

WARHAMMER 40,000



THE HUNT FOR GHAZGHKULL Warhammer 40,000 Battle Report

- DARK SHADOWS CAMPAIGN
- WARHAMMER CHRONICLES: BRETONNIANS
- WARHAMMER - THE CURSED COMPANY
- INQUISITOR SCENERY AND THE GEHENNA PRIME SCENARIO
- INDEX ASTARTES – BLOOD ANGELS AND THE CURSED FOUNDING

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Production Team

U.K.: Paul "Fat Bloke" Sawyer, Graham Davey, Tom Hibberd, Matt Hutson, Phil Kelly, Gary Roach & Paul Rudge

U.S.: Drew Will, "Dirty Steve" Fuller, Chris "Go-Go" Gohlinghorst, Rick "Lobot" Smith, & William "Goatboy" Stilwell

Cover Artwork: Stefan Kopinski and Karl Kopinski

Artwork

John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Paul Dainton, Dave Gallagher, Neil Hodgson, Nuala Kennedy, Karl Kopinski, & Adrian Smith

Contributors

U.K. - Christian Augst, Alessio Cavatore, Andy Chambers, Rowland Cox, Pete Haines, Steve Hambrook, Darren Latham, Graham McNeil, Space McQuirk, Erik Mogensen, Rick Priestley, Anthony Reynolds, Matt Sprange, Dave Thomas & Gavin Thorpe

U.S. & CDN - Dan Bartholomew, Matt Boles, Fletcher Brown, Jason "Scatamafoo" Buyaki, John Conner, Rich Curren, Nick Davis, Ty Finocchiaro, Brian Hotovec, Ken Kennedy, Jeff Keyser, Joe Krone, Evan Loughhead, Terry McGregor, Mike Radcliffe, Joe Sleboda, Jeremy Vetock & Rick Willis

'Eavy Metal Team

Martin Footitt, Neil Green, Tammy Haye, Mark Jones, Kirsten Mickelburgh, Keith Robertson, Chris Smart, & Dave Thomas

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In the past, the week after Games Day has meant taking a nice, relaxing approach to the upcoming work week. Maybe there was even a day or two off for the souls who worked hard to make sure our marquee event went off without too many hitches. Not so this year, as the Monday after Games Day found a crazed group of veterans here at the office loading up the truck, hopping in and heading to **Origins** in Ohio. From what I hear, you couldn't tell that they were on their second giant gaming mission in less than a week. Now they're busy heading home for some hard-earned rest. Unless, of course they decide to head to Canada for the first Canadian Games Day on August 26.

Speaking of Games Day, it was great to see all of you who bumped into me and said "hey" in Baltimore (rather than bumping into me and simply walking on by). It's always nice to find people with fond memories of those old Troll games on display in the archive section, or to enlighten the youngsters on how much fun those games were.

The countdown is getting shorter! The first installment of **The Lord of the Rings** movie trilogy - "The Fellowship of the Ring" - is due out in theaters this December. Games Workshop's Tabletop Battle game (oddly enough, of the same name) is scheduled to be released in November. So there's not too much waiting left!

I'm not sure how much you've seen, but a big batch of the **Tau** models just cruised through the office here, and I have to say that they are incredible! Fans of giant robots and mechs and things like that should be more than happy when these puppies see the light of day. As far as when that is, the first wave of the Tau is on the way in the month of November. However, if you just can't handle the wait, DON'T! The Tau Army Deal is heading to stores in October. Details aren't completely hammered out as far as contents, but I can tell you that it will contain enough troops to get a Tau army on the field along with the brand-new Codex: Tau. I should have all the juicy bits next month as far as the final contents are concerned, so stay tuned!

That's about all for now. I'll try to muck around and see what I can find that's fit to print. (Whew! Made it through the whole thing without mentioning going back to...)

William "Goat-Boy" Stilwell

Feedback Card Winner - September

If you shop in a GW Retail store, place an order through GW Mail Order or take part in a Rogue Trader Tournament or Outrider event, you should come across one of our feedback cards. Be sure to fill it out and send it in. Not only will this provide us with some really good feedback as to what your opinions are, but each and every month one lucky winner will be chosen at random to receive a cool prize, in addition to having their name in print right here in the pages of White Dwarf!

To ease the emotional burden of summer coming to a close, we've awarded a bonus prize this month.

**A Copy of Warhammer 40,000
along with a 40K Paint Set**

Go to this month's winner:

Warren Anderson
of Clarkston, MI

<http://www.games-workshop.com/news/news>

THIS MONTH ON THE WEB...

The official Games Workshop website is chock-full of information for people who simply can't wait to find out the latest on what's happening in the Games Workshop World of Hobby Games. This month, take a preview look at Codex: Cityfight, the upcoming Warhammer 40,000 rules supplement that takes battles in the 41st millennium to the hearts of cities throughout the galaxy. Also, get your fill of stats with the detailed results of the worldwide Warhammer campaign - Dark Shadows - after all is said and done. And, as always, be sure to keep up with the news so you don't get left behind. Surf on by and check it out!

The Trees May Soon Be Bare, But Not the Battlefields!

Games Workshop products are available all over North America at **Games Workshop Hobby Centers and Rogue Trader Independent Retailers**. To find your nearest store look in the Rogue Trader List, packed in with each issue of White Dwarf.

If there are no stores stocking Games Workshop products near you, then our speedy and efficient **Mail Order Service** will be more than happy to help you get what you need. Just call **1-800-394-GAME** in the United States or **1-888-GW-TROLL** in Canada for up to the minute product information and current release dates.

Also, don't forget to check out the Games Workshop website. Along with all the latest releases, news updates, and upcoming conventions you'll find our **Mail Order Online Store** where you can browse, purchase games and miniatures, individual bitz, and a whole lot more!

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By e-mail you can reach us for rules questions, at:

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IT'S ALL IN THE CARDS

The fine folks at **Sabertooth Games**, makers of the upcoming **Warhammer 40,000 Collectible Card Game** that you may have checked out at Games Day, have been kind enough to use their website to dispense printable demo decks and rules for your gaming pleasure. Visit them online and check it out today at:

www.sabertoothgames.com

Tell 'em White Dwarf sent ya!

GAMES WORKSHOP®

BATTLE WAGON

TROLLS ON DA ROAD!

Those crazy Trolls are still wheeling their way up and down the East Coast and beyond, bringing bitz and joy to all! Here's a rundown of the stops they'll be making this month as they wrap up the maiden voyage of the Battle Wagon. Keep an eye out for information on the next Troll junket in future issues of White Dwarf and on www.games-workshop.com. In the meantime, be wary of Trolls crossing your lane.

Aug 22 . . . End Game Center - Charlottesville, VA
 Aug 23 . . . Game World - Stafford, VA
 Aug 25 . . . Showcase Comics - Media, PA
 Aug 26 . . . The Battle Wagon invades Games Day Canada!
 Aug 27 . . . Millennium Games - Rochester, NY
 Aug 29 . . . Dakka Dakka - Manchester, NH
 Aug 30 . . . Game Castle - Londonberry, NH
 Aug 31 . . . The Keep - New Brunswick, ME
 Sep 1 . . . The Keep - Portland, ME
 Sep 2 . . . Three Trolls - Chelmsford, MA
 Sep 3 . . . Your Move Games - Somerville, MA
 Sep 4 . . . Grandmasters - North Dartmouth, MA
 Sep 5 . . . Your Move 2 - Providence, RI
 Sep 6 . . . Dragon's Lair - West Springfield, MA
 Sep 8 . . . Cap's Comics - Allentown, PA

GOLDEN DEMON™

2001



Congratulations to this year's Slayer Sword winner, Bobby Wong, whose spectacular Blood Angels squad was more than deserving to be chosen as the overall winning entry. Look for a complete recap of the Golden Demon winners (along with Games Day coverage) in next month's Dwarf.

DARK SHADOWS CLEAR UP

As of September 1st, the Dark Shadows campaign will draw to a close and the fate of Albion will be decided. The climactic final battle will take place in the Games Workshop Battle Bunker, and then the determination of the final results will take place. Make sure you get all of your games and results in before the end of August so your contribution to the fight won't be discounted! Then, keep a very close eye on the official Albion website at www.games-workshop.com/albion for the final results. Thanks to everyone for taking part in the campaign, and would the last army to leave the island please remember to turn off the lights.

GAMES WORKSHOP

BATTLE BUNKER

**GET IN ON THESE BIG EVENTS
AT THE BATTLE BUNKER**

WARHAMMER®

September 1st

DARK SHADOWS CAMPAIGN - FINAL BATTLE!

The final stop, the grand finale, the end-all be-all... OK, maybe it's not quite THAT huge, but it's your last chance to have a hand in deciding the fate of the island of Albion. It's an all-day game-a-thon as the final outcome of the summer long battle could be hammered out right here in the battle bunker.

WARHAMMER® 40,000 ROGUE TRADER TOURNAMENT

September 18th

You know the drill by now, but just in case, here goes: Bring a Warhammer 40,000 army up to 1700 points and battle it out in a day-long tournament. Special scenarios, a knowledge quiz and more await those brave enough to accept the challenge!

WARHAMMER® 40,000

September 29th

TAU SNEAK PEEK!

Get a first look at the newest arrivals in the Warhammer 40,000 universe at the Bunker! The first wave of these mysterious warriors will be on display along with their new codex so you can be ready when they hit stores next month!

Open Gaming ALL THE TIME!

You can swing by the Bunker any time and get into the action. That's right, no matter what GW game you play, there's a spot for you. Bring your Blood Bowl team, Mordheim gang, Gothic Battlefleet, Warhammer or 40K army and prepare for battle! Play somebody new or challenge the GW staff!

Call the Bunker for the current scoop! (410) 590-4169

More Secretive Bits from the

Black Library

	Canada	U.S.
Imperial Armour 2 (More New Rules for Alien Vehicles in 40K)	\$28.00	\$19.99
Honour Guard (The Latest Chapter in the Gaunt's Ghosts Saga!)	\$10.00	\$6.95
Warhammer Monthly #46 (Another Action-Packed Issue Of GW's Comic Book)	\$4.25	\$2.95
Citadel Journal #45 (Alternate Rules, Scenarios, Conversions and More)	\$10.00	\$6.95
Town Cryer #15 (Fanatic - Mordheim Rules, Scenarios, and More)	\$10.00	\$6.95

Visit the Black Library by surfing in to our website:
www.blacklibrary.co.uk

CITADEL® COLOUR

SEPTEMBER "RE"RELEASE

	Canada	U.S.
977728 Mega Paint Set (1 Each of all 75 Paints and Inks and More!)	\$235.00	\$199.99

Have you ever gone to a hobby store, picked out a whole slew of paints, then got home and realized that you still didn't have the color you were looking for? Here's one solution, buy them all! That's the idea behind the Citadel Colour Mega Paint Set. You get one of every single paint and ink produced by Citadel, along with a handy bottle of white glue, some Citadel basing materials (sand and flock), a set of brushes, and even a painting guide to help put all these goodies to their best use. Look for the Mega Paint Set to be much easier to get a hold of this month!



WARHAMMER®

40,000

SEPTEMBER RELEASE

8006R

Space Wolf Scouts

(2 Scout Models per Blister)

Canada

\$12.00

U.S.

\$7.99

Space Wolves are apparently never at a lack for new recruits, as evidenced by the release of the new batch of **Space Wolf Scouts** this month. Scouts with assault weapons are due out next month, just in time to take to the mean streets of Cityfight.

NEXT MONTH



These two scouts with assault weapons will be released next month, along with two other well-equipped compatriots.

The Sons of Russ are done proud by these new Space Wolf Scout models, direct from the frozen tundra of Fenris to your tabletop!



Take to the Streets with **Codex: Cityfight** Next Month!

INSIDE SCOOP SNEAK-PEEK:

IMPERIAL STEAM TANK

This month we've raided the Imperial Engineers' workshop and grabbed their latest creation, the massive new **Imperial Steam Tank**! We had heard rumors about how large this thing was, and we weren't being lied to. This *all metal* boxed set is nearly heavy enough to make you grunt when you pick it up (okay, maybe that's a bit much, but it's pretty darn heavy). Opponents will run in fear when they see this unstoppable armored beast headed their way on the tabletop. Look for it in stores just before Halloween.

Yes, we know his left hand is missing, but we weren't gonna let *that* stop us from showing off this behemoth before it's released next month. (I guess we should wait until the guys are finished putting things together before we snatch anything from them in the future.)



WARHAMMER®

SEPTEMBER RELEASES

		Canada	U.S.
8512F	Dark Elf Sorceress on a Cold One (1 Mounted Dark Elf Character per Blister)	\$14.00	\$9.99
8513E	Dark Elf Executioners (2 Dark Elf Warriors per Blister)	\$8.00	\$5.99
8513F	Dark Elf Executioners Command (3 Command Models per Blister)	\$14.00	\$9.99
8511E	Dark Rider (1 Dark Elf Cavalry Model per Blister)	\$10.00	\$6.99
8511F	Dark Rider Command (1 Dark Elf Cavalry Command Model per Blister)	\$10.00	\$6.99
1611	Dark Elf War Hydra (Metal Boxed Set of 1 Dark Elf Monster)	\$55.00	\$39.99
8512G	Morathi on Dark Pegasus (1 Dark Elf Special Character per Blister)	\$32.00	\$24.99
8570N	Cursed Company (2 Regiment of Renown Warriors per Blister)	\$8.00	\$5.99
8570P	Cursed Company Command (3 Command Models per Blister)	\$14.00	\$9.99
8510H	Dark Elf Beastmaster (1 Dark Elf Character Model per Blister)	\$12.00	\$7.99



Take a look at the Arcane Lore article later in this issue to learn the dark and troubled history of the unwilling members of the Cursed Company.

Just about every month sees a new release or two for the game of fantasy battles, but this month is jam-packed with new combatants just itching to join the fray. The Dark Elves are bringing in some severe reinforcements with the arrival of their **Sorceress on Cold One**, the lovely, yet extremely deadly **Morathi atop a Dark Pegasus**, and the monstrous **War Hydra**, complete with handlers, and **Dark Elf Beastmasters** take care of the bestial side of things. While two new troop types - **Executioners**, along with **Dark Riders**, round out one terrifying army list.

And if that doesn't satisfy your appetite for new stuff, gnaw on the brand new Regiment of Renown - **The Cursed Company**. The unfortunate souls of warriors slain in battle are doomed to walk the earth fighting as only a semblance of their former selves.



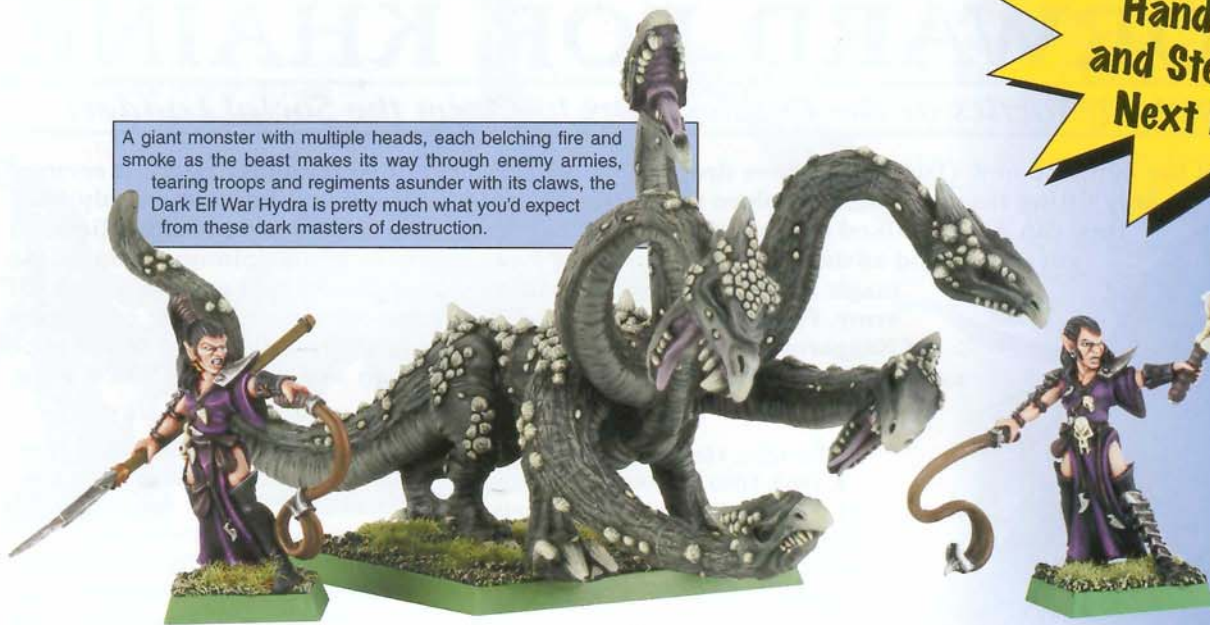
The new Cold Ones look even better when finely sculpted character models like the new Dark Elf Sorceress are perched on top.



Mounted on swift-moving horseback and armed with repeater crossbows, Dark Riders gallop ahead of the army to ambush the enemy before they know what hit them.

**Empire
Handgunners
and Steam Tank
Next Month!**

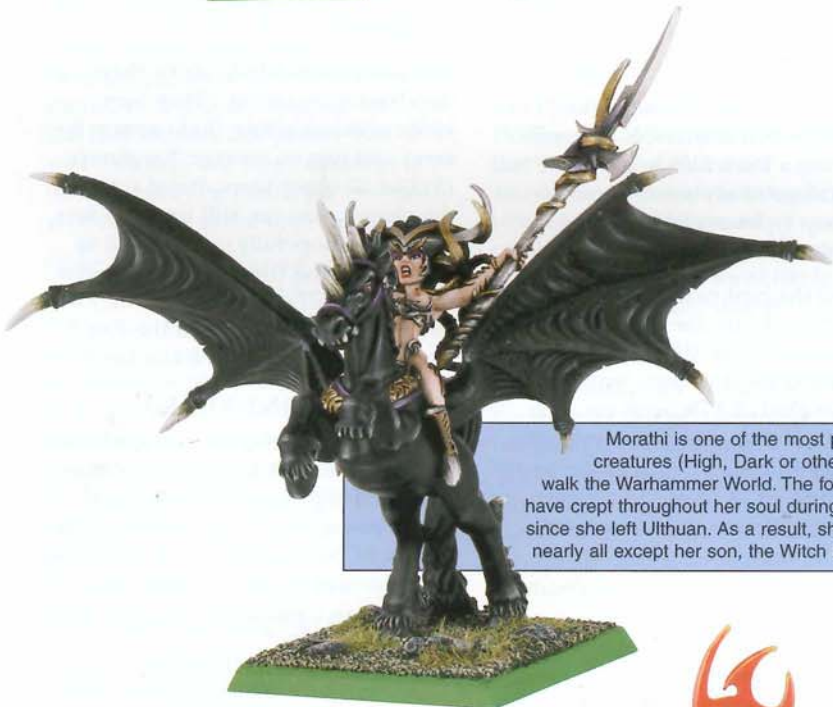
A giant monster with multiple heads, each belching fire and smoke as the beast makes its way through enemy armies, tearing troops and regiments asunder with its claws, the Dark Elf War Hydra is pretty much what you'd expect from these dark masters of destruction.



Beastmasters are exceptionally gifted at taming the wild creatures that Dark Elves use in battle. They allow you to re-roll any Monster Reaction rolls you wish throughout the game.



Morathi is one of the most powerful elven creatures (High, Dark or otherwise) to ever walk the Warhammer World. The forces of Chaos have crept throughout her soul during the millennia since she left Ulthuan. As a result, she is feared by nearly all except her son, the Witch King Malekith.



Executioners are such skilled masters of the art of death that they can kill an enemy, no matter how resilient, with one swift killing blow.



FORWARD FOR KHAINE

Dark Elf Tactics or the Ruthless Way to Claim the Social Ladder!

With all the fantastic new Dark Elf releases dropping into the world of Warhammer lately, it seemed only fitting that we should explore this bitter race of Elvenkind and find out exactly what they can do. We talked to a couple Dark Elf collectors and players around the office and got some good advice about tactics, troop types and even a few opinions about some magic items and monsters and how they can be best used in a Dark Elf army. Post some extra sentries and raise the alarm, for the evil forces of Naggaroth are sweeping across the seas to invade the Old World once again and take back the lands that belong to Malekith, the Witch King, rightful heir to the throne of Ulthuan!

The lithe, elegant armies of the Dark Elves can be a swift death to opponents not ready for their quick, flexible fighting style. But, on the other hand, a Dark Elf army could end up hacked to pieces if they don't pay attention to some of their own unfortunate disadvantages.

EXECUTIONERS

Ken Kennedy, one of our Games Workshop Web Masters, is currently collecting a Dark Elf force, and he had a few things to say about some of the troop types available for his particular army:

"One of the best troop types in the game, I think, are the Dark Elf Executioners. The Draich (Great weapon) is great to have with a Weapon Skill of 5. It beefs up their Strength to 5 so that they are hitting enemies on rolls of 3s or better and wounding on 2s or 3s, on average. Plus, they all have the Killing Blow ability, so they'll instantly kill anyone on a

'to wound' roll of 6. Only Ward saves can protect against it, and that's not gonna come up a lot, unless there is a character who is a Hero or Lord. Executioners are a great elite unit to pit against most any other unit in the game, no matter what race they might be fighting!"

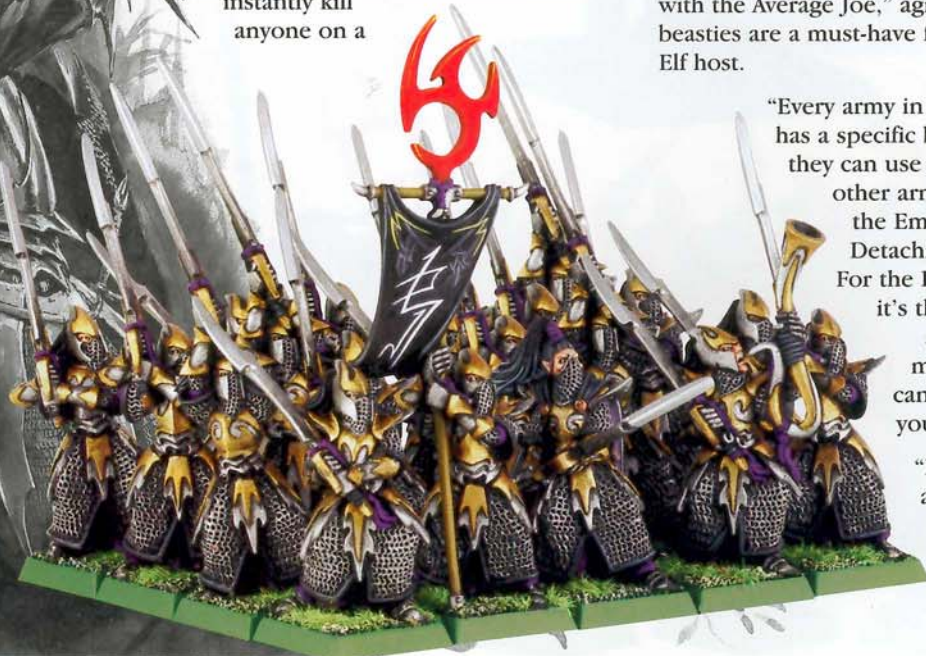
Ken also talked a little about their disadvantages, saying, "They have kinda crummy armor (light armor, 6+ save) and just an average Toughness (3) like all other Elves. But if you get the charge, you can still have the first attack and hopefully cut them all to shreds, making them rout. If you give them the Hydra Banner, then they'll all have an extra attack on the first round, so it shouldn't be too hard!"

MONSTERS

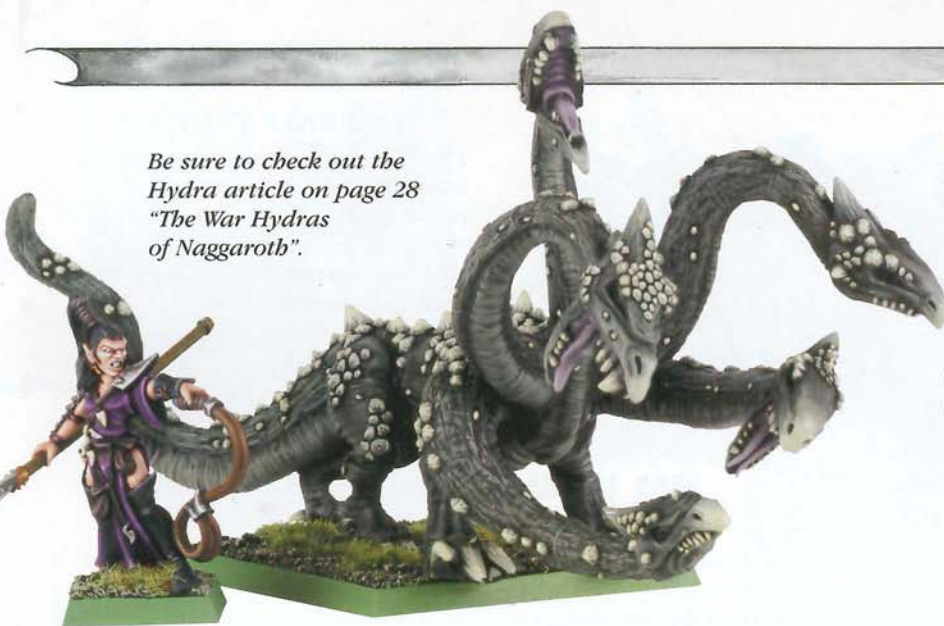
Also especially tempting for your army is the new Beastmaster riding a huge and terrifying Manticore into battle. Joe Sleboda, Computer Tech guy and author of the monthly article "Painting with the Average Joe," agrees that beasties are a must-have for your Dark Elf host.

"Every army in Warhammer has a specific benefit that they can use which no other army can. For the Empire, it's the Detachment rules. For the Dark Elves, it's the obscene amount of monsters you can have in your army.

"In all the army lists I've put together so far I've started with two



Be sure to check out the Hydra article on page 28 "The War Hydras of Naggaroth".



Repeater Bolt Throwers and a Hydra. First of all, two Repeater Bolt Throwers are counted as only *one* Rare Unit choice and are particularly nasty. And the Hydra has more Wounds and more attacks than most monsters, and it can breathe fire. Not too bad for only 220 points. But, if you only take one large monster, it will inevitably be the target of every shooting unit in the opponent's army.

"Take at LEAST a second monster, maybe a Manticore ridden by a High Sorceress, and then you'll force the opponent to make some choices in his shooting phase. If you put a Beastmaster on a Manticore, it will count as two Hero choices, so you might want to use it with a Noble, Sorceress or Highborn. Then its point cost is added to the Hero's, and the Manticore won't be counted as an extra Hero."

WITCH ELVES AND THE CAULDRON OF BLOOD

The Witch Elves, a long time favorite with Dark Elf players, still pack quite a punch in the 6th edition of Warhammer. Of course, they're still *frenzied* and *bate* High Elves, but now

their Poisoned attacks are quite a bit more deadly. Add to that the Cauldron of Blood, which can recharge the unit's *frenzy* if they're within 18", and you've literally got a whirling dervish spinning towards the foe!



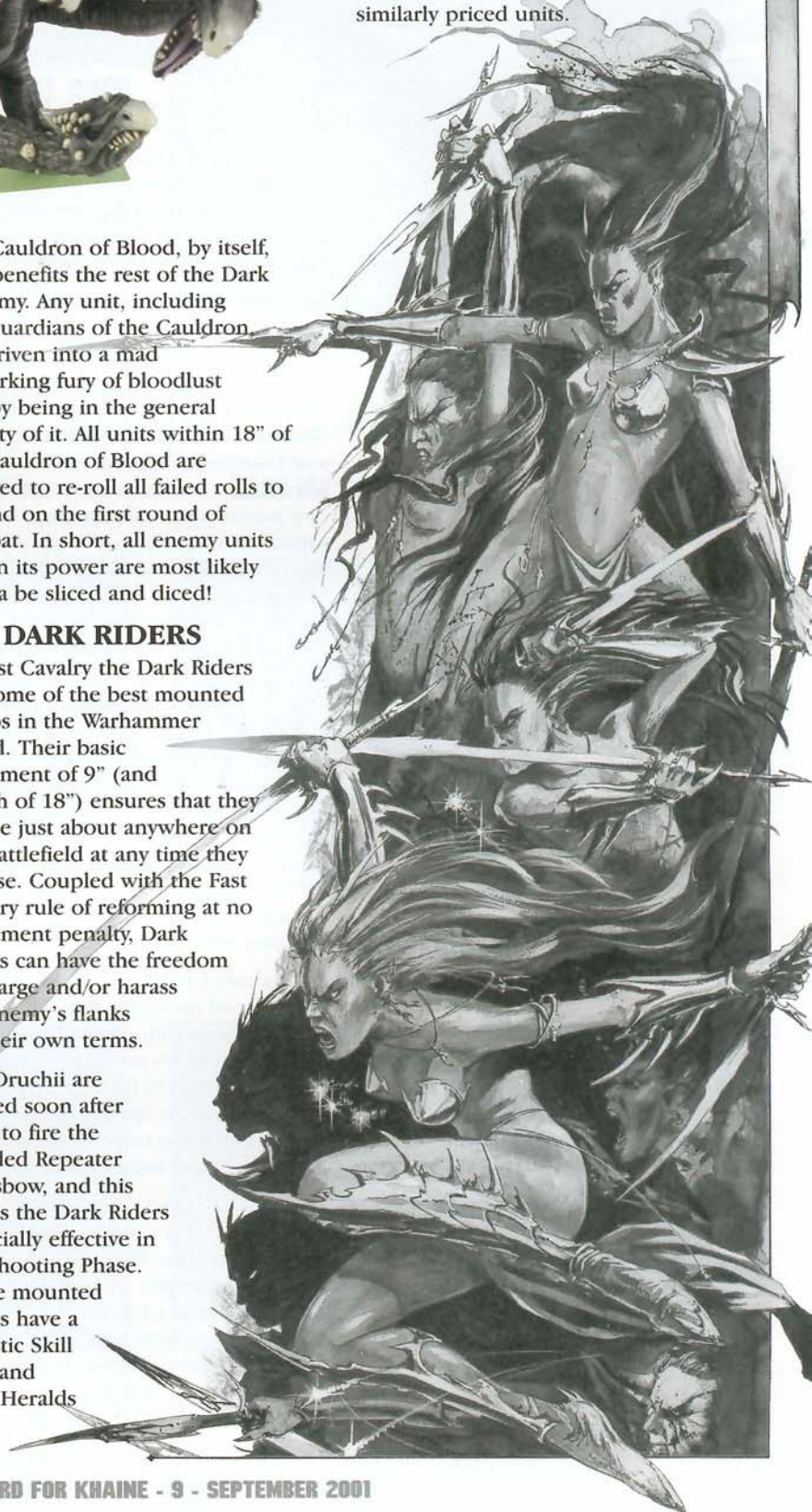
The Cauldron of Blood, by itself, also benefits the rest of the Dark Elf army. Any unit, including the Guardians of the Cauldron, are driven into a mad berserking fury of bloodlust just by being in the general vicinity of it. All units within 18" of the Cauldron of Blood are allowed to re-roll all failed rolls to wound on the first round of combat. In short, all enemy units within its power are most likely gonna be sliced and diced!

DARK RIDERS

As Fast Cavalry the Dark Riders are some of the best mounted troops in the Warhammer World. Their basic Movement of 9" (and march of 18") ensures that they can be just about anywhere on the battlefield at any time they choose. Coupled with the Fast Cavalry rule of reforming at no movement penalty, Dark Riders can have the freedom to charge and/or harass the enemy's flanks on their own terms.

The Druchii are trained soon after birth to fire the dreaded Repeater Crossbow, and this makes the Dark Riders especially effective in the Shooting Phase. These mounted scouts have a Ballistic Skill of 4, and their Heralds

(Champions) have a 5, so even after the -1 penalty for shooting while moving the Dark Riders can *march*, fire 2 shots at targets 24" away and still have a 50% chance of scoring hits on an enemy unit. They might seem a bit pricey for a Core Unit at 24 points per model (after giving them repeater crossbows), but they have a lot more flexibility than similarly priced units.





SHADES

"I always take a unit of Shades," says Joe Sleboda, "because they really harass the opponent's army well." Being able to set up anywhere on the table, provided that they are out of the enemy's lines of sight, is a HUGE advantage for these guys. They come with repeater crossbows and they skirmish, so it is possible to be up to 10" away from an enemy, in difficult terrain, fire twice and even move through the terrain without penalty! Not necessarily in the same turn, mind you, but it really goes to show how versatile this troop type can be.

COLD ONE KNIGHTS

Really, how can you pass up some heavy cavalry that cause *fear*? Let's compare these guys to Bretonnian Questing Knights. Both have Toughness of 3, 1 Wound and a Leadership of 8. Questing Knights have a point of Strength better (at 4) their Warhorses move 1" faster (since they're trained to carry heavily armored riders), are *immune to Panic*, and cost 2 points more at 31 points each. Cold One Knights have a point better of Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill and Initiative, **PLUS** they get +2 to their armor save, as opposed to the normal +1 for being mounted, and the Cold Ones *cause fear*! Yeah, they can suffer from *stupidity* every now and then, but don't we, as players, too?

THE COMMON SOLDIER

Everyone knows that there are guidelines and limitations to the choices one has when constructing their armies. There are certain maximums when it comes to Special and Rare units, and there is a minimum number of Core troops that must be reached within the design of the force. Troops are the most common form of warrior that any

particular race can muster, and these bear the brunt of the fighting. Most of the time, these are your stock troopers. But in the Dark Elf army, these basic troopers can really turn the tides of battle to your favor.

Let's start with the Dark Elf Warriors. These, of course, are your average Elf types: medium Strength, medium Toughness, an inch more of Movement and higher than average Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Initiative and Leadership. With these advantages, it doesn't seem like a cost of 9 points is too outrageous. To capitalize on the higher Weapon Skill they are armed with spears to fight defensively in two ranks. They will usually hit enemy Core troopers on rolls of 3 and wound on 4s. The odds are slightly in favor of the Dark Elves! They also have light armor and can buy shields (highly recommended) at +1 point per model to help them survive the trek across the battlefield to engage the enemy. With their high Leadership to keep them from routing, they will also be able to tie up enemy units just long enough to get some elite or cavalry units charging into their flanks.

On the other hand, the Warriors can make use of their high Ballistic Skill and be armed with repeater crossbows for +4 points per model. Yeah, they seem to be a bit expensive now, at 13 points apiece, but the prospect of firing twice as many bolts more than makes up for their cost!

Don't forget that Corsairs are now Core troops. Their Sea Dragon Cloaks give them an extra +1 save in close combat and a +2 against missile fire, so they have an even better chance of being intact and tying up enemy troops for elite units to clean up.

OVERALL TACTICS

The best way to sum up the Dark Elf army is in one word: versatile. Yes, they are just as likely to be wounded as regular human armies (even their Lord characters!), but they have a lot more going for them.

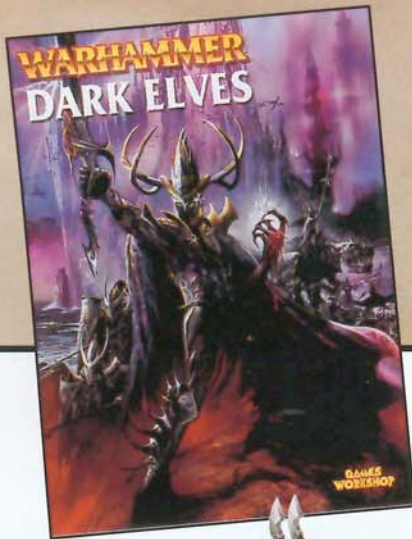
You can form a quick, agile fighting force that is able to be basically anywhere it wants to be on any given turn, or you can muster a defensive, rapidly shooting army that can decimate whole units in just one or two buckets of dice rolling.

Also remember to take advantage of what the different unit types can do. Monsters, war machines and elite fighting units can really take care of some of the toughest units and characters out there, so there is little to fear from a small, beefed-up army.

As pointed out earlier, the extra inch of Movement can really add to the dissolution of the opponent's battle plan. Units of cavalry rolling halfway across the tabletop can force the enemy general to re-evaluate which units he targets first. The more he second guesses his original battle plan, the more apt he is to make a crucial mistake....

The Dark Elf race is very evil, stealthy and malevolent. The army should be played to reflect this. Make the army's advantages work for you, and don't be afraid to get in there and get bloody. Be sneaky, be fast, and more importantly, be ruthless!





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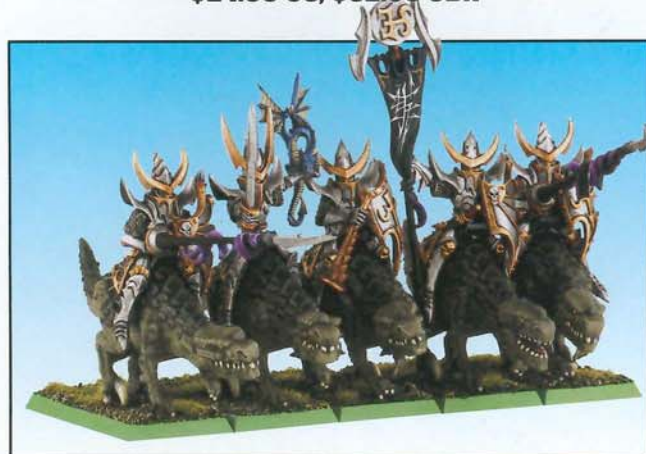
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Painting With the Average Joe



Past Golden Demon Single Fantasy Miniature Winner, Games Workshop IT Tech, fiendish Warhammer Overlord and all-around painting guru, Joe Sleboda continues to guide us through the world of painting miniature soldiers. This month we're gonna tackle a beast of a project (literally!) and look at the importance of

pinning and putty work, and how this applies to your monstrous model.

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

I decided to make a scenic base with a rock for the Manticore to stand on, so I carved one out of pink insulation foam. (Check issue 259 for more about cutting rocks out of foam.) The foam should always be screwed into the base, as it never seems to stay glued down as well as you'd like (fig. 1).

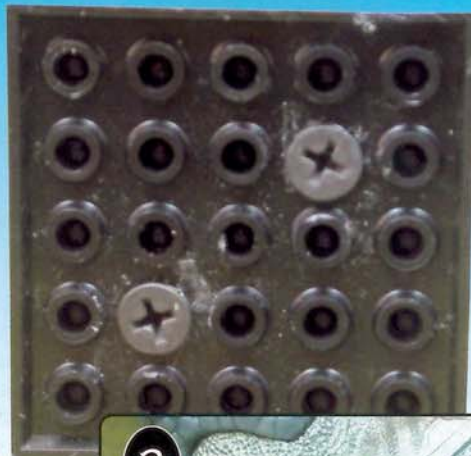
Pinning: The very word strikes fear into the hearts of many a hobbyist. However, this model, as well as most large monster models, needs it. This technique really just involves two things: drilling a couple of holes with a pin vise and cutting some wire to fit between them. Drilling is pretty self explanatory, and most people use either thin brass wire (available at most hobby stores) or even a cut paper clip to join the two pieces. That all sounds good, but how do we get the holes to line up? Drill one side (fig. 2) and fit a piece of wire into it. Cut it to just barely stick out. Then dab some paint on the wire and fit the pieces together. The wet paint on the end of the wire will mark the spot on the other piece where you will want to drill (fig. 3). Pull out the painted wire (it's too small to pin with) and drill a hole in the second piece where the paint indicates. Cut a longer piece of wire to fit between both holes, and glue both halves together. It's just that simple!

After the whole model was pinned together, I went about mounting the model onto the base. Like the rest of the model, I pinned it into place. I used extra long pieces of wire in the legs (fig. 4), so the pins would go deep into the foam and ensure a strong bond. Then, unlike the other parts, I used white glue. Super glue will eat through insulation foam, so it's pretty useless in this situation. Make sure you use plenty of glue for this one. Let it dry completely overnight, and it should be just fine.

Alright! The pinning is done! Now it's on to the putty work (fig. 5 & 6). Every multi-piece model will have some gaps between pieces that need to be filled in. There's no way around that. Fortunately, the largest gaps in this model are surrounded by fur. You always want the putty to mimic the surrounding areas, and fur is a snap to copy. Keep your modeling tools and putty wet, and it should be easy to manipulate. Fur is a rough and random texture, so it's really hard to make it look wrong. Just fill in the gap and start poking into the putty with a sharp (and wet) instrument. After a short while you'll see it begin to take the form of the fur that's around the gap, and it'll begin to blend in a bit. Just keep at it. It'll get there. The article from Chris FitzPatrick in White Dwarf 258 has all sorts of information you should find useful.

Well, here we are again, back for another month of blood, sweat, and paint. This time around we are going to literally take on a real monster of a project – the new Dark Elf Manticore, ridden by a Beastmaster. While the normal title of this article is "Painting With the Average Joe," I think it might be better to call it "Doing All the Stuff Before Painting With the Average Joe," as I decided to focus on the prep work needed for a larger model and some of the touches you can use to really make it stand out on the table. We're still not quite talking about a showpiece here, but there are still a number of things you can do to make a model like this something to be extra proud of.

1



2



Use a drill bit that's the same size or a tiny bit bigger than the wire you're pinning with for a snug, more secure fit.

3



4



5



6



7



8



9



PLANNING TO PAINT

Since we last got together, I came to a decision about a color scheme for my Dark Elf army, The Steel Reavers of the Helpits (or The Pit Steelreavers, for short). They are primarily yellow and black, with red and blue accent colors. It was actually my wife's idea that they could be like High Elves with yellow, blue and red, but have black instead of white. I went a step further and came up with a bit of background: My Dark Elves prefer white but wear black as a sign of mourning over the loss of their homeland. When Ulthuan is once again under the sway of its rightful rulers (Malekith and me), then the black can be replaced by white. Until then, black it is.

Keeping these colors in mind I started figuring out my approach. I knew I wanted the lion aspect of the Manticore to be very strong. Since lions are a tawny yellow, their natural hue echoed the yellow of my army well (fig. 7). At this point I realized that while I had an idea of what a lion looks like, I didn't *really* know what one looks like. I hit the internet to do some research, since your memory is never as good as you think. When you paint an Orc, it doesn't matter what it looks like, since there are no real Orcs. A lion, however, is a real thing, and people will know if your lion looks 'real' or not. Yeah, I know, this is a Manticore, not a lion, but trust me, taking the time to emulate nature on this sort of thing really pays off. People who look at your model may not know how much research you've done, but if you don't do any, something will look 'off' to them. Visit a zoo. Get a book from the library. Go to the internet. Do whatever it takes, but spend the time to research. I got a couple of pictures from the Animal Planet website for reference, and I'm glad I did.

Because of the color choices I made for my army I knew that the rider's shirt was going to be yellow. Looking at the rest of the model there were not a lot of places for more yellow. This is why I decided to paint a yellow Fleur de Lys on the shield at the Manticore's feet. The backdrop of the shield is blue to echo the blue highlights on the wings, the blue on the broken spear and the blue pouches on the rider. It helps keep it all together. While some of these decisions were implemented later, I'm bringing them up now to show that it's important to have a plan.

I did have one major decision to make at this early stage: What color would the rock be? Rocks come in all sorts of colors, so I would be hard pressed to mess up the rock itself. This was part of a larger picture, though, so I narrowed it down to blue-ish or brown-ish. Both had merits, but in the end I opted for blue-ish, since it would prevent the legs of the monster from getting lost on the rock. Once all of these decisions were made, I proceeded to basecoat the behemoth (fig. 7).

Since the rock was going to be heavily drybrushed, I decided to paint it first. I started off with black and then went to Space Wolf Grey. Adding white to hit the hard edges and high points finished it off. Drybrushing was the perfect choice of method to use here. This technique tends to produce rough textures on the area you are painting, which works for rocks. Check future articles (or even this month's Fenbeast article by Nick Davis) for more in-depth drybrushing info.

In figure 8 you can see where I have chosen to put the blue bits. The rider's pouches, the shield, the wrappings on the spear and the accents on the rider's cloak and arm bands all serve to unify the model. This is especially true in light of the choice to go with blue accented wings and a blue toned rock.

One unfortunate and unforeseen consequence of having a pale blue rock is that the High Elf spear tip gets lost against it. This can be seen in figure 9. The silver and the blue grey are just too similar in value and hue. The only solution I could come up with was to put some blood on the spear. Of course, this meant I would also need red elsewhere. No problem. The tongue of the Manticore was going to be red, and to complete my triad I decided to bloody the rider's weapon, as well. The model was ready, at this point, to go through the somewhat mechanical process of painting. It really is true that a great deal of the "skill" involved in painting is the thinking you need to do ahead of time. As discussed in the first article in this series (WD 257) once you have the initial plan, most of the decisions along the way are made for you. Then all you have to do, essentially, is paint by numbers. Stay in the lines. Practice will develop your technical skills. It just takes time.

TIDBITS

The colors I used, should you choose to emulate this model (though I strongly encourage you to come up with your own scheme) are: Snakebite Leather, Bubonic Brown and Skull White for the skin; Scorched Brown, Bestial Brown and Bronzed Flesh for the darker skin areas; Chaos Black, Regal Blue and Ultramarine Blue for all the blue spots; Bestial Brown, Snakebite Leather and Skull White for any wood areas; and Golden Yellow with Orange Ink added to the pot, straight Golden Yellow, Sunburst Yellow and Skull White for the yellow spots.

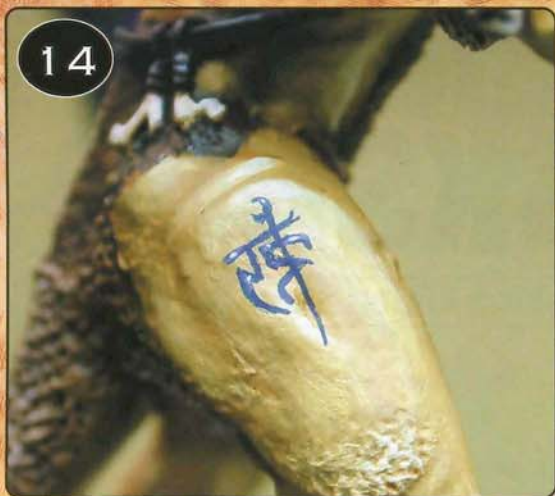
Any yellow had to go over a base of white in order to keep it bright. This was especially true for the decoration on the foul Bretonnian shield (fig. 10). May Khaine enjoy that knight's soul! After applying the yellow, you can augment the claw marks with silver over black as shown (fig. 11). Remember to be neat!

As I progressed through the painting I kept putting off the mane. I really was not sure what I was going to do with it. In the end I opted to give it a Chestnut Ink wash, drybrush it Bubonic Brown, wash it with thin Brown Ink (washing again toward the ends of the mane to darken it more) and hope for the best (fig. 12). This is when the photos I got from Animal Planet came in handy but proved, ultimately, frustrating. From looking at the photos, the mane really should have been much lighter. However, the face would just have been lost had I followed the photos to the letter, so I used the technique I just described instead.

I did follow the photos for the belly, though (fig. 13). I made the beast's inner thighs and belly much paler than the surrounding flesh. This really gave the underside, and the model as a whole, a more organic and natural look.



14



THE FINISHING TOUCHES

When the model was almost done I did two last things to finish it up. First, I put a tattoo on his leg to mark him as my own (fig. 14). I scoured the Dark Elf book for good looking designs and ended up combining two I found to make a new one I could call my own. In fact, it even sort of looks like a stylized "JS" if you look at it right.

Of course, the final touch was to take a big fat brush and edge the base in good old Goblin Green after painting the sand. I then stood up, did my happy dance, and asked our editor, "What next?"

He asked if I could explain the evils of toothpicks but then noticed that we were running low on space, so that will have to wait until next time!

Next month, our Painting Sensei Joe will turn his talents to the Dark Elf Corsairs in his quest for a completely painted army. Tune in when Joe takes a look at the finer points of painting (*GASP!*) **ENTIRE UNITS!**

FINAL



Across the Island of Albion there are numerous circles of standing stones carved with winding Ogham script. With the Dark Shadows Campaign in full swing we show you how to make individual rocks, cairns, stone circles and dolmens.

SCENERY WORKSHOP

Basic Terrain: Making Albion Standing Stones

WHAT YOU WILL NEED TO MAKE YOUR ROCKS AND STONES AND TO BASE THEM:

- Ready-made rocks of varying sizes – available from any good garden
- Thick card or hardboard for the base
- Polystyrene insulation tiles
- Modeling clay
- Green flock
- Citadel Paints: Chaos Black, Goblin Green, Snakebite Leather, Bubonic Brown, Bleached Bone & Skull White
- PVA (White) glue and super glue

YOU WILL ALSO REQUIRE THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

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

CAIRNS

A cairn is a pile of stones that acts as a waymarker or serves to mark a particular place such as a grave or a sacred site.

They can be as simple as a pile of stones, but we've made ours a bit more interesting by topping it off with a large flat stone.

First, you'll need a sturdy base. Cut out a roughly circular or oval shape from thick card. If you just want a simple pile of stones, the base needn't be too big – about 5cm across should be about right. For a more elaborate cairn, the base can be a bit larger.

For the core of the cairn, you'll need to mold a lump of modeling clay into a squat cone with a slightly flattened top. For a lightweight alternative you could use expanded polystyrene. Glue this to the base, and when it's dry glue small stones or gravel up the sides of the core. Finally, make a cap stone from modeling clay or polystyrene and glue it to the top of the rock pile.

When the glue is dry, paint the entire mound with PVA glue to bond the boulders together. When this is dry,

paint the base green, and coat it with flock. The stones can be painted in a suitable color such as dark grey, drybrushed with lighter shades to give the effect of weathered boulders.

Your cairn is now finished, but you can always go on to add more little details such as clumps of grass or moss between the stones, or runes carved or painted on the rocks.

MAKING A CAIRN



1. The base, core and top of this cairn have been made from polystyrene. Real stones are being glued up the sides of the rocky mound.



