon and a multi-melta. The Crusader is also equipped with frag assault launchers.

Options: The Crusader may have the following vehicle upgrades: dozer blade at +5 pts; hunter-killer missile at +15 pts; pintle-mounted storm bolter at +10 pts; searchlight at +1 pt; smoke launchers at +3 pts.

Transport: Due to the extra space created by removing the large generators required for the lascannons, a Crusader has an increased carrying capacity. A Crusader may carry up to fifteen Space Marines or eight Space Marine Terminators. Note that it may still only carry one squad and independent characters (ie, you can't put a ten-man squad and a five-man squad inside at the same time).

Availability: Black Templars may have any number within the limitation of the force organisation charts. Other Space Marine Chapters may take Crusader pattern Land Raiders, but their greater rarity outside the Black Templars Chapter means that these Chapters are limited to one.

SPECIAL RULES

Extra Armour: All Land Raider Crusaders have additional armour plating to ensure that they can reach the enemy with their transported squad intact. A Crusader counts as having the extra armour vehicle upgrade, so it treats any 'Crew Stunned' result on the damage tables as a 'Crew Shaken' result instead.

'Hurricane' bolters: Each 'hurricane' bolter counts as three twin-linked boltguns. The Crusader may always fire its 'hurricane' bolters, regardless of how far it has moved or what other weapons it is firing.

Frag Assault Launchers: The front of the Crusader is studded with explosive charges, designed to hurl shrapnel into the enemy as the troops inside charge out down the assault ramp. Any unit which assaults on the same turn it disembarks from the Crusader counts as having frag grenades.



The Crusader variant of the Land Raider was developed by the Black Templars during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid them in the numerous sieges which they had to fight in order to reconquer the hive world. As news of the Crusaders' success spread, other Space Marine Chapters requested information regarding their remodelling of the Land Raider, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became approved by Mars (not that this had stopped many Chapters using it beforehand).

The Crusader is designed to smash into the enemy lines, disgorging the Space Marines into the heart of their adversaries. Its numerous short-ranged weapons allow the Crusader to weaken the enemy before the assault is launched and to provide a torrent of firepower to support its cargo once they are in combat.

The Grand Mustering



Mark Roberts

Mark Roberts and his mate Peter Wilkes have collected two huge Warhammer armies, Dwarfs and Empire. We thought you ought to see them...

The Dwarfs

This army came about because of a Warhammer tournament. It was literally just a couple of units when I started and now it stands as a completed army (*Come on Mark, there's always something else to add, an army is never complete - DT*).

In my opinion Dwarfs are made for defence. If you try to take the battle to a more manoeuvrable opponent

(and almost everyone is more manoeuvrable than Dwarfs!) they will often try and sneak around the sides and roll up your battleline. My top tip for Dwarfs is to 'anchor' your flanks - put rivers, difficult terrain, forests or, if you have them available, Troll Slayers on your flanks, and make an opponent come to you. Just letting fly with your artillery and crossbows is enough to start an opponent rushing across the table. A great tip is to put

Runes of Penetrating on your bolt throwers. These strengthened bolt throwers will never blow up and frighten just about any force you care to name. Dwarfs may not be the most flexible army in Warhammer, but their sheer stubbornness and durability is a strength you can really play to.

Men of the Empire

This army started life about ten years ago. It began with a few Halberdiers, a thin smattering of Archers and a few Knights Panther. Now things are a little different, with at least one of every unit from the Empire army list and a few more again of the more essential choices such as artillery and state troops.



Once an Empire army has reached this size you really get to play to its strength, which is its versatility. An opponent just can't second guess your choice. Do you field all cavalry and charge across the field or do you go for lots of artillery and let them charge across the field to you, or a mix of both? The point I'm making is that your enemy will have no idea! Most other armies have an obvious strength: the savage charge of the Orcs, concentrated bowfire of the Wood Elves or the durability of the Dwarfs are examples of this. With plenty of choice at your disposal you can choose an army that can reduce any advantages your opponent may think they have.

One of my favourite units in the Empire army is the Estalians. I've used Pirazzo's Lost Legion miniatures to represent Spearmen, and backed

them up with units of Swordsmen, Crossbowmen and Handgunners that have an Estalian look about them so that, as a whole, they represent a detachment of Estalian state troops using the standard Empire rules, but with a different flavour. Another unit which appeals to me is the mad, bad and dangerous to know Flagellants, without whom no Empire army should march to war. The conversion I did for the Flagellants was based on an old incarnation of the Empire war altar and I'm very pleased with the outcome.

When the army finally came to a halt about six months ago, I stood back and took a good look at it, and I noticed it still lacked a completely Empire flavour. So I introduced a few Priests of Sigmar, Witch Hunters and a Knight Templar with the Holy Book of Sigmar. These gave a bit

more depth of character to the army.

The Empire army, in the hands of a competent general, is both devastating and a lot of fun to use as its variety means there's never a dull moment! If you play it with style, and fight with a balanced force that reflects the Empire, you will give your opponent a run for their money and enjoy the fight regardless of the outcome.

The Grand Army of the Dwarfs



Dwarf Gyrocopter





◀ *Estalian pikeman unit*



◀ *The Imperial command unit includes Emperor Karl Franz himself, Kurt Helborg the Reiksmarsball, Captain of the Reiksguard, the Emperor's Champion, Ludwig Schwarzhelm and the Imperial Herald, with the army's battle standard.*



The Grand Army of the Empire



▲ A unit of those mad zealot prophets of doom, Flagellants, carrying their War Altar.



◀ A Knight Templar holding the Holy Book of Sigmar and wielding a mace.



▶ Converted Empire knight



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WOLLONGONG GRAND OPENING



The Wollongong Store celebrated its Grand Opening on the 20th and 21st of May. Loads of people travelled huge distances to take advantage of the great deals.

Left: Veteran Grand Opening Techpriest K-Man serves some of the hundreds of customers that packed into the store over the weekend.

If your face is circled on this page, then pop back into the Wollongong store to claim your prize!

Below: These two hobbyists "discuss" who is going to buy the last blister pack of Reiksguard Knights.





The "discussion" continued and in the end the Reiksguard Knights remained on the shelf!

Below: This hobbyist purchased enough Battleforces to fight the entire 3rd Armageddon battle on his own.



You can't have a good party without cake.

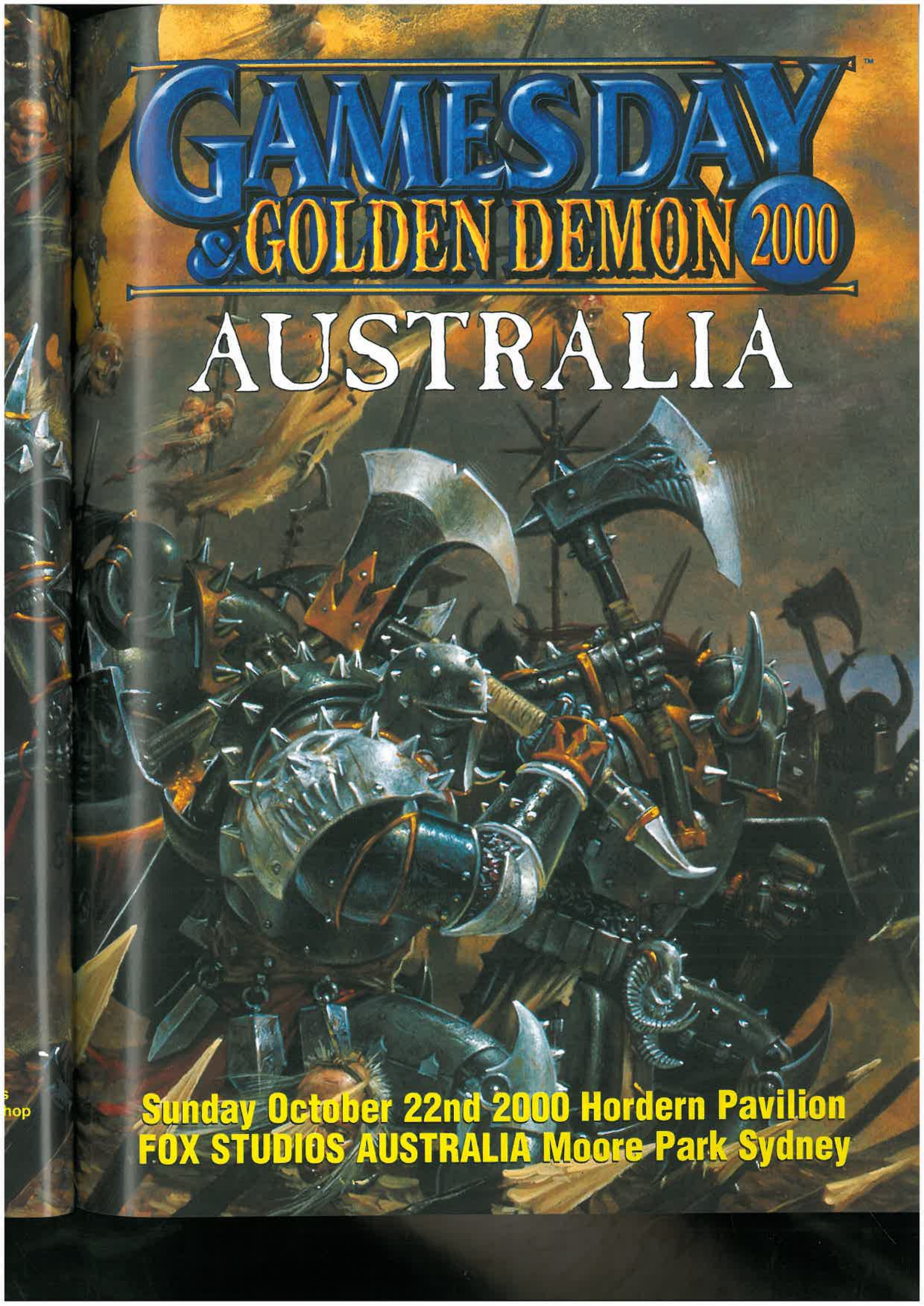




**TICKETS
ON SALE*
NOW.**

**Tickets from
\$25 each.**

* Tickets available from all Games
Workshop stores and Games Workshop
Mail Order on (02) 9829 6111.

The background of the entire page is a detailed illustration of a Warhammer 40,000 Orkney Guard. The guard is a heavily armored, mechanized warrior, covered in dark, spiked armor with orange and red highlights. It holds a large, double-bladed battle-axe. The scene is set in a dark, industrial environment with smoke and other armored figures in the background.

GAMESDAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

AUSTRALIA

Sunday October 22nd 2000 Hordern Pavilion
FOX STUDIOS AUSTRALIA Moore Park Sydney



GAMESDAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

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.

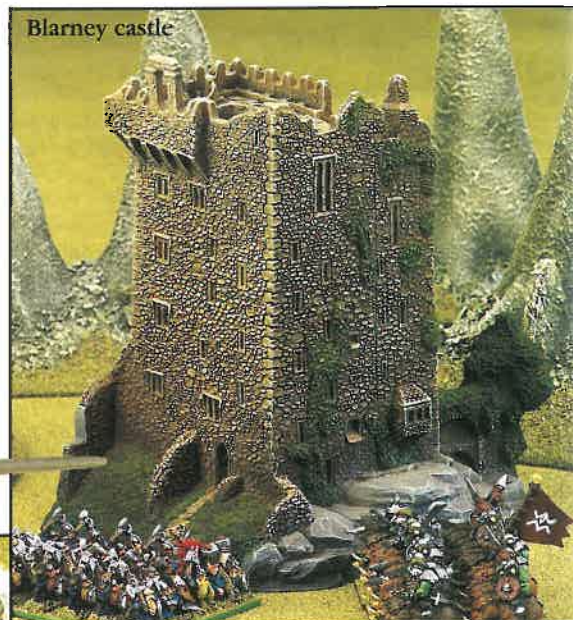
- The Golden Demon Slayer Sword can only be won by entries in Categories 1-10. Previous Slayer Sword winners may only enter Category 11 (the Open Category).

WARMMASTER TERRAIN

Your Warmaster armies can now defend massive stone fortresses against marauding Orc warbands or attack from a mighty Empire ship with the release of Forge World's new range of high quality resin terrain models.

Forge World terrain can be used either as stand-alone pieces or, if you're feeling adventurous, you can incorporate them into your own terrain features to create fantastic landscapes for your armies to fight over.

Blarney castle



Black Rock castle



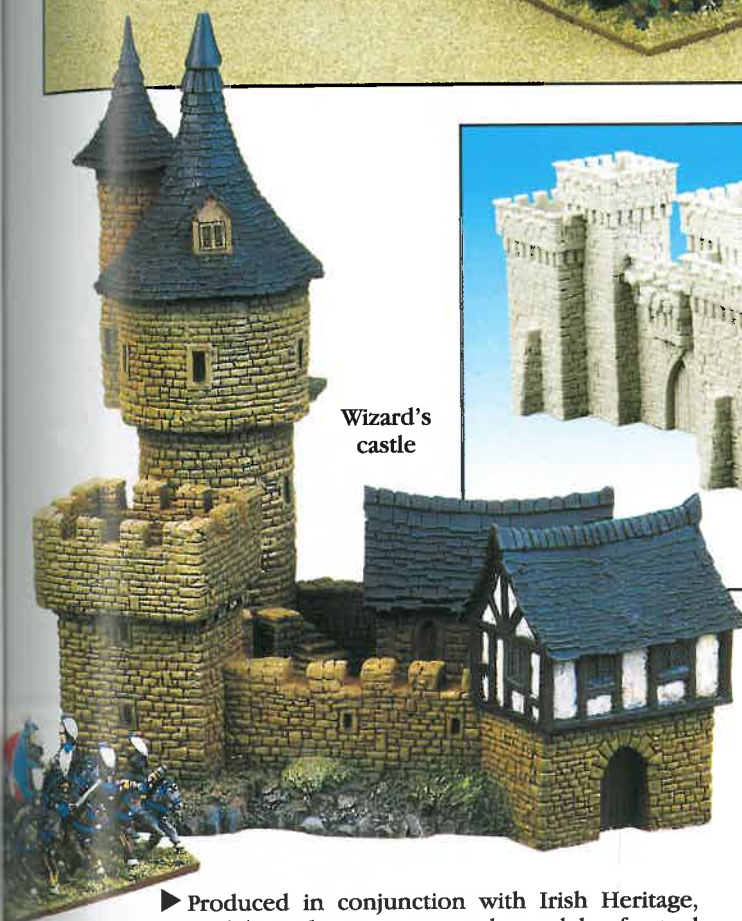
► Model maker Mark Jones has modelled the Black Rock castle piece into a modular terrain board to create a sea bastion defending a shore line.



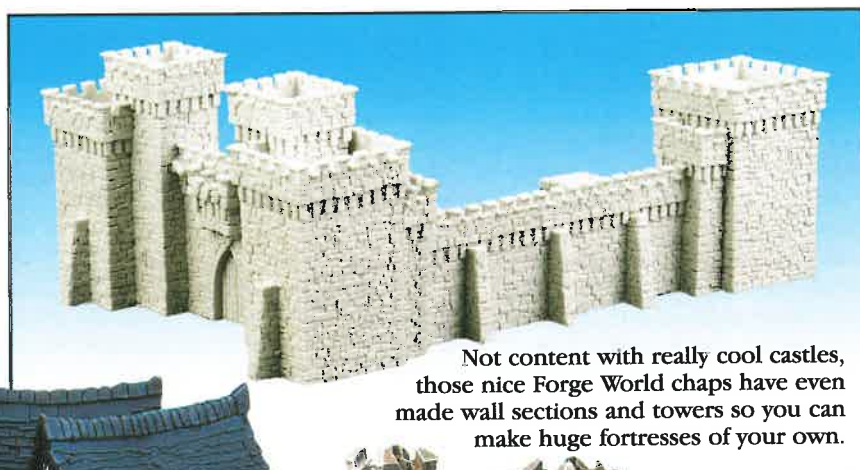
resses
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quality



An Orc warband heads out from its settlement to raid and pillage the lands of men.



Wizard's
castle



Not content with really cool castles, those nice Forge World chaps have even made wall sections and towers so you can make huge fortresses of your own.



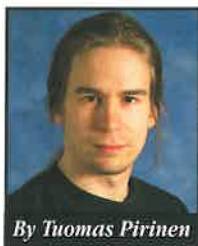
► Produced in conjunction with Irish Heritage, some of the models in the range are scale models of actual castles and towers, such as Bunratty castle shown to the right.

These new terrain features are just the tip of the iceberg. Forge World also makes scenery for Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 and much more.

For more details on these and other ranges, contact Forge World mail order on 0115 916 8177 (9pm-6pm Mon-Fri UK time) or send an SAE to Forge World, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS for the latest catalogue. Forge World also have an online store at www.blacklibrary.co.uk.

WARHAMMER

WARHAMMER IS BACK – BIGGER, BETTER, BADDER



By Tuomas Pirinen

Warhammer – there's nothing else like it. It is, as its players know full well, not just a game but a bizarre and dizzying way of life. It is loud music and long summer evenings. It is the smell of engine oil and the creak of worn leather. It is ice cold beer and hot curry. It is, however, most of all, a game of model soldiers. In short, it's most of the things that make life worth living and which we're allowed to print. Well, here it is again, a brand new version of Warhammer and it's bigger, better and definitely badder than ever!

SO WHAT'S HAPPENED?

Nothing that the vast majority of gamers won't love! For almost two years over 60 people have

worked tirelessly on the new edition of Warhammer. Artists, miniatures designers and writers have dedicated themselves to make the best possible game by gamers, for gamers.

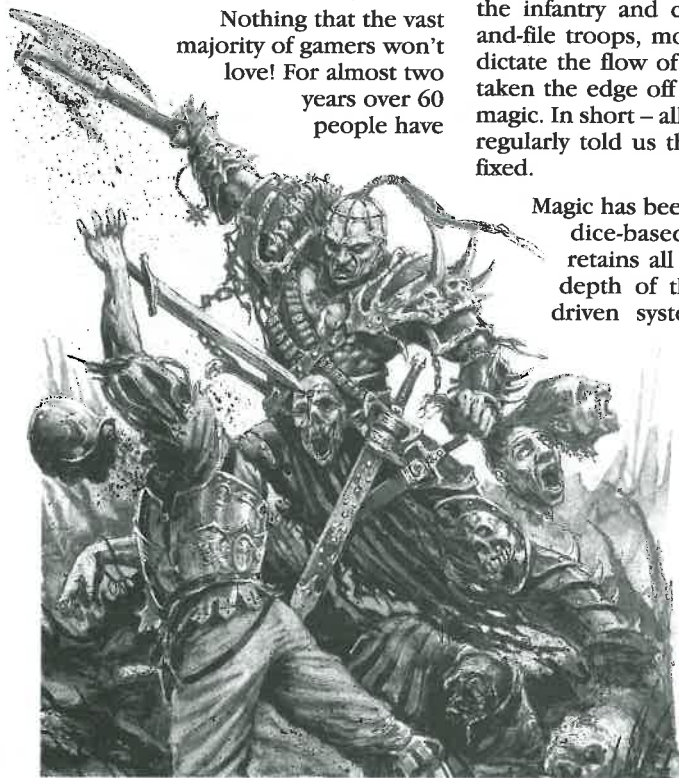
Warhammer is, as it has always been, a mature game with great tactical depth and room for clever tactics and cunning ploys. We've not made sweeping changes or reworked things like how the Shooting, Close Combat or Movement phases work. Instead we have hunted down all inconsistencies which the rules previously had, and clarified any unclear points. Of course it would have been remiss of us had we not looked into areas which have previously caused some problems to gamers.

LIKE FOR EXAMPLE...

The new Warhammer gave us a chance to put a lot of things right. It has given us a chance to rebalance the system and make it fairer all round. We have made heroes and big monsters a bit less dominating, giving the infantry and cavalry, your rank-and-file troops, more of a chance to dictate the flow of battle. We've also taken the edge off the most extreme magic. In short – all the things people regularly told us they wanted to see fixed.

Magic has been reworked into a dice-based system. It still retains all the character and depth of the previous card-driven system, but is more playable, fluid and fun. Some of the

overpowering spells of the past (such as *Curse of Years*) are gone, only to be replaced with new ones which are carefully balanced so the magic will support armies in battle rather and decide the



Some of the awesome new plastic Citadel miniatures out soon for Empire and Orc armies.



▼ For veteran generals, the rulebook is available by itself but we reckon the starter set, full of lovely new miniatures, may be too tempting! And if you're new, to Warhammer, the starter set contains all the rules, dice and terrain you need plus two complete armies to start gaming!



miniatures



outcome of the game.

Previously, Warhammer Magic was available as a separate supplement, but now players get it as part of the actual rulebook. The magic section also sees the return of the different Colours of Magic, a long-standing favourite of veteran gamers.

The Chariot rules have been rewritten to make them more playable, as have the flying rules, a long-time stumbling block in the rules. We have also developed and clarified the rules governing skirmishing troops, defined different types of Armour saves, reworked the Fast Cavalry rules, added examples and diagrams to illustrate the gameplay – in fact there are so many new improvements that it is hard to list them all here. In short, Warhammer now works better than ever before.

BUT WHAT ABOUT MY ARMY?

Many people have written to me, concerned about the fate of their army. I've been happy to report that we will continue to support all the existing armies. Bagged with the very next issue of White Dwarf, you'll get a copy of 'Ravens Hordes', a 32 page booklet which provides the army lists for all the Warhammer armies out there at the moment. So, if you are a Chaos Dwarf general or a commander of Lizardmen, you will have an army list to play with right from the start! If you are a new player or hardened veteran, you'll be pleased to know that the coming months will see a virtual cavalcade of new Armies

Reinforcements are on their way...



Dark Elf repeater crossbowmen



Dwarf Warriors



Empire Flagellants



books: the first one, The Empire, is out next month, and it will be quickly followed by Orcs & Goblins, Dwarfs, Vampire Counts and the insidious Dark Elves.

Whole new model ranges are currently under development. Brian Nelson has been labouring on the new Orcs, while the Perry twins have been working on one of their favourite miniatures lines – the army of the Empire. The Design Studio display cabinets are swelling with new models for all the Warhammer armies, ready to be unleashed upon eager Warhammer generals across the world.

We've also worked on the format and rules of the Armies books. This new range of Armies books will see an improved system of selecting armies,

as well as several new units and alternative army lists. Some overpowering creatures, such as Greater Daemons and characters laden with magic items, have been rewritten so that mere mortals have a fighting chance against them. That's not to say that a Khornate general armed with a magic sword is not a fearsome opponent anymore – he just isn't utterly invincible!

