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WHITE DWARF

INFESTATION!

NEW TYRANIDS FOR WARHAMMER 40,000!

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WARHAMMER

THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

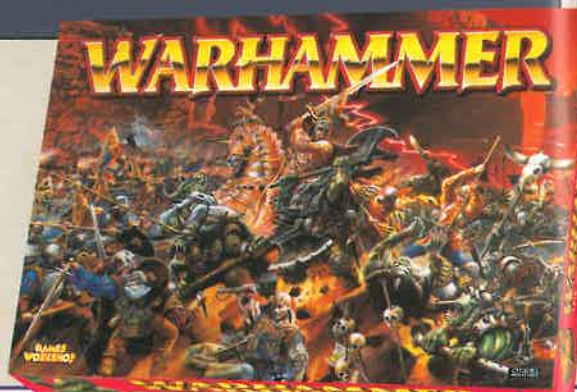
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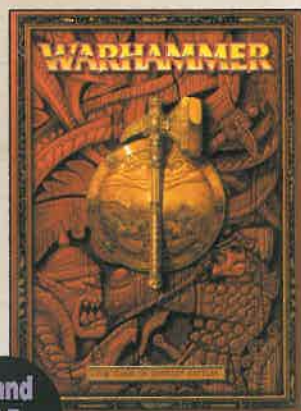
Warhammer is a tabletop game for two or more players where you become the fearless commander of a mighty army – assembling and painting your own army in readiness for battle!

The huge starter set contains the following:

- 288 page rulebook
- 38 Empire Soldiers
- 1 Empire Cannon
- 1 Empire General
- 1 Orc Warboss
- 35 Orc Warriors
- 1 Orc War Chariot
- 1 ruined building
- 3 weapon templates
- 8 assorted dice
- 2 range rulers

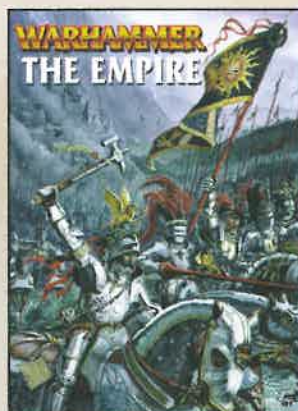


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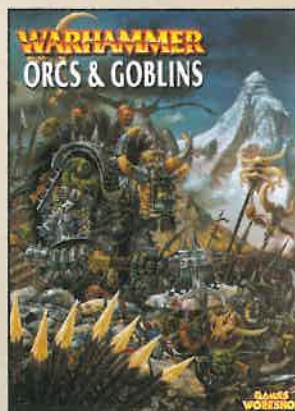
WARHAMMER RULEBOOK

The Warhammer rulebook is also available separately. This book provides you with all the rules you need to play, and guides you through collecting and painting your own army.



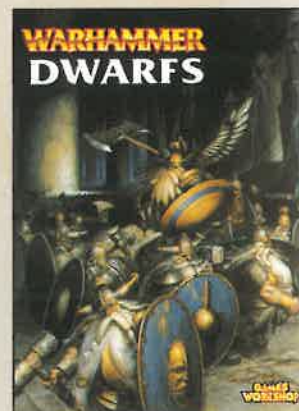
WARHAMMER ARMIES: THE EMPIRE

The Empire is the largest realm of Men in the Old World. The Emperor's powerful armies form the bastion that keeps the marauding Orcs and forces of Chaos at bay.



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The Warhammer Armies books are supplements for Warhammer. You must possess a copy of Warhammer to be able to use the contents of these books.

Band H – AUS\$32, NZ\$36, HK\$150 Band M – AUS\$70, NZ\$80, HK\$350 Band Q – AUS\$140, NZ\$160, HK\$700

Band
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Dave Taylor

As I write this I've just returned to work from a couple of weeks holidays. I'm telling you, a few weeks away from the grindstone can really do wonders...

Upon my return, however, I've leapt back into the saddle of a horse galloping full speed down a narrow country lane. It's better than a rollercoaster ride! Grand Tournaments will have come and gone, with a few more on the way. Games Day 2001 begins to loom on the event horizon like a big, looming event thing. And the Australasian

DAVE TAYLOR'S EDITORIAL

gaming community continues to gather strength via egroups (like OZgamers) and chat rooms, clubs and tournaments.

The big news this month is the release of the mighty Codex Tyranids. The bane of all living things, the Tyranid race swarms across the 40K galaxy devouring all that lies in its path. Already huge swathes of destruction have been carved out of the Imperium, and the "bugs" have returned for another bite.

In addition to the great new miniatures, sculpted by Jes Goodwin and our figure design team talented team, we've got a great region-wide campaign called "CITIZENS BEWARE" for you to participate in! Just drop into your local Games Workshop store or stockist or call Mail Order for more details. We'll even be posting information on our website.

Speaking of websites, we've now joined forces with the UK and US webteams (via the wonders of modern technology and our mighty webmaster Booster) to link up with the master website: www.games-workshop.com

If you have any trouble finding the latest Australasian news, jump back to our old site just in case we aren't quite ready yet (www.games-workshop.com.au)

We also complete our look at the winning entries from Golden Demon 2000, including the staff entries for the Emperor's Chosen Awards.

Don't just sit there, get reading!



One of the great things about Tournaments is showing off your army. Check out this army on page 78.

UK/US/AUSTRALIAN WEBSITE JOINED!

Earlier this year the new Games Workshop website went live. After a few months of ironing out the bugs and tweaking our intercontinental communication (We can't expect Booster to work from 7am to 9pm everyday!) we will finally be moving all of our web operations completely to the combined English-language site (affectionately known as ELVIS):

www.games-workshop.com

Online you can delve deeper into the Games Workshop community. In addition to all the great news, events and new release information that

you've come to expect from our site you will also find truckloads of information on all of Games Workshop's games, the activities of the Black Library & Fanatic, great test rules from Gav Thorpe & Andy Chambers, and rumours direct from the heart of the Design Studio. And if that wasn't enough there are all sorts of community-style activities including chat groups and the like.

Haven't signed up yet?

Race your fingers over the nearest keyboard now, and register yourself on our awesome new site.

AVAILABLE FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS

WHAT'S WITH THE LETTERS?

Over the last few months you will have noticed the increasing number of letters appearing on the labels of our blister packs (along with a lot of multi-lingual labelling).

We've been pretty quiet about the whole thing but now we can spill the beans. A nifty system of price banding has been introduced to our global supply chain. This means that our blister packs and box sets can be sent anywhere in the world, not just to a country that speaks that particular language. This will keep our great range of miniatures flowing into your hands.

Part of this process is aligning our

prices to those of the rest of the world. Almost all of our games, books, and miniatures will fall into one of the 19 price bands shown below.

Whilst this alignment does mean that some prices will rise it also sees some prices falling and many remaining the same.

The whole process will come into effect on March 5th 2001 and we expect the band labels you see on blister packs will soon be found on box sets too.

Hopefully this will also alleviate most of those annoying pricing mistakes in these hallowed pages.

PRICE BANDS BY COUNTRY

BAND	AUS\$	NZ\$	HK\$
A	\$12	\$14	\$60
B	\$12	\$14	\$60
C	\$14	\$16	\$70
D	\$16	\$18	\$80
E	\$19	\$22	\$90
F	\$23	\$26	\$100
G	\$27	\$32	\$125
H	\$32	\$36	\$150
I	\$35	\$40	\$175
J	\$40	\$45	\$185
K	\$55	\$60	\$275
L	\$62	\$70	\$300
M	\$70	\$80	\$350
N	\$80	\$90	\$380
O	\$85	\$95	\$400
P	\$100	\$120	\$500
Q	\$140	\$160	\$700
R	\$225	\$250	\$1125
S	\$300	\$350	\$1400

OR VISIT OUR ONLINE STORE AT WWW.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM

NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER
40,000

The Tyranids are a race of hideous alien monstrosities from another galaxy, intent on devouring every living thing in their path. To find out more about this lethal race, check out *The Tyranids Are Coming* on page 7 and Chapter Approved on page 18.

TYRANID HIVE TYRANT Band K

Sculpted by Mark Bedford.

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

This model requires assembly.



CODEX TYRANIDS

▲ Containing information you need to terrorize the galaxy, this is an all-consuming work of art.



TYRANID ZOANTHROPE Band E

Sculpted by Colin Grayson.

◀ This blister pack contains one complete Tyranid Zoanthrope. Each pack contains one of two different carapaces.

This model requires assembly.

TYRANID RAVENER Band E

Sculpted by Shane Hoyle.

► This blister pack contains one complete Ravener model. The pack comes with one of two heads, and a selection of different bio-weapons including a devourer.

This model requires assembly.



AVAILABLE FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS



TYRANID WARRIORS
Sculpted by *Jes Goodwin*.
These models require assembly.

Band J

► This plastic Battle Squad boxed set contains three Tyranid Warriors. Also included is a massive array of close combat weapons and several different ranged bio-weapons. The box also contains a Ripper Swarm.



TYRANID GARGOYLES **Band C**
Sculpted by *Shane Hoyle*.

► This blister pack contains two Tyranid Gargoyles armed with fleshborers. There are two different heads and two different bodies. *These models require assembly.*



BLACK LIBRARY & FANATIC RELEASES

Warhammer Monthly Issue 37	\$4.95	\$5.95
Dark Imperium		
Collected 40K short stories	\$14.95	\$16.95
Inferno! 22	\$9.95	\$11.95
Epic 40,000 magazine 2	\$9.95	\$11.95
Best of Town Cryer	\$9.95	\$11.95

TYRANID GAUNTS **Band J**
Sculpted by *Jes Goodwin and Mark Bedford*.

◀ The Tyranid Gaunts plastic Battle Squad box contains eight Termagants, eight Hormagaunts and a Ripper Swarm. Included in the box are a variety of additional weapons such as spinefists and devourers. There are also various biomorphs that allow you to create your own Gaunt variants and mutant strains. *These models require assembly.*



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NEW RELEASES THIS ISSUE

WARHAMMER

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR WARHAMMER:

SNOTLING PUMP WAGON Band H

Sculpted by Dave Andrews and Mark Harrison.

► This boxed set contains enough parts to build a complete Snotling Pump Wagon. It also includes eight Snotling crew. This model requires assembly.



DWARF GYROCOPTER Band H

Sculpted by Tim Adcock and Colin Dixon.

► This blister pack contains one complete Dwarf Gyrocopter and a flying base. This model requires assembly.



DWARF ENGINEERS Band C

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

► Each blister pack contains one Dwarf Engineer model.



DWARF IRONBREAKERS COMMAND GROUP Band E

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

Each blister pack contains an Ironbreaker Champion, Ironbreaker Musician and Ironbreaker Standard Bearer.



DWARF IRONBREAKERS Band D

Sculpted by Colin Dixon.

Each blister pack contains a selection of three different Dwarf Ironbreakers.



AVAILABLE FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS

THE TYRANIDS ARE COMING!

by Graham McNeill

The Astropath's breathing was fast and laboured. Sweat dripped from his forehead as he struggled to maintain contact with the beleaguered Space Marine Chapter. Kryptman reached out a hand to support him.

"Warn them, warn them, the Tyranids are coming!" screamed the Astropath. "THE TYRANIDS ARE COMING!"

"Tyranids?" breathed Kryptman in horror. "Another hive fleet?"

I don't know about you, but the sight of my opponent setting up a Tyranid swarm across the table always fills me with dread. Not content with gigantic, psychotic scythe-armed monsters, he also has wave upon wave of smaller nasties who are no slouches in the close combat department. My pitifully outnumbered Space Marines have to watch as hundreds of the monsters are positioned in front of them. Then my opponent has the nerve to complain that he is running out of room to deploy his creatures! Against the Tyranids my army would usually be reduced to piles of bleeding flesh before the day was out, devoured by the rapacious extra-galactic predators, and thus I decided that enough was enough. If I couldn't beat them, I would join them...

Never has there been a better time to become part of the hive mind. The release of Codex Tyranids and the superb new range of models that accompanies it convinced me that it was time to surrender to the inevitable. But first I needed to know more. Where had these creatures come from and what was their purpose? What were they doing in our galaxy and what, if anything, could be done to stop them? Surrendering my genetic material to the hive fleet, I set out to discover what I could before becoming a clawed monstrosity in the service of the hive mind. ►

AKERS

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A swarm of Tyranids overrun the Imperial defence line.

FROM BEYOND THE GALAXY

The edges of the galaxy are unknown regions and only the most foolhardy of explorers have ventured into these mysterious realms. The area of space at the Eastern Fringe lies beyond the furthest reach of the Astronomicon, a thin veil of the Old Stars gleaming weakly from the halo zone beyond. It is from these haunted depths of space that the Tyranids have come, a region of space that has never known the Emperor or the Imperium of Man. The Tyranids are so immeasurably old that it is impossible to tell exactly how long they have existed. Similarly, exactly where the Tyranids originate from is a mystery. Each Tyranid hive fleet consists of millions of living craft that have come to our galaxy from beyond the known reaches of space, across the icy interstellar void, travelling for millions of years with but a single purpose. To hold time, to devour, to absorb. The Tyranids are voracious genetic predators, acting in fearsome concert with one another and never pausing in their need to absorb fresh genetic material.

One of the most terrifying aspects of the Tyranid race is the gestalt consciousness that drives them. This vast overmind casts a shadow of smothering static throughout the warp, known to Imperial scholars as the hive mind. It allows the entire hive fleet to act as a single entity, each creature pursuing the hive mind's ultimate goal of consumption. Every organism within the Tyranid hive is part of the greater whole, a collective consciousness that infuses every creature from the largest bio-Titan to the lowliest Ripper with single minded purpose. While the hive mind functions, each creature in the Tyranid swarm will fight to the death, its own instinctive behavioural patterns subservient to the greater need of the hive mind. But should the link to the hive mind be broken, the smaller creatures become disorientated and will revert to their basic instincts.

The Tyranids are unlike any other race encountered by Man. They have no technology as such and every need the hive mind detects is met by the spawning of a creature evolved to

satisfy that need. Weapons, attack ships, creatures; all are grown within the enormous hive ships. Weapons are simply smaller bio-creatures with their projectiles formed from shards of bone, teeth, acids, viruses or even smaller burrowing organisms. The belly of every hive ship is a grotesque biological nursery, an evolutionary hothouse where creatures are grown in primordial vats of raw genetic material to carry out specific tasks. Creatures can be evolved to be fighters, workers or simply bio-constructs designed to replicate the performance of a piece of technological equipment. As each threat to the hive mind is met, the Tyranids evolve in response to it and adapt to defeat it. How such a hyper-evolutionary species could even come into existence is another mystery that remains unexplained, though many Imperial Genetors have their own wild theories.

ULTIMATE PREDATORS

The need to absorb fresh genetic material is the one and only instinct that drives the Tyranids. It is all that



away and ingested by the Tyranids; nothing is wasted. Once a world has been devoured, the hive fleet moves onto the next, sensing fresh genetic material. No one knows how many galaxies have already fallen before the Tyranids, but it is certain that they have exhausted their own. Our own galaxy, so teeming with life, provides the Tyranids with an almost inexhaustible supply of gene stock. The threat to the galaxy is beyond measure.

HIVE FLEET BEHEMOTH

The first contact with the Tyranid race was in 745.M41 when Hive Fleet Behemoth invaded the Ultima Segmentum. The Adeptus Mechanicus base on Tyran was the first world known to fall to the Tyranids and also the origin of their race name. The base came under furious attack and, knowing they were doomed, the base commander, Magos Varnak, was able to seal a data codex detailing every scrap of information.

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they have evolved to do and, as such, they cannot be negotiated with, bargained with or made peace with. The only thing that Tyranids react to is force. When the hive fleet attacks a world, the sky darkens with poisonous spores and screeching, bat-winged creatures. Days of tense anticipation and sudden death from the choking darkness follow. Then millions of Mycetic Spores, each carrying a Tyranid organism, rain down on the planet's surface and break open on impact, disgorging swarms of sickle-armed beasts. These Tyranid creatures spread rapidly across the planet's surface, enormous bio-Titans following in their wake.

The doomed defenders are overwhelmed by wave after wave of implacable, ferocious monsters that fight with razor-edged chitin and corrosive, envenomed bio-weapons. Terrifying creatures, bigger than a Space Marine Dreadnought, shrug off hits from lascannons, smash through defensive walls and toss armoured tanks aside like children's toys. Screeching beasts bound forwards

with powerful leaps and tear men apart using their deadly claws. The sheer horror and scale of the alien invasion drives men mad with terror and, unless a world can be reinforced very quickly or already has a large standing garrison, it will undoubtedly fall. In such cases the only solution may be the ultimate sanction of Exterminatus, destroying the planet from orbit before the Tyranids can assimilate its biomass into their hive ships. Despite the horrific nature of the Exterminatus, it is not always certain to succeed and the sacrifice of a world may be in vain.

When the Tyranids have destroyed the defenders of a world, the vast hive ships move into low orbit and begin feeding on the planet's biosphere. The Tyranids strip a world completely bare, reducing verdant worlds thriving with life to barren, airless rocks. Feeder tentacles rise from digestion pools, pumping broken-down organic matter into the geno-organs of the hive ships. Every single biological organism, the oceans and even the atmosphere are stripped

In the dim ruddy glow of an old star, the Tyranid hive fleet drifted remorselessly onwards. The smaller drone ships huddled under the massive, crater-pocked carapaces of the hiveships, the larger vessels slowly coiling in upon themselves to enter a dormant state that allowed them to traverse the vast distances between stars. The clouds of spores were dispersing, scattering slowly on the stellar winds. One hiveship was still awake, feeder tentacles wrapped around the shattered hull of an Imperial warship, digesting the mineral content, the flesh of the dead crew, leeching off the air contained within to sustain itself.



A brood of Tyranid Warriors emerges from the jungle.

been in vain.

Inquisitor Kryptman, investigating scattered reports of worlds stripped bare, pieced together the scant shreds of information and realised the scale of the threat. He discovered the data codex on Tyran and was able to alert the forces of the Imperium to the danger of the Tyranids before it was too late. The hive fleet was heading directly for Macragge, the home world of the Ultramarines Chapter of Space Marines. Despite the best attempts of the Space Marines, the Tyranids were able to invade Macragge and swarmed across the ice floes to attack the polar defence fortresses that had thus far kept the largest hive ships at bay. The carnage was terrible and the

entire 1st Company of the Ultramarines was destroyed defending the fortresses.

In space, the hive fleet was narrowly defeated by the combined forces of the Ultramarines and the Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet at the Battle of Circe, which saw the destruction of the Emperor class warship the *Dominus Astra*. Following this victory, the Ultramarines fleet raced homewards and when the 3rd and 7th Companies descended to the planet's surface they recaptured the smashed polar fortresses and the bodies of their fallen comrades. The Tyranid invasion had been halted, but at a terrible cost.

The piles of dead aliens on Macragge provided the Adeptus Mechanicus

Xenobiologists with a mountain of data to analyse and interpret. The facts that came to light were to form the basis of all imperial knowledge regarding the Tyranid race until the presence of Hive Fleet Kraken was detected in 992.M41.

HIVE FLEET KRAKEN

Two and a half centuries passed with no further sign of Tyranids and many members of the Administratum began to question the need for such a vast military presence facing a threat that must surely have been defeated at Macragge. When armed rebellion broke out amongst many of the systems in the Eastern Fringes, these officials claimed that the populace was rebelling against living under martial law. The Inquisition moved to investigate these revolts and





these officials claimed that the populace was rebelling against living under martial law. The Inquisition moved to investigate these revolts and despatched Inquisitors to quell the Ultima rebellions. Inquisitor Agmar arrived on the hive world of Ichar IV twenty seven days after an organisation known as the Brotherhood had taken over the planet, and he quickly became convinced that the insurrection had unfolded as part of a carefully orchestrated plot rather than a spontaneous outpouring of discontent. Agmar requested the assistance of the Ultramarines as Imperial Guard regiments continued to bombard the cities and fought vicious battles with the fanatical cultists of the Brotherhood.

While Agmar awaited the arrival of the Ultramarines, the war ground to a bloody stalemate, with casualties mounting daily. Agmar launched a surprise raid on a Brotherhood temple slaying a Neophyte of the Brotherhood, and, as he pulled back the Neophyte's hood, his worst fears were confirmed. The Neophyte was a Genestealer Hybrid, a being with the intelligence of a human and unnatural alien ferocity. The Brotherhood was nothing more than a front for a vast Genestealer cult which had infiltrated to the highest levels of authority and corrupted the planet from within.

When the Ultramarines arrived, they were able to drop to the planet's surface with only minor losses and swiftly captured the rebel command posts, throwing the Brotherhood soldiers into disarray. Regiments of Imperial Guard launched a major assault in support of the Space Marines and as Inquisitor Agmar's auguries detected Brotherhood units leaving their cathedral headquarters, he knew the chance had come to end the revolt with one decisive blow. Ultramarines Terminators from the 1st Company teleported into the cathedral and began an assault into the darkness of the tunnels below. Guided only by their suit lights, the Terminators advanced into the dank tunnels, their auspexes showing multiple foes closing rapidly on their position. At first all that could be heard was the insect-like chittering of alien claws on stone and chitinous bodies rushing towards them. As the first creature burst into the light, four viciously clawed arms raised, storm bolter fire ripped it apart and the Terminators saw for the first time the true face of their enemy: Genestealers! Scores of the deadly aliens rushed into the chamber, filling it with their ferocious charge. Bolts and righteous fire slaughtered the Genestealers in droves, but still they came on, scrambling over the piles of their own dead to reach their quarry.

No matter how many aliens the Terminators killed, there were more to take their place and each strobing flash of gunfire showed them closer than before. It seemed nothing could

stop them and three Terminators were dragged down, ripped apart by the Genestealers. Falling back to the crypt, a rearguard bought time for their brothers with their lives, allowing the survivors to regroup and prepare for another assault. Genestealers attempting to encircle the Space Marines were driven back with flamers, forcing them to come head on at the Terminators. As the aliens charged forwards, a mass of rippling claws, fangs and chitin, the Librarian leading the Terminators summoned a cleansing storm of searing warp fire. Howling blue flames swept through the crypt, flooding the tunnels around the Space Marines, instantly incinerating the Genestealers and filling the chamber with the stink of their burning flesh. As the brood screamed and melted in the fires, storm bolter fire blasted the remainder apart and the attack was over.

The Terminators again pushed into the tunnels, undaunted by the paucity of their numbers, following the steady *blip, blip* of the *Auspex*. No further Genestealers barred their way and eventually the Terminators emerged into a vaulted chamber like the belly of a giant beast. The vast, bloated Patriarch of the brood sat upon a dais at the far end of the chamber, head cocked to one side as though listening for some faint call. As the Terminators levelled their weapons, it turned its gaze towards them, a monstrous intelligence lurking in its hooded eyes. Hundreds of creatures burst from radiating tunnels, Genestealers and pallid-skinned hybrids desperate to protect their all-father.



It looked as if a storm was coming. Clouds of darkness breasted the distant mountain peaks and flowed down into the valley, rushing towards the outpost. Soon, the whole eastern horizon was curtained in shadow, and the brightness of the afternoon was driven back by an unnatural twilight. Strange noises, cries and screeches, could be heard in the distance, and spears of red light stabbed down from the roiling black clouds.

The atmosphere became oppressive, and the Imperial Guardsmen manning the walls could detect a strange musky smell on the breeze. As the clouds continued their approach, dark specks broke away from the leading edges to speed ahead. The flickering green screen of the long range visi-scanner showed fuzzy images of flying creatures, big as dropships, borne aloft by their great flapping wings.

The Lieutenant knew what to expect, and had his orders. He sent a priority alpha message back to HQ, appraising his commander of the situation. Estimated arrival of the enemy force at outpost Ceres XIV – five minutes. There was no realistic chance of their slowing the Tyranid advance, or inflicting any appreciable damage on the monstrous alien hordes, but it was hoped that whatever information they could transmit back to base before the outpost was overrun would prove valuable.

way
through
the press
of bodies,
foul alien blood
staining every
surface of their armour.

The Librarian fought his way inch by inch towards the Patriarch, each step becoming harder and harder as the alien flexed its powerful will, its dominating psyche threatening to overwhelm him. A backlash of mental feedback from the Librarian's psychic hood disrupted the Patriarch's power and, concentrating all his energy, the Librarian teleported onto the dais next to the Patriarch. Man and alien clashed in an unequal struggle, the Patriarch raining powerful blows onto the Space Marine's armour. The Librarian could not match the speed of the powerful alien and knew that without aid he was sure to perish. In desperation he called on his battle brothers to pour their firepower into the combat.

Bolter fire raked the dais with explosive shells, ricocheting from the Librarian's Terminator armour and Patriarch's carapace. But some bolts found homes in the alien's flesh and

blew bloody chunks from its body. As the Patriarch reeled from the hurt done to it, the Librarian leapt forwards and smashed his force axe through its body. The giant beast screeched in agony as the axe struck again and again, blood arcing across the chamber as the Librarian hacked it to pieces. As the Patriarch died the brood was thrown into confusion and the surviving Terminators were able to slaughter the remaining creatures with ease. Vengeance for their fallen brothers on Macragge two centuries ago was exacted by the Terminators and nothing escaped their furious anger.

The telepathic link between the Patriarch and its brood was severed and the armed resistance of the Brotherhood collapsed. Triumphant regiments of Imperial Guard crushed the last pockets of resistance and in less than a month Imperial rule had been restored to Ichar IV. It was only in the following weeks that Inquisitor Agmar realised that something more was amiss. Astropaths had reported a keening cry in the warp originating from Ichar IV that was cut off as the Genestealer Patriarch died. More worryingly, they indicated that this cry had seemingly been answered by a shift in the warp, as though something vast and immeasurably powerful had turned its face towards the Imperium.

Within months of Ichar IV's recapture it became clear that a new hive fleet, dubbed 'Kraken' by Inquisitor Kryptman, had begun an invasion of the galaxy as reports of survivors fleeing the eastern fringes increased. Where Behemoth had committed its forces in a single sledgehammer blow, Kraken spread tendrils across an enormous front, appearing to be made up of dozens of sub-fleets. Whole sectors had been devoured with warp travel and communication within the warzones becoming incredibly dangerous and unpredictable. The enormity of the Tyranid invasion was staggering and the Imperial Tarot prophesied a time of woe, suffering and bloodshed on a scale never seen before.

The entire military might of the Imperium has been brought to bear

against Hive Fleet Kraken, the Forge Worlds of the Adeptus Mechanicus are producing tanks and weapons in their millions. Thousands of regiments of Imperial Guard are being mobilised to meet the terrible threat represented by Kraken and Space Marines attempt to intercept dormant hive ships before the Tyranids slumbering within can awaken. Hundreds of inhabited worlds have been destroyed, stripped bare by the Tyranids, and two entire Chapters of Space Marines, the Lamenters and the Scythes of the Emperor, have been all but destroyed. The Eldar craftworld of Iyanden has also come under attack from Kraken, and although the Tyranids were defeated there, the once beautiful craftworld has been virtually destroyed and its people almost annihilated. The terrifying tales of survivors spread fear and despair to every corner of the galaxy and, with reports of yet another hive fleet penetrating as deep as the Segmentum Solar, attacking perpendicular to the galactic plane, the monstrous cunning of the alien intelligence is truly terrifying.

Where the Tyranids have been met in battle, smaller hive fleets have broken off and fled towards the galactic core. These splinter fleets have made it past Imperial cordons and patrols and perhaps pose an even greater threat to Humanity. Smaller than most hive fleets so far encountered, they can still overrun isolated worlds far from the main warzones and with each planet they consume, their strength grows. As the war rages across the galaxy it is clear that the Tyranids pose the greatest threat to the Imperium in all its war-torn history since the bloody days of the Horus Heresy.

WHY COLLECT A TYRANID ARMY?

Without a doubt, Tyranids are amongst the most terrifying armies to face on the tabletop. Their speed and ferocious close combat skills makes any opponent (even Space Marines) dread their assault. Added to this, the power of their bio-weapons is enough to give tank commanders second thoughts about exposing their vehicles to Tyranid fire. Such diversity allows the hive mind to field swarms that can close with the enemy and tear them apart in a frenzy of fangs and claws or blast them from long range with venomous symbiote weaponry. The sheer horror of the Tyranid race makes them an exciting army to collect, paint and play. They are

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Ultramarines encounter a swarm of Gaunts in the steaming jungles of a deathworld.

makes them an exciting army to collect, paint and play. They are unrelentingly evil (although such a term has no relevance for the hive mind, it merely follows its biological imperative), everything in a Tyranid army is a living beast and the sheer variety of creatures in a swarm offers the modeller an almost endless variety of conversion opportunities.

The Tyranid race is in a constant state of hyper-evolution, adapting and responding to its enemies. As each new species is absorbed by the Tyranids, the hive mind is able to pick out its weaknesses and begin adapting its beasts better to fight it. A feature of the Tyranid army list is this ability to create new types of creatures based on the hive mind's accelerated evolution. The Tyranids are broken down into two distinct categories, those whose genetic structure has been fixed in a set sequence and those which can be mutated to suit. Each mutable genus of creature may be biomorphed in a number of ways in order to tailor it for a specific role or foe. Creatures may be created to be close combat monsters or have additional weapons sprouting from their bodies. Whichever style of play you prefer, you can create a Tyranid swarm to match it.

WHAT'S SO COOL ABOUT THEM?

Aside from the utter alien nature of the Tyranids, one of their main attractions is that they allow you to be utterly ruthless with their lives. The hive mind does not care if a million Gaunts die in battle. Their genetic material will simply be devoured by the Ripper Swarms and harvested for reabsorption by the hive after the defenders have been defeated. You can be as callous as you like with the smaller creatures, knowing full well that there will be others to replace them. The Tyranids are a highly cinematic army as well, with movies such as *Aliens* and *Starship Troopers* showing us in gory detail the full horror of what these monstrous creatures can do in battle. On the tabletop, the swarm itself is a highly dynamic army, always on the move, and there's never a shortage of things to do with the Tyranids.

If you enjoy making conversions and going to town with your models then the Tyranids are definitely the army for you. The endless variety of creatures you find within a swarm allows you to let your imagination run riot when painting it. The Tyranids have no uniforms and no insignia of any kind which means that there is no wrong or right way to paint them; anything goes. They can be as colourful as you like or you can consult reference books on dinosaurs, lizards, insects,

etc, to find colour schemes that appear in nature.

Similarly, the rules for genetic manipulation, mutants and biomorphs offers you the chance to convert your swarm into your own personal hive fleet. Many creatures can be extensively manipulated to produce horrors of claw and tooth that will strike fear into the hearts of your enemies. Such diversity is the key to the Tyranids and whatever the situation, it is certain there is a Tyranid creature evolved to deal with it.

THE GREAT DEVOURER

The Imperium of Man faces its extinction at the claws of the Tyranids and this makes every battle fought against them a desperate struggle for survival. Every warrior that falls is absorbed by the hive mind and the Tyranids become even more formidable. So if the thought of invading the Imperium and the visceral horror of a Tyranid swarm appeals, then this is the army to choose. Not only are the Tyranids one of the most dangerous Warhammer 40,000 armies, but they are also one of the most fun to collect, paint and convert. So what are you waiting for? Go forth, evolve and conquer!

WARHAMMER
40,000

With the release of Codex Tyranids and plenty of exciting Tyranid miniatures, we just had to run another massive campaign!

Following in the footsteps of Armageddon, **CITIZENS BEWARE!** is the brainchild of Jim Fox and Troy Forster.

This campaign can only be brought to life by you, the 40K gamer. All of our stores will be running loads of games, selling cool t-shirts, and giving away excellent prizes. You can also join in at home by playing plenty of games and sending us the results!

For more information visit the Australian News page on our website:

www.games-workshop.com



CITIZENS BEWARE!

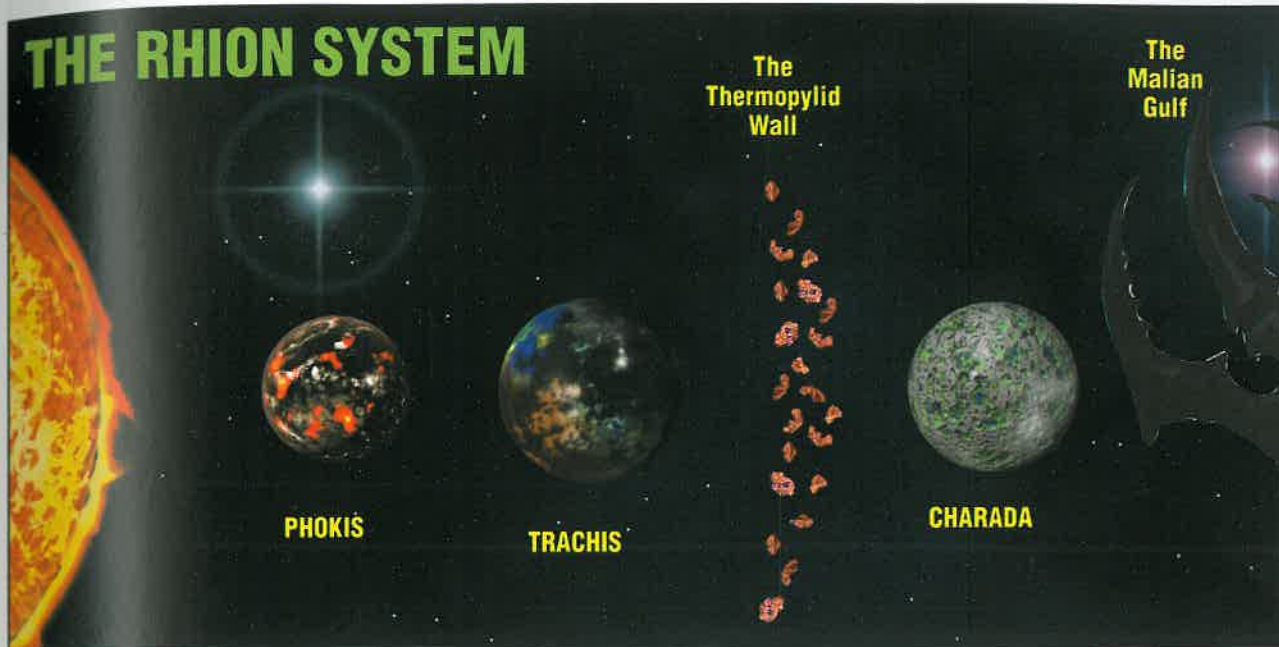
CITIZENS BEWARE! is the name of a mighty Tyranid Hive War campaign that we will be running in the Asia Pacific region during March and April. The campaign will chart the invasion of the Rhion System by Hive Fleet Xerxes.

The Imperial citizens of the Rhion System have worked for many millenia in the mines of Phokis, the manufactories of Trachis, and the

farming communities of Charada. They have faithfully served the Emperor and as they are close to the astronomical feature known as The Malian Gulf, a rift between real and warp space, they are protected by an Imperial Navy detachment of considerable size.

At least they were, until a few days before the start of our **CITIZENS BEWARE!** campaign....

THE RHION SYSTEM



+++++ Date: 3160997M41
 +++++ Ref: Inq/ 01168974311/ RC
 +++++ By: Scribe Herodotos
 +++++ Re: Hive Xerxes in the Rhion System
 +++++ Thought for the Day: *Having Died, Not Dying*

There is little doubt in my mind that the events of the last few weeks will certainly become legend, one of those stories that you think you've heard before but you don't quite believe it. I am also as sure that the facts will become twisted and misconstrued, so it is my mission to make certain the facts be told truthfully at least once.

The first warning we on Trachis had of the alien menace was when the first of the refugees from Charada arrived. We had lost contact with that sparsely populated world one Terran week earlier, but this was not unusual as the Thermopylid Wall, a dense and wide ranging asteroid belt, occupies the area of space between two planets and consistently interferes with communiques. The battered and broken people told a tale of woe. Of horrible monsters, of unspeakable horrors... of Tyranids. They came on all at once in a concerted attack, smashing the token resistance put up by the colonists. Few could escape and almost the entire population of 300,000 was wiped out by the horde. From all the information we have of the "Bugs", these poor souls would be used as living fuel for the aliens themselves, allowing the insipid creatures to "Tyraniform" the planet into a completely infested type of nest.

There was no action worth taking to save Charada, it's doom was sealed. The Imperial Governor of Trachis, Spartian, gave the order to ready the defences in preparation for alien assault, but in a world populated by 450million humans something of that scale takes time, and time was something that we didn't have. Then, as if out of nowhere, the Eldar turned up. The Faeruthir Craftworld appeared over our planet and a delegation came down to the surface under the flag of peace. The actions of the arrogant Eldar are normally mysterious as a rule, but an entire craftworld looming over Trachis just as an alien invasion was about to commence boded ill. One of their leaders, a Farseer named Megistias, delivered a message to the Imperial Hierarchy. It was in the form of an Omen. Basically, it said that either Trachis would lose it's Emperor or Trachis itself would be crushed. This was met with outrage, surely this was outright heresy! How dare these aliens claim that the Emperor in his Golden Throne would die, or even that Trachis would be overwhelmed! The only reason they were not destroyed on the spot is that they offered assistance to avert disaster. This was strongly refused and the Eldar were ushered from the planet and told not to return.

