

THE DWELLER BENEATH

An Inquisitor battle report by Graham McNeill,
Phil Kelly and Rowland Cox.

Welcome to this month's battle report, an eldritch tale of Daemons and those who would risk their very souls to communicate with such abominations in order to discover the diabolical secrets they possess. As befits such a new and different game as Inquisitor, we modified the usual format of a battle report in order to try something a little different. For starters, we didn't use a 'ready-made' scenario from a rulebook, rather, the Gamesmaster (Graham) spent the day before the game furiously tapping away at his

keyboard, coming up with all manner of dark nastiness for the players to experience.

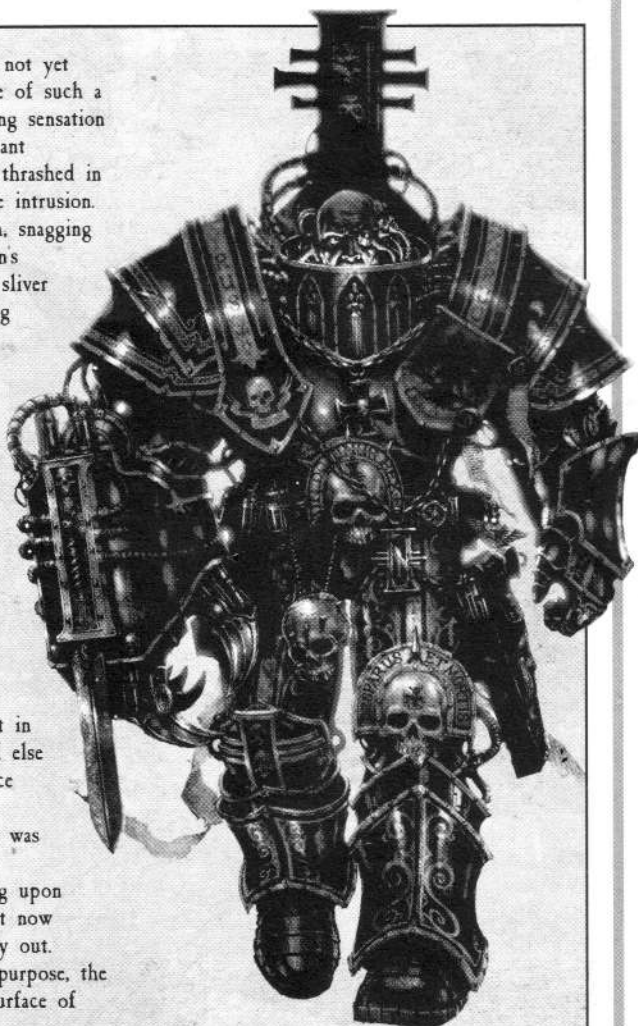
For this scenario, Rowland Cox, would use the amazing characters painted by the 'Eavy Metal team for his warriors, while White Dwarf geezer, Phil Kelly, would create his own characters and warband. One of the major differences between Inquisitor and our other games is that there are no 'official' points values or army lists as such; characters can be as rock-hard as you want them to be (but where's the challenge in playing when nothing

can touch you?). Another thing we soon realised we'd like to avoid was the alternating turn-by-turn sequence of a normal battle report since each character's actions take place at different speeds within a single turn. Due to the action-based turn system and narrative driven sequence of play, we decided that it would be more exciting to tell the events of the game in the form of a story. So prepare yourself for a tale of dark deeds, heroic valour and burning on the world of Karis Cephalon.

The darkness beneath the world was absolute. Light had never existed here, nor ever would. The quiescent blackness was omnipresent, yet filled with a brooding, daemonic malevolence of aeons past. Chains of finest silver and oaths of unspeakable power bound the sleeping Daemon Prince Pharaa'gueotla to the bedrock of the planet and engulfed it, with utter desolation and emptiness. It alone understood the true meaning of torment. For fifteen thousand years it had lain here, imprisoned within the fabric of this insignificant ball of rock and cast adrift in the cosmos. This creature that had once walked between the stars, that had seen galaxies born and die, that had decided the fate of billions on a whim, now lay dormant and forgotten. Gods had once trembled at its word and whole star systems had died for its amusement, yet now it lay powerless and barren, stripped of its power by a mortal! Its memory of times past was hazy and inconsistent, yet it remembered the one who had bested it with painful clarity, a bright-haloed warrior of awesome power, and it seethed with unnatural fury. Its every thought was enslaved by dreams of vengeance and hatred.