Most importantly, the new Armies books have been designed to accommodate further entries in the future. As veteran players will know, the original Warhammer Armies series of books contained lists that were definitive – which is to say it was impossible to add new troop types, characters or special characters. The new books have been designed so that the army lists are expandable. White Dwarf will publish periodical updates of the latest models for all the armies, so whatever army you collect you can be sure it will continue to evolve in the years to come.

The background of the Warhammer world, one of the most fascinating aspects of the game, has been expanded and developed further. All the Armies books feature extensive sections devoted to the history and origins of the race, along with stories and artwork. We haven't cut corners anywhere – these are fully fledged books crammed with gaming, painting and background information.

IT'S WARHAMMER – ONLY BETTER!

The new armies will have consistent rules, consistent game balance, consistent terminology. In short they'll work better! All the army lists and rules have been developed simultaneously, giving us a chance to balance the points values and the abilities of the armies against each other. From the start, we have had a large, dedicated team working on the army lists as a whole rather than one at a time.

There is a simple reason why we've been able to cram in so much new stuff: The new edition of Warhammer is a massive tome, 288 pages. This means that that we could include the



magic system in the rulebook, along with the rules for siege, skirmish games, campaigns, extensive background and much more.

A special mention must be made concerning the artwork. I'm positive you'll be drooling over the handful of pieces presented here, so I'm sure you'll agree that our artists have ensured that Warhammer has never been so lavishly illustrated.

As one seasoned Warhammer player commented excitedly after seeing the new book: "It's Warhammer – only better!"

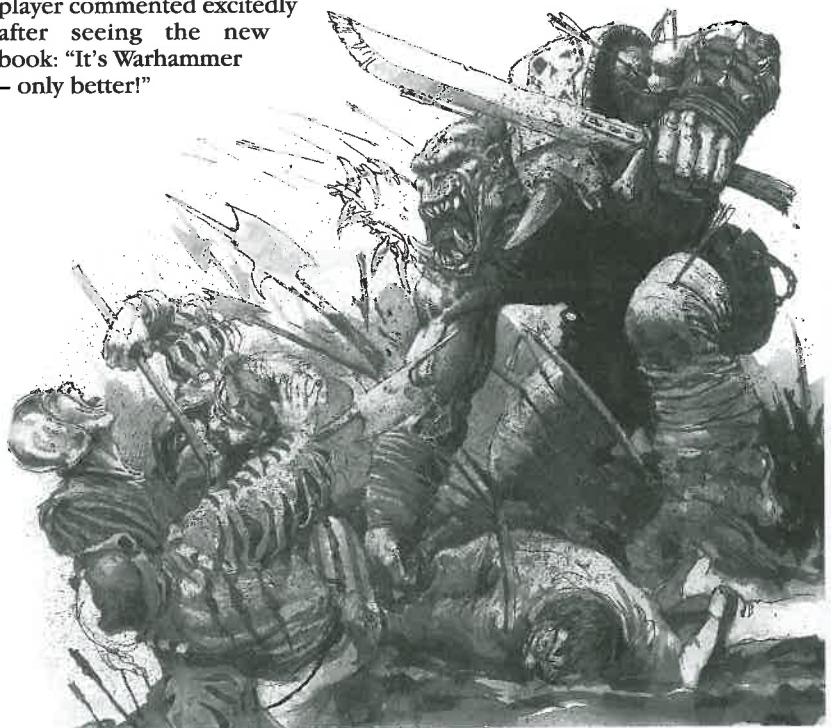
WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS...

This article shows you just a brief taste of the new releases of forthcoming models. As we release new Armies books we'll also be bringing you full model ranges, so you'll be able to field any unit in your chosen army's list.

Armies books will feature unique spell lists for each race, as well as a large selection of magic items which only the army in question can use. In the past, all the armies had access to the vast majority of magic items. Now each army has unique magical artefacts, along with its own spells and rules.

I am convinced that the new Warhammer is going to be massively popular amongst wargamers and fans of fantasy everywhere in the world. But don't take my word for it. Take a look yourself. There is only a month to go and I'm sure you won't be disappointed when it arrives!

Thomas





GAMES WORKSHOP
STORES

OUTPOST GREENSBOROUGH

A treatise on Outpost Greensborough and
the Straynge Creatures that dwell within



During my travels across
the Old World I, Albrecht
von Glink, have discovered
a place that defies sanity.
Listen now as I tell you of
Outpost Greensborough.



BEWARE! The Trolls of the North approach.



Every Friday night many straynge
beasties gather to do battle and
challenge each other to mortal
combat. Many do not survive
with their sanity intact!



What lures such creatures to
this place is as yet unknown. I
believe it could be the promise of
incredible fun and excitement.

To see the madness for yourself the
following rituals are observed on these days!

FRIDAY GAMES NIGHT

The ritual of mighty battles. Warlords bring
in their own armies and do battle over
countless battlefields. All you need to take
part is two units and a general of your own.

SATURDAY BATTLEDAY

More mighty battles! Bring in your own
army or join in with one of ours!

SUNDAY INITIATES DAY

Introduction day. Wnt to know more about
the Games Workshop hobby then drop
by for a game or some tips on painting.



• AUSTRALIA •

AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY

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Shops with their name in **RED** have Games Night every Thursday. Those with their names in **BLACK** have their Games Night on Fridays.

QUEENSLAND

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Queen Street Mall Brisbane QLD 4000

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PHONE: (07) 3343 1864

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GAMES WORKSHOP
STORES

EVENTS

WARHAMMER



THE LAST CRUSADE

The Last Crusade will be a huge Bring n' Battle involving a massive Army commencing a Crusade into the Chaos Wastes.
SEE STORE STAFF FOR MORE DETAILS.

ENTER THE FIREZONE

Every Saturday **GW Chatswood** becomes a battlefield for gamers of all descriptions. Come in this month for the infamous Ork Warlord Goffgob's frustrated attempts to get the better of his new nemesis, the Armageddon Steel Legion!

THE THRONE OF VALAYA

Here at **Mt Gravatt** our latest gaming table is currently under construction, an ancient Dwarf realm now overrun by mobs of Orcs and Gobbos from Wolfgang's Clan. Many battles will be fought before the temple of the Rune keepers, as Empire and Chaos forces search the ruins for the secrets of the Runesmiths and mighty Dwarfs, desperate to reclaim their lands and Lore clash with the invading hordes!

A CHALLENGE

Dave, Rob and Laurie have also been hard at work painting up brand new Warhammer forces for the table and are seeking worthy opponents, drop by any time and challenge any of the staff to a game!



COME GET SOME

The Belconnen Boys are always telling customers about how they SMASHED their opponents in battle. So bring a painted 1000pt Warhammer Fantasy or Warhammer 40,000 army in to the store any Weekday afternoon or on Saturday and see if their abilities match their mouths.

TWISTED METAL

GW Marion - The Ork Forts in the Fire Wastes have been under siege for months now, the tanks of the Imperium have stymied all sorties. In desperation Urgok the Unstoppable has sent for the dangerously unhinged Gwarshow the Bespattered and his Tankbustin Metalheds. These Boyz should sort those 'oomies out, but have they allowed for the new "Croosada Dirty Big Shooty Tank"

Check with Staff for more details!

VENGEANCE

(or IT ISN'T EASY BEING GREEN)

"Humies, boss, loadz of 'em" cried the snivelling goblin. The Shaman looked up from his bowl of fungus stew and grimaced. His eyes glowed red in the dim firelight of the cave. "I guess dey wasn't 'appy bout us trashin da village d uvver week. Get da Boyz!"

The staff at **GW Newcastle** will be running a series of games pitting the Empire against Orcs in both Warhammer and Warmaster.

Join the Empire troops, howling for revenge over the ravaging of Homlett, in storming the Orc village or marshall the defence of their beloved piece of turf from the marauding humies!



**GAMES WORKSHOP
STORES**

These are just some of the upcoming events happening in our stores. Contact your local store to find out what they've got planned.

ROLLING THUNDER

GW Parramatta Join each Saturday as Orc Warlord Skarfang Beergutt's Waaagh! gathers momentum, steamrolling its way from the ruins of Karak Kadrin through Sylvania and on into Averland.

THE LEGEND BEGINS

GW Adelaide - Captain Roger rose to fame halting an Ork invasion of an Agri World during the Armageddon sub sector war. Come in on Friday the 8th of September between 4 and 8pm and join the legend of these Death World veterans.

FIGHT CLUB

Fight Club has begun, a chance for you to play in a tournament style event without rigid restrictions. Play for the sake of playing, where honour and respect from other Fight Club combatants is the greatest reward. Fight Clubs run for 10 weeks, during this time you play a series of games against ferocious generals from all over Brisbane. For full details get in contact with the administrators at

Mount Gravatt (07) 3343 1864 or Brisbane on (07) 3831 3566

ARMAGEDDON AFTERMATH

The battle for Armageddon may be over, but the clean up operation continues...

Bring in a painted Warhammer 40,000 unit to either prevent the Orks from escaping, or to destroy the last vestiges of Humanity on Armageddon.

Come along to the **Wellington** store on Saturday the 9th of September at 12pm to participate.

GHOST PIRATES

Every Saturday during September, Games Workshop **Brisbane** will be building a Mordheim Ghost Ship gaming table, that will be used at this years Games Day. We need your help to construct the greatest ever gaming table that will feature a 3 foot long Ghost Ship. Just turn up at the store between 10am and 2pm to assist us.

ELDRITCH FIRES

The flames of deceit burn fierce,
When Kin battle Kin.
A storm Eldritch will smite
These lost children of Khaine

Join in the hardest fought battles when Eldar fight Eldar in a weekend of insurrection at our **Melbourne** store. Our Civil War runs 12:30 - 4:00pm on Saturday the 9th and Sunday the 10th of September.



GAMES WORKSHOP STORES



GAMES WORKSHOP STORES



GAMES WORKSHOP STORES



GAMES WORKSHOP STORES



GAMES WORKSHOP STORES

WARHAMMER[®] DAY



Here is your chance to play the latest version of Warhammer Fantasy Battle. All you have to do is turn up at your local Games Workshop store on SATURDAY 16TH OF SEPTEMBER.

ASK STAFF FOR MORE DETAILS.

DELAYING ACTION

by the staff of GW Brisbane and Mt. Gravatt

Inspired by the plans for this Games Day's Mega-display table (check out the photos of its progress on our website), the boys from our Brisbane and Mt. Gravatt stores have created a series of linked scenarios. We showed you the first, *Slave Raid*, in WD246 and the second scenario, *Retaliation*, in WD247. Well now we bring you the conclusion, *Delaying Action*.

The Background

After two weeks of the vigorous campaign of destroying Orc camps, the Empire forces have managed to expel the majority of the raiders from the low-lying mountains. Through intensive interrogation techniques (which included tickling with feathers and the singing of songs by the Tilean bard, Ricky Martino) the commanders have a rough idea on the whereabouts of the main Orc settlement. The plans have been drawn up and the troops assembled for the final push up the mountain. The only problems they can foresee are the numerous Orc delaying forces may just give the Orcs the time needed to make a solid defence.

Scenario Rules

SET UP

The table size ideally should be 6' x 4'. The terrain is set up in any mutually agreeable way. In addition, the Orc player gets barriers to set up in their deployment area.

ARMIES

The armies are chosen differently in this scenario. The players decide on a points value of up to 2000pts. The Empire player chooses their forces up to this limit from

their army list, BUT the Orc player gets half this amount to choose from their army list.

EMPIRE. This is the vanguard of a large Empire force pushing up the mountain, so may be made up of any applicable units from the army list, but may not include either monsters or allies.

ORCS. This force is a small delaying force sent to slow the Empire advance, and give the main settlement time to prepare for the assault. As such, it may not include a warboss, but any other units from the army list may be included with the exception of monsters or allies.

DEPLOYMENT

Both players roll a d6. Whoever gets the highest may choose a long table edge, with other player taking the opposite. The Orc player sets up his barriers up to 24" onto the table from his edge, followed by his army in the same area. The Empire general then splits his forces into two sections. Each section must contain at least one third of the total points value. They then deploy one of the sections up to 6" onto the table, the other section will come on from their table edge at the start of turn three.

TURNS

The game goes for a random number of turns. Starting at the end of turn 4, roll a d6: on a roll of 2+ there is a 5th turn for both players. At the end of the turn 5, roll a d6: on a roll of 3+ there is a 6th turn for both players, and so on.

	Turn 4	Turn 5	Turn 6	Turn 7	Turn 8+
Next turn on...	2+	3+	4+	5+	6+

WHO GOES FIRST

Empire take the first turn.

VICTORY

If, at the end of the game, the Empire has at least a third of it's UNITS (not points) with at least 50% of their starting strength either moved off or within 12" of the Orc table edge, but not within 12" of the short sides of the table, they have swept aside the Orc defenders and win. If not, the Orcs have tied them up for long enough and win.

Scenario Special Rules

BARRIERS

These are crude defenses put together as some sort of protection for their camp. They are 4" long and count as obstacles (and if the Orcs are clever, defended obstacles). At the start of the game, before deployment, the Orc player gets d3+3 of these barriers. These can only be attacked with torches or flaming arrows.



DELAYING ACTION BATTLE REPORT



Laurie (Mt Gravatt store) contemplates the Orcs deployment

DEPLOYMENT

"Uglub spoke to his assembled troops just outside the recently abandoned Orc village.

"Da Boss sez we gotz ta beat up da umies for a bit, so da Boss kan git da Fort lookin ded ard! So git out dere an smash em!..." While saying all of this Uglub was thinking that if there were more humans than he could count (which isn't really very many) then he would high-tail it out of there!

Two weeks of dodging all the hard work, two weeks of respite, (two weeks of survival Hef called it!) But the time for action was at hand, time to lead his forces toward their final destination. Heinrich surveyed his troops, still nursing wounds and bruised egos. Reinforcements had arrived late in the night, reporting the campaign against the orc invaders was actually going rather well, despite Heinrich's own efforts. One chance for redemption...one chance to show his worth, just one last chance!

EMPIRE TURN 1

Heinrich's advance force approached the Orc village with due caution. The Orc army were arrayed for battle just beyond the village. Heinrich ordered his crossbowmen to fire at the Goblin Wolf Chariots. The inaccurate fire was answered with some obscene hand gestures and name calling. Heinrich's artillery responded by unleashing the full fury of the Cannons upon the unsuspecting Zoot's Scythes Wolf chariots. When the smoke cleared none of the chariots remained.

ORC TURN 1

Uglub Stormfart bellowed a war cry that would have shaken the bowels of a Stone Troll. His Boar Boyz launched itself forward at the crossbowmen. Boggrub's WolfBoyz joined the charge. The Rock Lobber fired its deadly cargo at the battery of Cannons destroying one and forcing the other crew to retreat in panic. Meanwhile the heroic Crossbowmen cut down a couple of Boar Boyz in

Heinrich rolled the message, drew the cords around the parchment, sighed deeply and pulled his thick cape a little tighter. Soon enough the reinforcements would arrive from Kolb and his forces would be on the move once again. He would deliver this message to his troops in a short time, as soon as he figured a way to inspire them. How do you raise the spirits of so many when they have been crushed with such alarming regularity.

Around him were strewn maps, scrolls, notes and cascades of wax. He'd been awake too long pouring over possibilities, analysing the seemingly random movements of the Orcs; their fierce attacks and sudden withdrawals, running amok through villages capturing slaves without a sign of looting. The raids were also increasing, during the two weeks since the Empire began burning Orc camps over twenty nearby Empire villages had been attacked, not so much in retaliation as desperation. Late in the night, it had all been revealed. The Scouts had stumbled over their breathless words as they tried to deliver the report. There had been a huge accident at the Orc settlement where the slaves had been delivered. A towering scaffold had been constructed against the base of the mountainside, that sheltered the Orc Camp. It was assumed the structure was an attempt to build a fortification in the mountainside, and was paid little attention in the past years before the slave raids began. During the night, a massive section of the scaffold had collapsed, exposing the abomination that now scarred the Mountain, mocking the realm with a jutting jaw.

Hef ducked into the Generals makeshift office, frost clung to his fiery beard and steam billowed from his flared nostrils. "Sir, west watch has spotted the advance party from the Kolb, they will arrive by mid-morn. The troops have been assembled for muster, and the camp is being dismantled."

"Thank-you, Hef, I'll join you presently."

"Sir, I am troubled. There are rumours circulating the camp."

"Of a great Warlord, larger than the Giants of Albion? Of a Shaman able to crumble mountain peaks with a word? I have heard them Hef, the savage Greenskins have an ally in the fear they generate."

"They fear for you too Sir, that your sleepless nights are a result of your encounter with the Squig..."

The General ran his hand over his brutally scarred scalp, scabs making his head feel foreign. Gorges carved by the cavernous maw of that foul beast.

Revenge. That was the key.

both the "stand and shoot" and the ensuing combat before they were soundly annihilated. The Wolf Riders and Boar Boyz stared nervously down the many barrels of the Hellblaster, as it prepared to fire.

EMPIRE TURN 2

The fleeing cannon crew rallied at a glance from the awe inspiring man named, Heinrich. The Hellblaster sight locked squarely on the rather nervous Boggrub's WolfBoyz. Heinrich ordered the Crossbowmen unit to advance. They swept past the single cannon near the Orc village. The untested Hellblaster was on loan to an amateur crew and the inevitable happened. A devastating explosion rocked the nearby village as the Hellblaster disappeared in a cloud of smoke and debris without inflicting a single hit. The Crossbowmen and cannon, obviously shaken by the explosion, inflicted very little damage to the Wolf Riders.

ORC TURN 2

Uglub roared orders to Boggrub's Wolf Riders, they charged into the remaining cannon, whose crew fled in a stricken panic. The Boar Boyz stampeded into the other, even more unfortunate cannon crew. Meanwhile the Rock Lobber's shots went wide of the Crossbowmen. The Boar Boyz somehow lost the combat against the 'umies Cannon crew in what can only be described as just an act of weirdness. They fell back away from the psychotic cannon crew. The Wolf Riders overran the first cannon's fleeing crew. After snacking on umie flesh the vicious wolves were keen for more.

EMPIRE TURN 3

Heinrich gasped a sigh of relief as the entire Empire force entered the field of battle and not a moment too soon. Seizing the initiative, Heinrich sent the Crossbowmen charging into the Boar Boyz before they could rally.

UGLUB'S RAIDERS

• 'UGLUB STORMFART' ORC BIG BOSS, SPEAR, SHIELD, LIGHT ARMOUR AND WAR BOAR	84
• 'BORK BROKENRIBS' BOYZ' 15 X BLACK ORCS LIGHT ARMOUR AND 2 HAND WEAPONS	150
• 'GRIMSHANKS MOB' 16 X ORC WARRIORS (INCL. STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN) HAND WEAPONS, LIGHT ARMOUR AND SHIELDS	153
• 'URK'S RAIDERS' 16 X ORC WARRIORS (INCL. STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN) SPEARS, LIGHT ARMOUR AND SHIELDS	171
• 'UGLUB'S BOAR BOYZ' 8 X BOAR BOYZ (INCL. STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN) SPEARS, SHIELDS AND LIGHT ARMOUR	290
• 'MAN-MANGLER' ROCK LOBBER	96.5
• 'EEZGOTT DATROTTS' NIGHT GOBLIN BIG BOSS, LIGHT ARMOUR, DOUBLE HANDED AXE	37
• 'DA STIKKAS' 20 NIGHT GOBLINS (INCL. STANDARD AND MUSICIAN) SPEARS, SHIELDS, 3 FANATICS	165
• 'DA ARRER BOYZ' LED BY 'EELGETT DATROTTS' NIGHT GOBLIN BOSS, SHORT BOW, 19 NIGHT GOBLINS (WITH STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN), SHORT BOWS WITH 3 FANATICS	168
• 'BOGGRUB'S WOLFBOYZ' 15 WOLF RIDERS, SHORT BOWS	150
• 'ZOOT'S SCYTHES' 2 X WOLF CHARIOTS, SHORT BOWS, SCYTHES	171
TOTAL	1635.5pts

HEINRICH'S FORCE.

• 'HEINRICH LEITDORF' HERO, SWORD, SHIELD AND WARHORSE	69
• 2 UNITS OF 16 CROSSBOWMEN, CROSSBOWS	256
• 3 X CANNONS	285
• 1 X HELBLASTER	100
• 'SEBASTIAN' HERO, SPEAR AND SHIELD	67
• 10 REIKSGUARD KNIGHTS, LANCE, SWORD, SHIELD, HEAVY ARMOUR & BARDED WARHORSE	390
• 10 REIKSGUARD KNIGHTS, LANCE, SWORD, SHIELD, HEAVY ARMOUR & BARDED WARHORSE	390
• 10 PISTOLIERS, 2 PISTOLS, SWORD, LIGHT ARMOUR AND HORSE	220
• 4 UNITS OF 16 CROSSBOWMEN, CROSSBOWS	512
• 2 UNITS OF 16 HALBERDIERS (INCL. STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN) HALBERDS, LIGHT ARMOUR AND SHIELDS	360
• 1 UNIT OF 10 FLAGELLANTS, FLAIL	100
'FRIEDRICK' LEVEL 1 WIZARD, DISPEL MAGIC SCROLL	81
• 1 UNIT OF 16 HALBERDIERS, HALBERD, SHIELD AND LIGHT ARMOUR	180
• 1 UNIT OF 15 ARCHERS (INCL. STANDARD BEARER AND MUSICIAN) LONGBOW AND HAND WEAPON	136
• 1 UNIT OF 16 CROSSBOWMEN CROSSBOWS	128
TOTAL	3274pts

Having routed the hapless Orcs, the crossbowmen continued their advance in the direction of the rest of the greenskin horde. Sebastian wasted no time directing the Knights towards the ranks of Orc warriors. The Pistoliers, massed ranks of Crossbowmen and Flagellants closely followed these. With so many troops trying to get to grips with the Orcs no more units could fit between the forest and the Orc pig pens. Heinrich rode through the forest to greet Sebastian and take command of the reinforcements.

Friedrick the wizard had forced marched units of Halberdiere, Crossbowmen and Archers along the twisting, rocky mountain paths to arrive at Hells Drop Bridge. The waiting Night Goblins, previously enthralled in a loogie spitting contest from the cliffs, turned and made rude gestures in their general direction.

