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BATTLE REPORT**

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NEW! IMPERIAL GUARD
REGIMENT ARMY LISTS



**TAU CRISIS
BATTLESUIT
TEAMS**

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NEWS FROM THE BUNKER

BIGGEST ISSUE EVER!

Well here it is! 160 pages of your favourite monthly magazine, the largest it has ever been!

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All this, and it is still only \$9.95 an issue (or the equivalent in your local currency). Thanks to the healthy support of our gamers across the Asia Pacific region, we can provide you with an extra 32 pages this issue.

Into these extra pages we've crammed a second battle report, a Chapter Approved article about Imperial Guard armies, and the conclusion of our look

at a few local Dark Elf armies. There are a few pages on tactics for Tau Battlesuits, some 40K scenery building, Steam Tank modelling and background, and even a preview of the High Elves, the next Warhammer Armies book.

Enjoy these pages, the team has put a lot of effort into this issue (certainly more than any other) and I'm sure they'd appreciate your enjoyment.

Oh, and you may already know, but we've been able to drop the price of a year's subscription to \$100!

ROGUE TRADER TOURNAMENTS

DOGCON

- Warhammer
- January 26th, 27th & 28th 2002
- North Sydney Anzac Memorial Club, Cnr Ernest St & Miller St, Cammeray NSW 2062
- Contact: Richard (Ooze) Naco (02) 9153 9698 before 10:30 pm norrich@ozemail.com.au

ARCANA CON

- Warhammer 40,000
- January 26th, & 27th 2002
- Collingwood College, Cnr Cromwell St & McCutcheon Way, Colingwood VIC
- Contact: Mark Morrison bassst@optushome.com.au



Band D
AUS\$16



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WARHAMMER
40,000

THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR
WARHAMMER 40,000:

TAU XV8 CRISIS BATTLESUIT

Crisis battlesuit teams are an Elites choice, with 1-3 models in a squad.

This boxed set contains one Crisis battlesuit. Sculpted by Jes Goodwin.

This model requires assembly.

Band G
AUS\$27



TAU X15 STEALTHSUITS

Tau Stealth teams are an Elites choice, with 3-6 models in a squad.

This blister pack contains two Stealthsuits. Sculpted by Juan Diaz.

These models require assembly.

TAU X15 STEALTH TEAM LEADER

One Stealthsuit Shas'ui in a squad may be upgraded to a Stealthsuit Shas'vre team leader.

This blister pack contains one Stealthsuit Shas'vre model and one Shield Drone. Sculpted by Juan Diaz (Drone by Tim Adcock).

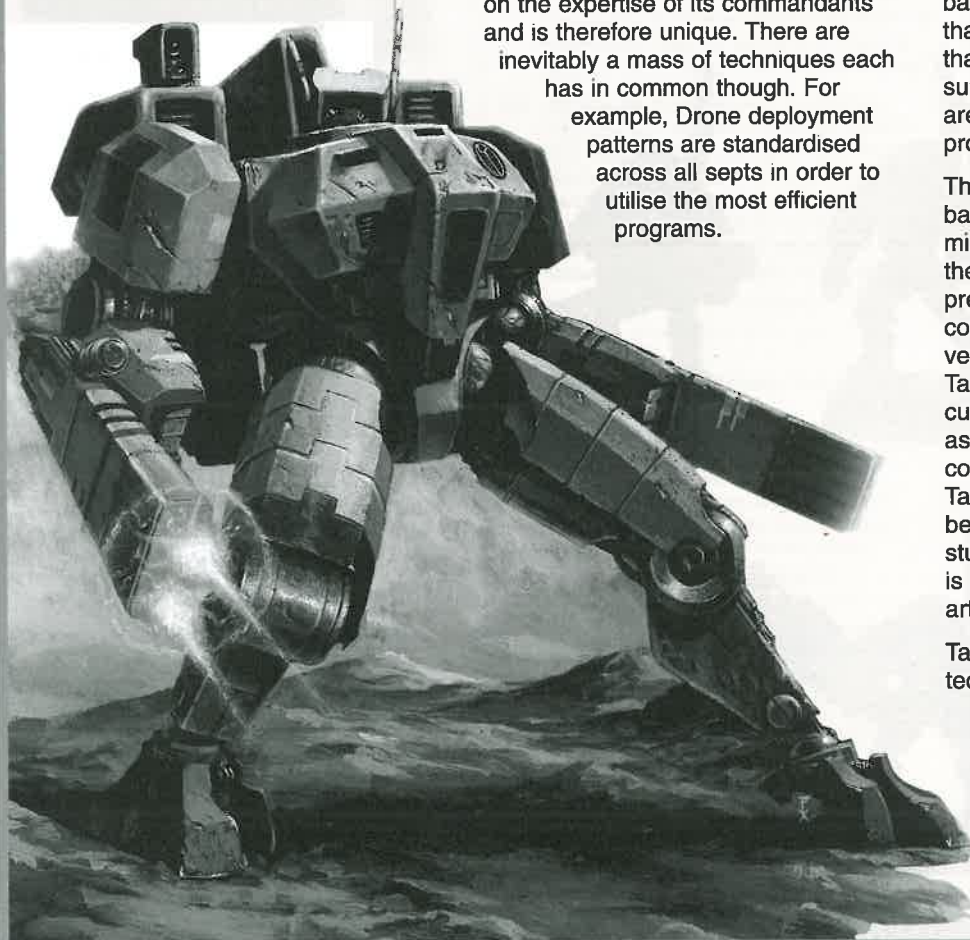
These models require assembly.

AVAILABLE FROM GAMES WORKSHOP STORES, MAIL ORDER AND INDEPENDENT STOCKISTS

Pete Haines & Phil Kelly explore the use of the Tau XV8 'Crisis' Battlesuit teams. The use of these elite units have helped the Tau triumph in many battles. So read on to learn how the Tau make the best use of these important warriors.

Just in case no one's noticed, there's a new army in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. The Tau have arrived to pursue the greater good and in the vanguard are the amazing Tau battlesuits. Hard to kill, very mobile and equipped with a powerful array of weaponry, Tau battlesuits are something new on the battlefield. In this article we'll be looking at the theory behind these incredible weapons and describing the differing tactical doctrines of the Tau septs.

The Tau are a strongly united people with communal goals and ambitions. This does not necessarily mean, though, that they have a common approach to strategy and tactics.



CRISIS!

TAU BATTLESUIT TEAMS

A LOOK AT THE STRATEGIES OF THE TAU BATTLESUITS

Without telepathic abilities, communication between septs is slow. Just as the Imperium has discovered, the Tau now realise that central control of a galactic empire is impractical and inefficient. The Tau Ethereals therefore provide local leadership, facilitating greater dynamism within each sept. All septs have a branch of the Shas'ar'tol, the Fire caste's high command. It is responsible to the Ethereal caste for all military intelligence, operational planning and recruitment within that sept. Most Shas'ar'tol maintain a military academy where distinguished Shas'o and Shas'el can pass their experience on to the next generation of Fire caste soldiers. Each Shas'ar'tol's training regime is based on the expertise of its commandants and is therefore unique. There are inevitably a mass of techniques each has in common though. For example, Drone deployment patterns are standardised across all septs in order to utilise the most efficient programs.

The Fire caste are dedicated warriors who make excellent infantry and tank crews but within this professional force there is an elite, the battlesuit pilots. Every Tau warrior aspires to joining a battlesuit team, and only the finest and most courageous are selected. Despite the Tau's prodigious industrial capacity there are never enough battlesuits to please the Shas'ar'tol. The Ethereal caste is very aware of the trust that is implicit in the issuing of a battlesuit to a warrior. The battlesuit represents considerable power, and in wielding that power, warriors have been known to forget the greater good and become obsessed with their own needs and desires. The example of O'shovah is an extreme one, but milder cases of battlesuit neurosis are more common than is realised. It is for this reason that the Ethereal caste limits the supply of battlesuits to ensure they are only issued to those who have proven themselves worthy.

The special place occupied by battlesuit technology in the Tau military is most clearly evidenced by the rank of Shas'vre. This rank is a prerequisite for any aspiring commander and is only open to veteran battlesuit pilots. Thus every Tau commander has reached his current rank after an extensive period as a battlesuit pilot. These commanders are the teachers at the Tau military academies and their beliefs are passed on to their students. Within each academy there is a slightly different approach to the art of war as it applies to battlesuits.

Tau tactics are based around two techniques called Kauyon and Mont'ka. These are very broad techniques with dozens of different variations based on the type of enemy, the prevalent weather conditions, terrain, available supplies, and so on. The subtleties of Kauyon and Mont'ka

are debated at length by the Shas'o masters at all the septs. The Shas'vre however concentrate more on battlesuit team tactics and it is here that greater sept variations occur. Whilst Broadside and Stealth team doctrine varies a little between septs, the greatest differences are witnessed in the equipping of Crisis teams.

THE VIOR'LA APPROACH

Vior'la is a Fire caste world and its warriors have served the Empire in virtually every major campaign. They operate their battlesuits either as Ta'ro'cha which means 'three minds – one purpose' or as Monats which means 'freedom of one'. All teams initially operate the Ta'ro'cha but if casualties are suffered such that one team member is left alone he will be trained as a Monat. Ta'ro'cha are teams of three battlesuit-equipped warriors. Every battlesuit is configured in the same way with the same weapons. These are determined wherever possible based on simulations run in advance. The principle is that for a particular foe there is one ideal choice of weapons and therefore every warrior using that combination serves the greater good. Vior'la Monats tend to be Tau with a grudge, often the lone survivor of a team bonded by the ta'lissera as young Fire warriors. The Monat has seen his comrades die and has

become skilled in the ways of war. They are consequently teams of one, although they make extensive use of drones. While the Ta'ro'cha teams hunt the expected enemy with their carefully selected weaponry the Monat acts to deal with unusual opponents who his comrades might not be prepared for.

When a particular weapons configuration has been proven it is included in Vior'la's Book of War and becomes a part of their method.

The following are three examples of Vior'la Battlesuit teams conforming with the Ta'ro'cha:

VIOR'LA TA'RO'CHA – DEATH RAIN CONFIGURATION

VIOR'LA SYSTEM – ORK INCURSION COUNTER-MEASURES

Three Shas'ui all with twin-linked missile pod, drone controller and 2 gun drones.

The Orks encountered were Speed Freeks. The long-range fire of the Tau missile pods crippled the Ork trucks before they could get close enough to unleash their barbaric passengers. Once the Orks were dismounted they were helpless before the battlesuits, their few heavy weapon strikes being absorbed by the drones. When the

time came to press forward, the drones were able to add to the team's formidable firepower with their pulse carbines and photon grenades.

VIOR'LA TA'RO'CHA – SUN FORGE CONFIGURATION

DAL'YTH SYSTEM – BATTLE OF GEL'BRYN

Three Shas'ui all with twin-linked fusion blaster and shield generator.

This configuration was created by the need to fight overwhelming numbers of Gue'la battle tanks. The team is well shielded to give it maximum survivability when opposed by heavy weaponry and the fusion blaster is an excellent tank killer once in range. Whilst successful in action, their 'close-in' tactics cost many Tau lives. After Gel'bryn this team configuration was added to Vior'la's Book of War but is reserved for desperate situations.

VIOR'LA TA'RO'CHA – BURNING EYE CONFIGURATION

KEL'SMAN SYSTEM – THE RENDING OF KE'LSHAN

Shas'vre and two Shas'ui all with twin-linked plasma rifle and target lock.



A Tau battle force engages the Crimson Fists, making use of its flanking battlesuit team.

When Ke'lsan was subjected to a slave raid by the Dark Eldar, the Vior'la cadres responded with battlesuits mounting plasma rifles which were capable of destroying virtually any item in the enemy arsenal. Combined with target locks Crisis teams could engage several targets simultaneously for maximum disruption. The destruction of most of the Eldar's Raider grav-ships stopped the raid in its tracks. This configuration is highly favoured amongst the Vior'la Shas'os.

Monat configurations are many and varied, being subject generally to the whim of the pilot. However, doctrine tends to maintain a favoured Monat configuration at any given time. This suit is therefore instantly recognisable to the other Tau troops in the cadre. In the absence of Shas'o or Shas'el then a Shas'vre Monat could easily command a small force, his bitter experiences making up for more formal training. For some decades the preferred Vior'la Monat configuration has been as follows.

VIOR'AN MONAT CONFIGURATION

One Shas'vre, bonded, drone controller and two gun drones, burst cannon, fusion blaster, hardwired multi-tracker.

The Monat has a close range weapon package that is able to engage tanks or infantry as required. The warrior will use all available cover to stalk the most valuable or dangerous prey. The role of lone hunter is one of the most dangerous and the Monat relies heavily on his drones for his survival.

THE SA'CEA APPROACH

Sa'cea is as close to a hive world as it is possible for a Tau civilisation to get. Its teeming cities produce large numbers of highly disciplined Fire warriors. Considering the number of Sa'ceans enlisting as Fire warriors there are few who attain ranks above Shas'ui. This is not because Sa'ceans lack the instinct for Battlesuit operation but because it is Stealth and Broadside armour they specialise in.

There are Crisis teams in the Sa'cea cadres, however there is no clear doctrine on their armament. Warriors in Sa'cea Crisis teams are encouraged in their personal preferences when it comes to weapon fit. This has resulted in Sa'cea producing some of the most illustrious Crisis teams in Tau history. The advantage rests with the fact that whatever enemy they have to confront they will have at least one team member suitably armed. There is an element of finesse to Sa'cea warriors,

who disdain multi-trackers and pride themselves in selecting the right weapon from those available to them.

Because of their approach, there is no such thing as a typical Sa'cea team, but the following represents Ke'lsan'Tsua'm'Padroch'Ul'syn (theatre of war – force commander – cadre commander – team leader), all of whose members are now respected Shas'el at the Kais-shi academy.

SA'CEA CONFIGURATION – KE'LSHAN'TSUA'M'PADROCH'UL'SYN

One Shas'vre with hardwired drone controller and two shield drones, target lock and twin-linked plasma rifle;

One Shas'ui with flamer, burst cannon and fusion blaster;

One Shas'ui with target lock and twin-linked fusion blaster.

The fighting on Ke'lsan was against Gue'la in the service of a being named Slaanesh. The enemy was well-supplied with unusual sonic weaponry that had not previously been encountered and fought differently to other Gue'la. Some cadres were confused by this and the original plan of battle had to be discarded. Team Leader Ul'syn and his companions stayed close to the enemy flank as it advanced and were able to continually pound them at close range and disengage before any counterblow could be struck. The team fought at close range for two decs until the victory was won.

THE TAU'N APPROACH

Tau'n is a sept in which all castes are represented equally. Its Fire caste warriors are more sophisticated than most and this is reflected in their tactics. Tau'n Crisis teams combine the Sa'cea and Vior'la methods, using teams with different weaponry but where the overall configuration is defined and each team member can be trained in the job expected of them.

The Tau'n operate both Monat and Ta'ro'cha configurations; they are also alone in using teams of two Tau. This is a recent innovation that came about with the realisation that an understrength Ta'ro'cha could combine the advantages of the two older approaches, being more able to use cover but retaining enough firepower to do a great deal of damage when attacking. These can be constructed by dropping any one



A Tau Monat engages the Imperial Guard.

warrior from the Ta'ro'cha configurations below.

Tau'n Monats tend to specialise in destroying enemy armour. One battlesuit less in the firing line is unlikely to sway a large battle, but operating ahead of the main force seeking and destroying valuable vehicles they can be very effective. Tau'n Monats do not stick to standard weapons configurations, though, and are equipped based on preference and circumstances.

Tau'n Ta'ro'cha teams are carefully trained teams using one of two principal configurations. These are shown below.

TAU'N TA'RO'CHA – BRIGHTWIND CONFIGURATION

Shas'vre and two Shas'ui.
The Shas'vre has burst cannon, plasma rifle, multi-tracker and hardwired drone controller with two gun drones.

One Shas'ui has a target lock, a fusion blaster and a missile pod, the other Shas'ui has a missile pod, a plasma rifle and a multi-tracker.

This configuration is complex but very flexible, it is able to engage virtually any target and can split its fire to where it will do most good. It does not have great survivability, though, and has to manoeuvre to avoid heavy fire. The gun drones provide some defence but they are unlikely to last for long.

TAU'N TA'RO'CHA – DARKFALL CONFIGURATION

Shas'vre and 2 Shas'ui.
The Shas'vre has twin-linked missile pods, a drone controller with two gun drones and a hardwired blacksun filter.

One Shas'ui has a shield generator, a flamer and a drone controller with two gun drones, the other has a flamer, a fusion blaster and a drone controller with two shield drones.

This configuration specialises in night fighting. The team leader carries the only long-ranged weaponry but has a Blacksun filter to ensure it is useful.



These battlesuits are deployed in the Fireknife configuration.

The team has considerable survivability, essential for the type of close range firefights it is likely to be involved in. When fighting Orks on Fal'shia, Tau'n cadres employing this configuration proved deadly in night attacks against Ork encampments and supplies. The technique involved first eliminating the Ork transports and then ambushing the Orks as they came looking for their tormentors. The combination of flamers mixed with the drones' pulse carbines and their photon flash launchers left few members of the mob to fight back. Without their transports to fall back on, the Orks tended to scatter and could be hunted down at the Crisis team's leisure.

THE T'AU APPROACH

The Tau home world is known for the wisdom and experience of its warriors. Much of their battle doctrine is gleaned from the initial clashes between the Tau and the other denizens of the Eastern Fringes. Although T'au is a haven for each of the castes, it has a strong body of experienced warriors to advise upon the best use of its Fire caste. Many of the battlesuit tactics taught at the Fire caste academy are accepted as standard throughout colonies still to establish individuality.

The T'au Ta'ro'cha teams favour concentration of fire; rather than taking the opportunities afforded by target locks, they will rain death upon one unit until its total annihilation. T'au Monats tend toward introspection, often spending the eve before battle planning their next day's actions in meticulous detail, meditating and making their peace in case they fall in battle.

The T'au are loath to abandon their set configurations. However the senior T'au Shas'vre realise full well that if their enemies know what to expect, they will also be able to adopt effective countermeasures.

T'AU TA'RO'CHA – FIREKNIFE CONFIGURATION

GAR'NYTH SYSTEM – THE ASSAULT ON Y'LETH

One Shas'ui with plasma rifle, multi-tracker, missile pod, hardwired drone controller with two gun drones, bonded.

Two Shas'ui with plasma rifle, multi-tracker, missile pod, bonded.

One of the most illustrious events in Tau military history was the retaking of Y'leth, where a faction of Space

Marines had launched a full-scale assault into the defence network. As the Tau fell back, several teams of bonded Crisis battlesuits demolished the enemy's APC's and Dreadnoughts with their missile pods. They then proceeded to sow accurate plasma rifle and pulse carbine fire throughout the oncoming foe as they charged across the battlefield. Maintaining distance enough to prevent the Gue'la from reaching the Tau ranks, the enemy's numbers were whittled down until they were finally led directly into a Kroot ambush. The Fireknife configuration is still favoured when a sept faces an assault from the Imperium's elite warriors.

T'AU TA'RO'CHA – BLINDING SPEAR PATTERN

THE KRA'SYLTH LIBERATION

One Shas'vere with plasma rifle, burst cannon, multi-tracker, hardwired drone controller (two gun drones).

Two Shas'ui with plasma rifle, burst cannon, multi-tracker.

When a system of Tau worlds was first threatened by a tendril of Hive Fleet Kraken, many hundreds of Tau and Kroot were slaughtered. Eventually, the Ethereals ordered all battlesuit fire to be concentrated on the alien monarchs and their bodyguard. Despite swarms of clawed beasts descending upon the Tau firebase, the

Crisis teams stayed calm, each member of the team synchronising a devastating fusillade into one creature at a time before choosing another target. They had little to worry about in the way of enemy firepower, and so the larger Tyranids were blown apart one after another. Once the Crisis and Broadside teams had done their work, their drones pinned the smaller, disorganised aliens in place, allowing the Fire warriors to destroy them with massed firepower.

T'AU MONAT – SOUL CLEANSE CONFIGURATION

(UNKNOWN ORIGIN)

One Shas'ui with flamer, fusion blaster, shield generator, hardwired drone controller.

Occasionally, Tau suffering from battlesuit neurosis become aware of their condition, and as such assume the role of Monat voluntarily. Realising that they can no longer function effectively within a team, these individuals often adopt the Soul Cleanse configuration. Equipped with a selection of close-range weaponry, the Monat will often operate within enemy lines, sowing confusion and death with his flamer and neutralising armour and heavy infantry with his fusion blaster. The shield generator mounted on one of the hard points, combined with the defence afforded by the gun drones, protects the Monat

from harm long enough for him to make his escape.

Those adopting the Soul Cleanse configuration can buy their companions valuable time, allowing them to fall back or regroup without pursuit. Some consider this close-in tactic akin to courting death. Certainly, it is true that only the bravest and most confident among the Tau assume this pattern.

CRISIS TEAMS – THE WISDOM OF THE AUN

This is by necessity a simple outline of the four major septs and their tactical methods. All Tau commanders tend to be protective of their Crisis teams and see their doctrines as part of that protection. Battlesuits are not for impetuous attacks or heroic last stands. They are the most flexible troops available to the Fire caste and they must be used in concert with a combined arms cadre to be fully effective. Without supporting railgun fire to give enemy tanks pause for thought or Kroot auxiliaries to threaten the enemy with the possibility of being overrun, Crisis teams become far less effective. Always consider the rest of your army first and then decide what Crisis teams you need to cover its weaknesses and augment its strengths. No matter what the Crisis team members might think, it's all for the greater good.



Tau battlesuits target the larger Tyranids in an attempt to slow the oncoming beasts.

THE FORCES OF THE TAU



CODEX TAU

Band G Aus\$27

This book contains background; painting and modelling guides, and full rules for fielding a force of the technologically advanced Tau and their savage Kroot allies.

TAU ETHEREAL

Band C Aus\$14

Ethereals are the spiritual leaders of the Tau.



KROOT SHAPER

Band B Aus\$12

Kroot Shapers lead the vicious Kroot carnivore squads.

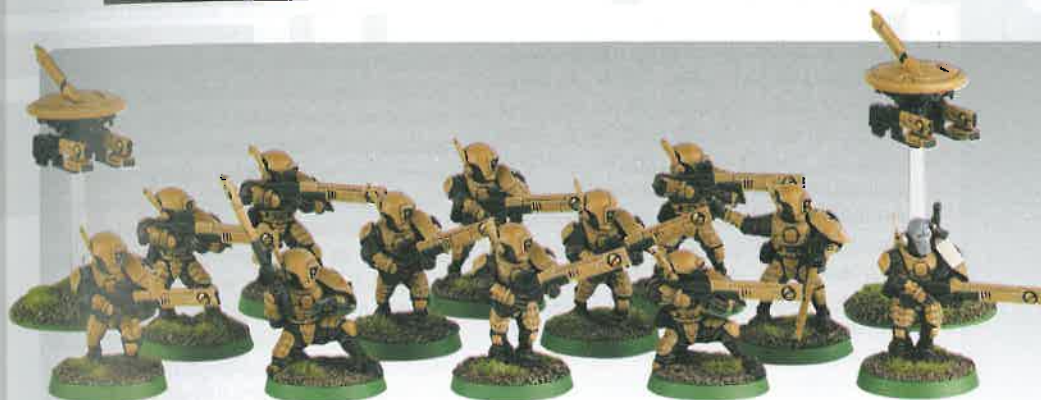


TAU FIRE WARRIOR TEAM

Band J Aus\$40

Cautious but efficient, with excellent firepower, Fire Warrior teams are ever-present in Tau armies.

Boxed set contains twelve Fire Warriors and two Gun Drones.



KROOT CARNIVORE SQUAD

Band J Aus\$40

The strength and viciousness of the Kroot Carnivore squads makes them ideally suited to their assault role within the Tau army. Boxed set contains sixteen Kroot Warriors.

TAU BATTLEFORCE

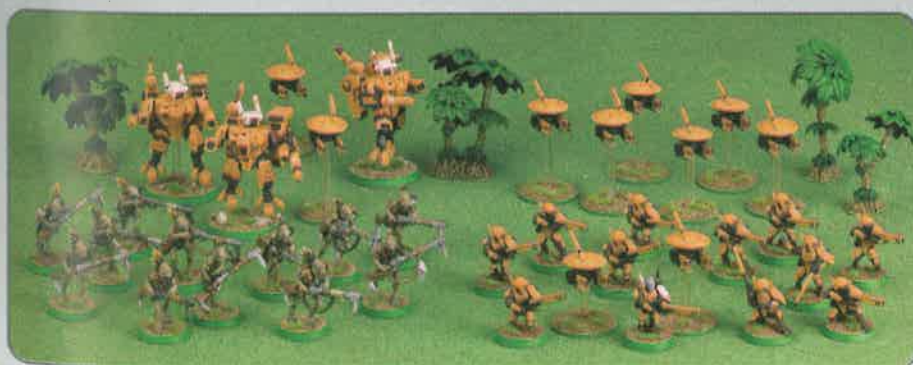
Band Q Aus\$140

The Tau Battleforce boxed set contains the core troops of a Tau army.

The awesome mobility and firepower of the Crisis XV8 Battlesuits is supported by the range and flexibility of the well armed Fire Warriors. Sweeping ahead, the Gun Drones scout enemy positions, while the violent Kroot overwhelm enemy strongholds with savage close assaults.

The Tau Battleforce boxed set contains:

12 Tau Fire Warriors, 12 Kroot Warriors, 3 Crisis XV8 Battlesuits, 10 Gun Drones and 1 set of Jungle Trees.



Index Xenos



A series
focusing on the
races that threaten
the safety of the
Imperium of mankind

SAVAGE EVOLUTION

An investigation into
Kroot mercenary
society

by Graham McNeill

A race of fierce warriors, some of the Kroot ply the stars selling their skill at arms to the highest bidder, but most fight exclusively for the Tau Empire. Travelling in their barely warp-capable warspheres, they can be found battling alongside many alien races throughout the galaxy. With their propensity for eating the flesh of those they defeat, it is a brave foe who dares to stand against them.

Physical characteristics

The Kroot originated on the world of Pech and, though their physiology is humanoid, there is evidence to suggest that the roots of their evolution may be avian in origin. They retain vestigial beaks and have a light, almost hollow bone structure, with four digits on each hand and foot. Their skin is rough with small, barbed spines, similar to the elongated quills on their heads, protruding from various locations on their flesh. Skin pigmentation ranges from earthy brown colours and dappled greens to vibrant oranges and everything in between. Depending on the feeding directions of the Kroot Shapers (more of which later) the coloration of each family grouping, or kindred as they are known, can vary quite considerably. It is also common for Kroot from each kindred to have particular tribal markings painted onto their skin. Kroot mature quickly, with their most rapid period of growth occurring in the first ten years of their lives. By the age of twelve they are considered adults and it is not unknown for Kroot to live to over a hundred years old, their skin becoming increasingly pitted and leathery in their last few years of life.

Kroot are tall and their bodies have a wiriness to them that appears deceptively fragile. In actuality, Kroot musculature is extremely powerful and composed of dense fibre spindles with a greater power-to-mass ratio than is found in humans. Swift muscle contractions create a whiplash effect, allowing the Kroot to deliver powerful blows with great rapidity. On the ground, the Kroot tend to move with a bounding, hopping gait but, when in dense forests, they can spring from tree to tree at great speed. The Kroot favour primitive garb: harnesses worked from the hides of animals and adorned with bones, handcrafted amulets and circlets.

The limited specimens that have been made available for study are found to have brains composed of a front and rear hemisphere. It appears that the larger, frontal hemisphere controls the functions of logic, reasoning and memory while the rear, less developed

hemisphere is more attuned to imagination and creativity. If this is indeed the case, it would go some way to explaining the pragmatic approach to life of the Kroot and their current technological stagnation. The Kroot head is crowned with a great mass of tough, flexible quills that appear to be a part of the Kroot's sensory apparatus. These quills contain what seem to be ganglia running from the frontal lobes of the alien's brain and, in this position, would be extremely efficient at receiving and interpreting information on the surrounding environment. The olfactory cavity within the Kroot skull is also enlarged, with multiple sense organs within both it and the mouth. Their eyes are without pupils and generally a milky white. It is likely that they are able to see further into the infrared end of the spectrum and can sense the body heat generated by their prey. Therefore, the Kroot make excellent trackers and would be extremely difficult to sneak up on.

The Kroot generate little in the way of waste, excreting in the form of a pungent, oily sweat that has a variety of properties, depending on what the Kroot has consumed. The most apparent benefits are that this sweat appears to be heat retardant to a degree, has antibiotic properties and can cause a poorly aimed blow to slide clear. It is suspected that the Kroot can alter the properties of this secretion in order to leave pheromone trails, mark territories, leave warnings and even communicate with one another. This may also be some form of control that extends to lower life forms such as birds and animals, as there is evidence to suggest that the Kroot employ empathic pheromones to prevent such creatures from being startled by them and giving away their position in battle. Combined with this method of communication, the Kroot can learn new languages at an astounding rate, matching posture and tone to the sound of foreign words in order to discern their meaning. Their own verbal communication is a mixture of clicks and whistles, possibly reinforced by these pheromone exudations.

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By far the most odious habit of the Kroot is their practice of eating the flesh of the dead. In battle, this leads them to ritually devour the corpses of those they have killed, and almost nothing is beyond their tastes. The Kroot digestive system is extremely efficient, capable of breaking down almost any organic material into an energy form that can be stored in specialised organs scattered throughout their bodies called nymunes. Should anything inorganic and indigestible be consumed, the Kroot must regurgitate it, with considerable discomfort. However, the strangest quirk of Kroot digestion is their ability to extract potentially useful strands of their food's DNA. Adeptus Mechanicus Genetors have long been aware that much of the double helix structure of DNA is in fact blank, used to separate those areas that do contain genetic information. The Kroot have somehow inherited the ability to incorporate useful DNA codes into their own genetic makeup. Larger Kroot, called Shapers, who have an instinctive understanding of this process, can direct their kindred to consume certain prey in order that, in successive generations, they may take on elements of those genes.

This process is not an exact science and there are many examples of where it has gone awry, leaving some Kroot trapped in evolutionary cul-de-sacs, the Krootox and Kroot Hounds being the most visible evidence of this. At some point in their evolutionary history, both sub-species of Kroot fed upon creatures that were possessed of traits they wished to take on, but, in doing so, atrophied their intelligence. The Krootox are now much larger and stronger, but became lumbering creatures, more akin to forest dwelling herbivores than their smaller, more intelligent, kin. The Kroot Hounds became faster and leaner but, like the Krootox, their intelligence was reduced, becoming little more than vicious predators. There are other variations, such as the smaller, flying Kroothawk and the serpentine Krootworm, as well as other, more terrifying, creatures. Deep within the forests of Pech, there exist beasts that were once Kroot, but have since descended hideous evolutionary paths to become monsters that feed on their own kind. Such places have become cursed and only the bravest or most foolhardy Kroot ever venture within their haunted depths.

Home World

Pech is located in the Ultima Segmentum, in the north west of the Tau empire and some three thousand light years north of Ultramar. It is a planet similar to Terra, with a comparable oxygen/nitrogen atmosphere, but slightly lower gravity. There are three main continental masses: a warm, temperate primary continent upon which life flourishes, a parched, desert continent which is largely uninhabited and, finally, a cold, temperate landmass that is continually wracked by violent rain storms. Hardy evergreen forests of Jagga trees that sprawl from the northern and western highlands to the Kamyon Mountains in the east cover the prime continent. Those few areas of land not forested are rocky and inhospitable. The Kroot live in family groups known as kindreds and most dwell in arboreal homes in the trees constructed from hides bound together with regurgitated dead wood. Other kindreds live in the

remains of what were once Kroot hives, now fallen into ruin and left for the forest and animals to reclaim.

Thousands of years ago, when an Ork asteroid fortress, known as a Rok, crash landed on Pech, the survivors found themselves in the unenviable position of being outnumbered by a warrior race with a taste for flesh. The Orks were quickly destroyed and their bodies consumed by the Kroot. The Kroot laired in the Rok and, several generations later, they manifested the ability to mimic certain aspects of technology learned from the DNA of the dead Ork Meks. Around the remains of the shattered Ork Rok, the first Kroot city began to take shape as the inherited knowledge of technology became more commonplace.

Within the space of a few thousand years, Pech's prime continent was home to five Kroot hives, and factory farming and mining were commonplace. This became known as



the Kroot expansionist phase and saw the Kroot construct warp-capable warspheres to take them to the stars.

Here, the Kroot met the Orks once more, but this time the balance of power had changed. Untested leaders and untried ways of war failed the Kroot in the face of Ork brutality and they were pushed back on every front by the more aggressive Greenskins. However, each world the Orks took remained a thorn in their side as Kroot guerrillas continued to fight the invaders. Eventually, the Kroot were forced to take service as mercenaries with various alien races in order to survive. After twenty years of war, the Kroot (with Tau assistance) were able to reclaim their worlds with minimal resistance as the Orks had simply engaged in looting and destruction on a massive scale before moving on.

The Kroot now looked to rebuild their worlds as they had been before the Ork incursion, but those Kroot who had remained behind to fight the Orks had other ideas. They were not about to rebuild a society that had led them into war and then failed to defend

them. Led by a visionary leader named Anghkor Prok, they advocated a return to the old ways, to the time before the coming of the Ork Rok. There would be no rebuilding and the Kroot would revert to the traditional ways that had served them perfectly well for thousands of years. A compromise was reached where each kindred would spend time as mercenaries and fight for other races, returning to their home world periodically to pass on any useful genetic material they had acquired following their victories. A number of warspheres remained on Pech to guard against further invasions and the mercenary Kroot departed to ply their trade amongst the stars.

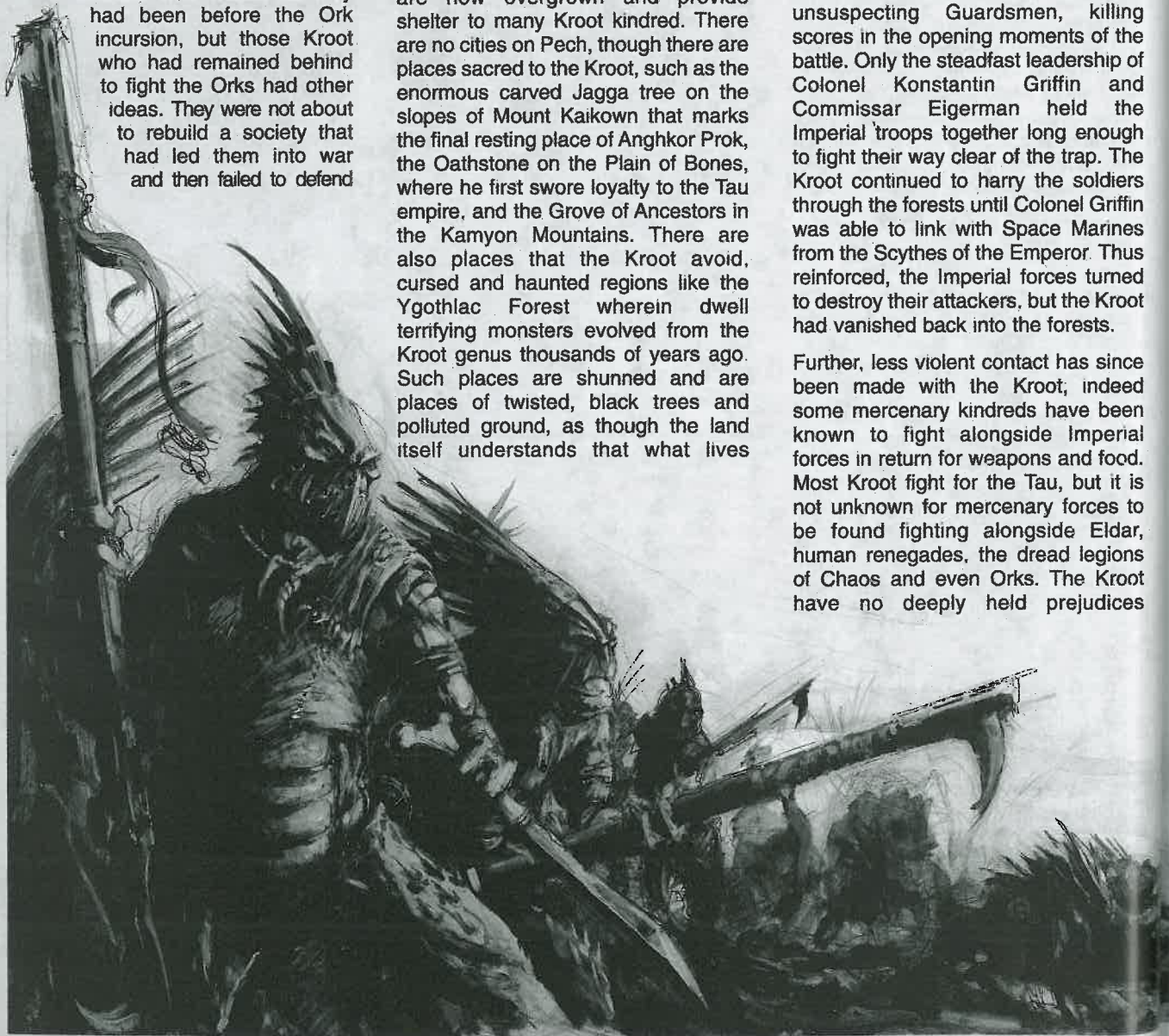
Today Pech is a wild and untamed world; the forests still cover most of the prime continent and the hives that were once home to millions of Kroot are now overgrown and provide shelter to many Kroot kindred. There are no cities on Pech, though there are places sacred to the Kroot, such as the enormous carved Jagga tree on the slopes of Mount Kaikown that marks the final resting place of Anghkor Prok, the Oathstone on the Plain of Bones, where he first swore loyalty to the Tau empire, and the Grove of Ancestors in the Kamyon Mountains. There are also places that the Kroot avoid, cursed and haunted regions like the Ygothlac Forest wherein dwell terrifying monsters evolved from the Kroot genus thousands of years ago. Such places are shunned and are places of twisted, black trees and polluted ground, as though the land itself understands that what lives

within is evil and a corruption against nature. Some kindreds use these dark woods as proving grounds for their warriors to display their courage and manhood, but such practices are few and far between, as only a fraction of those who venture within are ever heard from again.

First Contact

Imperial forces first encountered the Kroot during the Damocles Crusade on the world of Sy'l'kell when troops from the 17th Brimlock Dragoons were ambushed en route to the front from their landing zone. The Dragoons' forward scouts were killed by Kroot carnivore squads without alerting the following troops, and the remainder of the column was attacked as it advanced through a narrow, forested defile. Acting in fearsome concert, three Kroot kindreds fell upon the unsuspecting Guardsmen, killing scores in the opening moments of the battle. Only the steadfast leadership of Colonel Konstantin Griffin and Commissar Eigerman held the Imperial troops together long enough to fight their way clear of the trap. The Kroot continued to harry the soldiers through the forests until Colonel Griffin was able to link with Space Marines from the Scythes of the Emperor. Thus reinforced, the Imperial forces turned to destroy their attackers, but the Kroot had vanished back into the forests.

Further, less violent contact has since been made with the Kroot; indeed some mercenary kindreds have been known to fight alongside Imperial forces in return for weapons and food. Most Kroot fight for the Tau, but it is not unknown for mercenary forces to be found fighting alongside Eldar, human renegades, the dread legions of Chaos and even Orks. The Kroot have no deeply held prejudices



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One of the most pivotal events in Kroot history occurred when Ork attack ships firing on Kroot warspheres defending their enclave on Krath also attacked a nearby Tau colonisation fleet. Unwillingly drawn into battle, the Tau fought back and their superior ships easily destroyed the Orks. However, the smaller ships had merely been the vanguard for a much larger Ork fleet and the new allies soon found themselves trapped. Thus began an extended war that saw the Kroot and Tau fight side by side against the Orks, holding on long enough for a relief force of Fire Warriors from Sa'cea to arrive and complete the destruction of the Greenskins.

So impressed were the Sa'cea Fire Warriors by the Kroot bravery that they agreed to help liberate the remainder of their enclaves from the Orks. For the next ten years, Tau forces fought to drive the Orks from Kroot worlds, eventually coming to the Kroot home world at the behest of the greatest Kroot leader, Anghkor Prok. At the sacred Oathstone, Anghkor Prok swore allegiance to the Tau empire and pledged his warriors to the Greater Good, marking a period of cooperation between the races that has lasted to the present day.

against any particular alien races and give little or no thought to who they fight, only that they are paid.

Combat capabilities

Having found plentiful employment with the Tau and other alien races, the Kroot have had many hundreds of years to hone their skills in battle. While they are adept at copying and employing the weaponry they are given, the Kroot brain lacks the ability to innovate to any great degree, and thus their method of war has remained largely unchanged for centuries, relying a great deal on their viciousness in close combat. The Kroot are ably equipped to fight in close combat, with powerful limbs and long rifles fitted with lethally sharp combat blades. They are skilful warriors, stronger and more furious in an assault than an Imperial Guardsman, perhaps even the equal of a member of the Adeptus Astartes, though without the resilience, weapons, armour and faith of a Space Marine.

Kroot rifles can deliver a powerful punch, but lack the power to consistently penetrate thick armour. Bigger Kroot guns can only be carried on the backs of the hulking Krootox and these weapons deliver a much more potent hit. Vicious Kroot Hounds that spring ahead of the main advance often accompany Kroot into battle, with supporting fire coming from Kroot guns mounted on the back of the lumbering Krootox. While they are undoubtedly proficient killers, they are unable to mount sustained campaigns of siege and must rely on more technically adept employers to provide logistical support and heavy equipment, such as siege weaponry and engineering machinery. However, they excel in guerrilla warfare, and their self-sufficiency and skills at foraging enable them to live off the surrounding lands for many years.

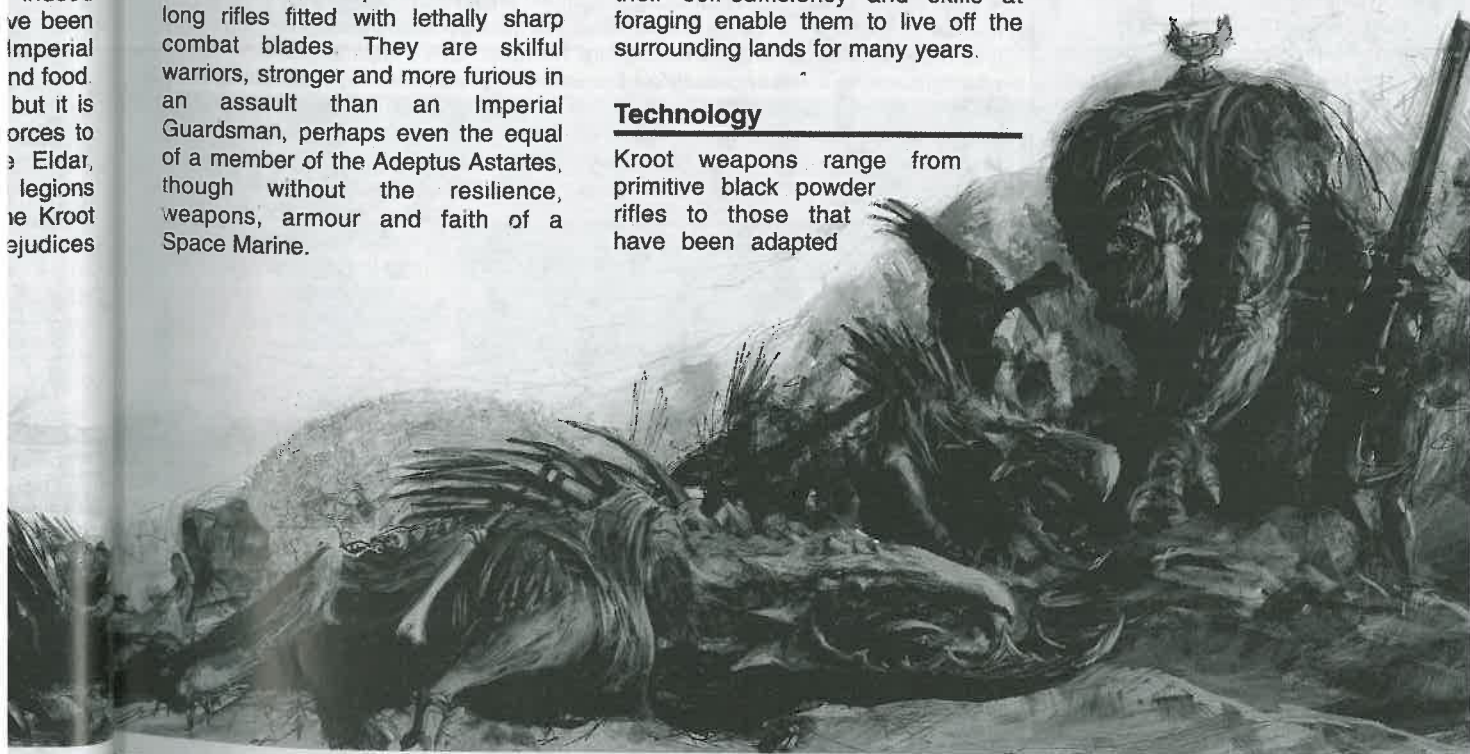
Technology

Kroot weapons range from primitive black powder rifles to those that have been adapted

by the Tau to fire charged pulse rounds that increase their penetrative properties and the kinetic energy delivered by a hit. Kroot guns are the known limit of Kroot battlefield weapon technology. While the Kroot have relatively limited warp-capable ships, their understanding of their workings is an innate one, gleaned from eating the flesh of Ork Meks rather than a learned one. Aside from weapons technology, the Kroot have little in the way of advanced equipment, preferring to rely on handmade implements and a feral world level of technology.

Threat Index and Imperial Policy

The Kroot are a primitive race with a low threat index and there is no current Imperial campaign to exterminate them. However, on several occasions the services of Kroot mercenaries have been employed by frontier outposts and it should be remembered that such contact with aliens remains a crime and punishable by death. The Kroot do not themselves have any xenocidal tendencies and do not actively seek out other races to kill. Although their warriors are motivated by a strong sense of honour, they are mercenaries at heart and fight for money or goods that they themselves cannot produce.



Social Structure

The most important social group in Kroot society is the kindred, a family collective not unlike a tribe, consisting of extended families and groupings created by mating. Seniority within a kindred is one of instinctive recognition, with those Kroot able to direct the feeding of the group to better absorb useful DNA, known as Shapers, rising to become the leaders of each kindred. Kroot reproduce by the male placing his hands upon a female's back and secreting an oily sweat containing his genetic structure. The DNA of the male is merged with that of the female and the resultant infants grow within one of the female's nymune organs until they are ready to be born. In much the same way as indigestible food is disposed of, the females regurgitate the Kroot infants. A Kroot female can give birth to seven or eight infants each year, though only around a quarter of those will survive to adulthood. Once born, the energy stored within the mother's nymunes serves to provide the stimulus required for the Kroot young to begin their accelerated growth. The young Kroot mature at an astonishing rate, with most new-borns able to take their place within the kindred before their tenth year. Kroot family groupings care for and protect their young for several years, until they are strong enough to fend for themselves and begin establishing their own family.

The Kroot place great respect on those that have gone before them, their genetic forefathers, and ancestor worship is extremely common on the Kroot home worlds. Older Kroot are respected for their accumulated wisdom and the genetic material they have gathered throughout their lives. When a Kroot dies, his immediate family consumes the body and thus precious genetic material is preserved within the kindred. Family is important to the Kroot and they will fight to protect their kindred, although if family groups are forced to rapidly displace due to war, famine or other calamitous events, the old and young are killed and eaten by the kindred in order to facilitate their speedy relocation. While outsiders would no doubt consider this practice barbaric, to the pragmatic Kroot it is considered a noble sacrifice that the young and old allow their genetic material and heritage to be saved in this way for future generations.

Khibala Yusra, First Born Twin of the Spear

From the western jungles of Pech, Khibala Yusra was the first born of only two twins that survived their birth into the Murabla kindred. The Murabla are a warlike kindred, many of whom follow the path of the mercenary outside the exclusive agreements sworn with the Tau. Khibala Yusra earned his name when he and his twin were part of a group of young warriors eager to prove their manhood by venturing into the Ygothlac Forest, and were attacked by a rampaging beast, part Kroot, part voracious predator. Hugely muscled, with claws like swords and fangs like axe blades, the beast disembowelled Khibala Yusra's twin and four other warriors with a single blow, scooping their blood into its jaws.

Khibala Yusra stabbed the beast with his father's spear, gouging a huge tear in its flank and goading it to attack him while the others escaped. He bravely stood his ground and screamed an ululating battle cry as the beast turned on him. Bracing the spear on the rocks, he aimed the blade toward the beast's chest as it leapt. A swipe of its claws nearly slew him, but Khibala Yusra's spear point found its mark, tearing through the monster's heart and lungs, killing it instantly. The wounded Khibala Yusra was carried back to his kindred where he was nursed back to health and ritually ate his twin's body, harvesting his genetic material. He went on to become a feared mercenary war chief, honoured for his bravery, and swiftly gained command of his own warsphere. His victories and unwillingness to risk his warriors needlessly soon garnered him much respect from all kindreds on Pech and his periodic returns to his home world are occasions of celebration and feasting.

	Pts	WS	BS	S	T	W.	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kroot Warrior	7	4	3	4	3	1	3	1	7/8	-/6+
Kroot Hound	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	Varies	-/6+
Krootox	50	4	3	6	3 (5)	3	3	3	Varies	-/6+

	Range	Strength	AP	Type	Notes
Kroot rifle	24"	4	6	Rapid Fire	+1 Attack
Kroot gun	48"	8	4	Rapid Fire	—

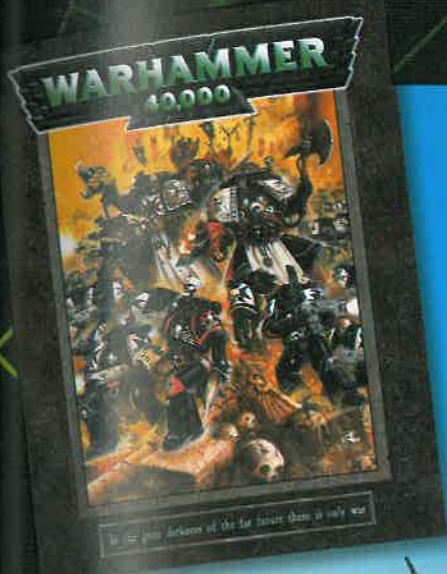
The Kroot are fearsome opponents in close combat. Their fighting ability is without doubt greater than that of most humans and is a product of their corded muscle structure and superior vision. Kroot are stronger than humans although they have comparable tolerances to injury. However, unlike Imperial soldiers who fight secure in the knowledge of the Emperor's benevolence, the Kroot fight solely for reward and this is reflected in the unpredictable level of their battlefield discipline. The Kroot fight with a rifle, which, while relatively primitive, is capable of delivering a charged round more powerful than a standard issue lasgun.

These weapons are generally adorned with a collection of deadly close combat

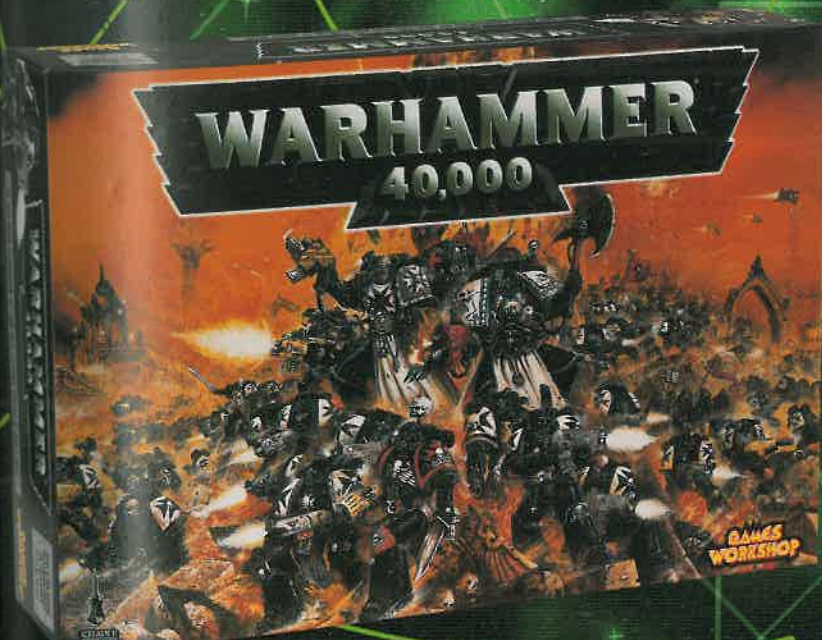
attachments that enable the skilled and long-limbed Kroot to fight without specialised assault weaponry. More powerful armament comes in the form of the Kroot gun, mounted on the back of the Krootox beasts. These guns fire a larger, more powerful charged round, capable of smashing lightly armoured vehicles and killing even the most powerful individual with a single shot.



WARHAMMER 40,000



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A CHILL WIND BLOWS FROM THE NORTH...

This month is the long-awaited conclusion of our series of articles following the progress of a group of "normal" guys as they have built their Dark Elf armies, painted, and now, getting to try the new rules out in a mammoth eight thousand point-per-side battle against the forces of the Empire!



Matt Weaver



Matt Drover



Gavin Fuller



Kynan Sims



Mike Ingham

After weeks of veiled threats, challenges and scary pulling of faces at each other, it was finally time to put the armies down on the table and play a good hard game of Warhammer!

The enemy of the Dark Elf forces for this eight thousand points per side battle, was Dave Taylor's Empire/Mercenary army. Dave has never shied from a challenge when it comes to Warhammer, and to give him a hand in commanding such a large force (and, we might add, from going insane during the game) were Grant Peacey and Justin Keyes.

The Dark Elf consortium of evil

consisted of two thousand points of Dark Elves each from Matthew Drover, Mike Ingham, Matthew Weaver, with the joint two thousand point army of Gavin Fuller and Kynan Sims. This is where the fruits of their labour were to be finally tested!

By mutual agreement, both sides agreed to set up simultaneously. The game was going to be a long one, so they all thought it would only be fair to save time this way.

After about half an hour of setting up, rolling up of spells, and cheap jibes from Kynan

goading the Empire players, the game was ready to commence.

The die was cast, Empire had won the first turn, and the carnage was about to begin!



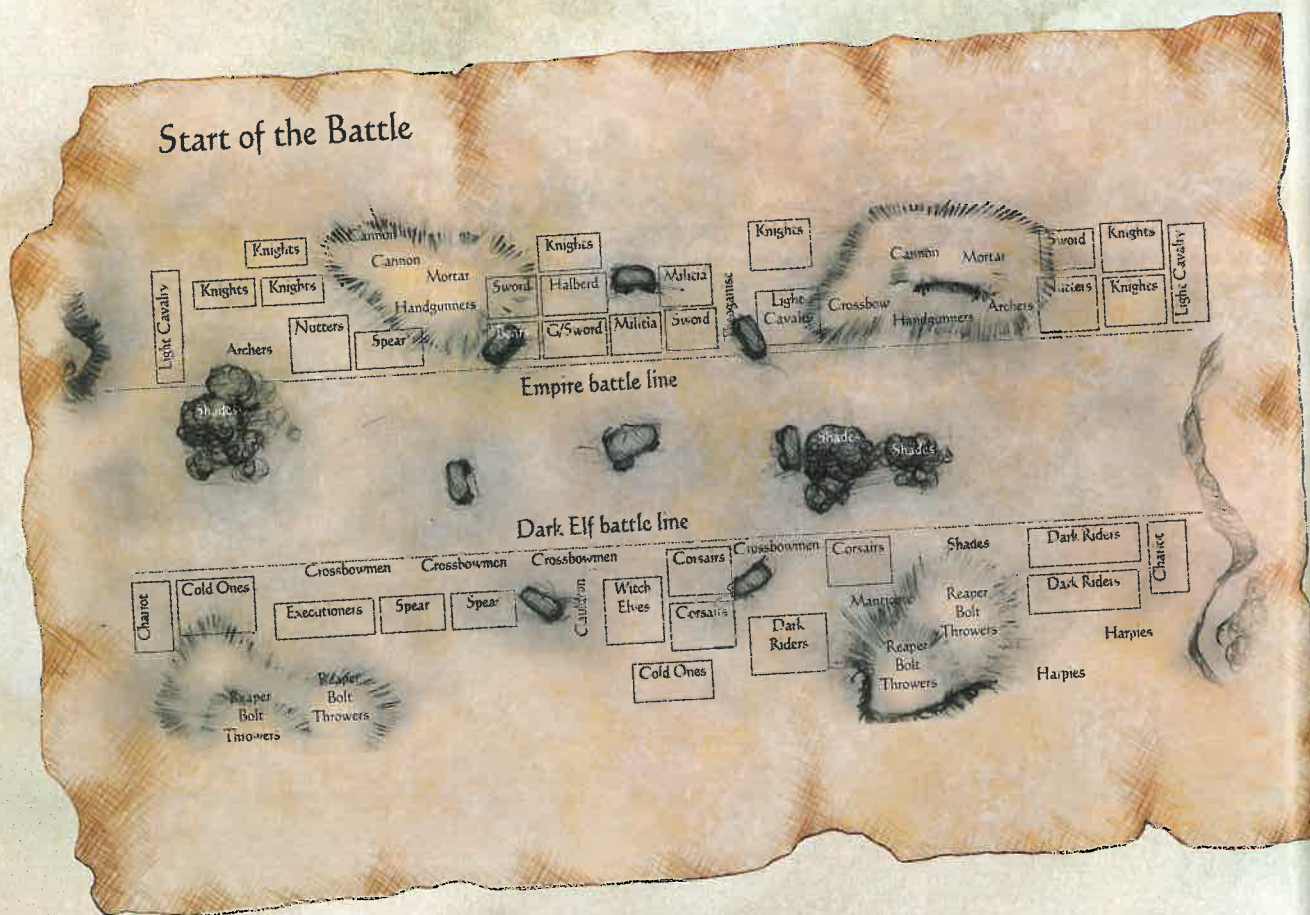
Grant Peacey



Justin Keyes



Dave Taylor





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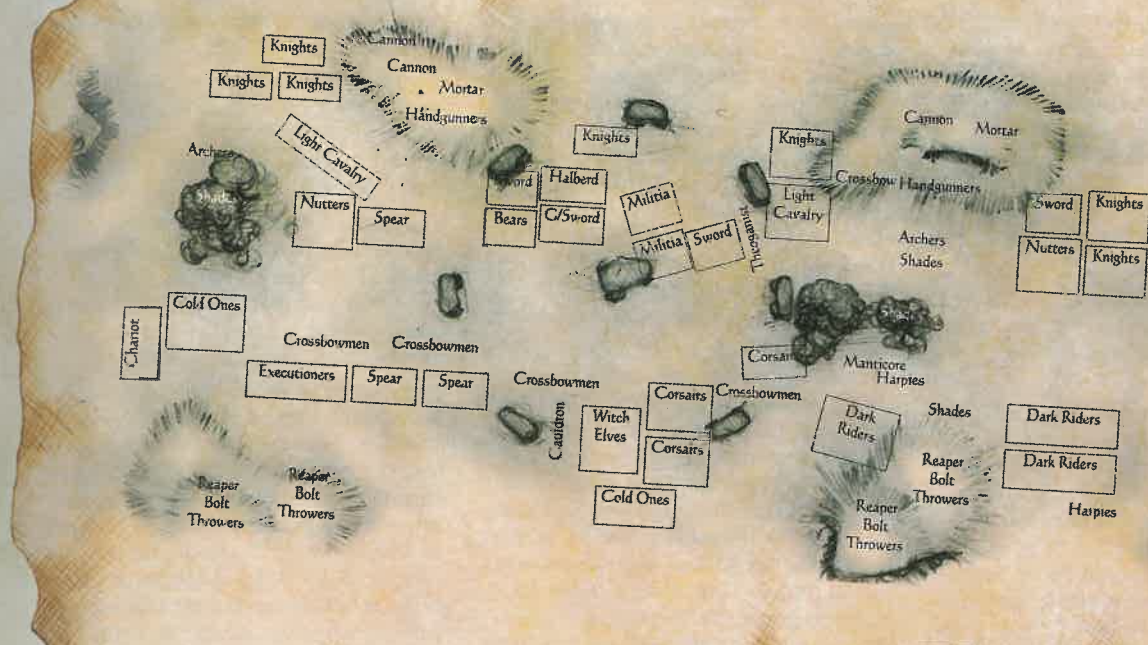
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End of Turn One



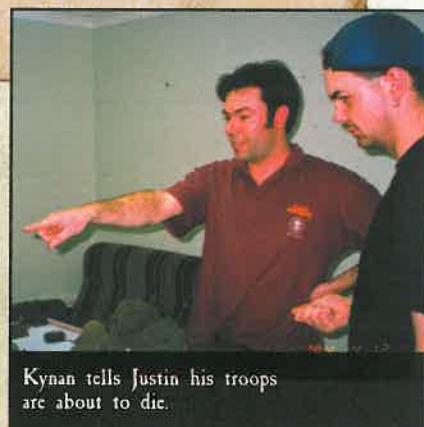
The Battle Begins!

The opening moves of the game cast the Empire in an aggressive light, with many of their units advancing in a very bold manner. The Empire army's cannon units then went to work in delivering devastating blows to the Dark Elf front line, causing casualties to Dark Riders on the far right flank, the unit of Cold Ones on the left flank, and to Mike's Executioners. Most devastating of all was the loss of Kynan's Cold One Chariot. Before it even had a chance to move!

One blunder made by the Empire army, in their haste to deliver cannon fire to the Dark Elves, was to forget about the magic phase altogether. After a few sheepish looks from Dave,

Justin, and Grant, the lesson was learnt. They weren't going to make that mistake again...

In contrast to the bold movement of the Empire army, the Dark Elf army appeared somewhat hesitant. To compound this, all Cold One units suffered from *stupidity* in the first turn, with Gavin's Cold One Knights ambling forward into a unit of Corsairs, in effect pinning that unit as well with confusion. The left flank of the army made a small advance behind the screen of repeating crossbow units. The centre of the Dark Elf army held position, while Kynan's Corsairs, Harpies and Manticore fanned out to cover the centre and right flank.



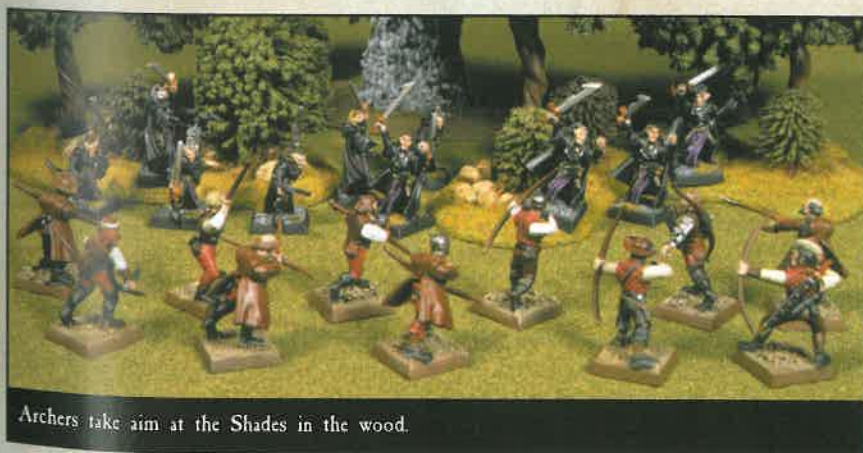
Kynan tells Justin his troops are about to die.

Shades in the woods on the right flank of the field also moved out to engage the Empire Archers that had moved towards them.

The Dark Elf magic phase only managed to kill one of Dave's Bear Riders (a neat conversion for his Dogs of War army that he counts as a unit of Ogres). All of the other spells attempted either failed to cast, or failed to wound the units targeted.