Then, so subtly that at first the presence went unnoticed, an insistent clawing scraped at the Daemon's sepulchral prison, an insect-like barb of another's desire. The Daemon's fluid thoughts slithered around

the questing will, sluggish and not yet fully registering the significance of such a presence. Once again the gnawing sensation burrowed deep within its dormant consciousness and the Daemon thrashed in instinctive, impotent rage at the intrusion. The barb was persistent though, snagging the tiniest scrap of the Daemon's essence and pulling, shearing a sliver of thought from the slumbering creature. Onwards and ever upwards the fragment of its mind flowed, following the call of the presence which had summoned it. Its consciousness suddenly blazed with hints of futures to come and futures that might never be, the myriad complexities of alternate histories that were yet to be written. But within this spreading web of possible outcomes, one unfolding vision was inviolate, one truth was set in stone. Only Chaos endured, all else was dust in the wind. Vengeance and freedom would be Pharaa'gueotla's, a freedom that was purchased with the blood of innocence. Everything now hung upon one slender thread, the life that now summoned it and offered a way out. Faster now, and with renewed purpose, the Daemon hurtled towards the surface of the planet...



The Warband of Inquisitor Lichtenstein



UNLEASH HELL!



Phil Kelly

Phil: What's that? A week to convert and paint an Inquisitor and his warband, with a free run of the entire range, all the paints and tools I could ask for and some of the finest models

we've ever produced? Oh, go on then. If you insist! Naturally I felt obliged to do the best job I could, and set about dreaming up a warband. Although Rowland's taste in characters tends to the extreme in one direction (Rowland, a devout supporter of the 'Good Guys', can often be seen running around the Studio shouting "Burn them!"), mine tends toward the left field. OK, the slightly strange. Alright then I'll admit it. My warband is comprised of total oddballs, fascinated by the machinations of Chaos, and none more so than Inquisitor Lichtenstein.

Lichtenstein is a senior member of the Inquisition. He belongs to the Istvaanian faction and believes, with utter conviction, that the way to defeat a galaxy-spanning force such as Chaos is to turn it upon itself. As a result, I had no qualms about kitting him out with a Daemon Sword. As Lichtenstein is a very accomplished duellist, it seemed natural that he should have a sword of some kind, and choosing a power sword is a little too obvious. The

weapon he carries, Sch'lacta, has a Bloodletter bound within it and unfortunately its will is only slightly less than Lichtenstein's, so if he fails a Psychic Power test by any real margin it will possess him and probably attack his comrades. This could be tricky, but it's offset by the unholy power of the sword. Not only does it do a nasty amount of damage (3D6+Lichtenstein's damage bonus of 2) due to its Gnawing power, it can also set its victims on fire! I was confident that he could hold off the awesome power of Tyrus in a duel, should it come to that.

Lichtenstein's psychic powers should prove very interesting as well. Although neither Psychic Impel or Telekinesis are particularly offensive powers, they are both very versatile. I was hoping that I could telekinetically clout an enemy with some nearby scenery, or Psychic Impel them off a high gantry. Both of these uses are very cinematic. Inquisitor encourages creativity and so should the Gamesmaster running it.

Magos Dimitri fits nicely with this scenario. With his knowledge of the Machine Spirit, he would be invaluable in the haunted mine workings. His tendril-like mehadendrites, coupled with his extensive training in the Adeptus Mechanicus, give him a +40% modifier to any rolls he makes when using machinery! Even though he has very average stats, he has some of the most advanced equipment to be found

in either warband. A fitting lieutenant in these circumstances, he would stick near Lichtenstein.

The Daemonhost was a wild card and, despite having played these little blighters before, I still haven't much of an idea how to get the best out of them. The new power Graham and I invented, Bloodfreeze, was a variation of Blood Boil, and had the potential to cause real havoc. It inflicts a wound level on the victim's chest (the head and chest are very important in Inquisitor; any hits there and you'll be debilitated at the very least) and, of course, it ignores armour. Useful against any gold armoured behemoths that may come charging toward him.

Finally, Gryx the servitor-warrior was pretty straightforward. My plan for him was distinctly brutal: get into combat as soon as possible. Rowland would be expecting him to go for the power armoured Tyrus (possibly due to the giant can-opener on his left arm) so I intended to do exactly the opposite; he would take on Barbaretta and Stone. The special rules we devised for his power claw meant that he could feasibly snip a foe in two before they knew what hit them. (We decided that if he rolled two or more 10s on his damage roll he'd tear off that location completely; very unlikely, but very powerful)

(For a more detailed low-down on Phil's Inquisitor warband, turn to page 40, "Diary of an Inquisitor")

The Warband of Witch Hunter Tyrus



BURN THEM ALL!