ORC TURN 3

Uglub was very surprised to see so many umies. One moment Mork was with him as he dispatched the pathetic few soldiers sent to oppose him, next thing it seemed the whole Empire appeared to be attacking him. Well he'd show them... He watched smiling

as Boggrub's Wolf Riders charged the remaining Crossbowmen at the village, slaughtering them to a man. Uglub then signalled Urk's Raiders (Ork Warriors) to charge a unit of the Reiksguard Knights that threatened to break the Orc line. The ensuing melee was a total disaster for the Orc Warriors who were beaten to a green pulp after killing just one of the Empire Knights.

EMPIRE TURN 4

The unit of Knights who'd slaughtered Urk's Raiders swept towards Grimshank's Mob (Orc Warriors), but the distance was too great and the cavalry rumbled to a halt. The Pistoliers rode forward behind the Orc lines, firing at the Black Orcs to no avail. Sebastian's crossbowmen halted and took careful aim at the Wolf riders who had slaughtered their kin. Heinrich, annoyed at the delay sent his Halberdiers around them through the forest. Friedrich could not get his infantry across Hell Drop Bridge as it squeaked and groaned under their weight. So he began summoning the Winds of Magic to smite the foul Goblins. The Fire Ball flew from Friedrich's outstretched hand, scorching the Goblins. Shrieking in agony, they scattered abandoning their loogie spitting contest and the bridge. Boggrub's Wolf Riders scattered into the Village, fleeing the hail of crossbow bolts.



I need anything but a One

ORC TURN 4

Uglub's Boyz were being swamped, he gave orders and backed away slowly... The Rock Lobber turned 180° and fired at the Pistoliers, driving the broken cavalry away. Bork Brokenribs' Black Orcs and Grimshank's Mob charged the Empire Knights, now stranded in front of them. The ensuing combat was a total massacre, with the vicious Orcs breaking the Knights and over-running them as they fled. This however brought the pursuing Orc units crashing into the remaining unit of Reiksguard Knights. With the Orcs just managing to hold on thus far, the scene was set for the most gruesome and bloody fifth turn imaginable. Could the pathetic handful of remaining Orcs hold off the overwhelming Empire force for long enough... Uglub didn't think so, and he continued giving confident encouragement to his troops while quietly slipping from the field of battle...

EMPIRE TURN 5

Laurie made the first of the random turn length rolls. He only needed to roll a 2+ to continue the battle for an almost certain victory... It came up a "1". Needless to say that Laurie's shoulders slumped in defeat, while I turned cartwheels around the store. The Orcs had won!



Chris (Brisbane Store) celebrates the Orc victory by kissing his most valued unit.

WELL, SORT OF...

The Orcs hadn't really won they had just managed to hold off the Empire force long enough for the Orc main force to ready their defenses. These defenses can be seen at this year's Games Day.

Laurie had played sportingly well. He was dealt some excruciatingly bad luck with the final dice roll.

Well that's enough sympathy, on with the gloating... The Orcs performed well assaulting the initial force with the full fury of the Waaagh!!! This placed enormous importance upon the reserve forces making crucial leadership tests to make it into my deployment zone. Withstanding a whole lot o' pressure from my staff to win (and with the luck of Mork on my side), I have extended the scores to 3 - nil! 3 - nil! 3 - nil! 3 - nil! If you have any questions about Warhammer, Warmaster or Games Day, just pop into your closest store here in Brisbane and the staff will be eager to help.

AAARGH!!!

Well if you're going to take a fall, take it from a great height! 3 - nil! I was robbed. Rolling a "1" for continuation was extraordinarily bad luck. My battlefield looked strong; with Sebastian's units poised for the final dash - assisted by the General no less! It would have been a case of a few command checks and I would have snatched a victory and salvaged the still tender ego of the Mt Gravatt team. Although I did get to smash lots of Orcs.

Chris played famously - buzzing my lines like a madman. At one stage I was seriously concerned about the safety of my General... Speaking of Generals I imagine the head of the forces leading the final assault against the Orc stronghold at Games Day will be more than just a little concerned about the competence of his troops.



Chris thanks Laurie for his dice rolling.

Date:	998.M41	
Ref:	Arm/456/Omega.three	
Scribed by:	Inquisitor Yuan	
Re:	Ork tribes	
Thought:	Mysteries are simply facts we do not yet comprehend.	

Alien Menace

Evidence concerning the different Ork tribes unified under the banner of Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, the beast of Armageddon. This report compiled by the Emperor's most humble servant, Andy Chambers.

Before going on to detail the Ork tribes on Armageddon, it is vital we first establish the structure of Ork hierarchy.

The basic Ork fighting unit is the warband, an organisation roughly equivalent to a company in human military terms.

A warband can comprise anywhere between tens and thousands of warriors plus their associated war machines and is commanded by a large and aggressive Ork chieftain, called the Warboss.

The warband is split into a number of mobs, with each mob usually led by an Ork noble, referred to as a 'Boss' or 'Nob' (pronounced knob, not noble).

Warbands are usually part of a tribe but can be independent. The tribe is ruled over by a powerful Warlord, the most dangerous and ambitious Warboss who has fought his way to dominance over his kind.

A tribe can comprise anything from several hundred to tens of thousands of Orks and may claim control of an entire continent or world. More commonly a vaguely habitable Ork world will sustain several Ork tribes in a more-or-less perpetual state of war with each other, until they join in a Waaagh! against non-Orks.

During a Waaagh!, especially potent Ork Warlords sometimes succeed in forging an empire from their conquests (though their organisation is more feudalistic than imperial). The largest and most stable of these is undoubtedly the Ork empire of Charadon, which has survived for several thousand years under a succession of Warlords. Warlords commanding empires usually select their own title (after all who's going to argue?). Hence the empire of Charadon is ruled over by the Arch-Arsonist, Octarius by an Over-Fiend, Jagga by a Great Tyrant and so forth.

Cutting across warband and tribal boundaries are the Ork clans. The clans embody a philosophy (for want of a better term) among Orks, each clan emphasising particular elements of Ork culture above others. For example, the Goff clan embraces aggression, hardiness and hand-to-hand combat as true Orky virtues, while the Evil Sunz clan is dedicated to speed, lightning attack and having the most vehicles.

Typically a tribe and its component warbands will exhibit the characteristics of a single clan. Some Orks become obsessed with clan ideals and it becomes something akin to a religion for them. Where this is the case the Ork will seek out like-minded individuals and join with them to create a warband which completely exemplifies the purest traits of 'their' clan. However most tribes are less dominated by the clan ideal, and clan values merely serve to instill a sense of unity and make a common enemy of tribes which are part of other clans.

During an Ork Waaagh!, warbands are destroyed and reformed from whatever survivors are available. In these times warbands or even whole tribes may emerge which comprise members of many different clans thrown together by the fortunes of war. In spite of their normal antipathy, Orks will fight alongside each other for the duration of the Waaagh! as they become caught up in the tide of Orkish aggression.

At the conclusion of the Waaagh!, a mixed warband or tribe will usually break up under the pressure of inter-clan rivalry. However warbands commanded by an especially determined leader will stubbornly hang together, abandoning their previous clan and tribe affiliations to become Freebooters, Orks who fight for profit and glory.

Great Overlord Ghazghkull's War Horde

Tribal Colours: black and white

Tribal Glyph: black, white or red one-eyed skull

Tribal Motifs: black and white checks or dags

Notes: By far the biggest single tribe fighting on Armageddon, Ghazghkull's horde numbers over three hundred warbands and eighteen heavyweight Ork Gargants. It is built around a core of veteran Ork warbands who have followed Ghazghkull since the last Armageddon war and fought across Golgotha, Piscina and a hundred other worlds. The tribe's glyph is a representation of Ghazghkull himself, which they display with an almost religious fervour on banners, shoulder plates and vehicles. The War Horde is reported to be fighting in Armageddon Secundus, primarily engaged in the siege of Infernus and fighting in the Palidus mountain region.

White Lightning Tribe

Tribal Colours: steel or red

Tribal Glyph: triple white lightning bolt

Tribal Motifs: red and yellow flames

Notes: The White Lightning tribe represents the largest coalition of Speed Freek warbands on the surface of Armageddon. White lightning bikes, buggies and trucks are scattered all over the icy salt-flats of The Deadlands in the far south, forming part of a roving mechanised horde which has been systematically devastating the water processing plants and pipelines which are vital to the continued survival of the hives on the mainland.

Juan
Inquisitor Juan

Imp Ref: 561/White Lightning.



Imp Ref: 567/d/Ork designation: Not
Note: Ork unit leader



Imp Ref: 768/p/Facial tattoos
Note: Unit identification markings



Imp Ref: 459/B/Ork designation: Mekamak
(Ork technologist)



Imp Ref: 459/f/designation: Ork Boy
(Warrior/Mechanised)



Imp Ref: 43 45/
White Lightning Glyphs



Adept Mee Ref: 45324/Big Shooter
(vehicle heavy weapon mount)



Imp Ref: 456/w/Tribal markings



Imp Ref: 459/H/Ork
designation: Grot Rigger
Notes: Slave-Mekamarian

Imp Ref. 59/g/Great Overlord Ghazghkull's War Horde



Note: Veteran unit (Sharboyz?)

Imp Ref. 768/p/unit identification markings



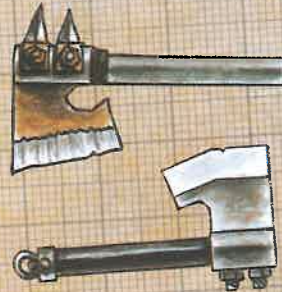
Imp Ref. 5456/w/Ork designation: Warboss
Dominant leader of warband



Imp Ref. 5671/d/Ork designation: Not



Imp Ref. 4591/a/designation: Ork Boy
Notes: Basic Ork warrior or 'Shoota Boy'. Capable of ranged combat but most dangerous in assault.

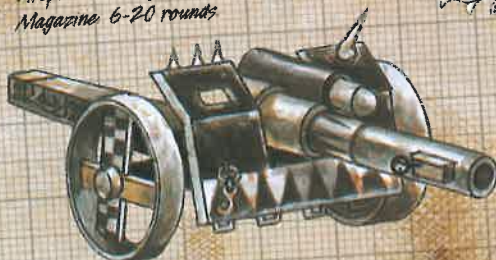
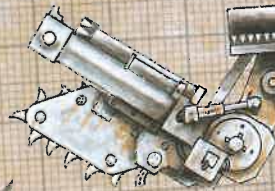


Imp Ref. 4646 h/Assault weapons
Av. Weight: 50kg
Lethality:
Note: For further examples see facing page

Imp Ref. 4646 h/Stikkbombs
Lethal Radius: 10m
Av. Weight: 4-6kg



Imp Ref. 3061/x/Sluggas
65-75 Calibre
Firepower Rating: 43
Magazine: 6-20 rounds



Adept Mex file: 274.81/H/Kannon support weapon



Adept Mex file: 334.51/stompa (cross ref. Gargants)

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The Ork race's savage preference for close combat can easily be shown by their diverse range of primitive weapons. Shown here are a selection of Ork choppas that our forces have encountered whilst fighting them. As you can see they range from brutal cleaver-like blades to powered chainsword weapons.

Although primitive, their weight combined with the savage way they are used makes them easily capable of cleaving through the toughest armour.

RINGWOOD TROLLSLAYER MEGA SALE



From Friday the 21st of May until Sunday the 23rd of May our Ringwood store had the Trollslayer Mega-Sale. Hundreds of gamers attended to take advantage of the great deals.

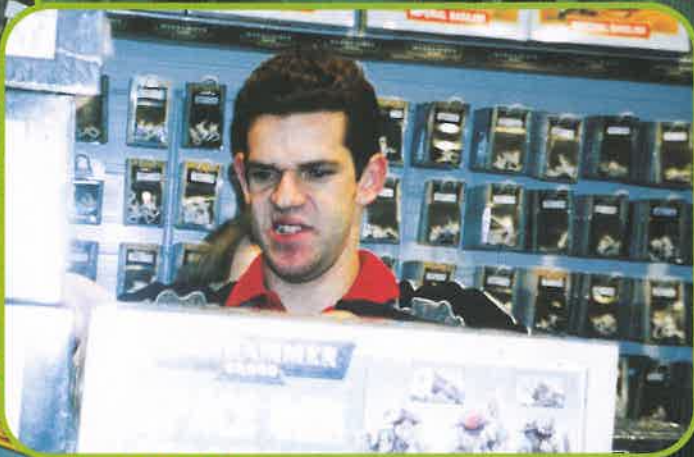
The front doors of the store opened and the hordes of gamers that had been waiting for hours poured in!

If your face is circled pop into the Ringwood store to collect your prize!





Ahh, decisions, decisions!



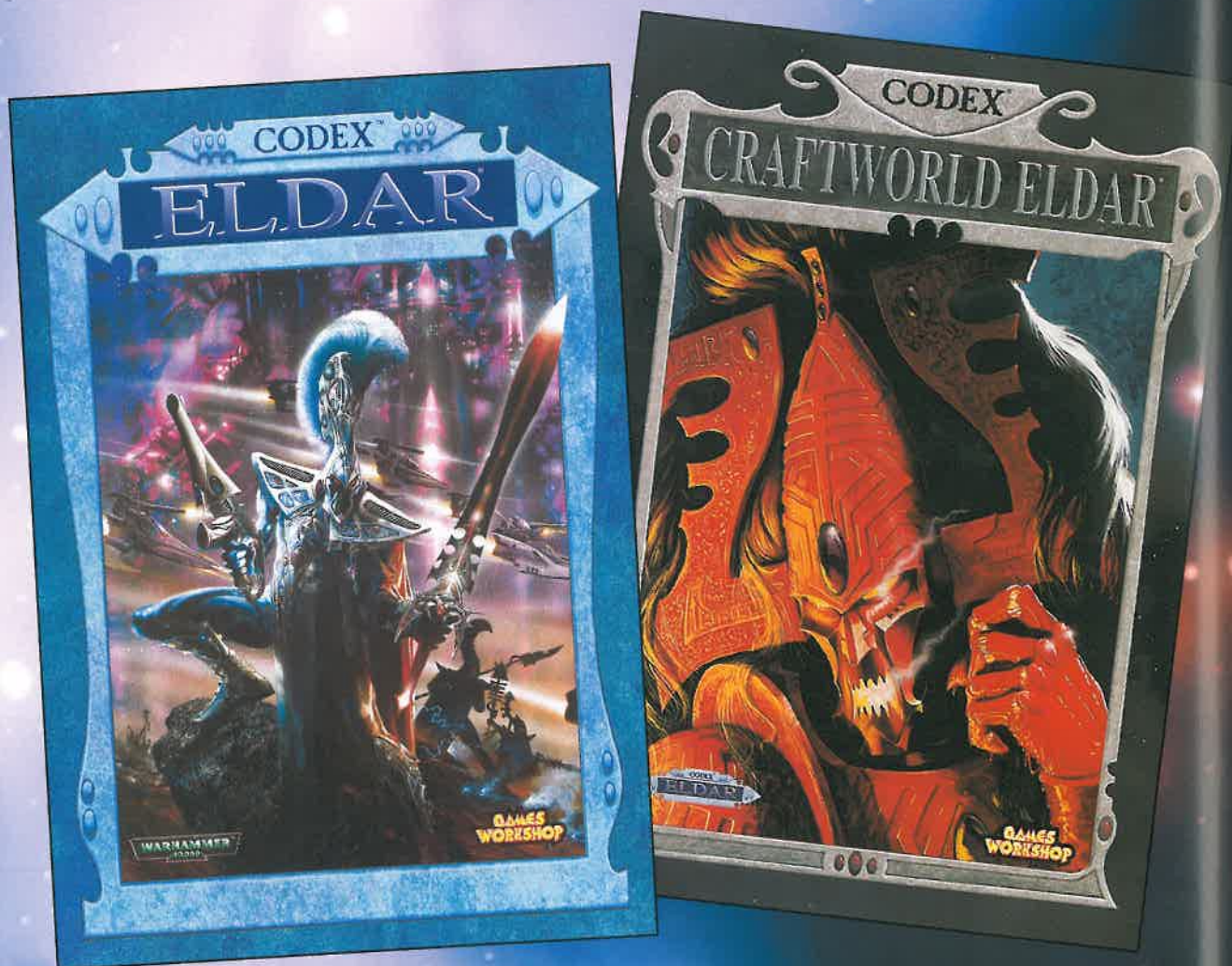
Above: "I want it all, and I want it now!"

Above: Ringwood Store Manager Dean Rowe tries to disguise himself as an innocent Koala Bear.



Right: The Staff finally managed to get the Koala head off Dean and back on the Garbage bin where it belongs.

**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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Dolls, Bears and Miniature Wares

Earlier this year Dolls, Bears and Miniature Wares (42 Rutherglen Rd. Newborough VIC) sponsored a tournament in the local town of Moe. It's great to see hobby stores supporting the Games Workshop hobby across Australia.



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NORTH ISLAND

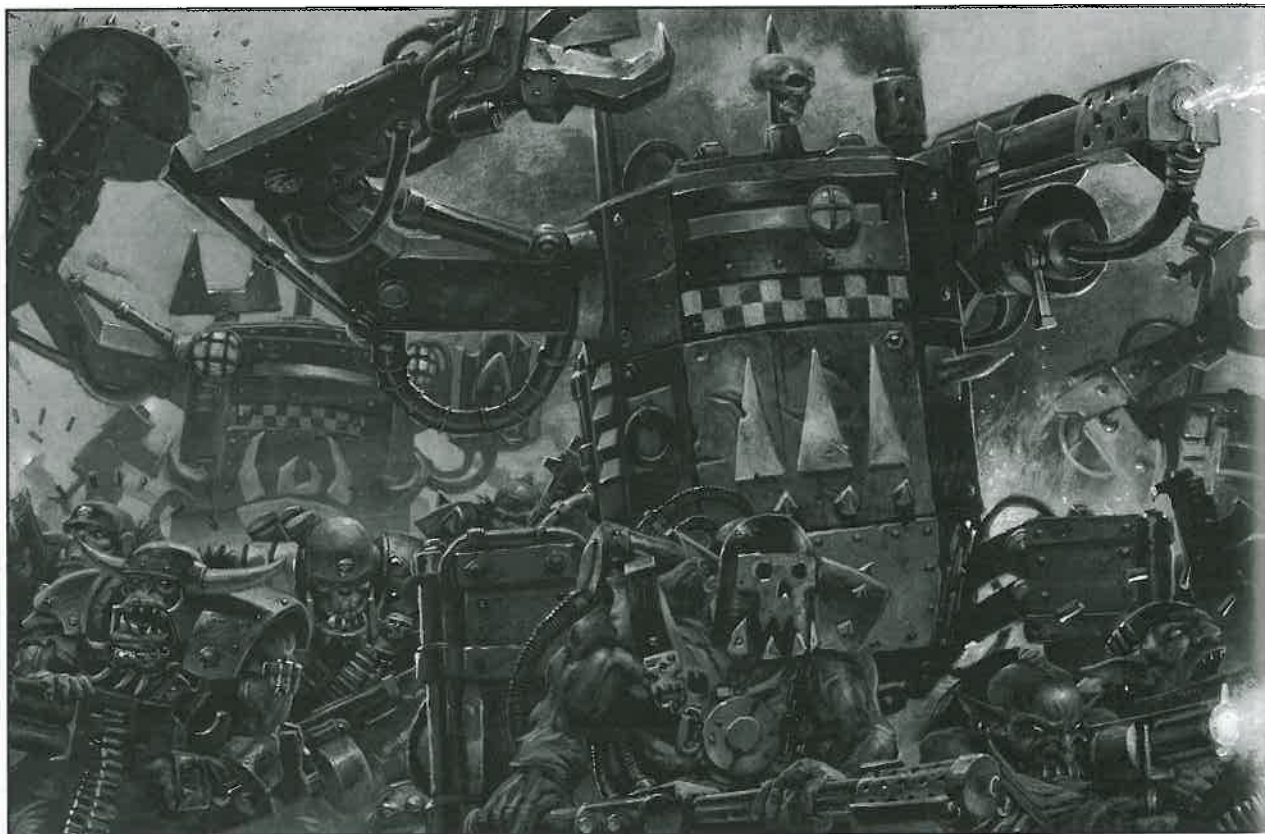
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And They Shall



High Marshal Helbrecht

Helbrecht exemplifies the qualities of stubbornness and unswerving loyalty to the Emperor that are the marks of the Black Templars Chapter. He was elected High Marshal in 989.M41, and is currently leading the Black Templars as they storm Ork space hulks in the Armageddon system.

Weapons fire strobed through the dark corridors of the hulk. The cacophony of shrapnel and ricochets ringing against rust-splotched bulkheads was like the foundry of a mad god. The Initiates covering the doors out of the generator room were engaged in a fierce firefight with the Orks outside. Soon the alien scum would amass enough strength to rush the handful of Black Templars opposing them. High Marshal Helbrecht turned to the Techmarine kneeling beside the heavy thermic charge they had brought aboard.

"How much longer Brother Hexil?" He shouted over the roar of weapons.

Techmarine Hexil did not look up from the fine adjustments he was making as he replied "The weapon's spirit was offended by the rough treatment it suffered on arrival, High Marshal. If its containment loop is not realigned by the proper supplications it will fail to consume itself and grow to the correct size for full devastation."

"Try to hurry Brother, we don't have much..."

The High Marshal was distracted by a sudden increase in the firing at one of the doors. Howls and yells announced an Ork attack was imminent. He crossed to it in three quick strides, just in time to meet the aliens' rush. A huge Ork leader crashed

through the doorway and eviscerated an Initiate with a thrust beneath his breastplate. Helbrecht parried its next blow and countered with a swing perfectly timed to catch his foe off balance from his missed attack. The glittering energy field of his ancient power sword slashed through the Orks' neck with barely a hint of resistance and the great Ork fell clutching spasmodically at the stump of its neck.

Helbrecht leapt forward into the lesser Orks behind, hacking and slashing with little finesse but horrible effectiveness. Limbs and heads flew apart. In seconds the doorway was filled with twitching corpses. Brother Mikael came up with his flamer and the surviving Orks were driven back down the corridor by a wall of flames.

"The charge is prepared" called Brother Hexil.

Helbrecht instantly switched comm-channels with a nerve impulse. "High Marshal to Light of Purity, immediate recovery - code blue."