The shooting phase of the Dark Elf turn managed to prove more successful, with repeating crossbows reducing oncoming empire militia units, Flagellants (Nutters on the maps) and the Reaper Bolt Throwers were able to force a mortar crew to flee their position.

The only pocket of actual fighting between the Shades and the Archers remained for the moment, at a draw.



Archers take aim at the Shades in the wood.

It's Getting Nasty....

Turn Two saw the advance of the Empire army continue, with charges being declared on Kynan's Corsairs and Matt Weaver's Crossbowmen. The Empire's forces fanned out around the centre in order to draw out and destabilise the Dark Elf centre. This was further supported with both Empire flanks moving forward in unison.

The Empire's magic phase (yes, they did remember this time!) either failed to cast or was countered by Dark Elf dispel rolls.

Cannon fire continued to score hits on the Dark Elves, most notably destroying a Reaper Bolt Thrower and its crew on the Dark Elf Left. Other Empire missile fire was directed at reducing troops from the front of the Dark Elf line. On the left flank, Empire Archers began concentrating their fire on the Shades in the wood.

The charge of the Grand Theogonist smashed and broke the unit of

Crossbowmen, and in pursuit, ran down the fleeing unit and then collided with one of the massive Ogham Stones. This only caused two wounds to the model, failing to destroy it. The Light Cavalry that charged into Kynan's Corsairs caused casualties to the unit, but failed in its efforts to break them. The Archers in combat with the Shades on the right were broken by the Shades and subsequently run down in the pursuit.

The Dark Elf movement phase brought charges from Matt Weaver's Corsairs on the wounded Grand Theogonist, as well as a charge from Matt Drover's Dark Riders into the Reiksguard Knights on their far right flank. As with the first turn, all of the Dark Elf Cold One units failed stupidity tests, further frustrating Gavin and Mike's best-laid plans! (Mike's Cold One Knights had taken to grazing at the edges of the woods, much to his disgust!) Further movement by the Dark Elves, was confined to minor repositioning in

order to make a decisive strike in the third turn.

Again, Doombolt was successful against the unit of Bear Riders, and this, combined with missile fire, caused this unit to flee. All other magic was countered by dispel rolls.

The Empire Flagellant (Nutters) unit on the right flank came under heavy missile fire from all nearby Dark Elf units and War machines in an effort to destroy them outright... and almost did, but alas, they prevailed.

The charge by the Corsairs on the Theogonist failed to kill the model, and the combat was fated to continue into the next turn. The Dark Riders of Matt Drover made little headway into causing significant damage to the unit of Knight that it charged, and this combat was also to continue to the next turn. Other combats continued with Kynan yet to break the Light Cavalry that had charged him.

The Empire Charges In!

Turn Three bore witness to the Empire army proper making its main assault on the Dark Elf lines. Charges were declared by Archers, Flagellants, Spearmen, Light Cavalry, and the Empire Knights on the left flank. Militia, Swordsmen and the Empire Knights in the centre. The right flank saw no charges by the Empire's forces. Other unengaged cavalry and infantry units in the Empire army were moved into position behind assaulting units to plug any gaps, and to be ready to make flank charges.

The magic phase for the Empire army saw all magic cast either fail, or be dispelled by Dark Elf scrolls, amusingly enough, the issue of which Dark Elf general was using up his Dispel Scrolls was to later cause some dissension.

Empire shooting was again dominated by cannon fire, with most other units being out of range or causing few casualties. Cannons on the left flank took out Mike's Cold One Chariot, a bitter blow to his counter attack plans.

The effects of the consolidated charges of the Empire army on the left flank saw both frontline Crossbowmen units fold with most pursuit moves carrying into units behind the Crossbowmen. One gap did appear when the

Flagellant unit didn't advance far enough to charge into Mike's Executioners, and this gap was to provide Mike with inroads to the Empire army in later rounds. The skirmish between Justin's Archers and Kynan's Shades became a stalemate that lasted the game, and gave everyone a bit of comic relief.

The battle in the centre of the field saw Matt Weaver's Corsairs charged to the front and flank by Empire Militia and Swordsmen units, which held out against the assault and was bloody for both sides. Meanwhile, Kynan suffered a second assault, this time by Empire Knights led by Dave's General, and after taking some serious casualties, managed to make a very lucky leadership roll to hold and continue fighting. The Grand Theogonist was killed by Matt Weaver's Corsair unit, with him pursuing and destroying it, but unfortunately moving the Corsairs too far away to provide support to the Dark Elf centre.

On the right flank, Matt Drover's Dark Riders were destroyed in the protracted combat there, with Dave's Knights only gaining a few inches in the subsequent pursuit.

The Dark Elf turn saw winged units on the right flank swoop in to charge the

Flagellant unit. Matt Drover also charged the unit of Handgunners positioned on the hill with his Shades.

Witch Elves charged in to engage the Greatswords in the centre, with Gavin's unit of Repeating Crossbowmen supporting the move by charging the flank of the Greatswords.

Other movement on the Dark Elf side, was by giving finally able to move his Cold One Knights forward, and Mike Ingham pushing his Executioners up through the gap left for him from the earlier combat.

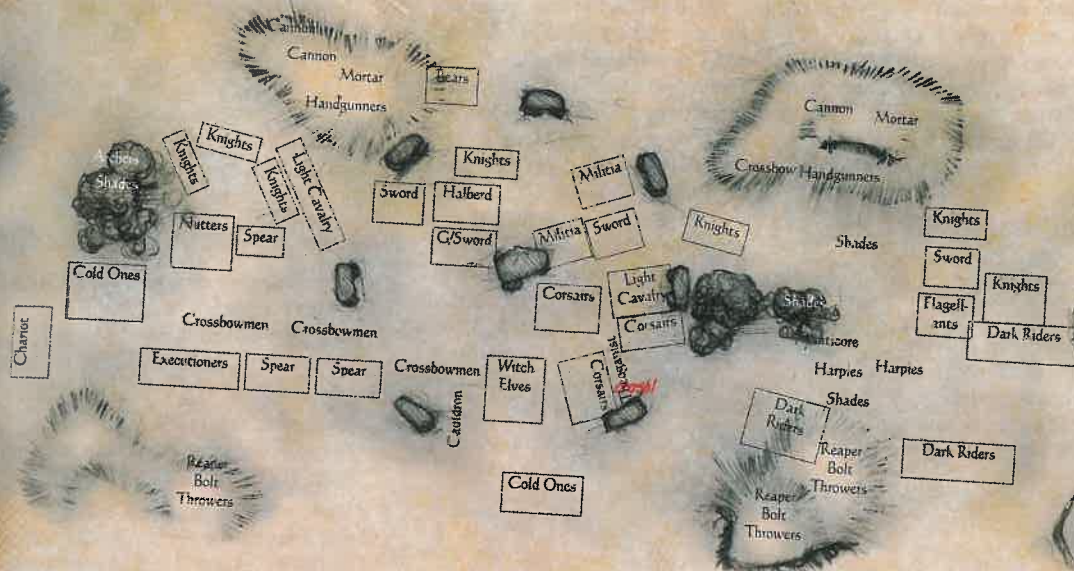
Dark Elf magic continued to cause injury to Empire troops, this time with Chill Wind on the Halberdiers in the centre.

Dark Riders and Shades were content with pouring missile fire at the Reiksguard Knight unit on the right flank, but only causing a few casualties.

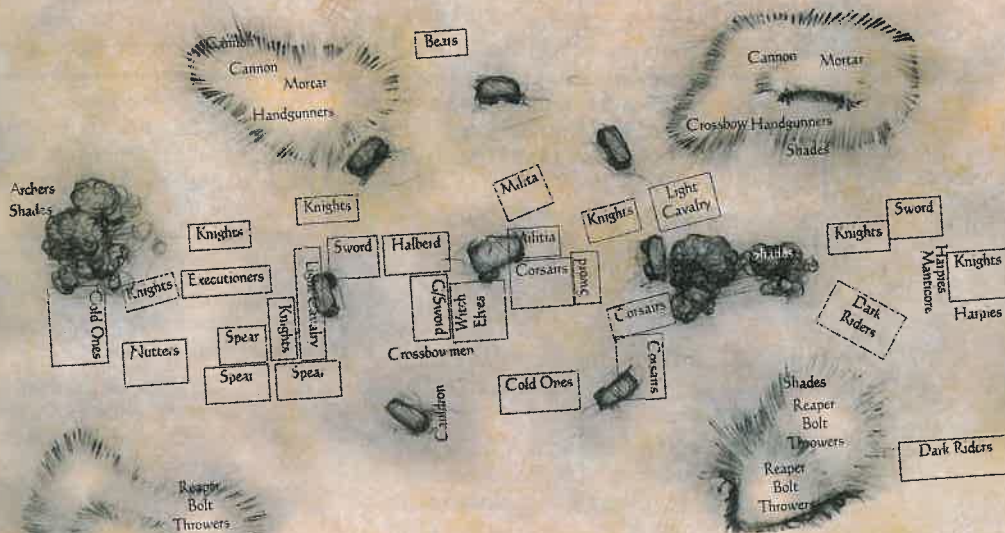
The Manticore and two Harpy units assaulting the Flagellants on the right, made short work of the already diminished unit, and then followed up into the Swordsmen and heavy cavalry.

Fighting continued amongst other units, with no ground given on either side...

End of Turn Two



End of Turn Three



The Hard Fight...

Bitter fighting across the field continued, with a few cracks showing on the left flank. Empire magic had yielded little satisfaction, but now the Dark Elf Generals were coming to the last of their Dispel Scrolls, and alliances amongst the Lordlings were being strained.

Mortar fire from Justin had killed eight of Mike's Executioners, severely reducing his numbers, but the unit held firm.

The combat in the centre between the Witch Elves and the Greatswords (thanks to their *stubbornness*) continued at a stalemate, despite great losses on both sides. The same was

true of the fight between Kynan's Corsairs and Dave's Knights. Matt Weaver's Corsairs fell and the Swordsmen pursued into the rear of the Witch Elves, while the Militia wound up dangerously close to the front of Gavin's Cold One Knights. Kynan's Manticore and the Harpies caused the unit of Empire Knights to flee and were destroyed by Kynan's pursuit. Unfortunately one unit of Harpies was still engaged by the unit of Swordsmen, and these fled after combat resolution. This then caused the Manticore to panic, making it flee the table in following turns.

In the Dark Elf turn, Mike's



Kynan's Corsairs take a charge from Dave's Empire Knights.



Mike is sure he can hit Grant with that many attacks...

Executioners charged into a unit of Grant's Knights, while the lure of the exposed Militia was too much, and Gavin charged his Cold one Knights into them.

Magic for the Dark Elves was completely unsuccessful this turn, with all spells failing to cast.

Missile fire from the Dark Riders and Shades continued to weaken the Empire Knights, and Swordsmen units, this was backed up by supporting fire from the Reaper Bolt Throwers positioned on the hill behind them.

The Dark Elf turn of combat continued with no enemy units being broken, despite bloody casualties being suffered, especially by the Empire Greatswords.



Mike says "I'M EXCITED!"

Buckets Of Blood!

Heavy fighting continued into the fifth turn, with the addition of fresh charges on the Reaper Bolt Thrower on the left flank by the Falgellants, which they were to make short work of the crew, and the charge of a unit of Empire Swordsmen into the Dark Elf Spearmen.

Magic again, was a disappointment for the Empire army, with nothing being cast successfully.

The massed combat on the left flank continued with little result for either side, the seething mass of fighting troops holding resolutely to their positions.

Meanwhile, the Witch Elves and Crossbowmen in the centre were run down after they lost combat and failed their leadership rolls. Gavin's Cold One Knights ran down the Swordsmen unit, but in their pursuit, left the Dark Elf centre wide open, giving Empire troops freedom to move through it unmolested.

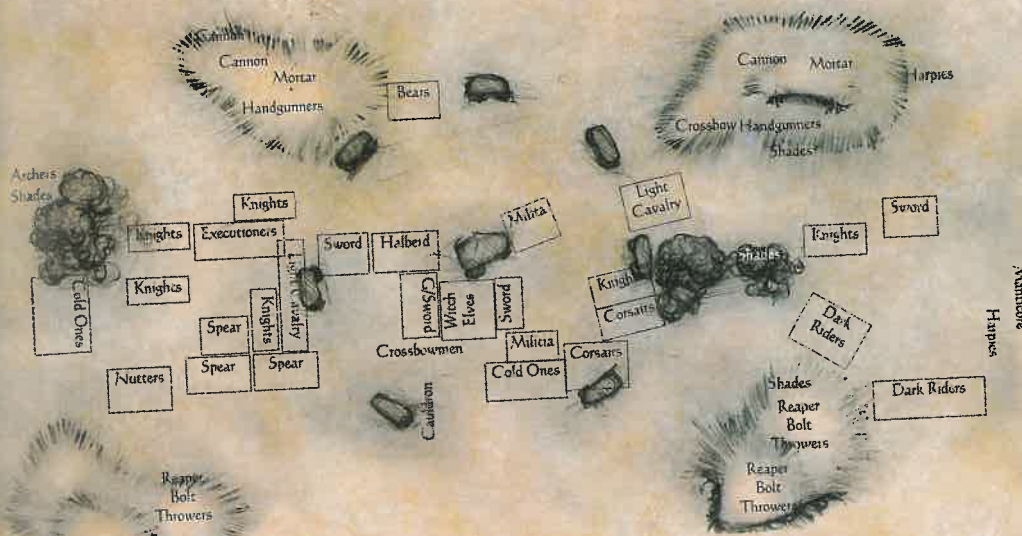
In the Dark Elf turn, Matt Drover's

Dark Rider units pounced on the weakened Empire Knights and Swordsmen on the right, while Mike's Cold One Knights finally got off a charge on the left flank against a unit of Grant's Knights. In the centre, Matt Weaver had finally moved his Corsairs into position to charge into the flank of the Empire Knights that had been whittling down Kynan's Corsairs over the last few turns.

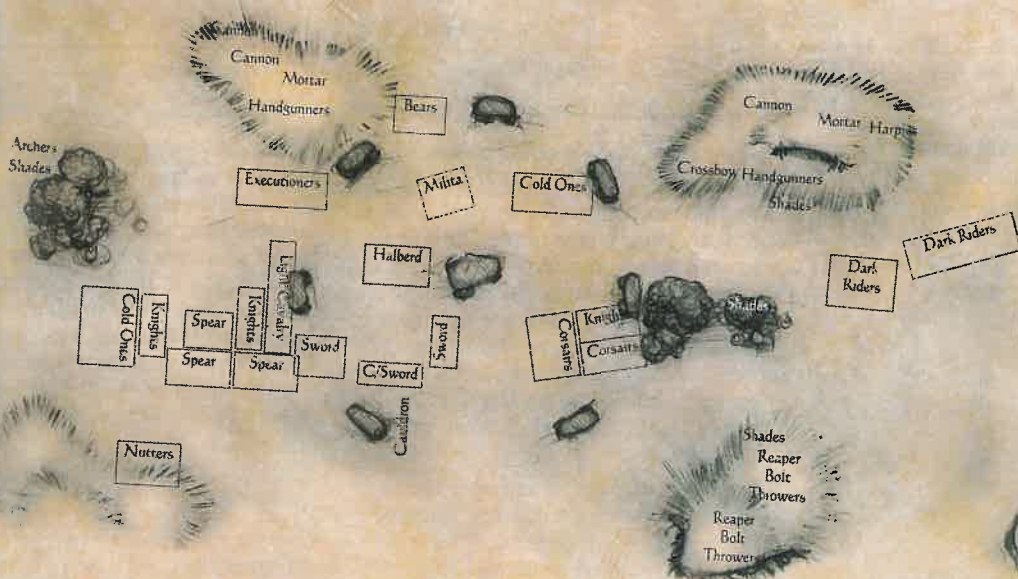
The magic phase for the Dark Elves was a non-event, with no spells able to be successfully cast.

During the Dark Elf combat phase, the units charged by the Dark Riders were both ridden down and destroyed after they were broken in combat. The Harpies had flown in to attack the Mortar crew and were held at bay for the time being. Mike's Executioners managed to destroy the unit of Knights that he had engaged in earlier turns, and all other combats held, creating a very messy, violent kind of status quo.

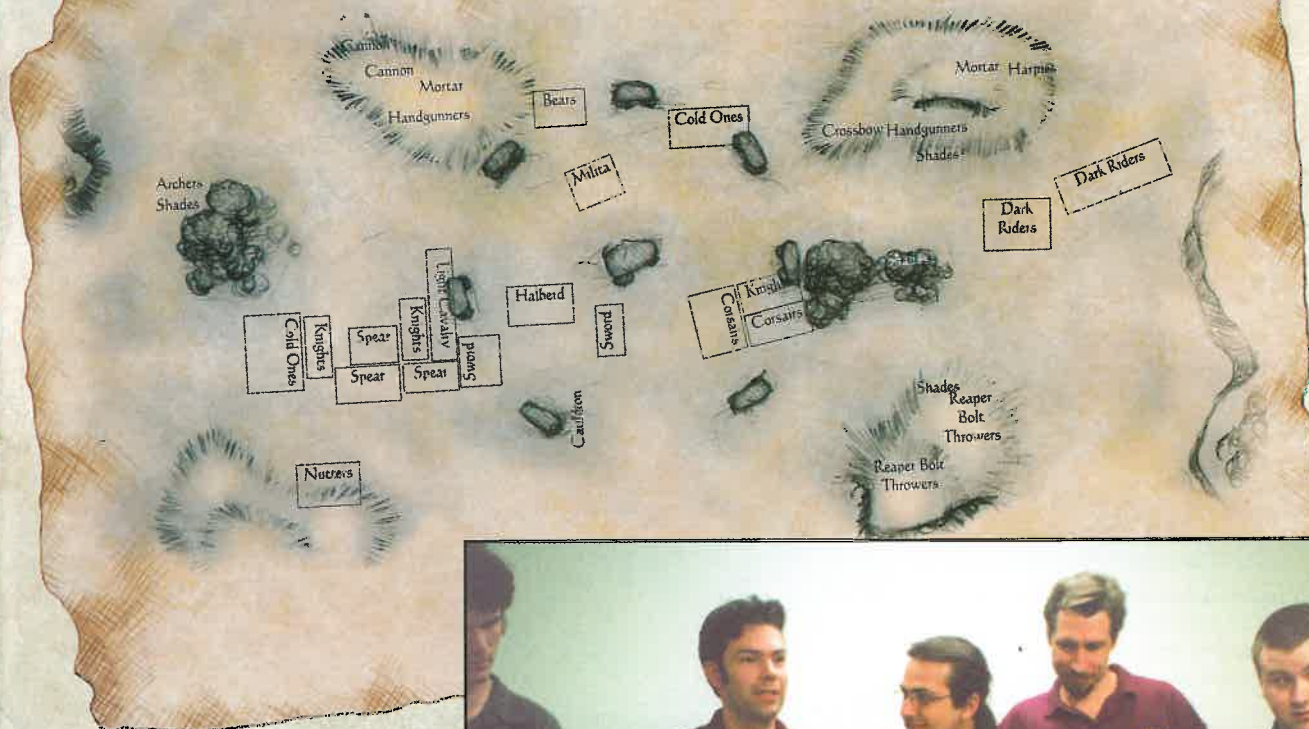
End of Turn Four



End of Turn Five



End of Turn Six



End Game

The final turn for both armies, the sun outside had gone down, and the building was empty, except for these eight determined generals...

The only new charge of the Empire turn, was the foolishly brave one committed by the last Greatswordman onto the Cauldron of Blood, without giving too much away let's just say he didn't last long.

Justin's Handgunners positioned on the left took steady aim and let loose a volley fire at Mike's already reduced Executioners. Despite this, he passed the leadership test required to keep them on the table.

All other combats startlingly held their ground, although both sides had their equal share of casualties.

It came time for the Dark Elf turn, and the only charge made was by Mike's beleaguered Executioners, onto the full strength Handgunners unit on the hill.

Magic had not played a great part of the game, for either side, and this trend continued right up to the last turn, with nothing able to be



The "Brotherhood of Evil" step back to take in the battle results.

successfully cast by the remaining Dark Elf mages.

Straight to combat for the last turn, as the shooting phase of the Dark Elves proved just as ineffective as the magic phase. All the players were hoping for a breakthrough in at least one front of the involved combats. Unfortunately, despite a challenge between army generals being accepted and played out, all units failed to gain or loose ground.

There was a brief pause after the last combat was resolved, a few nervous glances between generals, and then a mad rush to the calculators to work out the difference in points, a winner had to be determined!

There were many things that could have been done differently on both

sides, as quick post mortems of the game were being formulated. The most telling difference between both armies was that there were maybe too many generals with separate agendas on the side of the Dark Elf army, and while technically a draw, all of the guys agreed that this was the telling factor in the less than pleasing performance of the Dark Elves. If anything, it was the high leadership value, and quality of their troops that kept the battle from disaster for the pointy ears!

Empire	4807
Dark Elves	4603
Result:	Draw

Evil Things!



Mike Ingham

Following on from my last article, about planning and preparation, it's time for the fun bit - painting.

I know some of you out there find too many excuses not to do it, but if you don't, you are missing out

on one of the most rewarding parts of the hobby - a fully painted army. So, how is my Dark Elf army coming

along? As I have said before I like to get my Core troops done first. Twenty Dark Elf Warriors with spears were at the top of the list, for these I undercoated black, then on to the drybrushing stage. To paint the armour I used a large drybrush and Boltgun Metal paint. All twenty Warriors were done at once. When this was dry (shortly after) watered down Black Ink was painted all over.

When the messy stuff was completed it was time to tidy up all those over spills of Boltgun Metal (over all the areas that wouldn't be metal). For this I painted over those areas in Chaos Black.

Regiment painting. I did this in groups of five, starting with the robes. These were going to be Scab Red so I started with Scorched Brown over black. I find this helps keep down the number of Scab Red coats.

I then moved onto the weapon hafts, first up with Scorched Brown (yet again) then Bestial Brown.

Finally, the skin. Dark Flesh followed by Dwarf Flesh, then highlighted with Elf Flesh, quick and effective.

The bases were done with sand (glued down twice) painted Chaos Black, drybrushed with Codex Grey. Add some static flock and finish off by painting the edges with Goblin Green.

For the shields I painted them Chaos Black with Dwarf Bronze icons. I repeated this process for the Crossbowmen.

With three of my core units finished I moved on to the Cold One knights. Black undercoat, drybrushed with Boltgun Metal followed by Black Ink. To break up the metal I used Shining Gold with a watered down Brown Ink wash. The Cold Ones were really simple. A Scaly Green drybrush over black with Scab Red scales, this helps tie them in with the rest of the army.

For the Bolt Throwers I used a very simple Boltgun Metal and Chaos Black colour scheme. The executioners were painted with the same method; bolt gunmetal, black ink and shining gold.

To sum up, I now have a new, fully painted Dark Elf army which was very challenging to paint but an immensely rewarding project.

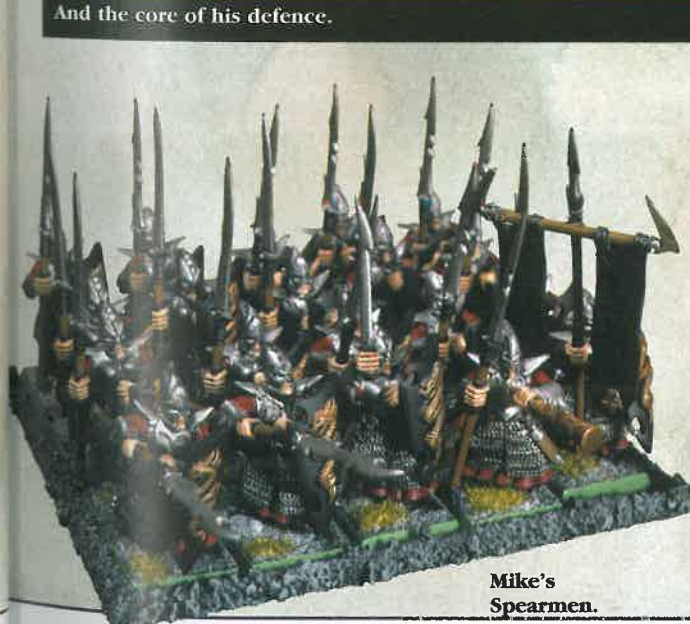
If you want to see my completed army then why not come in to Games Workshop Parramatta and challenge me to a game!



The assault arm of Mike's army.



And the core of his defence.



Mike's Spearmen.



Mike's Executioners.

WARHAMMER

DARK ELVES



WARHAMMER ARMIES: DARK ELVES

Band H AUS\$32 NZ\$36 HK\$150

This book contains all the information you need to field an army of sadistic, murderous Dark Elves against their prey, the denizens of the Warhammer world.

Also included is a wealth of background material, special characters and devastating new magic items.



Malus Darkblade



Dark Elf Warriors
(box contains 16 models
including command)



Dark Elf Cold One Knights
(box contains 4 models)



Dark Elf Cauldron of Blood



Dark Elf Cold One Chariot



Dark Elf Executioners



Dark Elf Dark Riders



Dark Elf Witch Elves



Dark Elf Black Guard

DARK ELF BOXED SETS

Dark Elf Warriors Regiment (16)
Dark Elf Witch King on Black Dragon (1)
Dark Elf Cold One Knights (4)
Dark Elf Cauldron of Blood (1)
Dark Elf Beastmaster on Manticore (1)
Dark Elf War Hydra (1)
Dark Elf Cold One Chariot (1)

BAND	AUS\$	NZ\$	HK\$
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DARK ELF BLISTERS

Morathi on Dark Pegasus (1)
Dark Elf Repeater Bolt Thrower (1)
Dark Elf Sorceress on Cold One (1)
Dark Elf Beastmaster (1)
Dark Elf Harpies (2)
Dark Elf Sorceress (1)
Malus Darkblade (1)
Dark Elf Assassin (1)
Dark Elf Black Guard Command (3)
Dark Elf Black Guard (3)
Dark Elf Cold One Knight Command (1)
Dark Elf Cold One Knight (1)
Dark Elf Corsairs Command (3)
Dark Elf Corsairs (3)
Dark Elf Witch Elves Command (3)
Dark Elf Witch Elves (3)
Dark Elf Dark Riders Command (1)
Dark Elf Dark Riders (1)
Dark Elf Executioners Command (3)
Dark Elf Executioners (3)
Dark Elf Shades (3)

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D	\$16	\$18	\$80
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E	\$19	\$22	\$90
D	\$16	\$18	\$80
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C	\$14	\$16	\$70
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D	\$16	\$18	\$80
D	\$16	\$18	\$80

For too many long years the kingdoms of the High Elves have been forgotten by Mankind. Recently, however, reports of the fair but deadly Elves have been reaching the races of the Old World.

Taught the ancient arts of warfare from a young age, the High Elves are masters of sword and bow. A highly elite force, they are skilful and well led, though few in number. A successful commander must use each of his precious units to their full potential, fulfilling their designated role to perfection and using each of them to support the rest of the army.

The citizen militia display skills beyond those of most professional soldiers from other races. Backed up by the mighty Eagle Claw repeater bolt throwers, the High Elves are almost immovable in defence. To bolster the citizen levy, the High Elves have a range of highly specialised elite foot troops, from the legendary White Lions, huntsmen without peer, to the Swordmasters of Hoeth, deadly warrior-scholars with preternatural speed and skills beyond human comprehension.

Swift and manoeuvrable, the proud and tall Silver Helms and the mighty Dragon Princes are devastating, having the speed to charge and counter-charge at will. The aim of any tactical High Elf commander is to strike hard and fast, dissecting the enemy and withdrawing before they have a chance to counter-attack.

THE DEFENDERS OF ULTHUAN

A sneak peek at the forthcoming High Elf book



Silver Helms



Spearman Champion

Spearman



High Elf generals new and old – rejoice! Coinciding with the next issue of *White Dwarf* is the release of the brand new High Elf Armies book! This 80-page tome contains all the rules and background that you will need in order to field a High Elf army in Warhammer.

Included along with the rules for the many units that a High Elf commander has available are sections on war machines, the bestiary, High Magic, special characters and also the many magic items that the High Elves have created.

Also being released with the book are three new multi-part plastic regiment boxed sets for all of the core troops choices: Archers, Spearmen and for the first time plastic Silver Helms will be available. We have been careful not to forget the Lothorn Seaguard and have included bows and quivers in the Spearmen set so you can create this versatile regiment.

In future months there are also fantastic new metal miniatures being released: the Shadow Warriors,



*Spearman
Regiment*

Phoenix Guard, Bolt Throwers and the mighty Dragon Princes. Favourite characters such as Tyrion and Imrik have been updated and are quite possibly the finest Citadel miniatures sculpted so far!



Archer



Archer Champion

A sinister hissing filled the air as the Dark Elf crossbowmen opened fire at the oncoming High Elf cavalry. A bold warrior on Tyrion's right fell, a black-fletched missile protruding from his eye. With a horrible shriek, he toppled backwards from his saddle. His foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged along behind his steed like a hideous plough churning the field of bones. Tyrion instinctively ducked his head, bolts clattering off his armour. The ancient mail flexed under the impact. Pain flared where he was hit. Tyrion knew he was going to have some nasty bruises after the battle, if he survived. Still, the bolts had not penetrated his armour, which was just as well, for dark rumour had it that the spawn of Naggaroth often poisoned the barbs of their missiles.

Tyrion risked a glance around. Not too many High Elves had fallen. The range was long and the crossbow bolts had lost much power by the time they reached the cavalry. He saw one chariot hit a small ridge and flip, its drivers killed by enemy fire. Whinnying with terror, a horse tried to pull itself free from the wreckage.

Unable to contain themselves any longer the Witch Elves and the Naggarothi infantry

advanced, cackling. With great slow-seeming strides, the Cold Ones loped along beside them. Hatred seared through Tyrion's veins. He was determined to bring death to his enemies.

Spells leapt back and forth between the armies as mage and sorceress duelled inconclusively. So far magic had had no great effect but Tyrion knew that soon one of the combatants would tire or exhaust his protective charms and then terrible things would begin to happen.

More and more High Elf arrows rained down on the Dark Elf ranks. With their own cavalry so close to the foe, they concentrated their fire on the far end of the Naggarothi line, rather than risk hitting their own warriors. Hideous screams cut the air as the Dark Elves died.

With a crash the two forces met. Led by Tyrion, the High Elf cavalry was a tidal wave of steel rushing over their foes. Tyrion cut to the left and right of him. Witch Elves fell headless. Malhandir reared, crushing their still-twitching corpses beneath his hooves. Faster than a serpent's tongue, Tyrion's blade flickered out, killing everything within its reach. He felt bone jar

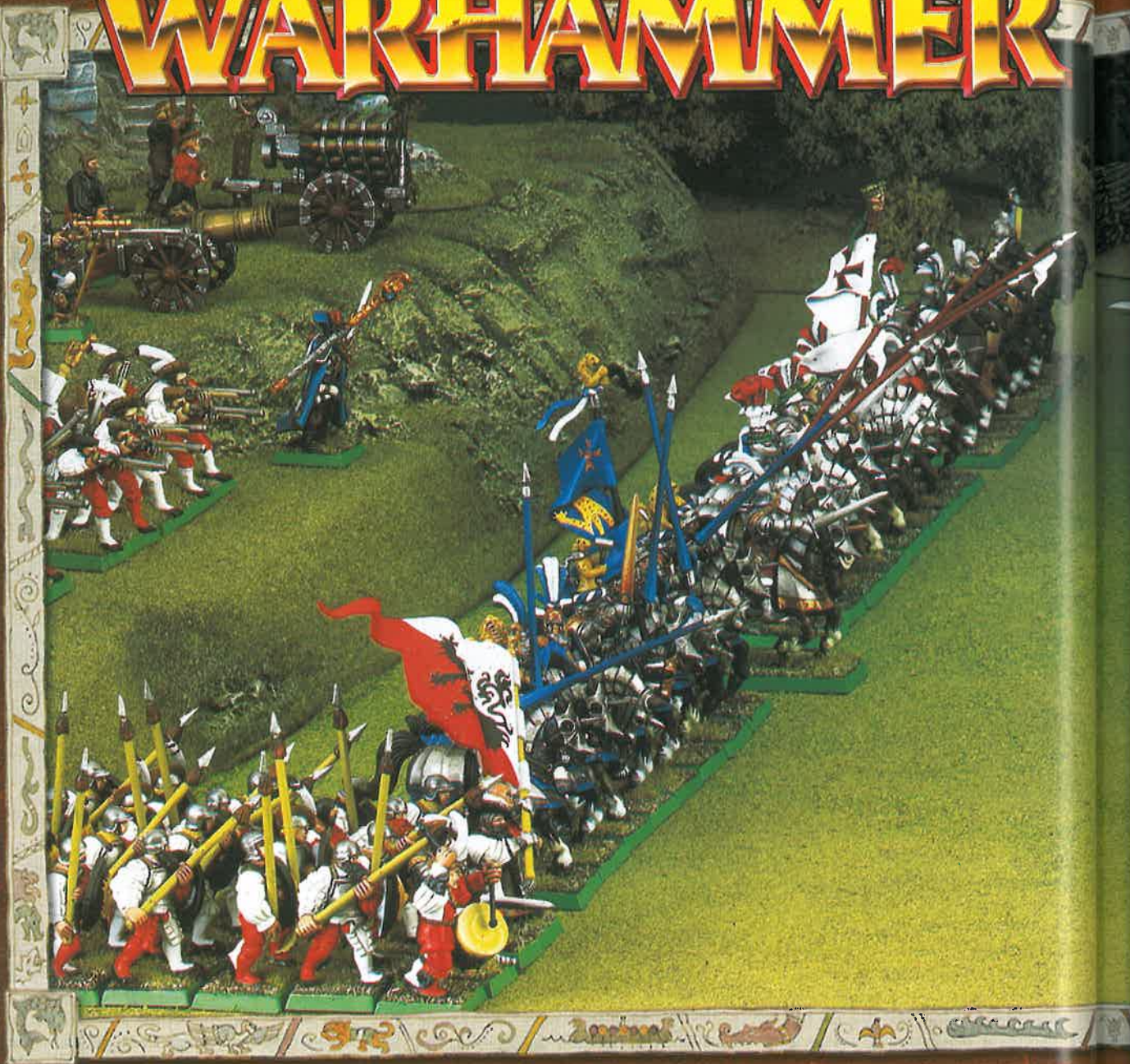
beneath the blade and the sensuous release of power as Sunfang's searing energies were unleashed.

Howling, more and more Witch Elves launched themselves at him. Tyrion was a living engine of destruction, unstoppable by any mortal power. Hacking to the right and left he carved a bloody path through the Witch Elves and on into the Dark Elf infantry.

From the corner of his eye he caught sight of a poison-dripping blade flickering towards him. At the last moment he twisted in his saddle but too late. The blade caught him beneath the ribs and would have driven on up into his heart had it not been for the resistant nature of his ancient armour. Silver stars flickered before his eyes from the force of the impact. The Dark Elf assassin spat at him. On his cheek Tyrion could see a small tattoo bearing the mark of Khaine.

"Die, assassin," he roared and lashed out. His blade took the Elf's hand off at the wrist. The return swipe removed the assassin's head. In a frenzy of death-dealing Tyrion lashed out at all around him, transformed into a whirlwind of death. Soon no enemy lived within reach of his blade.

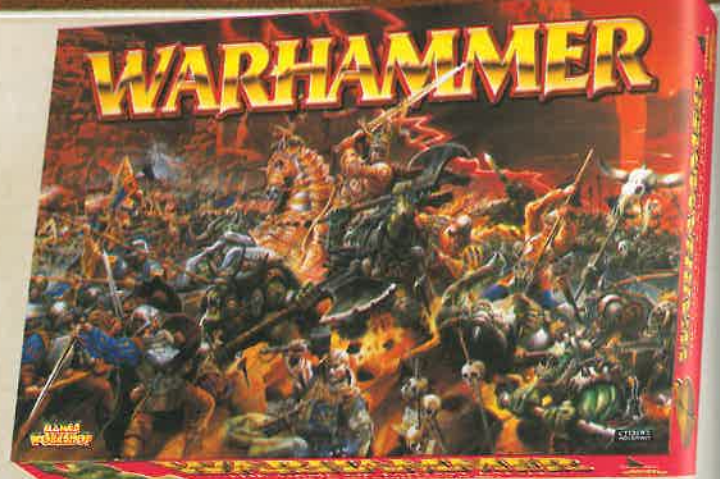
WARHAMMER



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

The huge starter set contains the following:

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



Band Q AUS\$140 NZ\$160 HK\$700

The game of fantasy battles



Citadel Miniatures supplied unpainted and unassembled.

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 Mail Order,
and not to
Warhammer
Chronicles.*

Gav

Warhammer Chronicles

Presented by Gav Thorpe

This month, Dark Elf enthusiast, Kevin J. Coleman, has devised a City Garrison variant army list. We've not had time to playtest this list but to our eyes it seems pretty balanced. As such it is not an 'official' list at present, though send in your feedback to the usual address (on the Games Development message board on our website) and we may make it so in next year's Warhammer Annual.

Cities of the Damned

By Kevin J. Coleman

DARK ELVES CITY GARRISON ARMIES

The Dark Elves live in six heavily fortified cities of black iron and steel that tower over the icy land of Naggaroth like gargantuan stalagmites. These forbidding places are filled with bitter hatreds and heinous evils, their dungeons racked with prisoners in extreme agony, whose wailing shrouds the land with unearthly terror.

Most not dare assault these bastions of doom, yet there are those brave enough, or perhaps foolish enough, to take on such a task. When this happens, the elite City Garrison is called forth to protect their cities and outposts, using their spears and repeater crossbows with exceptional proficiency, and slaughtering their enemies without mercy. Those attackers unfortunate enough to survive become tortured slaves for the rest of their meaningless lives.



CITY GARRISON ARMY LIST

Here are rules for using a variant of the Dark Elves army. If you wish to play a Dark Elves City Garrison army then use the following list instead of the one published in the Dark Elves Armies book.

The Dark Elves City Garrison army list follows the same strict guidelines given on page 24 and 25 of the Dark Elves Armies book.

SPECIAL RULE

Garrison Formation

A unit with Garrison Formation may mix both models armed with spears and repeater crossbows in the same unit. When taken in this manner, all repeater crossbowmen must be placed in the first rank and remain in the first rank. The second and following ranks are made up entirely of spearmen. During the game, remove casualties from the back of the unit as normal; it is assumed that spear-armed models step forward and discard their spears to pick up the repeater crossbows of the fallen first rankers. Only when all the spearmen have been slain can casualties be taken from the repeater crossbowmen in the first rank.

LORDS

CITY COMMANDER 125 points each

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
City Commander	5	7	6	4	3	3	8	4	10

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May choose either an additional hand weapon (+6 pts), halberd (+6 pts), great weapon (+6 pts) or, if mounted, a lance (+6 pts).
- May also be armed with a repeater crossbow (+15 pts).
- May wear either light armour (+3 pts) or heavy armour (+6 pts), may be given a Sea Dragon Cloak (+9 pts), and may also carry a shield (+3 pts).
- May ride either a Cold One (+39 pts) or a Dark Steed (+18 pts). Alternatively, may be mounted in a Cold One Chariot included as a separate Special choice, replacing one of the crew.
- May choose magic items from the Common and/or Dark Elf magic items lists, with a maximum total value of 100 points.

Special Rules: Hate High Elves.

HEROES

DARK ELF NOBLE* 70 points each

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Noble	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May choose either an additional hand weapon (+4 pts), halberd (+4 pts), great weapon (+4 pts) or, if mounted, a lance (+4 pts).
- May also be armed with a repeater crossbow (+10 pts).
- May wear either light armour (+2 pts) or heavy armour (+4 pts), may be given a Sea Dragon Cloak (+6 pts), and may also carry a shield (+2 pts).
- May ride either a Cold One (+26 pts) or a Dark Steed (+12 pts). Alternatively, may be mounted in a Cold One Chariot included as a separate Special choice, replacing one of the crew.
- May choose magic items from the Common and/or Dark Elf magic items lists, with a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special Rules: Hate High Elves.

0-1 SORCERESS 90 points each

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sorceress	5	4	4	3	3	2	5	3	8

Weapons: Hand weapon.

Magic: A Sorceress is a level 1 Wizard.

She may choose one of the following lores: Shadow, Death or Dark magic.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a level 2 Wizard for +40 pts.
- May ride either a Cold One (+26 pts) or a Dark Steed (+12 pts).
- May choose magic items from the Common and/or Dark Elf magic items lists, with a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special Rules: Hate High Elves, Sect Enmity.

When a Dark Elf city is under siege or attack, the highest ranking military noble assumes the title of City Commander and takes full control of the city's garrison.

Lords are severely limited in number and are quite expensive, but make the best army generals.

CHARACTERS' MOUNTS

Here are the profiles for mounts that can be ridden by Dark Elf characters. Full rules for Cold Ones and Dark Steeds can be found on pages 7-8 of the Dark Elves Armies book.

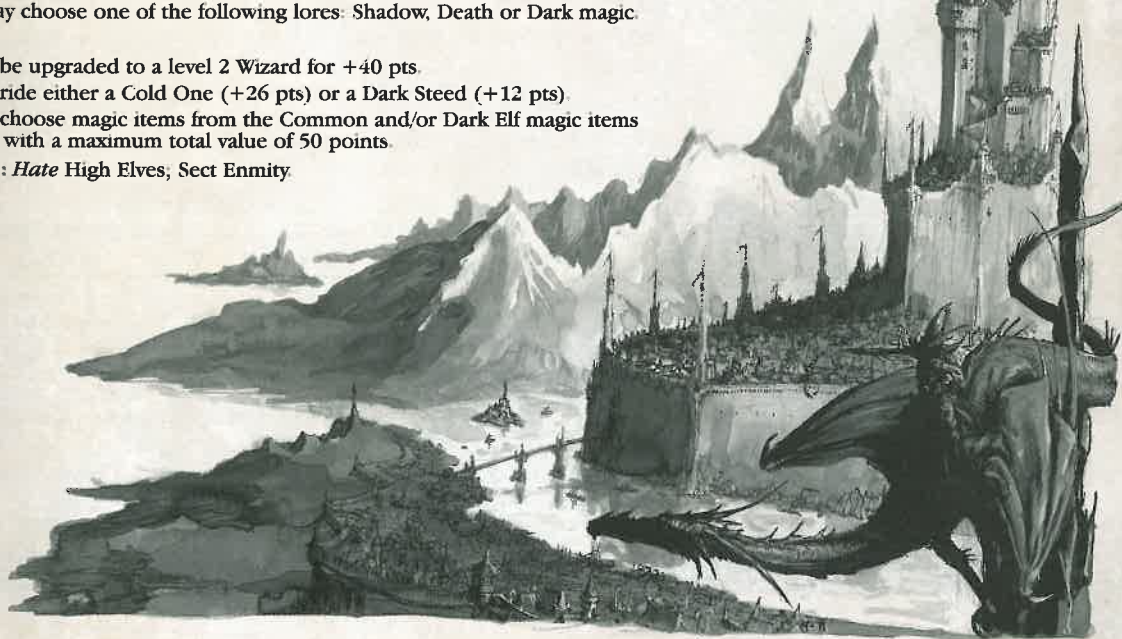
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Lesser Dark Elf Nobles become the lieutenants of the City Commander and carry out his orders efficiently.

* One Dark Elf Noble in the army may carry the city's Battle Standard for +25 pts. See page 27 of the Dark Elves Armies book for details on the Battle Standard Bearer.

A Sorceress will support the City Garrison with fiendish Dark Magic, crushing would-be conquerors with horrific spells of destruction.



Core units are the most common warriors in the army. There is a minimum number of Core units that must be fielded, and this varies with the size of the army (see page 25 of the Dark Elves Armies book).

There is no limit on the amount of Core units that can be fielded in the army, but a maximum of one unit of Cold One Knights can be present on the battlefield.



A Dark Elf City Guard unit stands ready for battle.

CORE UNITS

CITY GUARD 9 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
City Guard	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Lordling	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

Unit Size: 10+

Weapons & Armour: Hand weapon, spear, and light armour.

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with shields for +1 pt/model.
- Any number of models in the unit may replace spears for repeater crossbows for +4 pts/model.
- Upgrade one City Guard to a Musician for +5 pts.
- Upgrade one City Guard to a Standard Bearer for +10 pts.
- Promote one City Guard to a Lordling for +10 pts.
- One City Guard unit in the army may have a magic standard worth up to 50 points.

Special Rules: *Hate* High Elves, Garrison Formation.

DARK ELF WARRIORS 9 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Lordling	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

Unit Size: 10+

Weapons & Armour: Sword (hand weapon), light armour and shield.

Options:

- Upgrade one Warrior to a Musician for +5 pts.
- Upgrade one Warrior to a Standard Bearer for +10 pts.
- Promote one Warrior to a Swordmaster for +10 pts.

Special Rules: *Hate* High Elves.

0-1 COLD ONE KNIGHTS29 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Knight	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Dread Knight	5	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	8
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3

Unit Size: 5+

Weapons & Armour: Lance, hand weapon, heavy armour and shield.

Options:

- Upgrade one Knight to a Musician for +9 pts.
- Upgrade one Knight to a Standard Bearer for +10 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may carry a Magic Standard worth up to 50 pts.
- Promote one Knight to a Dread Knight for +10 pts.

Special Rules: *Hate* High Elves, *Stupidity*, Cause fear, Thick-skinned.



SPECIAL UNITS

REAPER BOLT THROWER* 100 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crew	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Reaper	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-

* Up to two Reaper Bolt Throwers may be taken as one Special choice.

Unit Size: One Reaper Bolt Thrower with two crew.

Weapons & Armour: The crew has hand weapons and wears light armour.

Special Rules: Repeater Bolt Thrower, Hate High Elves.

COLD ONE CHARIOTS 95 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Crew	-	4	4	3	-	-	5	1	8
Cold One	7	3	-	4	-	-	3	1	-

Unit Size: Each Cold One Chariot is a separate unit, with two crew pulled by two Cold Ones.

Weapons: Crew carries hand weapons. The chariot has scythed wheels.

Armour Save: 4+

Options: The crew may have repeater crossbows for +10 pts and/or spears for +2 pts. Certain characters may ride a chariot. They replace one of the crew, and the points value of the crew member is lost.

Special Rules: Crew Hate High Elves, Stupidity, Cause Fear, Chariot.

DARK RIDERS 18 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dark Riders	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Herald	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8
Dark Steed	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Weapons & Armour: Hand weapon, light armour, and spear.

Mounts: Dark Steed.

Options:

- Any unit may have repeater crossbows for +6 pts/model.
- Upgrade one Dark Rider to a Musician for +7 pts.
- Upgrade one Dark Rider to a Standard Bearer for +14 pts.
- Promote one Dark Rider to a Herald for +14 pts.

Special Rules: Riders Hate High Elves; Fast Cavalry.

Special Units are extremely specialized troops that appear on the battlefield less often than basic regiments.

Dark Elf cities are protected by several war machines such as the infamous Reaper Bolt Throwers and Cold One Chariots. Dark Riders are sent out to scout out the movements of an invading army.

There is a maximum number of Special Units that can be fielded, and this varies with the size of the army (see page 25 of the dark Elves Armies book).



A Reaper Bolt Thrower prepares to fire.



A Dark Elf Chariot charges into battle.

RARE UNITS

Flocks of Harpies can be seen circling over the Dark Elf cities, screeching and waiting for the chance to dive down upon those too weak to defend themselves.

There is a maximum number of Rare units that can be fielded, and this varies with the size of the army (see page 25 of the Dark Elves Armies book). A maximum of one unit of Shades may be present on the battlefield.



HARPIES 13 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Harpy	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6

Unit Size: 5-20

Weapons: Vicious claws and temperament (counts as two hand weapons).

Special Rules: Flying unit; Beasts.

0-1 SHADES 14 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shade	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Bloodshade	5	4	5	3	3	1	5	1	8

Unit Size: 5+

Weapons: Hand weapon and repeater crossbow.

Options:

- Any unit may have light armour for +1 pt/model.
- Promote one Shade to be a Bloodshade for +12 pts.

Special Rules:

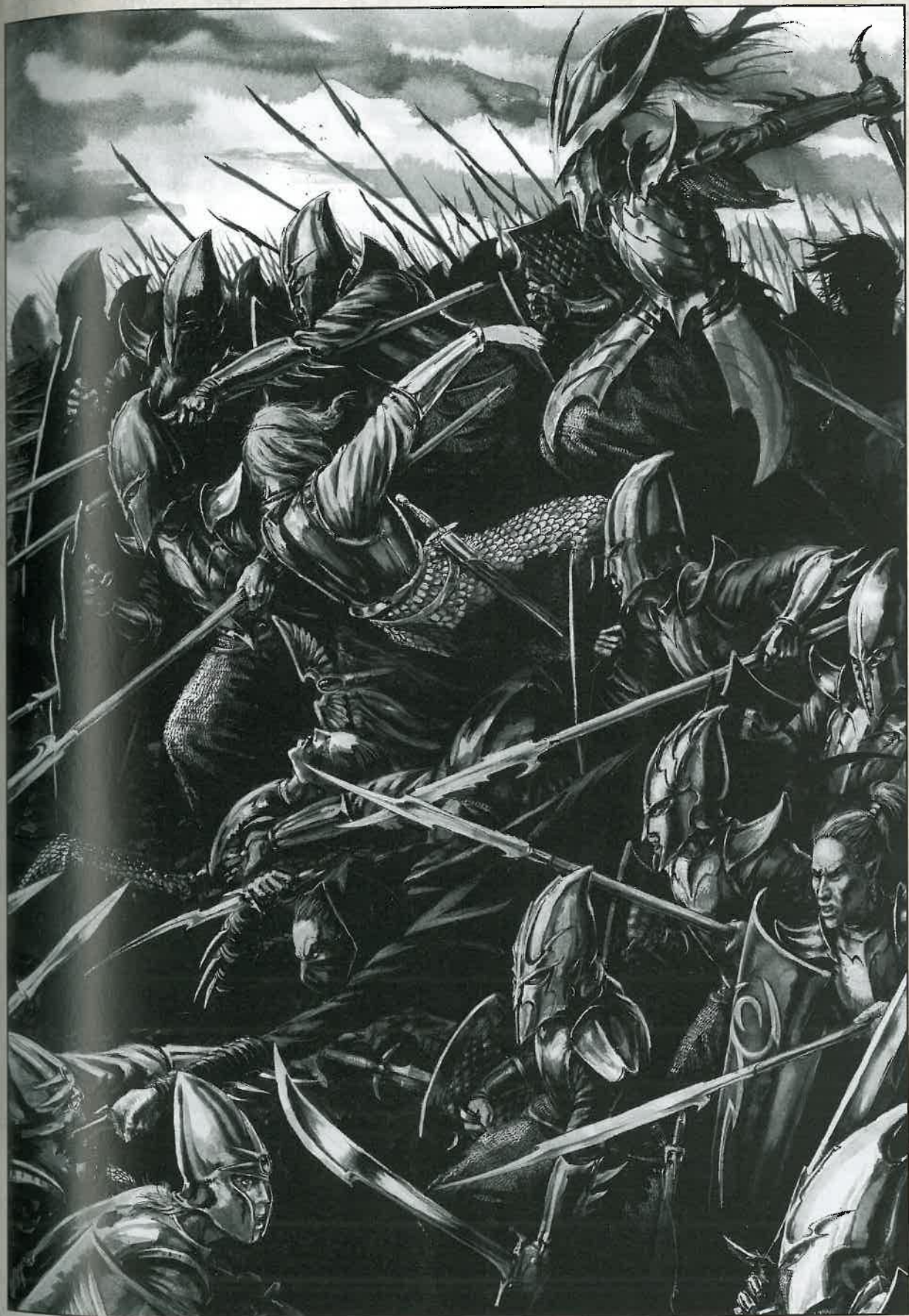
Hate High Elves; Skirmishers; Scouts.



The Dwarves get more than they bargained for when they come to settle an old grudge.

odel
Ld
6

odel
Ld
8
8



Andy Chambers has taken time out from his hectic schedule to oversee the creation of these variant army lists for the Imperial Guard.



Games Development new boy Phil Kelly brings to light several of the Armageddon regiments, with able support from the Ancient and Honourable Order of Techpriests.

CHAPTER APPROVED

BY ANDY CHAMBERS & PHIL KELLY

Greeting Citizens, and welcome to Chapter Approved. Our scribes have been working ceaselessly to gather information on the Imperial Guard regiments instrumental in the Third Armageddon War. Presented within is an account of the combat doctrine of some of the most notable regiments. To keep pace with the recent developments in Cityfighting, we also present an addenda concerning those regiments specialising in urban warfare through necessity rather than training.

THE REGIMENTS ON ARMAGEDDON

Although there are hundreds of Imperial Guard regiments fighting in the Third Armageddon war, many of them carved out a bloody reputation for themselves during the constant and bitter fighting. Some among their number fight there still, for once the taint of the Orks has spread to a world, it can never truly be removed. Some of these regiments may be familiar, either established as honourable and valuable components of the Imperial Guard or as wilful and unpredictable forces that many officers refuse to fight alongside.

This article focuses on the savage Armageddon Ork Hunters and the dour Death Korps of Kreig. We also take a look at Imperial Guard armies that have fought protracted campaigns in the confines of the galaxy's cities. In the future we hope to publish rules for the elite Elysian Drop Troopers and the Savlar Chem Dogs, so don't worry, we haven't forgotten them!

For more background material on the illustrious and infamous regiments of Armageddon, see Historical Actions of the Imperial Guard in WD 250.

The Armageddon lists and the Cityfighting Imperial Guard list are currently recommended optional. This means that you must get your opponent's consent before using these lists; they are experimental and we encourage you to try them but they are not official. They may only be used in tournaments with the organiser's consent.

If you have any thoughts on these army lists, why not write in to the usual address and let us know?



The Imperial Guard engage in bitter street fighting with the forces of Chaos.

ARMAGEDDON ORK HUNTERS

During the third Armageddon War, the head of the ruling military council of Armageddon, General Kurov, conducted several xenocidal campaigns throughout the Equatorial jungles to rid them of the Ork presence that had taken root there. Those regiments engaged in such bitter and drawn out fighting encountered guerrilla resistance far in excess of their expectations. Rather than disbanding the decimated regiments, General Kurov harnessed the valuable knowledge gained by the

survivors by ordering them to form a number of specialised Ork hunting regiments.

The Ork Hunters have learnt to fight the enemy on his own terms, and have become extremely good at their jobs. Many Imperial Guard regiments are posted to Cerbera base to learn from the Ork Hunter instructor sergeants. It is well recorded that the uncouth and savage nature of the Ork Hunters rankles with many of the more traditional Imperial Guard

regiments, and the Battle at Hell Town is well recorded as the start of the enmity between the Ork Hunters and the Pyran Dragons.

Unfortunately, the psychological effect such constant contact and close-quarter warfare with the Orks was not calculated by Kurov in his haste to combat the Orks in the jungles of Armageddon. Many of the Ork Hunter squads do not return to their base for weeks on end, surviving purely on the jungle around them, immersing

Field Analyst Marquanse supped at the foul-tasting brew that had been passed to him by the sour-faced Mordian on his right. The Iron Guard ate in the mess hall in as rigid a formation as they fought, and not a word passed between them. Marquanse could feel the contempt emanating from the stern faces, and thanked the Emperor it wasn't directed at him. He couldn't help cursing the day he was given the stinking hellhole that was Cerbera base as his first posting.

He was jolted from his reflections by a thick goblet of grey meat hitting him on the back of his neck. Thin gruel leaked into his high collar as the Ork Hunters behind him roared and bawled with laughter. Their table was buckling under the weight of two massive, unshaven brutes, slick with blood as they punched each other senseless. Turning, Marquanse saw that both combatants were baring their teeth in atavistic snarls, neither with anything like a full set of teeth. They were not bothering to defend. Many of the Ork Hunters were smashing their fists into the table in time, howling encouragement. Several others were slinging meat at each other, barking laughter and bellows of rage mingling as chairs were overturned and faces shoved into foodstations. One of them, half his scalp missing, was slicing kill-markings into his chest with a knife the length of Marquanse's forearm. Every one of them bore trophies; dead body parts of defeated greenskins. Most of them were shouting, and the noise was deafening. Marquanse looked down in disgust, only to see a thick trickle of vomit meander between his freshly polished boots. The air stank of sweat, blood, oil and bile.

Suddenly, one of the Mordians shot to his feet, red-faced with rage, and barked an order for them to cease. As one, the Ork

Hunters stopped immediately, twelve sets of eyes immediately turning on the perpetrator with a hostile savagery that nearly cost Marquanse control of his bladder.

The largest of the brutes scraped his chair slowly backward, and stood up slowly as silence descended across the mess hall. Marquanse noted that the smaller sergeant was still sitting, intent on his food. The giant strode ponderously toward their table, wiping his mouth with a burly arm. His face was tattooed with the likeness of an Ork skull, his scarred, weathered skin slick with a sheen of rank sweat. He belched lazily, the Mordian recoiling in distaste as

particles of food hit his starched uniform. The giant spoke.

"This is Helltown, boy. Different rules here. My lads just spent sixteen days in a living nightmare, killed 'em twelve Gorks and eighty-two Morks. They wanna relax. Wanna cut loose. Get outta their faces, or I'll get into yours." He pushed the Mordian back into his chair with such force that all of the plates on the table jumped.

Marquanse flinched in sympathy. The Mordian's face had turned ashen, and although his comrades returned to their meals, he did not touch his food.



themselves in their war against the Orks. Occasionally, a squad of the Ork Hunters will return to Cerbera base laden with the skulls and scalps of the many Orks that they have culled on their forays.

A worrying trend in the Ork Hunters' combat doctrine has been noted in

recent times. It seems the Ork Hunters are not only adopting the Orkoid manner of war, but also many of their superstitions, codes of conduct and icons. At best, these soldiers have found that to destroy their enemy beyond doubt, they must understand them and adopt their

combat doctrine. At worst, they are degenerating into the savage beasts they have given their lives to fight, a vile slight upon the honour of the Emperor's warriors.

ARMAGEDDON ORK HUNTERS

Soldiers from the Ork Hunter regiments are savage warriors and in their short history have already earned themselves a fearsome reputation. Squads need to operate in isolation for many weeks in the jungle and frequently return to Cerbera base with grisly trophies taken from the Greenskins they have slain. These trophies often take the form of Ork tooth necklaces and skulls as well as more mundane items like glyphs and stikkbombz. In addition to his normal equipment every Ork Hunter also carries his 'scalper', a huge machete-like weapon that can be used to decapitate an Ork with one blow. Their feral appearance and coarse manner has led to the Ork Hunters being regarded as little better than the Orks they hunt and earned them the enmity of many regiments stationed on Armageddon.



Andy Hoare's Ork Hunters use a variety of Orky weapons such as Shootas and Choppas from the plastic Ork sprues.

USING AN ORK HUNTERS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

You will need a copy of *Codex Imperial Guard* and *Codex Catachans* to use this army list.

HQ	1 Ork Hunters Command HQ (use the entry for Deathworld Veteran Command HQ, adjusted as below), 0-5 Commissars (see <i>Codex Imperial Guard</i>)
ELITES	Ork Hunters Fire Sweep Team (use the entry for Deathworld Veteran Assault Team, adjusted as below), Ogryns (see <i>Codex Imperial Guard</i>).
TROOPS	Ork Hunters Infantry Platoon (use the entry for Deathworld Infantry Platoon, adjusted as below).
FAST ATTACK	Ork Hunters Sentinel Squadron (use the entry for Deathworld Sentinel Squadron, adjusted as below), Ork Hunters Patrol (use the entry for Deathworld Veteran Patrol Squadron, adjusted as below)
HEAVY SUPPORT	0-2 Mortar Heavy Weapons Squads, Booby Traps, 0-1 Armoured Support Vehicle (this may be a Chimera, Leman Russ Exterminator, Basilisk or Hellhound).

Many of the Armageddon Ork Hunters squads use the army lists entries from *Codex Catachans*. However, where a troop type is listed as a Deathworld Veteran in their special rules section, substitute the Jungle Fighters ability (see below). In all other respects these army list entries are identical to the army lists in *Codex Catachans*.

FORCE ORGANISATION

Jungle fighters: Armageddon Ork Hunters have adapted and trained so extensively that they have become masters of jungle warfare. Although they are not born into the jungle and hence will never be the equal of soldiers such as the infamous Catachans, they have become highly skilled nonetheless. They are the only survivors of apocalyptic combat between their previous regiments and the Orks of the equatorial jungle, and every one of them is as skilled as they are tough.

The following rules apply to all Armageddon Ork Hunters:

- Armageddon Ork Hunters roll 3D6 and pick the highest to see how far they can move through jungle terrain. When pursuing and falling back through difficult terrain, they roll 3D6 and halve the result. They only become 'spooked' on the roll of a triple one and only set off booby traps on any roll of a triple (three fives, for example).
- Armageddon Ork Hunters receive a 4+ cover save for being in woods or jungle terrain.
- Armageddon Ork Hunters may infiltrate as described on page 134 of the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. They may only do this in missions which allow infiltration and only if they use their ability to set up or move into woods or jungles. Sentinels may not use this ability.

Ork Hunters: The hard-bitten squads of the Ork Hunters have dedicated their lives to fighting the Orks, and have even adopted effective tactics against the Orks in close combat. In any assault, Armageddon Ork Hunters always hit Orks on a 3+.

To know the enemy: The Armageddon Ork Hunters have adapted to the Ork way of war so completely that worrying psychological similarities have begun to emerge. Armageddon Ork Hunters benefit from the Waaagh! special rule (call it the Aaagh! Rule if it helps...) when fighting Orks (any type). When a squad of Armageddon Ork Hunters charges into close combat check its size by rolling 2D6. If the score is equal or less than the number of Armageddon Ork Hunters in the squad, they charge in with a rousing warcry to rival that of the Orks they fight. All

the Ork Hunters in the squad double their Initiative characteristic for the rest of the assault phase. In future assault phases they revert to their original Initiative values. If the 2D6 roll is greater than the number of Ork Hunters left in the squad they charge in as normal and attack with their basic Initiative value.

Ork Hunters who make a sweeping advance into the enemy also use this rule. The test for this is made at the beginning of the assault phase so any casualties from enemy fire will reduce the chances of them managing to maintain their momentum.

Sentinels: Ork Hunter Sentinels are identical to the Deathworld Sentinel Squadron entry in *Codex Catachans*, and occupy a Fast Attack choice on the force organisation chart.

WARGEAR

Armageddon Ork Hunters very rarely have a chance to return to Cerbera base and replenish their ammunition, their patrols often lasting weeks on end. As a result, the Armageddon Ork Hunters commonly use captured Ork weaponry. Some of the strongest Ork Hunters have even been known to wield the crude axes of the Orks in close combat. Various Imperial reports have postulated that the Armageddon Ork Hunters actually prefer Ork weapons for the sheer noise and chaos they can cause when an ambush is sprung.

Any model in a Deathworld Veteran Fire Sweep team in an Armageddon Ork Hunters army may be equipped with a choppa for +2 points. See rules below.

Any model in a Deathworld Veterans Patrol in an Armageddon Ork Hunters army may be equipped with a shoota for +1 point. See rules below.

Armageddon Ork Hunters characters may buy choppas (+2 points), sluggas (+1 point) or shootas (+1 point) in addition to those items listed in *Codex Imperial Guard*.

Choppa.....	2pts
(In close combat, choppas limit the saving throw of an enemy model to a 4+ at best. All models using choppas count as having Initiative 2.)	
Shoota.....	1pt
(All models using shootas count as having Ballistic Skill 2.)	
Slugga.....	1pt

Weapon	Range	Str.	AP	Type
Slugga	12"	4	6	Pistol
Shoota	24"	4	6	Rapid Fire

DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG

The Death Korps of Krieg, a very powerful martial force, are well-known for their dour habits and sinister appearance. No regiment in the Imperial Guard has such an accord with death, and the sons of Krieg adorn their solemn, dark greatcoats with skulls, bones and other such icons of mortality.