Rowland Cox

Rowland: After my involvement in helping run the Design Studio Inquisitor campaign, I was delighted to hear that I would be playing in the Inquisitor battle

report. It would mean that I would get to play Inquisitor instead of gamesmastering one of our Studio campaign games. Not that running games isn't fun, exciting and rewarding, it's just a totally different perspective on actually playing Inquisitor. Now I'd have to decide exactly what type of Inquisitor I wanted to play...

Well, as far as I'm concerned, there's nothing quite like burning people in the name of the Emperor. I love the smell of burnt sinner in the morning! For all the lure of Chaotic weirdness, the promise of blasphemous technology, and all the fun of Intergalactic plots, nothing quite beats tying a heretic to a stick and absolving him of his sins. Or failing that, shooting him with an Inferno bolt. BURN THEM, BURN THEM ALL! Ahem...

So, when the discussion started about which Inquisitor characters should be

used, there was only one clear choice. Witch Hunter Tyrus. Let Phil use his witchcraft and unholy ways, let him summon Daemons and bind them unto mortal hosts, I will have the Emperor as my guide. With His divine guidance I shall bring fiery justice to those who transgress in His name! With a steely will, a pure heart and great big suit of power armour, I shall bring Phil's Inquisitor to justice. That's the great thing about Inquisitor; not only do you get to tailor your Inquisitor's character to your personal liking, you also get to equip him in a characterful, yet totally deadly way! Many weapons in the armoury have special rules about how they affect their victims in addition to whatever normal damage they cause. For example, Witch Hunter Tyrus is armed with, amongst other things, a bolt pistol loaded with Inferno shells. These little beauties, which cause their target to burst into flames, inflict additional damage every turn in the same way as a flamer if not put out! Very characterful for a Witch Hunter, and very, very nasty.

With the leader of my warband chosen, I now had to select his followers. Being a fiery Monodominant (Inquisitors who hunt those who have consorted with Chaos or aliens, brooking no argument and giving no quarter whatsoever), Tyrus would naturally select the faithful and

devout Redemptionist Malicant. With his two-handed chainsword, the Eviscerator, he would make a fearsome close combat opponent, and I am relishing the chance to hurl him at the enemy at the first opportunity, canticles of pain and purity falling from his foam-flecked lips.

Tyrus has many connections within the varied organisations of the Imperium and this is reflected by the other characters associated with him. Security Enforcer Barbaretta, whose shock maul has 'subdued' many a suspect, would be very useful. Equipped with exceptional protective armour, a combat shotgun with target-seeking Executioner rounds and a vicious cyber-mastiff, Barbaretta is an excellent all-rounder.

Finally, I felt I needed a real combat veteran, and nobody fitted the bill more perfectly than Sergeant Stone. This grizzled warrior is a perfect companion for Tyrus. As an Inquisitor who will stop at nothing to destroy psykers and Daemons, innocent blood may be spilled and the Witch Hunter needs those who will obey his commands without question. With my band of loyal and devout warriors chosen, it was inevitable that spiritual and physical combat would commence.

Let none stand against the will of the Emperor!

THE GAMESMASTER



Graham McNeill

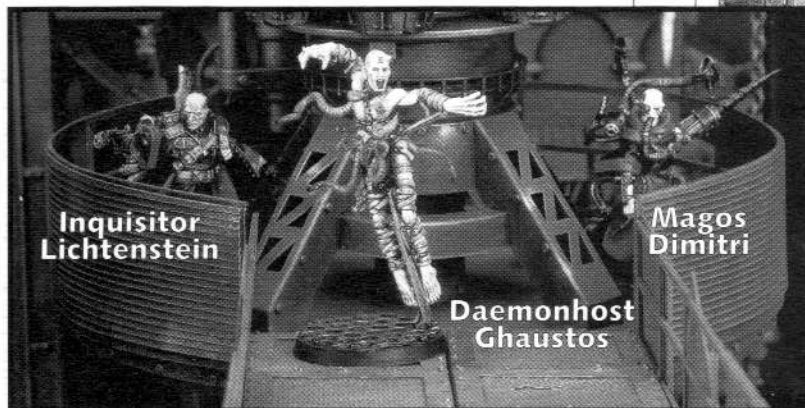
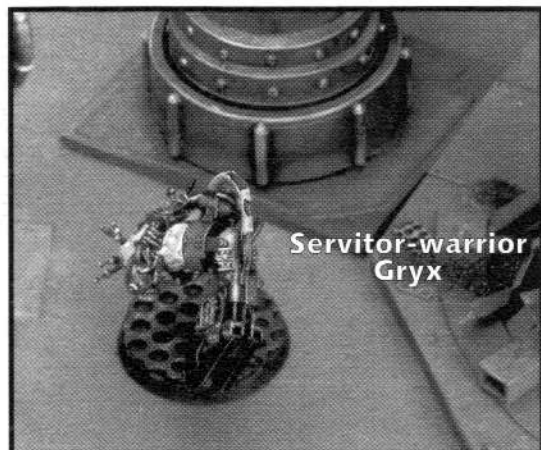
Graham: Having been part of the team that ran the Inquisitor campaign here in the Design Studio, I was hoping that in some small way I would be involved in the