The Templars moved to the centre of the chamber and were teleported to the waiting strike vessel in a blinding flash of light. Seconds later, the thermic charge blasted a new crater in the flank of the Ork space hulk.

BLACK TEMPLARS SPACE MARINES



Space Marine Black Templars squad

Black Templars do not have Scout squads. Instead, Initiates 'adopt' a Neophyte to train, teaching them their skills and educate them in

battlecraft. In return, a Neophyte must serve their Initiate, attending to their day-to-day needs and waiting on them at the Chapter feasts.

Know No Fear



Ultramarines Scout bike squad

SPACE MARINE SCOUT BIKERS

The Tenth Company of many Space Marine Chapters maintains a force of bikes. Some are employed to train new recruits who will eventually join bike squadrons as full battle brothers. Others are used to provide highly mobile support for Scout squads behind enemy lines.



Ultramarines Scout biker



Ultramarines Scout biker



Ultramarines Scout biker Sergeant



Salamanders Scout biker



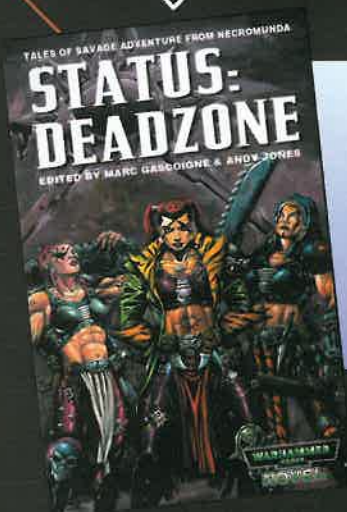
Black Templars Scout biker



WARHAMMER
40,000



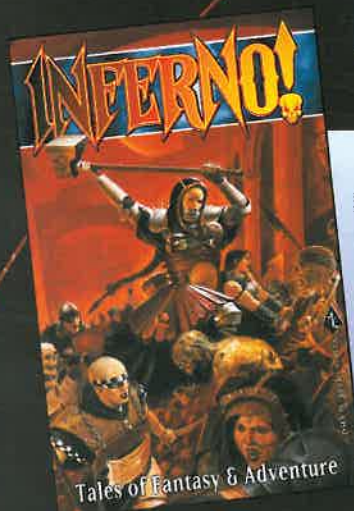
THE BLACK LIBRARY PRESENTS



STATUS: DEADZONE – TALES FROM NECROMUNDA

On the industrial hive world of Necromunda, savage gangs struggle for survival in the shattered tunnels and domes beneath the teeming hive cities. Status: Deadzone is a savage anthology of dark science fiction short stories, all set in the devastated urban nightmare of Hive Primus. Featured authors include Gordon Rennie, Jonathan Green, Alex Hammond, Neil Rutledge and Matthew Farrer.

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WARHAMMER MONTHLY #32 – Ephrael's back!

This month's war torn issue sees the return of daemon-slaying Battle Sister Ephrael Stern in book II of the stunning Daemonifuge. Trapped in the Eye of Terror, Leonatos must battle against Tzeentch's chosen champion, HaerOTH, to win the Blade Encarmine. In Gordon Rennie's Sacrifice, can the noble Ultramarines destroy the Chaos infested space hulk before it engulfs their planet? And in Mordheim – City of the Damned, hardened mercenaries Ulli and Marquand must use all the tricks of their trade to outwit an assassin.

• ONLY \$4.95 NZ\$5.95



INFERNO #19 – Tales of Fantasy and Adventure

Inferno! is Games Workshop's all-action anthology of short stories, illustrated features and comic strips. In Mark of a Warrior, we find out just what it takes to join the feared gangs of House Goliath. There's more comic mayhem this month as the suicidal fighta-bommer pilots of Deff Skwadron take to the skies for Da Big Push. Also, a bizarre tale of intrigue and adventure from the tables of Talabheim's most notorious drinking den kicks off the first of many Tales from the Ten-Tailed Cat. All this and more in the new Inferno!

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DARKBLADE – The Graphic Novel

Here at last, the first book of the adventures of the Dark Elf, Malus Darkblade. Enticed by rumours of a fabulous treasure, while raiding an ancient temple, Darkblade falls foul of the daemon, Tz'arkan. The mighty warrior and his lizard mount, Spite, have but one year to complete a most perilous quest at the daemon's bidding. Malus must travel to the very edges of the world in search of the five arcane artefacts, or the daemon will keep his soul! Non-stop carnage from Dan 'Gaunt's Ghosts' Abnett and Kev Hopgood.

• ONLY \$14.95 NZ\$16.95



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– now including an online store!

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

Part Two of a Warhammer 40,000 battle report written by Phil Kelly and Andy Chambers, with contributions from 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 the conclusion of our colossal two-part battle report, taking up from where we left off in White Dwarf 248 as the Imperial forces desperately regroup before the onslaught of the Ork invasion. For those of you who didn't catch the frantic struggle across Hive Tempestora in last month's battle report, never fear, as we will review events so far and take a bird's eye view of the tides of battle before getting down to the thunderous climax of this enormous battle report.

Under the ruthless and cunning guidance of Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka, innumerable Greenskin tribes have been forged into an all-consuming invasion of Orks. Ghazghkull has once more targeted the planet of Armageddon to bear the brunt of his conquest, pouring thousands upon thousands of frenzied aliens onto the beleaguered planet's surface, suffocating its inhabitants with war and blood.

At the embattled Hive of Tempestora, the Orks seized much of the huge industrial conurbation, but the Imperium responded rapidly, sending in battalions of the Armageddon Steel Legion on a moment's notice to defend the hive. Many of the soldiers were defending their very birthplace, the city they had trained in. The streets were blocked with tanks as the Steel Legion formed into a defensive line of steel and firepower, platoons of soldiers

positioned throughout the buildings for when the fighting became close and desperate.

The Steel Legion mustered its forces on the outskirts of the city, waiting for the Adeptus Astartes to supply contingents of Salamanders and Blood Angels. The reinforcements were just in time; the Orks' numbers had swelled to a point where the wall of tanks would burst like a dam if the fight was not taken to the enemy.

And so began the biggest Warhammer 40,000 battle report we've ever attempted, with the main board crowded by 9,000 points of miniatures and the three peripheral tables around it locked in pitched battle, each vying to affect the game on the main table. The result would directly affect the Armageddon Campaign, as Tempestora is the region disputed by our battles here at the GW Nottingham Headquarters.

In the plains to the east of Hive Tempestora, Speed Freeks and White Scars clash at breakneck speed. Far above on the Space Hulk Ogron, the Black Templars hunt the Orks infesting its dingy corridors. A horde of Greenskins arrows toward the Imperial Artillery in a last-ditch attempt to stop their lethal barrages. The battle has been joined in earnest, and all that remains is the bloody conclusion....

Sergeant Haines wiped the blood from his visor with the back of a ripped glove, the echo of shellshock forcing him to his knees when he tried to stand. Steadying himself on the twisted railing, Haines took stock of what remained of his battered squad. Three of his old friends had died in the blast from the crude missile that had screamed down towards them from the black shape of the Ork Hulk. He could see its ugly, twisted shape on the horizon, blotting out the sunrise of the new day with its obscene bulk. The remnants of the platoon's Leman Russ lay twisted and molten in the crater now beneath him - he could taste the acrid smoke even through his respirator. Two of his squad lay torn and broken on the gravel below, their unblinking eyes staring at the bruised sky.

He was brought to his senses by a pain in his hand; the metal of the walkway, wrenched violently into angular new shapes by the explosion, was now hot enough to burn. He needed to get his troopers to safety, this vantage point was too dangerous. At any moment the rusty, shattered structure could give way.

Steeling himself, Haines got to his feet, feeling the harsh wind blow grit and ash into his faceplate. Thumbing the image enhancer on his photochromatic visor, he could see the streets filling with bands of jeering aliens. The Blood Angels on the right flank seemed fewer in number, mere glimpses of crimson among the rooftops. He could see flames licking around the stained glass of the Tank Factory's windows. As he was watching he heard the subsonic thud of the stolen Basilisk as it blew another huge chunk from the roof of the factory. The Orks seemed to have abandoned any thoughts of capturing the city, they were tearing it to pieces. The roads in the centre of the city were turning green as the beasts ran onward, bellowing as they neared the Imperial lines. He closed his eyes as pockets of blackness filled his vision.

A commanding voice crackled through the comm-link. For a second, Sergeant Haines could have sworn that Commissar Yarrick was addressing him personally.

"Men of Armageddon, this is our time. This day will be remembered for eternity. The Emperor's eyes are upon us, and we cannot fail in his sight. I want every single one of these aliens exterminated, the streets purged of this infestation. We will bide our time no longer. Launch the counter-attack! FORWARD IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR!"

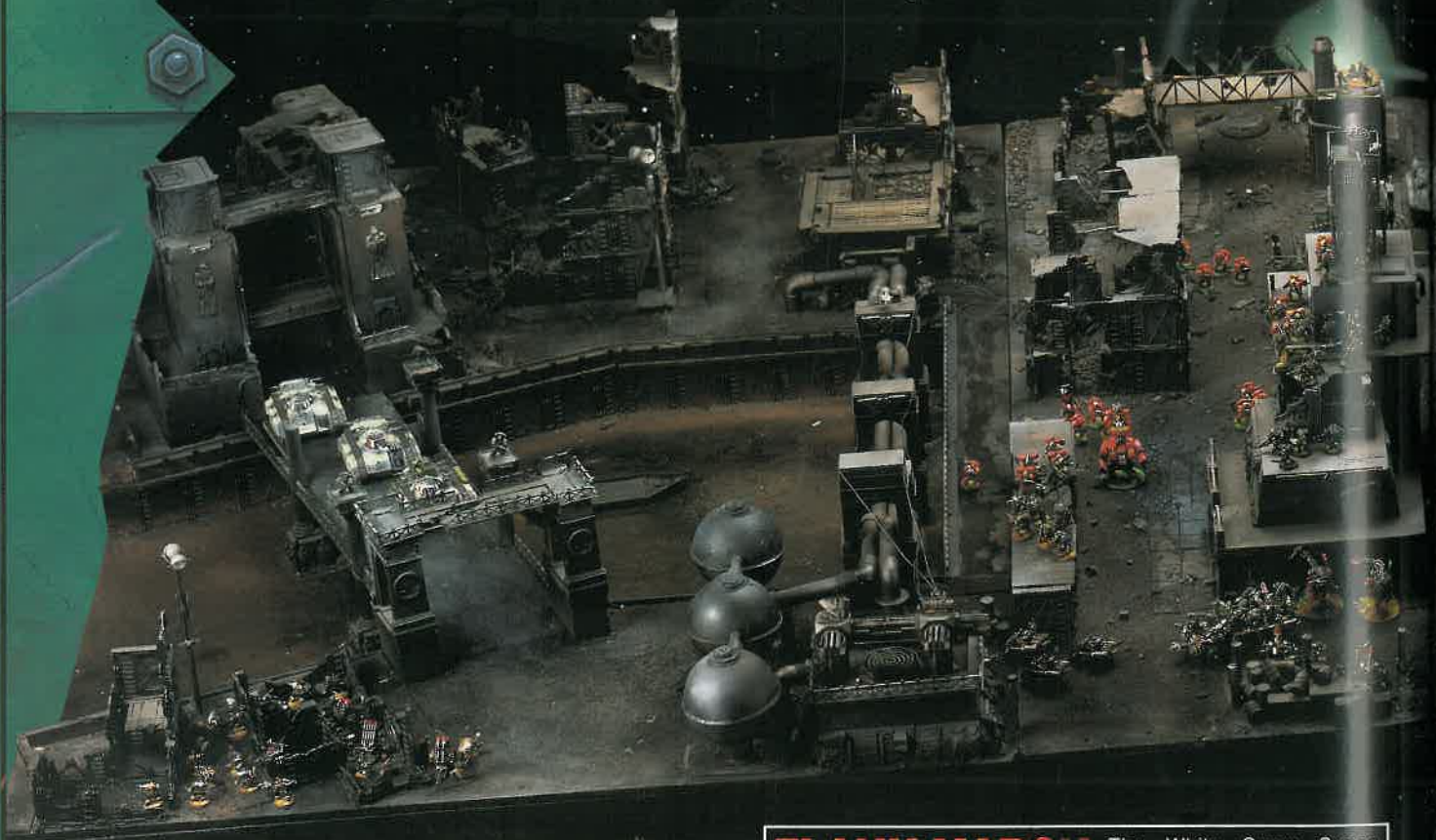


WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY

LAST MONTH...

Due to the rapid Ork insurgence into the heart of Tempestora, the Imperial forces were forced to defend the city with the resources at their immediate disposal. Although the majority of the Imperial forces assumed a defensive role, the Blood Angels plunged deep into the enemy lines at the first opportunity. The Death Company butchered scores of Orks in the storage sheds by the barracks only to be surrounded by a swarm of angry Greenskins. The Steel Legion provided a solid firebase, picking off the most dangerous elements of the Ork force and harrying the Ork squads as they appeared through the city's streets. However, despite the initial success of the Imperial troops in whittling down the Ork numbers and the accurate barrages of the Imperial artillery, the Orks' combined offensive was devastating.

In taking the fight to the heart of the Ork lines, the Death Company had over-extended themselves and were pulled down by weight of numbers and pure Ork tenacity. The mobilised right flank of the Ork forces sped through the Tank Factory, and led by Warboss Gorbag they cut through Dreadnoughts, Terminators and Assault Marines alike to claim half of the huge building. The Salamanders were now locked in a battle to the death with the rampaging Warboss. Worst of all, the barrages from the menacing Ork hulk above the battlefield were taking a heavy toll on the Steel Legion, crippling tanks and breaking the morale of the troopers as the Ork horde raced through the streets toward them...



MEANWHILE...

The battle shown here is but a part of the titanic clash across Tempestora. Three peripheral battles raged to the east, the north, and directly above Tempestora, all with the chance to affect the main table. Each conflict was on a smaller scale and the dust settled long before the main game finished. The arrival of reinforcements or the silencing of one side's supporting fire could make all the difference...

FLANK MARCH

The White Scars Space Marines intercepted a Speed Freeks warband as it sped to reinforce the Orks in the city, and a desperate, high-speed battle raged across the plains to the west of Tempestora. The head-on collision of the two sides proved that they were well-matched; nearly all of the combatants died in the swirling melee of sleek white bikes and clanking, smoking Ork vehicles. Spearheading a last desperate assault, the White Scars Chaplain managed to drive the remaining Orks back, only to see the tell-tale dust cloud of Speed Freeks reinforcements on the horizon...



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OBJECTIVES

- 1: The Main Bridgehead
- 2: The Generator Spheres
- 3: The Barracks
- 4: The Comms Relay Centre
- 5: The Tank Factory (North)
- 6: The Tank Factory (South)

Imperial held



Ork held



SILENCE THE HULK

Within the darkened confines of an orbiting hulk, the fanatic Black Templars Space Marines stalked tunnels riddled with Orks in an attempt to shut down the vessel's weaponry before its devastating broadsides crippled the Steel Legion Platoons in Tempestora. Led by the Emperor's Champion himself, the battle brethren had three objectives to destroy, but the Ork resistance was gathering and the Templars found themselves blocked into the twisting, infernal confines of the hulk by mobs of angry Greenskins. Worse still, the Emperor's Champion had been slain by an Ork Dreadnought, and the Warboss even now was speeding towards them in a crude transport vehicle packed full of his hulking retinue.



SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

A task force of Orks had been dispatched to the ash wastes surrounding the north of the city, where the Imperial Artillery fired lethal Earthshaker shells into the main Ork force in Tempestora. Their accuracy and efficiency had taken a heavy toll on the Ork numbers. The Ork task force, loaded into super-charged trukks, sped up the mountainside in an effort to overwhelm the Catachans assigned to defend the artillery and destroy the three Basilisks raining shell after shell onto the heads of the Greenskins. Above them Ork Fighta-Bommerz roared through the sky, strafing the Catachan lines and damaging one of the Basilisks. As the main bulk of the Ork force reached the Imperial front line, the Imperial Guardsmen prepared for close assault...



07:36 THE BARRACKS

The city was incandescent with the chaos, noise and light of full-scale war. Far below, dark-skinned figures raced through the streets to plunge into the thick of the fighting. The low rumble of the Imperial guns played counterpoint to the sharp crack of detonating shells. Whirlwinds of dust and ash reached into the vivid colours of the sky, like souls escaping from the shattered buildings below.

Brother-Sergeant Gallio boosted his jump pack, feeling the pull as he rose to the highest tier of the barracks and surveyed the scene before him. He was in the centre of a city-spanning invasion of Orks, in the midst of the largest and most violent war in living memory. In the space of an hour, several thousand lives had been lost on both sides of the battle, and yet he could think of no more fitting way to die. They were honoured, blessed to give their souls in the name of the Emperor. Gallio's twin hearts were beating hard and fast, pouring adrenaline through the thick, sacred blood he could feel pulsing through every vein.

Eighty feet above the streets, looking down upon the hordes of Greenskins as they gibbered and howled, Gallio felt like a god. Earthshaker shells capable of levelling fortified towers burst beneath him with the fury of thunderbolts. It was at times like this, within the eye of the hurricane, that Gallio savoured the violent sounds of battle. The screams of the dying and the distant crackle of heavy arms fire reached up to him like prayers, infusing him with battle-lust. Every muscle screamed for the release of close assault, but still Gallio waited, appreciating the carnage laid out before him and his battle brethren.

In the middle distance he could see the looming bulk of the Tank Factory, the birthplace of many of the Imperium's armoured divisions. It was sacred ground and must not be allowed fall to the claws of the aliens, but Gallio had faith in the capabilities of the Salamanders contingent protecting the ancient machinery. He had fought alongside the dour, valiant warriors before and knew that they were virtually immovable in defence. The humans of the Steel Legion were of less consequence, but had rained enough fire into the Ork lines to pin them in place whilst the Blood Angels did their work.

Over to the right he could see the squat grey shapes of the 64th platoon rolling across the bridge, Ork artillery raining upon the armoured hides of the transports like hail. Somewhere behind him he knew Commissar Yarrick would be leading his troops, taking the fight to the throat of the enemy in a perfectly timed counter-attack. For a human, Yarrick was inspirational, a true leader. Never before had he seen such presence from one so outwardly frail. Nevertheless, it was to Brother-Sergeant Gallio that the members of the Veteran Assault Squad looked for leadership, and lead them he would. Feeling the Black Rage burn within him like purifying flame, the pressure of his holy wrath ringing in his ears, Gallio bared his teeth. He felt the wind of death at his back. He could see Orks on the roofs below him.

With a scream of fury and hate, the Blood Angels fell upon their prey.

07:39 THE COMMIS CENTRE

Haines realised he was standing to attention on an exposed walkway in full view of the Ork horde. Motioning for his squad to crouch, he realised that there really was only one course of action. The lasgun that had so recently felt

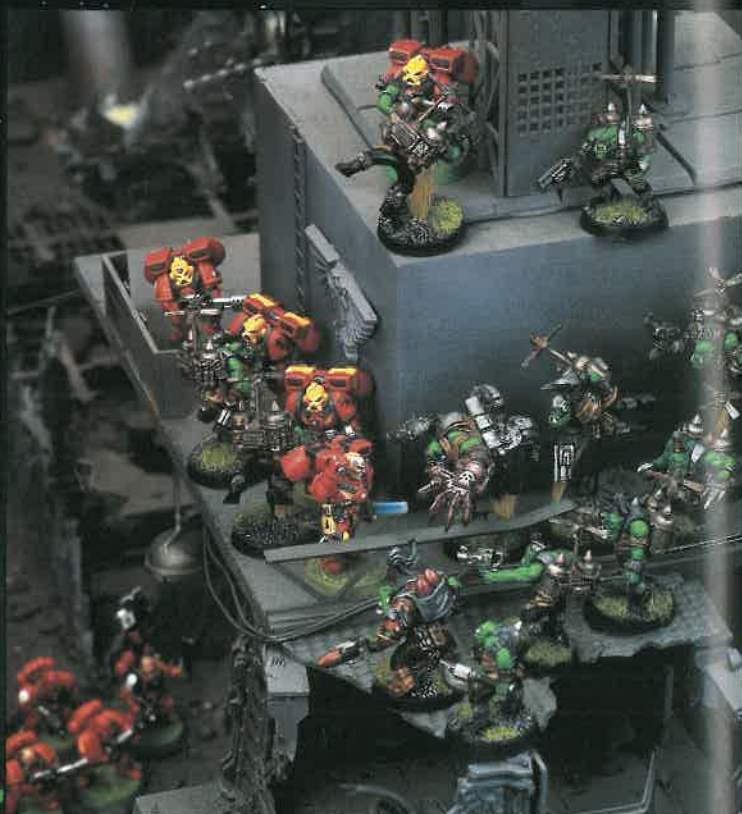
redundant and insignificant was now part of a greater purpose; if it felled even one of the multitude of Orks ahead of them then Haines would have made his mark. At this moment, he felt like he could take on an entire mob. He triggered the comm-link channel for the remains of his squad.

"Well you heard what the Commissar said; we move out, now. We go down the same way we came up. Bergersen, shoulder-lift Butler down the ladder when Gayner's finished with that splint. If we can make it to the Chimera, we'll join old man Yarrick at the front line and die as heroes instead of skulking back here. Now move!"

He waited until his five-man squad had made it down the ladder, wincing as he heard Ork bullets pinging off the underside of the gantry. Another deafening boom from in the midst of the city reassured Haines that the Imperial artillery was still taking its toll. He turned briefly to see his comrades in the 64th Platoon's Chimeras nearing the south side of the bridge, speeding toward the Orks' mortar batteries. Slinging his lasgun over his shoulder, Haines clambered down the rusted rungs of the ladder. He could hear the metal complaining under his weight. He had to jump the last twelve feet, landing heavily on the rough gravel beneath him and feeling dull rods of pain in his shins. But it was important not to show a second's weakness in front of his troops. Ork bullets carved up the floor around them, ricocheting off the smouldering remains of the battle tank. Glad of the faceplate that covered his grimace, he sprinted for the nearest Chimera.

07:39 THE BARRACKS

Brother Gallio could clearly see his foe despite their feeble attempts to scramble out of his sight. To his disappointment, there were only two of the vile creatures scuttling on the rooftops, but their blood would sate his rage for the time being. Descending, face contorted with a snarl of battle-lust, Gallio let the shells from his consecrated bolt pistol blossom across the Orks' hideous features. Brother Trochius sighted a third cowering behind the radio masts of the barracks, but the white-hot flames screaming from the nozzle of Trochius's flamer consumed it nonetheless. The beast fell from the roof,



Desperate fighting breaks out on the rooftops, the dead falling into the streets below.