The history of the Death Korps is peculiar indeed; when the Autarch of Krieg renounced the Imperium his populace rose up against him in a devout fervour, and the regiments

raised to combat the heretic responded with such horrific force that the planet of Krieg was changed forever. In fact, this uprising led to a five-hundred year long campaign of atomic purging that resulted in the previously populous Krieg degenerating into a toxic wasteland of ash and ruins.

Yet the sacrifice of their home world seems not to be enough to atone for the Autarch's heresy. The Death Korps of Krieg still believe they should be punished for the stain on their planet's honour, and have embarked upon a

quest for absolution that takes them into the most desperately dangerous warzones and hopeless battles in the Imperium. Their martyrdom in the name of the Imperial cause is well documented, for the Korps do not fear death. In fact, many seem to welcome it, and a platoon of Death Korps will quite willingly follow orders deemed to be suicidal by less dedicated troops. As a result of this, officers of the Krieg know that their orders will be carried out efficiently and to the letter. It is this surety that has led to many victories against seemingly impossible odds.



Darren Latham's Death Korps are based on Steel Legion troopers.

DEATH KORPS OF KRIEG TROOPER

Troopers from the Death Korps wear dark greatcoats and their sinister appearance reflects the uncompromising nature of the regiment. Death Korps soldiers do not fear dying and are more than willing to sacrifice their own lives for the greater good of the Korps. This accord with death leads many soldiers to adorn their uniforms and weapons with skulls and other grim symbols of mortality. The Death Korps expect to be fighting in the deadliest warzones and their soldiers are equipped accordingly with respirators, cold-weather gear and survival packs that allow them to act in the most extreme operational environments.



The air was far worse than humid, and tiny droplets of viscous liquid hung suspended in the tepid atmosphere like static rain. Three weeks had passed since the rift had opened upon the agri-world of Hubris IV, and Chaos ran rife through what was once a sane and productive planet. Now the landscape itself actually breathed like some monstrous beast, the black column of Death Korps marching across acres of puckered skin and through forests of thick, slime-covered hair.

Veteran Sergeant Mahler knew full well why his superiors had requested to be transferred here. The minions of Chaos epitomised weakness, especially those that revered this particular god, and must be eradicated. No matter that they had lost most of their company to starvation and disease. They would bring the Emperor's grace back to this world.

At a curt command from the front of the column, the Death Korps fanned out into a battle line as doctrine dictated. The armoured support, a resplendent symbol of the Emperor's might, took up its positions. Imperial pennants and skull-embazoned banners fluttered in the breeze above rank upon rank of black greatcoats. For a second, all was still.

Without warning, there was a deafening scream, and all hell broke loose.

Countless fleshy mouths were peeling open in the ground ahead. Clambering out of the foul orifices were all manner of monstrosities, a catalogue of perversion and insanity. The lasguns of the Death Korps opened fire, searing into daemon flesh in as perfect a firing drill as displayed on the subterranean rifle ranges of their home planet. Coalescing in the air mere feet ahead, a horned, dripping head leered out from the ether, straining forward to catch the trooper next to Mahler in its distended jaws. Mahler and his squad took out the thing's eyes, firing pointblank as it came for him, the ghastly apparition dissipating at the last second as his bayonet punctured its bulging forehead.

The tide of atrocity spilling across the ground was closing fast, a gestalt entity of lascivious flesh and gibbering faces. To the right, a troupe of clawed daemon-hags danced and slithered forward, their sensuous bodies writhing obscenely. One of them headed toward Mahler, its grinning features twisting into a foul parody of a woman from his past. Its aura of evil beauty was overpowering. Claws raised, it reared back to strike. Mahler shot it in the mouth.

Shouting praise to the Emperor, the Death Korps blew apart daemon upon daemon, their grotesque forms liquefying and running like quicksilver across the dermal landscape. Many-limbed flesh-scorpions clambered across the bodies of the fallen, their barbed tails stabbing spasmodically into anything that still drew breath. Battle tanks thundered shells into the gaping maw-portals that had vomited forth the Chaos filth, the landscape shuddering in pain with each titanic detonation. Lasguns sliced through unprotected flesh time and time again, the air sizzling with the stench of battle. And yet not one of the Death Korps hesitated in his duty. Mahler expected nothing less.

On the left flank, a flock of daemons wheeled towards them, their long-limbed bipedal steeds carrying the screeching riders at shocking speed toward a weakened spot in the Death Korps' line. Just as Mahler feared they would hit home, the Krieg Death Riders swept over a fleshy ridge, sonorous voices rising above the deafening howling of the daemons in a battlecry of devotion and rage. Hunting lances burst through the flanks of the daemonic cavalry, massive discharges of energy tearing apart the lithe creatures and bowling their riders to the ground. The daemons had the advantage of numbers, and reacted quickly. Contemptuously, one Daemonette pivoted gracefully and snipped off the head of a Krieg steed with a vicious claw, another smashing a Death-Rider from his saddle before sinking its teeth into the face of his mount. But the Death-Riders had earned their

formidable reputation for a reason, their wounded steeds regaining their feet, sparks flying from the damaged machinery implanted in the resilient beasts. The Death Riders plunged back into the melee, fighting with renewed ferocity.

The orgy of carnage seemed only to encourage the remaining daemons. Mahler was shocked to see a gigantic, many armed nightmare burst from the ground in a spray of light and blood, its elongated face bellowing a deafening battlecry. The cry was answered by mass lasfire, a hundred guns spitting defiance at the beast. It strode toward their lines, paying as much heed to the Guardsmen as a grox would to a lashfly. Firing on full auto now, Mahler caught a glimpse of a Leman Russ with a damaged turret speeding forward toward the Greater Daemon on what was obviously a collision course, well away from the battleline. The Daemon was inhumanly fast, and smashed one of its claws down into the turret, peeling it open as if it were paper. Its other claw neatly snipped the barrels from the tank's guns. The thing was on the hull in the blink of an eye, its lithe limbs working fast as it peeled back the armour, intent on feasting on the souls of the guardsmen inside. It pushed its head into the hole torn in the hull, its gurgling laugh running through the psyche of every one of the Death Korps in a confusion of psychic pain. For a moment, time seemed to halt.

With perfect clarity, Mahler saw one of the tank crew turn calmly and discharge his laspistol into the stacked battle cannon shells by the loading breach.

The resultant explosion was cataclysmic, a vast mushroom of noise, light and dust. It annihilated not only the tank and the Greater Daemon, but slaughtered hundreds of its nearby minions. The remainder were in disarray, howling as the ground buckled and split, lesions appearing in a thousand places.

As one, the Death Korps of Krieg charged.

USING A DEATH KORPS ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

You will need a copy of Codex Imperial Guard to use this army list.

HQ	1 Command Platoon, 1-5 Commissars
ELITES	0-1 Hardened Veterans, Storm Troopers
TROOPS	Infantry Platoon, Armoured Fist Squad
FAST ATTACK	Hellhound, Sentinel Squad, Krieg Death Riders
HEAVY SUPPORT	Leman Russ Battle Tank, 0-1 Leman Russ Vanquisher, Leman Russ Exterminator, Leman Russ Demolisher, Basilisk, Griffon

SPECIAL RULES

All Death Korps Command Sections and Command HQ must be accompanied by a Commissar, up to a maximum of 5 Commissars in total.

Hardened Fighters: The Death Korps, although far from suicidal, have no fear of death. They gladly lay down their lives in the name of the Emperor and willingly seek out the most hostile and punishing battlegrounds on which to display their devotion. The unit may ignore negative modifiers for Morale checks and tests for regrouping. In effect, the unit will always use its standard Leadership for these tests.

Death before dishonour: The Death Korps are used to being outmatched in close combat but fight on nonetheless showing their courage and slaying those who oppose humanity. Death Korps troops are Fearless in close combat, automatically passing any morale tests they are required to make, and will carry on fighting until they have beaten their foes or until they are all dead.

They must Sweeping Advance after an enemy that falls back, they cannot consolidate.

Krieg Death Riders: The Rough Riders of the Death Korps take to the field of battle on bionically enhanced steeds, the augmented constitutions of the beasts meaning that they are slightly faster and harder than the average mount.

The army list entry for the Rough Riders is replaced by Krieg Death Riders. They are identical in all respects other than:

1. All Krieg Death Riders are treated as having bionics (If a model with bionics is killed, instead of removing it, place it on its side. Roll a D6 at the start of the next turn, on a roll of a 6 the model is stood back up with 1 wound but on any other roll it is removed as a casualty). If any models come back into play as a result of their bionics, they must rejoin coherency with their parent unit at the first opportunity.
2. All Krieg Death Riders are adept at negotiating the rubble-strewn nightmare that is their home world and hence reroll any 1s they roll for difficult terrain tests. The second roll counts, even if it is also a 1.



Darren Latham's Death Korps face the Chaos Marines assault with grim determination.

CITYFIGHTING IMPERIAL GUARD ARMIES

"I've fought in this endless, hateful war for eight months now, night and day. In that time, I've aged a decade. My hair has turned grey, nearly all of my squad have died and I doubt I'll ever smile again. I've fought next to heroes and I've strangled men in their sleep. But I'm still alive. And by the Emperor I intend to stay that way."

*Acting-Captain Haines,
47th Steel Legion*

It is said that within the deadly crucible of a Cityfight, raw recruits are forged into grizzled, battle-hardened veterans after just one night of bitter, close-quarter fighting. And yet amongst those who have been plunged deep into this nerve-wracking hell, there are those that have come to excel. For every ten men that die, one learns from his comrades' deaths, becoming a better soldier for it. And

learn he must, for those that fail to comprehend the mortal danger waiting around every corner, behind every pile of rubble, soon fall prey to a sniper's bullet or a well-placed booby trap.

Alongside these grim and battle-scarred veterans fight the inhabitants of the shattered city itself, from burly manufactory workers to hab-block juves that have realised they have no hope but to fight. Gangland criminals fight side by side with their mortal enemies, realising their rivalries are of no consequence in the struggle cleanse their city of the foul aliens that infest its streets.

This army list is intended to represent this amalgamation of desperate soldiers thrust together by circumstance, forged into a force that has no real insignia or structure but is just as formidable as the most

disciplined regiments of the Imperial Guard within the city's confines. Platoons can be comprised of rag-tag militia or experienced troopers, and part of the fun of collecting a Cityfighting force is the juxtaposition of miscellaneous models such as Necromunda gangers with Imperial Guard stalwarts like the Cadian Shock Troops and Valhallan Ice Warriors. Although they look great painted in the same colour scheme, the models in this army have great scope for tattoos, trophies and war wounds, with previously pristine uniforms tattered and obscured by dust and blood. Properly done, it can be a real painting and modelling challenge. But if you find Cityfighting to your taste, it can be a very rewarding army as you fight tooth and nail to reclaim your soldier's homes from the claws of the marauding invaders.

USING AN CITYFIGHT GUARD ARMY IN WARHAMMER 40,000

You will need a copy of Codex Imperial Guard and Codex Battlezone: Cityfight to use this army list.

HQ	1 Command Platoon, 0-2 Commissars
ELITES	0-1 Hardened Veterans, Guerrillas (see below) 0-1 Ratling Snipers, 0-2 Urban Snipers (see below)
TROOPS	1+ Cityfighting Infantry Squad (see below) 0-1 Armoured Fist Squad, 1+ Ganger Militia (see below)
FAST ATTACK	Hellhound, Sentinel Squadron
HEAVY SUPPORT	0-1 Leman Russ Battle Tank, 0-1 Leman Russ Vanquisher, 0-1 Basilisk, 0-1 Leman Russ Exterminator, 0-1 Leman Russ Demolisher, 0-1 Griffon

SPECIAL RULES

Cityfight Veterans: All units in the Cityfighting Imperial Guard Force benefit from the following special rules:

1. Cityfight Veterans are well versed in the art of slipping through rough terrain, and many grew up in the city streets and buildings they now fight amongst. To represent this, Cityfight Veterans may always roll one extra dice for their difficult terrain tests in the city.
2. Cityfight Veterans are well used to the clouds of dust and palls of smoke drifting through their city streets, and can pick out targets nonetheless. Cityfight Veterans who do not move during the movement phase reduce their target's cover save by -1 in addition to any other modifiers.
3. Cityfight Veterans often have to fight for extended periods of time without resupply or reinforcement, and many of them rely on low-tech weaponry as they cannot maintain more advanced equipment. Each model purchasing items from the Imperial Guard armoury may only purchase 25 points of weapons and wargear each

rather than the usual 50. Wargear and weapons must still be represented on the model.

4. The Cityfight Veterans always defend in any scenario that specifies defenders and attackers.

Desperate measures: Needless to say, the numbers of a Cityfighting Imperial Guard force have been whittled down time and time again, and the survivors are forced to take all manner of steps to make up for their comparative lack of manpower. Buildings are sandbagged and boarded up, rubble is strewn with improvised but deadly traps, and captured grenades are bundled together to form makeshift high explosives. The Cityfighting Imperial Guard player must spend 2D6 x 10 points of his army list on the following items from the Attackers and Defenders Armoury in the Mission Special Rules section of the Cityfight book, regardless of the mission being played:

Razorwire, Fortifications, Fortified Building, Additional Hidden Set-up Marker, Booby-trapped Building, Scaling Ladders/Grapple Lines, Breaching Charges, Demolition Charges, Smoke or Blind Grenades.

ELITES

GUERRILLAS

Some of the Imperial Guardsmen assigned to fight in the city for long periods of time specialise in certain tactics and methods that make them a cut above the average trooper. From knowing when to keep your head down to having an intricate knowledge of the subway networks, these squads have the edge in any Cityfighting scenario.

These squads are identical to the Hardened Veterans entry in the Imperial Guard Army List, however instead of having the Hardened Fighters and Steadfast Battle Honours, they must roll for two Cityfighting Battle Honours on the chart below before deployment.

- 1. City Fighters:** If the unit is in cover then its saving throw for cover is increased by +1 point.
- 2. Citizens:** The unit knows the city like the back of their hand. They may reroll any reserve rolls they are called on to make.
- 3. Tank Hunters:** The unit always passes any tests for tank shock and adds +1 to all Armour Penetration rolls.
- 4. Sewer Rats:** The unit knows the sewers and tunnels below the city like the back of its hand. It may use the scenario special rules for Subterranean Movement to deploy, even in scenarios where these rules are not normally used.
- 5. Stealthy:** The unit is expert at moving silently and unseen. To represent this they may set up using the Infiltrators rule. If Infiltrators are not allowed in the scenario being played then the unit may make a free move immediately after both sides have deployed.
- 6. Cunning:** Members of the unit have set up a booby-trap in the area over which the battle will be fought. You may set up one booby-trap of your choice each game using the rules in the 'Special Equipment' section of the Cityfight book. If a single building is the objective it may not be booby trapped.

0-2 URBAN SNIPERS

The very finest marksmen that the vicious conditions of a Cityfight produces often become snipers, utilising stolen or captured weaponry and taking their place alongside the specially trained snipers of the Imperial Guard. These deadly assassins are able to take their place in the cityscape hours before battle, concealing themselves so completely that they are virtually impossible to target.

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Sniper	15	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	5+

Loners: You may include up to three Urban Snipers as a single Elites choice. They do not form units and are set up separately (see Special Rules below).

Weapons: Sniper rifles.

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltrators: In the right circumstances Urban Snipers have the ability to work their way into a forward position

on the battlefield. To represent this they may set up using the Infiltrators special rule but only if the mission allows for Infiltrators to be used.

If the mission does not allow troops to use this rule then the Snipers must set up normally with the rest of the army.

Concealment: Urban Snipers are universally adept at concealing themselves, finding nooks and niches amongst shattered architecture from which to pick off their prey. They improve their cover save by +1 when in cover. For example, an Urban Sniper gains a 3+ save when deployed in a building, and a 2+ cover save in a heavily constructed building.

Disappear: You may never move an Urban Sniper model. During your movement phase you may remove the model, representing the Sniper merging back into the shadows so he can fight another day. Once removed, a Sniper may not return to the battlefield but doesn't count as having been killed for victory point purposes. Urban Snipers can't claim table quarters or other objectives.

TROOPS

GANGER MILITIA

A fair proportion of the soldiers in any given Cityfighting Imperial Guard regiment have been conscripted in from the local gangs, and many still use the weapons and equipment they have fought with for all their adult lives. In fact, it is not unheard of for the Imperial Guard and the local gangs to form a bond of mutual respect as their desperation forces them to fight back to back time and time again.

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hive Ganger	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Gang Leader	35	4	3	3	3	2	4	2	8	-

Unit Size: The unit consists of 5-20 Gangers and one Gang Leader.

Weapons: A variety of home-made and black market weapons of dubious quality. These count as either a laspistol (or autopistol) and a close combat weapon, or a shotgun, or a lasgun, or an autogun. There can be a mix of weapons within each Ganger Militia unit.

Options: Up to one model may have one of the following: flamer at +3 pts; meltagun at +8 pts; heavy stubber at +8 pts (as heavy bolter, but with Strength 4 and AP 6); grenade launcher at +8 pts. In addition, one other model may have one of the following: heavy bolter at +10 pts; missile launcher at +15 pts; lascannon at +20 pts; plasma cannon at +20 pts.

Character: The leader may choose additional equipment from the Imperial Guard Armoury. He may take items normally only allowed to Officers.

No Chimera: Gang Militia can never be equipped with Chimeras, and so cannot be included as part of a Mechanised Infantry Company.

Designer's Note: Gangers can be represented by Necromunda Gang models.

CITYFIGHTING INFANTRY SQUAD

	Points/model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Guardsmen	6	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	5+
Sergeant	6	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	5+
Vet. Sergeant	+10	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	5+

Squad: The squad consists of one Sergeant and between four and nineteen Imperial Guardsmen.

Weapons: Lasguns. The Sergeant may exchange his lasgun for a laspistol and close combat weapon at no additional cost.

Options: Up to one model can have one of the following: flamer at +3 pts; meltagun at +8 pts; plasma gun at +8 pts; grenade launcher at +8 pts. Two Guardsmen can form a weapons team with one of the following: heavy bolter at +10 pts; missile launcher at +15 pts; lascannon at +20 pts; autocannon at +15 pts; mortar at +15 pts. The squad can have frag grenades for +1pt per model. One model can have a comm-link for + 5 pts.

Character: The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant for an additional +10 pts. The Veteran Sergeant may choose additional equipment from the Armoury.

CONCLUSION

Each of these armies has a unique character and will play very differently on the battlefield. But if the sheer amount of painting and conversion work necessary to build an army dissuades you, why not assemble a squad from one of these regiments and add it to your existing Imperial Guard army? If you like the way they look, it's an ideal starting point from which to build a completely new force, plus you get to field the models you have worked on straight away in conjunction with your usual Imperial

Guard. This can represent an Armageddon army that has been at war for a considerable period of time and has been moved from one war zone to another, being combined with elements of other Imperial Guard armies along the way. However, merely using normal Imperial Guard miniatures and declaring that they are Death Korps, Ork Hunters etc. is not enough, you must paint and/or convert your models in an appropriate way.

So why not have a go at putting together a squad that adds a little

variety to your existing Imperial Guard army, and if you're really inspired by the descriptions and models shown here, start an entire battle force. Remember, you can gather more information from Codex Armageddon, Famous Actions of the Imperial Guard in WD250 and the Armageddon Website at www.armageddon3.com.

Go forth and conquer!

Phil



A variety of Imperial Guard miniatures can be used to give your Cityfighting Guard a rag tag appearance.

WHAT'S CHAPTER APPROVED ALL ABOUT?

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

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

Andy Chambers
(Chapter Approved),
Games Workshop,
Willow Lane, Lenton,
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Hagen Kerr is a rabid 40K player with an appropriately rabid Space Wolves army. He didn't play at Call to Arms in August. Hagen was too busy running the 40K tournament.

Whew! Call to Arms is all over...

As the dust settles I am writing this report – what a weekend! Fifty 40k competitors from all over the North Island of New Zealand (and one special guest from Australia) and I had to run two 40k tournaments!

I remember the day in February quite well – I was advised (quite casually I might add) that since I had never actually run a tournament it was now my turn.

"Oh", I thought, "this will be interesting."

Having participated in quite a few tournaments I had a pretty reasonable idea on what I'd have to prepare while organising it. However, what I really wanted to do was make this tournament different. So after a bit of consultation with the other club 40K players, a theme for the main Warhammer 40,000 competition was hatched, scenarios were created (many thanks to those that contributed) or existing scenarios tweaked, then linked together to tell a story of the Imperial Crusade into Chaos-held space.



The flash couldn't quite catch the multitude of 40K gamers who enjoyed the weekend.

CALL TO ARMS

THE WELLINGTON WARLORDS PUT ON A SHOW

A few months ago we featured a Wellington club called (strangely enough) the Wellington Warlords. In August this year they ran their annual CALL TO ARMS tournament. Hagen Kerr tells us more...

The Assault on Santos was born.

The way this worked was that, after many years of inactivity in the Tiberius sector, the Imperium has called a Crusade against the forces of Chaos and their allies.

To give the players an idea of what their army's motivation was I then had to write a message for each individual force (Eldar/Imperial/Orks etc.) advising them of their primary goals (maintain the balance of power/defend the planet/show the 'oomies some boot levva, that sort of thing).

To make things even more interesting for the players, I decided that a sideboard of 200pts would add an element of intrigue and interest too (after all, this was an invasion!). This 200pts had to conform to the normal Force Organisation Chart, meaning that you couldn't "add" bits to existing squads (like giving them transport upgrades), you had to buy complete units that didn't take you over the limit of slots available.

So, the missions that were developed were:



Dave Taylor fought as part of Team Workshop, along with Chrus, Mark, Nathan, and Josh. We don't know what he's sat on here!

Day One

1. ESCALATING ENGAGEMENT – this mission represented the build-up of forces on the planet, and the inevitable engagements that occur.

2. RESCUE/CAPTURE THE AGENTS – like the Rescue Mission, except the Imperials were attempting to rescue as many agents as possible (five agents were worth 1 VP and a bonus agent was worth 2 VPs) to collect the important information that had been gathered. The Chaos forces were obviously trying to stop this.

3. DUSK ASSAULT – the reverse of Dawn Assault, where the mission was to capture as much ground before night fell.

Day Two

4. COMMANDOS – Day Two saw a stalemate between the Imperium and its enemies. Sending Commandos ahead to destroy key enemy elements was each side's objectives. Getting them across the table was always going to be fun...

5. HAMMER AND ANVIL – the final assault, where commanders attempted to catch their enemies in a pincer movement and crush them utterly.

With all that out of the way, all I had to do was check the army lists and get everything typed up and sorted.

The Youngbloods (under 15) competition proved to be a bit of a challenge, logistics-wise, as it was a last minute decision to include this format in the tournament. I decided to keep it simple and have their scenarios mirror the main competition without going into all the extra detail. And after all that it was quite a pleasant experience to see them playing their games at a furious (but very friendly) pace – I'm sure we can fit in at least another three games for them next year!

Obviously without the players it isn't a tournament. My thanks go to the participants in both the main 40K and the 40K Youngbloods competitions. I had little to do in the way of rules queries over the two days, and with very few exceptions the army lists were all accurate and in on time (*No mean feat! - DT*).

It wouldn't be a proper tournament without the inevitable computer glitch, but with a bit of time invested on Saturday night re-entering all the results it was a minor issue (afterwards, of course).

Congratulations to the forces of the Imperium that, with the last minute help of the enigmatic Eldar, managed to control Santos at the end of the weekend. The Emperor will be pleased.

Highlights for me over the weekend were:



Games were played on a variety of terrain types.

- Watching the Youngbloods rip through their games at a frighteningly fast speed (we older players could perhaps learn something here)

- Seeing people genuinely interested in the concept of a themed tournament – making the outcome of their battles actually mean something instead of just playing five games of 40K over a weekend. Next time everyone will have more notice of the background (I promise!).

- Seeing a really good quality of army selection and painting.

- Watching everyone participate in a friendly and relaxed environment. I know there were some very close games out there.

Lastly, I offer my gratitude to the following people in particular that really helped make it happen on the day:

- John Tailby and Alan Borthwick for their support and ideas on running and theming the tournament.

- Mike King, for running the Warhammer tournament, which complemented the 40K tournament beautifully.

- The committee of the Wellington Warlords who once again put on a good show.

- Dave Taylor, Chrus Hoskins, Mark Hazell, Josh Perks, Nathan Smith, and all the other GW staff from Auckland and Wellington for entering and supporting Call to Arms 2001.

- My partner, Suzanne - who coped with me working until the wee hours of the morning in the week leading up to the tournament (she also sorted everything neatly into different folders so I could find what I needed when I needed it on the day).

You all made it very easy and a very enjoyable experience for me, so thanks very much!!

Happy Gaming!

PS: If you want to read more about the history of the Tiberius Sector, go to

<http://homepages.paradise.net.nz/bigal1/Tiberius.htm>



Dave Taylor's 13th Penal Legion face the might of an Armoured Company!

STEAM TANK

The famed steam tanks of the Empire are capable of punching through the most heavily armoured foe, their thick reinforced hulls protecting them from all but the strongest attacks.

Anthony Reynolds tells of the exploits of these armoured behemoths, examples that have earned the steam tank its well deserved reputation.

THE BATTLE OF KRIEGFELD CASTLE

In the year 2512, a massive horde of savage warriors from the north surged down through Kislev, massacring entire villages and looting townships. Striking without warning, the tattooed marauders rampaged southwards, accompanied by an array of brutish, beast-like creatures that were bent only on bloodshed and feasting on the bodies of the fallen. The raiders rode into Ostland, cutting a bloody swathe across the land.

As it remains today, the province of Ostland was a wild, rural land. Its inhabitants are tough and hardy people who are capable of defending their lands from raiders. However, this horde was far larger than any usual raid, and the people of Ostland were cut down murderously before it.

However, the noble Kriegfeld family were renowned for their determination and fierceness, and would frequently ride forth from their castle to aid their countrymen and hunt down any marauding raiders. The eldest son of Lord Kriegfeld rode

from the towering castle of the family with the mainstay of the house guard to fight the marauders, for the Elector Count of Ostland's armies were several days march distant. A group of the marauders detached themselves from the main war party, leading the defending army towards the north, never committing themselves to a pitched battle. They frustrated the young Lord, striking fast before withdrawing, and leading his forces far away from the castle. While these forces were occupied, the main Chaos army struck towards the mighty Kriegfeld castle, situated to the north-east of Bechafen.

The forces of Chaos laid siege to the castle, attacking it in the depths of night. The moon and stars were obscured by dark sorcery, and black-winged creatures descended from the

skies, pulling the sentries from the battlements to their deaths on the sharp rocks below. The Battle of Kriegfeld had begun, a battle that would be recalled for years to come for both its tragedy and heroism.

The castle guard was sorely depleted and Lord Kriegfeld and his family, even his Lady and eldest daughter, fought alongside the soldiers on the battlements to stem the evil tide that threatened to engulf them. The night was filled with the incoherent screaming of the savage marauders as they clambered up hundreds of hurled grappling hooks, and huge, furred creatures battered at the gates. The





The invading marauders get a taste of iron when the Old Reliable smashes into them as they surge through the castle gates.

besieged defenders fought frantically for hours on end, the frenzied mass of raiders throwing themselves at the walls without fear for their own lives, their souls already promised to dire powers. Dawn provided no respite, for the marauders did not appear to be tiring. Barely able to remain on their feet, the exhausted defenders struggled on, their numbers falling one by one.

Their only hope remained in the famed steam tank, *Old Reliable*, which had been seriously damaged several weeks earlier. The steel land-ship had been towed to Kriegfeld castle, and Meinkop, the *Old Reliable's* engineer commander was awaiting an envoy from the School of Engineering to come to the castle to tow the massive land-ship back to Altdorf. As the castle was besieged and the cries of the dying filled the hellish darkness, the engineer worked frantically on the steam tank, attempting to get the machine in some form of working order. Using the tools and forge of the castle blacksmith, who fought valiantly on the walls above, the engineer attempted to patch up the damaged boiler. Using all manner of improvised implements, Engineer Meinkop displayed his considerable skill and innovation by managing to get the steam tank running, albeit in a rather ramshackle fashion. Great rotating belts

were repaired using sturdy canvas strips, and damaged cogs replaced with roughly forged metal gears.

After hours of relentless pounding, the monstrous creatures outside finally splintered the gates of the castle, and the screaming hordes of blood-smeared marauders swept through the breach alongside bellowing beast-like figures, their thick fur stained with blood. Awaiting them was only a minimal defensive force and the *Old Reliable*, patched up and roughly repaired by Engineer Meinkop. Lacking suitable ammunition for the steam powered volley gun, the engineer had loaded all manner of debris into the barrels, firing a spray of deadly nails and stones into the surging hordes, cutting them down in droves. The fallen were trampled by their kindred, who were utterly consumed in their frenzy to slaughter all before them. The steam cannon on the *Old Reliable* ruptured soon after battle was joined, hissing steam filling the compact interior of the steam tank. Meinkop quickly patched the rupture using a hastily applied bandage of canvas and tar.

With a tremendous blast of steam, the *Old Reliable* thundered into the marauders surging through the breached gates, crushing their bodies beneath its bulk, and slamming them into the stone walls. The

savage warriors clambered over the steam tank, smashing at its damaged armour with their brutal weapons. Belching steam, the *Old Reliable* quickly reversed its position, sending those clambering over it flying to the ground, before powering once more into the breach. The stone gateway was awash with blood, countless bodies having been crushed into the unrelenting stone and smashed into the walls. Engineer Meinkop worked frantically to keep the steam tank operational, breaches appearing in the boiler that would result in complete loss of pressure, and a myriad of operational failings threatening to bring the *Old Reliable* to a standstill.

For the entire day, the *Old Reliable* managed to hold the castle gates. In brief respites, while the enemy was regrouping, the engineer reloaded the steam cannon with debris, ready for the next wave of attack. As night drew near, the marauders stepped up their assault, flinging themselves with ever increasing frenzy against the steam tank and the walls, but to no avail. As the chaos followers retreated after one particularly vicious assault, the *Old Reliable*, barely intact, powered out of the gates. Meinkop determined to sell his life dearly, for he knew that he could not keep the machine operational for long. The steam tank



Before the foul vampire can react, the steam tank Deliverance smashes into him and seals his fate.

smashed through the bloodthirsty savages, scattering them before its bulk. A group of hideously malformed beasts attacked the *Old Reliable*, almost tipping it onto its side, and began to tear it apart with their clawed limbs. Still defiant, the engineer swung the immense machine around, its armoured prow brutally crushing everything it impacted with.

Kriegfeld castle was saved from certain destruction by the heroic action of Engineer Commander Meinkop, who was subsequently awarded with a minor title and the deeds to a small estate on the outskirts of Altdorf. As the forces of Chaos surrounded the crippled steam tank, Lord Kriegfeld's son returned from the north, his attack into the rear of the marauding army causing a wave of panic to run through their undisciplined ranks. The raiders scattered, fleeing back towards their homeland, and were subsequently pursued and hunted down. The castle defenders were exhausted, only a handful remaining and many of them suffering debilitating wounds. Tragically, Lady Kriegfeld, who had battled at the fore of the castle's defence, was ripped from the battlements by a leathery winged creature as the forces of Chaos fled, a last, spiteful act of destruction that eventually tore the family apart. The noble Lord fell into a deep despair from which he never recovered, dying a bitter, lonely man. It is said that his spirit haunts the family castle, endlessly lamenting the loss of his

good lady and cursing the gods for their fickle ways. The castle was eventually abandoned and is said to be cursed. It stands dark and menacing over the landscape, an empty, broken shell that is shunned by all.

THE SLAYING OF DAVARGOS THE TAINTED

The foul Strigoi Vampire, Davargos the Tainted, was finally defeated in bitter combat at the Battle of Dalvern Hill. The Vampire had terrorised the south-east of the Empire for nearly three centuries, slaying almost at will. The battleground was the last stand of the pious Duke Bachenhoff the Third, a rural noble who held the titles to many lands around the Lower Talabec River. Dalvern Hill was situated in the dismal lands to the very south of the Empire, an area formerly known as the realm of Solland. It was here that the duke and his personal guard were slaughtered almost to a man, complete annihilation of the Empire forces only barely avoided thanks to the presence of the steam tank *Deliverance*.

The duke was a highly devout man, viewed by his noble compatriots as somewhat of a religious fanatic. Rumours were rife through the nobility of the duke's self-flagellation, and indeed he could often be seen sporting all manner of unusual wounds. It is said that he believed that he was destined to stamp out the taint of undeath that had cursed the lands of

Sylvania for ages untold. This single-minded determination was utilised by the smoothly manipulative and much feared witch hunter, Macarbiond. The witch hunter's influence was great and, together with the wealth of the Duke, the pair built a powerful army with which to scour the lands of fell vampiric creatures.

The Duke's fervour was constantly fuelled by the rousing words of Macarbiond, and they attracted a great mass of disturbed, fanatical followers who dedicated themselves fully to the cause. The engineers of Altdorf, seeking to gain the favour of the church of Sigmar, sent the powerful steam tank *Deliverance* to aid the holy cause. The enormous iron construction was a great source of amazement to the simple people of these lands, many of whom had never travelled so far as their neighbouring village. The large force moved through the lands of Sylvania, but never encountered anything more sinister than superstitious, inbred peasants. When the rumours started to flow in about a devilish creature of the night that had been massacring villagers to the south, the army were overcome with righteous fury to destroy it, and their pursuit of the creature commenced.

For days on end the duke and the witch hunter tracked the creature, which fled to the south. It has since been speculated that the creature was consciously leading the duke's army into an area it favoured, for it appeared relatively unconcerned by its

pursuers. The nights were filled with unholy howling, and bats filled the darkened sky, obscuring the stars and moon with fluttering black wings. Without fear, the foul Vampire creature sated its thirst each night by draining the blood of the sentries guarding the army's camp perimeter, though the creature was never actually seen.

After several weeks of pursuit, the army of Duke Bachenhoff and Macarbond the witch hunter was ambushed in the dead of night. The rotting corpses of hellish, black wolves raced into the camp, their howls filling the darkness. Great clouds of bats descended from the blackened sky and streams of foul, ghoulish figures loped into the campsite, their pallid forms grotesque and malformed. Despite their fanatical resistance, the Empire forces were torn apart in the confusion of the frantic battle. The engineer commander of the *Deliverance*, who slept within the comforting confines of the great land-ship, brought the boiler quickly to full power. The resulting havoc created by the behemoth's steam gun caused the Ghouls to scatter into the darkness, terrified by what they saw as an unstoppable iron creature that breathed death itself.

As the sun's rays shone over the horizon, the full extent of the casualties suffered were made evident. Fully three-quarters of the Empire force had been massacred, and the Baron knew that the Undead would attack again the following night.

He set up a defensive formation on the nearby Dalvern Hill, which commanded a prominent view over the bleak landscape. As the sun slipped inevitably over the horizon, the skies were quickly filled with fluttering shapes. Beating themselves with whips, the fanatical followers of the witch hunter screamed of the end of the world, and the need to strike this evil presence from the face of the Old World before that time comes.

The forces of the Undead struck with full force, shambling relentlessly towards the waiting Empire army. Their numbers seemed unending, and their stinking corpses soon littered the muddy ground. Still more pressed forwards, clambering over the fallen to strike out at the humans with blackened claws and foetid teeth. The steam tank *Deliverance* fired its powerful steam cannon into the masses of Undead, cutting the foul creatures down in great swathes. The Ghouls fell back from the powerful steam tank in fear, while rotting, black wolves scratched ineffectually at its metal sides. The

Deliverance formed an immovable centre for the Empire lines, while the rest of the army was falling beneath the overwhelming numbers of the Undead.

The Baron stood with his personal guard at the top of the hill as the Undead began to overrun the defences. A winged form dropped from the darkness above, its powerfully muscled body misshapen, its vicious face contorted into a visage of pure hatred. With an explosive leap, the Vampire known as Davargos hurled itself at the duke, who screamed for Sigmar to strike this foulness from existence. The duke's bodyguard hurled themselves in the path of the creature, and they were torn limb from limb with shocking brutality. The Strigoi struck left and right as it waded through the crowd, its body streaked with blood and gore, as it bore down on the duke. None, it seemed, could stand before the unstoppable creature's unholy fury. The crazed duke welcomed facing the foul creature, completely believing that right was on his side, and that through this he would prevail alone.

As the duke's head was brutally severed with a flick of the Strigoi's powerful claws, the *Deliverance* bore down on the foul Vampire. Too late the foul creature realised its peril and tried to launch itself into the air. As it leapt from the ground it was struck by the steel prow of the steam tank, and sent flying backwards, bones broken under the horrendous impact that would have crippled any mortal being. With a snarl, the creature quickly recovered and leapt onto the front of the moving steam tank, ripping at the

great metal plates. With preternatural strength, the Strigoi tore great gouges in the armour, its claws wrenching the metal out of shape in its fury to get within the war machine.

Calmly, the engineer commander emerged from the hatch atop the *Deliverance*, the Strigoi's hate-filled eyes locking to his own. Raising his custom-built repeater pistol, the engineer unleashed a volley of shot into the Vampire, sending it rolling off the steam tank. The *Deliverance* powered forwards, grinding the struggling Vampire beneath its enormous bulk, ending its unholy life after hundreds of years of terror. Where no mortal had been able to threaten the creature's twisted unlife, the sheer power of the steam tank had destroyed it utterly.

With the Vampire slain, its Undead minions skulked away into the darkness, pursued by the frenzied Flagellants. Untold hundreds of mutilated corpses were scattered over the hill. Nearly four decades later, bone and armour can still be found on the grassy slopes of Dalvern Hill. Only a fraction of the soldiers of the Empire managed to survive the vicious battle, and many of those quickly descended into madness. The body of the Vampire was strung up on the prow of the steam tank, a bloody trophy of its victory. As the first rays of dawn lanced over the plain, the body began to smoke, eventually crumbling to charred dust. The Battle of Dalvern Hill had been won and the Vampire Davargos finally slain.



GAMES WORKSHOP

2002 GRAND TOURNAMENTS

THEY'RE ON AGAIN!

BRISBANE GRAND TOURNAMENT

- February 9th & 10th.
- Brisbane City Hall.
- 50 Warhammer tickets
- 50 40K tickets.
- \$50 per ticket.
- Tickets go on sale from Mail Order on Monday December 3rd, at 9am.

SYDNEY GRAND TOURNAMENT

- March 9th & 10th.
- Sydney Town Hall.
- 60 Warhammer tickets
- 60 40K tickets.
- \$50 per ticket.
- Tickets go on sale from Mail Order on Monday January 7th, at 9am.

FOR MORE DETAILS

- contact your local GW store
- call Mail Order on

(02) 9829 6111

Melbourne GT will be held in August.
Auckland GT will be held in September.

LOCKJAW DOES DOGCON!

With the inaugural Warhammer tournament at DOGCON soon approaching, Dave Taylor asked me to give a run down on the army I'll be taking and how I went about selecting it. A chance to have my words immortalized in the sacred tome of White Dwarf? This was something I could not pass up!

Selecting an army is a very individual process, we all have our different methods of choosing which troops will end up on the battlefield. I don't feel there is a 'perfect' method of selecting an army, however I do feel there are a couple core principles you should observe when composing your list. This is particularly relevant for tournament play.

- Have a theme.

This doesn't mean you need a ten page story for each individual in the army, but rather a feasible reason as to why your collection of warriors are fighting together.

- Have a plan.

When designing your army, you should have an understanding of the role and capabilities of each and every unit. You should try and visualize how the army will deploy in battle and where each unit fits into your deployment. How it

will fight, where it's weaknesses are, how it will cope with the various enemies you are likely to face, etc. Combine all this into a cohesive and logical battleplan.

Keeping these two principles in mind, I went about choosing my DOGCON army. When the Vampire Counts army book was released, I was immediately captivated by the army and in particular by the Blood Dragons. Their dark honour and martial prowess really appealed to me and it wasn't long before I started collecting the miniatures. I used my Blood Dragons for the first time at the WargamerAU convention in June, learning a great deal about how the army played and what my opponents enjoyed and disliked about the force. After WargamerAU I had a flurry of ideas on what I could do to make the army more appealing, more fun to play with AND against (an important aspect, especially in tournament play). It was at this time that I first carved out the basis of the army detailed below. However, it wasn't until recently that I returned to the Vampire Counts. My attentions have been devoted to a Goblin Wolfrider army that I took with me to the USA to compete in the Los Angeles Grand Tournament. Perhaps

WARHAMMER

Over the last eighteen months a bright young star has risen to dominate the battlefields of the Old World. Lachlan MacWhirter has won two Grand tournaments here in Australia and various other tournaments, with a variety of different armies!

I'll be able to detail those exploits in a White Dwarf article sometime soon! *(We'll see how well you do first - DT)*.

When creating my army, I had a number of key ideas. First, I was going to limit the characters in the army to a single Blood Dragon vampire. I feel this suits the Blood Dragon mentality, a lone warrior on an driven by an unholy desire to seek his match in individual combat. Those unable to stand their ground would not be spared, nor would they be inducted into the ranks of his legion. If they proved a worthy opponent, a swift, honourable warrior's death was their fate. If not, they would be fed to the hounds.

I limited myself to including troop types that fit the Blood Dragon persona, thus only those with a hunter/warrior mentality would be allowed. This immediately ruled out zombies, ghouls, banshees and bat swarms.

Finally, I wanted to field a fast moving, hard hitting army. There was no thematic reason for this, it was simply how I wanted the army to play.

After many games and with some tournament experience under my belt, here is how the army turned out.



Lord of the Bloodied Skull keep, nestled in the shadows of the Black Fire Pass, Baron Loch'Jor was a vigilant master, renowned for his hospitality towards travellers in that dangerous region and for his love of hunting. Life was not easy, with two prominent Goblin strongholds nearby, marauding undead, renegade Border Princes and other hostile forces to contend with. The men and women of the Bloodied Skull were a tough people though, managing to survive and even prosper under Baron Loch'Jors rulership.

In the winter of 2173 The Bloodied Skull keep was besieged by an undead horde under the command of Hazark al'Katar, a Blood Dragon vampire. Loch'Jor and his people held out for as long as they could, hoping that one of the nearby Border Princes would respond to their plea for aid. But assistance was not forth coming, the Border Princes being too involved in their own internal struggles to send help.

Inevitably, as the siege dragged on, Hazark al'Katar wore down the defenders and eventually managed to penetrate the walls. The fighting inside the keep was incredibly fierce. Hordes of living dead were cut down by Baron Loch'Jor and his people, but still more came. After hours of relentless battle, The Baron and a handful of his most valiant men were all that remained. Having been driven back mercilessly, they barricaded themselves inside the keep's inner sanctum, preparing to sell their lives dearly. The barricade allowed just a few brief moments respite before it imploded and the dead poured in. Strangely, they did not immediately attack. Rather, Hazark al'Katar himself walked in and looked at Loch'Jor with undying eyes. Raising his sword in a formal salute, Hazark praised the courage of his adversary, "A true warrior you are, a man of courage and skill. A man worthy of single combat". The Baron, bleeding from numerous wounds, acknowledged the compliment gravely with a nod of his head. Gesturing to the twenty one survivors at his side, Loch'Jor spoke, "Spare these men, let them be free to remain in the realm of the living and I shall accept your challenge." Al'Katar nodded in consent and the undead horde parted to allow passage. Unwilling to leave their liege, it took the threat of violence before the survivors grudgingly left their master to his fate.

Although a mighty warrior, Baron Loch'Jor could not contend with the unnatural strength and speed of the vampire lord. Already wounded and deeply fatigued, Loch'Jor was defeated. Disarmed and on his knees, Loch'Jor looked up expecting to receive his death blow. It never came. Hazark al'Katar tore into Baron Loch'Jors neck in a frenzy, ripping out chunks of flesh with his canines and feasting upon his blood. With horror, the Baron gazed into the eyes of the vampire, his fate sealed.

Hazark al'Katar did not enslave Baron Loch'Jor as one of his thralls, he had too much respect for him as a warrior and knew that once Loch'Jor reached the prime of his undeath, he would be a mighty opponent. Thus Baron Loch'Jor was left to be alone, allowing him to nurture his power for the day they would face off once more.

CHARACTERS

*Baron Loch'Jor, "The Hunter",
Lord of the Bloodied Skull.*

*Blood Dragon Vampire Count
257 points*

*Heart Piercer, Barded Nightmare, Full
Plate Armour, Great Weapon, Shield.*

The heart of my army. I've gone for a minimalist approach with Baron Loch'Jor. I want to keep my character expenditure low for composition purposes; A Vampire Lord with the stat boosts and the extra magic levels would be a much more powerful option but I can speak from experience that unless you have made obvious sacrifices to warrant loading up in one area, your opponents will see it as maxing out; taking all the best options, ie. a cheesy or beardy army. I've gone heavy on Special Units (Black Knights) in this army, thus my character allowance has been sacrificed to accommodate this.

With only a Vampire Count, my magical presence is minimal, particularly since I didn't take any Dispel Scrolls. I will concentrate on using the 3 dispel dice I have available to nullify one spell each turn. The rest of it I will just have to absorb. I'm confident that with the speed and numbers of the army, I can withstand the casualties I'm bound to suffer from enemy magic. The 2 power dice available to me in my magic phase will be used to raise skeletons or heal wounds, although I doubt very much that I'll be able to cast successfully on many occasions.

I did allow myself one luxury, that being the *Heart Piercer* bloodline power. This is an awesome skill, allowing you to re-roll missed attacks in the first round of combat ensuring that you'll get the maximum damage out of your Blood Dragon vampire.

Baron Loch'Jor rides with the larger unit of Black Knights, gaining a 1+ armour save due to his full plate, barded steed and shield. I opted for a great weapon over a lance, primarily because it is of more value in protracted combats. Although this reduces his save to 3+ in close combat and means he'll strike last unless he charged that round, I think the additional strength will be worth the drawbacks, particularly against heavily armoured opponents. I also have the option of using a hand weapon, thus retaining the use of the shield in close combat if it suits me to have the better armour save.

CORE UNITS

• *Warriors of the Bloodied Skull.*

30 Skeletons 325 points

Light Armour, Shield, Standard, Musician, Skeleton Captain.

• *Warriors of the Bloodied Skull.*

25 Skeletons 275 points

Light Armour, Shield, Standard, Musician, Skeleton Captain.

• *Warriors of the Bloodied Skull.*

25 Skeletons 275 points

Light Armour, Shield, Standard, Musician, Skeleton Captain.

Formerly the retainers and guardians of Baron Loch'Jors estate, these men now serve the Baron in death as they did in life.

Most tournaments reward armies that have a high percentage of Core troops and contrary to popular belief, I think Vampire Counts have some excellent Core troop choices. Skeletons are one of these. Three solid blocks of Skeletons form the baseline of my army. While the cavalry are out in front doing all the damage and attracting all the attention, the Skeletons will be advancing slowly but steadily towards the enemy. They will be deployed close to each other so they may be mutually supportive. It takes

considerable effort to destroy big Skeleton units and it's near impossible to do it in one turn (although I do have fond memories of 5 Savage Orc Boar Boy Big'Uns racking up a +21 combat resolution against a Skeleton unit, destroying it with interest! Thankfully I was playing Orcs that day!) Any resources my opponent devotes towards killing Skeletons are going to be tied up for at least a couple turns, giving me time to call in the cavalry for support if necessary. And if ignored, the skellies will be amongst enemy lines where their ranks and numbers will be most valuable.

I upgraded the Skeletons to light armour, thus giving them a 4+ save in close combat. This will make it all that much harder for my opponents to cut them down swiftly and is well worth the extra cost. I didn't take spears however, as I don't think they're of much value. Sacrificing a point of armour save for at most five additional WS 2 Strength 3 attacks is simply not worth it. Skeletons excel at staying in place and grinding down their opponents, not in dishing out damage.

• *Blood Wolf Hunting Pack*

10 Direwolves 110 points

Doomwolf.

• *Blood Wolf Hunting Pack*

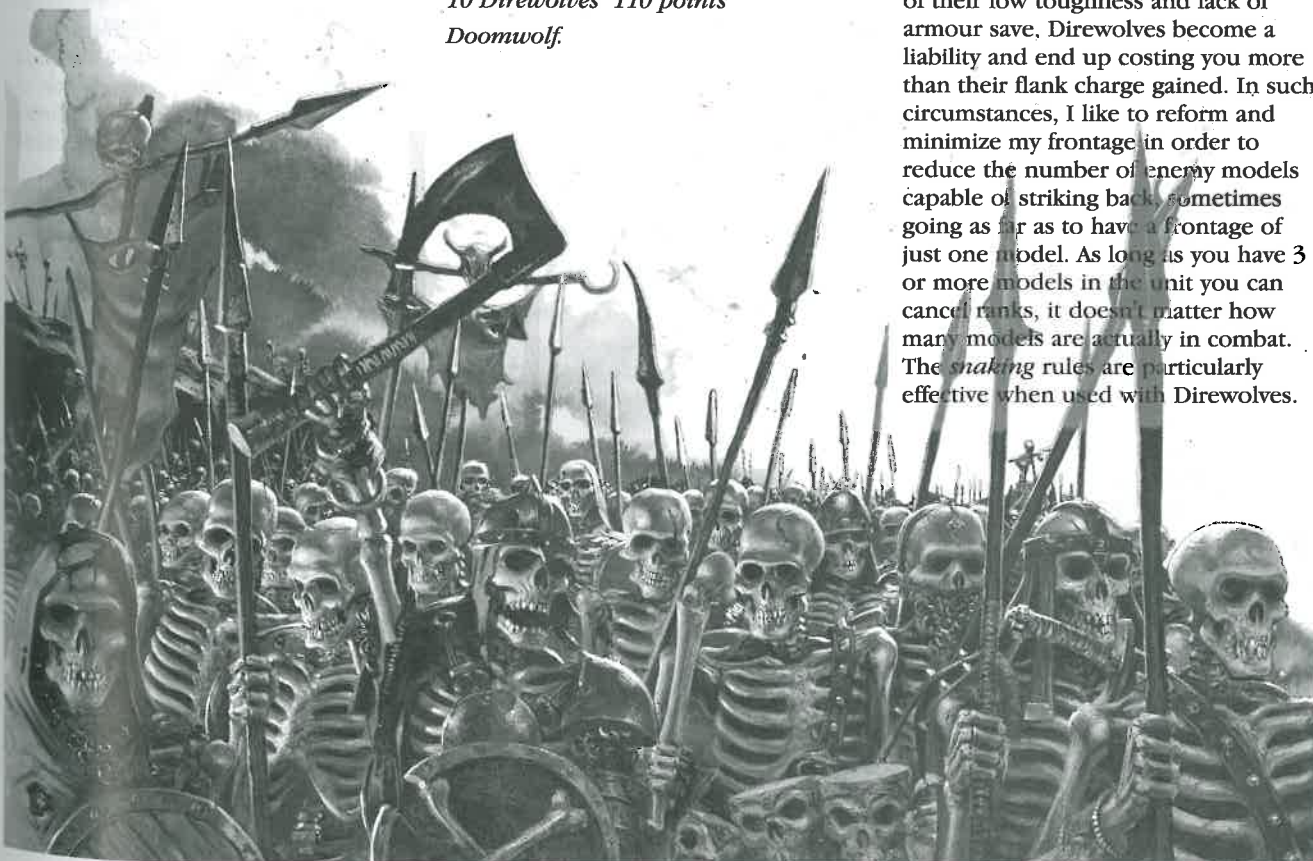
10 Direwolves 110 points

Doomwolf.

In life Baron Loch'Jor was a keen hunter and kept many hounds. In death, this has not changed.

Direwolves are a difficult unit to use well, they're exceptionally fragile with no armour save and Toughness 3. However, they're fast and they're mobile, able to reform for free once per movement phase thanks to their *fast cavalry* status. They also have a unit strength of 2 per model, thus they can cancel ranks of enemy units with just three models. This makes them the perfect flanking troops. I will use the Direwolves to support the Black Knights. A combined charge of the knights in front and the wolves in the flank ought to be enough to deal with anything thrown my way

I've gone for 2 units of 10 Direwolves in my army, mainly so I can absorb a few casualties and retain enough models in the unit to cancel ranks, but also to boost my unit strength up in combat for that all important automatic breaking of opponents who fear me and who I outnumber. When attacking with Direwolves, you need to be very careful how you go about it. Against poorer quality troops it's generally worth expanding your frontage to get as many models in combat as possible. Against tough enemies you'll often find that because of their low toughness and lack of armour save, Direwolves become a liability and end up costing you more than their flank charge gained. In such circumstances, I like to reform and minimize my frontage in order to reduce the number of enemy models capable of striking back, sometimes going as far as to have a frontage of just one model. As long as you have 3 or more models in the unit you can cancel ranks, it doesn't matter how many models are actually in combat. The *snaking* rules are particularly effective when used with Direwolves.





SPECIAL UNITS

- *Knights of the Bloodied Skull, "The Chosen".*

9 Black Knights 265 points

Barded Nightmares, Standard, Musician, Hell Knight.

- *Knights of the Bloodied Skull, "The Faithful".*

6 Black Knights 190 points

Barded Nightmares, Standard, Musician, Hell Knight.

- *Knights of the Bloodied Skull, "The Loyal".*

6 Black Knights 190 points

Barded Nightmares, Standard, Musician, Hell Knight.

Baron Loch'Jor sold his life so that the last survivors of al'Katar's siege could walk free. The debt to their lord could never be repaid in life. But when death eventually caught up with them, they were summoned...

Black Knights are undoubtedly one of the most powerful heavy cavalry in the game. High strength, good toughness, good armour, *killing blow* and *fear* causing, it takes a mighty opponent to withstand their charge. These three units form the hammer of my army and will work in conjunction with each other to systematically roll up the enemy battle line. I've opted for three units so as to give me more tactical flexibility and force my opponent to

split his attentions across a wider front. Whilst dealing with one or two cavalry units is something most armies can handle (via diversionary tactics, unbreakable units, chariots, etc.), with three units I'm confident that I'll be able to hit my enemy hard where it will hurt most. At 190pts, the smaller units are cheap enough to be somewhat expendable. I'm prepared to sacrifice them if it allows me to get the bigger unit (led by Baron Loch'Jor) into the thick of things.

It's crucial that I don't allow my Knights to get bogged down in a protracted engagement. This is where the unit strength of the Direwolves comes in, allowing me to outnumber my enemy and get the auto break. The addition of the *killing blow* ability on Black Knights makes them a serious threat to enemy characters, I've even been in the situation where my opponent would rather take his chances against the Vampire Count than be exposed to the risk of a *killing blow*.

I opted to take barding on the nightmares, with Black Knights being rather expensive it's a wise move to protect them as best you can. The loss of movement is not a huge drawback and the extra armour save "doubles" the knights' chances of surviving against Strength 3 missile fire. A worthy investment for a mere 2 points.

Standards, Musicians and Champions are all excellent options. +1 combat resolution can be (and in my experience, often has been) the difference between auto-breaking your opponent on the charge or getting bogged down and destroyed in subsequent rounds of combat.

In a lot of armies, this many Black Knights would be looked upon unfavourably. However as I explained earlier, I've made some heavy sacrifices to afford me the Knights and I'm confident my opponents will recognize this and appreciate it. Composition and Sportsmanship are crucial aspects of tournament play, and while it's tempting to put together the toughest army you possibly can, you'll do much better by showing some obvious restraint and toning things down. People generally don't mind losing to a fair army that has been played well. Being beaten by a cheesy army often leaves a sour taste in one's mouth (even if it was played well) and invariably your opponent will punish you in composition and possibly sportsmanship as a result (as they're entitled to). The key to a successful tournament army lies in building a balanced force that retains enough power to win battles but does not go overboard and leave your opponent thinking he was beaten by a tooled army rather than a better general.

FINAL THOUGHTS

Characters: 257 (12.9%) 1 choice
 Core Units: 1095 (54.8%) 5 choices
 Special Units: 645 (32.3%) 3 choices
 Rare Units: 0 (0.0%) 0 choices
 Total: 1997
 Magic Items: 25 (1.3%)
 Total Deployments: 9

Here we can see the percentages of my army's allocation. This is something you need to pay careful attention to in building a tournament army, and you should be well aware of any composition guidelines for the tournament and how they will affect your army. A general rule of thumb is that you should strive for more than 50% of your army to be comprised of Core troops, and you should also ensure that your Rare, Special and Character choices combined do not outnumber your Core. If you can do this, chances are you'll have a pretty balanced army.

Nine deployments is about average for most armies and won't give me much advantage either way. Having an exceptionally high number of deployments (12+) or an exceptionally low number of deployments (6 or less) can be quite beneficial. In the first instance it means you will be able to see where the bulk of your opponent's army is deployed before you commit to deploying your major units and in the second instance it means you're more than likely to get the +1 to the dice roll in determining who goes first or second.

Against shooting or magic heavy armies, I will be hoping to go first in order to cut out a round of shooting and/or magic before I reach combat. Against combat orientated armies I will be looking to move second so that I may have the final turn to grab table quarters and break my enemies without giving them a chance to rally.

Before I conclude, let me touch briefly on the units I didn't include in the army and the reasons for doing so.

I stated earlier that I was not going to be fielding troops that lacked the warrior/hunter mentality, but there were a few units that did fit this description which haven't found their way into the army.

Grave Guard: An excellent troop type that fits in perfectly with the Blood Dragon theme, but one that did not fit in with my plan for the army. I've built

my army around cavalry and whilst I have several strong infantry blocks, they are there too pressure and hold my enemy more than destroy him. Additionally I wanted to keep my Core point expenditure up above 1000pts.

Spirit Hosts: Another fine troop type, one of the best flanking units in the game. However, I think they're more suited to an infantry based force as they struggle to keep up with the cavalry (despite a movement 6). They're also a Special choice which would force me to take less Core.

Fell Bats: I like Fell Bats and have seen them be quite effective, but they fitted into my theme only marginally and with the direwolves and cavalry, I don't need their speed as much as infantry-based Undead armies do.

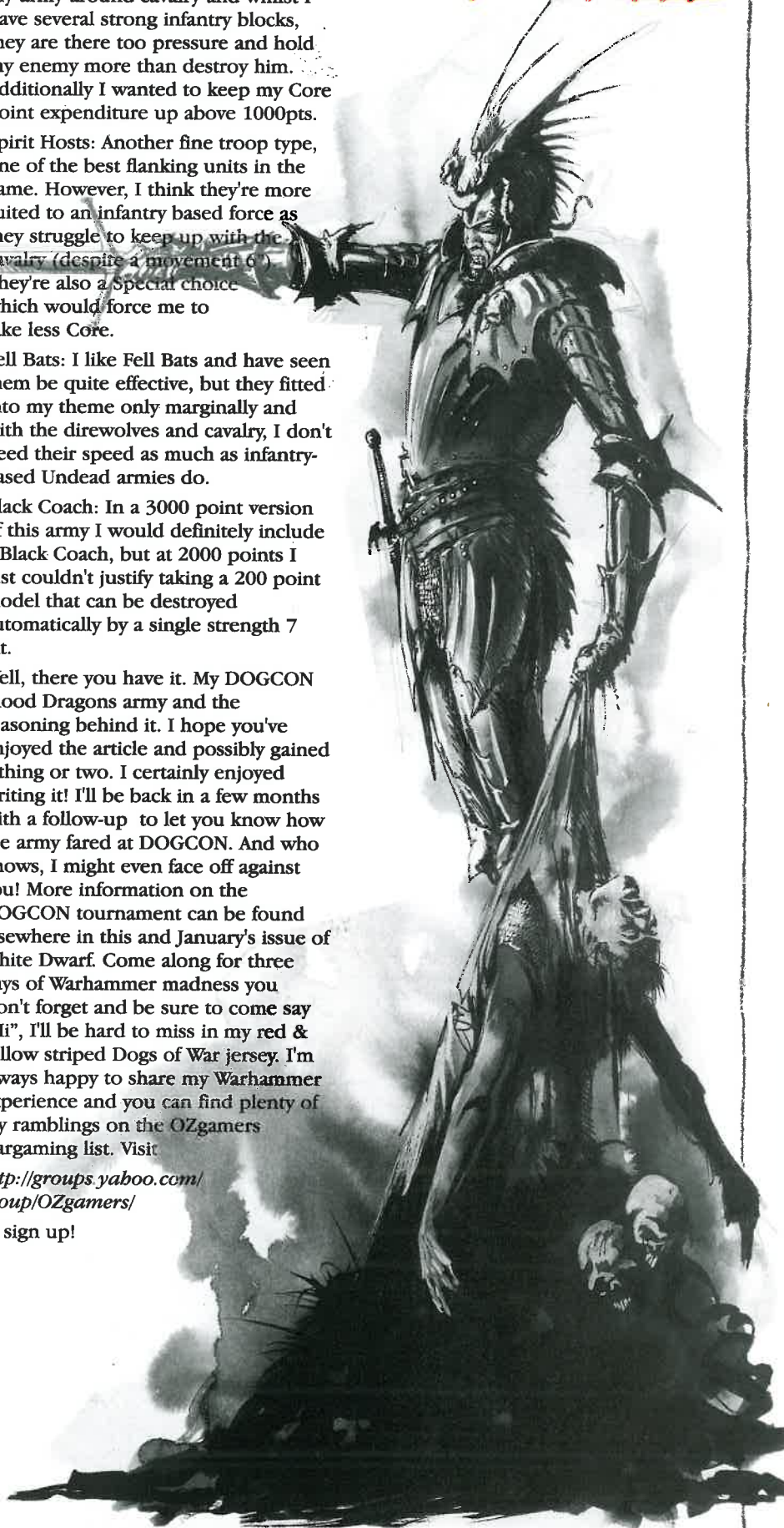
Black Coach: In a 3000 point version of this army I would definitely include a Black Coach, but at 2000 points I just couldn't justify taking a 200 point model that can be destroyed automatically by a single strength 7 hit.

Well, there you have it. My DOGCON Blood Dragons army and the reasoning behind it. I hope you've enjoyed the article and possibly gained a thing or two. I certainly enjoyed writing it! I'll be back in a few months with a follow-up to let you know how the army fared at DOGCON. And who knows, I might even face off against you! More information on the DOGCON tournament can be found elsewhere in this and January's issue of White Dwarf. Come along for three days of Warhammer madness you won't forget and be sure to come say "Hi", I'll be hard to miss in my red & yellow striped Dogs of War jersey. I'm always happy to share my Warhammer experience and you can find plenty of my ramblings on the OZgamers wargaming list. Visit

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/OZgamers/>

to sign up!

WARHAMMER





GAMES WORKSHOP ASIA PACIFIC RETAIL PRESENTS

HERE, BUT NO FURTHER!

Written by avid gamers, for keen hobbyists. This is a series of articles by Games Workshop's retail store staff, on the inspiration, background and reasoning (!?) that goes into playing our games. This month, Staff from our Australian & New Zealand stores talk about using Heavy Support in games...



Min Boey - GW Parramatta

Each unit has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. The one shot that kills a tank would only kill a single Space Marine. The Marines, whilst having a good survival rate, don't have the mobility of a tank, which can manoeuvre for firing position or take a table quarter.

And as for the Landraider... erm... well there must be some drawback. I'll tell you next month if I can think of one.

So think about what you want your Heavy Support to do for you. Whatever it is it will blast things from across the board, however it will do other things for you too. What that is, is up to you. Happy slaughtering of your enemies... (cough) erm... gaming I mean.

The Heavy Support choices of an army tend to be the long-range fire support vehicles and troops that are capable of laying waste to large swathes of your opponent's army. For this reason I tend to use up all three of my Heavy Support choices and would probably use more if I were able to. But, especially when playing in tournaments, it's very important to consider three things when choosing which Heavy Support choices to take, rather than just taking every thing that looks cool. What they are armed with, how they work with the rest of your army and what are you planning to do with them.