first Inquisitor battle report for White Dwarf. The chance to play with fantastic miniatures over some stunning terrain was a mouth-watering prospect, and when I heard that not only was I going to be involved with the battle but would be Gamesmastering it, I was over the moon. It was only after the new year, when I came back to work after the festivities of Hogmanay (Guess where Graham hails from! — Paul Sawyer), that I realised the scope of work which lay ahead of me.

We had already decided that Rowland would be using the characters from the Inquisitor rulebook, while Phil would build his own unique Inquisitor warband and create a history for it. Phil and I got together to roll up his characters, and from the background he gave me I quickly began to form

ideas for a potential scenario. When I tied that background to the bombastic, heretic burning nature of Rowland's warband, the specifics of the scenario quickly became clear. Witch Hunter Tyrus was renowned for the use of various painful ordeals to divine the guilt or innocence of those he investigates, and I felt it would be interesting to have had the paths of the two Inquisitors cross many years earlier. I decided that two decades ago, Tyrus had believed that Inquisitor Lichtenstein was delving too deeply into the terrible mysteries of Chaos and had subjected him to those same ordeals. But he had been unable to prove the charges laid against Lichtenstein who promptly vanished soon after the trial. It was later discovered that he had managed to fool the tests which Tyrus had set him. Tyrus vowed to hunt him down and bring him once again to trial, and during the past twenty years has been attentive to any clue that would lead to Lichtenstein's capture.

Details like this add an extra layer to any scenario, creating rivalries that can extend from game to game and can further develop the narrative element of a campaign. Of course you don't need to artificially create rivalries like this, over the course of your games your players will naturally develop these rivalries as they win or lose games and defeat or overcome their enemies. Remember, Inquisitor is all about the narrative. Whatever adds depth to your games or enhances the story can only be for the good. Inspiration for scenarios, sub-plots, etc can come from both the characters and their backgrounds, but also any themed terrain pieces. Here at the Studio we're lucky enough to have some stunning scratch built scenery that represents huge mines, thundering machines, gantries and walkways, and once I'd put together an interesting battlefield, the final details of the scenario revealed themselves.

Inquisitor
LichtensteinMagos
DimitriDaemonhost
GhaustosServitor-warrior
GryxWitch Hunter
TyrusDevotee
Malicant

SCENARIO: THE DWELLER BENEATH

Following clues contained in the scrolls of the heretic monk Corteswain, Inquisitor Lichtenstein and Adeptus Mechanicus Magos Dimitri have come to the world of Karis Cephalon in their search for the lost Librarium Hereticus, a thrice damned collection of forbidden tomes and blasphemous techno-arcana. Corteswain hinted at the existence of a Daemon Prince named Pharaa'gueotla whose essence was bound within a strata of rock and buried deep beneath the surface of a planet he described as 'Cursed to be the world where The Things Which Must Not Be Named will visit a thousand times a thousand woes'. Inquisitor Lichtenstein believes Karis Cephalon to be that world. Pharaa'gueotla was said to know secrets that could point to the location of this abominable librarium and when

the mine workings at Taberna Ostium were abandoned by the workers, who claimed that the site was haunted, Lichtenstein instinctively knew that they had inadvertently discovered the slumbering Daemon Prince.

Lichtenstein and Dimitri set off for the abandoned mine with Gryx, a cybernetically altered servitor-warrior created by Dimitri, and Ghaustos, a Daemonhost of Lichtenstein's which would be used to communicate with Pharaa'gueotla and sift the lies from the truth in the Daemon Prince's words.

The Emperor's Tarot has brought the warband of Witch Hunter Tyrus to Karis Cephalon. The cards have been guiding his righteous hunt of all things unclean for many decades now and point to a meeting with an old adversary. The same rumours that led Lichtenstein to Taberna Ostium have reached the ears of Tyrus and, together with his warrior band consisting of Sergeant Stone, Devotee Malicant, Enforcer Barbaretta and her cyber-mastiff, he has set off in pursuit of his prey. Arriving to find the deserted forge-mine still rumbling to the sound of automated machinery, Tyrus split his warband into two groups and began the search for Lichtenstein. He wanted him alive, but dead was almost as good.