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flailing frantically, its roar fading as it plummeted toward the streets. In the gloom Gallio could see muzzle flashes and billowing flames as his comrades accounted for the creatures below. It looked like this was to be an easy fight after all. Gallio felt a momentary pang of disappointment until he saw a heavy figure run from the cover of the tower, scraps of clothing burning, its thick skin covered in blisters and scorch marks. Nearly twice the size of the last and with some kind of metal backpack fused onto its shoulders, the Ork turned to face him. Although parts of it were still covered in burning flamer fuel, its face split into a leering, cracked grin. Clearly it had no understanding of the danger it was facing. He would fall upon it like an angel of death, and he would see its black heart in his hand. Gallio boosted his pack and headed straight for the beast, power sword raised.

There was a resounding bellow from the wattled throat of the alien and without warning a cloud of Orks equipped with crude, rotor-driven jump packs crested the roof behind them, pistols flaring. Their war cry drowned out the thudding of their crude weaponry as they arched into the rear of his squad. Brother Troilus was struck heavily from behind by an Ork's great axe, his helmet bent at an unnatural angle as the armour held but the neck beneath did not.

Three of the evil creatures clung on to Brother Simeon, emptying their crude pistols into the power cells of his jump pack. He heard the low thump of an internal explosion. That was not a good way to die.

Distracted for a crucial second by the assault on his squad members, Gallio had neglected to kill the hulking beast he was charging. He spun back, lunging forcefully, power sword hissing through the air where the creature had been. Too late he realised that this monster also had a jump pack, as it rocketed straight past him and barrelled into Brother Aleo. It bore him to the floor, and with its cruel metal fingers it tore his chestplate away from his body. Aleo smashed his pistol into the thing's face with enough force to tear its jaw off, but it was still leering as it sunk jagged fingers into his neck. Blood poured from Aleo's shattered torso, thick plumes of vitae covering the Ork's scorched flesh. He watched as Brother Alactus emptied his bolt pistol into the thing's back, his face twisted into a grinning rictus by the Black Rage. It roared in pain and span back, crude power claw scything through the air, crackling with charged energy. Alactus pivoted to avoid the blow and nearly made it clear, but the lethal instrument caught his midriff and carved out his gut. Alactus flung himself at the beast, teeth sinking into the dark meat of its shoulder. The monster kicked out and boosted into the air, flames billowing from its pack into the exposed flesh of Alactus's midriff. The Marine's contorted body fell back down to the roof where he landed twisted and in agony. He lay folded up on the floor, staring wide-eyed at the puddle of his lifeblood as it seeped away.

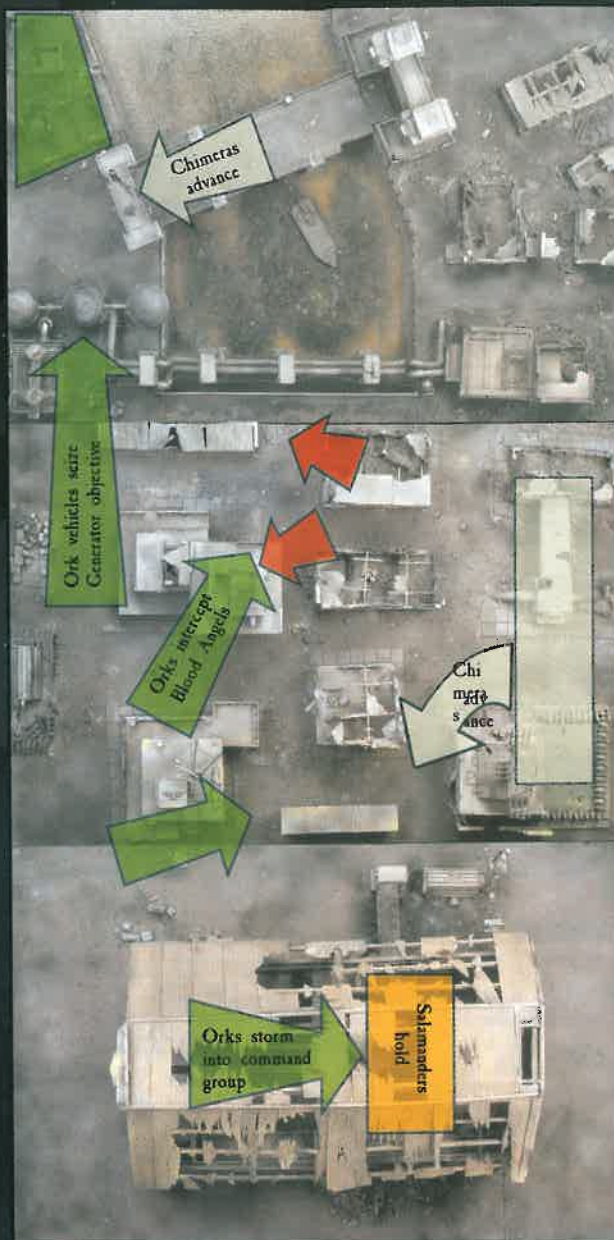
Astonished by the ferocity and efficiency with which the simple trap had been sprung, Gallio ordered his men to fall back.

07.45 THE COMMS CENTRE

Haines dived for the cloud of dust behind his squad's Chimera as more Ork bolts thudded into the stoneworks around him. All of his squad had made it into cover, against the odds, and Haines sprinted again for the back doors of his tank.

"Richardson, we're at the rear, lower the ramp, repeat, LOWER THE RAMP!" He found himself shouting into the comm-link, voice harsh with near-panic. If his squad was attacked in a dust cloud by a swarm of Orks they would certainly die. The hydraulics hissed as the rear ramp of the Chimera opened, painfully slowly. Haines flung himself into the red-lit interior, spinning back to help his comrades into the confines of the tank.

"MOVE! COME ON!" he saw his soldiers sprinting for the open ramp, but Butler was holding them back, limping with



an expression of grim determination. Haines ran out onto the ramp as the Chimera sped along the street, grabbing Butler's outstretched arm. At the last moment, Butler's legs gave way; Haines could see that his knee was a mess of shattered gristle. Bracing himself on the lip of the ramp, Haines held tightly onto Butler's greatcoat, dragging him along the gravelly, rough street, muscles burning as he attempted to pull him into the tank. The rest of the squad rushed past him, and he could feel the ramp begin to close.

"Richardson! What in the Emperor's name are you doing! Man down!" Haines was losing his grip. Butler writhing in agony as he was dragged across the cruel street.

Richardson's reply crackled over the comm-link as the ramp neared vertical.

"No choice sir incomi—"

A tremendous explosion rocked the tank forward, the rear lifted clear off the ground by the overwhelming force of the blast. Haines was flung backward into the bulkhead, his spine jarring, pain lancing through his head. He lay flat, feeling a trickle of blood seep out of his ear. His pain was nothing next to the fury at losing another of his squad. He knew that he, too, would die this day, but not before he avenged the deaths of every one of his friends.

SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

The Orks were getting dangerously close. The ramshackle Ork Dreadnoughts reached the now undefended pipeline, and a missile from one fused the tracks on a Leman Russ. However, this was again of little help as it did nothing to stop the devastating battle cannon from firing. More Ork reinforcements were arriving – another mob of Boyz as well as a two speeding Trukk mobs. However, the slower Trukk was quickly targeted by the Leman Russ and the Orks ended up cowering behind the smoking

wreck of their transport. The Fighta-Bommerz came in for another run and this time one of the smart bombz lived up to its name and struck home, finally destroying one of the objective Basilisks and reducing the Imperial bombardment of Tempestora. With renewed determination, the Orks rushed forward. The last remaining Sentinel was surrounded with Boyz, while the Trukk mob sped on up the slope towards the remaining big guns. The Imperial Ogryn squad assaulted the buggy that was still behind the Catachan lines with such vigour that it exploded, killing one of them in the blast!



The Ork Dreadnoughts storm into the front line of the Imperial Guard defence.

SILENCE THE HULK

Diving into cover behind a bulkhead, Fernandez considered the situation. The Warboss and his retinue, speeding down the main concourse, had to be stopped. Fernandez ordered Assault Squad Navarre to leave the sewage pipe and engage the roaring aliens. Dreadnought Honoured Ancestor Barbarous took up position in the concourse and trained his guns on the Warboss's Trukk, blowing it apart and catching a Nob in the explosion. The retinue scattered for cover. The Sword Brethren continued their advance on the Fire Control room, adopting a position directly behind Fernandez. The fighting on the left, around the Coolant Tanks was still fierce as three more Black Templars were ripped apart by the Ork Dreadnought. Grim realisation passed over Chaplain Fernandez that he might not be able to take all three objectives. Determined to take at least one, he ordered the towering form of Dreadnought Barbarous to engage the Ork Dreadnought.

The Orks continued to advance on the Black Templars, confident that their superior numbers would carry the battle. Cutting down Initiate Geryen, the Trukk mob climbed back into its Trukk and zoomed off to support the Orks around the Fire Control room, only to jam their truck under the sewage pipe. The Warboss and his retinue recovered their senses and set off towards the cover of the Fire Control tower as all around them the hulk shuddered as another bombardment was unleashed. Taking advantage of the moment, Assault Squad Navarre charged out of the sewer pipe and into the retinue. Initiate Navarre's power axe cut deep into the hide of the Warboss, causing him to howl in pain, but his victory proved to be short-lived as his armour was crushed by the Warboss's enormous axe. Another Nob in the retinue was cut down before the Orks were fully recovered. However, the aliens fought on tenaciously and struck back, and only two Black Templars of Assault Squad Navarre survived to fight on, saved by their crackling storm shields.

With the Sword Brethren behind him, Chaplain Fernandez broke cover. He headed for the Fire Control tower, snapping off shots at the Ork Trukk mob stuck under the pipe, and was rewarded as the Trukk exploded, scattering the mob inside. Dreadnought Barbarous moved left towards the Coolant Tanks to see another of the Black Templars die at the claws of the Ork Dreadnought. Enraged, he charged the metal behemoth. Taking advantage of the sudden arrival of the Honoured Ancestor, an Initiate jammed his grenade pack into one of the leg joints, immobilizing the metal beast. Barbarous hit the Dreadnought at full speed, smashing it in two with his armoured bulk. Finally free of the Ork war machine, the Neophytes of Squad Phemeus climbed the ladder to set charges on the coolant regulator above, whilst the survivors of Squad Actaon took up position at the foot of the ladder.



FLANK MARCH

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



The battle was raging with the fury of a storm across the barren plain. The Chaplain Subedei Khan and his remaining entourage sped forward, blasting their bolters into the wartrucks roaring towards them, which erupted in a ball of fire leaving the squad free to speed towards the outpost to help what remained of their battle brothers.

He was too late to save the last Assault Marine. Surrounded by the three remaining Tankbustas, and exhausted after decimating most of the unit single handed, he succumbed to their repeated blows.

All the remaining Orks and wartrucks charged towards the Attack bikes. Bullets ricocheted off the bikes' armour. The Warboss and Tankbustas leapt on the bikers and tried to rip the gunners from their sidecars. An Attack bike rammed one Ork to the ground, crushing its bones under its wheels. The Warboss flailed helplessly at his foes, and the Tankbusta Nob struck out with his choppa, clanging it uselessly off a rider's shoulder pad.

With a prayer to the Emperor, the Chaplain and his men entered the combat. Alone, he hacked down three Orks. The Warboss, now tasting desperation, whirled his choppa around his head in a devastating circle of death. Biker Sergeant Ologhai swerved his bike to a halt in front of the giant Greenskin, ducked and weaved and thrust his power sword deep into the alien's gullet. Coughing blood, the Warboss collapsed, at last dead.

A last unit of Ork Trukkers zoomed towards the remnants of the White Scars, but their vehicles' wheels were blown out by fire from the Scouts still in the building. The last two wartraks let rip with their big shootas as they sped by, cutting down the last Space Marine biker, leaving the Chaplain the lone survivor of his squad. Fearing the wrath of this blood drenched servant of the Emperor, the few survivors of the Speed Freck horde retreated, the Chaplain having to fight the suicidal urge to race after the fleeing enemy. Almost his entire battle force had died fighting off the Ork attack, but there were not enough of his men to continue on to the Hive. More reinforcements were needed. The Chaplain's aching fingers reached for his comm-link and with a reluctant voice he demanded reinforcements from the main force of White Scars he had been diverted from.

The Speed Frecks that Chaplain Subedei's force had driven back were merely the first wave of attack. With commendable speed, more of his White Scars brethren had arrived on the field of battle. As the Space Marine reinforcements charged their engines in a fresh attempt to reach Hive Tempestora, a tell-tale dust cloud obscured the horizon once more. But this time the White Scars were ready for the tide of clanking Ork machinery

that shuddered towards them. As the screaming Fighta-Bommerz returned, launching their screeching missiles from the sky, the White Scars force drove through the resultant explosions unharmed, as though their grim determination for vengeance protected them from this deadly storm.

Ork Outriders were spotted ranging ahead of their comrades, an easy target for the wrath of the Space Marine bikers' bolters; the Ork bikes blew apart in balls of flame. A squad of White Scars jumped out of the Rhino which had sped into position and the Outrider Nob drove straight into their wall of bolter fire with lethal results.

A squad of Attack bikes veered towards the wartrukk of the Warboss of this new incursion. The rattle of heavy bolter fire was followed by a huge crash as the wartrukk was hurled into the air, smashing down into a copse, levelling the stunted trees. The Nobz and Warboss staggered out of the wreck, only to come under fire from the Scouts sniping from the woods across the river.

Meanwhile, Ork Trukks were being wrecked all along their line as the White Scars concentrated their fire with deadly precision. Orks flew into the air as their vehicles exploded under them. The survivors scrambled about in the churned up bloody mud before being cut down by a second wave of Space Marine bolter fire. A mob of Stormboyz turned tail and jetted off into the distance, deciding that enough was enough.

The Orks were too shaken to return fire effectively. A hail of bullets pattered off power armour as though it was merely a shower of rain. The White Scars Assault Marines, as always in the forefront of conflict, came under the combined firepower of Ork Dethkoptas whirring over head and the remnants of a mob of Burna Boyz, who bathed them with flames. The resolute White Scars ignored the intense heat and powered their jump packs to leap up and strike down one of the Dethkoptas in mid air.



The White Scars relief force charges headlong into the Speed Frecks reinforcements.

07.45 THE TANK FACTORY

Warboss Gorbag cursed the tenacity of the Space Marines. The armoured warriors had been on the run a second ago but now they had dug in again and their shooting was more intense than ever. They must be good because they're green, Gorbag thought to himself. Well they only had green-painted armour so they weren't as good as real Orks but they were certainly trying hard. Flames and bolter rounds rained down from the shot-scarred gantries on either side of the tank factory like an infernal hail, killing two of Gorbag's bodyguard in a shower of impacts. A flame tank hidden among the half-finished hulls at the north end of the tank factory lurched forward, gouting fire. It torched Thugfang and bounced an autocannon shell off Ghashkul's mega armour, dazing him. Suddenly Gorbag found himself alone in the maelstrom as the 'Ard Boyz charged off after a Space Marine command squad they'd spotted lurking behind the row of unfinished tanks beneath the left hand gantry.

One of the Space Marine leaders must have spotted that Gorbag was unprotected and signalled to launch an attack on him. Armoured figures leapt from the right-hand gantry, Space Marine assault troops jetting down to the factory floor on forked tails of white flame. The gantry they had just abandoned was torn asunder as a shell from the Basilisk blasted a squad of Space Marines further along it, sending armoured limbs and torsos spiralling in all directions. More shoota fire from the Orks raked across the squad's shattered position, sending sparks flying and scoring several solid impacts which knocked another Space Marine over the edge to land with a sickening crunch two stories below.

The jump packers hit the ground with a shriek of engines and wash of heat. Gorbag roared and lashed out with his power claw but the Space Marines stayed well out of reach, darting in to strike at his back like dogs worrying at a bear. Despite his thick mega-armour, some of the blows bit deep, and blood started dripping down Gorbag's arms and legs.

07.50 THE COMMS CENTRE

Sergeant Haines' anger drove him to his feet. He could feel it burning in his chest like a hot coal, the need to take revenge upon the host of invaders. Teeth gritted, he assessed the situation within the Chimera: three of his squad were ready and able to fight. That would do. He saw Holst sitting slumped in a pool of his own blood at the front of the tank, heavy bolter cradled in the dead man's arms. Haines lifted him out of the seat and propped the corpse against the bulkhead. Looking through the viewfinder, Haines saw the massed Orks in the wide streets ahead, their stunted slave-race scurrying before them under the barbed whip of a Slavemaster. Culling these creatures would achieve little, their miserable lives not worth a single bullet. He swung the cumbersome weapon over to where the Warlord and his iron-clad retinue staggered on, hefting their absurd suits of armour through the streets. Cursing loudly, Haines let loose a stream of large-calibre explosive bolts at the hulking Warlord. They exploded scant feet in front of the creature, stitching a crackling line of explosions through the air as they detonated in the Ork's arcane force field. His



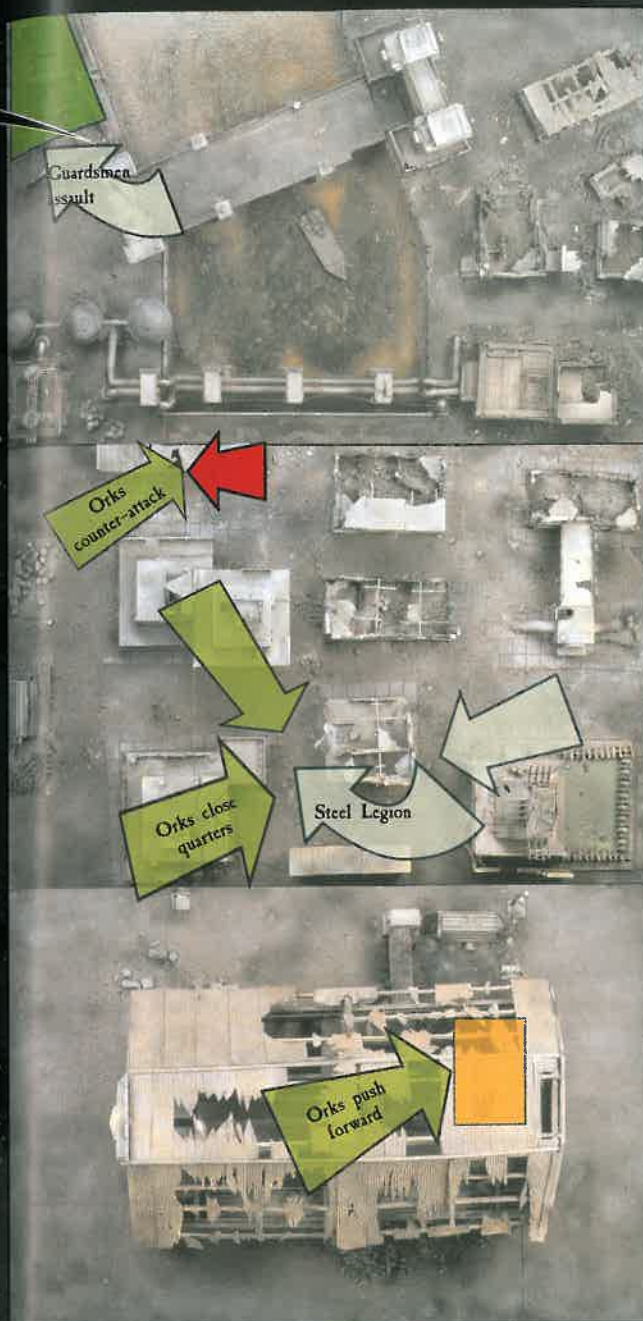
The Chimeras come under heavy fire as the Guardsmen attack.

frustration was replaced by grim satisfaction as a lascannon shot from the left seared through the energy shield and blew a hulking Ork's armoured head apart. It toppled, stiffly and slowly, into the dust. It was good to see such marksmanship under pressure. Ahead to the right he could see Yarrick's vehicle speeding towards enemy lines, taking comfort in the knowledge that it contained a squad of the most highly trained and best equipped Storm Troopers on the planet. To the left was Colonel Lewis's transport containing Commissar Weiss and his small squad of hand-picked veterans. Haines's Chimera sped on, following closely. He could see the ungainly figures of Ork Dreadnoughts looming behind the crowded ranks of slave-runs. Under the leadership of Commissar Yarrick they would strike at the heart of the Ork offensive, a holy spear to drive back the alien in the name of the Emperor. Through the pain, Haines smiled.

07.53 THE BARRACKS

As one, the remaining Blood Angels shot into the air, quickly forming a tight formation and blasting at the enemy with their bolt pistols. But the Orks were right there in front of them, the whine of their rotor blades reminding Gallio of a swarm of ugly insects. He would exterminate them all.

The battle was rejoined eighty feet above street level, Orks and Space Marines fighting desperately in a whirling aerial duel. Gallio's carefully prepared manoeuvres were being disrupted by the Orks' enthusiasm for the fight, and even at full retreat the beasts were still attacking hard and fast. Gallio shouted for his squad to gain height, rocketing directly upward in an attempt to get some distance between his squad and the aliens' crude weaponry. The gamble paid off; Gallio and Caemon were far above the Orks, the aliens'



primitive packs lacking the ability to sustain any real altitude. Too late he realised that Brother Crucius was still locked in combat below him, caught in the bloodthirsty throes of the Black Rage. One of them came up from directly below him, the rotor blades chopping at Crucius' legs. The thick power armour protected him from harm and Crucius rewarded the Ork with a bolt shell in the forehead. Gallio saw with mounting fear that his comrade was neglecting to defend himself, and he watched in horror as one of the aliens smashed his axe deep into the back of Crucius's neck. He hung, limp and bleeding, from the beast's rusty blade until another emptied a full clip point blank into his comrade's chest. Blood and viscera rained down into the street two hundred feet below. A wordless roar came from Gallio's lips, and as one, they arrowed straight towards the battle.

08.01 VIA TEMPESTORA

Yarrick's Chimera was accelerating fast toward the swarm of aliens in the centre of the street. As it rounded the corner of the towering building to the right, Haines saw two aliens drop onto the roof of the tank and start blasting at the hatches. Suddenly, the

Chimera screamed to a halt in a violent arc, flinging a spray of gravel and the Orks on top into the middle of the street. One alien was crushed to death by the skidding tracks as the tank stopped in the midst of the aliens, facing towards Haines. Barely a moment had passed before Imperial Guard Storm Troopers had thrown open the hatches of the vehicle, cutting down the Orks with beams of fierce laser fire.