Firstly, the variety of weapons available to your Heavy Support choices is usually larger than that available to your basic troopers and the choice of which weapon to use against a particular unit is important. For example if you know that you will be shooting at Orks, heavy bolters are more useful than lascannons, because a heavy bolter has a good chance of killing multiple Orks whereas a lascannon could only possibly kill one Ork. Vice versa, a heavy bolter would do nothing against a Landraider, whereas a lascannon at least has a chance of killing the monstrous tank.

Next, the type of weapons your Heavy

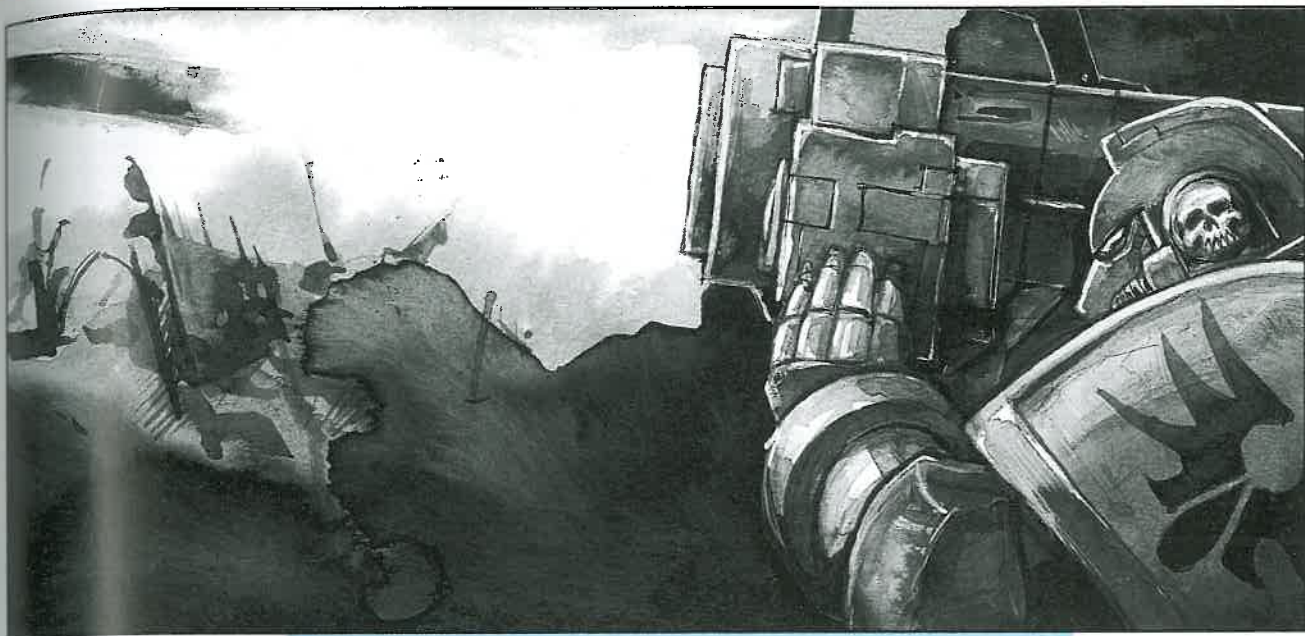
Support selections use is important in complementing the strengths of your army. For example if you have a mainly close combat army that is particularly good at wiping out infantry, your heavy support selections should lean toward removing armoured vehicles. For example, in a Blood Angels army a Predator Annihilator with sponson lascannons would complement the army, by giving the army some anti-tank punch. A Dark Eldar army with a large number of dark lances would do well with a Ravager armed with disintegrators or a Scourge unit armed with splinter cannons to help take out large numbers of basic troopers.

Lastly, but probably most importantly, you should consider the use of the Heavy Support selection in your overall game plan. There is no point in choosing a particular choice if it wouldn't be doing much in your game plan. For example, if you are playing a Cleanse mission, a hard-to-kill, hard-hitting, short-ranged, selection is a good idea as you can place this in the central corner of your deployment area and use it to spearhead your advance into the various quarters of the table. Units that are

particularly good for this purpose are the Wraithlord, Talos, Carnifex, Vindicator, Demolisher, Landraider, or any Dreadnought. Perhaps, the objective of your Heavy Support choices is to pin your opponent's units in place using barrage weapons (Whirlwinds, Griffons, d-cannons, etc.). Or a heavy, long-range, anti-tank unit to get rid of your opponents pesky heavy vehicles (Predator Annihilators, Obliterators, Warwalkers with Brightlances, etc.). Or an anti-infantry unit that could reduce the number of models your opponent has very quickly (Devastator squads with heavy bolters, Retributor squads with heavy flamers, Biovores, etc.). Even a close combat role or as a distraction "please shoot at this unit instead of at the rest of my army" unit are possible things your Heavy Support could do (Wraithlords, Talos, Killa Kans, etc.).

Basically, Heavy Support choices are very cool and can turn your opponent into a gibbering mess but if you don't think about how you are going to use the units and how to protect them, they can be lost all too easily.





Nathan Brown - Gw Adelaide

Mmmmm, Heavy Support. Two of my favourite words (next to "free beer" of course). If you want to lay some serious smackdown on your buddies there's only one way to go, **Space Marine Devastator** squads.

Lets look at the facts

1. WS & BS 4, able to outshoot most enemies and then slap them upside the head in combat if they make it there.

2. An awesome array of some of the deadliest ranged weapons in the game Who loves plasma cannons? You know you do!

3. 3+ armour save as standard

4. Space Marines don't run away (well sometimes they do, but it wasn't my fault)

Equipping your Devastators with the right mix of weapons for the job is the key to a heavy weapon splatterfest. There isn't much point putting two heavy bolters in with two lascannons. Think about it. Any vehicle or troops that you need to shoot a lascannon at will probably not be worried about a heavy bolter. If you want heavy bolters put four of them in the squad (watch the Eldar girlies cringe) or just put them in every tactical squad. Not only does this free up your Devastator squads

for nastier weapons they are only 5 points each (cheaper than all their special weapons!). Four plasma cannons in a single squad will make the bravest Space Marine think twice about approaching your troops and four lascannons will guarantee the area in front of the Devastator squad will be vehicle free.

My personal weapon of choice is the missile launcher, the all purpose wonder weapon. Four krak missiles will pop open Marines, crack tanks and even worry the dreaded Wraithlords, while a salvo of frags will leave Imperial Guard and Eldar Guardian squads piles of icky goo. Most armies have access to some form of heavy weapon squad and nearly all can put out impressive amounts of firepower but when it comes to the crunch, get real, get inspired, get Marines!



Andrew Merifield - GW Ringwood.

Here are just a couple of ideas for using Heavy Support choices in your games of Warhammer 40,000

Your decision to include any high cost Heavy Support choices should depend on the size of the game you are going to be playing and the mission objective of the game. You don't want to waste too many points on things like huge units of Devastators, Dark Reapers or cannons and bolt throwers if it leaves you short on

basic core troops. In games between 500-1000 points don't go overboard, it's when you start playing games of 2000-3000 points that you can really devote some time into arranging some decent Heavy Support for your armies.

So when you have decided to include some large firepower make sure it's the right type for the job. In one-off games when you know what you are up against tailor your valuable heavies for maximum effect. Make sure you don't take lots of lascannons if your fighting a troop-dominant army like Orks. I mean, sure you will kill an Ork but a heavy bolter or a frag missile will kill about three just as easily. It's a little more difficult in tournaments because of the large variety of armies you will come up against. In these cases it is best to go for an even mix of anti-armour and anti-infantry units.

In any case knowing exactly what your final choices are capable of is critical when selecting the appropriate targets to bring your war machines fury to bear upon. Also the placement of these units is critical to their effectiveness. You want to be well sheltered from attack but still have plenty of fields of fire. You should also take into account how hard it is for your opponent to eliminate your big guns. It is a lot easier to take out a tank with a lucky hit than it is to wipe out a large Devastator squad or a battery of Grav platforms with a small unit of troops screening them. As long as you put some thought into the use of heavy hitters then they will usually reward you with claiming some valuable kills and making some significant results in your games.

Good luck and good hunting.



Franklin Taylor - GW Sydney

It's the infantryman's worst nightmare, hearing that telltale sound; the rumble of powerful engines combined with the high pitched squealing of tracks. Tanks are coming. Officers can see the flicker of fear behind the eyes of their troops; Commissars unbutton the flaps of their pistol holsters, ready to administer swift justice. Soldiers wipe sweaty palms on their uniforms and mutter prayers to whatever gods they hold dear. Tanks are coming.

Of course there is a big difference

between a massive metal behemoth and a plastic model, but a good 40K player can use the psychological impact of armour to their advantage. I'm not talking about tank shock here; I'm referring to the amount of firepower that many players will direct at your armour just because of its imposing presence. When you are selecting and deploying your army, keep this fact in mind. If you select a heavily armoured vehicle and deploy it in a threatening position, you can quite effectively tie up a large portion of your enemy's army. Instead of trying to protect your armour by destroying anti-tank squads, concentrate on threats that endanger your army as a whole. For example, a heavy bolter is much more dangerous to the bulk of an Imperial Guard army than a lascannon; a lascannon can only kill one guardsman a turn, while a heavy bolter can kill up to three. Every assault squad that is bearing down on your tanks is one that is not

chopping your heavy weapon squads into small pieces.

Obviously using this tactic means that your tanks will quite often end up as piles of smouldering metal. It is quite a good idea to fit your armour with crew escape mechanisms to prevent the loss of your well-trained tank crew. Careful use of terrain will also ensure that your armour lasts longer; with the hull down rule, even a lascannon is hard pressed to damage an Armour 14 vehicle. Don't forget, even if your tanks miss everything they fire at, and don't kill anywhere near their points cost, they still perform their function.

Every shot that bounces off your tank's armour is a shot that isn't slaughtering an infantryman. Every one of these shots is a weakness that your infantry can exploit, but that is of course a topic for another article.



Josh Perks - GW Wellington

My Alpha Legion raiding force led by Ak'emup Ari has a couple of Heavy Support options. The first is a Havoc squad with three missile launchers and the other is a Predator with lascannon sponsons and a turret mounted autocannon. These both rain death from afar on the devotees of the false Emperor but in different ways. Ak'emup uses the Predator as a mobile tank and light vehicle killer. The most important thing about tanks is the ability to move and shoot with heavy weapons. The lascannons are the best long-range tank

killers available to Chaos, and a shot from each almost guarantees damage to enemy tanks. The autocannon's two shots are equally effective against light vehicle units such as skimmers and Orky vehicles. Many a time Ak'emup has sent it roving the field of battle searching out landspeeder squadrons. Because of its mobility it can also hold table quarters at the end of the game by quickly nipping in from the safety of your own troops support. However it only takes one shot from an enemy lascannon to stop it.

This is the big disadvantage and the main reason there is also a Havoc squad equipped with missile launchers. Missile launchers in themselves are dual purpose, either frag or krak so they can shoot massed light troops or vehicles. The unit is flexible because of the weapons options but specialised because all the weapons are the same. It would also be possible to equip them with only

lascannons to kill tanks and marines, or only heavy bolters for anti troops, but because I want to shoot as many of the misguided followers of the Imperial doctrine as possible I take missile launchers. The great thing about Havoc (and as much as I dislike saying it Devastators as well) squads is the ablative armour of the dedicated Chaos Marines and the foolish Space Marines of the Imperium. Each time an armour save is failed one Marine is removed keeping your heavy weapons safe and, more importantly, able to fire.

They have just as much ability to fight as any other Marine and quite often the squad will kill more in close combat than with missiles. Unfortunately they can't move and fire. This means they need to be deployed in the right place or close enough to move to the right place quickly

That's why I have the Predator. Death to the Imperial scum!

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Ben Waters - GW Morley

Crush your enemies. Smash their squads, burn their leaders, and destroy their vehicles!

I like to break the spine of my opponent's army by burying it under a mass of concentrated fire. The trick to doing this is by following a simple equation: Focussed fire against one target = More dice rolled = More armour saves failed. Most opponents will serve their armies to you on a plate, a piece at a time, squad by squad, ready for you to make your decisions about who to give the chop! Don't simply fire at a unit because it is a nice juicy target. Play your game using an army, not a collection of squads each doing their own thing. Focussing your fire on the proper threats will ensure your opponent's spirit is crushed quickly and

his army broken.

It is useful to maximise your fire lanes with careful deployment. Try to dominate the battlefield, make it yours. You can decide where the bloodbaths will be. Eliminate any chance of your opponent having a safe 'back street' of terrain to move down. Place your longer ranged squads in cover where they can see at least three areas your enemy must move through. Screen your guns by deploying your basic shorter-ranged troopers in front of them. It's amazing how many people forget that they can fire through friendly squads. Keep your close combat specialists back and in-check, ready to make a tactical counter-charge once your big guns break the enemy's shell. Think of it like a good cleaning of the battlefield: You wash away the hard grime of your enemy's elite units, then rinse out the soapy residue of anything left.

Each squad that I have has a purpose to fill on the battlefield. I lose when I start forgetting what this purpose is, committing myself to the wrong areas. Take a heavy weapon squad for example; is it for killing tanks? What kind of tanks; troop transports or fire support? What will I do to

the troopers that the tank was transporting? An anti-tank devastator squad might take two lascannons and two missile launchers. An anti-trooper squad might take three heavy bolters and a missile launcher. Choose your heavy weapons wisely to ensure that all your units work together to dispose of any threats before they get close.

Too many players skimp on their heavy weapons squads. They take the minimum size, forgetting that once the squad is below half strength, for most units that means they can't regroup if they fall back! Taking some regular troopers in a fire support squad means that the grunts can soak up the hits and be the first to go, leaving your precious gunners undistracted as they lock on to a big, fat, juicy target.

The last and most important thing is to smile! You can still play passionately and ensure everyone in the game has a great time. It's important to remember that Heavy Support is only a small part of your army and at the end of the day only friendly gaming will let you truly crush your enemies!



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FANATIC



INQUISITOR

THE BATTLE FOR THE EMPEROR'S SOUL

Across a thousand worlds, the unseen Inquisitors of the Imperium fight their secret war. With utmost authority, the Inquisitors walk unhindered in the darkness, purging their enemies, destroying aliens and furthering their own insidious schemes. A single word from an Inquisitor can doom an entire world. But with that power comes horrific danger...

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INQUISITOR MINIATURES

Games Workshop Mail Order carries an extensive range of Inquisitor miniatures. The range includes models for all of the character types featured in the Inquisitor rulebook, and more besides! Phone Games Workshop Mail Order or check out the Inquisitor section of the Games Workshop website for details of the full range and how to order them.

Starting in November, the Fanatic design team will be taking over responsibility for providing continuing support for Inquisitor. We'll be bringing out a magazine, new models and lots of other stuff, and we'll keep on doing so as long as there are players out there enjoying the game. You can find out about some of the things that we have planned on these pages, and you can find out more by visiting the Fanatic website at:

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

INQUISITOR SET

Band P Aus\$100

The Inquisitor Starter Set includes the Inquisitor rulebook, two models, and dice. The rulebook includes information on creating characters and henchmen, extremely detailed combat rules, an extensive list of all the weapons and equipment you can use, and details of how to run an Inquisitor campaign and create your own scenarios.



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If you want to keep up with all the latest official rules, new scenarios and new releases for your favourite games, then a Fanatic Magazine subscription is indispensable!

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EXTERMINATUS MAGAZINE

Exterminatus Magazine is a new quarterly publication filled with great articles and all the latest news about the Inquisitor game. It's also the place where the rules supporting the new models we make can be found. Exterminatus Magazine is available from good games stores, or direct from Games Workshop Mail Order and the Games Workshop website.

NEW MODELS

One of the most enjoyable aspects of Inquisitor is converting models into unique new characters you have created yourself. To help with this we'll be bringing out a range of conversions packs and 'add-on' booster packs that can be used to convert models in the Inquisitor range.

We are regularly adding new 54mm models to the current range of Inquisitor miniatures. Our latest additions to the range are shown right here! Details of the latest releases can be found in the Inquisitor section of the Game Workshop website.



A converted version of the new Major Jaxon model – available soon



Tech Priest Tezla – full rules in WD261



Emmissary Fabian – full rules in WD260



Servo Skulls - soon from Fanatic



Krashrak, Alien Bounty Hunter – full rules in WD263

HOW TO ORDER

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

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

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

**Coming soon:
Alien Bounty Hunter,
Servo Skulls and
new Henchmen**

THE BEST DEFENSE!



As well as being able to shoot laser beams from his ocular cavities, Ty can also make some incredible scenery out of easy-to-gather household items!

CONSTRUCTING A MINEFIELD

Minefields are a treacherous place for any infantryman to be. Your next step could prove fatal, after all! A favorite defensive measure throughout the millennia, minefields are dangerous and effective ways to deter an enemy. So why not whip some up for your games of Warhammer 40,000? It's actually easier than you think!

First off, you'll need to gather some supplies and tools to build your minefields with:

- A sheet or two of 2-3 mm thick plasticard, hardboard or cardboard for use as a base.
- 3 Goblin Shield Sprues and 3 Orc Shield Sprues per minefield (these can be substituted with tank wheels).
- A bunch of miscellaneous cool bits for battlefield rubble.
- A mixture of coarse and fine sand in a cup.
- PVA glue, super glue, and polystyrene cement.
- A large, old brush and a paper cup, pencil, clippers, hobby knife, steel ruler and cutting surface.
- A large plastic tub or container for catching excess sand.

USING PLASTICARD

Ty has chosen to use plasticard for the bases of his minefield. According to the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook, minefields are represented on the table with an 200 mm x 100 mm rectangle, so using a ruler Ty drew out a rectangle to these measurements. He then carefully



Cutting out your plasticard bases.

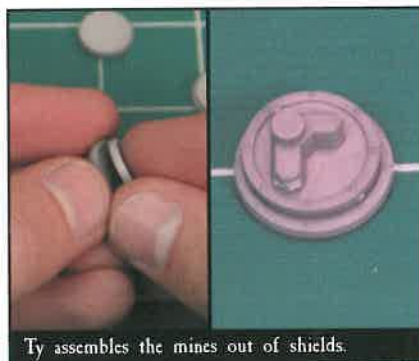
A TERRAIN WORKSHOP FOR COVERING YOUR BUTT

In this scenery article, Ty, the GW US scenery menace (and Website monster) lets loose his knowledge on how to create easy-to-make terrain pieces. Make sure you cover your butt when the going gets tough in the heat of battle!

scored the plasticard with a hobby knife. Scoring is simply the act of cutting half way through the surface of the card. That way you can bend the card where you made the cut and the plastic will snap cleanly down that line. You've just discovered the joys of working with plasticard!

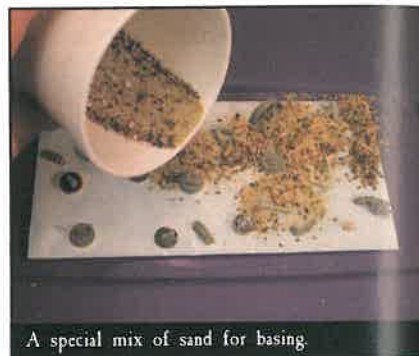
BUILDING THE MINES

To make the actual land mines Ty decided that he wanted to make them as simple as possible. The best way to go about this was to grab a handful of Orc and Goblin shield sprues, clean off the mold lines and glue the smaller shield to the other with a drop of plastic glue. These round shields fit together perfectly, and by cutting off small bits of the sprue the shields were attached to you can create a simple pressure sensitive detonator! Now that you have them assembled, you can glue them down to your plasticard, and you're ready to start flocking your deadly minefields.



Ty assembles the mines out of shields.

Now all you have to do is paint the PVA glue over the base. Spread this over your plasticard and then sprinkle your gravel on top. Don't worry too much if you get a bit of glue on your mines, they'll actually look more convincing this way with dirt partially covering them. Once the glue is dry, thin down some more PVA with water and paint it over the sand. Give it a few hours to dry and you'll be able to start painting!



A special mix of sand for basing.

PAINTING YOUR MINEFIELDS

After spraying your minefields with Chaos Black undercoat spray Ty decided to paint his mines with a coat of Dark Angles Green followed by a quick drybrushing of Snot Green. Ty even dabbed a dot of red on his mines for a bit of extra detail. You can drybrush the metal bits, like guns and shrapnel, in this stage too. To paint the base, Ty used Scorched Brown, Bestial Brown, Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone in that order to create a blasted battlefield appearance!



Ty's completed Minefield with victims!

BASING THE MINEFIELDS

You're almost ready to start painting, but first you need to base your minefield with sand. Ty suggests taking an empty cup and filling it with some fine grade sand. Then add in some coarse sand and small pebbles and mix your concoction. You can also glue down some various pieces of debris like discarded weapons, tires, scrap metal, even a blown apart body, if you're feeling particularly gruesome. These bits will make your minefield all the more realistic.

GET HOOKED ON RAZORWIRE

Trudging through Razorwire is an unpleasant experience. Imagine trying to carefully make your way through sharpened metal wiring while ducking incoming fire! This makes it a potent defensive measure, as charging infantry must first slow down or be ripped to shreds. This buys a defender valuable seconds with which you can pump a few more rounds into the enemy before close combat begins!

The patches of Razorwire you're about to make were created from common materials available at any craft store as well as some various bits from your bits box.

- A sheet or two of 3 mm thick plasticard, hardboard or cardboard for use as a base.
- 6 mm thick balsa wood sticks.
- 22 gauge picture hanging wire and 26 gauge florist wire
- A bunch of miscellaneous cool bits for battlefield rubble.
- A mixture of coarse and fine sand in a cup.
- White glue, superglue, and plastic glue.
- Greenstuff (two part epoxy putty).
- A large, old brush and a paper cup.
- Pencil, clippers, hobby knife, steel ruler and cutting surface.
- A large plastic tub or container for catching excess sand.

MAKING RAZORWIRE SUPPORTS

First you'll need to create a plasticard base in exactly the same manner as before, except the bases should be approximately 50 mm x 150 mm. With this base cut out, you can start working on the wooden supports for the Razorwire.

Take your balsa wood and cut it up into pieces about 30 mm long. Pick up two of these sticks that are approximately the same length and cut two slashes into them, but make sure you don't go the whole way through. Then turn your

hobby knife on its side and carve out the extra wood. This gives you a notch that should allow the other stick to fit snugly inside.

GLUING THEM DOWN

Now you want to take your carefully made wooden supports and glue them to the plasticard base, but a drop of glue won't quite get the job done. Enter the greenstuff (or similar epoxy putty).

Ty first plotted out the way he wanted the supports to go across the base with a pencil. This way there'd be no surprises when he started gluing them down. Ty then used super glue to get the wood to stay where he wanted it and while it was drying, he mixed up a batch of greenstuff. After the glue has dried he rolled out the putty into a thin "snake" and wrapped it around the base of the foot. Ty suggests taking a paper clip (wetted down with water) and pushing it against the putty. After everything is dry, add a drop of super glue just for good measure.



Ty places the balsa wood supports.

BASING THE PIECE

Ty's already explained how to apply the sand to your plasticard base, so all you have to do is consult the steps in the previous "how-to". Make sure you give the glue enough time to dry, and then you're ready to start painting!

PAINTING YOUR SUPPORTS

Grab your can of Chaos Black undercoat spray and head outdoors. Once the entire piece of scenery is dry, you can give the supports a liberal coat of Scorched Brown. Next, you can use Dark Flesh to lighten the wooden framework. Finally, you can highlight the crosses by using a light drybrushing of Bubonic Brown and Bleached Bone. You can then go ahead and paint the battlefield rubble any color you'd like; if you've got a boltgun on your base, go ahead and paint it in a suitably metallic color! Once you're done painting your wooden beams and rusted metal bits, you can paint the base just like you did for the Minefield.

RAZORWIRE 101

Now you can get down to the business of making the most important part of this piece of scenery... the Razorwire! Ty used 22 and 26 gauge wire, clippers and superglue to manufacture this easy-to-make obstacle.

First, Ty cut a length of 22 gauge wire (measuring about 22 inches) from his spool and straitened it to make it a little easier to work with. He then wrapped the thinner 26 gauge wire around the other and made a sort of knot which was then glued together with a drop of Super Glue. After letting it dry completely, Ty then started on the next phase.

With the glue dry, Ty then began twisting the 26 gauge wire around the other in a



Gluing down loose ends.

snaking pattern. Continue going around the thicker gauge wire until you get to the end, trying to keep your coils tight. Once you've reached the other end, knot it off like you did at the opposite side and cut it free from the spool with your clippers, giving it a good dollop of Super Glue to keep it together.

After the glue was dry, Ty used a thick marker (but a pen or cylindrical object works just as well) to coil the Razorwire around. Repeat as desired for your other lengths of wire, and soon enough you'll have enough bundles on hand to keep the enemy at bay! Once you have everything together, you're ready to paint the Razorwire.



Coiling the Razorwire.



Make sure the "cross bar" fits.

PAINTING THE RAZORWIRE

Before you glue your Razorwire to the wooden supports, you need to make them corroded and weathered. To paint the actual wire, Ty grabbed his can of Chaos Black undercoat spray and gave the coiled metal a good blast of black paint. Using a large drybrush, he gave the entire length of wire a generous drybrushing of Boltgun Metal. He then, drybrushed Beaten Copper sporadically to give the coils a worn look and finished it up with some Dwarf Bronze. You're almost done! All you have to do now is bring both parts together, and you'll have one great looking piece of scenery.

BRINGING IT TOGETHER

First attach one end of the Razorwire to the first support X in the line, trying to place the first point of contact in the area

where the two sticks meet. Using a single drop of super glue, adhere the end of the coil to the wood and wait for it to dry. Now that it's dry, you can pull the wire out a bit and begin attaching it to each support. Ty says it's a good idea to lay the entire length of wire across the base before you begin gluing. That way, if there's a problem further down the line, you can correct it before you start.

When you're satisfied with the way the wire is sitting on the wooden supports, you can give each touching surface a drop of glue. Once it the glue dries you may notice some "frosting". Give it a quick drybrush and you're done!



Gluing the wire to the wooden supports.



The finished length of Razorwire. Wouldn't want to get tangled in that mess!

TANK TRAPS MADE EASY

If you are facing a brigade of tanks and transport vehicles, then you're going to need to make some Tank Traps! These handy obstacles can slow down even the mightiest tank, which can leave them open to a counterstrike by your troops. Set these up wisely, and you can funnel enemy tanks into predesignated fire zones!

First off, you'll need to gather some supplies and tools to build your tank traps with:

- A sheet or two of 2-3 mm thick plasticard, hardboard or cardboard for use as a base.
- An assortment of craft corks.
- A handful of small Goblin shields (or some cardboard cut in small circles).
- A bunch of miscellaneous cool bits for battlefield rubble.
- A mixture of coarse and fine sand in a cup.
- PVA glue and super glue.
- A large, old brush and a paper cup, pencil, clippers, hobby knife, steel ruler and cutting surface.
- A large plastic tub or container for catching excess sand.

GETTING STARTED

After you cut out a 50 mm x 150 mm rectangle of plasticard, you're ready to make use of your corks. Corks make perfect stone tank traps, as they're already textured and look like they have been chipped by incoming fire.

Grab a few corks and lay them out along a plasticard base to get an idea about



Assembling the cork Tank Traps.

how you want the entire thing to look. Ty tried both symmetrical patterns and random patterns to figure out what he would end up with. Ty then glued the corks down with a healthy blob of super glue and left them to dry. Each cork was then topped with a plastic Goblin Shield. Once again, super glue was used. Spare plastic bits from Ty's bits box and plasticard cut up in ragged strips were then glued to the base, as well. These twisted metal bits look as if a tank really did meet its end on these vehicular death traps! After everything is dry, you can go ahead and base the Tank Traps the same way you did the Minefields and Razorwire. This will give you a nice texture to drybrush.

PAINTING YOUR TANK TRAPS

After the entire piece of scenery is dry, it's time to start painting. First, blast it with Chaos Black undercoat spray and let it dry. Once it's through drying, you can lay down a heavy drybrush of Shadow Grey paint on each of the obstacles. After your layer of Shadow Grey, you can add Codex Grey and a very light drybrush of Space Wolves Grey.

Since Ty has already explained how he painted the base, you're ready to go! Now sit back and smile as your enemy gets snagged on your creation.



Making some twisted metal.



These Tank Traps are ideal for deterring enemy vehicles.

DEFENSIVE WALLS

When all your outer defenses fail, it's always good to have some great cover to duck behind when the opposition begins to get within firing range! Defensive Walls are key factors in a rock solid defense. Behind a few feet of cover you can calmly formulate a new plan for when things begin to go wrong.

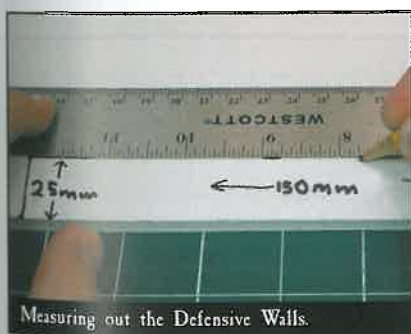
Here's what you need to start building your Defensive Walls:

- A sheet or two of 2-3 mm thick plasticard.
- A sheet or two of 6-8 mm thick foamcore board.
- A bunch of miscellaneous cool bits for wall decoration.
- White glue and superglue.
- A large, old brush and a paper cup, pencil, clippers, hobby knife, steel ruler and cutting surface.
- A foamcore matte cutter (preferred but optional).

GETTING STARTED

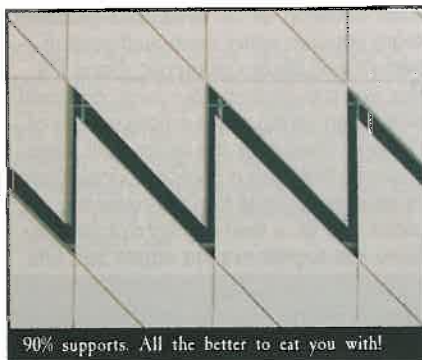
Your life will be much easier if you have a matte cutter (a tool used by framers), but a hobby knife will work fine, too. Make sure that the blade for either is very sharp. A dull blade will tear and shred foamcore with ease!

Each defensive wall can be made to whatever length you choose, but you should stick to a universal height for each of your pieces. Ty decided to make his 150 mm long and 25 mm high... just tall enough for a model to peer over! Use a ruler and a sharpened pencil to plan out your first cuts.



MAKING THE SUPPORTS

Ty then drew out another rectangle on the foamcore, using the same measurements as before, but this length could vary depending on how many supports you need. Starting at one end, Ty marked off lines at intervals of 25 mm along the length of the rectangle, creating 25 mm squares. Each square then produces two supports. You can now draw a line from corner to corner, creating some triangular supports! Now you can cut these "teeth" free from the rest of the foamcore board.



COSMETIC EFFECTS

Grab your plasticard and cut a strip out that measures 6-8 mm wide (the thickness of your foamcore) and around 300 mm long. This will vary depending on how long you want to make your walls. Ty cut these thin strips to cover any bare foam, and protects the foam from "meltdown" when you hit it with the undercoat spray.



PUTTING EVERYTHING TOGETHER

To start assembling your section of wall, take your long length of wall and three triangular supports and start testing out the fit. Flip the triangles around and consider the spacing between each of them before you get the glue flowing. Ty suggests that if you're doing a bunch of defensive walls at once, it's a good idea to label each set of bits that work well together.

Grab your PVA glue and spread a thin line along the edge of the support triangle. Affix each support triangle to the wall using a bit of pressure, making sure that you clean up any excess glue that



spurts out from under the foamcore triangles. Ty made sure to place his drying wall on an extra piece of plasticard so the glue didn't seep down and mar his work area, and made sure to move it occasionally so it didn't adhere to the card as well. Allow the glue to set before you move onto attaching your plasticard strips.

ADDING THE DETAILS

Once things are a bit more stable, spread some glue along the top of your wall. Take the 6-8 mm strip of plasticard, lay it across the top of the wall, and trim it to fit. Glue it down with PVA glue. Do the same for the tops of each triangular support, being careful to push the plasticard strip up to meet the top of the Defensive Wall.

If you are working "conveyer belt style" like Ty did, you could construct quite a few of these in next to no time.

Now you can gather up some interesting



bits from your bits box with which to decorate your Defensive Wall. If you don't have a vast collection to draw from, there are a few other options to try. You could cut thin designs and shapes from your left over plasticard and affix them to the front of each wall. If you want to try a patchwork metal look, cut pieces of plasticard into rectangles and squares. These can then be superglued into place along the front of the wall in a haphazard or orderly fashion. Whatever you choose, the end result is a reinforced patchwork of riveted metal. You can also try to add a battleworn look by drilling a few bolter holes in a snaking row along a wall as you see fit.





PAINTING YOUR WALLS

Ty made sure that before he even started priming his scenery black, he painted any exposed foam bits with Chaos Black paint. Make sure that you cover every area, crack and crevice that may lead to exposed foam. Even the bottom of your walls must be painted. If you don't, the chemical reaction could reduce the insides of your walls to mush with the initial blast of spraypaint.

After covering all the areas of exposed foam you can spray each wall section with Chaos Black undercoat. Once it's dry, you can pick up your large drybrush and begin laying down a heavy layer of Shadow Grey over the entire wall. Next, you can drybrush a layer of Codex Grey (a little lighter than the last) over the piece and do a final highlight of Ghostly Grey just to pick out the edges and bits.

Ty went on to drybrush some dark browns on the lower parts of the wall to simulate dust and grime. He also picked out the most interesting bits with Boltgun Metal and Beaten Copper to add another level of realism!



THE BUNKER

After dodging bullets all day, it can be quite a relief to spend some down time within the protective walls of a Bunker! These small battlefield bastions are focal points of strategic command. Inside, high ranking officials can evaluate the situation in relative safety. Once a plan of action is decided upon, they can easily put it straight into action by stuffing a bolter out a vision slit and firing away!

Bunkers are great as the objective of a mission, and full rules can be found within the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. However, they don't always have to be the objective of a battle, they make great terrain pieces too!

Here's what you need to start building your Bunker.

- A sheet or two of 2-3 mm thick plasticard.
- A 6 mm thick balsa wood stick.
- 12 steel upholstery nails or rounded thumb tacks.
- A handful of miscellaneous cool bits for detail decoration.
- Super glue.
- A large, old brush and a paper cup.
- pencil, clippers, hobby knife, steel ruler and cutting surface.

GETTING STARTED

You'll need to cut out quite a few pieces of plasticard to begin making your bunker. Here's a quick list of the number of pieces and sizes you'll need to have to get started:

1 x 125 mm x 75 mm rectangular Roof Piece.

2 x 125 mm x 60 mm rectangles for the Front and Back Bunker pieces.

2 x 75 mm x 60 mm pieces for the Bunker Sides.

4 x 50 mm long, 6 mm thick balsa wood stick as Supports.

The following pieces will be used as decoration to break up the monotony of the plain old plasticard:

8 x 20 mm square Corner Bits

2 x 125 mm x 10 mm thin rectangular Long Top Strips.

2 x 75 mm x 10 mm thin rectangular Short Top Strips.

8 x 30 mm x 6 mm thin rectangular Side Strips.

2 x 50 mm x 25 mm rectangular Doors.

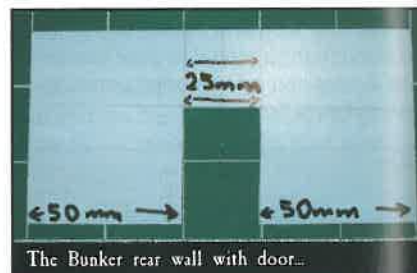
2 x 50 mm x 6 mm thin rectangular Small Vision Slits.

1 x 100 mm x 6 mm thin rectangular Long Vision Slits.

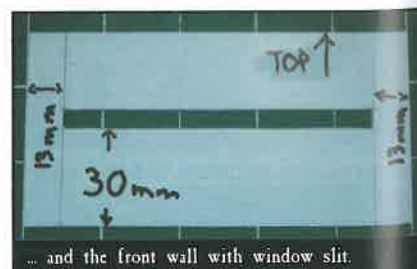
4 x 6 mm squares to be used as Vision Slit Supports.

Once you have all these plasticard bits cut out you get a little more detailed!

Grab both your Front and Back Bunker pieces. One of these will become your back piece, as you will be cutting a 25 mm wide by 30 mm door into it.



On the other, cut a 100 mm long by 6 mm wide rectangular hole. This will serve as the front vision slit, so be sure to center it!



Now round up your 12 upholstery nails and your clippers and snip off all of the stems, keeping the heads. Make sure you clip close enough to the head so that sure the head lays flat on the surface of your bunker. These will be



Tacks and Vision Slit Supports ready for use.

used as a cool decorative bit all around the Bunker.

Now all you have to do is cut the Vision Slit Supports. Take your 6 mm squares and cut them into 8 tiny triangles. You're ready to build the Bunker!

START BUILDING

Now that you have a hefty pile of plasticard bits and pieces, you can get started on building your masterpiece. Ty started by setting up the balsa wood stick supports inside his bunker. These acted as a guide when he assembled the sides and serve to strengthen the entire structure.

To help you judge exactly where the support needs to be, take a Bunker Side piece and hold it in place so that it lines up as if it was going to be glued in place. Now get a spare length of balsa wood to serve as a right angle and butt that against the Side Bunker wall piece (as shown in the photo below).



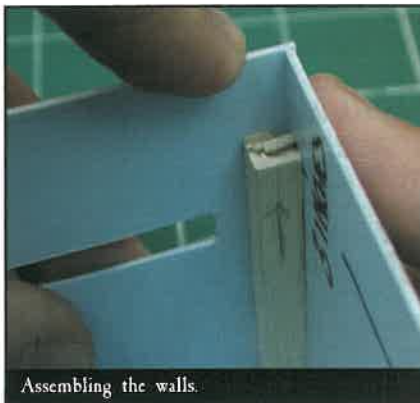
Ty is getting that perfect 90° angle!

With that done and dry, you can now attach the side walls of your bunker. Lay down another line of super glue and attach both sides to the front, letting the balsa wood supports guide you. You can put the back on, as well. Sit it right side up so you can make sure that there are no gaps showing up and everything is level.

Well, you've conquered everything Ty has set before you, right? Now you're ready for more great scenery projects to immerse yourself in and then show off to your friends. You're in luck! Ty isn't done with his massive defensive projects by a

RAISING THE ROOF

Once everything is dry, place the Roof piece into the hole that now exists on top of the bunker. If the roof won't fit right on the first attempt, flit it around until it sits down on the supports within the bunker. If necessary trim the roof until it fits. Now you're ready to add some details to this rather plain box.

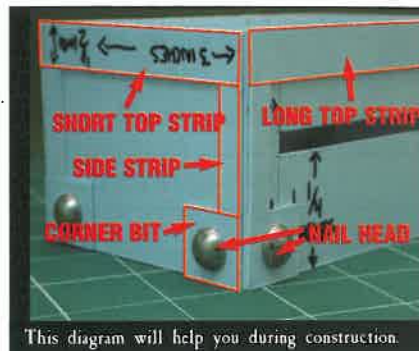


Assembling the walls.

SWEAT THE DETAILS

Gather together all of the bits that were designated as decorative bits in the Materials List. The photo (above right) will help you in the placement of all the bit you have laying in front of you.

To complete the doors to your bunker, all you need to do is apply two lines of superglue to the inside of your structure and then place the doors on the inside to



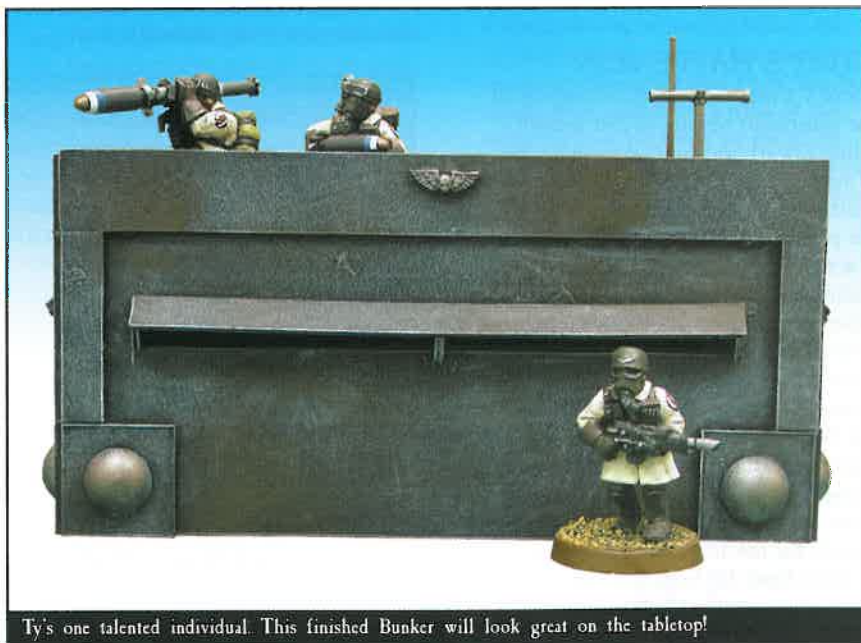
This diagram will help you during construction.

cover up the hole. Ty left a small gap to make it appear as if the doors were opening or left ajar.

The Vision Slits were placed on the front and sides of the bunker. Use the Vision Slit Supports to rest the long piece of plasticard and you're set. Check out the painted Bunker below to see how they went together!

BITS AND PIECES

You're almost done, but first you'll probably want to add some interesting plastic bits to your bunker. Dig around in your bits box and go ahead and glue parts on. Ty added antenna and Imperial icons to his. Now you can finish it off with a good paint job just like the Defensive walls you conquered! Congrats, you are now a scenery master!



Ty's one talented individual. This finished Bunker will look great on the tabletop!

long shot. Not only can you get the unabridged version of this article on the Games Workshop Website, but this crazed scenery maker is working on his best project yet... the Imperial Outpost with a fully functional ramp!

Make sure you check out his scenery projects in their entirety at:

www.games-workshop.com

in the US News section under 40K Defense. Keep on building!

ARCANE LORE

The Aftermath of Dark Shadows



*Gav Thorpe
presides over
all things
Warhammer, so
who better to
tell you about
the future of the
mysterious isle
of Albion*

Hello! This month I'll be looking at the results of the recent Dark Shadows campaign and what this can mean to your games of Warhammer. The campaign itself was a great success, and thanks have to go to all the people who helped make it happen, not least the illustrious guys and gals of our Web Teams across the globe, and, of course, all those Warhammer players who took part and made it the success it was. But enough of the award ceremony speeches, let's talk about gaming!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

There's a more in depth round-up of the campaign results in last month's White Dwarf and on the website, but to summarise: the forces of the Truthsayers have narrowly thwarted the plans of the Dark Master, who has fled the isle. Unfortunately, they have been unable to raise the protective mists which once shielded the isle and now all manner of adventurers and ne'er-do-wells can still land for treasure hunting and pillaging. With the Dark Master's departure, large numbers of Lizardmen have been seen occupying the Bastion of the Old Ones. However, despite this overall victory for the forces of Order, the massive Dark Elf host that landed on Albion has established a sizeable enclave, anchored by several Black Arks that have beached upon the shores of the island. The High Elves patrol much of the coasts, guarding against further Dark Elf forces, while the armies of the Empire are busy creating a new state around the south-east. No single power controls all of Albion and the island is set for many

more battles to come. It is unlikely that any one race will ever achieve total supremacy.

MORE BATTLES ON ALBION

The results of the campaign suggest a number of possibilities for further massed battles on the Isle of Storms. You may like to continue using the following scenarios from the Dark Shadows book: The Fens; The Ogham Stones; The Giants Causeway. Also, below I've included a new scenario we've devised which you may want to play – Reclaim the Stones.

Getting a bit more specific, the scenarios in the Warhammer rulebook can be used to represent various battles that are likely to occur given the new situation on Albion, and here are some of the ideas I've had:

Battle on The Lost Road

Use Scenario 3 – Meeting Engagement (Warhammer, page 203) to represent two forces moving along the Lost

With the Dark Shadows campaign over, here are a few ideas that will keep your Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries on their quests for the foreseeable future.

Road running into each other. Fight the battle along the length of the table, ignoring the deployment rule that stops units deploying within 6" of the side edges. The road itself, a rather old and battered scattering of stone slabs these days, runs the length of the table. Units on the road may march an extra 2".

Into the Jungle

A force led by a Dark Emissary leads an expedition into the jungles now growing around the Bastion of the Old Ones. However, the cunning Lizardmen lie in wait. Use the Lost Valley terrain rules detailed later, with Scenario 6 – Ambush on page 209 of Warhammer.

Steal the Ship

Desperate to flee the vengeance of the Truthsayers, a Dark Emissary has mustered an army to steal a vessel to leave Albion's shores. However, the owners aren't going to just give it up! Use Scenario 2 – Breakthrough, from page 201 of Warhammer.

TRUTHSAYERS, DARK EMISSARIES AND FENBEASTS

With the Dark Shadows campaign over, what can you do now with those special Albion miniatures you've bought and painted? Well, with the Dark Emissaries dispersing across the world, and the Truthsayers pursuing them, it's likely that they'll continue to turn up in many battles, so we've made them Dogs of War.

Truthsayers

For Hire: Truthsayers may be hired by Lizardmen, High Elves, Wood Elves, Dwarfs, Empire, Bretonnia, Dogs of War and Orcs & Goblins armies. They use up both a Rare choice and a Hero choice.

Points: 265

Dark Emissaries

For Hire: Dark Emissaries may be hired by Dark Elves, Skaven, Chaos (all types), Vampire Counts, Tomb Kings, Empire, Bretonnia, Dogs of War and Orcs & Goblins armies. They use up both a Rare choice and a Hero choice.

Points: 265

Fenbeasts

For Hire: Any army containing either a Truthsayer or a Dark Emissary may include Fenbeasts. Up to 3 Fenbeasts can be included as a single Rare choice (see the Fenbeast rules).

Points: 85 points each

SMALLER BATTLES

Albion is also perfect for devising skirmish scenarios. Rather than go into length here, I thought I'd just list some of the many ideas I've had:

Hunt for Thrashlaar: Forces led by Empire Witch Hunters scour the Bleak Moor for the hiding place of Thrashlaar, the Strigoi vampire who now stalks the barren hills of that region. This could be based on the Vampire hunt scenario we published in White Dwarf 258 (and reprinted in the Warhammer Annual 2002).

Wighter than Wight: A small force of grave robbers have sailed across to the Isle of Wights to loot the tombs of the dead. Unfortunately, they didn't reckon on meeting quite so many of the unnatural creatures! Fighting against several Wights (Grave Guard, maybe a single Wight Lord!) and a host of Skeletons, can the looters get to the treasure? More importantly, can they escape with it?

Stop the Summoning: A Truthsayer or Dark Emissary is attempting to summon up a Fenbeast from the depths of the swamp, protected by his followers. Can his foes break through the defensive picket and stop him, or will they have to try and destroy the Fenbeast once it has been summoned?

Into the Giant's Lair: A particularly loud and belligerent Giant has set up lair in caves not far from an army's encampment. They cannot move out for fear of being attacked. However, the whole army cannot be sent in to deal with this problem, so a few of the bravest individuals have volunteered to enter the cave systems and either slay or drive out the Giant.

TERRAIN

The Lost Valley: Using their great magics, the Slann Mage-Priests of the Lizardmen have begun to alter the climate of Albion and a new jungle is beginning to appear north of the Forge of the Old Ones. Therefore, it's perfectly reasonable to use the Lustria and the Southlands terrain table for some of your battles. The Albion weather rules won't apply to battles fought here.

The Grim North: Alternatively, the far North of Albion has been even more heavily corrupted by the presence of the Dark Master and the massive influx of Chaos energy caused by the huge conflict. Battles fought north of the Citadel of Lead might take part in twisted areas of Albion represented by the Chaos Wastes terrain table. Unfortunately, it is still raining. After all, it's grim up north!

Neuland: As the Empire enclave begins to establish itself, the men of the Emperor have started to try and cultivate the lands east of Bol-a-Hat and towards the site of Losterikson's third landing. The peasants who arrived after the armies have begun to dig drainage ditches, and a few farmsteads have sprung up. However, these are still fairly scattered. When generating terrain for battles fought in this area, use the Realms of Men generator from Warhammer, with the following entries replaced by those from the Albion terrain table: a Village becomes a Fen, a Ruin becomes Foetid Swamp, and a large building becomes a Stone Circle.

COMING HOME

Not all of the armies that fought on Albion will remain there. Some of them will have to deal with the consequences of leaving their homelands when they arrive back. Two ideas for such battles occurred to me, I'm sure you can think of others:

Slay the Raiders: Whilst the army has been fighting on Albion, a marauding warband has devastated their lands

THE WINDS OF MAGIC

With the departure of the Dark Master, the winds of magic raging through Albion have finally begun to settle, though the rankings of the winds of magic at the end of the campaign continue to stay in effect. This only affects magic for battles fought on Albion itself.

Final results for the winds of magic are:

1. The Lore of Fire
2. Truthsayer magic
3. Dark Emissary magic
4. The Lore of Shadows
5. Dark Magic
6. The Lore of Light (and High Magic)
7. The Lore of Life
8. The Lore of Death (and Necromancy)
9. The Lore of Heavens
10. The Lore of Beasts
11. The Lore of Metals

(Dark Elves, Chaos, Orcs and Goblins, or perhaps human brigands represented by Dogs of War). The raiding army is caught in the centre of the table and is surrounded on three sides. They must attempt to break out and escape before the vengeful army wipes them out.

Usurped! On returning home, the general has found that his castle/mansion/cave/glittering spire has been taken over, either by a rival of the same race or perhaps an invading enemy. Your army must fight a siege in order to reclaim your rightful place of power.

Well, that's just a few of the games you might catch me playing, and I'm sure most of you have other ideas too. If you're on the internet, why not discuss them with other players on our Albion message board. You can get to this by clicking the Community link at:

www.games-workshop.com/albion

Cheerio, back again soon!

ALBION SCENARIO: RECLAIM THE STONES

As the fighting subsides on Albion, many of the Stone Circles are still in the hands of the enemy. Even with the departure of the Dark Master, possession of the Ogham Stones can still bring great power. In this battle, one army is trying to oust an enemy force encamped within one of the stone circles.

ARMIES

Both armies are picked using the Warhammer army lists. Decide who is attacking and who is defending. The Attacker has 50% more points than the defender. For example, if 1,000 points are defending, the attacking army has 1,500 points. Due to the size of the defender's deployment zone, more than 1,500 points of defenders may be difficult to deploy with certain armies.

BATTLEFIELD

Place a stone circle in the middle of the table, with a 12" radius around the centre as shown on the map below.

No other terrain may be placed inside the circle. Leave a gap of at least 5" wide between each standing stone and the next (the stones themselves being impassable terrain). The terrain outside the circle can be laid out in any agreeable manner, but we suggest you use the Albion Terrain Generator and limit yourself to one extra piece of terrain per table quarter.

DEPLOYMENT

The Attacker can split his force into two parts, each attacking from opposite ends of the table. Note down on your army list which end each unit will attack from (A or B on the map below). The defender then sets up their army anywhere within the stone circle. The attacker then sets up his units in the deployment zones nominated earlier.

WHO GOES FIRST?

Both players roll a dice, the attacker adding +1 to his roll. The player who scores highest may choose whether to go first or second (re-roll ties).

LENGTH OF GAME

The game lasts for a random number of turns. At the end of the fifth turn, roll a dice. On a 2 or more play a sixth turn. At the end of the sixth turn, roll again and play a seventh turn on a roll of 3 or more, and so on.

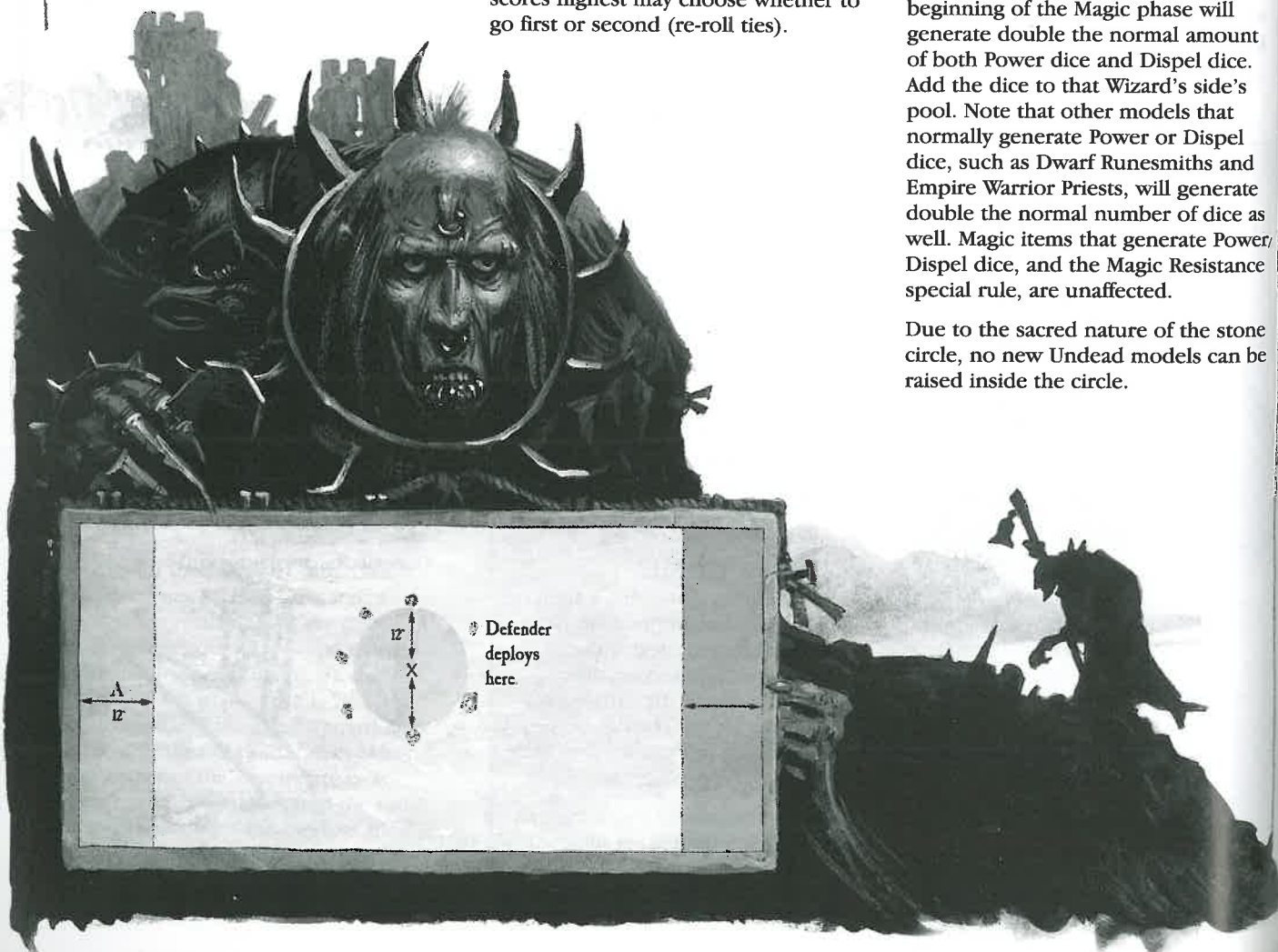
VICTORY CONDITIONS

Players score Victory points equal to the points value of any units in the stone circle at the end of the game. Units below half strength count half their points values, units that are fleeing do not count at all, and neither do units with a remaining Unit Strength of less than 5. Look up the difference in Victory points on the Victory Points Chart on page 198 of Warhammer, using the points value of the defending force as the size of battle.

SPECIAL RULES

Ogham Magic: Any Wizard who is inside the stone circle at the beginning of the Magic phase will generate double the normal amount of both Power dice and Dispel dice. Add the dice to that Wizard's side's pool. Note that other models that normally generate Power or Dispel dice, such as Dwarf Runesmiths and Empire Warrior Priests, will generate double the normal number of dice as well. Magic items that generate Power, Dispel dice, and the Magic Resistance special rule, are unaffected.

Due to the sacred nature of the stone circle, no new Undead models can be raised inside the circle.



ARMoured MIGHT

Anthony Reynolds reports on a bloody battle as the forces of the Empire, augmented by the fearsome Cursed Company and the indomitable new Steam Tank, fight against the noble knights of Bretonnia.

With all the new rules, army lists and models that have come out recently for Warhammer, the main dilemma we had for this month's battle report was deciding which new stuff was going to be used. The suggestion "Use 'em all!" was shouted, and we thought why not? With the newly updated Bretonnians, the eternally doomed Cursed Company and the colossal, brand spanking new Steam Tank, we had the makings of an unusual battle report.

Commanding the noble Bretonnians is Warhammer über-tactician Alessio Cavatore. The veteran Games Designer was heard before the battle imploring the Lady of the Lake for her divine aid – some say that Alessio has been spending a little too much time with his beloved Bretonnians of late...

Opposite him is Anthony Reynolds, Games Development's resident Australian, who is taking charge of the forces of the Empire. Backed up with

the might of the new Steam Tank and Richter Kreugar and his fearsome Cursed Company, the Empire ranks look even scarier than usual!

With such a range of unusual troops and special rules it was decided to play a standard Pitched Battle – there was no need for more complications than necessary. Knights, guns, skeletons and a tank – this was certainly set to be a very interesting game indeed.

Dropping down through the clouds, Duke Montforte surveyed the battlefield below him. Powerful wings beating slowly, his faithful Hippogriff mount screeched, its harsh cry echoing across the skies. The Duke's eyes were drawn to the large armoured shape in the centre of the Empire battle line. He had heard rumours of such creations, but never before had he seen one.

It matters not, he thought. We shall see how it fares against the might of Bretonnia. That ignorant Empire noble has slighted my honour for the last time.

As he got closer, his eyes widened. Surely this was too much, even for the Elector Count? Undead? Standing side by side with humans?

His face reddening in fury, Duke Montforte swept down over the battlefield to land amongst his troops.

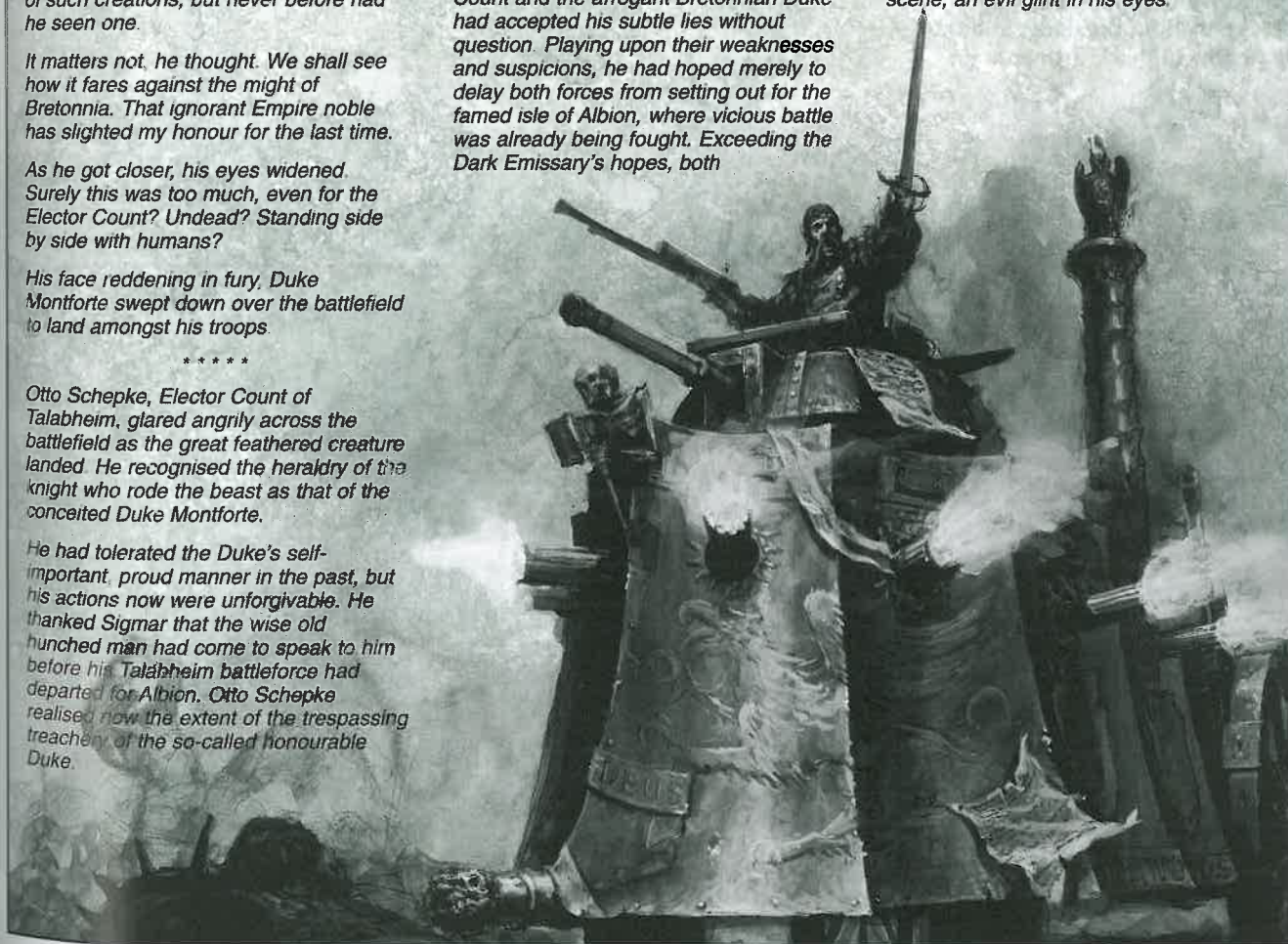
Otto Schepke, Elector Count of Talabheim, glared angrily across the battlefield as the great feathered creature landed. He recognised the heraldry of the knight who rode the beast as that of the conceited Duke Montforte.

He had tolerated the Duke's self-important, proud manner in the past, but his actions now were unforgivable. He thanked Sigmar that the wise old hunched man had come to speak to him before his Talabheim battleforce had departed for Albion. Otto Schepke realised now the extent of the trespassing treachery of the so-called honourable Duke.

"Ready the cannon!" he hollered.

The hooded figure of the Dark Emissary smiled cruelly as he looked upon the armies facing each other on the grasslands. It had been so easy, he thought. The hot-headed Imperial Elector Count and the arrogant Bretonnian Duke had accepted his subtle lies without question. Playing upon their weaknesses and suspicions, he had hoped merely to delay both forces from setting out for the famed isle of Albion, where vicious battle was already being fought. Exceeding the Dark Emissary's hopes, both

commanders had risen to his bait, and taken it a step further. The tension already present between the two generals had been stirred up by the Dark Emissary's poisonous words. Now they faced each other across the field of battle to settle their perceived grievances. The Dark Emissary turned away from the scene, an evil glint in his eyes.



FOR THE GLORY OF THE EMPIRE



Anthony: You mean I get to use the awesome new Steam Tank? And the Cursed Company? Could it get any better?

Playing Alessio is always going to be difficult, and with him using his new Bretonnians it was definitely going to be a challenge. I just hoped that I wouldn't get too much of a kicking!

The first thing that jumps to mind when facing the prospect of numerous lance formations of Bretonnian Knights is cannons. Lots of cannons. Then I remembered the Bretonnians' Prayer, which Alessio was sure to take advantage of, which would allow the cannons to fire only half of the time. Hmm. It would seem that I would not be able to rely on missile fire to take down those Knights.

With this in mind, I set about creating a force that would be able to receive the inevitable Bretonnian charge without breaking, and then hopefully hit back with enough

force to send those proud Knights fleeing the field of battle.

The first two choices were my required ones: the Steam Tank and the Cursed Company. Two rock-hard units that could take lots of damage and deal out plenty in return. These took up my two Rare Unit choices, so no volley guns for me!