Plans were quickly drawn up for the planet's defence. To be fully combat ready, or even to stand a chance against the many alien ships, would take two weeks. All intelligence said that the Hive Fleet, later code named Xerxes, would be upon us in two days. This would be disaster. Some desperate action was called for, and it came in the shape of Admiral Greecian of the Imperial Navy. He pointed out that the enemy would have to attack through the Thermopylid Wall and that it was possible to navigate it at only one major route with a fleet of the horde's size. Of course there were other routes, but these were hardly used and could only be traversed by escort-sized ships. These would not be easily located by the enemy.

**YOUR LIFE IS
THE EMPEROR'S
CURRENCY.**

SPEND IT WELL.

Imperial morale poster
from Trachis.

This major path would be a tenable defensive point for a relatively small fleet to hold up the behemoth that was the Tyranid fleet. Governor Spartian agreed, but could only allow a maximum of 300 capital ships and a few thousand escorts for the task, as the rest of the fleet was needed to set up defences around the planet. Grecian stood up and declared that he would lead the force personally, as he could not ask another officer to head up such a suicide run, saluted and left to arrange the mission.

Grecian asked for volunteers for the mission from amongst the ship crews. There was an overwhelming response from the men, who had already heard of the fate of Charada. And so, within three hours, three hundred capital ships were enroute to the Thermopylid Wall and certain death. Grecian commanded from Trachis' famous, and only, Emperor class battleship, *Leonidas*, and there were many other famous ships such as the *Alexandros*, the *Bruxieus* and the *Dienekes*, who's captain, upon hearing that the "number of alien ships would black out the sun" retorted with "Excellent! At least we'll have some shade to fight in." They reached the belt in a standard day and set up their defensive position, some ships using torpedoes to "push" the giant asteroids into "walls". There they waited.

Within hours of setting their defence, blips appeared on the radars of the front line ships. These could only be the probes of the aliens, come to gauge the Imperial numbers and disposition. Grecian ordered that no move be made to hide, nor that the probes should be pursued. He felt that the fleet should stand proud and face the danger head on, and that perhaps, if the aliens knew any sensation like fear, they could be intimidated. Perhaps they did know fear, or perhaps they couldn't comprehend that such a small force would try to stand against them, but for three more days the only contact made was with the alien probes. This was nothing but good news, as every day the Tyranids stayed their attack was a day closer to a defensible Trachis. But it was not to last.

The first major attack was high in numbers but not significantly high in quality. Thousands of mid-sized alien craft swept up the narrow cordon towards the Imperial ships. The command to launch was given and salvo after salvo of torpedoes were fired into the mass of the Hive Fleet, with little return fire. The longer range of the Imperial ordnance was devastating on the Tyranids, whose ships were armed only with shorter ranged bio-weapons, and as they could not bring their weight of numbers to bear in the confines of the asteroids, they died. Time and again the aliens came on, only to be repelled. After about sixteen hours of this, a new wave of enemy ships attacked. These were bigger and more heavily armoured than the previous ships, but again, the torpedoes were a telling factor and the attack eventually faltered. In fact, the whole enemy fleet seemed to withdraw to safer distance and form up. There they waited, dead still, for what seemed an eternity for the humans. Some say the Hive Mind was communicating with the fleet, maybe processing what it had learned of the earlier engagement. I don't think we'll even be able to understand the thought process, if they even think, of these vile creations. Regardless, the renewed attack was even more frenzied, with the same waves of alien craft, but this time with smaller, what looked like boarding craft zooming in with them. These were too small for the Imperial torpedoes to lock on to properly, and many made it through the barrages, only to be cut down by short range but highly powerful weapons batteries of the Navy. This is not to say that proud defenders did not suffer casualties, as they most certainly did. The *Polynikes* was destroyed when its torpedo tubes jammed and the *Decton* was likewise taken down, as were others, but time after time the horde was repelled. For four more days they held, all the while slowly losing ships. But then, disaster...

The *Ephialtes*, a cobra class escort ship, had broken off from its patrol group and sped towards the enemy fleet. It was patrolling one of the other very narrow, winding corridors through the asteroids that were only escort sized. Its accompanying ships hailed it but received only a hissing voice claiming that a cult had taken over the ship and that they would be received by their fathers in the alien horde. This meant only one thing. Members of a foul Genestealer cult had infiltrated the ship's crew and had chosen this moment to take control. This meant that the aliens now knew everything the cult members knew, which meant the Hive Mind almost certainly knew the location of the small, alternate routes and the disposition of the Imperial Fleet. In time it would be a simple move for the aliens to bring their ships through the alternate routes and encircle the humans, bringing their superior numbers to play. As the news reached Grecian, the enemy withdrew again. This was moment of truth.

Grecian hailed the Imperial fleet and relayed the news. He told them that he would not abandon his post and that he was prepared to sacrifice the *Leonidas* to hold the invaders at The Wall. He then ordered the escorts to turn back to Trachis to bolster its defenses, and offered the same to the remaining capital ships.

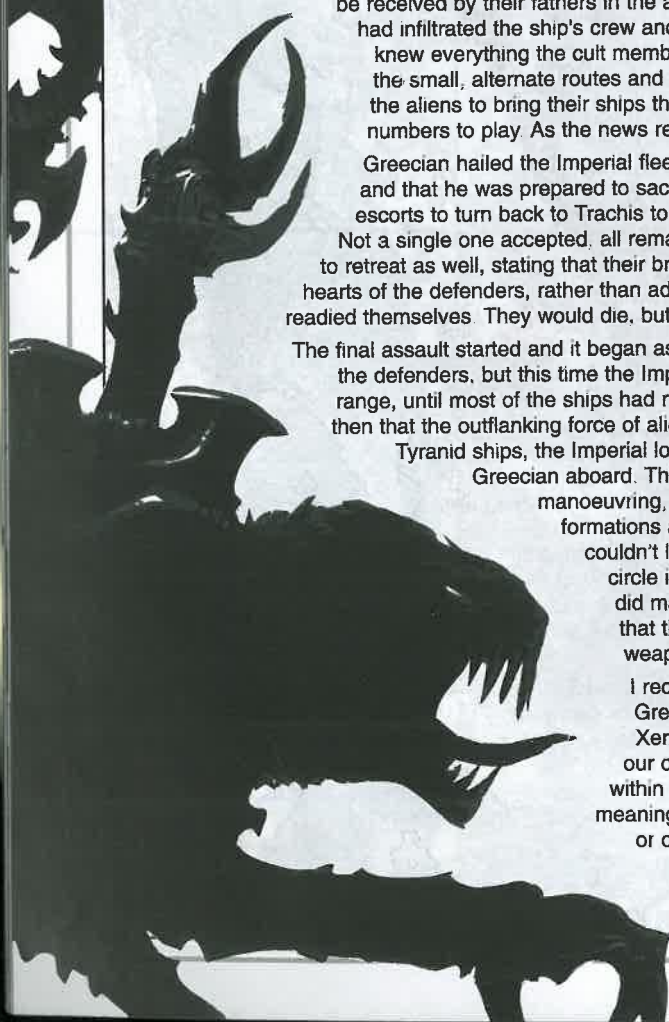
Not a single one accepted, all remaining to face the invaders. Almost a thousand escort ships refused the order to retreat as well, stating that their brave death here would do more for the defence of Trachis by rousing the hearts of the defenders, rather than adding a paltry few weapons batteries. Grecian agreed and the glorious Navy readied themselves. They would die, but so would many more aliens!

The final assault started and it began as all the others had, a veritable tide of living ships throwing themselves at the defenders, but this time the Imperial ships surged forward as well. They fired their torpedoes at point blank range, until most of the ships had run out of ordnance and resorted to lances and weapons batteries. It was then that the outflanking force of aliens arrived. With the weaker rear armour and engines exposed to the faster Tyranid ships, the Imperial losses started to mount, with the *Leonidas* one of the first to be destroyed.

Grecian aboard. This simply drove the defenders on further, with some dangerous manoeuvring, and some captains flying deliberately into the centre of the enemy formations and overloading their ship's reactors, causing horrendous damage. It couldn't last; the horde was too many. Eventually the remaining ships pulled into a circle in the middle of the corridor. Not a single ship had a torpedo onboard, nor did many have working weapons systems, but still they would not flee. So it was that the aliens simply slaughtered the remaining defenders in a shower of bio-weapon fire until not a single Imperial ship remained.

I received this information an hour ago from the Governor's Astropath. All up, Grecian, the *Leonidas* and the rest of the three hundred delayed Hive Fleet Xerxes for eleven days, and their sacrifice has given us time to almost complete our organisation of the planet's defence. The aliens will be here, at Trachis, within a day, but we will stand ready. As for the Farseer's portent, it now has two meanings for me. The first is what everyone thought it to mean, the Emperor's death or ours, but I believe the Emperor Megistias was referring to was the *Leonidas*, the only Emperor class battleship in the Rhion System.

Let's just hope I'm right.



The basis of the **CITIZENS BEWARE!** campaign is as follows - The Rhion System is situated deep in the Ultima Segmentum. There is a large Imperial military force stationed in the system due to the presence of the Malian Gulf, an area of real and warp space interface that has seen periodic incursions from both Ork, Chaos, and Eldar raiders.

The manufactories of Trachis supply many nearby systems with a large number of these technological products, from Leman Russ battle tanks to hydroplastic actuators for lift-hoists. The mines of Phokis provide not only Trachis with raw materials, but the ores mined on the system's first planet are also shipped to nearby systems. The material is often refined on-route in giant refineries towed through space. The third planet, Charada, supplies the crowded populations of Phokis and Thrachis with the foodstuffs necessary to sustain the heavy industry and even heavier Imperial tithe.

Protecting this valuable system are several regiments of Imperial Guard in addition to the vast numbers of

Planetary Defence Force personnel stationed on Phokis and Thrachis. Several companies of Space Marines regularly patrol the system in their mighty Battle Barges. And, as is standard in most civilised systems, and Ecclesiarchal stronghold is present on Trachis.

During the months of March and April we're asking you to join in the conflict that promises to devastate another Imperial system. By playing games of Warhammer 40,000, Epic 40,000, and Battlefleet Gothic you can help decide the fate of a system. Just as with the Armageddon Campaign of last August, **CITIZENS BEWARE!** will draw opportunists from all corners of the galaxy. You can play games in your local Games Workshop store, and many independant stockists will also be running some cool gaming events.

Get down to your nearest store, or club, or mate's place and get gaming. Defend the Rhion System from the Great Devourer, or tear its heart out, you will decide the outcome.

The citizens of Trachis now know fear, they have been warned and are ready to sell their lives dearly!

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 the form as you'll doubtless be playing lots of games!

CITIZENS BEWARE CAMPAIGN RESULTS,
Games Workshop PO Box 176 Ingleburn NSW 1890 AUSTRALIA
Otherwise you can submit the form at your local Games Workshop store.

YOUR DETAILS

Name:

Address:

Email:

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+ ☐

ENEMIES OF THE IMPERIUM

Supreme Commander's name:

Tick all armies that took part:

Tyranids ☐

Orks ☐

Chaos ☐

Dark Eldar ☐

Eldar ☐

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 ☐

Tyrannid victory ☐

Draw ☐



Andy is a bit of a Tyranid fiend, having written the Warhammer 40,000 2nd edition Tyranid Codex, Epic Hive War supplement and co-writing the first ever Warhammer 40,000

Tyranid army list in WD145 with Jervis Johnson. Sharing an office with Mr Johnson didn't help much either as he was responsible for the board games: Advanced Space Crusade (featuring the Tyranids), Tyranid Attack and Doom of the Eldar (Tyranids attack Craftworld Iyanden).

CHAPTER APPROVED

BY ANDY CHAMBERS

With the release of the splendid new Tyranid range, we thought it would be rude not to give Andy Chambers some serious column inches to talk us through his latest brainchild, Codex Tyranids. Furthermore, Jes Goodwin, one of the men behind the new plastic Tyranids, gives us an insight into just how the aliens came to look so fearsome...

HOW I GAVE BIRTH TO A MONSTER...

THE PROBLEM

I suppose it all started off when we were putting together the short army lists for the back of the 3rd edition Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. The army lists had to be quick and simple and allow people with 2nd edition armies to get by until we wrote the proper full Codexes (a distant, hazy plan back then). Each of us in the Games Development pit took armies to champion and Tuomas Pirinen took on the Tyranid list.

Tuomas did a nice job of transferring over the 2nd edition army list although, like all the lists, we had to trim it to fit into a ridiculously small amount of space. Once 3rd edition Warhammer 40,000 came out, the Tyranids fought well and Tyranid armies were a common enough sight at conventions and tournaments. But as time went by something started to bother me about them. It took a fair while for it to permeate through but when I realised what it was I couldn't shake it.

They were all the same.

There were variations on a theme, for certain, and I mean no disrespect to the Tyranid players already out there (greetings hive siblings) but it was at a point where you could pretty much have a check-list of what would be in a Tyranid army. Hormagaunts... check, Hive Tyrant... check, Carnifex... check and so on. The miniatures range was nice enough and I saw plenty of nice colour schemes, but the armies kept coming out the same. But why should this be a problem for a genetically engineered horde of killing machines

anyway? Tyranid armies exist only to fulfil the purpose of slaughtering the opponents of the all-encompassing Tyranid hive mind. It wasn't unreasonable to imagine that they would work like a super-predator with each brood of creatures performing a certain role on the battlefield to complement the gestalt whole.

But I've spent far too long thinking about Tyranids down the years, and a while back I formulated an idea about them which I liked and which seemed to fit in with what Tyranids should be like. It was an idea which encapsulated everything about the Tyranids' nature. Fundamentally the Tyranids are life gone mad, evolution taken to the highest order where it becomes a rampaging, unstoppable behemoth which lives only to replicate itself at any cost, even by stripping entire worlds to their very bedrock with its implacable hunger. The organisms of a race like that would be changing constantly, the chance-made mutations of millions of years reduced down to the semi-conscious manipulation of a few generations.

WHAT'S CHAPTER APPROVED ALL ABOUT?

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

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

Andy Chambers
(Chapter Approved),
Games Workshop,
Willow Road, Lenton,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS, UK

HIVENET

Over the course of working on Codex Tyranids I received a lot of useful feedback over the internet. Particularly invaluable were the Ancient and Honourable Order of Techpriests and a number of other noble turncoats to the Tyranid cause - thanks guys, you really helped (no, really!). Worthy of special mention is a very nice man named Sherman Bishop, who has the most awesome Tyranid-dedicated website I ever did see. Ably assisted by devotees on the Tyranid mailing list (www.egroups.com/group/tyranids), Sherman has assembled a marvellous selection of treatise and reports on Tyranid biology, rules and theories, all cleverly illustrated and enhanced by a wild selection of conversions.

If you're at all interested in Tyranids check out this site!

<http://members.iglou.com/shermanb>

They would take on and absorb the DNA chains and genomes of every living thing they encountered, re-engineering themselves to fulfil every conceivable form and function to supplant native lifeforms from every niche in the natural order.

Given that premise, how likely was it that the Tyranid swarms could show almost infinite variety and mutability? Most of all, how desirable would it be that those capabilities might be placed in the hands of the collector of a Tyranid army so that they could play god and create their own organisms to plague the galaxy?

It was a grand vision, but the problem with good ideas is not coming up with them but turning them into something practical which can then be made a tabletop reality. A question quite a few people ask me is "Where do you get your ideas from?" The truth is that the ideas just come, admittedly at about 12.30 at night just when I'm trying to go to sleep, but good ideas are all too easy to come up with. The real question is "How do you do anything with all those supposedly good ideas?" The answer is that you start by looking at your liabilities. In the case of Tyranids this was:

1. It must be possible for players to design their own creatures.
2. It must be not only possible but practical to make models of a varied selection of player-designed Tyranid creatures.
3. Players' home-spawned monstrosities must be balanced in terms of points cost and capabilities against other armies.
4. Opposing players must be able to tell roughly what those creatures are capable of.
5. Last, but definitely not least, existing armies and miniatures must be accommodated by the new army list.

THE SOLUTION

I felt confident that all of these obstacles could be overcome (hopeless optimism is always a good trait at this stage). What worried me the most was how to make it practical to model a wide range of creatures from what would perforce be a limited range of miniatures.

Fortunately I had a working example to hand in the way that Jes Goodwin's newest plastic Space Marines could be used to make different troop types.

TYRANID HIVE TYRANT

The Hive Tyrant is a large and massively powerful Tyranid creature, the closest thing to a leader of a battlefield swarm yet seen. Like many Tyranids they seem able to mutate rapidly, and several different physical characteristics have been reported. All Hive Tyrants are highly psychic, and their relationship to the hive mind is closer than even that of Tyranid Warriors. Little is known for certain about the complex relationships between these creatures, but some of the Imperial Techno-Magi believe that Hive Tyrants are the consort-minds of the Hive Queen that form the repository of the hive fleet's own collective consciousness. If this is true, the Hive Tyrants embody the hive mind completely, but their destruction does not diminish it in any way.

The Hive Tyrant is an HQ choice.



By having different frames of arms, legs and such, Tactical Marines could be converted to Assault Marines with jump packs, heavy weapon troopers, sergeants and so forth. This got me to thinking that with a range of defined pieces, horns, armour plates, different claws, etc, which had individual game effects (ie, +1 Attack for talons, +1 saving throw for armour plates), you could let players create their own creatures by simply attaching them to different bodies.

In this way you might take, for example, one of the smaller Tyranid creatures called a Termagant and alter it by replacing its bio-weapon with wicked claws to increase its number of Attacks and adding extra armour plates to improve its saving throw. In game terms the creature is now orientated to close combat, its role has been altered to suit the tactics of the player who created it. The model for the new creature can be easily constructed by taking different pieces and attaching them to a Termagant body.

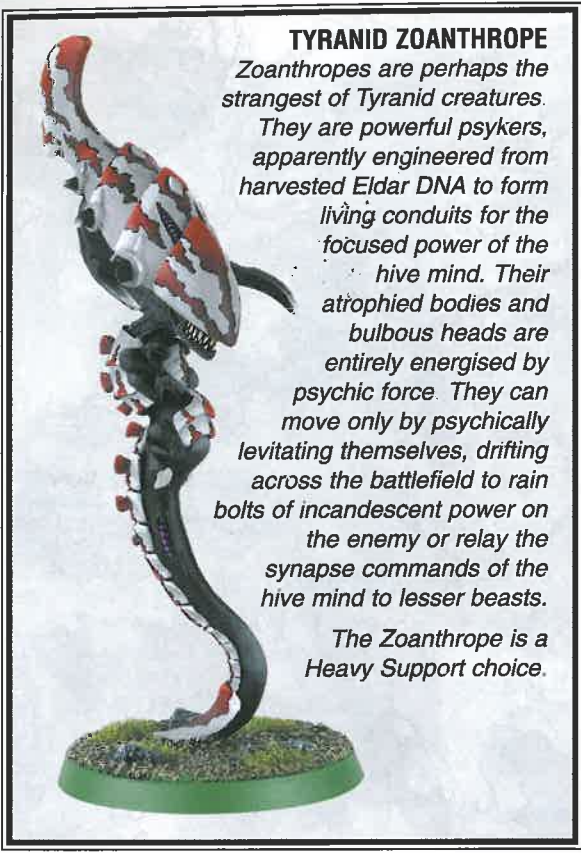
I was happy with this as the core of a really exciting idea, mutable Tyranids! Of course there was then all the niggly details to work through, and the other liabilities to remember, points values, what pieces to do, how to do them,

how many to put on a single frame yadda, yadda, yadda. As fortune would have it, Jes once more came to my rescue by bashing out all sorts of alternative plans until (nine different plans later) we had a workable method for making a good idea into a reality.

With the miniatures in safe hands all I had to do was beaver away at the army list, work out the upgrades (or biomorphs as I decided to call them) and make sure the 'Nid hordes were not too ferocious, not too squidgy and, most of all, not too predictable.

MUTABLE CREATURES AND BIOMORPHS

In order to keep some semblance of sanity I had to limit which Tyranid creatures could be altered using the biomorphs system, and I called these the Mutable species: Hive Tyrants, Tyranid Warriors, Carnifexes, Ripper Swarms and 'Gaunts' – root creatures that Termagants, Hormagaunts and Gargoyles were already derived from. All other creatures in the Tyranid army list, like the infiltrating Lictors and Genestealers, and the living artillery pieces like Biovores and Zoanthropes, I termed Genofixed creatures. These creatures are effectively specialised mutations which cannot be altered as greatly as mutable ones.



TYRANID ZOANTHROPE

Zoanthropes are perhaps the strangest of Tyranid creatures. They are powerful psykers, apparently engineered from harvested Eldar DNA to form living conduits for the focused power of the hive mind. Their atrophied bodies and bulbous heads are entirely energised by psychic force. They can move only by psychically levitating themselves, drifting across the battlefield to rain bolts of incandescent power on the enemy or relay the synapse commands of the hive mind to lesser beasts.

The Zoanthrope is a Heavy Support choice.

Creatures are altered by their bio-weapons (more on them in a minute) and biomorphs: visible additions to creatures in the form of toxin sacs, adrenal glands, armour plates and so on. It's even possible for mutable creatures to take on traits such as flying or leaping, although some heavy conversion work may be required! However, the Tyranid plastic frames do yield a wealth of pieces for doing biomorph work as can be seen below and over the page.

So, with the Tyranid army list it's possible to either simply choose the most standard creatures straight off the list, albeit with a few minor modifications or, alternatively, ardent fans of geno-manipulation can

experiment with all kinds of varied creatures of their own creation.

WEAPON SYMBIOTES AND MUTANTS

One of the first things I did when I cast an eye over the Tyranid bio-weapons (inventing weapons is always fun!) was to think about how to make them feel different to the guns of other races. The idea of mutability was fresh in my mind and I wanted to allow different creatures to carry a wide variety of different weapon biomorphs or symbiotes. Gone would be the days of Carnifexes armed only with big claws; they should be able to use venom cannons, or barbed stranglers (big Tyranid bio-weapons) just like a Hive Tyrant could, and the Hive Tyrant should be able to have big claws too. The

problem with this came when you could give the biggest weapons to the smallest creatures, making them disproportionately deadly in relation to their lesser value.

To avoid this pitfall I hit on the idea of linking the characteristic profiles of the creatures wielding the weapons to the characteristics of the weapon. For example, a Termagant using a venom cannon fires a weaker shot than a Carnifex does – these weapons are genespliced into their wielders after all. Equally, both creatures would fire a weaker shot again if they were using a fleshborer (small Tyranid bio-weapon) instead, but the Carnifex would still hit harder than the Termagant.

This still didn't mean that you necessarily want to have broods of 32 Termagants running around with venom cannons or barbed stranglers, but one or two could add some interesting variation into a brood, opening new possibilities. To account for these odd little variations I came up with a rule for incorporating Tyranid 'mutants' – creatures with unusual bio-weapons, acid blood, excessive size, ferocity and so on.

NEW BEASTIES

As well as a superb revamp of all the old Tyranid favourites, we got to add some new nasties in too. One of the major reshuffles I made to the Tyranid army list was to take the fleet footed Hormagaunts out of being a Fast Attack choice on the force organisation chart and put them into the Troops section. This left the Tyranids with a grand total of one Fast Attack choice available – Gargoyles. While I did tinker with Gargoyles a little to make them a bit nastier (bio-plasma attack in close combat), we also came up with Raveners – snake bodied monstrosities about equal in power to Tyranid Warriors but really fast.

A lot of players were keen to be able to give Hive Tyrants the option of a bodyguard unit, so we designed specialised Tyrant Guard. These enhanced Tyranid warriors are heavily modified and armoured to make them just as tough as the Tyrant they guard, making the Hive Tyrant and its bodyguard a formidable opponent for just about anything.

We've also done a variety of different Spore Mines (drifting Tyranid bio-bombs), diversifying them out into bio-acid, explosive and poison types. Looking at the way that Biovores and Spore Mines had operated in the shorter rulebook list made me realise that they were just like Space Marine

BIOMORPHS



ADRENAL GLANDS

These biomorphs boost the creature's reaction time, adding +1 to its Weapon Skill and +1 to its Initiative.

BIOWEAPON: SPINEFISTS

This symbiote weapon-creature launches diamond-hard spines coated in toxins.

Range: 12" **Str:** As Creature **AP:** 6 **Type:** Assault 2X

EXTENDED CARAPACE

This biomorph hardens and extends armour, adding +1 to the save of the creature, so that a 6+ save becomes a 5+ save, etc.



Whirlwind rocket artillery with the added bonus that their missed shots drifted around a bit. I wanted the Spore Mines to have a more insidious feel, drifting around slowly, hunting down targets, their rudimentary instincts being attracted to weapons fire and movement, potentially forcing people to freeze to avoid one drifting towards them. Though not the uber-weapons they once were, they now give the Tyranid army an extra menacing dimension of pregnant peril.

THE BIG PICTURE

I also did a fair amount of alteration to the existing creatures in the army list, although where possible I've tried to keep their characteristics consistent with their rulebook incarnations. Some of these were quite substantial, for example all 'Gaunt' based creatures have the *fleet of foot* (or wing or claw) ability that lets them move an extra D6" in the Shooting phase if they don't attack with ranged bio-weapons. I took away the 5+ invulnerable saving throws which Carnifexes and Hive Tyrants had previously had and replaced them with a 3+ armour save so that these behemoths of destruction could be spared the indignities of being riddled with lasgun and bolter fire.

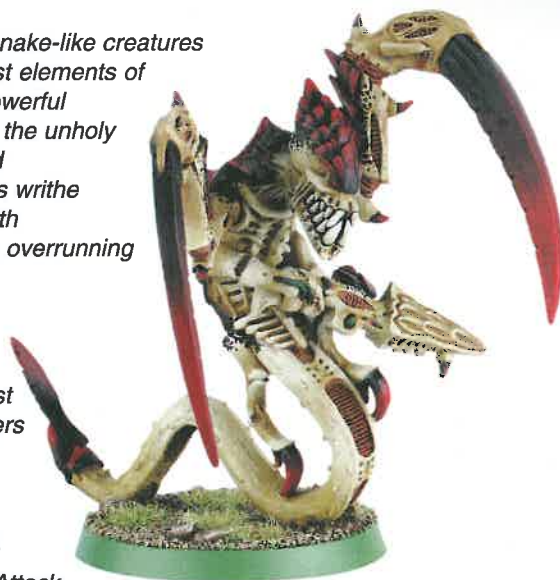
I also put in place a variety of hive mind powers such as *Catalyst*, *Psychic Scream* and *Warp Field* in addition to the old favourites of *Warp Blast* and *The Horror*. This enables the powerfully psychic Hive Tyrants and Zoanthropes to be used for a variety of roles by giving them different hive mind powers.

The most sweeping changes have been to the overall army special rules. The *Synapse Creature* hive mind power now overcomes not only Morale checks but Pinning tests as well, making Tyranids close to synapse creatures utterly fearless. For

TYRANID RAVENER

Raveners are twisted, snake-like creatures which combine the worst elements of the Tyranid Warriors' powerful symbiote weapons with the unholy speed of Gargoyles and Hormagaunts. Raveners writhe across the battlefield with frightening speed, often overrunning positions before the defender can fire more than a single volley. While they bear a resemblance to the most common forms of Rippers and the giant Tyranid organisms known as Trygons, the origins of Raveners are unknown.

The Ravener is a Fast Attack choice.



Tyranid organisms beyond the immediate reach of the hive mind I've included rules for instinctive behaviour, unpredictable responses to casualties and bombardment which may make them run into cover or even charge towards the enemy in snarling, spitting fury. Probably one of the most controversial changes will be that I have specifically allowed opposing forces to target Tyranid creatures freely, without worrying about other broods blocking their line of fire. This came about as some particularly exploitative tactics with Tyranids saw them using ultra-cheap, smallish troops to shield things twenty times their mass from enemy firing. By forcing the enemy to always fire at the least dangerous things, their doom was assured and victory after very boring victory for the Tyranids was also assured. It's now up to Tyranid players to overrun their enemies honestly, by piling in so many nasty,

dangerous critters that he simply doesn't know which ones to shoot first.

CONCLUSION

I've already rambled on for ages, and there's many I haven't even mentioned yet. It's definitely worth getting a plug in for the truly awesome miniatures, and the great art that has been created for the Codex. I can't praise them enough, but you can see some of the results in this article, so I think they speak for themselves far more succinctly than my drooling ever can. I've convinced myself to collect a Tyranid army, mostly Warriors and Carnifexes, I think, but there's such a selection even among those...

Bring me the
geno splicer,
warm up the
vats, I'm
going in.

BIOWEAPON: SCYTHING TALONS

These biomorphs elongate the Tyranid's arms into vicious claws, adding +1 Attack to the creature's profile.



IMPLANT ATTACKS

Models that suffer an unsaved wound from a Tyranid with an Implant Attack take two wounds instead of one.

TOXIN SACS

These biomorphs allow the Tyranid to strike with a virulent poison, adding +1 to its Strength.





Jes Goodwin is one of the Studio's most established Miniatures Designers, and led the new Tyranid plastics project, ably assisted by Mark Bedford, Juan Diaz and Colin Grayson.

Jes: When we were designing the new Tyranids, we wanted to turn the range from a bunch of interesting models into a range that looked like a race. Because a lot of the models that we had already designed had different textures, different limb layouts and a lot of different styles, when put together they didn't look like part of the army as a whole. The other thing about the old Tyranids was that there were a lot of small creatures, a lot of big creatures and nothing in between. As a result they just didn't seem to grade or gel. What we wanted was more of a scaling, a progression, which meant some of the models had to change size considerably. Termagants have got bigger, Hormagaunts have got a little smaller, and Warriors have got slightly shorter but a lot broader. They're meant to

hold that middle ground, so that your Genestealer sits somewhere in between a Termagant's size and a Warrior's. There are other relationships we wanted to build up, so that if you put one of the Termagants next to a Tyranid Warrior, it would look like a warrior with a hunting dog, for example.

Another thing we wanted to do was to get the design right down to just two frames, one to do all the Gaunts and one to do all the Warriors. Rather than do two large frames, however, we wanted to cut it down so that we had a couple of frames that were comprised of additional parts which you could use on different sorts of models. We went through twelve different plans of how to spread things across the frames so that we could achieve all the different variations for different troop types.

WHAT'S IN THE BOXES

There are actually two different Gaunt frames; the Hormagaunt frame, which has the bodies leaping forward and a selection of close combat weapons, and the Termagants, which are running and holding guns. Also provided in the box is the small biomorphs frame, giving you a load of accessories you can add to your Gaunts to customise them. In the Tyranid Warriors boxed set, you've got three Tyranid Warrior frames, and each makes up into one complete Warrior. The set not only comes with a biomorphs frame, but it also comes with a large arms frame, including several ranged bio-weapons. This separate frame allows us to put bits of

plastic kit into the metal boxed sets, to keep them lighter and cheaper.

Added to this, you get a little bit of a bonus as there is a Ripper on each one of these frames. What that means is that as you buy these boxed sets, you build up bases of Rippers as well, and they are a really nice feature of the

Tyranid army. Whereas you used to have to spend a lot of money on the metal Rippers so that you could have enough to field several bases of them, now they accumulate as you buy the main elements of the Tyranid army.

What we worked out is that if you buy the two basic boxed sets, you will already have enough for a small force. For instance, say the first boxed set you buy contains Gaunts, the kit will give you a unit of eight Hormagaunts, a unit of eight Termagants, and one Ripper Swarm. Your Tyranid Warriors box gives you enough for a unit of three Tyranid Warriors, plus another Ripper Swarm. If you only buy those two boxes, you effectively get three different units and the majority of a third, amounting to quite a lot of points. That's just gluing them together the basic way. If you want to add any of the biomorphs and large weapons you can make a lot more than that. Even though you can get a lot out of just sticking things together, you can get an awful lot more by converting them.

We've numbered all the parts on all the frames, so that if we do conversion articles we can actually list which parts we've used and where we got them from.

MORPHISM

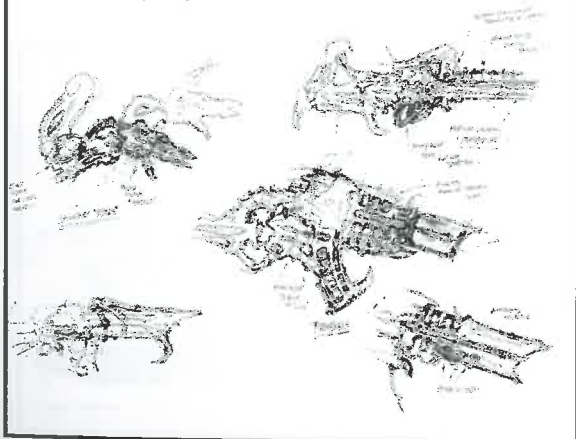
As to the shape, we worked out a brief to begin with. The old Tyranids used lots and lots of different textures, and we wanted to make that far simpler. We also wanted to put some rules in about how they were mutating, and what constituted a standard Tyranid.

All Tyranids have six legs, even though some of them might be



Hormagaunt with a Hive Node mutation. This conversion was simple; a head swap with a Tyranid Warrior.

Concept sketches for Tyranid weaponry.



Concept work on the Tyranid Warriors



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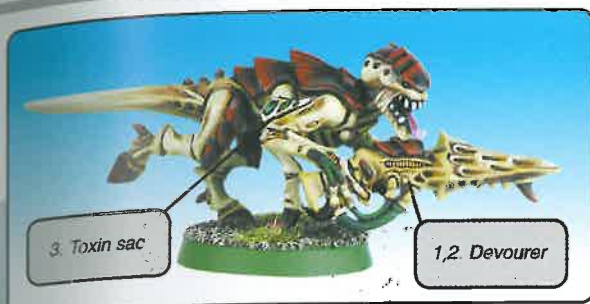
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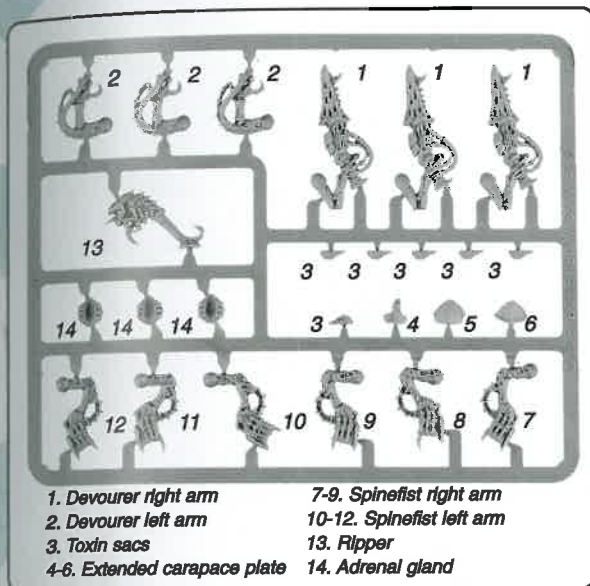
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Tyranid
Warriors



Gaunt with devourer and toxin sacs



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|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Devourer right arm | 7-9. Spinefist right arm |
| 2. Devourer left arm | 10-12. Spinefist left arm |
| 3. Toxin sacs | 13. Ripper |
| 4-6. Extended carapace plate | 14. Adrenal gland |

atrophied, such as with the Zoanthrope and the Gargoyles. They've all got tails (again, some of them may be atrophied) and they all have five plates on top of their heads. These vary – some of them grow out into big crests, as with the Hive Tyrants etc, but in the case of Termagants and Hormagaunts they just form a bony ridge. If we come back to do the Genestealer again, we'll put five bumps underneath the skin of the forehead. If we do revisit

reaped from Space Marine gene-seed. What we wanted was to get some subtle stuff in there, that made the Tyranids feel as if they had incorporated other races. If you look at the range as a whole, they work in that way.

PAINTING THE SWARM

When we painted Tyranid armies in lots of different colours, it never worked very well. One of the best Tyranid armies we have done was the one Ben Jefferson did, which used a very limited palette of black, blue and purple, and it literally looked like a big carpet of monsters. If you paint your army in a similar manner, you get that sort of 'horde' feel.

The actual Codex has loads of colour schemes in it, but with the

these I'd like to see them done as a combination of human beings and Termagants. Effectively a Genestealer is a Gaunt/Human hybrid.

There are other models in the range that have genetic material from other races. When we talked about the Biovores, we thought it was a bit weird that they looked so big and chunky and they fire spores, so what could that suggest? We made it so that it looked like Biovores incorporated Ork genetic material. And with the Zoanthrope, it was the suggestion of the Eldar genes that gave it its characteristic shape, fitting nicely with its psychic abilities. It's even rumoured that the Tyrant Guard were



The interface on the venom cannon.