SETTING

The scenario takes place in the deserted forge-mine complex of Taberna Ostium and its layout is

shown in the accompanying photo, as is the starting position of the characters. To represent the unique geography of the complex I decided upon the following rules:

- None of the doors are locked, but all can be sealed in one action with simple code key-pads. It requires one action and a successful Sagacity test to open a sealed door.

- A character falling or pushed into the rotating fan blades takes D6 hits to random locations and suffers D6+2 points of damage to each location hit. Armour and force fields will reduce damage from this as normal. After suffering damage, the character is knocked D6 yards in a random direction and falls prone.

- Sample Armour values:

Barrels are Armour 5

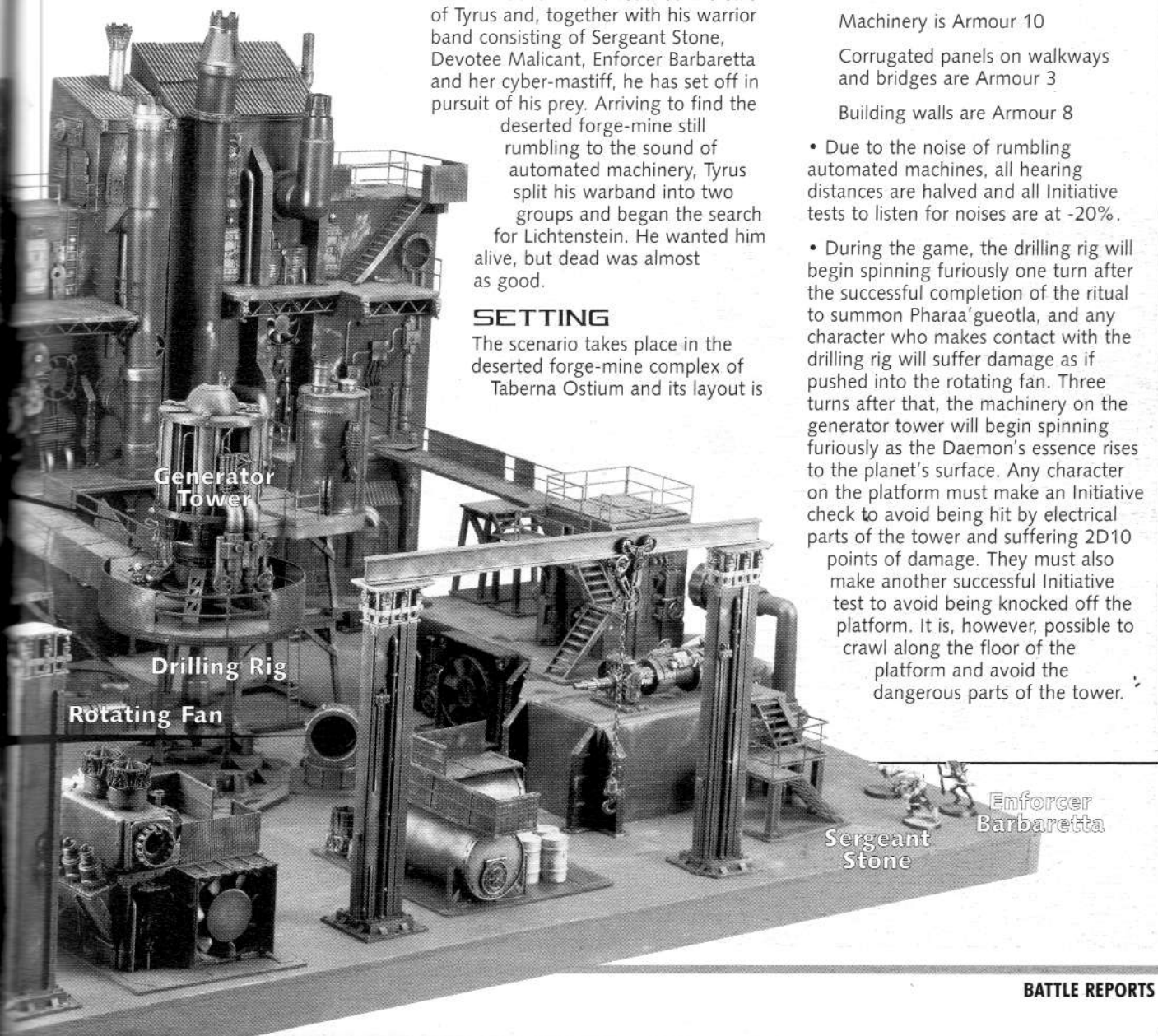
Machinery is Armour 10

Corrugated panels on walkways and bridges are Armour 3

Building walls are Armour 8

- Due to the noise of rumbling automated machines, all hearing distances are halved and all Initiative tests to listen for noises are at -20%.