2. After painting and drybrushing, the base was finished off in the normal way by painting and drybrushing.

BOULDERS & ROCKS

Using the basic techniques we've outlined above and in the Stone Circles section on the next page, you can make all sorts of rocky terrain for your games. There are endless possibilities, from rocky outcrops,

stone monoliths, dolmens, or even single boulders.

Model rocks and boulders can be made from pebbles, real stones or pieces of stone, modeling clay or polystyrene. For very small stones you can use gravel or coarse sand.



This clump of two rocks was made from real stones painted with texture paint.



A slightly larger clump of rocks. Notice how the scattering of tiny stones (made from crushed coral available from a Pet Store with aquarium supplies) round the base of the stones makes them look more realistic.



The patch of tall grass on the edge of this set of rocks was made from frayed rope painted green.

STONE CIRCLES

To make a stone circle, cut out a roughly circular base from strong card, or make one by sticking several layers of thin card together. You will need about half a dozen suitable stones, which can either be real ones or shaped from modeling clay or polystyrene.

Stick the stones in a circle on the base. Small stones can be stuck at the bottom of the larger stones to wedge them upright. Some stones can be stuck as though they have fallen down. You can leave the center of the circle empty, or add a low altar mound, a lone monolith, a dolmen, or even a firepit, as we've done in our stone circle.

When the stones are securely stuck onto the base, paint the base green. Then paint the stones so they look like weathered rock, as described earlier. At this stage you might want to paint runes or engraved arcane designs on some of the stones. When they are dry, paint the base again with PVA glue and scatter green flock over it.

The stone circle is now complete, but it will look better if it is enhanced with bushes and tufts of grass stuck around the base of the stones to make it look suitably ancient and overgrown.



This dolmen was made from polystyrene 'rocks'.

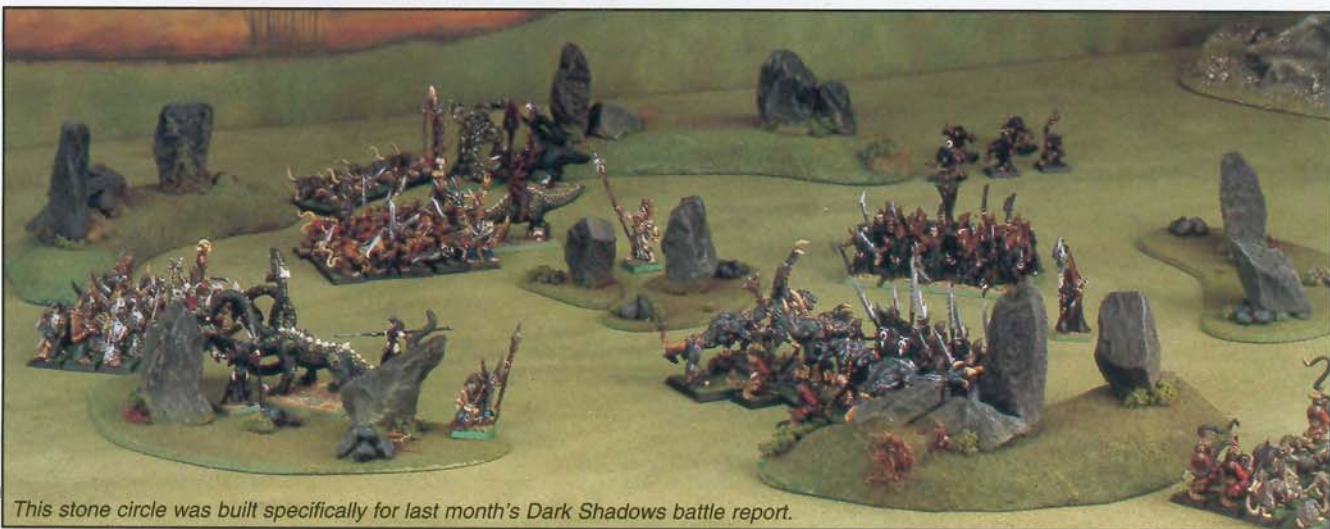
MAKING A STONE CIRCLE



1. The stones on this stone circle were made from modeling clay – the advantage of doing this is that you can make the bases flat so they can be more easily attached to the base. The sides of the base and the raised circular area are being covered with filler to fill in the holes and smooth them over.



2. In the finished model, you can see that small areas of loose stone have been added round the bases of the large stones.



This stone circle was built specifically for last month's Dark Shadows battle report.

The fate of the mystical isle of Albion hangs in the balance. What was once sacred ground has been washed by the blood of every race of the Old World, as the forces of good fight tooth and nail to hold back the encroaching darkness. But will they succeed?

DUEL OF THE GUARDIANS

The struggle for the power of Albion continues

The charred timbers of a small tower, half buried beneath the wet marshes, were all that remained of the ancient fishing village of Ohbuhu. Similar sights were now commonplace across the moors and fens of Albion.

The island, which had remained untouched for countless centuries, had been ravaged by the onset of war. Entire communities that for generations had lived in harmony with the land were forced to flee their settlements as battle spread across the isle. Sacred sites that had stood undisturbed for millennia had been destroyed overnight. Even the Truthsayers, who had for so long acted as guardians of the isle, had been unable to prevent the wanton destruction that had fallen upon their homeland.

Beneath a ragged cowl, Kh'nar let a malicious grin spread across his face. All was as planned; even the Dark Master could not have foreseen such devastation. Each drop of blood spilled in violence tainted the sacred earth and brought the plans of his master a step closer to completion. With the fall of Albion, no one would be able to prevent the tide of darkness enveloping the world. It would sweep all before it, and the world would be helpless against the wave of terror and despair that would follow.

Kh'nar dug the tip of his crooked staff into the soil, tracing a mark into the wet earth. It was a simple spiral, the symbol of his dark brethren. All who saw this symbol would know that this village had been claimed by his kind. Across the whole of Albion more

and more of these marks appeared each day. Victory was in their grasp. As he completed the spiral, a voice called out from the rocks in front of the Dark Emissary.

"This village is not yours, dark one." It was spoken in the native Albion tongue, a crude and simple language which Kh'nar had grown to despise. He looked up and spied a half-naked warrior staring down from an outcrop of stone.

"You have no army to protect you now, dark servant of evil. I am

the one they call Dural Durak, and I command you to leave my isle lest I am forced to pollute the soil with your vile blood." The stranger motioned for Kh'nar to leave, pointing his staff out to the stormy sea.

"Fool! Do you really think that I fear to wander these paths alone?" Kh'nar spat. He recognized him as one of the Truthsayers, the protectors of Albion. This man was easily capable of killing Kh'nar, but the Dark Emissary would not give him the chance. With a quick motion of his hand a thick mist instantly rose from the earth. It enveloped the Emissary, hiding him from the Truthsayer. The few seconds of distraction he had created allowed him time to throw a carved stone into a nearby bog, completing the ritual the Truthsayer had interrupted. There had been a battle here and Kh'nar could sense the souls of the dead trapped in the magic-saturated moors.

Seconds later the Truthsayer burst through the fog, his staff now wielded as a weapon, and Kh'nar had little doubt that it would be aimed for a killing blow. As the Truthsayer closed in, an inhuman moan froze him where he stood.

From the moor behind Kh'nar a great shadow loomed from the mist. It was as though the ground itself had woken and was intent on destroying the Truthsayer. Long tendrils of weeds clung to rocks, ancient bones and clumps of soil. Easily twice the height of a man, the nightmarish creature bore down on the one called Dural with a speed belied by its appearance.

"Kill him, kill him now," Kh'nar shouted at his creation. It was a Fenbeast, an earthly manifestation of the tormented souls of the dead. Whilst Kh'nar lived this beast would be held under his spell. It would obey his every command, a mindless being serving the Dark Emissary until it was destroyed or Kh'nar wished it to collapse.



Dural dodged to one side as a huge arm-like protrusion ruptured from the monster's side and thrust out at the human warrior. Again the Fenbeast lunged at the Truthsayer, this time the blow striking him squarely in the chest. As the powerful blow stuck Dural, a circlet on the brow of his head glowed brightly. The beast's arm disintegrated instantaneously, sending small fragments of soil and rock scattering to the ground. To Dural's horror, the mud and soil beneath his feet rippled and flew upwards, weeds binding it in place as the Fenbeast regenerated its destroyed limb.

The Fenbeast barreled forward with the force of a battering ram, smashing Dural to the floor. A limb as thick as a tree trunk burst from its chest, lifting for the killing blow as a mire-encrusted skull embedded in its shoulder chattered madly. Thorned tendrils tore at the Truthsayer as the beast loomed over him, blotting out the weak rays of the sun.

With an upward thrust Dural drove his staff into the midriff of the Fenbeast. It was not powerful enough a blow to destroy the creature, but it gave him some valuable time. He stretched out his arm and mouthed words of power taught to him as a child. The air around his hand sparked with magical energy. A small flock of grey-feathered birds coalesced from thin air, flying around the monster and diving at it, each one furiously pecking at the beast. A single bird could do little damage to such a huge creature, but the flock worked together, targeting it in a frenzy of attacks. The flock dispersed, and in a matter of seconds the creature collapsed to the floor leaving just an oozing puddle of mud, rock and bone.

Dural turned to face his foe, but there was no sign of the Dark Emissary. Raising his staff he chanted a few words and the fog dissipated instantly. Still he could not spot the sorcerer, but the parting of the mists had revealed a small cave beneath the rocks on which he had earlier stood.

Dural cautiously stepped into the shadowy tunnel. Even though the Dark Emissaries were weak and frail, Dural knew from experience that they were as deadly a threat as the Fenbeast that he had just fought.

They had a fine grasp of magic, better even than his own, and he had little doubt this one could destroy him if he let his guard slip.

At his command the Truthsayer's staff shone bright, illuminating the cavern. Crude glyphs had been gouged into the walls and the stench of death hung in the air. The tunnel opened up into a large cavern. The bloodied bones and rags of humans recently killed were scattered across the floor. Dural guessed that these men must have fled from battle only to be discovered and brutally killed. In a far corner, the Dark Emissary crouched, hunched over a strange metallic glowing chest.

"There will be no escape for you now, evil one," Dural spoke calmly. The Emissary stood and turned to face him. His right arm was enclosed in a huge gauntlet that glowed with an unnatural light. The gauntlet hummed menacingly as the Dark Emissary brought his arm down in a sweeping punch aimed at Dural's broad chest. The Truthsayer raised his staff to deflect the blow, but as the enchanted wood met the gauntlet, it was blasted into splinters. Dural was sent flying across the chamber, smashing with considerable force into the far cavern wall.

As he regained his senses he knew instantly the blow had broken his ribs, but, with pain wracking his entire body, he forced himself back on his feet. Again the Dark Emissary threw another punch at Dural, this time aimed at the Truthsayer's head. Dural ducked and the gauntlet smashed into the cavern wall. The force of the blow shook the ground on which Dural stood, and the whole cave trembled with the impact.

Chunks of rock fell from the roof and a great crack split up the length of the wall. The malicious smile on the Dark Emissary's face was replaced by a look of

sheer horror as he realized that the gauntlet had become wedged deep into the rock.

Dural sprinted from the cavern as the tunnel behind him collapsed, diving into the light with a cloud of dust in his wake. When the debris settled he walked over to the pile of rubble that had once been the cave mouth. What was the mysterious magical artifact the Dark One had used? Now it was lost, sealed forever in the collapsed cave. He knew he must travel at once to the Forge of the Old Ones and report his find to the council. Other Truthsayers had reported such finds, and within the deep vaults of the Forge they guarded many similar relics. Where they came from and why these strangers so eagerly risked their lives to possess them, Dural could not guess, but whilst he was alive he would make sure that they remained on Albion.



BATTLE RESULTS FORM

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Which game did you play?

Warhammer ☐

Warmaster ☐

What was the total points value of your game?

Up to 1,500 ☐

1,501-3,000 ☐

3,001-5,000 ☐

5,001+ ☐

FORCES OF LIGHT - TRUTHSAYERS

Supreme General's name: Army:

FORCES OF THE DARK MASTER - DARK EMISSARIES

Supreme General's name: Army:

WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

Truthsayers' victory ☐

Dark Emissaries' victory ☐

Draw ☐

Which Lores of Magic did the victor use?

Lore of Beasts ☐

Lore of Light ☐

Lore of Life ☐

Lore of Shadows ☐

Dark Emissaries' magic ☐

Truthsayers' magic ☐

Lore of Death (and Necromancy) ☐

Lore of Fire ☐

Dark Magic ☐

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In this article, Nick paints the Fenbeast, one of the new models specially sculpted for Dark Shadows, the summer

Warhammer Campaign and North American Battle Tour.

Three Hours to Summon a Fenbeast

By Nick Davis



UNIQUE BEASTIE

The Fenbeast is a rather unique and cool looking model, which I knew I had to include in my miniature collection. It would be a crime to field a Truthsayer or Dark Emissary in the Dark Shadows campaign without bringing one of their magically enhanced bog monsters along. I was inspired to paint the model by the artwork of the Fenbeast on the cover of the Dark Shadows campaign book - it looks dark, nasty, rotten and rather smelly. Also, the Fenbeast miniature lends itself very well to a simple and quick painting technique called drybrushing. Using this technique, and building up series of drybrushed layers, I managed to complete my Fenbeast and base in less than three hours.

DRYBRUSHING 101

Before we go any further and for the benefit of the newer chaps (and, indeed, chapettes) within the hobby, this is what's involved in the painting technique known as drybrushing. Using an old paintbrush or a Citadel Drybrush, dip it into a lighter shade of your base color. Then draw it across a napkin, wiping the majority of paint off the brush. Now lightly brush your Drybrush over your miniature. What should happen is that the brush leaves paint on the raised areas and flat surfaces of your miniature, leaving the darker base color in the recesses. As you may notice, this technique works best when used over a darker color. It's a rather messy technique but is very handy for doing quick highlights or painting certain types of monsters.

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

When you are assembling the miniature for painting, you will notice that there are a few gaps between the joints. This is quite common with multi-piece metal models, and these gaps can be easily filled in. I rolled my putty up into small balls and then pushed them into the gaps using a toothpick. The Fenbeast is a lumpy model, in terms of texture, so don't worry about pushing the putty right into the gaps and smoothing it out. I left a lot of putty out of the gaps, and I think it just adds to the plant-like nature of the beast.



The Fenbeast filled in with "Green Stuff" putty

Once the model is undercoated in black, it's ready for the first drybrush layer. The first color I used was Dark Angels Green, and using a Large Drybrush I drybrushed the entire model, including the flock and coarse turf on the base. I then moved quickly onto the next drybrush layer, Goblin Green brushed onto the model and again the base, still using the Large Drybrush.



The Fenbeast base and back ready for last minute details

For the next stage I switched to the Small Drybrush to pick out the detail on the model. All the bones, skulls, wood, some of the rocks and a couple of the flat areas of the model were drybrushed with Snakebite Leather, then I followed up with a light drybrush of Bubonic Brown and an even lighter drybrush of Bleached Bone. Finally, using Skull White, I lightly drybrushed the bones and skulls to pick them out.

Using a Small Drybrush and Dark Angels Green you can tidy up the Fenbeast by covering up any rogue elements from the brown areas. Once this is done the model is ready for its final drybrush layer. Again, using a Small Drybrush, lightly drybrush Sunburst Yellow all over the Green areas of your model. Add several layers of Yellow to the face, shoulders and arms of the beast - you will notice that this brings out the Green on the model, making the monster come alive. *Quick note: when drybrushing Sunburst Yellow onto the Fenbeast just add to taste; when you feel it looks good, stop!*



The finished Fenbeast!

This is how I painted up my Fenbeast, and this is not intended to be a definitive guide. The model naturally lends itself to drybrushing, but I wouldn't recommend using these techniques on all your models. I hope this has inspired you to paint your own Fenbeast. Me, I am off to paint my Truthsayer and his arch-nemesis, the Dark Emissary. Have fun now!

This month we take a look at the new range of miniatures which accompany the Dark Shadows Summer Campaign. We asked Dave Thomas and Kirsten Mickelburgh how they went about painting these natives of Albion.

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS

THE DARK EMISSARY

Dark Emissary painted by Dave Thomas



PAINTING THE MODEL

After undercoating the model with Chaos Black I decided to start by painting the largest section. In the case of the Dark Emissary this is the leather jerkin. I gave this a basecoat of Scorched Brown & Chaos Black which I blended up with Bestial Brown. I then added small quantities of Skull White to the mix for successive highlights. Once this had dried I made a mix of Brown Ink with a small amount of Black Ink added to it. I then watered



this down a lot and gave the jerkin several thin glazes. To finish off, I went over the jerkin again with the final highlight mix.

His inner robes I painted with a basecoat of equal parts Scab Red and Scorched Brown. I added Bleached Bone to the mix with each additional



highlight stage, blending through until I had achieved the desired effect.



again was highlighted by adding Skull White to the mix.

FINE DETAIL

His horns were painted with a basecoat of Scorched Brown. I then made a mix of Bestial Brown and Scorched Brown in equal measures, and I painted this onto the horns. With each ascending spiral on the horn I added a small amount of Skull White creating a smooth blend that gradually lightens towards the tip of the horns.



The spiral plate on his back was painted with a basecoat of Boltgun Metal. I then gave this a glaze of watered down Black Ink. I highlighted the plate by mixing increasing amounts of Mithril Silver to Boltgun



Metal and highlighting outwards from the recesses to the edges. Once this was dry I glazed the plate with Green Ink mixed with a small amount of Brown Ink.

The scroll is painted with a basecoat of Vomit Brown. I then gave it a glaze of



Brown Ink before re-coating with Vomit Brown. I added a small amount of Bleached Bone to the basecoat and highlighted it. I continued to add more

Bleached Bone to the mix, gradually highlighting outward until the very edges of the scroll were painted with pure Bleached Bone. I painted a text that suggests writing using small dots and squiggles.

FINISHING TOUCHES

His staff was painted with a basecoat of Scorched Brown which I highlighted by adding Bestial Brown. I then shaded this with Brown Ink before

adding a small amount of Bleached Bone to the mix for a final highlight. For the decoration I sketched a design onto paper before copying this onto the staff using Bleached Bone.



The gems on his jerkin I painted with Liche Purple and highlighted with Tentacle Pink on the bottom edge. I then painted a small dot of Skull White for the gemstone effect.

I based the model by gluing sand to the base with PVA. This was then painted with Bestial Brown and drybrushed with Bubonic Brown. After giving it a final drybrush with Bleached Bone, I glued on some static grass and sprayed him with clear varnish.



THE TRUTHSAYER

Truthsayer painted by
Kirsten Mickelburgh



PAINTING THE MODEL

I glued the model to a base before spraying it with an undercoat of Chaos Black. The flesh of the Truthsayer makes up a large part of the figure, so I decided to paint this first. I began with

a basecoat of Dwarf Flesh which had a small amount of Dark Flesh mixed in. This was then highlighted using Dwarf



Flesh on its own. I then added further highlights with Elf Flesh, mixing increasing amounts of Skull White to the Elf Flesh for each successive highlight, before giving him a final highlight of Skull White on its own.



I concentrated on painting his hair next. The shade tone was an equal part mix of Bestial Brown and Leprous Brown. I painted the hair with a coat of Leprous Brown rather than drybrushing it, as I find that drybrushing can create a

grainy effect. I added Skull White in small amounts to Leprous Brown for each successive highlight until I was happy with the result.

For the tabard I made a shade tone mix of Bestial Brown and Bubonic Brown with a small amount of Skull White. Adding increasing amounts of



Skull White to the original mix, I painted successive highlights finishing with a highlight of Skull White on the very edges of the folds on the tabard.

FINE DETAIL

The staff was painted using an equal mix of Scorched Brown and Red Gore, and I added Bleached Bone to the mix to paint the highlights. The tattoos on



the Truthsayer's body were done by drawing my design in pencil on the model first. I painted over the pencil lines with Chaos Black and then down the center of the black lines painted Ultramarines Blue.

Again I painted the embroidery on his tabard using a fine pencil to draw out the design before painting over it with Chaos Black.

FINISHING TOUCHES

The metal parts were painted with a basecoat mix of Tin Bitz and Shining Gold. The highlights were painted using Shining Gold, with Mithril Silver added to it for the final touches. The center stone of his gold necklace I painted with a Red Gore basecoat, painting the bottom section Blazing Orange moving up to Blood Red. The top part is painted Scab Red with a small dot of Skull White added to create the gemstone effect.

THE FENBEAST

Fenbeast painted by
Kirsten Mickelburgh



PAINTING THE MODEL

After I had pinned the arm of the Fenbeast and glued the head and back section, I filled any gaps with green stuff. Once this was done I glued it to a base and undercoated the model with Chaos Black.

For the basecoat I used an empty pot to make up a large quantity of Dark Angels Green mixed in with a small amount of Chaos Black. I added Camo



Green to this mix for each successive highlight. For the brighter highlights I added a small amount of Rotting Flesh to the pot before using Rotting Flesh on its own as the final highlight.

FINE DETAIL

The rock parts of the model were painted Chaos Black and this was then drybrushed with Codex Grey. A final highlight drybrush of Skull White was added to the edges of the rocks.

The wood parts I gave a basecoat of Scorched Brown followed by drybrushing Bestial Brown then Bubonic Brown with a final drybrush highlight of Bleached Bone.



The bones were painted with a shade tone of Bestial Brown. I went over this with a basecoat of Bubonic Brown, adding Bleached Bone in increasing

amounts for successive highlights. As a final touch I highlighted the prominent sections with Skull White.

FINISHING TOUCHES

I sprayed a clear varnish coat onto the model and then painted gloss varnish on the head and rear sections of the Fenbeast to give it a wet appearance.

I based both of the models by gluing sand to the base with PVA. This was then painted with Bestial Brown, which I drybrushed with Bubonic Brown before giving it a final drybrush with Bleached Bone. I glued on some static grass and some chunks of rock cut out from pink insulating foam. I added spots of Dark Green Ink and Brown Ink to represent that this was an Albion themed base before giving them a gloss varnish. Finally, where the Fenbeast's feet touched the base, I painted on gloss varnish to give it the appearance that it had just surfaced from the boggy moor.



Welcome to the second installment of our Albion campaign, following the exploits of Phil Kelly's foul Skaven as they fight their way through Scenarios four and five from July's Dark Shadows supplement. As ever, storm clouds gather...

GARRISONS, GIANTS AND GENERALS

The bloody campaign continues throughout Albion

Sea of Chaos SCENARIO FOUR: THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY

Phil: Scenarios four and five in the Dark Shadows book are perhaps the most unusual. The Giants' Causeway sets your forces against an army comprised entirely of monsters (anything with three or more wounds), and if this wasn't bad

enough, they set up exactly as in the Ambush scenario on page 209 of the Warhammer rulebook!

This scenario was fought against veteran Orc & Goblin player Space McQuirk. On his travels, Space

managed to collect no less than five Giants to field against my Skaven! Evidently the Truthsayer, disappointed in the performance of Matt Hutson's Dark Elves last month, had decided to return with a posse of his rather larger friends...

After many days of trudging through the sleet and hail along the perceptible lines of magical energy connecting the sacred stone circles, the forces of the Skaven had come across another edifice, deep in the craggy wastelands to the north. Grey Seer Finkel had begun to gloat over his discovery when he spotted a dark figure squatting in the center of the circle, swathed in rags. He held a gnarled staff, and his glare met the Grey Seer's eyes unflinchingly. A Dark Emissary, thought Finkel. Wonderful.

Finkel could feel the hairs on his back raise. He crouched down, his twisted reflection looking back at him from one of the dark puddles spotting the blighted ground. The pool was rippling rhythmically, like a heartbeat. Under the rumble of the approaching storm, the Grey Seer could hear a series of deep, bass thumps.

Looking up, Finkel could see a massive, humanoid shape looming out

of the mists. A thatched, brutish head the size of a small boulder peered through the mists towards him. The thing was gigantic. And behind it walked another, a deafening roar coming from its vast mouth. The Grey Seer was forced to look again, but yes, it really did have an enormous cow under its arm! The Giants had come to defend their territory in the only way they knew how. As he stood, dumbfounded, another appeared, two heads growing from a thick neck, like the trunk of an oak.

Turning to check his escape route, Finkel was horrified to see another two Giants closing from behind them, the Truthsayer leading them bellowing a challenge as the storm above them broke.

He did not sound happy.

Drawing on the elemental power of the stone circle, Finkel sent a gale of putrid wind into the Giant striding

toward him, choking it with the unclean air of death, but on it came.

The Rat Ogres and Plague Monks were lurching towards their new foe, intent on initiating the mother of all battles. The Giants responded in kind, one charging headlong into the Rat Ogres, dwarfing even these ferocious beasts. But they held firm, emboldened by the arcane potions of their keepers. The Giant picked one up by the scruff of its neck and headbutted it full in the face. It fell back to the ground, dazed, just as another of the grey beasts lunged forward and clamped its yellow-fanged jaws right onto the Giant's loins. With a scream that shook the crags around them, the Giant turned and ran, the Rat Ogre still hanging grimly from his nether regions. The pack bounded after him, clambering up his back, pulling him to the ground, raking at him with filthy talons. The Giant did not rise.

Behind them, the Dark Emissary had commanded a Fenbeast to rise from the swamp. The arboreal nightmare charged one of the Giants, smashing into it with force enough to wound. The Giant bent down and bellowed at the top of his lungs, enough to scare off the stoutest of foes. The volume increased, the ground shaking, small avalanches starting in the crags, but the Fenbeast held, still barring its way. The Giant looked puzzled. Then, with the inevitable slowness of a glacier, the Giant picked up a nearby menhir and brought it down on the Fenbeast, smashing it apart in a shower of mud.

In the crags, Finkel could hear the sound of another Giant roaring as he spotted the Gutter Runners in the rocks. Slingshot bounced from the Giant's brow, drawing blood, but it stormed on, smashing his club into the scouts and scattering them. The



The Giant's improvised weapon proves ineffective as the Rat Ogres go for the soft bits.



The Gutter Runners' slings fail to fell their massive assailant.

two-headed monster clambered over the mountainous crags as if they were mere rubble.

Finkel could feel the line beginning to waver as another Giant charged the Skavenslaves, their line breaking as they ran for safety. He sent a mental impulse into the minds of the Giant Rats, forcing them to charge the gigantic assailant. To the Grey Seer's surprise, the beast seemed to have a flail comprised of dazed halflings, which he was diligently smashing into the packmasters of the charging unit with unusual intelligence. Finkel soon saw why; the Giant was accompanied by the Truthsayer, who was shouting words of command. That also explained why all of the Clanrats around him were stock still, thought Finkel, breaking the spell with a mental impulse.

The Giant striding around the marsh was horrifyingly close, and building up momentum for a charge. Finkel's craven heart leapt into his throat, but a bolt of dark light from the Dark Emissary shot over his head, impacting with such force that it took the wounded Giant clear off his feet in an explosion of raw power. The ground tremored at his fall as his torso was claimed by the marsh. Impressive, thought the Grey Seer, raising an eyebrow. Most impressive.

The two-headed Giant had reached them now, and Finkel was relieved to see the Censer Bearers of Clan Pestilens charging headlong into the thing, spiked flails smashing into its kneecaps. The infected wounds would fell the thing eventually; mused the Grey Seer as the enraged Giant smashed its assailants into the mud.

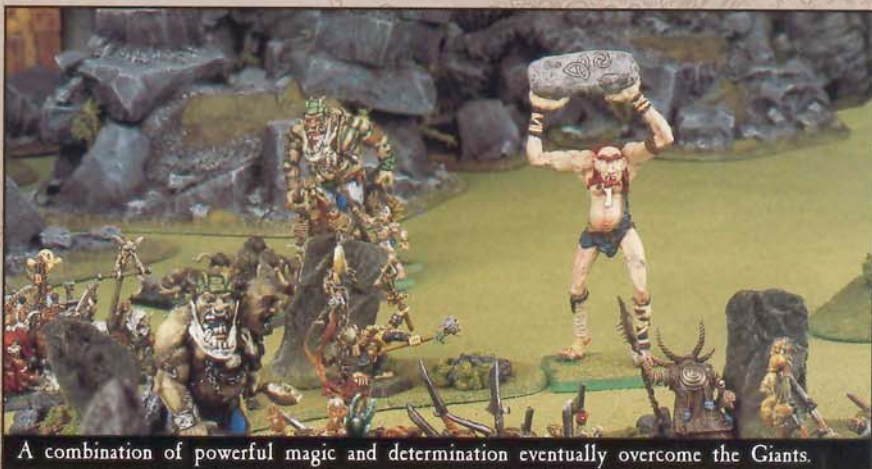
But eventually was not good enough. The roaring beast charged forward, careering into the ranks of the Grey Seer's Clanrat bodyguard. It was huge. It stank. And it was angry.

The Giant started to jump up and down in the ranks of the Clanrats, the thick skin of its feet impervious to the spears snapping beneath it. In a matter of seconds the ground was slick with the crushed remains of a dozen of his bodyguard, their mangled corpses bleeding into the mud. Finkel snarled at the inconvenience. The only reason the unit didn't flee was because most of them were too terrified to move. Marshalling the magics of the circle, he commanded his comrades' bodies to attack even as they died, limbs jerking spasmodically as they stabbed and cut in their death throes. But it was having no effect as the Giant stomped up and down like an enormous child throwing a tantrum, squashing Clanrats with abandon.

Across the threshold of the stone circle, the Giant wielding the bizarre halfling-flail was munching on rats, tails sticking out of his mouth, the vermin swarming over his clothing, ripping and biting but to no avail. A Packmaster's whip lashed out and caught the thing in the throat, ripping a gash across its neck. A tiny rodent face poked out of the hole, gnawing at the beast's throat from within. Another crawled into the Giant's ear, burrowing into the confines of its massive skull. The Giant went cross-eyed for a second, stumbled and fell.

The two-headed Giant jumping up and down on the Clanrats was continuing his rampage. The shattered remnants of the unit fled, and the Giant smashed them out of the way in his eagerness to get to the rallied Skavenslaves behind. Finkel was sent flying, his spine splintering as he smashed into one of the sacred stones. Sheer force of will kept him awake; he could see the Dark Emissary firing crackling bolts of energy into one of the two remaining Giants, blowing away half of its chest. Incredibly, it came on, but then its mind registered the fact that it was dead and the beast fell forward, the impact jarring Finkel's broken spine in an explosion of white-hot pain.

The Truthsayer was running, well aware of the fact that the Dark Emissary was using Albion itself as a reservoir of power. But the dark mage hissed, his mouth distending, and a death-fog belched from within his chest, quickly filling the open ground with black, thick mist. The Truthsayer fell as the insubstantial tendrils crept into his lungs. An unnatural silence descended, and Finkel felt alien presences in the darkness. The ground shook once more as the last of the Giants fell, a low boom sounding the death-knell of their assailants. Evidently the dark master had uses for them yet, thought Finkel, as the pain claimed him.



A combination of powerful magic and determination eventually overcome the Giants.

SCENARIO FIVE: THE BASTION OF THE OLD ONES

Phil: Scenario five of the Dark Shadows book sets your invading forces against a castle garrison in the hope that they can capture the gate. I fought it against Dylan Owen's Dogs of War. Bearing in mind that you are only allowed infantry models and that the only siege equipment you are allowed is ladders and grappling hooks, it

looked like I had my work cut out for me. My opponent, Dylan, was canny enough to make his advantages count, ensuring every inch of castle wall was manned by his capable Dogs of War. My plan was to send in so many troops that, even if he killed four to my one, I could still wear him down and eventually succeed. Here goes...

Osric sheltered in the lee of the castle's battlements with his Norscan brothers, watching for the Skaven. Without the element of surprise, there was no way these rat-things could breach the castle walls, and he was relishing the battle ahead. The mercenary garrison, hired by the Mad Baron of Averland after his own troops had deserted him, had been stationed in this crumbling citadel for weeks, united under the mighty coin of the Empire. Since the arrival of their expedition in the land of Albion, the appalling weather had forced them to seek shelter. Now it looked as if they would finally see some battle.

Osric could still taste the battle-mead, could feel the blood pounding within his veins, and wanted nothing more than to bury his axe in the flesh of the enemy. He could barely feel the

hailstones striking his exposed flesh, the cold driven out by bloodlust.

The Norscan leaned over the battlements, knowing full well that any missile fire would be next to useless in the pelting hail. He could just make out scurrying figures running swiftly toward the castle walls, the makeshift ladders they carried raised and laid in place in one smooth movement.

All along the wall, the mercenary troops released rocks and stones into the Skaven ranks, bearing the leading ratmen to the floor, breaking ladders and smashing skulls. Yet more of the things clambered upwards from ladders and grappling hooks with alarming speed, undeterred by their losses.

Suddenly, a rat-like face was inches in front of Osric's, an atavistic snarl illuminated by a flash of lightning. The Norscan roared his battlecry, cleaving the thing's head in two with such force his axe struck sparks from the battlement beneath it. Around him, his frenzied comrades manned the walls, rushing to intercept their assailants as they attempted to climb over the barrier. On either side of the Norscans, the boastful Tilean duellists were indeed proving their worth, blades flashing as they cut off the hands of those who appeared before them.

It seemed that the preliminary assault had been repelled and, for a second, Osric was able to take stock of the situation. To the left, the remnants of the Dwarf expedition force that had joined up, not for coin but for a chance to avenge their clansmen, were holding the side of the castle from the teeming Giant Rats that threatened to spill onto the castle walls. Where a verminous head poked over the battlements, a Dwarf would bring his hammer down, cracking its skull. The Dwarfs would be having an easy time of it, but for the fact that the Giant Rats were supported by black-clad Skaven, long claws strapped to their hands. Nevertheless, Dwarfs were noted for their stalwart



The Skaven forces attempt to scale the outside of the mighty bastion, but the mercenaries will not give up their prize without a fight...



The Dogs of War fight ferociously to maintain their grip on the battlements as more Skaven clamber over the walls.

resistance. Osric was confident in their ability.

The hail continued to beat down as the ratmen's assault was renewed. The fighting became desperate; there was barely space to wave a weapon as the vermin pushed forward. But the advantages that the battlements afforded the defenders were proving an insurmountable obstacle for the attacking Skaven. They were dying in droves. Another rat-thing clambered onto the crenelations and was met by Osric's axe, the blow cleaving into its head and sending the corpse tumbling into the ranks below. On the right, the Skaven line broke, plague-ridden berserker-rats running for their lives, the bodies of their comrades adorning the ramparts like grisly trophies.

Below him, the Paymaster was yelling orders, safely ensconced within the ranks of the pike-armed Alcatani Fellowship. Another group of Dwarfs was maneuvering in the courtyard, nearing the gate in the unlikely event that the Skaven would break through the defensive line of the Norscans and Tilean duellists.

Note: In sieges, although troops do not count rank bonus during combat resolution whilst fighting on the walls, Skaven still count their ranks at the base of the wall for Leadership tests as per their usual special rule.

Phil: Ouch! Two missions definitely not to be taken lightly. Fighting five Giants was great fun, but ultimately it was just that; Giants are too unpredictable for tactics. Rolling a Stone Circle on the Albion terrain generator was also a great help, allowing the Dark Emissary to really flex his magical muscles...

The Bastion of the Old Ones is one seriously tricky scenario. With no way to take down the castle walls, you

A shout from one of his comrades brought him back to the wall just as a golden helm wrought in the likeness of a horned rat appeared over the battlements. An armored Skaven far larger than the rest was pulling itself over the ramparts. It seemed impervious to the blows of the Norscans' axes, lashing out with a blade clad in black fire. Next to it was a heavily-armored figure clutching a banner draped with chains and rotting body parts, and further along the wall a scarlet-clad figure, pustulent and wild, was fighting with a fury equal to any of his berserk comrades. It seemed the leaders of the Skaven had decided to lead the assault themselves.

Osric faced off against the large Skaven in the ribbed golden armor. It was intelligent and agile enough to use the ramparts to its advantage, exchanging blows with no less than three of Osric's clansmen, its sword flicking through the chest of Jarl only to turn an axe aside at the last minute. A blow from Osric's weapon landed true, failing to cut through the armor but impacting with such force that the ladder it was standing on fell sideways. At the last second, the Skaven's prehensile tail lashed out and caught the main beam of the siege equipment, halting its fall. Osric's axe cut through the vile appendage but not before the thing was back on the battlements, renewing the attack. His kinsmen were few in number now, and the

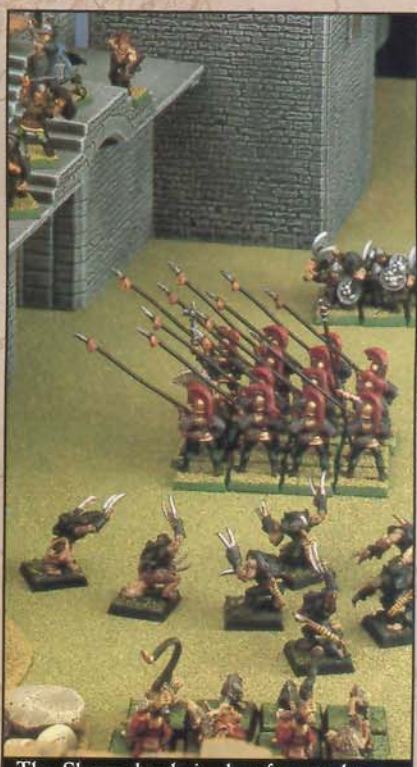
have to think very carefully about your strategy. As it was, Dylan fended me off with a mere quarter of the troops that he had at his disposal. I cracked it about ten minutes after we finished (grrr...). There is a way to win if you're the attacker in Scenario 5, but I think I'll let you work it out for yourselves.

Good luck, and keep playing!

duellists dying one by one around him. On the left of the wall, the death throes of the Plague Priest took another two duellists to hell with him. The mercenary line, too thin to hold, broke under the assault just as the flank gave, the doughty dwarfs too few in number to stem the attack of the Gutter Runners.

But the breach had come too late, the damage had been done. Rather than the tide of vermin that Osric had expected to flow over the undefended walls, a mere handful of the Skaven, bloodied and soaked, hauled their way onto the ramparts. The paymaster was leading the second wave of mercenary troops, and there was no way such a small number of enemy troops could mount an effective resistance.

The vermin had been stopped, and the castle remained in the hands of the mercenaries. This day belonged to the humans.



The Skaven break in, but far too late...

Warhammer Chronicles takes a look at the Warhammer game, its rules, background and game mechanics, frequently stolen from in-progress developments here at the Studio. It also acts as a forum for dedicated Warhammer players who have produced inspired, well thought out and exciting additions to the game.

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

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

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

Gav

Warhammer Chronicles

By Gav Thorpe

Welcome, my valiant friends! This month Alessio Cavatore has returned from his sacred quest to the distant lands of Bretonnia to bring you reports of the honorable knights who protect its borders (and fair maidens!), their highly disciplined fighting formation, the Lance, and rumors of a mystical entity referred to by the people of that noble land as the Lady of the Lake.

Preview Army List: Bretonnians

By Alessio Cavatore

Knights! I love knights! The Bretonnian army is my favorite, and the Bretonnian background is definitely the most appealing to me in the entire Warhammer World.

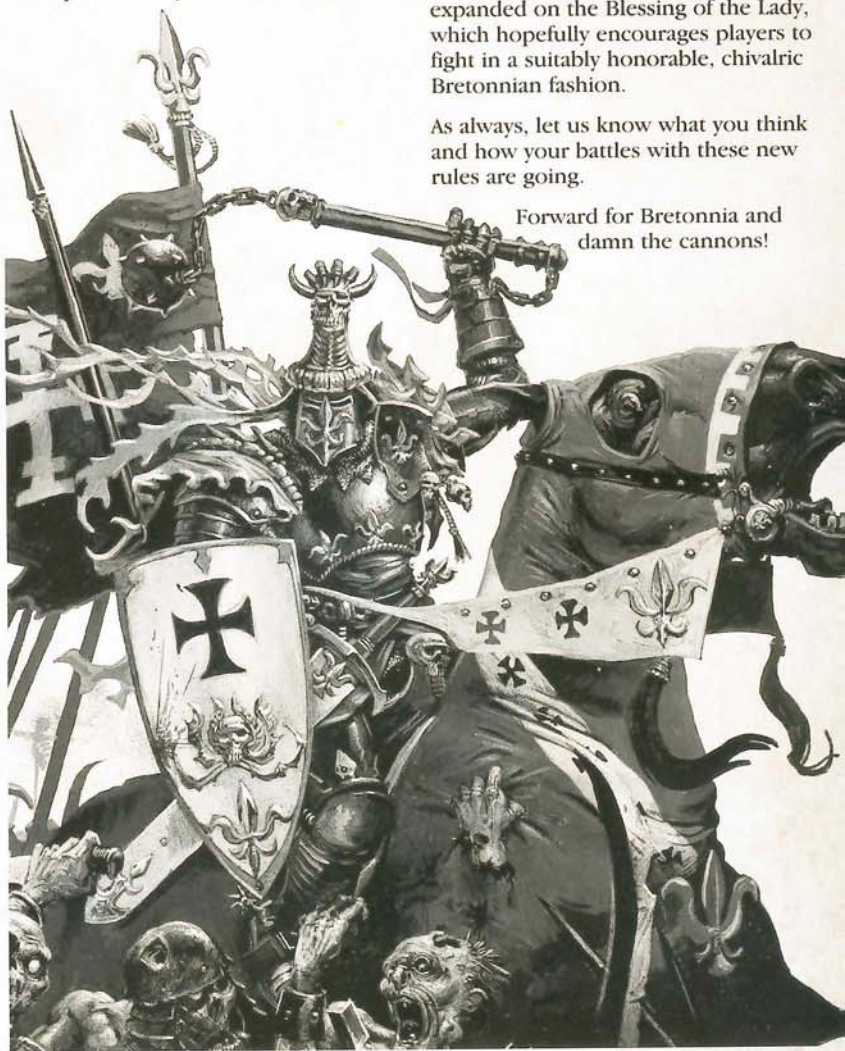
After the release of Ravening Hordes I kept an eye on the Bretonnian Knights. There were a number of problems, most prominently with the new Lance

formation rules, which is what I've focused my attention on here. So here we have our work to date on the Bretonnians, and as ever, we'd love to hear what you make of it.

I think these revised Lance rules make Bretonnian knights as effective as they should be, making them a great choice for any army commander. I've also expanded on the Blessing of the Lady, which hopefully encourages players to fight in a suitably honorable, chivalric Bretonnian fashion.

As always, let us know what you think and how your battles with these new rules are going.

Forward for Bretonnia and
damn the cannons!



The Lance Formation

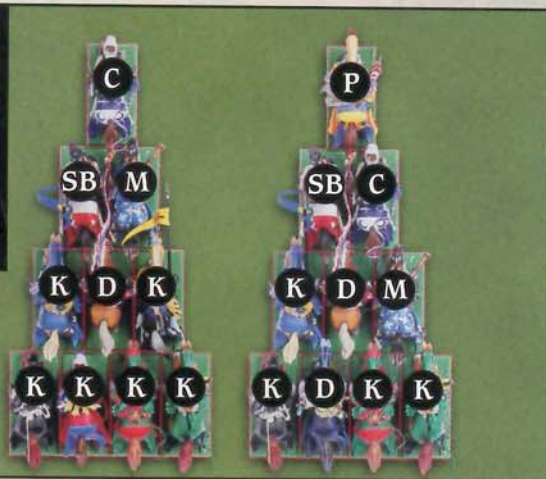
The Bretonnian army can make use of a powerful special formation: the Knightly Lance.

The Lance is a formation of Bretonnian Knights, consisting of a single valiant Knight in the front, with two Knights behind him, three behind them, and so on forming a pointed wedge. At full charge the Lance can pierce through the enemy ranks and send foes scattering from the field in rout.

Diagram 1

Key:

C Champion
M Musician
SB Standard Bearer
K Knight
D Damsel
P Paladin



RANK BONUS

In a Lance formation the unit gets a rank bonus depending on the number of models in the unit as follows:

models	rank bonus
1-5	none
6-9	+1
10-14	+2
15+	+3

FORMING A LANCE

A unit of Knights can deploy in Lance formation at the start of the game. Alternatively, a unit of Knights can adopt Lance formation during their Movement phase by reforming. The leader (the model that will be at the tip of the Lance) remains where he is. He may be turned around to face any direction and the unit is rearranged around him. Knights in Lance formation can adopt a normal formation in the same way, the unit reforming around the leader. A reforming maneuver takes a unit's entire Movement phase, so a unit which forms into or out of a Lance cannot move further that turn.

When arranging the Lance formation, the unit's Champion is always placed in the leader's position. If the unit contains one or more characters then the most important must be the leader (Dukes first, then Paladins). The unit's Standard Bearer, Musician, Champion and any other characters are placed as near to the leader as possible. These models must be placed on the external edge of the formation, in a position where they can fight.

The exceptions to this are Damsels and Prophetesses. The Bretonnian player is allowed to place these vulnerable models in the center of the Lance, in a position where the enemy cannot get in base contact with them (see diagram 1), if possible. This is because the Knights would always gallantly defend the ladies at the cost of their own life. If at any point there aren't enough Knights left to shield the ladies, then they will have to move into an exposed position. Note that the Knights in front of the damsels will block their line of sight, stopping them from casting magic missiles and other spells that require a line of sight to the target.

The rearmost rank may be lacking sufficient Knights to fill it. In this case, place the models on the edge of the formation so that they can still fight (note that this is an exception to the normal rules, where spare models in a rear incomplete rank must be placed as centrally as possible).

MOVEMENT AND MANEUVERING

A Lance can maneuver by wheeling forward as normal, measuring the wheel from the widest complete rank. The Lance cannot turn, but it can move sideways or backwards counting every inch moved as two. It can also wheel backwards, always counting every inch moved by the rearmost complete rank as two. The Lance can march move only when moving/wheeling forward.

In order for the Lance to charge, the leader must be able to see the target – it does not matter whether other models can see or not as they simply follow their leader. The Lance is allowed only one wheel during a charge, as normal.

Diagram 2

This lance would be trapped if it wasn't able to brush aside the skirmishers on the right and the lone Wizard on the left (W).



MAKE WAY, PEASANTS!

Because of its unusual shape, a unit in Lance formation could move forward and come into contact with enemies that it couldn't charge because they were out of sight of the leader at the beginning of the move (see diagram 2). Normally a unit cannot move within 1" of an enemy without charging, and therefore the Lance in this situation has to stop before the enemy and cannot move forward. In effect, it is trapped! The only solution is for the Lance to move backwards or to reform, getting ready for the incoming enemy charge. This is fine, being an inherent weakness of the otherwise powerful Lance formation, and feels all right as

long as the enemies in question are solid units. However, it seems wrong that light units such as skirmishers and single characters should be able to trap the Lance (it's much easier for them to do so because of their great mobility). To solve this problem we introduce the Make Way, Peasants! rule. When a Lance formation moves forward (including wheeling forward and charging forward) and comes into contact with an unengaged light unit that the leader could not see at the beginning of the move, then the light unit is moved slightly aside, in order to create just the necessary space for the Lance to move through. A unit of skirmishers that is split into two parts as a result of this must go back into a legal formation in their next Movement phase. For 'light unit' we mean units of skirmishers, as well as single models with a Unit Strength of 1 or 2.

FLANKS, REAR AND CHARGING AGAINST THE LANCE

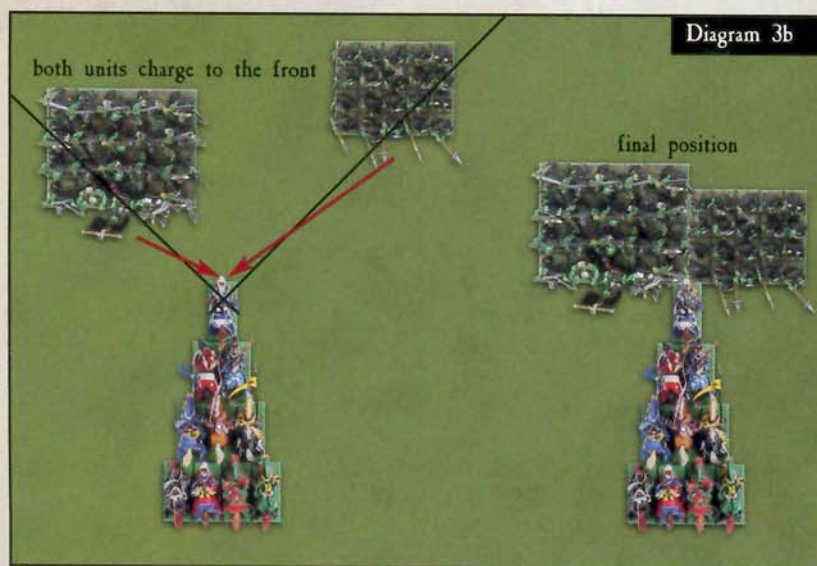
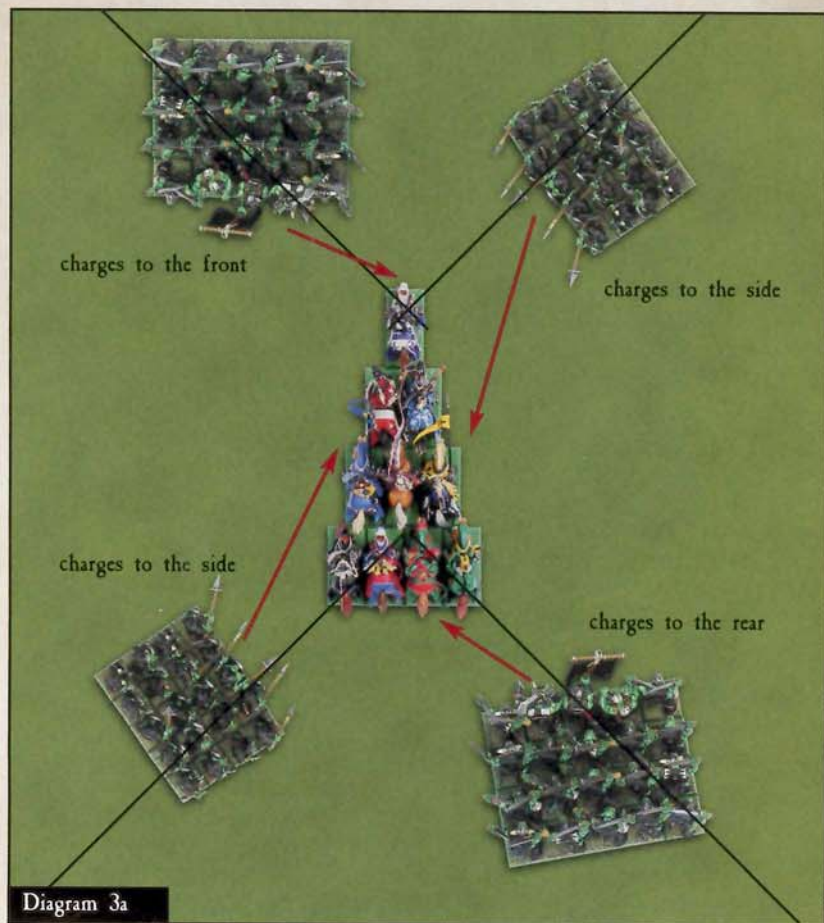
A Lance formation has no flanks as such – the long sides of the wedge are counted as its front. A Lance does have a rear and its rear arc is measured from the last complete rank. Charging it in the rear will have the same devastating effect it has on normal units.