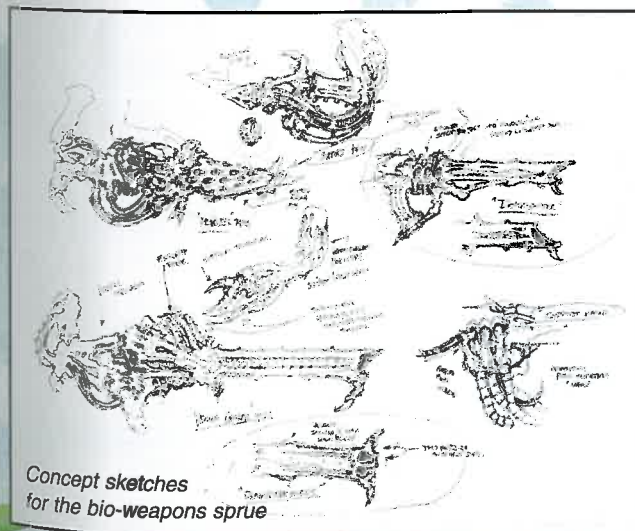
Tyranids you can effectively do what you want. We didn't want to limit anybody or to say you had to paint them in a particular way. If you really want a quick army with the Tyranids, you can just spray them black, paint them with gloss varnish and maybe put some red markings on the back, such as black widow spiders have, for example. Or you can aim for the albino army, or an army entirely done in glossy red. It can be that simple.

BIO-WEAPONS

Originally, part of the brief was that the guns were to be part of the limbs. When we looked at that and got some drawings together, the trouble was that they just didn't look like weapons, they just looked like extended limbs, which wasn't good enough. In the end we went for a trickier solution, but one that I think we pulled off, which was to actually make the guns half part of the arms and half not. If you look at some of the elements of the guns it looks like they're holding them, but if you turn them over it looks like the fingers actually grow through the weapons themselves, and the ammunition feeds run back into the body. For example, you've got the heavy weapons such as the Devourer, and where the arm plugs into the side there's actually no hand there, it's just a plug socket. We theorised that the Tyranids actually have an incredibly high metabolism, they put out a lot of heat, so they steam. You can imagine their twitching arms as they produce ammunition for their bio-weapons.

We tried to think of it in quite nasty, cinematic terms. In the end I think we achieved what we set out to do, and the result was a race that not only looks far better on the battlefield but also allows you to build your own alien species and mutations with ease.

So what are you waiting for?



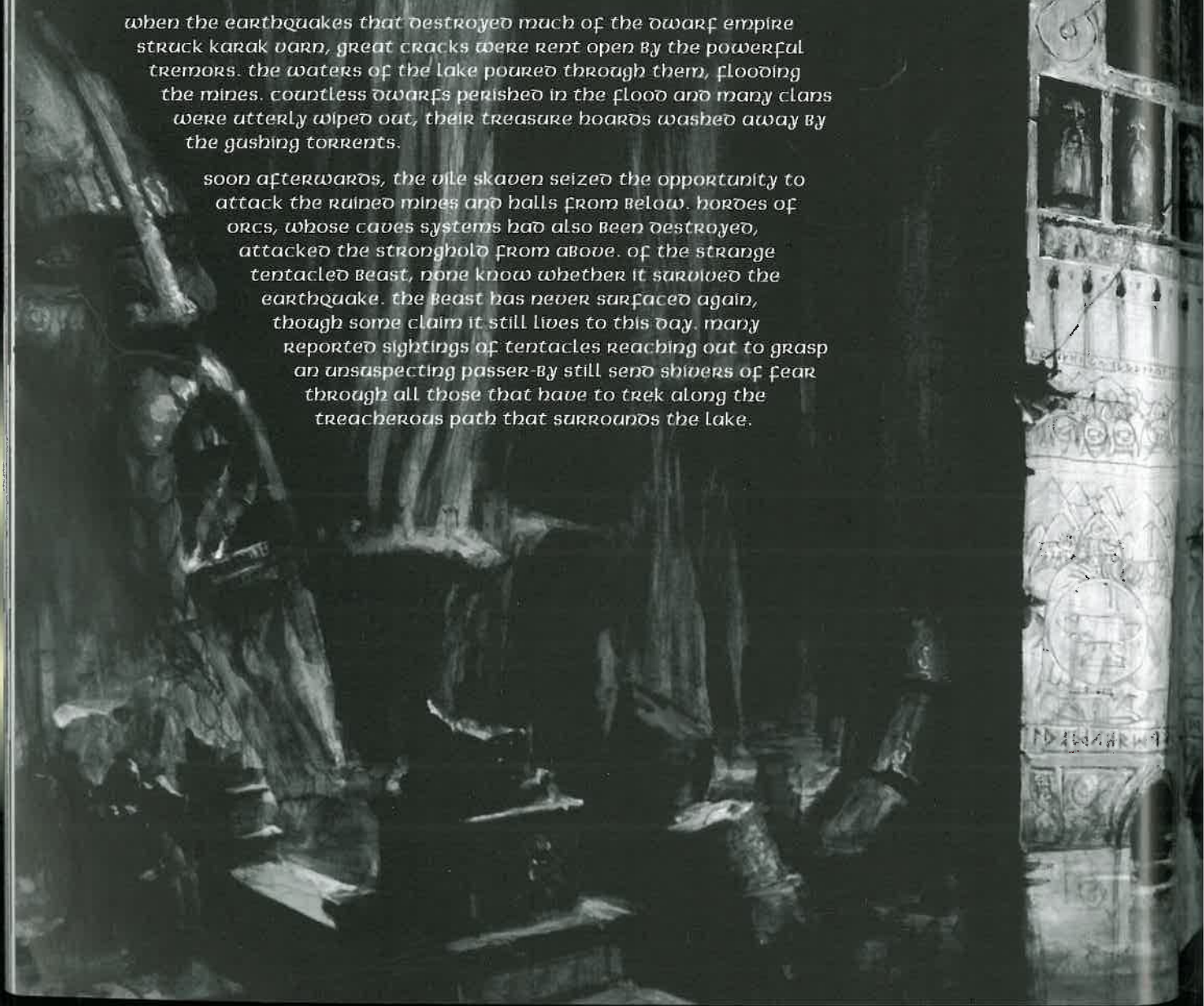
Concept sketches for the bio-weapons sprue

In ancient times, long before even the earliest dwarf records, a vast meteor struck the world, gouging a huge crater, the meteor broke up and scattered chunks of valuable meteoric ore across the surrounding area. over the following centuries, melt water from the surrounding mountains slowly filled the crater. when dwarf scouting expeditions discovered the lake they named it varn darak, meaning lake of the hard stone. the dwarfs discovered that the meteoric iron had strong properties and could be used to forge the hardest weapons and armour. over the subsequent years a small settlement grew and prospered until, one year, the deep mines that the dwarfs had built disturbed a monstrous beast. the beast, enraged at being woken from its centuries long slumber, surfaced to investigate. it is recorded that hundreds of dwarfs were dragged into the lake to drown as they fended off the attack of the many-tentacled creature. the dwarfs were determined to stay even after the discovery of such a monster on their doorstep. they quickly built a stronghold whose walls faced the lake. the lake was renamed varn drazh or black water after the tragic incident.

over the years the dwarfs made good use of the torrents of melt water that rushed down through the mountains into the pools. they constructed huge water wheels and used them to power the drop hammers in their hot forges. the tunnels honeycombed the mountain and many of the clans discovered large deposits of the special iron deep beneath the lake itself. digging their mines deeper and deeper beneath the waters of the lake, little did the dwarfs know they were sealing their doom.

when the earthquakes that destroyed much of the dwarf empire struck karak varn, great cracks were rent open by the powerful tremors. the waters of the lake poured through them, flooding the mines. countless dwarfs perished in the flood and many clans were utterly wiped out, their treasure hoards washed away by the gushing torrents.

soon afterwards, the vile skaven seized the opportunity to attack the ruined mines and halls from below. hordes of orcs, whose caves systems had also been destroyed, attacked the stronghold from above. of the strange tentacled beast, none know whether it survived the earthquake. the beast has never surfaced again, though some claim it still lives to this day. many reported sightings of tentacles reaching out to grasp an unsuspecting passer-by still send shivers of fear through all those that have to trek along the treacherous path that surrounds the lake.





THE BATTLE OF BLACK WATER PASS

By Space McQuirk



Durgrim swung his stout legs upwards and crashed his heavy, iron-capped boots onto the top of the thick oak table. Sitting back in his chair he put a match to his ornately carved pipe. The barmaid cast him a disapproving glance but knew better than to scold him. Had any of the younger Dwarfs in the dimly lit tavern dared to do the same they would have been thrown from the premises, but Durgrim Redmane was a valued customer and his tales would draw quite a crowd.

"'Twas a good fight by all accounts, not like the little scuffles that you young 'uns call battles. The kinfolk of Karak Eight Peaks defended the gate to a man. That were in the days when the Dwarfs didn't know the meaning of retreat. A warrior would rather die in combat than return home in defeat. They'd have seen off the attack of those vile Greenskins were it not for their evil magics. 'Tis said that the gods of the Orcs themselves appeared to help the puny Goblins, but I reckon that's more rumour and superstition than truth." Taking a deep draw on his pipe he billowed out a thick cloud of smoke.

"Mind you, they should have been prepared for such treachery. The Orcs and Grobi have always sneaked and skulked about. They prefer to hide and ambush than face us Dwarfs in an open fight, just look at the Battle of Black Water. Have I ever told thee about my great-great-great-great grandfather Kadrin Redmane? You'll have heard his name before, no doubtin'..."

Karak Varn was once a prosperous centre for Dwarf mining. The stronghold which is now known as Crag Mere was hewn out of the cliffs overlooking Black Water. The mountains around the hold were loaded with strata of unique and extremely precious minerals including the highly prized meteoric iron which the Dwarfs call gromril. Clans arrived at Karak Varn and laid claim to sections of the mountain, where they would tunnel deep in search of the increasingly rare metal. The tunnels honeycombed the mountain and many of the clans discovered large deposits of the special iron deep beneath the lake itself. Digging their mines deeper and deeper beneath the waters of the lake, little did the Dwarfs know they were sealing their doom.

A series of great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions caused the tunnels and passages to collapse. To further add to the disaster, the waters of the lake flooded into the lower halls drowning many Dwarfs. The few Dwarfs who survived were then attacked by Orcs who had been forced out of their cave systems by the great upheaval that struck the land. Outnumbered and weakened by famine and disease, only a handful of Dwarfs escaped with their lives.

Unbeknown to the Dwarfs, the very same earthquakes that had destroyed the wealthy stronghold revealed new seams of the precious ore. In the Imperial calendar year -1185 a mining expedition working in the ruins of Karak Varn discovered a particularly rich vein of gromril. Upon its discovery, Runesmith Kadrin Redmane, leader of the expedition, petitioned the High King to fund a full scale operation. Rumours of hidden treasure quickly spread throughout the Dwarf realms and so began what became known as the Great Gromril Rush. Hundreds of miners flocked to the old stronghold and over the following years began to dig great fortunes of the precious metal.

By -1136 the mines were beginning to dry up and Kadrin Redmane decided it was time to return to his home in



SS Karaz-a-Karak. He would depart with one last shipment of ore and escort it back himself. Leaving the artillery at the Hold for the protection of the few brave Dwarfs who decided to settle in the ruined, abandoned halls of Karak Varn, he set off on the long journey home. The prospectors loaded their ore onto a large wagon, gathered their few possessions and set off for the great Dwarf capital.

The Dwarf wagon and its escort followed the ancient road down through a pass to the shores of Black Water. Many of the Dwarfs kept close watch on the still waters of the lake lest the beast of legend that dwelled there should choose this moment to resurface. But it was no monster that watched the Dwarfs' slow progress through the treacherous route. A small band of Orcs returning to their caves spotted the party. Relishing the opportunity to kill some Stunties and steal their mysterious load, the Orcs hurriedly gathered together the rest of their tribe. As the precious ore reached the shores of Black Water, the Dwarf convoy was ambushed. Boulders lobbed from high up on the mountainside landed square in the midst of the Dwarfs. Clouds of deadly arrows rained down upon the convoy. With a menacing cry the Orcs surged down the mountain to steal the cargo. Without any of the mighty Dwarf cannons to fear, the Orcs attacked with a savage ferocity. But they had not counted on the skills of Kadrin Redmane and the Dwarf tenacity in clinging on to their hard-earned ore.

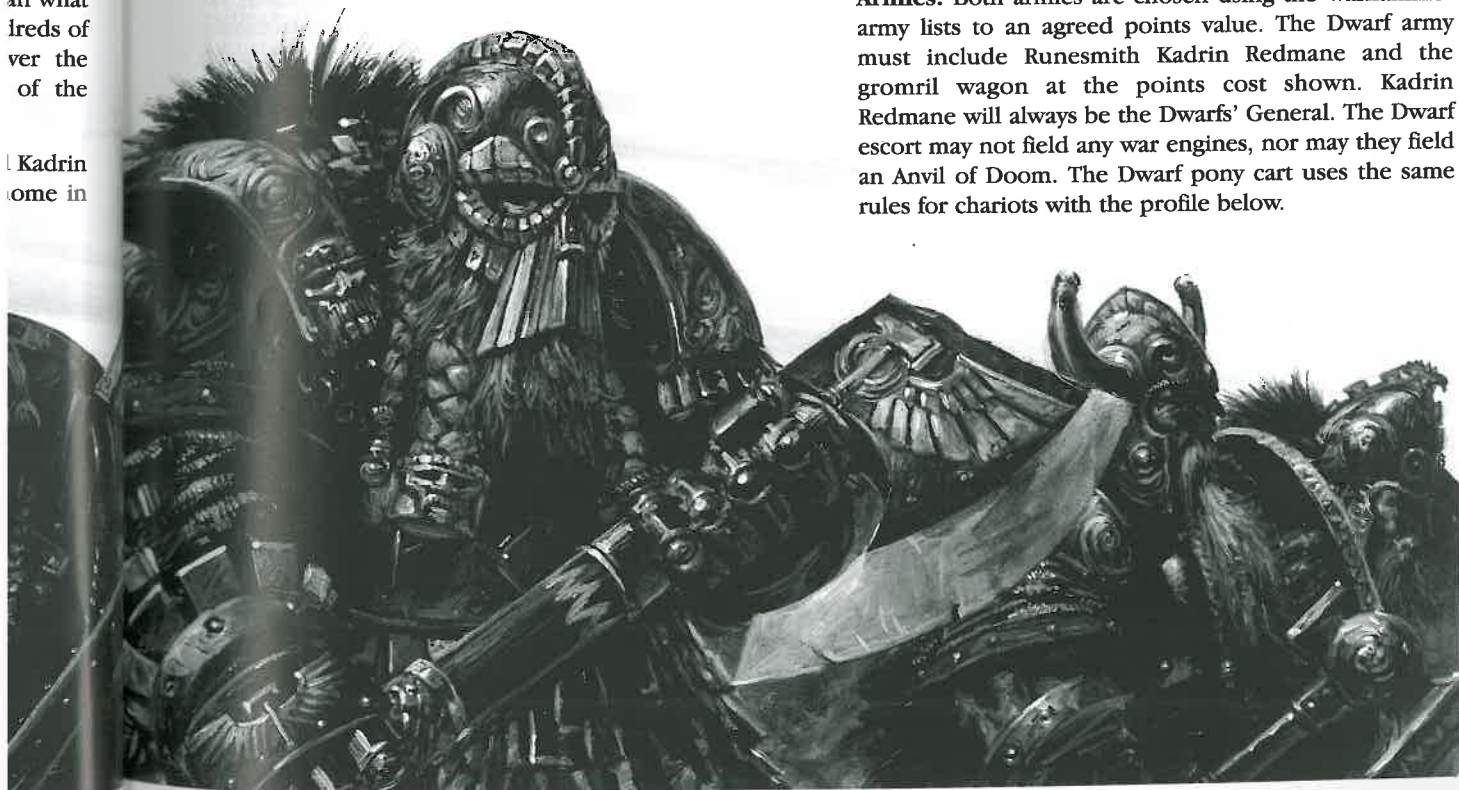
Kadrin Redmane was an experienced fighter and quickly organised the Dwarf defence. He knew that if he wanted to protect the ore that the miners had spent over a year collecting then he would have to give the wagon time to escape. The wagon's only chance would be if he could prevent the Orcs from reaching it whilst it was slowed

down by the boggy lakeside path. If the Dwarfs could somehow withstand the Orc attack then at least it would reach the main road and hopefully be able to distance itself from the Orc raiders. Gathering the Dwarf escort around the wagon he fought a rearguard action. His warriors bore the brunt of the Orc assault and a vicious fight ensued. Wave after wave of attackers crashed against the Dwarfs' solid defensive line. One by one the Dwarfs fell, selling their lives dearly. It was not long before Kadrin stood alone on a vast mound of Greenskin and Dwarf bodies. As he saw the wagon disappear safely into the distance he turned to face the Orc horde. With his long, red beard matted together and his tunic soaked and stained red with the blood of those slain, Kadrin looked a fearsome sight. Swinging his hammer above his head he raised his shield high and charged into the midst of the Orc force. As he disappeared into the centre of a group of huge Orcs the rest of the horde broke and fled in fear of this awesome fighter. At the end of the battle Kadrin Redmane lay mortally wounded by the side of the lake, his last act having been to throw his hammer into the waters lest the Orcs return to claim it. It is said that when his body was recovered, a pile of thirty six Orcs lay dead around him. At the command of the High King, Kadrin's broken body was brought back to Karaz-a-Karak where it was laid to rest in a vault beneath the Great Hall.

ESCORT

Overview: In this scenario one force is attempting to escort a valuable cargo across the battlefield. The other force must intercept the cargo, destroying its escort in order to steal away with the precious ore.

Armies: Both armies are chosen using the Warhammer army lists to an agreed points value. The Dwarf army must include Runesmith Kadrin Redmane and the gromril wagon at the points cost shown. Kadrin Redmane will always be the Dwarfs' General. The Dwarf escort may not field any war engines, nor may they field an Anvil of Doom. The Dwarf pony cart uses the same rules for chariots with the profile below.



Battlefield: The terrain may be laid out in an agreeable manner as long as there is a clear, straight route from the Dwarf deployment zone to the other side of the table along which the wagon may travel.

DEPLOYMENT

1. Before any deployment, the Dwarf player must write an Order of March to show where in the wagon convoy each unit is. Do not include Characters in the Order of March.

2. Both players must then roll a D6 to see who starts deploying first.

3. The players take it in turns to deploy. The Dwarf player must start with the unit at the top of his Order of March list, working down. Each subsequent unit must be deployed closer to one of the narrow table edges than all the previous Dwarf units – in effect, the army deploys outwards from the first unit.

4. Champions are deployed with their unit. All other characters are deployed after all other units in the army, each player deploying their characters all at the same time. Characters may start the battle within units if they wish.

5. The Dwarf units must be deployed at least 12" from the enemy deployment edges and up to 12" from the Dwarfs' own table edge.

6. The Orcs deploy within the deployment zones shown. They may be split between the two zones, or all in one.

7. Scouting units are not deployed with the rest of the units. Instead they are placed on the table after all units in both armies have been deployed, as described in the rules for Scouts.

Who goes first? Both players roll a dice, the player with the highest score may choose whether to go first or second (re-roll ties).

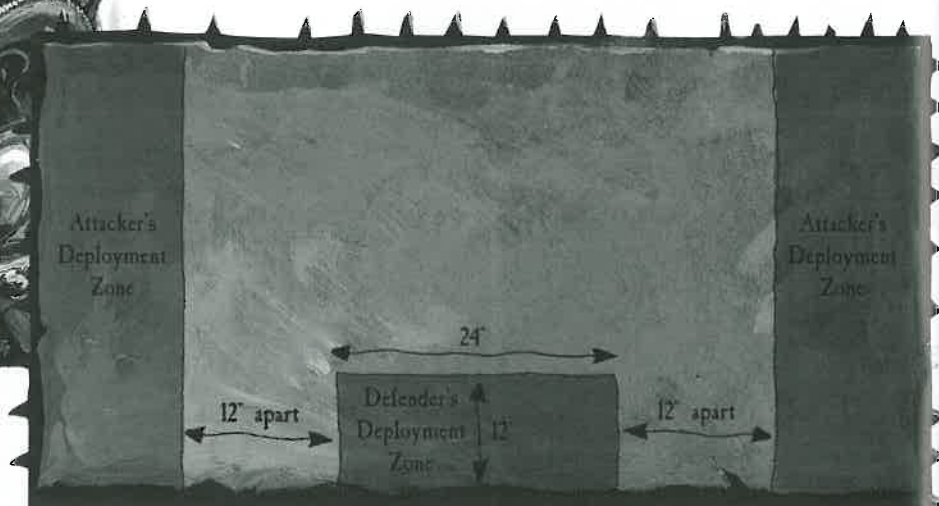
Length of game: The game lasts for six turns.

Victory conditions: The standard Victory point conditions are used to determine the winner, with the following additions. If the Dwarf player manages to move his wagon off the far table edge then he gains an additional 500 points. If the Orcs manage to destroy the wagon then they gain an additional 250 points. If the wagon is still in the possession of the Dwarfs at the end of the battle but remains on the table then neither side gains any additional Victory points.

Neither side may claim Victory points for table quarters.

TACTICS

In order to achieve his mission, the Dwarf player will have to think very carefully about his Order of March. He should take into account the fact that the Dwarfs cannot keep up with the wagon to protect it but, at the same time, if the wagon trundles along at Dwarf pace then it will not reach the far end of the table. The Dwarfs have a distinct advantage in that they are *relentless*. They should use this new rule to take full advantage of the fact that the Orcs will be powerless to prevent them from marching alongside the wagon.



THE GROMRIL WAGON

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wagon	-	-	-	4	5	4	-	-	-
Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9
Mule	8	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-

Points: 50

Special Rules

The wagon is treated as a chariot in all respects.

The wagon has two crewmen both armed with crossbows

The wagon is pulled by two mules.

If you don't have a suitable model to represent the wagon then you can use another model such as a chariot instead.

The Orcs will have to plan their attack carefully. In order to achieve their objective, they will have to concentrate some of their force solely on attacking the wagon. This will take valuable points away from the part of the army which could be attacking the Dwarfs. Plus, with the infamous Orc Animosity, no plan can ever be considered foolproof.

THEMED SCENARIOS

Creating your own themed scenarios is not as difficult as you may think. With a little inspiration, and by following the general structure of the other scenarios, you'll find that before long you have a wide number of entertaining battles to play. As a general rule it is best to stick to the format of the other scenarios in the book, but the most important factor is that your scenario is fun to play. You can often find sources of great inspiration for battles from the Army books. You may, for example, decide that the fall of Karak Azul would make a great battle. In this scenario the Dwarfs must defend their King from attack on all sides. A small group of Dwarf Hammerers must valiantly defend the King for a predetermined number of turns before the Dwarf reinforcements arrive. Alternatively you could recreate one of the epic struggles fought in the Undgrin, the Dwarf highway that stretches the length of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Plenty of rubble and difficult terrain spread over the battlefield will mean that large solid blocks of troops will find this battle difficult to manoeuvre into positions. Of course not everyone plays with a Dwarf army. (*Although why people play with anything else is beyond me! - Fat Bloke*). You could easily substitute the Dwarfs or the Orcs for any other force. The gromril wagon could become a rare shipment of superior quality black powder which the Empire soldiers must protect. The vast scope of scenarios is only limited by your own imagination, so instead of fighting the usual pitched battle for your next game, try something new. Your games will most definitely benefit for it.

KADRIN REDMANE

The Redmane clan can trace its roots back to when Dwarf records first began, and Kadrin Redmane is undoubtedly the most famous Dwarf of this prestigious line. He first made his name as a great warrior at the Battle of Three Towers, during the War of the Beard. As the Dwarf army of Gotrek Starbreaker crushed that of the High Elf Phoenix King Caledor II, Kadrin Redmane's valour and skills caught the attentions of an ancient Runesmith. He took Redmane as his apprentice and began to teach him the long and arduous process of forging Dwarf runes. Over the following centuries, Kadrin's natural talent surprised and even surpassed that of his master and so it was that he became Runelord of Karak Varn. He presided as Lord of the Hold during a rare time of peace and prosperity for the Dwarfs. Kadrin retained his position as Runelord of Karak Varn until the Worlds Edge Mountains were struck by cataclysmic earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Many of his clan died as Karak Varn was reduced to rubble. The Dwarfs call this period of history the Time of Woes. Kadrin barely escaped with his own life. He and the few remaining survivors sought safety in the great halls of Karaz-a-Karak, where he made his new home, teaching other Dwarfs the secret arts of the Runesmith. It is during this time that he created the Shield of Stone and his mighty warhammer. In the year -1185 he returned to Karak Varn in search of some of the valuable family heirlooms and artefacts that had been lost in the earthquake. It was during one of these expeditions that he discovered the rich veins of gromril which the quake had opened up.

KADRIN REDMANE

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kadrin	3	6	4	4	5	3	3	2	10

Points: 215

Weapons: Hammer of Ages, Dwarf handgun

Armour: Gromril armour, Shield of Stone

Special Rules: *Stubborn*. Adds one dice to the Dispel pool.

MAGIC ITEMS

Hammer of Ages

The Hammer of Ages is inscribed with an ancient family rune. Kadrin Redmane was the only Dwarf with the knowledge of how to create this rune.

Models that are hit with this hammer must take a Leadership test for each hit suffered. If failed, the Hammer automatically wounds with no Armour save allowed. If the test is passed, roll to wound and take armour saves as usual.

Shield of Stone

The Shield of Stone is made of the purest gromril mined from the pits in Karak Varn. Redmane forged the shield himself, inscribing it with mighty runes of protection.

The Shield of Stone confers a 2+ Ward save against any missile attacks (including magic missiles).

Last issue we showed you some of the winning entries from the Golden Demon 2000 Painting Awards, and we suspect you were drooling for quite a while (or planning your entry for this year). Well, we've returned with "the rest of photos" in this, our second instalment of our look at Golden Demon 2000!

DEMON WINNERS

PART TWO OF OUR LOOK AT THE BEST PAINTERS!



Left: Mark Jameson (on the left, pictured here with Paul Manly) made the Slayer Sword!

Right Paul Cairncross chats with hobbyists.



40K SQUAD 1ST PLACE

*Slaanesbi Dark
Eldar Wyches*
by Marcus Blackman



40K SQUAD 2ND PLACE

Tallarn Command Section
by Paul Hood



S TERS!



***Ravenwing
Command Section
by Greg King***



MORDHEIM WARBAND 1ST PLACE

The Estalian Inquisition
by Victoria Lamb

I wasn't expecting that!



MORDHEIM WARBAND 2ND PLACE

Witch Hunters
by Andrew Lum



PLACE

vision
a Lamb

ting that



MORDHEIM WARBAND 3RD PLACE

Sisters of Sigmar
by Ron Feder

**WARHAMMER
COMMAND GROUP 2ND PLACE**

Empire Command
by Chris Mackonis



**WARHAMMER
COMMAND GROUP 3RD PLACE**

Plague Monk Command
by Chris Frey



**GOLDEN
DEMON**



BATTLESCENE 3RD PLACE

Lizardman Temple
by John Travers



ST PLACE
ckdown
Pantburn



BATTLESCENE 2ND PLACE

Assault on the Temple
by Ian James



GOLDEN
DEMON



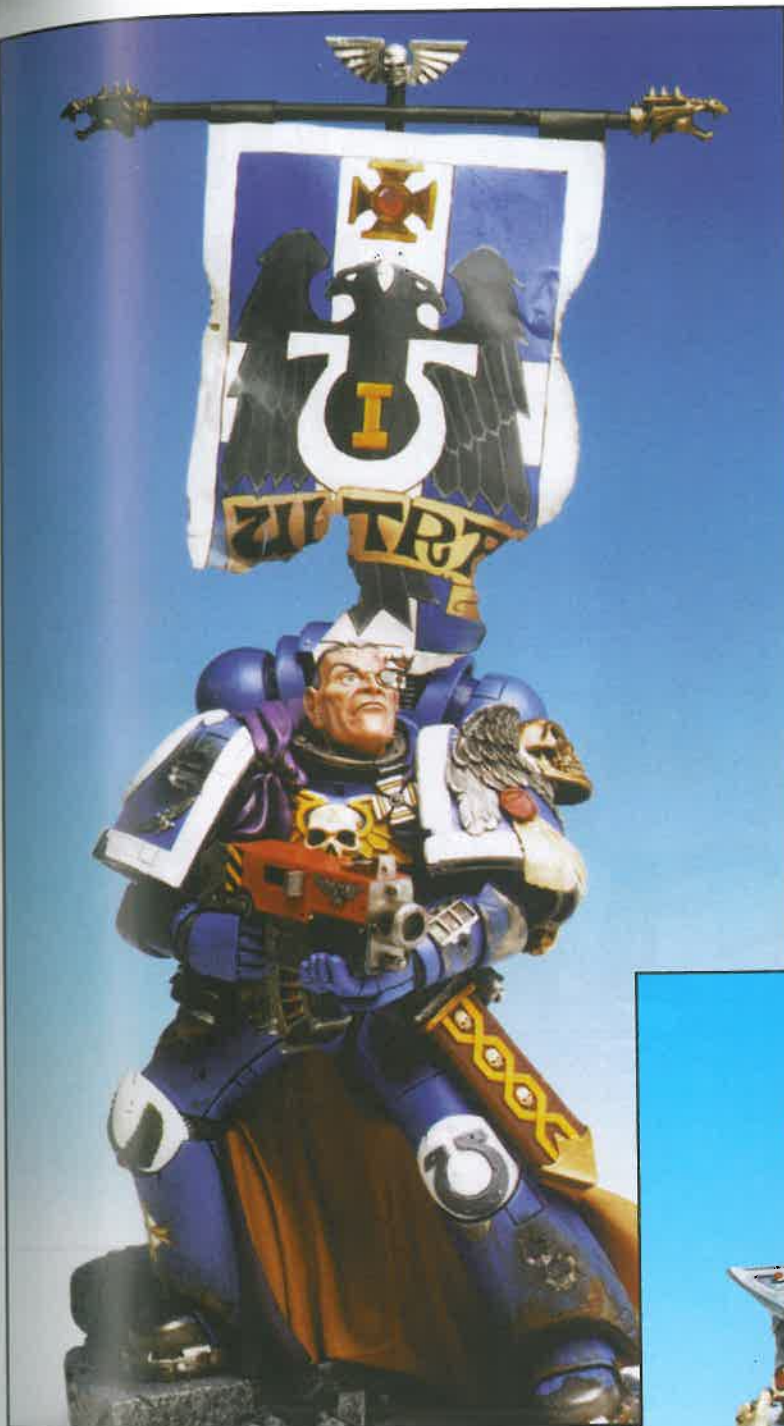
OPEN CATEGORY 2ND PLACE

Warlord Titan
by Paul Cairncross



Paul Cairncross worked for many months on this awesome construction. Dedication that would make a Tech Adept blush saw Paul build his Warlord Titan from 3D plans he generated from the Epic 40,000 miniature.





OPEN CATEGORY 1ST PLACE

Ultramarine Veteran
by Leigh Carpenter

OPEN CATEGORY 3RD PLACE

Asurmen, Hand of Asuran
by Craig Clarke



DEN
ION

EMPEROR'S CHOSEN

SOME FANTASTIC WORK FROM OUR GW STAFF



At Games Day 2000 Games Workshop staff (and volunteers) were able to enter a new painting competition with five exciting categories. We've got the winners (and a ring in) from the very first Emperor's Chosen Painting Awards for you to drool over.

Clockwise from left:

Winner, Large Model category

- ALEX MURRAY,
Sanguinary High Priest

Commended Entry,
Squad category

- GEORGE DAMIANOS,
Black Templar Characters

Winner, Army category

- TROY CUKAS,
Ork Army

Winner, Squad category

- BRYAN COOK,
Krieg Death Riders

Winner, Single Model category

- LAURIE GOODRIDGE,
Ork Warboss

Winner, Armoured Fury category

- ANDREW LONG,
Ork Land Raider

'S

STAFF



GOLDEN
DEMON

THE FALL OF MALVOLION

by Dan Abnett

By his wrist-chronometer, it was not yet noon, but the air was warm and clammy.

Trooper Karl Grauss of the Fifteenth Mordian Iron Guard let his las-rifle swing loose on its harness strap, wiped perspiration from his eyes, and pushed the angular nose of the wrench-bar into the rusty door lock.

He paused and glanced around at Major Hecht. The officer was tensed, his las-rifle pulled up tight with the butt in his armpit, ready to fire. Beads of sweat dotted his face too, and it wasn't just the heat.

"What are you waiting for?" he hissed.

Grauss shrugged. He didn't know, exactly. He didn't know anything except what Hecht had told him and the others of Zwei Company that morning: get out to that pump station in the delta and find out why they hadn't checked in for three days.

Grauss jiggled the wrench-bar until the tool locked against the latch mechanism, and then began to wind the ratchet so that the door release slowly began to turn manually.

Down the low hallway behind him and the major, six other men from Zwei hugged the walls and braced lasguns. This was the job at

its worst, thought Grauss as he cranked the tool. Sneaking into a mystery and opening doors blind when you had no idea what in the name of the God Emperor lay on the other side.

But, dammit, they were Iron Guard! More disciplined, determined Imperial soldiers you couldn't find.

They'd reached the pump-station early that morning. A cluster of machine-barns and modular habitats, it stood at a confluence of irrigation channels which watered the entire delta area and fed over a dozen farmsteads. The suns were low and cool. There had been no sign of life, not even the ever-present water birds that Grauss had seen everywhere in the marshes.

And once they had got inside, with no answers to their voice or vox calls, it had been so damned hot and humid, like someone had set the environment controls to 'tropical'.

The latch popped, and Grauss kicked the door inwards, swinging aside so that the Major could slide in, gun raised and aimed.

Before them lay some kind of hydroponic workshop, with a high, cera-glass roof and metal support pillars rusting in the steamy air. Samples of crops and yield-plants stood in labelled pots, trays and bins all around. The walkways between the bins were metal grills. Sappy moisture dripped from the transparent panes above.

The Mordians fanned out into the hothouse, dripping with sweat in their dress uniforms.

"What's this?" called Trooper Parnell. Grauss moved over to him, and the Major joined them. Parnell gestured with disgust at a rack of culture-trays set under some daylight lamps. Nutrient feeder sprays intermittently misted what was in the trays with chemical washes.

Major Hecht cursed. The things in the trays looked like rotting, globular fungi; puffy, swollen, the size of human heads. They pulsed irregularly. None of the Mordians had

any horticultural training, and none had been on Malvolion long enough to get a feel for the local flora, but they all knew this stuff just wasn't right.

"Burn it. Get a flamer in here and burn it all," Hecht looked away from the obscene crop.

Grauss was about to obey the command, when they heard the las-fire. Close by, two or three buildings away. Six short, frantic bursts, then a longer report made by several guns on auto, firing together. Zwei Company's vox-intercoms spluttered out an overlapping, unintelligible series of ear-splitting cries and yells.

The platoon turned and ran towards the sounds, Hecht in the lead. Platoon two, scouting to the left of them, was in trouble.

Hecht's men burst into the chamber that had been P-2's last recorded position. It was a hanger barn, with several big-wheeled agricultural vehicles parked in it. The air was full of smoke from discharged weapons.

There were two bodies on the floor, both men from P-2, both looking like they'd been dismembered by industrial crop-reapers.

P-1 crept forward through the gloom, twitching for targets. Grauss found the headless corpse of another man from P-2 leaning against the wheel-arch of one of the agri-tractors.

Looking aside from the corpse in distaste, Grauss saw that the tractor was hitched to a big flatbed cargo truck, with something large and strange chain-lashed to it. Caked in the mud of the delta, it looked for all the world like some kind of ship: those bulbous projections at the rear could only be propulsion units. But... it was small, not large enough for anything more than a single human, and it made him sick to look at it. It wasn't made of metal. It wasn't technology as he understood it. It looked... organic. Fleshy, pod-like, akin to the things he had seen growing in the hothouse but many, many times larger. Was this something the station crew had found out there in the delta and hauled back for study?

There was a cry and a burst of las-fire behind him. Grauss spun around, in time to see Trooper Parnell's body sailing across the chamber in a welter of blood and torn flesh. Las-guns roared and flashed. Something was moving through the gloom with terrifying rapidity. Something with claws. Four sets of claws.

It sliced through Major Hecht at the waist, and his body fell in two, still firing.

It was right on Grauss now. He howled and started to fire.

Genestealer...

Grauss woke with a start. He was wet and slippery with night-sweat and his head pounded. It had been two weeks since that nightmare in the pump station, a nightmare that only he and three others from the Zwei Company detail had survived. And he could not shake it. He'd had battle-shock before, he was a veteran, but the sheer alien horror of what he had seen, and smelled, and felt... it haunted his sleep and his waking mind.

Genestealer...

Grauss got off his barrack cot unsteadily and pulled on a fresh uniform. Outside it was daylight, and he could hear men and vehicles. He needed to get active. If he was going to get over the trauma, he had to keep his mind and body occupied.

He went outside, into the raw suns-light, and watched the troop trucks and cargo-machines rolling past in the mud. Unseasonal, warm rain hoses the street. The modular roofs and towers of Malvolion Collective farm-plex 132/5 glistened and their gutters drooled.