- During the game, the drilling rig will begin spinning furiously one turn after the successful completion of the ritual to summon Pharaa'gueotla, and any character who makes contact with the drilling rig will suffer damage as if pushed into the rotating fan. Three turns after that, the machinery on the generator tower will begin spinning furiously as the Daemon's essence rises to the planet's surface. Any character on the platform must make an Initiative check to avoid being hit by electrical parts of the tower and suffering 2D10 points of damage. They must also make another successful Initiative test to avoid being knocked off the platform. It is, however, possible to crawl along the floor of the platform and avoid the dangerous parts of the tower.



The Summoning

Graham: I decided that since they'd already been conducting the summoning ritual before the game began, Lichtenstein and Dimitri would only require a further ten actions worth of chanting to complete the ritual. After that, who knows exactly what would happen?

High on the generator platform of the drilling rig, Inquisitor Lichtenstein and Magos Dimitri continued the ceremony to summon the essence of the Daemon Prince they sought to question, their chanting rising above the dull throb of machinery that permeated the entire complex. The words and syllables were never meant to issue from a human throat and seemed to linger in the air for longer than they had any right to. Lichtenstein could feel the sleeping Daemon Prince stirring, the invocations dragging a fragment of its bound essence to the surface. His own Daemonic creation, Ghaustos, stood nearby, moving slowly onto the walkway that crossed from the

platform, glistening tentacles that had erupted from his flesh waving like undersea fronds. Pulsing white wych fires burned in the creature's eyes as it scanned the mine for Lichtenstein's enemies. As Dimitri continued the chant, the Inquisitor leaned over the railings of the platform and saw Gryx, the one armed cyber-warrior standing immobile at the foot of the tower.

He formed the word, 'Patrol,' in his head and directed the thought at Gryx. The scored bronze helm nodded and the shambling figure slowly began a circuit of the lower mine, the massively bladed power claw hanging inert at its side. Though Gryx appeared sluggish and docile now, with calming devotional hymns and images projected on the inner face of his pacifier helmet, Lichtenstein still felt a shudder at the thought of the horrifying, psychotic monster that would be unleashed were he to utter the warrior's trigger word.

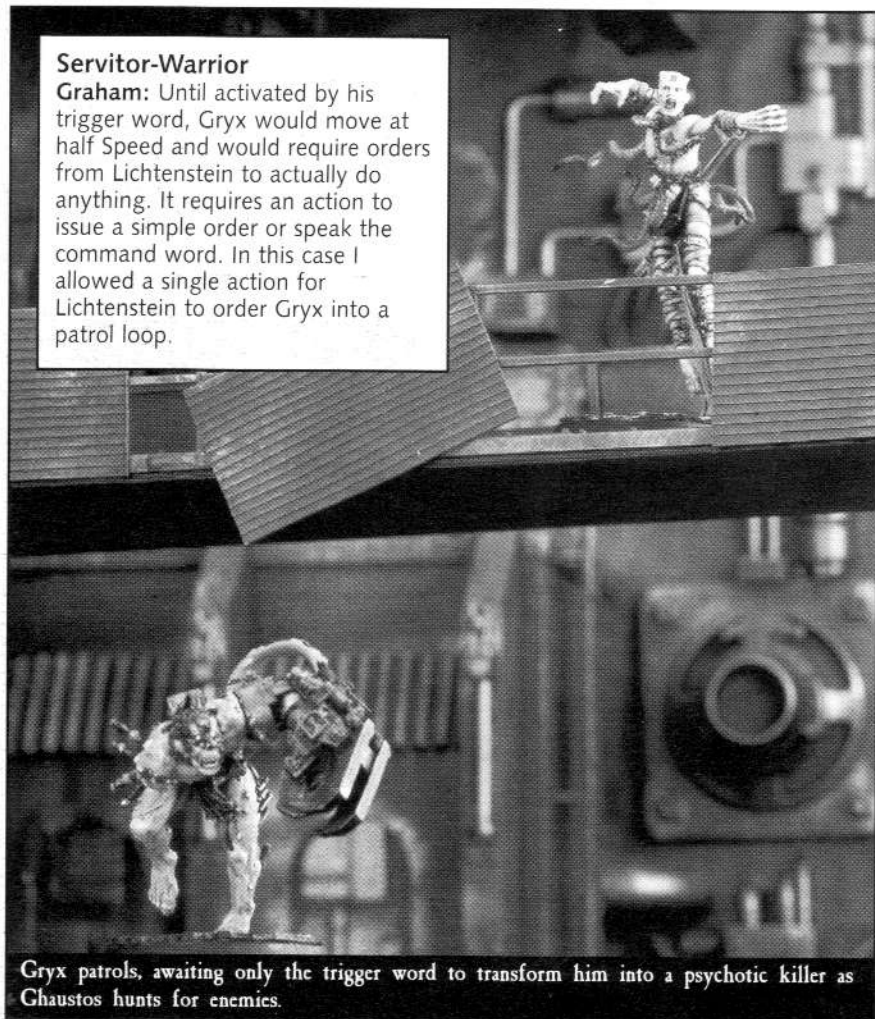
The air stank of diesel and machine oils as Witch Hunter Tyrus strode through the half-light of the mine complex.