Enemy units that are mostly in the arc of sight of the leader of the Lance must charge the Lance to the front of the model at the head of the Lance, if the front is free (see diagrams 3a and 3b). By 'mostly' we mean having the majority of the models in the unit within the arc of sight of the Lance's leader (see page 46 of the Warhammer

book). If the front is already engaged in combat from a previous turn, then such units can charge the Lance's closest side (see diagram 3c). Enemy units that are not in the arc of sight of the Lance's leader can charge against the Lance's closest side or against the rear if they are mostly in the Lance's rear arc (see diagram 3a). An enemy charging the

sides of the Lance does not count as charging the flank of the unit, therefore no bonuses are earned on combat results, and no Panic test is required when already engaged in combat.

If a Lance is charged from the side, the enemy is aligned against the side of the Lance formation.

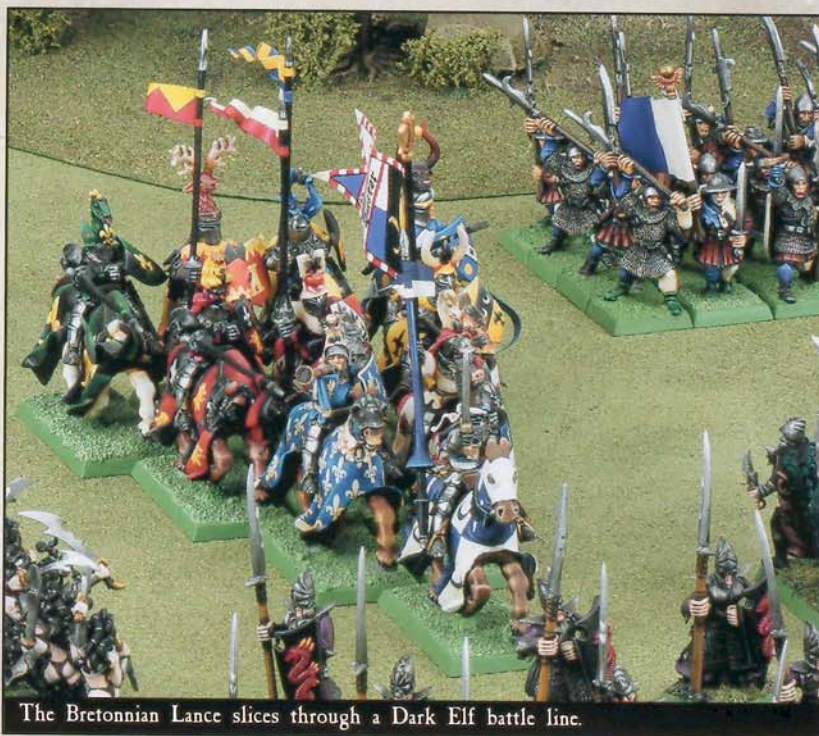


CLOSE COMBAT

When charging, the Lance formation is positioned against the enemy unit with the leader in contact and the wedge arrayed behind him. This represents the moment of contact – the Lance could pierce the enemy ranks and break through, or the Knights could be halted by the enemy's stout resistance.

All the models at the edge of the Lance can fight if there are enemy directly in front of them and no friendly models are in the way, as shown in diagram 4 (you can download a detailed movement/combat tray from our website at games-workshop.com). All enemy models directly in front of the wedge can fight back against models that could have attacked them. All fighting models are considered to be 'touching' the enemy where such a distinction is called for.

In the case of multiple fights, enemy models aligned against the side are allowed to fight, and models directly in front of the Lance can fight if there are no friendly models in the way as shown in diagram 5. In this example model A can fight, but model E cannot fight because there are friends between him and the Knights directly in front. The Knights facing models in both enemy units can fight either the ones to their front or the ones to the side if they can draw an unobstructed line to them, and they can divide their attacks if you prefer.



The Bretonnian Lance slices through a Dark Elf battle line.

CASUALTIES

Casualties are removed from the rearmost rank in the usual manner, assuming that Knights who fall in combat are replaced by those pushing forward from behind. When removing casualties, take models from the center of the rearmost rank first and leave models at the edge of the formation so that they can continue to fight. If a

character is slain, his position must be taken by another model from the rear ranks of the lance.

LAPPING AROUND

Knights in a Lance formation cannot lap round an enemy's flank as can a regular unit, nor can the enemy lap around a Lance formation.

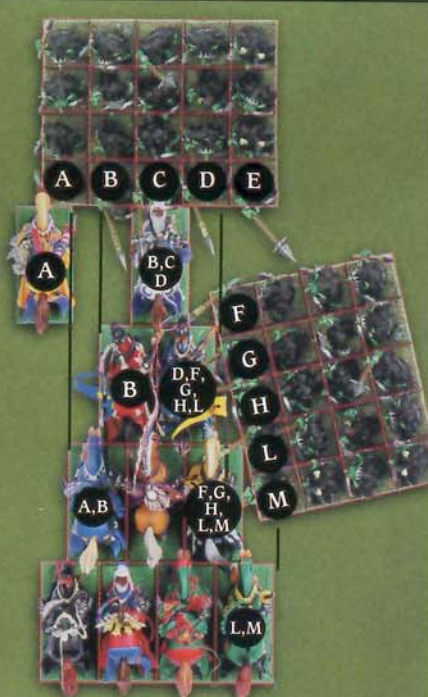
Diagram 4

The models in the Goblin unit have been named A to E. Each Knight displays which Goblin he counts as being in base contact with.



Diagram 5

The models in the Goblin unit have been named A to M. Each Knight displays which Goblin he counts as being in base contact with. Note that the last Knight on the left in the rearmost rank of the lance cannot fight Goblin A (and vice versa) because of the Paladin in front of him who has also charged the Goblins.



The Lady's Blessing

SUMMONING THE BLESSING – THE PRAYER OF BATTLE

Before a battle the Bretonnian Knights kneel and pray to the Lady of the Lake, avowing to fight to the death for honor and justice. It is an awesome sight to behold as the mists of magic seep from the ground in response to the Bretonnians' affirmation of faith. The enemy can but watch with dread as rays of sunlight break through the clouds, glinting on the armor and dancing upon the lance tips of the Bretonnian host, stirring an otherworldly chorus from the very earth itself. The foes of Bretonnia know that they face divine as well as Human forces, and uncertainty gnaws at their resolve and their hearts sink within their quailing breasts.

The Bretonnian player may petition the blessing of the Lady before the battle begins, after both sides have deployed their army, but before they deploy scouts. If he chooses to pray, then the Bretonnian must immediately deploy any Foresters inside his own deployment zone and the enemy can deploy his own scouts as normal. The enemy can then choose to go first or second (first being a popular choice!), as the whole Bretonnian army must kneel to pray before they begin to fight. The Lady's

blessing is automatically granted so long as the army remains true to the Bretonnian laws of chivalry.

THE BLESSING

The Lady's blessing takes the form of a powerful curse upon the enemies of chivalry, and in particular upon those who make use of foul and dishonorable weapons of mass destruction and vile sorcery against her Knights.

Consequently, before the enemy can shoot against Bretonnian Knights or characters with a war machine, whether a stone thrower, bolt thrower, cannon, or machinery of any kind, he must roll a D6 and score 4, 5 or 6 to overcome the blessing. He must roll each time each war machine wishes to shoot, and if he fails the test he may not fire with the war machine that turn. The machine's crew is momentarily overcome with dread, or their senses are befuddled and confused by the Lady's curse, so that they stand around in confusion and are unable to proceed.

Other shooters, such as enemy bowmen or crossbows, that are targeting Bretonnian Knights or characters must first roll a 4, 5 or 6 to overcome the blessing. Roll for each model, and proceed to work out shots from only those models that successfully overcome the curse. The remaining individuals are unable to confront the power of the Lady.

LOSING THE BLESSING

The Lady's blessing is immediately lost for the rest of the game if one of the following things happen during the battle.

- A unit of Knights or a Knightly character chooses to flee as a reaction to an enemy charge.
- The Bretonnian player refuses to meet a challenge in a fight where a Knightly character (or the Champion of a unit of Knights) could have accepted it.
- The Bretonnian army shoots with missile weapons at a unit of cavalry with an armor save of 4+ or better, or an enemy character.
- The Bretonnian Battle Standard is captured by the enemy.
- A Prophetess is killed.
- Two Damsels are killed (the blessing is lost as soon as the second Damsel is killed).

Note that by 'Knightly Characters' we mean those who have a Virtue.

Magic items

You may choose magic items for your characters and units from the following list and/or the common magic items on page 154 of the Warhammer rulebook.

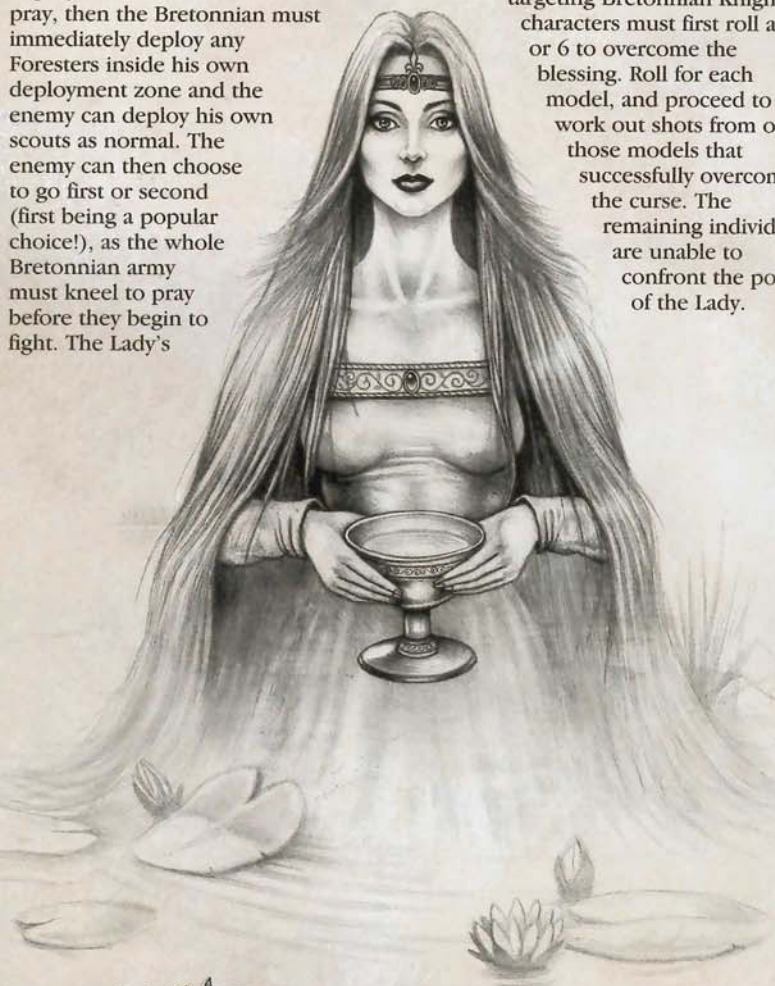
MAGIC WEAPONS

Sword of Heroes 50 pts
Against opponents with T5 or above the bearer gets +3S and each unsaved wound is multiplied into D3 wounds.

The Lady's Champion Sword 40 pts
As long as the army has the Blessing of the Lady, the bearer may re-roll all failed rolls to hit and to wound. If the army does not pray for the Blessing at the beginning of the game or loses the Blessing, the sword counts as a non-magical hand weapon.

Morning Star of Fracasse 30 pts
Bearer has +2S in the first round of combat. For each hit on a close combat opponent roll a D6. On a 4+, if the opponent has a magic weapon, it is destroyed.

Lance of the Quest 20 pts
Bearer has +2S on the turn he charges. In addition the bearer can re-roll failed rolls to hit in the turn he charges.



MAGIC ARMOR

Armor of Brilliance 100 pts
Gives a 4+ armor save and may be combined with other armor as normal. Opponents are at -1 to hit the wearer and his mount with both close combat and shooting attacks.

The Grail Shield 50 pts
Gives a 6+ armor save and may be combined with other armor as normal. Also gives a 4+ Ward save. Models with the Grail Virtue only.

Cuirass of Fortune 40 pts
Gives a 5+ armor save and may be combined with other armor as normal. Also gives a 5+ Ward save.

Mithril Great Helm 30 pts
Gives a 6+ armor save and may be worn in addition to normal armor. The wearer may re-roll failed armor saves.

TALISMANS

Dragon's Claw 50 pts
The bearer and his mount have a 5+ Ward save and immunity to Dragon Breath.

The Mantle of Blood 30 pts
Any attack that causes multiple wounds will always cause only one wound against the wearer. In addition, if the wearer is automatically killed by any kind of special attack (Killing Blow ability, spells, etc.), he will only lose one wound (no saves allowed), but the mantle itself will be destroyed.

ENCHANTED ITEMS

Tress of Isoulde 25 pts
Nominate one enemy model at the beginning of any Close Combat phase. The bearer hits that model on an unmodified 2+ for that phase. One use only.

The Ruby Goblet 25 pts
This magic item will start to work at the end of the first phase during which the bearer/unit he is with has suffered an unsaved wound. The bearer and the unit he is with have a 6+ Ward save.

Holy Icon 45 pts
As long as the army has the Blessing of the Lady, the bearer and the unit he is with have Magic Resistance (3). If the army does not pray for the Blessing at the beginning of the game or loses the Blessing, the item loses all its powers.



The Bretonnian Duke proudly leads his army to battle.

ARCANE ITEMS

Chalice of Malfleur 25 pts
At the start of each player's Magic phase, the bearer may drink from the chalice. If she does so, roll 1D6. On a 1 the bearer takes 1 wound with no save possible. On a 2-6 add 1 extra dice to the pool.

Potion Sacré 10 pts
Drink before rolling the dice to cast or dispel a spell. After the dice are rolled, the player may add +1 to the result of one dice. This may cause an Irresistible Force or prevent a Miscast. One use only.

The Silver Mirror 50 pts
The bearer may use the mirror against a single enemy spell successfully cast against her/the unit she is with (even if cast with Irresistible Force). The spell is reflected back against the caster/the unit he is with. The enemy can try to dispel his own spell normally (using his Power dice as Dispel dice) unless the spell has been cast with Irresistible Force. Note that this item has no effect on spells that are not targeted specifically at the bearer/unit she is with. One use only.

MAGIC BANNERS

Banner of the Lady 100 pts
All enemy units with at least one model in base contact with the banner bearer get no combat bonus for ranks.

Banner of Defense 50 pts
All models in the unit carrying the banner have a 4+ Ward save against normal and magical missiles with a Strength of 6 or more.

Valorous Standard 50 pts
The unit rolls 3D6 for all Leadership-based tests (including Break tests) and discards the highest.

Errantry Banner 25 pts
All Knights Errant in the unit get a +1 Strength bonus on the turn they charge (no effect on steeds and on characters who have joined the unit). *Knights Errant only.*

The Banner of Chalons 10 pts
The enemy cannot choose the Stand & Shoot charge reaction against the unit carrying the banner.

BRETONNIAN SPECIAL RULES

The following special rules apply to the Bretonnian army.

- Bretonnian Knights often fight in a special formation called a Lance. See the previous pages for the rules on this unique formation.
- Bretonnian armies can benefit from the Blessing of the Lady of the Lake. See the previous pages for the rules on this special protection.
- Dukes and Paladins equipped with a normal lance and a magic weapon will always use their lance when charging and then use the magic weapon in the second and subsequent turns of a close combat.
- The army must always include a Paladin Battle Standard Bearer. This model does not count towards the maximum number of characters included in the army.
- Bretonnian warhorses do not suffer -1 Movement for barding.
- The Knight's Virtue: The model is immune to *panic* caused by units that are not Knights.
- The Questing Virtue: The model is immune to *panic*.
- The Grail Virtue: The model is *Immune to Psychology*.

SELECTING THE ARMY

See page 238-9 of the Warhammer rulebook with the following additions and amendments when choosing your Bretonnian army:

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

Characters are divided into two broad categories: Lords (the most powerful characters) and Heroes (the rest). The maximum number of characters an army can include is shown on the chart below.

Army Value	Maximum Characters	Maximum Lords
< 2,000	0-3	0
2,000-2,999	0-4	up to 1
3,000-3,999	0-6	up to 2
+1,000	+2 max	+1 max

IMPORTANT: The number of characters is the total number of characters allowed in the army including Lords. For example: a 2,500 points Bretonnian army may have up to 4 characters in total, of which 1 may be a Lord (i.e., 1 Lord 3+ Heroes).

An army does not have to include the maximum number of characters allowed, and can always include fewer than indicated down to a minimum of one (the General). Similarly, an army does not have to include Lords; it can include all of its characters as Heroes if you prefer. Remember that on top of the characters allowed in the chart, the Bretonnian army must include a Battle Standard Bearer.

LORDS

DUKE 100 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Duke	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Hippogriff	7	4	0	5	5	4	4	4	8
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	7

Equipment: Hand weapon. May have a great weapon (+6 pts) or a lance (+6 pts). May wear heavy armor (+6 pts) and may carry a shield (+3 pts).

Options:

- A Duke may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 100 pts.
- A Duke may ride a Hippogriff (+200) or a Pegasus (+50 pts). If not mounted on a Hippogriff or Pegasus, the Duke **must** ride a barded warhorse (+21 pts).

Special Rules: A Duke has the Knight's Virtue. He can be given the Questing Virtue (at +10 pts) or the Grail Virtue (+20 pts).

A Hippogriff or Pegasus can *fly*. A Hippogriff is a *large target* and causes *terror*.

PROPHETESS OF THE LADY 160 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prophetess	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	7

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Prophetess is a level 3 Wizard. This may be increased to level 4 at a cost of +35 points. Prophetesses may use the lores of Beasts, Life, Heavens or Light from the Warhammer rulebook.

Options:

- A Prophetess may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 100 pts.
- A Prophetess may ride a Pegasus (+50 pts) or a warhorse (+15 pts), which may have barding (+6 pts).

HEROES

1+ PALADIN 60 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Paladin	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	3	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	3	4	2	7

Equipment: Hand weapon. May have a great weapon (+4 pts) or a lance (+4 pts). May wear heavy armor (+4 pts) and may carry a shield (+2 pts).

Options:

- A Paladin may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 50 pts.
- A Paladin may ride a Pegasus (+50 pts). If not mounted on a Pegasus, the Paladin **must** ride a barded warhorse (+14 pts).
- The army must include one extra Paladin, who must be upgraded to a Battle Standard Bearer at no additional cost. He may carry any magic banner (no points limit), but if he does so he may take no other magic items. He may not be given any extra equipment except heavy armor and the mandatory barded warhorse. A Battle Standard Bearer may not be your army general, nor may he ride a Pegasus.

Special Rules: A Paladin has the Knight's Virtue. He can be given the Questing Virtue (at +10 pts) or the Grail Virtue (+20 pts).

DAMSEL OF THE LADY..... 60 points each

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Damsel	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Damsel is a level 1 Wizard. This may be increased to level 2 at a cost of +35 points. Damsels may use the lores of Beasts, Life, Heavens or Light from the Warhammer rulebook.

Options:

- A Damsel may have magic items from the Common or Bretonnian magic items list with a maximum total value of 50 pts.
- A Damsel may ride a warhorse (+10 pts), which may have barding (+4 pts).

CORE UNITS

KNIGHTS ERRANT..... 21 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight Errant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Champion	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armor and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to a Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+8 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+16 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 25 pts.

Special Rules: Knights Errant have the Knight's Virtue.

KNIGHTS OF THE REALM..... 25 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Champion	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armor and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to a Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+9 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+18 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 50 pts.

Special Rules: Knights of the Realm have the Knight's Virtue.



A Damsel of the Lady.

CHOOSING TROOPS

Troops are divided into Core, Special and Rare units. The number of units of each type that are available to you depends upon the points value of your army. This is indicated on the chart below.

Army Value	Core	Special	Rare
< 2,000	2+	0-3	0-1
2,000-2,999	3+	0-4	0-2
3,000-3,999	4+	0-5	0-3
+1,000	+1	+1	+1

For example, if you are choosing a 2,000 points army you must take a minimum of 3 Core units and could choose to take up to 4 Special and/or up to 2 Rare.

In addition, if an individual entry has a number limiting it, like 0-1, then you may only have that many in your army.

UNIT ENTRIES

Each unit is represented by an entry in the army list. The unit's name is given and any limitations that apply are explained.

Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the troops in each unit are given in the unit entry. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if, as in many cases, they are optional.

Unit Sizes. Each entry specifies the minimum size for each unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size.

Equipment. Each entry lists the standard weapons and armor for that unit. The value of these items is included in the points cost.

Options. Additional or optional weapons and armor are listed here together with their extra cost.

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules which are described in this section.



MEN-AT-ARMS..... 4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Man-at-arms	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon and light armor. May have halberds (+2 pts per model) or spears (+2 pts per model). May carry shields (+1 pt per model).

Options:

- Upgrade one Man-at-arms to Musician (+5 pts).
- Upgrade one Man-at-arms to Standard Bearer (+10 pts).
- Promote one Man-at-arms to Sergeant (+10 pts).

SPECIAL UNITS

BOWMEN 8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bowman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon and longbow. May have light armor (+1 pt per model).

Options:

- Upgrade one Bowman to Musician (+5 pts).
- Upgrade one Bowman to Standard Bearer (+10 pts).
- Promote one Bowman to Sergeant (+10 pts).

SQUIRES 9 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squire	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Gamekeeper	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7

Unit Size: 5-15

Equipment: Hand weapon and longbow.

Options:

- Promote one Squire to a Gamekeeper (+5 pts).
- One unit of Squires in the army can be upgraded to **Foresters** at a cost of +1 pt per model.

Special Rules: Squires are *Skirmishers*. Foresters are *Skirmishers* and *Scouts*.

MOUNTED SQUIRES 16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squire	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Gamekeeper	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, spear and bow. Ride Warhorses. May carry shields (+2 pts per model).

Options:

- Upgrade one Squire to Musician (+7 pts).
- Upgrade one Squire to Standard Bearer (+14 pts).
- Promote one Squire to Gamekeeper (+7 pts).

Special Rules: *Fast Cavalry*.

RARE UNITS

QUESTING KNIGHTS 29 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Champion	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armor and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+9 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+18 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 50 pts.

Special Rules: Questing Knights have the Questing Virtue.



A Questing Knight sounds the charge.

0-1 GRAIL KNIGHTS 32 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Champion	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armor and shield. Ride barded warhorses. One Knight must always be upgraded to Standard Bearer at no additional cost.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to Musician (+10 pts).
- Promote one Knight to Champion (+20 pts).
- The Standard Bearer may carry a magic banner worth up to 75 pts.

Special Rules: Grail Knights have the Grail Virtue.



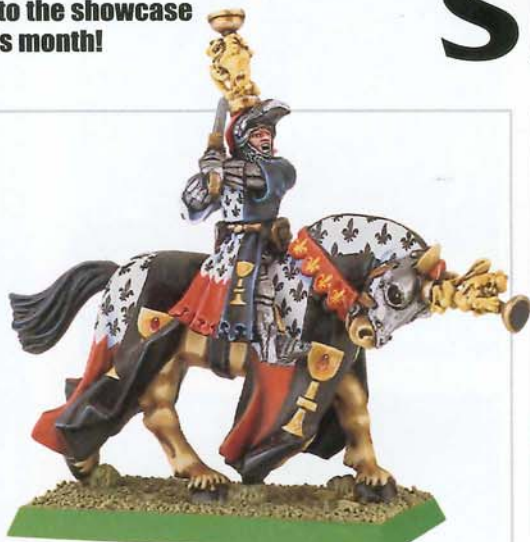
A Grail Knight Champion.



A Bretonnian army, arrayed in all its splendor, prepares for battle.

To coincide with the work in progress Bretonnians army list in this month's Warhammer Chronicles, a veritable army of noble Bretonnians painted by the 'Eavy Metal team have thundered onto the showcase this month!

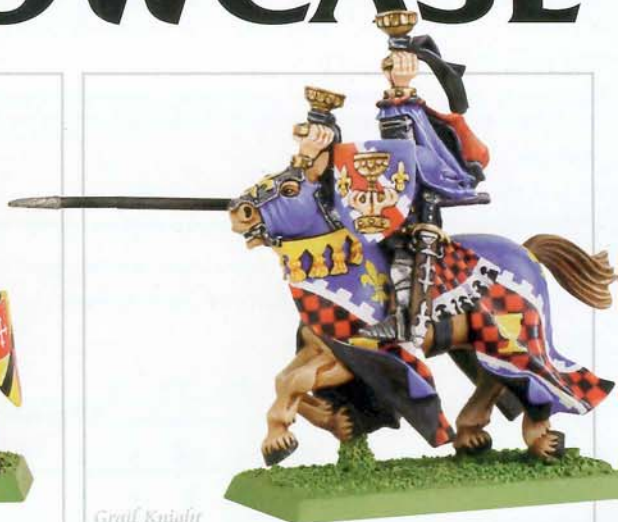
'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE



Grail Knight



Questing Knight



Grail Knight



Knight and Orc Big 'Un, painted by Anthony Barfi.



Grail Knight



Damsel of the Lady



Knights, painted by Dave Andrews.





Questing Knights in lance formation



The Green Knight, painted by Mike McVey.



Dave Andrews' incredible joust diorama won the open category of Golden Demon in 1996.

The War Hydras of Naggaroth

By Erik Mogensen

When the Dark Elf Army Book was in the playtesting stage, I was fortunate enough to grab a copy and offer my meager insights. I've always had a soft... erm, a cold hard spot in my heart for the true, pure Elven race. Specifically, however, the War Hydra passage had caught my attention. It mentioned that there are actually several different types of Hydra at the Witch King's disposal. One night, over a pint, I asked Gav if there were any plans to delve deeper into this – perhaps a White Dwarf article offering some alternative rules? "Good idea," he replied. "Get to it!"

With a curt "Doh!," I was off...

KHAINE'S FAVORED BEASTS

For centuries, the Beastmasters of Karond Kar have broken creatures of all descriptions to their will. Of these beasts, it is the War Hydra that has become the most common monster seen on battlefields alongside Dark Elf armies. Beastmasters have been training Hydras, using dark incantations upon them, and even discovering new breeds for countless years. As a result, there are now a number of Hydra variants in the Witch King's bestiary. Some get sent as rewards to Dark Elf Generals who have distinguished

themselves on the field of battle, others stay hidden beneath the Blackspine Mountains, only to be brought forth by Lord Malekith's personal decree. There are even some, it is said, that have been to so many battles with the same team of Beastmasters, that they have formed a special bond. These War Hydras are among the most feared for they have learned, over time, to obey special commands and are said to possess an uncanny (and terrifying) intelligence.

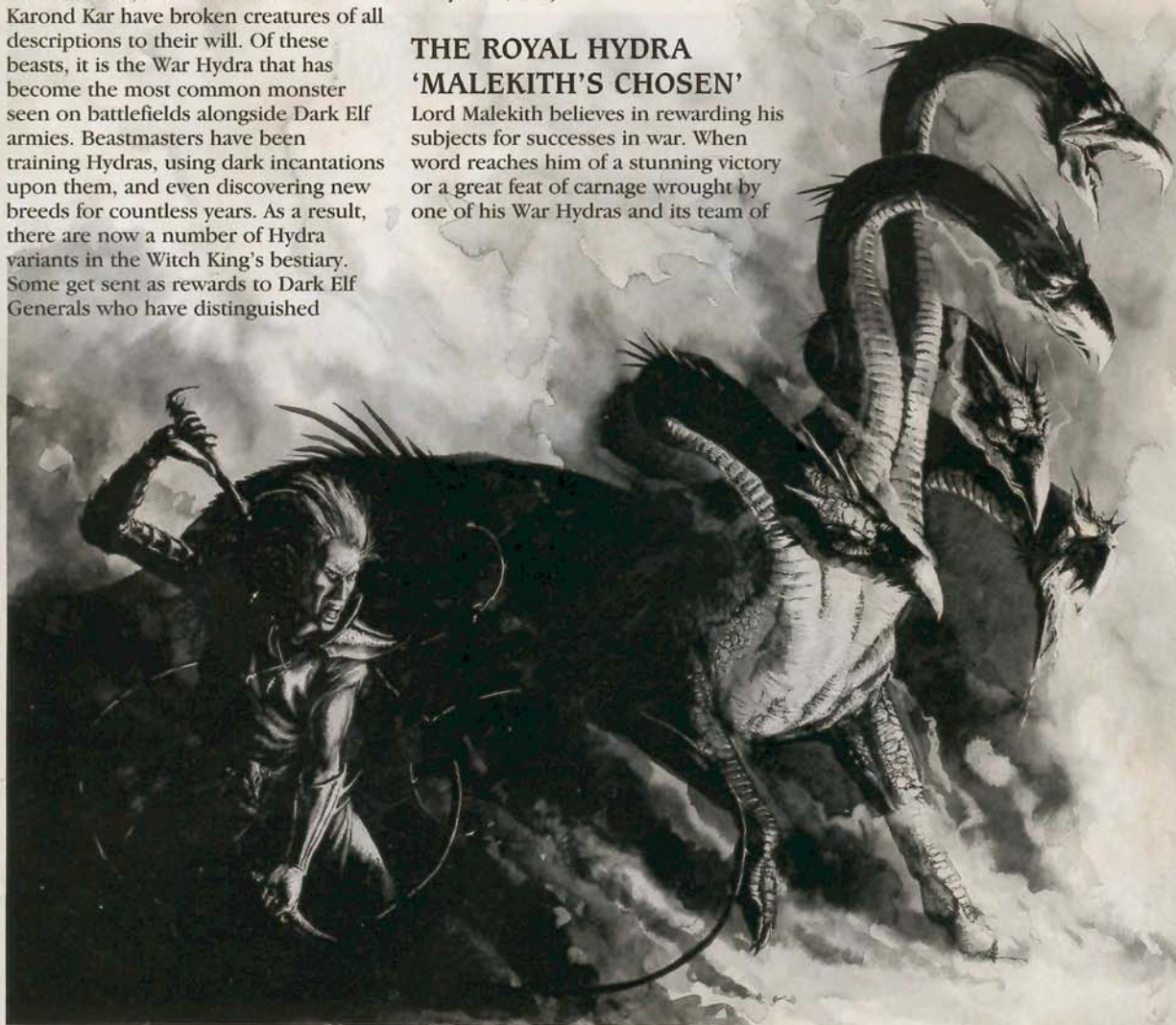
The following article provides you with rules for using these rare and powerful War Hydra variants in your Dark Elf Army. You may upgrade any one (and only one) War Hydra in your army to one of the variants presented below. Unless otherwise stated, all regular Hydra rules still apply (cause *terror*, Scaly Skin, etc.).

THE ROYAL HYDRA 'MALEKITH'S CHOSEN'

Lord Malekith believes in rewarding his subjects for successes in war. When word reaches him of a stunning victory or a great feat of carnage wrought by one of his War Hydras and its team of

Beastmaster apprentices, the Witch King will summon them all to Naggarond. There, the Beastmasters will engage in a two-week binge of decadence in Malekith's palace. They eat the finest foods and drink the rarest of wines, all of which have received dark blessings from the Witch King himself. On the final night of revelry Malekith casts a final spell upon them and they are led to the royal bestiary where their Hydra awaits. It is a great honor that Lord Malekith himself, the rightful ruler of all Elvenkind, commands their Hydra to devour them both alive.

It is then that the dark energies woven over the fortnight take full effect. Howls of agony echo throughout Naggarond as the Hydra is warped by the Witch King's power.





The creature's blood transforms into a powerful acid, and protective plates of bone burst through its hide. Every mutation is unique, but the resulting creature (along with a new Beastmaster team) will stay in the Witch King's personal bestiary until it dies or is sent to a Dark Elf General as one of Malekith's highest rewards.

Converting: One bit of advice before starting your own Hydra project: pin the necks, or you're bound to finish painting and have one of them drop off on you just as you start your first game!

For the Royal Hydra, I wanted to make it look really menacing. The plates of bone armor were the key features I would need to model, and it wasn't long before I found the perfect pieces in my bits box – Tyranid Warrior kits. Everything added to this Hydra once belonged to a Tyranid. The chest plate is actually a Tyranid's back and the various plates on the back and legs are extra bits provided with the Tyranids to enable players to model extended carapaces. Finally, the head plates are the Warriors' heads. With a bit of clipping and shaving with a hobby knife, everything fitted perfectly. A bit of green stuff filled any major gaps before painting.

Painting: My friend Chris Bone asked if he could have a crack at painting this Hydra. Starting with a Black undercoat, he went for a Scaly Green body. He wanted it to stay dark, so used only the faintest highlight of Scaly Green mixed with Skull White. The bone was painted Bleached Bone (what else?!) over Bubonic Brown. A Brown Ink wash provided the lines that makes it look aged. The eyes are Bilious Green, with a black vertical line to make them look truly reptilian.

THE ROYAL WAR HYDRA Points/model: +35

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Royal Hydra	6	4	0	5	5	6	2	5	6

SPECIAL RULES

Armor Plates: +1 Armor save from bony protrusions. The Royal Hydra has a save of 3+.

Acidic Breath: Counts as a S3 breath weapon that ignores armor saves.

Splashback: Any unsaved wound it suffers in close combat causes a S3 hit on the attacker (no armor save), as its acid blood spills forth.

Mentally Scarred: The transformation these Hydras undergo is quite traumatic. When faced with great pain, there is a chance that a Royal Hydra may go catatonic. When it is reduced to 3 wounds or less, the Hydra becomes subject to the rules for Stupidity for the remainder of the game. Test each turn, as described on page 82 of the Warhammer rulebook, but you may use the Beastmasters' Leadership value since they have been specially chosen for their ability to 'inspire' the Hydra to continue fighting.



THE SPELLTHIRSTER 'RAKARTH'S VENDETTA'

Beastmaster Rakarth once fought a particularly bitter battle against the traitorous High Elves of Ulthuan. He led an army in which he had amassed the largest force of War Hydras in Druchii history. With 9 of the mighty beasts at his command, he predicted a swift victory. The wizards Liandus, Ellyunnor and Aliana, however, accompanied the enemy. Within minutes, their combined magical barrage had whittled the Hydras'

number down to three; two of which broke and fled the field.

Rakarth vowed never to be defeated by High magic again, and forged a pact with Morathi. She spun her spells over the surviving Hydra, known as Daerlythe, or 'Burning Fury'. Dark magic mutated the creature tremendously. Daerlythe's skin began to glow with burning blue-black energy; and great rents opened in his flesh where Morathi had ritually carved dread runes. During his next appearance on the battlefield it was

found that he was physically weakened, but had also developed a strong resistance to magic, especially High Magic. A breeding program was soon established, and Daerlythe was retired from battle. To this day only one in every ten of his offspring shares his abilities.

Converting: The Spellthirster was the simplest conversion. I figured the easiest way to depict a physically weakened Hydra was to make it with fewer heads! Green stuff filled the holes in the body where necks should have been attached. I also used a small file to carve some scars into the Hydra's flesh since Daerlythe was recognizable by never-healing wounds.

Painting: I wanted a very simple color scheme for my Spellthirster, so I limited my palette considerably. To represent the blue-black glow, I started with a Black undercoat and then painted the entire model Midnight Blue. I drybrushed over that with Enchanted Blue, and finally a very light drybrush of Enchanted Blue mixed with some Skull White. His bony ridges started Bestial Brown, and I painted Bleached Bone over that. Finally, a dab of Skull White at the very point of the bones provided a nice highlight. The scars were painted Scab Red, and to give them a touch of brightness and a never-healing look, I added Golden Yellow to the Scab Red to highlight. Finally, the eyes are Scorpion Green to complete the look of magical power.

THE SPELLTHIRSTER..... Points/model: +20

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Spellthirster	6	3	0	4	5	6	2	4	6

SPECIAL RULES

Daerlythe's Aura: A legacy from their sire, all Spellthirster Hydras have Magical Resistance (2) (see page 114 of the Warhammer rulebook). In addition, nearby units gain a diminished measure of this protection. Dark Elf units within 6" count as having Magical Resistance (1). Such was the power of Morathi's incantation that any High Magic spells dispelled with the aid of Daerlythe's Aura automatically rebound and strike the caster.

Physically Weakened: Daerlythe's fighting prowess was reduced as an unfortunate side effect of Morathi's spell. This has also been passed onto his offspring. See profile.

Chosen of the Convents: Spellthirsters are so rare, and so strongly linked to the Dark Arts, that they may only be used by Dark Elf armies which contain at least a level 2 Sorceress.



VETERAN WAR HYDRAS 'THE CLAWS OF KHAINE'

If a War Hydra survives and remains with the same Beastmasters for long enough, they can become a truly fierce fighting team. Hydras are intelligent enough to learn from each battle, and a good Beastmaster can refine their abilities with rewards and lashings. For notable battlefield successes, Generals may reward their Beastmasters with minor incantations to augment their Hydra's already impressive battlefield prowess. Recognizable on the battlefield by their multitude of adornments and trophies (not to mention battle scars!), experienced Hydras are a terrifying and unpredictable foe.

1. FETCH!

After both armies are set up, nominate one enemy character model (Lord or Hero). The Hydra will focus all its attentions on bringing that character's limp form back to his General. It will always move as far as possible directly towards that character – charging if it can. It may ignore the usual shooting rules and choose that character as a target if it is in range of the Hydra's breath weapon. If the Hydra declares a charge against that character it may add a D6" to its charge distance – this represents the Hydra's bloodthirsty enthusiasm. In close combat, if the character is in a unit, the Hydra will effectively issue a challenge (with a loud roar, and by bowling all others aside!). All usual rules for challenges apply, so if it is declined the Hydra can fight the unit as normal. If the character is mounted on a monster, the Hydra will ignore the mount, although its handlers are free to allocate attacks as they wish. The Hydra also gets +1 S and +1 A in close combat against the chosen character.

2. ESCORT

The Beastmasters have trained this Hydra to restrain its killing instincts and act in a defensive role. Before the battle, nominate one friendly Dark Elf unit for the Hydra to guard. For the rest of the game, as long as it isn't engaged in close combat, the Hydra must stay within 6" of that unit wherever possible. It may charge an enemy unit, even if this move takes it beyond the 6", but as soon as it is no longer engaged, it must move to within the 6" distance as soon as possible. As this would probably take it too far out of position, the Hydra will always attempt to restrain from

VETERAN WAR HYDRAS Points/model: +20

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Veteran Hydra	6	4	0	5	5	6	2	5	6

SPECIAL RULES

Accustomed to battle: All Veteran Hydras are so familiar with their handlers, and so accustomed to battle, that they will often continue to fight even if their Beastmasters are killed. All Veteran Hydras therefore add +1 to their Leadership when taking Monster Reaction tests.

Veteran: Roll a D6" at the beginning of each game to determine what special ability your War Hydra has!

pursuing a fleeing enemy. It may add +1 to its Leadership for these tests (remember you get to use the Beastmasters' Leadership, too!)

If the War Hydra is within 6" of the escorted unit when the enemy declares a charge against them, the Hydra may immediately make a normal move (before the chargers). If, after this special move, your opponent is unable to charge the target unit then they must decide to either stop the charge, in which case they do nothing for the remainder of the turn, or charge the Hydra instead, using all of the normal rules.

3. BATTLE LOVER

Always among the first to engage the enemy, this Hydra bounds forward towards the foe at the first opportunity – often against his handlers' wishes. You must make a free 2D6" move with the Hydra and its Beastmasters after all troops have been set up (including scouts), but before the battle begins. This move must be made directly towards the nearest visible enemy. This will often leave it exposed and vulnerable, but a wily General should be able to use this to his advantage...

4. CHAMELEON SKINNED

Among its many trophies, this particular Hydra has been bathed with magical oils. Once in contact with the scales on the Hydra's skin, the oil reacts and causes the Hydra's skin to shimmer and blend in with its surroundings. Enemy missile weapons suffer a -1 to hit penalty when shooting at the Hydra and its Beastmasters. When an opponent shoots a war machine that uses artillery dice, the Dark Elf player may roll an artillery die of his own. The Dark Elf player may (but doesn't have to) choose to use this extra die in place of the one rolled by the opponent. This represents how difficult it is for war machine crews to discern the Hydra's exact location. If the Dark Elf player rolls a Misfire, the

war machine's crew manages to get a clear view of the Hydra for a moment, and their own dice roll is used.

5. BLOODTHIRSTY!

This Hydra has seen so much war that it now has trouble differentiating between friend and foe. It is unpredictable and always looking for the taste of blood. Whenever possible, the Hydra will always march towards the closest enemy unit, and must always charge the closest chargeable unit, friend or foe – so irritable is this great beast, that it won't tolerate the presence of anyone but its handlers. In other words, keep your troops out of its way! To represent its love of killing, the Hydra gets an extra D6 attacks on the turn it charges. These Hydras are often a liability on the battlefield, and have to be used carefully. Even so, some Dark Elf Generals can't resist the carnage.

6. KHAINE SMILES UPON YOU!

You may choose the type of Veteran Hydra that joins your forces for this battle.

Converting: The Veteran Hydra is really where I got to have a bit of fun. I really wanted to show a beast that had been through countless battles, and collected a few trophies along the way. So, there's an arrow stuck in his back (and who knows how long it's been there!), and he's recently punished someone for sticking him with a spear – by biting their arm off! As for the trophies, he has the skeleton of an Elector Count's warhorse slung about one of his necks... and part of the Count himself on another! These came from an old Skeleton horseman frame, and a Chaos Warrior head. The top of an old Orc banner pole is also hung from a neck. So injured to pain is this great monster, that someone has nailed a length of chain to his side to make more room for trophies. The chain is actually from the Warhammer 40,000 chaos spiky frame, and the trophies are bits and



bobs from the Skeleton and Chaos Warrior frames again. Don't feel intimidated by this, though. I just used whatever I had laying around from old projects. Be as creative as you like, and use what you have available.

Painting: When it came time to paint it, I really wanted this Hydra to look aged. I painted the entire model Shadow Grey, and then inked all but

the underbelly with a very watered down wash of Brown Ink, with just a touch of Black Ink thrown in. The belly was drybrushed up to Space Wolves Grey, so it would be lighter than the weathered hide. I used the same techniques for scars and bone as I did on the Spellthirster. When painting the trophies, I had a good think and decided that the Dark Elves would be likely to preserve any trophies they

might acquire – so that they might display them indefinitely. In a twist of wickedness, I decided that the poor Elector Count and his steed had been bronzed! I simply painted them Dwarf Bronze, washed them with Brown ink and drybrushed lightly with Burnished Gold. This monster had to have eyes that burn with centuries of hatred and ferocity, so I used Red Gore and a touch of Blood Red on the eyeballs.

Lizardmen update

By Gav Thorpe

We published a Lizardmen preview army list in WD255. First of all, thanks for all the feedback we've received, both through the mail and on our website. It is all read with interest. As is the way of such things, a few errors crept in, while one or two rules need some further clarification (it is a list in progress after all!).

TICHI-HUICHI'S RAIDERS

Note that the Regiment of Renown, Tichi-Huichi's Raiders, use the rules and profiles published in WD251, rather than those in the Lizardmen army list. This is because they are Great Crested Skinks, and ride a species of Cold One known sometimes as a Horned One.

BLOWPIPES

The entry in WD255 failed to mention that blowpipes are S3.

SAURUS WARRIORS

The following entry replaces the one which appeared in WD255.

CORE UNITS

SAURUS WARRIORS 12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Saurus	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7
Champion	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	3	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon and shield.

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with spears (+3 points per model).
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Musician for +6 points.
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Standard Bearer for +12 points.
- Promote one Saurus Warrior to a Champion for +12 points.

Special rules: Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+).

SKIRMISH SCREEN

Enemy units charged by Kroxigor through a skirmish screen may stand and shoot as normal. For the purposes of working out range and whether the unit can stand and shoot at all (if the Kroxigor are within half their charge distance) use the distance to the point the Kroxigor emerge (i.e. the front of the Skink unit).

COLD-BLOODED

Slann are, of course, cold blooded. Also, the cold blooded rule is amended to the following:

Lizardmen units roll all Ld-based tests on 3D6, and discard the highest dice score.

TEMPLE GUARD

Add the following equipment option to the Temple Guard entry:

The unit may be equipped with shields for +1 point per model.

NEW UNIT

The following entry is added to the Lizardmen army list in the Special Units section:

SPECIAL UNITS

SAURUS CAVALRY 32 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Saurus	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7
Champion	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	3	7
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, shield and spear.

Options:

- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Musician for +10 points.
- Upgrade one Saurus Warrior into a Standard Bearer for +20 points.
- Promote one Saurus Warrior to a Champion for +20 points.

Special rules: *Cold Blooded, Scaly Skin (6+), Cause Fear, Stupidity, Thick Skinned.*

Saurus on Cold Ones

By Darren Latham

Here is something interesting for all of you thinking that the idea of Saurus Warriors on Cold Ones sounds like a must-have unit and then realizing that the models are not available for you to buy. Darren Latham shows us all just how simple it is to create and paint your own Saurus cavalry out of models which are currently available.

Converting: Darren started by getting the following pieces from Mail Order:

- 1 plastic Saurus Warrior frame
- 1 plastic Cold One frame
- 1 metal Saurus spear arm
- a small amount of green stuff

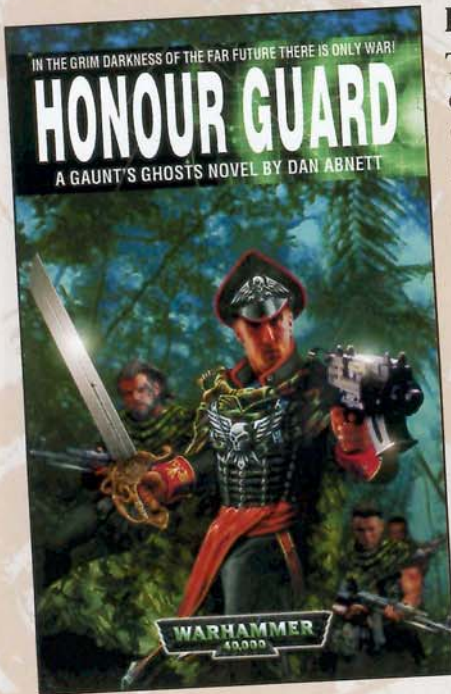
After cleaning the mold lines from his collection of parts he first clipped off the Saurus tail, then filed the inside of the Saurus legs. To help the Saurus Warrior fit onto the plastic Cold One, he cut and repositioned the Saurus feet. With the aid of a small amount of green stuff he filled all the gaps and created a new tail for the Saurus model.

Painting: Darren started by spraying the model with black undercoat. Using this as his base color he then fleshed out the model with a mixture of Hawk Turquoise and Black. To create his highlights he continued to add more Hawk Turquoise and for his final highlight he added Bleached Bone. For the Saurus Warrior, Darren used a mixture of Black and Scaly Green, the highlights were created by adding

more Scaly Green, and for the final highlight he again added Bleached Bone. The spear point and shield were both painted with Dwarf Bronze with a Chestnut Ink wash. To finish the model Darren added small details such as painting on some small patterns and picking out the eyes and teeth.



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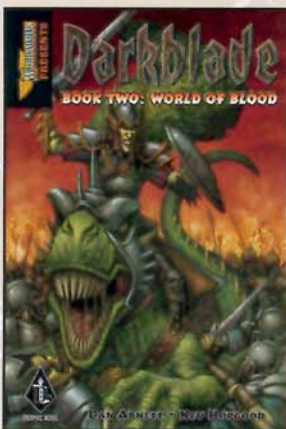
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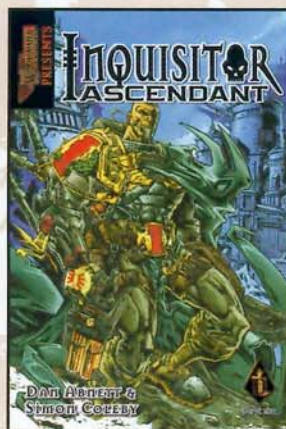
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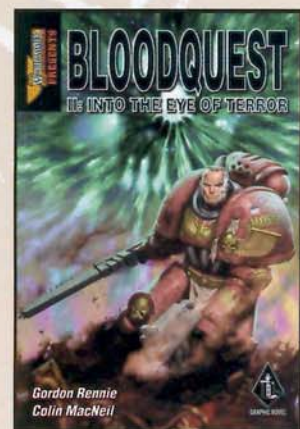
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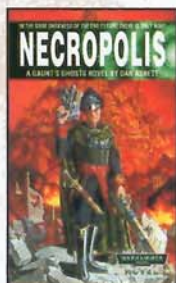
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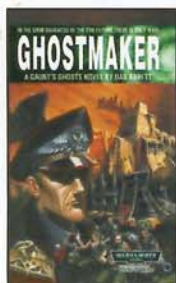
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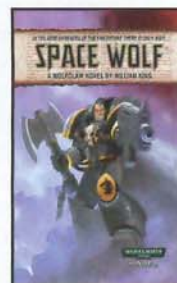
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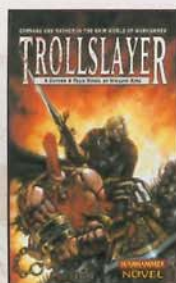
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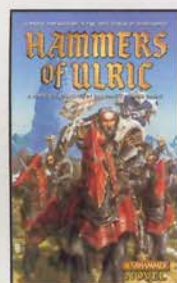
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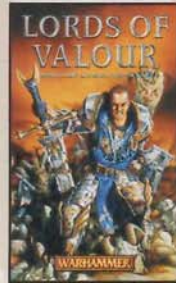
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The campfires of the Old World have long played host to dark rumors of an Undead legion whose deadly swords can enslave their victims to eternal servitude. Anthony Reynolds tells of this Regiment of Renown and their terrible, never-ending curse.