The evacuation was under way.

As he crossed between growling heavy transports, he tried to reassure himself. He'd killed the thing, blown it apart with his las-gun. It and two more like it. Then he and the other survivors of the search detail had blown the pump station with krak mines. They'd kept their heads, true to the famed iron discipline of the Mordians. They'd got their report back to Guard Command and, thanks to them, the planet-wide advisory had been issued.

That had to make him feel better, didn't it?

Grauss spotted Colonel Tiegl supervising the loading of transports on a stretch of hardpan behind a row of produce barns. The Colonel looked hot and flustered. Settlers thronged around him, begging for more of their valuable agri-machinery to be included on the evacuation manifest.

Tiegl broke off from them as he saw Grauss approach.

"By the Golden Throne," he muttered under his breath to the trooper, "these people will be

the death of me! I just want to get them, their loved ones and their basic possessions out of here, and they're all too worried about their damned cultivators and multi-ploughs! I've half a mind to let you tell them what you saw."

"And cause a mass panic, sir?" smiled Grauss sadly.

Tiegl sighed. "No, no..."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I thought you were on sick-rest? Medic's orders?"

"Making me crazy, sir. Give me something to do, and it might take my mind off the... the things in my head."

The colonel nodded. "Good man. Well, we need drivers. Can you handle a truck-rig?"

"Pretty much," said Grauss.

Tiegl consulted his data-slate and pointed to a dirt-caked eight wheeler parked over by the side sheds. "Unit 177. She's yours."

"What's the program?"

"I want the main evacuation section out of here by 15.00. No excuses. Anything we haven't loaded by then is staying, and that includes these bloody farmers. Uplift point is the Nacine Plains, nineteen hours north of here. According to transmitted reports, we're expecting nearly sixty bulk transports to be waiting there to take us to the orbiting fleet units. There are eight other evac convoys like ours heading in from other collectives, so it'll pay to be on time. We want to get our place and, if things turn nasty, we don't want them leaving without us."

"What if it does come to a fight, sir?"

"Then we'll show these alien freaks what Mordian fighting spirit is. There are seventy thousand men from our regiment deployed planetside, not to mention thirty thousand from the Phyrus regiments. General Caen has informed me that armour units are a few hours from landing, and there's even talk of help from the Chapters."

"That's reassuring," said Grauss. "It may have been a little isolated outbreak we found down at the pump station, but it pays to be prepared."

"More than prepared now," said Tiegl, a little darkly. "The alert's moved up a notch. Didn't anybody tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Off-world astropathic communications went down five hours ago. The Shadow has fallen across us. They're coming. Grauss, they're definitely coming."

Like beached leviathans with screaming, wide mouths, the vast bulk transports

squatted on the dry, stony flats of the Nacine Plain, disgorging rivers of armour amid clouds of churned, pale dust. Even from the high observation mast of the command ship, three hundred meters above ground, General Caen could hear the clank and grumble of the Paladian tanks and fighting vehicles. He swept his magnoculars around and then nodded in satisfaction. Colonel Grizmund was deploying his armour as fast as ordered, faster perhaps. A good, clean dispersal. The sky was a clear blue, and they had visibility to ten kilometres. They wouldn't be caught napping.

Caen let the magnoculars dangle against the crisp, pressed front of his immaculate Mordian uniform. Beside him on the ship's watch-platform, two servitors and three Mordian adjutants manned the supervision consoles and vox-caster sets. A steady stream of radio traffic crackled in the background.

Hanff, one of the adjutants, approached him across the metal grill and handed the general a data-slate.

"Reports in from all the evacuation points, sir. Most of the collectives are under way to us in convoy. Tiegl at Collective farm-plex 132/5 informs you they will be under way by 15.00."

"Why so slow?"

"That's where the outbreak occurred, sir. I think the Colonel is being especially careful."

Caen nodded. He knew Tiegl and trusted him well. The man would get the job done.

"And this?" he asked, pointing to the slate. "Collective 344/9?"

"They haven't embarked either, General. Men from the Phyrus regiment are there. I... don't know what the hold up is."

"Vox them. Find out. Tell them I'll skin them alive if they don't move soon."

"Sir."

The air trembled with subsonic, basso power. A shadow passed over them. Another ten thousand ton bulk transport swung down in to land on the plain, braking jets squirting blue flames.

"*The Ariadne*," said Hanff. "Right on time."

Boots clanged up the mast ladder and Colonel Grizmund pulled himself up onto the platform. He was a tall, thick-set man wearing the crimson battledress of the Paladian Armour brigade proudly. He saluted Caen.

"Reporting in person," he said. "We're ready to move out. Where do you want us, sir?"

Caen shook the Colonel's hand and showed him the chart table.

"We're playing watchdog right now, Grizmund. Some of my men down in the



here, it's gonna find us, and we are gonna kill it so many times it's gonna wish it had never been born!"

There were cheers. Even Nink cheered. The Malvolion colonists trudging past to the waiting trucks further down the evacuation convoy line were silent and looked far too scared for Gallo's liking.

Silently, he just wished he knew what was coming, what they were up against, and why they were here.

"Repeated signals from Nacine Plain Command," Vox-officer Binal called to Gallo.

"Yeah, yeah..."

"It's the General himself, Sergeant. He wants to know why we're not moving yet."

Gallo dropped a crate in contempt and turned to look at Binal. "We're not moving because Major Hunnal hasn't given the order yet. Tell him that."

"I did, sergeant. He wants to know why not."

Wiping his sore, dusty palms, Gallo stalked away across the sunlit compound. "Tell him I'll ask the Major myself."

Gallo entered the main hall of the collective, a dirty, zinc-panelled prefab that creaked in the heat. Air-scrubbers chattered fitfully. Gallo had seen the Major and two other officers disappear inside an hour before to discuss the final evacuation conditions with the collective's selectmen.

"Major? Major Hunnal?"

Gallo checked a few rooms. The place was empty. Unnerved, he called in a squad to help him search. Five men, all in heavy Phyrus battledress, clattered in through the entryway to join him. One brought Gallo his lasgun. "Spread out," he told them.

Gallo and a trooper called Matlyg had the pleasure of finding Hunnal, the other two officers, and the six farm selectmen. What was left of them anyway. Reduced to blood and bone-meal, they coated the floor and walls of the cargo bay behind the hall.

Matlyg threw up and fell over in the mess of bloody remains. Gallo tried to stammer into his vox-link.

Something tall and still that he had taken to be a roof support quivered and moved. Fast... so freaking fast! A scything talon the size of a grown man lashed out of the shadows and ripped the vomiting Matlyg into ribbons of flesh and a spume of airborne blood.

Gallo found his legs, retreating, screaming, firing. Chitinous plates knotted with whitish bone, iridescent green tendrils writhing obscenely, the Mantis Killer ceased mimicking the colour of the wall, and towered over him.

They'd been in Farm Collective 344/9 only six hours and Trooper Nink was already banging on that something bad was coming.

The Phyrus troopers were packing crates into the pack of heavy transports behind the main maize silo and the suns, a matched pair, were coming up hard and bright. Sergeant Syra Gallo tossed another crate up into Nink's hands and told him to shut the hell up.

"Of course there's something bad coming, you moron! That's why we're here! That's why we were diverted nine days ago with express orders to head for Malvolion! That's why we're busting our humps getting a bunch of dirt-scrubbers onto transports and away to the uplift! Something bad! Something really bad!"

Nink looked down at him as if the sergeant had just broken awful news about his wife.

"Don't look at me like that," Gallo turned around to regard the other men of the Phyrus Fourth Regiment who had all paused in their work. "None of you!"

"For the Emperor's sake, you moon-eyed malcontents, we're Imperial Guard! We only go to places like this because something bad is coming! I mean, the Warmaster doesn't say 'Oh, Malvolion... Nothing bad's gonna happen there... Let's deploy thirty thousand of our brave Phyrus boys immediately!' Does he? Eh? No, he damn well doesn't! We're here because we are the Imperial Guard and people give thanks and kiss our spotty butts in gratitude because we are there when that something bad arrives! Now get these crates stowed and tell yourselves this..."

Gallo dropped his voice and grinned at his men. "...we're the Phyrus Fourth. We're stone-killers to a man. It had better be something really freaking bad because when it gets

delta stirred up Genestealers two weeks ago, and blew the whistle. From the reports, it looks like the locals found some kind of Tyranid scout-drone or incursion probe and woke it up. Emperor alone knows how long it's been sending its beacon, but since the Shadow fell this morning, we can be sure it's been heard. I'd like you to move south. The evac convoy from the delta collective may need support if trouble starts there, and they're lagging."

"We'll embark at once, and meet them en route."

"Good, good..." Caen turned to look at Hanff. "Any joy with those damned Phyrus idiots yet?"

"Spook! Spook!" Gallo wailed.

His shots punched into the dark, bony plates of the Lictor's belly and chewed off some splinters of chitin. Then he was in through the doors and running.

The vox-channels were alive with panic. Gallo ran into two of his searchers and pulled them down into cover, backs against the prefab wall.

He was trying to tell them what he had seen when two metres of talon sliced in through the wall and one of the troopers. Blood boiled out of the trooper's sagging mouth as the talon withdrew and let him slide free. Gallo threw himself away as another bio-blade slammed through the wall and decapitated the other trooper, splitting his skull lengthways.

It can see us! Even through the walls, it can see our heat!

Gallo ran. He reached the outside.

The evacuation convoy was where he had left it, still not under way. Now it would never get under way. Ever. Several trucks were overturned, and two were on fire. Phyrus troops ran in all directions, firing into the smoke. Farmers and their families stampeded in panic all around. Bodies littered the ground. None were remotely intact.

Stumbling forward, Gallo found Nink. From the belly down, Nink was nothing but tatters of bloody cloth, ropes of torn entrails and fragments of semi-articulated raw bone. But somehow, horribly, he was still alive. He clawed at Gallo, begging the sergeant to take him with him. Nink clutched at Gallo's leggings.

Gallo shot Nink through the forehead. A mercy, he considered.

He dropped into cover as a clutch of farmers tumbled by wailing in terror. Something darted after them, taller than a man, its armoured body swept forward over racing, bird-like legs. The Genestealer's primary limbs, hugely taloned, raked at the screaming settlers, disembowelling one even as it reached for another with its second pair of grasping arms.

Like the Mantis Killer, it moved so fast...

It corralled the settlers, and two more abominations just like it chased in out of the fuel-oil smoke, all clashing fangs, hisses and snapping claws. Together, their limbs thrashed and ploughed, ripping the frantic people into offal.

Gallo realised two things with ghastly clarity. He would never forget the screams of the slaughtered farmers and their folk for as long as he lived. And that that wasn't going to be very long.

He saw a Mantis Killer through the smoke, busy rending a truck apart. He ran, reaching

one of the laden trucks at the edge of the compound. Binal lay dead by the rear wheels. Gallo knew it was Binal because the corpse still wore the vox-caster set, even if it didn't have a head anymore.

He tore the vox-unit off the body and clambered into the truck's cab.

It took him a moment to find the emergency channel.

"344/9! 344/9!" he rasped. "Incursion! Tyranid Incursion! Repeat..."

There was no time to repeat. The Genestealers were at the cab windows, on the bonnet, smashing the glass and reaching in.

Though unintelligible and more a sound of pain than real words, Gallo's last transmission was heard six hundred kilometres away at Nacine Plain.

The channel went dead. Caen looked away, avoiding Hanff's face as he tried to compose himself. That sound. That scream...

He was about to signal Grizmund's armour brigade, which had left the plain just forty minutes before to turn on a bearing for 132/5. But the sky went abruptly black.

Wind-borne spores began to winnow down around them, burning flesh and thickening the air.

Caen ran to get below as the first of the atmospheric toxins began killing Mordian troops and navy personnel. Ship landing lights came on automatically as the natural light died, illuminating streams of pelting spores like a black blizzard.

Against the blackness high above, colossal shapes descended. Harridan brood-organisms, the Tyranid main dispersal form. Caen had read about them. But to see them, to see their size, smell their downwashed stink... it ruined his mind.

Swarms of winged bat-forms swirled out of them like drifts of fallen leaves billowing on the wind. The Gargoyles filled the air, shrieking, targeting individual men, membranous wings beating. They executed steep, perilous dives, raking the ground beneath them with the fleshborers they clutched to their leathery torsos. Bio-plasma fire rained down, shrivelling and igniting men as they ran for cover.

Caen pulled out his power-sword, and slashed at a Gargoyle that swooped towards him. He split it into two, and was drenched in its stinking ichor.

He fell.

Rising, the ground shaking, he saw how the corrosive spore-mines were collapsing the superstructure of most of the landing ships. Bulk transports were sagging and melting as

they lost integrity. Parts of some exploded outwards.

Things scuttled forward through the burning darkness and confusion. Termagants and the scythe-armed, bounding Hormagaunts. There were thousands of them, Caen realised. So many, so many...

He sliced at the alien filth that closed on him. He cut the snout off one Termagant, the forelimb off another. He was distracted by a liquid scream as Hanff, running for cover nearby, was destroyed by spore mines, both necrotic and corrosive. A fat, bubbly slick punctuated by corroding bone mass was all that remained of him after thirty seconds.

The Borer Beetles hit Caen in the chest. He writhed and wailed as they tore and dug and turned the contents of his body cavity into mush.

The evac convoy was two hours out from 132/5 when they saw the change in weather patterns a hundred kilometres ahead. A dark stain, like a wash of thunderheads, was bruising the distance, widening with every passing moment.

From the cab of unit 177, Grauss saw the blue skies fill with dark-bellied clouds. His guts tightened. Around the black stain in the distance, the weather was being tormented in an ever-expanding radius. Frothing clouds whirled cyclonically like blast ripples from the ominous darkness. Drizzles of rain, thick with dingy fluid and what seemed like seed-pods, pelted down. The two kilometre long convoy switched on their headlights almost as one, and wipers began to beat.

"What the hell is this?" asked Trooper Femlyn, riding shotgun next to Grauss, an autogun across his lap.

"Turn West! Turn West!" Colonel Tiegl's voice rattled over the inter-vehicle com. The convoy, ungainly and slow to respond, shunted and churned as it tried to make the new heading.

The air was sweet and hot, Grauss realised. It smelled like the pump station hot-house.

Two trucks overturned on the trackway, slumping into ruts as they tried to turn. Another three broke axles and were stranded. Tiegl left them and their screaming occupants behind.

"Nacine Plain has gone!" he yelled into his vox-horn. "Our only hope is the main hive at Malvo Height! Turn West!"

Grauss looked at his chart-plate. Malvo Height was a thousand kilometres away to the West. They'd never reach it. Never.

He put his foot down anyway.

Grizmund's armour was running hard from the filth storm that expanded ever outwards from the Nacine Plain. All hope of reaching the evac convoy from 132/5 was gone. All hope was gone. Period.

He turned his vehicles to meet the onrush. It was a slow business, because the torrential rain had turned the dry, stony fields to mud and tangles of vegetation were growing up out of it even as he watched. In the space of fifteen minutes a dry, arid upland had turned into a mossy, fern-filled swamp. Another hour, and it would be a thick, impenetrable jungle of creepers and moulds, spilling outwards and consuming the dry land.

Grizmund didn't have an hour, and would never see that floral conquest. His tank guns roared up into the dense packs of flying things that swooped from the staining sky. Burning, membranous creatures dropped to the ground or were annihilated in the air.

Then his tanks started to die. Advancing Biovores spat spore mines into them, blowing armour units apart or melting them with acid and poison. Overwhelming floods of Hormagaunts and Termagants skittered forward out of the deluge, completely burying some vehicles under their writhing numbers. The air pulsed with the psychic throb of the Tyrannid Warriors, tall and hideous, as they advanced amidst the smaller monsters. Zoanthropes, glistening like great floating brains, their atrophied limbs clutched to themselves, hovered over the swarms and flashed out lances of energy that blew tanks asunder.

Grizmund saw the twisting, lashing shapes of Ravensers approaching, and shouted down from his turret for the gun loader and aimer to increase fire.

Then the Carnifex was on them. Shrieking, it lacerated two nearby tanks and hurled them aside. The last thing Grizmund saw was the mouth of the venom cannon it raised towards his vehicle.

The evac convoy from collective 132/5 was running west hard, turbines roaring. They'd laboriously crossed a network of interfarm trackways and finally made it onto a metalled highway running east-west, the main overland arterial route used by the produce road-trains every harvest season to ship grain to the world hive at Malvo Heights. They were kicking dust in a trail four kilometres long from the dry white roadway, passing irrigation canals and wide, flooded field-basins lined with rows of growing frames. Then the rain caught up with them again, washing out the dust, glistening the roadway, until they were kicking up spray instead.

South of them, the sky was pale and blue; north, black and oily like pitch, a swirling,

expanding bolus of dark cloud that blotted out the light.

Femlyn was rechecking his autogun's drum magazine. Keeping one hand on the steering wheel, Grauss pulled out his laspistol and tossed it to Femlyn.

"Check it," he ordered. "My rifle too."

The wipers were thumping hard. Wind blew spume up over the road from the waterbeds like ocean spray. Grauss tried not to notice the wriggling black spores that were hitting the windshield and conglomerating like pus in his wipers.

Through the driving rain, he saw the braking lights of the truck in front come on suddenly, and slammed on his own brakes. Rig 177 slid violently from side to side on the wet road. Femlyn cried out and Grauss hauled on the wheel. They stopped hard, clipping the rear bars of the truck ahead.

The inter-cab vox was crackling with shouts. Grauss opened his door, about to get out, peering ahead to identify the obstruction.

Something came off the back of the truck ahead of them and landed on the bonnet of 177, denting the metal. It crouched there, for what was probably only a second but felt like an eternity, the rain dribbling down over its bared, smiling teeth.

Femlyn threw Grauss his laspistol, and Grauss fired it wildly. His salvo burst the Termagant's neck open in a fountain of noxious fluid and it crumpled off the bonnet.

Settlers were streaming back down the road past them in blind panic.

The truck ahead started again, wheels spinning, drove ten meters and then plunged sideways off the road, rolling down the levee into the water-bed. Grauss saw four Termagants scampering towards him. He stood on the throttle. Two of them were crushed under the heavy truck, another slammed away through the air after contact with the wheel arch.

Femlyn was firing out of the cab window. Shell cases tumbled down into the footwell.

The convoy ahead was now moving, though several trucks were slewed off the road and one was burning. Grauss had to drop speed to inch past them. Something grotesque and grinning appeared at the cab window beside Grauss and he dropped forward, allowing Femlyn to blast it through the glass.

A smaller vehicle drew level with them, matching their speed. It was one of the open, short wheel-base escorts mounting twin heavy bolters. Grauss waved the driver past and then fell in behind. A moment later, the bolters were pounding, firing directly ahead of the speeding machine. Grauss saw something big and iridescent explode under the hail of shells and collapse off the road.

177's wheels span in the ichor slick as they sped past.

Behind them, on the highway, the racing convoy was assailed by things that poured up out of the fields and irrigation channels to the north and into their hindquarters. The escort vehicles ran alongside the transports, raking the fields. Mantis Killers reared and clacked their talons, disintegrating in drizzles of mucus and chitin as the guns found them. Swarming Termagants were smashed under speeding wheels. Hit by multiple fleshborers, a truck span out of control and flew off the road, exploding in a drain canal. Spore mines drifted down, blowing two of the fast-moving transports into fragments.

There were bat-shapes in the air above.

The convoy's heavier armour – four Chimeras and a half dozen standard-pattern Leman Russ tanks in Mordian camo, were lagging badly, and found themselves cut off from the fleeing convoy elements.

Hormagaunts overran two Chimeras, covering their hulls with squirming shapes as they opened them like seed cases. Two of the tanks stopped dead, traversed their turrets and began pounding at the wave of obscenities that rippled after the convoy. The crews knew they were as good as dead. Mordian discipline made them sell their lives as dearly as they could. Spitting bio-plasma destroyed one tank. The other was struck by some energised flash that looked like green lightning, and blew apart as its munitions ignited.

Caught by a trio of Lictors, another Chimera tried to turn and was thrown end over end, torn track sections flying. Corrosive spore mines reduced another of the Leman Russ tanks to tar and semi-solid lumps.

Standing in the back of a speeding escort truck, Colonel Tiegl manned the gun mount himself. Searing, frenzied, red tendrils had just turned his main gunner inside out. He swung the heavy bolter on its pintle, squeezing the firing grip, spraying the road behind him with twin, dipping, dragging streams of heavy fire. He was drenched with rain.

There was something in his mouth, something crawling on his skin. Necrotic spores plastered him, eating him away.

By the time his driver fell to a barb-round and spun the vehicle into a transport's back wheels with splintering force, there was nothing left of Tiegl but some articulated limb bones dragging from the gun-grip.

Ten kilometres on, out of the irrigated arable spread and into the lowlands beyond.

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evac 132/5 found there was no going forward. The convoy was a ragged mess. The black, weeping sky had utterly overtaken what remained of the column and the tide of horror was upon them.

Femlyn was blasting from the cab window with his autogun, and Grauss was firing his las-rifle out the other side. There was no shifting truck 177 now. Vines, thorn-creepers and other fast-growing things had meshed the axles and ruptured the tyres.

"Look! Look!" cried Femlyn.

There were dots in the sky, burning dots that fast resolved themselves into drop-pods flaring in atmospheric entry. A dozen, two dozen, three.

"Oh, praise the Emperor!" Grauss breathed.

The first pods hit the ground, burning and tearing through the cushion of foliage.

Grauss saw the men clamber out. Adeptus Astartes. Space Marines, the Lamenters. They had come, as promised, yellow armour gleaming in the dying light. They had come despite the odds.

The giant armoured warriors, Humanity's finest, deployed from their pods, blasting with boltguns, flamers and meltaguns. Termagants and Hormagaunts exploded beneath the withering firepower. Flamers burned the stinking plant growth away. Gargoyles were blown, ruptured, out of the sky. Grauss saw a Ravener convulse and die under a melta's kiss. He saw plasma-fire destroy a Mantis Killer.

There, a Space Marine with a power fist ripped a Zoanthrope in two, the corpse exploding with bile and psychic energy. Here, a Space Marine with a rocket launcher sent up a jinking missile that blew a Tyranid Warrior into flaring specks of matter.

Grauss leapt from the truck's cab and ran into the fray, his lasgun blasting. Mordian troopers were with him now, energised by the Lamenters' ferocious assault. Grauss cut down a leaping Termagant in mid-air, blowing it apart. He saw four Space Marines cripple and kill a Lictor nearby.

"We could live, we could live yet!" he thought triumphantly.

He heard a keening behind him, and turned to face the horror of a Carnifex charging, blades clicking, venom flying from the cutting limbs. Femlyn tried to turn his autogun but became nothing more than a shower of meat.

A Lamentor, two of them, hit the monstrosity from the left side with bolt rounds, and as it

turned, destroyed its head with melta-fire. Its scything blades, still whickering lethally as it toppled, decapitated them both.

Grauss fell to his knees. He honestly didn't think it possible that Space Marines could die. They seemed to him invulnerable, god-like, the walking manifestations of the God Emperor of Terra himself.

But it was true. He looked down at the fallen, splintered helm of one Marine, the glassy, dull, dead face peering out of it.

He looked away, but saw another Lamentor ripped in two by a Lictor fifty meters away. A Ravener fell, twisting and flexing, onto three more and ground them into the soil, ripping open their armour with its fanged mouth-parts.

Then Grauss saw the worst sight of all, the worst, most unmaning thing his eyes had ever witnessed. Four Lamentor Space Marines; falling back, overwhelmed.

They scrambled through the treacherous, matted ground-growth, trying to find cover from the Zoanthrope that shimmered after them, spitting bolts of energised death. They turned, fired, ran on, to no avail. The hovering thing exploded one of them and then closed on the other three. One headed left and ran onto the scything talons of a Tyranid Warrior. Another was felled by a glancing blast from the Zoanthrope and was swiftly torn apart by a pack of Termagants.

The last made it another twenty meters before the relentless Zoanthrope hit him and exploded his armoured form with a vicious stab of energy.

Grauss couldn't believe what he was seeing.

In the first twenty minutes from drop, the Lamenters had cut a hole in the alien assault that had punished them cruelly. Now, in just five more minutes, they were being annihilated.

A spore mine from a Biovore dissolved two more in a spray of foul, steaming acid, leaving only a pool of reeking slime as the Marines were rendered down to a greasy soup.

Two Lamenters faced down another Carnifex and blew it apart with sustained bolter fire. A second later, they were both dismembered by Hormagaunts before they could reload.

Grauss saw the Hive Tyrant advancing through the flaming greenery, slaughtering Space Marines with its vicious claws. He saw the vast, obscene shapes of the bio-Titans lurching forward in the distant smog.

The last Lamentor died thirty-nine minutes after the first had clambered from his drop-pod.

The convoy was ablaze, what parts of it weren't shredded or swarmed over.

Grauss dropped into a foxhole, feeling the undergrowth flourish and twist around him. His body was crawling with parasitic infection. He heard chattering.

On the horizon line, most nightmarish of all, the Ripper swarms were moving in, consuming everything in their path, eating up the world.

Karl Grauss made his peace with the God-Emperor, with his long dead parents, with his long-lost home world, beloved, distant Mordia, praying it would never suffer this blasphemous fate.

He put the snout of his lasgun in his open mouth.



DAN ABNETT

Author of the Black Library's superb 'Gaunts Ghosts' series of novels, Dan is also a regular contributor to White Dwarf. You can also see more of Dan's work in Warhammer Monthly and Inferno!

Index Astartes

— First Founding —



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

THE UNFORGIVEN

The Dark Angels
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill, Jervis Johnson
and Andy Chambers

Since the founding of their Legion at the birth of the Imperium, the Space Marines of the Dark Angels have been feared by their enemies and held in awe by those they protect. Stubborn and relentless in battle, ever vigilant and zealous in pursuit of their duties, the Dark Angels are among the Emperor's most faithful servants. Yet it was not always so. For ten millennia, the Dark Angels have harboured a sinister secret, an act so terrible and shameful it threatens everything the Dark Angels hold most dear – and may yet bring them eternal damnation.

Origins

The true origins of the first founding Chapters are intrinsically tied up with the birth of the Imperium and the legendary times when the divine Emperor still walked among men. The truth of what occurred in those distant ages is lost now, preserved only in the ancient tales of Chapter history maintained by Space Marine Librarians and, perhaps, within the endless vaults of the Library Sanctus on Holy Terra. But against the terrible weight of ten millennia of history, facts are rare and supposition is commonplace. Know then these few facts.

The Dark Angels have the honour of being the first Space Marine Legion, created by the Emperor to fight in his Great Crusade to liberate the Human race from aliens and the domination of dark gods. Their victories are the stuff of legend and, despite whispered rumours concerning the Chapter's history, they are considered by many to be the greatest of all the Space Marine Chapters. The character of each of the First Founding Chapters is strongly shaped by the personality of its Primarch, or First One, and the Dark Angels are no exception.

The Librarians of the Space Marines possess stories of the creation of the first Primarchs by the Emperor. They tell how the Emperor, unstoppable in His blessed divinity, reunified the tribes of war-torn Terra and led them into the light. He knew the time was coming to reunify all of Mankind, scattered across the galaxy by the Age of Strife. He also knew that such a great undertaking could not be achieved alone, for even one as mighty as he could not be in all places at once. And so he began to forge for himself the Primarchs, the first ones. They were sons of his blood, yet not mere copies. Each was engineered to be a leader of men, a warrior and a hero tempered by wisdom and strength, both physical and spiritual. These progeny of the Emperor would lead Mankind away from the dark powers and into a golden age.

But some disaster is known to have befallen the Emperor's works on Luna before they were complete. The unborn Primarchs were lost, scattered among the stars. Many stories and legends have risen about the scattering of the Primarchs. Some tell that the Dark Gods foresaw the Emperor's plans and sought to destroy their unborn foes, but only succeeded in dispersing them. Others maintain that it was the Emperor himself who cast the Primarchs adrift on the tides of the galaxy that they might learn to live truly away from the chrome and ceramite of the laboratorium. Others still maintain that it was the nascent Primarchs themselves who chose to depart the Emperor's care, seeking knowledge alone.

It is likely that only the Emperor himself knows the truth. What is known is that after this date he turned his hand to genetically enhancing and modifying Human subjects using the template of the lost Primarchs' gene strands. In this way the first Space Marine legions were created and it was they who accompanied the Emperor on his reconquest of the galaxy.

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The Librarians of the Dark Angels recall ancient tales of how their Primarch, he who would become known as Lion El'Jonson, was found on their lost home world – the beautiful but blighted world of Caliban. The mutation and corruption of the Chaos realm cursed Caliban and made it one of the deadliest worlds in the galaxy. By all rights the infant Primarch should have died within minutes of his arrival. How he managed to survive is a mystery as Jonson never spoke of his early years on Caliban.

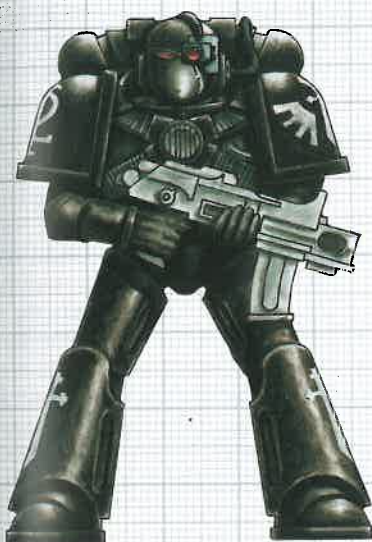
The inhabitants of Caliban are said to have been a proud, martial people, brought up to live and die by the sword. The surface of Caliban was covered in lush forests, inhabited by all manner of terrifying beasts that had been warped by Chaos. The ferocity of these creatures forced the planet's inhabitants to build brooding stone fortresses in huge clearings hacked from the forests and it was from these castles that the warrior elite of Caliban ruled.

The Lay of Luther tells how a band of knights from a group known only as the Order discovered the Primarch-child deep within the forest. Their leader, a young man named Luther, brought the Primarch back to the fortress monastery of the Order and gave him the name Lion El'Jonson, which in the tongue of Caliban means 'The Lion, the Son of the Forest'. Jonson easily adapted to the ways of humankind, learning the customs of his race and adopted home world in a remarkably short time. As time passed, Jonson and Luther became like brothers, each seeming to complement the other's abilities and skills. Tales of their exploits and victories spread around Caliban and the number of young men wishing to join the Order grew every year.

Imperial scholars believe that Jonson led a planet-wide crusade against the taint of Chaos that dwelt within the forests. The Grand Masters of every monastery joined Jonson and the Order in their crusade, and within a decade the entire world was rid of the dark powers that had once plagued it. Free from the tyranny

Chapter Approved Access Level: 5 seventeen

Dark Angels Chapter, Progenitor Legion M31



Pre-Heresy Codex colour scheme of black power armour



Auto reactive shoulder plate
Tactical squad markings



Auto reactive shoulder plate.
Chapter badge iconography.



Contemporary Dark Angels codex colour scheme. Changed to dark green for unknown reasons following the Horus Heresy

Dark Angel Chapter symbol



Ravenwing Company symbol



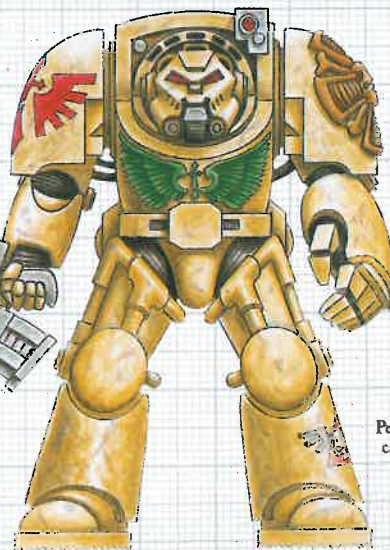
Contemporary Ravenwing colour scheme
Armour remained black following the Heresy to denote the Unforgiven



Auto reactive shoulder plate.
Ravenwing Company badge



Broken sword iconography
denotes Deathwing



Crux Terminatus
Legends tell that each badge incorporates fragments of the Emperor's armour



Standard of Retribution banner finial



Company standard banner finial



The Lion Helm. Said to have belonged to Lion El'Jonson

Triplex pattern storm bolter with sickle mag

Pervigilium campaign badge

1st Co Deathwing Terminator. Original black armour forever coloured white to honour those who freed a Dark Angels home world from Genestealer infestation

Thought for the day: The end justifies the means

THE LION AND THE WOLF

One of the most famous tales of rivalry ever to be told across the galaxy is that of the Dark Angels and the Space Wolves, and goes back to the days of the Great Crusade. As the Space Marine Legions pushed back the frontiers of the Imperium, each Primarch strove to excel in the eyes of the Emperor and none more so than Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves. Only Horus and Lion El'Jonson could claim more victories than Russ and this was a constant frustration to him. It was on the world of Dulan where the Space Wolves were fighting alongside the Dark Angels that matters came to a head. The Tyrant Durath had personally insulted the Emperor, sacrificing thousands of Imperial priests to his patron daemon, and both Russ and Jonson desired the honour of slaying this heretic. The headstrong Primarch of the Space Wolves flew into a rage when Durath proclaimed that Russ was the Emperor's lap dog and would be fed to his pet Grox.

Russ swore that he would cut Durath's head from his shoulders and demanded that the Dark Angels allow him to lead his Space Wolves in an immediate assault on the Tyrant's Crimson Fortress. Jonson had spent days scouting the weak points of the fortress, meticulously planning the attack and was not about to let some hot-headed barbarian ruin his carefully laid plans. He refused Russ's demand and began the assault, storming the fortress with remarkably few casualties. Russ, caught in a swirling combat at the base of the wall, could only howl in anger as he watched Jonson slay Durath high on the walls of the keep. After the battle Russ stormed into the halls of the fortress and struck Jonson a blow to the head. The two Primarchs wrestled for a day and a night, each unable to overcome the other's skill.

At last the pair broke apart and Russ began to laugh, seeing the humour in what had occurred. Jonson was silent though. He saw Russ's first blow as treacherous, and as the Space Wolves Primarch laughed, Jonson struck him unconscious. Now he considered honour to be satisfied. The prostrate Russ was carried from the fortress by his men and, when he regained consciousness, the Dark Angels had already departed to fight in the Alisore campaign. Russ swore he would avenge the stain on his honour and, to this day, whenever the Space Wolves and Dark Angels meet, one of their number is called upon to refight the ancient duel of the Primarchs in order that honour may be satisfied.

of Chaos, the planet of Caliban flourished like never before and, in recognition of his triumph, Jonson was proclaimed Supreme Grand Master of the Order and ruler of Caliban. It is also whispered that, although openly he was proud of Jonson's achievement, Luther felt the first faint stirrings of jealousy that was to fester and grow until one day it would almost destroy everything that he and Jonson had built.

As Jonson and Luther were battling against the Chaos creatures of the forest, the Emperor was reconquering the galaxy on the Great Crusade with his Space Marine Legions. When the Emperor reached Caliban, it is said that he and Jonson immediately recognised the bond between them, and the Emperor was united with one of his lost Primarchs. According to the Apocrypha of Skarros, Jonson was given control of the Dark Angels Legion of Space Marines which had been made in his

image, and Caliban was decreed the home world of the Dark Angels. The warriors of the Order clamoured to join their ranks and in time the entirety of the Order became Space Marines. It is believed that it was Luther who would be the first to become so enhanced, and he became second only to Jonson in command of the Legion. Yet when the Emperor left Caliban to continue the Great Crusade, he took Jonson and the majority of the Dark Angels Legion with him. Luther and the remainder of the Legion were left to protect their home world and guard against the return of Chaos. This much can be found in the archives of the Imperium, but the remainder of the Dark Angels' earliest history and their terrible betrayal is well hidden. Only the inner circles of the Dark Angels themselves and, perhaps, the highest members of the Inquisition know of Luther's subsequent treachery and the sundering of the Legion itself.

The Betrayal

The Great Crusade continued and world after world fell to the Dark Angels. Word of Jonson's victories and fame reached every corner of the galaxy. On Caliban, the smallest embers of jealousy and envy in Luther's heart were stoked into a raging inferno with each tale of his brother's valour and skill in battle. His role as warden of some forgotten planet grew in his mind to become a vile stain on his honour, and the noble knight that Luther had been was lost in a morass of bitterness and spite.

When the Horus Heresy erupted and many of the Space Marine Legions turned against the Emperor, Jonson was fighting alongside Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves, on the far side of the galaxy. When the two Primarchs learned of Horus's betrayal, they put aside their feuding, gathered their Legions and began the journey back to Earth. But the journey was long and beset by difficulties so that by the time they arrived, the battle for Earth was over and the traitors had been defeated. The cost of the victory had been high. The Imperium lay in ruins and the Emperor's wounds forced him to ascend to the life-preserving mechanism of the Golden Throne. Jonson was stricken with grief that he had not been able to guard the Emperor against Horus's treachery, and it was in sorrow that he returned to Caliban for the first time in many years.