Fitful sparks reflected from the smooth surface of his power armour and threw his grim face into stark relief. He knew Lichtenstein was within the mine workings, involved in some heretical works no doubt. He had escaped Tyrus' judgement once before. He would not do so again. The grinding rumble of machinery came from ahead. He gestured towards a tall structure and indicated to Malicant that he should climb the stairs that ascended to a platform high above. The red robed Redemptionist nodded curtly, and even though his face was obscured by a golden mask, Tyrus could sense the man's thirst for battle. Malicant vanished from sight as Tyrus crept further forward. He needed to gain high ground as well and passed into the vast iron building beside him, seeking a way to approach the centre of the mine unseen.

Enforcer Barbaretta crept silently forward, her shock maul held before her like a talisman. Her cybernetic eye whirled slightly as it adjusted to the smoky half-light of the mine and the rank, mineral tainted air caught in the back of her throat. Silently, she ghosted up a flight of stairs that led to the roof of a building where a massive generator would offer her some cover to survey the mine before her. She cursed inwardly as Stone, the veteran Guardsman, stomped up the iron staircase behind her. She shot him an angry look, but the man ignored her. Stone was as clumsy as a blind Grox, but his warrior instincts and skill with the long bladed halberd he always carried was formidable. Barbaretta doubted that he was wholly sane, but reasoned that his combat prowess more than made up for any mental instability. The scarred veteran raised his halberd and pointed ahead, saying, "Someone's there. On the tower." Barbaretta couldn't see anything just yet, but didn't doubt Stone's word. If the sergeant said there was someone there, then she believed him.

Servitor-Warrior

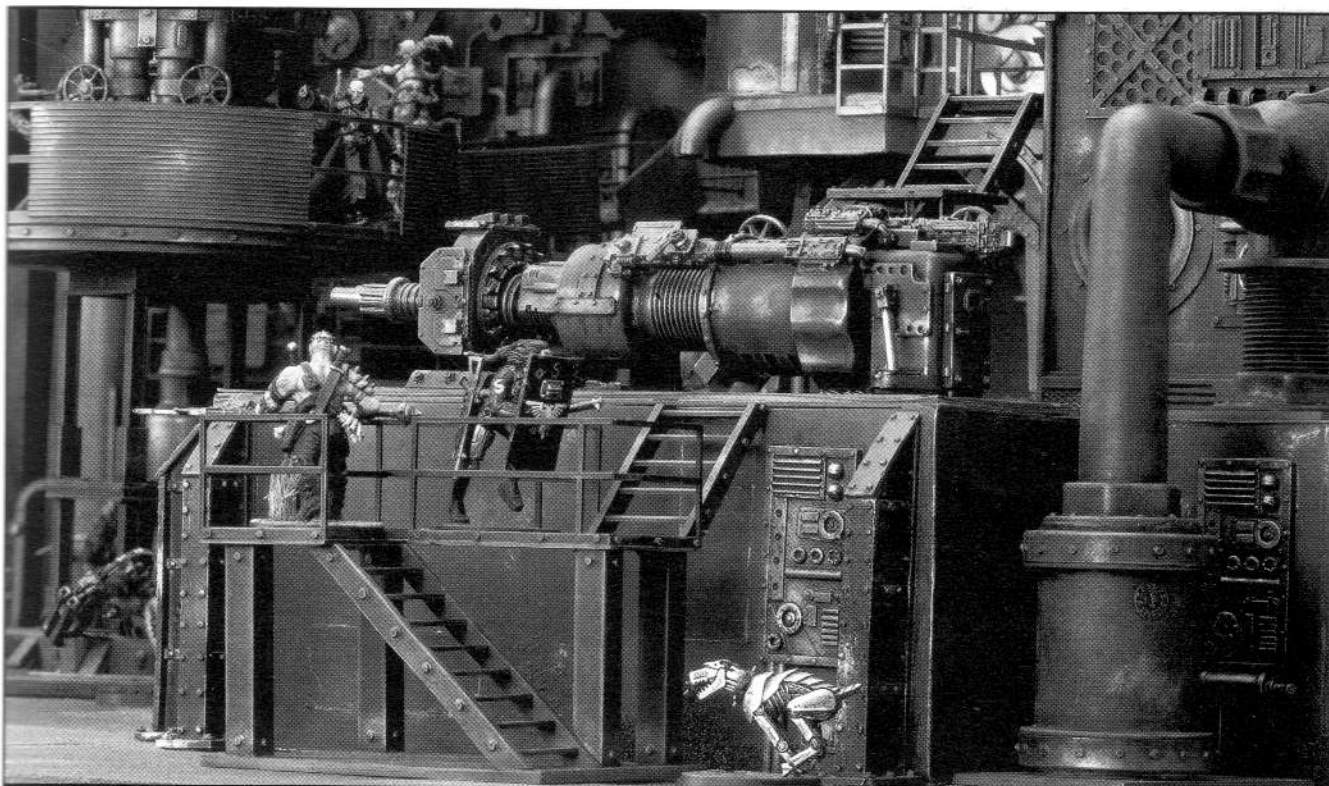
Graham: Until activated by his trigger word, Gryx would move at half Speed and would require orders from Lichtenstein to actually do anything. It requires an action to issue a simple order or speak the command word. In this case I allowed a single action for Lichtenstein to order Gryx into a patrol loop.