The dark legend of Richter Kreugar the Damned and his Cursed Company has been told for countless years across the Empire. A tragic tale of betrayal, greed and revenge, the details and truth behind the stories have long become hazy and unclear as the story has been told and retold for generations.

The most common tales revolving around Richter Kreugar's tragic curse tell of a young mercenary captain, proud, talented and ruthless. He hired out his services freely, uncaring who he fought for as long as the price was right. Centuries ago in the history of the Old World, Richter was said to have allied with a powerful Necromancer, aiding him in his diabolical campaign against the Empire, terrorizing the heavily forested area around Wolfenburg.

Within the leather-bound annals of the *Historiata Imperiatus*, it is said that the Empire army of Wolfenburg was suffering horrendous casualties in a war of attrition that they could not hope to win. However, they struggled

THE CURSED COMPANY OF RICHTER KREUGAR THE DAMNED

A tragic tale of betrayal, greed and revenge

on regardless and began to wear down the Necromancer, taking the offensive and pushing him deeper into the forest, denying him the time needed to strengthen his Undead forces. Seeing the Necromancer faltering, Richter accepted the bribes of an Empire agent, the calculating young mercenary seeing a chance to make some easy money and be on the winning side. As the titanic battle hung in the balance, Richter played his hand, striking out at the foul Necromancer, who fell beneath his blade. However, with his dying breath the unholy sorcerer gasped a curse that was to be the eternal undoing of the enterprising sell-sword.

Before his horrified eyes, Richter's skin began to wither and within moments he collapsed to the ground, a lifeless pile of bones and armor. The day was won for the Empire forces, and the tale of Richter's betrayal may well have been forgotten, had his death not been accompanied by a tragic twist.

The very next night, Richter rose from the ground. He stared at the world

with hollow eyes, and all he surveyed appeared in shades of grey. In anguish and despair, Richter saw his own skeletal limbs, and the full horror of the Necromancer's incantation began to dawn on him.

And so it is that Richter stalks the Old World and beyond. Hundreds of years since his death he is still seeking oblivion and peace, yet he is never able to achieve his final rest. Countless times he has been cut down, only to awake again the following night to his never-ending, hellish torment. A terrible element of the curse is evoked each time he slays an enemy, for his defeated foes rise immediately to serve him in undeath, slaves to his will. He travels the world, living out a tragic parody of his former mercenary career, fighting wherever he finds battle. His anger and despair momentarily lost in the bloodshed, he continues his doomed existence in the desperate hope that one time when his skeletal body is slain, he will finally know the relief of true death.



Richter Kreugar leads the Cursed Company against a rampaging Orc & Goblin warband.

THE REGIMENT

Captain: Richter Kreugar the Damned

Battle-cry: The battle-cry of Richter Kreugar has long been forgotten by the people of the Old World. The silence of the grave hangs over the Cursed Company as it traverses the land, marching to war accompanied only by the sound of creaking ancient leather and the scrape of rusted metal.

For Hire: Any Warhammer army other than Bretonnians, Vampire Counts and Tomb Kings of Khemri may hire the Cursed Company, and the regiment counts as a Rare Troops choice. (Richter has an eternal hatred for those who subjected him to his fate, and so will not fight for the Undead.) Dogs of War armies may choose the Cursed Company, in which case it counts as a Special choice.

Points: Richter Kreugar and nine of the Cursed Company including a standard bearer and musician cost a total of 305 points. This is the minimum size regiment you can hire. The size of the regiment may be increased at the cost of 10 points per model, up to a maximum unit size of 30.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Richter Kreugar	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	9
Cursed Company	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3
Skeletons									

Weapons/Armor: Richter Kreugar is armed with a shield, heavy armor, the Dark Gem of the Cursed and his unholy sword, Blight. The Skeletons of the Cursed Company are equipped with shields, light armor and hand weapons, and the standard bearer carries the Banner of Malediction. (Note: Despite the armor that appears on the individual models within the Cursed Company, it is assumed for the sake of simplicity that all the models are equipped with light armor.)

Armor Save: 5+ for the Cursed Company Skeletons, 4+ for Richter Kreugar.

MAGIC ITEMS

Blight

Magic Weapon

Blight is a darkly powerful blade, centuries old and suffused with unholy magic.

Blight confers +1 Strength to all close combat attacks made by Richter. In addition, the weapon has the Killing Blow special rule (see page 112 of the Warhammer rulebook).

Dark Gem of the Cursed

Talisman

The Dark Gem of the Cursed glows a blood-red shade that intensifies when a blow is directed towards Richter, protecting him from harm.

4+ Ward Save.

The Banner of Malediction

Magic Standard

The sinister banner of the Cursed Company has been carried for centuries by various enslaved warriors of Richter. It is a dark parody of his original, disgraced mercenary company banner.

The Cursed Company suffers one less wound than they normally would when defeated in combat. In example, if the Cursed Company loses a combat by 3, they should

lose 3 extra models, but because of the Banner of Malediction, they lose only 2 models.

SPECIAL RULES

'Join us in damnation...'

As part of Kreugar's curse, any foe slain by him or one of his company are withered by dark magic, their flesh aging as if decades had passed in the blink of an eye. The lifeless victim is instantly enslaved to the will of Richter, rising to accompany him in his eternal curse.

If any model within the Cursed Company (including Kreugar himself) slays a model with only 1 wound on its starting profile, then one Skeleton is created in its place. Models created in this way are added to the Cursed Company, and are armed in the same manner as the Company. The Victory points value of the unit is unaffected. This rule counts only for models that are killed in close combat, and not for models killed in any other way (for example, running down fleeing troops).

Independent

The Cursed Company is a completely independently acting unit. Richter and the Cursed Company will never use the Leadership of the General, even if it is better than his own. Additionally, the Cursed Company cannot be joined by any characters.

Hatred

Richter Kreugar *bates* all other Undead. This applies to Richter only.

Undead

The Cursed Company is Undead, and as such the following rules apply to them:

Leader

If Richter is killed, the Cursed Company will quickly begin to crumble to dust. At the end of the phase when Richter is killed, and at the beginning of each of their turns thereafter, the Cursed Company must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit suffers a number of wounds equal to the number they failed the Leadership test by. No saves of any kind are allowed against these wounds.

Break Tests

The Cursed Company cannot be broken. If the Cursed Company is beaten in combat, it suffers one extra wound for every point they lost the combat by, with no saves of any kind allowed (remember that with the Banner of Malediction, this number is reduced by one).

Immune to Psychology

The Cursed Company is Immune to Psychology. The only exception to this is that Richter Kreugar *bates* Undead.

Charge Reactions

The Cursed Company can only react by holding their ground.

Marching

The Cursed Company can march as long as Richter is still alive. If Richter dies, the Cursed Company cannot make march moves.

Cause Fear

The Cursed Company and Richter cause fear.

The near-naked, savagely painted warriors hurtled over the frozen ground, huge weapons gripped tightly. Their hair was matted into spikes, their eyes wild with the fury of battle. Nightmarish drumming filled the air, joined by harsh warhorns that blared their challenge. The Undead legion stood statue-still as the wild roar rising from hundreds of throats rolled over them. The ancient figure of Richter Kreugar stood unmoving at the head of the Undead legion, the empty sockets of his skull lit with a baleful, menacing glow as the marauders of Chaos charged.

The brutal weapons of the ferocious warriors carved through the Skeleton legion. Chips of bone filled the air as skulls and ribs were smashed with savage force before the Undead reacted. Richter stood unmoving, swinging his ancient sword, Blight, as the marauders swept around him. Glowing with an unholy, red light, the dark weapon cleaved through one warrior, whose painted chest erupted in a shower of crimson blood. Reversing his swing, Richter sliced the magical blade in a vicious arc that severed the head from another. Even as the bodies fell to the ground, their skin began to wither, tightening over their skeleton frames. Hair fell from their heads and eyes rotted in their sockets. Screams died in throats that disintegrated into dust. Hardly a moment passed, and the first fallen marauder was rising again to its feet, flesh completely absent from its now skeletal body, followed in an instant by his headless companion. Hefting weapons in fleshless fingers, the newly risen Undead warriors turned on their former comrades.

Master Engineer Siegfried stared in horrified fascination as the ranks of the Undead grew. The powerful charge of the foul Chaos raiders had faltered, stopped in its tracks by the relentless Skeletons. Fighting next to the Undead, the Halberdiers were faring badly, being pushed steadily backwards by the savage attack of the marauders. Raising his long-barreled Hochland rifle, Siegfried squinted through its crystal eyeglass. He sighted a daemonic-looking barbarian, covered with swirling blood-tattoos and screaming incoherently as he raced towards the battle. Pulling the trigger, Siegfried was satisfied to see the figure fall, kicked from his feet as the lead bullet struck home.

His gaze returning to the battle that raged on the plains below, Siegfried saw that the Undead ranks continued to swell as Richter hacked his way through the unarmored, blood-hungry warriors. He had heard stories of the cursed Richter Kreugar - who in the Empire had not? - but he had never really believed them. Stories told



to frighten children, fantasies exaggerated beyond any shred of truth, he had thought. And yet here he was, a nightmarish fairy tale brought to life. Brought to unlife, he corrected himself.

The Ostermark scouts had spotted the raiders from the north, and Baron Duchenoff had decided that this was the best place to stand against them. While the Empire army were readying their defensive lines to face the approaching Chaos force, the Undead legion had emerged from the forest and panic spread. Turning to face this unexpected threat, the Ostermark Knights of Sigmar were readying themselves to charge when the Baron called for them to halt, for the Undead had appeared unconcerned with the humans before them. The figure leading them wore ancient and battle-worn Imperial styled armor. As the skeletal legion had marched into position alongside the Ostermark formations, word had quickly spread through the ranks that this was the legendary Cursed Company of Richter Kreugar, damned in an age long past to stalk the world for all eternity.

A deep rumbling sound echoed over the battlefield, and Siegfried turned to see a troop of hellish black-armored knights appear over the hill to the east. Their midnight-black mounts

snorted and tossed their armored heads, their hooves kicking up great clods of frozen earth. The Knights of Chaos thundered down the hill, and terror touched its cold hand to Siegfried's heart. At the head of the dark knights rode a figure that exuded raw power, a great double-headed axe held aloft in his mailed hand. Wisps of steam rose from the weapon into the cold air.

The knights thundered into the side of the Cursed Company, smashing skulls and shattering bones with their immense axes and spiked maces, their fearsome steeds trampling others to dust beneath their black hooves. The lord roared a challenge, his voice echoing from within his enclosed helmet. His unholy red eyes matched those of his steed, burning deep within the darkness of his helm.

Richter casually chopped down on the shoulder of a Marauder, blood spraying before the flesh withered from the savage's body. He turned to face the challenge of the Knight of Chaos, his cursed minions opening a corridor between the two powerful beings.

The hellish steed of Chaos stamped its hooves impatiently as Richter made his way towards the towering armored figure. Without delay, the Lord struck downwards with a mighty swing of his steaming, double-headed axe. The blow was met with Richter's blade and there was a crackling sound that Siegfried could hear, despite the distance, as the dark energies of the two sorcerous weapons met. A series of deadly blows rained down on the Undead warrior, and dark hooves flashed towards him. The Champion of the Dark Gods feinted a strike to the left, turning his axe in mid-air and striking a sweeping blow towards the right side of Kreugar's skull. The ruby-red gemstone hanging around the skeletal neck of the Undead figure glowed brightly for an instant, and the axe rebounded scant inches from its target as if it had hit a stone wall.

The Knight of Chaos reeled backwards off balance at the unexpected resistance. Kreugar stepped in close to the chaotic steed, sweeping his weapon towards the dark beast as it reared

above him. His sword slashed across the creature's chest, and it screamed in torment, midnight skin shrinking back to bare pale bone. Muscles and flesh withered from the beast's body, and it toppled to the ground, leaving a pile of bones and dark barding. The champion of Chaos staggered to his feet, raising his axe defensively before him as Blight swept towards his face. The first blow knocked the axe to the side, the knight still struggling to regain his feet. The second blow arced down onto the black armored helmet. With a sickening sound, the helmet was cleaved in two. In an instant, the visible pale flesh withered away to nothing, leaving only an empty skull and a suit of lifeless black armor where the mighty champion stood scant moments before. A spark of awareness shone briefly in the hollow eyes of Richter; the deep yearning pain of a soul trapped for all eternity.

Siegfried stood at the edge of the trees overlooking the carnage that was the aftermath of battle. The field was strewn with countless bodies, and the sinister black shapes of crows were already fighting over the pickings. The Chaos raiders had fled back towards their frozen wastes. He raised his telescopic eyeglass to watch the last ranks of the skeletal Cursed Company disappear into the trees. The regiment had stood motionless for hours after the battle had concluded, until on an unspoken signal the regiment, larger now than it had been at the start of the battle, turned towards the south. It was a strangely sedated mood Siegfried found when he returned to the Ostermark camp. The Empire had won a great victory, and yet they did not celebrate. Siegfried found himself thinking of Richter Kreugar, the cursed one. No word had been spoken amongst the Empire ranks of the mysterious, terrifying Undead warrior. It was an unspoken fact that the day would certainly have been lost had it not been for the timely arrival of Kreugar's Cursed Company.



What happens when you gather six rabid INQUISITOR players around a themed table? Well, read on to find out!

The best part of making a themed table is being able to play on it, right? Well, that's what we were ready to do now that the table that Ty and I had constructed for last month's White Dwarf magazine had been finished. This is by no means a turn by turn, "rules heavy" account of an INQUISITOR battle report. Instead, we wanted to show you how you could construct a table that had the beginnings of a story already built into it. When the table had been completed all we had to do was think of a great way to incorporate all of its elements into some sort of scenario.

Ty and I began to consider what the two opposing warbands would be doing here on Gehenna Prime and what kind of trouble could come from their encounter. We knew that the Portal would play a central part in the whole scenario, of course, but what exactly would it do and why would the Inquisitors be converging on it in the first place? To answer this question we had a look at the Inquisitors and what role they would play in the grand scheme of things. We decided that a Horusian Xanthite was searching for the alien construct. With the proper incantation, he could open up a rift in warp space and imbue himself with untold amounts of Chaos energy. With this new resource he could invest it into a new being and create a new

GEHENNA PRIME

PART 2 - PLAYING ON A THEMED TABLE



From left to right: Rick Willis, Mike Radcliffe, Ty Finocchiaro (hiding behind the crane), Rick Smith (foreground), Jeff Keyser and Fletcher Brown.

God-Emperor, capable of uniting all of mankind. But, of course, this could all go horribly wrong!

So that's where the Monodominants stepped in. To be sure, this heavy-handed faction would be following the trail of the tainted Inquisitor and his minions. Someone that would be so debased as to make use of the powers of Chaos would definitely need to be destroyed before they could run amok. The best way to illustrate what we

came up with would be to have a quick look at the game and see how this all turned out. So let's get to it and check out the turn of events that occurred on the cursed planet of Gehenna Prime.

Rick Willis and Mike Radcliffe took up the challenge of controlling the sheer power of the Portal with the Xanthites while Ty, Fletch and Jeff decided to crush the Chaos manipulating scum with the mighty Monodominants.



The Portal hummed with barely constrained power. The green light that emanated from the ancient gate bathed Nylis Hathor's pale skin in a sickly emerald hue and reflected in his eager eyes. Most of his life's research was consumed with the search for this relic, and now he stood before it, ready to begin the next step in his plan.

He knew that his enemy, the overzealous Melchia and his fervent warband, had been trailing him ever since he left his cult of followers on Delask, deep within the bowels of Hive Secundus. Nylis knew his men had met a torturous demise at the Monodominants' hands, but he had to complete the Emperor's work and get to Gehenna Prime before that fool destroyed everything! He commandeered a private shipping vessel and headed straight for the cursed system and his goal - siphoning enough energy from the artifact to create a new, but ultimately controllable, Horus.

He stood in front of the Portal, chanting his memorized words of power and keeping the voices that assaulted his mind from finding a way in. He was almost there. He could feel it... the power swelling within him. All he needed was that foul-mouthed gunslinger, Evrim Lue, and the drone servitors he found on the ship to stand guard and let him do his work. Just as the portal made its final connection to the warp beyond, Nylis heard the first of his enemies' shells whiz by...

Before the game got underway, I handed out the character sheets and brief descriptions of the warbands they would be controlling. Also, a few background bits for each warband were included to get them interested in the story, as well as describing the elements of the table and what players could expect when they fought on Gehenna's surface. Rules like making running a risky action and sprinting impossible made the table a bit more challenging. This rule also made it a lot harder to cover a large distance in a short time... a good idea for such a small tabletop!

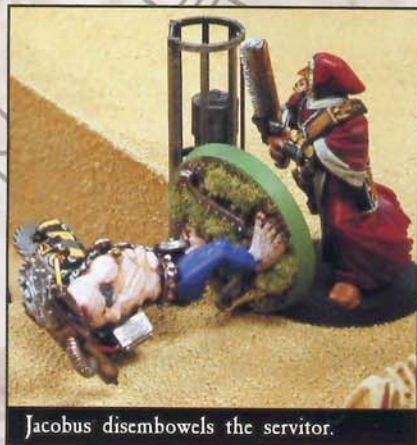


Both sides look over their character sheets and choose a course of action.



The Xanthites ready themselves for visitors.

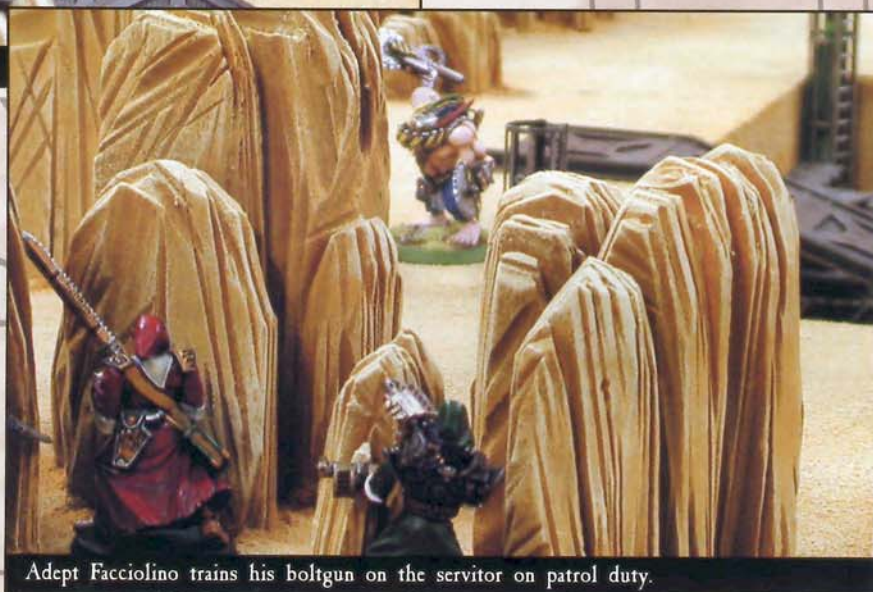
Little did Evrim Lue realize, but a team of Monodominants, led by the ruthless Witch Hunter Melchia, was quickly working its way into a good position to disrupt Hathor's insidious plans. With a signal from the Witch Hunter, Adept Facciolino opened fire with his drum-fed boltgun, catching the closest servitor in the arm and chest. It spun in the air and then fell to the sand with its servos whining. With their cover blown, Devotee Jacobus decided it was time to rush headlong around a outcropping of sandstone, swinging



Jacobus disembowels the servitor.

Nylis Hathor concentrated on the portal and began the incantations that would begin the transfer of power from the warp to his own body. Meanwhile, the servitor drones circled the excavation pit, guarding their master and following their programmed routines.

Lue stood by the shattered computer console and took a drag from his Skalweed stick. He could feel the hairs on his neck stand on end as the energy crested in the pit. The punching of the metallic pistons of the servitors' legs were almost inaudible over the howling desert wind.



Adept Facciolino trains his boltgun on the servitor on patrol duty.

his massive Eviserator in a deadly arc. Droplets of fuel splattered his grotesque face mask as the weapon shot out great clouds of greasy, black smoke. The fanatic connected with the prone servitor, who had been bleeding plasma, oil and grease into the sand. Jacobus embedded his massive chainsword into the thing's chest, dispatching the machine-man in a visceral display of righteous fury. He struggled to free his weapon from the metal and bone torso of the felled servitor drone.

At this point, the gig was up. Evrim turned his attention towards the fanatic, but Nylis had just about opened the gateway between Gehenna and warp space. With a flash of green light and an audible shudder, the air took on a electric twinge. The smell of ozone was everywhere. Nylis' body began to glow and swell as he fought to control the massive amounts of energy that he had siphoned into his frame.

Seeing the Eviserator wielding maniac look up from his first victim, Evrim decided to pop off shot after shot at the fanatic, just to dissuade him from approaching. Most of Evrim's bullets happened to go wide, but a few did find their mark in Jacobus' right arm. Not letting the injury stop him, the bleeding and angry fanatic leapt into the pit and charged Evrim over the intervening computer console. One swipe of his huge chainsword bounced off the top of the screen with a shower of sparks and an earsplitting screech of metal on metal, but Jacobus followed up with a quick jab from his Eviserator and tore apart the gunslinger in a spray of blood. Screaming, Evrim slumped underneath the table and ceased to move.



Evrim thinks that the obstacle will keep the fanatical Jacobus at bay.

Another servitor, stalking further out in the blowing sand, heard the commotion and ran into the pit, intent on protecting Nylis. Swelling with power, Nylis turned toward the onrushing Devotee Jacobus. The Xanthite was surrounded by a nimbus of energy, his eyes glowing a horrible green. The fanatic began swinging wildly at the Inquisitor, but, to his horror, the spinning teeth of his blade hit a shifting green shield that sprang up to protect the Xanthite.

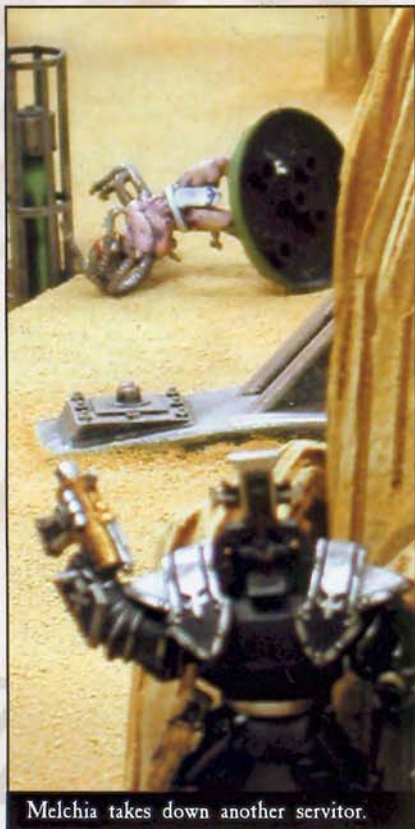
Meanwhile, Witch Hunter Melchia strode forward, blasting away with his bolt pistol and shouting litanies to the Emperor. All of his shots pattered harmlessly off of Nylis' newfound ability. Adept Facciolino fired his boltgun at Nylis, as well, seeing the threat he had become.

A metallic squeal indicated that his bolter had jammed horribly. Cursing his luck, he set about fixing his weapon. Sergeant Des Ulik had managed to swing around the right flank and dispatch the servitor lying prone on the sandy ground. Now that his goal was right next to him, Ulik readied his demolition charges and prepared to destroy the corrupt portal.

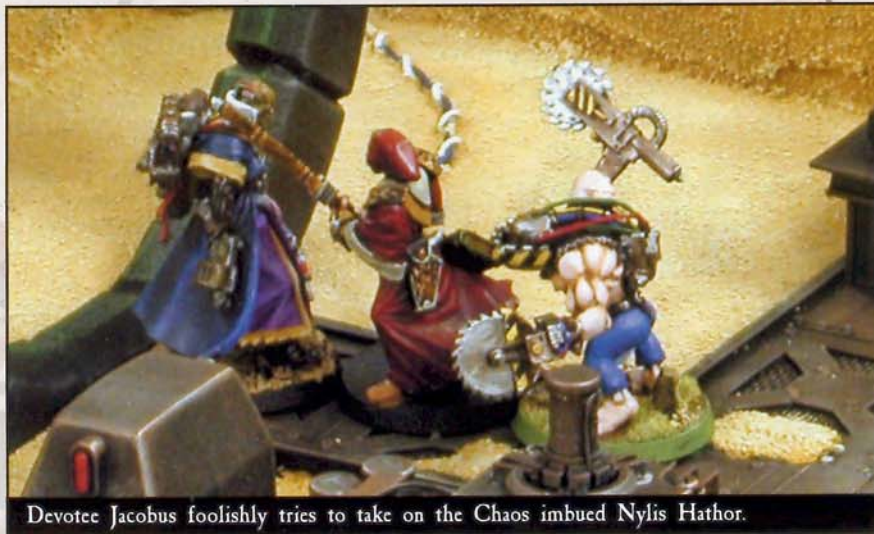
Nylis Hather continued to swell and distort from his exposure to the portal. Voices that moments ago he alone could hear, voices that promised unimaginable power, were now loud enough for everyone to notice. Jerking like a wooden puppet on some insane puppeteer's strings, the Xanthite dropped his pistol and drew his falchion, preparing to face off against the fanatic.



Evrim has to rethink his plan.



Melchia takes down another servitor.



Devotee Jacobus foolishly tries to take on the Chaos imbued Nylis Hather.



Melchia shows up just in time.

rumbled as if it was somehow connected to him. Seeing that Jacobus was in trouble, Melchia charged down the ramp and grabbed a hold of the servitor's head in his powerfist, tearing it off. Blood and viscous fluids sprayed into the air.

The ground shuddered again, and a green pseudopod of energy emerged from the portal, enfolding the Xanthite. The tendril began hardening almost instantly, forming a black, rocklike cocoon around Nylis. This new covering proved to be impenetrable, much to Melchia's chagrin, after a blow from his powerfist bounced harmlessly aside. At the base of the portal, Sergeant Ulik set his charges, shaping them so the full force of the explosion would consume the gateway. Meanwhile, Adept Facciolino tried to protect himself from the deadly servitor with a few well placed bolter rounds, but a mechanical limb connected, pummeling the Adept to the sand. The servitor swiveled around to look for another foe with Adept Facciolino's lifeless body at his feet.



Witch Hunter Melchia - lone survivor.

A sharp crack reverberated around the rocks. The casing had broken open like an egg, its shell falling away to reveal a pulsing mass of writhing white tentacles and bulbous pods. The Thing that was Nylis swept the Witch Hunter and his wounded comrades off their feet as it expanded to fill the pit.

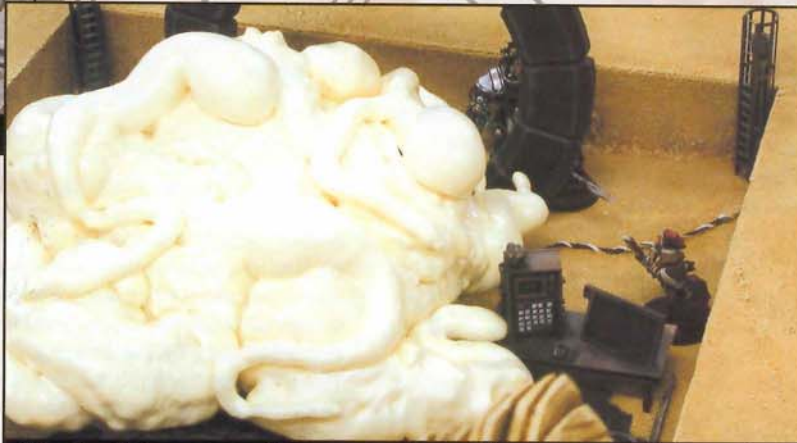
Melchia saw that the charges had been set and managed to pull himself out of the pit, urging his companions to follow. Both Sergeant Ulik and Jacobus were hot on his heels but were too close to avoid the blast of the demolition charges. Both were sent head over heels into the force wall and received bits of shrapnel from the fractured portal. The Warp Gate began to collapse and crumble to the sandy floor as Ulik and Jacobus tried to dodge the huge falling sections of the massive structure. With a hideous scream, the creature was sucked back into the green maelstrom that was once the circular portal only moments before. In horror, the remaining Monodominants watched as equipment, pylons and even bits of the ramp and crane were sucked into the warp. Trying to find some sort of footing Ulik and Jacobus tried to escape the growing whirlpool.

Devotee Jacobus' one remaining hand scrambled desperately to find some sort of hold in the quickly shifting sand. Directly behind the wounded fanatic there was a rent in the fabric of reality, like a maw of some huge beast. He watched as Sergeant Ulik screamed across the sand and then flew up as helpless as a child's rag doll, only to disappear into the angry, green whirlpool.

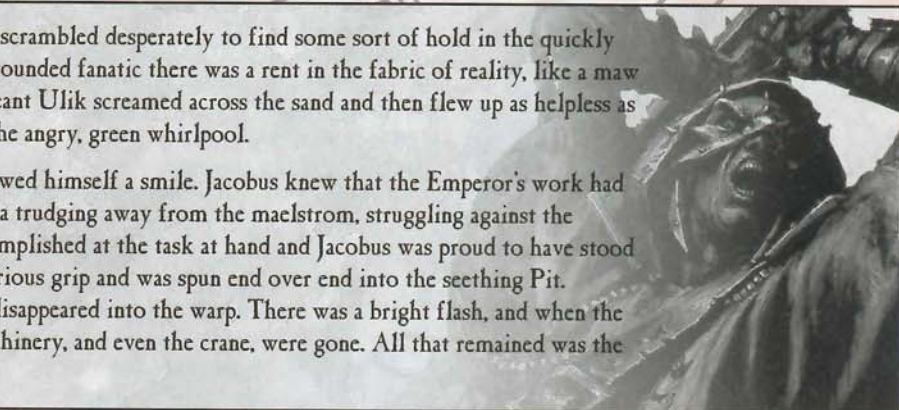
Even with his death close at hand he allowed himself a smile. Jacobus knew that the Emperor's work had been done. He saw Witch Hunter Melchia trudging away from the maelstrom, struggling against the shrieking winds. The Inquisitor had accomplished at the task at hand and Jacobus was proud to have stood with him. The fanatic then lost his precarious grip and was spun end over end into the seething Pit. Yelling prayers to the Emperor, Jacobus disappeared into the warp. There was a bright flash, and when the light cleared the portal, the ramp and machinery, and even the crane, were gone. All that remained was the desert... as if nothing had ever happened.

The servitor charged down the ramp and collided with Jacobus. With its blade arms whirling the drone severed the fanatic's arm, cleaving through cloth and flak armor, flesh and bone. In shock, Jacobus dropped his weapon. Meanwhile, a fourth servitor charged towards Adept Facciolino where he was among the rocks. Ignoring the onrushing drone, Facciolino fired directly into the melee in front of the portal, hitting both combatants but wounding only Jacobus. Melchia leaped into the pit, crushing the computer as he passed in a fit of rage. With his remaining arm, Jacobus rained down blow after blow on Nylis, but each one bounced off in a shower of green sparks.

Suddenly, Nylis doubled over in pain. Screaming, he vomited forth a gout of green energy from his eyes, nose and mouth. The desert floor



You should know better than to try to harness the pure energy of the warp!



There are untold hundreds of thousands of cults, sects and secretive religions across the Imperium. Cults are perfect for including in your Inquisitor scenarios and campaigns, and here Gav Thorpe discusses a few that your characters may come across in their adventures.

CHOSEN OF THE GODS

CULTS OF THE IMPERIUM

EMPEROR'S BLADES

One of the oldest Death Cults in the Imperium, the Emperor's Blades, are only found on the world of Acanon, not far from the Terran system. The legends of the cult claim that it was founded when the Emperor still walked as a man. He fought a great battle against the forces of Chaos on Acanon, and millions died in the conflict. It is supposedly after this battle that the

Emperor said, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of humanity's future," more commonly misquoted as the "seed of the Imperium". The Emperor's Blades are the archetypal death cult, revering the use of the blade. They are a hereditary cult, in that no one can be inducted; only those born to cult members can join in their worship. The cultists themselves use only a sign language to communicate, having neither speech nor written word. Their ceremonies of devotion are thus eerily silent, the stillness broken only by the scrape of blade on whetstone and the drip of blood into the offering cups. The assassins of Inquisitor Eisenhorn, Severina and Sevara Devout, were raised by the Emperor's Blades and exemplify the sect's values.

HAEMOVORES

To become spiritually strong, one must be physically strong. To be physically strong, one must be at the top of the food chain: the ultimate predator. The Haemovores seek to improve themselves, to gain their rightful positions of power, by consuming those they perceive as powerful. They are cannibals, glorifying in their internecine gluttony, preaching that their unwholesome acts condense humanity's magnificence into a few individuals. Many Haemovores have sharpened teeth or metal jaws, most carry marrow-spoons and brain forks, whilst the highest-ranking may even have limb-grinders and flesh-strippers fitted directly to their digestive system. Occasionally, a Haemovore may be fitted with additional tanks of bile and stomach acid so that he may consume all the faster (pre-digestion by others is not allowed).

THE FACELESS

Be unremarkable. Be average. Don't stand out in a crowd.

The Faceless originally sprang from paranoid fears that swept through the galaxy

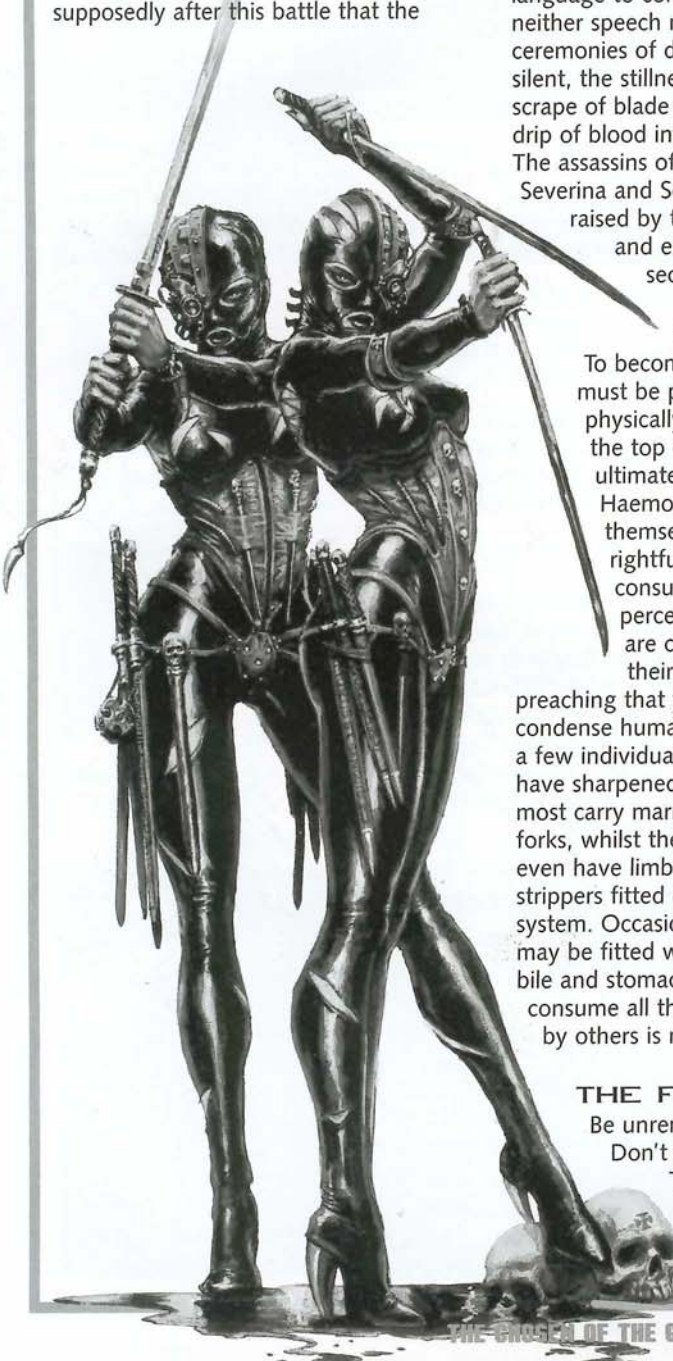
during the Age of Apostasy and Vandire's Frateris Templars purging whole worlds for perceived heresies. Their philosophy of normalcy has unfortunately become perverted over time to the point that they now aspire to become everyone and no one. Ritual brainwashing combines with surgical techniques to remove any evidence of individuality or personality. Physical characteristics are interchangeable, and it is not uncommon for members of the Faceless to have their own skins, eyes, and other features removed, to be constantly replaced by those of their victims. Thus the cultist's face often appears stitched on, stretched or floppy.

GOURDIANS

The Emperor sat at the table and at His right hand was the plate with the bread upon it and at the left hand was the gourd brimming with His wine. Upon the eve of battle against the serpent Horus, thus did He sit in quiet contemplation of his fate to come. The Gouradians believe that they own the vessel from which the Emperor drank the night before he faced the traitor Horus and ascended to godhood, his last drink as a mortal. Not content with this, the Gouradians now seek out other relics, first of the Emperor, then of the Primarchs, then Saints, searching further and further abroad for any and all holy artifacts they can find. Their home world is Terra, but their reach stretches far across the Imperium. A network of traders who believe in the Gouradian faith scour the worlds of the Imperium for anything to add to the immense collection in the Gouradian chapel. The chapel now houses over half a million relics, many of dubious provenance, yet still the Gouradian quest goes on.

THE CREEPING SHADOW

Fear is the key. Terror brings understanding. The Creeping Shadow believe that Mankind should be scared, terrified of what waits for it in the galaxy and beyond. They decry the ignorance perpetuated by the





Severina and Sevora ambush the unsuspecting Malicant.

Inquisition and other Imperial authorities, seeing a lack of knowledge as a weakness, forewarned is fore-armed, after all. The Creeping Shadow works by spreading discord and panic, believing that any kind of terror is beneficial, that Mankind should be paranoid, afraid and phobic. Sabotage, mass poisonings, terrorism, kidnapping, nailing dead cats to the front of shrines, mass hysteria and warmongering are all the tools of the Creeping Shadow. The darkness holds the horror, and there are great gulfs of darkness between the stars.

RESURRECTIONISTS

The Emperor shall come again. Once more His mortal shell shall be invigorated by His Divine Will. His great spirit can be brought back from heaven and He shall throw away the shackles of the Golden Throne and step forth once more to finish the Great Crusade to make the galaxy Humanity's forever. The Resurrectionists are one of the oldest and most heretical cults, springing from a common foundation with the Holy Inquisition itself. They believe that certain rites and rituals can return the Emperor's soul to His body, imbuing it with true life again. Such an occurrence, should it ever happen, would be Mankind's downfall, as a schism of believers and disbelievers would tear the Imperium apart. The Resurrectionists have powerful allies in the Ecclesiarchy, the Adeptus Terra and even amongst the Inquisition itself.

REDEMPTIONISTS

To live is to sin, and to be a sinner is to be cleansed. Only the fiery wrath of the Emperor, as pronounced and

executed by his mortal followers, can save Humanity from destroying itself in a morass of carnal wantonness and tolerant servitude to those who have been corrupted. The Redemptionists will bring fire and they will bring death, and those who oppose them are sinners themselves, for they shield the dark and unholy from the righteous works of the Redemptionists. Repent and join, or be cursed and die.

THE DEVOURER

From the blackness of our souls comes the Great Devourer. It is here to purge our sins. Pure in its unending appetite, the Great Devourer shall consume us all, and we will be reborn into the future in glorious new bodies. Welcome the Great Devourer, feel your soul cleansed as its mighty shadow passes over us. The chosen of the Great Devourer walk amongst us unseen, worship them as you would worship the Great Devourer itself.

DISCIPLES OF MANDRAGORA

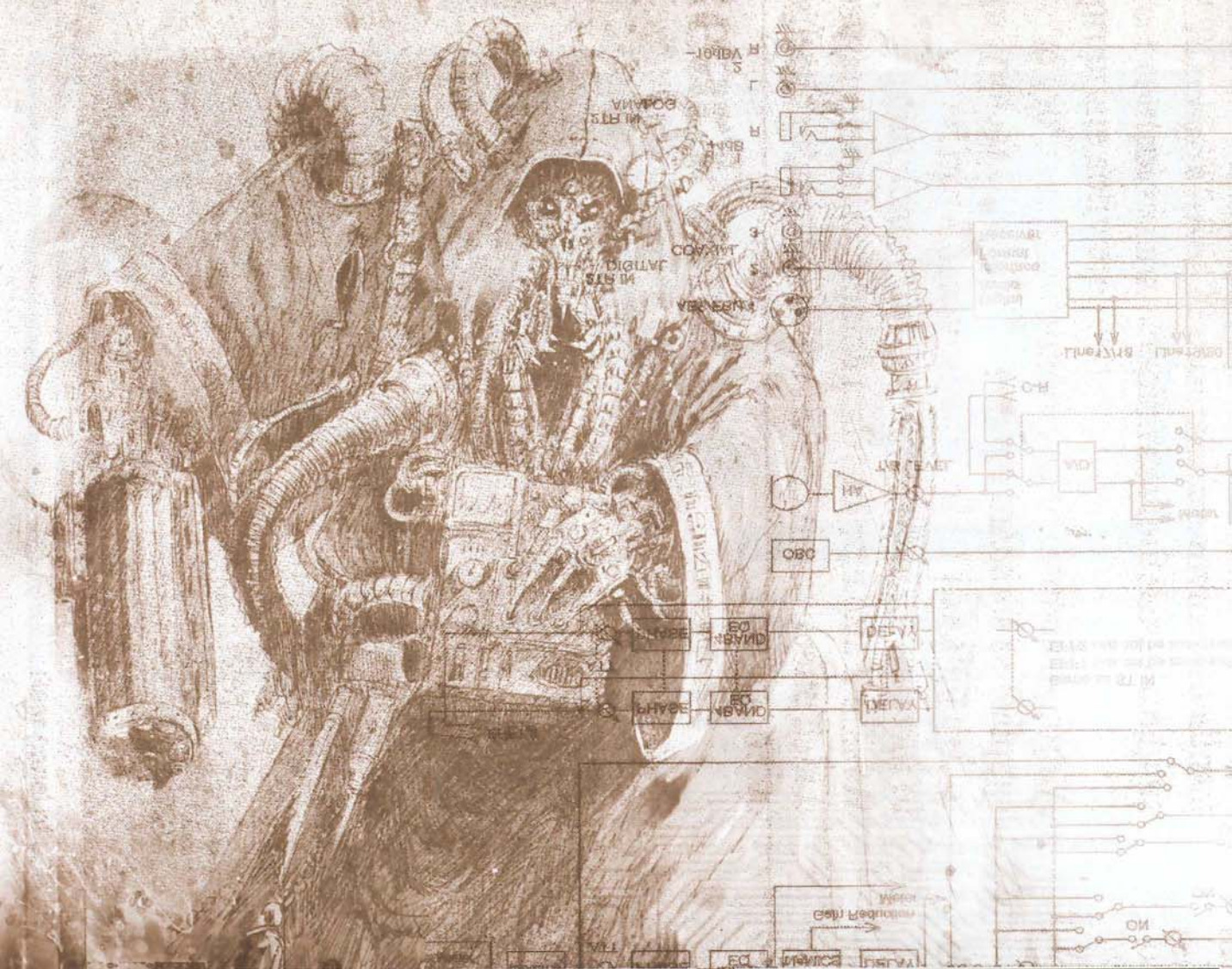
Stagnate and die, revolt and survive. Mandragora, the Ever-Shifting God, shall come from the heavens and nothing will remain the same. All will be changed, adapted and fashioned in his image, to overcome the tribulations of the future. The alignments of the mundane world must be prepared to allow his traverse from the Realm of Many Faces, the foes of change must be removed to pave the way for the Great Upheaval. Wield his magicks with pride, glorify in the transformation of your physical shell, and bring down his servants so that you might be a host to an aspect of Mandragora.

THE HIDDEN HAND

Upon the pyres of the dead and dying, we shall light a fire to the heavens that the gods themselves might see us once more. Thus spake the founder of the hidden hand, the Plague Lord. Mankind is a disease, spreading across the galaxy like a stain. The gods have turned from the filth of their presence. It must be cleansed so that the gods will pour their bounties upon Humanity once more, and pestilence and plague shall be the tools for a thief to catch a thief, a plague to kill a plague. Poison the wells, defile the air, pass contagion by touch to all those who pass by. When the corpses outnumber the living, light the fires of purification and pass their souls unto the netherworld to take your pleas and prayers to the gods.

MARTYRS OF THOR

The Martyrs of Thor were a small sect located on the world of San Sebastian in the earliest years of the 38th Millennium. All of them believed themselves to be descended from the mighty Saint Sebastian Thor himself, despite the fact he was known to be chaste for his entire life. The Martyrs of Thor were a suicide cult, who believed that only through the ultimate sacrifice could Humanity be accepted by the Emperor. They believed this so strongly that even unbelieving Imperial citizens would be borne up to Him in the great conflagration they would create. Unfortunately, the cult was a victim of its own success, its founders having killed themselves with a series of suicide bomb attacks only a few years after they had formed. With no one left to carry forward their teachings, the sect simply became another notation in the history books of San Sebastian.



TECH-PRIEST TEZLA

Hieronomus Tezla was trained as a Runic priest on the forge world of Sygies VIII, a large moon which orbits a ringed gas giant in the binary star system of Vulcanis. Vulcanis is a vital stronghold of the Adeptus Mechanicus far to the galactic north of Terra and perilously near the Eye of Terror. Sygies itself almost fell to heretic forces in the legendary times of the Horus Heresy, only being saved by the intervention of the enigmatic alien Eldar race. This event has led to Vulcanis being the home of a secretive sect within the Adeptus Mechanicus known as the Xenarites.

The Xenarites are dedicated to the study and exploitation of alien technology, a policy which most Tech-Priests find highly offensive. "If the Omnissiah had meant us to use xeno-tech," the saying goes, "he would have given us foul alien brains to comprehend it with." The Xenarites point to the intervention of the Eldar to assist the true followers of the Machine God as a sign that even they are subject to his will, and that it is their sacred duty to study them.

Aware of the antipathy of their colleagues, the Xenarites pursue a policy of covert study, often dispatching Tech-Priests and their servitors to alien sites

instead of bringing artifacts back to forge worlds for study as prescribed by doctrine. As a result, it is not unusual for Xenarite expeditions to encounter resistance from alien lifeforms, local inhabitants and even Inquisitors and other Tech-Priests in the pursuit of their studies. Open conflict with Imperial authorities is not unknown, regrettable occurrences which have only served to drive the Xenarites deeper underground, concealing evidence of their activities and guarding their study-sites heavily.

Runic priests are trained in arcane branches of scientific lore such as intuitive mechanics, speculation and improvisation. Their special skills are brought into play when scripture and doctrine fail to produce results, although their methods are often viewed with suspicion by more orthodox Tech-Priests. This marries closely with the Xenarites aims and, as such, Tezla was recruited to their ranks even before his training was completed. Tezla has rapidly become an important member of the sect, proving to have a truly enquiring mind and a natural talent for locating alien artifacts. He won great renown amongst his fellows for his audacious examination of a crashed Fra'al spacecraft in the Tamahl sector and his subsequent etheric-

plasma theurums. Likewise his studies of the ancient Ork power field generators on Polaris are reckoned to be the authoritative texts on the subject.

Over a decade ago, studies of Exodite artifacts found on the meteoroid fragment AB/90120jk 7m drew Tezla's ever-wandering gaze to the so-called maiden worlds of the Halrubra Fringe. He was last heard of leading a heavily armed servitor expedition to the moon of Eldrathon IV, where he believed an undiscovered Eldar warp-portal lay beneath the surface.

"Yes, by way of scripture, it is not for us to question the divine Omnissiah by studying the technology of alien races. However, it is my belief that the Machine God has laid the full panoply of xenological study before us for precisely that reason. I believe His Will is that we should observe and catalog all forms of science, not only those forged by the hand of Mankind. By such study we become better able to appreciate the technological wonders of Humanity itself."

Hieronomus Tezla at the Vulcanis Symposium, 782.M41

Tech-Priest Hieronomus Tezla

Equipment: Chain-axe; Mechadendrites; Laspistol; Re-Breather; Advanced bionic eye with Infrascopes and Motion Predictor; Bio-scanner; Temporal Phase Distort Generator (see Exterminatus elsewhere in this issue). Advanced bionic right leg.

Special Abilities: Nerves of Steel, Rock Steady Aim

Right handed: Tezla is right handed (in fact his left arm is completely useless).

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Tezla	63	64	48	61	69	73	78	63	64





Even though he is still bursting with new ideas for Inquisitor, Gav, in his role as Warhammer Loremaster, has just finished putting the final touches to the Albion campaign which can be seen elsewhere in this issue.

EXTERMINATUS

Expanded Rules for Inquisitor
Exterminatus is our regular Inquisitor column, featuring new rules, wargear, special abilities, etc. This month Gav presents expanded rules for campaigns and a strange alien device – the temporal phase distort generator.