But as the Dark Angels' ships moved into orbit over their home world at the end of an arduous voyage, a withering salvo of fire blasted from the planet's surface, sending crippled ships burning into the atmosphere like falling stars. The fleet pulled away from the planet in confusion and Jonson attempted to discover the reason for the attack. The Dark Angels were to discover a horrifying tale of betrayal. It is this tale which has remained the Dark Angels' terrible secret for over ten millennia, and which they will take almost any action to conceal.

Over many decades Luther had corrupted the warriors of Caliban, projecting his bitterness and jealousy onto the Dark Angels left in his care. His powerful oratory had twisted them with an all-consuming hatred of those who had stolen their glory and abandoned them to be little more than caretakers. Like Horus and the other traitors, Luther had been corrupted by the insidious lure of Chaos. His pride and hubris had been all the Dark Gods needed to make him theirs.

The Primarch's thoughts can only be imagined, but Jonson had fought his way across the galaxy at the Emperor's side to rid countless planets from the taint of Chaos only to find his beloved home world lost to those same forces. When he discovered the truth, his fury was a terrifying thing to behold. His ships moved to destroy those who had betrayed him and began

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ruthlessly bombarding the planet's surface, regardless of the planetary defences. The forests burned and the ground shook with the fury of the battle as ships and defence-towers smote each other with the power of suns. Little by little the defences were shattered, until Jonson finally ordered the invasion and personally led the assault on Caliban, his heart burning with the thirst for vengeance.

The fallen Dark Angels had taken refuge in the vast fortress-monastery of the Order and now Jonson led his warriors against his home, knowing that Luther would be waiting for him.

The Primarch faced his former brother and knew that he was lost to him, that the dark powers had destroyed the honourable man he had once been. The Primarch was a living god amongst men, but Luther had been elevated by the Chaos powers to be his equal in almost every way. The two warriors fought in a battle the like of which had never been seen before and has never been witnessed since. The ancient home of the Order was reduced to rubble in their epic battle as the Dark Angels fleet continued to bombard the planet, flattening the citadels of every remaining monastery. Caliban's surface began to crack and heave under the constant shelling, the fury of the Dark Angels blinding them to the devastation they were wreaking on their own world.

Only the Masters of the Dark Angels know more than this, and they tell it to no one. However the ancient Codicium Astartes Mortis or Book of the Angels of Death describes the battle between Luther and Jonson. "[They] fought with superhuman strength, equally matched in all but purpose ... eventually Luther stumbled, his neck exposed to his brother's [righteous blade]. As Luther fell, Jonson raised his sword high, but [even in his rage] could not bring himself to deliver the killing blow. Luther had no such qualms and, as Jonson hesitated, he unleashed a terrible sorcerous attack that mortally wounded the Primarch ... Luther towered above [The Lion] and as he watched the Primarch struggle to stand, his face contorted in agony, the veil lifted from Luther's eyes and he realised the full horror of his betrayal. Not only had he forsaken his friend, his Legion and the Emperor, he had betrayed the nobility within himself. He cast his weapon aside and collapsed next to Jonson, his sanity shattered by the enormity of his actions."

Around Caliban the warp convulsed as the dark powers realised that they had once again been thwarted. If accounts are true, their titanic rage tore a rent in the very fabric of space around Caliban and a warp storm of utmost fury spewed forth from the rent to engulf the planet.

A swirling vortex of unleashed warp energy swept across Caliban. Furious, planet-wide earthquakes wracked the surface of the planet and it began to split open. The relentless bombardment by the Dark Angels' fleet had already weakened the planet and to their horror it broke apart and was no more, the debris of its death spasms sucked into the maelstrom of the warp. All that remained of Caliban were the ruins of the Order's fortress-monastery.

The Dark Angels maintain that the ruined fortress was empty, but the Codicium Astartes Mortis states "When the Dark Angels descended to the dead rock, they discovered Luther, curled in a fetal ball, endlessly repeating the same phrase. Over and over he told the Dark Angels that the [Watchers in the Dark] had taken the Primarch and one day they would return him to forgive Luther his sins. The Space Marines searched the drifting asteroid but could find no trace of their Primarch. Lion El'Jonson had vanished."

COMMANDER AZRAEL, SUPREME GRAND MASTER OF THE DARK ANGELS



The current and, many would say, greatest Chapter Master of the Dark Angels was recruited from the feral world of Kimmeria from amongst the wild, headhunting tribesmen. His wild nature was tempered by the Chapter and he soon proved himself to be a noble and honourable warrior. As a humble Brother-Marine he fought in many victorious battles during the Scouring of Truan IX and rose to the position of Force Commander during the crushing of the techno-revivalist uprising on Faze V, an undertaking which brought him much accolade from the Chapter's masters. With such victories behind him it was not long before Azrael was inducted into the Deathwing and given command of 3rd Company. As captain of this Battle Company he fought in countless campaigns and won much respect from his peers, becoming Master of the Deathwing in 917.M41.

The Grand Master of the Dark Angels secretly chooses his successor from the Inner Circle, and when the Chapter's Grand Master died in 939.M41 it was inevitable that Azrael would succeed him. Azrael was presented with the Lion Helm and the Sword of Secrets, items of supreme significance for the Dark Angels and the symbol of office for the Grand Master. With these icons came the honorific title, Keeper of the Truth. Azrael continues to lead the Chapter in battle and his noble demeanour and unblemished honour continue to be an example to all.

In the aftermath of the fall of Caliban the senior members of the Chapter assembled in a secret conclave and decreed that knowledge of the fall of their brothers should forever remain with them. No one must learn of the schism that had split their Chapter or that Space Marines of the Dark Angels had turned to Chaos. Should this dreadful secret become known, the Chapter would surely be destroyed and all hopes of expunging the stain to their honour would be forever lost.

An Inner Circle of the Chapter's most senior officers was formed to guard this dangerous knowledge and every man swore oaths of unspeakable binding. Luther's traitors, the fallen Dark Angels, had disappeared deep into the warp during the cataclysm, the Dark Gods' fury scattering them throughout space and time. Until every Fallen Angel was captured and made to repent, there would be no peace for the True Sons of the Lion. So long as even one of the Fallen remained alive and unrepentant, the Chapter would be Unforgiven, cursed by their brothers to eternally atone for the sins of the past.

Home World

After the titanic battle between Luther and Jonson, all that remained of Caliban was the rock upon which stood the ruins of the Order's fortress monastery. Drilling deep into the bedrock, and rebuilding the fortress ruins, the Dark Angels transformed the dead asteroid into their new home, called The Tower Of Angels in High Gothic, more commonly called The Rock. Countless tunnels, halls and chambers were constructed and, in time, even warp engines were constructed to allow the Rock to move from star to star. As a result, the Rock does not stay in one place for any length of time and Dark Angels recruits come from a variety of different worlds. Each recruit is screened thoroughly and from the moment he becomes a Dark Angels his past life is irrelevant. All that matters to him now is the Chapter.

Many dark secrets lie deep within the Tower of Angels, dungeons that have remained unopened in centuries, secret caves that are sealed with adamantium doors and bound with holy sigils. Only the most senior members of the Dark Angels, the Masters and the Inner Circle are aware of these chambers and may unlock their dread secrets.

Combat Doctrine

With the break up of the Space Marine Legions after the Horus Heresy, the Dark Angels were split into Chapters according to Roboute Guilliman's Codex Astartes. With the exception of the Deathwing and the Ravenwing, the Dark Angels follow standard Space Marine combat doctrine and their dogged resistance against overwhelming odds is legendary. In situations where even other Space Marines would fall back, the Dark Angels will fight to the bitter end rather than give ground to their foes. This is also reflected in their stubborn refusal to move in the face of the enemy, even in situations where it would sometimes be tactically beneficial for them to do so.

The Dark Angels are also notoriously intolerant of non-humans and will refuse to fight alongside armies that include alien races. They are highly suspicious of outsiders and often appear unreasonably aloof and intransigent. Indeed there have been a number of occasions where the Dark Angels have withdrawn suddenly and with no explanation from a warzone when confronted by an Imperial Inquisitor or Missionary.

Organisation

To an outsider, the organisation of the Dark Angels is much the same as other Codex Chapters, ten Companies each of a hundred men. It is at the higher levels of command that the Dark Angels become quite different to other Chapters. Each Chapter has a number of senior officers and specialist troopers who stand apart from the main body of Space Marines, and in the Dark Angels these men are known as the Inner Circle. Only warriors who have fought through the ranks for many years and have proved their loyalty to the Chapter time and time again are allowed to progress into the Inner Circle. It is these sinister individuals who shoulder the burden of the Dark Angels' secret shame and it is they alone who decide who is worthy to join their ranks. Each company of the Dark Angels is led by a Master of the Chapter who has passed through the Deathwing into the Inner Circle.

The first two Companies of the Dark Angels are where the greatest difference between other codex Chapters lies. The 1st Company is known and feared as the Deathwing, veterans who only ever take the field of battle in bone-white Terminator

armour. Originally the armour was black, but after a single squad of Terminators freed their home world from Genestealer infestation, it was forever decreed that their armour would be white to honour their valour. The 2nd Company is the Ravenwing, and the Space Marines that make up its ranks are masters of the high speed attack. Every warrior is mounted on a bike or Land Speeder and they are organised into squadrons of five vehicles rather than ten man squads. Rather than the normal dark green colour scheme of the Dark Angels, the Ravenwing's armour is painted jet black.

The remainder of the Chapter is organised along strict Codex lines, with the 3rd, 4th and 5th Companies forming the Battle Companies, the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th the Reserve Companies and, lastly, the 10th Company is made up of Scouts.

Beliefs

The Dark Angels Chapter gives praise to the Emperor of Mankind but, much to the chagrin of the Ecclesiarchy, do not revere him as a god. Like most First Founding Chapters, the Dark Angels venerate their Primarch as much as they do the Emperor, who they worship as the founder of the Imperium and as their creator. To the Dark Angels the Emperor is a man, not a god.

The driving force of the Chapter is the hunting of the Fallen Dark Angels who were swept into the vortex that destroyed Caliban. Only by hunting down and capturing each and every one of the Fallen Angels will the shame of the Dark Angels be absolved in the eyes of the Emperor. The Fallen have been scattered throughout time and space and thus the Dark Angels' ten millennia quest is far from over. It is this quest that drives the Dark Angels and they will follow up any rumour, no matter how slim, if it offers them the chance of recapturing one of the Fallen. Should one of the Fallen be captured, he is taken back to the Rock and thrown in the darkest dungeon where the fearsome Interrogator-Chaplains attempt to make him repent his past sins. Should the Fallen repent, his death will be swift and relatively painless, but in most cases he will refuse and the Chaplain will be forced to use any and all methods to force him to repent. Often this will result in the Fallen's death, but this is a small price to pay for adding his name to the Book of Salvation.

Geneseed

As the first Space Marine Legion, the Dark Angels' gene-seed is one of the purest and least degraded of all. With the break-up of the Space Marine Legions following the Horus Heresy, the Dark Angels gave rise to three successor Chapters, the Angels of Absolution, the Angels of Redemption and the Angels of Vengeance. Collectively these Chapters are known as the Unforgiven and each continues the work of its parent Chapter in hunting the Fallen.

There are no known aberrations in the Dark Angels' gene-seed which makes the reluctance of the High Lords of Terra to utilise it in the founding of new Chapters perplexing. No doubt there are other successor Chapters of the Dark Angels, but their names and when they were founded are unrecorded.

Battlecry

"Repent! For tomorrow you die!"

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Modelling guru Nick Davis concludes this series of modelling articles by looking at the simple techniques he

employs to make walls and hedges. For more Scenery Workshops, check out the Hobby Project pages on our website: www.games-workshop.com

SCENERY WORKSHOP

Basic Terrain part 3: Making your own walls and hedges

WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO MAKE YOUR WALLS:

- Corrugated cardboard
- Thick card or hardboard for basing
- Thin cardboard (cereal packet card)
- Coarse textured paint
- Green flock
- Citadel paints: Goblin Green, Snakebite Leather, Red Gore & Skull White
- PVA glue & masking tape

WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO SCRATCH BUILD YOUR HEDGES:

- Steel wool
- Thick card or hardboard for basing
- Green flock
- Citadel paint: Goblin Green
- PVA glue & spray mount glue

FOR BOTH PROJECTS YOU WILL NEED THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

Large drybrush, undercoat brush, 1/2" paint brush, cutting mat, steel ruler, modelling knife, cutter, clippers & pen

Hedges and walls present obstacles which hold a vital defensive value for infantry, as they protect troops from the worst of a cavalry charge and enemy missile fire. They also provide cover for WH40,000 vehicles which will tend to count as being hull down and therefore add to their survival rate.

Hedges and walls are currently available from the Citadel scenery range (available from GW stores and GW Mail Order). You can also represent hedgerows using lichen which is available from most model stores.

In this, the last of our look at basic scenery modelling, I'll show you how

to make good-looking hedges and walls with the minimum of effort!

As with all our modelling projects, you are going to need a large, flat area for you to do your modelling on. A couple of layers of newspaper to protect against spillage would be a good idea, and if you do any heavy cutting I suggest you use a piece of wood or a cutting board (available from craft shops) to protect the table's surface.

WHERE TO START?

I recommend you read through this article thoroughly before building anything. Please remember that this is only a guide gleaned from my experiences – feel free to experiment and try your own ideas.



Eldar Rangers snipe from behind a lichen hedge.



Empire infantry takes up a defensive position behind a series of walls and hedges.

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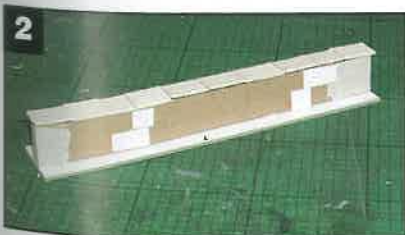
Skaven Gutter Runners and Globadiers prepare to ambush an Empire infantry column.

MAKING WALLS

1. Cut out a hardboard or thick card base to 180mm by 30mm. Cut the wall sections out of the corrugated cardboard 180mm long and 20mm tall. Using PVA, glue the wall to the centre of the base (I used thin corrugated card here so glued two pieces together before attaching it to the base).



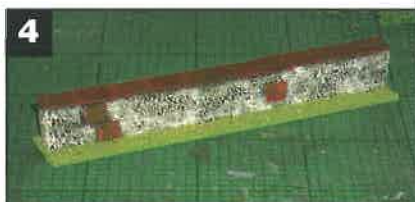
2. Cover the ends of the wall with masking tape. Cut a strip of thinner card to 180mm by 10mm then cut this strip into smaller pieces (about 1cm in length) and glue them in a row across the top of the wall. Add a couple of pieces of card to the wall itself to represent flagstones.



3. Paint the wall with textured paint (try to leave the flagstones uncovered though). Once dry, spray the entire wall with Chaos Black. You can then drybrush it Snakebite Leather followed by Skull White. To finish off, paint the base Goblin Green.



4. Now drybrush the stones and the tiles on top of the wall with Red Gore. Follow this directly with a lighter covering of Snakebite Leather. To give your walls that finishing touch, cover the base with watered down PVA and sprinkle flock over it.



Your walls are ready for the battlefield!

SCRATCH-BUILT HEDGES

1. Cut out a 180mm by 30mm base from hardboard or thick card. Glue a length of steel wool to the base using PVA. Ideally the height of the wool comes up to the waist of a Citadel miniature.



2. Cover the base with watered down PVA and then add flock to it.



3. In a well-ventilated room or outside, cover the steel wool with spray mount. Pour flock over the wool (in this case I used a darker green flock to lift the hedges from the base). Leave for ten minutes, then shake off the excess flock.



Warhammer veteran Mike Walker takes a first hand look at the new Warhammer, in his own unique way...



Mike has been playing Warhammer since the dawn of time. This month, he extols the virtues of army lists.

The other day I came across a hand-written army list. Ink had seemingly hurled itself from a barely-controlled pen nib to form into some nearly legible words that managed to mostly ignore the faded blue lines of two ancient exercise book pages.

The third and final page began with a series of ink-intensive swirling doodles before a final entry of ink-deprived characters that were just readable enough to illustrate a complete disregard for the rules of multiplication.

I can remember a time when all army lists were made this way.

Nowadays, with microprocessor assisted spreadsheets being the norm, army lists have lost a bit of character. I kind of miss Old Dave's neatly printed script with a twisting leaf motif in the margins of his Undead¹ army lists.

Big Dave's pencil must have one day been sharpened, but, during the six or so years he was one of my regular opponents, I cannot recall it happening. I can still visualise his chubby scrawl. His lists were always dark grey, neat and dependably inaccurate.

Darren's lists had illustrations that were the outpouring of a mind obsessed with sharp pointy things and their effect on soft mammalian things. Not recommended reading ahead of the chip run.

Little Dave is the doyen of the army list in the group. I reckon he does one list before breakfast every day and probably another dozen lists before sleep takes him and even then he probably dreams of army rosters. Little Dave loves to experiment and

UNNATURAL SELECTION

Warhammer army lists and troop choices

has produced some of the most extreme armies I have ever seen.

Most of his armies are original, startling and pretty much unplayable. However, following the same theory as all those keyboard-equipped monkeys, if he generates enough lists eventually a brilliant one must be created. We await its appearance with bated breath.

I myself must confess to taking the easy option of using army building software. I can produce a soulless but legal army list in about fifteen minutes.

Which brings me to my point.

I firmly believe that every Warhammer player should make the effort to produce a completely legible (and legitimate) army list for his opponent to inspect should the need arise.

A few months ago I faced a chap with a splendid Dark Elf army, but no list. The list, apparently, had come to an unfortunate end when it had come into contact with the teeth of his large grey Angora rabbit mere hours before the game. This would apparently present no problem as he had played with the same army for several weeks and could remember it in every detail.

We started the game and his promise of infallible recollection lasted almost eight minutes. During the next excruciating three hours confusion reigned as to the exact owner of the Heartseeker sword, the Blackened armour and the Heart of Woe. Accurate information was unavailable on what equipment the Cold One Knights or the Dark Riders had. When there was doubt over the level of his sorcerer, only thoughts of a newly made fluffy grey garment kept me cheerful. Now that may seem bad, but I can describe worse.

This happened a bit longer ago. Another game, another opponent, this time I was battling some Wood Elves. Now this guy had a list. He even gave it to me before the battle to examine. Unusual, I thought. Normally these things were only disclosed at the end of the battle. I needn't have worried. The list was written with a completely unique set of abbreviations rendering the whole thing useless. Only if this was a script for Bill & Ben, the episode where they discuss Chaos theory using only Cantonese adverbs, would it have been less easy to understand.

Now I have no proof and maybe I am being completely unfair but I believe



Stuart and Ron battle it out within the hallowed walls of Mike's garage.

¹Unkind commentators have remarked that the reason Old Dave liked Undead armies was that he was soon to be one of them.

that the lack of clarity may have been intentional. I think I may have been on the receiving end of a bit of sharp practice. The presence and location of one or two key magic items were just a bit too convenient. Naturally my opponent was happy to 'resolve' any problem by waving his piece of encryption at me. Another three hours of less than top rate enjoyment.

If I can make my plea again. Make them readable, make them right... okay?

There is a certain excitement in the garage at the moment. We are about to begin the first league using the new sixth edition rules. Whilst plenty of games with the new rules have already been fought, it's time to get serious.

Since there has been so much talk about selecting armies I thought I'd take a quick look at this somewhat mysterious part of our hobby.

Joe is a theorist. Many hours are spent poring over rule books, army books and other peoples' army lists. Radical changes from week to week are likely. Indeed it is never certain which army he will turn up with (except that it will normally be Elven in nature). He cares not a jot for background, aesthetics or sometimes figure availability², he just wants performance. To be honest his armies have got tougher and, more importantly, we have less little discussions about the fairness of the armies he selects (*how many Repeater Bolt Throwers?*)

Alan is much more practical. It is always Lizardmen at his fingertips, and he will make small changes based on what happens on the tabletop. Small tweaks are common, including trying new things, but the core of the army always stays the same.

Stuart seems to have an affinity with his Vampire Counts army and his glass half empty style of play seems to fit in well with using shambling hordes of hopeless Zombies.

Ron chose his Bretonnians because he liked painting the Knights. Sometimes he is called by the dark side and gets his Beastmen out. With only a small selection of painted figures, Ron's armies tend to be chosen on what's available. Rumours are growing that a Chaos Warrior army is being recruited.

Scott likes Wood Elves. I think he first designed the army he uses in the late eighties³ and has deployed it unchanged ever since. Wood Elves seem to suit Scott's laid back style. It seems that he is able to keep a torrent of arrows smacking into his foes with a consummate ease few of us enjoy.

Matthew, (this is Matthew Sprange⁴ - also a regular in this magazine⁵) seems to enjoy a quantity rather than quality selection. He just picks as many brown furred Skaven as possible and fills up his side of the table with them. Selected on the basis of what he likes (and that's loads of figures), he overwhelms his foes with a steady stream of banter that keeps them distracted so they don't realise they are losing.

Craig just likes a competitive army. His pink tailed swarm is selected on the basis of performance. This gives a very different army to Matthew's, but interestingly one that is about as successful. Craig is not averse to borrowing other peoples' armies. Indeed, since Matthew arrived with his Skaven, Craig decided to use Ron's Bretonnians in new and interesting ways (he selected a Knights-only army and did pretty well with it).

My army selection is based on the figures.

My wife once estimated that if I retired now and spent every remaining hour of my life painting figures, I'd be dead before half my current stock of figures were done. With this in mind I cannot bring myself to paint figures that I do not like, so my armies end up populated with the stuff I do like.



Mike relaxes in the warm glow of being right.

I like to build an army and gradually modify it to improve how it plays. I use a similar method to Alan's - slowly evolving my army into something dangerous. Thus my Empire army has grown in my affections and in its effectiveness in almost equal measure.

For the upcoming league I was going to use my Empire army Alas without my beloved Halflings (retired to the Moot equivalent of the Chelsea Barracks) but with a new theme and quite a few new models.

My idea for this new army was: Witch Hunters.

Like many of my armies, the initial inspiration comes from some figures, in this case the Mordheim Witch Hunters boxed set. It had eight excellent figures that really evoked the feeling that here was a group of tough, driven, battle-scarred, determined and desperate men with an unhealthy interest in flammable females.

²The unit of Orcs fielded as part of a Dark Elf army that were carrying a post-it note with the word 'Harpies' written on it marked the low point of the 'substitute figures' incident

³I suspect that the current army is probably a bit more modern than this. It just seems like we've been playing against the same armies for the last decade

⁴A parrot with Matthew growing out of its feet can be seen on page 4 of issue 38 of the Journal

⁵I have this theory why Wiltshire has spawned two writers for this esteemed magazine. Wiltshire is wet, the weather is incessantly inclement. Instead of being able to enjoy 'healthy' activities like rambling (like you never ramble - Fat Bloke), crown green bowling or falconry, we are forced to sit peering sadly out of our rain spattered West Country windows at a world we cannot enjoy. Forced inside by the prevailing precipitation we find ourselves once more in front of a keyboard, our fingers tapping out words to keep our brains from imploding due to the mind-numbing boredom that overwhelms us at two o'clock on a wet Wiltshire afternoon. We grind out revision after revision of bland text until gradually and painfully meaning seeps into the sentences. Thoughts are forced into black and white. A new article has saved us, our intellect refreshed, our mood exultant and our bodies knackered. Happy and tired we finally rest, missing the four rays of sunshine that break through the oppressive rain clouds - at least that's what I think



The fatigue from moving so many figures begins to tell on Mike's hardy constitution.

I already have a unit of Pistoliers, converted to also look battle hardened and slightly mad by using Mordheim Mercenary top halves combined with the metal legs of a Pistolier. Only minimal modelling skill is required (this is fortunate as I am only a white belt in converting stuff) to combine the plastic tops and metal bottoms. I am really pleased with these and my Mordheim bowmen. Add to these a pair of Mortars and Dogs of War Crossbowmen and a big bunch of those immovable Flagellants and I already had the basis for my new army. And then the world shifted on its axis.

Stuart has always played Undead, ever since I have known him. Sure, he moans a lot about his army. We always assumed lots of moaning was something you got whenever you came across loads of Zombies, Banshees and other ghastly apparitions.

Never, ever would he play anything else. Our players would have bet more cash than Big Dave spends on chips in a year that Stuart would always play Undead.

Until last Tuesday. If you heard the sound of the Earth shattering, that was when Stuart gave us the news.

Stuart wanted to play a different army. He wanted an army with guns. Really big guns. He wanted my Empire army.

Still reeling from all the airborne porcine shadows crossing in front of a sorrento coloured moon, accompanied by the yelping of a multitude of frost-bitten devils, I was unable to utter anything other than "Sure", when asked if he could borrow them. Which is why I find myself a week later planning an Orc & Goblin army.

Hopefully somewhere nearby you can see a copy of the army list I came up with: Chief Grok Greenshanks and his Wild Orcs.

I've always had an Orc army. I think I started it just after the Dwarfs. But in those times (when Warhammer came in a white box and nobody had even thought the word Tellytubby) Orcs got beaten.

This was a shame because the Orcs epitomise Warhammer. They are brutal, hard, mean, relentless and almost uncontrollable – everything you could want in a Warhammer army. Trouble was, back then they were hopeless fighters with bad Leadership, suffered from animosity and came on bigger bases than almost everything else. To be honest nothing much

changed for the next ten years or so.

I still collected them though, because I loved the figures (even the ancient skinny, jutting jaw models from the mid-eighties), but got frustrated at always being beaten on the tabletop.

The slaughter of my Greenkins continued until I came to the same realisation as many other Orc Bosses. Savage Orcs were brilliant. With all that Frenzying, Magic War Paint, magically endowed Shamans and a wonderful blue/green paint scheme, they were the obvious answer. At last I had an Orc (and Goblin) army that prospered on the battlefield.

So now it's time to blow the light covering of dust from the boxes where the boyz relax between altercations.

Army selection is a deeply personal and mysterious process. I build an army full of figures that I like. It will be competitive and often be based on a central idea (powerful in magic, artillery or Squig Hoppers). It must allow some manoeuvring (one that just sits back and fires at the enemy holds little interest) and most of all I like armies that are a little different to those that my opponents use.

So how did Chief Grok Greenshanks and his Wild Orcs come into being? The majority selected itself from those figures I already have based, painted



Alan meticulously prepares his assault on the forces of Mt. Walker.

"My boss is happy when I 'get all my ducks in a line', 'have looked upon problems as opportunities' and 'given him solutions and not problems'. He is not happy often."

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and ready to use. The idea of using Big 'Uns came after reading the entry about them in the rule book, and a little matter of inflation.

I don't know if it's just me, but Savage Orcs seem to be suffering from inflation - they are getting bigger. Nothing wrong in that. Hulking great Orcs are just fine.

Except for those of us that have great swathes of the more compact ones. My own mid-nineties ladz are smaller but still brilliant figures.

Ever one to turn a problem into an opportunity I reckon that using the new figures as my Big 'Uns will both make that unit stand out and allow me to field both lots in the same army.

Well, I've just got time for a few notes on the army before I go.

It may still stand some alteration before the league starts. There are a few weeks left and new armies are due to be tested in this period. I think it may have a few too many units that suffer animosity, and I will have problems keeping it moving forward.

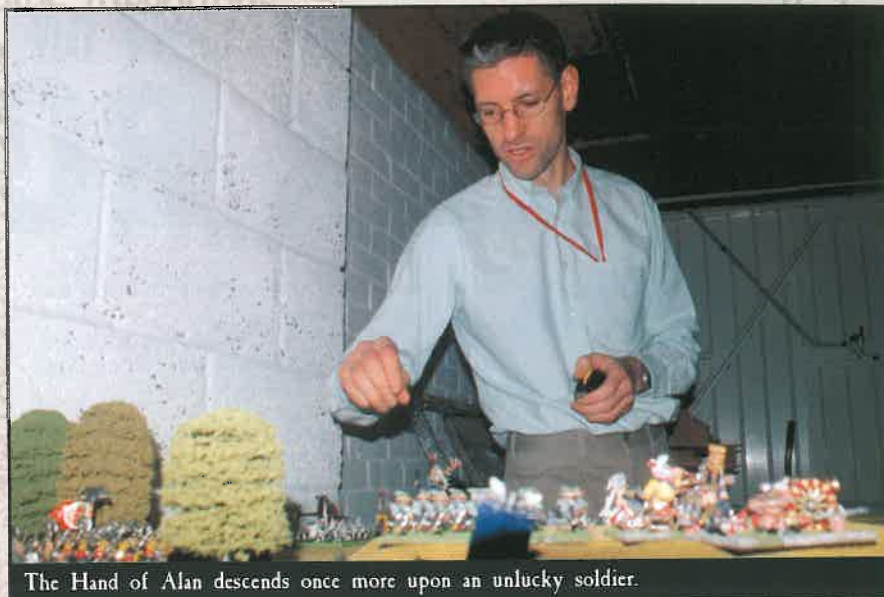
I would really like to have included a Giant (the 'pick up and stuff in a bag' attack is just sublime). I always feel guilty including one as I don't think they really fit into a Greenskin force. This is one of those occasions when I have to balance what feels right with what plays well. For now, then, no Giant.

I'm unsure as to how many Shamans to use. Experience has shown if you want to chuck a few spells about, you need a couple of Level Two guys. We'll also see how powerful Little Waaagh! spells are. On the subject of magic, the 'Edbuttin' 'At and the Staff of Sneaky Stealin' are just so Orcy that they have to be included in the army.

Right, I'm off to dig out the green and blue paint for my Big 'Uns.

Next month, tune in to find out what armies everyone picked, if Grok Greenshanks and the boyz win their opening battles and if it's ever gonna stop flipping well RAINING!!!!

Mike



The Hand of Alan descends once more upon an unlucky soldier.

WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

Chief Grok Greenshanks and his Wild Orcs

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Points Value
CHIEF GROK GREENSHANKS Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	4	5	3	4	4	9	-	Magic Items: Hacks's Sword of Hacks, 'Edbuttin' 'At, Magical Warpaint	220
GROKOT NOSWAP Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	-	1 magic item: Wokopa's One Hit Wonder	45
BOKKA BULLWART Level Two Savage Orc Shaman	1	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	-	Choppa & Warpaint 1 magic item: Staff of Bushmen	160
PORK PULLTOOTH Level Two Savage Orc Shaman	1	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	-	Choppa & Warpaint 1 magic item: Staff of Sneaky Stealin'	135
24 SAVAGE ORC BOYZ	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	220
12 SAVAGE ORC POAR BOYZ Boars	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	4+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	280
24 SAVAGE ORC BIG 'UNS	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion 1 magic item: Noggy's Banner of Butchery	303
16 SAVAGE ORC BOYZ	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6+	Choppa, bow, warpaint	160
24 GORLINS	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	6	6+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, warpaint, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	92
10 GORLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6		Hand weapon, short bow	30
10 GORLINS	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6		Hand weapon, short bow	30
12 GORLIN SPIDER RIDERS Spiders	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	5+	Hand weapon, spear, shield, Musician, Standard Bearer, Champion	124
3 SPIDER SAWARMS	4	3	0	2	2	5	1	5	10	-		150

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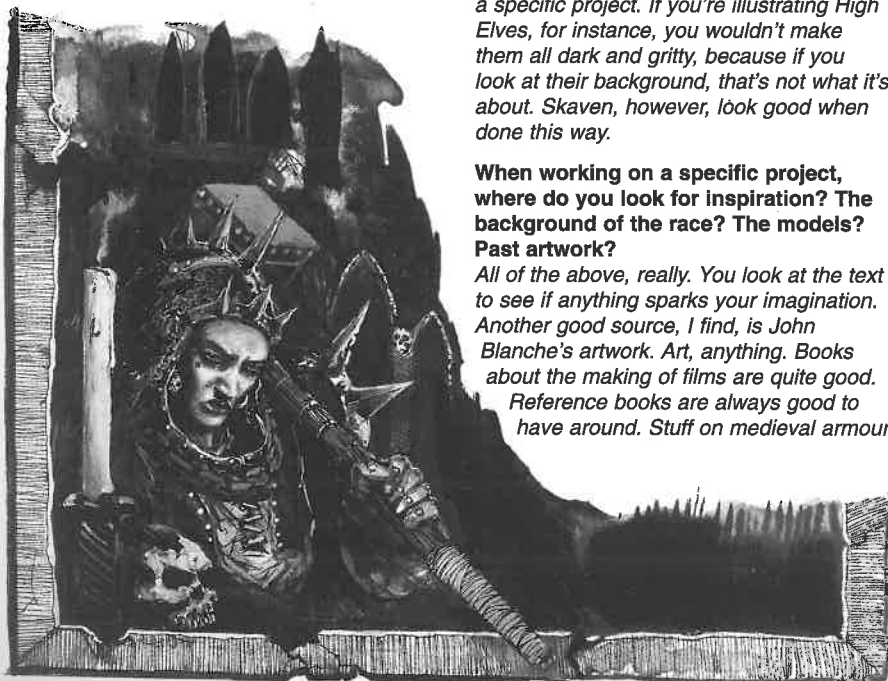
TOTAL 1999 points

SPOTLIGHT ON ALEX BOYD

This month, we've been turning our attention to the Art department. If you've wondered who's been doing that cool black & white artwork in the new Dwarfs book (amongst others), let's introduce Alex Boyd.

Alex was born and brought up in Sunderland. He spent his University days in Dundee on a four year BA Hons. Fine Art Degree at the Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art. After finishing his degree, he dabbled in Information Technology. Now he works as one of our illustrators, his past work includes black & white art for Codex Imperial Guard, Codex Blood Angels, Codex Space Wolves, Codex Cathachans, Codex Assassins and Codex Armageddon, not to mention Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer, Mordheim and Battlefleet Gothic, and he's just finished contributing black & white artwork to the Dwarf army book.

Busy chap.



Well, Alex, how and when did you start working here?

Three years ago. The position at Games Workshop was advertised in White Dwarf. I started on a training scheme.

I take it you've been into the hobby for some time now

Since I was about fourteen.

As a point of interest, can you remember the first figure you ever bought?

I can, actually. It was a female adventurer (don't bother looking for this one – it's so old it came on a metal base!).

Working as an artist must be a pretty full time job. Do you still get a chance to play?

Yes. I have quite a sizeable Warhammer 40,000 Ork army that's steadily growing (with loads of Cybork and Killer Kan conversions). I'm also about halfway through my Dwarf army.

Any Dwarf tactics to divulge?

Not yet. I'm still too much of an Ork player, and try to go charging over the other side of the table, which is not a very good tactic for Dwarfs!

When everyone is working on one project, is there a fear of losing your own style, or do you believe your own style always shows through?

I still believe that my own style shows through, but you do change your 'look' for a specific project. If you're illustrating High Elves, for instance, you wouldn't make them all dark and gritty, because if you look at their background, that's not what it's about. Skaven, however, look good when done this way.

When working on a specific project, where do you look for inspiration? The background of the race? The models? Past artwork?

All of the above, really. You look at the text to see if anything sparks your imagination. Another good source, I find, is John Blanche's artwork. Art, anything. Books about the making of films are quite good. Reference books are always good to have around. Stuff on medieval armour

is useful, too. Drawing armour, even fantasy or futuristic armour, is a lot easier if you have an understanding of how real armour works. Not only does it keep you grounded in reality, but it keeps your interest.

When working on a project like the Dwarfs, for instance, do you liaise with other artists or figure designers to get a uniform look?

The Art department creates teams for each project. Paul Dainton and myself worked on the Dwarfs while Karl Kopinski and Adrian Smith worked on the Tyranids, so styles are matched as much as possible.

So how long would it take, from brief to finished artwork?

Take the Vampire Counts cover, for instance. I've been given five weeks for that project from start to finish, and I'll be working roughly eight hours a day.

You must have worked on some pretty cool projects. Does any one stand out in your memory?

One of the most memorable projects was most definitely Mordheim. Even from the initial discussions my imagination was fired. There was a definite move towards a dark, insane look for the entire project. Things were hinted at in pictures, rather than just presented. This gave an overall feeling of darkness and mystery. Another thing I liked about Mordheim was the personal touch. What I like to do in my pictures (especially of Imperial Guard) is to personalise each warrior, make them more real, and Mordheim is based around small groups of individualistic characters.

Do you have a favourite picture in Mordheim?

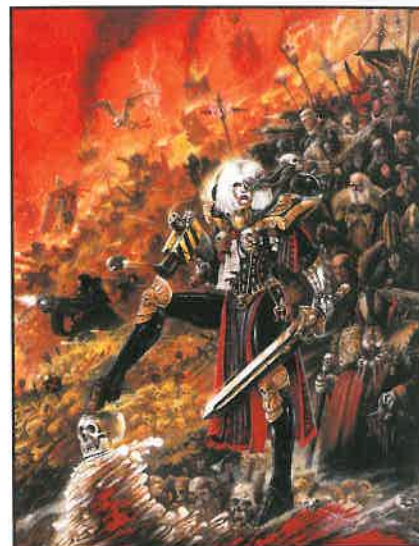
My favourite picture is of the Sigmarite Sister (left). The other project, the one that really was a turning point for me, was Battlefleet Gothic. The picture I did of "The Divine Right" really opened some opportunities for me.