Glancing at the viewscreens ranged above him in the tank, Sergeant Haines could see the interior of the Chimeras in 64th Platoon. The column of tanks was taking heavy losses from the Ork mortars, but one had made it across the bridge and the guardsmen had launched a counter-attack into the force of Orks protecting the artillery. Now was the time – if they did not strike back with a steel fist they would quickly be overwhelmed.

Snagrot glared out of the vision slit in his Kan. It was hot and sweaty in the close confines of the fighting machine and Snagrot was impatient to get going and kill some Humies Stormboyz and a big mob of Gretchin slaves were milling around in the street ahead, slowly mustering to move against the communication post. Too slowly for Snagrot. He kicked the go lever at his feet and the Kan started walking, each step bashing Snagrot's thick skull against the hatch over his head. The Grots squealed, scurrying to get out of his way as he jerked the right arm lever to take a swing at one of them. He caught the unfortunate slave between the blades and scissored it in half with a practised flourish. The remaining Grots vanished from sight as if by magic.

Snagrot was confident. Five more of the barrel-chested Killer Kans marched with him. The buildings on either side of the street ahead swarmed with greenskins. In between the roar of the Kan's engine and the clash of its metal claws striking the concrete he could dimly hear Ork war-chants. This was going to be fun.

The Humies obviously had other ideas. A bright beam of light seared into the lead Killer Kans from the far end of the street, striking one in the legs. The wounded Kan slewed to a halt, gouting smoke, but a Mekboy was onto it in seconds and it was soon marching again, albeit with a bit of a limp. They had barely got going again when a rising shriek heralded a salvo of three massive explosions which rocked Snagrot's Kan and sent chunks of concrete and steel spinning away from the buildings. Dust billowed everywhere and Snagrot had to stop for a moment to get his bearings. Another shriek was rising, closer now. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM, the three impacts rolled into one as the shells slammed down all round him and the other Kans. The Kans' metal skin rang with hits from shrapnel, and flames shot past the view slit. The shock wave alone almost tipped him over.

Deafened and bleeding from his ears, Snagrot started turning his Kan around to go a different way. The Humies were ranged in on this street and no mistake, it was time to be somewhere else. He got about twelve skull-bashing paces before another salvo landed, this one with devilish accuracy which placed the Kans in a maelstrom of fire and shrapnel. The rocket launchers on Snagrot's Kan cooked off in the heat of the blasts, sending the Kan reeling as they detonated prematurely. Snagrot repeatedly kicked the go lever to keep moving but the Kan had taken barely four more paces before another salvo landed and the world dissolved into smoke and flames again. Snagrot saw one of the other Kans take a direct hit and blow up, another was struck by a big piece of armour plate from the wreck and staggered crabwise. Snagrot was despairing of getting a fight now. His Kan was limping unsteadily with smoke pouring from its wrecked arm, the insides stank of smouldering plastic and hot oil. Just a few more paces would get him to the corner of the barracks building, but that seemed an unreasonably long way off.

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

SMASH DA BIG GUNZ



SILENCE THE HULK

The Killer Kans, joined by the remnants of a Trukk mob, charged the beleaguered Black Templars Assault Marines. Meanwhile, the only remaining mobile Trukk mob zoomed over to the rear of the Fire Control room to prepare a counter-attack. Heaving and straining with the weight of the zzap guns, the Grot riggers began to pull them into position on the bridge over the chem pit. The Warboss dispatched the last of the Assault Marines and swept down the concourse towards Chaplain Fernandez, as the Killer Kans and remnants of the Trukk mob charged towards the Terminators in an attempt to hold them up.

Caught off guard by the momentum of the Warboss's charge, the remaining members of the command squad were swept off their feet, leaving only Chaplain Fernandez standing. With his crackling crozius, Fernandez cut down an Ork Nob and fatally wounded the Ork Warboss before he too was pummelled into the ground. The remaining members of the retinue, overcome with battle-lust, charged into the combat between the Sword Brethren and the Killer Kans. The Killer Kans managed to stomp one of the Terminators before the Sword Brethren hit back with their thunder hammers, splitting one apart and catching the accompanying Trukk mob and retinue in the cataclysmic explosion. Howling, the Trukk mob and retinue fled the combat, leaving the remaining Killer Kan to its doom. Back at the Coolant Towers, Squad PHEMEUS reported that Objective one had been destroyed.

Now in command, Sword Brethren Senior Initiate Venatus grimly acknowledged the situation. He ordered Dreadnought Barbarous to attend him, and the survivors of Squads PHEMEUS and ACTAON to advance on the left flank towards the Power Generator. There was still a chance, if they could only break through the Ork lines around the Fire Control tower. The combat around the Killer Kan ended with the crack of a thunder hammer smashing the Kan at the cost of another Sword Brethren's life. Reforming his squad, Venatus advanced towards the Trukk Boyz who had joined up with the Orks in the Fire Control tower. Hoping to tempt the Orks in the Fire Control tower out in support, he ordered the charge.

The hulk shook as another barrage was fired off at the battle raging miles below. Squad ACTAON emerged from a corridor next to the chem pit, only to be fired upon by the zzap guns positioned on the bridge. Luckily the

shots dissipated as they hit the corridor side. The remaining mobile Trukk mob rumbled forward just to the side of the Fire Control tower, ready for a counter-attack. The Sword Brethren's charge hit the Orks with the force of pure rage. But bolstered by the proximity of the Ork defenders in the Fire Control tower, the mob put up a stubborn defence, cutting down Initiate Venatus and the remaining Sword Brethren for the loss of only one Ork Boy. The Ork defenders poured out from the Fire Control room quickly overwhelming the remaining Templars.

Knowing that the battle was lost and with more Ork reinforcements appearing on the outer edge of his auspex scanner, Senior Initiate PHEMEUS reluctantly sounded the general recall, and the Black Templars were teleported back to their awaiting Strike Cruiser to lick their wounds. There would be a next time...



More Orks were arriving all the time now, although the Catachan guns fired on them as soon as they came in range. The seemingly unstoppable Dreadnoughts were still advancing, despite suffering numerous glancing hits, and one had now reached charge range of the Imperial lines. Overhead, the Fighta-Bommerz had run out of smart bombz, but one of the pilots flew in close and opened up with his 'eavy shootas at the weak rear armour of one of the Basilisks. This cunning tactic paid off and the shots ripped through to put the tank out of action. Meanwhile the Trukk Boyz leapt from their vehicle and, pursued closely by the Ogryns, scaled the cliff up to the final Basilisk. Once they were able to assault, the Orks made short work of the last objective. The Imperial barrage had been silenced.



The Fighta-Bommer strafes a Basilisk, destroying it outright.

FLANK MARCH

Now the entire line of Marines was in close combat, locked in a bitter struggle with the faltering Orks. Chaplain Subedei Khan, despite his wounds from the previous engagement, hacked at the Greenskins who swarmed around his bike with terrible fury. Roaring in their bestial tongue, the Warboss and his surviving Nobs charged into the fray, but the White Scars blocked and dodged, their terrible anger seeming to make them invulnerable to everything that was thrown against them. The Warboss and his bodyguard stood their ground, but his minions ran yelping from the carnage. The Orks fought each other to scramble onto the sole intact truck. One mob made it to safety, the others scattered, terrified without the comfort of a throbbing engine and burning wheels beneath their feet.

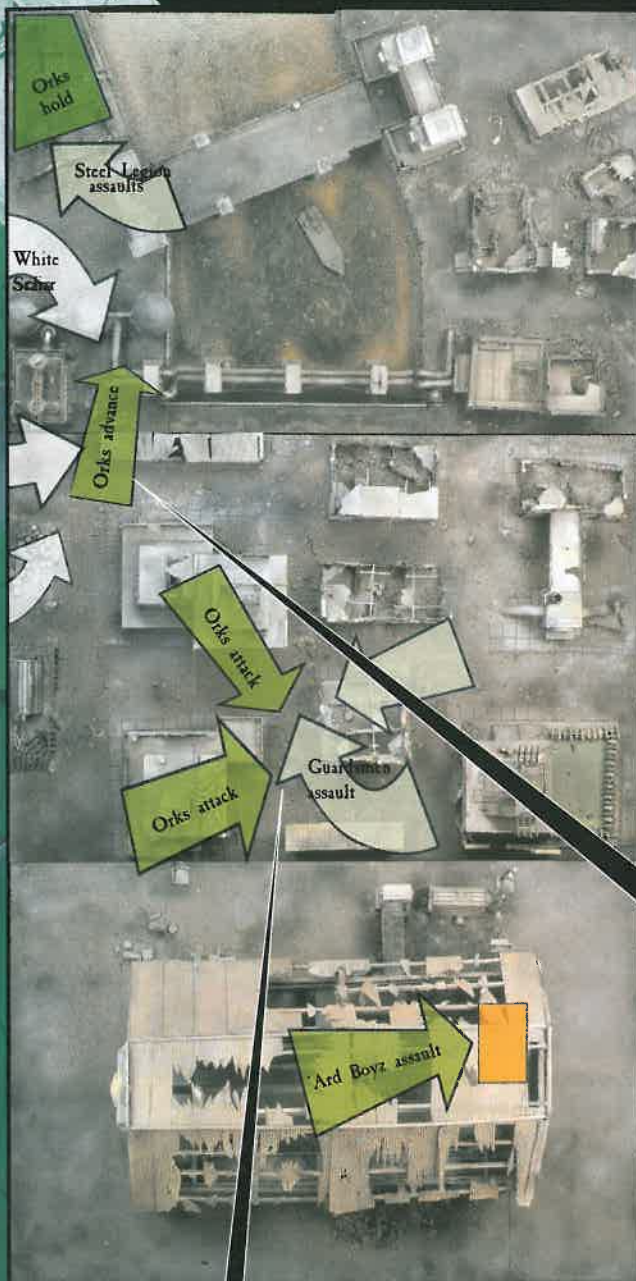
Now the White Scars moved in for the kill. Subedei Khan with his brother bikers and the Assault Marines all rushed against the defiant Warboss. His Nobs tried vainly to protect their master, but a sweeping attack from one of the Veteran Sergeants skewered him on the end of a power sword. Outnumbered and leaderless, the Nobs ran for it, only to be cut down by the faster bikers.

To stop the survivors escaping, the Attack bikes homed in on the remaining Ork truck, blowing off its wheels. The bikers smashed into the Ork truckers, who had nowhere to run, decimating every Greenskin still alive on the battlefield.

With no Orks left to oppose them, the White Scars reinforcements sped across the plain, onwards towards their objective, praying to the Emperor that they would not arrive to find only a city of corpses...



The White Scars finally rout the Speed Frecks, running them down in a hail of bolter fire.



Commissar Yarrick leads the assault on the front line.

08.11 VIA TEMPESTORA

Sergeant Haines ordered his men to disembark. The Chimera ground to a halt after a sharp turn, Gayner flinging open the top hatches and stepping onto the roof of the tank. Orks had already partially surrounded them, banging on the side, jeering and firing their bolters harmlessly at the Chimera's thick front armour. The remainder of his squad seemed eager enough for battle, blasting away at the aliens in the street below. As Haines clambered onto the roof of the vehicle, fighting the pain that wracked his body and the flashes of light behind his eyes, he saw old man Yarrick in the street, flanked by Commissar Weiss and Colonel Lewis. His eyes lit up at the thought of fighting alongside his childhood hero. Below him, the tank's heavy bolter thudded thick explosive bolts into the Orks that got too close; Richardson was almost as good a marksman as he was a driver. A bulky, stick-shaped grenade landed fizzing on the tank, rolling toward the open hatch. Haines booted it off in the direction of a cluster of Orks, and was rewarded by a satisfyingly large explosion. It was time to join the fight at close quarters.

08.13 THE BARRACKS

At first, Brother Gallio thought the airborne Orks were scattering as the last few Blood Angels screamed down from above. He saw them descending, almost in freefall, blasting away with their dirty, rusty weapons at the Tactical squads below. He could see the squad led by Brother Lucio emerging from the shattered remains of a building, pulling themselves free from the piles of wreckage, bloodied but undaunted. From the right, a swarm of slave creatures were blasting at the emerging Marines, one of the runts staggering under the weight of the blocky composite weapon strapped to its back,



The White Scars reinforcements charge onto the battlefield.

himera the top already firing. The lasting into the and the street, t up at m, the ks that as he on the in the flyingly

steadying it as the grinning Slavemaster unleashed a withering chain of bullets into the Blood Angels squad. Two Marines fell, crumpling into the rubble. The crackling gun overheated, its bearer dancing in pain, but the ugly, twisted slaves continued firing. This was enough to mask the attack from above, and Gallio barely had time to shout a hoarse warning. The Orks barrelled into them like charging bulls, bellowing their deafening battle cry. The hulking Ork that had halved his squad on the roofs above had landed hard on one of the Marines, pulling at his armour with its great crackling claw. The Marine came apart, peeled open like a crab.

Gallio felt an impact in his back as an Ork bullet detonated harmlessly on his armour. Spinning in mid-dive, virtually upside down, Gallio saw a small crowd of Orks on the corner of a building aiming rockets at Lucio's squad. One loosed a whistling missile into the street and it found its mark, detonating fiercely in the face of one of the battle brothers below. The Orks whooped in their guttural tongue as the squad began to fall back. Simultaneously, Gallio and Caemon opened fire, blowing apart two of the aliens in a shower of bolts. They scattered, gibbering, into the black recesses of the building. Gallio plummeted into the fight below, Caemon at his heels.

Lucio had rallied quickly under the attack, chanting loudly as he fought alongside his battered squad with grim efficiency. One Ork swung a buzzing chainsaw at Lucio's bare head. He caught it by the wrist without looking round, turning as he snapped the alien's hand with a gristly crack. As it roared he pushed his bolter one-handed into its maw and pulled the trigger. The stream of bolts blasting through its skull impacted into the shoulder of the Ork behind, and Gallio lunged forward to decapitate the wounded beast. Another of the red-armoured Marines was fighting three simultaneously with his combat knife. A spray of blood erupted from the back of an Ork's neck as the monomolecular blade found its mark, the other two Orks bouncing their axes off thick power armour. Too late the warrior realised that the leader of this grotesque rabble had moved behind him with a quick sidestep, the sharp metal fingers closing around his head and driving him to his knees. Gallio fought on desperately as he heard the sharp, wet crack of his battle brother's helmet giving way. Suddenly the beast was in front of him, leering horribly, thick blood pouring from the wounds on his face and shoulders. Gallio swung his sword with all his might but the crackling claw blocked the blow, the impact jarring Gallio's arm, numbing it with the immense discharge of energy. He fired bolts into the thing's armpit, beneath the claw, but it seemed not to care as it twisted its thick neck and bit deep into the back of Lucio's skull. Gallio felt like the Black Rage had vanished from within him, this stinking beast was invulnerable, it was killing every one of them. In horror, he realised that all his comrades lay dead. The Ork turned, laughing as Lucio's blood mingled with the drool dripping from its broken jaw. Gallio ignited his pack and blasted high into the bruised sky.

08.23 DEVIL'S CROSSROADS

Sergeant Haines sprinted for the front line, pausing briefly to shoot at the Orks on his left. It was only the momentum of their assault that stopped the Orks from counter-charging, only Yarrick's fearsome reputation that stopped them from being overwhelmed. His soldiers were hot at his heels, rushing to fight alongside the great Commissar. He could hear Yarrick's strident voice even over the maelstrom of battle surrounding them.

"Chaplain Subedei Khan, report position... Spare not one of them! Emperor be with you, out!"

The Storm Troopers were wading through the slave-runts towards the Ork front lines, snapping necks with their heavy boots and incinerating the aliens with their hellguns. The mawling beasts did nothing more than tug at their clothing as the masked warriors cut a swathe through the crowd. The leering Slavemaster swung its man-catcher from behind Yarrick, hoping to snap the old man's neck. Haines was amazed to see the savage instrument slowed drastically, a bubble of light buckling around Yarrick as the vicious electrified prod was thrust forward. He caught it easily with one hand, pulling forward hard so that the Ork came off balance toward him. Yarrick's famous battle claw closed around the Ork's shoulders, snipping the impudent alien in two.

In front of Haines, four heavy-set Orks rushed towards Commissar Weiss. They bellowed their war cry at deafening volume but Weiss's own voice rung out over the din, a battle-psalm to the might of the Emperor. With perfect timing, the Commissar stepped backward whilst pushing forward with his power sword. One of the Orks eviscerated itself with its own momentum, and Weiss withdrew the blade so fast Haines barely saw it enter the throat of another alien. The Orks' uncoordinated attacks were highlighted by the certainty of Weiss's blows, parrying, severing an arm on the backswing, the ornate sword crackling as it parted the tough sinews of an Ork neck as if it were rotting fruit. Suddenly Weiss stood alone, glaring at the aliens, daring them to come forward. Bullets bounced off his baroque breastplate, but Weiss didn't even flinch. This man was a fitting comrade in arms for Yarrick, thought Haines, as explosions blossomed at the end of the street. The Chimeras behind him were still firing, barrels flaring as their supporting fire thudded into the Orks on the tier above. The aliens fled into the darkness. Haines felt his heart beating like a drum as the ground shook beneath his feet.

08.23 VIA TEMPESTORA

The phalanx of white vehicles sped on through the streets of the ruined city. The colours of the new dawn were reflected in the thick alien blood covering the bright armour of the White Scars bikers as the sounds of battle grew ever more frequent. As they neared their destination, the crackle of small arms fire could be heard, staccato and frantic above the subsonic booms of the artillery bombardments. Chaplain Subedei Khan's comm-link buzzed, and he turned to the bikers riding alongside him.

"Yarrick has given the order. We strike now. Bear north and form up on my command. May the Emperor bless your blades, my brothers."

The grim warrior swung his crozius arcanum forward and the White Scars accelerated, pushing their steeds to the limits, motors roaring as the high-performance bikes raced along the wide road. Subedei could see the three gigantic spheres of the power generators ahead, lit by flashes of light like blinding fireworks across the sky. He could see figures darting around the base, Ork warbikes circuiting the generators as if in victory. A wide-tracked truck full of whooping aliens hove into view. Gretchin-runts cavorted around a battery of Ork artillery. Subedei scowled, he could not see a single Imperial trooper. His worst fears began to grow stronger; they were too late, the hive had fallen.

"We shall see how sweet their victory tastes when they lie bleeding in the dirt. Squads Temujin and Mangudei, split left. The rest of us strike straight and true. CHARGE!"

08.26 DEVIL'S CROSSROADS

The Orks in front of Yarrick were driven forward by the bulk of the Ork Dreadnoughts as they crunched

forward, jets of steam and whining servomotors punctuating their approach. Last time Haines had seen these mechanised warriors they had seemed tiny amongst the towering buildings of Tempestora, but now they loomed above their alien creators, pincers the size of the Orks beneath them snipping in anticipation of the combat to come. The threat they posed seemed all too real here at the front line, and once again, Haines felt a bitter hollowness in his gut. Two of the Storm Troopers had already fallen beneath the violent, frenzied blows of the Orks that were trampling their slaves in their eagerness to fight at close quarters. A mighty war cry belched from every alien throat as they charged headlong into the Storm Troopers, the rigid lines of the Troopers felling those at the front with searing laser bolts before the wave of Orks crashed into their lines, pulling down man after man with the momentum of the stampede. Seeing the danger, Colonel Lewis shoulder-charged the largest Ork, knocking the wind out of it as it barrelled forward. The Colonel grimaced with pain but stabbed upward through the beast's chin, his power sword cleaving through the Ork's metal-clad jaw, its red eyes dimming. Using its corpse as a body shield, Lewis pushed forward into the serried ranks of aliens.

Mustering his squad, Haines charged into the fray alongside Commissar Yarrick. Taking up firing positions in the dirt, Haines and his squad poured shot after shot into the ranks of the Orks, adding to the confusion and chaos of the fight. In the presence of one of the Imperium's heroes it was easy to remain calm, and even with the splitting pain in his head Haines fired more accurately than ever. A growling Ork rushed him from a nearby building, but Gayner hit it hard in the side of the head with the butt of his rifle as Haines pushed his bayonet into the creature's chest. Alien blood gushed over his ripped gloves, but Haines could not waste a second. He wrenched the blade free and took up his rifle again, shooting into the mass of Orks. Haines could tell the aliens were torn between their fear of Yarrick and the fervent wish to take him down, and this was costing them dearly.

08.14 THE TANK FACTORY

Just as things were looking desperate for Gorbag, Skarmek rushed up with Ghashkul and together they both charged the Space Marines surrounding their Warboss. Penned between the raging Ork Warboss and the remnants of his bodyguard, the Space Marines were suddenly outmatched. Ghashkul ploughed into the melee with a scream of tortured metal and grinding pistons as his mega armour built up to top speed. He flattened one Space Marine and crushed his power armour like an egg with his power claw. Skarmek stunned two with his trusty spanner, allowing Gorbag to tear them apart in a bestial orgy of bloodshed. The shadowy gloom of the factory was split asunder as rokkits and green lightning from the Battlewagon's



The 'Ard Boyz take the fight to the Salamanders Command squad.