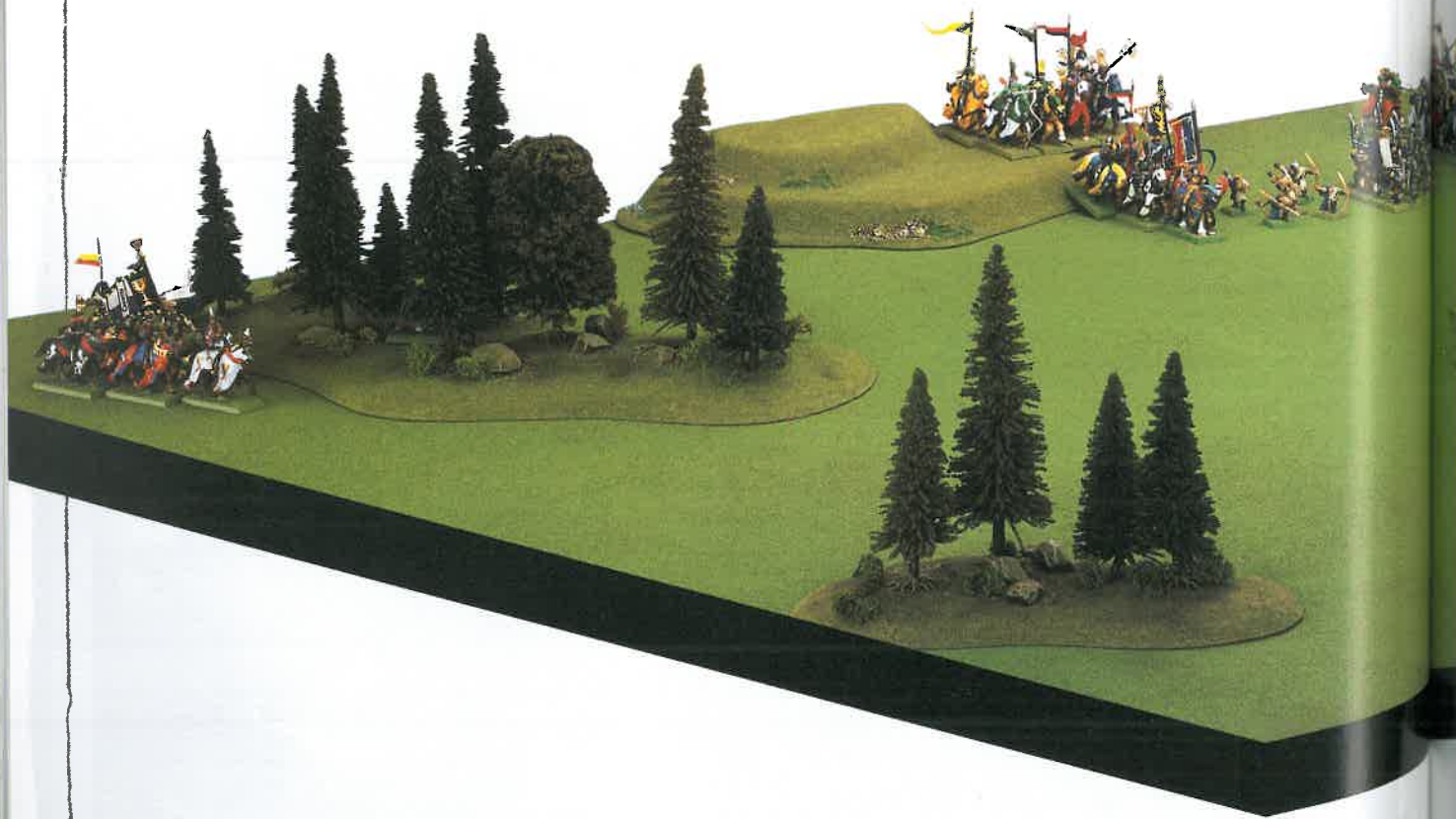
A regiment of Halberdiers with the *Griffon Standard* wouldn't be going anywhere in a hurry. A solid unit of Spearmen with the *Banner of Sigismund* (making them *stubborn*) would stand firm under the most extreme pressure. I gave both units a detachment of Free Company, whose counter-charge might just make all the difference in a closely fought combat. These two units would hopefully be able to hold up the enemy charge long enough for support to arrive.

I didn't want to spend too many points on artillery due to the Bretonnian's Blessing; a single cannon however would be deadly to

the Bretonnian lance formations if it got to shoot, and a single regiment of Handgunners would be useful to target non-Knight units.

Some Inner Circle Knights of the White Wolf would give me a unit that has the strength to do some serious damage, while a small unit of Pistoliers would be a general nuisance. A small unit of Huntsmen to slow down the Bretonnians rounded out my Troops choices.

On to characters; an Elector Count, arming him with a nice shiny magical *Sword of Sigismund* (allowing him to strike before those nasty Bretonnian lances hit home) and some protection – the *Dawn Armour* and an *Enchanted Shield* should do it. A Warrior Priest equipped with the *Rod of Command* will mean that the unit he was with would be even less likely to run. Finally, I took a Battle Wizard to counter Alessio's magic, and a Battle Standard Bearer, and with that I was done.



CHARGE!



Alessio: This battle report is going to be strange. It's a complete mixture of many different rules, featuring the Empire army, the new

Bretonnian list, the new Steam Tank and the Cursed Company, a new Regiment of Renown made up of Undead.

With so many new rules interacting I have to admit I'm a bit concerned about potential loopholes that may arise during the game. The reason for my concern is that I have written all the rules in question, with the exception of the Cursed Company which was written up by Anthony. The responsibility for any rule problems will then be mine and mine alone – there will be nobody else to blame! I really hope that everything turns out fine...

I have been chosen to play the Bretonnians and, since I wanted to show as much as possible of the new list, I've selected a bit of everything. The choices I've made have been conditioned in part by the painted models available in the Studio's Bretonnian army, but I was quite happy with the finished list. A lance of each of the four main knightly units (even if I'd rather have fielded 10 Grail Knights), two expendable units of peasants on foot (Halberdiers and Squires) and a fast and flexible unit of Mounted Squires: not too bad a selection of troops. As for characters, I gave the powerful *Banner of the Lady*, which negates enemy rank bonus, to the mandatory Battle Standard Bearer and bought another Paladin to bolster the fighting ability of my Knights Errant. Two Damsels would give me a reasonably offensive

Magic phase and provided me with a good defence as well. Finally I decided to put my Duke on a Hippogriff, because I knew that I needed high Strength attacks to have a chance of damaging the Steam Tank.

I was pretty sure that against the mighty shooting of the Empire I would need to invoke the Blessing of the Lady and so my army marched to battle stopping at every chapel and holy spring to pray for the Lady's protection.

With our unquenchable faith in the Lady as our mightiest weapon, we were sure to triumph over an enemy that relied on weird contraptions and blasphemous black powder to fight their battles for them!

And so to battle...



Empire Huntsmen emerge from hiding at the base of the tower.



TALABHEIM BATTLE FORCE

CHARACTERS

LORD: Elector Count Otto Schepke (80),
Sword of Sigismund (50) Dawn Armour (40),
Enchanted Shield (10). **180 pts**
*Commands the unit of Halberdiers

HERO: Captain Battle Standard Bearer
Eberhard (75), hand weapon, full plate (8),
Banner of Sigismund (60). **143 pts**
*Assigned to the unit of Halberdiers

HERO: Warrior Priest Duthor (95), great
hammer (4), heavy armour (4),
Rod of Command (50). **153 pts**
*Commands the unit of Spearmen

HERO: Battle Wizard Gustav (60), hand
weapon, extra level (35), Dispel Scroll (25),
Dispel Scroll (25). **145 pts**
*Commands the unit of Handgunners

CORE

 **20 Spearmen** (120), Shields (+20),
Standard Bearer (10), Sergeant (10)
Musician (5). **165 pts**

 **Detachment - 10 Free Company** **50 pts**

 **13 Handgunners** (104) Standard Bearer
(10), Marksman (5), Hochland long rifle (20).
139 pts



20 Halberdiers (120), Standard Bearer (10),
Sergeant (10), Musician (5),
Griffon Standard (50). **195 pts**



Detachment - 10 Free Company **50 pts**



5 Huntsmen (50), longbow & hand
weapons, Marksman (6). **56 pts**



SPECIAL
8 Inner Circle Knights of the White Wolf
(224), cavalry hammer, full plate armour,
barded warhorses, Standard Bearer (16), First
Knight (16) Musician (8)
Banner of Ulric (50). **314 pts**



5 Pistoliers (95), Marksman (7), repeater
handgun (15). **117 pts**



1 Great Cannon **100 pts**



RARE
Conqueror Steam Tank **300 pts**



Cursed Company Richter and 19 Skeletons.
395 pts

TOTAL **2,502 pts**

DUC DE MONTFORTE'S KNIGHTS

CHARACTERS

LORD: Duke Monforte (100), hand weapon, heavy armour (6), Hippogriff (200), *Grail virtue* (20), *Lance of the Quest* (20), *Grail shield* (50), *Mantle of Blood* (30). **426 pts**

HERO: Paladin Battle Standard Bearer

Lapin (60), hand weapon, heavy armour (4), barded steed (14) *Grail virtue* (20), *Banner of the Lady* (100). **198 pts**

*Commands the unit of Realm Knights.

HERO: Paladin Michel (60), hand weapon, Lance (4), heavy armour (4), barded steed (14), *Questing virtue* (10), *Lady's champion Sword* (40), *Enchanted Shield* (10). **142 pts**

*Commands the unit of Knights Errant.

HERO: Damsel Isabella (60) Hand weapon, barded steed (14), extra level (35), *Dispel scroll* (25), *Chalice of Malfleur* (25). **159 pts**

HERO: Damsel Abigail (60), hand weapon, steed (10), extra level (35), *Dispel Scroll* (25), *Potion Sacré* (10). **140 pts**

*Assigned to the unit of Knights Errant.

CORE

10 Knights Errant (210), hand weapon, lance, heavy armour, shield, barded warhorses, Standard Bearer, Musician (8), Champion (16) *Errantry Banner* (25). **259 pts**

18 Men-at-Arms (72), halberds (36), light armour, Standard Bearer (10), Musician (5), Sergeant (10). **133 pts**

11 Knights of the Realm (275), hand weapon, lance, heavy armour, shield, barded warhorses, Standard Bearer, Musician (9), Champion (18). **302 pts**

SPECIAL

5 Foresters (50), longbow & hand weapons. **50 pts**

6 Mounted Squires (96), hand weapon, spear, bow, warhorses, shields (12) Musician (7). **115 pts**

RARE

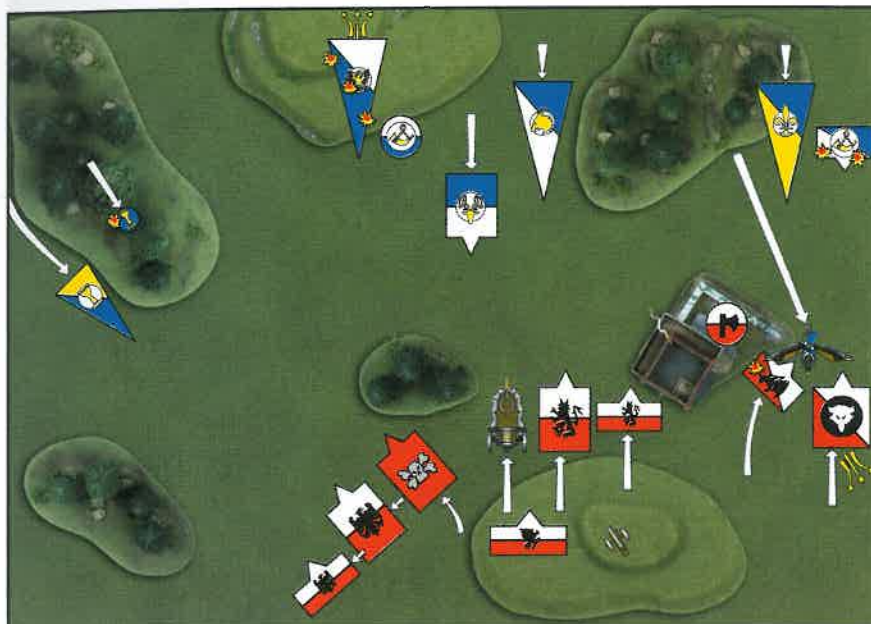
10 Questing Knights (290), hand weapon, lance, heavy armour, shield, barded warhorses, Standard Bearer, Musician (9), Champion (18), *Banner of Chalon* (10). **327 pts**

6 Grail Knights (192), hand weapon, lance, heavy armour, shield, barded warhorses, Standard Bearer, Musician (10), Champion (20), *War Banner* (25). **247 pts**

TOTAL **2,498 pts**



EMPIRE TURN 1



Engineer Commander Fritz shouted, pointing towards the enemy, whose heads were bowed in prayer. Pistons pumping, the Conqueror steam tank lurched into motion, hissing and spouting super-heated vapour. He glanced uneasily at the otherworldly mist that appeared to seep from the ground around the Empire soldiers. What foul sorcery was this?

From his position within the steam tank's turret, Fritz saw the Empire line in the centre of the battlefield move up in support of the Conqueror, battle standard waving proudly in the gentle breeze. Further down the line, the

ferocious Knights of the White Wolf cantered forwards on their heavily armoured steeds, their steely eyes locking onto the figures of the Bretonnian knights opposite them. A group of young pistoliers rode up in support of the wolf skin clad knights.

Turning, Engineer Commander Fritz shivered as he saw long-dead figures marching to support the left flank. They had marched onto the battlefield unannounced, taking up position alongside the Empire ranks in deathly silence. Warrior Priest Duthor had eased the panicking Empire soldiers by announcing that the Undead were here

to fight the Bretonnians. "It is a sign from Sigmar!" he had announced. "Even the dead support our cause!"

The halberdiers and free company rabble shifted uneasily to the side as the skeletons approached, giving them a wide berth. On the steps of the watchtower, a group of stealthy huntsmen rose from their hiding places, smoothly launching a volley of bow-fire towards the lightly armoured mounted squires, knocking one of them from his mount.

Fritz' attention was interrupted as the cannon behind the Empire ranks fired, booming loudly over the battlefield. He followed the trajectory of the cannon ball as it soared across the mist-covered field, bouncing in front of a large unit of Bretonnian knights before ploughing through their ranks. Heads still bowed in some final pre-battle prayers, the cannon ball smashed knights from their saddles, gore spraying across the Bretonnians' colourful tabards and shining armour. A great cheer went up from the Empire soldiers as horses reared in panic, and the rest of the unit of knights fled the battlefield, carrying the heavily embroidered battle standard with them.

Grinning, Engineer Commander Fritz dropped inside the Conqueror, sighting the steam-powered cannon on the approaching Knights Errant in front of the Steam Tank. The unearthly mist rose up before him however, obscuring his vision. He blinked, peering forwards, but could now see nothing before him through the swirling haze.



A cheer erupts from the Empire line as the cannon crew's opening shot finds its target.

BRETONNIAN TURN 1



The White Wolves flee the battle after the Hippogriff descends upon their position.

Outrage coursed through Duke Montforte's entire being. The foul black powder weapons of the Empire had sent his proud Knights of the Realm fleeing from battle, and he felt shamed at their cowardice.

The rest of the army raised their heads, finishing their devotions to their divine protector, the Lady of the Lake, and moved forwards, drawing nearer the Empire battle line. At his command, a large unit of the Duke's men-at-arms marched forwards towards the steam tank. The Duke shook his head. Trust the Empire to hide its men within the belly of a steel beast, refusing honourable combat.

On his far right, he saw the noble Grail Knights galloping around the forest, armour shining and heraldry worn proudly. Sunshine spilled through the clouds onto their resplendent forms, making them appear almost divine, mist swirling around their proud steeds' hooves.

At the Duke's command, his Hippogriff leapt into the air, soaring around the watchtower, ignoring the huntsmen

cowering below. Swooping low, the Hippogriff screamed over the heads of the Knights of the White Wolf, panicking their horses. The bearded knights tried to calm their terrified steeds which bucked and snorted in fear. Unable to settle the panicked beasts, the knights were carried away from the battle. With an ear-piercing cry, the great beast landed in front of a unit of young Pistoliers, ripping up the ground with its wicked claws.

Deep in the forest, the Damsel Isabella picked her way around the twisted branches, her delicate form slipping silently through the trees. In her hand she held a chalice of exquisite beauty, the potion within it shimmering like liquid silver. Raising her eyes to the heavens, she sought the Lady's guidance. As she reached out with her power, Isabella felt the presence of another magically attuned mind disrupting her casting. Raising the gleaming chalice to her lips Isabella drank deeply, silently requesting aid from the Lady of the Lake. Her chest tightened, and she convulsed violently; the liquid of the chalice felt like acid running through her veins. Clutching

her stomach tightly, she raised her arms above her head and began another incantation. As pain wracked her slender frame, she stumbled over her words, her magic slipping out of her grasp like water. Her eyes widened in horror, a feeling of dread filling her. Could the Lady have deserted her?

Swinging in his saddle, Duke Montforte motioned towards the mounted squires behind him. In response, they steadied themselves, drawing their bowstrings back carefully. Their arrows soared into the air, descending on the black-armoured pistoliers. One of the young nobles fell to the ground, an arrow protruding from his neck.

Further along the Bretonnian battle line, the foresters launched a volley of arrows towards the steam tank that was chugging across the grass. The Empire engineer's eyes widened, and he quickly dropped within the tank, closing the hatch tightly above him. The arrows were deflected harmlessly off the armoured hull of the steaming machine without so much as scratching its thick metal hide.

EMPIRE TURN 2

“Two points to port! Onwards!” shouted Engineer Commander Fritz exuberantly. The lumbering steam tank swung haltingly to the left. With an outburst of steam, cams and cogs began to revolve steadily and the Conqueror powered towards the frightened-looking Bretonnian men-at-arms.

On the hill behind the Empire battle line, Pieter struggled under the weight of the cannon ball, hefting it into the blackened barrel. He still felt exuberant over the last shot, his heart fairly bursting with pride. Turning to look over the battlefield, his eyes were drawn to his lord the Elector Count, marching undaunted towards the enemy, his halberdiers advancing at his side. The battle banner waved defiantly at the approaching Bretonnians, and Pieter felt a sense of awe flow over him as he gazed at the brave regiment. The mercenary free company advanced alongside the halberdiers.

Glancing to his left, Pieter felt suddenly cold as he saw the terrifying visage of the living dead moving in perfect unison, as if controlled by a single will. The skeletons turned on their heels and began to march back behind the Empire battle line.

“Let’s do one better than the last, lads,” came the gruff voice of the master gunner. Pieter grinned, and helped swing the cannon towards the terrifying winged beast on the right flank. He saw the pistoliers, young nobles all, guiding their horses masterfully around the flashing claws of the great beast



The turret-mounted steam gun makes short work of a unit of Men-at-Arms.

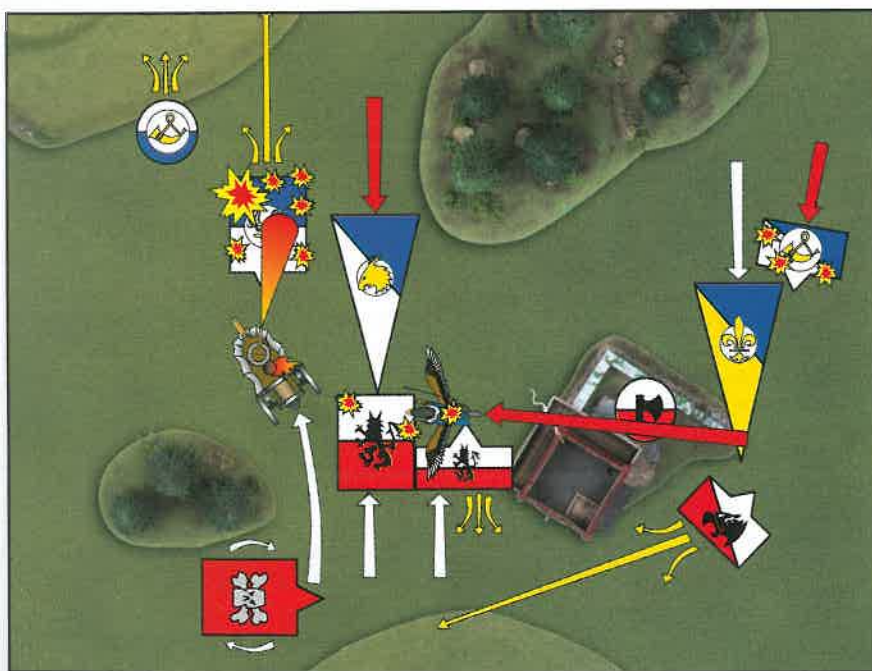
towards its flank, the watchtower at their backs.

Engineer Commander Fritz smiled grimly at the look of fear etched upon the enemy’s faces as the Conqueror bore down on them. He swung the turret-mounted steam gun in their direction, aiming in the centre of the mass of tightly bunched footmen. Fritz pulled the heavy trigger, releasing the pressurised, super-heated vapour in an explosive gust. Steam engulfed the men-at-arms, obscuring them from view. Shrieks of pain erupted from the billowing clouds as the scalding hot steam burnt exposed skin. Men dropped to the ground in agony,

hideously burnt. As the steam cleared, Fritz saw a score of the men-at-arms writhing on the ground, while the remainder turned to flee. Even as they ran, the handgunners on the hill opened fire, their shots punching the fleeing soldiers from their feet one after another until only a handful remained. They fled past the small group of foresters, who turned with them to flee from the great mechanical behemoth that seemed immune to their bowfire.

The huntsmen kneeling upon the tower steps loosed another volley towards the mounted squires, peppering them with their accurate fire. All but one of the squires was knocked from their saddles by the force of the longbows.

Standing behind the cannon, Pieter saw the pistoliers fire a hail of lead shot towards the Duke on the Hippogriff. The Duke reeled in his saddle as a shot struck through his ornate armour. Pieter put his hands over his ears as the master gunner lit the fuse. It flared brightly, until without warning the flame went out. Swearing, he re-lit it. Once again it went out. Pieter felt a shiver run up his spine, for the slight breeze was not enough to blow out the heavy wick. The cannon crew looked at each other in alarm, a flicker of fear touching their hearts.



Bretonnian Knights are protected by the Lady’s Blessing, and enemies wishing to shoot at them must first roll a 4+ on a D6. However, the blessing only applies to Bretonnian Knights, and does not extend to Men-at-Arms.

BRETONNIAN TURN 2

With a wild shout, Paladin Michel the Just kicked his warhorse into a charge towards the halberdier regiment aligned opposite, eyes fixed on the enemy battle standard bearer. The young knights arrayed behind him spurred their steeds into a gallop, and they hurtled across the grassland towards the enemy, lances lowering as they drew near.

As he charged, Michel saw his Duke speeding towards the same unit, the Hippogriff's powerful wings raising a cloud of dust as it launched into the air. Michel smiled beneath his visor. The lowly Empire troops would be taught not to mock Bretonnia this day!

Steadying herself against a tree, Isabella breathed deeply, focusing her mind and trying to ignore the lingering pain that wracked her body. Raising her arms, she began to chant, her voice otherworldly and filled with power. Her eyes rolled back into her head, energy jumping from her fingertips. Overhead, the sky darkened, thunder booming ominously. She could feel her magical nemesis on the other side of the battlefield attempting to divert the attack, but her power knocked aside the Empire wizard's feeble defence. In a flash of light, followed an instant later with a tremendous thunderclap, a single great bolt of lightning arced

down, striking the roof of the steam tank. It shook under the impact, sparks dancing over its metal form, blacking its hull. Smoke rose from the steam tank, and steam began to hiss from its damaged boiler.

Isabella gazed across the battlefield in satisfaction. She had been foolish to even think that the Lady had abandoned her. The Damsel could see the proud Questing Knights in the distance as they galloped around the tower. The solitary figure of the last of the mounted squires, his spear lowered and holding a horn to his lips could be seen charging bravely across the battlefield. She glimpsed the shapes of the mounted figures the brave squire was charging towards, and raised her eyebrows in surprise when they turned away from the solitary figure, drawing him on. 'Empire cowards,' she muttered under her breath.

Michel thundered onwards, aiming his lance towards the Empire battle standard bearer's chest. A moment before impact, the Empire general stepped forwards with inhuman quickness, his shimmering sword lashing out towards Michel. He leaned to the side at the unexpected speed of the attack, only barely fending it off with his shield. Distracted, his lance just clipped the battle standard bearer

Anything striking the top of the Steam Tank, such as catapults and mortars, will always count as hitting a Soft part of the tank. So, when Alessio cast *Uranon's Thunderbolt* on the Steam Tank, it struck the Soft area automatically.

on the shoulder, knocking him off balance. Michel swore. His steed lashed out with its hooves, knocking the Empire hero to the ground. The knights around him hammered into the halberdiers, impaling several of them on the points of their lances.

Dropping his lance and drawing his sword in one smooth movement, Michel risked a glance to see how his lord, the Duke, was faring. A group of unsavoury looking men had counter-charged into his flank. The foolish Empire champion raised his halberd defiantly before the majestic Duke, even as he was run through by the glimmering lance of the Bretonnian. Hefting the impaled figure into the air, the Duke's Hippogriff tore it to pieces. Dismayed at the ease with which the champion was dispatched, the free company turned and fled from the terrifying creature, though the halberdiers themselves held fast.



A unit of Empire Halberdiers stand their ground as both the Bretonnian Duke and a unit of Knights Errant charge.

EMPIRE TURN 3

Engineer Commander Fritz popped open the hatch, sticking his head gingerly out of the steam tank to survey the external damage. His hair was sticking straight up, his face blackened from the sorcerous lightning. Poking carefully at the flaking, black metal, he was satisfied that the Conqueror had not suffered too badly. He shouted down at the driver, and the steam tank spun to face the combat involving the halberdiers and the Knights Errant. Steam seeping from cracks in the boiler, the Conqueror backed away from the combat. "Now forwards!" Fritz shouted, and the steam tank reversed its motion, powering towards the Knights Errant.

Fritz dropped back within the steam tank as it bore down on the knights. The smell of burnt hair filled the interior of the Conqueror, but both Fritz and the young apprentice controlling the driving mechanism ignored the smell as they stared forwards in excitement. With tremendous force the steam tank thundered into the knights, their armour crumpling like paper beneath its immense bulk. Horses screamed and men cried out in fear as the Conqueror crushed the knights, knocking them aside and brutally grinding over them.

Pieter, still shaken-up by the sorcery that the Bretonnians were invoking, looked across the battleground, attempting to gauge how the flow of battle was turning. Before him, the young pistoliers continued to flee, running past the silent ranks of skeletons, who continued to march along behind the Empire lines. On the left flank, Pieter could hear a warrior priest exhorting the spearmen, and with the free company at their sides, they marched towards the flamboyant regiment of Grail Knights that had appeared from behind the trees.

In front of the cannon crew, the regiment of handgunners, accompanied by the Elector Count's court wizard, stepped forwards down the hill, glancing uneasily to the right. Puzzled, Pieter followed their gaze, seeing a large wedge of Questing Knights galloping around the watchtower unopposed. Under the gunner master's instruction, Fritz helped swing the cannon around to face this new threat. As the wick was lit, he prayed to Sigmar that it would stay alight.

With a tremendous explosion of sound and smoke, the cannon ball soared through the air, bouncing through the knight's ranks, cutting their horses down from beneath them. The knights

fell heavily, their companions vowing to avenge them as they continued to bear down on the weakened Empire flank.

Out of the corner of his eyes, Pieter saw the court wizard raise his staff above his head. It began to glow faintly, but his magic seemed to fade away, suppressed before he had even finished mouthing his spell. A look of increasing frustration passed over the wizard's face.

Meanwhile, the battle raging in the centre of the battlefield increased in intensity. Stepping in front of his faithful battle standard bearer, the Elector Count swung his flashing blade in a series of deadly arcs, slicing through the armour of the Paladin Michel with little effort. The Paladin fell heavily from his horse, shock written in his eyes. The remaining Knights Errant cut down several of the halberdiers, striking furiously from atop their snorting warhorses.

Pieter looked on with concern as the enemy general laid waste to the halberdiers. The Bretonnian's ferocious mount grasped another halberdier in its wicked claws before rending the unfortunate soldier in two with its massive hooked beak.



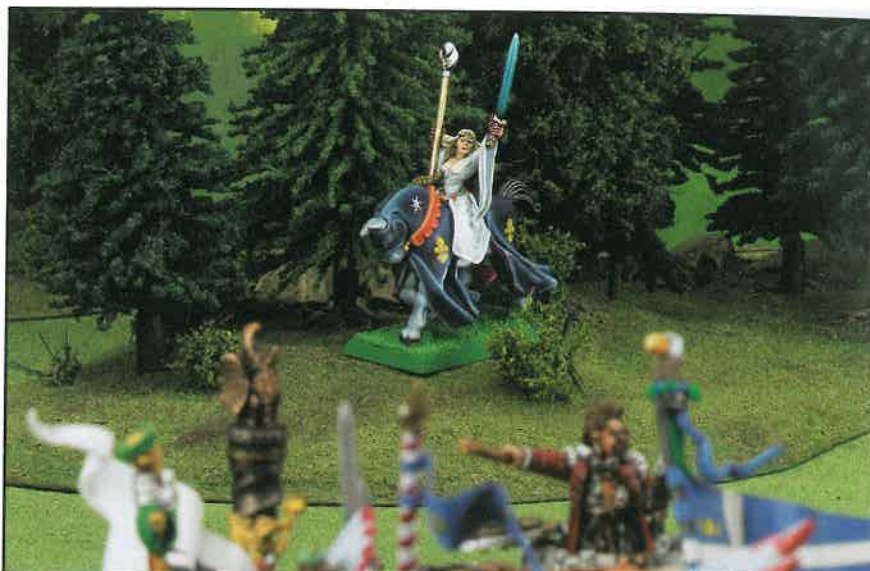
The Knights Errant are crushed beneath the bulk of the Steam Tank.

BRETONNIAN TURN 3

The sergeant of the men-at-arms, his face scalded and blistering, shouted to his few remaining soldiers to hold. They responded instantly to his command, turning to face the Empire forces once more. The sergeant's face darkened as he saw the bodies of his men lying heaped in the middle of the battlefield. He saw the noble Grail Knights thundering across the grass towards the immense mechanical beast, the hooves of their great snorting warhorses kicking up great clods of earth.

Isabella closed her eyes, letting the premonition wash over her. In her trance-like state, she saw a vision of Duke Montforte shouting out a challenge to the Empire general, daring his enemy to face him in combat. The Elector Count grimly accepted and stepped forwards, his face flushed in barely controlled anger. The Elector Count darted forwards, his flashing blade feinting to the left before slicing towards the Duke's throat. A red line was slashed across the Duke's neck, and he fell lifeless to the ground. Isabella opened her eyes in shock. Looking across the battlefield, she heard the ringing challenge of the Duke, and saw the Elector Count move to face him. Her vision was coming true! Isabella quickly placed a hand to her temple, projecting her voice directly into the Duke's mind.

The Duke's hated enemy sprang forwards with remarkable speed, wielding his gleaming sword as if it weighed nothing at all. The Duke was taken aback at the speed of the attack. A voice suddenly entered his mind, a

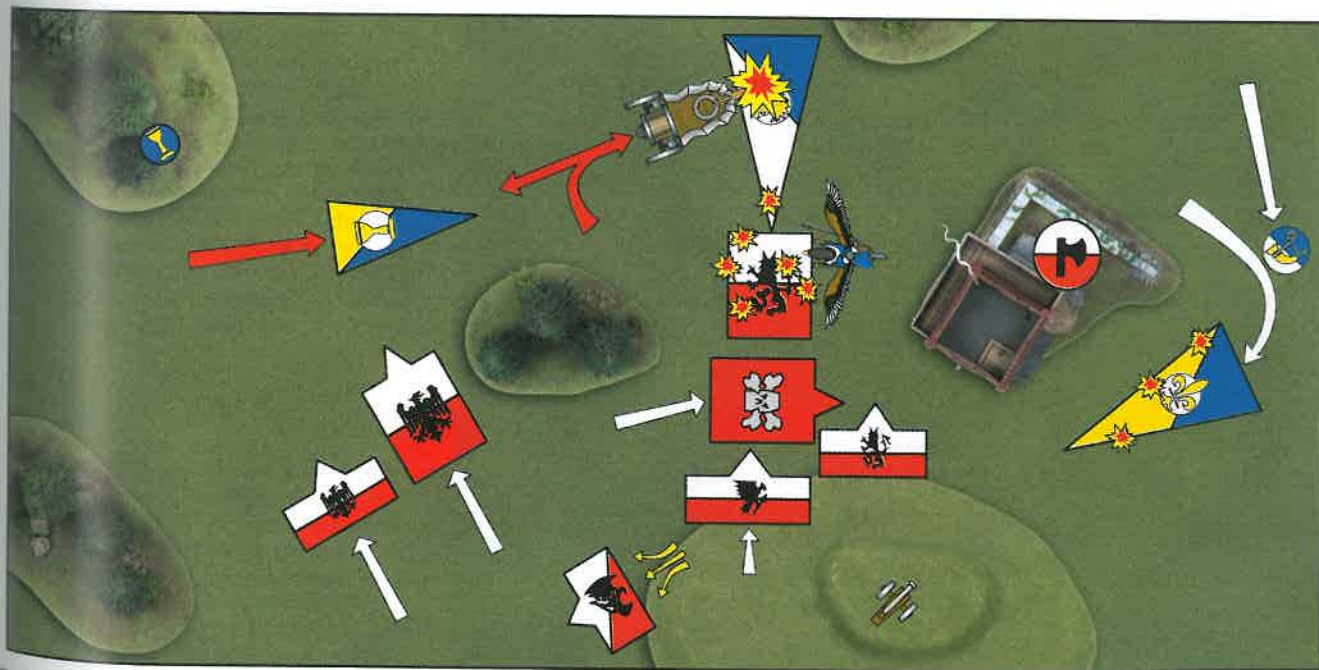


As the battle rages, Damsel Isabella summons her magical powers.

voice he recognised as belonging to the Grail Damsel Isabella. He knew to heed her warnings, and accepted it instantly. Ignoring the blow swinging in to his right, he raised his shield before his neck. Just as Isabella had said he would, the Elector Count reversed his attack, striking towards his throat. The attack rang harmlessly against his shield, though he was knocked back in his saddle by the force of the blow. His Hippogriff mount lashed out with its great claws, slashing viciously across the Elector Count's shoulder. Armour buckled under the blow, and a shoulder guard was ripped away in a screech of rending metal. The Elector Count grimaced at the blow, but stood

resolute, blood pumping from the grievous wound.

Meanwhile in the middle of the battlefield, the brave Damsel Abigail accompanying the youthful Knights Errant struck down at the halberdiers with her delicate blade. The reckless knights pushed forwards to swing at the beleaguered Empire battle standard bearer. The Empire hero fought well, frantically swinging his sword around him in blinding arcs, deflecting the attacks with consummate skill. The Duke admired his swordsmanship, and silently urged the Errants on, for he knew that if the battle standard bearer fell, the halberdiers would surely lose heart.



EMPIRE TURN 4



The Empire unit holds fast as the Grail Knights flee.

Pieter glanced over the battlefield as he struggled to load another of the lethal cannon balls into the smoking chamber. Inexperienced as he was, he knew that victory or defeat hung in the balance. On the left flank he saw the spearmen accompanied by Duthor the warrior priest break into a swift run, intercepting the Grail Knights as they charged across the battlefield. The surprised knights turned in their saddles to face the unexpected attack.

As mist swirled around his feet, Pieter bent to turn the cannon to face the Questing Knights once more. He

pushed with all his might, but the cannon wouldn't budge. All three of the crew heaved at the cannon, but it wouldn't move an inch. "Sorcery!" spoke the master gunner in disgust. Even as he spoke, Pieter saw the huntsmen draw their bows to fire upon the Questing Knights. Several of the bow strings snapped abruptly, the huntsmen looking at their weapons in shock. The few arrows that were loosed ricocheted harmlessly off the knights' armour.

In the middle of the battleground Pieter watched as the steam tank,



With a savage twist, the Hippogriff throws the Elector Count's body to the ground.

belching smoke, chugged backwards, pulling free of the knights it had rammed earlier. With a shrill whistle, the steam tank reversed its momentum, slamming back into the tightly packed ranks of knights, crushing more of them beneath its bulk. He watched as the free company overcame their fear, charging towards the enemy general mounted on the Hippogriff once more.

In the centre, the halberdiers struggled against their mounted opponents, inspired by the tremendous courage displayed by the Empire hero, who knocked another knight to the ground with a swinging blow from his banner.

"Sigmar guide me!" shouted Duthor as he sprinted towards the Grail Knights, his heavy warhammer held tightly in his hands. He hefted the hammer into the air as he drew nearer, bringing it slamming down towards one of the flamboyant knights. The knight barely deflected the powerful blow, his shield buckling under its force. The spearmen slammed into the side of the knights, knocking them off balance. Horses reared at the unexpected assault, and the knights were forced to give ground before their opponents. The Grail Knights swung their horses away from the combat. The spearmen stood their ground, jeering at the knights as they rode away.

Pieter held his breath as his lord, the Elector Count, ducked beneath the claws of the Hippogriff. Even from this distance, Pieter could see him wince, his wounded shoulder a bloodied mess. Nevertheless, he attacked with inhuman speed, his sword lancing out towards the Duke. At the last moment a bright light flashed, and his sword rebounded off some hidden protective shield. Again the Elector Count lashed out, and once more his blow was rebounded in a flash of light. The Duke slapped away the Elector Count's sword with the flat of his blade, and thrust out in a deadly attack. His sword pierced the ornate armour of the Elector Count. Pieter gasped as he witnessed the blow. Before the Elector Count could fall, the Hippogriff lurched downwards, grasping the Empire general in its immense beak. With a vicious twist, the Elector Count was hurled through the air like a rag doll, landing heavily.

In a fury, the halberdiers pushed forwards, determined not to let their fallen lord's body be defiled. Under the pressing weight of numbers, the Hippogriff dropped its gory trophy and leapt away from the combat with a shrill cry. The free company lunged after the great beast with a shout.

BRETONNIAN TURN 4



No fear is shown as the unit of Questing Knights charge the Cursed Company.

The Duke Montforte guided his Hippogriff around in a tight circle to face the rabble that pursued him. They slowed their approach as the great beast glared at them. Sheathing his bloodied sword, the Duke readied his lance once more. He felt a tingling of power through his metal gauntlet as his fingers closed around the haft of the potent weapon. Looking across the battlefield, he saw the Grail Knights swing their horses around, readying themselves for a charge. In the trees behind the knights, he could just make out the form of the Damsel Isabella, mist coiling around her.

The sky once more began to thunder ominously. Duke Montforte looked up to the sky as a great rent appeared in the heavens, lightning once again spearing downwards. Electricity arced towards the cannon positioned atop the hill. Just as it was about to strike, a shimmering blue sphere appeared around the infernal machine and its crew. The lightning hit the top of the unearthly glowing ball of light, and electricity played over its surface, sparking madly before earthing harmlessly into the hill. The shimmering sphere faded out of existence, leaving the cannon crew to glance around them in shock.

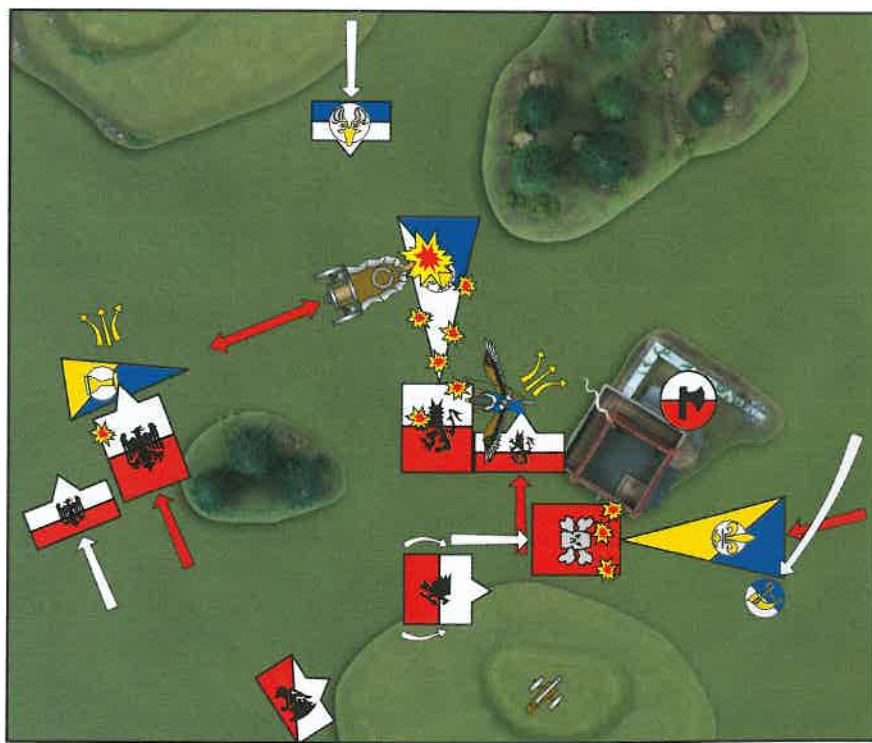
In the centre of the battlefield, the Duke watched as the last few of the valiant Knights Errant struggled against the overwhelming numbers of the halberdiers, trying to protect the Lady Abigail. Many of their number lay sprawled and broken upon the ground, crushed under the weight of the hellish machine of the Empire. Montforte cried out in outrage as he saw the last of the knights cut down and the bloodthirsty Empire soldiers turning their attention

to the Damsel. Though she fought bravely, the Damsel Abigail fell beneath a rain of blows.

Sighting the loathsome Undead before them, the Questing Knights lowered their lances and charged forwards. As they drew near, they could see that the skeletons were of all shapes and sizes, only a few clearly human. The Questing Knights' lances smashed through the Undead ranks, splintering bone with their lances and crushing skulls beneath the flailing hooves of their steeds. One figure attacked back, his eyes glowing hatefully from within his ancient helmet. His dark blade lashed

out, hacking one of the knights from his horse. In horror, his companions watched as his flesh withered from his body until he stood merely a skeleton. The lifeless corpse turned upon his former comrades, who recoiled away from the Undead creature in fear.

Whenever Richter Kreugar or any of his Cursed Company kills an enemy with one Wound, an extra Skeleton model is added to the Cursed Company unit. So, the more enemies they kill, the larger the Cursed Company grows!



EMPIRE TURN 5

The blackened face of Engineer Commander Fritz appeared out of the top of the Conqueror once more, proudly surveying the devastation his steam tank had wreaked upon the enemy knights. Glancing around the battlefield, he was pleased to see that the Bretonnians seemed to be faring badly. To his left he saw several Bretonnian men-at-arms running towards his steam tank. He dismissed them without a second thought. Sighting the enemy general before him, Fritz knew that vengeance for the death of the Elector Count should be exacted. He dropped within the steam tank, readying its cannon.

On the left flank, warrior priest Duthor urged his soldiers forwards, marching resolutely towards the Grail Knights that were even now readying themselves for a charge. "Fear not," the warrior priest cried out. "Sigmar shall protect us!" Duthor's lips moved quickly as he recited a short chant. A dull glow began to emanate from the amulet worn around his neck.

Pieter heaved against the side of the cannon, which now turned easily. He felt decidedly uneasy at the arcane powers he had witnessed this day. A ring of blackened grass surrounded the cannon and its crew, a reminder of the sorcerous energies he had just witnessed. Shaking his head, he helped manoeuvre the cannon to face the enemy general on the back of the screeching beast.

The young pistoliers galloped past the cannon crew, the champion amongst them readying his repeater handgun. Below the cannon, the handgunners, having reformed their ranks, joined the pistoliers in aiming towards the lone



A volley of lead plucks the last Squire from his saddle.

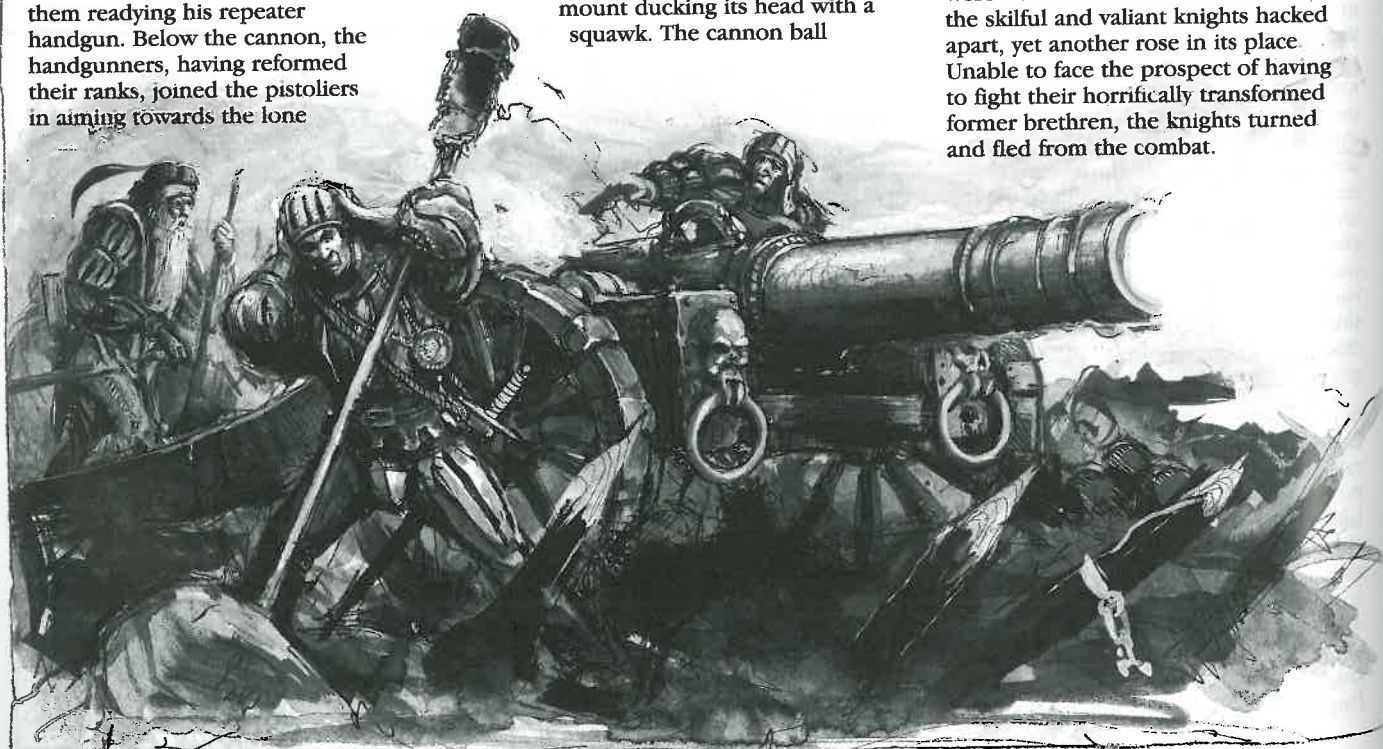
squire galloping behind the Questing Knights. With the sharp crack of gunfire, the squire fell from his horse; countless lead shots struck his lightly armoured torso.

Pieter held his breath as the fuse on the cannon was lit, just waiting for some sorcerous power to cause some mishap. Hands held over his ears, Pieter let his breath out slowly as the cannon fired in a great explosion of smoke. The cannon ball screamed through the air, overshooting the Bretonnian Duke, his Hippogriff mount ducking its head with a squawk. The cannon ball

ploughed into the trees, crashing through the branches noisily.

Engineer Commander Fritz cursed. Once again the mists had risen up around the steam tank and he could not see a thing. The fog curled around the Conqueror, reaching in through the vision slits like a living creature. Fritz shivered.

Pieter looked at the Undead legion in fascinated horror. The figure leading them cut a swathe through the knights, chopping through their armour as if it were not there at all. For each skeleton the skilful and valiant knights hacked apart, yet another rose in its place. Unable to face the prospect of having to fight their horrifically transformed former brethren, the knights turned and fled from the combat.



BRETONNIAN TURN 5

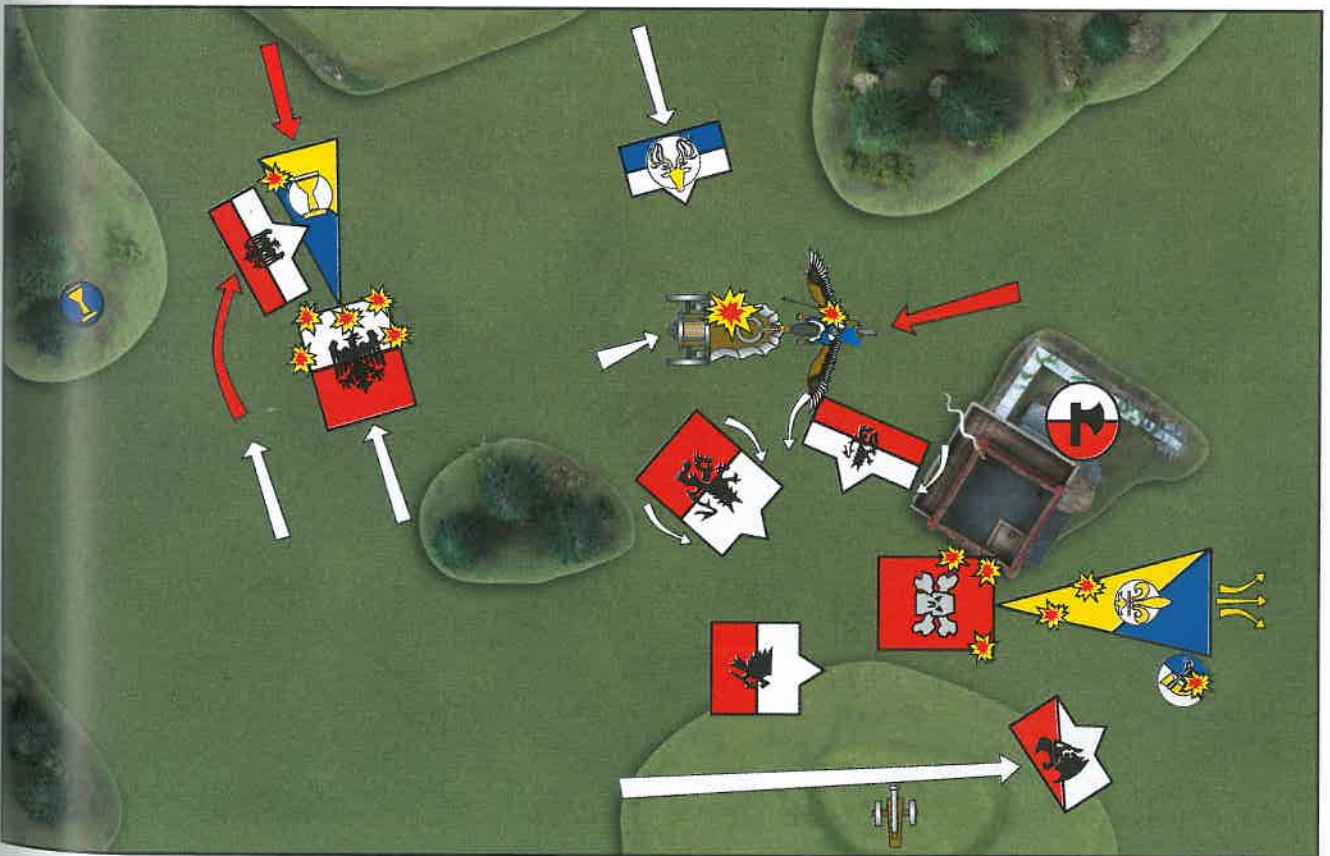
Regaining some of their famed composure, the Questing Knights swung their warhorses in a tight circle to face the Undead who were bearing down on them relentlessly.

In the forest on the Bretonnian right flank, the Grail Damsel Isabella watched with wide eyes as the Grail Knights thundered into the packed ranks of spearmen. The rabble alongside the spearmen counter-charged, slamming into the knights from the side and dragging one proud noble from his saddle. The knights impaled the hapless spearmen on their lances, several of them falling to the expertly wielded weapons and flashing hooves of their warhorses. Concentrating her mind, Isabella held a hand to her temple. The glow that shimmered around the warrior priest's amulet faded, and he looked down at it in surprise. An instant later, a lance slammed through his chest, and he was dead before his body hit the ground.

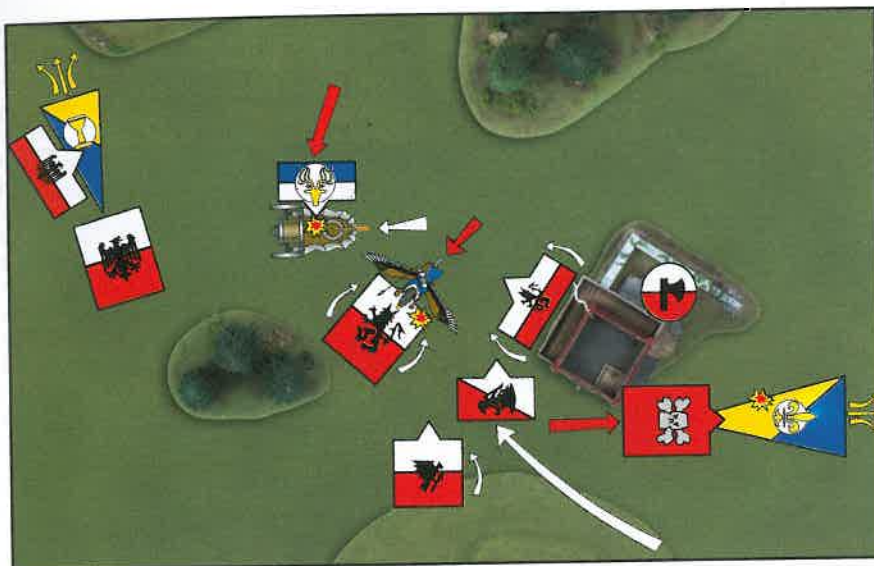
Belowing his warcry, the Duke Montforte encouraged his Hippogriff forwards. The terrifying beast leapt into the air in a great bound, soaring down towards the steam tank, partially obscured through the Lady's mist. As the huge creature landed on the front of the mechanical land-ship, the Duke's shimmering lance struck the metal prow with mighty force, wrenching the

metal out of shape with its unnatural power. The powerful forelimbs of the Hippogriff tore at the steam tank, ripping great plates off the machine

with a hideous screeching of metal. Its claws pierced several vital pipes, and steam began to pour from the near-crippled machine.



EMPIRE TURN 6



Hissing steam filled the cabin of the Conqueror, and warning whistles sounded shrilly in the enclosed space. Climbing into the turret, Fritz ripped hatch open, his eyes watering. Gulping in the fresh air, he came face to face with the cruel beak of the Hippogriff, which eyed him hungrily.

"Back it away, man!" Fritz shouted, and the steam tank finally pulled away from the beast, lurching erratically. Raising his repeater pistol, Fritz pointed it towards the huge winged creature. Before he could pull the trigger, a tendril of mist reached up from the ground, coiling around the pistol's barrels. Fritz pulled the trigger. Click! Nothing happened. Frantically, he pulled the trigger a few more times;

still nothing. Shaking the weapon free from the spiralling mist, Fritz clambered back down into the steamy interior of the Conqueror, his heart beating wildly.

The pistoliers galloped towards the enemy general in the battlefield's centre, pulling pistols from their braces as they rode. The young pistoliers fired their weapons towards the Duke in the same instant that arrows streaked towards the Bretonnian lord from the huntsmen's longbows. The Hippogriff spun its head in irritation, as if bothered by a swarm of flies.

The regiment of halberdiers in the centre of the battlefield positioned themselves to face the enemy general, as did the free company.

The master gunner lit the fuse of the cannon, and Pieter placed his hands over his ears once again. The wick burnt down, but nothing happened. Eventually he dropped his hands. Looking at the master gunner, he shrugged his shoulders.

A strange greenish light erupted from the wizard's staff, his magic finally managing to get past the Bretonnian arcane defences. It snaked its way across the battle field towards the beleaguered Questing Knights, flowing around the skeletons to swirl around the warhorses' legs. The horses flattened their ears, eyes darting around wildly.

Pieter looked across the right flank where the skeletal legion charged into the Questing Knights, their fleshless jaws mouthing many silent, ancient battle-cries. He whispered thanks that the long-dead legion was fighting on the Empire's side.

Pieter watched in awe as the skeletons carved into the knights, chopping them down one after another. Unable to withstand the undead attack, the knights turned once more and fled from the battlefield.

The more Hull Points that the Steam Tank loses, the less dice can be risked when rolling for Steam Points. As such, the more damage it suffers, the less actions the Steam Tank can perform, as well as being more likely to malfunction.



The Bretonnian General now stands defiant before the Empire's wrath.

BRETONNIAN TURN 6



The proud Grail Knights are ripped from their saddles and butchered as they turn to flee.

Isabella looked across the battlefield, despair blighting her. All appeared lost for Bretonnia this day, and her dear sister the Damsel Abigail had been cut down by the scum of the Empire. Tears welling in her eyes, she raised a glittering chalice to her lips, drinking deeply of the gleaming liquid. Magical energy coursed through her body as the sorcerous liquid was ingested.

Isabella gazed towards the fighting that still raged on. Close by, she watched in despair as several of the brave Grail Knights were struck by the spearmen, falling from their steeds, their armour pierced. Shouting a retreat, the knights began to turn their horses away from their foe. In horror, Isabella watched as the mercenary free company leaped upon the proud and dignified knights. The ragged, uncouth Empire troops ripped them from their saddles and set upon them in overwhelming numbers, butchering them to a man.

Further along the line, the men-at-arms charged into the side of the crippled steam tank, their halberds raised high in the air. Isabella focused her mind, aided by the power of the chalice. She guided the blows of the men-at-arms, helping them to strike true. As she returned to her body and opened her eyes, she saw the steam tank leaning on one side, a hole torn through the boiler

at the back of the machine. Steam poured from the critically damaged machine.

The Duke swung the Hippogriff away from the steam tank, and the creature bounded towards the halberdiers once again. Smashing into the tightly packed ranks, Duke Montforte drove his lance straight through the body of the battle standard bearer once and for all. The

Hippogriff slashed at the halberdiers, severing limbs and smashing men to the ground.

The Duke knew in his heart though that the day had been lost. He had defeated his enemy, the Elector Count of Talabheim, but his own army, the proud Knights of Bretonnia, had been scattered or lay dying upon the battlefield.



Their blows guided by the Lady of the Lake, the Men-at-Arms prepare to charge.

CRUSH THEM ALL!



Anthony: Well then. That was a bit unexpected...

I must say I was impressed with the way the Empire army held out against the Bretonnians' charge – it worked just how I

had wanted it to. I was even more impressed with Alessio's seriously tragic dice rolls!

The game was a lot closer than the Victory points would indicate. There were several moments in the game where it could have gone either way. Things were looking grim for the

Empire when the White Wolves legged it, leaving the right flank wide open, and, had the Cursed Company not marched over to plug the gap, the Questing Knights could easily have romped along my flank.

Alessio's inability to kill my Battle Standard Bearer was another point that swung the battle in my favour. If he had died, the Bretonnians would probably have smashed through my centre, and the Empire forces would have entered a whole world of pain. Alessio took great pleasure in finally killing the persistent hero with his Duke in the final turn.

The Steam Tank is an absolute menace of a war machine; able to steamroller

enemy units into the ground and blow them off the face of the Warhammer world with equal ease. However, it certainly isn't invulnerable, and as it takes damage its effectiveness is quickly hampered. Surviving the game with one Hull Point left was a bonus.

The Cursed Company, once they got into combat, proved to be seriously dangerous foes, and they managed to end the game with almost the same number of models as they had at the start thanks to their special rules. Ouch!

On the whole, a spectacular looking game with loads of entertaining moments (well ok, maybe frustrating moments for Alessio)...

THE LADY HAS ABANDONED US!



Alessio: Ouch! That was painful... but the worst thing is having taken the Steam Tank down to only one Hull Point left. One more point of damage and the tank would have gone

down... oh well, it wasn't to be.

My game began very badly, with Anthony's first well-aimed cannon ball killing three Knights out of a unit of 12, just enough for a Panic test – which I promptly failed. There went my largest unit of Knights, together with my Battle Standard Bearer and the Banner of the Lady. A 500 points blow that made me start the game without a fifth of my army. Some blessing!

After that it was a series of not so happy tactical decisions (like the Grail Knights' failed charge against the Steam Tank) paired with the worst luck I've seen in a long time. There was only one moment when I could have turned the game: when my Errants and Duke charged the enemy unit containing the enemy General and Battle Standard. If I had killed the Battle Standard, the enemy would not have been *stubborn*, and routing that unit would have meant a lot of Victory points. On top of that, breaking through the enemy line into the softer handgunners and cannon crew would have been a considerable blow to the Empire forces. To achieve all that I only needed to kill the Battle Standard. I wounded him with my Paladin's horse (naturally,

everyone knows that the steeds are always better than the riders) and when the Paladin's lance hit him with Strength 6, I would have killed him if I could just roll a two or more. My mistake was to say aloud: "Anything but a one!" Really naive, I should have learnt by now never to say that...

VICTORY POINTS

Empire: 1,947

Bretonnians: 832

Difference of 1,115:
SOLID VICTORY

The Dark Emissary looked over the battlefield in satisfaction, knowing that he had served his Dark Master well this day. He watched, intrigued, as the strange Undead known as the Cursed Company marched off the battlefield as soon as the battle was over. The Dark Emissary thought that he had seen their leader slump his skeletal shoulders in disappointment when the Bretonnians had finally run before him. Interesting, he thought.

The Bretonnian battle force had been severely weakened from the encounter, so much so that they would clearly not be able to journey to Albion. To top this off, the Empire general would take months to recover from his near fatal wounds, if he did actually recover, at all...

Turning away from the scene of devastation below, the Dark Emissary walked into the growing darkness, an evil smile playing over his lips, hidden deep within the shadows of his hood.



Grinding his teeth, Alessio still manages to smile for the camera.

STEAM TANK MODELLING

Converting the Steam Tank model

Graham McNeill is Games Development's staunchest Empire general. When he isn't slaving away as part of the Warhammer 40,000 team, he can be found busily scribbling away at his first novel.



ROAD-KILL

After getting my hands on the Steam Tank that the Warhammer team had been using for playtesting I sat down to get the painting under way. I quickly realised that the model had been put together in a less than perfect manner (by a Studio member who shall remain nameless) and was positioned with one of its front wheels up in the air. To get round the problem of this wonky wheel, I decided that perhaps the tank could be crushing a foe beneath its armoured might. Step forward my nemesis, Phil Kelly's Skaven.



A helpless Skaven being crushed under the wheel.

CONVERTING

The verminous filth of Phil's Skaven army has driven mine before it on several occasions, so I figured it was

time for some payback, even if only in model form! I purloined a plastic Clanrat model from Phil's bits box and cut away part of the model's back and neck so I could position him to look as though he was crawling across the ground. This naturally led me to wonder where the evil rat-thing had come from. Obviously it had to be the sewers and after consulting Studio model maker, Mark Jones, for a few modelling tips, I obtained some foam card to build up a movement tray base before fixing some plasticard to the top for a paved road effect. Using a circle cutter I was able to cut out a sewer entrance shaped hole in the card and a manhole cover from some beaten metal plasticard.

I painted this Beaten Copper then sprayed the base black and drybrushed it in progressively lighter mixes of Chaos Black and Codex Grey. For the final touch, in order to finish off the base, I used a needle to work superglue into the recesses of the paving slabs and sprinkled on a mix of green flock and sand.





Owen Rees is a member of Games Workshop's web team. This means that in between bouts of painting, modelling and gaming, he also manages to knock up the odd web page or two.

DELIVERANCE

As soon as I read Anthony Reynolds' article on the history of the Steam Tank *Deliverance* I knew that I just had to build one. I had been putting together a themed Empire Nuln army and thought that the Steam Tank would make the perfect centrepiece for my forces, as well as putting the fear of Sigmar into my opponents.