What kind of opportunities?

Since doing those pieces, I've been given a lot more responsibility and scope. Also, I'm now doing concept sketches for new miniatures. I've done sketches for the Sigmarite Warrior Priests, Vampire Counts and the new Skaven.

Working as an illustrator for us, you've had to envisage some pretty bizarre creatures (Skaven, Orks, etc). If you were drawing humans at least there'd be plenty of resource material (army books for Imperial Guard, general

These are some of Alex's concept sketches for our new Warhammer Empire and Vampire Counts model ranges.



Alex's influences include our very own John Blanche, and Alex cites this painting, for Codex Sisters of Battle, as one of his favourites.

human anatomy from art reference books). What do you use for reference when drawing non-humans?

One thing I've found is that no matter what you're painting/drawing, the human body is still the best model – all you do is distort it. For Dwarfs and the other squat races, you simply squash the human anatomy. For races like Elves, you stretch it out. Look at existing pictures of the races and there will be definite ways to draw them. Skaven, for instance, have very long, gnarled hands. For hunched creatures, like Orks, look at primates. Muscles and skeletons are all important: understanding of how they work will help your drawing a lot. It's a lot easier to work from an existing model than trying to make stuff up purely from your own imagination.

So, now the Dwarfs are in the bag, so to speak, what's next in the pipeline for you?

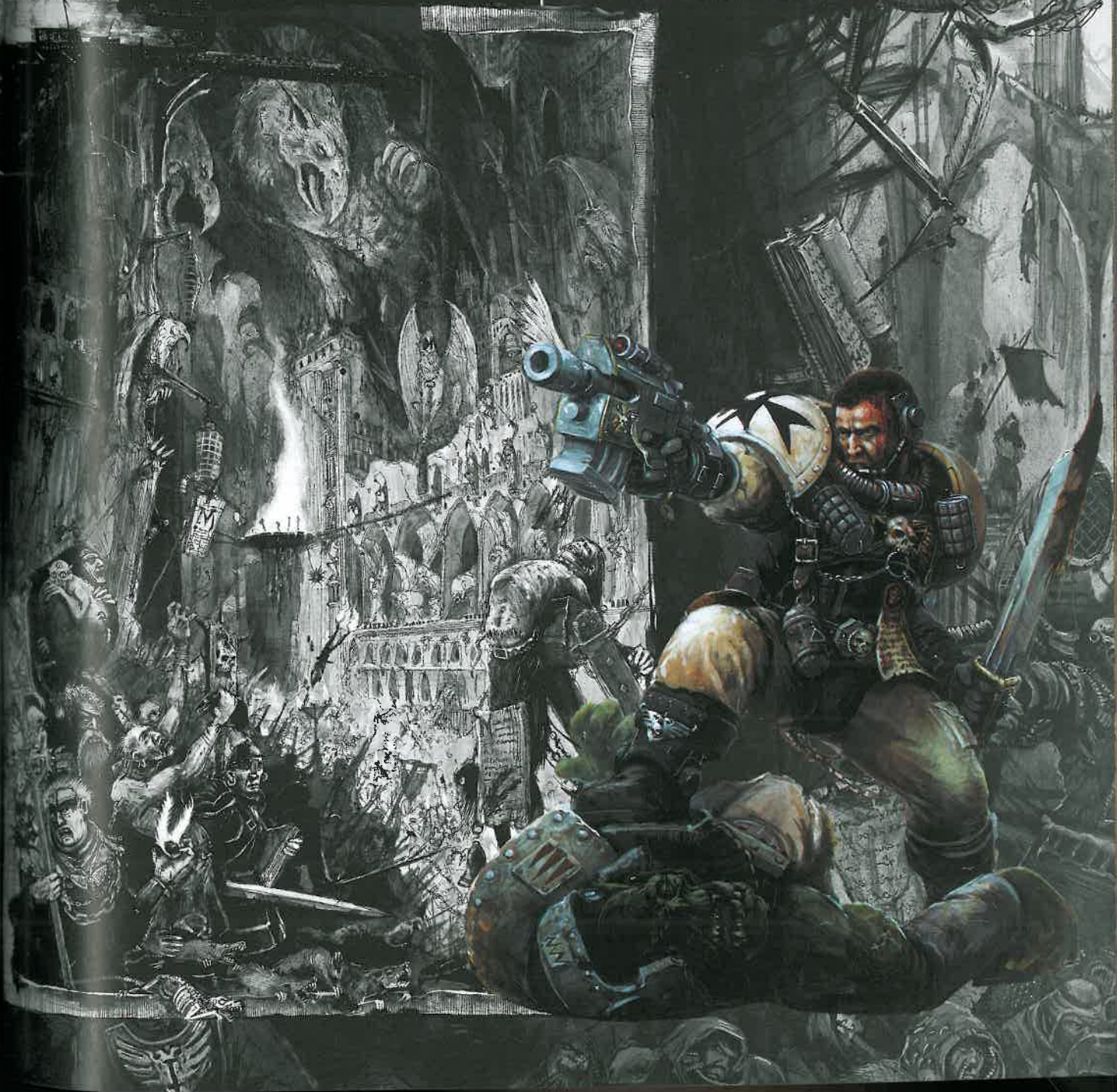
The cover of the new Vampire Counts Armies book.

Thanks, Alex!

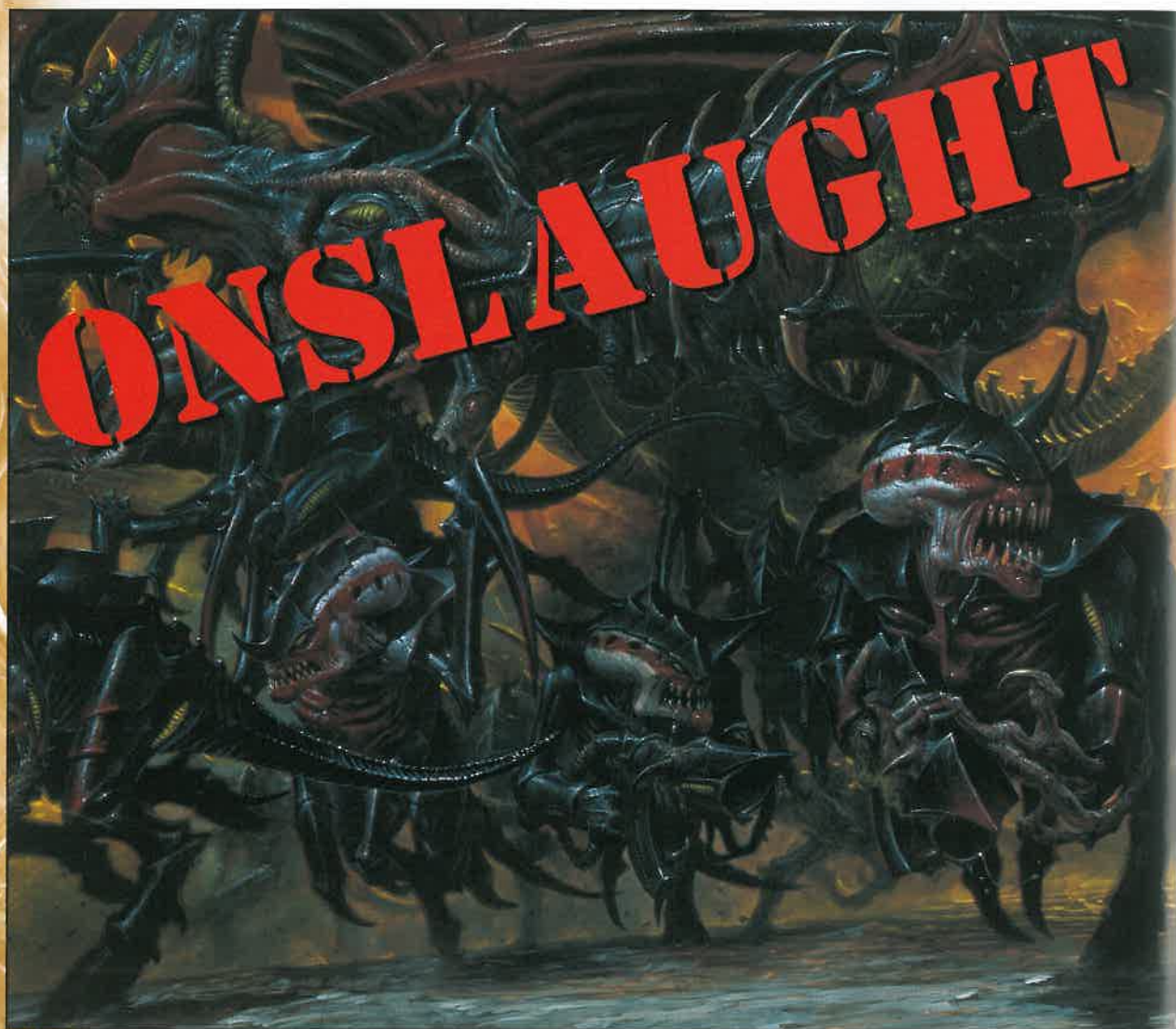
Over the page, we showcase a selection of Alex's work.







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WARHAMMER

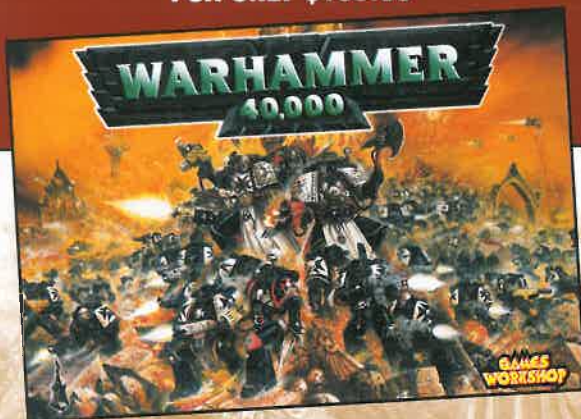
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SUBJECT: TYRANID INVASION

Code Name: Xerxes

During March Games Workshop Stores across the Asia Pacific sector will be involved in their own Tyranid invasion.

With the release of this much anticipated Codex loads of new models will be painted and games involving the Tyranids will be played.

Hive Fleet Xerxes approaches and the forces at your local Games Workshop store are prepared for battle.

ASSAULT THE HIVE SHIP!

The Tyranid's attack enemies at will, with abandon, without remorse.

Almost impossible to stop once the fleet lands on a planet, the hive overwhelms the enemy. The only chance is a pre-emptive strike. An assault on a hive ship into the bowels of the monstrous creature and into the face of the enemy.

Come in to **GW WODEN** on the 24th of March and join in the assault on the Hive Ship featuring our giant Hive ship table. Its so big it takes up TWO tables!

This huge battle will be part of the Hive War Campaign.

Can the tide be turned against the Tyranid menace? Or will Hive fleet Xerxes destroy the Rhion System?





WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER

Ryan's Roughnecks have been drop podded on the outskirts of Trovia, capital city of Dahill sector on Phokis, 1st planet of the Rhion system. Their mission: to eliminate a small Tyranid force attempting to take a foothold on the planet. But as the roughnecks are about to find out the Tyranid force is anything but small, and with their pickup clicks away, they'll be pushing it to get there in time... if at all.

Will Ryan's Roughnecks make it in time. Or will they be just another meal in a long line for the Tyranids?

Come in to **GW CASTLE HILL** throughout March and join Ryan's Roughnecks as they face the Tyranid threat.

NOTH'N BUT A BUG HUNT

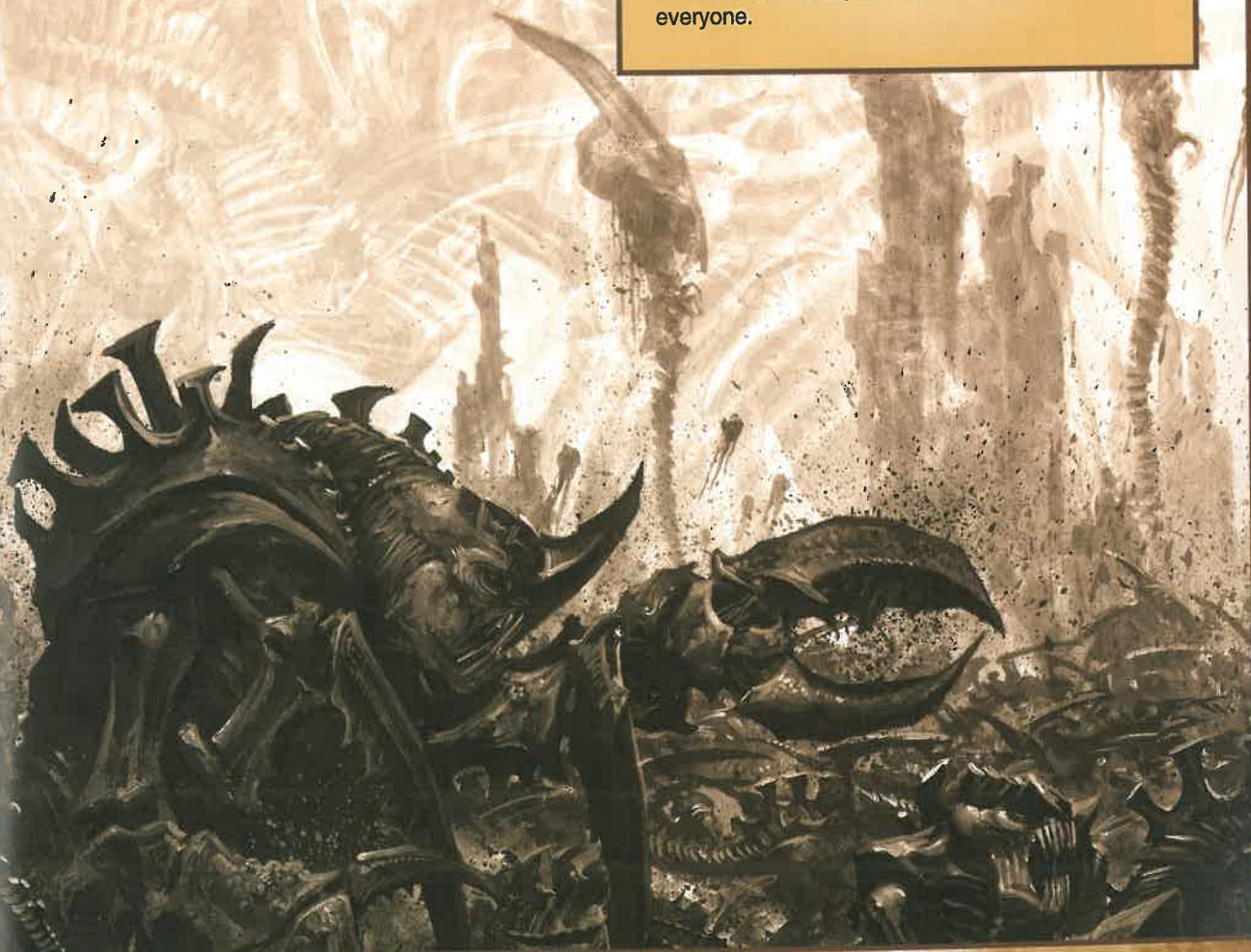
Lieutenant Rick Lee and the other members of his extraction team couldn't believe the realm of terrors they found themselves in.

Their mission was to rescue the planetary Governor, Chuck Nestromo of Charada, Third planet of the Rhion System.

They had teleported into the first level of the Government Bunker-Palace and as they fought their way down the levels the Tyranid forces appeared to be getting thicker!

Unfortunately for the team they have no idea that the Bunker-Palace has become one of the Tyranofarming bio-factories created by the Tyranids to turn Charada into a source of usable genetic material.

Come into **GW MELBOURNE** every Friday night from 4.00pm and join Rick and his team as they face all sorts of mayhem on their quest to save everyone.



FIRST CONTACT

A blip on the radar, a small, flashing green light. Who could have thought such an insignificant blip could represent the hulk "Deviant Primogenitor". It was the first of its kind. A hulk bigger than the Emperor's Palace on Terra itself. A hulk that represented first contact with Hive Fleet Xerxes.

Half of the Imperial Fleet had already been diverted to the Armageddon Sector but now the full fury of the Hive Fleet was about to be realised.

Not only had the planet Charada fallen to the swarm, but the Imperial Cruiser Lazarus has crash landed on the surface, and it's troopers were expected to execute a search and rescue. During March we will be running "First Contact" battles on our brand new Space Hulk table.

So come in to **GW AUCKLAND** and help defend the Imperium - The Hive Mind is coming for you!!

Genestealer Painting Competition

Throughout February we will be running our very first Genestealer painting competition. This competition is open to all customers fourteen and under. For information about this cool competition just ask any of our staff in store.

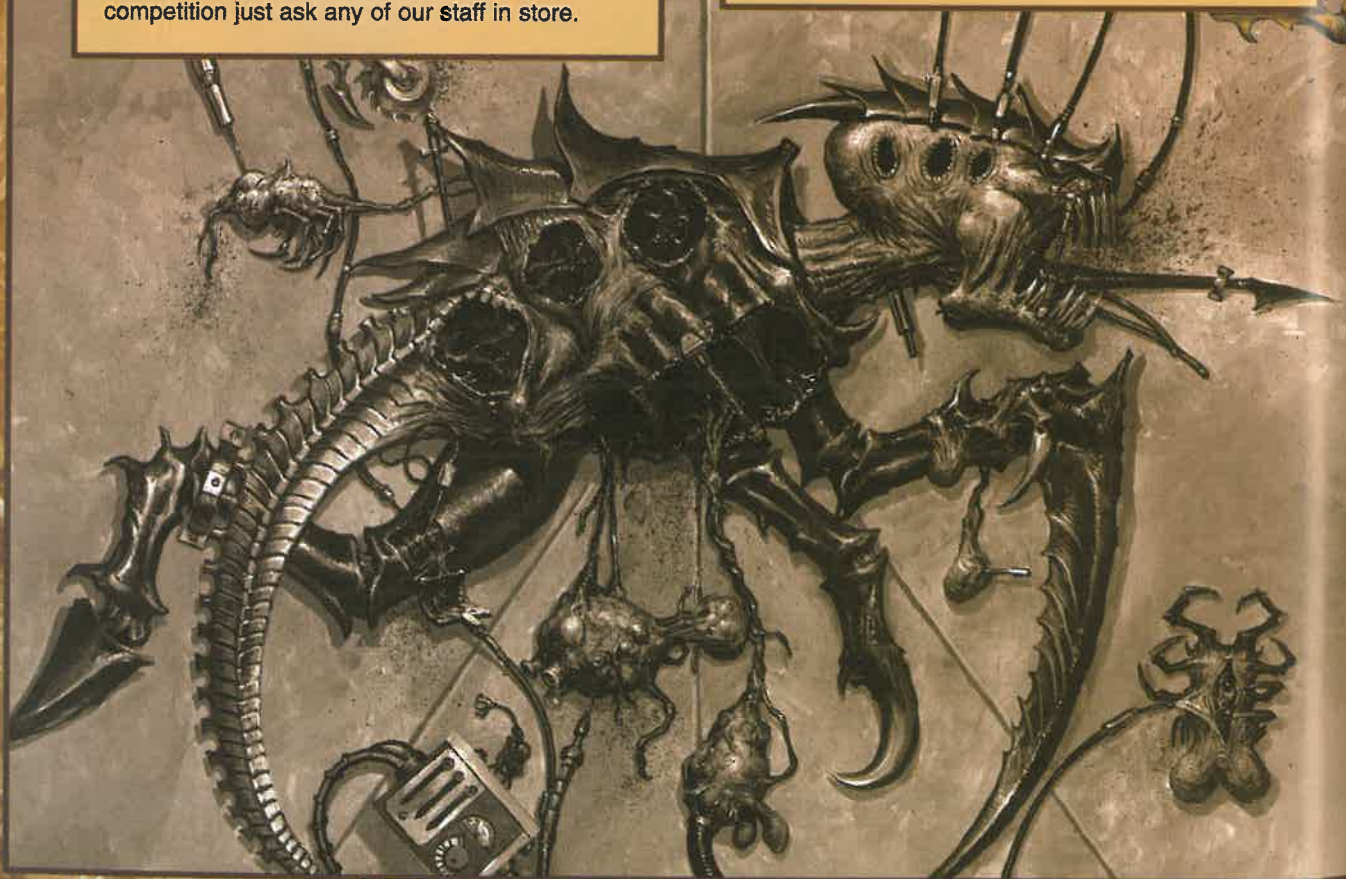
BUILD YOUR BUGS BIG, BIGGER!

New, strange creatures have been spotted throughout the northern sectors. Weird mutations and as yet unheard of species of the vile Tyranids threaten to devour all in a single unstoppable force. The only option for the Imperium is to study these new foes and figure out how they're put together.

All during March, the brave defenders in the Queensland stores will be helping you study the new, vile aliens by showing you how to create your own Tyranids, the best uses for them on the battlefields, and how best to stop them. Oh yeah, and there'll be a whole lot of games as well.

Drop into one of the Queensland GW Stores or call them for more information.

GW BRISBANE (07) 3831 3566,
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COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

Date 11240001M01

Ref Ecc/185/EaP1

Last transmission: Boris Haven, commanding officer of the 23rd platoon.

Last known position: Arathia, on the Eastern front.

+ + + Sir we....require assistance....we have...ran into.. the T.....ds again...a..new.....wave is upon.....

+ + + Communication Lost.....

The 23rd infantry platoon have fallen back to a communications outpost but the transmission of their final location was disrupted due to an unknown source of psychic interference.

The 23rd are now on the way to the nearest outpost to make contact with the Rysta Fleet that is approaching their sector. They must do it before the next wave catches them. It will not be easy, as the Hive creatures are lurking around every corner.

Drop in to **GW PERTH** or give them a call to find out more about *Communication Breakdown* being run this March.

SIEGE OF PIETAS

On the Imperial planet Trachis a massive Tyranid swarm surrounds the city of Pietas. The Imperial Guard defence forces of the planet have been driven back inside the city's walls and are desperately outnumbered. Small forces of the Ultramarine's finest warriors have been dispatched to repel the vile aliens. Their only hope is to cut the merciless Tyranids down as they cross the last remaining bridge into the heart of the city. Will the valiant forces of the Imperium stop the malevolent Tyranid threat before they overwhelm the city, or will another Imperial bastion be crushed by the Hive Mind's brutal onslaught?

GW MORELY Saturday 24 March 12-4 pm

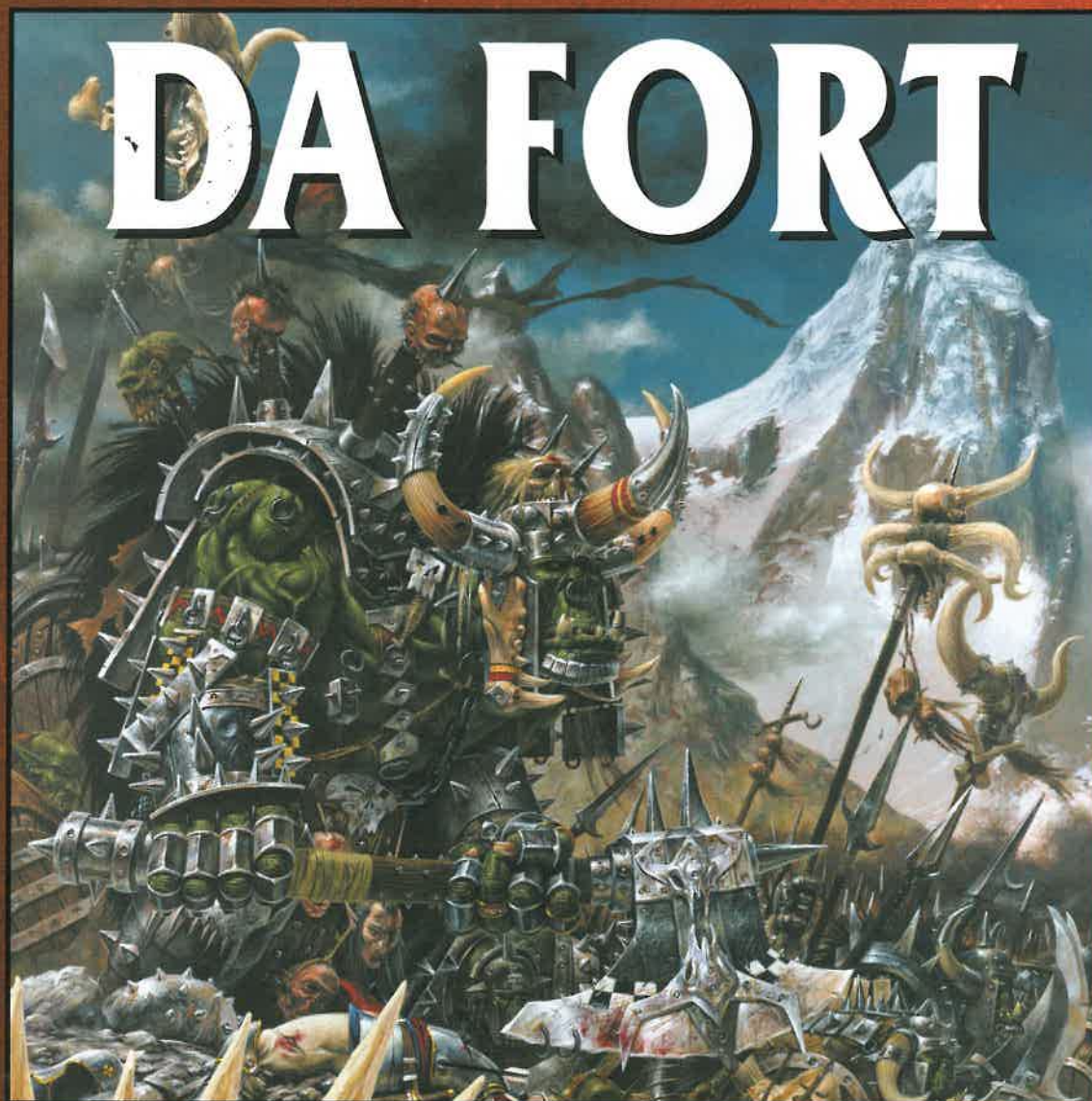
IMPERIAL FURY

First the shock of the ambush, then the ecstasy of battle, the pain of defeat, and now the misery of been abandoned on Charada, a Tyranid infested planet.

The Imperial Cruiser Lazarus had been the pride of the expedition force – then came the Tyranids destroying all in their path. Now they could only make ready, and wait, in the burning carcass of the cruiser. Now they could only hope for a rescue that surely would never come. Hive Fleet Xerxes would consume all. The Great Enemy would triumph.

Come in to **GW WELLINGTON** during March and be one with the Hive Mind as it assaults the wreck of the Lazarus.





The armies from Games Day 2000's "DA FORT" display table hit the road for a tour of Games Workshop stores.

Choose to command units from the Empire Army or mobs from the swelling Orc Hordes, and then prepare to fight through the special campaign scenario.

"Da Fort" promises to be the largest and most complete Warhammer experience you will have outside of Games Day!*

Nothing less than the fate of the Empire hangs in the balance!

Marion	March 3rd-4th
Perth City	March 24th-25th
Morley	March 31st-April 1st

* When we say that this will be the most complete Warhammer experience you're gonna have, we mean it. This puppy is Bad!! After playing this, when you walk down the street the ladies will notice you! You used to be picked on in school? Not no more! An' all of a sudden you can dance and (O! knock that off - DT) it's really good.

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New material for Blood Bowl,
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FANATIC



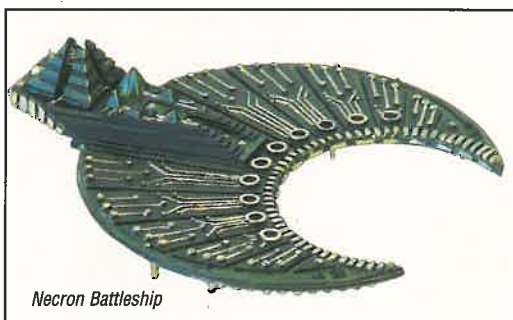
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BLOOD BOWL



NEW TEAMS & MINIATURES

Fanatic produces its own range of miniatures for use with Blood Bowl, and brings out new teams and players on a regular basis. Details of the latest releases can be found at the Fanatic website, and the entire range can be found in the Blood Bowl section of the Games Workshop website.

BLOOD BOWL MAGAZINE

The Blood Bowl Magazine comes out three times a year and is filled with great articles and all the latest news about the game. It's also the place where the rules supporting the new teams and miniatures

produced by Fanatic can be found. The Blood Bowl Magazine is available from good game's stores everywhere, or direct from Games Workshop Mail Order and the Games Workshop website. Subscriptions are also available.



\$9.95

HOW TO ORDER

Up until now most people have had to order any Fanatic models they needed directly from our UK Mail Order but the Emperor has shone his light upon us here in Australasia, so now you can get all these fantastic Fanatic models from Games Workshop Mail Order Oz and here's how.

We take all the orders we receive from everyone and every two weeks we place these as one big order with the UK. This then gets shipped out to us on the next Ork Bommer headed our way. This will take a little longer than a normal order but it means us Trollz do all the work for you and you won't have to pay postage from the UK either, just standard Australian rates.

Just pick up the phone and give Da Trollz a call on (02) 9829 6111 to find out all the latest on this and other Fanatic happenings and place an order using your credit card. Or send in a cheque or money order made out to Games Workshop along with the Mail Order form at the back of this month's White Dwarf.

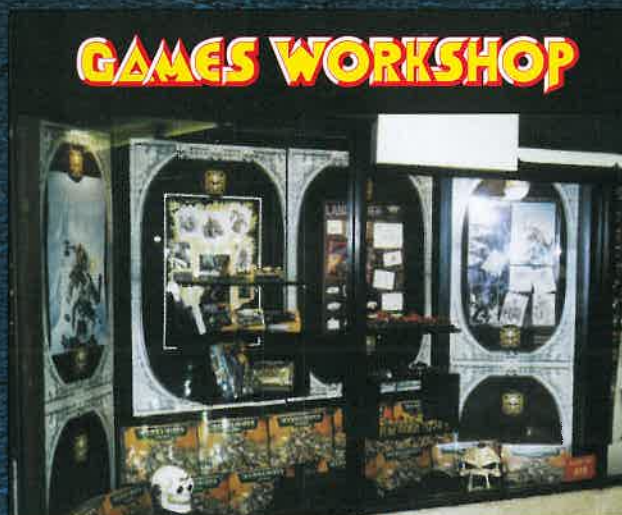
ALERT! ALERT! ALERT!

All the staff at Sydney City store this month are Tyranid Mad! If they aren't building Tyranid swarms then they're building armies to defeat them. With the new gaming table up and running many battles against the Tyranid swarms have already been fought, won and lost. So the boyz have put together some words of advice (we don't guarantee good advice) about the new Tyranids and some special events to coincide.

GRANT'S TYRANID SHANNANIGANS

FIVE QUICK DECEPTIONS AGAINST TYRANID PLAYERS

1. Before the game, insist that you are play on an open desert/snow/grassy plains table. Then rebuke that, saying that they can place whatever terrain they feel they need to win the game (This should ensure a fair placement of battlefield terrain).
2. Use the new Tyranid Codex as a coffee place mat, claiming that you won't be needing to reference it today, and that it has more use in it's current position (Gamers are always very proud of their armies Codex - this will just annoy them).
3. During the Tyranid players first turn movement phase, tell them to hurry up as you haven't got all day to wait for swarm to arrive (Hopefully rushing your opponent into tactical blunders).
4. During deployment suggest tactics that would commonly be used by Imperial guard players. eg. static defensive lines (This will take the focus off your own deployment set-up).
5. Turn up to the battle with your own Tyranid army!



ASSAULT ON HIVE FLEET ONE

Every Thursday Games Night during March Sydney will be running 'uge games of Warhammer 40,000 on the stores new fully organic (well...actually artificially organic) Tyranid gaming table. Battle inside a living Hive Ship! (well...actually artificially living).

TOM'S TYRANID ATTACK

If you didn't know by now, Sydney City store assistant Tom Smallwood is mad about "bugs" (the Tyranid type of course). He is so excited about the new Codex release that he has vowed to convert every Warhammer 40,000 player to the Hive Mind. The rest of the staff however don't quite share his enthusiasm and have set up a challenge to make sure his plans for Total Store Domination aren't met unchallenged. So Grant (Da Boss) has allowed him the following special concessions.

Every weekend during March Tom will be running special introductory painting and gaming for all budding Tyranid players from 10am until 3pm. Tom will be go through the basics of how to design that killer Tyranid force, special paint schemes for those "themed armies" and heaps of introductory gaming using your freshly painted swarms. For those that aren't as enthused about the "bugs", Grant and the other staff will be helping all others design, paint and game with forces designed especially for "bug" hunting.

WHAT'S ON AT SYDNEY CITY STORE DURING MARCH

- **Hive Fleet One. GAMES NIGHT.** Thursday March 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th. 4-8pm.
- **Staff Challenge Nights.** Friday March 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th. 3-7pm.
- **Tom's Tyranid Attack.** Every Weekend during March. 10am-3pm

SYDNEY CITY PRESENTS



PREY THAT HUNTS

By Tom 'I want to be consumed
by the Hive Mind' Smallwood

With the release of the new Tyranid codex we see a new wave of terror sweep across the galaxy as all Tyranids rouse from their hibernation and the great devourer gathers its forces in another relentless advance on all the races of the galaxy.

As a long time player of Tyranids, starting with Space Hulk, Genestealers with their cult armies in 2nd Edition Warhammer 40,000 and finally when it was revealed that the Genestealers were just the beacon to attract the hive fleets of the mighty Tyranids...well... I just had to collect a swarm of these new and diverse critters (I wanted all their spectacular miniatures), they did after all, make an imposing sight on any gaming table.

This still holds true for the new Codex Tyranids released this month..

When I first saw the new models my temptation to get my hands on them was undeniable. The design team has done an excellent job in capturing the feel of the Tyranids with new plastic and metal miniatures (but I'm sure you all know this by now) and the army list itself is awesome!

Your troop options for Tyranids are great and varied. You can stick with the tried and true Tyranid Warrior or experiment the new and deadly Raveners with their 9" move/charge (18" in one turn), scything talons (6's wound and ignore armour saves) and a large choice of weapons to destroy your foe.

If you like to take a Carnifex (or three) their have been a few changes like additional heavy weapons (barbed stranglers, venom cannons), a 3+ save and the ability to rend tanks apart (as it should be).

The new Hive Tyrant options are very scary as their bio weapons & psychic powers can be used to enhance the overall Tyranid swarm.

The Tyrant Guard are a fearsome unit in any bodies book (Toughness 6, 2 Wounds) and the fact that you can use them to hide your monstrous creatures in these units (Hive tyrants & Carnifex's).

As well as their ability to roll an extra d6 in difficult terrain (hee... hee...), the Gaunt's have changed very little except the Gargoyles who now have a bio-plasma attack (special Close Combat attack).

But their is more...you can now make your own types of Tyranids (yes, make your own bugs!)

You choose a type of Tyranid (Gaunt, Tyranid Warrior, Hive Tyrant, Carnifex) then from a list of options add Strength, Weapon Skill, Toughness, Ballistic Skill, all depending on the specific Tyranid that is being

modified. If you want it your army can have wings/bounding leap (the whole army that is in cClose combat by turn 2).

I can for see that our bugs are going to have a great time consuming all the different races of the galaxy. Here are a few quick pointers that I have learned;

- You just need to be careful with how and what you attack with, the temptation to buy

and design is great.

- All that is needed is a clear plan of what you want your swarm to look like (by theming them) and stick to it.

- Terrain is often over looked. Use it to your best advantage to screen your swarms advance.

- Use broods of more expendable troops in front as a screen against enemy fire. This will enable you to get the bigger Tyranids up close and personal.

Adapt, overcome and evolve...



BUG HUNT

By Craig 'Bug Killer' O'Neil



With the release of the long awaited Codex Tyranids this month there has been a lot of talk of how to use your bugs effectively against different types of opponents.

Whether the newly recruited Tyranid consort-minds intend on cracking the armored hull of a Leman Russ, or carving open the black carapace of a stalwart Marine, they will need to adapt their tactics to each individual army they face.

I'm not trying to give any of you foul deviants any more tips on beating the proud warriors of the Imperium, quite the opposite.

I'd like to give some insight into the motives and abilities of the hive mind and its ever increasing parasitically hoard.

The major strength of the Tyranid Hive mind is there ability to tailor a force to meet the foe and exploit the weaknesses of the enemy, allowing the collection of more Bio-mass for the 'cause'. BE AWARE. This is unique compared with the existing armies codex's that generally have a particular style of fighting and responding to threats.

The synapse creatures are particularly interesting to combatants as they are used by the hive mind to control and overrule the natural instincts of nearby Tyranid creatures therefore allowing a cohesive force to act as if on a single thought. Without these creatures many reports indicate the lesser broods seem to revert back to an animalistic fight or flight style existence.