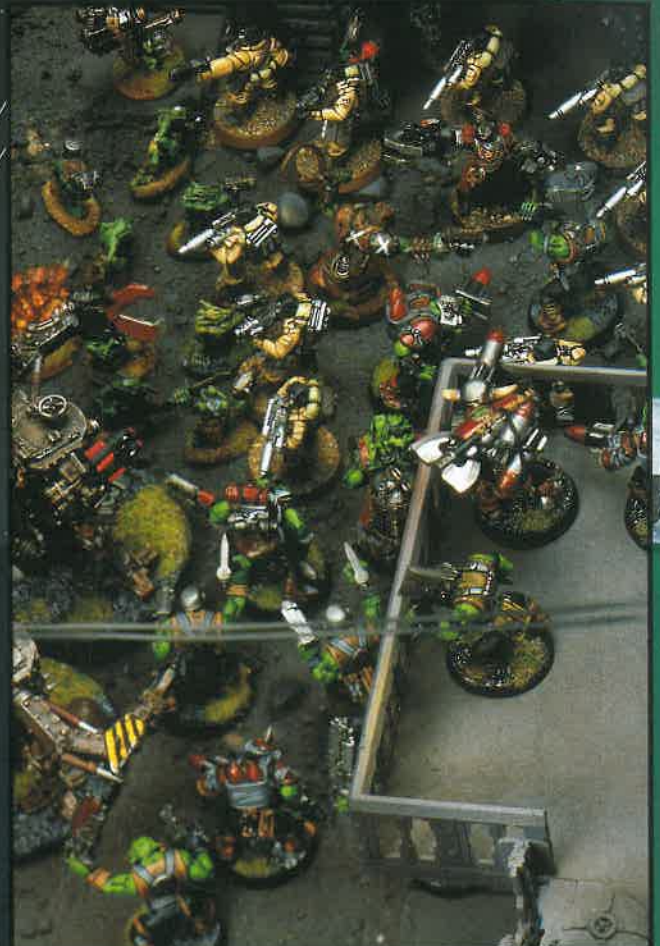
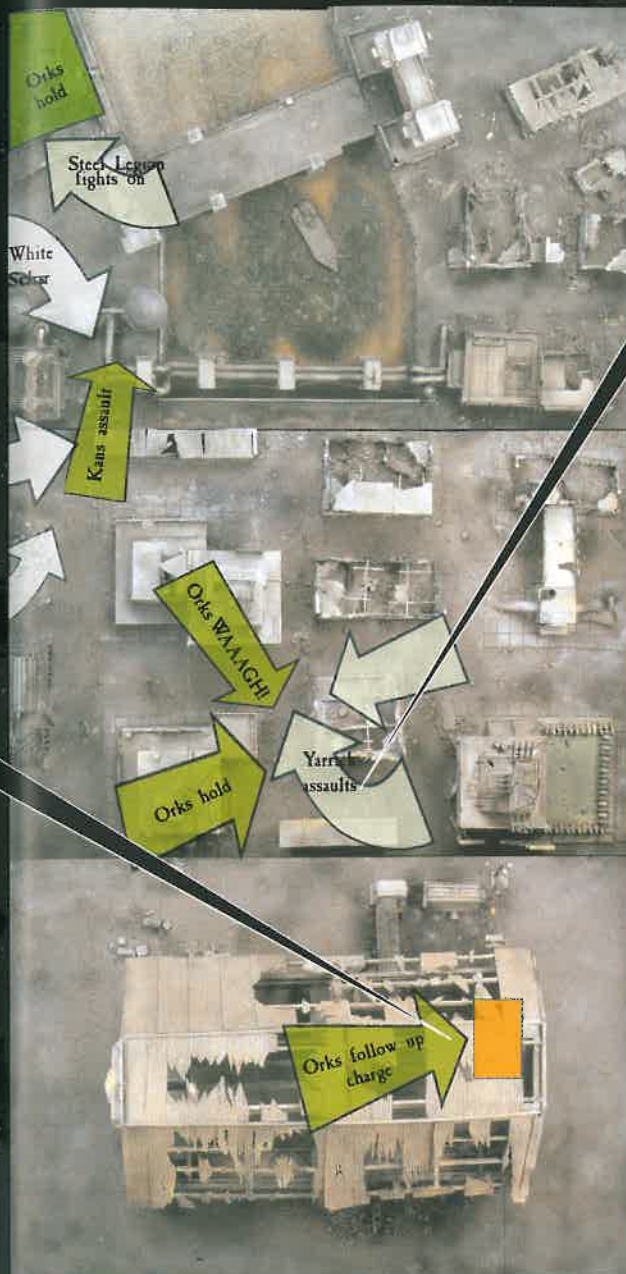
zzap gun arced overhead and punched into the flame tank, tearing off a track and disabling its turret. A rousing cheer echoed through the factory's cavernous interior as an 'Ard Boy with a burna shoved the nozzle of his torch into the eye socket of the Salamanders' Captain and turned up the gas, killing him with a blast of flame. Moments later the 'Ard Boyz were driven back by a furious Space Marine counter-attack led by a black-armoured Chaplain wielding a hammer which crackled with barely suppressed energies. The Chaplain's blows slew three 'Ard Boyz in quick succession, their armour blown apart by thunderous impacts from the mighty weapon.

Warboss Gorbag could see the north doors through the smoke and flames by now. Yellowish light slanted through entrance invitingly, victory was almost in his grasp and he was damned if he was going to be beaten now. He clanked forward towards the surviving Salamanders with faithful Ghashkul at his heels, but before he got three paces, fire raked down from the gantries and across both of them. Ghashkul took a bolter round in the face and went down with a clattering sound like oil drums being dropped off a cliff. Skarmek managed to get his heavy back-pack force field generator working just in time to deflect a fiery bolt that smeared off the invisible barrier. Unperturbed, despite the fact he was bleeding ever more freely from a dozen shrapnel wounds, Gorbag bit down on his turbo boost control and a jolt of extra fuel sent his mega-armour thundering forward, with Skarmek scuttling to keep up.

08.27 THE POWER GENERATORS

The next salvo landed further away and Snagrot heaved a sigh of relief. Several warbikes and a truck full of Boyz roared past his labouring Kan. Snagrot looked up ahead to where they were going and tried to figure out where he was on the crude street map chalked on the inside of his Kan. There, that must be the generator thingy ahead, thought Snagrot.

The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



The Killer Kans join the fray as Yarrick leads his men into the battle.

Suddenly a swarm of white-painted, armoured bikers and vehicles hurtled out of the streets behind it, guns flashing yellow through the murk as they ripped into the warbikes, the truck, the buildings and everything else. Warbikes skidded and burned in the onslaught. A few seconds later, the truck blew and scattered its cargo of Boyz all over the street. Snagrot snarled and kicked the go lever until it broke. His Kan pounded forward, its limp disappearing as it built up to full speed.

The white-armoured Humies were too busy massacring the surviving Trukk Boyz to notice his Kan coming up. Snagrot clanked into their midst without taking a single shot and brought the Kan's claw down on one of their trikes and smashed it in two. The driver and gunner were mangled in the wreckage, their bright red blood smearing over the white metal. Another trike skidded around nearby and its gunner tried to bring his gun to bear on Snagrot. He jerked the right arm lever and scythed his claw into the vehicle, tearing the driver's head from his shoulders and burying the claw in its fuel tank. Half a second later the fuel caught a spark and the wreck blossomed in a mushroom cloud of flame. Snagrot was so pleased these white bikers had arrived that he laughed out loud – without them he would never have got a fight!

+++REROUTING POWER+++

Adeon struggled within the incarcerating darkness of his tomb to get enough systems back on-line to charge the aliens. He would see that each one of them was destroyed even if it meant grinding each one into the dust under his massive metal feet. Synapses fizzled and connections sprung back into place as the mighty Furioso Dreadnought he was entombed within stamped forward towards the crowd of Orks. His twin power fists with which he had crushed hundreds of aliens and heretics hung inert and shattered by his sides. The Dreadnought was still a powerful tool, Adeon reassured himself. He would make them pay for the damage they had wreaked.

+++ENGAGE+++

The thick liquid around his shattered body warmed as the Furioso barrelled at full speed into the storage sheds, his little brothers fighting fiercely alongside him. The Furioso took out an entire section of the wall. Orks swarming around his legs, axes clanging uselessly off his thick adamantium skin. He wondered at the sheer number of the beasts... but it was inconceivable they could penetrate his armour. They teemed out of the broken building like insects from a shattered hive. He would stamp them into the floor, his metal frame whining as he felt the aliens' bones pop and crack beneath his feet. In time, they would all lie dead. The Orks were scampering around him, avoiding his blows. He cursed again at the cruel trick of fate that had cost him his arms. With the power fists operative, he would have bathed in their blood.

+++WARNING+++

Adeon felt a dull clang as something heavy landed on top of the Furioso. He had been engrossed in the fight, feeling the Rage swell behind his withered sockets. He saw the view behind the Furioso: Orks with crude jump packs had landed to his rear. The one clinging to his back was bigger than the rest, leaking its filthy blood onto his armour, a massive claw clutching at his carapace. They hacked at the joints in his limbs with sharp axes, wedging grenades into the recesses of his arms, harrying at him with their crude weaponry. He whirled round, flinging three to the floor, but he could still feel the large one climbing up his back, gaining purchase. Suddenly Adeon felt a stinging pain as for the first time in centuries a sharp, thin beam of sunlight fell across his face. He realised with a crippling pang of horror that the beast atop his beloved Furioso wielded a power claw. Electricity crackled across the wound, and the Ork leaned over his consecrated sarcophagus, its sweaty, bloody bulk blocking out the light of the new days sun. Adeon felt utter revulsion as a trickle of the beast's black blood dripped into the sterile waters of his tomb. The Ork's metal fingers dug deep into the front of his mighty Dreadnought as the Orks swarmed around him, climbing on his arms, firing explosive bolts into his joints. The cruel claw pierced through the skin of his inner sanctum, and the amniotic fluids around him spilled into the dirt. He had no choice.

+++ SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE INITIATED+++

+++FIVE+++FOUR+++THREE+++TWO+++ONE+++

Emperor have mercy on my soul, prayed Adeon. Then there was only light.

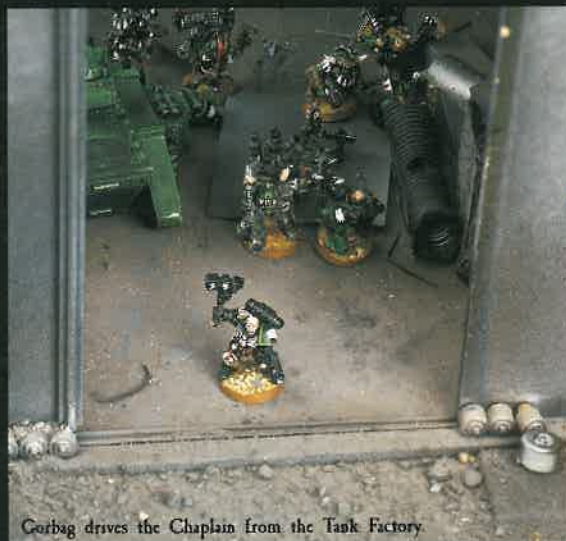


The Blood Angels prepare to sell their lives dearly as yet more Orks attack

Gorbag crashed into the Space Marines at full speed, trampling one underfoot and cutting another in half with a sweep of his claw. As Skarmek put another one down with his kustom slugga, the 'Ard Boyz, who had been on the verge of running, threw themselves at the Space Marines again, yelling and screaming as they swarmed back into the fight. Through a red haze of berserker fury, Gorbag saw them bodily dragging down Space Marines and unloading their sluggas into the prone bodies of the foe. But they were like children in comparison to the rampaging Warboss. One, two, three, four, the hulking figure left a trail of twitching Space Marine corpses in his wake with severed limbs and torn bodies as marks of his passing. One brave warrior managed to swing his chainsword at Gorbag's exposed face but the Warboss was a seasoned fighter and caught the snarling blade in his claw, crushing it and riddling the Space Marine with fist-sized slugs from his kustom shoota. Only the Chaplain survived, cutting his way clear through the 'Ard Boyz before escaping through the north doors. Gorbag lumbered a few paces after him but he was easily outpaced and the 'Ard Boyz were keener on looting the Space Marine corpses for extra armour plates than chasing the Space Marine champion.

The bright light outside hurt Gorbag's eyes. The thunder and rumble of the battle was still about him but he allowed himself a moment's satisfaction that he had captured this huge factory. Happy visions of teeming hordes of tanks and guns manned by his Boyz flicked through his brain. They'd have to start calling him Warlord soon. As if on cue, the wartrukk which had split off from his force at the start of the battle clattered around the corner of the factory, packed full of Boyz who were blazing away into the factory out of sheer exuberance. Gorbag turned to survey his new acquisition and realised it wasn't exuberance that had prompted the Trukk Boyz' fusillade.

The Battlewagon and the Basilisk were still back at the south end, blasting at the gantries with shells, rokkits and zzap-born lightning bolts. They were annihilating green-armoured warriors wherever they struck but a handful of Space Marines still clung to scraps of cover and fired back defiantly. Gorbag cursed roundly. He was going to have to go back and clear out the whole zoggin' thing again...



Gorbag drives the Chaplain from the Task Factory

The White Scars' attack took the Orks completely by surprise. A row of twin-linked bolters opened fire almost in unison, the air crackling as explosive bolts impacted on the blackened chassis of warbikes and trukks alike. The fleeing Orks ran straight into the teeth of Squad Jharatal's crossfire as they disembarked from their Rhino, pouring more bolt shells into the beleaguered aliens. The Assault Marines descended from above like raptors, bolt pistols flaring as they scattered the green-skinned runts around the Ork artillery. Chainswords hissed through alien flesh as they completed the execution.

The Orks abandoned their smoking transport moments before it caught fire, and rushed with a throaty roar towards the White Scars. Subedei Khan kept the triggers of his bolters pressed flat, scores of bullets scything into the Orks, blasting limbs and blood all over the street. To the right, the bulky Attack bikes hissed streams of searing heat into a group of Orks pulling trophies from fallen Blood Angels. Dozens of corpses lay scattered, unrecognisable after a titanic explosion.

Subedei roared in anger, spurring his bike forward, crozius swinging like a club into the chest of a wounded Ork. The beast came apart, a shower of blood spattering the front of his black vehicle. To his left, Kubelei Khan charged forward, power spear levelled like a lance. A thick-necked alien was impaled through the throat by the attack, lifted from his feet by the force of the charge. With a twist, Kubelei Khan wrenched its head from its body, swinging the crackling spear back to catch another between the shoulders. The street was soon filled with the remains of the alien invaders.

The lone Ork Warbike that remained active was driving with commendable skill, weaving in and out of the Marines' blades, even managing to fell one with a blast from his spitting weaponry. Subedei was about to rectify this when a shadow loomed over him from behind the Attack bikes. An Ork dreadnought, hacking into the bikes' armour as if it were parchment-thin. Unable to turn the bulky multi-meltas in time, the warriors died as the scything pincer mangled bike and Marine alike. A blinding explosion of superheated fusion blossomed between Subedei's bike and the Dreadnought, he could feel the wash of heat searing his skin. His squad was moving away, consolidating their position, running down the remains of the Ork resistance. He turned his bike around, determined to avenge his lost brothers in the bloody thrill of the hunt.



The White Scars chase down the Ork resistance, securing the Imperial hold on the Power Generators.

Even amongst the swirling, deadly battle around him, Sergeant Haines could not help but watch Yarrick as he calmly executed the aliens around him. An old man by anyone's standards, his sheer presence elevated him above the howling, bulky Orks trying desperately to fell the ancient warrior. Five of the Orks rushed him at once, shouting bestial curses. Yarrick's bionic eye flashed, a sharp red lance of laser energy slicing across their leader's face. Clutching at his ruined features, the Ork turned tail and ran, his comrades abandoning the charge as Yarrick strode toward them.

The clanking Ork Dreadnoughts were in the thick of the fighting now, lifting one unfortunate Storm Trooper into the air. Even as he fired desperately at the metal monstrosity, hellgun scarring lines in the rusty steel of the Dreadnought's hull, it closed its pincer. The trooper fell in two pieces to the gravel below. Yarrick strode up to the machine, staring up at it, his face contorted with anger. Small wonder the Orks feared his gaze, thought Haines. Mustering his squad, Haines charged into the fray alongside the Commissar. He heard the hydraulics of the pincer hiss as the Dreadnought sent a hammer blow towards Yarrick's chest. He saw the actinic forcefield of amber energy buckle around Yarrick for a second, fighting against the inertia of the attack. Then, to his horror, the pincer broke through, catching Yarrick around the chest.

Yarrick was hoist in the air like a trophy. With a hissing of hydraulics and the whine of servomotors, the cruel pincer began to close. Haines heard the old man's ribs crack under his ornate armour. He was powerless to help, desperately fending off the attacks of the aliens, and he knew with a sickening certainty that if Yarrick was killed Tempestora would fall, that they would die to the last man. Yarrick's bionic eye scored deep scars across the armoured hull of the machine, trying in vain to find a weak point. The beast raised Yarrick higher for all to see.

In a blur, the Commissar's famous battle claw whipped out, catching a thick bundle of wires and hydraulics in its iron grasp. Yarrick snipped through the thick cords, a gout of steam and oil hissing from the gap as the pincer relaxed its grip. Haines looked on in amazement as the old man started to take the war machine apart with the grim concentration of a surgeon. The battle seemed to have stopped as all eyes watched the frail old man pull the monstrosity's claw open with hardly any effort. The Dreadnought emitted a high pitched whine, its metal muscles and electronic sinews severed, powerless to react as Yarrick climbed onto the top of the iron beast. He stood there above the roiling mass, bloodied but triumphant, head held high. Then, as he shouted praise to the Emperor, the old man opened fire on the Orks. The aliens scattered before him as the Imperial troops surged forward. Haines snarled and joined the slaughter.



Commissar Yarrick leads his troopers against the alien menace.

WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY

Rowland: I'm sure Gary and Andy will be suffering from a severe case of "If it hadn't been for those pesky White Scars!" Even so we all agreed it was a fantastic game, with plenty of memorable moments; my personal favourite was when Yarrick went one to one with a Killer Kan on the last turn and emerged bloody but victorious.

At the time it felt absolutely right that the Imperium won. As far I was concerned the Imperial Guard had played really well defending both the Comms Centre and the Bridgehead. In fact not only was the Bridgehead held, the Imperial Guard advanced over it and assaulted the Orks on the other side! In the centre the Imperial Guard had fared well too. The Ork advance had been stopped by the timely assault of Yarrick, the Command HQ and the Storm Troopers. Throughout the game the Imperial Guard had provided good fire support, especially that fantastic shot against Gary's Warboss's truck!

It was literally in a turn that things went from going well to seeming very shaky indeed. In turn three, the Orks seemed to do everything right. Tanks exploded. Space Marines were hacked to pieces, and the Tank Factory looked like it was going to fall to the Orks. The orbital barrages, which up until then hadn't been worrying us, suddenly started raining death. The Orks were closing in, and when they do that it's bad news! Moving through the streets was a risky business. The Ork support weapons on the bridge had to be removed before the Chimeras could cross safely (as safely as you can when you're approaching a horde of alien barbarians intent on destroying you!).

Imperial Guard allied with Space Marines are a frightening force. The Guard provide solid firepower, whilst the Space Marines excel in close quarter fighting. In fact, the Blood Angels excelled so much and carved so far forward that I was unable to support them. This led to the Blood Angels fighting half the Ork army on their own, and suffering very badly for it. The Salamanders also had a tough ride against the Orks, almost being wiped out to a man. The Imperial side had decided that the Salamanders could hold out on their own. This was our big mistake. In hindsight it would have been far better to have supported the Salamanders with Yarrick, the Storm Troopers, the Command HQ and the Hellhound. Together we could have burned the Ork scum out of the factory, and dispatched any left alive.

Andy and Gary were challenging opponents who never gave up, even when Gordon bombarded them (although there were a few groans!). There was a great sense of fun on the day, and I hope this battle report inspires avid gamers everywhere to play lots of Armageddon games. We may have won a narrow victory, but there will be many more battles before the Orks are driven from Tempestora...



Rowland Cox

OBJECTIVES

- 1: The Main Bridgehead (IMPERIAL)
- 2: The Generator Spheres (IMPERIAL)
- 3: The Barracks (ORKS)
- 4: The Comms Relay Centre (IMPERIAL)
- 5: The Tank Factory (North) (CONTESTED)
- 6: The Tank Factory (South) (ORKS)



Owen Branham

Owen: I was in placed in charge of the factory and my mission brief was "whatever happens, don't let it fall into Ork hands." Our side thought this would be a simple task, but we were wrong. The first thing I noticed was that the Salamanders would be up against was the Warboss and his retinue, supported by about thirty Ork Boyz in three tooled-up Ork vehicles. I managed to slow down their advance for the first few turns by immobilizing the wagons, but it wasn't long before the Warboss got into the fight and

proceeded to wipe out most of my army. I had nothing that could stop him except time. However, luck was on my side and the game ended with just enough Space Marines left to contest one objective and deny the Orks the victory points. If the game had gone on for another turn, I would have lost the factory and given the enemy a draw. Thanks to a squad of eight Salamanders dodging shells from an Orky Basilisk, this didn't happen, and the Imperium won by the smallest of margins. It was tooth and nail all the way but the Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes hung in there and proved their worth.

Alan: The Sons of Sanguinius excel at one thing: close combat. With a Blood Angels army it really is a case of getting in the thick of the fighting as quickly as you can, and this is exactly what I did. However, although my Death Company squad caused tremendous damage with their first devastating charge, my timing was slightly out and the Assault Marine squads reached the enemy a little later, by which time most of the Death Company had been killed. Full credit to Andy for pouring in enough troops to finish the job; if he'd hesitated I would have broken right through to the Power Generator and defended it to the last man. Also, if the Furioso hadn't been crippled by those lucky Tankbusta shots, I feel sure it would have wreaked havoc amongst the alien ranks.

A little more support and my initial push would have led the way to a complete rout. Still, I very nearly collapsed the enemy's flank, it was an Imperial victory and there was tons of bloodshed – at the end of the day, what Blood Angels player could ask for more?



Alan Merrett

SILENCE THE HULK

Matt: I really hate Ork Dreadnoughts. It was all going so well until that Dread turned up right next to the Cooling Towers. Up until then, everything was going to plan. My fifteen-man Black Templars squad led by the Emperor's Champion easily managed to slaughter the large Ork unit protecting this first objective. In the end my fifteen strong unit proved to be a disadvantage as it meant I couldn't get my Dreadnought into base contact with the Ork Dread. The Black Templars special rule that they never break from combat meant that I had to wait until the squad got lucky and destroyed the Dreadnought or got killed in return. When I finally got the opportunity to charge, my superior Space Marine Dreadnought easily destroyed the crude Ork one, but by then it was too late to win the game.

In hindsight I should have sent my Dreadnought with the initial wave so that if anything nasty turned up I would have had the right tools to destroy it. In the end though it was my own indecision that lost me the game. My Terminator squad spent the game going back and forth, when what it should have been doing was charging at the same time as the Command squad and Assault squad. When they did get into combat they were pretty destructive, but again this was too late.



Matt Hutson

SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

Gordon Davidson



Gordon: So finally the Imperial artillery was silenced. In my defence it took Adi six full turns with almost almost double the amount of troops I had (reserves add up you know and the two Fighta-Bommerz were lethal).