CAMPAIGNS

Many players have asked me to expand upon the short campaign rules given in Inquisitor, so I will oblige them here.

TIME FRAME

The rules in this and next issue work off an established time frame for your campaign. Depending on how long you want your campaign to last (in game terms, not real time) you should measure the time between scenarios in either days (for a 'quick burn' campaign) or in weeks (for something a bit more long-lasting and investigative).

This is where a campaign diary becomes really handy, so that you can keep notes on what the characters get up to between scenarios. Often it won't be necessary to keep track of every day or week, simply make a note of any time that has passed, any effect this has on injuries, training and so on, and any other notable activity.

PERMANENT INJURY EFFECTS

The following rules are in addition to the injury rules on page 176 of Inquisitor.

There is only so much injury a body can sustain, and repeated injury to a location will inevitably begin to take its toll on the character's health.

At the end of every game there is a chance that locations injured during that scenario have been permanently affected. This chance depends on how injured the location is. Roll on the Permanent Injuries table.

If a location suffers permanent injury, then it loses its lowest Injury level –

PERMANENT INJURIES

Injury level	% chance of permanent damage
Light	None
Heavy	20%
Serious	40%
Acute	60%
Crippled	80%

cross out the box on the character sheet. For example, the first time a location suffers permanent injury, it will lose its Light damage box. This means that the first level of injury suffered will always be Heavy from then on.

GETTING TREATMENT

As with normal injuries, a visit to a specialist physician, surgeon, psychologist or other medical person may offer a chance of reversing or reducing the effects of a permanent injury effect. Each visit can only heal a maximum of one permanent damage level, and cannot be undertaken while there are any short-term injuries on the location. As with other damage, if a location is replaced with bionics, any permanent damage will be removed.

CHARACTERISTIC REDUCTIONS

Unless otherwise stated, all characteristics which are reduced during a scenario will recover at the rate of 10 points per day. The effects of a characteristic being reduced to zero or below varies according to the characteristic. Note that although a

characteristic may be at zero or below, many characteristic tests are still passed on a roll of 01-05.

WS and BS: The character will only ever hit or parry with the minimum 5% chance that everyone has, regardless of any other modifiers.

S and T: A character with these characteristics at zero or below falls into a coma and may do nothing while the coma lasts. Each day he is in a coma there is a 5% chance that he will die. If he does not pass away, he will recover 10 points to each reduced characteristic as mentioned earlier. When the characteristic goes above zero, there is a chance every day that the character will wake up. Take a normal characteristic test against the reduced characteristic, if this is passed then he wakes up. If both S and T are reduced, the character must pass a test against both in order to wake from the coma.

If S or T is ever reduced to a negative amount equal to the character's starting characteristic, he will die. For example, if a Toughness 67 character is reduced to Toughness -67, he will die.

I: A character with an Initiative value of zero or below counts as having Speed 1. In addition, outside of actual games he may not do anything related to the campaign as he is too exhausted and must spend all his time resting. This means that he can't go investigating, look for ammo and guns, even visit a medic or do similar activities. A character with zero or less Initiative may not spend any experience points he has earned (see below).

Wp: The character has no mind of their own and is completely open to suggestion. In order to perform any actions in a game, another character must tell him what to do (which will cost the guiding character one action to do so).

Sg: The character becomes a clinically insane, a drooling imbecile! While his



Sg remains at zero or below, he may do nothing at all outside of a game – he has to be kept restrained for his own protection. In addition, roll a D10 on the Madness table opposite to see what particular affliction the character is suffering from. When his Sg passes above zero again, there is a 25% chance that the character's madness is permanent.

Nv: The character becomes a total coward. All enemy characters he faces count as if they are terrifying to the character.

Ld: The character loses all sense of personality, discipline and personal hygiene. He will quite frequently forget what he is doing, wander off on his own and is otherwise easy to disorient. The character acts as normal, with one exception. After he has performed each action, roll a D6. On a roll of 2 or more, everything is fine and he carries on as normal. On a roll of a 1, however, he forgets what he was up to and performs no more actions for the rest of the turn. Note that he does not count as stunned, he merely performs no more actions.

For example, if such an afflicted character had three successful actions and was aiming, firing and then aiming again, he must roll after each action. If you rolled a 1 after his first action then he would aim, but then forget to shoot. If you rolled it after his second action he would aim and shoot but then forget to aim again. There is no point rolling after the character's last action.

Well, that's it for now. Next month I'll be looking at experience and training.

MADNESS TABLE

D10 Effect

- 1 **Phobia.** The character is mortally afraid of the thing that drove him insane. The character who reduced the character's Sg to zero or below counts as having the Terrifying exotic ability against the afflicted character.
- 2 **Frenzied.** The character becomes a blood-crazed psychopath and follows the rules for the Frenzy exotic ability.
- 3 **Paranoia.** The character believes that everyone is out to get him, even his comrades. Roll a D6 at the start of every turn. On a 1, his paranoia overcomes him and he must use his available actions to either shoot or charge the nearest friendly character. On a roll of a 2, he may act normally unless in cover, in which case he spends the turn hiding as well as he can. On a roll of 3 or more, his paranoia has no effect.
- 4 **Invincibility complex.** The character believes himself to be impervious to all harm. The character is never pinned, and may not evade as a move, nor protect himself with skills such as deflect, shot or dodge.
- 5 **Fearful.** The character jumps at his own shadow and is easily startled. All enemy characters counts as having the Fearsome exotic ability to this character. In addition, he will only pass Pinning tests on a roll of 01-05, regardless of his Nv characteristic and any modifiers.
- 6 **Panic Attacks.** The character is prone to bouts of panic, during which he suffers loss of breath, disorientation and nausea. The character must take a Pinning test at the start of every turn.
- 7 **Catatonia.** The character occasionally lapses into a catatonic state, during which his eyes go blank and he does not respond at all to what's going on around him. At the start of every turn, there is a 10% chance that the character is stunned for the remainder of the turn. He does not fall prone if he goes catatonic.
- 8 **Hallucinations.** The character occasionally loses his grasp on reality. Every turn in a game, there is a 10% chance he will act as if affected by a Hallucinogen grenade.
- 9 **Wild Hallucinations.** The character is tormented by waking nightmares and visions. Every turn in a game, there is a 50% chance that he will act as if affected by a Hallucinogen grenade.
- 10 **Total Headcase.** Roll on this table at the start of every turn to see what madness he suffers from for the duration of that turn.

NEW WARGEAR

The following is a new item of wargear to equip your characters with, and is used by Techpriest Tezla, detailed elsewhere in this issue.

TEMPORAL PHASE DISTORT GENERATOR

This item is unique to Techpriest Tezla. Based upon technology which Tezla uncovered in ancient Necrontyr ruins, the Temporal Phase Distort Generator acts as an anti-stasis field, turning the user partially insubstantial. When working efficiently, this can make Tezla impervious to harm. However, in order to work it has been cybernetically integrated into his own

body and malfunctions often occur, causing him grievous wounds and intense agony.

Every time Tezla is hit while the distort generator is operational, there is a chance that it simply passes through him. This chance is equal to 100% minus the amount of damage done. For example, if Tezla took 7 points of damage then there is a 93% chance that the hit has no effect on him whatsoever. However, if he does take damage this means that the generator has shorted itself out, and he takes double the normal amount of damage from bionic feedback. This is increased to triple damage if hit in the abdomen

or left arm, where the primary field controls are located.

It takes one action to activate or deactivate the field. While it is active, Tezla cannot interact with his environment outside the field. This means that he may shoot normally (as the bullets will leave the field) but cannot attack in close combat, operate machinery, etc. He may pass through solid objects whilst moving, though there is a 5% chance that the field shorts out as he attempts this, causing 2D6 damage to D6 locations and leaving him stunned for D3 turns at the point he tried to enter the terrain.

Gav Thorpe continues his look at creating your own campaign settings. This month Gav looks at how to go about creating characters for your world by looking at the key personalities that populate the world of Karis Cephalon.

In the last two articles I looked at creating a planet and then adding some scenario locations to it. This month I'll be getting even more detailed, looking at people for your characters to visit, perhaps for aid or equipment, or just for information.



CREATING WORLDS

INQUISITOR CAMPAIGN SETTINGS PART 3

WHO ARE THEY?

Planets have populations (well, normally), and by interacting with people on a world, your players will become more involved with your setting than if they simply use it as a battlefield. For the most part, the players will be dealing with characters belonging to other players (most likely shooting at them!), but the odd between-scenario encounter or visit helps provide some context and continuity to your games. These people are called non-player characters (NPCs), because they are characters controlled by you, the GM, rather than a player.

As you might expect, there's no limit to the number and variety of these NPCs, but you should really limit yourself to a few who are likely to crop up again and again, like the supporting actors in a film. The idea of the setting and NPCs is to add a backdrop to your scenarios, and you have to be careful that they don't start to dominate the proceedings, which may happen if you have too many NPCs popping up between every scenario.

Opposite I've detailed a few of the more important NPCs that can crop up on Karis Cephalon, but these are just a small selection of those you might want to include in your own campaigns.

WHERE DO YOU FIND THEM?

This is as much a question of, "How do I tie them in with my players' warrior bands?" There are two basic ways to look at using NPCs between scenarios. Firstly, the characters seek them out. Secondly, they seek out the characters.

In the first instance, the results of a scenario may mean that the characters have to go and see someone. Now, this may be as simple as trying to find more ammo and getting patched up by the local sawbones, or it might be important to the ongoing plot. As far as plot-driven encounters go, the relevance of the NPC depends on who they are and your storyline. Do they have important information? Do they possess a vital artifact or piece of

equipment? Also, is the NPC an enemy, co-operative, open to bribery, etc.? It's important that you spend time thinking about the NPCs in this way as much as you would an ordinary character. If you're looking for a 'cardboard cut-out' NPC to fill a role, they're probably not worth including at all – a simple line in the next briefing to cover the meeting will be enough.

FOR A FEW CREDITS MORE...

For buying guns and other equipment, your characters will need a contact. This may be officially, such as local military forces or an Arbites Courthouse. It may be a slightly more dubious connection, through the black market, rebels or perhaps a Rogue Trader. When attempting to get ammo and equipment, availability is important. As I mention in the 'Wargear in Campaigns' section of *Inquisitor* (p.176), access to different equipment varies from place to place. It is this variation you need to sort out for your campaign, and will add a particular flavor to your setting.

The most straightforward way of adjusting the availability of equipment is to increase or decrease the percentage chances of particular types of wargear. It may be as simple as saying that the chances of finding Rare equipment at Finnegan's Wares is increased to 60%. On the other hand, wouldn't it be far more characterful to say that there is a 60% chance of finding Rare equipment at Finnegan's Wares, but there is a 10% chance at the start of the next scenario that the wargear is faulty and must be discarded.

You can get more specific than this, isolating particular weapon and equipment types for special treatment. It may be that instead of all Rare weapons being more available at Finnegan's Wares, he specializes in shotguns, so all Rare shotgun ammunition comes in batches of 2D6 rounds, rather than D6 rounds as is normally the case. He doesn't care

much for las weapons though, and any las weapon reload counts as Rare for the purposes of availability.

For bionics, you should have a Techpriest or surgeon NPC with both the equipment and the spare parts. Depending on where the campaign is set, there may be a chance of the implantation going wrong, or a cap on the level of technology available (i.e., only crude bionic arms are available, and no advanced bionics of any sort). The same can be said of medical treatment. In last issue's Exterminatus column I detailed some permanent injury rules which you can use to

characterize your medical NPCs, giving them either a better or worse treatment rate or chance than normal.

'THIS ISN'T MY PROBLEM!'

So far I've talked about NPCs off the battlefield, but now and then you might want to drag them into the firing line. The important thing is that you'll need a miniature for them. Scenarios involving NPCs can revolve around rescuing them, protecting them, kidnapping them, assassinating them and doing all sorts of other unpleasantness. Or perhaps the NPC is just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe they're caught in

the crossfire by a surprise ambush attempt on one of the characters, or they could unwittingly be carrying a vital clue, and they must run the gauntlet to get to safety.

The inclusion of an NPC or two in a scenario can add a flavorful twist to an otherwise pretty straightforward fight. Also, as GM, it's the opportunity to flex your playing muscles and push some miniatures around, which can never be a bad thing!

Anyway, that's me done for now, but remember to check out www.exterminatus.com for more stuff on campaigns and Karis Cephalon.

USEFUL PEOPLE TO KNOW ON KARIS CEPHALON

CHIRURGEON MONQUE

Once physician to the Imperial Governor, Monque mysteriously went into hiding several years ago. The reasons for this remain unclear, and many rumors abound concerning his hurried departure. These theories range from him escaping the Governor's wrath after an unsuccessful operation, to fleeing for his life after trying to blackmail the Governor with information that reveals he is a mutant.

Monque now runs a surgery somewhere in the old royal quarter, and is believed to provide medical assistance to the mutie terrorists known to be operating in the area. He is highly skilled but has little equipment, and so his results can be erratic at times.

Chirurgon Monque has the ability to fit bionic parts supplied to him, but any characters requiring such an operation will need to provide the necessary components, as Monque cannot get them himself. Monque also manufactures his own pharmaceuticals, and for the right price can provide medi-paks, all types of combat stimms in injector or inhaler form, de-tox doses and his own pain suppressor known as Ease. Ease can be used just like a combat stymm and each dose reduces the character's injury total by D6.

CARDINAL KODAZCKA

A major official amongst the Lucid Tendency faction of the Ecclesiarchy, Kodazcka is pretty much joint ruler of Karis Cephalon, although technically he has only spiritual authority over the

populace. The Lucids are a minimalist, puritanical sect, opposed to indulgence of any kind. Karis Cephalon is one of the heartlands of the Lucids, with a stranglehold over religious belief in the surrounding systems that has lasted for hundreds of years. It is a brave Inquisitor who crosses Kodazcka on his home ground without good reason.

The Cardinal Palaces of Kodazcka are part of the much larger Amethyst Palace, protected by his own elite guard. Recently, the purely ornamental arms of this guard have been supplemented by more practical weapons – a sure sign of the growing tension across the capital and beyond. Should he be called upon to provide forces, he will delegate authority of his personal guard and may even supply one of the four arco-flagellants kept within the palace dungeons. It is rumored that he can also call upon a squad of Battle Sisters supposedly hidden somewhere within the Amethyst Palace's meandering corridors and rooms.

LATHESIA, MUTIE FREEDOM FIGHTER

Lathesia is a fiery teenager who recently took control of the mutant resistance fighters, who until then had been operating in scattered bands. She is wanted by the Imperial authorities for a long list of charges but has yet to be captured. Her latest hideout, in the old royal quarters was raided recently and several of her underlings were killed and others captured. Their interrogations describe Lathesia as a pretty young woman, whose only visible mutations are a slight scabbing of the skin around her joints and jet

black eyes. Some claim she is a prophetess and that her strange eyes allow her to see into the souls of others, but many discount this as wild speculation and legend-building.

Lathesia is a potent enemy and a valued ally, depending on whether she sees you as friend or foe. She has connections throughout the mutant community and has stockpiled many firearms over recent months. She is a little flighty, however, and likely to charge off on some noble crusade without thinking through the consequences properly. Some believe she craves martyrdom.

'RED' IVAN, ARMS MERCHANT

Ivan Constantine, or 'Red' as he is commonly known due to his many burn scars from a explosion several years ago, is one of the few merchants licensed to sell weaponry on Karis Cephalon. He has access to a wide variety of equipment and is not above risking his license on occasion to provide arms with no questions asked, or to seek out more exotic wargear.

Ivan can be found in Cephalon, the planet's capital, where he has a large warehouse protected by a veritable army of guards. His irregular shipments from offworld arrive at the local spaceport and would make a perfect target for a heist, if planned properly. On the other hand, Ivan bears a grudge like no other, and if you cross him, he will do everything in his considerable power to ensure that one morning you don't wake up, whether you're a scabrous mutie rebel or an Inquisitor.

Following on from last month's article detailing the process of painting the new Inquisitor Eisenhorn figure, this month we focus on the awesome Magos Delphan Gruss. We spoke with Martin Footitt, of our 'Eavy Metal team, on how he went about painting the model.

'EAVY METAL MASTERCLASS



Magos Delphan Gruss by Martin Footitt

GETTING STARTED

I fitted the pieces together in a dry run before fixing the figure to its base. First I glued the legs, then the body and then the head. After pinning the arms into place I filled any gaps I found with green stuff. The tabard would cover much of the front of the model so I was able to leave this area. I left off the extra components such as the book, parchment and tabard until later.

I had a choice of which mekadendrites I wanted to use and six locations on the figure to place the four cables. It is worth playing around with some different combinations to decide which ones you want to use and where you want them to be attached. I bent the cables into shape before pinning my chosen attachments with copper wire. At this stage I did not want the cables fixed to the model, so I did not glue them into place. Instead I made a note of which one went where, before attaching them to flying stands to be painted separately.

The parchment and the tabard needed to be slightly modified for the best possible fit. I was able to bend the tabard with pliers, but the parchment was a little thicker, so I filed this down

slightly to make it easier to manipulate.

Finally, the model and components were ready for an undercoat spray of Chaos Black.

PAINTING THE MODEL

I usually take my inspiration for a color scheme from a wide number of sources. Historical books, films and even the internet I find to be great places to generate ideas. Fortunately, in the case of Magos Delphan Gruss, I was able to talk to Gary Morley to gain some insight into his conceptual themes behind sculpting the character. (For a more detailed insight into the color scheme behind Delphan Gruss see page 128 of the Inquisitor rulebook.)

I usually start a figure by painting the largest area first. With Gruss this was his robe, which I painted with a shade tone of Bestial Brown. I mixed Bestial Brown in equal parts with Snakebite Leather for the next stage in the highlighting process. After this was dry, I painted Snakebite Leather on its own, then made a mix of equal parts of Snakebite Leather and Bubonic Brown, highlighting over the Snakebite Leather with this. I repeated this process, gradually lightening each

mix, moving from Bubonic Brown to Bleached Bone, then through to Skull White for the final highlights on the very edges of his robes.

To create the pallid flesh color on his arms, I used a small amount of Chaos Black mixed with Dwarf Flesh. Over this shade tone I painted Dwarf Flesh on to the model. I lightened the mix by adding a small amount of Fortress Grey with a small quantity of Skull White mixed in for the final highlight.

The shade tone for the tabard was Chaos Black mixed in equal parts with

Scab Red. I then basecoated this with Scab Red on its own. The highlights were done with a small quantity of Fiery Orange added to Red Gore which I painted on the outermost folds and edges.



FINE DETAIL

Next I decided to concentrate on painting the metallic cables on the figure. For these I selected three different metal finishes to use, deciding beforehand which pipes would be painted in which colors.

The first of the metallic finishes I created using Boltgun Metal as a basecoat. I highlighted this with Chainmail before giving it a further highlight of Mithril Silver. Once dry, I gave the cables a Chestnut Ink wash to create a rusted appearance.

For the second set I painted a basecoat of Chaos Black, highlighting with Fortress Grey before giving the cable a Blue Ink wash.





The last set I gave a basecoat of Tin Bitz which I drybrushed with Beaten Copper. I added a small amount of Mithril Silver to the Beaten Copper as a final highlight. I also

used this finish to paint his feet but added a final glaze with a mix of Black and Flesh Wash inks.



I used a combination of the first two methods to paint his face mask, taking care to avoid painting the hood, although I knew if I made a mistake it would be easy to

cover over with Bleached Bone and Skull White. The lens on the eyes I painted with a basecoat of Red Gore, using a highlight of Fiery Orange.

The weaponry was painted next, and I wanted to give the impression of an enameled surface. This was a simple process of painting a basecoat of Chaos Black, then painting the sharp edges with a small amount of Chainmail and a final highlight of Mithril Silver.



To paint the ancient parchment I used a basecoat of Dark Flesh, then I highlighted this with Vermin Brown using horizontal brush sweeps. Finally I used Bleached Bone mixed in equal parts with the Vermin Brown to



highlight the edges of the parchment. I didn't try to write any proper text; instead, with a fine detail brush, I painted archaic symbols using small, intercrossed lines.

The writing on the hem of the robe I painted by going over the raised wording with a basecoat of Chaos Black. Once this had dried, I painted over the words with Shining Gold followed by a highlight of Burnished Gold.



THE FINISHING TOUCHES

For the cog around his neck, I carefully painted a thin line parallel to the edge of the hood with Red Gore. I thickened this line up before painting



small marks equidistant from each other. I then carefully painted these marks to represent the square teeth of the cogwheel.

Stage 1



Stage 2



Stage 3



Stage 4



The only piece on the model left to paint was the vial on his tabard. I painted the liquid in this so that it lay horizontal. I based the figure with the model still attached to the base. Gluing some small pieces of cut up plasticard onto the base, I painted



these using the same techniques I had used for his feet. Next I painted the base with a layer of PVA, using a wet brush to wipe away any glue that had come into contact with the model, before dipping the base into a container of coarse sand.

Once the glue was dry I used Snakebite Leather as a basecoat, adding increasing amounts of Bleached Bone as a highlight color and drybrushing this on a number of times until I achieved the desired effect.



Finally, I sprayed the model with matt varnish and, once dry, I used a brush to paint a gloss varnish over the metallic sections such as the cables and weaponry. I also painted gloss varnish on his red eye lens and on the vial to give them a glassy effect.

VARNISHING



This month Paul sets himself the task of creating the bulk of his Inquisitor battlefield. In fact, he is going to construct the buildings, overhead gantries and even a board for it all to be placed on.

Let's see how he did it.

SCENERY WORKSHOP

Building an Inquisitor battlefield, part 2

WHAT YOU WILL NEED FOR THIS MONTH'S SCENERY WORKSHOP:

- Rabbit hutch wire (available at pet shops)
- Three sheets of 4' x 2' MDF board
- Foamcore
- A selection of textured wallpaper, card and plasticard
- Ready mixed filler
- Masking tape
- Right angled plastic rod
- Plastic tube (an old pen tube will do)
- Your bits box
- Textured paint (sand, water and PVA glue)
- Chaos Black spray paint
- Chaos Black, Codex Grey, Skull White, Boltgun Metal, Tin Bitz, Dwarf Bronze, Chestnut Ink and Black Ink Citadel Paint
- PVA (white) glue, super glue

YOU WILL ALSO NEED THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

A 2" brush, small drybrush, tank brush, detail brush, cutting mat, metal ruler, modeling knife, modeling saw, metal file, pin vice, sculpting tool, clippers & pen or pencil.

Most of these tools are available in our Tool Kit available at your local Games Workshop store.

With the completion of the storage tanks in last month's Scenery Workshop I was eager to see how they could be used in a game but, of course, the five tanks that I had created so far were simply not enough terrain to fill a battlefield. With that in mind I set myself the task of bulking out the board by creating the main elements of the battlefield (well, enough terrain to cover an area 4' x 4' at least). The one particular aspect of this project that I had been looking forward to creating since my very first drawings was the long corridors with their very dark and enclosed feeling. However, I could only create the corridors by constructing the buildings that ran their length and the overhead gantries that enclosed them.

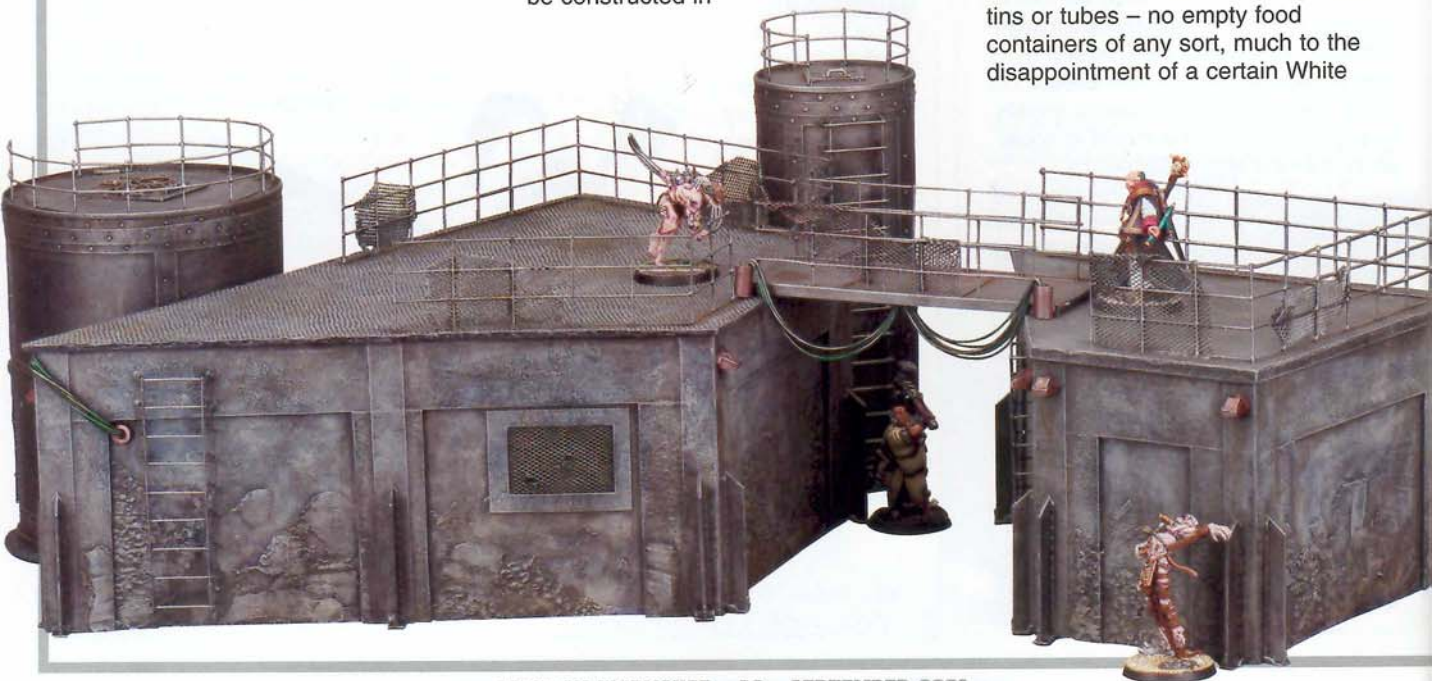
With so much terrain planned for construction, another element of the battlefield required my attention: a themed board for the finished terrain to sit on would also have to be built.

Because of the large amount of terrain that needed to be constructed in

such a short time (nine Inquisitor scale buildings, seven gantries and a 6' x 4' themed board) I made the decision to keep the construction very simple (no rivets this month!). The buildings themselves would be simple boxes constructed from foamboard. However, I would then add very simple and quick architectural details to my boxes with layers of card. Then I'd create some interesting effects for the walls using textured wallpaper and ready mixed filler, and, of course, the occasional embellishment from my bits box wouldn't hurt.

The decision to make all the scenery free standing was made at the earliest stage of the project. This was so that we could make different battlefields by simply rearranging the terrain to form new and varied set-ups. This, of course, meant that the overhead gantries which connected the buildings together would also need to move around but still be free standing. To help with the construction of the battlefield there would have to be a very definite plan.

For this article I didn't use any empty tins or tubes – no empty food containers of any sort, much to the disappointment of a certain White



Dwarf editor. Everything was going to be built from basic materials such as foamcore, card and, of course, my favorite and ever useful rabbit hutch wire!

Before you begin building anything you are going to need a large flat area for you to do your modeling on. If you are using the kitchen or dining room table, make sure it's well protected before you start. A couple of layers of newspaper will protect against spillage, but 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. Next, make sure that the tools you need are at hand and any unneeded clutter is removed.

Before you start have a read through this article. Remember, this is only a guide to the terrain that I made – feel free to experiment and try your own ideas.

1. The first thing I would need was the actual board itself. For this I visited the local wood supplier and picked up three sheets of 4' x 2' MDF which would make our 6' x 4' board. Having three smaller sheets makes it much easier to store and you can, of course, use a smaller board for a game if you wish.

With my three 2' x 4' sheets of MDF arranged before me, and using my original drawing as a guide, I began transferring the plan directly on to the board. This allowed me to see for the first time the actual size and positions of all the buildings. I then cut the basic shapes of all my buildings from foamcore.



2. Foamcore is made from two pieces of thin card which sandwich a layer of expanded foam. Unfortunately, when this is undercoated with a spray paint it melts. So, to stop this from happening, I covered the exposed edges of my foamcore with a layer of masking tape.



3. For the walls of my buildings I cut lengths of foamcore 120mm wide and then glued these together to create my basic box shapes.



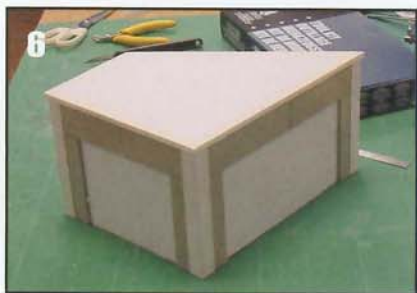
4. To help with later stages of construction I allowed the roof to overlap the walls, and with that my simple box was complete. Now it was time to add some detail.



5. To create the impression of large reinforced columns holding my buildings together, I cut strips of thick card 30mm wide and glued these just below the roof and to all the corners of my boxes.



6. I then cut lengths of thin card 30mm wide. After folding these in half I cut and glued one piece to each corner of my buildings creating a second layer of detail.



7. I then applied texture to the walls of my buildings by sticking on small patches of textured wallpaper, which I had torn into small irregular shapes. Onto this, using my handy sculpting tool, I applied a very thin layer of ready mixed filler.



TOP TIP

Plasticard is a very versatile material to use, and is available in a variety of styles and textures, which represent everything from water to stone walls but, when using large quantities, it can be quite expensive. However, there is an inexpensive alternative – wallpaper!



Next time you are in your local hardware store have a good look through the different styles of wallpaper that are on display. You'll probably find that the humble roll is available in a variety of textures, some of which have textured effects comparable to that of plasticard and for only a tiny fraction of the price. Furthermore, if you turn your paper over you'll find that the underside has a completely different effect from the front, giving you two textures for the price of one.

DETAILING YOUR BUILDINGS

You can, of course, add extra little details to your own buildings, and after a quick rummage through my bits box, I came up with the following ideas:



I used garden wire to create exposed, sagging cables.



Hanging chains.

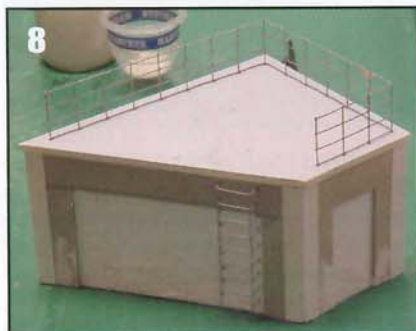


I made this vent from a piece of mesh.

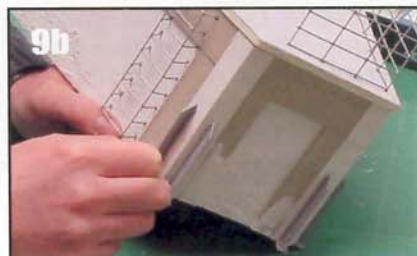


The sensor array from the Vindicator tank makes a perfect wall lamp to light darkened corridors.

8. To add some detail to the very flat and featureless roof of my building, I cut and glued on a piece of finely detailed wallpaper. I then created a set of safety railings and a ladder using my favorite material of all – rabbit hutch mesh (for more details see last month's Scenery Workshop). When attaching the railings I left open areas so that I could place my gantries.



9. To emphasize the architectural nature of the buildings I decided to add another level of detail. Using my clippers I cut the metal tank traps from the barricades frame into separate metal struts and glued these to the corners of my buildings.



10. My building was now ready to be painted, so I undercoated it using a black undercoat spray, and, using Codex Grey, I drybrushed over the whole of it. I then picked out the metal railings with Boltgun Metal and pieces from the Vindicator with Brazen Brass, and, to emphasize the textured effect on the walls I applied a mixed wash of Black and Chestnut Ink.

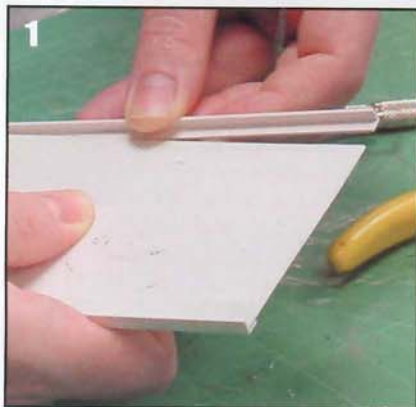


Within the darkened corridors, Severina and Sevara hunt their victims.

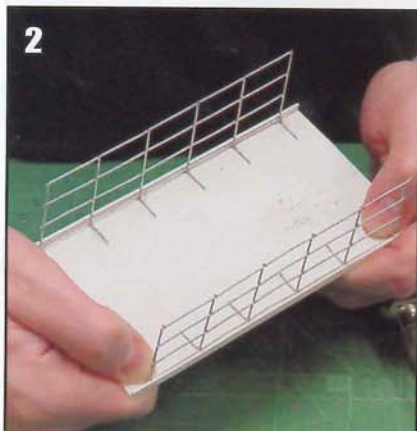
GANTRIES AND WALKWAYS

Walkways would connect the buildings together and allow Inquisitor models to move around on two levels, but most of all they would help to create enclosed corridors and give me a platform from which I could hang cables and chains. However, because I was building free standing terrain I would also need to create a set of gantries which could be placed in different positions. Having planned out the board and its buildings I was able to measure the width of the corridors and get an average distance which I would use to build all the gantries. All that was left now was to build them.

1. To start with I cut a length of plasticard 150mm in length and 65mm wide. This would form my platform and be long enough to bridge the gap and overlap by a small amount. I also cut two pieces of right angled plastic strip and glued one piece along each long edge of the platform.

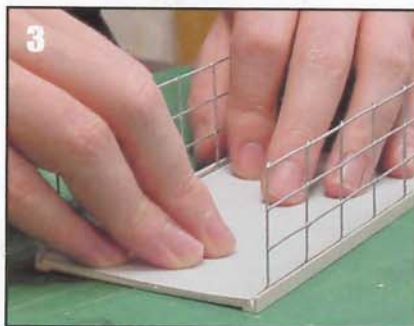


2. I then created a set of railings from the rabbit mesh and attached these to the platform (again, for more details of how I did this take a look at last month's Scenery Workshop).



High above the corridor, two warriors clash.

3. Using a sheet of plasticard with a heavy industrial texture, I cut a piece 150mm in length and 60mm wide which would make the floor of the walkway and, once glued, would hide the legs of the railings.



4. To create the hanging cables I cut six strands of garden wire of roughly equal lengths and grouped them together using masking tape.

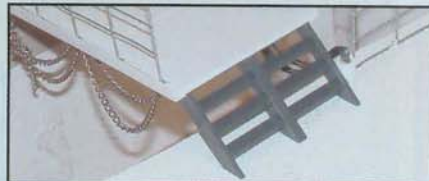


DETAILING YOUR GANTRIES

You can, of course, add extra details to your own overhead gantries. After a quick look through my bits box, I built the following examples:



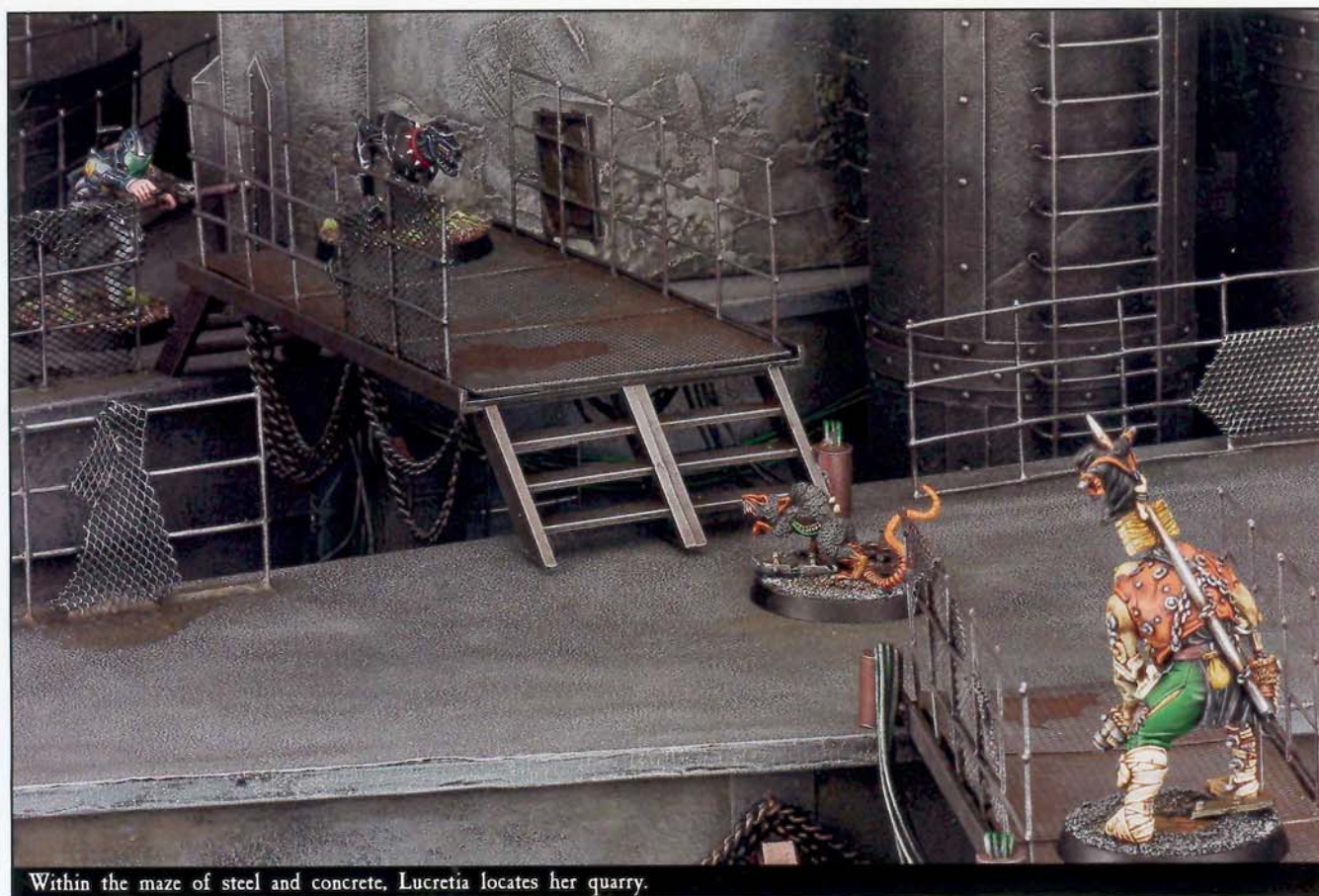
Again, I used some old chain hung loosely from the underside of this gantry.



Here I attached a set of ready made steps available from model shops.

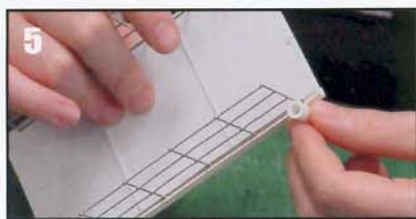


To provide a small amount of protection for any model caught in the open I glued the hatch covers from the ammo crates frame to the railings of this gantry.

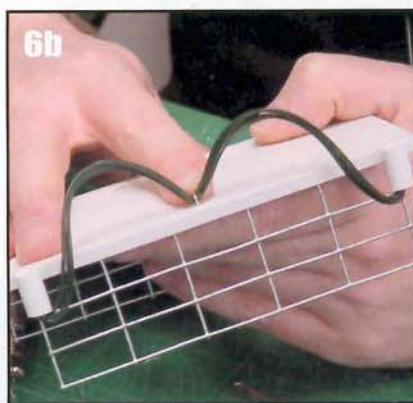


Within the maze of steel and concrete, Lucretia locates her quarry.

5. I took a piece of plastic tubing (a tube from an old pen is perfect for this) and cut two small pieces. These were then glued to each end of the gantry.



6. I then glued the strands of garden wire into the tubes. This now means that when the gantry is placed on a building it will look as if the wire is running into and out of the buildings. I then bent the wire to create hanging loops of heavy cables and secured it in place with the rounded end of a paper clip, which I drilled two holes for and glued in place.



7. My gantry was now ready to be painted, so I gave it an undercoat of Chaos Black spray. When the undercoat was dry I drybrushed the entire piece with Tin Bitz.



8. I then drybrushed the entire model again, this time using Boltgun Metal. To create the odd areas of rust and dirt, I applied patches of Black Ink and Chestnut Ink.



THE BOARD

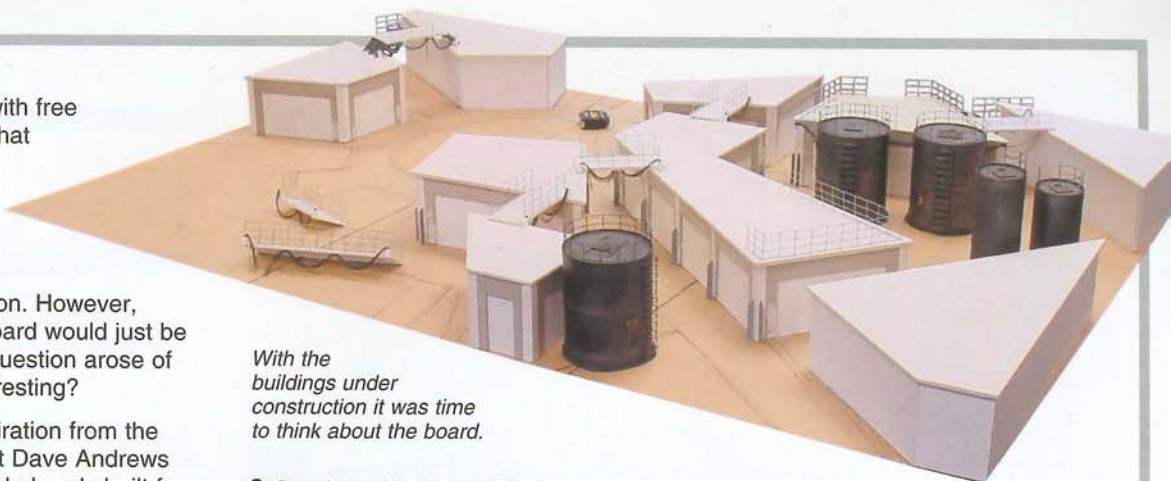
The only problem with free standing terrain is that the board it is to be used on must remain flat so that you can place your terrain in any position. However, a flat featureless board would just be too boring, so the question arose of how to make it interesting?

For this, I took inspiration from the Inquisitor board that Dave Andrews and Mark Jones had already built for the Inquisitor game featured in WD257. To add interest to what was basically a flat board, they used textured wallpaper, plasticard, textured paint and a lot of careful drybrushing to bring it to life.

1. First, I took a selection of textured wallpapers and plasticard and cut a variety of geometric shapes in different sizes.



2. I then glued my collection of shapes randomly to my three sheets of MDF, and, to give the space between my shapes some detail, I painted the entire surface of the board with textured paint.



With the buildings under construction it was time to think about the board.

3. Starting with Chaos Black as my base color I drybrushed the entire board with Codex Grey. This would highlight all of the geometric shapes I had glued down earlier, but to highlight them further and pick them out as the main feature of the board I lightly drybrushed their edges with Boltgun Metal.



4. For a final touch I made some stencils from thin card and used these to add geometric blocks of color to the board. To help it survive the rigors of gaming I sprayed it with a layer of Matt varnish, and, with that, the board was finished.



Slick has his enemy just where he wants him.

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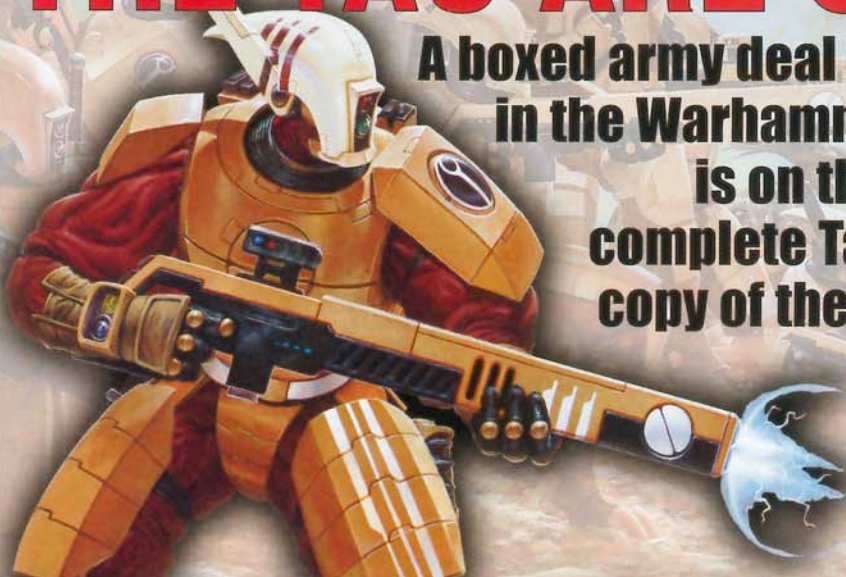
Throughout the month of September, Games Workshop Hobby Centers will be hosting a month-long tournament where you and a teammate will be able to join forces and smash the competition to achieve personal glory (not to mention a rather valuable reward). Here are the initial details:

- Complete rules for the Tournament will be available at your local Games Workshop store beginning August 6th.
- Registration will begin Monday, August 20th and will be open until Sunday, August 26th.
- The registration fee will be \$30.00 per pair of players.
- The tournament will begin on Monday, September 3rd and end on Sunday, September 30th.
- You will each need a 1000 point Warhammer 40,000 army, constructed using the available army codex, or the basic list from the 40K rulebook if no codex exists.
- The tournament will take place over the course of a four week period, with a different scenario (available at the store) each week.
- All games must be played at the local store you registered in, and you can only play against the same team a maximum of three times during one week.
- There will be two pairs of National Champions, one pair each in the United States and Canada. Each player will receive a \$2,500 shopping spree at their local Games Workshop store.

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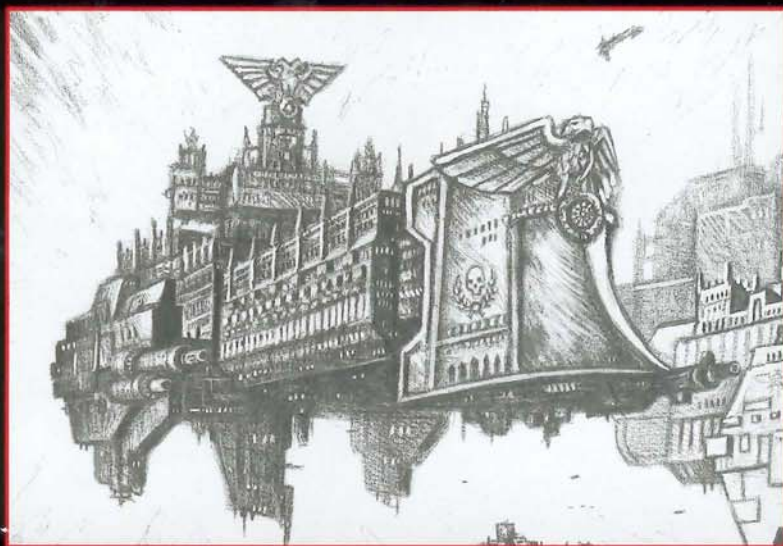
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Make sure you sign up early for Rogue Trader Tournaments, as they tend to sell out! You don't want to be left out of the action!

TAKE COMMAND!

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ROGUE TRADER TOURNAMENT

Astronomi-con in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

During the last weekend in May over four dozen gamers converged on Winnipeg to battle it out in a Rogue Trader Tournament of epic proportions. Conceived by **Mike Major** and **Christian Augst** during the drive back from the 1999 Chicago Grand Tournament, the *Astronomi-con* was a year in the making.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TAKE A YEAR TO PLAN SOMETHING?

Not content with people merely playing in a tournament, Mike and Christian decided they wanted more out of their event. They wanted something that would leave people talking for months. They certainly accomplished that goal by hosting and running one of the best tournaments ever. What did they do that made this tournament so great? Fifty different tables, each with its own scenery set-up and scenario. That's right, fifty different scenarios so no player would have to play the same game all weekend!

PLAYTESTING GALORE!

Harnessing the power of their gaming club - The Taken, and other area stores and gamers, Mike and Christian spent a year tweaking and perfecting all the scenarios they came up with - from the awesome firebase scenario with working lights, which used a mix of Night Fighting rules, to the dreaded Baneblade table which saw dozens of vehicles and soldiers meet their doom at the hands of this Super-heavy tank. In addition, everybody helped out by donating

all their scenery so no table would be barren, which in turn meant there were some truly awesome looking tables!

GAMERS KNOW NO BOUNDS

The Astronomi-con attracted players from all over - one player with family in tow flew in from as far away as Texas! Head Fanatic **Jervis Johnson** could have grabbed the furthest travelled (he was the special guest, so we guess that disqualifies him...), hailing all the way from Nottingham, England. That just shows you how hyped people were to play in this event that they would fly thousands of miles to play in this



Above: Christian Augst, a fanatical Space Wolf player who definitely knows his way around a brush.

Below: Mike Major, who you've seen grace the pages of *White Dwarf* before with his tactics articles. Both these guys are found guilty of being Warhammer 40,000 enthusiasts to the highest degree!



Above: The Firebase had real working lights! This scenario was based on Night Fighting rules and the objective was to get as many points of models onto the base as possible. The catch was since the Firebase was lit, meaning any models on it could be fired upon without the Night Fighting restrictions!



Above: Jervis' Reviler Space Marines battle it out through the tightly packed streets of a ruined town. It was here that Jervis wished he could take advantage of the City Fight rules he had been playtesting earlier in the week. Kudos to Chris Broeska for this terrain!



Above: Christian Augst's Space Wolf Emperor's Champion model. What you can't see is that Christian hand paints a full starfield background on all of his Space Wolf shoulder pads!