Overall the threat of the Tyranid Hive forces is greatly reduced with the elimination of the Tyranids synapse creatures.

(Note that recognition of synapse creature is now part of recruitment dogma for Imperial Guard and Imperial Naval training of units in the eastern fringe and presumably the various Space Marine Chapters have already implemented such training protocols).

The most rudimentary tactics can be of use against the alien hoards; simple defensive lines with reserve units in the rear ready to plug the holes can be quiet effective.

If you divide your defensive line into two separate sections this will reduce the synapse creatures concentration throughout the army making it easier to pick them off.

Ultimately you will have to decide the best tactics for reducing the effectiveness of the Tyranids against your armies, as I am sure my army composition and yours will vary slightly.

Here are a few quick tactical pointers to help you defeat the swarm;

- Hit and Run. Opt for a simple fast moving hit them were it hurts tactic on one section of the swarm.
- Pendulum. Use the Pendulum style technique as mentioned in Decembers Sydney city presents article by Grant. Strong, static heavy firepower in the centre and only one fast moving and hitting flank to sweep around the Tyranids.
- Split. Your army can be deployed as two separate "sub-armies". This allows you to spread out Synapse creatures and their broods offering you a better chance to break the swarm.
- Rank up. Deploy your army with a front and back rank. The Tyranids will enter hand to hand combat with the front rank, holding up the enemy and allowing your back rank more time to fire upon the advancing hoard.

With several games under my belt against the "New and Improved" Tyranids I feel that they are not as scary as might be thought.

Draw a line in the sand and refuse to allow the bugs an inch, you may even gain a few. Only the Emperor's light shall prevail.

See you on the battlefield.

Craig O'Neil now manages our Wollongong store, so you can visit him there!



Arcane Lore is a series of ruminations and cogitations by the Warhammer Games Development team on different aspects of the Warhammer game. This month Gav Thorpe discusses the tactics and limitations of skirmishers in Warhammer.



Gav Thorpe proudly stands at the head of the Warhammer team in Games Development, with a string of credits to his name as long as his arm. He has been a regular contributor to White Dwarf for as long as anyone can remember and is getting sick of posing with his hand near his face every month.

Most Warhammer armies have access to some kind of skirmishing unit. Skirmishers in Warhammer fall into one of two broad categories, each of which has its own distinct uses – missile skirmishers and light close combat units. When it came to revising the Warhammer rules, we paid particular attention to these different roles to ensure that skirmishers were used in an appropriate fashion.

ARCANE LORE

Skirmishers in the new Warhammer rules

All in all, the sixth edition skirmisher rules clear up the more ambiguous aspects of how they work in the game. At the same time we have managed to tone down their effectiveness in close combat so that they have to work with other units to fight most effectively. Skirmishers will find it difficult to accumulate a sufficient combat result to defeat all but the lightest enemy unit. This makes them good for taking out opposing skirmishers, war machine crews and maybe small missile units, but they will fare badly if they go up against dedicated close combat units, even from the flank or rear.

However, those few extra wounds they might inflict, or the bonus for a flank or rear attack, can swing the balance of a close fought combat, so when used in combination with harder hitting units, skirmishers are still important. Getting skirmishers into the right place to be effective or

countering enemy skirmishers is now another tactical challenge to be incorporated into your plans and army selection.

RANKS

Although skirmishers in close combat do group up into a formation resembling ranks and files, they never count as having a rank bonus. Despite this, a formed up skirmishing unit does have flanks and a rear, which will count for combat resolution bonuses. This means that once in combat, a skirmishing unit can become as much of a hindrance as a help if there are enemy units that can subsequently charge them.

MOVEMENT

The greatest advantage of skirmishers is their ability to move quickly and their flexibility when close to the enemy – slipping through the lines to attack war engines or to get behind



Ungor skirmishers intercept a unit of heavy cavalry, flanking them. However, they may now be flanked in turn by other enemies.

enemy units in combat. This is because they may move at double speed as if marching, but with none of the normal marching restrictions. The particular wording of this rule has given rise to a certain interpretation of the rules regarding what happens when a skirmishing unit fails to make contact during a charge. The line in question reads, 'They simply move up to double their Movement all the time' (page 115 of the *Warhammer Rulebook*). This has led some players to believe that although normally a unit which fails a charge moves forward at its normal Movement rate, skirmishers can still move at double pace. The Failed Charge rules on page 52 of the *Warhammer rulebook* clearly states that 'the unit is moved at its normal Move rate rather than double speed'. Of course, this creates a contradiction (heaven forbid!) between the two rules. Well, I can safely say that the intention was that skirmishers suffer the penalties of a failed charge just like everyone else.

SCOUTS

Many skirmishing units are also Scouts, and can therefore deploy further onto the battlefield. Combined with the special movement rules of skirmishers, these units can work their way towards the enemy deployment zone very quickly. Not only does this threaten war engines and the rear of your enemy's advancing units, this can stop your foe from marching, causing no end of havoc to a well thought out battleplan.

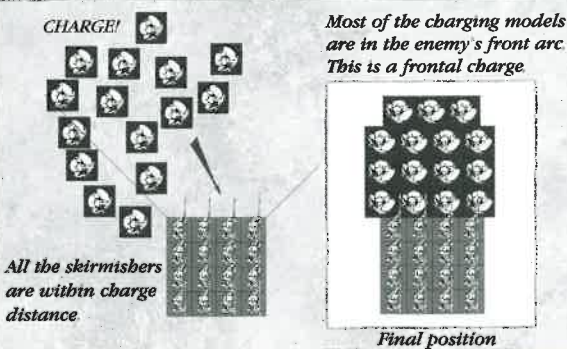
However, there are restrictions on where Scouts can be deployed. A canny opponent who is facing an army they know might contain Scouts will take this element into consideration. As Scouts have to deploy out of sight of the enemy, most *Warhammer* battlefields will only have a few places where Scouts can deploy. With regards to the deployment of Scouts, units are assumed to have a line of sight outside their normal arc of 90° to the front. The best way to think of this is to deploy the Scouts in a position where they cannot see the enemy, which by default means that the enemy cannot see them. This is to prevent Scouts ending up in an odd position deep inside the enemy deployment zone just because the enemy units happen to be facing the front.

There is also the added restriction that Scouts must be 10" or more from

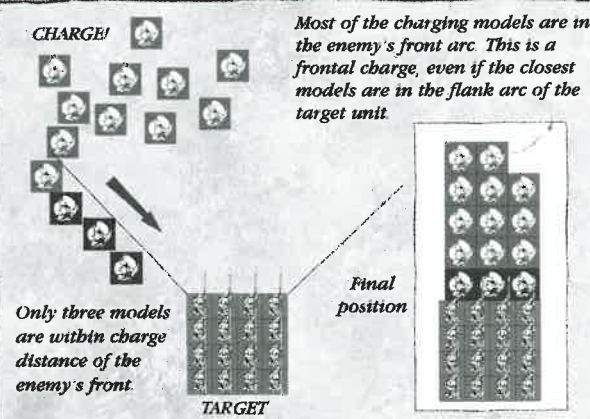
CORRECTIONS

In the first run of the *Warhammer Rulebook*, the skirmisher diagrams on page 116 were incorrect and may lead to some confusion. The correct diagrams are below:

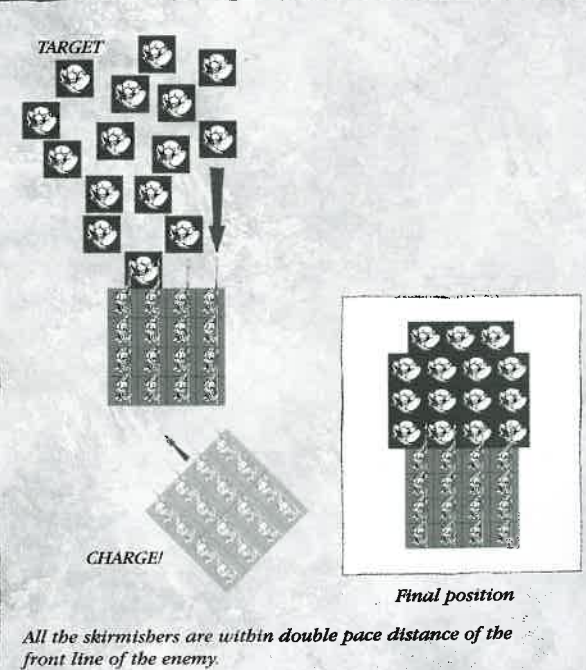
Skirmishers charging (a)



Skirmishers charging (b)



Enemy charging skirmishers





Wood Elf Waywatchers use the cover of the trees to set an ambush for trespassing Beastman raiders.

the enemy. This means that if you deploy your army so that potential hiding places for Scouts (inside a wood for example) are within 10" of a unit, you can narrow down their potential deployment areas. This 10" restriction exists to make sure that Scouts cannot stop the enemy marching on the first turn – Scouts and skirmishers are supposed to be annoying and a thorn in the side, but a restriction to marching right from the start would cross the line into frustration rather than being tactical and entertaining.

LONE SKIRMISHER

There is quite a long section in the Warhammer rules detailing how single characters on foot can move independently. As those of you who read my article on characters in WD253 will know, this was to give characters on foot greater flexibility, to offset the advantages of characters mounted on steeds or monsters.

A simple way to think of characters on foot is as lone skirmishers. This means that they get all of the normal benefits and limitations of a skirmishing unit. This includes things like being able to shoot or charge in any direction, and also having no flanks or rear unless they are already engaged in combat. When played properly, a character on foot can prove more useful than one on a big ravaging Dragon or Wyvern. However, you should also remember that characters outside of units can be horribly vulnerable to war engine fire (and other missile fire if too far from friends) because they no longer have their 'Look out, sir!' special rule. Like all skirmishers, lone characters on foot have to fight in conjunction with other units to achieve their potential.

These rules only apply to vaguely man-sized characters on foot. Monstrous characters (those with 5 or more Wounds on their starting profile – see Arcane Lore in WD 253) follow all of the normal rules for units, marching and so forth.

See you next month!

Law

OVERRUNS

In a recent battle report, Alessio had a lone character which made an overrun and rather than simply continuing straight on, went off in a different direction. He has subsequently realised the error of his ways and under suitable physical inducement has proffered an apology for confusing people. Like everyone else, skirmishing units and lone characters overrun straight ahead; the fact that they can see 360° around themselves makes no difference to this.

Charging single characters

CHARGE!

TARGET

The majority of the charging models are in the flank of the single character and so engage it in the flank, with the maximum number of models in base-to-base contact.

Final position



THE BLACK LIBRARY PRESENTS



WARHAMMER MONTHLY 38 – The All-Action Comic

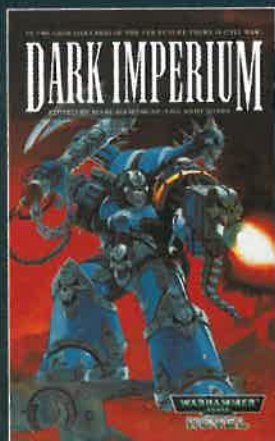
Dark, brooding and ominous tales abound in this issue of Warhammer Monthly. Malus Darkblade visits us again cleaving a path of carnage in his wake. Kal Jerico draws closer to the conclusion of the Nemo Agenda. Learn more about "The Chosen One". More adventures of Marquand and Ulli in the sinister "Mordheim city of the Damned". And continue the journey of mayhem and violence alongside our scarred Warhammer Fantasy hero Hellbrandt Grimm.

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Get all the latest news about the Black Library at our website: <http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk> – now including online store!

Roy Kum has been playing 40K for quite some time now. His success at the 2000 New Zealand Grand Tournament (3rd Overall) was certainly helped by this awesome army!



Above: Chrus Hoskins, GW NZ Cell Manager and NZ Tournament organiser presents Roy Kum with his 3rd Overall Award. Roy's shirt even matched his army!

A legion of Chaos Space Marines seeking redemption? One of the lost First Founding Chapters? Or are they a Chapter comprised of Space Marines in exile?

FOR OUR SINS WE ARE DAMNED

ROY KUM'S EMPEROR'S DAMNED SPACE MARINES

Whatever the truth, many enemies of the Emperor have found their attack on a poorly defended city, or weak point in Imperial lines blocked by a force of strange Space Marines, undetected by scouts or scanners.

When I first saw the Legion of the Damned in the Ultramarines Codex (40K 2nd edition) I decided they had the coolest colour scheme and the most interesting background. At once I began building an army using the Blood Angels Codex as a base (they can have cool things like Dreadnoughts and Assault Marines).

I had only finished one Tactical squad when White Dwarf 223 came out with those great Legion of the Damned models. About that time I read the Legion's history in an ancient White Dwarf and decided the Legion was a bit limited. So I created my own

chapter of mysterious Marines, The Emperor's Damned.

As you'll see I like doing conversions on my models. Most of them are practical things like weapon swaps and wargear. I enjoy making my models different from each other, ensuring they have their proper equipment to such an extent that I built a sniper Scout from a Scout with bolt pistol and scratch building his goggles from sprue. This gives the army a more active appearance, as if it were actually fighting on a battlefield.

I always make sure my models are armed how I want them to be so I've done a few extensive weapon conversions like my force commander's Thunderhammer and my Dreadnought. These are great ways of making the centrepieces of your army really unique and stand out.



Some of Roy's fantastic Scout squad



Roy's army has been constructed around a core of Tactical squads and his command section...

My favourite unit is my Scout squad, I've modelled extra detail onto all of them, and Space Marine Scouts are really nice models. While I set out to make them look hard enough to fight alone behind enemy lines, more often than not some smart guy with a heavy bolter guns them down to a man.

For those who are wondering about the banners, they're made from thin copper, which can be easily cut with scissors and shaped.



Roy's Standard Bearer, can you spot the inspiration?



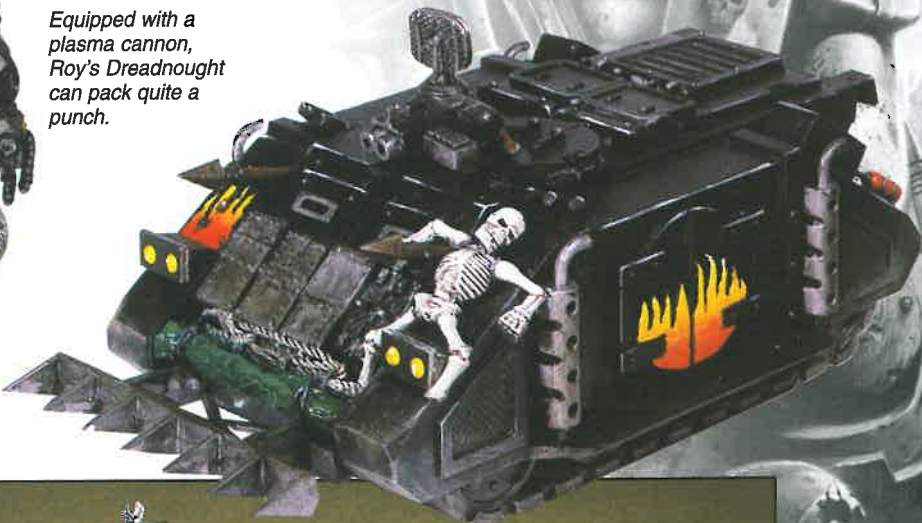
Even Roy's Veteran Sergeants get the full treatment.



The commander of the Emperor's Damned Strike Force.

Equipped with a plasma cannon, Roy's Dreadnought can pack quite a punch.

Remember, when visually theming an army follow the main ideas through on all models, including transports.



ably supported by his Scouts, Dreadnought, and Assault squad.

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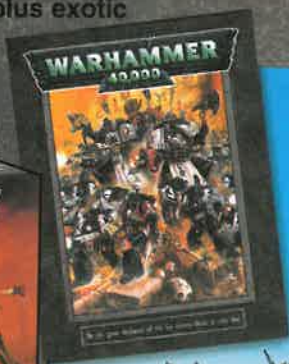
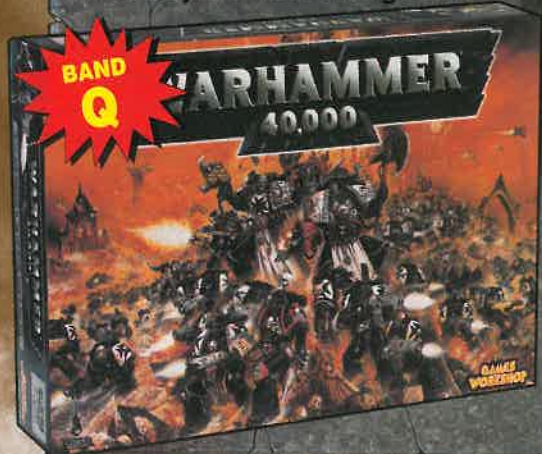
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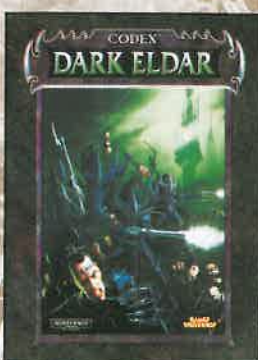


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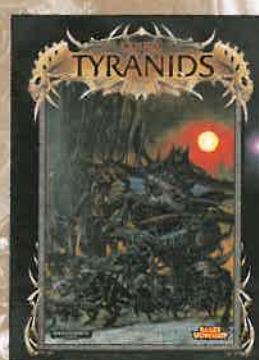
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THE INCIDENT AT BUNKER 472

A Warhammer 40,000 Battle Report
by Phil Kelly, Andy Chambers and Pete Haines

Welcome to another no holds barred battle report, and with the pernicious influence of the Tyranids infesting every part of the Warhammer 40,000 universe this month, it would have been a crime not to showcase these vile extraterrestrials in a frantic and bloody battle.

The might of the hive mind was to be directed by the author of Codex Tyranids himself, Andy Chambers, who would be fielding the hordes of beautifully painted Studio Tyranids for the first time. Taking up the gauntlet to stem the flood of bio-engineered aliens was Games Development's new boy Pete Haines, a stalwart and resourceful player with a reputation for hammering all comers regardless of

army or physical size. Pete was given free run of the entire Studio collection of Space Marine armies (*what a nightmare, eh? – Fat Bloke*) with the explicit instructions to send the vile invaders back to wherever they came from, with their tentacles tucked between their numerous legs.

For many a long day the two Warhammer 40,000 heavyweights worked side by side, gloating chuckles and evil laughter being the only sound as they hammered away at their army lists and battle plans. Finally the hour rolled around for the Tyranids to attack and, with much cracking of knuckles and sipping of coffee, Andy and Pete stepped up to the lush terrain of the

gaming table. The scenario had been agreed upon beforehand: the Space Marines would defend in a Bunker Assault as the encroaching tide of atavistic monstrosities sought to break through to the defenceless city behind Imperial lines. Only one question remained: would Pete's bastion of the Emperor's finest Crimson Fists be sufficient to repel Andy's spitting, hissing swarm of Tyranids intent upon slaughtering and devouring everything in their path?

Sergeant Marnoc stood stock still at the edge of the fortified tunnels, data flicking before his wide eyes as the sky blackened to the south. For a brief moment he thought his macrobinoculars were malfunctioning, but he knew with a sick certainty that the readings were correct. The number of lifeforms raining from the skies over to the south was beyond counting, beyond thought. Since they had lost contact with the Astropaths, they had made what preparations they could to defend the outskirts of Keisel, but evidently they had less time than Captain Makkariel had estimated. The Tyranids were here in force.

"This is Sergeant Marnoc of the Crimson Fists to the Emperor's Vigil, estimated Tyranid infestation at these coordinates within six minutes, request reinforcements, repeat, request reinforcements."

Static crackled over the comm-link, a hissing sussuration of noise unlike the sounds he associated

with the broadcast unit. The horizon was slowly filling with irregular silhouettes, spreading toward the outpost like a malignant cancer. The temperature was rising fast, and a noisome stench of rotting meat reached him on the wind.

As he lowered the macrobinoculars, Sergeant Marnoc's jaw hung open, aghast at the scene that was unfolding before his eyes. A storm of filth was blowing like black snowflakes across the forest. Bursting from the ravaged ground were chitinous spines of alien vegetation, thrusting like jagged talons toward the livid sky. He could hear the bedrock ahead twist and groan as spires of hard fungoid bark pushed their way through stone and soil alike. Grotesquely bulging spores the size of a man were billowing from the ground, leathery skin pulled taut as they germinated in seconds.

With a roar, Marnoc opened fire. Two of the alien spines exploded in a shower of blood-coloured sap, the

brittle forms of the nascent vegetation toppling to the ground. In the distance he could see a conglomeration of the seedling spires clustered around some vile orifice, bloated spores gouting from the infected ground.

"Cease fire, Sergeant Marnoc, CEASE! In the Emperor's name, your fire only serves to attract their biological weaponry!" The voice brought him back to his senses. Captain Makkariel was striding towards him in his ornate Terminator armour, the rest of Marnoc's squad by his side.

"Take up firing positions. Fire on my command, starting with the spore mines, then on the nearest enemy target. Brother Paentro, release a krak missile into anything larger than a Dreadnought. May the Emperor guide your aim."

Sergeant Marnoc turned his gaze back to the forest. A thousand eyes glittered back.

ASSIMILATION



Andy Chambers

Andy: After trying a few different missions we decided that Bunker Assault would make a good intense mission to fight with Tyranids. Bunker Assault is a fairly

stand-up fight where the defender is holding a line of bunkers and defences with his troops and has reserves ready to join the battle once the enemy attack has manifested itself. The attacker has to destroy or occupy as many bunkers as possible before the variable turn limit kicks in.

With the Tyranids as attackers, I tried to balance choosing an army that could move quite quickly with having the durability and rippy claws to actually overcome opposition when they arrived. It was going to be essential to get at least some units to overrun the bunkers and pick up bonus Victory points so I built my main assault force around three largish broods of Gaunts. With their *fleet of claw* ability, these little monsters could sprint forward and tie down the Space Marines while the other elements of the swarm moved forward to destroy them. Any surviving Gaunts could hopefully then push on into newly arrived reserve forces and stop them deploying effectively.

Like most life forms, Gaunts are fairly weedy when matched up against Space Marines so I also included some more specialised and hardy organisms to assist the Gaunts on arrival. Two Raveners supplied some fast creatures that could actually give Space Marines a hard time in close combat, and I'd be aiming to use them to back up the Gaunts in my first wave. The Genestealers were something of a last minute indulgence. The Genestealers' ability to infiltrate makes them

ideal for sneaking closer to the foe in a mission such as Bunker Assault. However, I'd have to be careful with the 'Stealers as their high lethality in close combat means that Pete would be targeting them heavily, so I was determined to try to keep them in cover as a distraction until they were reinforced by the rest of the swarm and could throw themselves into the fight with impunity.

Backing up this front line of close combat types were my synapse creatures and 'specialists'. Synapse creatures act as psychic broadcasters which impose the implacable will of the Tyranid hive mind on those about them, instilling the lesser creatures with drive and unshakeable purpose. Without the hive mind the Gaunts and other creatures can become confused and aimless and in previous games I've seen Tyranid swarms reduced to a shambles by the destruction of the all-important synapse creatures. Hence I invested heavily in having a Hive Tyrant and two broods each of six Tyranid Warriors. Given how few turns the game could last I considered it pretty unlikely that the Hive Tyrant and Tyranid Warriors would get into much close combat and, with this in mind, I equipped them with ranged bio-weapons (venom cannons wherever possible), for long range shooting to give fire support to the first wave.

I also took a Zoanthrope in the hopes its *Warp Blast* psychic power would prove useful for destroying bunkers, Terminators, tanks and anything

else that got in the way. For extra sneakiness I included a Lictor because it could be stealthily placed close to the Space Marines' positions in order to assault them or newly arrived reinforcements at a critical juncture. Like the 'Stealers and Ravener, the Lictor was tough enough to beat Space Marines in close combat and could easily tip the balance if I didn't go and reveal it too early and leave it open to a hail of bolter death. My final choice was a Carnifex because, well... you've got to have a Carnifex. Equipped with a venom cannon, it formed my main tank-buster and if anything was so tough in close combat that it survived waves of Raveners, Hormagaunts and Genestealers, nice Mr Carnifex would finish them off.

Perfect? Well, not really – I wanted a second Carnifex with a barbed strangler to obliterate enemy squads, and Biovores to lay Spore Mines behind Pete's first line defenders to prevent them retreating away from the close combat wave. However, we only had one Biovore painted up, and I didn't have enough points left to have all these indulgences anyway.

The plan? Tie down the front line defenders with Hormagaunts and then wipe them out with Genestealers and Raveners. Don't allow the first and second waves to become separated or synapse control to fail. Attempt to fight the Space Marine reinforcements in or close to the table edge and prevent them forming a powerful



Andy placed his Lictor within this terrain feature using the Lictor's special Secret Deployment rule, whereby its position is written down before the battle. Lictors can be deployed hidden in cover anywhere outside the enemy's deployment zone. It remains hidden until Andy reveals it, which he may do at the start of any Tyranid Shooting phase, no doubt giving Pete a nasty surprise!

PRE-MORTEM



Pete: Using Space Marines against Warhammer 40,000 Overfiend Andy Chambers' all-new Tyranids had all the promise of a really good fun game. The

Tyranids are very cinematic in their style and it was my guess they would make for a great visual (and visceral) game. My main concern was that the army I picked should contribute to the fun rather than just being a wall for the Tyranids to beat themselves against. With this in mind I stared at the Studio figure cabinet glass for a few hours for available troops. There was a dizzying mix of Space Marine armies there but many of them – the Black Templars, Space Wolves and Blood Angels for example – were not entirely suitable for fighting Tyranids. When facing huge, ravening, clawed, fanged, slime-dripping, venom-packed nightmare-inducing monstrosities, rushing at them with a pointy thing really did not seem shrewd. Then I saw the Crimson Fists and remembered the Codex Space Marines cover art and my mind was made up.

The only issue now was what to use. I knew we would be doing a Bunker Assault and therefore I should pick loads of troop choices as these get to start on-table but I didn't want an army that didn't move in its own turn.

The nature of the scenario is that your army divides into the holding force and the relief force, I decided to be conventional but minimalist with the holding force and spend most my points on the relief force. For the bijou holding force I included three fairly normal Tactical squads, one mounted in a Razorback, and a well-armed Scout squad. The force would be led by Brother-Captain Makkariel in his Terminator armour. I had a suspicion that having an independent leader who could move, shoot well while moving and hold his own in mêlée would give me a harder edge in one part of the line.

The relief force was full of little indulgences. A powerful Terminator squad, with their ability to fire on the move and fight well in mêlée, would allow me to respond to the worst threats. With all their massed power fists and chainfists they could potentially tenderise the toughest Carnifex. I supported the Terminators with a shooty Dreadnought. With a twin-linked lascannon and missile launcher, he is capable of stalking the biggest Tyranids and consistently chipping away at them.

For my Fast Attack choice a squadron of Land Speeders with their lethal heavy bolters and tremendous speed was essential. I had an idea that these would be able to skirmish well ahead of the swarm continually picking away at the vanguard while keeping out of the way of the serious firepower behind.

Ignoring an inner voice that kept saying 'fine in theory Pete' with an irritating insistence, I turned my

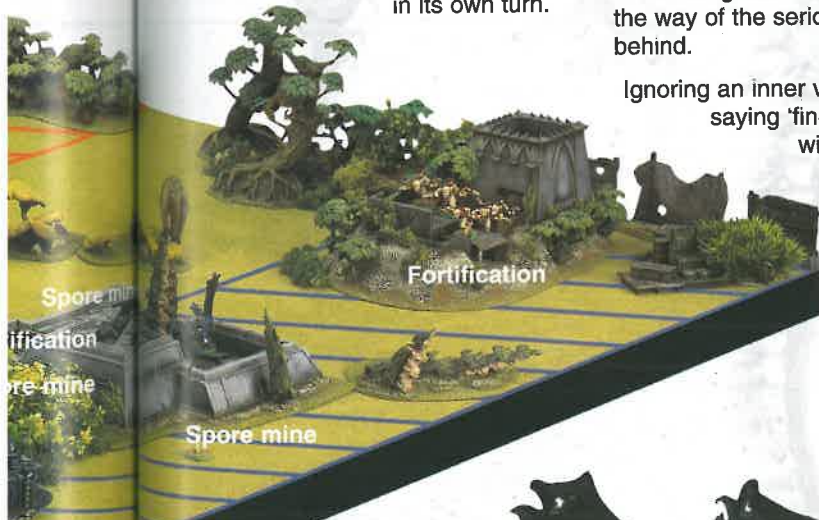
attention to the Heavy Support.

I knew my Heavy Support would have to move on to the table so in that context Whirlwinds and Vindicators which can't move and shoot didn't really fit the bill.

Seeing a Predator armed with an autocannon and heavy bolters in the cabinet I picked it to provide a relatively cheap, potentially very useful mobile firebase. I was hoping that the Predator would attract venom cannon and *Warp Blast* shots, thereby keeping my bunker intact. For my other Heavy Support pick I went for a Devastator squad thinking that I would need lascannons and didn't want another tank. Tyranid venom cannons can do a number on tanks and I wanted them to have to gradually wear down the Devastator squad before they finally got to silence the heavy weapons – in this case two lascannons and a heavy bolter. The squad was really configured for hunting big Tyranid creatures with its lascannons but I included the heavy bolter to thicken the fire when smaller targets were around. I put them in a Rhino so that I could deploy them quickly from reserve.

Phew... finished. The key thing with a mobile defence is to know when to give up a forward position and retreat to a supporting position. I had provided myself with a lot of mobile firepower in reserve and I was sure that the key to the game would be how well I was able to use it to ensure that the rest of the army did not get overrun.

Most importantly I had managed to include plenty of my favourite Space Marine troop types so I knew that I would have fun whatever happened.



STRIKE FORCE MAKKARIEL

Commander Makkariel with Terminator armour, storm bolter and power sword. 90 pts

Terminator squad Phaleg - 6 Terminators with storm bolters, power fists, one with Cyclone missile launcher, one with assault cannon and two with chainfists. 302 pts

Dreadnought Tempus with twin-linked lascannon, missile launcher and smoke launchers. 138 pts

3 Land Speeders with heavy bolters. 150 pts

Scout squad Kourvhas - 5 Scouts with sniper rifles, one with heavy bolter and one with shotgun. 95 pts

Tactical squad Sarrius - 6 Marines with bolters, one with heavy bolter and one with flamer and mounted in a Razorback with twin-linked heavy bolters. 181 pts

Tactical squad Karax - 5 Marines with bolters, one with missile launcher and one with flamer. 91 pts

Tactical squad Redann - 5 Marines with bolters, one with missile launcher and one with plasma gun. 91 pts

Devastator squad Mandurr - 7 Marines with bolters, two with lascannons and one with heavy bolter, mounted in a Rhino with storm bolter and extra armour. 245 pts

1 Predator Destructor with turret-mounted autocannon, two sponson-mounted heavy bolters and smoke launcher. 113 pts

TOTAL 1,496 pts



HIVE FLEET LEVIATHAN



STRIKE FORCE MAKKARIEL



HIVE FLEET LEVIATHAN

Hive Tyrant with venom cannon, scything talons, <i>Catalyst</i> and <i>Warp Field</i> .	173 pts
6 Tyranid Warriors with scything talons, two with devourers, three with deathspitters and one with a venom cannon.	210 pts
6 Tyranid Warriors with scything talons, two with devourers, three with deathspitters and one with a venom cannon.	210 pts
1 Lictor with scything talons, rending claws and flesh hooks.	80 pts
14 Termagants with fleshborers.	105 pts
16 Hormagaunts with scything talons.	160 pts
16 Hormagaunts with scything talons.	160 pts
6 Genestealers with rending claws.	96 pts
1 Ravener with scything talons and rending claws.	45 pts
1 Ravener with scything talons and rending claws.	45 pts
1 Carnifex with venom cannon, scything talons and extended carapace.	153 pts
1 Zoanthrope with <i>Warp Blast</i> .	59 pts

TOTAL

1,496 pts

CRIMSON FISTS TURN 1

Pete won the roll for first turn, and began by attempting to neutralise the threat presented by the Spore Mines from Andy's preliminary bombardment. Tactical Squad Karax, accompanying Captain Makkariel, opened fire on the Tyranid Warriors towering over the Hormagaunts directly ahead. A krak missile flew straight into the chest of one of the beasts, detonating with a blinding flash. What was left of the creature toppled, collapsing into a cluster of seed pods. Triggered by the gunfire, the Spore Mine behind Squad Karax detonated. The ichor struck one helmetless Space Marine in the side of the face, his cries of pain were short-lived as the potent toxins sank into his skin.

As the Warriors were in the open, Pete decided to destroy as many of

the synapse creatures as he could. Concentrating their firepower, the Imperial forces all opened fire on the same Warrior brood. The Razorback spat a stream of large-calibre bolts into the Warriors as both the squads in the bunker sent krak missiles, bolter shells and superheated plasma screaming toward their targets. The Warriors were concealed for a second by blinding explosions, showers of earth and gristle erupting from the impacts. When the smoke had dispersed, three of the Warriors were still striding through the shattered corpses of their brood-brethren. A sniper's shot impacted on the chitinous carapace of one of the Warriors from the rifles of Scout squad Kourvhas, eliciting no more than a vicious hiss from the creature.

The massed shots from the bunker firebase were not without cost, however, as the thundering heavy bolters of the Razorback triggered the sensitive membranes of the nearby Spore Mine in the bushes. With a wet thump, the biological bomb sprayed stinking grey poison across Tactical Squad Redann who were stationed on the top level of the bunker. But thanks to their power armour, Squad Redann remained unharmed. As there were no aliens within assault range, Pete ended his turn.

"SHOOT THE BIG ONES!"

At the cost of thousands of lives, the enemies of the Tyranids have learnt to pick the right targets within the swarm even in the heat of battle. Due to this, an opposing player's line of fire is only blocked by terrain, vehicles and models in close combat. Other than that he can freely choose to direct fire from his units at any Tyranid brood that is within range during the Shooting phase.



As the Tyranid swarm approaches, the Crimson Fists have to deal with a new threat – Spore Mines!

SYNAPSE CREATURES

One of the Tyranid army's most fundamental rules concerns synapse creatures. Some of the larger, more intelligent Tyranid creatures have synapse networks that act as a psychic conduit for the directives of the hive mind, overriding the instincts of nearby Tyranid creatures. As such, any Tyranid broods with a model within 12" of another model with the Synapse Creature power (such as Tyranid Warriors or Hive Tyrants) never have to fall back and are assumed to automatically pass any Morale checks they are required to make. Any Pinning checks and tests to regroup it has to make are also passed automatically. This may go some way to explaining Pete's concentration of fire on the Tyranid Warriors!



TYRANIDS TURN 1

At the start of Andy's first turn, the Spore Mines drifted across the Crimson Fists' fortifications, tentacles waving as they sought movement. Andy was lucky with his *fleet of claw* rolls, and the multitude of skittering creatures bounded toward the Imperial emplacements. On the left flank, the Hormagaunts sprinted through the sparse fungal foliage, the Hive Tyrant behind pushing them forward with its psychic imperatives. In the centre, the damaged Warrior brood, wary of the punishment dealt out to it last turn, took shelter behind a nearby group of seed pods. The second brood of Warriors advanced, accompanied by the Carnifex and one of the Ravens. The Genestealers hiding in the fortifications on the right picked their way toward Force Commander Makkariel, careful to take advantage of the building's cover.

At the rear of the Tyranid lines, the

Zoanthrope drifted out from behind the cover of the glistening spore chimneys. The air shimmered around its bloated brain-shell for a second before a blast of crackling light arced toward the bunker, engulfing it in a blistering psychic fire but doing no damage. The lumbering Carnifex followed suit, pausing in its implacable advance to unleash a volley from its venom cannon. Although the symbiotic weapon was on target, the corrosive toxins discharged by the crystalline salvo failed to damage the thick ferroconcrete of the bunker. The Hive Tyrant's venom cannon also struck home, but again the crawling acids and toxins failed to weaken the structural integrity of the bunker.

Andy's bad luck in the Shooting phase ended dramatically as the bio-weapons of the damaged Warrior squad opened fire on the Crimson Fists at the top of the bunker. One of the Warriors, whose forelimbs culminated in a long-barrelled

deathspitter, launched its vile maggot-like projectile into the midst of Squad Redann where it exploded in a shower of volatile mucus. All five Space Marines were hit due to their densely-packed formation, and even their thick power armour could not protect three of them from the corrosive slime blasted into their bodies. To make matters worse for the squad, the Spore Mine above the bunker exploded in sympathy, showering glutinous acid upon the remainder of the squad. Another Crimson Fists Marine fell, the vents of his backpack clogged with burning, toxic sludge. Only one of Squad Redann survived, wading through the morass of slime and the bodies of his comrades to take up position with his plasma gun.

Already the front line of the Tyranids was getting dangerously close to the Space Marines. With a glint in his eye, Andy passed the dice to Pete.