I liked the imagery of the *Deliverance* going off to war against the besieging Chaos hordes, and so chose to create the tank as it was at that time.

CONVERTING

This meant that I had to come up with a cunning plan to represent the refit that it had undergone. The first problem was creating the extra boiler that was used to power the oversized steam cannon. Looking carefully at the



Steam Tank model, it was apparent that the boiler could be easily separated, now all I had to do was find a way to tow it. One flying visit to

Mail Order later and I had what I needed; an Empire Volley Gun chassis. With the addition of a pipe made from the ram rod from the Empire plastic



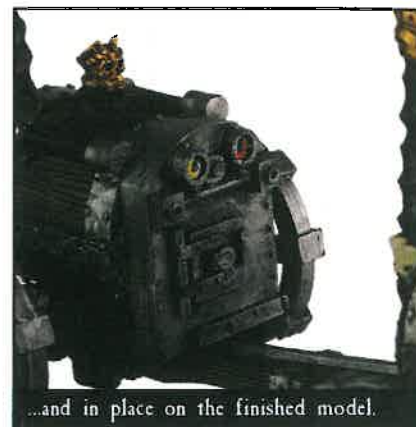
The Steam Tank's proud commander.



Interior detail - check out the crouching crewman!



The boiler being constructed...



...and in place on the finished model.

cannon set, my extra boiler was complete. I now needed a way to represent the oversized steam cannon itself. To do this I used the mortar from the plastic cannon set. I filed down one side until the barrel would fit inside the front of the tank. Several well-deserved cups of tea later I embarked on the next stage of the conversion. The *Deliverance* was fitted with extra armour before it went

to war. This basically involved removing the steam gun from the turret and adding in its place the 'fill in' armour plate that you get with the Steam Tank kit. With the addition of an Empire Engineer with a repeater pistol and a cowering crewman from the Giant boxed set, my Steam Tank was finally finished.

To find out more about the project check out this page on our website:

www.games-workshop.com/steamtank/



During the Chaos Incursions, the Steam Tank Deliverance was involved in many an action against the foul hordes of darkness.

STEAM TANK

This month Anthony Reynolds delves further into the illustrious history of the steam tank *'Deliverance'* as well as profiling four of the most famous steam tank commanders.

The Imperial School of Engineers in Altdorf meticulously maintains the famed empire steam tanks built by the eccentric Leonardo de Miragliano. Its engineers strive to improve the design but, with the original plans of Leonardo mysteriously lost, they have thus far been unable to recreate a steam tank fully from scratch. Only eight tanks now remain, the others having been damaged beyond

possible repair, and their loss is felt keenly. As such, these remaining steam tanks are treated with the highest level of mechanical attention. The anniversary 'date of the loss of a steam tank is a day of mourning within the Imperial School of Engineering, a day when all the engineers don a black armband and lament the tragic loss of these mechanical wonders. All engineers dream of working on one of the

steam tanks, and most of them keep a file of their designs, sketches, plans and ideas for variations and improvements that they hope one day to make a reality. It is the greatest honour amongst the School to be allowed to work on one of the steam tanks, an accolade that is reserved for the most adept and experienced of master engineers. The majority of variant designs focus on the military aspect of the steam tanks, their creators inspired to create the most bizarre and potent weapons of destruction possible, often to the detriment of their own health.

BARON VON HELSING

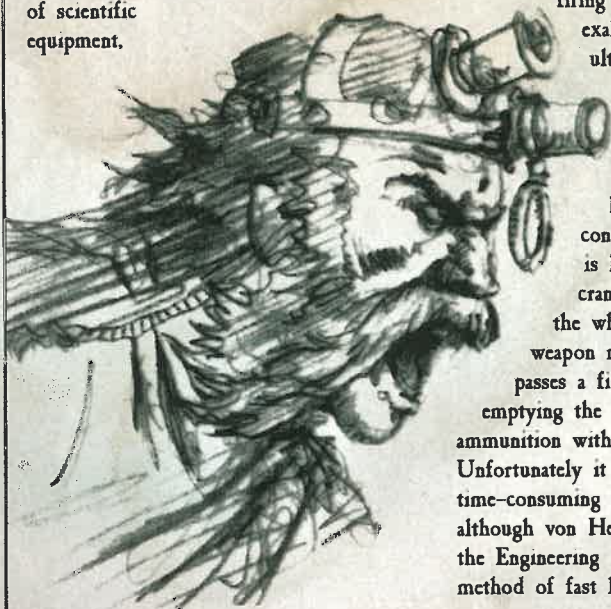
The eccentric Baron von Helsing of Wurtbad is a wealthy noble, cousin to the Elector Count of Stirland. Fascinated from a young age by all forms of technology and science, von Helsing was in awe of the marvels that the Imperial School of Engineering in Altdorf had developed.

When the school was running low on funds several years later, von Helsing approached them, offering them a significant portion of his extensive wealth in exchange for just one steam tank. Although at first reluctant to part with such a precious piece of scientific equipment,

the need for a wealthy patron overrode this reluctance and he was given the steam tank *Unrepentant*.

Under his own specifications, von Helsing has had much work done to his steam tank, including countless improvements to the engine itself. He has had improvements made to increase the boiler capacity, had a full leather interior fitted and has experimented with countless weapons systems. Some of his more unusual and experimental weaponry has included a dual mounted Helblaster volley gun system, which resulted in the loss of his left leg, and the current arrangement, a specially designed rapid-firing weapon, 'Helbrecht's exalted-velocity fusillade of ultra-rotary unclashment'.

This is a large weapon that includes a circular mount holding no less than 24 modified handguns in a series of concentric circles. Once each is loaded individually, a crank is rapidly turned and the wheel spins. As the weapon rotates, each handgun passes a firing mechanism, emptying the entire payload of ammunition within a matter of seconds. Unfortunately it is a very time-consuming weapon to reload, although von Helsing has commissioned the Engineering School to research a method of fast loading.



CHAPTER XXIV A Concise History of the illustrious mechanical wonder, the Steam Tank *Deliverance*.

(Includes documentation of improvements and customisation. For technical information see sub-section XVII.)

As scribed by Engineer-Journeyman
Marcus Freidscof

The steam tank *Deliverance* was handcrafted by the creative genius Leonardo de Miragliano in the year 2035. The famous inventor, said by many to be mad and deranged, entered the Emperor's service some twenty-two years earlier, conducting studies into mechanical locomotion and acceleration. The *Deliverance* was fitted with a prototype steam-powered cannon, which proved notoriously unpredictable and prone to unexpected detonation, though was particularly powerful when it worked.

With much expectation, the *Deliverance* was first tested in a combat situation at the battle of Kalmur Hill, situated just south of Nuln in Averland, against a foul tribe of marauding Orcs. The *Deliverance* malfunctioned in spectacular fashion, billowing clouds of steam erupting from its ruptured boiler. The Orcs were nevertheless defeated, and the steam tank towed back to Altdorf for repairs.

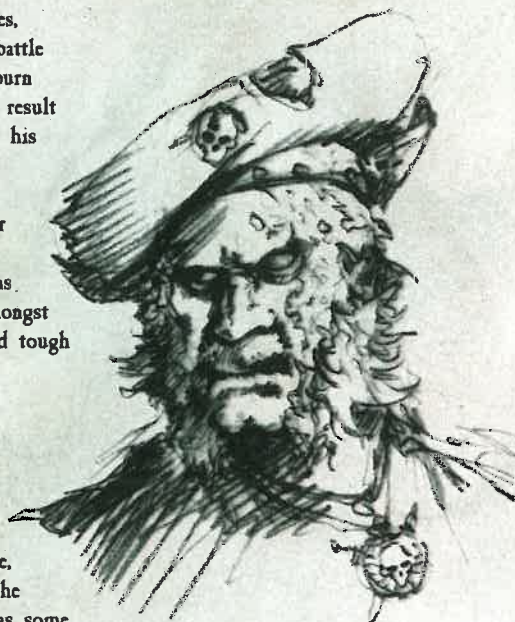
VON MEINKOP

Engineer Commander von Meinkop is a grizzled and famed steam tank commander. He is the most experienced operator of the steam tank, having fought in countless campaigns and battles, and he has even been awarded the prestigious Medal of Outstanding Martial Service by the Emperor Karl Franz himself. He pilots the steam tank Old Reliable, which he himself has extensively rebuilt over the years. A highly respected Master Engineer amongst his peers, he is said to be the man who best understands Leonardo de Miragliano's original design, and is a great source of information for the other engineers, if a somewhat an unapproachable one.

Old Reliable currently mounts a Helblaster volley gun specially designed by von Meinkop himself. Despite his unparalleled skill and control in regulating the pressure within the steam tank's boiler, the Engineer Commander has suffered innumerable wounds from his steam tank's various malfunctions and mishaps. However, he always survives these often dramatic detonations, and sports an

impressive array of scars and injuries, which he wears as proudly as his battle honours. Among these is an ugly burn down the left side of his face, the result of a ruptured boiler that also took his eye. He walks with a distinct limp from when a pipe burst and broke free within the steam tank's interior and plunged through his leg. His hands and arms are covered in burns and scarring. He is held in awe amongst the younger engineers, a gnarled and tough figure of great experience.

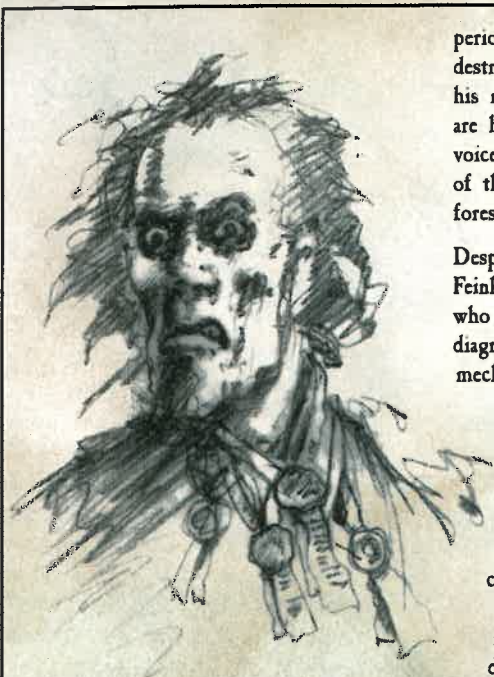
Von Meinkop recently travelled to Albion with Old Reliable, where he has been aiding the forces of Ludenhof, the Elector Count of Hochland. Soon after arriving on the mist-enshrouded isle, the steam tank became bogged in the flats of Muddy Point, and there was some doubt as to whether or not the colossal land-ship would be able to be rescued. However, with the aid of the magical powers of the Truthsayers, Old Reliable was pulled from the mud, and has proved to be a devastatingly powerful and integral part of Ludenhof's army. The presence of



such a powerful war machine takes his foes by surprise, and it is this surprise, along with von Meinkop's skill and fearlessness, that has continued to win Ludenhof considerable acclaim on the famed isle as the Empire forces push northwards.



On the island of Albion, a Dark Emissary and his Fenbeast find themselves facing the wrong end of Von Meinkop's steam tank.



FEINKOPF

Engineer Commander Feinkopf is an ageing member of the School of Engineering who has taken various steam tanks onto the field of battle countless times, facing all manner of vile and horrifying foes. This constant warfare has pushed his mind to the brink of its sanity, and Feinkopf lives in a state of paranoia, phantoms parading through his mind in an endless, horrifying stream. His cries can be heard in the night as he screams of the daemons tormenting him, although his body has been ritually purified by the Order of the Sigmarites, and he has been proclaimed untainted by the corrupting touch of Chaos. In his delusions, he cries out, proclaiming he has seen the twin-tailed comet screaming across the skies. He raves that he is witnessing the end of times, a dark

period of endless war, fire and the destruction of the known world. Even in his moments of relative lucidity, his eyes are haunted and he speaks in a dead voice of the rapidly approaching darkness, of the end of the Empire that he has foreseen.

Despite his dubious hold on reality, Feinkopf is one of the few engineers alive who seems to have an innate ability to diagnose and regulate the never-ending mechanical problems of the lumbering land-ships, and his exemplary battle record demands respect. Even in the heat of combat, as enemies pound upon the armoured hull of his steam tank, Feinkopf remains unaffected and composed, resigned to his inevitable doom and the fate of the world itself, conducting his work with diligent efficiency. His command of various steam tanks over the years has won a number of crucial battles for the Empire. One of these was the battle of Ice Tooth, where a bloodthirsty raiding force of barbarians from the far north was rampaging southward. Feinkopf was stationed alongside a minimal defensive force, who were slaughtered to a man. Alone, the Engineer kept the steam tank running for three solid days, managing to hold off the savages until a fast moving reinforcement force could come to his aid, routing the marauders.

With each passing day, Feinkopf's delusions last longer, and it is harder for him to break out of his vivid waking dreams. It is feared that some day soon he will descend completely into madness. His engineer brethren shelter him from the overzealous attentions of the Witch Hunters, and already mourn the knowledge that will be lost with his inevitable passing.

formations to considerable effect. (This tactic was re-enacted with great success against raiding marauders in recent times by the commander of steam tank *Sigmur's Hammer*, see Chapter MXIV)

With the disappearance of Leonardo and the subsequent loss of his detailed steam tank designs, the twelve steam tanks he created were looked upon as precious scientific models requiring further research. To our great chagrin, the secret of the steam tanks' creation remains elusively just out of reach. The *Deliverance* was returned to the Imperial

School of Engineering in Altdorf for continued study, the master engineers deeming it too important to be lost in battle. Already, two of Leonardo's creations had been lost or damaged beyond possible repair, and so the master engineer's resolve strengthened, refusing requests for the *Deliverance* to take part in battle.

Eventually, the engineers' decree was overruled by the Emperor himself, and the *Deliverance* was ordered back into duty. During this time of study, the weapon systems of the steam tank were improved, making the steam powered cannon more effective and reliable. A new innovation was added to the *Deliverance*: the first of the steam guns. This drew steam away from the boiler, releasing it in an explosive burst over enemies in close proximity, and proved highly successful in the field.

In the year 2253, a time of increasing Chaos infiltration and incursion, the *Deliverance* was fitted with an experimental weapon, a precursor to the now commonplace Helblaster volley gun. The steam tank was all but destroyed in a catastrophic explosion, but extensively rebuilt with no long-term detriment and the Helblaster prototype was disabled pending further research.

The steam gun has proven to be a popular and reliable outfitting for the steam tanks since its inception. Experiments replacing it with newly designed long-range armaments and repeater handguns have met with mixed response, although the results have been encouraging of late (of particular note is the recent creation of von Schrepp's so called 'multi-distributing micro-explosive shell projectile prototype', which has been met with unanimous support, and could prove to be a popular replacement for the traditional steam gun).

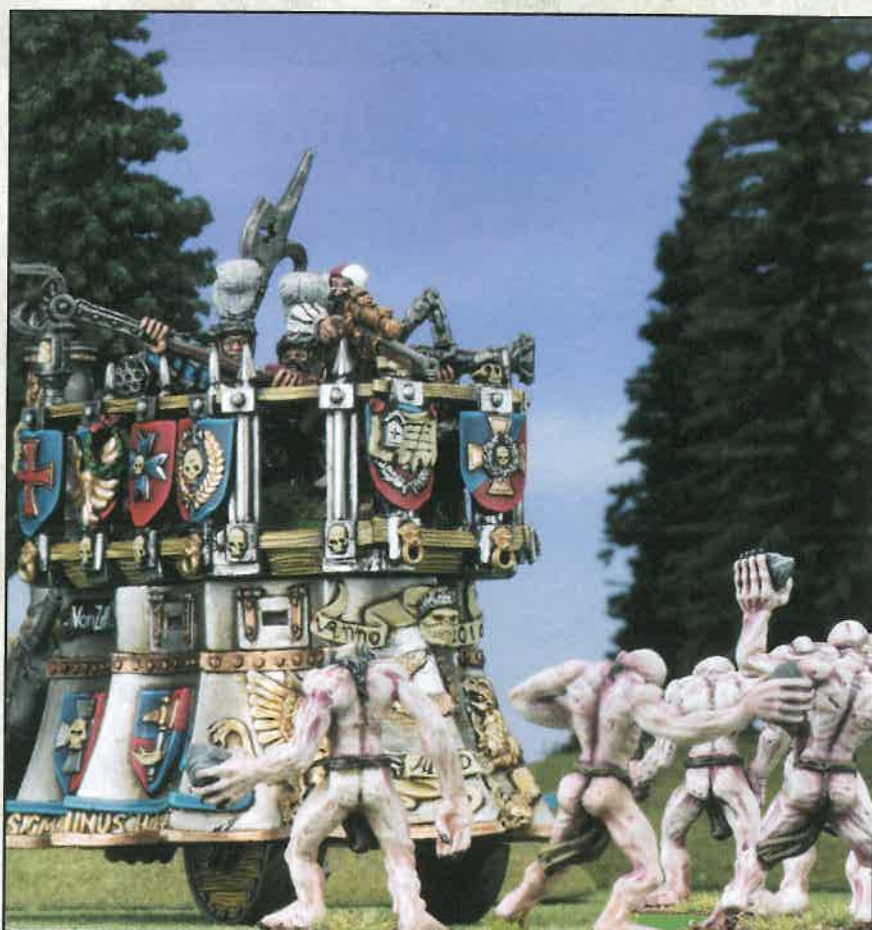
During the Great Chaos Incursion of 2301, the *Deliverance* was hurriedly outfitted with increased armour plating and a large, tremendously powerful steam cannon with which to repel the foulness that was vomited from the north. It was acknowledged that this larger weapon could prove overtly dangerous to the steam tank itself, but that such a risk was well worth taking. To power this large cannon, the *Deliverance* was fitted with a secondary carriage containing another boiler used solely to power the cannon. This weapon proved exceptionally destructive to the Chaos forces, although the secondary carriage was particularly vulnerable to attack, and easily damaged.

Over the next twenty years, the control and regulation of the boiler system within the steam tanks were refined by Leonardo, who worked incessantly towards improving his potent yet still unpredictable creations. The *Deliverance* proved exceptional in a battle to the north of the Empire against a warparty of savages from the Northern Wastes, although its weapons system was again unreliable. Its steam cannon misfired, but the scalded Engineer Commander, Heinrich Woolendurst, a favoured student of Leonardo's, used the steam tank as a battering ram against the enemy

After the Chaos hordes were eventually repelled by the forces of Magnus the Pious, the secondary boiler and cannon were removed from the *Deliverance*, having been deemed too dangerous.

In recent years, under the reign of his Imperial Highness Karl Franz, the engineers have continued to experiment with the weapon systems of the *Deliverance*, testing out a weapon designed to shoot great bursts of flaming liquid over the enemy. This weapon was inspired by a Dwarf war machine, although at present the 'liquid-flame projector prototype' is rather unsafe, and requires continued research and experimentation before it will be truly effective on the battlefield.

Even as I scribe this, the *Deliverance* is being refitted with its traditional armament, the steam cannon, in conjunction with the steam gun. Both of these weapons have been refined to a level unseen before. The boiler itself has been extensively reworked, and the inner cabin of the steam tank fitted with a range of devices to aid its commander in the control and regulation of the pressure and steam. These modifications preceded the *Deliverance's* journey to the northern forests of the Empire, where a disturbing upsurge of Chaos activity has been noted.



Helmut prepares to bring down yet another target with his Hochland longrifle.

HELMUT THE BLACK

Helmut the Black was the feared and respected attendant of the Elector Count of Nuln. Many rumours surrounded him, ranging from the belief that he was the personal assassin of the Elector Count, to his dabbling in unspeakable dark magics and evil practices. One thing that is known for certain about Helmut was that he was a brilliant tactician and, though he was an unpopular figure amongst the Empire troops, those serving under him obeyed his commands unfailingly. Helmut rode to battle atop the steam tank Von Zeppel, directing the Elector Count's armies from the mounted fighting platform. A highly skilled marksman, Helmut picked out the enemy commanders with his modified longrifle, which was custom built to his own design and mounted on a swivelling bracket at the fore of the battle platform.

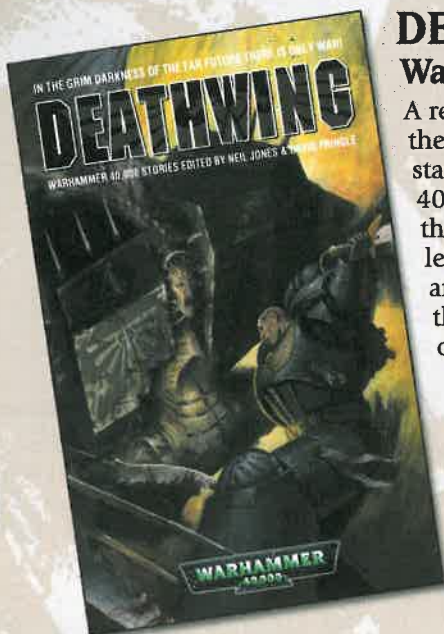
Riding atop the Von Zeppel, Helmut never showed any emotion in battle, his face an unreadable mask. The steam tank was held

behind the main battle line, where the ebb and flow of the conflict could be observed, and used to attack or bolster the Empire line as necessary. While he preferred to be removed from the general mêlée, choosing to attack the foe from afar, Helmut was a fearsome warrior in combat. When the steam tank thundered into the enemy, he wielded a massive two-handed sword, chopping down on the enemy with tremendous force and skill. Commanded by the shrewd Helmut, the forces of Nuln were undefeated in open battle for many years, and the Von Zeppel recognised across the Empire. Helmut the Black disappeared under mysterious circumstances after a great victory over an Undead horde striking through the centre of the Empire. Some say that he had angered a powerful Necromancer by defeating the army and the evil sorcerer had returned from the grave, seeking vengeance. However, it would seem more likely that he was 'removed' for political reasons, his influence over the Elector Count seen

as unhealthy by many, particularly because he was not of noble birth.



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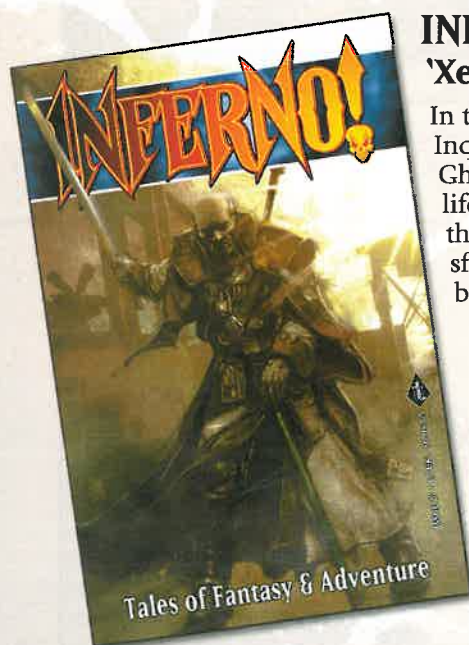
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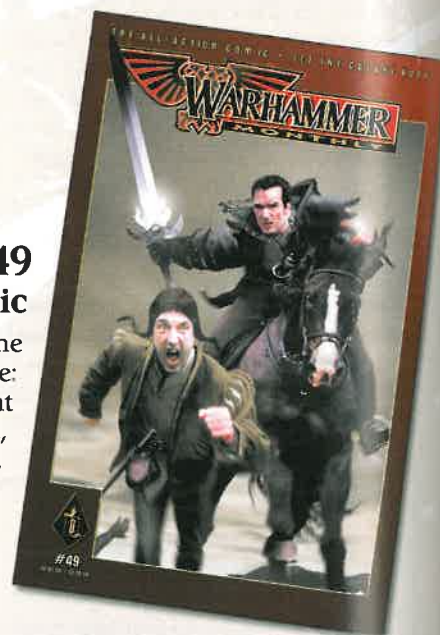
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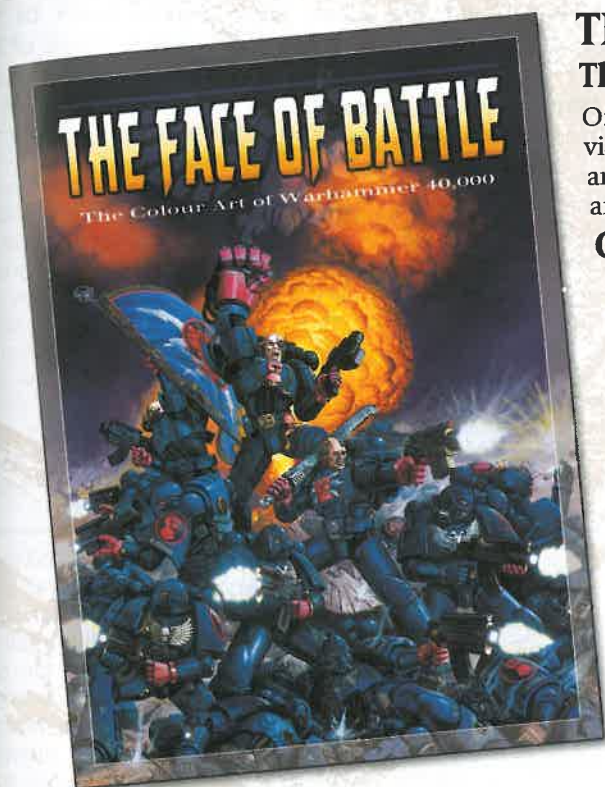
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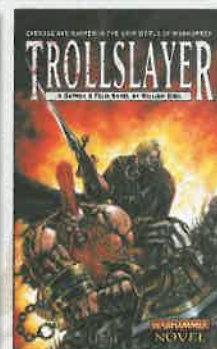
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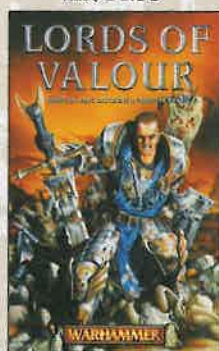
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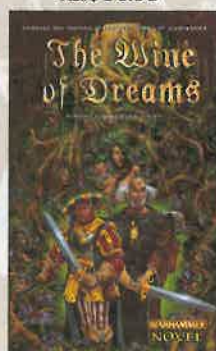
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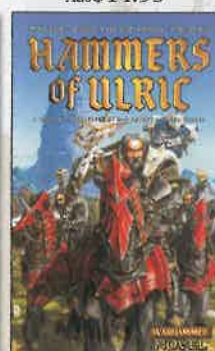
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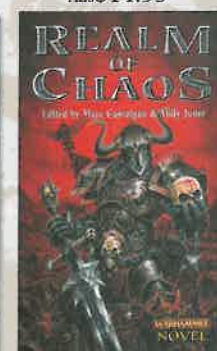
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Index Astartes

First Founding

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

WARRIORS OF ULTRAMAR

The Ultramarines
Space Marine Chapter

by Graham McNeill

Since the ancient times of the Great Crusade, the Ultramarines have fought at the forefront of the Emperor's armies. Highly disciplined and courageous warriors, the Ultramarines have remained true to the teachings of the holy Codex Astartes, the greatest work of their Primarch, Roboute Guilliman, for ten thousand years. Tales of their victories are told from their home world, Macragge, to the sacred halls of Terra. Whenever the enemies of Mankind threaten the Imperium, the Ultramarines stand ready to fight them.

Origins

Uniquely amongst the First Founding Legions, the history of the Ultramarines is relatively well documented and there exists a wealth of information regarding the formation of this most illustrious Chapter. One of the greatest mysteries concerning the Primarchs of the Space Marine Legions are the circumstances of their sundering from the Emperor and this has vexed scholars down through the millennia. There are many wild and fanciful theories, but none can fully explain how such a calamitous event could be allowed to transpire. While it is a mystery that will probably never be adequately solved, it is when Roboute Guilliman's discovery on Macragge is examined that Imperial scholars find perhaps the greatest clue to the true facts of the matter.

Macragge is a rocky, inhospitable world on the eastern fringe of the galaxy. Three-quarters of its surface is covered by bleak, mountainous uplands, the rest with glittering blue seas. Macragge had survived the worst catastrophes of the Age of Strife; its industries had remained intact, contact was maintained with nearby star systems, and spacecraft regularly travelled between them. The people of Macragge were ruled by two Kings, or Consuls, and their word was law. To break their laws was to invite severe retribution, but honest toil was rewarded and positions of power granted to those most capable. Life on Macragge was harsh and only the strongest survived to adulthood. The state determined whether children, both male and female, were strong when they were born and weakling infants were left on the mountains to perish.

To be a citizen of Macragge was to live a life of discipline, self-denial and simplicity. The people viewed themselves as the true inheritors of Humanity's best traditions, shunning luxuries and occasion for leisure. Reliance on technological advancement was seen as bringing discord, weakness and a decline in moral values. This exercised a profound pull on the surrounding

systems which admired the discipline and order of Macragge. To maintain this way of life, children of both sexes were sent to military and athletic academies at the age of six where they were taught to fight, build their stamina, maintain discipline, endure extremes of pain and survive in the wild. Life for the students was brutal and only the very best survived. At fourteen, after eight years of the toughest training imaginable, those students became soldiers.

This punishing regime ensured that the military might of Macragge was second to none and many of the surrounding systems adopted the same method of training. While the rest of the galaxy threatened to plunge back into the anarchy of the Age of Strife, Macragge and her neighbours prospered, disciplined armies of highly trained warriors hurling back alien invaders, pirates and human renegades time and time again. A soldier served until he or she reached the age of thirty, when they were allowed to leave the military and start a family of their own. However, despite the overwhelming military successes off-planet, areas of Macragge remained untamed and wild, with bandits and brigands raiding from the barbarous lands of Illyrium in the north. Konor, the mightiest Battle King of Macragge, had led armies against the northern barbarians, but even he had never managed to pacify the region for any length of time.

The coming of Roboute Guilliman was a time of great omen for the people of Macragge. Scribes recorded many strange sights and a passage in Konor's journals offers a significant clue to the mystery surrounding the Space Marine Primarchs. These writings have been preserved by the Librarians of the Ultramarines and its words have enlightened and divided Imperial historians in equal measure.

"Such dreams as might make a man believe he had lost his mind, or worse, fallen prey to a daemon, beset me nightly. It has been three months since I spent a night not woken from sleep by a scream so terrible I scarce believe it to be my own. Every night, dark terrors of fang and claw seek to rend my

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flesh and feast on my soul. The physicians prepare me infusions of Lassiam root, but they do not help. Until tonight I felt like I should go mad. But as I dreamed of dark monsters that longed to suck the marrow from my bones, I beheld an armoured figure in a moulded breastplate of iron, embossed with an eagle and polished so that it shone like silver. A close fitting helm of bronze obscured the warrior's face and he stood with a wide-bladed sword that crackled with powerful energies. The dark beasts swarmed around him, but he smote them with his mighty weapon and, as each creature fell, it howled and vanished from sight. As the last beast was slain, the warrior turned to me and I suddenly found myself beside Hera's Falls in the Valley of Laponis. Spray from the mighty waterfall drenched me and I saw a golden haired child on the ground. The

warrior bade me protect the child and as I reached to gather the babe in my arms, I woke, feeling more refreshed than I have in months. Dream or vision? I do not know, but I awoke with a fine mist of fresh mountain water on my face."

According to legend, the Valley of Laponis was the site of the crowning of the first Battle King of Macragge and, the following day, Konor rode east at the head of his bodyguard to Hera's Falls. Weeks later, the king's expedition eventually crested the impenetrable, snow-capped peaks and reached the vast falls, glacial water thundering to the rocks tens of thousands of feet below. Here, wrapped in swaddling clothes, they discovered the child that Konor had seen in his vision. How the child came to be in this isolated valley

was a mystery that would never be solved, but it was seen as a great omen that the child should be found in a place of such historical significance. Konor took the babe back to his palace and named him Roboute, which means 'Great One'.

Roboute grew quickly, as did his capacity for learning, and within the space of a few years he had mastered everything the wisest men of Macragge could teach him. At the age of six, as was the custom for children of Macragge, he was taken from his father and inducted into the Agiselus Barracks where he mastered the art of war with breathtaking speed. His grasp of philosophy, history and science was greater than anyone alive, yet his true genius lay in the field of military organisation. After two years it became

Chapter Approved Access Level: 6 thirty-five

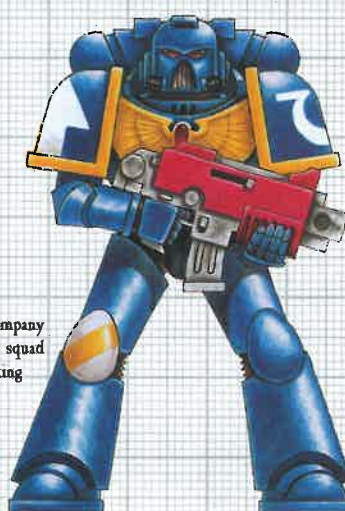
Ultramarines, Progenitor Legion M31



Mk I Boltgun
Crossfile/1839c/A

Septus XII
Campaign Badge
Crossfile/1102a/X

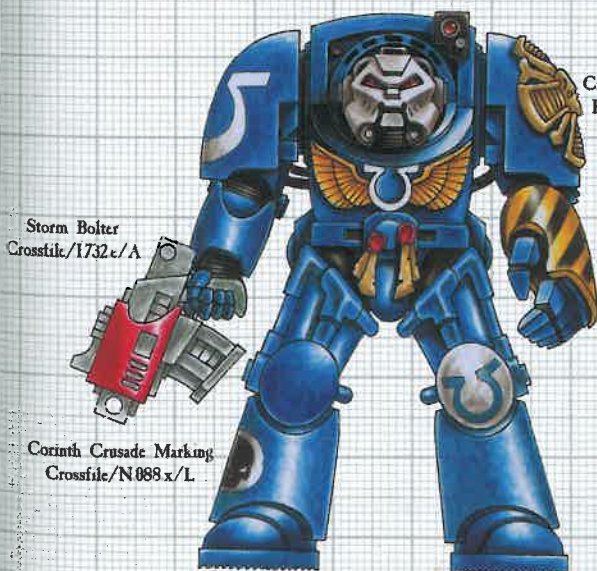
Pre-Heresy Ultramarines Corvus Pattern Power Armour



Mk III Boltgun
Crossfile/19501/C

2nd Company
Tactical squad
marking

Post-Heresy Ultramarines Power Armour



Storm Bolter
Crossfile/1732c/A

Crux Terminatus
Honour Badge

Power Fist
Crossfile/1043a/X

Corinth Crusade Marking
Crossfile/N888x/L

Ultramarines Terminator



Ultramarines Chapter Symbol



Terminator
Veteran Sergeant



Veteran Sergeant



Veteran



Sergeant

Ultramarines Helmet Variants

Thought for the day: His word is your bond

farical for Roboute to remain at the training barracks as he was already the mightiest warrior on Macragge. He could best every one of his instructors in hand to hand combat and none could out-think his battlefield stratagems.

As Roboute took his place within the military, Macragge itself was in a state of change. Konor was a well-liked ruler, yet his fellow Consul, a vain and jealous man named Gallan, plotted against him. In these times of prosperity, Gallan and a powerful group of the wealthy elite of Macragge had grown fat off the labour of slaves and vigorously opposed Konor's proposed reforms that would oblige them to provide their slaves with reasonable food and accommodation. Konor also pushed through legislation that forced the wealthy to contribute to his ambitious programme to enlarge and improve the capital city. His reforms were of great benefit to the people of Macragge, but Gallan and his supporters were fearful of losing their wealth and power. Such was Roboute's fearsome reputation, Gallan knew that he could not strike while Konor's son was still in the capital, and secretly arranged to have him removed from the

city. Spreading gold amongst the Illyrium tribes, Gallan had the tribesmen launch a series of bloody raids against the northern communities of Macragge. He then counselled Konor that the pacification of these tribes would be the perfect task for Roboute. Konor readily agreed; he had been seeking a task worthy of his son and he believed that this was the perfect opportunity for him to prove his readiness for command.

Roboute marched north into the untamed lands of Illyrium and launched a brilliant campaign against the tribesmen. His genius for military strategy and organisation was nothing short of legendary, and within two months his expeditionary force had not only pacified the entire region but had earned the respect of the fierce tribesmen. Roboute became blood brother to Bardylis, head man of the strongest tribe, after sparing his life in battle and accepted oaths of loyalty from the leaders of every other tribe at the Gathering of Paonia. Bardylis then told Roboute of the gold that had come north from Gallan and begun the bloodshed. Roboute immediately gathered his men to march south to the

capital but, as they came within sight of the city, they saw thick pillars of black smoke and the flickering glow of many fires.

Roboute led his army towards the gates, advancing through hordes of citizens fleeing from the terror within. The city was in anarchy, drunken soldiers looting and killing at random, and fires raging unchecked. Roboute marched to the Senate house, executing any looters he came across, and formed work details to fight the fires that threatened to engulf the city. A hundred soldiers in the pay of Gallan blocked the gates of the Senate house, but Roboute butchered them and forced his way inside. Leaving his troops to deal with the drunken mob, he fought his way through the Senate building to find Konor lying near death, an assassin's blade lodged in his heart. With his dying breath, Konor told his son of Gallan's betrayal and implored him to continue his works. The physicians did what they could for the Battle King, but the wound was poisoned and they could do nothing to save him. Roboute's thoughts filled with vengeance as he began the task of restoring order within the city. Those



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soldiers who had remained faithful to Konor were besieged within their barracks, but when word reached them of Roboute's return, they broke out and linked with other forces loyal to the Battle King.

With Roboute at their head, the rebels were soon crushed and not a single man was spared the Primarch's wrath. Gallan had fled the planet, but Roboute hunted him down and dragged him back to Macragge in chains, personally beheading him with Konor's sword. By popular demand, Roboute assumed the mantle of Battle King of Macragge and he worked swiftly to destroy those who had betrayed his father, executing them and seizing their lands and titles. He distributed these amongst his loyal supporters and set about continuing his father's works. A year later, the rebellion was forgotten and Macragge flourished like never before. Soon Macragge had been almost completely rebuilt with wondrous structures of smooth marble, steel and glass. The people prospered and wanted for nothing. Disciplined, well-equipped armies from Macragge kept the King's peace, and starships travelled regularly between neighbouring systems. It was, in all respects, a perfect model of human society, and when the Emperor learned of this utopian civilisation he took ship for Macragge to meet its legendary King.

The *Speculum Historiale* records the meeting of the Emperor and Roboute Guilliman in great (and often unnecessary) detail and many historians cite this as proof that the Emperor had set Roboute Guilliman on Macragge deliberately. The Emperor met Roboute wearing a polished silver breastplate with an eagle at its centre and an all-enclosing bronze helm. He carried a glowing power sword and welcomed Roboute as an equal. Roboute instantly recognised the Emperor from the description in his father's journal and knew that he had at last met his true father. The Emperor was astounded by the prosperity and strength of this world and immediately assigned the forward base of the Ultramarines Legion to Macragge. The Ultramarines had been created from Roboute's genetic template and they established their base high in the Laponis Valley, beginning construction of a mighty fortress on the exact spot of Roboute's discovery.

The Primarch soon assimilated the wonders of the Imperium and readily took command of the Ultramarines Legion. As ever, his greatest talents lay

ANCIENT GALATAN. BEARER OF THE BANNER OF MACRAGGE

During the seven year Corinthian Crusade in 698.M41, over fifty Imperial Guard regiments and detachments from six Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes took part in the fighting to liberate the Corinth system from the domination of the Ork Warlord Skargor the Despoiler. In the final stages of the crusade, the forces of Skargor had been pushed back to Corinth itself and the Orks had not been idle in augmenting its already fearsome defences. A heavy price in blood was sure to be exacted in its recapture.

The Ultramarines were chosen to plan the siege and within three months, Imperial forces had destroyed the outer defences and Imperial Guard artillery pieces began shelling Corinth's main citadel. When a practicable breach had been established in the wall, a force led by Ancient Galatan, the bearer of the Banner of Macragge, launched the final assault. Warlord Skargor himself led the defence of the breach, knowing that, win or lose, the battle would soon be over. The fighting raged in the kilometre-wide breach for nine days, with thousands of casualties on both sides. Each time the Imperial forces wavered, Galatan would raise the banner high and demand all men of valour to fight on. Inch by inch, the attackers climbed until, as the sun set in blood on the ninth day, Skargor and Galatan met in single combat in the midst of the breach.

The Warlord was enormous, even for an Ork, and his strength was easily the equal of a Space Marine. The Greenskin's massive power claw severed Galatan's right arm and the Ultramarines roared in fury as they saw the banner drop. The Warlord reached down to snap the banner pole, the crackling energies of the claw coruscating along its length. But this was an icon touched by the Emperor's own hand and the Warlord could not break it. Ancient Galatan reared up behind Skargor, driving his power sword through the Ork's head and, seizing the banner in his remaining hand, raised it high once more. Again he led the charge up the breach, his superhuman powers of endurance carrying him ever onwards. Thrice more was he wounded, but his strength of will would not let him fall until the battle was won. As Imperial forces finally took the breach and millions of soldiers poured into the city, Galatan planted the banner atop the breach, slid slowly down the pole and allowed himself to die.

in the art of war and he led the Ultramarines to victory after victory, further expanding the Emperor's realm. He liberated countless worlds from the domination of aliens and foul Chaos renegades, but where some of his brother Primarchs left a trail of death and destruction in their wake, Roboute brought peace and fresh prosperity. Every world the Ultramarines liberated rapidly took its place amongst those loyal to the Imperium, and Guilliman's genius for planning campaigns ensured that the planet's population and industry suffered the minimum amount of collateral damage. On Macragge, the Fortress of Hera took shape, a building of such magnificent proportions that it defied the human mind with its grandeur. Upon its completion, those Ultramarines who had remained behind to oversee its construction began recruiting from Macragge and the surrounding systems. The training academies provided many fine candidates for the Legion and soon the Ultramarines received the first influx of

warriors born and bred on Macragge. The surrounding systems also provided warriors for the Legion and, before long, the Ultramarines were the largest Legion in existence.

When Horus turned against the Emperor and led the galaxy into the most destructive civil war it had ever seen, the Ultramarines were engaged deep in the galactic south. Their very successes had carried them far from Horus' armies in the north-east and Guilliman did not receive word of the betrayal until the battle for Terra was under way. Gathering his Legion, Guilliman led his forces towards Terra, en route destroying a rebel fleet on its way to reinforce Horus. The war had been won by the time Guilliman's warriors reached Terra, but the Imperium was in turmoil. Half the Space Marine Legions had sided with Horus and the remaining loyalist Legions had been badly mauled in the fighting. There were desperately few Space Marines, and never were they more needed. The enemies of

Mankind, sensing the weakness of the Imperium, prepared to attack, but Roboute Guilliman vowed that the Emperor's realm would not fall and took it upon himself to hold it together. He despatched his Legion throughout the galaxy to stem the tide of invasion and unrest, holding the fragile Imperium together through a time of great danger. Macragge provided recruits as fast as it could, and soon the Ultramarines accounted for more than half of the Space Marines in the field. After almost a decade of total war, stability was restored to the galaxy and the philosophies of the Ultramarines' way of war had permeated almost every Legion. Under Guilliman's guidance, the holy Codex Astartes was taking shape and its doctrines would shape every future Space Marine force and lay the foundations for the Imperium's conventional military might.

The Codex Astartes laid down the tactical doctrines of the Imperium's fighting forces and was to grow and evolve over the millennia into a massive tome that detailed everything from battlefield stratagems to uniform markings for various squad types. The most immediate change was the decree that each Legion would be split into smaller units known as Chapters. One Chapter would keep the name and heraldry of the original Legion, whilst the remainder would take a new name and iconography. No longer would the power of an entire Space Marine Legion rest in one man's hands. Some Legions resisted this change and refused Guilliman's orders, but when the matter threatened to erupt into a new and bloodier civil war, they eventually relented. Most of the original Legions split into five or less Chapters, but the exact number created from the Ultramarines is uncertain. According to the oldest known copy of the Codex Astartes, the so-called Apocrypha of Skaros, the Ultramarines were split into twenty-three Chapters, but it does not name them all.

Roboute Guilliman continued to lead the Ultramarines for the next hundred years until he and his warriors fought against the traitor Primarch, Fulgrim, and the Emperor's Children on the world of Thessala. Fulgrim had changed beyond all recognition. The noble man he had once been had died long ago upon his elevation to a Daemon Prince of Slaanesh and now he was corrupt beyond words. His serpentine body was multi-armed and each taloned fist carried an envenomed rapier. Billowing clouds of heady musk

enveloped the Primarchs as they met in single combat on the red fields of Thessala. None who were present on that day can say for sure what happened, yet when the cloying mists cleared, the Emperor's Children were gone and Roboute Guilliman lay unmoving, a single bright slash of blood across his throat. Not even the Primarch's god-like physique could halt the spread of Fulgrim's poison and, as Guilliman died, the Apothecaries set up a stasis field and transported their leader back to Macragge. To this day, Roboute Guilliman remains entombed within the stasis field, held immobile on his marble throne in the Temple of Correction on Macragge. There are those who claim that the Primarch's wounds are healing, but this is clearly impossible within the time-locked bubble of a stasis field. Despite this self-evident fact, many believe such tales and await the time when Guilliman will be fully recovered.

Home World

The home worlds of the Ultramarines are situated deep in the galactic south-east in the Ultima Segmentum. Whereas most Chapters have their fortress monastery on a single world, the Ultramarines control no fewer than eight nearby systems.

Collectively these are known as Ultramar and, while each has its own government, armed forces and individual cultures, all look to the Ultramarines and Macragge for leadership.

The worlds surrounding Macragge are largely industrial in nature, and under Roboute Guilliman's guidance these worlds were revolutionised into prosperous, productive planets where honest toil and virtue are rewarded. The inhabitants of these worlds are industrious, disciplined and intensely loyal to the Ultramarines.

When looking to their defence, each world maintains its own dedicated armies, but can also call upon the protection of the Ultramarines. They are not required to levy troops for the Imperial Guard, but such is the prosperity and disciplined nature of Ultramar that hundreds of regiments stand ready to fight throughout the galaxy. As well as their own defence, the worlds of Ultramar provide recruits for the Ultramarines and it is a source of fierce pride when a family can point to an ancestor who became a Space Marine.

In the glory days of the Great Crusade, the worlds surrounding Macragge provided the Ultramarines with hundreds of new recruits, raw materials and supplies. This tradition has continued to the present day and strong ties have been maintained between Macragge and its surrounding planets. Given the close-knit structure of Ultramar, it is not surprising that many of its worlds share a commonality of language, culture, architecture and governmental styles.

Macragge is a rocky world, protected by numerous orbital batteries and two vast polar defence grids. It is here, in the harsh and unforgiving mountains, that the Ultramarines built the Fortress of Hera, housing the shrine of the Primarch himself within the Temple of Correction. Here the Primarch's body is held within a stasis field and the Temple is a place of great pilgrimage for many loyal citizens of the Imperium.

Talassar is a turbulent planet of tempests and violent seas, with but a single continent named Glaudor. In contrast, the three worlds of Quintarn, Tarentus and Masali orbit a common centre of gravity and, outside the huge, enclosed agri-cities, the land is desolate and arid. Wind traps collect water for domed cities that protect verdant greenery and hundreds of square miles of agricultural land. Calth's populace lives underground, far from the deadly rays of its blue sun, long ago seeded with poisons by the Word Bearers Traitor Legion. Vast underground caverns honeycomb the planet's crust and, though the planet is self-sufficient, like all others in Ultramar, a great deal of food is shipped in from nearby lax. The planet's shipyards are justly famous and construct a sizeable proportion of the ships in the Ultramarines fleet as well as those used by other arms of the Imperium.

Both lax and Espandor are sparsely populated worlds towards the edge of Ultramar. lax is an agri-world and one of the most productive worlds in the Imperium, while Espandor is primarily composed of forests and rumoured to have been settled when traders were blown off course by a warp storm during the Age of Strife. The crowning glory of Ultramar was once Prandium and its natural beauty was famed throughout the Imperium, but the planet is now a barren, lifeless rock, stripped bare two hundred and fifty years ago by the rapacious Tyranids of Hive Fleet Behemoth.



"Never before have I seen such heroism than in the breach at Corinth. Heroes were made that day, and none more glorious than Ancient Galatan, bearer of the Battle Standard of Macragge, may his name be remembered for a thousand times a thousand years. Privileged was I to be amongst those who bore his sacred body back to Macragge, where his name honours the Wall of the Dead in the Temple of Correction. We shall not see his like again."

Captain Idacus, Ultramarines 4th Company.

Combat Doctrine

As befits the Chapter of Roboute Guilliman, the Ultramarines adhere rigidly to the tenets laid down in the Codex Astartes. For ten thousand years they have fought in the manner described in its holy pages. Other Chapters may freely interpret the words of Guilliman but, to the Ultramarines, such deviation is unthinkable. The Codex Astartes is a work of divine wisdom, sanctified by the Emperor himself, and the Ultramarines see no reason to deviate from its wisdom. The life-long lessons of discipline and self-reliance that are taught to the people of Ultramar from birth give them the strength of character to hold true to teachings over ten thousand years old.

For any given tactical situation, the Codex has hundreds of pages devoted to how it may be met and overcome. Each warrior of the Chapter is required to memorise whole sections of the Codex so that within a Company there exists an entire record of the Codex's tenets. The wisdom of thousands of Imperial warriors have contributed to the Codex, and details on everything from unit markings to launching a full scale planetary assault are contained within its pages.

Organisation

Following the break-up of the Space Marine Legions into smaller fighting forces, Guilliman laid down the organisational dictates that would become a part of every Chapter from then on. Though some would later stray from the precise structure laid out in the Codex, most Chapters remain faithful to its teachings. The Ultramarines are split into ten companies, each a hundred Space Marines strong and led by a Captain. The 1st Company consists of battle-hardened veterans and is, invariably, the most powerful. It is also the only Company capable of fielding warriors clad in Terminator armour. Following its complete destruction at the claws of Hive Fleet Behemoth, the Ultramarines 1st Company has slowly rebuilt its strength and only now, two hundred and fifty years later, has returned to full strength.

Companies 2 to 5 are the Battle Companies and these are composed of a mix of Tactical, Assault and Devastator squads. Each Battle Company is a self-sufficient battlefield unit, capable of meeting any threat and defeating it. These form the backbone of the Chapter and bear the brunt of the

THE TAKING OF BRIDGE TWO-FOUR

In 999.M41, the taint of Chaos was detected on the world of Thracia by Inquisitor Apollyon, and Imperial forces rapidly moved to meet the threat. Over half the Planetary Defence Force had been corrupted and, worse still, there were reports that indicated the presence of Night Lords Chaos Space Marines. Imperial forces drove the poorly-armed traitors before them until they were in position to launch a full offensive against the capital city of Mercia. Before the assault could be launched, six bridges on the Imperial right flank needed to be destroyed in order to prevent the Emperor's forces from being attacked in the rear. These bridges were believed to be held by under-strength PDF units, and detachments of Ultramarines were deployed via Thunderhawk gunships to capture and destroy each bridge with melta charges.

Captain Idacus of the 4th Company led the attack on bridge two-four and, after a brief fire fight, the bridge was captured. As Techmarines rigged the bridge for detonation, shells began dropping in the midst of the Space Marines as a massive Chaos counter-attack thrust towards the bridge. The main Imperial attack had been anticipated by the Night Lords and now a considerable force was attacking the Ultramarines' position. The right flank of the Imperial army was exposed and Idacus knew that he must not allow the forces of Chaos to cross. He pulled his men back across the bridge and signalled to the Thunderhawk as he prepared to detonate the breaching charges. The Ultramarines fell back in good order but, before the bridge could be destroyed, the Techmarine carrying the detonators was obliterated by a direct hit from an artillery shell. As the Thunderhawk swept in behind the Ultramarines position, concealed Hydra flak tanks blew it from the sky in a hail of high explosive rounds.

The Ultramarines occupied the bunker and gun nests at the end of the bridge and prepared to hold their position to the last man. Idacus voxed a warning to the Imperial army and ordered another Thunderhawk to extract his men. For the rest of the night, the servants of Chaos assaulted across the bridge and each time were repulsed by disciplined waves of bolter fire. Idacus knew that they could not hold the bridge much longer and despatched a raiding party to attempt to detonate the explosives manually. The attempt ended in failure and none of these men were seen again until dawn. As the sun rose, Rhino APCs in the colours of the Night Lords pushed across the debris-strewn bridge. Ultramarines prisoners taken during the night were nailed to the hulls, their rib-cages cracked open and spread wide. The attack was defeated, but there was no doubt there would be many more before the day was out.

This is not the place to speak of the horrors the Night Lords visited upon the Ultramarines, but the traitor Space Marines utilised all manner of despicable tactics in order to undermine the discipline of the Ultramarines and break their resistance. Less than a fifth of the Ultramarines who had begun the operation were still alive and Idacus knew that one more push would see them defeated. He ignored the advice of his officers and set off alone in a suicidal attempt to blow the bridge himself. Idacus managed to reach the first of the charges as the second Thunderhawk roared overhead, landing out of range of the enemy anti-aircraft tanks. Idacus ordered the remaining Ultramarines to retreat under the command of Veteran Sergeant Uriel Ventris as the Night Lords began yet another assault. The surviving Ultramarines withdrew under fire to the Thunderhawk and Idacus waited until the last possible second before detonating the first charge. In a lethal chain reaction, the remaining charges exploded and destroyed Idacus and the bridge in a searing blast. The Chaos attack across bridge two-four had been thwarted, and within two months, the planet had been brought under Imperial control once more.

fighting. Companies 6 through to 9 are the reserve Companies and each one comprises of squads of one particular type. Companies 6 and 7 are Tactical companies, 8 is the Assault Company and 9 the Devastator company. The 10th Company is made up of Scout squads and the Chapter's newest recruits. These divisions were decided upon ten thousand years ago by Roboute Guilliman and have served the Chapter well since that day.

Beliefs

The harsh life on Macragge breeds hardy people with strong martial values and hard-working natures. Discipline, self-reliance and honour are seen as cardinal virtues and the children of Ultramar are taught these values from the earliest age. These are reinforced in the training academies and, by the time students graduate, they are amongst the most disciplined humans

USING ULTRAMARINES TYRANID HUNTERS IN WARHAMMER 40,000

by David Gausebeck

Perhaps more than any other Space Marines Chapter, the Ultramarines know the magnitude of the Tyranid threat. As they also have the most experience fighting the Tyranids, they were able to develop a response to the menace. This response is the Tyranid Hunter squad. When formed, these squads take the place of Tactical Squads in the reserve companies, so that they can be called upon as needed. Composed as much as possible from veterans of the fighting on Macragge and Ichar IV, Tyranid Hunter squads are additionally trained with all available data on Tyranid anatomy and tactics. In short, they know how the Tyranids fight and how to hurt them. Tyranid Hunters are also specially equipped for their role. Each squad has use of an auspex to detect them in hiding. Tyranid Hunter squads also carry somewhat different armament than Tactical squads, using weapons that can cut through swarms of smaller Tyranid creatures as well as weapons that can crack the armour of the bigger aliens.

0-1 ELITES - TYRANID HUNTER SQUAD

	Points/Model	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Veteran Space Marine	18	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	9	3+
Veteran Sergeant	+15	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	9	3+

We are the inheritors of Roboute.
Let no rule be beyond us.
Let no man stand in our way.

Squad: The squad consists of one Space Marine Sergeant and between four and nine Space Marines.

Weapons: Bolters. The Sergeant is equipped with an auspex and may replace his bolter with a bolt pistol and close combat weapon at no extra points cost.

Options: Up to two Space Marines in the squad may be equipped with one of the following weapons each: storm bolter at +5 pts or flamer at +8 pts.

In addition, one Space Marine in the squad may be armed with: a heavy bolter at +5 pts; missile launcher at +10 pts; or a bolt pistol and power fist at +15 pts.

The entire squad may be given frag grenades at an additional cost of +1 pt per model.

The Sergeant may be upgraded to a Veteran Sergeant at an additional cost of +15 pts.

Transport Vehicle: The entire squad may be mounted in a Rhino at an additional cost of +50 pts, or a Razorback at an additional cost of +70 pts.

SPECIAL RULES

Know Your Foe: Ultramarines Tyranid Hunters are specially trained for combat against their chosen foe and can exploit vulnerabilities in Tyranid anatomy. To represent this, they may re-roll any failed roll to wound against a Tyranid model. This ability applies both while shooting and in close combat, but it does not apply to blast or template weapons.

Strategic Deployment: Ultramarines Tyranid Hunters can only be used against Tyranids.



in the galaxy. The people of Ultramar are taught to respect the might of the Imperium and that to strive in its name is the highest form of service a person can render to the Emperor. As such, the workers and warriors of Ultramar are respected throughout the galaxy and are a byword for strength, courage and honour.

In battle, the Ultramarines follow the teachings of Roboute Guilliman, fighting with all the strength and ferocity of their legendary Primarch. An ancient saying of the Battle Kings of Macragge was that a warrior should return from battle either carrying his shield or carried lifeless upon it and this is as true today as it was then. No warrior of the Ultramarines would bring shame on the Chapter and many are the deeds recorded by the Librarians of heroic

feats of bravery undertaken to uphold its honour.

Gene-seed

The Horus Heresy highlighted weakness inherent in the gene-seed of several Space Marine Legions and this was exacerbated by the accelerated zygote harvesting techniques used to keep the Legions up to full strength. When the Legions were broken down into Chapters, a genetic repository was set up on Terra to store their gene-seed and monitor its purity. As the largest Space Marine Legion, the Ultramarines' contributions to this resource was greater than any other Legion and, as a result, their gene-seed became the stock type for many of the Second Founding Chapters.

Those Chapters created from the Ultramarines gene-seed stored on Terra are known, collectively, as the Primogenitors or 'first born', and they also venerate Roboute Guilliman as their founding father.

The Ultramarines gene-seed is by far the purest stock and there are no known aberrations in its genetic structure. Every one of the esoteric organs utilised in the arduous creation of a Space Marine by the Ultramarines are fully functional and it can truly be said of this Chapter that they are as perfect today as they were in the days of Guilliman himself.

Battlecry

"Courage and honour!"

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MEGA GAMES TRADER

A big congratulations goes to Christine at Mega Games Trader, who won a stack of games and minatures in our September Trade Customer Questionnaire Competition.

Mega Games Trader is a hobby store located in Eastwood, Sydney. They have a great range of Games Workshop product and excellent customer service. They can place orders for any current Games Workshop stock with a fast turnaround. By the time you read this, they should also have a great new gaming area.

So, for all your hobby needs, pop into Mega Games Trader!



Having spent long hours working tirelessly to build enough terrain to cover a 6' x 4' table, this month Paul Rudge decided that he would concentrate his efforts and create something a bit special as a centrepiece for his Inquisitor board.



This is what he came up with...

SCENERY WORKSHOP

Building an Inquisitor battlefield, part 4

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

- Rabbit hutch wire (available at DIY stores)
- Foamboard
- A selection of textured wallpaper, card and plasticard
- Wire mesh
- Ready mixed filler
- Green stuff
- Your bits box
- Textured paint (sand, water and PVA glue)
- Chaos Black spray paint
- Chaos Black, Codex Grey, Skull White, Boltgun Metal, Dwarf Bronze, Dark Angels Green, Jade Green, Chestnut Ink and Black Ink Citadel paints
- PVA glue and superglue

YOU WILL ALSO NEED THE FOLLOWING TOOLS:

A small drybrush, tank brush, detail brush, cutting mat, metal ruler, modelling knife, modelling saw, metal file, pin vice, sculpting tool, clippers and pen or pencil.

Most of these tools are available at your local Games Workshop store.

At last, we have finally arrived at this the fourth and final part in our series on building a themed Inquisitor battlefield.

In the last three installments of this series I have shown you how I created a selection of chemical storage tanks, buildings and gantries which would create a series of darkened corridors, a themed board, and a collection of small detailed terrain pieces which would provide valuable cover for Inquisitor models to move around.

What I had planned next for the board was a large single structure that would form a focal point to the battlefield and hopefully capture the theme of the board and leave you in no doubt as to its purpose.

As the theme for the battlefield was a Chaos cultists' hideout, the building I

wanted to create would be a meeting place, a structure which had been built to fulfill a completely different purpose, but which was now used as a place of evil worship, a secret place, a cultists' temple where they might offer up sacrifices to the Chaos gods and summon forth daemons to do their bidding.

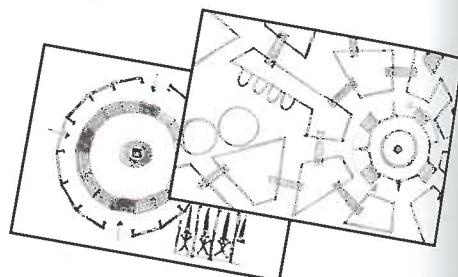
I had originally planned it to be a large circular structure, but creating a circular building would always be a problem, so instead I decided to base the shape of the building on a twelve-sided polygon that would be much easier to construct.

So in this month's scenery workshop I'll be showing you how I went about creating the cultists' temple. This would form the centrepiece of my board and would be constructed using a combination of all the techniques and ideas that I have used in the last three issues of Scenery Workshop.

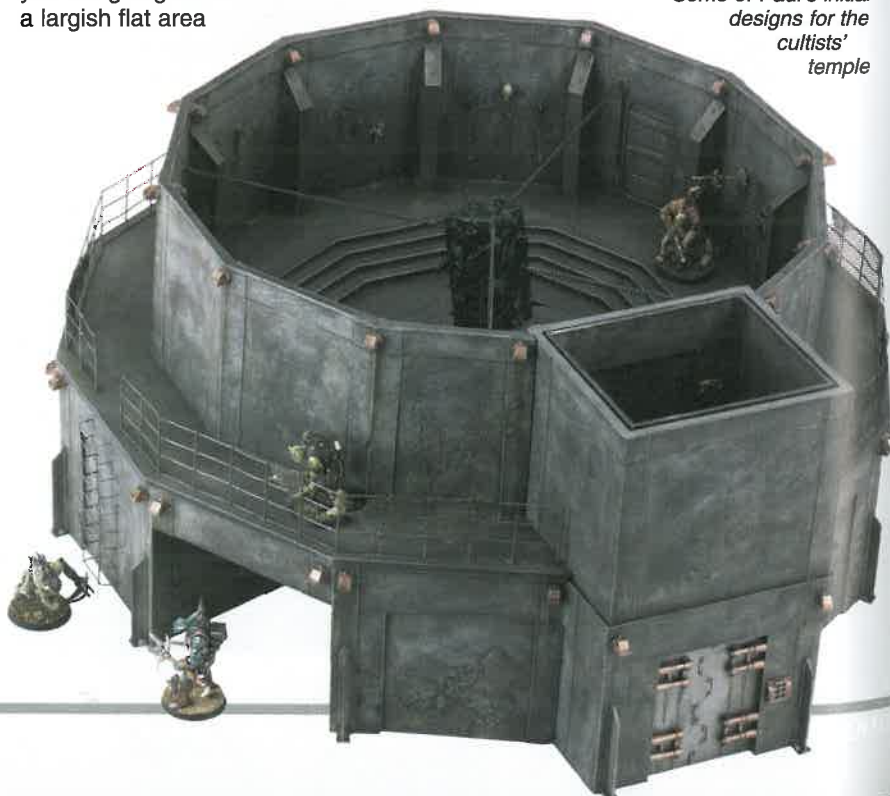
Before you begin building anything, you are going to need a largish flat area

for you to do your modelling on. If you are using the kitchen or dining room table, make sure that 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 surface. Next make sure the tools that 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.



Some of Paul's initial designs for the cultists' temple



CULTISTS' TEMPLE

While designing the building I made a list of very definite specifications that I wanted the building to fulfill. It needed to be twice as tall as any other building on the battlefield, so that it would instantly dominate the table. It needed to have an inner chamber on the first floor and, within that, a set of steps leading to main focal point (some form of altar); it also needed several entrance and exit points. Also as the central chamber would be quite tall and occupy the centre of the battlefield, I decided that it should not have any windows, ensuring that no snipers could control the battlefield from the comparative safety of the inner chamber.