Above: The Overall Winner Mario Rocha's, Space Wolves



Top Left Center and Below Left Center: Just a few of Randy Wagners amazing Dark Eldar conversions. Here a 'bug' is splattered on the Raider's 'windshield'. Even a whole page wouldn't be enough to show all of Randy's awesome army!



Hall of Heroes

Overall:
Mario Rocha - Space Wolves

Best Sportsman:
Randy Wagner - Dark Eldar

Best Painted:
Ian Stewart - Chaos

Best General:
Steve Brown - Imperial Guard

Best Army:
Dave Handy - Speed Freaks

Best Under 18:
Aaron Streik - Salamanders



Left: All who played in the RTT will be entered into the Hall of Heroes but these players are the commanders who rose to the top!

big Rogue Trader Tournament. Trust us, it was worth the trip.

STUNNING ARMIES!

One of the best things about playing in a tournament is seeing all the cool armies. Some people go to great lengths to model and paint their forces and a Rogue Trader Tournament is the perfect place to show them off!

BATTLE REPORT: FUN TIME HAD BY ALL

Two days of gaming is fun. Two days of great opponents, awesome scenarios and cool scenery is bordering on Nirvana! Without a doubt everybody had a blast, and all plan on coming back next year as Mike and Christian look to make the Astronomi-Con an annual affair. We suggest that you keep an eye out for this Rogue Trader Tournament next May! You can check out their website for any updates at: www.astronomi-con.com and see what is in the pipeline for next year. In addition, check out www.thetaken.org, the club Mike and Christian belong to, for the inside scoop on what fun events this great gaming club is putting together in the meantime.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'LL FIND!

Every Rogue Trader Tournament is different. You never know who will show up or what cool extras will be employed - this is all part of the fun! Heck, you even get your name in lights in the Hall of Heroes for every Rogue Trader Tournament you play in, so why haven't you participated in one yet? Check out the listing of Rogue Trader Tournaments taking place near you on page 76 & 77 or log onto the Games Workshop website: www.games-workshop.com and head to the Events section to get the latest scoop on tournament locations and rules. If you are running a Rogue Trader Tournament, then you should be aiming to try and top this event and claim best run Rogue Trader Tournament for yourself! If you've never been before, then look at all the fun you are missing!



The whole Astronomi-con mob after all is said and done.

TACTICA sees a veteran gamer taking a close look at the strategy and tactics for getting the best out of a particular force or even the game itself. This month, Christian Augst takes a look at the tactics he uses for Space Wolf Scouts.

TACTICA

SPACE WOLF SCOUTS

GETTING THE MOST FROM YOUR WOLF SCOUTS

INTRODUCTION

Wolf Scouts are very different from the Space Marine Scouts found in other Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes. Rather than inexperienced recruits learning what it is to be a Space Marine, Wolf Scouts are full Marines that have left their pack brothers and the formal organization of the Space Wolves Chapter in favor of the life of the lone wolf. Wolf Scouts are called upon to perform missions of infiltration and sabotage. They are self-sufficient and operate in small packs, using surprise and hard-hitting weaponry to their advantage.

The flexibility of their entry in Codex: Space Wolves allows you to do a great many things with your packs of Wolf Scouts. However, you need to decide how your Wolf Scouts will work with your army and overall strategy. How you equip your Scouts should complement the rest of your army and help you achieve your strategic goals.

With the options available, a commander can be tempted to equip his Scouts with all manner of wargear. The downside, though, to giving them too much gear is that often much of it is not used and the points invested end up being wasted. Those points are likely to be better spent on other units. The fact that they are more vulnerable than their powered armor brethren also makes

them an easy target for the enemy. To get the most out of your Scouts, it is vital to equip them to handle a specific role and to use them wisely.

ROLES

The roles of the Wolf Scouts generally fall into two broad categories: anti-armor and anti-personnel. Whichever role you choose will dictate what weapons your Scouts should be equipped with. Anti-armor units should have weapons with a high strength, like a meltagun or melta bombs. Anti-personnel units can be equipped with things such as power weapons, frag grenades and possibly a flamer. Plasma weapons offer a flexible choice, being good against both armor and personnel. A word of caution: the risk of casualties due to plasma overheating is even greater for Wolf Scouts with their lighter armor, but the rewards often outweigh the risks.

The range at which you decide to fight with your Scouts will also dictate what weapons they employ. Bolters and sniper rifles will allow you to fight at range, while bolt pistols and close combat weapons are clearly for units that will reach close combat. Shotguns allow your scouts to maneuver and keep up a high rate of fire and are most effective against lightly armored troops.

One unit of Wolf Scouts may also be equipped with the wargear options from Codex: Space Marines. This makes them one of the few units in the Space Wolves army that are allowed a heavy weapon. Using their Infiltrators ability, they can be deployed to target the weaker side or rear armor of enemy vehicles, or to target troops hidden from the rest of your forces.

WOLF GUARD LEADER

Wolf Scout packs may be led by a Wolf Guard Leader, who then gains all of the abilities of the Wolf Scouts he's joined. This puts them on a par with a normal Space Marine Veteran Sergeant. Their higher Leadership and fighting abilities are a welcome addition to the Wolf Scouts, as the pack will be more likely to win assaults and less likely to fail Fall Back tests – very important when operating behind enemy lines.

DEPLOYMENT

How you deploy your Wolf Scouts depends again on many factors. Their role and equipment will be the biggest factor, but you also need to consider the mission and the enemy army. Just because you can operate behind enemy lines doesn't mean you should in every mission. Sometimes



Space Wolf Scouts emerge from cover, after destroying the Leman Russ from behind.

the circumstances exist where infiltrating or even deploying them normally can be to your advantage.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

Operating behind enemy lines has its risks and rewards. Caging opponents can go to great lengths to protect their vulnerable units from attacks from the rear, sometimes even deploying units as a rearguard, thereby ignoring the rest of your army in favor of covering their assets. Be sure to take advantage of this with the rest of your forces.

Rearguard forces are generally going to be unable to respond to other events on the battlefield, effectively keeping them immobile with poor lines of sight to the enemy. Take advantage of this by moving your units to areas where these rearguard forces do not have line of sight. Having the rest of your army launch an assault in the vicinity of these rearguard units presents your opponent with a very tough decision, as moving them will open up the units they are guarding to a potential Wolf Scout attack.

Far too often Wolf Scouts are wasted trying to take out a single vehicle or powerful squad. A few bad dice rolls can leave them deep in enemy territory surrounded on all sides by hostiles with no way out. This should be avoided at all costs. Enemy units will be able to shoot and assault the vulnerable Scouts and a failed fallback check could wipe out the entire unit in a disastrous cross-fire. It should also be noted that having your Wolf Scouts wiped out in such an assault gives your opponent the opportunity to make dramatic moves with his units, thanks to the advance moves at the end of the Assault phase. To avoid the worst of this a good tactic is to pick on a flank, avoiding the bulk of the enemy and potential counter-attack.

Sometimes the risk of taking a shot at a juicy target like a tank is worth it, but try to have an enemy unit nearby to assault to make the most of your surprise attack. Wolf Scouts are safer stuck in combat than stuck in the open. Picking on isolated units is also a good idea, as enemy units will be unable to respond quickly to your attack.

Operating behind enemy lines isn't a sure thing. The unpredictable nature of bringing them on from reserve can mess up your plans, exposing your units to fire from threats you had earmarked for your Scouts to deal with. It could be several turns before your Scouts do in fact turn up or maybe even not at all, those times when the dice are not cooperating! The bottom line: don't let your entire battle plan rest on the shoulders of your Wolf Scouts.

SUPPORT

Wolf Scouts can support your forces by engaging threats that the rest of your army may not be in a position to deal with. A good example of this is a squad of Eldar Dark Reapers screened behind a squad of Guardians. By engaging the Dark Reapers, the rest of your forces are spared the fire from not only the

Hemlar's eyes shone in the reflected light from the dozen fires that lit the darkened avenue. The acrid scent of expended ordnance complemented the thunder coming from the nearby rebel artillery positions. A partially collapsed building offered cover for Hemlar and his pack of Wolf Scouts as they surveyed the deserted street for rebel soldiers.

The arrival of the Space Wolves to quell this rebellion had forced the rebel commander's hand, leading to the destruction of much of the city by the heavy shelling. Skirmishes in the streets brought the attention of the rebels' big guns, forcing the Imperial forces to resort to hit and run tactics and eventually withdraw. In the confusion over the course of the day, Hemlar and his Wolf Scouts had managed to avoid much of the fighting and eventually outflank the rebels, swinging around behind their big guns. Hemlar knew the rest of the Space Wolves would launch a new offensive under the cover of darkness and it would be up to his pack to silence the artillery, throwing the rebels into confusion.

With darkness now upon them, Hemlar and his Wolf Scouts silently rose from their position. Staying deep in the shadows, they made their way up the street toward the unsuspecting rebel guns.

Dark Reapers, but from whatever other enemy units are sent to deal with your Scouts.

Wolf Scouts need the support of friendly units perhaps more than those units need the Wolf Scouts. Their light armor won't hold up forever against the enemy, so the rest of your Space Wolves need to do their part. Having your Scouts deploy near a friendly unit allows both of them to support each other. This mutual support forces your opponent to deal with two threats on a narrow front and concentrates your forces against a weaker enemy.

CONCLUSION

Wolf Scouts are a versatile unit in the Space Wolves army. Whatever role they fill is an important consideration when designing your army, for their skills can turn the tide of battle – but they can't win the battle by themselves. The rest of the army has to be able to capitalize on any advantages gained by the Wolf Scouts and should still be able to fight effectively without them.



Index Astartes



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

THE CURSED FOUNDING

An investigation into
a mysterious Space
Marine founding

by Graham McNeill

To:	Inquisitor Belial
From:	Inquisitor Apollyon
Date:	999.M41
Subject:	Excavation of Adeptus Mechanicus geno-lab
Thought for the Day:	Strength through stability

Fellow Inquisitor, I contact you now with grave news. A matter has arisen on the world of Incunabla that may well threaten the delicate balance of the Imperium we strive to preserve. I have taken steps to remedy this situation, ordering a detachment of Grey Knights to the planet, but fear that events may have already progressed too far. I believe that our Thorian 'brothers' in the Inquisition have once again attempted to make their wild and heretical beliefs a reality. Only time will tell whether I have acted in time.

An agent of mine, inserted within the Adeptus Mechanicus some years ago, recently reported disturbing news from an archaeological site on the dead world of Incunabla. Details were slow in forthcoming, but it seemed clear that buried deep within the rock of this barren world were secrets that have lain undiscovered these last five thousand years. Secrets regarding a founding of the Adeptus Astartes Space Marines sometimes referred to as the Cursed Founding. Having intercepted and examined the majority of the Adeptus Mechanicus Astropathic transmissions, I believe that elimination of this site is the only viable option open to us. Such technology has no place in the Imperium if we are to preserve its stability. I present my findings to you and await further guidance.

Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36

Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus

Date: 998.M41, days 23 - 38

DAY 23 - 27

Despite the frequent, curt reassurances from Brother Lequara that we were in the correct location, our initial investigations into the anomalous readings which our divination auguries registered were less than promising. Incunabla is a desolate place, indeed, and what Lequara expected to find so close to holy Terra was quite beyond me. Surely anything of promise would have been revealed to the Adepts of the Machine God before now? However, he does seem to have considerable sway with the Departmento Munitorum, and the funding, equipment and supplies he has provided for our expedition have proven to be most useful. Therefore, I was inclined to indulge his fantasy that there was something worth excavating on Incunabla, while secretly deciding how best to obtain more equipment from him. How wrong I was to be proved!

DAY 28 - 33

After much to-ing and fro-ing we were finally able to triangulate the anomalous readings and descended to the planet's surface. The location of the readings proved to be a jagged black mountain peak surrounded by a

highly volatile magnetic field and despite such a hazardous external environment, Brother Lequara demanded that we immediately don pressure suits and venture outside. Almost as soon as the Explorator team stepped beyond the protective hexes of the crawler, systems began to fail on our pressure suits. I believe that the strong magnetic field and lack of a proper blessing had angered the machine spirits and caused them to rail against such treatment. In response, Lequara activated a device the likes of which I have never seen before, and this seemed to calm the machine spirits of our suits. As I craned forwards for a closer look at this device he concealed it from my view, and, admonishing us to continue forward, he led us towards the mountain.

We trudged ever upwards, the sky darkening and the temperature dropping rapidly. I advised Lequara that we should return to the crawler and continue our exploration on the morrow, but he would have none of it. I continued to urge him to reconsider, and he shot me a look of utter ruthlessness such that I shall never forget. As we neared the top of the peak, we came upon a small ledge that apparently ended at a sheer basalt rock face. I say apparently because as we halted, Lequara muttered a few words into the strange device he carried and a section of the rock seemed to blur and shift as though caught in some kind of optical distortion. I stood amazed as revealed

before us was a scarred adamantium door clearly marked with the Imperial Eagle. The door resisted all our attempts at opening it, and Lequara at last decided to wait until the following day when we would be able to bring up the powerful las-cutters he had furnished us with.

DAY 34 - 36

The door proved to be more resilient than I had originally thought, and it was several days before we were able to effect an entry. Once inside, we discovered a shattered elevator shaft descending into the depths of the peak and were forced to rig a cable harness since it appeared that the elevator was no longer operational. Brother Lequara was the first to descend on the harness and, as he disappeared into the darkness of the shaft, I noticed the markings on its walls. What I had at first taken for corrosion damage I now realized was in fact laser scoring and impacts from small arms fire. Briefly I wondered what events had transpired here, but these were quickly forgotten as I imagined the secrets we might discover in this abandoned peak. For a moment I even dared hope for a fully functioning STC system!

DAY 37

At last we were within the corridors of the base, and, I confess, my sense of trepidation was increasing the deeper we ventured. The facility buried beneath the mountain had obviously been the site of a tremendous battle. The walls were riddled with bullet impacts and laser burns and the remains of hastily constructed barricades lay scattered throughout the empty, echoing halls. The place was deserted, and, save for the odd scattered bone, the victims of this battle had either been taken by the victors for some unguessable purpose or had long since decayed to dust. Brother Lequara was like an excited child as we explored the facility and would allow us to touch nothing. It was not until we eventually discovered a laboratory hidden in the heart of the underground complex that we were to learn the true purpose of this place. What I believe that purpose to be is almost too fantastic to relate, but having since perused the scant morsels of data on the base's main logic engine, words cannot begin to convey my excitement to you.

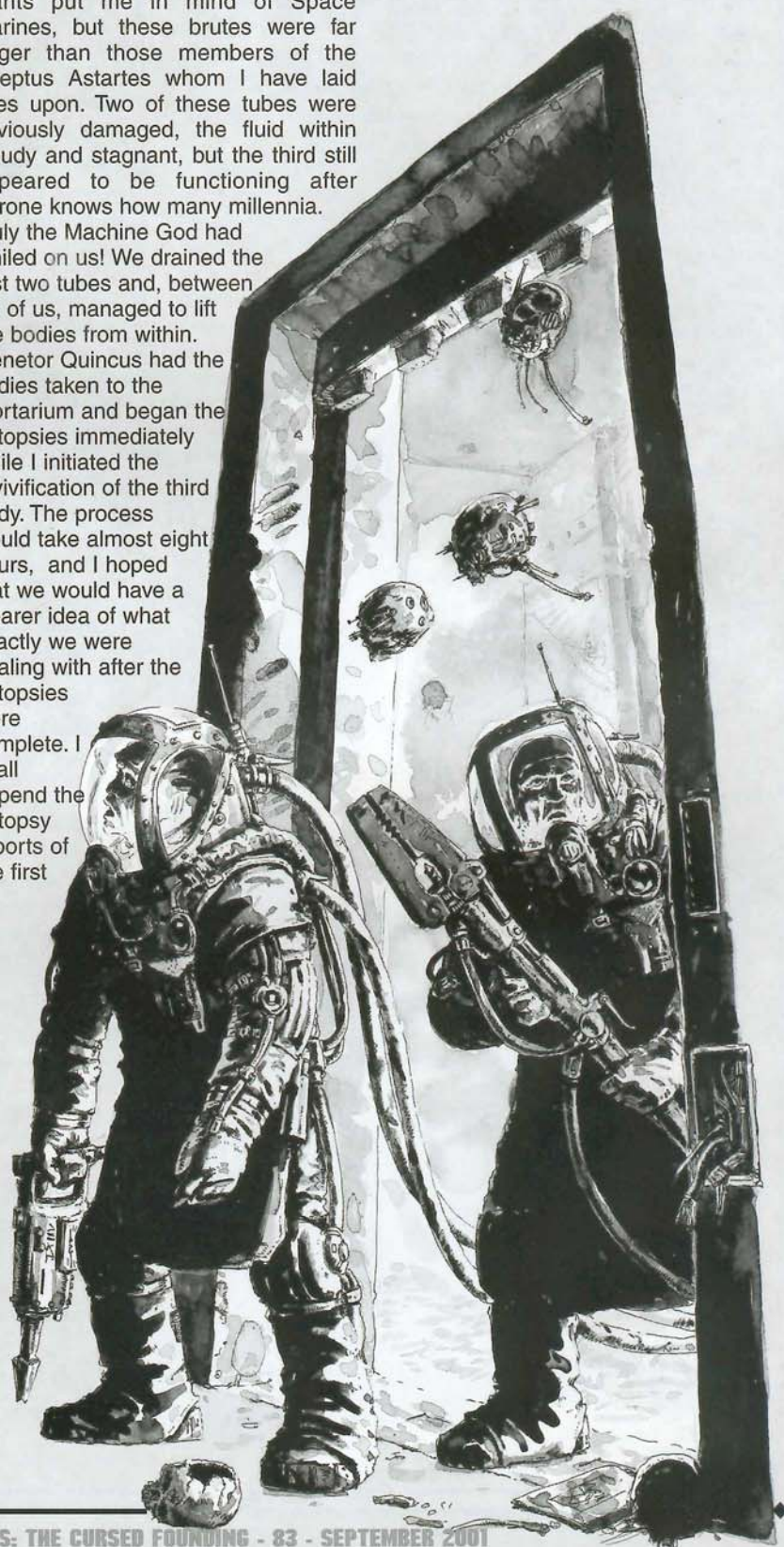
DAY 38

The laboratory we discovered contained a plethora of ancient machines, and my heart leapt to see so much techno-arcana preserved in such

an undamaged condition. But it was the center of the laboratory that demanded my most immediate attention. Connected by vast bundles of pulsing tubes and cables to the machines were six ceiling-height incubation tanks. Three were empty, but the others contained amniotic fluid with an enormous human male floating within them. The physiology of these giants put me in mind of Space Marines, but these brutes were far larger than those members of the Adeptus Astartes whom I have laid eyes upon. Two of these tubes were obviously damaged, the fluid within cloudy and stagnant, but the third still appeared to be functioning after Throne knows how many millennia.

Truly the Machine God had smiled on us! We drained the first two tubes and, between six of us, managed to lift the bodies from within. Genetor Quincus had the bodies taken to the mortarium and began the autopsies immediately while I initiated the revivification of the third body. The process would take almost eight hours, and I hoped that we would have a clearer idea of what exactly we were dealing with after the autopsies were complete. I shall append the autopsy reports of the first

two beings to this log later this evening. Also attached are the fragments of the facility commander's records which I have been able to recover. I am unsure as to their real value, as the recorder of the log appears to be raving and of unsound mind. Nevertheless, I shall append them and allow you to make your own judgement.



AUTOPSY REPORT

Filed by: Genetor Quincus

1. Preliminary visual examination of the bodies proved to be inconclusive as to the cause of death. The skin of the body displayed a soft elastic quality and ruptured in several places on transport to the mortarium. No external puncture wounds were evident, and dermal lividity appeared to indicate that the subject had died less than an hour previous to this examination.

How this is possible is as yet undetermined.

Initial DNA scans revealed many of the amino acid and enzyme chains

still unformed. Combined with evidence of 'hot-housing' the genome, this leads me to believe that the subjects were artificially accelerated to this level of growth and, biologically speaking, may be less than one year old.

2. Despite the lack of tensile strength in the skin, the bone structure beneath proved to be much tougher. Performing a standard 'Y' incision and peeling back the skin and considerable musculature on subject alpha's chest revealed an interlinked growth of highly ossified bone plates that completely armored the chest cavity. It required a laser saw to cut through this 'bone-shield' and the strength of several servitors to break open the rib cage and expose the chest cavity.

3. The interior of the subject's chest cavity contains a number of organs whose purpose is undetermined. Primary heart, lungs, kidneys and liver are present and, in regard to mass to muscle ratio, must have been many times more efficient than even the Space Marines of the present day are known to be. As well as these organs are a number of others of unknown origin. Their functions can only be guessed at and it is beyond my expertise to probe their mysteries. I am familiar with most of the organs unique to the physiology of a Space Marine, yet the ones visible here are unknown to me. These organs have been sealed in stasis jars for transport to the more advanced laboratoria facilities on Mars. Perhaps the genetors there will have more success than I.

4. After the chest cavity had been examined, I removed the cranial lid to expose the subject's brain. Inside was a most curious organism that only superficially resembled a human brain. Its mass and coloration were consistent with a male of such disproportionate size, but there the similarity ended. Dissection of the brain revealed a hitherto unknown configuration of matter, if indeed it was matter, and further organs of unknown nature. Further examination was impossible due to the ultra-rapid necrotizing of the brain after its removal from the cranium. Within minutes it had disintegrated into a fetid puddle of grey ooze. The nature and purpose of this organ is therefore unknown.

5. In summary, it is impossible to say with any certainty how the subjects died. No visible signs of trauma were evident and no viral, bacteriological or toxicological contamination was found. My own conclusion is that the subject's growth was boosted artificially, and they expired when the machinery of the incubation tube failed. I have performed similar examinations on members of the Adeptus Astartes before this and can say with utter certainty that these subjects are far superior to them in every way.



LOG OF BASE COMMANDER

[Note: Many portions of data were lost and only these fragments could be recovered by the Lexmechanics. - Marco -Pteronius.]

Log Entry No: 23

Project Homo Sapiens Novus continues to meet with further success, and I believe that within the next few accelerated evolutionary iterations we may achieve goal of recreating the [fragment destroyed] and imbue them with psychically attuned minds to resist the of Chaos. That we may follow in the footsteps of our Glorious Emperor fills me with pride, and that my name may be spoken of in the same breath is an honor I can scarce believe.

Log Entry No: 29

More warships arrived in orbit today, and I was privileged enough to be allowed to watch as our newest Chapter, the Flame Falcons, boarded the vessels en route to their designated home world of Lethe. To see such fighting men is to have mankind's manifest destiny amongst the stars affirmed. With such enhanced warriors as these fighting for the glory of the Emperor, the of our Imperium is assured.

Log Entry No: 33

I discovered an unusual occurrence in the storage labs today. As I was intoning the evening's Litany of Purity over the gene banks, I espied a dark, viscous liquid running from a stasis vessel. I opened the container and was horrified to discover the vessel overflowing with a stinking, organic substance, growing larger as I watched. Incinerator units destroyed the gene stock, but I am at a loss as to explain its sudden and rapid growth; the material was placed under the proper blessings and rituals. stasis field failed or the genetic corrupted before we placed it in storage. Other than this I can think of no explanation for this phenomena.

Log Entry No: 41

Today I received word from the Apothecaries of the Black Dragons of some irregularities in the zygote development of their first born members. It appears that as their Ossmodula has matured more fully, it has caused the growth of bony protuberances and 'crests' from the forearms and heads of the Space Marines. This is an unexpected side effect and is possibly hormonally stimulated growth. Purity procedures will be reviewed and any deficient zygotes destroyed.

Log Entry No: 44

Reports are coming in daily now of spontaneous mutation in the gene seed of those we have created here. I dread to think of the consequences should the cause of these mutations be traced back to the experiments we performed here. Our

sponsor in these matters, Inquisitor Crescere, has assured me that we proceed with the Emperor's blessing, but as more and more reports of mutation reach us I cannot help but feel a terrible mistake. I have requested that we halt the program until more thorough research is undertaken, but Crescere informed me in no uncertain terms that my life would be over should I fail to continue the work.

Log Entry No: 46

I have secretly begun implantation with six test subjects, in our hidden lab that not even Crescere knows of, to more closely monitor the gene development of our altered subjects. I will subjects' beyond normal parameters in order to observe any aberrations that might not otherwise come to light whilst they are on Incunabla. Perhaps then we will be able to discover the cause of such mutations and rectify the problem before we create more of these cursed How many have already left Incunabla I do not know. Only Crescere may communicate with the other facilities on the planet, and I fear that we may be too late to these abominations this damned world.

Log Entry No: 47

I fear Crescere knows of the secret work I have been undertaking. During this morning's unarmed combat training, two of my test subjects berserk killed thirty of the others collapsing in a pile of mad, thrashing limbs as their bodies went uncontrolled mutation. The things that were left on the floor had only the last vestiges of humanity to their form and the thought of whole Chapters of Space Marines with such defective gene-seed in their bodies fills me with horror and shame. Crescere had the bodies incinerated before we could perform an examination of the corpses and informed me that he was relieving me as head of this facility. Emperor have mercy on my soul, created monsters here! While I can do nothing about those we have already let loose, destroy most of the knowledge stored here. Crescere has locked me out of the most vital systems, but I will do what I can. When he discovers what I have done kill me. I welcome it.

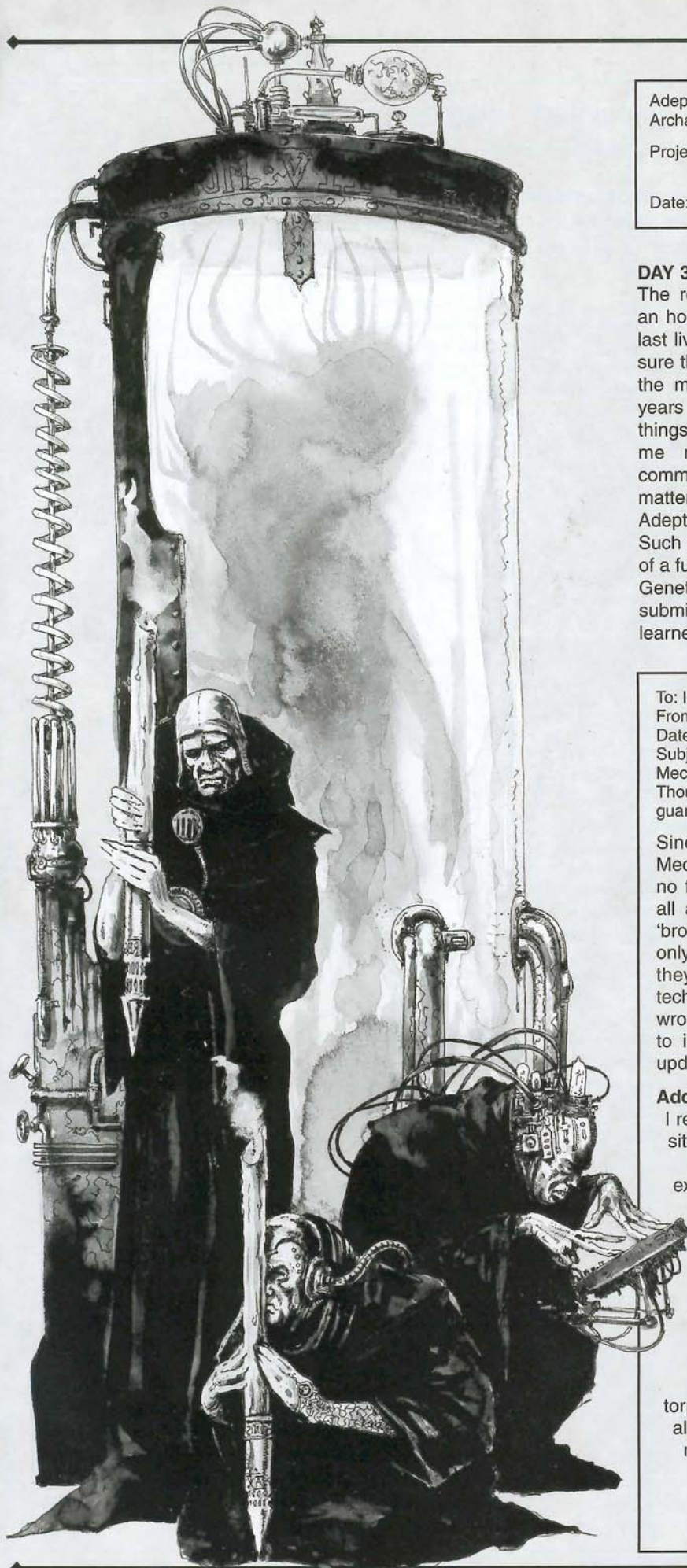
Log Entry No: 49

We were soon to learn that the third of the secret test subjects I created had condemned us all to death. At first it seemed as though his genetic structure had stabilized and we believed that we might yet be able to save the project, but this was to prove our

undoing. It was some months after his removal from the incubation tank and after his combat training was complete that Astropaths in orbit on the Eternity unsanctioned psychic signal originating from our facility. Inquisitor Crescere immediately placed our Astropath onto a pain rack and questioned her fully. It transpired that the girl had not been the source of the signal and now our base required another Astropath for communications. As we pondered the mystery, the vox-caster lines from the Eternity suddenly came alive garbled messages confused screams. It was impossible to make out exactly occurring, yet it was clear that another vessel was attacking the Eternity! A planet-wide broadcast cut across all our communications and the viewscreen displayed a man of the most loathsome I have ever seen. From his build I knew he must be a [fragment destroyed] but his armor was adorned with symbols and runes that made my eyes sting to look upon them. Over his shoulders hunched a grotesque device with obscene mechanical limbs like a spider reaching forward, each one ending in what appeared to be a bizarre weapon or torture device. Drop pods descend to the surface of the planet, and I knew I must attempt to destroy the remaining three subjects in the incubation tubes. Almost as soon as I formed this thought, the door to the command center burst open, and the third of my test subjects smashed his way inside. The figure viewscreen smiled, as though welcoming a long lost son, and I realized at once where the unknown psychic come from. Crescere was the first to die and I am ashamed to say I fled, leaving everyone screaming as they died and the invaders broke inside our base.

Log Entry No: No ref.

For a day and a night I have hidden here screams of my people as the invaders hunted them down and violated their bodies has left me shaking with a terror I cannot quell. It is clear to me now that Project Homo Sapiens Novus doomed from the start. I have sealed off the hidden laboratory and pray that the abominations within never see the light of day. What we did here technology that I fear will return to haunt the Imperium in years to come. I am not long for this life, the pistol sits beside me as I record this and I can only hope that those who find this log will not hate us for what we tried to do here.



Adeptus Mechanicus
Archaeological Expedition TH/21/36

Project Leader: Explorator Magos
Marco Pteronus

Date: 998.M41, day 39

DAY 39

The revivification process continues, and within an hour we should be able to safely remove the last living subject from the incubation tube. I feel sure that this discovery shall be ranked as one of the most significant in the last three thousand years and that we shall learn such wondrous things from this site. Brother Lequara has warned me not to transmit anything offworld or communicate any of our findings, but I felt that this matter outweighed any petty considerations of the Adeptus Terra regarding ownership of this site. Such a discovery merits the immediate attention of a full team of Adeptus Mechanicus Explorators, Genetors, Lexmechanics and Biologis. I therefore submit this report to you and await your most learned counsel.

To: Inquisitor Belial
From: Inquisitor Apollyon
Date: 999.M41
Subject: Excavation of Adeptus
Mechanicus geno-lab
Thought for the Day: Knowledge is dangerous,
guard it well

Since this last entry of the Adeptus Mechanicus research team, there have been no further transmissions from Incunabla and all attempts to discover the true identity of 'brother Lequara' have met with failure. I can only hope that when the Grey Knights arrive they are in time to prevent the sacred technology of this site from falling into the wrong hands. Or that there are survivors left to interrogate. I shall, of course, keep you updated with my findings.

Addendum to report

I regret to inform you that the archaeological site on Incunabla no longer exists. The Grey Knights secured the entrance and began exploration of the facility, but found no trace of the Adeptus Mechanicus team and no sign of their vessel. The site was as bereft of life as a world stripped by the Tyranids. There were no bodies discovered and no evidence of any attackers. Astropaths detected a residual warp trail, but were unable to discern its direction. I have had the site bombed from orbit with cyclonic torpedoes and expunged all record of it from all files. I fear that what was on this world is now gone and we will rue the day that this cursed place was discovered anew.

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Index Astartes

— First Founding —



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

ANGELS OF DEATH

The Blood Angels
Space Marine Chapter

by Phil Kelly

The Blood Angels were once regarded as the most blessed of all the Legions of the Adeptus Astartes, possessed of the bravery and puissant skill of their Primarch, Sanguinius. But the events of the Horus Heresy dealt them a terrible blow, the loss of their angelic forefather himself. His death was so terrible that it left a deep scar in every member of the Legion, and ever since that dark day it is whispered that the Blood Angels have carried a terrible curse within their veins.

Origins

Perhaps the most heretical belief whispered in the shadowy corners of the Imperium is that the Primarchs were touched by Chaos from their very infancy. It is generally thought, among Imperial scholars, that the genetic predecessors of the Adeptus Astartes were indeed taken from their cryo-chambers by the powers of Chaos. Some give credibility to the belief that the powerful magics ensorcelling the infant Primarchs, wrought by the divine Emperor himself, protected them from the depravations of these powers. Yet others would have you believe that, instead of being destroyed, they were cast out to the far corners of the galaxy, denied the shelter and succor that Terra could bestow.

It seems plausible that the powers of Chaos had attempted to pervert and distort the perfect works of the Emperor, but the possibility that one or more of the Primarchs were altered by Chaos at the very beginning of their lives must surely be preposterous.

The inhabitants of the desolate planet of Baal and its twin moons has never been culturally advanced enough to maintain written records of their history. Nevertheless, the oral tradition of the Baalite tribe known as The Blood describes the infant Sanguinius as bearing tiny vestigial wings even when he was first found, in the place now known as Angel's Fall. And not without reason, for Sanguinius was indeed angelic, not just physically, but also within his unblemished soul.

Many of the parables and psalms still recited by The Blood have been transcribed by Blood Angels Librarians over the years (the contemporary equivalents of the first Baalite tribe claim to house remote descendants of the original line) and are kept with reverence in the most holy shrine-archives of the Blood Angels.

Alas, the history of the tribe is unrecorded until the time of Sanguinius's descent. It can only be assumed that they were typical of the tribes of Baal Secundus, a miserable, godless group of individuals

attempting to eke out some kind of existence upon their harsh, irradiated world. Baal Secundus has levels of radiation that would debilitate an unprotected man in seconds. As such, it can be surmised that when the tribe-brothers of The Blood found an unblemished cherub lying safe but naked on the scalding sands of their home world, his back adorned with tiny feathered wings, they considered him a mutant.

Ironically, it is said that many of the tribe wanted to put the one who would later show them salvation to a quick death. Although such ultimate blasphemy is difficult to credit, it must be remembered that at this stage the inhabitants of Baal were little more than barbarians. However, they must have felt the divinity of Sanguinius even before he could speak; compassion prevailed, and the child, in every other respect more perfect and complete than any of those around him, was taken in.

Although the details of Sanguinius's early life are lost to time and memory, the notable events of his childhood have been told and retold so many thousands of times by the Baalite tribes that they are ingrained in racial memory. One of these tales describes how, before he had seen three weeks, he was the size of a child of as many years, fully capable of walking. He exhibited this capacity by wandering from the tribe's vigil, as curious as he was fearless. When his wards finally found him, he had strayed into the lair of a Baalite Fire Scorpion, a grotesque predator which, when rearing up, is twice the height of a man. The unarmed infant bested the creature, despite repeated blows from a sting coated with virulent poison that is said to burn a man from within in seconds.

Allegedly, the tribe ate well that night.

Like the other Primarchs, Sanguinius grew at an incredible rate, and his wings grew also. The feathers were as white and pure as a swan's, but as strong as those of the Imperial Eagle itself. His wings ultimately became mighty pinions that could bear him aloft through the scorching desert air,

inspiring awe and devotion from the lesser beings beneath.

A single year after his discovery at Angel's Fall, Sanguinius stood taller than any man the tribes of Baal's shrivelled moons had ever seen. His form was perfection, his beauty such that many could not look upon him lest their impure gaze be blinded. He could walk under the fiercest rays of the sun whilst his adoptive family scuttled at his feet, encumbered by the weight of their rad-suits. He could smash a path through a rockfall with the blade of his hand, best wild animals with but a glance and soar high into the sky on his mighty wings to observe the land below from the perspective of a god.

As Sanguinius reached maturity, the tribe prospered and grew under his guidance.

The transcription of Baalite myth provided by the ancient and venerable scholar Hyriontericus Lucidio (2342345M33) has been preserved with the greatest care since its internment in the altar-tomes of the Blood Angels. Hence, the following quote remains in its rawest form, transcribed from the words of Elder Imrait'il'thax directly into Lucidio's Baalite Scripture.

"They, the cannibal-mutants, numbered in their hundreds, far more than we. Blade sprouted from mouth, curdled eye stared, buckled hand

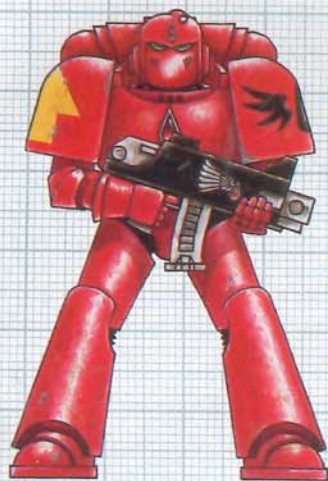
clutched rusted sword. We knew death in that moment. Then the Angel started his work.

He, the Pure One, wanted no harm to befall us. He raged, at first a white, blazing light, then, as death walked beside him, a terrible red thing. His eyes and crown seemed to burn, intense, a corona of bright violence, a sandstorm of destruction. We were caught in the deadly beauty of his dance. And then there were no mutants, only silence, and he stood before us, dripping, still as the cairn."

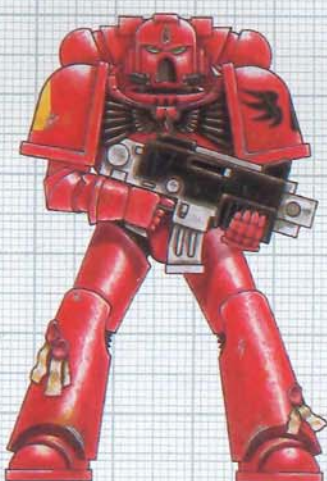
Sanguinius soon rose to the pinnacle of society upon Baal Secundus, and under his leadership, the pure-blooded Baalite tribes soon united against the

Chapter Approved Access Level: 12 ninety eight

Blood Angels Legion, Progenitor Legion M.31



Pre-Heresy Blood Angels color scheme



Contemporary Blood Angels Codex power armor



Tactical Marine helmet color



Devastator Marine helmet color



Chapter symbol



Assault Marine helmet color



Honor Guard helmet color



Inferno pistol



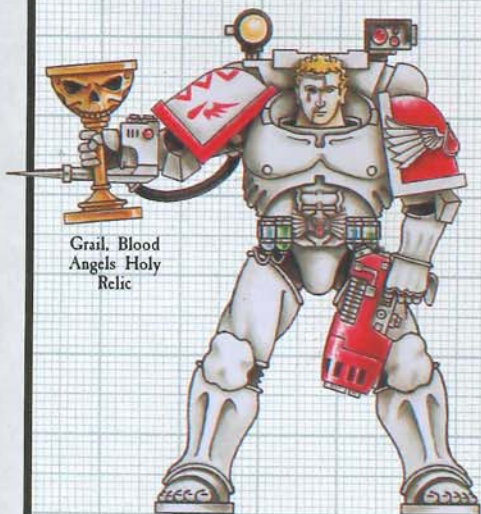
3rd Company shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



3rd Company Sergeant shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography



2nd Company shoulder plate: Chapter badge iconography

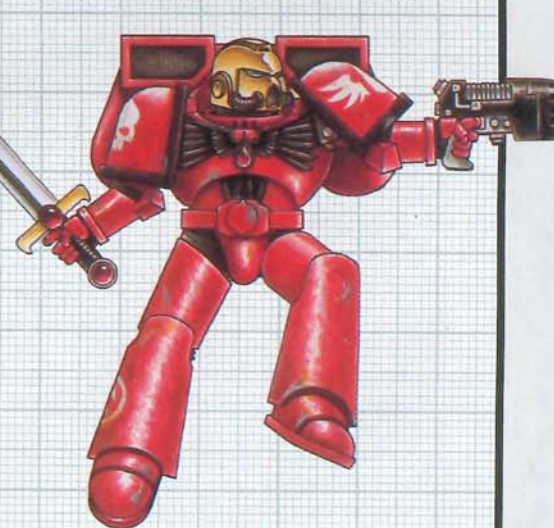


Grail, Blood Angels Holy Relic

Blood Angels Sanguinary Priest



Blood Angels Death Company Space Marine



Blood Angels Honor Guard Assault Marine

Thought for the day: What is a lifetime of servitude next to an eternity of damnation?

infestation of mutants that had begun to plague the radioactive wastes of Baal. Despite being grossly outnumbered, those of the pure blood won the war against the foul mutants. Sanguinius's perfect and divine leadership, coupled with his total mastery of physical combat, drove back the tide of filth that threatened to drown the true people of Baal Secundus. In battle, his wrath was total and unstoppable. Perhaps inevitably, Sanguinius was worshiped as a god by his followers. They were convinced that paradise would follow in the crimson footsteps of the Angel.

And so it came to pass that, by the time the Emperor came to Baal, his lost son sat at the head of the Conclave of Blood. The High Majesty of Mankind had correctly divined the presence of one of his Primarchs upon the blighted planet of Baal Secundus, and led the finest of his men to the surface.

Note: At this point, scholars cease having to rely upon conjecture and the myths of primitives (however diligently recorded), as the entourage of the Father of Mankind included many distinguished persons and scrivener-artisans.

It is therefore known that, at the climax of the Conclave of Blood, the Emperor entered the massive natural amphitheater carved from Mount Seraph by the ponderous tides of Baal's geology. Those of the pure blood attended Sanguinius' address in their tens of thousands. The Emperor stood within their ranks, a shining golden figure among the tattered warriors of The Blood. But the Emperor knew humility as well as divinity, and he listened as intently as any warrior there. Sanguinius gave a speech which lifted the very souls of his people, giving them more than hope, at its conclusion soaring into the air above them with a shout that every man there echoed. Thus, the Emperor was convinced without a doubt that this was indeed one of his missing sons.

It is also recorded that, when approached, Sanguinius recognized the Emperor immediately. Many believe that Sanguinius's reputed ability to foresee future events informed him of the Emperor's visit, explaining his reaction. He fell to his knees, crystal tears falling from his cheeks into the dust. Where they fell, alabaster flowers thrived upon the barren and foul soils of Baal Secundus. And so the Emperor bade him stand, and looked upon the myriad

faces raised unto Him, proud and resolute. He saw that they were both fair in mind and deed, possessed of a small part of the nobility and strength of their leader.

So it was that, under Baal's blistering sun, the Blood Angels were born.

The Angels of the Blood

Imperial history recognizes that the Emperor subsequently selected the best of Sanguinius' warriors and took them into his Great Crusade, raising them up into a full Legion of Space Marines. They were implanted with the very core of the Primarch's physical being; his pure and precious gene-seed. Under such a blessing no man could fail in his duty, and the Blood Angels added their might to those already fighting in the Emperor's crusade.

Those that remained upon Baal Secundus were entrusted with the holy duty of defending Mankind's birthright upon the planet and ensuring that future generations of warriors were taught the Imperial creed and the truth of the gods that once walked amongst them. So it is that even now, with millennia passed since those fateful days, the Blood Angels take their new recruits from the moons of Baal.

To ascertain who is worthy to join the ranks of the Blood Angels, the youths from the tribes of the pure blood must take part in violent games and magnificent tournaments, battling against both the harsh landscape of their home world and, ultimately, their peers. This has been established practice since the very first time new recruits were summoned from The Blood, and the rituals remain much the same even now. The contests are held once every generation at Angel's Fall, the forbidding cliff where Sanguinius was first found, and are announced by 'great flying chariots' (the Thunderhawks of Veteran Blood Angels).

Aspirants must reach the Place of Challenge by whatever means they can, a process that itself weeds out the weaker warriors hoping to join the ranks of the Blood Angels. They must race across uncharted miles of hostile desert and leap from high cliffs with only their Angels' Wings to support them, a primitive assembly of skins and thin canes barely able to support the aspirant's weight. They must find their way through canyons infested with gigantic Fire Scorpions and Thirstwater, a liquid species that drains moisture from anything it comes

into contact with. The dessicated husks of previous hopefuls speak well of those who have underestimated the danger posed by this threat. Once they reach the Place of Challenge, gladiatorial contests similar in scale to those held in the Ultramar system are held. Only the most skilled fighters survive.

Once the fifty or so victors have been separated from the unsuccessful aspirants, they will be taken up in the Thunderhawks to fulfill the next stage of their trials. Those that fail go on to occupy places of honor in their society or to guard the Place of Testing until the next generation of aspirants is ready.

The successful aspirants are taken to the fortress-monastery of the Blood Angels upon Baal itself, where they see sights of such magnificent glory that many lapse into speechless states of awe. They are marched in front of their future battle-brethren, and it is here that the contrast between aspirant and Space Marine is truly made clear.

The atmosphere and climate of Baal's moons are known to have severe and debilitating effects on those who have lived on their unforgiving surfaces. Most of the aspirants bear the physical marks of their old lives; it is all but impossible for an ordinary man to live in such conditions and not feel the terrible kiss of radiation. Despite their youth, they are often bent and stunted, their ropy physiques riddled with lesions and blemishes, their growth stunted by malnutrition and constant hunger. In contrast, the towering physiques of the Space Marines around them are a sculptor's ideal of beauty, with smooth skin, sleek features and fine white teeth.

The aspirants are taken to the Great Chapel of the Blood Angels, where they observe a vigil for three days and three nights without rest. Some fall asleep despite their best efforts, and are taken away; their fate is unrecorded. Soon after, the Sanguinary Priests enter the candlelit chapel. These noble individuals fulfill the role of Apothecaries for the Blood Angels, but with a far more unusual duty. The Sanguinary Priests are entrusted with the care of Sanguinius's own blood. The chalice they offer the aspirants at the conclusion of the vigil is said to contain a small portion of this precious liquid. Once the aspirants have partaken of the Sanguinary Chalice, they fall into a profound, timeless sleep, and their heartbeat all but stops. They are then taken by

hooded Blood-Servitors to the Apothecarion, where the holy gene-seed of Sanguinius himself is implanted into their recumbent bodies.

The Blood-Servitors, chanting the *Credo Vitae*, take them to the Hall of Sarcophagi. This breathtaking chamber resembles a gilded cathedral in design, but could house many lesser structures with nary a spire touching its embossed roof. The walls are adorned with a vast array of mighty golden sarcophagi, each twice the size of a man. The sleeping aspirants are entombed within, dwarfed by the size of their caskets, and attached to a large network of life-support nodes. There they remain for a full year, fed intravenously with nutrients and injected with the Blood of Sanguinius.

Many aspirants die at this stage, their feeble forms unable to accommodate the incredible changes wrought upon them by the gene-seed. These unfortunates are best left undescribed. Those able to stand the trial of the blood grow swift and true, reaching proportions reminiscent of their spiritual forefather in a similar timescale. It is rumored that occasionally an entombed aspirant will awaken well before the casket is opened, and live out a hideous existence of claustrophobic, blood-sodden darkness, emerging from their imprisonment catatonic, insane or worse.

If the aspirants' bodies adapt, they put on extra muscle mass and assimilate the organs implanted into them in the Apothecarion. As they slumber, they are gifted by vivid and strange dreams depicting the memory of Sanguinius himself. Thus the very essence of the Primarch permeates the minds of his new sons, and ever afterwards these potent emotions and memories will be permanently imprinted upon their souls.

When the aspirants are finally removed from their sarcophagi, they have changed so thoroughly that few could believe they were once the twisted creatures rescued from the living hell of Baal Secundus. They have become tall, immensely strong and superhumanly powerful. Their restructured bodies have taken on a haunting beauty reminiscent of their angelic forefather, their senses keener and their muscles stronger than tempered steel.

And yet, they have only completed the first step on the road to becoming a Blood Angels Space Marine.

THE DEATH COMPANY

Deeply ingrained within the Blood Angels' gene-seed is the encoded experience of Sanguinius, and many say that most deeply imprinted of all is the memory of his final battle with Horus. Sometimes an event or circumstance will trigger this 'race memory'. This appears to happen only rarely, often on the eve of battle, and it is likely to be a fatal experience for the warrior whose mind is suddenly wrenched into the distant past. What has become known as the Black Rage overcomes him, the memories and consciousness of Sanguinius intrude upon his mind, and dire events ten thousand years old flood into the present. This we know to be true.

To others a Space Marine overcome by the Black Rage appears half mad with fury: he is unable to distinguish past from present and does not recognize his comrades. He may believe he is Sanguinius upon the eve of his destruction, and that the bloody battles of the Horus Heresy are raging around him. As well as Sanguinius's memories, the Space Marine is touched with a small portion of the Primarch's unearthly power, boosting the warrior's already prodigious strength and vitality to superhuman levels.

In order to keep the Black Rage in check, on the eve of battle the Blood Angels bend their thoughts to prayer and to the sacrifice of their Primarch so many centuries ago. Chaplains move from man to man, blessing each in turn and noting those amongst the brotherhood whose eyes may appear a little glazed or whose speech is slurred or over excited. Some, almost all, overcome the ancient intrusion into their minds. All their warrior's training is directed at controlling it, beating it down into the depths of their being. But for some the imprint of Sanguinius is too strong, the memories too loud and demanding. As the Chaplains chant the *Moripatris*, the Mass of Doom, the chosen ones fall into the arms of their priests and are taken away. The afflicted Space Marines are formed into a special unit called the the Death Company.