CRIMSON FISTS TURN 2

Before his turn began in earnest, Pete rolled to see which of his reserves would make it on to the table this turn. With a gratifying show of 5s and 6s, all units held in reserve but the Predator rolled onto the table to bolster the Crimson Fists' first line. Pete put them to good use immediately, with the heavily armed Dreadnought Tempus facing off against the Hive Tyrant and Zoanthrope. The Land Speeders moved into position, taking care to use just enough speed so the enemy could not draw a bead on them. The Devastators disembarked into a defensible firing position behind a pile of crates, their Rhino transport halting at the table's edge.

The Razorback, manoeuvring into a better firing position behind the dense foliage, opened fire at the Ravener approaching the bunker. The bolts from the tank's main armament stitched a line of explosions across its sinuous torso, wounding the creature. Terminators now bolstering the right flank spotted the Genestealers scuttling through the buildings ahead of them, and instantly a maelstrom of

storm bolter fire and assault cannon shells raked across the stonework. The 'Stealers had enough sense to take cover, and only two died to the volley of fire. However, the Spore Mine in the midst of the Terminators detonated as the ground shook around it, spraying its bio-acid not at the heavily-armoured warriors surrounding it but at the Force Commander himself! Luckily, Captain Makkariel's own Terminator armour was impervious even to the vicious acidity of the Spore Mine's secretions.

Within the network of fortifications, Captain Makkariel and his squad opened fire at the Hormagaunt swarm, which was gaining ground at an alarming rate. Four of the bladed Gaunts were blown apart in an incandescent explosion of detonating bolts, but due to the proximity of the surviving Tyranid Warriors, they raced on regardless.

Over on the left of the battlefield the Land Speeders made their presence felt by pouring heavy bolter shells into the central Termagant brood. Despite the nearby cover, four of the creatures were torn to pieces by the explosions.

The Dreadnought swivelled as its targeting systems locked on to the Zoanthrope floating toward the Imperial lines. Although the Dreadnought's krak missile impacted on its warp-shield, scant feet from the psychic monstrosity, the twin-linked lascannon punched a massive hole straight through the shimmering shield and carapace alike, showering the remains of the creature over the spore chimneys.

The Camifex's deafening roar echoed across the battlefield as a plasma bolt from the last remaining member of Squad Redann impacted on its reinforced carapace, only serving to enrage it further. The snipers from Scout squad Kourvhas attempted in vain to find the weak spots in the beast's carapace, the toxin-spikes ricocheting from its armoured hide. Even the thudding explosions of the squad's heavy bolter resulted in mere scorch marks.

Although the aliens were almost upon them, the Crimson Fists did not assault, and Pete's turn drew to a close.



TYRANIDS TURN 2

Again, both broods of Hormagaunts leaped towards the enemy lines at a worryingly fast rate regardless of the difficult terrain they sprinted through, their *fleet of claw* rolls carrying them well within their 12" assault range. At the beginning of his Shooting phase, Andy decided to reveal his Lictor and, reasoning that it would not be in range to assault the Devastators, he moved it into assault range of the bunker. The Termagants moved carefully through the cover of the seed pods, now able to launch the burrowing projectiles of their fleshborers, one of the lethal bio-projectiles finally accounting for the solitary Space Marine. The brood of Warriors on the right also unleashed a volley of fire from the muscled tubes of their armaments, one of the lethal bio-projectiles finally accounting for the solitary Space Marine. The brood of Warriors to the left opened fire upon the Land Speeders and a messy lump of corrosive meat smashed into the side of one of the skimmers, stunning the gunner as it sloughed sideways.

The Carnifex, dimly aware that the Dreadnought ahead of it had just destroyed the Zoanthrope, loosed a volley from its venom cannon at the looming metal warrior, missing

completely. The Hive Tyrant saw the danger posed by Dreadnought Tempus a second later, and fired a triple burst of bio-crystals that fused the Dreadnought's vital systems, destroying it outright.

The Assault phase was set to be bloody indeed as many of the Tyranids were in range of the Space Marines and the defended bunker. The Hormagaunt brood on the left sprinted and leapt into combat with the Devastator squad that had taken up position behind the barrels. As the Crimson Fists were in cover, they were able to strike first, killing two of the Gaunts with their combat knives. Although the slashing claws of the aliens rained a horrendous amount of attacks on the Devastators (even the Hormagaunts within 2" are able to contribute their full amount of Attacks), the Space Marines' natural resilience and armour saved all but two from a painful death. The combat was in deadlock, with neither side able to gain the upper hand.

The armoured bunker was beset by both the the newly revealed Lictor and the Ravener, whose rending claws smashed into the ferroconcrete with force enough to shake the whole

building. On the right of the battlefield, the assaulting Hormagaunts clambered over the tunnels and passageways of the central fortification, rabid in their desire to tear apart their enemies. From their dug-in positions inside the cover of the buildings, Tactical squad Karax struck two of the creatures dead before they could bring their talons to bear. In return, the leaping aliens only managed to fell one of the Crimson Fists. Although the Hormagaunts had lost the combat, the Tyranid Warriors behind them impelled the Gaunts to fight on regardless. Captain Makkariel, facing the rather more urgent matter of a brood of Genestealers climbing up the rampart to assault him, fended off most of the slashing, hissing aliens. His Terminator armour held against the blows from their rending claws and, somewhat miraculously, he survived the Assault phase intact.



The heroic arrival of Dreadnought Tempus is ended by the Tyranid Hive Tyrant.

RENDING CLAWS

Tyranid creatures with diamond-hard, powerful rending claws will inflict a wound automatically and ignore armour saves with close combat attacks that roll a 6 to hit. Other attacks that hit roll to wound as usual, and their victim is entitled to a saving throw. Needless to say this is a very potent asset against heavily armoured opponents such as Terminators.

Also, if a creature with rending claws rolls a 6 for its Armour Penetration against a vehicle, it rolls another D6 and adds the result to the total armour penetration score. As a bunker is treated as an immobile vehicle with Armour 13, the Ravener was able to damage it despite only having a basic Strength of 4!

CRIMSON FISTS TURN 3

Very little movement took place in Pete's turn, as his troops were either already in position or had been engaged in close combat. Within the bunker, Tactical squad Sarrius opened the heavy reinforced door and fell back from the assault of the enormous Tyranid creatures intent on pulling the building apart. On the right flank, the Terminators moved forward, the cyclone missile launcher sending a krak missile into one of the Warrior squads. It exploded messily as the assault cannon and storm bolters tore another in two. The Predator, having just rolled on to the battlefield from reserve, sent an autocannon shell thudding into the last of the Warriors. Pete had achieved his objective, obliterating an entire brood of the synapse creatures.

The Razorback, seeing that the Ravener was damaging the bunker, swivelled its turret around and unleashed a stream of heavy bolter fire at close range. Unsurprisingly, the wounded creature exploded in a shower of cartilage and blood. Even the pintle-mounted storm bolter on the Rhino accounted for one of the Tyranid Warriors on the left flank as the Scouts in the tower sniped at the Hive Tyrant. The towering monstrosity seemed to have some measure of psychic protection; a warp field flickered for a second, the sniper's toxic missile exploding harmlessly inches from its gnarled face.

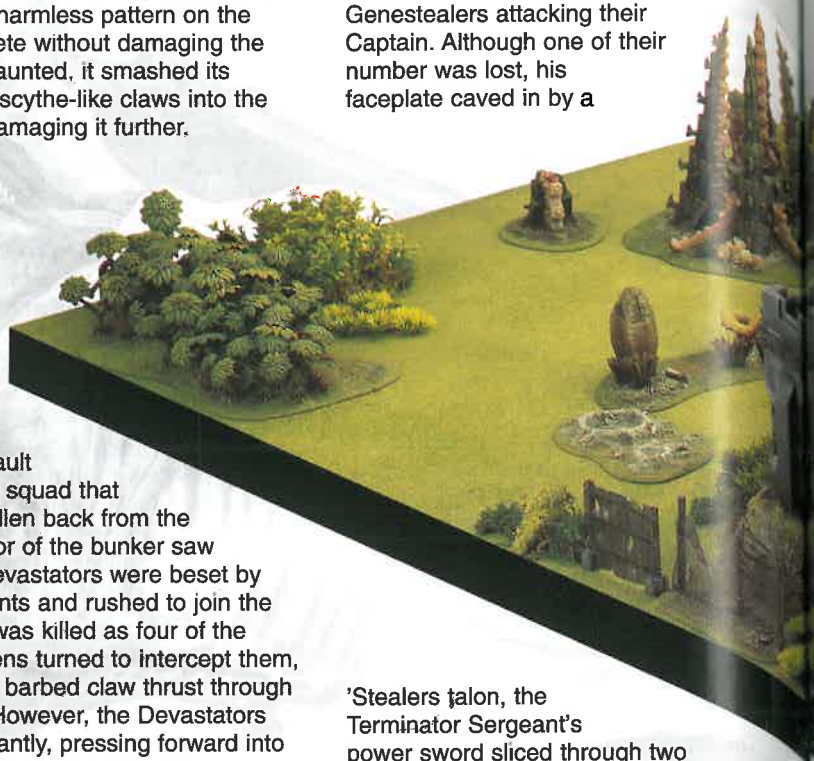
The Land Speeders attempted to hit the Lictor as it assaulted the bunker,

but its chameleonic scales proved its saving grace and the explosive bolts stitched a harmless pattern on the ferroconcrete without damaging the alien. Undaunted, it smashed its enormous scythe-like claws into the building, damaging it further.

In the Assault phase, the squad that had just fallen back from the ground floor of the bunker saw that the Devastators were beset by Hormagaunts and rushed to join the fray. One was killed as four of the bladed aliens turned to intercept them, a wickedly barbed claw thrust through his neck. However, the Devastators fought valiantly, pressing forward into the alien mass of slashing claws and gaping mouths as their battle brothers charged the rear. The Hormagaunts were no match for the might of the Adeptus Astartes, and six aliens died, cut to pieces or crushed by the redoubled efforts of the Crimson Fists. Due to being outside the influence of the synapse creatures, the Hormagaunts reverted to their instinctive behaviour, attacking all the more ferociously as a result.

On the right of the battlefield, the Terminators charged the Genestealers attacking their Captain. Although one of their number was lost, his faceplate caved in by a

'Stealers talon, the Terminator Sergeant's power sword sliced through two of the aliens and Captain Makkariel, recovering from the impetus of the initial assault, smashed his glowing sword into the last two Genestealers, their tough hides parting like paper under the power weapon's blows. His Tactical squad was also faring well, killing a further two Hormagaunts without loss. The superior mettle of the Crimson Fists was beginning to win through.



Commander Makkariel and Terminator squad Phaleg finish off the deadly Genestealers in close combat.

INSTINCTIVE BEHAVIOUR

When Tyranid models find themselves outside the 12" range of a synapse creature at the start of their turn, they have to make an All On Your Own test; if this is failed, they must roll on the Tyranid Instinctive Behaviour table. They also have to roll on the table if they fail a Morale check or Pinning test when out of range. Although it is likely that they will fall back, in this case the brood of Hormagaunts' reaction was Attack! and so they counted as charging in the next Assault phase.

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The Tyranids swarm over the destroyed bunker.

TYRANIDS TURN 3

Andy's movement began with the Carnifex and Hive Tyrant striding toward the bunker, whilst the Termagants scuttled over to support them. The Warriors manoeuvred through the spore-pods and fallen spines of the Tyranid vegetation, and the Lictor ran toward the combat behind the bunker, eager to rend apart flesh rather than ferroconcrete. The Hive Tyrant, acknowledging the threat presented by the Land Speeders, smashed one out of the sky with a powerful blast from its venom cannon. The Carnifex followed suit as the Tyrant's psychic command caused it to fire a stream of hissing, corrosive crystals at the skimmers, disabling the armament of one and stunning another. The venom cannons of the nearby Warrior brood were less effective in their fusillade at the Crimson Fist tanks, although the

discharge from one shot did immobilise the Rhino.

The Tyranid Assault phase proved to be disastrous for the Imperium. The lumbering Carnifex charged screaming at the bunker, the Hive Tyrant at its side. The massive claws of the rampaging behemoth smashed the bunker into so much rubble, the reinforced ferroconcrete giving way to the furious assault of the roaring bio-construct.

The Ravener on the left flank snaked into the fray with Tactical squad Karax, its fearsome rending claws thrusting down through the chest of one Crimson Fist and the abdomen of another, their armour no protection from the diamond-hard tips of the alien's claws. The remainder of the squad culled another two Hormagaunts, with Captain Makkariel

slicing another in two. However, the Hormagaunts refused to give ground.

On the left, the Lictor charged the Tactical squad that had added its might to the Devastators, mantis-like claws flicking out only to rebound from the power armour of the Crimson Fists. Shorn of synapse control, the Hormagaunts around it reverted to a primal state. Luckily for Andy, their instinctive reaction was to attack with renewed ferocity, and their atavistic frenzy resulted in the death of two of the Devastator squad. Surprised by the momentum of the aliens' assault, the Crimson Fists did not kill any of the Gaunts in return. In a horrendous display of unlucky dice rolling, Pete's two Space Marine squads both failed their Morale tests, with the Devastators fleeing off the table edge and the Tactical squad falling back into the trees.

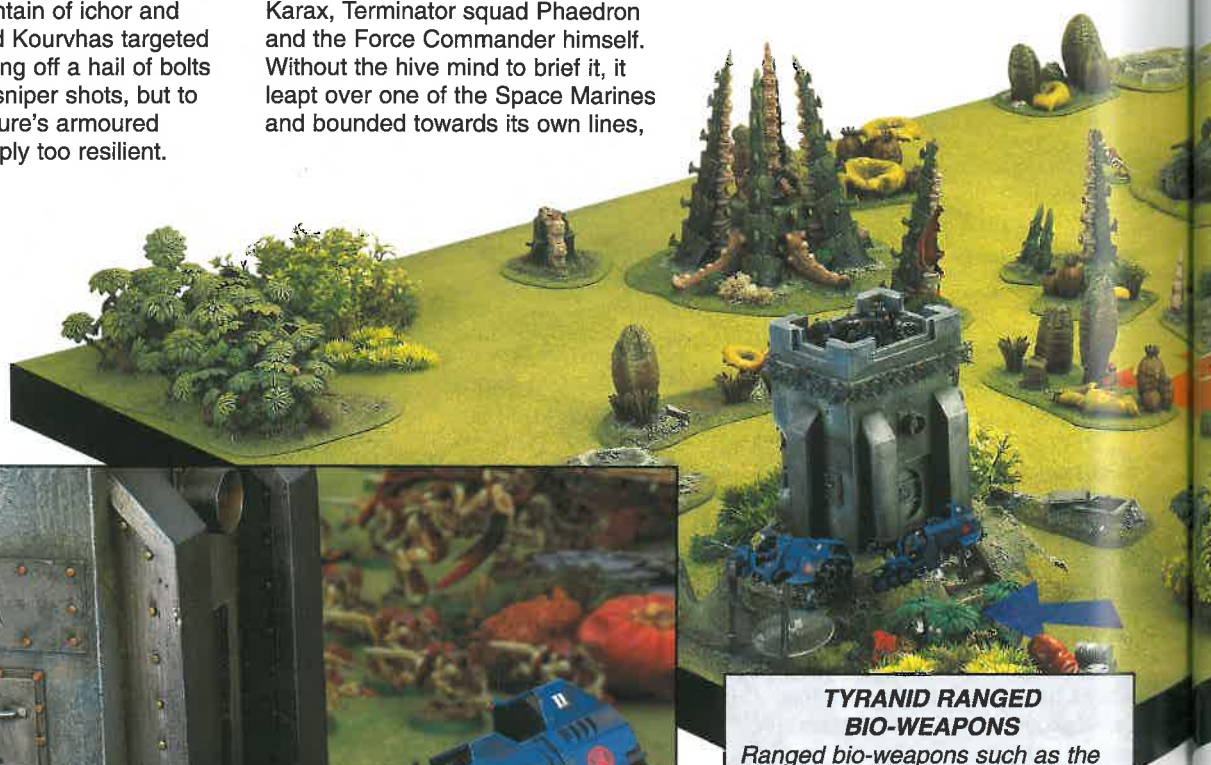
CRIMSON FISTS TURN 4

Pete's turn included very little movement as his troops were almost all in combat; the exception was his decision to place the Land Speeders out of harm's way behind the tower. The Rhino's storm bolter fire proved ineffectual against the approaching Tyranid Warrior brood, but the heavy bolters from the Razorback enjoyed more success, killing two of the Tyranid Warriors. The Predator also targeted the brood, smashing apart two more with its autocannon and heavy bolters. The Cyclone missile launcher accounted for the last surviving warrior, a krak missile killing it outright in a fountain of ichor and flesh. Scout squad Kourvhas targeted the Carnifex, loosing off a hail of bolts and laser-guided sniper shots, but to no avail; the creature's armoured carapace was simply too resilient.

In the Assault phase, the Ravener tore apart another two of Captain Makkariel's squad, whickering claws whipping off limbs and severing heads, its deafening screeches resounding over the roar of battle. Undaunted, Captain Makkariel slaughtered two more of the Hormagaunts, now up to his waist in the bladed remnants of his foes. The Terminators were striding towards Makkariel's position, snapping one alien's neck and crushing another to a bloody pulp with a crackling power fist. Only one Hormagaunt was left, trapped between Tactical squad Karax, Terminator squad Phaedron and the Force Commander himself. Without the hive mind to brief it, it leapt over one of the Space Marines and bounded towards its own lines,

the Ravener slithering after it at alarming speed. The bastion was once more in the hands of the Crimson Fists.

On the left flank, things were not going so well. The Lictor smashed into the retreating Tactical squad, killing one with an oblique sweep of its enormous claws. The Hormagaunts, leaping after their foe with bird-like screeches, tore two of Squad Sarrius into bloody strips. Only one of the Crimson Fists survived, retreating off the table edge as the Tyranids looked elsewhere for their prey.



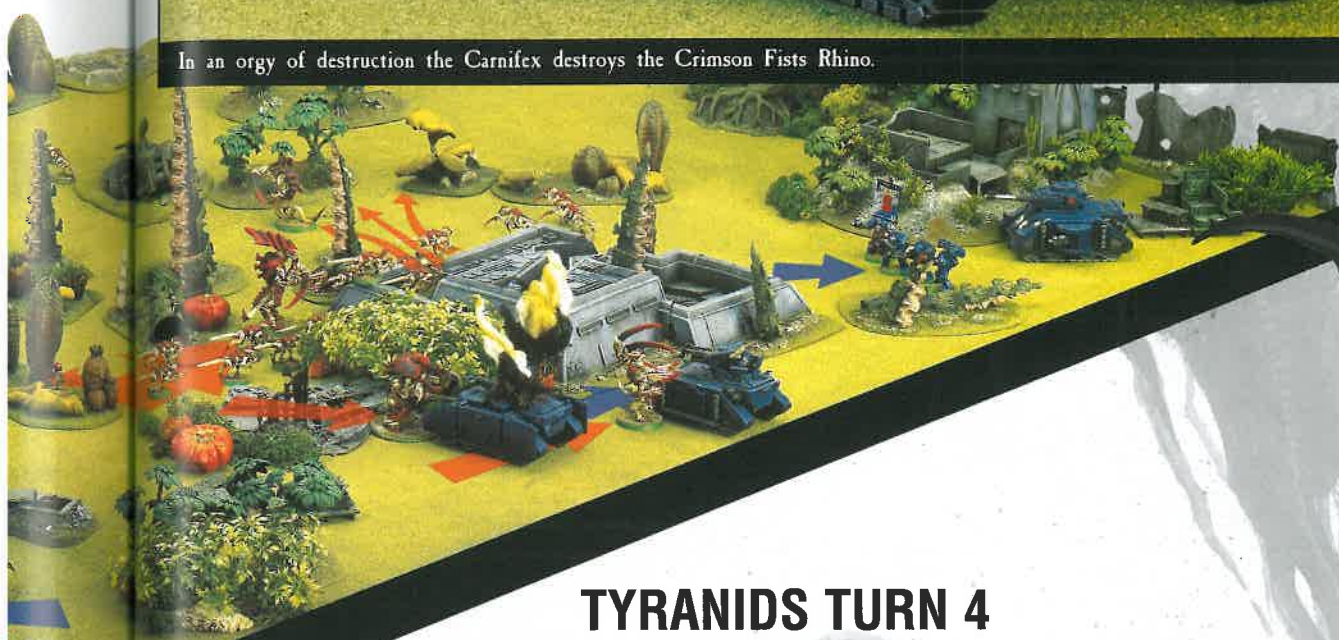
The Land Speeders swoop behind the safety of the observation tower.

TYRANID RANGED BIO-WEAPONS

Ranged bio-weapons such as the venom cannon have a Strength equal to the creature firing, modified by the profile of the weapon (to a maximum of 10). Many bio-weapons are 'Assault X' weapons: these get one shot per Attack on the creature's basic profile (ie, before being modified by any other bio-weapons). Assault 2X weapons get twice the creature's Attacks in shots, and so on. For example, a venom cannon fired by a Hive Tyrant will have a Strength of 8 (6+2) with three shots per turn, whereas a Tyranid Warrior's venom cannon would be Strength 7 (5+2) with two shots per turn. Venom cannons can only cause glancing hits against vehicles.



In an orgy of destruction the Carnifex destroys the Crimson Fists Rhino.



TYRANIDS TURN 4

Stepping back to survey the battle, Andy realised just how little there was left of either force, and set about trying to eradicate whatever was left of the Crimson Fists. The Hive Tyrant moved purposefully toward the Terminators, his giant stride unimpeded by the rubble from the demolished bunker. The Termagants scuttled around its enormous taloned feet, readying their fleshborers in unison as the will of the Tyrant coordinated their actions. As one, the brood and its master opened fire upon the Terminators. The crystals from the venom cannon struck home, but were unable to penetrate the Tactical Dreadnought armour. Most of the wriggling projectiles fired from the Termagants' guns fell short, but somehow one of the persistent biological bullets managed to bore its way through a

weak point in one of the Terminators' armour, turning his abdominal cavity to mush.

The Carnifex continued its rampage, crunching through the remains of the bunker toward the Rhino. At the Hive Tyrant's command, the armoured leviathan turned the muscled nozzle of its venom cannon at Squad Phaedron, the spasming tube studding Terminator armour with poisoned crystals. Another of the elite Crimson Fists fell to the crystals' massive electrical discharge.

The Lictor was now in assault range of the Razorback, and wasted no time in leaping headlong at the tank, mottled colours flickering across its

scales as the rending claws smashed down once again. The Razorback shook violently with the impact, rocking back on its tracks as the Lictor pounded again and again at the hatches. Behind it, the Carnifex had reached the Rhino, its mandibles clicking as it flipped the tank over with its powerful claws. In a berserk fury of destruction, the Carnifex crushed and ripped until all that was left was a leaking pile of mangled metal.

CRIMSON FISTS TURN 5

Faced with a decidedly reduced battle force, Pete set about salvaging what he could. The Terminators and the Force Commander made a controlled retreat from the fifteen-foot bladed nightmare intent on their destruction, and the Speeders weaved out from behind the cover of the tower. The Terminators unleashed a volley of fire at the Lictor, but its flickering camouflage and rapid movement made it impossible to draw an accurate

bead on the bio-construct, and it escaped the worst of the damage. The Predator, however, pivoted its turret to face the Lictor and fired a continual stream of shells. As the bolts stitched a grotesque line of deep, smoking holes over the Lictor, it writhed in spasms of pain and finally died.

In the tower, the Space Marine Scouts redirected their fire from the larger Tyranid creatures, where it had proved to be ineffectual,

to the Termagant swarm near the bunker. The heavy bolter took a bloody toll on the creatures, killing three, the sniper rounds bowling another off its feet, quite dead. Pete's Assault phase was uneventful: every model in close combat from either side had been killed or driven off.



Through sheer ferocity the Hormagaunts manage to down one of the mighty Terminators.

TYRANIDS TURN 5

The four remaining Hormagaunts leaped across the battlefield, eager to smash themselves upon the solid bastion of Terminators backing towards the Predator. The fleeing Ravener, having regrouped, snaked its way through the alien seed pods to the right

of the battlefield, and the Carnifex continued its rampage in the direction of the Razorback. Turning sideways for a second, the hulking creature levelled its venom cannon at the Predator, squeezing a salvo of electro-magnetically charged crystals at the tank. They smashed into its armoured front, and the crackling energy and boiling poisons discharged into the resultant hole turned the tank into nothing more than an armoured husk.

Charging forward with a blood-curdling roar, the Carnifex stabbed down into the Razorback, twisting and pulling the reinforced hide of the tank until it gaped open, drizzling spores floating into the passenger compartment as the bio-engineered behemoth rent great gashes in its armour. The crew died within seconds.

The Hormagaunts had reached the Terminators, their bounding strides carrying them easily over the rough ground, and they smashed into the veteran warriors with such force that one Terminator was bowled off his feet. As the fallen warrior pushed his chainfist through the creature's ribs, a talon stabbed down through the neck of his suit, and both the combatants died in a grotesque tangle of limbs. Above him, Captain Makkariel bellowed a defiant battlecry, parting the heads of more aliens from their shoulders. Outside of the psychic aura of its masters, the remaining Hormagaunt fled.

Surveying a battlefield littered with the broken corpses of his brethren and the unrecognisable constituents of the hellish alien swarm, Captain Makkariel dolefully ordered his men to fall back.



The Carnifex smashes apart another Space Marine vehicle.

Victory Points:**Tyranids: 1,232****Crimson Fists: 1,065**

SUMMARY

The Crimson Fists of the Adeptus Astartes had blunted the spear of the Tyranid assault to such an extent that they would be hard pressed to threaten the city of Keisel, but at a terrible cost. The Space Marines were forced to fall back from Bunker 472 and its environs. Soon, the Ripper Swarms would arrive, stripping the meat from the fallen warriors' bodies, cracking open their power armour to get to the flesh inside. Eventually, nothing would be left of this once-lush forest other than a barren scar.

To fight the Tyranids is to attempt to push back the tide of time. And yet, the Adeptus Astartes fight the invasions every step of the way, resisting the incursion of the aliens with every method at their disposal.

By now it should be painfully clear to those new to the Tyranids that any game involving these monstrosities will be incredibly violent and probably quite brief! It is worth noting that we tried

fighting the Blitz scenario as well, using the same scenery and much the same armies, but the game was played up the table and not across it. The story was quite different, given much more time the Crimson Fists were able to inflict punishing casualties on the synapse creatures before the Tyranids got into assault range, meaning that most of the broods were acting on their own inferior

Leadership. In the Bunker Assault mission, it was the horrifying speed with which the Tyranids crossed the table that proved to be Pete's demise.

As any Warhammer 40,000 General would do well to learn, the best way to fight the Tyranids is at arm's length. Any closer, and they'll rip it off.



Andy assimilates Pete's genetic pattern under the guise of a handshake.

POST-MORTEM



Pete Haines

Pete: This battle can be summed up in one word – close. You know it's a close game when individual dice rolls are remembered as critical turning

points. In my case I could bleat shamelessly about failed Morale tests and Terminator saves, but that is all bunkum. Andy's plan brought his toughest creature – the Carnifex – down the line of least resistance and it duly rewarded him by ripping up the bunker, the Rhino and the Razorback as it battered through my defences like a sledgehammer through a ripe avocado. I simply did not have enough heavy weaponry to hurt it and that, more than any other single factor, cost me the game.

The Bunker Assault scenario is tricky for the defender. Most of your good troops are in reserve and will therefore miss out on shooting for at least two

turns. It is virtually impossible to protect the bunker so you are certain to give up 150 points and you can easily get trapped on your base table edge with no manoeuvring room. All you can do is hang on with the starting troops, bring up your reserves as quickly as possible and then hope. I hoped really hard but it wasn't to be – both the Dreadnought and the Devastator squad were taken out of the equation quickly and then the pendulum had swung irrevocably towards the Tyranids.

Overall I was pleased with the Crimson Fists as they did well for me. My Dreadnought *Tempus* stalked onto the table and engaged in a western-style gunfight with the Hive Tyrant, Zoanthrope and Carnifex. He may have died but he died well.

The Tactical squad in the bunker heroically defended itself until the Lictor and Ravener started tearing their way in. They then escaped out of the back door just before the Carnifex ripped the bunker to pieces and fought their way through a sea of Hormagaunts with only one man

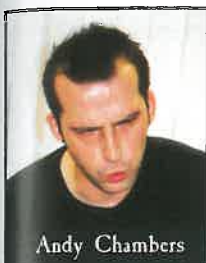
escaping the slaughter (Hah – he'll be back as a Veteran Sergeant next game).

My Terminator Captain single-handedly kept another Tactical squad alive for most of the game, gunning down Spore Mines, slicing up Genestealers and Hormagaunts and then commanding the newly arrived Terminator squad in its heroic rearguard action.

The Terminators were great, they kept the central entrenchment clear of Tyranids for ages and dominated their part of the battlefield utterly. Even at the end with unlucky casualties they were still being treated with utmost respect by the Tyranids. Having seen them gun down a Tyranid Warrior brood, that is not surprising.

All in all there were quite a few dramatic, cinematic moments in this game that really were top entertainment. At least the lessons have been learnt and I have a Captain and Veteran Sergeant aching for payback. Hey Chambers, best of three?

DEVoured!



Andy Chambers

Andy: Frankly I was lucky to win this fight. We totalled up the Victory points at the end of turn four and Pete was 50 points ahead of me at the time. In turn five

I had several lucky breaks and took down not only the Predator but an extra Terminator, which took the squad below half strength and earned me a raft of extra Victory points. Still, with both the Carnifex and Hive Tyrant unharmed and on the loose in the Crimson Fists' lines it was only a matter of time before they clocked up sufficient kills to tip the balance. Broadly the plan sort of worked – the Gaunts tore off to attack the Space Marines but they failed to engage them heavily enough to distract fire away from the second line of Tyranids.

My poor Tyranid Warriors were mercilessly riddled with fire at every opportunity with the net result that not one survived to the end of the game. This was partially my fault for venturing out of cover too early – particularly on my left where fresh reinforcements decimated the exposed Warriors as

they crossed the open ground. I also found that the great press of Hormagaunts preceding the Warriors prevented them from firing because the closest targets were already in, or about to be engaged in close combat. On the bright side, Pete's obsession with killing Warriors did ensure that the Gaunts survived with relatively few casualties, as did the Raveners, Carnifex and Hive Tyrant. In future I'll probably include less Gaunts in favour of a mix of bigger, more dangerous creatures – Pete admitted that he didn't see much point in concentrating much fire on the Gaunts because there were simply too many to make an impression on. The Genestealers did an excellent job of flanking the Space Marines' position, but then proved rather disappointing in close combat due to my inability to roll enough 6s to get the best use out of their fearsome rending claws.

Man (monster) of the match award went to the Carnifex, who left an impressive and highly visible trail of destruction as it tore through the bunker, Rhino and Razorback in short order. Its implacable advance was the most gratifying part of the game as it shrugged off numerous hits and the return fire from its venom cannon was one of the biggest keys to victory as it

destroyed the Predator. The Raveners and Lictor also fulfilled their roles perfectly; without them to back up the Hormagaunts, Space Marine casualties would have been minimal. The Zoanthrope needed to advance from a more covered approach to avoid being picked off, and might have been more instrumental attacking on the left instead of the big-monster-laden right flank.

On the other side of the table I felt that Pete made a stalwart defence but probably made a mistake in not using more than a single bunker. Although each bunker was worth extra Victory points to me, it was also worth bonus points for him if he held onto them. With more of his troops fighting from bunkers Pete could avoid his troops being engaged in close combat by the Tyranids so easily and force me to stretch my forces thinner in order to attack more points along the line. As it was I could focus my efforts exclusively on tearing down the one bunker in my path, making the hive mind's job all the easier. All in all, though it was a tense game which had both of us gnashing our teeth in frustration and whooping with ill-disguised glee as the fortunes of the dice swayed uncertainly between us.

Captain Makkariel raged back and forth in the cramped confines of the gun emplacement, his anger almost tangible in the putrid, stifling air. The Terminators gathered around him stood with eyes closed, each one intoning a silent prayer for their dead comrades. Sergeant Phaedron had done everything he could to calm the Captain, to reassure him there was no option but to fall back. They could not have afforded to die there, and Phaedron frankly had his doubts about how his brothers would have fared against the combined might of the Tyrant and its Carnifex. The blue-armoured corpses of his battle brothers littered the battlefield for miles behind them, their progenoid glands unharvested, their bodies broken. It was only the timely arrival of their Thunderhawk gunship that had allowed them to regroup. It was late in the day, and they had been reinforced by a further four Tactical squads and two more units of Space Marine

Scouts. Not enough, knew Phaedron. Not nearly enough.

Normal men would have snapped long ago, mused the Terminator Sergeant. The toll these things took on the soul was immense, there was no logic to this kind of battle. On Chelio, on Phranx, on Saim-Hann, the enemy could be second-guessed, and strategies could be formed. Phaedron was sickened by fact that tactics were virtually useless against these beasts; they were reduced to fighting tooth and nail for their lives with creatures evolved to be the perfect killing machines stabbing at their throats. And they were without number. He was wise enough to admit to himself that he was certainly going to die on this planet, and that no matter how well he fought, how many he killed, it would make no difference.

In the eyes of the Emperor, it meant everything.

"Squad Phaedron, form up. Check and bless weapons. Brother Ishmael, in the Emperor's name, use your ammunition sparingly. Fire in short, controlled bursts. We will drive this menace back to whatever hell it came from. They must not be allowed to reach Keisel until the entire city has been evacuated. Captain Makkariel, may I have permission to lead the assault?"

The Captain answered with a grim nod, his face set in a mask of pain. The stab wound in his neck had punctured his larynx and torn most of his throat open in a jagged gash. The last engagement had been the worst yet. Phaedron could feel his blood begin to heat, he knew this was their time.

A voice crackled over their comm-links, the tone exhausted, the voice flat.

"Sir, estimated six minutes until contact."

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Trollz



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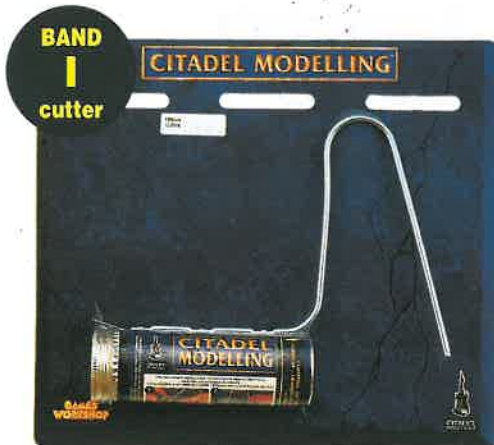


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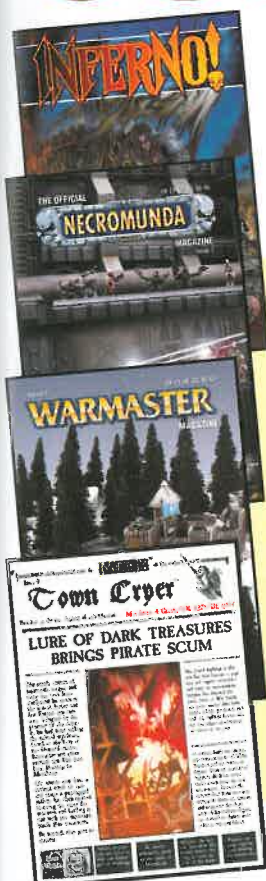
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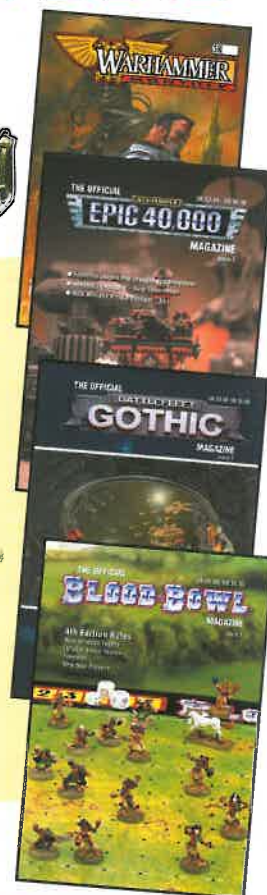


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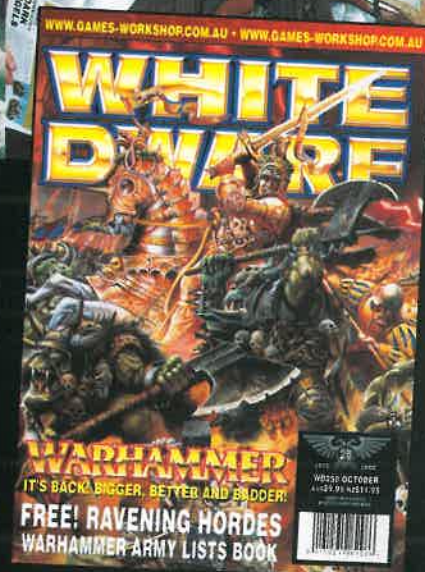
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