I also wanted to make one of the entrance points a key feature of the building by creating an elevator. This would also be useful in the game, enabling large objects (or sedated victims) to be moved from the ground floor up into the inner chamber. As the finished battlefield is going to be used in a battle report, and because some of the action must take place inside the inner chamber, I made the elevator shaft removable so that a camera could have access to the action.

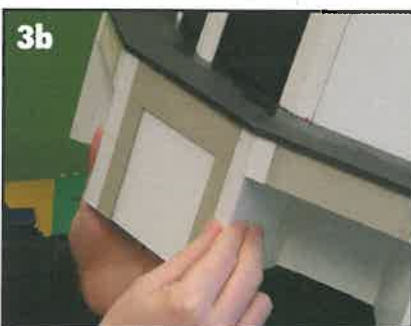
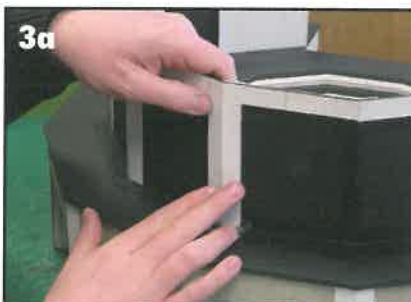
1. The cultists' temple began life as a flat piece of foamboard 20" x 20". I then carefully marked out and cut out what would form the basic shape of the building, a 12-sided polygon (well, it's almost basic). I then cut and removed a piece of card 75mm x 120mm from one edge. This would be where the elevator shaft went. It was now time to assemble the basic skeleton structure of the building. I used lengths of foamboard 120mm wide to create the walls of my building. With these assembled, creating an upper and lower floor, it now stood 245mm tall. When attaching the walls of the upper section I was careful to leave enough space around the outside of the walls of inner chamber to allow the placement of a set of railings and still leave enough room for Inquisitor models to be placed.



2. To create my sunken steps, I cut a hole into the floor of the building and, using several layers of foamboard, I created a small set of steps leading down into the centre of the room.

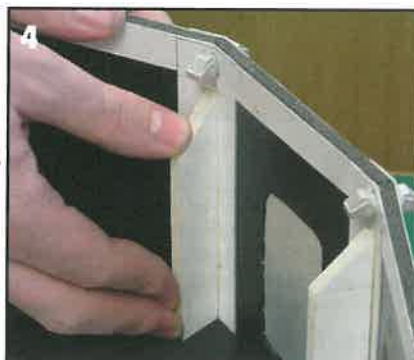


3. Using the very same techniques as I used in part two of building an Inquisitor battlefield, I created the impression of large reinforced columns holding my buildings together by cutting strips of thick card 30mm wide and gluing these just below the first floor and to all the corners of the lower half of my building. 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 building creating a raised layer of detail.

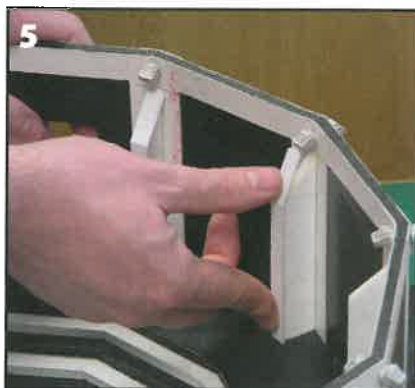


4. To emphasize the industrial nature of the building I used the metal struts from the tank trap on the barricades frame to add structural detail to the lower level of the building. For the inner chamber, however, I wanted to create a set of much heavier metal

structural supports that would seem to be holding my walls in place and help emphasize the industrial quality of the building. I began by taking twelve pieces of foamboard measuring 100mm x 20mm and, after removing a corner from each piece, I glued one to every section of my inner wall.

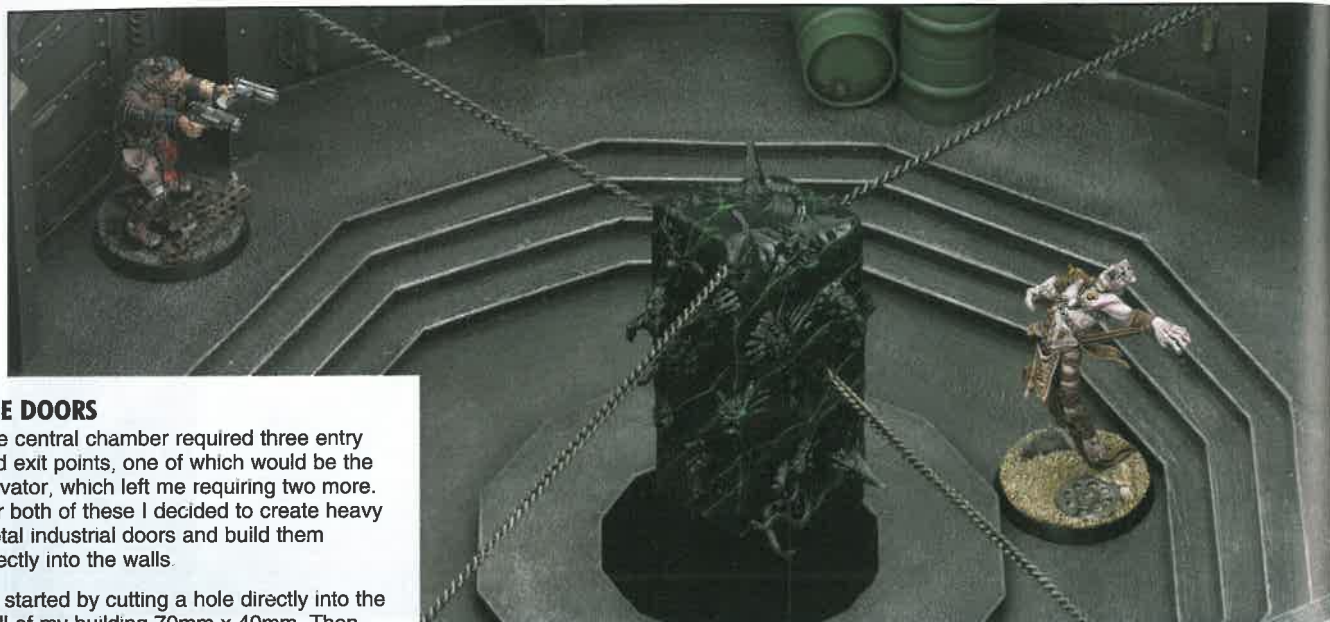


5. I then took strips of thin card 10mm wide and glued these directly onto the edge of each piece of foamboard, allowing the card to overlap the foamboard by about 2mm on each side.



6. To add texture to the walls of my building I took a piece of textured wallpaper, which I tore into small irregular shapes and glued randomly to the walls on the lower half of my building. Onto this, using my sculpting tool, I applied a very thin layer of ready mixed filler.





THE DOORS

The central chamber required three entry and exit points, one of which would be the elevator, which left me requiring two more. For both of these I decided to create heavy metal industrial doors and build them directly into the walls.

1. I started by cutting a hole directly into the wall of my building 70mm x 40mm. Then, using the hole as a template, I marked out the shape of the door onto a piece of thick card, which would form the actual door.



2. Then taking a piece of thin card 50mm x 40mm, I cut from this two panels 17mm x 30mm leaving me with a frame with borders 5mm wide resembling a figure eight, which I then glued directly to my door.



3. To create the impression of a very heavy industrial metal door, I used a piece of plastic rod which I sliced thinly to create a set of rivets, I glued these to the frame of the door, taking care to space them equally, and then, again using the plastic rod, I cut two pieces 10mm in length which would form hinges. I created a simple handle from a thin strip of card and with that it was ready to be glued in place and painted.



Slick fails in his attempt to stop the daemon summoning forth its kin.

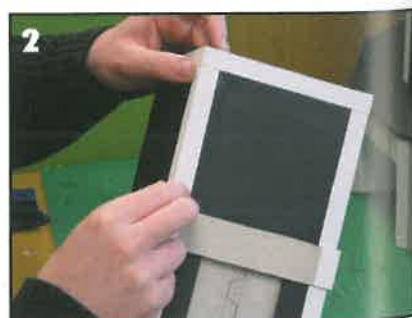
7. Next I created a set of safety railings and a ladder using my favourite material of all – rabbit hutch mesh (for more details on how I created railings and ladders, see the Scenery Workshop article featured in WD260).



needed now was a set of doors that would allow access to and from the elevator car. For this I used the same techniques as in last month's Scenery Workshop. After cutting a piece of thick card 100mm x 100mm which would represent the door, and using the Land Raider inner doors as a template, I copied the interlocking shape onto my piece of card. I then carefully cut the card into two pieces and glued the door and the car inside the elevator shaft.



2. I treated it in the same way as the main building by applying strips of card to emphasize the architectural structure of the building.



THE ELEVATOR

1. For the elevator shaft I began by creating a very simple box measuring 120mm x 140mm and standing 245mm tall, from four pieces of foamboard. I then created a smaller box from thick card that would sit inside the elevator shaft and represent the elevator car. All it

3. A quick visit to Mail Order provided me with perfect heavy pistons, (metal supports from a Vindicator's gun) which would open the doors, and a panel to control them (an Epic missile silo). With that, it was ready to be painted.



PAINTING

I undercoated the building using a black undercoat spray and, using Codex Grey, I drybrushed over the whole of it. I then picked out the metal railings and doors with Boltgun Metal, and the pieces from the Vindicator with Dwarf Bronze. To emphasize the textured effect on the walls, I applied a mixed wash of Black and Flesh Wash. Finally, to help it survive the rigours of gaming, I sprayed the terrain with a layer of Matt Varnish.



THE MONOLITH

The inner chamber required a main focal point, something that could represent some form of altar that the cultists could worship. But I also wanted to create something that would instantly portray an image of horror and capture the theme of the chamber, a piece of living architecture, imbued with daemonic energy. Searching for inspiration, I watched several well-known sci-fi and horror movies (I'll leave to you to guess which ones) and came up with the following solution.

1. After creating a very simple box from foamboard, 75mm x 35mm x 35mm, I collected together a selection

of Daemon heads and bits of Inquisitor models. I then began attaching a selection of body parts by cutting a hole into the box and then gluing the bits in place.



2. To create the effect that the block was somehow alive and that the trapped power within was trying to escape, I used my sculpting tool and green stuff to create the illusion that the models are actually part of the block.



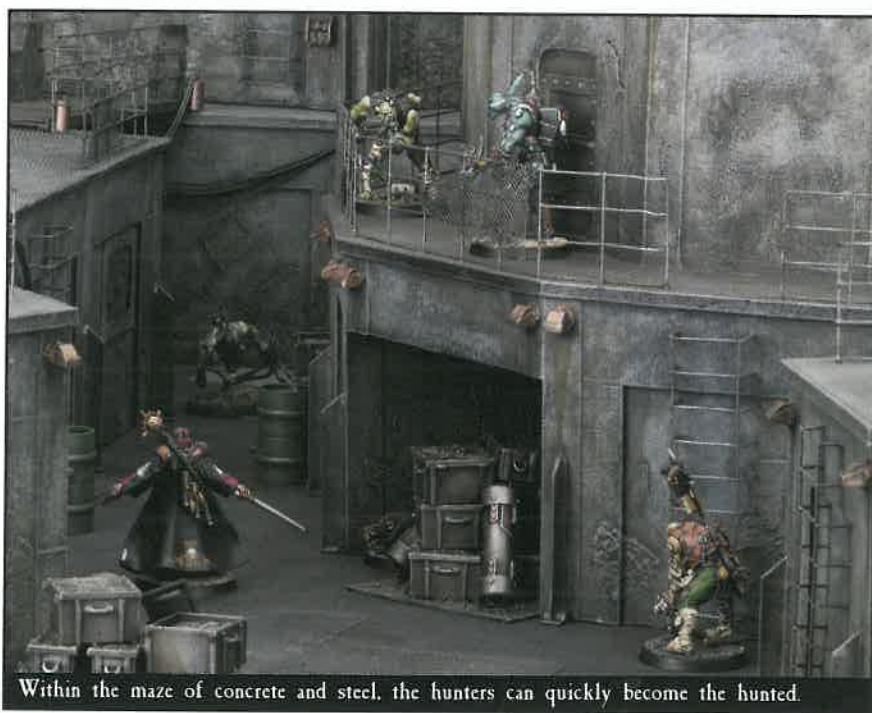
3. I decided to paint the block so that it resembled a large chunk of black marble, but having never painted marble before I found the prospect

quite daunting. I realized I needed a few tips, but after a quick chat with 'Eavy Metal's ace terrain builder, Mark Jones I was ready to begin.

I started by undercoating the model using a Chaos Black spray, I then mixed Chaos Black with Dark Angel Green (70/30 mix) and painted this over the entire model. Next, using Dark Angels Green, I stippled diagonal bands of colour onto the model. To create the veins that run through a block of marble I mixed Dark Angels Green with Jade Green and very carefully, using a detail brush, painted very thin lines running diagonally around the block. When this was dry, to give the model a gloss finish, I painted the entire model with several coats of varnish.

All that was left to do now was to place it within the building, so using four pieces of chain I suspended it directly above the centre of the room.

You can see the fully completed board in this month's Inquisitor battle report.



Within the maze of concrete and steel, the hunters can quickly become the hunted.

INQUISITOR

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD OF THE INQUISITION...

that shadowy organisation which
defends mankind and the Emperor
from the perils of heresy, possession,
alien dominance and rebellion.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

the Inquisition are the ultimate defence
against the phantoms of fear and terror which
lurk in the darkness between the stars.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

the Inquisition are the bright saviours
in an eclipse of evil; purest and most
devoted warriors of the Emperor.

YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD...

the Inquisition is united in its
cause to rid the galaxy of any
threat, from without or within.

EVERYTHING YOU HAVE BEEN TOLD IS A LIE



INQUISITOR SET Band P

Aus\$100 NZ\$120 HK\$500

The Inquisitor Starter Set includes the
Inquisitor rulebook, two models, and dice.
The rulebook includes information on creating
characters and henchmen, extremely detailed
combat rules, an extensive list of all the
weapons and equipment you can use, and
details of how to run an Inquisitor campaign
and create your own scenarios.

THE PARaelix CONFIGURATION

An Inquisitor battle report by Graham McNeill,
Gav Thorpe and Phil Kelly.

Welcome to this month's battle report, the continuing exploits of Inquisitor Lichtenstein and his obsessive hunt for the Librarium Hereticus. Following on from *The Dweller Beneath* (White Dwarf 257), Lichtenstein was able to question the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla for information regarding the whereabouts of this collection of blasphemous knowledge, declared Index Expurgatorious by the Adeptus Mechanicus. Using his bound

daemonhost to sift the lies from the Daemon Prince's words, Lichtenstein set out to fulfil his quest, a search that has consumed him for more than twenty years, made him many enemies and cost him much of his sanity.

Inquisitor Kessel's band of heroes, commanded by none other than Inquisitor's creator, Gav Thorpe, would oppose Lichtenstein. If anyone could give Phil a run for his money it would be Gav. Kessel, like Lichtenstein, is also a radical, though he knows full well the

dangers of trusting the words of a beast from the depths of hell. He has foreseen the danger in what Lichtenstein is attempting and will stop at nothing to prevent him from achieving his goals. For games of Inquisitor, we've taken the narrative approach, telling the game as a story rather than the usual turn-by-turn sequence of Warhammer 40,000 battle reports. So buckle up, and get ready to descend into the madness of a Chaos infested temple buried deep beneath the surface of Karis Cephalon.

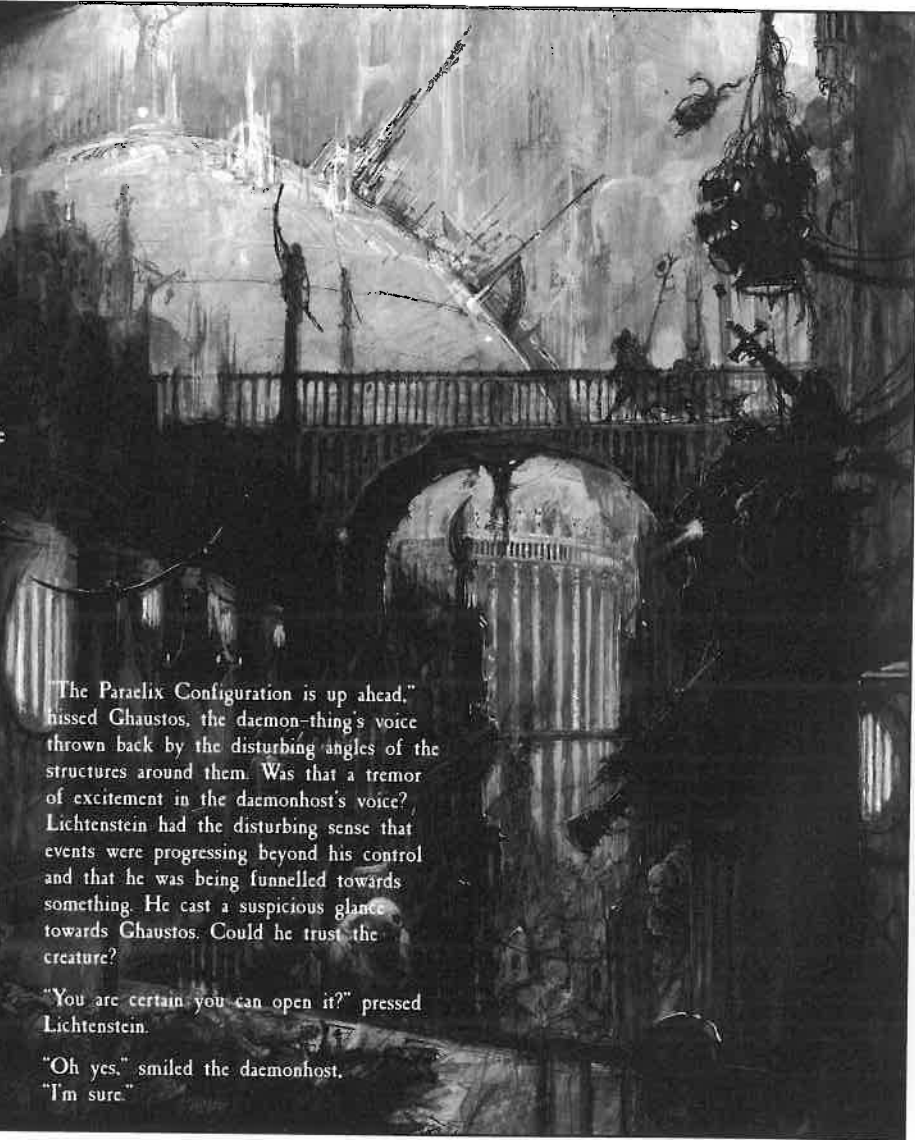
The passageway echoed with weirdly distorted sounds and, even through his fevered anticipation, Inquisitor Lichtenstein felt uneasy. This was the place, there could be no doubt about it: the reck of power was unmistakable. He could feel the miasma of Chaos radiating from the Paraelix Configuration even from here. They were close now, the gateway to the Librarium Hereticus was near and it took an effort of will not to break into a run towards the temple at the heart of this darkened place. He must be vigilant: others must surely have been drawn here as well. Over a thousand feet below ground, Lichtenstein's warrior band advanced cautiously through the dimly lit passageways of the Paraelix complex. Who had constructed this place, and why here? These were questions he felt sure he would know the answers to soon enough. Gryx shambled along behind him, while Dimitri took a different route, ready to cover their advance with bolt pistol fire. Lichtenstein was concerned that the Magos would not be up to the task, having only recently recovered from the injuries he'd suffered in the confrontation with Tyrus's warband. The Magos had also replaced a portion of his damaged skull with a cybernetic implant, speeding his journey to almost complete mechanisation. Ghaustos stood next to the Inquisitor, the icy chill of his proximity penetrating Lichtenstein's heavy robes.

The Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla had spoken of this place as a portal through the warp, though it had only volunteered this information after Lichtenstein had won the battle of wills with the aid of his

"The Paraelix Configuration is up ahead," hissed Ghaustos, the daemon-thing's voice thrown back by the disturbing angles of the structures around them. Was that a tremor of excitement in the daemonhost's voice? Lichtenstein had the disturbing sense that events were progressing beyond his control and that he was being funnelled towards something. He cast a suspicious glance towards Ghaustos. Could he trust the creature?

"You are certain you can open it?" pressed Lichtenstein.

"Oh yes," smiled the daemonhost. "I'm sure."



LIGHT FROM A DARK FLAME



Gav Thorpe

Gav: So, once more Inquisitor Kessel has to save the world as we know it from complete annihilation at the hands of a misguided fool. While Lichtenstein may have some worthwhile ideas about the use of the

powers of Chaos, he certainly doesn't know when he's gone too far.

Kessel and Lichtenstein and their warrior bands are superficially similar, but actually there are a couple of profound differences. For a start, Lichtenstein is

monomaniacal in his quest for the Librarium Hereticus, whereas Kessel is older and wiser and dedicates himself to many duties. Secondly, Lichtenstein has not really suffered the consequences of misjudging the power of Chaos first-hand, whereas Kessel's experiences and his own physical transformation leave him in no doubt as to the corrupting influence he daily fights against.

For me, these subtle distinctions are what Inquisitor is all about. It's obvious to see why a loud monodominant like Tyrus would have a fight with Lichtenstein or Kessel, but to come up with a scenario which pits them against each other

requires more thought. Speaking of which, Graham's done a great job for this scenario, which I think will give us a well-paced, action-filled game.

My plan is simple: Wait for Lichtenstein to prove his folly by opening the portal, then chase him off and close it. While Loa Gorg and Kessel lie in wait for this to happen, Mechsismus and Logan will attempt to hold off the rest of Lichtenstein's band and give my Inquisitor and Daemonhost the time they need to finish the mission.

Again, the much maligned and suspected Kessel will save a soul from damnation.

Kessel comes from the branch of the Inquisition known as Radicals. Having been the victim of a daemononic possession which left him physically altered, he is now a dedicated member of the Chaoticians, precursors to the Xanthite movement, whose studies into daemonology and the warp have earned him many enemies, but much rare knowledge. He is one of a number of Inquisitors drawn to the world of Karis Cephalon following widespread rumours of a device called the Angel.

It was the daemon Loa Gorg who temporarily possessed Kessel, as the Inquisitor was attempting to create the daemonhost. Though the ritual was completed, a part of Loa Gorg's essence remained within Kessel. This symbiotic relationship forced Loa Gorg to cooperate with Kessel, as the Inquisitor's death would result in the release of this soul-fragment and the destruction of the daemon. This state of affairs lasted for

three decades, the daemononic presence corrupting Kessel more and more, and would eventually have led to his death. Kessel searched long and hard for a remedy and finally managed to transfer the presence to a daemonsword, which he now wields.

Kessel has purged the unclean and continued his research into Chaos for nearly two centuries, the daemon-taint that once threatened his life now extending it as long as he continues to possess the sword. Currently his most useful servants are the chrono-gladiator Mechsismus Oilrelius and the ex-Skitarii Logan Storm.

Oilrelius was dying, his body-clock almost expired, when he met Kessel. He saved the Inquisitor from the blades of a Siddith Assassin, and in return Kessel had his in-built chronometer halted in its countdown. Oilrelius is fanatically loyal to Kessel, knowing that should he cross the Inquisitor, he would not hesitate in

restarting the death-timer, giving the chrono-gladiator only days to live.

Logan Storm once fought for the Adeptus Mechanicus in the Skitarii. From the Forge World of Transix Seven, Storm was part of a force seconded by Kessel in his battles against members of the Xenarite sect, who were attempting to secretly rebuild the remains of a recovered Eldar Wraithlord. Storm himself turned on his heretical Techpriest masters and was pivotal in Kessel locating their hidden laboratory. During this fighting, Storm lost his hand, and Kessel ordered the Adeptus Mechanicus to replace it with a bionic, an operation usually only performed for officers, Storm Troopers or Space Marines. Magos Phixian followed the letter of the deal but, rather than replacing the limb with an expensive artificial hand, simply implanted Storm's multi-barrelled autogun. Since then, both he and Kessel have shared a degree of enmity for worshippers of the Machine God.



The Warband of Inquisitor Lichtenstein



Daemonhost
Ghaustos

Inquisitor
Lichtenstein

Magos
Dimitri

Servitor-Warrior
Gryx

INTO THE DARKNESS



Phil Kelly

Phil: Well, misguided as it may be, Inquisitor Lichtenstein's near-fanatical quest to find the entrance to the Librarium Hereticus seems to be nearing its conclusion. His bizarre collection of weirdoes and

warriors have fought tooth and nail to get this far in their quest for knowledge, but the sheer drive and arrogance of Lichtenstein looks like it could plunge them and anyone insane enough to try and stop them into the depths of hell. With that kind of plot line and the fantastic scenery put together over the last few months by White Dwarf's Paul Rudge, we could hardly fail to have a real roller-coaster of a game.

Gav's warband was similar to my own, and although Kessel shares the kernel of Lichtenstein's philosophy (to turn Chaos against itself) he seems to lack the conviction to follow it through. What Kessel theorises about, Lichtenstein does. Unfortunately, he seems to be pursuing his goal with all the delicacy of a bull in a china shop, and Kessel has decided to stop him before he goes too far. Fair enough; a rogue Inquisitor hell-bent on grasping the dark heart of Chaos itself and giving it a good hard squeeze is a dangerous liability to the Imperium.

Gav plays like he wrote the book on Inquisitor (oh hang on, he did) and, although we've not clashed swords before, I knew I was in for a memorable game. We were both more interested in

getting a cinematic and dramatic game than 'winning', and with Graham as the Gamesmaster, the resultant story was sure to be dark, brooding and gothic with the occasional moment of light relief. Just how we like it, in fact.

Since Rowland and I duked it out in *The Dweller Beneath*, my warband has undergone a few changes. Magos Dimitri, the Adeptus Mechanicus, has reworked himself with yet more bionics since the beating he took last battle, and seeks to eventually remove all traces of his withered body barring his brain. Ghaustos the Daemonhost has weakened a little, the bonds between the physical shell and the daemon inhabiting it eroding with every passing day. Lichtenstein has learnt much from his experiences, including the ability to banish a daemon back into the warp, and is now accompanied by a medical servo-skull that cauterises and seals wounds even as Lichtenstein fights.

My plan of action was fairly simple; get Lichtenstein and Ghaustos into the centre of the temple by any means necessary, use Dimitri to give them covering fire and Gryx to tear into anyone who comes too close. Once my Inquisitor and his daemonic charge are inside the temple and manage to tear open the obelisk at its heart, well, I'd just have to play it by ear,

but if I know Graham I could be in for a nasty surprise. Nevertheless, if Gryx and Dimitri manage to distract or take down enough of Kessel's warband, Lichtenstein should have a good shot at achieving his objective. Casualties along the way are inevitable, though it's actually quite difficult to kill an Inquisitor character outright (aside from grievous head wounds, you have to inflict over their Toughness value in damage before they permanently bite the dust), and I always relish the modelling opportunities that truly agonising damage results force you to incorporate.

So bring it on, I thought. If Tyrus and his henchmen couldn't stop my Inquisitor in his search for the vulnerable underside of Chaos itself, I was more than willing to pit him against Kessel's heroes face-to-face. There was much to be learnt from the object of Lichtenstein's mission; a chaos-saturated obelisk at the centre of an ancient temple.

Besides, I thought, what's the worst that could happen...?



SCENARIO: THE PARAELEX CONFIGURATION



Graham McNeill

Graham(GM): So, once again I can rake the depths of my foetid imagination to plunge two players into the heat of battle? Excellent! After checking out Gav's warband, it was clear that both

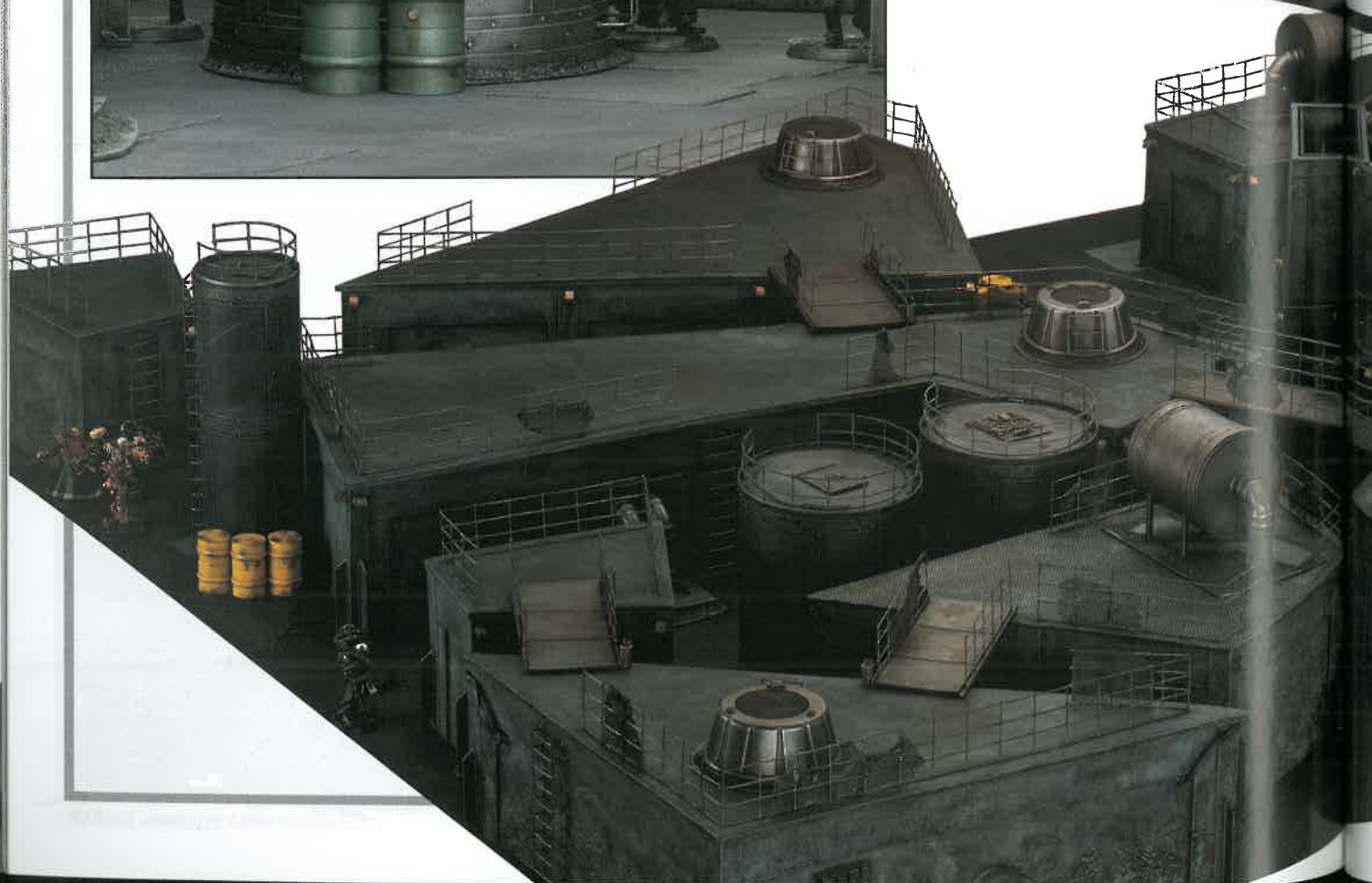
his and Phil's had similar ideals to one another, but where Inquisitor Kessel is content to merely turn the power of Chaos against itself, Inquisitor Lichtenstein takes matters a step further, believing he can master the power of the warp. To this end he has dedicated his life to unearthing the location of the Librarium Hereticus. Though both Inquisitors walk the same path, Kessel knows that Lichtenstein

has gone too far and must be brought back into line.

As Paul Rudge's scenery for this battle report began taking shape, it became clear that this was not going to be your average battlefield. Dank, narrowing passageways, gradually converging on a twelve-sided structure with a twisted monolith at its centre reeking of Chaos magic and forbidden powers. Just the sort of thing Inquisitor is all about. After all, it's not very dramatic to have characters slug it out in the supermarket is it? Following on from the last game, I decided that the daemon prince in the mine had led Lichtenstein to believe that a newly revealed underground complex held the key to unlocking the path to the Librarium Hereticus.

Keeping the narrative going between battles is a great way to give each game a sense of place and context. Warbands will develop as the games progress, acquiring their own personalities and quirks, and players should reflect this in their style of play. The GM should also develop the narrative between games, allowing events in previous games to influence future scenarios and suggest ideas for extra plot twists. It's a good idea to keep some tricks up your sleeve, with events that neither player knows about, that you can spring on them during your games. You shouldn't try to come up with too many of these nefarious ploys, as your players will become so wary of doing anything for fear of stuff blowing up or gribbly nasties jumping out at them. Don't be afraid to surprise them, however, and the odd unexpected shock will help to keep them on their toes.

As you'll see, I had one of these planned for the endgame of this scenario...



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KARIS CEPHALON

Following the titanic release of energies in the mountainous region surrounding the Taberna Ostium mine workings, a mighty earthquake ripped the skin of the planet apart and utterly destroyed the abandoned forge mine. The loss of the mine was bad enough, but there was worse yet to come.

Buried far beneath the surface of the world, locked away from the eyes of man for nine millennia, a crumbling guardian portal has been revealed to the light of day. Ten thousand years ago, a tear in the fabric of reality was plugged by one of the Emperor's Inquisitors with the Paraelix Configuration, an obelisk inscribed with powerful runes and incantations to ward against Chaos. It was enclosed within a temple of precise geomantic architecture designed to dissipate the Chaos energy it contained. As the millennia passed, however, the warding sigils slowly faded in power and dark energies from the warp began leeching through from the immaterium, saturating the obelisk with the essence of Chaos. This taint has stretched upwards through the soil and rocks, spreading its evil on the wind and exuding a diabolical attraction to those similarly tainted.

Inquisitor Lichtenstein has come to Karis Cephalon, partly in response to the mystical convergences gathering around the planet, but more specifically in search of the Librarium Hereticus. Drawn by dreams and portents and the words of a heretic abbot from Selethoth, Lichtenstein discovered the resting place of a sleeping daemon that had been bound to the bedrock of the planet. The daemon, Pharaa'gueotla, told Lichtenstein that the power contained within the Paraelix Configuration would unlock the warp gateway that led to the Librarium he so desperately sought.

Lichtenstein was then drawn towards a pulsing locus of power once hidden deep below the planet's surface. The earthquake near the Taberna Ostium forge mine had exposed an ancient temple containing the obelisk Pharaa'gueotla named the Paraelix Configuration and Lichtenstein sensed that it was indeed saturated with power. He believes Ghaustos can break the energies contained in the temple's unholy icon to effect his entry into the Librarium Hereticus before his enemies destroy the temple.

Inquisitor Kessel has also come to Karis Cephalon, but he is in search of the Angel, an ancient weapon of unimaginable power that he believes is hidden somewhere on the planet. In the course of his search, he discovered the temple below the

mountains and the terrible danger it represents. He knows that dark power has impregnated the very walls of the temple with vast amounts of Chaos energy and believes that the temple has, in effect, become a huge, charged battery of daemonic energy. If such power were to be unleashed, it could tear apart the already fragile fabric of realspace. Kessel knows that he must safely discharge the built-up energy back into the Immaterium. To allow such a powerful reservoir of Chaos energy to remain intact is unthinkable.

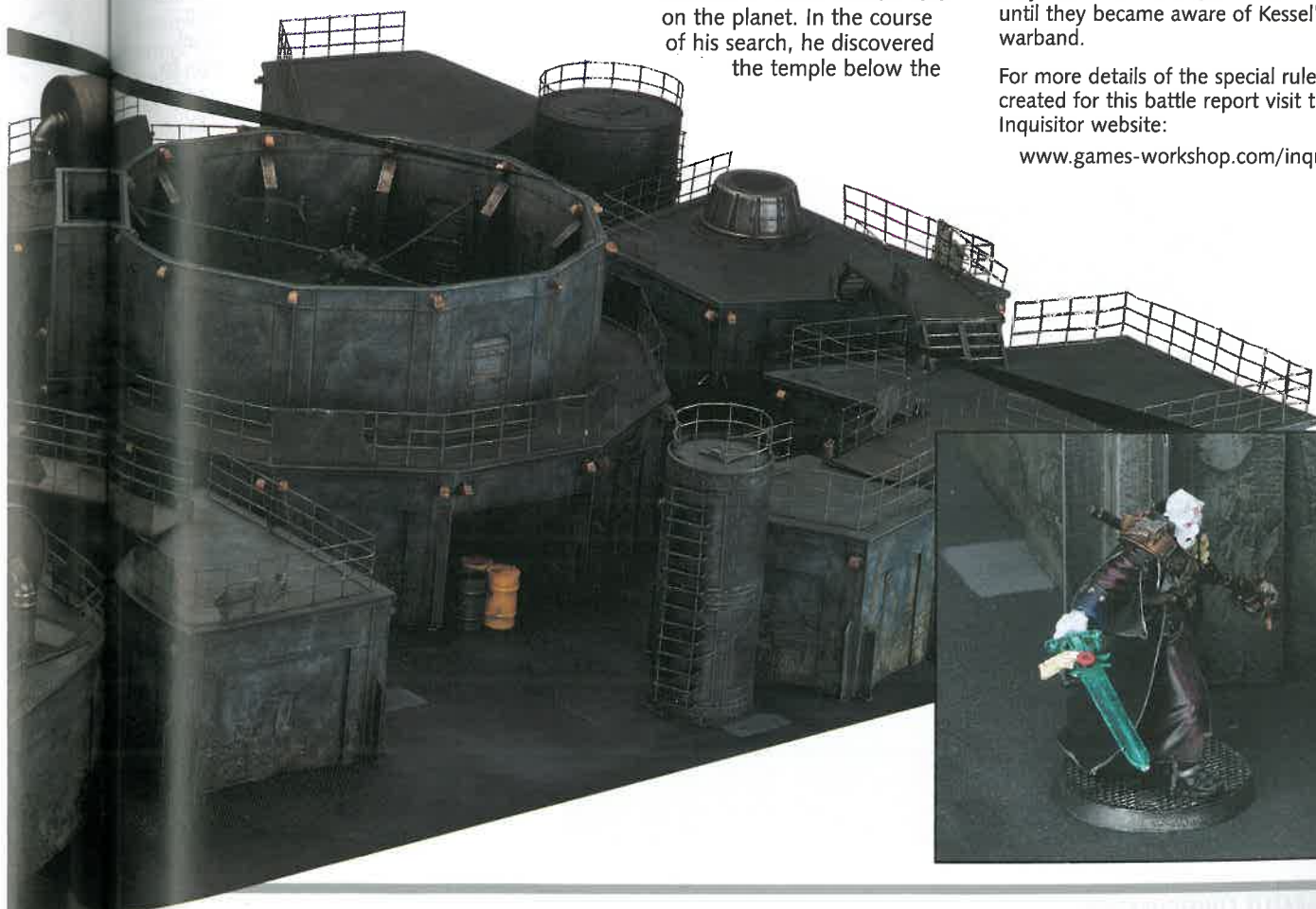
To effect this latter plan, he believes that his daemonhost Loa Gorg and his daemon sword (containing a soul-fragment of the creature) can be used to seal the rift in realspace. By allowing Lichtenstein to first open the portal, Kessel believes he can then seal it by plunging his sword into the ruptured chaos obelisk at the temple's heart, using Loa Gorg's connection to the warp to re-knit the fabric of reality and seal the tear forever.

SPECIAL RULES

Due to the stygian darkness and silence of the twisting underground tunnels in the complex, all Awareness tests based on hearing are at +20%, while those involving vision are at -20%. Also, since Lichtenstein's warband were advancing into an unknown arena, I decided that they could not move faster than a walk until they became aware of Kessel's warband.

For more details of the special rules created for this battle report visit the Inquisitor website:

www.games-workshop.com/inquisitor



Inquisitor Lichtenstein stepped cautiously along the darkened passageway, straining to hear any sound that might indicate that their entry to this forbidden place had been discovered. The rippling flow of powerful magicks was almost tangible and he felt its seductive tendrils pulling him forwards. He could hear the metallic tread of Dimitri's footfalls, as the Magos moved forward to find a higher vantage point from which to cover their advance. Gryx padded along behind him, his enormous power claw lolling at his side, the pacifier helm keeping him docile for now. He stole a glance at Ghaustos, not liking the anticipatory gleam in the daemonhost's dead eyes. But, for better or worse, the die was cast. He could no more abandon his search for the Librarium than he could stop breathing. He drew his stubber, setting the voice-activated shot selector to man-stopper shells and continued into the darkness, the pistol extended before him.



Inquisitor Lichtenstein, Gryx and Ghaustos advance towards the Paraelix temple.

In the shadow of the temple, Kessel waited. He knew that Lichtenstein would be here soon. Logan Storm had brought word from the upper reaches of the complex that the misguided Inquisitor had breached the wards protecting this place. He would need to be careful in his handling of this; to act in haste would mean losing the chance at sealing this breach forever, but to wait too long would result in a diabolical cataclysm. The attraction of

the Paraelix Configuration pulled at him, but he had meditated and strengthened the psychic bulwarks in his mind to resist the whispered temptations that seeped through the obelisk from the madness of the Immaterium that lay beyond. Only Loa Gorg felt a similar pull, but it seemed to bask in the energies flowing from the obelisk. Kessel waved the others forward, watching as the heavily scarred Skitarii veteran lumbered

forwards, dragging back the arming lever of his implant autogun. The low buzz of the gun's firing motor seemed hideously loud in the heavy silence, but there was little that could be done about it. The chrono-gladiator, Mechsimum, and the daemonhost, Loa Gorg, moved out of sight, heading towards the temple building. Kessel drew his sword, climbing the steps to higher ground and making his own way towards the pulsing well of energy.



Inquisitor Kessel orders his warband to move into position.

Logan Storm ghosted up the steps leading to the building's roof. Who had built these structures around the temple, he neither knew nor cared. All that mattered to him was that there were enemies of his master to fight. He reached the roof, and ran quickly towards a gantry that led to a good firing position. Across from him he could make out the shape of a furtively moving figure and he smiled grimly as he recognised the robes of an Adeptus Mechanicus Magos. He felt again the pain of losing his hand, and the anger at its replacement with this unwieldy gun. He had killed the man responsible, but any chance to strike back at the adepts of the Machine God could not be passed up. He ducked down behind the cover of the gantry and drew a bead on the figure.

Lichtenstein hugged the wall, panning his pistol back and forth, his keen eyes piercing the gloom. A flash of movement above him caught his eye and he saw the darting form of a man



Showdown. Logan squares off against Dimitri.

with what looked like an autogun implanted where his arm should have been. Behind and above him he could hear Dimitri's heavy steps and made to shout a warning but, as a two metre tongue of fire blasted from the muzzle of the man's gun, he knew it was wasted breath.

Dimitri caught sight of Logan Storm a fraction of a second too late. The enormous weapon sprayed a hail of projectiles towards him, but his vector trajectory assessors computed that a full 90% would miss and the probability of lethal wounding was less than 2.3%. Three shots impacted on his refractor field, the energy shield robbing them of their kinetic energy. Those that penetrated the shield ricocheted from his metallic components and his shoulder-mounted bolt pistol followed the targeting information relayed via the MIU, zeroing in on his attacker. Dimitri adjusted his aim a fraction to compensate for the range and fired a shot with a pulse of thought. The explosive bolt took Logan in the belly and knocked him to the ground. Dimitri marched implacably forward, the bolt pistol mimicking every movement of his head.

The roaring of Mechsimum's chainswords powering up echoed through the complex and, hearing the weapons' activation, Lichtenstein turned to Gryx and shouted, "Angellus!", triggering the injection of a multitude of combat stimms and withdrawing the enforced docility of the pacifier helm. Gryx shuddered as

the drugs pumped through his system, flooding his limbs with unnatural speed and strength. The muscles on his thighs swelled and the servitor warrior sprinted into the darkness, his every thought enslaved to the imperative to kill. Lichtenstein and Ghaustos followed the demented warrior, advancing more cautiously in the wake of Gryx's berserk charge. The Inquisitor could see a portion of the temple wall, and a door that must surely lead within. Dimitri appeared to have the autogun-armed man pinned down and, deciding that he could wait no longer, Lichtenstein burst from cover, sprinting towards the temple.

Kessel watched Mechsimum power up his weapons and knew that there must be enemies near. From this vantage point he could see the chronogadiator sprinting around the temple's circumference. Lichtenstein must be close and he could not wait any longer. He didn't have time to go back down so Kessel sprinted towards the edge of the structure he stood upon and launched himself through the air, landing deftly on the upper walkway around the temple. There was an entrance to his left and, this close to the Praelix Configuration, his warp sight allowed him to see wisps of ghostly energy leaking through the arcane metal of the door.



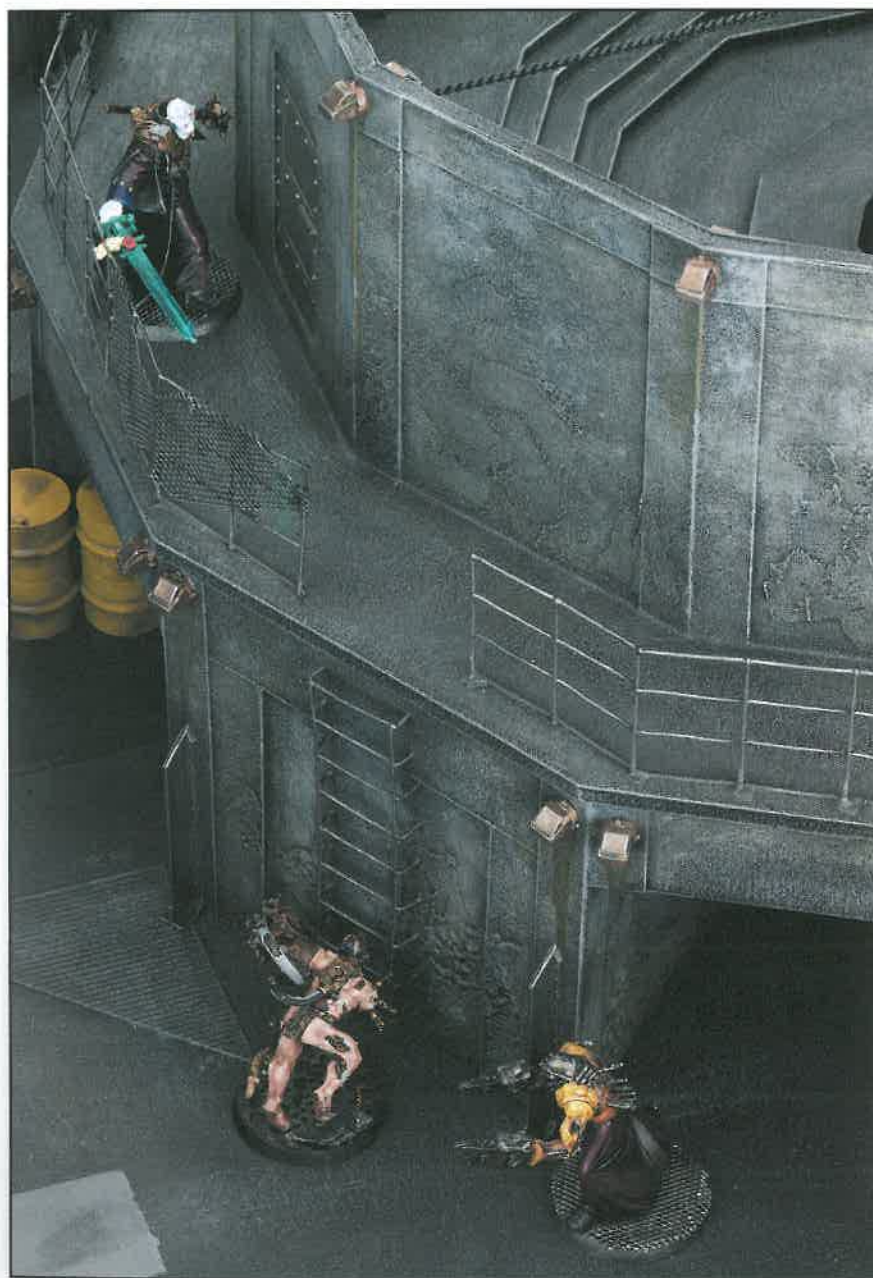
Gryx splits off from the group as his combat drugs kick in.

Logan pushed himself to his knees as another bolter round tore a gouge in the concrete beside him. The daemonhost of the enemy Inquisitor was moving below him towards the temple, and the damned Magos who'd blasted him calmly advanced, lining up another shot. Gritting his teeth against the pain, Logan rolled behind the cover offered by a nearby roof tank. He ripped the sleeve from his tunic and hastily plugged the bloody hole in his belly. It wasn't pretty, but it would do for now.

Seeing the rooftop gunman roll out of sight, Lichtenstein paused by the lever control for the lift. The controls looked as though they had been designed for



Logan suddenly realises the folly of sheltering behind a promethium tank.



Ambush. Mechsimum charges from hiding to attack Gryx.

beings larger than humans and it took all his strength to drag the lever down. The clatter of millennia-old chains and grinding gears sounded deafeningly loud as the lift carriage rose from the darkest depths of the world. Soon he would be inside the temple and close to completing his life's work. Briefly he wondered what he could achieve with the knowledge contained within its hidden walls and chided himself for thinking too far ahead. All good things to those who wait. Gryx sprinted past him, snapping his power claw madly. The combat stimms had heightened his senses to an amazing degree and Lichtenstein could only guess at what the servitor warrior had detected.

The sound of an iron bolt drawing back echoed in Gryx's head and he tore around the corner of the temple, finally setting his eyes on the prey. A man, similar in dress to his master stood by a door on a higher level but, more importantly, there was a ladder leading towards him. Gryx leapt through the air, his power claw snapping through the metal of the rung and hammering straight through the building's fabric. Gryx braced his feet on the ladder, ready to launch himself up to his target. So focused was Gryx on Kessel, that he didn't notice Mechsimum Oilrelius step from the shadows of a hidden alcove. The first warning was as the chrono-gladiator's screaming chainswords slashed towards him. Gryx hurled himself back, narrowly avoiding a disembowelling blow. He fell to the ground as the frenzied warrior came at him again.

In a lull between shots, Logan ducked out from his cover and opened fire on the advancing Magos, filling the area



Gryx falls beneath the blades of Mechsimum.

before him with hot lead. The autogun bucked madly on his arm, spraying shots in all directions. Unfortunately, very few of those directions were towards Dimitri. The one shot that was on target impacted on the Magos's breacher arm and was unable to halt his advance. Analysing the pollutant content of the air through his olfactory assayers, Dimitri calculated a 78.4% probability that the tank the inaccurate gunner was using as cover contained promethium, a volatile chemical used in the fuel cells of flamer weapons. A thought pulse fired a shell through the tank's side, and a thick, viscous liquid began pouring out. The stink of it caused his probability cogitators to revise their estimate of the likelihood of promethium to 99.8%. As much as his atrophied emotions allowed him to, Dimitri relished the look of panic on Logan Storm's face, as his pistol ejected the spent casing and loaded another.

Gryx rolled clear of another attack of the chrono-gladiator's slashing chainswords, fat orange sparks flaring from the blades' impact with the floor. He pushed himself to his knees, deflecting another blow with his metal claw, but was unable to parry the reverse stroke. The chainsword slashed open his face, the whirring teeth ripping open his skull, finally tearing clear as it struck the steel of his neck brace. Blood poured from the gaping wound in Gryx's head, but the servitor warrior still struggled to rise, swaying aside as another blow chopped past his chest. But Gryx was blinded by blood and couldn't avoid the final blow that hacked into his leg. The roaring chainblade sawed through the meat and bone of Gryx's leg, severing it

completely, and the servitor warrior collapsed in a bloody pile, the shock and pain overloading even Gryx's formidable powers of endurance. Mechsimum howled in triumph over the defeated body of his foe, blood from the whirring blades spraying the walls of the temple.

The grime and rust covered doors to the elevator groaned open, the screech of buckled metal painful to the ears. Lichtenstein and Ghaustos ducked inside, the Inquisitor holstering his stubber and unsheathing the combat shotgun from its shoulder scabbard. He checked the load and racked the slide, ready for whatever might await them at the top. The elevator shuddered upwards, ancient mechanisms hauling the lift carriage towards the culmination of his quest. Lichtenstein could feel the daemonhost beside him drawing psychic energy into his body and again, a tiny flare of suspicion went off in Lichtenstein's head. He could hear the crack of bolter fire from outside and presumed that Dimitri was still duelling with the rooftop gunman. He slowed his breathing, raising the shotgun to his shoulder as the lift doors began to judder open.

Across from the temple, Logan watched with terrified relief as the Magos's bolt round passed through the promethium tank, but miraculously failed to ignite the chemicals. He wasn't taking any chances however, and rolled towards the edge of the platform as the spreading pool of fuel engulfed him, soaking him in its choking pungency. He glanced back towards the Magos, whose merciless advance had carried him to within almost point blank range.

The muzzle flared as it fired. Logan hurled himself from the roof, arms flailing, and hit the ground hard, breaking his shoulder and cracking his skull against the concrete. Lights flashed before his eyes and he rolled onto his back in time to see the promethium ignite. A huge orange fireball mushroomed from the tank, liquid tendrils of burning fuel pouring over the edge of the roof. They licked down the side of the building in a flaming torrent towards him. He tried to push himself to his feet, but his head pounded and his vision swum crazily. The flames leapt and his promethium saturated body caught light. Within seconds he was ablaze from head to toe. He tried to scream, but drew superheated air into his lungs, searing them with toxic fumes. He stumbled from the lake of burning fuel and collapsed, slipping into unconsciousness as the flames consumed him.



Logan jumps as Dimitri's shell hits the tank.



Logan's desperate attempt to escape fails as the promethium ignites.

A pallid glow that seemed to emanate from the pulsing obelisk at the temple's heart cast a ghostly illumination around the chamber as Lichtenstein edged his way inside. The structure rippled with barely perceived motion, as though the very walls were breathing. Ghaustos followed him eagerly, as he swung his shotgun left and right, covering a pair of doors that led outside. There was danger here, but his eyes were constantly drawn to the object hung from verdigris-encrusted chains. A rectangular cuboid of veined black stone, the Paraelix Configuration hung suspended over a swirling pit of utter darkness. Its surface bulged and writhed with leering faces, twisting alignments of geomantic significance and chaotic nonsense. Hands and skulls pushed clear of its glistening surface chattering and whispering obscene offers and promises of servitude. Lichtenstein could feel them clawing at the barriers within his mind and pushed them clear with an effort of will, repeating a whispered mantra of psychic defence. He must not be distracted now. With a curt nod to Ghaustos, he ordered the daemonhost forward, keeping his shotgun trained on the iron door opposite him.

Outside, Dimitri watched the raging inferno he had created spread across the floor, a collection of barrels exploding in the intense heat. His dermal temperature augers registered heat in excess of 400°C and he could feel those few fleshy components left of his body begin to blister. He turned and walked away, calculating the probability of his foe's survival to be



Dimitri attempts to avenge Gryx with a shot from his shoulder-mounted bolt pistol.

less than 7%. Below, he saw the roaring form of a cyber-warrior standing over the bloody form of Gryx. Such a target of opportunity was not to be wasted and he lined up another shot, hurling the warrior back with a chunk of flesh blasted from his chest. Amazingly, the warrior climbed to his feet and ducked into the cover offered by one of the temple's projecting buttresses. If he moved across the gantry he would be able to get the angle for another shot and began moving into position.

Ghaustos reached out, running his fingertips along the undulating surface of the obelisk, feeling as though they were sliding beneath its visible surface. He smiled as he concentrated his powers and reached deep within the warp-spawned matter of the Paraelix

Configuration, gripping the psychic anchors within. Instantly, liquid bolts of dark matter spewed from the tear and Ghaustos roared in pain as the undiluted power of the Immaterium washed through his fleshy prison. His knees sagged, but he held on, pulling and tearing at the obelisk's fragile solidity.

Inquisitor Kessel felt the sudden shift in the currents of power coursing through the complex and knew that the time to act had arrived. The powerful surge of chaotic energies threatened to overwhelm his mental wards, but grimly he pushed back the tide of filth that gurgled from the Paraelix Configuration. He sensed a concentration of power from Loa Gorg and heard the crash of a door as the daemonhost hammered it from the



Lichtenstein covers Ghaustos as the daemonhost prepares to open the portal.



With a firm boot, Kessel smashes open the door.



Kessel and Loa Gorg spring their trap on Lichtenstein and Ghaustos.

frame with its warp-borne strength. He thundered his boot against the door and stepped through into the chamber. Lichtenstein's daemon creature was pulling the obelisk open, streaming whips of black lightning arcing from its dissolving matter. Across the chamber he could see the screaming skull-face of Loa Gorg, and behind the obelisk was Lichtenstein. Before Kessel could shout a warning, Lichtenstein lashed out with his indomitable will and slammed Loa Gorg back through the door. Unable to get a clear shot at Lichtenstein, Kessel looked up and swung his sword in a flaming arc, severing one of the obelisk's supporting chains.

The obelisk swung in a low arc, but Lichtenstein dived forwards, rolling to his feet as his med skull was smacked into the wall behind by the Chaos monolith. Its servos sparked and whirled, but the skull shrugged off the impact and returned to its master's side. Kessel advanced and his fiery flaring blade whipped out, scoring a deep gash in Ghaustos's arm, but not driving him from the obelisk.

Lichtenstein moved around the madly swinging obelisk and drew his own sword, its blade similarly wreathed in unnatural flames. He recognised the

familiar sign of the Inquisition beneath the warrior's skin. Invisible to normal sight, Lichtenstein's psychic senses and the immense energies bloating the chamber caused it to blaze with crimson fire. Lichtenstein realised they were men of common purpose, but he would not be denied this final victory. He thrust his blade at his opponent's belly, the flaming swords clashing in a blazing discharge of light as the blow was parried, a lightning quick riposte stabbing at his groin. Lichtenstein

dodged and circled his foe, a wary respect in his eyes.

"I am Inquisitor Kessel," shouted the newcomer over the rising whine emanating from the disintegrating obelisk. "You must stop this. To open this portal will bring dire consequences!"

"Is that a threat?" hissed Lichtenstein.

"Not to you," clarified Kessel, "to this world."



Kessel and Lichtenstein duel as Ghaustos rips open the paraelix configuration.



With Kessel down, Lichtenstein turns his attention to Loa Gorg.

Kessel lunged, and the two Inquisitors traded blow after blow, parrying, riposting and dodging in a display of skill that would have left lesser men

speechless with envy. Their flaming swords traced intricate webs of shimmering light as they battled in the shadow of the Paraelix Configuration

and Ghaustos's attempts to unmake it. From the corner of his eye, Lichtenstein saw his enemy's daemonhost reappear at the door he had previously hurled it from, and knew this had to end quickly. As the two Inquisitors traded flaming blows, Ghaustos ripped the last of the obelisk apart, his outstretched arms wreathed in dark matter and his eyes blazing with unholy energy.

Coruscating flares of warp energy erupted from the newly opened portal and Lichtenstein immediately knew that he had been catastrophically misled. This was no entrance to the Librarium Hereticus, but a pulsing gateway into the stuff of the warp itself. Only the geomantic architecture of the temple was preventing it from explosively tearing open, but he knew that it was only a matter of time until the energies of the warp overcame the ancient warding sigils engraved into the temple's structure. He had no choice but to attempt to escape. He parried another blow from this meddlesome Inquisitor Kessel, feinting to the belly, then angling a lighting cut towards his head. The blow smashed Kessel from his feet and Lichtenstein ducked as Kessel's daemonhost swung at him.

Ghaustos was bloated with power and greedy for more. The glistening tentacles wrapping his body whipped out, seeking entry to Kessel's flesh, sliding into his mouth and feasting on



As the portal begins ripping apart reality, Ghaustos and Lichtenstein make their escape.

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his strength. Kessel bit down hard. Foul pus filled his mouth as Ghaustos screeched, withdrawing the questing tentacles and retreating. Kessel retched, spitting out the slug-like piece of severed tentacle, and rolling aside as the black miasma spread from the ruptured obelisk and threatened to engulf him. He watched as Lichtenstein smashed the flat of his sword into Loa Gorg's head then sprinted from the rapidly degenerating temple, his daemonhost already ahead of him. Kessel rose to his knees, feeling the fabric of reality twisting, the angles of the temple sliding in and out of true. A disgusting grainy texture filled the air, reeking of corruption, and his every action felt as though he were moving through thick glue. The darkness at the heart of the temple was expanding exponentially and he knew he didn't have much time.

Lichtenstein emerged from the temple, his movements sluggish from the concentrated psychic energy filling the complex. Blood leaked from his nose and he could feel an enormous pressure building within his head. How could he have been so blind? As he watched Ghaustos leap effortlessly across to a nearby structure, Lichtenstein instinctively understood that there was no way the Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla could have lied; the bindings and oaths he had placed upon it had been too great. The only way he could have been so badly misled would be if his daemonhost had allowed him to be. He flinched, hearing the blast of a bolt pistol, but saw that the shot came from Dimitri towards a bloodstained, chainsaw-wielding berserker. Behind the roaring warrior, Lichtenstein saw the prone form of Gryx, his leg hanging by gory threads of muscle tissue, lying in a pool of dark blood. Dimitri's shot had blown a crater in the berserker's chest, but he seemed impervious to pain and charged towards a pile of crates that led up to his attacker, the chainswords hacking at the gantry Dimitri stood upon.

Within the roiling chaos of the temple, Kessel raised his daemonsword, fighting against the soporific effects of warp energy pouring into the chamber. The sundered remains of the obelisk were a ball of utter midnight at the centre of the dark conflagration. He felt tendons tearing in his muscles as he struggled to aim his blow. A cry of pain burst from his lips as he rammed his sword into the heart of the darkness, the energies



With one opponent dispatched, Mechsimus turns his attention to Dimitri.

of aeons past flowing through his sword arm and into the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg bound within the weapon. Ethereal winds snatched at him, howling around his body and lifting him from the ground. Phantoms born of the warp passed through him, seeking to prise his grip loose from the sword. But Kessel would not let go, hearing the screech of Loa Gorg behind him as a huge reservoir of Chaos

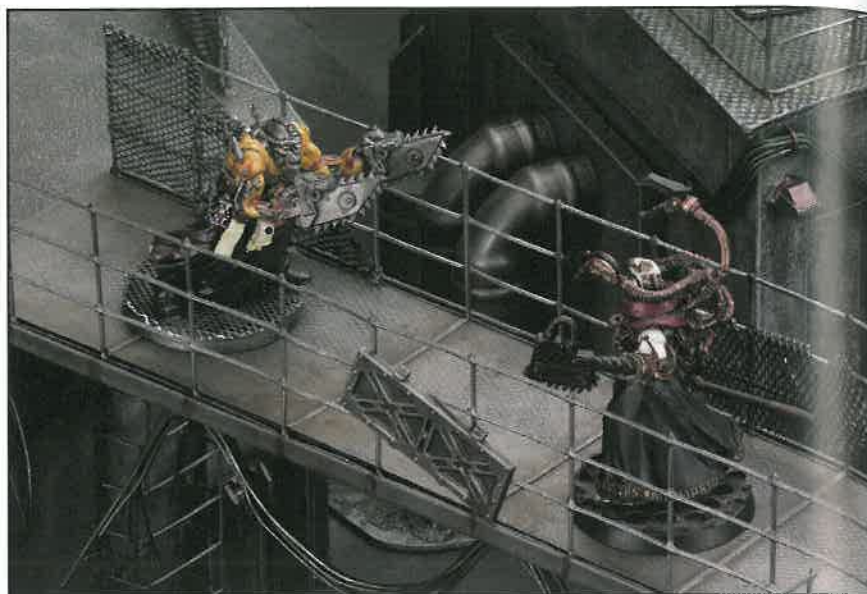
energy earthed through his body. The daemonhost's skin split, cracks of light appearing from within, but together he and Kessel were able to hold the rent together, until finally the fabric of reality reasserted itself with a tortured scream. Kessel dropped to the floor of the temple. He still gripped his sword and stared at the roiling pit in the floor above which the Paraelix Configuration had stood. In its place was a smooth,



Amid the chaos of the temple, Kessel and Loa Gorg attempt to seal the rift.

unblemished slab of black marble, its surface veined with jade lines. They had done it. The temple was deathly silent. All he could hear was the crackle of flames and the crack of pistol fire from outside. Utterly exhausted by his ordeal, Kessel waved his sword at Loā Gorg and shouted, "Go. Stop them, but do not kill them!"