Suffused with the dying memories of their Chapter's Primarch, the warriors of the Death Company seek only one thing: death in battle fighting against the enemies of the Emperor. The Death Company paint their armor black with red saltires, crosses of blood red which symbolize the sacrifice of Sanguinius. The company is led into battle and directed towards the foe by the Chapter's Chaplains. The warriors fight with the certainty of death and are completely fearless, ignoring wounds that should fell even a Space Marine. Should they survive the battle they will probably die of their wounds afterwards, once the frenzied slaughter is past. It is thought that the Blood Angels welcome this death, as they fear their madness will later lead them down the darkest path of all. Better by far to die cleanly and quickly in battle than suffer such a fate...

The Horus Heresy

Perhaps more than any other Loyalist Chapter, the terrible events of the Horus Heresy had a horrifying and permanent effect upon the Blood Angels, and it is this tragic fate that has shaped the Chapter since that time. Warmaster Horus, once the Emperor's most trusted and beloved son, turned to Chaos and plunged the dagger of betrayal so far into the heart of the Imperium that it is yet to recover from his evil deed.

In a tragic sequence of events, the corrupt and evil being that Horus had become managed to manipulate and coerce several other Primarchs, turning them against their own father and mentor, the Emperor himself. These events culminated in the combined attack of Warmaster

Horus's forces upon the Emperor's Palace. Space Marine fought Space Marine, traitor battled loyalist until the fortifications of Terra's finest monument to divinity itself looked set to fall. Chaos was ascendant; the powers that Horus had allied himself with had given him power beyond imagining at the cost of his immortal soul.

Sanguinius is immortalized in the magnificent stained glass windows of the Sanctus Praetoria Imperator as fighting high above the raging battle, facing daemons so powerful they could unhinge the minds of great heroes with but a word. He single-handedly held the crenellations from the tides of daemoniac filth attempting to wash into the holy chambers of the Emperor's Palace. Many accounts of the time praise the Blood Angel's valor

and unceasing efforts in their defense of the Eternity Wall space port. Although hundreds of Blood Angels died, they stemmed a sea of foulness the like of which had never been seen before. Many speak of the bright light bathing Sanguinius' sons as the Primarch slew his foes in the skies above with his mighty blade of fire. And yet, it was upon Horus's battle barge that Sanguinius was to fulfill his greatest duty.

In his victory, Horus became complacent, watching the battle from the bridge of his bloated leviathan of a command ship. He wanted to experience the Emperor's defeat first hand, to force him to his knees before he fed on the father of Mankind's soul.

And in his folly, as his forces breached the defenses for the last and final time, spilling into the corridors and chambers of the palace, Horus relaxed the psychic

defenses around his ship. At the speed of thought, the Emperor was aboard the hellish craft, Sanguinius close behind him.

It is known that Sanguinius was gifted with the power of foretelling, able to see visions of what lay ahead. His soul was pure, and the prophecies he spoke of inevitably came to be. It can thus be surmised that he knew full well he was going to his doom when he confronted the Warmaster, and yet he went without hesitation. Whether this act was prompted by fatalism or loyalty to the Emperor is a point debated by many Imperial theologians lacking in faith, however there is no doubt in the minds of the Blood Angels. They maintain that he walked into the lion's den out of duty, knowing full well what the outcome would be.

And thus it is that the Blood Angels alone know the details of their Primarch's fate. The sacrifice of their founder is echoed in the soul of every one of their number, and their souls burn with troubled dreams of Sanguinius's death. These inherited memories are so powerful that the Blood Angels are known to lapse into a fugue state known as the Black Rage, experiencing horrific visions of death and pain that they share with Sanguinius himself.

It is true that as a Blood Angel ages, as he sees more bloodshed and battle, he becomes more and more prone to the onset of the Black Rage. Chaplain Lestralio, a great and tragic martyr of the Blood Angels, instigated a method that enabled those unfortunate few who fell into the Rage when the Chapter was in deep space to be of service nonetheless. The Lestralio Procedure involves giving oneself to the Sanguinary Priests when all attempts at stemming the Black Rage have been unsuccessful, and there are no enemies for the victim to slaughter in the throes of a heroic death. The volunteer is restrained, shackled in adamantium, often at the cost of many Blood-Servitors, and brought into the bowels of the craft. There, in the darkness of the ship's Apothecarion, he is encouraged to talk of what he sees around him, his visions echoing those witnessed by Sanguinius within the unholy depths of Horus's battle barge.

The following account is an excerpt from the descriptions of Chaplain Lestralio himself, recorded by a Blood Servitor in 2432053.M36. It remains the longest recorded example of the visions granted by the Black Rage, a testament to Lestralio's great strength of will.

"It's dark... aagh! It burns! The taint is so strong... the smell... rot, foul rot and death... it's hot. So hot... I feel my feathers singe, furling against me to avoid touching the walls, the walls... this is Hell... thorns, spines pushing through wet flesh <subject goes into spasm> <subject screams in rage> What's that... What's that? So fast! Aaaaah! For the Emperor! Die! DIE!"
 <subject falls still, mutters unintelligibly, possibly a prayer>

"Where is he, where is he, you cannot stop me foul CHAOS FILTH! AAAGH!"

<subject spasms, gnashes teeth> *"curse this light..."*

"Burn! BURN! All of you! <indecipherable> the walls, there are no walls, this tunnel made of flesh, rotted flesh, bursting underfoot, bleeding, the stench of pus...<subject screams, then calms>

"I will find you, coward."

<six seconds pass, subject's eyes open>

"I name you Traitor! Face me! For the Emperor! FOR THE EMPEROR!"



At this point, after a violent spasm that lasted longer than any before and nearly shook his body to pieces, Chaplain Lestrallio died of massive physiological trauma. This is a regrettable side effect of the Lestrallio Procedure, but one deemed fitting by many among the Blood Angels.

From the collated results of these experiments, it is possible to draw conclusions from the valuable evidence provided by those suffering the Black Rage. Sanguinius is thought to have undergone unimaginable psychic damage at the hands of the Warmaster who, it is believed by many Blood Angels, could not best him in personal combat.

Horus, in his limitless malice, made sure that Sanguinius's death was the most painful and foul that the boundless evils in his service could administer. The Warmaster's psychic assault echoed not just throughout space, but also throughout time, resonating in the souls of his children. The Primarch's sacrifice is thought to have kept Horus occupied long enough for the Emperor to reach the traitor in the very depths of his lair, where the Emperor eventually bested him at a terrible cost. The pain inflicted upon the Primarch was so total that every one of his sons carries the echo imprinted deep within their soul to this day.

And so it was that the Blood Angels came to bear their blood-curse, and they bear it still.

Home World

In ancient days Baal and its moons all had earth-like atmospheres. Several Explorator teams, equipped with state-of-the-art rad-suits, have studied Baal's moons in some detail. Beneath their blackened crusts was a wealth of information, as the strata bear very different patterns to what was originally expected. It was concluded that Baal itself was always a world of red rust deserts, but its moons could potentially have been paradises for mortal men, where folk concentrated on art and science rather than survival and conquest. The surface of Baal is dotted with ruined edifices, incredible monuments that must have been constructed with incredible skill to have stood the test of time. It is obvious that the people of Baal spent their time creating mighty monuments, carving the mountains themselves into statues of their rulers and their gods. Thus the Imperium was able to build a

picture of life on Baal through architectural remains.

It is still unknown as to what exactly happened to change this idyllic state of affairs, a cause of great consternation among Imperial historians. All that is certain is that the cataclysmic and fearful events that changed the face of Baal forever happened at roughly the end of the Dark Age of Technology. The moons of Baal suffered terribly. Evidence of ancient weapons both viral and nuclear have been found, perhaps accounting for the incredible rad-count of the moons. The strata of these planets include plains of blackened glass and vast tracts of polluted desert. What were once seas became poisoned lakes of toxic sludge, now covered in layers of pallid dust. The folk of the system must have died in their millions. But somehow humanity has prevailed. The populace became scavengers, picking the bones of their own once-great civilization. Without their now characteristic rad-suits many must have perished still, growing sickly and feeble as the atmosphere was radically altered. It is theorized by many Imperial scholars that in the dark time that followed the collapse of all order, some became worse than scavengers, and turned to cannibalism.

One side effect from the ensuing radioactive atmosphere was inevitable, however. In time, the accumulated chemical and radioactive toxins that built up in the survivors' bodies led to them devolving into mutants, shambling parodies of the men their forefathers had once been. The disintegration of society can be seen depicted at the Lasquo Caves of Baal Primus, grotesque images of mutants and madmen butchering the more wholesome members of the populace, drawn in ancient blood onto the parched walls.

But, as we know from the Baalite Scripture, there were some who held on to their humanity and preserved some semblance of sane behavior, forming tribes the like of which adopted Sanguinius upon his descent. But these were the embattled few, as a new and savage culture evolved amid the ruins of the old. The only social unit left was the tribe. For human and mutant cannibal alike, the only folk they could rely on were their own kin.

The folk of the Baal system became nomads, shifting from place to place, picking the ruins clean, warring to preserve the spoils they had gathered. The tribes fought constant wars. Webs

of alliances shifted constantly. Extinction awaited the slow and the weak. Where once the moons had been close to paradise, now they were close to hell.

For the few surviving humans, life must have been a constant struggle to exist. For a long time it must have seemed that Baalite humanity was doomed, and soon there would only be an endless desert ruled over by the feuding mutant tribes. Although we can only guess as to when, the miracle of Sanguinius's descent onto the planet introduced a new hope into a barren world.

Organization

Although the Blood Angels share much of their organization with their brother Space Marines, adhering in many ways to the precepts of the Codex Astartes, there are notable exceptions. The Blood Angels have several specialist units they do not share with any Chapter other than their successors; the Angels Vermilion, Angels Sanguine, Angels Encarmine, Blood Drinkers and Flesh Tearers. It is worth noting that, unlike the others mentioned here, the Blood Drinkers are strict followers of the Codex Astartes. Their markings are similar to those of the Ultramarines chapter.

Perhaps the most notable exception that the Blood Angels exhibit in their ranks is a preponderance of close combat troops. The chance to become one of the Blood Angels' Assault Marines is much sought after, as it is in close combat that these Space Marines can exorcise the ghosts of their ancestral memory. Even Devastator squads, those entrusted with the duties of fire support, have been known to run towards the enemy in an attempt to engage them in close combat (cf. the Trachesai Massacre, 230.M34).

The members of the Blood Angels 1st Company fight as assault troops when not equipped as Terminators, rather than as tactical squads as is the case with many of their brother Chapters. The entire 8th Company is dedicated to close combat, many of their members being amongst the finest assault troops in the Imperium. Those Space Marines not equipped with jump packs often make use of Land Speeders and Bikes to support their brethren. The 10th Company, consisting of a variable number of Scout squads, is unusual in that its members are extremely aggressive. They work their way into forward positions, infiltrating enemy positions

and relishing every opportunity they can take to close quarters and tear their enemies apart in a storm of blood. The other companies of the Blood Angels conform to the structure established by the Codex Astartes, although many of their Rhinos are customized with over-charged engines so that their passengers can reach the front line with haste. (Note: No doubt this straying from the precepts set out in the Rhino STC has an adverse effect on the vehicle as a whole). Specialist squads are distinguished by the color of their helmets: Tactical squads are marked in red, Devastator squads in blue and Veteran Assault squads in yellow.

The Blood Angels Headquarters division includes a number of ranks that are not found in any other Chapter, reflecting their unique nature and organization. These include the Sanguinary Priests, custodians of the holy blood of Sanguinius. It has been known for a Sanguinary Priest to

administer a potent blood transfusion to a battle brother with his Exsanguinator, even in the midst of combat.

Another exception to standard Codex organization is the inclusion of squads of Honor Guard, the high elite of the close assault cadres of the Blood Angels and the bodyguard of their most revered heroes. These warriors take the place of the usual command squad, and may include a Standard Bearer or Sanguinary Priest. It is said by some that few more formidable units exist in the entire pantheon of the Adeptus Astartes. The members of the Honor Guard are denoted by their helmets, marked in shining gold, a sign of hope for their allies and despair for their foes.

The Blood Angels are also famous for the Furioso pattern Dreadnought, a design perfected by the Chapter's Lord of the Forges many millennia ago to grant the opportunity of slaking the blood-lust of Space Marine heroes even when their bodies are broken beyond salvation. The mighty twin power claws of the Furioso are a match for any opponent, and are capable of tearing open the adamantium hide of a Land Raider when the Furioso is gripped by battle-lust.

Finally, and perhaps most notably, the organization of the Blood Angels is often disrupted by those who suffer from the Black Rage. These

unfortunates are formed into the infamous Death Company. Alas, there is no way to predict exactly how this phenomenon will affect the Chapter's organization until the battle itself.

Combat Doctrine

The companies of the Blood Angels generally fight as one would expect from a disciplined force of the Adeptus Astartes. The 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th are Battle Companies, and these four companies form the main battle lines and generally bear the brunt of the fighting. The specialist companies are kept in reserve and only deployed when necessary.

However, these Companies cannot be relied upon to fight in the structured, disciplined way of the Imperial Fists or the Dark Angels, for the strength of their genetic curse can turn even the most taciturn veteran into a berserker, wishing only to rend his enemy apart and slake his overriding thirst for battle. The Black Rage can possess any and all Blood Angels during the heat of battle, be they a Devastator squad or the driver of a Vindicator. As such, it is always uncertain as to whether a Blood Angels contingent will hold a position. It is just as likely that they will run screaming forward in an attempt to rip the enemy limb from limb with their bare hands. This has in the past led to the total massacre of the Blood Angels' foes on unnumbered occasions. Possibly one of the most famous of these was the Battle at Hive Tempestora, where the Blood Angels assaulted en masse with such undaunted ferocity that their charge smashed apart the enemy line, enabling them to establish a beachhead in a situation considered

hopeless by Imperial tacticians. It is said that the fanatical zeal of the Blood Angels also enabled them to achieve the impossible throughout the Armageddon campaign. This unpredictability makes them extremely unpopular with other Imperial commanders, but

the Blood Angels care not. They know that their constant struggle against the Black Rage makes them stronger, not weaker.

Battlecry

"By the blood of Sanguinius!"



Beliefs

Sanguinius was a visionary. During his early life he desired to lead his people to a new and better life. When he joined the Great Crusade he transferred this vision to a greater arena but did not abandon it. He wanted a better life for all Mankind and an end to the strife brought on by the collapse of human civilization during the Dark Age of Technology.

We have established that the outlook of Sanguinius did much to shape his Chapter. There is a mystical streak to many of the Blood Angels' doctrines and also a strong belief that things can be changed for the better. After all, the process of transforming a scavenger into a tall, proud and handsome warrior is living proof of this tenet.

This belief can be seen in everything the Blood Angels do: they strive for perfection. Their works of art are things of beauty and symmetry. Their martial disciplines are practiced unceasingly. Their doctrines are permeated with a sense of mortality and the fallen greatness of Man.

Physically the Blood Angels are among the longest lived of all the Space Marine Chapters. One of the peculiarities of their gene-seed is that it has vastly increased the lifespan of those who possess it, so it is not uncommon for Blood Angels to reach a thousand years of age. Indeed, the current Chapter Master, Commander Dante, has lived for nearly 1,100 years. These vastly extended lifespans allow the Blood Angels to perfect their techniques in art as well as in war. They have centuries in which to perfect the disciplines to which they turn their minds, and this accounts for the fact that Blood Angels' armor and banners are among the most ornate ever produced.

Perhaps the strangest of all the Chapter's traits was witnessed by Inquisitor Garillion on his sojourn to the fortress monastery on Baal in 1929734.M40. The Blood Angels have a habit of sleeping whenever possible in the sarcophagi used to create them. They apparently believe that in this timeless slumber, they are one step closer to Sanguinius, and seek to gain some insight into the psyche of their forefather. While the Blood Angels sleep in their sarcophagi their blood is cleansed and purified. The Chapter thus hopes to slow the long process of possible genetic degeneration until a permanent solution for the Black Rage can be found.

Nevertheless, it is clear to any who

study the martial record of the Blood Angels that they enforce the Emperor's will with a fervor and zeal that equals or exceeds that of any other Chapter. In fact, these records point to the fact that the Blood Angels are responsible for many of the Imperium's successful actions, and that the number of aliens and heretics they have killed in the name of the Emperor is beyond count.

Gene-seed

This Chapter, once among the most blessed of all the Chapters, now shuns the company of the other Adeptus Astartes where possible. Some Imperial officers have reported suspicions that they are afflicted by a terrible thirst, a craving for blood, which paranoid scholars claim may be the first signs of a descent into Chaos. It is known that the Blood Angels themselves spend much of their time seeking a cure for their condition, but surely this does not mean that they are a Chapter trying in vain to keep the insidious tendrils of Chaos from their very blood.

The trials of their inheritance may well be the Blood Angels' greatest salvation, for it brings with it a humility and understanding of their own failings which make them the most truly noble of the Adeptus Astartes.

The fate of those unfortunates overtaken completely by their Primarch's legacy is known only to the Chapter itself. There are tales of a secret chamber within the Fortress Monastery on Baal and of howling cries that demand the blood of the living. Unsurprisingly, none are willing to say for certain what secrets lie hidden in this haunted, desolate place.

There have been incidents when the Blood Angels have been stationed on distant worlds, where members of the local population have gone missing only to turn up later drained of blood (Rukh's Paradise, Ameriella Belt, Q34/9/4503/RT/Ultima Segmentum, 6569347.M36). It is possible that this is the work of cultists seeking to discredit the Chapter. It may even be that some of the more superstitious local citizens have taken to offering up sacrifices to their god-like visitors. However, those Imperial historians possessed of dark and fervent imaginations claim it is possible that these folk have been killed by Blood Angels overcome by an unholy thirst.

Some among those who entertain such unwholesome beliefs say that it is because Sanguinius was more

touched by Chaos than the other infant Primarchs. They cite the fact that he possessed wings – an obvious mutation – to support their case. Their argument runs that the gene-seed which was extracted from him was flawed even before the first Blood Angels were created, and thus terrible consequences were preordained.

At the time when the First Founding Chapters were created, the Emperor himself oversaw the process of transferring gene-seed from Primarch to Space Marine. However, since the Emperor's interment in the Golden Throne, each Chapter has had a different method of controlling and managing the change. The Blood Angels originally practiced Exsanguination, a process initially triggered by injecting aspirants with tiny samples of the Primarch's blood. Alas, this process ground to a halt after Sanguinius's death, but fortuitously some of his blood was kept in the relic known as the Red Grail. This living blood, even possessed of such incredible power, could not last for long in an unprotected state. Thus it was that the vitae of their dead Primarch was injected into the veins of the Sanguinary Priests. They became living hosts to the power of their Primarch. Even today, drinking the blood of the assembled Sanguinary Priests from the Red Grail is part of the ritual used in inducting new Blood Angels Priests. In turn, it is from these custodians of the pure lineage that the blood given to aspirants is taken.

It is possible that over the countless generations since the time of the Heresy, the cells within the blood of the Sanguinary Priests have mutated, slowly at first, but more quickly in recent years. As it is, the blood used in the induction of the aspirants to the Chapter is technically vulnerable to degeneration. It is theorized by some that errors in replication have resulted in the Blood Angels' development of a genetic flaw.

There are very few records of the occurrence of genetic instability in the early years of the Imperium, or throughout the long millennia during which the Blood Angels were shaped. In the present day, however, it is for their unstoppable thirst for battle that the Blood Angels are considered unstable. Their fearsome reputation precludes them from many alliances with other Imperial forces. Thus, it is that the curse has spread like a cancer, not only through the Blood Angels' body and psyche, but also through their honor.

Blood Angels players will be in raptures by now considering that we have published their Index Astartes First Founding this issue. To cap things off nicely, here is a wondrous spread of beautifully painted Blood Angels models, painted by our 'Eavy Metal team as well as on the next two pages Jason Buyaki's great looking Land Raider.

'EAVY METAL SHOWCASE



Commander Dante



Captain



Techmarine



Brother Corbulo, painted by Neil Hodgson.

Blood Angels Honor Guard



Furioso Dreadnought



Next month,
the new Furioso
Dreadnought!

Librarian



Blood Angels Standard Bearer



Death Company Blood Angels



Brother-Captain Tycho



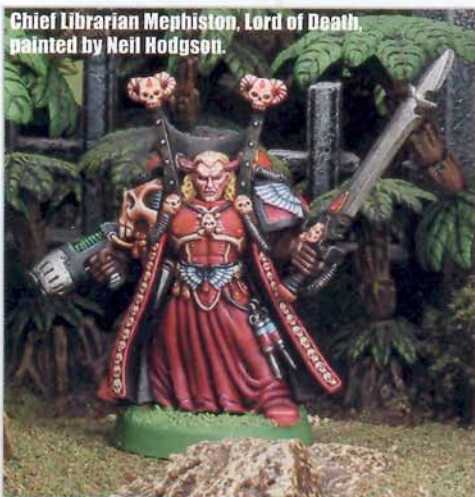
Chaplain, converted and painted by Darren Latham.



Assault Squad Terminators



Chief Librarian Mephiston, Lord of Death, painted by Neil Hodgson.



Chaplain



Forge World's Captain Leonatos, painted by Dave Thomas.



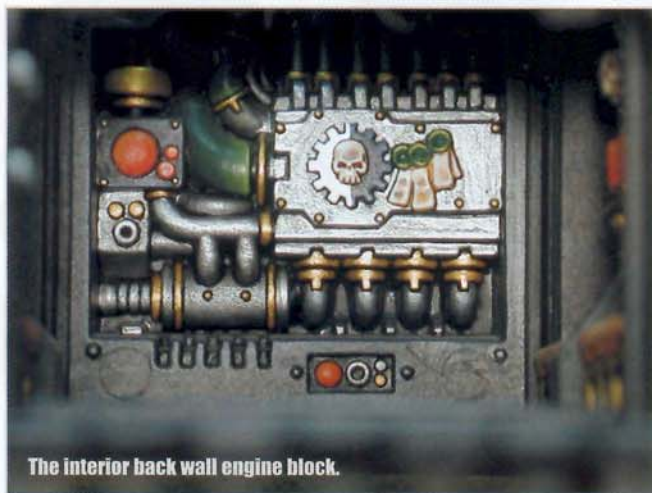
Blood Angels Tactical Squad



Blood Angels Land Raider, painted by Jason Euyaki.



The multiple red Xs (including the sliding blast doors below) leave little doubt that this is a Death Company Land Raider.



The interior back wall engine block.



Carefully painted Blood Angel icon on the outside hatch.



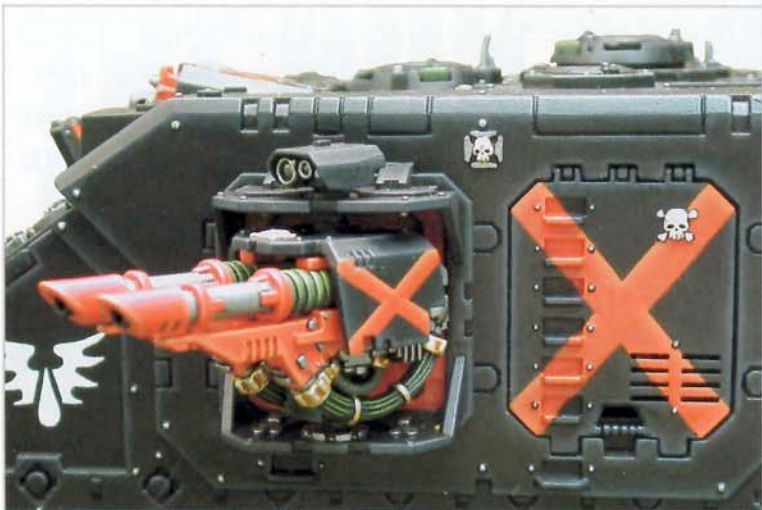
The interior shield doors...



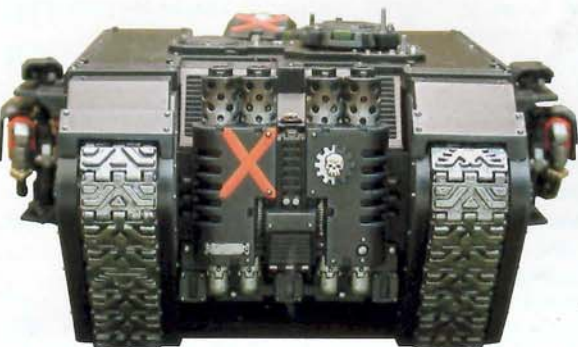
opened to view the



control panels!



Jason hinged both of his Land Raider's side hatches to see all the incredible detail provided on the kit.



More great looking hand painted icons.



The side Blood Angel blood drop icon has been hand painted and is not a decal. Just one more example of Jason's madness.

GW Mailbox



or... "Ask Dirty Steve!"

Dear Dirty Steve,

After reading this year's June issue filled about the new game Inquisitor, I have to say I'm really excited to start playing. And I plan to go all out with my Inquisitor, pushing my modeling and painting skills to the limit. Just one question though. Being a vivid Tyrannid player, when the word Inquisitor is said, one person comes to mind: Inquisitor Kryptman. I would imagine that working and experimenting with Tyrannids all these years, he would most likely have manipulated a couple of them to do his bidding, not the hive minds and enhancing with bionics. Perhaps some kind of mind slave device that would replace the will of the hive mind with his. So that he, or any other Inquisitor under him, may take these beast to battle. So, in short, is this allowed? I have heard some rejection of this idea from some of my fellow gamers, but it could be that their just afraid. But it seems to me that stuff like this is what Inquisitor is all about, getting into character and developing interesting stories. So, before I get to work to create this bionic Tyrannid Warrior for Inquisitor, can I?

Jeff Dudgeon

The game Inquisitor, more than any other, encourages you to really GO NUTS with creativity and create some interesting characters for your GM's scenarios. It really all comes down to the decision of the Game Master. Is there an Inquisitor with a Tyrannid sidekick on the world of Sylak II? Would the daemonic forces of Kb'raani be stopped by an Inquisitor team of Termagants? The general thought is, though, if it is in character with the scenario you're playing, then give it a shot and see what happens!

Write me at: Games Workshop, Attn: Dirty Steve's Mailbox, 6721 Baymeadow Drive, Glen Burnie, MD 21060. Or, send me an email at

WhiteD@games-workshop.com

but remember to give permission to print your email. I can't use it if you forget!

Dear Dirty Steve,

Joe Sleboda's article "Painting with the Average Joe" (White Dwarf 257, p.68) was very informative and a great reminder of the color wheel that some of us learned about all those years ago. His four C's also are a great idea that I will attempt to apply as I start my first Warhammer Army (those new Dark Elves are way too good to pass up). Could I suggest an 8.5 x 11" card showing the color wheel with the Citadel paints super-imposed over the wheel showing their relationship to the wheel and each other? While this would make a great insert to the boxed paint set or to White Dwarf, I would gladly pay separately for what could truly be a most useful painting guide.

Mark G. Meyer

Out of all the things I did with that article, creating that Color Wheel was by far the most difficult! MAN, was it a pain to get those colors to be even CLOSE to what I wanted.... But, yes, that would be a GREAT idea! I'll have to check with the higher-ups about that. In the meantime, most art supply stores should carry some type of comprehensive color wheel that you can pick up for a reasonable price. Check it out and get those paintbrushes in gear!

Dear Dirty Steve,

In the Dark Angels Codex there is a picture next to the special scenario. There are strange, robed er...um... people in the back ground. No, not the robed Marines but those three guys carrying the torches. Who are they? What do they do? Ever thought about models and/or rules for them? Also, two of my friends are convinced that

Have a question about when new armies are coming out? Need some advice about painting or modeling? This is the place for your inquiries and opinions! Write or email me at the addresses below!

the Blood Angels are not Space Marines...not even related! Strange huh? Well, anyway, can you help me prove to him (them) that they are Space Marines!?!? Thanks for your time!

Benet Reynolds

HERETICS!! Blood Angels aren't Space Marines?!?!? I think your friends have been influenced by the Dark Powers of Cbaos. Tell them to come by the Glen Burnie store and ask about the death of Sanguinius.

About the Dark Angels - I'm not real sure who those guys are in the drawing. The Dark Angels are pretty mysterious, so who knows?



This fantastic Tyrannid Hive Tyrant was sent in by Josh Barnes from Yakima, WA. Great job, Josh!

See ya next month, folks!

DIRTY

Please send all rules questions to:

roolzboyz@games-workshop.com

or you will be purged.
Trust me. It's not pretty.

THE HUNT FOR GHAZGHKULL

WARHAMMER
40,000

Phil Kelly reports on the violent battle when Matt Sprange's elite force of Black Templars achieved planetfall in the midst of Andy Chambers' Ork Speed Freek army, set within the dusty confines of an Ork airfield.

Welcome to the latest battle report, as we revisit the war-torn battlegrounds of last year's Armageddon campaign. The war across the Armageddon sector still runs rife, although Ghazghkull has left the system with a massive army of followers.

We stray no further than the system of Golgotha, Ghazghkull's temporary base, for this blood-soaked clash between the Imperium and the warmongering hordes of the Orks.

At the close of the Armageddon campaign, Helbrecht, the High Marshal of the Black Templars, had joined Commissar Yarrick in his quest to hunt down Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka as he escaped in his space hulk, *Perversion of Pain*.

An entire Imperial fleet was dispatched to pursue Yarrick's indomitable foe, and it was not long before the forces of the Black Templars traced the hulk through the Immaterium to its orbit around Golgotha. The hulk was disgorging a large contingent of Ork warriors to the surface, and Imperial intelligence from the Ork-held Golgotha system indicated that a Warlord of immense status had disembarked. He was consolidating his forces at the airfield concealed within Lagrot's Gulch, a barren valley at the heart of Golgotha's desert. The Black Templars mobilized immediately, led by the Black Templars Marshal Albrecht, in the hope that they could finally destroy Ghazghkull.

The mantle of Ork Warlord was donned by Andy Chambers, ever ready to administer a beating to any Imperial whelps that take on the might of the Greenskins. Taking command of the Black Templars was Matt Sprange, a regular contributor to White Dwarf and a veteran Templars player. The mission they were to play through was *Planetfall*, but after looking carefully at the scenery available and the possibilities provided, we decided to modify it slightly. With a fully detailed Ork airfield provided by Dave Andrews and Mark Jones and a fantastic selection of Ork Fighta-Bommerz and Drop Pods from the lads at Forge World, we took the plunge, incorporating rules for aerial carnage as well as hard-bitten battle on the airfield itself!

Gaszbak's heavy brows furrowed and bunched, his beady, black eyes almost disappearing into folds of thick green flesh underlit by the pale blue glow of the display dials. His protuberant lips parted in a snarl, exposing rows of sharp yellow fangs. Earlier, he could have sworn he had it cracked; most of the equipment in the dusty airfields of Lagrot's Gulch was working fine despite its age. But there was definitely something wrong with this one. White dots were appearing, seemingly at random.

"Oi! Blatrog! Wake up and get over here! Dis one's givin' out dots all over da place!"

His hugely-muscled companion shifted his considerable bulk, the seat screeching under the strain as he swivelled to face the flickering displays. He ambled over to the instrument-covered desks, one long claw picking the remains of his latest meal from between his teeth. For a second, he stared at the flickering dots as they crawled across the glowing face of the main dial. Gaszbak looked up nervously at the brute's thoughtful scowl, points of light traversing the jagged landscapes of his face.

Suddenly, Blatrog smashed the ball of his bony fist into the side of the machine bank with such force that Gaszbak nearly fell out of his chair. Leaning forward, the larger Ork scrutinized the dial for a long moment before turning to face Gaszbak. The readings were still there, and the old Ork's face was split in a hideous grin.

"Gaszbak, it's working alright! We're under attack! Sound da alarms!"

A minute later, Gaszbak looked across the airfield, frantically pumping the ancient siren's handle, its sickening wail echoing across the airfield. All around the landing strip Orks scrambled towards buggies, Battlewagons and Fighta-Bommerz, and shouts and battlecries filled the air. Gaszbak felt the Waaagh! building inside him as the revving engines grew in pitch. Three Flyboyz soared overhead in their crudely-daubed aircraft, contrails describing dirty

arcs across the sky. The noise level was already deafening. As he rushed to his mob's Trukk, he looked up and saw distinct points of light. He made it to Nashbad's ramshackle vehicle just as the first of the drop pods thundered into the earth.



START YOUR ENGINES!



Andy Chambers

Andy: Well now, we did the dirty on Matt in this particular scenario as Ghazghkull Thraka is not on the airfield. In fact, the Templars have been pursuing the infamous Speed Freek Warboss Razored and

part of his warband by mistake, and that's who they are going to find on the surface – assuming they get close enough to spot the difference. For the game, the role of Razored would be fulfilled by my own ignoble Ork leader, Gorbag Gitburna, and I had to put together a Speed Freek army based on my normally footslogging horde.

Fortunately this proved rather easier than I had thought, mainly because my Orks have way too many units for the army these days (including eight Heavy Support choices, which is just silly). I was also not too worried about creating a hyper-efficient Space Marine killing army for what was basically a narrative battle so I was happy to work with what I had without plundering the Studio army for extras if I could help it. I started by picking Razored himself and his bodyguard. Given that the *Planetfall* scenario basically means that the Space Marines have to hunt down and kill the opposing HQ in order to win, I wanted to ensure that Razored was as well protected as possible. This made it imperative that he have a burly bodyguard of Nobz and a suitably bulletproof command vehicle.

The command vehicle (boss wagon) was easy, my Land Raider-based Battlewagon would fit the bill nicely; naturally festooned with extra armor plates, force field generators and so forth. Early experiments with a bodyguard of mega-armored Nobz proved too expensive in points to be viable – I felt that it was important to have a reasonably creditable army to throw at the Black Templars when they arrived just so that they couldn't concentrate all their efforts on Razored. So the Nobz ended up being fairly economical, with only one equipped with mega armor and the rest having basic choppas and sluggas. I also included a Mekboy in the bodyguard with a kustom force field for even more protection, plus Mekboy's tools and some Grot oilers so he could have a go at fixing the Battlewagon if it was damaged.

Razored, his bodyguard and the Battlewagon gobbled up over a third of my available points, so everything else was going to have to work extra hard. I definitely needed more firepower and more troops, the question was how to

get them. First off, I chose two Trukk Boyz mobs that have seen plenty of action as part of my footsloggers army in the past, Nashbad's and Slugrat's boyz. Both mobs were ten strong, including a Nob armed for close combat (Nashbad with a power claw and Slugrat with a choppa and slugga) plus a burna each and trukks equipped with bolt-on big shootas for extra firepower.

I had a third Trukk left over from my warband's humble beginnings as a Gorkamorka mob so, acutely aware of my lack of anti-armor weaponry, I mounted up my Tankbusta mob in it. The Tankbustas were led by Boss Ruknar who was equipped with a rokkit launcha to take the mob total up to four, but again points constraints (and the titchy size of the Trukk) persuaded me to keep the mob down to a mere six models strong. They probably wouldn't last long but would kick out an impressive number of rockets until Matt did something to shut them up.

Having bolstered the fighting arm somewhat I turned to adding additional firepower. My looted Basilisk was just too tempting to leave out, both because it looks cool and because its deadly earthshaker cannon is quite capable of annihilating an entire Space Marine squad in one shot. My fast dwindling points wouldn't stretch much further, so I eschewed the temptations of Deth Koptas, Warbikes and Gun trukks (which I didn't have models for, anyway) and chose two mobs of Wartraks with big shootas. Big shootas are not very impressive against Space Marines, but with nine dice to hit with re-rolls these mobs could put enough bullets into the Black Templars to severely test their armor saving throws. My final purchase was impossible to resist given the battlefield; a Fighta-Bommer raid which might just score a few hits and maybe pin down some Templars squads as they deployed from their drop pods.

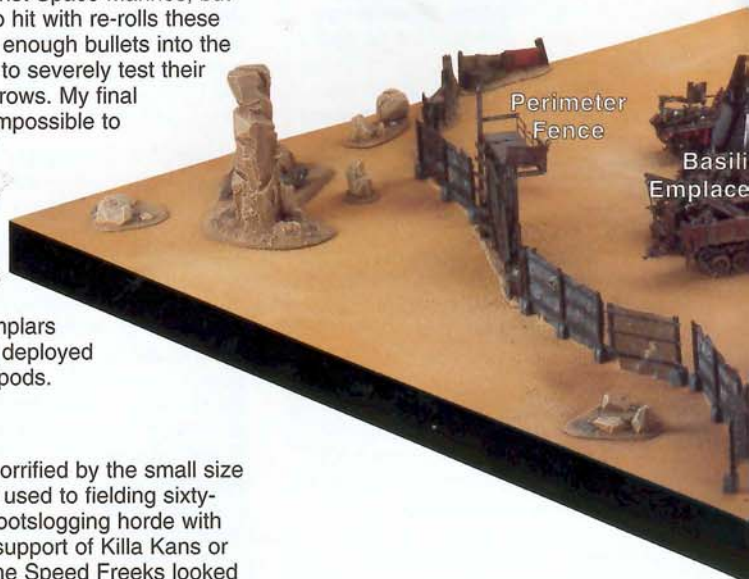
DA PLAN

Overall, I was horrified by the small size of my army. I'm used to fielding sixty-plus Orks in a footslogging horde with the comforting support of Killa Kans or big guns, and the Speed Freeks looked horribly fragile to me. The one upside was that the army was very mobile, and I knew that the Black Templars would be on foot with only the possibility of a few Land Speeders and jump packers to give them the speed to catch me. A recent

battle against Matt Hutson's Black Templars force had convinced me that getting involved in a big brawl with them was a very bad idea. This is quite a horrifying thought for any Ork Warboss, but sometimes you have to modify your tactics and NOT just assume that Greenskins are harder in close combat than anything else in the galaxy.

This meant that I would have to rely on my mobility to stay out of reach and use my firepower to whittle down the Templars from a distance. I would only enter close combat to finish off isolated remnants. Land Speeders and jump packers would be priority targets to make sure that I could win the 'mobility war' and, most of all, Razored must be protected at all costs.

For deployment I split my warband into two groups. The smaller one comprised just the looted Basilisk down near the end of the runway with Slugrats' Trukk Boyz nearby for some protection. Just about everything else was parked up near the hangars, forming a protective cordon around Razored. I was hoping that the Basilisk would hammer the Black Templars while they were still tightly packed after deploying, and persuade Matt to commit some units to destroying it, buying valuable time for Razored. Meanwhile, the rest of the force would concentrate their fire on whatever was looking most threatening to Razored and (yeuch) back off as the enemy closed in. Matt would be playing against the clock, and I was determined to make sure that any indecision on his part would be fatal.



PURGING THE ALIEN



Matt: The mission – to capture Ghazghkull. The men to perform this heroic act – the Black Templars. Paul Sawyer had already told me the scenario to play out this battle would be a slightly modified *Planetfall* mission.

Planetfall can be a very tricky mission to succeed in, as you must not only score more Victory points but also ensure that each of the defender's HQ units are destroyed. On top of that, whilst you do have the first turn, you have to make do with reduced shooting effectiveness, as all your troops count as moving, then suffer the full weight of the enemy army as they retaliate to your landings. In short, I needed a force that could withstand a lot of punishment and yet retain a degree of mobility, even though every unit would be coming down via drop pods.

As the Emperor's Champion is a compulsory choice for the Black Templars, I tend to look at the HQ slots first. The Champion would be joined by a Marshal sporting a power weapon to defeat the expected mega armor and a storm bolter to grant a little extra range,

particularly in the first turn. Terminator honors and melt bombs were added to this to make the Marshal a little more potent in close combat and also give the ability to crack open any troublesome Battlewagons. Both of these characters would be placed in squads dedicated to assault, the better to enhance their unique abilities.

With many heavier units denied to me in the *Planetfall* mission (oh, for a Land Raider Crusader), I wanted this to be a troop heavy army, so I ended up taking four Black Templars squads. The first two were large and designed primarily to support the Marshal and Emperor's Champion. I opted for a mix of a flamer, a meltagun and a power weapon to give me a good spread of damage when I closed range with Ork units, with a lascannon thrown in to counter Ghazghkull fleeing in a Battlewagon or Trukk when my Space Marines got near.

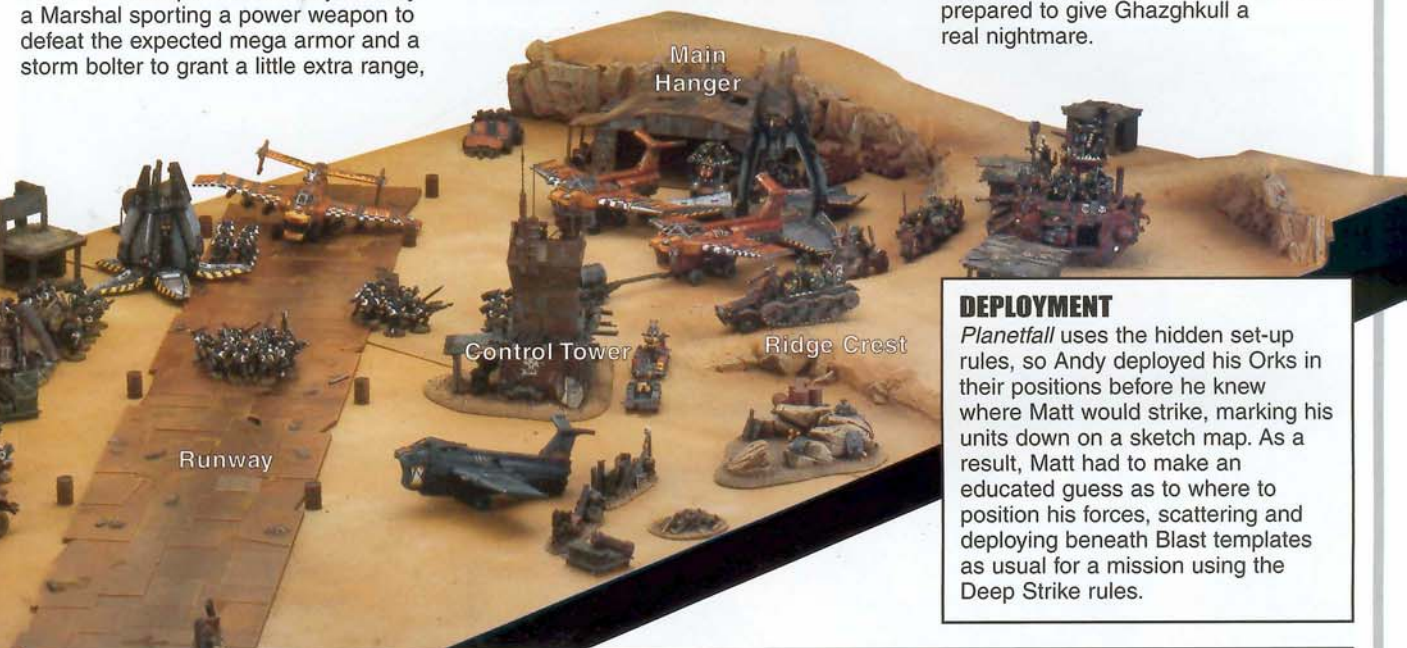
The other two squads were more 'stand-off' types with a missile launcher and plasma cannon. Their role would be to bombard the Ork forces and destroy any troublesome units I could not afford to

send any troops to deal with.

For mobility and hard-hitting power, I went for two Assault squads, a choice I hoped would surprise Andy, as few Space Marine players take more than one due to their expense. However, I knew I would really miss my beloved Rhinos in the *Planetfall* mission, and the extra speed of jump pack troops could pay dividends. With two power fists in each squad, I was ready to go toe to toe with the hardest Nobz Andy could throw at me. With one squad carrying five storm shields, I felt sure that I could weather a hail of blows from power claws.

The last choice was a Dreadnought. Armed with a storm bolter and assault cannon, this beast could churn its way through squads and light vehicles alike, but its main value would be in close combat. I knew there were very few units that could face the Dreadnought in assault, so if it could survive the hail of fire I expected, it would surely give Andy a real headache!

So, with my force ready, I loaded my Space Marines into their drop pods and prepared to give Ghazghkull a real nightmare.



DEPLOYMENT

Planetfall uses the hidden set-up rules, so Andy deployed his Orks in their positions before he knew where Matt would strike, marking his units down on a sketch map. As a result, Matt had to make an educated guess as to where to position his forces, scattering and deploying beneath Blast templates as usual for a mission using the Deep Strike rules.

FLYBOYZ

Due to this battle taking place on an airfield, and us having access to those cool Bommerz from Forge World, we decided to allow the Ork pilots a chance to reach their aircraft. They would start at the control tower and head directly toward their respective vehicles.

- Each Flyboy has the stats of a standard Ork Speed Freek, moves 6" each turn and can be shot or

assaulted the same as any other model.

- They have no weapons.
- If they get within 6" of the plane's cockpit they are considered to be aboard. On the subsequent turn, they may taxi the aircraft onto the runway. On the turn after that, they may take off. The turn after that, they may perform a Fighta-Bommer raid as detailed in Codex: Armageddon.
- Routing Flyboyz retreat toward their

own vehicles just like any other Speed Freeks.

- Fighta-Bommerz have an Armor Value of 10 on all locations.

The chances of the Flyboyz reaching their vehicles in time and intact were pretty slight, so we didn't expect them to affect the game's outcome too much. These rules were improvised and are in no way official, so use them at your own risk!

RAZORED'S SPEED FREEKS

HQ

Warboss Razored with mega armor, mega boosta, big horns, cybork body, kustom shoota (more dakka, shootier, blasta). **125 pts**

Razored's Retinue

1 Mekboy with kustom force field, slugga, Mekboy's tools and Grot oiler.

1 Nob with mega armor, mega boosta, power claw and shoota.

4 Nobz with sluggas, choppas, frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz. **207 pts**

Razored's Battlewagon with zzap gun, 2 twin rokkits, 2 bolt-on big shootas, armor plates, Grot riggers, red paint job. **170 pts**

Troops

Ruknar's Tankbustas

Boss Ruknar with rokket launcha, choppa, iron gob, frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz.

6 Tankbusta Boyz with sluggas, close combat weapons, frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz. **114 pts**

Wartrukk with rokket launcha, Grot riggers and armor plates. **42 pts**

Nashbad's Trukk Boyz

Boss Nashbad with big horns, 'eavy armor, power claw, kustom slugga (shootier), frag stikkbombz and tankbusta bombz.

10 Trukk Boyz with sluggas, choppas and one with burna. **152 pts**

Wartrukk with big shoota, bolt-on big shoota and Grot riggers. **50 pts**

Slugrat's Trukk Boyz

Boss Slugrat with iron gob, 'eavy armor, choppa, shootier slugga, frag stikkbombz, tankbusta bombz.

10 Trukk Boyz with sluggas, choppas and one with burna. **127 pts**

Wartrukk with big shoota, Grot riggers, bolt on big shoota and red paint job. **53 pts**

3 Warbuggies/Wartraks, each with big shoota, Grot riggers, armor plates. **159 pts**

3 Warbuggies/Wartraks, each with big shoota, Grot riggers, armor plates. **159 pts**

Fast Attack

Fighta-Bommer raid. **30 pts**

Heavy Support

Looted Basilisk with earthshaker artillery gun, hull-mounted heavy bolter and Grot riggers. **112 pts**

1,498 pts





BLACK TEMPLARS EMPYREAN CRUSADE

HQ

Marshal Albrecht with power weapon, storm bolter, melta bombs, purity seals and Terminator honors. **85 pts**

Emperor's Champion with artificer armor, Terminator honors, purity seals, iron halo, master-crafted bolt pistol and the Black Sword. **105 pts**

Elites

Dreadnought Thectus with assault cannon, Dreadnought close combat weapon, smoke launchers and extra armor. **113 pts**

Troops

Black Templars squad

6 Initiates with bolters, one with plasma cannon and one with plasma gun. **111 pts**

Black Templars squad

10 Initiates with bolters, one with missile launcher and one with flamer. **166 pts**

Black Templars squad

10 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, one with power weapon, one with flamer plus:
3 Neophytes with bolt pistols and close combat weapons. **199 pts**

Black Templars squad

8 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, one with lascannon and one with melta gun. **145 pts**

Fast Attack

Black Templars Assault squad

10 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons and two with power fists. **280 pts**

10 Initiates with bolt pistols, close combat weapons, two with power fists and five with storm shields. **295 pts**

1,499 pts

Battle-Brother Godwyn felt the screaming metal around him groan with tremendous forces exerted upon it as they penetrated Golgotha's dust-choked atmosphere. The meter-thick walls of the drop pod would hold fast, he knew, and the seals had been consecrated thricefold in the name of the Emperor. This conveyance would not fail and would deliver them into the midst of the foe. His fingers itched, and his augmented muscles strained against the thick rail holding him in position.

Despite the retro-thruster arrays, the drop pod slammed into the canyon with such incredible impact that Godwyn's vision flashed black for a second, a lance of pain shooting through his spine. He blocked it out. The walls of the drop pod fell outward with hydraulic hisses, guide-lamps blinking, and his auto-senses quickly compensated for the noise and light flooding in. Inside his helmet, Godwyn's lips twisted into a snarl.

08.52: PERIMETER FENCE

All around the airfield drop pods were thudding into the ground, clouds of superheated dust billowing from the impact sites. Black Templars were pouring from the crew compartments, grabbing their weapons and opening fire on the Orks careening around the airfield, plumes of dust thrown up by the wheels of their oily red trucks.

Across the battlefield a vast drop pod had smashed into the runway behind two ramshackle aircraft. The armored walls fell open. Dreadnought Thectus had already opened fire upon a crude Ork vehicle before the ramps hit the ground, blowing it apart in a punishing storm of assault cannon rounds.

Black specks descended from the azure sky, coalescing quickly into two full squads of Assault Marines, their free fall halted at the last second by searing lances of heat from their jump packs. One squad landed off to the left and started blasting away at a group of Orks as they clambered into the shelter of their vehicle. The other touched down by the dusty aircraft, bolt pistols rattling as explosive rounds tore into the three wartraks racing up the ridge. A fuel tank ignited, and one of the trucks pinwheeled over the ridge in a billowing column of flame.