I'm very proud of the accuracy of my barrages; not only did they destroy large numbers of Orks, they also wound Andy C up immensely! No matter what my guess was, they would deviate onto his huge mob of Killer Kans, causing mayhem and no small amount of mirth on my part.

This was an exciting and very different battle to fight and the initial shots from my Leman Russ and Basilisk severely blunted the Ork attack. Adi had to fight a long, slow war of attrition that, had he not been allowed extra reserves, would have been too much for him to overcome.

To be fair, the scenario did weigh heavily in my favour, and allowing ourselves some flexibility in the rules gave Adi a fighting chance (he was tremendously sporting in very trying circumstances).

I had a great day, upheld the honour of the Imperium, guessed huge barrage ranges very accurately, participated in the most ambitious battle report ever written, and we won. Hurrah!



Difficult, but you only have to get it right once...



The mighty Imperium gives coordinates for the next barrage.

Paul: This was a game of two halves if ever there was one! We had planned to play the game to conclusion and then retire to watch the main game unfold with either myself or Alex actually affecting the outcome. However, it wasn't to be as my inability to make armour saves and a distinctly wishy-washy battleplan led to something of a stalemate with only a handful of survivors on each side. And all this by lunchtime!

So, with Alex now more familiar with his army we decided that as neither side had enough troops to carry on with the fight, the survivors would return to their main forces and garner reinforcements with which to take advantage of the 'hole' in the enemy line. Meeting once again on the open plains outside the hive itself, the second clash proved to be a much more decisive affair.

Prepared for the Speed Freeks mobility (and the outrageous Outriders!), I decided to keep my force compact and attack in devastating waves rather than assault piecemeal, as my advantage of mobility was countered by the Speed Freeks' own manoeuvrability. Other priorities were to effectively take the Warboss and his retinue out of the game as early as possible by trashing his truck and forcing them to cross the battlefield on foot, effectively neutralizing them for the early part of the battle. Oh, and those pesky Outriders had to die! Luckily Chaplain Subedai Khan's stirring oration as the White Scars sped to battle did the trick (power armour and twin-linked bolters helped of course) and the Orks were soundly thrashed, run down by the speeding Space Marines intent on aiding their Imperial allies at the hive.

This left me to make an entrance on the main table and although the White Scars would be arriving later than anticipated they would still be able to make a significant impact. We decided that we were only going to play on for another turn as the day was drawing to a close. So with only one turn to play with I couldn't affect the Tank Factory conflict as I would have hoped but instead opted to cleanse the alien filth from the Power Generators objective. With speed and precision, the white-armoured children of Jhagatai Khan swept the Greenskins away and ultimately turned the tide of the battle in favour of the valiant Imperial defenders.

FLANK MARCH



Paul 'Fat Biggie' Sawyer

WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY



Andy 'Gorbag' Chambers

Andy: We wuz robbed! The White Scars arrived and nicked an objective off us at the proverbial eleventh hour. This meant me and Gary got one measly turn to kick them off it and then the game was ended because we were 'out of time'. Pfah! Talk about the clock being your enemy (*I prefer 'perfectly timed lightning attack'...* – Fat Bloke). Admittedly all the players were dead beat by then and barely capable of lifting dice, let alone continuing the conflict, but this so-called Imperial 'Victory' deserves to be thoroughly sneered at [Mutter, grumble, whine].

The game itself was great fun. It was tremendous to be able fight across such a cinematic battlefield. Admittedly me and Owen found to our cost that those ragged holes in the tank factory can tear equally ragged holes in your hands and arms as you struggle to move troops around inside it (real bloodshed!). The combination of darkness and inaccessibility inside the factory produced some unexpected results, like not realising quite how many Salamanders were in there until about turn four (not just me either, Gordon wandered up while we were deploying and made the immortal comment "Not much Imperial stuff in there").

As it turned out there was an entire 1,500 point Space Marine army in the factory, and our mechanised blitz got bogged down. In retrospect I should have included some mobs of foot troops to help clear the place, especially the upper gantries where the Salamanders clung on to the end. Just one extra casualty on the surviving Salamanders squad would have clinched the whole building, and that would at least have kept the game to a draw. But it was not to be.

I was wrong to think that the Imperial players would be in disarray because there were three of them. Quite sensibly, each Imperial player had given themselves a single area of operations to think about, whereas me and Gary ended up running up and down the battlefield endlessly. We would have been

better off dividing the table between us and concentrating on our respective sectors. Overall the distance we had to cover into the teeth of the enemy's guns was too great to achieve anything decisive except in the attack on the factory. I suppose what we should have done was ensured Alex Boyd, a veteran Ork Warboss but not with a Speed Freek army, had some practice beforehand instead of throwing him into the arena with Fat Bloke. To be fair on Alex he did hold the White Scars to a mutually-assured-destruction-athon in the first game of the day, but then the Marines broke through decisively on the second go.

Last of all I should say thank you to everyone who played or helped out, especially Gav and Jervis for sorting out the scenarios (a proper 'thank you' for the devastating off-table bombardments will be arranged for them in due course) and the guys from Warhammer World who let us play on their biiliiiiig table.



One Kan or two?



Andy gets into character.



Pass me another barrage template...

Gary: Curse those White Scars! After a shaky start I think Andy and I had the Imperium on the back foot, and I suspect they were a bit worried. If Paul hadn't stolen that objective from me at the last minute, the result could have been very different. Still, I suppose that it's in character to have the Space Marines turning up at the last minute and saving the day. The style of this game was very much dictated by the terrain. We were so far apart that even if moving a full 6 inches each time we would still take 6 turns to reach the enemy. The Ork plan therefore depended on holding our own objectives and attacking the one which was most accessible – the Tank Factory. I still think this was a sound approach.

This was a very enjoyable game, despite Gordon's dastardly accurate bombarding from the adjacent table. The Orks' performance was variable, as usual, with some units disappointing and others excelling.

It was disastrous to have my Warboss's truck blown up with a lucky shot on the first turn – despite having a kustom force field protecting it – and then watch as all those points in mega-armoured Nobz tip-toed forwards about 6 inches in the whole battle. All my regular opponents will be laughing at me and saying 'I told you so' because this always seems to happen to them.

There were some great highlights though. The Orks with rokkits excelled, damaging or destroying several tanks and blowing both the arms off the Blood Angels Dreadnought. Everyone knows an Ork can't hit a barn door at twenty paces – but remember that an Ork rokket launcher costs half as much as a Marine equivalent, which makes things even! When up against Marines or tanks, Orks need lots of rokkits, and the Imperium was rightly afraid of exposing their armoured units to them.

The Stormboyz also did well, clearing the Blood Angels out of one objective and finishing them off as they fled. Up until now my experience with Stormboyz has been, as Jervis said in WD245, that they run away too easily. But with fifteen in the mob they performed much better – the enemy have to kill five before there's any real chance of them breaking, and in city terrain they can make effective use of cover and are useful for gaining a height advantage. Finally Kandreg, the Stormboyz Nob who, in a former battle, stole a Dreadnought powerpack to make a jump pack, bagged another trophy by killing off the Furious Dreadnought.

Orks have no concept of losing and all of this blowin' up of tanks and rippin' apart of Dreadnoughts has just served to encourage them further. They had so much fun that they're bound to be back, and next time the sissy Guard might not have their big brothers with them to hold their hand. Waaagh!



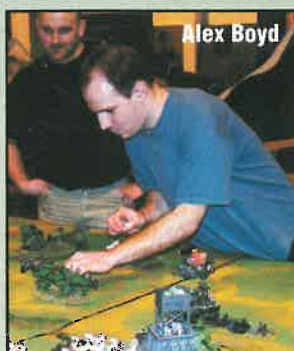
Gary 'Wazneg' James

FLANK MARCH

Alex: The first half of the day was exceptionally bloody and a lot of fun on both sides. I threw everything I had at Paul's White Scars, and he fought back just as hard – in the end pretty much all of the squads had been wiped out! It was so fast and furious that it was over before the main game was even halfway finished, so we decided to fight it again. In retrospect, I wish we'd left it.

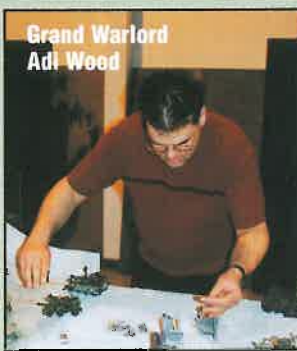
Paul learnt from his mistakes and in the second game he deployed all his hard-hitting troops in one block, breaking through my defences in one devastating charge. With hindsight, I think the Speed Freeks were always going to have a tough time against the White Scars. These fanatic Orks excel at one thing: manoeuvrability. Against a White Scars force, this advantage disappears; the Marines can respond just as quickly. As a result the armies are on an equal footing, but with one big difference: Speed Freeks just don't have the numbers to pull down Space Marines. My traditional tactic of huge mobs of angry Orks was denied to me, and so Paul was able to break through and reinforce the Imperials on the main table.

Still, I loved playing with the unusual elements of the Speed Freeks army; Outriders are deadly, Slugga Boyz in trucks never fail to make an impact, and my Warboss proved to be virtually invulnerable (so many 6+ saves...). In the end, everybody had a great time.



Alex Boyd

SMASH DA BIG GUNZ



Grand Warlord
Adi Weed

Adi: Well let's face it, halfway through the battle the game was lost. Gordon had smashed my forces and there was no way I was going to salvage anything. He won. We then decided that all my vehicles could recycle onto the table, but that didn't really help either!

I have to say it all came down to a few lucky dice rolls and Gordon saying "Yeah you can scale that sheer wall without penalty" and stuff like that. I made poor use of the Bommerz although I really rate them. I would have been better off getting in close and shooting a Basilisk in the rear armour with all the short range shooty guns rather than the 'one shot kills all' smart bomb, that has to hit on a 5+! Anyway I won through in the end (inevitably really) even though the main table got blasted rather badly. It would have been better if I had been allowed to recycle all my vehicles from the start (or had more troops), but hindsight is a wonderful thing!



Who needs scatter dice?



As if by magic, the recycling Trukk Boyz appear.



Surprise! The charge of the White brigade.



Matt waits 'patiently' during Karl's turn.



Karl Renwick

Karl: Well what can I say but "Yes! Eat that you Imperial scumbags!" This was a battle I didn't think I could win. My main game plan was just to hold up the Black Templars as long as possible, allowing me to place as many barrages onto the main table as I could. It worked better than I thought.

I placed the Shoota Boyz and Stikk Bommerz on the two objectives nearest to the Space Marine deployment zone, the rest of my army came on in reserves.

The Shoota Boyz were too close to the enemy, so they only had one shooting round before the Black Templars front line was upon them. As Matt had chosen the 'accept any challenge, no matter the odds' vow, he was hitting me on a 3+. The Shoota Boyz were doomed, only their weight of numbers allowed them to survive as long as they did. The Coolant Tanks looked like they would be the first objective to fall.

Through a stroke of luck, my Ork Dreadnought arrived in time to charge into the rampaging mass of Black Templars. The Marines needed 6s just for a glancing hit after the Emperor's Champion was crushed to death, so I knew the Dreadnought could hold out for some time.

My plan of using the Trukk Boyz and the Warboss as fast response squads worked a treat, allowing my forces to stop the Space Marines whenever they tried to advance on the objectives. They also allowed me to move on the enemy's flanks, causing confusion and taking Matt's mind off his mission.

My only regrets were setting my Shoota Boys too far in and that the zzap guns didn't see enough action. Then again, who cares, because I won! WAAAGH!

SILENCE THE HULK

Thanks once again to everybody who took part or contributed to this battle report, especially the guys from Warhammer World, who not only let us use their fantastic boards but also put up with a two-week photoshoot in their hall with near inhuman patience. Also thanks to Nick Davis and Rich Baker for building such a cool Space Hulk board in such a short time. Cheers lads!

18.34: PLAZA IMPERATOR

Sergeant Haines lay exhausted at the base of a shattered statue at the heart of Hive Tempestora. He was surrounded by the wounded and dying, a fine layer of drifting dust covering the scattered corpses of aliens and humans alike. He was bleeding from dozens of cuts, the linings of his greatcoat sticky with congealed blood. His ears rang, blocking out the moans of the battered soldiers surrounding him. Every joint felt like it had been dislocated. He could feel his pulse beating behind his eyes.

And yet, Haines' heart felt fit to burst. He had fought alongside Commissar Yarrick, actually next to him, and pushed the Orks, some of the way at least, out of the hive. Somehow he was still alive. This morning Haines felt sure he would not see the colours of the sunset, that he would die with a rusty Ork blade through his chest, or blown apart by an unseen explosion. In the space of one morning he had killed a score of the beasts, his boots slick with their blood. He knew for a certainty that at least two of his squad had made it through the battle alive. Haines knew this would be the most important day of his life, a day that would be remembered.

But Sergeant Haines knew there were many more battles to fight - to complete the cleansing of this area, to drive the Orks out of the rest of Hive Tempestora, and ultimately to win back the entire planet. This war would not be over quickly. And Orks never gave up, no matter how many of their number they lost. It was against their nature.

A change of pressure and the low thrumming of powerful engines made Haines look up. A deep green Thunderhawk gunship streaked across the anaemic sky, casting a brief shadow over the square. The Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes, leaving as abruptly as they arrived, their medics reclaiming what they could from the many casualties. They would be heading straight to a new combat zone, thought Haines, immersing themselves once more in their lives of eternal war. He knew that virtually all of the Blood Angels who had fought this day had given their lives in the struggle to drive back the aliens. No rest, no respite for the sons of the Imperium. Haines almost pitied them.

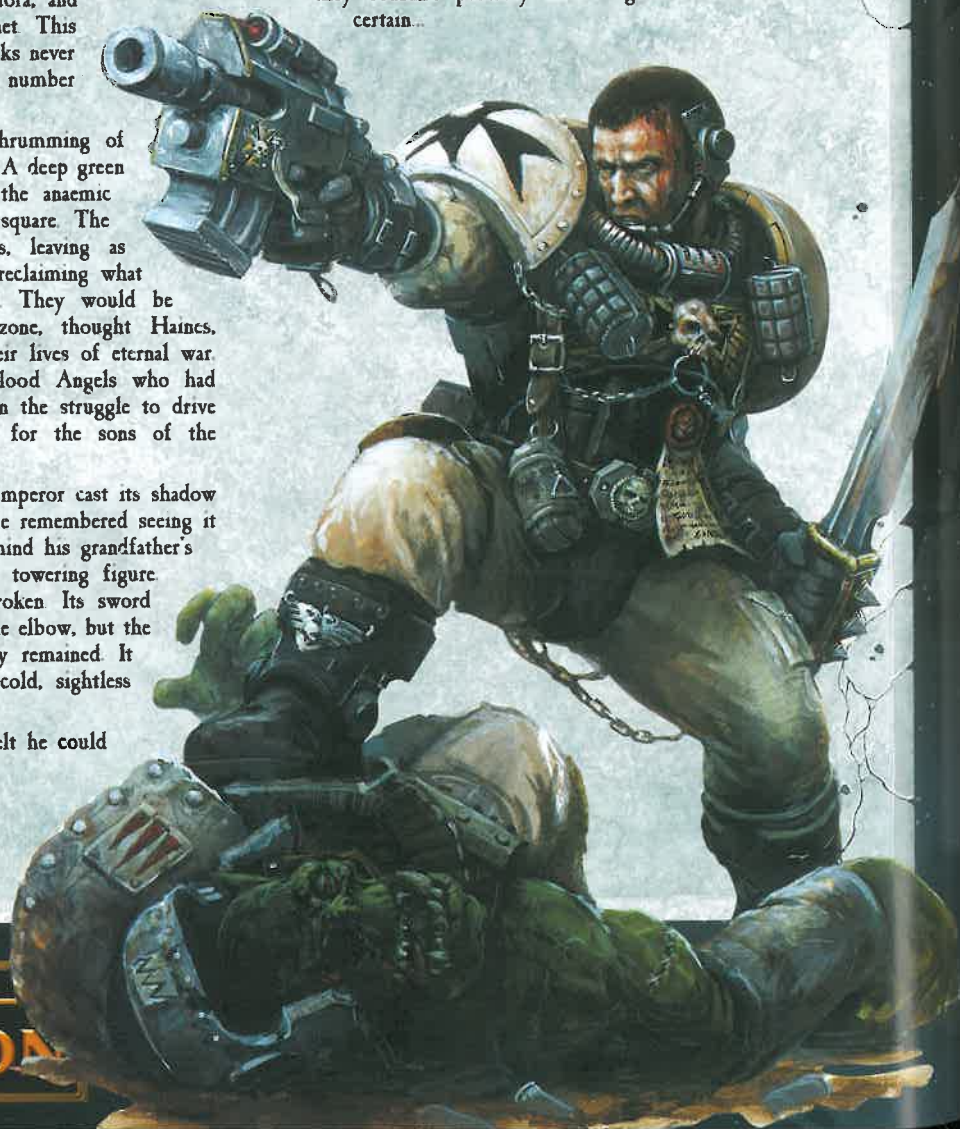
Above him, the broken statue of the Emperor cast its shadow over the dying soldiers in the street. He remembered seeing it for the first time as a child, hiding behind his grandfather's legs from the penetrating gaze of the towering figure. Now, the statue was blackened and broken. Its sword was shattered, the left arm missing at the elbow, but the grim dignity and menace of the effigy remained. It stared down at Sergeant Haines with cold, sightless eyes.

For the first time in his life, Haines felt he could stare back.

Hive Monitor Van Heulen surveyed the wreckage of his city from the observation deck of the airship. He had long since stopped calculating the damage - numbers too large for his mind to encompass fading from his tired brain. In a way, the crushing despair had retreated, curiosity taking its place.

Below him was the skeleton of the city, the bones beneath Tempestora exposed by the plague of Orks. Buildings he knew like his own household were ablaze, plumes of acrid smoke reaching up to him through the clouds of dust, hot winds sculpting them into whirling, abstract shapes. Van Heulen felt light-headed as an explosion on the south walls tore away another chunk of the disintegrating hive, structures tumbling slowly and silently to the ashen floor. Imperial shuttles shot through the night beneath him, carrying tanks and soldiers to wherever they were needed next. It was of little consequence who had won the battle. Hive Tempestora had been ground into the ash just as he had foreseen. This was the price of war.

Van Heulen sighed, and leant his forehead on the reinforced glass. He prayed that one day it would all be restored, one day they would drive the Orks back into space forever. After such losses, such hideous casualties and world-spanning destruction, they couldn't possibly invade again. That, at least, was certain...



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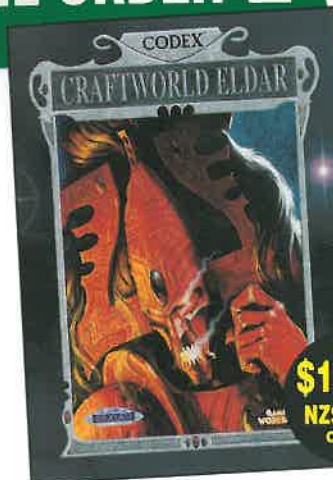


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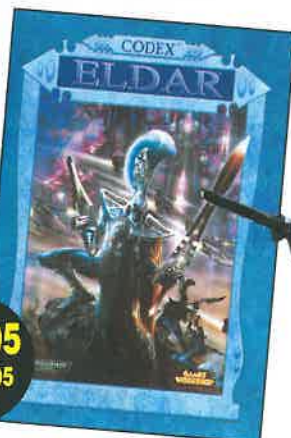
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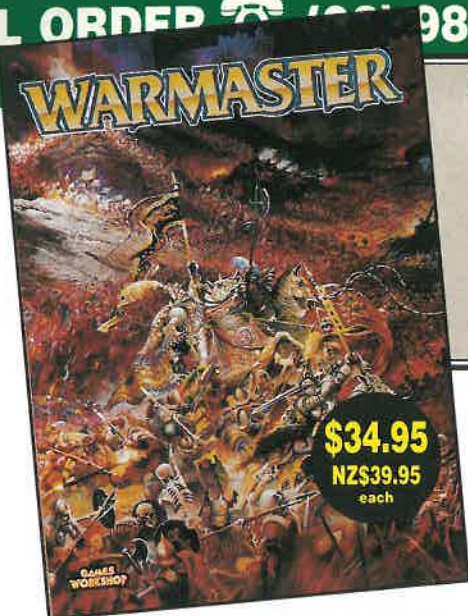
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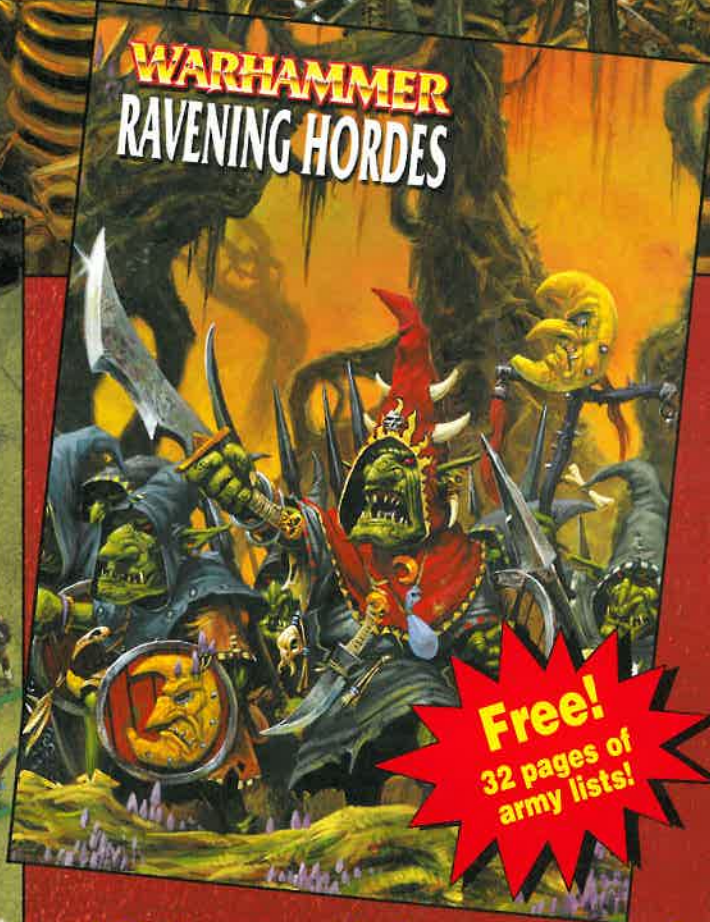
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