Lichtenstein vaulted the railing, landing lightly beside Gryx as Kessel's berserker warrior dodged a blow from Dimitri's whirring chain axe. He hauled his servitor warrior's body onto his shoulder and set off towards the planet's surface. Seeing what he had unwittingly released in the centre of the temple, Lichtenstein now realised the folly of his actions and knew that it was time to make good his escape. He struggled under the heavy burden of Gryx, as he saw Kessel emerge from the temple, following his daemon creature, which floated through the air towards Dimitri. Caught between two enemies, his Magos fired a shot at the charging berserker, blasting yet another



Mechsimum and Dimitri clash on the gantry overlooking the temple.

chunk from the warrior. Then, with a relentless fortitude that horrified Lichtenstein, the warrior scrambled up the side of the building and onto the gantry. Dimitri blocked the first blow

with the adamantium haft of his chain axe, but another underarm stroke of the chainsword hacked upwards into his groin, spraying blood and driving the Magos to his knees. The berserker moved in for the killer blow as Lichtenstein sensed the build-up of psychic power from Loā Gorg and the mental backwash from its discharge as the daemonhost attacked the magos.

Dimitri felt incredible agony, even though the haze of suppressants were blocking the majority of the pain. He knew he would need several weeks to repair this damage. He pushed himself backwards as he suddenly felt a strange rise in temperature within his body. Once more he cursed his continued reliance on organic components as he felt his blood begin to boil in his veins. Agonising pain clamped down on his chest and head. He had but a moment of surprised incredulity as he detected a 90°C rise in the blood temperature of his arterial system before his heart exploded and his brain boiled in his cranium. Dimitri went offline.

Lichtenstein screamed a shout of denial as the powerful psychic power overloaded Dimitri's fragile organic matter and he felt the Magos's life energy fade. Dropping Gryx from his shoulder, he shouldered his shotgun and fired a succession of shots at the berserk warrior on the gantry, blasting a trio of holes in him and dropping him to the floor. He could not see the daemon creature: the gantry prevented him from taking a shot. Grabbing Gryx by the metal of his arm, he vanished into the darkness after his daemonhost.

There would be another time.



Lichtenstein exacts a measure of revenge against Mechsimum for Dimitri's death.

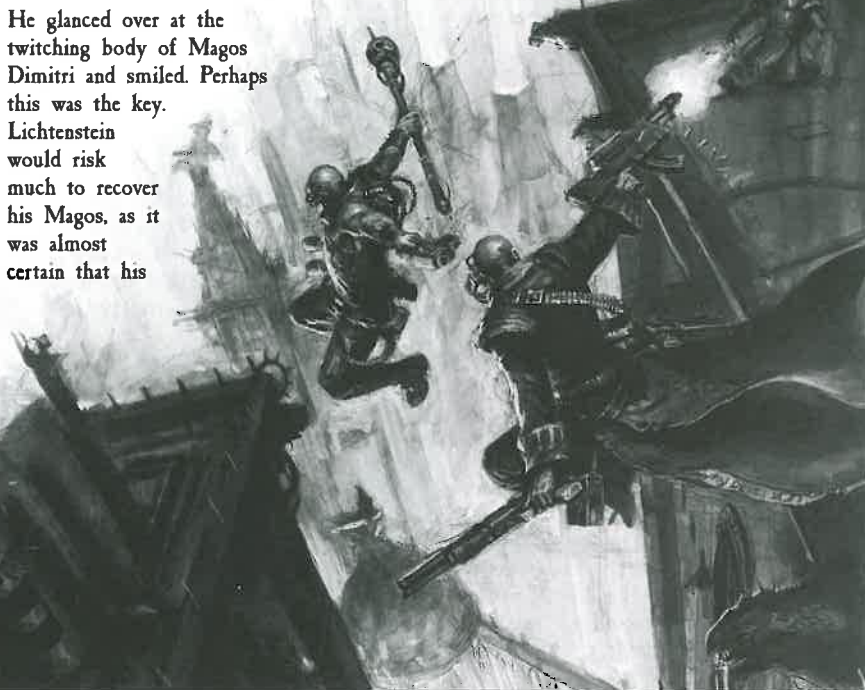
Smoke billowed in roiling black banks from the pools of burning promethium that leaked from the ruptured tank the Magos had detonated. From the screams of pain Kessel had heard as he waited to spring his trap on Lichtenstein, he guessed that Logan Storm had fallen foul of the despicable tactics of the Magos. Kessel sheathed his warblade, containing the soul-fragment of Loa Gorg, and gripped the railing of the Paraelix temple. He could see Mechsimum pick himself up from the gantry across from him. The cyber-gladiator bled profusely from a score of wounds and Kessel was amazed that the warrior had managed to stay upright.

Loa Gorg floated in the air over the body of the magos and Kessel could feel the daemon creature's desire to inflict further harm on the Mechanicus Adept. Blood coated the man's features where it had gushed from the ruptured sutures around his cybernetic implants, and Kessel struggled to control his anger at Loa Gorg. He had wanted to question Lichtenstein's accomplices, not kill them. Too many of the Inquisition would destroy that which they did not understand, but Kessel knew that much could be learned from the study of matters deemed forbidden. It was ironic that he and Lichtenstein were very much alike. Both had

plumbed the mysteries of Chaos, but where he had studied and learned the nature of the Ruinous Powers, Lichtenstein was attempting to bend those same forces to his will. Kessel could understand such desires, but knew that mastery of Chaos was an impossibility. If the Primarch Horus had tried and failed, what chance did a mere mortal have? He did not believe that Lichtenstein was evil, merely misguided, and Kessel knew that he must bring him back to the path of righteousness.

He glanced over at the twitching body of Magos Dimitri and smiled. Perhaps this was the key. Lichtenstein would risk much to recover his Magos, as it was almost certain that his

brain would have some form of memory recovery cogitator built in. But would Lichtenstein risk a meeting with Kessel? He hoped so; there would be much they could learn from one another.



FAREWELL TO THE HELLMOUTH



Graham McNeill

Graham: Well, we pretty much managed to destroy just about every piece of scenery in that game! We blew up promethium tanks, smashed doors from their hinges, hacked

through obelisk supporting chains and attempted to saw through wobbling gantries. Only the thought of an angry Paul Rudge prevented us from taking clippers, a chisel and a blowtorch to the scenery to represent the damage we inflicted.

I don't think there was a single action movie scene we didn't manage to cram into that game. For my part, everything ran pretty smoothly, both players knew the rules and both consistently looked for ways to do things that were

dramatic rather than utterly game-winning. This is the kind of play GMs should definitely encourage and reward. There were a couple of instances during this game where I had to make calls that weren't strictly by the rules, but allowed play to proceed in an exciting manner.

You shouldn't be afraid to improvise like this as there are bound to be situations cropping up during a game that you can't have predicted. Remember that, as GM, you have the final say in such matters, so let your players know that what you say goes. Try to keep instances of this to a minimum, though, because if you're constantly having to bend the rules in order to make things work, then there's something wrong.

After the game was over, we discussed what had happened and possible ways that the narrative could be continued. Dimitri's demise and Ghaustos fleeing

the battlefield after the warp gate had opened allowed us to plant a seed of doubt in Lichtenstein's mind concerning the strength of the bindings he has placed on the daemonhost. It also opens up the possibility of a fresh scenario. What lengths will Lichtenstein go to in order to rescue his Magos? Gryx will almost certainly expire without Dimitri's knowledge of his bionics and surgical implants, assuming that the magos' brain survived in electrical format. And what of Tyrus? Sufficient time has passed for him to rally his followers, recruit new members and vengeance on Lichtenstein is never far from his mind...

Yes, there is much more carnage to be unleashed on the world of Karis Cephalon and when warbands with such bloody histories collide, the results are sure to be catastrophic.

I, for one, can't wait.

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT



Gav Thorpe

Gav: Fantastic! I must admit that my duties for Warhammer have somewhat flattened my Inquisitor gaming over the last couple of months, so what a way to get back into it. First

up, a big thanks to Graham for such a great scenario and running the game effortlessly. Also, much appreciation to Phil, whose grasp of the Inquisitor spirit is total. Between the three of us, I think that was one of the best Inquisitor games we've ever had.

All in all, the plan worked pretty well. There were some nice showdowns – Logan Storm against Dimitri, Mechsismus versus Gryx, and of course that wonderful clash between the two Inquisitors and their daemonhost allies.



Phil Kelly

Phil: As far as the end results go, I'm not quite sure what to make of that one, but my expectations were far exceeded by the events of the game. So many dramatic scenes and cool set pieces

cropped up that I doubt it would have been as good if the story was contrived from the start. Lichtenstein achieved his goal, only to find that he had been misled by Pharaa'gueotla (or Ghaustos, perhaps). Kessel came through admirably to seal the resultant warp portal shut once more, saving us from being dragged screaming into the warp. We had a duel with flaming swords, pitched battle on a rickety gantry, a spreading pool of burning oil, heroic leaps aplenty, cyber-gladiators ripping into one another, psychic duels, screaming daemons, exploding barrels...what more could two Inquisitor players ask for?

The best aspect of this game, in my opinion, was that at all times Gav and I were thinking of cool and innovative things to do with our characters rather than just shooting at each other. As a result, we had Dimitri firing at the tank Logan Storm was sheltering behind and then igniting the contents (What did it contain? Promethium of course! – Graham), we had Kessel chopping through the chains holding the obelisk so that it careened toward Lichtenstein,

For me, the pacing of the game was perfect. The fighting gathered impetus, with the Inquisitors' companions getting stuck in while the leaders themselves concentrated on their tasks. This died down, leaving the duel in the main chamber at centre stage that, once resolved, led to a tension-building but quickly resolved endgame.

Although Inquisitor isn't about winning and losing, I think I came out slightly on top of that one. True, we both achieved our objectives, but since it was impossible for me to complete mine without Lichtenstein starting his own nefarious deed, I think that was acceptable. The only real problem is poor old Logan Storm. He finished the game unconscious and his legs hideously burnt. Considering his previous career as a member of the Adeptus Mechanicus Skitarii, I think it only fitting that Kessel employ the

services of the Tech priests to fix up the brave warrior. I'm thinking of upgrading him to full Praetorian battleservitor status. This will mean converting him up a bit (or more likely starting afresh) and giving him either bionic legs (possibly three or four) or tracks. I'll be looking through my bits box then.

As for the campaign, Lichtenstein slipped away. I think after the scare he's had meddling with forces he doesn't fully understand, he may be a bit more reticent in the future to go opening random warp portals. Considering the similarities between Kessel and Lichtenstein, my Inquisitor may try and track him down to offer him a deal. Be a friend and calm down a bit, or become an enemy. If Lichtenstein knows what's good for him he'll go for the former!

TOTAL CHAOS

we had Mechsismus attempting to saw through the bridge that Dimitri was standing on, and so on. Firing at ammo crates next to your target can be a lot more fun than shooting the target itself, and potentially do more damage. Besides, as every action movie fan knows, explosions are great fun, so go on, blow stuff up! Improvisation for your character's actions really is the key to a truly memorable game, and if it's a cool idea, the GM is that much more likely to allow you to do it. Poor old Rudgey will have a fit when he hears the scale of the property damage the characters have wreaked on his scenery!

All that remains for my warband is to count the cost, and unfortunately the cost seems to be high indeed. Gryx lost a leg, but that isn't a big deal, I'll just fish through the old bits box and find a cybernetic replacement. Sure, he'll only have one of his original limbs, but Gryx is a servitor-warrior and wasn't likely to win any beauty contests anyway.

More importantly, Dimitri's brains were so thoroughly cooked by Loa Gorg's Blood Boil power that he was effectively dead, all this after catching a chainsword in the crotch. Not so good. However, Graham is considering the chance that Dimitri, being comprised of around 90% metal and 10% flesh, downloaded his memory engrams into his internal hard drive many years ago. He's already come through suffering an inferno bolt to the head, and is by far the most durable member of the warband. I'm just hoping his autosave is up to the task...



Gav would like to thank a higher power for his warrior band's success.

WHITE DWARF



White Dwarf 252



White Dwarf 253



White Dwarf 254



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BOSS TROLL SPEAKZ!



Bozz Troll aka Marc



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What! You DON'T? Well you better turn back a page and check out our new subscription offer. It has been a while since we have had a change in the price of our White Dwarf subscriptions, but now you can pick up a one-year subscription (twelve issues) for only \$100.

A subscription to White Dwarf not only gets delivered straight to your door each month, right out of the Lair, but every subscriber gets a copy of our very own Trollz Nooz mini magazine. Add to that all the special deals we do only for subscribers and you can't get much better value for money.

Something else that's a bit unique in this issue revolves around our army of the month. This month's army being Eldar, us Trollz couldn't resist putting together a bit of an army deal for them. One of the new Mail Order exclusives just for these army deals is a specially designed "Trollz Approved" army list to go with the army. Even if you decide to change your army or add to it in the future these lists look great and should still come in very handy as a reference during your games. While we're talking about the army of the month if there is a particular army that you would like to see appear that we haven't done yet, give us Trollz a call and let us know.

The other big thing that's happening this month is of course Christmas. With new armies being started and units expanding all over the place, the Trollz Lair is no different. Many a Tau army around here has had some of the new XV8 Crisis Suits and XV15 Stealth Battlesuits added. Along with all of that activity there has been a lot of talk in anticipation of the new High Elf army book and all the models that accompany this superb book.

For all the High Elf players out there that are just as keen as us to see the High Elves hit the shelves we are already taking advance orders. So give us a call and we can fill you in on all the upcoming High Elf products like the fantastic army deal.

To help everyone out at this hectic time of year, as your armies undoubtedly build and expand, we have also squeezed in a special deal on some figure cases. What better way can you think of to store all your brand new, freshly painted models, than in one of these fantastic cases? Have a look through at all the lovely new models and have a great holiday's painting and gaming.

Bozz Troll



Intelligent Troll aka Adam



kg02 Troll aka Michael



CODEX TAU



CODEX TAU Band G \$27

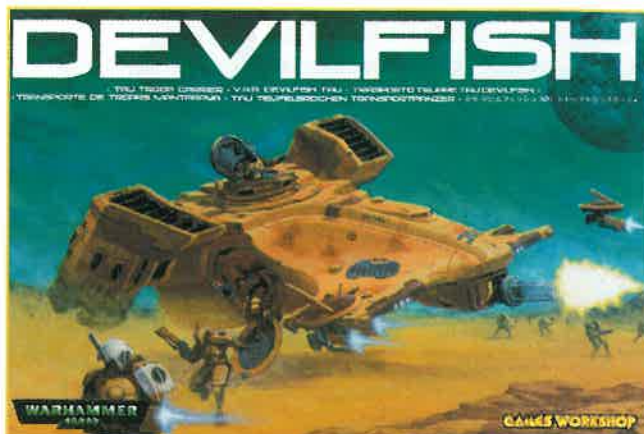
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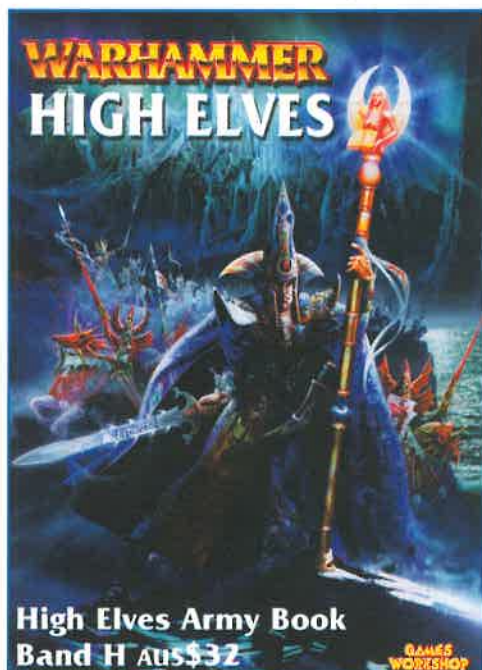
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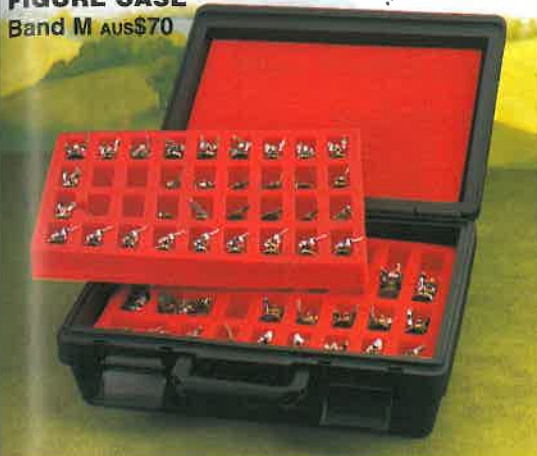


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THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

Editorial

It's almost upon us. The film we've all been waiting for opens on the 26th of December in cinemas across Australia. It's been a long time coming but from the stills and clips we've seen whilst producing our Lord of the Rings game it will have been well worth the wait.

The Lord of the Rings trilogy is a personal favourite and I tend to read it every couple of years. The multi-million dollar movie is a dream come true with some of my favourite actors starring in it (Sean Bean as Boromir and John Rhys-Davies as Gimli). It doesn't end with the trilogy though – The Hobbit, The Silmarillion and Unfinished Tales all add further depth to the story, amazingly first published in 1954. If you haven't read these yet, go and pick them up – you won't be disappointed!

The chance to see these legendary characters in a cataclysmic struggle against the forces of evil given the full treatment on the silver screen is incredible – as the *Sunday Times* quoted: "The world is divided into those who have read The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings and those who are going to read them." I'm sure the same will be true of the films.

Today's technology and expertise makes this film finally possible and we were lucky enough to be paid a visit by Richard Taylor and Tania Rodger, both directors of WETA (the special effects team behind the Lord of the Rings films) when they were in England recently. We took the opportunity to interview a jet-lagged Richard Taylor and this exclusive can be found later in this issue!

We've managed to talk to some of the stars of the films too – we have already interviewed Sean Astin (Sam Gamgee) and Viggo Mortensen (Aragorn) and we are trying our level best to talk to more of the faces you'll be seeing so much more of very soon.

Watch this space for more details, but if you want even more hot news check out our website at www.games-workshop.com/lotr.

See you again next month!



Paul Sawyer, Editor

Paul

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2. New Releases

All of this month's Lord of the Rings new releases.

4. Painting Masterclass

How our 'Eavy Metal team painted the Cave Troll and Lurtz.

7. Interview

An interview with Richard Taylor, a director of Weta Workshop Ltd. Weta was responsible for all the on-set special effects, armour and weapons in the movie.

14. Building a Wargames Table

A beginner's guide to building a wargames board.

18. Painting Masterclass

How our 'Eavy Metal team painted Seruman, Gandalf and Gwaihir from the Escape from Orthanc boxed set.



**WHITE
DWARF**

264 DECEMBER

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THIS MONTH'S RELEASES FOR LORD OF THE RINGS

Cave Troll

Aus\$32

Sculpted by
Alan Perry.



Lurtz Aus\$14

Sculpted by
Michael Perry.



Orc Warriors Blister pack 1 – Aus\$16

Sculpted by Michael Perry and Alan Perry.

This blister pack contains a random selection of one Orc Warrior armed with a two-handed weapon, plus two Orc Warriors armed with hand weapons and shields.



Orc Warriors armed with two-handed weapons.



Orc Warriors armed with hand weapons and shields.

Orc Warriors Blister pack 2 – Aus\$16

Sculpted by Michael Perry
and Alan Perry.

This blister pack contains a random selection of one Orc Warrior armed with a spear, plus two Orc Warriors armed with hand weapons and shields.



Orc Warriors armed with hand weapons and shields.



Orc Warriors armed with spears.

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Sculpted by Michael Perry and Alan Perry.

This blister pack contains three Orc Bowmen.

Mounted ▶ Ringwraiths AUS\$16

Sculpted by Michael Perry.

This blister pack contains one Mounted Ringwraith.



◀ High Elf Warriors with spears AUS\$16

Sculpted by Gary Morley.

This blister pack contains three High Elf Warriors with spears.

Escape from Orthanc AUS\$62

Sculpted by Gary Morley, Brian Nelson and Trish Morrison.

The Escape from Orthanc boxed set contains Gandalf the Grey, Gwaihir the Giant Eagle, Saruman the White Eagle, Saruman's plinth and Saruman's plinth.



Saruman the White



Gandalf the Grey



Palantir on plinth



Gwaihir the Giant Eagle

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With so many evil models released in this issue, Space McQuirk asked our 'Eavy Metal team how they painted the massive Cave Troll and the Uruk-Hai Captain, Lurtz.

PAINTING MASTERCLASS

The Cave Troll and Lurtz, Uruk-Hai Captain

CAVE TROLL



Cave Troll painted by Tammy Hays

ASSEMBLING THE MODEL

The first stage was to pin the model's body to its legs and the head to the body. The arms were double pinned for extra support. Green stuff was then applied to any gaps where the components met. Chaos Black undercoat was sprayed over the entire model, followed by watered down Chaos Black being painted into any area the spray didn't cover.

PAINTING THE MODEL



A base tone mixture of equal parts Shadow Grey and Chaos Black, plus a small amount of Dwarf Flesh, was painted over the whole model.

Concentrating on the largest part of the model, which on the Cave Troll is the skin, it was highlighted by simply adding a small amount of Dwarf Flesh to the original base tone. This highlight stage was painted by following the skin lines on the model, continuing to add more Dwarf Flesh

to the mix and painting on successive highlights four or five times.

By the final highlight, the mix had turned from a dark bluish grey to a light grey simply by adding Dwarf Flesh.



The basecoat colour for the chest and inside skin sections of the Cave Troll's arms was painted with a mixture of equal parts Dwarf



Flesh and Shadow Grey. This base tone colour was blended where it met with the skin areas which had been painted earlier.

This colour was also used to paint the larger recesses between the scales on the Troll's back.

A small quantity of Bleached Bone was added for the next highlight stage and this was painted on by following the folds of flab. More Bleached Bone was added to the mix for each successive highlight.



Black Ink was used to glaze the hands, feet and head of the model, blending the ink in where it met with the skin. This was done by simply watering the ink down to approximately five parts water to one part ink before applying it to the area to be blended.



FINE DETAIL

The cracked leather skin was initially painted with an equal quantity mix of Codex Grey and Chaos Black. This was carefully drybrushed over the cracked skin, without going into the cracks. A small quantity of Bleached



Bone was added to the mix which was then painted onto the edges of the skin. Finally the very edges of the skin were highlighted with



Skull White.

The loincloth was painted with a basecoat mix of Bestial Brown and Chaos Black. Small quantities of Fortress Grey were added for each successive highlight. A wash of equal parts



Brown Ink, Black Ink and water was applied to the cloth. The clasps were painted with Tin Bitz and given a highlight of Boltgun Metal.

The hammer and chain was given a drybrush of Tin Bitz followed by a second, light drybrush of Boltgun Metal. It then received a wash of



watered down Chestnut Ink and Black Ink mix. Some of the links on the chain were given a highlight of Burnished Gold.

FINISHING TOUCHES

The eyes were painted with Chaos Black first. This was then painted over with Bleached Bone, leaving a thin



outline of black around the edges of the eye.

Next, a thin line of Chaos Black was painted down the centre and a second line was painted inside this with a mix of Regal Blue and Bleached Bone.



The nails were painted with a Bestial Brown basecoat. These were

highlighted with an equal mix of Bestial Brown and Bleached Bone before being given a final highlight of Bleached Bone. These were then given a Brown Ink wash and, while the ink was still wet, a highlight of Bleached Bone was painted on to create a blended effect. The Troll's teeth were painted with Bleached Bone on its own.

Sand was glued onto the base with PVA and then, once dry, given a Brown Ink wash. This was drybrushed with a mix of Snakebite Leather and Fortress Grey and finally flocked with static grass.

LURTZ

Lurtz painted by Dave Thomas



PAINTING THE MODEL

After attaching the shield, the model was sprayed with an undercoat of Chaos Black, and watered down Chaos Black was painted over any areas missed by the spray.

A mix of equal parts Scab Red, Scorched Brown, Chaos Black and



Dark Flesh was painted onto the model's skin as a basecoat. Highlights to the skin were added using equal parts of Scab Red and Dark Flesh for the first stages, then small amounts of Bleached Bone were added to this mix for the final highlights. The skin areas were given a wash with a watered down mix of equal parts Brown Ink and Chestnut Ink.



All the metal parts of the model were painted with a base coat of Tin Bitz. When painting the Tin Bitz, on some areas the Chaos Black undercoat was left showing through.

The armour sections were painted by picking out the edges very imprecisely with Boltgun Metal.



The shield and sword were the next parts to be painted. These were also painted with Boltgun Metal, leaving areas where the under-

coat and basecoat showed through using the same technique used to paint the metal sections earlier. Chainmail was painted on as a final highlight stage, before giving the shield a glaze with a watered down mix of equal parts Black Ink, Brown Ink and Dark Green Ink.



The leather armour on the model was painted with a mix of Scorched Brown and Chaos Black, highlighting these with Scorched Brown on

its own and then adding a small amount of Bleached Bone to Scorched Brown for the final highlight. The leather sections were given a glaze with a watered down mix of equal parts Black Ink and Brown Ink.

FINE DETAIL

The gloves, sandals, straps and quiver were painted with an equal parts mix

of Scorched Brown and Chaos Black, adding small quantities of Bleached Bone to the mix for the highlights.



The bow was painted with a base coat of Codex Grey and Chaos Black. The tip of the bow was painted with Codex Grey, blending it in to the base coat along the curve of the bow.



The arrows were painted with Bleached Bone, then given a watered down wash with an equal parts mix of Flesh Wash and Black Ink. The feather fletchings were given a second coat of Bleached Bone.

Lurtz's hair was painted with an equal parts mix of Codex Grey and Chaos Black, using Codex Grey on its own to paint any highlights.

FINISHING TOUCHES



Finally the mark of Saruman, the white hand on his face, was painted with Skull White. Five thin lines were painted in a hand shape and then the

detail was filled in to make it look more like a realistic hand print. Lurtz's teeth were painted with a basecoat of Bubonic Brown, which I highlighted with Bleached Bone. The eyes were painted with Bubonic Brown.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

STRATEGY BATTLE GAME

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SPECIAL EFFECTS WIZARDS

THE
LORD OF THE RINGS
THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

An interview with Richard Taylor of Weta Workshop

Paul: Hello Richard. Let's start by setting the scene a little – what is WETA, and how long have you been going?

Richard: Fourteen years ago my partner Tania Rodger and I set up a little 'effects shop' making puppets, models, bits and special effects props for the New Zealand film industry. We were working out of the back room of a flat, about a 10ft square box. Over the last 14 years we have slowly moved workshop after workshop, nine times before we finally purchased Camperdown Studios.

We had been working with Peter Jackson (director of the Lord of the Rings films) for quite a while, having done all of his films except for *Bad Taste*. We started with him on *Meet The Feebles*, the puppet slicer movie which probably had Jim Henson spinning in his grave. It was on *Heavenly Creatures* that one computer was leased by the production office to do the small amount of digital effects in that film. When it came to an end we knew that we didn't want to see that technology leave New Zealand so Tania and myself joined forces with Peter Jackson and Jamie Selkirk (the editor of the film) and formed WETA. In the process we were able to gather our collateral and buy this one computer.

That has grown until now we have two companies: WETA Workshop and



WHO ARE WETA WORKSHOP?

WITH A COMBINATION OF KIWI INGENUITY, SKILLED TECHNICIANS AND TALENTED ARTISTS, WETA WORKSHOP HAS BEEN PROVIDING HIGH-LEVEL PHYSICAL EFFECTS TO THE FILM AND TELEVISION INDUSTRY FOR 14 YEARS.

WETA WORKSHOP LTD IS NEW ZEALAND'S FOREMOST SPECIAL EFFECTS FACILITY. THE LORD OF THE RINGS, WETA WORKSHOP'S LATEST PROJECT, HAS IMMERSSED THE COMPANY FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS IN THE CONCEPTUALIZING, CREATION AND THE ON-SET OPERATION OF THE CREATURES, MINIATURES, ARMOUR, WEAPONS AND SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS FOR THESE EPIC FILMS.

HAVING RESPONSIBILITY FOR SO MANY DEPARTMENTS HAS ALLOWED WETA THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROVIDE A UNIFIED LOOK THROUGHOUT THE THREE FILMS. WETA WORKSHOP'S FOCUS HAS BEEN TO CAPTURE THE VERY ESSENCE OF THE BOOKS THAT ARE HELD SO DEAR BY MILLIONS OF READERS AROUND THE WORLD.

WETA Digital. The name 'WETA' is actually the name of a native New Zealand insect, which has been around since before the dinosaurs. It is a very unique insect only found in New Zealand. It's the heaviest insect in the world when it grows to its full size – about as long as a large human hand. It's the most incredible looking little monster in the world, so we definitely thought we would name our company after that.

Paul: You mentioned you worked with Peter Jackson first on *Meet the Feebles*. What other projects have you been working on solely with Peter Jackson?

Richard: Okay, solely with Peter, we started off on a film called *Brain Dead*. We were doing the show called *Public Eye*, which is a New Zealand version of the UK's *Spitting Image*. We met Peter and he hired us when he came off the end of *Bad Taste* to do *Brain Dead*. We were hired as modelmakers but unfortunately, six weeks into it, it fell over; the finance fell through. It was the saddest day of our lives at the time and Peter rung us up the next morning and said "I've lost *Brain Dead*, but how would you feel about coming and doing this puppet movie with us called *Meet The Feebles*?" That started the most incredible period of our lives, we worked out of a railway shed for a year, turning foam rubber into these psychotic puppets...

Again Peter kindly gave us the whole of the effects facility to look after. We did *Heavenly Creatures* for him, then we did *Jack Brown Genius*, which he co-produced and co-directed, we did *Forgotten Silver* which was a huge hoax about a New Zealand film maker, we



Richard describes how WETA became involved with the Lord of the Rings project.

then did the Frighteners for him and then started on King Kong as Peter wanted to do a remake of it. We did about five months on it, producing over 100 sculptures and WETA Digital did a huge amount of digital work before it fell over. We were very concerned; we took on Contact with Jodie Foster to see us through while we attempted to get back on our feet. In amongst all of that Peter came to me and said, "Hey guess what. We may be doing Lord of the Rings." At which I fell over in shock, picked myself back up again and we began designing in earnest. We have now been on the film for four and a half years.

Paul: Working on three films in quick succession must have been hard – is Lord of the Rings the biggest project you have done so far?

Richard: Not only is Lord of the Rings the biggest project we have done so far, I think it will stand as the biggest technical undertaking in the history of film making. The Production team shot for 15 months and filmed the three films all at the same time. It had 2,000 crew

members shooting over five main units and two miniatures units. Our workshop alone has undertaken the design manufacturing of on-set operations of several departments which include the special make-up effects, armour, weapons, creatures, miniatures, all of the gore and injury rigs, and the prop effects. In total we produced 48,000 separate things for Lord of the Rings under WETA's roof, this is excluding digital involvement.

Gordon: Can I ask what a gore and injury rig is? It sounds cool!

Richard: Well, it's something we pride ourselves on. Every time a character gets stabbed, shot, killed, decapitated, mutilated, brutalized you have some form of rig. Now because it is a PG 13 we obviously were not able to have the sort of fun we had on Brain Dead, but needless to say you want to utilise a great deal of really gory effects rigs.

Paul: On to more specifics about the trilogy itself. It's filmed in New Zealand, how difficult was it for you to work in remote locations rather

than being studio based?

Richard: The producer Barry Osborne made a commitment to Peter Jackson that no budgetary restraint would stop them trying to go to the best and most magical places in the world. You have to appreciate that New Zealand is like Europe was 100 years ago. It is almost unscarred by Mankind and there are still places in the country, and places we filmed, where people have barely ever been. So just logistically to move the huge number of people around the country and get them into these locations was equivalent to a military exercise. At times, we had up to 500 actors in full body prosthetics, armour and weapons that were moved around the country in 28 massive shipping containers. And this is just WETA's involvement, just the props alone. The horses – 300 massive chargers – had to be moved across some of the most remote parts of South Island. So yes, it is possibly logistically the most difficult project ever undertaken.

Paul: Excellent! Now into something which is more your kind of field, the



Gandalf leads the group towards their destiny – the New Zealand landscape was a perfect setting the trilogy.

prosthetics for costumes like the Orcs, which were fairly tricky, because of the sheer number of people as you just mentioned. Were they individual or was there a general feel with only leaders standing out from the crowd?

Richard: When we were designing Lord of the Rings, the primary brief from Peter and my own instructions to our design team, and therefore our technicians, was that this is not a fantasy film, this isn't like Warhammer or the worlds you have created.

Tolkien wrote about our Earth 7,000 years in the past as if it was a mythological world. All the technologies that were apparent in our cultures in the Middle Ages are the technologies that we drew upon to the point that to make a sword we made them exactly as they were made 500 years ago. To make a suit of armour we built a foundry and hired blacksmiths and metalsmiths that actually hand beat the sheet steel into the shapes of the suits of armour. We did this so that at no time would the film look like it had been created by a 21st century art department.

Now as far as the creatures went, we brought the same mentality to them. We wanted to replicate the world that we know in their physiology. The Cave Troll is just like a huge sumo wrestler gone mad. The Balrog is like a huge bull with wings. The Fell Beast has wings on a colossal scale just so it could lift its body off the ground. The problem with that, of course, is that to a certain degree it cancels out creative license, and unlike the Goblins, Moria Orcs, Uruk-hai and the Ringwraiths, we allowed ourselves artistic license with the Orcs. Like Games Workshop's Orcs we pursued a race of people or a race of characters that are as diverse as the people on our Earth. So we set about trying to create a race of incredibly diverse characters – think of them as guys that had bad acne scars from their



From left: Michael Perry, Gary Morley, Richard Taylor, Tania Rodger, Alan Perry and Brian Nelson

childhood. They had been teased around the back of the bike shed, they were very frustrated basically! They had no ability to attack as individuals because they lack the courage but will attack en masse and bully a victim to death. Now as far as the technology we used goes, obviously like any film we've tackled the film leads with the highest in prosthetics. We did a great deal of silicone prosthetics, but the background characters were mostly foam latex slip-on masks.

Gordon: How do the actors cope with some of the more unusual costumes? Did you have any problems to overcome with that?

Richard: We were blessed with many things on the Lord of the Rings project but two really stand out from the others – a long pre-production period and an incredible cast. There were 28 main leads within the Lord of the Rings that

we dealt with on a day-to-day basis.

There were obviously nine people in the Fellowship and all of them deserving of the same level of attention to their swords, armoury and weapons. We went to great lengths to both capture an aesthetically pleasing look for their props and equipment but countered that by creating armour and weaponry that they would feel comfortable to wear for 15 months of their life. It's a very tricky problem because Gimli, for instance, is a Dwarf. Now a Dwarf proportionally is about 5:1 head to body ratio, as opposed to a human which is about a 9:1 head to body ratio. You can only achieve this by increasing the size of John Rhys-Davies' head and truncating his body. That is done through extensive and very large prosthetic applications and huge amounts of body padding, and understandably anyone is going to suffer in that sort of equipment. John wore Gimli's outfit and persona on a daily basis tirelessly, without showing any



A selection of 1:4 scale cast metal helmets produced by WETA Sideshow.



John Rhys-Davies wore prosthetics and loads of padding to play Gimli the Dwarf.

form of frustration towards the make-up artists and WETA armour/weapons dressers that put him into his apparel every day – he carried five huge axes on him at all times for example. Boromir carried a huge shield as well as his weaponry. Aragorn was strapped into his costume each day and laden down with his scabbard and sword – but the actor playing Aragorn, Viggo Mortensen, was so involved with the character that he came to appreciate that a ranger in that era would live and die by his artistry and his ability to wield the sword. So Viggo got to the point where he would never release the sword, he actually lived with the sword, so that he became one with the sword. The level of commitment was unbelievable, where actors took upon themselves the roles of these characters. So, it was hard, it was difficult for the actors but made possible because the pursuit of the final product was fundamental and foremost in their minds and overrode any discomfort that

befell them through the use of the equipment.

Paul: Fantastic little anecdotes like that are always good to hear. At what point did the costume design move into computer-generated graphics (CGI)?

Richard: Miniatures or digital environments are utilised when it is either too expensive to build a place for real or it just purely does not exist and you have to create it. The size issue relies on the fact that you then have to 'blue-screen' actors into environments, which is all well and good if you have a blue screen environment big enough to shoot them on. Often you will find even that isn't possible so therefore the creation of digital doubles becomes paramount. This is an exact digital copy of the actors and WETA Digital did an extensive amount of work developing the dynamics of cloth, hair, robes, and so on. We have the ability to have an actor get progressively muddier as they

walk along, just like a normal person would if they were walking over a muddy field. They get progressively bloodier as they fight in a battle and on top of this we have spent the last five years at WETA Digital developing a program which we have called 'MASSIVE'.

MASSIVE has the ability to seed an army. You lay down either a Rohan, Uruk-hai or Goblin army for example and every soldier within that army, which can number up to 100,000, will have their own artificial intelligence with their own vision and a library of military moves from which to draw upon.

Unlike standard animation where you would either create a 'flock of birds' program where they all move together or you have to individually animate each character, MASSIVE allows each soldier to think for themselves and choose how to go to battle. With this program we can now stage battles between hundreds of thousands of soldiers that look completely and utterly realistic. The problem we fought against for a long time, however, was the soldiers were more intelligent than the humans because they would run from the field of battle rather than fight...

Paul: I've been looking forward to the films ever since they were announced but the more I hear, the more I'm looking forward to them! Tolkien's works are by far and away my favourite books and to hear how the films have been produced fills me with confidence that his vision of Middle-earth has been adhered too.

What are you most proud of in this whole project?

Richard: In relationship to the work on Lord of the Rings the thing that I am more proud of than anything else is the fact that I was able to gather together a group of like-minded, enthusiastic people, exactly like those who form the backbone of Games Workshop; a group of people, except for a limited few, that have never worked on feature films or worked on anything as big as this and engendered in them the same level of passion and enthusiasm that I have in myself and was able to carry them on this journey for four and a half years under the most unbelievably difficult times – the stress, the pressure, the lack of sleep, the gruelling hours, the mud, the snow, the rain – and deliver them to the end of this incredible project with as much sparkle in their eyes and thrill in their heart as they started the project with. At all times all we had to do when we were feeling down or tired was to stop and remind ourselves "Hey guys,

this is the Lord of the Rings!" and we were able to immediately pick up our play. We found that under the leadership of Peter Jackson as the director, that the whole of the Lord of the Rings technical machine, all of the 2,000 technicians, we formed our own Fellowship; we went on our own quest and it was only through associating ourselves with the Fellowship within the story of Middle-earth that we were able to reach the end – the pursuit of the Ring, the pursuit of the final film. It was a camaraderie that brought us to the end, as corny as that may sound. I am sure this company knows exactly what I am talking about.

Gordon: Very much so. What was your favourite creation during this project?

Richard: There have been some great baddies in the film-making world. We've got Boba Fett and Darth Vader – I wanted to be involved in creating a really good baddy! Lurtz, the leader of the Uruk-hai is possibly the character I am most fond of because not only is he a baddy, a prosthetic character, he also has a sheer maliciousness. You can see it within him; he enjoys the thrill of the chase and the drama of the kill. Lurtz is definitely my favourite character that we brought from Middle-earth to life on the screen.

Paul: We're very much looking forward to seeing him on silver screen. This is your first trip to Games Workshop, what have you seen so far, is it what you expected?

Richard: After working on a film like Lord of the Rings for four years you grow to the point that you take ownership of it. You really grow to the point that you can barely comprehend having to let it go – the thought that someone else would begin work on it. When we heard that Games Workshop had acquired the rights to manufacture the gaming figures for Middle-earth, myself, Peter Jackson and our team of designers and technicians at the Workshop were absolutely thrilled. We could not have been more excited by the fact that it was going to be handled by possibly the most intensely passionate, fanatical team of artists in the creative merchandising business anywhere in the world.

So when Tania and I were offered the opportunity to come and visit the facility where it is all made, we thought we were prepared for what we were going to see and we knew it was going to be cool. We knew we were going to meet some good people who were carrying the flame further into this amazing world of Middle-earth but

nothing could have prepared us for what we've witnessed...

After visiting England numerous times, we have said our favourite place out of everything we have seen in your country was Madame Tussauds. The artistry, the craftsmanship, the history, the eye for detail. It has always been our favourite place.

All that has now been washed aside because Games Workshop is possibly the most dramatic artistic undertaking I have ever encountered. I was stunned basically. It's funny because the artistic fraternity of the world sees the artistry that would carry on at Games Workshop as purely being a fickle play in the world of toys. But these are the great masters of the 20th and 21st century. This is artistry at a level that is very rarely seen in modern life today. They may be sculpting 28mm figures, they may be of fantastical worlds and barbarian commanders, but there is still no doubt that the art history, the passion, the intrigue, the attitude within the pieces is worthy of the greatest art gallery!

Gordon: A group from Games Workshop was present at the Cannes Film Festival and subsequently the big Lord of the Rings party. When we were there we saw the 40-minute footage of the film and the audience reaction was just astounding. A guy got up at the start just to fill in those

who didn't know anything about the Lord of the Rings, and we were four rows from the front, dead centre, we were all just sat there thinking "GET OUT!", "What the hell are you doing in here if you haven't even read the book, let alone if you're not a Tolkien fan? You have no right to a preview screening unless you know what this movie is about, unless you have read the book."

What was amazing was the completely genuine reaction at the end of the showing where the entire

WETA's model of Lurtz. They have dozens of similarly well sculpted models available.



Richard Taylor and Tania Rodger inspect our versions of their creations.

audience burst into applause. There was a short preview section, a couple of minutes at the start, and the Mines of Moria. Even though it was unfinished, it was just an astounding set of images. How proud are you of the finished look?

Richard: Setting off four and a half years ago on this incredible journey, anyone would have been daunted. You can have as much passion as you like and as much creativity and imagery as you like. But you are trying to create images of a world when there is already a preconception of what this world should look like. How do you fulfil that? At the end of the day you never can. The only thing you can fulfil is your own vision of Middle-earth and hope that the people that watch the film with you will enjoy what you saw it to be. I sit now and watch the finished product and I am so pleased with the result of our labours – the result of our collective labours. It is never going to be perfect. Of course you pick holes in it. Of course you wish you had done some things differently, but film making is always about compromise. You are always going to run out of time. You are always not going to have enough funds to do as well as you want. You are always not going to have quite the right number of people but if you can consider all the compromises, all of the difficulties that the film was made

under, the final result is one that will live and stand up for a long time to come. We are extremely proud of what we have done and I feel extremely proud to show that work to the world that has grown to love Middle-earth.

Gordon: What was interesting for me was that the minute we got wind of Lord of the Rings and saw some of the early work we knew we had to go and get this project. As a company we do not take licenses, we normally grant licenses to others. But for Lord of the Rings we had to make that exception. We had to be involved with this product, for a multitude of reasons, a) because it was too good an opportunity to miss and b) not to seem arrogant but we did not want to see anyone else to do it as they would not do it as well as we could.

Richard: No, they wouldn't have.

Gordon: What I enjoyed about the whole Cannes experience was watching the rest of the world catch up. How did that feel at the end of the weekend, when all of a sudden you are page 3 of the London Times, you have features on TV, John Rhys-Davies is quoted in Empire magazine, as saying "I know I sound insufferable, but this is going to be bigger than Star Wars." Do you have the same hopes?

Richard: Yes I do have the same hopes. The greatest thing about Cannes was the fact that we were screening to a harsh audience. The reporters at Cannes are meant to be harsh, that's their job. They are there to give a realistic, non-fan based perspective on the world's cinema-making fraternity. I had 71 interviews with reporters while I was there and not one interviewer asked any form of cynicism-based question. Not one interviewer hadn't been touched by the magic of Middle-earth, they were children playing in this world alongside us, completely and utterly touched by the magic of Middle-earth, by the compassion, the sincerity, the realism that we have endeavoured to bring to this incredible story. That was the most beautiful thing for me to see – what would normally be a fairly harsh audience touched by even just a tiny snippet of the film. They saw 24 minutes of seven hours worth of cinema and they were touched.

Gordon: The other awesome thing you must have been proud of, again at Cannes, was the Lord of the Rings party. Which was apparently the 'party of parties' at the event. You brought all the amazing effects, the real Bag End was there and the giant Cave Troll. What kind of a feeling was it for you watching people walking around this party thinking "Good God!"?

Richard: Cannes at the end of the day is a huge film sales market. Taking Middle-earth to Cannes as such was possibly a little bit dangerous because there is an artificial world in Cannes – the TV interviews of flashy actors in amongst the hustle and bustle of Cannes. So, someone at New Line had the inspiration to pull the world's press out of the hurly burly and take them up into the hills in amongst this incredible pastoral, forested slice of European life, deposit them in amongst the grounds of a beautiful castle and present to them various elements: Bag End, the Stone Troll from the Hobbit, the Gates to Moria, the Elves and the Elven boat, the Prancing Pony. This was presented to them as a gift to those people and a gift to us because it transported them to a world of complete mythology, to a world of beautiful fantasy and allowed them to enjoy themselves in the world where we have enjoyed ourselves for the last four years. It was a very fitting tribute I have to say.

Paul: Well, it's been very good to meet you and thanks for the interview – most enlightening! Hopefully we'll catch up with each other again before too long.



Richard and Gordon discuss Cannes Film Festival's reaction to the film trailers.

FROM THE MAJOR MOTION PICTURE.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

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Playing on a well designed and themed terrain board can really increase the enjoyment of a game. This month we take a look at how Dave Cross and Wayne Elliot went about constructing such a board.

Games Workshop stores throughout the Asia Pacific region will have been running introductory games for anyone interested in playing the new Fellowship of the Rings game. In a region-wide effort, shop staff will have constructed the Weathertop themed boards for visitors to the stores to play on. We asked the team who designed the original table in the UK to tell us how they went about building their's.

The boards in our stores are designed to withstand the punishment meted out by hundreds of enthusiastic gamers as they get to grips with the new game system. With this in mind, we have used some very durable materials which can prove to be expensive. For a board that is going to be used at home or in a gaming club, you can substitute some of the materials for much less expensive options without affecting the finished appearance.

MATERIALS USED

- 4' x 4' sheet of chipboard
- 8' x 4' sheet of polystyrene (we used pink dense insulation polystyrene)
- Battlemat (or static grass matting)
- 2 bags of Citadel sand
- 2 bags of Citadel gravel
- 2 bags of Citadel trees
- Pack of Citadel hedges
- PVA Glue
- Gloss varnish
- Forge World Weathertop scenery piece
- Rocks
- All the green, brown and gray Citadel paints we could get our hands on!

STAGE 1

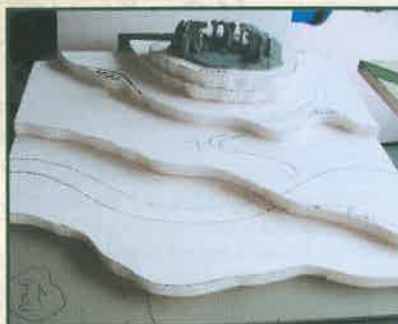
We started out by drawing a rough plan of the terrain on a 4' by 4' board, using the Forge World Weathertop terrain piece as a template. We then marked this out on the polystyrene. Using a jigsaw we cut out the shapes required (with normal polystyrene however you will

BUILDING A GAMING BOARD

Creating a small piece of Middle-earth

only need a Citadel hot wire cutter). When doing this, we advise cutting off small sections at a time to avoid making costly mistakes!

Placing the cut out shapes into position, we then drew on detail with a marker pen to show where we wanted other features such as roads, paths and rocky areas to appear.



Next we started to cut down the edges of the polystyrene to create a gradient for the hill. We knew that the gradient had to be shallow enough for the figures to stand up on and so took this into account when sanding down the polystyrene. We started cutting the gradients using a hot wire cutter, then smoothed them down with sanding paper wrapped around a block of wood. We also varied the gradient of the slope in different areas to create the effect of a more realistic contoured hill.

After each level had been sanded down, we glued it into place with a hot glue gun.

The sharp rocky protrusions were made by using some small jagged rocks from a local building site. After washing them, we placed them around the sections of the board which we had picked out for the rocky areas, arranging them to look as natural as possible.

We wanted Weathertop to be set onto a cliff face so that it looked like this section had subsided over many years. To create the cliff effect from the polystyrene, we took small chunks off the side of

the sheet with a pair of clippers. We then glued small stones into place at the foot of the cliff.



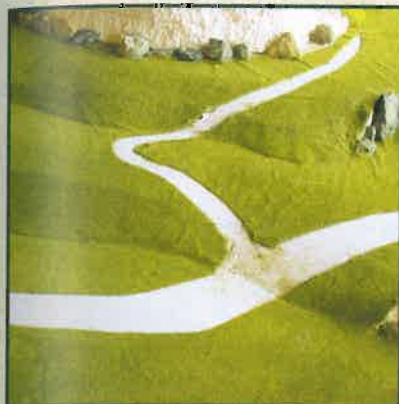
STAGE 2

Gluing on the static grass mat was the next stage in the process. This was done in a series of thin strips so that the finished appearance would be neater. We cut the strips to sit into the grooves at the base of the hill contours as this would help to hide the obvious join lines. Each strip was carefully glued to the polystyrene board with PVA glue, starting at the lowest edge of the board and working our way up.



Once all the sections had been glued down, we went over the places where the seams of the strips joined with PVA glue and then covered them with a dusting of static grass.

We then cut out the paths and pond section with a sharp knife and removed the static grass. We mixed together PVA glue and sand and painted this onto the road sections to give an earthy texture.



Before the mixture had time to dry out we added cart tracks and footprints on the road and pathway with the end of a paint brush.

The same sand mixture was also used to paint a textured rock effect on the cliff face beneath where the ruined tower would stand. Next we painted PVA glue into the gaps and edges of all the rocky areas and sprinkled it with a layer of gravel and sand.



Leaving the board to dry overnight, we came back to it in the morning and were ready to start painting. We used Chaos Black, watered down with Brown Ink, to paint a basecoat on the rocks. Once dry, we painted the individual rocks with an equal quantity mix of Fortress Grey and Chaos Black. The final stage for painting the rocks was to drybrush them with Codex Grey followed by a drybrush highlight of Fortress Grey.

STAGE 3

We drybrushed the smaller rocks and sand areas around the rocks with Scorched Brown followed by a highlight of Bestial Brown.

The pond was given an undercoat of Chaos Black. We then painted an equal parts mix of Scaly Green, Hawk Turquoise and Chaos Black in a thin line around the edge of the pond. After adding a large quantity of Hawk Turquoise to the mix, we then poured a light tone next to the dark edge straight from the pot. As this thick coat of paint was poured on rather than painted on, when the pond dries it creates a subtle ripple effect. We then added more Scaly Green and Chaos Black to this mix and continued to pour the mixture towards the centre of the pond, blending the different tones together with a brush. This colour scheme would give the pond the impression of

varying depth. Once this had dried we gave the pond a thick coat of gloss varnish.



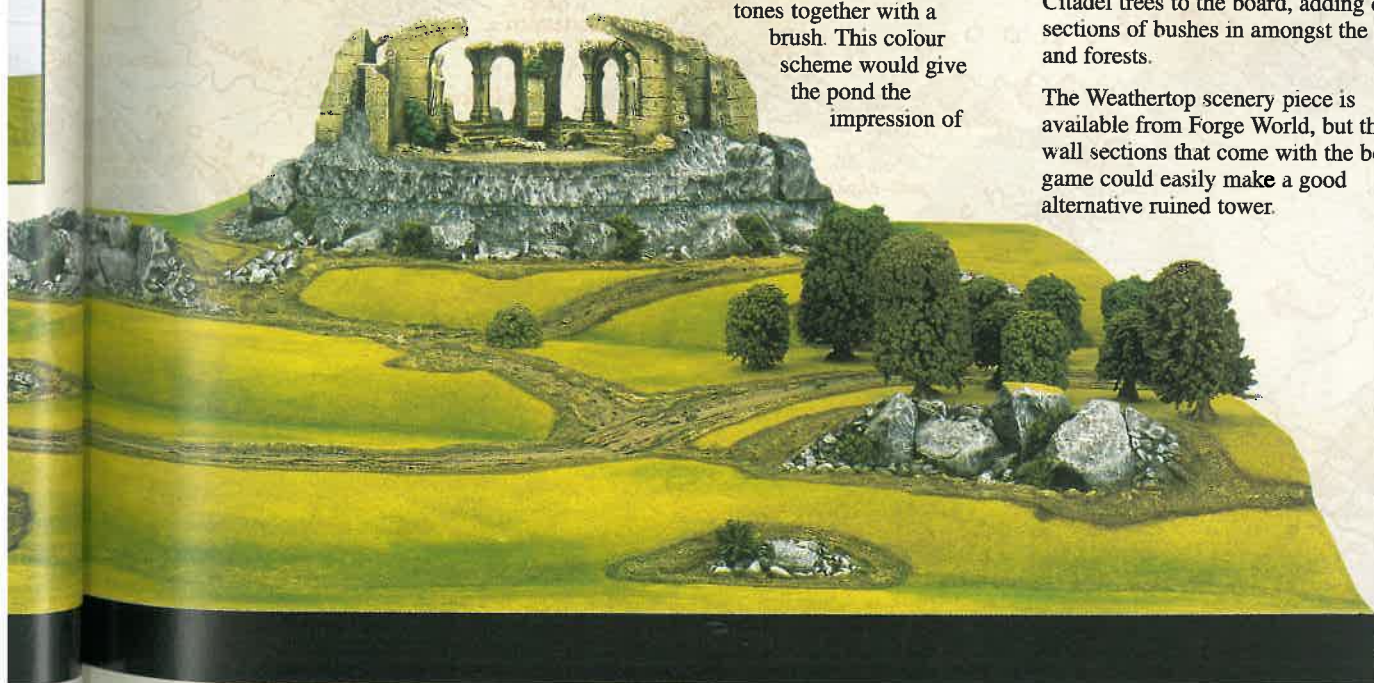
The roads were given a basecoat of Scorched Brown and Chaos Black and then highlighted with Scorched Brown and finally with Bestial Brown.



Weathertop itself was given a basecoat of Chaos Black and drybrushed with Scorched Brown, Bestial Brown, Bubonic Brown, Vermin Brown and finally Vomit Brown. The broken rock face was painted in the same way as the other grey rocks on the board.

We then drybrushed the contours of the hills where the forest sections would go with Dark Angels Green, before gluing Citadel trees to the board, adding cut up sections of bushes in amongst the rocks and forests.

The Weathertop scenery piece is available from Forge World, but the wall sections that come with the boxed game could easily make a good alternative ruined tower.



THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING



The Orcs of Moria
Medallion No. 1 / Jan. '02 Release

Exclusive Medallion Program

Sideshow / Weta is offering a unique collectible program to Lord of the Rings fans worldwide. A very special line of Lord of the Rings Medallions, 24 different pieces in all, have been created for this exclusive offering. The original Medallion sculptures were created at the Weta Workshop, the same group who helped realize Peter Jackson's vision of Tolkien's world.

These special Medallions, measuring approximately 6" (152 mm) in diameter, capture a moment of Middle-earth history in a beautifully handcrafted, low-relief scene, featuring the characters and creatures of this epic tale. Each Medallion in the series

has been meticulously sculpted to the highest standards, hand-finished to resemble antique bronze. Each Medallion release is limited to no more than ten thousand hand-numbered units and comes complete with a hand-numbered Certificate of Authenticity. These unique treasures will be released on a monthly basis over a two year period and are only available through the Sideshow / Weta Collectibles web site at www.sideshowweta.com. Each Medallion released will surely occupy a unique place in the collectible offerings surrounding the upcoming films. To learn more about the Medallion Program go to the Sideshow / Weta web site and reserve a piece of film-making history in your name.



Back of
Medallion No. 1



The Nazgûl
Medallion No. 2
Feb. '02 Release



The Industry of
Isengard
Medallion No. 3
Mar. '02 Release



The Last Alliance
Medallion No. 4
April '02 Release



The Birth of the Uruk-hai
Medallion No. 5
May '02 Release



The Soldiers of the White Hand
Medallion No. 6
June '02 Release

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Helms



Moria Orc Helm
Item # 9410 5"H



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Isildur's Helm
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Elendil's Helm
Item # 9409 5.5"H

There will be six different series of products released over a 10 month period. Look for the upcoming editions in the next issue of White Dwarf or visit our web site. Series Three is scheduled to be in stores in January '02.



AOL Keyword: Lord of the Rings www.lordoftherings.net

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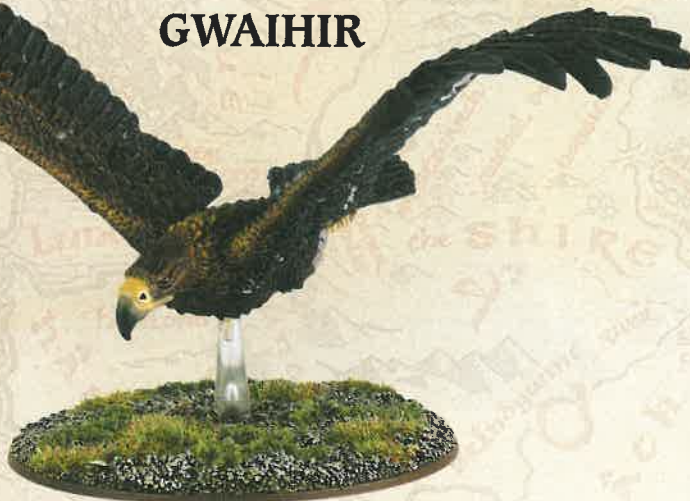
PAINTING MASTERCLASS

The Escape from Orthanc boxed set

This month sees the release of our Escape From Orthanc boxed set containing Gandalf, Saruman and the mighty eagle Gwaihir. This article explains how the 'Eavy Metal team painted the models.

Gwaihir painted by Dave Thomas

GWAIHIR



GETTING STARTED

Before starting to assemble the model, the tips of the wings were bent so they appeared less flat and outstretched. Both wings were bent so that they were symmetrical in appearance. Then the wings were pinned to the body, filling in any gaps with Green Stuff. All the models were given an undercoat spray of Chaos Black, using watered down Chaos Black paint to cover any areas that the spray had missed.

PAINTING THE MODEL

The entire model was given a basecoat of Scorched Brown mixed together with Chaos Black in equal amounts.



Starting at the back of the wingtips working forward, the highlights were applied to the feathers. Different layers of feathers were highlighted with successively lighter tones. The first layer on the back of the wings was left with

just the basecoat. For the next layer, approximately 40% Vermin Brown was added to the basecoat mix and painted on. The individual fronds of the feathers were also painted and, whilst this may seem like a long, laborious process, it's actually quite quick (you could drybrush the feathers without lessening the effect a great deal if you prefer though). For the next layer a small quantity of Vermin Brown was added to this mix, so that it now contained approximately 60% Vermin Brown, using this tone to paint the rest of the layers. Once the paint on the model had dried, an equal quantity of Vomit Brown was added to the mix and painted onto the front edge of the wing.



tips of the dark feathers at the back of his wing and his tail feathers, Codex Grey was added to the original basecoat of Scorched Brown and Chaos Black.

The underside of the model's wings and body were left with the original basecoat showing. Patterning was added to the



feathers by painting on a mix of equal quantities of Codex Grey and Bestial Brown, adding increasing amounts of Skull White to this mix to paint on successive highlights. On the underside and tail section of the model, this is applied in a symmetrical pattern. Patterning to random feathers on the top side of the wings and body was also added.



When highlighting the crest on the figure's neck, 100% Vomit Brown was used followed by painting the head area with Dark Flesh. This was highlighted with an equal quantity of Vermin Brown added to the basecoat, and then further highlights were made by adding a small quantity of Bleached Bone to the mix.



The beak was painted with Chaos Black first, adding increasing amounts of Bubonic Brown to this, each time smoothly blending the paint towards the back of the beak. Finally the nostrils on the beak were highlighted by mixing equal quantities of Bleached Bone and Bubonic Brown.



The eyes were painted with a mixture of equal quantities of Vermin Brown and Skull White followed by a wash of Chestnut Ink once this had dried.

The legs were painted a basecoat of Bestial Brown, adding an equal quantity of Bubonic Brown to Bestial Brown for the highlights, and finishing off with a highlight of Bleached Bone. The claws were left with the original basecoat but given a final highlight of Codex Grey.



GANDALF



Bestial Brown and Chaos Black were mixed in equal quantities and used as a basecoat for the model's robes. For each successive

highlight, a small quantity of Codex

Grey was added to the basecoat mix. This process was repeated three or four times, giving the model a final highlight of Codex Grey on its own.



To paint Gandalf's flesh, a basecoat of Bestial Brown was applied. This was then painted over with a mix of Dwarf Flesh and a small amount of

Bestial Brown. Adding a small amount of Bleached Bone to the mix highlighted the more prominent features such as the nose and cheekbones.

FINE DETAIL

The staff was painted by using a basecoat of Scorched Brown,



highlighting with Bestial Brown, followed by Bestial Brown with a small amount of Fortress Grey for the final highlight stage.



The belt was given a basecoat of Dark Flesh. Vermin Brown was used to paint on the highlights, adding an equal quantity of

Bleached Bone for the final highlight.



Gandalf's hair was painted with a basecoat mix of Codex Grey and Bestial Brown using slightly more Codex Grey

in the mix. Small amounts of Skull White were added to this for each successive highlight. The model was then ready to be based.

SARUMAN



Small amounts of Bleached Bone and Chaos Black were added to a mix of equal quantity Fortress Grey and Elf Flesh and then applied as a basecoat to the model.

Each successive highlight was applied by adding small amounts of an equal quantity mix of Elf Flesh and Bleached Bone to the basecoat mixture.



The tassels at the centre of his robe were given a final highlight with Skull White, leaving the original basecoat colour showing through underneath as a shade tone.



Saruman's flesh started with a basecoat mix of equal quantities Dwarf Flesh and Bestial Brown. Once this had dried, the face was highlighted with

100% Dwarf Flesh, highlighting up with an equal quantity mix of Elf Flesh and Dwarf Flesh before finishing off with a final highlight of Elf Flesh on its own.

FINE DETAIL

Saruman's staff was painted Chaos Black then highlighted with a mix of equal parts Chaos Black and Codex



Grey. The small ball mounted on the staff was painted with pure Skull White.



The hair was painted using a basecoat of Codex Grey and Skull White in an equal parts mix, with a small amount of Bestial Brown added. At the ends of the hair, increasing amounts of



Skull White were added.

The plinth and the Palantir that rests on it were painted with a basecoat of Chaos Black, highlighting with Codex Grey, and a coat of gloss varnish to finish the piece.



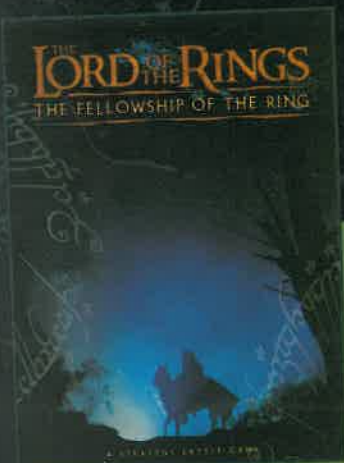
THE LORD OF THE RINGS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

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