Unclipping his missile launcher from the drop pod, Battle Brother Godwyn looked round sharply as his squad

opened fire on the Orks in the Trukk scant meters away. Their bolters chattered over the Templars' chanted litanies of hatred. The large squad ahead of them on the runway, led by Marshal Albrecht, also opened fire, one of the bolts finding its mark and blowing apart the vehicle before it could flee. Orks spilled out from all sides, howling and running toward their position.

Out of the corner of his eye, Godwyn saw a winged red shape veering across the sky in his direction. His helmet magnified the image of an Ork fighter plane heading straight for the drop pod, machine-guns flaring white. He raised his missile launcher to his shoulder, but the thing was moving too fast, strafing bullets across the runway in parallel lines, crossing either side of Godwyn. He loosed the missile a split second after obtaining target lock. The fighter veered sideways at the last moment, and the krak missile flew harmlessly beneath its wing, its emission trail betraying Godwyn's haste. Then the plane was overhead, and explosions blossomed around him, two of his battle brothers were blasted apart, their blood spattered across the dusty ground, the noise unbearable.



A squad of heavily armed Black Templars disengage from their drop pod, weapons ready.



08.53: RIDGE CREST

Gaszbak howled in delight as the Trukk careened down the ridge into the thick of the fighting, firing his slugga into the blue sky out of sheer exuberance. Marine-boyz were thundering onto the runway in huge black pods, and a group of the warriors with jet-packs had landed unwisely in front of Warboss Razored's Battlewagon. Ahead of him, Nashbad kicked the driver squarely in the back of the head, and the Trukk sped forward. He laughed to see Radgrat's Wartraks speed past them in the other direction, armor plates buckled and split. The big shootas were swivelling, gunners hanging out the back, the traks lifting onto two wheels as they spat shells at the exposed rear of the Dreadnought. Ruknar's Tankbustas had got clear of the smoking wreckage of their Trukk in the hangar, but their rockets could not penetrate the thick skin of the Dreadnought, either. It was shaking off

direct hits from rokkits, shootas, big shootas... Ruknar's boyz piled in, nail-shod boots clanking up the metal grill of the ramps, but even as they attacked, the thing caught Ruknar with its blunt fist and dashed his head open on the girders of its drop pod, his power claw hanging limp.

The Basilisk on the other side of the battlefield fired its lethal shell wide, and the other squad of Wartraks, behind the control tower, were thudding shells into a heavily-armed squad that had just emerged at the end of the runway.

Suddenly, they were at the bottom of the ridge, and Lugbrag was bathing the jet-pack Marines with fire from his burna. Gaszbak opened fire, felling one with a large caliber shot to the head. They piled out, smashing into

the enemy as the Warboss's huge Battlewagon rolled forward and disgorged a mob of bellowing Nobz and two clanking mega-armored Orks into the mêlée. Four of the Space Marines went down under the frenzied force of the Trukk boyz attack, Gaszbak accounting for one with a vicious blow to the back of the head with his choppa. They gave a good fight, taking down three Orks with well-placed blows, but by the time Razored brought his power claw to bear the fight was all but over. He saw the hulking Warboss grab one Templar by the neck with his cruel pincer, force him to his knees and keep pushing, crushing him within his armor.

Laughing cruelly, Razored stamped back into the boss wagon, leaving broken black-armored corpses behind.



Over the other side of the airfield, Trukk Boyz descend upon the Templars, and bloody combat erupts.



The Tankbustas storm up the ramps to assault the Dreadnought.

08.55: PERIMETER FENCE

The Orks were upon them. Battle-Brother Godwyn saw the beasts ahead of him, and they appalled him. They hit the Templars with tremendous force, the narrow blue welding flame from one Ork's weapon cutting through Batrius' armor as if it were mere chainmail, another's greataxe taking Siegmund's head clean from his shoulders. But they held fast, fighting with the butts of their bolters, even their bare hands. One of the aliens sprung at him. He swung the heavy missile launcher from his shoulder like a club, smashing it out of the air before breaking its corded neck with an armored knee.

Bolt pistols spitting, Assault Squad Lavernius rocketed from behind a mound of scrap toward them,

smashing into their Ork assailants, chainswords screaming as they cut deep into Ork flesh and bit into tough bone. Godwyn's squad fought with all the more vigor. He turned just as an Assault Marine with a power fist punched straight through the back of a large Ork as it fled, spraying his armor with strings of thick red gore.

In the course of a few seconds, there were no Orks left. Across the runway, Templars were assuming formations, marching toward the Battlewagon that Marshal Albrecht believed contained Ghazghkull. Dreadnought Thectus was engaged, busily smashing Orks to the floor without having stepped outside his drop pod.

As one, the Assault Marines that had joined the fight fired up their jump packs and soared off behind them, weapons spitting. As Godwyn turned, he saw that what he had taken for a rusted pile of junk was, in fact, an Imperial Basilisk, its silhouette broken by numerous Ork 'modifications'. With a roar, his squad charged toward the new threat.

09.01: LUGRAT'S GULCH

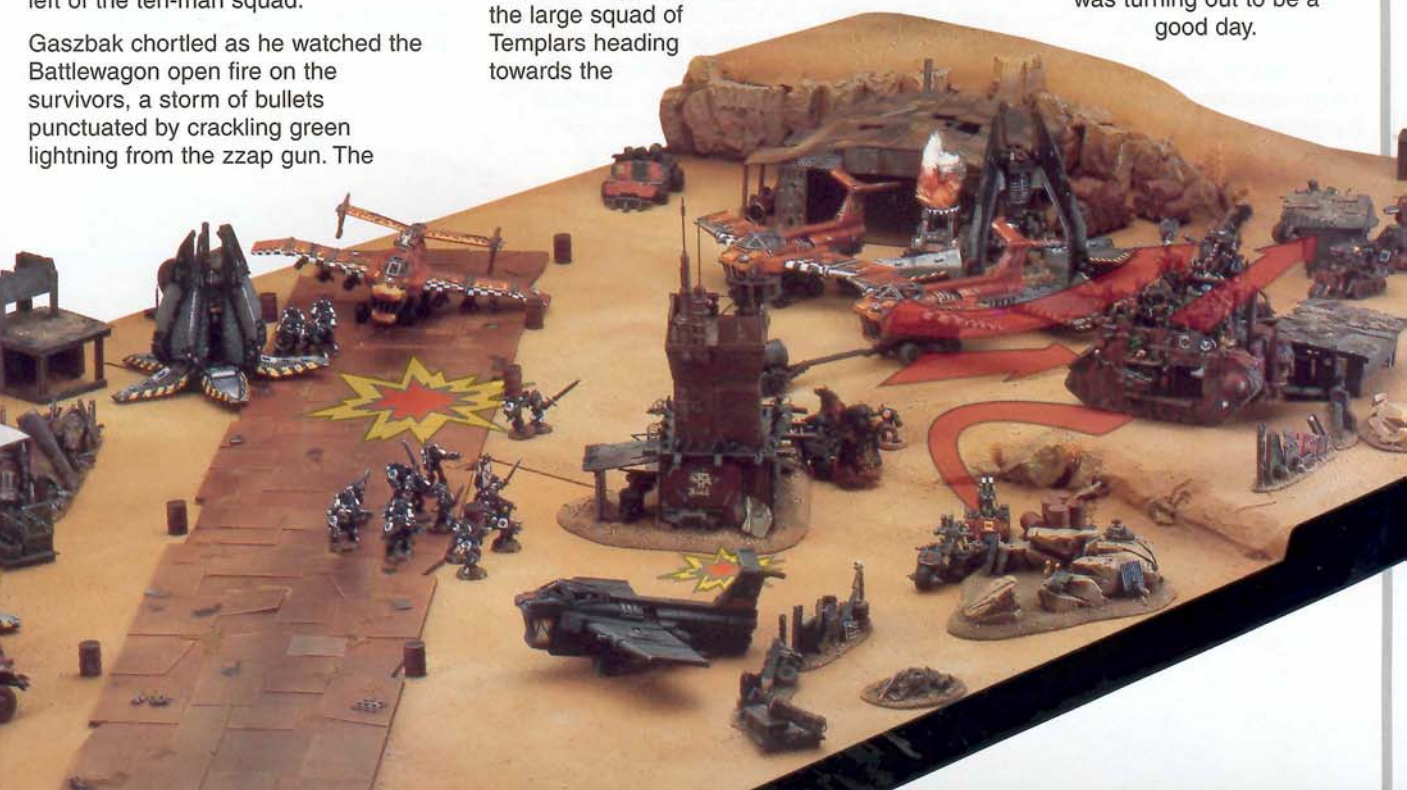
The Grots manning the Basilisk scabbled frantically to load another shell into the breech as the Assault Marines arced towards the rear of the rusted tank. With a deafening crack, the Basilisk spat its lethal projectile high into the air, landing with horrific force right in the center of a squad of Templars. Black armored limbs were flung high, blood and dust spraying across the runway. The Emperor's Champion picked himself up, as did one of his battle brothers, all that was left of the ten-man squad.

Gaszbak chortled as he watched the Battlewagon open fire on the survivors, a storm of bullets punctuated by crackling green lightning from the zzap gun. The

fancy-armored marine-boy with a seriously large pigsticker had started striding forward, the green energy bolt crackling around him harmlessly. Gaszbak elbowed Lugbrak out of the way and grabbed the big shoota, swinging it around to face the defiant champion. As the large-bore bullets smashed into the figure he broke into a run, a roar rising from his throat. Gaszbak's jaw dropped.

The Wartraks racing beneath the ridge were having more success, their bullets taking down one of the large squad of Templars heading towards the

control tower. Gaszbak could see Flyboyz bolting from the doorway, heading directly for their Fighta-Bommerz. He didn't rate their chances of getting past the indomitable marine-boy heading their way. The raging Dreadnought was occupied in trashing Ruknar's boys as they frantically tried to affix their bombs to its rear, but apart from that everything seemed to be going their way; most of the Templars were a good long way off. The Trukk left the ground for a second as it ran back over the ridge. This was turning out to be a good day.



09.01: BASILISK EMBLACEMENT

Godwyn joined in the chanted litanies, playing counterpoint to the whine of the Assault squad's chainswords as they cut through the controls of the Basilisk and butchered its crew. Slave-runts ran towards him from under the tank; he lashed out at one with his armored foot, breaking its spine. He felt bile rising in his throat and he gave in to the irresistible urge to destroy the aliens, his squad surging toward the tank. Within moments it was destroyed, a rusted husk, its machine spirit finally free from the perversions of the Orks.

Across the airstrip, Marshal Albrecht led his men forward, but Godwyn feared they were too distant to support Champion Gorsch and the survivor of his squad. He could see that Gorsch had given in to his divine rage, charging forward into the scattered aliens heading for their aircraft. But the Orks were running with their heads down, and Godwyn knew this was not to be an honorable duel. Gorsch stepped in front of them and raised his hand, commanding

them to fight, lest they die cowards. One leapt at Gorsch barehanded, his fanged mouth open wide. The Champion rewarded it with a lunge from the Black Sword, impaling the Ork like a boar on a spit. One of its companions broke and ran to his craft, the remaining Ork grappling with Brother Caemon. Godwyn prayed to the Emperor that Marshal Albrecht's reinforcements would arrive before the Battlewagon disgorged its deadly cargo against the lone hero.

Dreadnought Thectus had accounted for most of his assailants; as Godwyn watched the unstoppable machine it took another Greenskin by the throat and crushed it, emptying countless rounds of its assault cannon point blank into the remaining Ork's chest. The creature burst apart in a spray of gore. The grills of the drop pod were flooded red with Ork blood. Each step resounding around the

nearby hangar, the Dreadnought strode down the ramp of the drop pod toward the Warboss's Battlewagon.

Godwyn flinched as a sudden storm of fire smashed into his squad, the crude projectile weapons of the Trukk-mounted Orks racing along the ridge spitting bullets with uncharacteristic accuracy. His brothers stood firm, the bullets rebounding from their blessed armor. His missile launcher raised, Godwyn uttered the catechism of accuracy and loosed a krak missile, the projectile tearing off the tracks of one of the vehicles. They would all pay soon enough.



As the Emperor's Champion confronts two of the Flyboyz, one pilot escapes and bolts for cover... his waiting Fighta-Bommer.

09.03: MAIN HANGAR

+++THREAT ELIMINATED+++

Battle Brother Thectus felt his blood warm within his damaged skull as his Dreadnought's assault cannon thundered death into the chest of his last assailant. The Orks had no chance, their dirty weapons no match for the consecrated instruments of the Emperor's will. Free of their futile assault, fresh target data flashing across his mind-screens, he strode purposefully out of the towering drop pod across the broken, twisted bodies of the aliens. Their blood stained his adamantium skin up to the waist. It made him feel unclean.

The aliens' leader was safely couched in his tank on the ridge, the holy form of a Land Raider broken and enslaved to the beast's will. It was festooned with glyphs and crude weapons, slave-runts scampered in the recesses of the Orks' blasphemous modifications. Thectus swore that such a mockery of the Imperial will would not go unpunished. Upon the ridge, Ork munitions-trucks were joining the Battlewagon in its attempts to cut down Marshal Albrecht and his squad. Most of the shots were to no avail, the battle brothers confidently striding through the hail of fire. One Templar fell, however, and Thectus swore his death would be avenged.

He gathered momentum, the Dreadnought's strides building up into a charge. Inside

the amniotic sac of his sanctum, litanies of war formed on Thectus' ruined lips.

Suddenly, the Battlewagon emitted a crackling pulse of green lightning that arced through the air and grounded on the armored front of his sarcophagus. The stench of ozone filtered into his frantic mind as the actinic energy danced across his armored form, overloading his senses, blinding him, the screens linked to his mind flashing white. The Dreadnought had stopped in its tracks, joints frozen, the torrent of electricity shorting out its electronic synapses. As the circuit breaker kicked in, saving Thectus from certain death, the Dreadnought toppled backwards with a terrible slow grace, thundering into the dust. The image of a cloudless blue sky, scarred with dirty contrails, flickered and went black.



The Dreadnought, having withstood the full might of the Orks' firepower, finally falls to the Battlewagon's zzap gun.



Champion Gorsch administers the coup de grace to the remaining Flyboyz



09.06: BASILISK EMPLACEMENT

The battle-lust lifted from Brother Godwyn as he heard the squad leader's vox-message: every alien at this end of the battlefield had been executed. Turning, he realized with sick certainty that the fight had carried to the far side of the airfield, that the assault squad passing overhead were too far away to reinforce Marshal Albrecht and Champion Gorsch. He swore an oath as he hefted his missile launcher to his shoulder. In the shadow of the control tower, Albrecht was leading his squad to a pair of munitions-trucks that skidded toward them, the Orks jeering as they drew the Templars

away from the Battlewagon. Marshal Albrecht answered with a well-placed shot, blowing the vehicle's filthy weaponry apart in a blistering explosion. The squad's flamer engulfed the tracked vehicles in righteous flame, the driver howling as his thick skin was covered in burning chemicals. The rest of the squad concentrated disciplined fire on the other vehicle's tracks, blowing them apart, the primitive gun-Trukk skidding to a halt. The Templars charged, their chainswords screeching as the teeth bit into plates of thick, rusted metal.

On the other side of the control tower, Champion Gorsch stood resolutely, feet planted firmly in the dust, a single Ork pilot snarling as the black-armored figure blocked the route to its aircraft. For long seconds, they stood facing each other. Godwyn realized that the interminable delay was due to Gorsch's honor; he would not strike an unarmed foe unless it attacked him first. But this was an alien, by the Emperor's Throne! It was folly not to kill it immediately! To his relief, the Ork roared and ran straight toward Gorsch, breaking left at the last minute. But Gorsch was fast, faster than any man on this battlefield, and he broke into a sprint, the black sword whistling out as he ran toward the Battlewagon. Behind him, a roar of defiance issuing from his throat, the Ork's chest fell open, dark blood spraying from his ruined lungs.

09.11: RIDGE CREST

Racing over the ridge once more, the wheels of the Trukk left the ground completely as Nashbad's driver tortured the protesting engine, pushing the rusting vehicle to its limit. Ahead, a Grot rigger labored hard to fix one of the Wartraks. He was about to climb back in when all three Wartraks belted down the slope, their riders screaming obscenities as they thundered bullets into the Marine-boys at the far end of the landing strip. Gaszbak could hear the ricochets as they rebounded from the black armor

of the squad, relieved to see a bullet smash through one Templar's throat, knocking the figure to the floor.

At the bottom of the slope, the seemingly unkillable Marine-boy in the flash armor was shouting at the top of his lungs as he charged the massive Battlewagon. Brave, but very, very stupid. Razored loved that wagon like a favorite pet, and, if Gaszbak was any judge, that Space Marine was about to come under the full force of its firepower.

The Boss Wagon shook with the recoil of a multitude of guns, rokkits screaming toward the ground, bullets ripping up the earth around the figure. One rocket hit home, and did no more than wreath the figure in licking flame for a second. Still the damn thing came forward, its sword raised. The zzap gun, set to maximum power,

emitted a rising whine as the energies crackled around its peculiar barrel, diffusing with a sharp crack as it overheated. Plumes of smoke wound into the air, and Gaszbak could hear Razored's enraged scream as the figure came within scant feet of the Boss Wagon. It hadn't slowed. Gaszbak swung the big shoota around on its pinion, his eyes squinting as he compensated for the motion of the Trukk. Leaning forward, teeth bared, he pulled the trigger.

Bullets smashed into the side of the Marine-boy, stitching upward as the big shoota bucked and spat. Two bullets hit his ornate helmet with so much force that his head was torn around and bent sideways. The figure slowed, legs buckling, then slumped to its knees, dropping face down into the dirt just front of the rusted tracks of the Battlewagon. That wasn't so difficult, thought Gaszbak, as all sixty tons of Razored's looming behemoth rolled forward.



09.14: PERIMETER FENCE

Battle Brother Godwyn screamed in rage as he saw the Emperor's Champion fall to the guns of the craven Orks. This was unprecedented! Virtually every recorded instance of Ork combat doctrine showed them as assault specialists who relished every chance they had to engage the enemy at close quarters. And yet they had hung back, drawn the Templars in to the teeth of their guns, pounded them methodically with superior firepower. Godwyn could hardly believe such martial prowess could be displayed by a herd of howling, brutish aliens driving hunks of scrap held together by rust and grease.

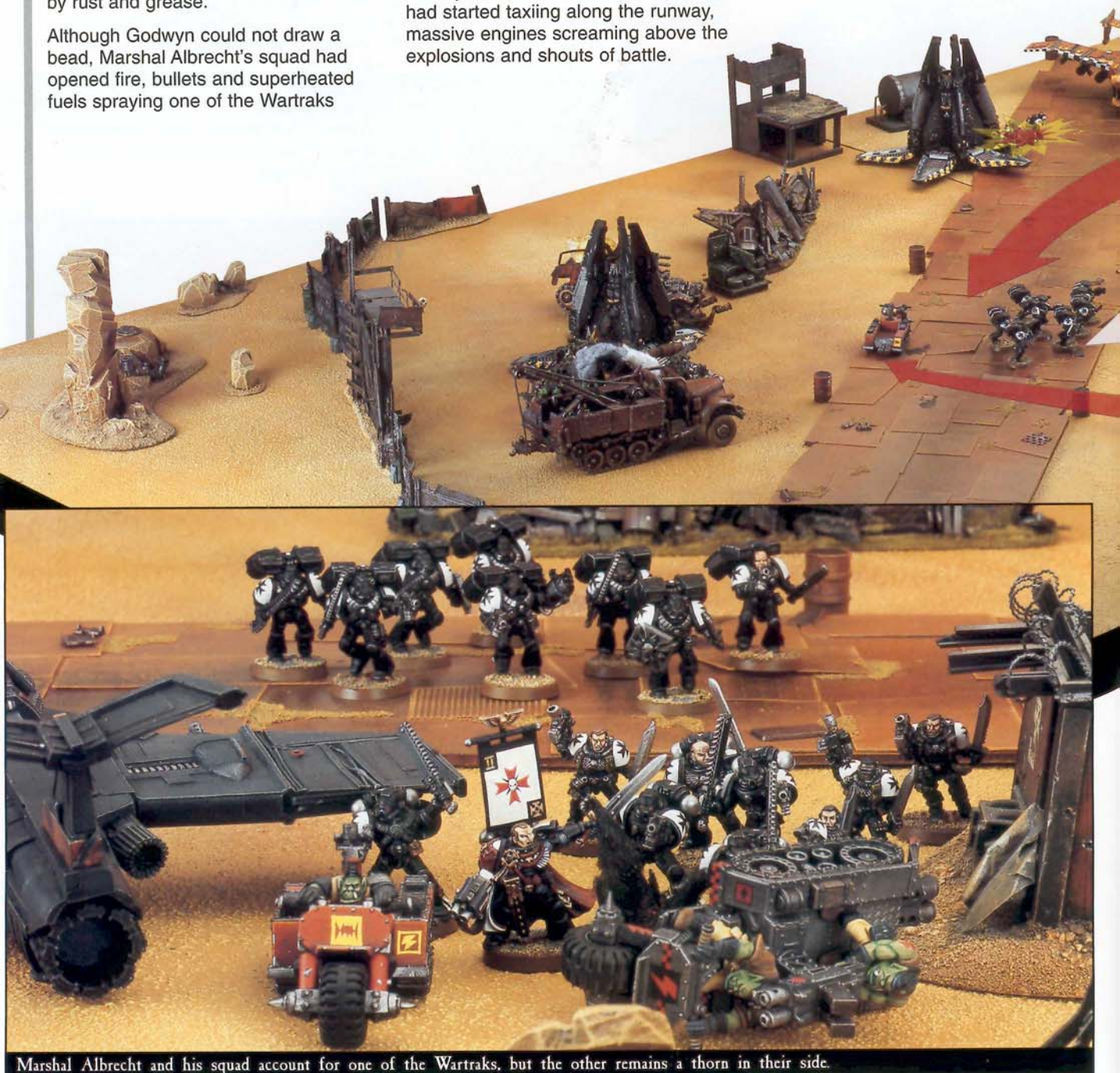
Although Godwyn could not draw a bead, Marshal Albrecht's squad had opened fire, bullets and superheated fuels spraying one of the Wartraks

which plagued them. The chemical fire from the flamer ignited the vehicle's fuel canisters, the resultant explosion sending it high into the air on a column of flame and debris. The other gun Trukk disappeared from his viewfinder, hidden by the charging Templars.

The Assault Marines were racing through the sky towards Marshal Albrecht's squad, the backwash of heat from their packs rippling the air and whirling dust about them as they opened fire on the Wartrak spinning in the dirt ahead. A rising roar blotted out the sound of their jump packs, and Godwyn saw that one of the aircraft had started taxiing along the runway, massive engines screaming above the explosions and shouts of battle.

He swung the missile launcher around as the plane accelerated fast, calmly obtaining a lock on the pilot's cabin. He could see the pilot's evil, grinning face through the filthy cockpit.

Godwyn squeezed the trigger just as bullets from the plane's machine guns slammed into his chest plate. His missile flew wide, rocketing past the plane and blowing apart the corrugated iron of the hangar behind the aircraft in a blossoming explosion of flame. His roar of frustration was lost in the din of engines as the bloated, rusted underside of the aircraft passed over his head.



Marshal Albrecht and his squad account for one of the Wartraks, but the other remains a thorn in their side.

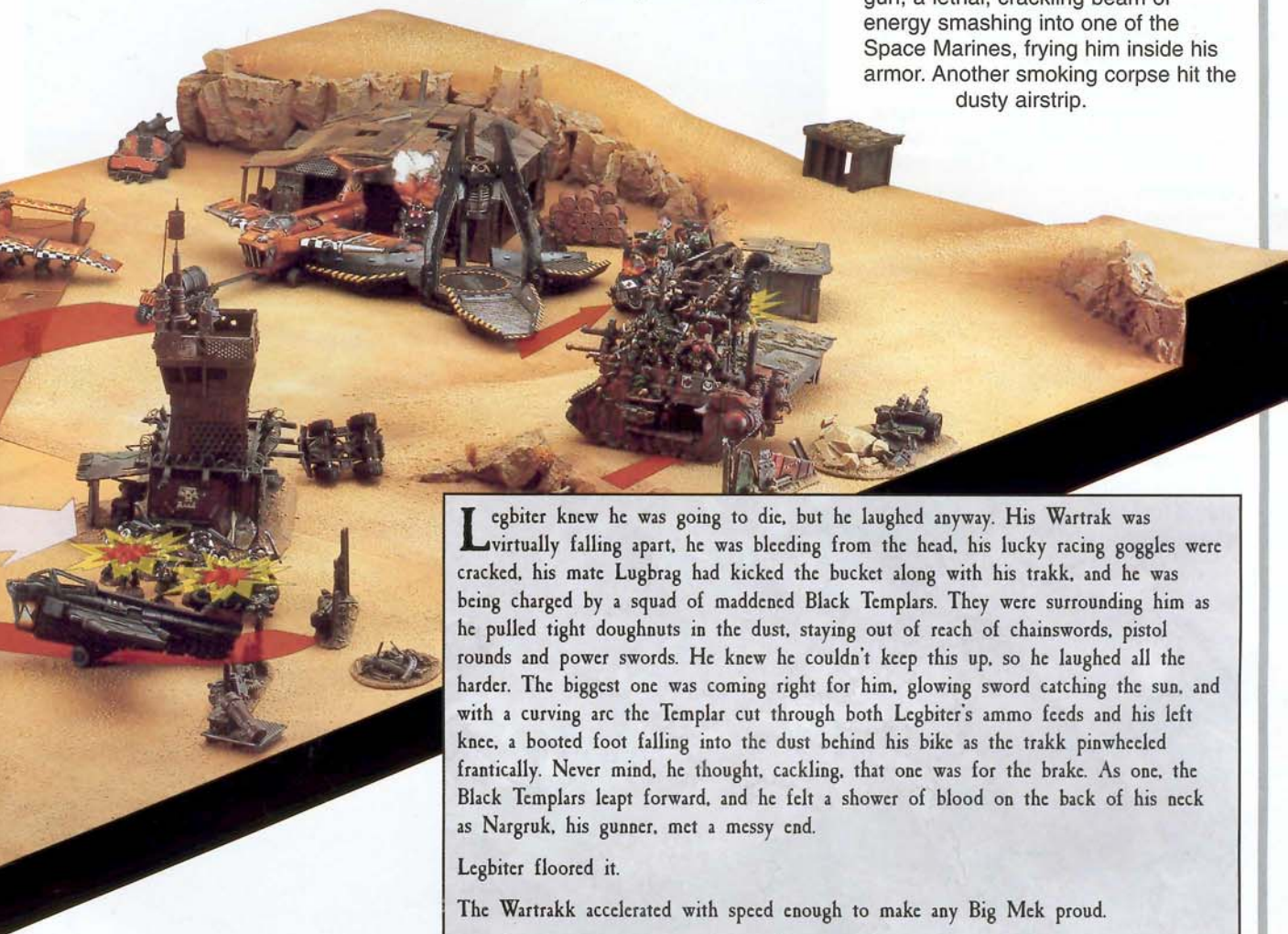
09.18: RIDGE CREST

Gaszbak groaned inwardly as Razored's Battlewagon reversed up the slope, the massive mega-armored form of the warboss waving them back with his power klaw. It looked like they would finish this battle without feeling the comforting thump of choppas smashing through bone. The scent of blood was in his nostrils,

and he fervently wished that they would meet the approaching squad of marine-boyz head on. Not only that, but there was still some heavily-armed Templars at the end of the runway, aiming their plasma weapons at the Battlewagon with impunity. And they were retreating!

But the Boss knew best, thought Gaszbak, as the Wartraks raced around them, jeering and making

obscene gestures. Nashbad's driver span the Trukk in a full circle, roaring between the rocks. He consoled himself with sending a volley of shots into the squad on the runway, bullets smashing into drop pod and Space Marine alike. The Wartraks evidently took to the idea, their twin-linked big shootas riddling two of the squad with bullets, bodies collapsing into the dirt. The Boss Wagon had fixed its zzap gun, a lethal, crackling beam of energy smashing into one of the Space Marines, frying him inside his armor. Another smoking corpse hit the dusty airstrip.



Legbiter knew he was going to die, but he laughed anyway. His Wartrak was virtually falling apart, he was bleeding from the head, his lucky racing goggles were cracked, his mate Lugbrag had kicked the bucket along with his trakk, and he was being charged by a squad of maddened Black Templars. They were surrounding him as he pulled tight doughnuts in the dust, staying out of reach of chainswords, pistol rounds and power swords. He knew he couldn't keep this up, so he laughed all the harder. The biggest one was coming right for him, glowing sword catching the sun, and with a curving arc the Templar cut through both Legbiter's ammo feeds and his left knee, a booted foot falling into the dust behind his bike as the trakk pinwheeled frantically. Never mind, he thought, cackling, that one was for the brack. As one, the Black Templars leapt forward, and he felt a shower of blood on the back of his neck as Nargruk, his gunner, met a messy end.

Legbiter floored it.

The Wartrakk accelerated with speed enough to make any Big Mek proud.

Smashing into power armored legs, the wartrakk careened through the Black Templars, dust billowing from behind it. Legbiter sped into the distance, still laughing maniacally.



The Speed Freck Wartraks draw away the Black Templars assault squad from the battle, costing them dearly.

09.23: PERIMETER FENCE

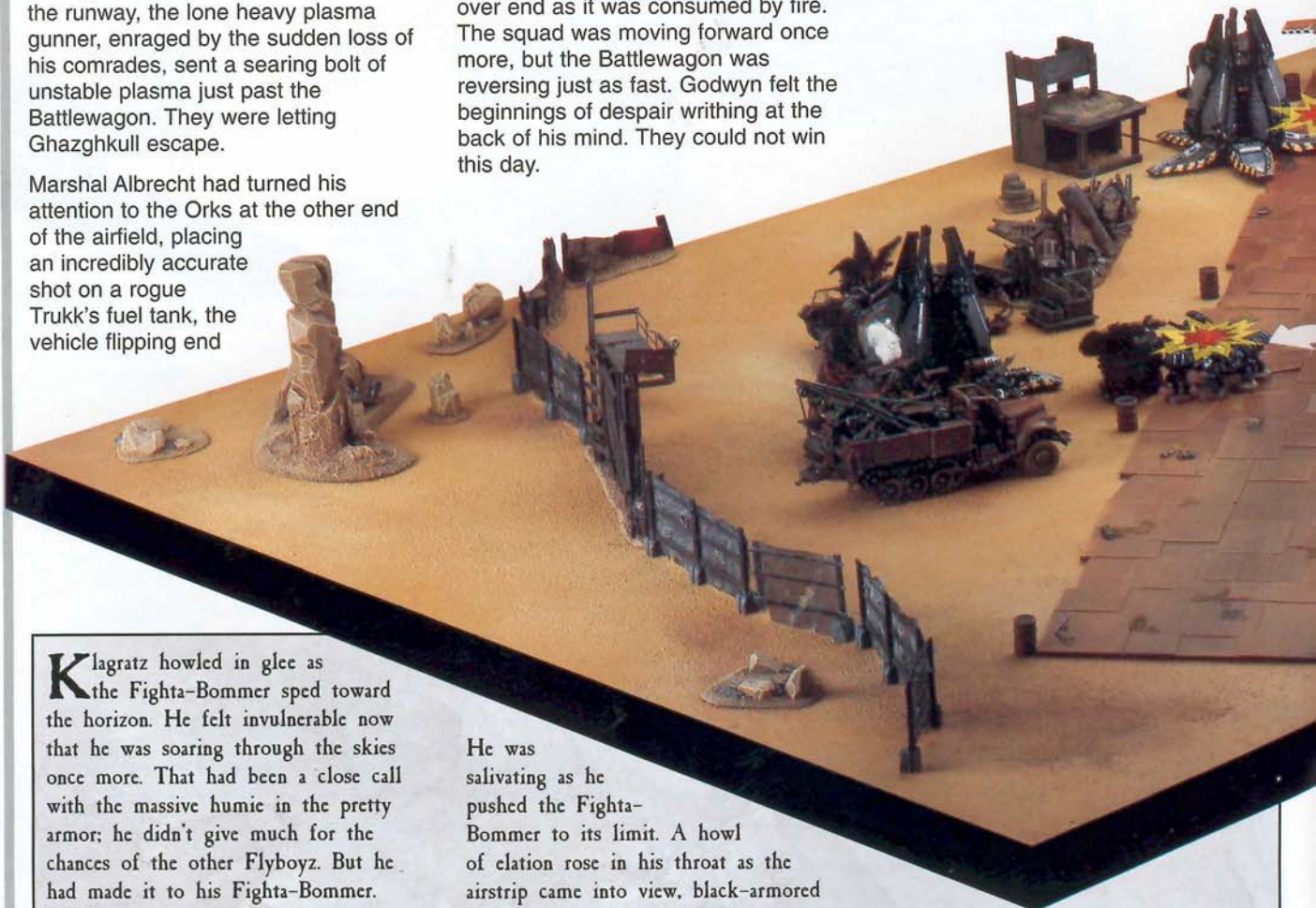
Somehow, against all possible reason, the last munitions Trukk had escaped the press of Albrecht's squad and was accelerating hard beneath the Assault Marines. It slewed to a halt a safe distance from the Marshal's squad, its rider shouting and gesticulating obscenely. The Assault squad turned a tight arc in mid-air – they could not let this impudent alien belittle the might of the Black Templars. Bolt pistols spitting, they fell upon the lone Ork like avenging angels. Chainswords sliced into the driver, power fists tore metal apart like paper. But they were still too far away from the command Battlewagon, the Trukk costing them valuable time. Over at the runway, the lone heavy plasma gunner, enraged by the sudden loss of his comrades, sent a searing bolt of unstable plasma just past the Battlewagon. They were letting Ghazghkull escape.

Marshal Albrecht had turned his attention to the Orks at the other end of the airfield, placing an incredibly accurate shot on a rogue Trukk's fuel tank, the vehicle flipping end



The remaining Wartrak is finally crushed by the power fists of the Assault squad.

over end as it was consumed by fire. The squad was moving forward once more, but the Battlewagon was reversing just as fast. Godwyn felt the beginnings of despair writhing at the back of his mind. They could not win this day.



Klagratz howled in glee as the Fighta-Bommer sped toward the horizon. He felt invulnerable now that he was soaring through the skies once more. That had been a close call with the massive humie in the pretty armor; he didn't give much for the chances of the other Flyboyz. But he had made it to his Fighta-Bommer. Well, now it was his turn. He had a full complement of bombs. He had one of the fastest planes on the airfield. But best of all, he had an excuse.

The plane executed a tight turn, carving a path in the sky until it was directly facing the runway. Klagratz labored to get the cockpit open, bombing was always better that way.

He was salivating as he pushed the Fighta-Bommer to its limit. A howl of elation rose in his throat as the airstrip came into view, black-armored figures running like insects, bright flashes of gunfire peppering the dusty battlescape.

The Waaagh! rising in his throat, Klagratz punched the cargo release plate repeatedly until his knuckles broke.

Below him, bombs dropped on Space Marine and Ork alike, exploding in the midst of the Templars, tearing up the

runway, smashing apart the hangar, obliterating an outhouse.

Fire raged in jagged streaks across the runway, fusing sand into glass.

As he raced into the blinding rays of Golgotha's sun, Klagratz climbed onto his seat and leaned out to see the destruction he had sown. Laughing like a drain, he came around for another pass.

09.24: MAIN HANGAR

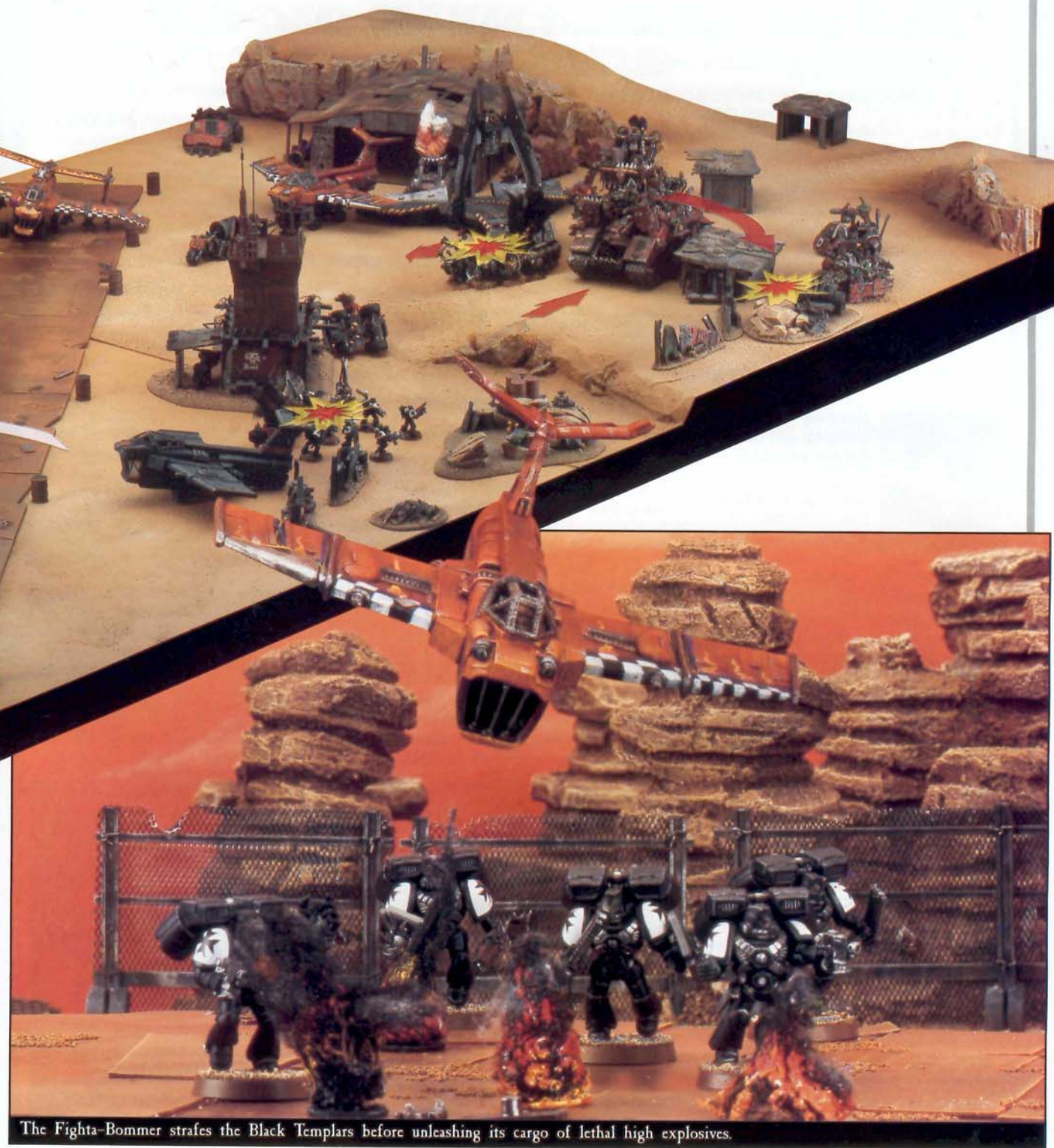
Gaszbag was flung bodily from the Trukk as the fuel tank ruptured, curling into a ball and rolling in the dust. A lucky shot from the Marine-boyz leader had sent the Boyz sprawling in all directions as the vehicle flipped, landing in a burning heap ten feet away. Picking a long sliver of metal out of a deep gash on his shoulder, Gaszbag took stock of the situation. Nashbad was obviously unharmed, he

was laying the boot in to the other Boyz lying on the floor, telling them to get up and get moving. Most of them complied, but being as Nashbad had kicked Blatrog's blackened head three times without reaction, Gaszbag reckoned they were a boy down.

Razored's Battlewagon seemed practically untouched, nothing a bit of red paint wouldn't sort out. The massive machine rumbled backward,

still firing into the battle-torn infantry squad slogging it up the hill. He severely doubted that Razored would allow them to make it to the top, and their reinforcements were a good way off. The day was in the hands of the Orks. Still, whilst there was gunfire there was always a bit of fight left.

Grinning, Gaszbag limped off towards the battle.



The Fighta-Bommer strafes the Black Templars before unleashing its cargo of lethal high explosives.

DA WINNA!



Andy Chambers

Andy: Well, a not-so-glorious victory, but still a victory. The plan was sound enough, although I ended up having to pounce into close combat almost

immediately in order to take out the Black Templars Assault squad which landed virtually on top of Razored. The Basilisk play worked well, its glorious sacrifice in nuking the squad containing the Emperor's Champion proved to be worth it, even though the Basilisk was left immobile and helpless in the face of some very angry Black Templars afterwards. Slugrat's Boyz put up a pretty putrid showing, but, fortunately, it was irrelevant, the Assault squad being diverted from heading after Razored was a critical moment in my mind, ensuring that Matt's only remaining really mobile unit

was well out of the running. After that, I didn't have to do anything too clever except keep moving and shooting.

The biggest upset was the Dreadnought which so steadfastly refused to die despite me throwing everything I had at it. I was lucky that the Tankbustas managed to hang on in close combat as long as they did, once again buying me valuable time through their sacrifice. I was lucky again to destroy the damned thing as soon as it finished off the Tankbustas. The zzap gun on the Battlewagon can be devastating at times, but (like most Orky shooting) its a chancy weapon, and I hate to have to rely on it.

Turning to the other side I think that Matt did suffer quite a bit of bad luck – his heavy weapons fire was just appalling, and I became so used to his plasma gunners suffering overheats

that I was rather shocked when they actually hit anything. We won't even mention the Marshal's problems with finishing off the Wartraks or the Emperor's Champion and the Flyboyz. However, dice rolls aside, I do think Matt failed to really focus on the job in hand and scattered his forces a bit too widely during deployment. By the end of the game, the only unit that I had which was still intact was my HQ, and I'm afraid that speaks to me of an opponent who didn't pay full heed to his victory conditions.

Regardless of outcome it was a fun game, played in very good spirit and tremendously enhanced by having a really well themed battlefield. Now all I have to do is figure out just what badness Ghazghkull can get up to now that the Black Templars have been given the slip.

ALL IS LOST



Matthew Sprange

Matthew: It was going so well during the first turn! The game, overall, was one of great tactical thought for both of us, with the ebb and flow of battle

swinging one way, then the other. Andy was very wise in putting his Warlord in a Battlewagon, as this gave him both protection and enough mobility to keep away from the bulk of my army's assault forces.

I could go on about the lack of heavy weapons in my army, or the fact that the looted Basilisk pulled away two squads to deal with it but, overall, there is one unit alone I will blame for defeat – the Flyboyz!

They were just placed in the game for a bit of fun, but they became the nemesis for the greatest of the Black Templars. When the group of three ran in front of the Emperor's Champion and the lone Space Marine with the meltagun, I thought I was playing it so smart by assaulting them! By spending a turn in close combat, the two Space Marines would be safe from the Orks' firepower, and they could then use a sweeping advance to rush towards the Warlord's Battlewagon. Using a meltagun or the Black Sword, the Battlewagon would have been cracked wide open and the Emperor's

Champion could then spend the rest of the battle in close combat, steadily hewing his way to the Warlord.

That, at least, had been the plan. As it transpired, the Emperor's Champion had immense problems dealing with just one Flyboy. When the Ork had (finally) been dispatched, the Space Marines faced Andy's waiting guns with predictable results.

After that, the battle fell apart for the Black Templars, with their few heavy weapons proving highly ineffective ("there is no way I'll miss with this plasma cannon twice in a row" – ha!) and the last Assault squad getting distracted by Wartraks and Buggies.

Could I have played it differently? Well, the Black Templars may have benefited from being deployed closer together in order to support one another more fully, but I was a little paranoid about that looted Basilisk that I just knew Andy would take. Taking more Space Marines instead of sinking a huge amount of points into two Assault squads may also have been an idea, but I think I would have definitely missed the mobility.

Overall, the *Planetfall* mission can be a difficult one for the Space Marines, so all I am left to say is: next time, Mr Chambers, next time.



Andy had to do a couple of laps of the building on his motorbike to calm down.

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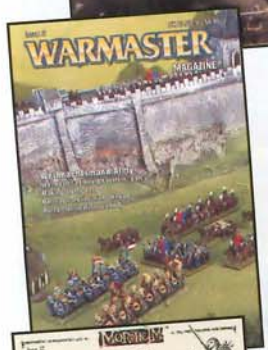
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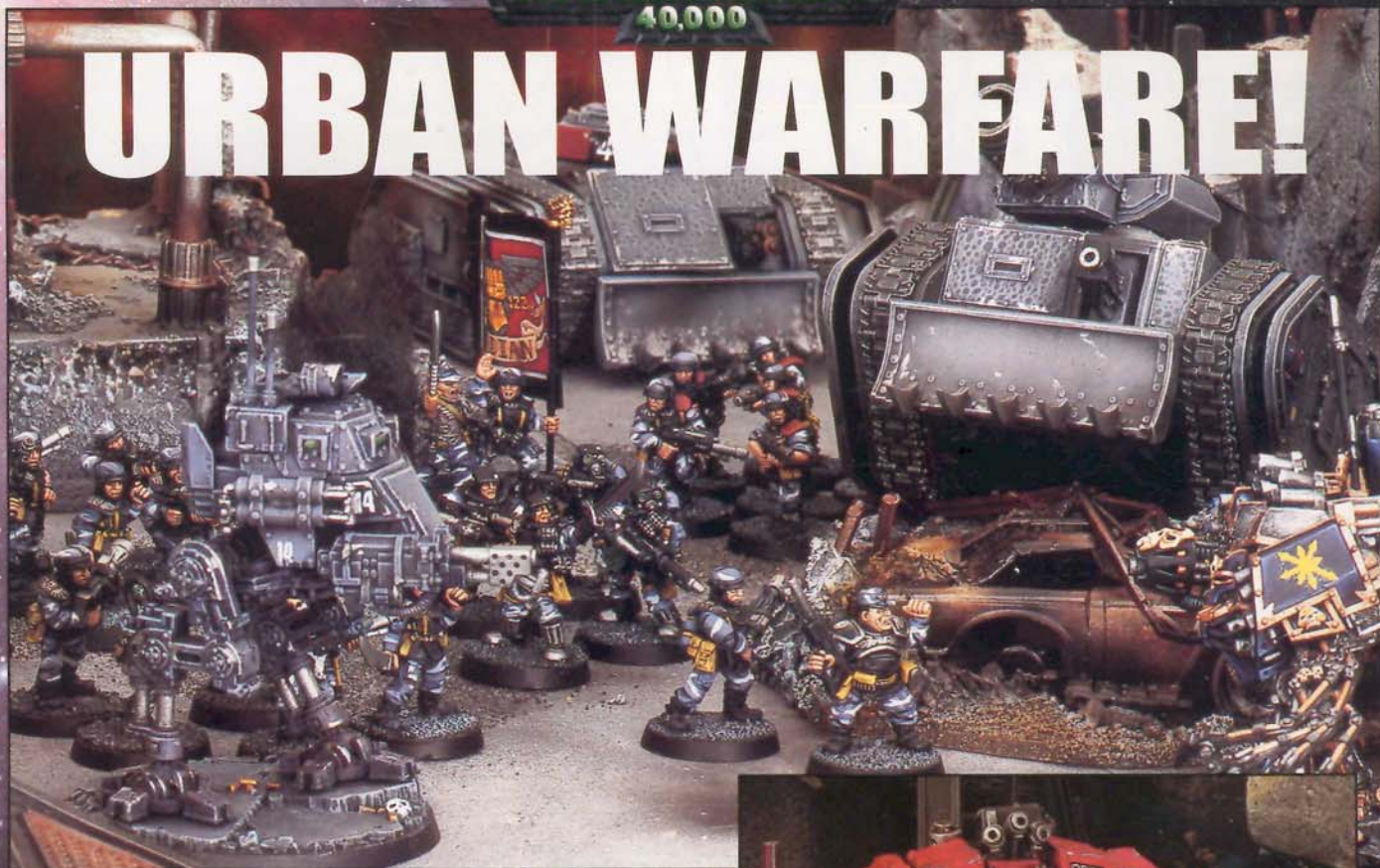


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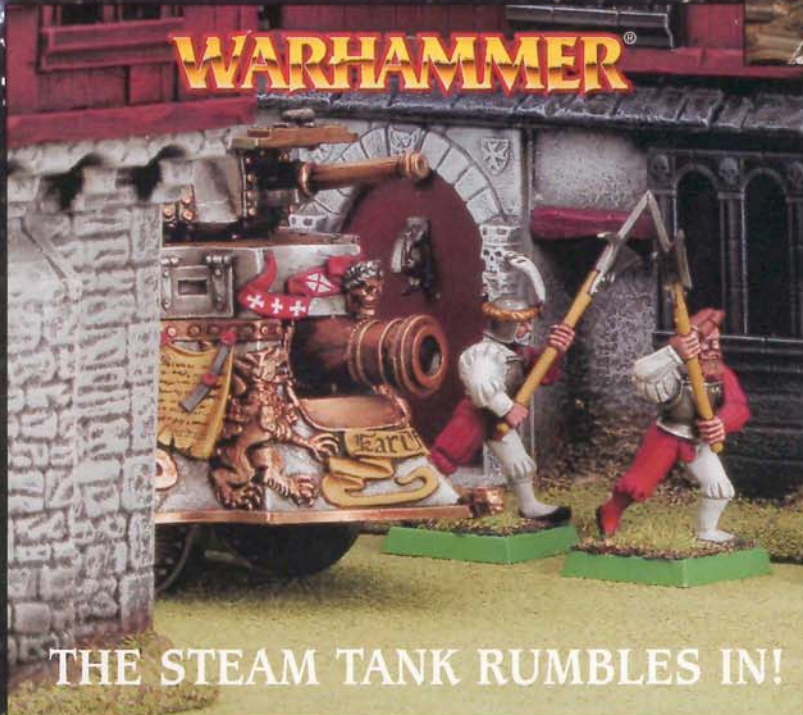
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