Gryx patrols, awaiting only the trigger word to transform him into a psychotic killer as Ghaustos hunts for enemies.

Awareness

Graham: Characters can only react to things that they are aware of, ie can hear or see. In this case, Stone could draw a line of sight to Lichtenstein, but due to how little of the Inquisitor was actually showing, the distance and clouds of steam in the forge-mine, I made him take an Initiative test in order to become aware of Lichtenstein, which he promptly passed.



Stone spots Lichtenstein as he and Barbaretta run into cover. Time for some gunplay!

Lichtenstein and Dimitri continued to chant, their robes rippling in a phantom wind as the Daemon's essence grew closer to waking. Below him, he could hear Gryx's plodding footsteps as he continued to patrol the mine. They were close to completing the ritual and Lichtenstein could sense the Daemon's liquid consciousness begin uncoiling from the prison of rock far below them. Dimitri chanted in counterpoint to Lichtenstein, his rasping metallic voice issuing from voxcasters implanted in his throat. The pitch, tone and resonance of the chant were displayed on a graphic waveform display of his enhanced auto senses, that only Dimitri could see. The cadence of the chant was most interesting and his memory engrams recorded it for later study.

Devotee Malicant moved onto the platform of the building he had climbed and looked out over the expanse of the mine complex. A central structure dominated the mine, consisting of a gigantic drilling rig attached to a generator tower. In the distance he could see the Enforcer and Guardsman making their way towards the centre of the complex, the Guardsman pointing his pistol towards the tower. But much closer, on the generator tower itself, he saw a robed figure and grinned ferally as he recognised the form of one of the heretics Tyrus had told him about; the Magos. Malicant's laspistol was already

in his hand and, pausing only to take brief aim, he loosed two shots at the Magos.

Dimitri flinched as the metal of the tower exploded in a shower of sparks and molten metal as a flurry of laser bolts impacted around him. He spun and saw a maniacally grinning figure with a smoking pistol on the platform of a nearby building. On the other side of the tower Lichtenstein grunted in pain as a las bolt punched through the metal sheeting of the parapet and scored across his thigh. He drew his stubber in one motion and turned in the direction the shot had come from. A silver skulled man in combat fatigues pounded up a stairwell, his eyes fixed on Lichtenstein. At his heels ran the gleaming shape of a cyber-mastiff, which meant there was an Enforcer somewhere nearby, but where? He felt a sudden pulse of psychic energy from Ghaustos as two white bolts of psychic chill flew from the Daemonhost's outstretched hands and Lichtenstein cursed as they flew wide of the silver skulled man. Then he realised that the Daemonhost hadn't been trying to hit the man at all. Perhaps his creation could see the Enforcer that he himself could not. He saw a piece of generator equipment enveloped in a storm of ice crystals as the psychic bolts struck and reasoned that the Enforcer was sheltering behind it.

Pinning

Graham: Being shot at is an unnerving experience to say the least! Characters who are shot at have to pass a Nerve test or go diving for the nearest cover. Dimitri, however, has the skill Nerves of Steel and therefore never needs to take Pinning tests.



Cool under fire. Lichtenstein trades shots with Sergeant Stone.

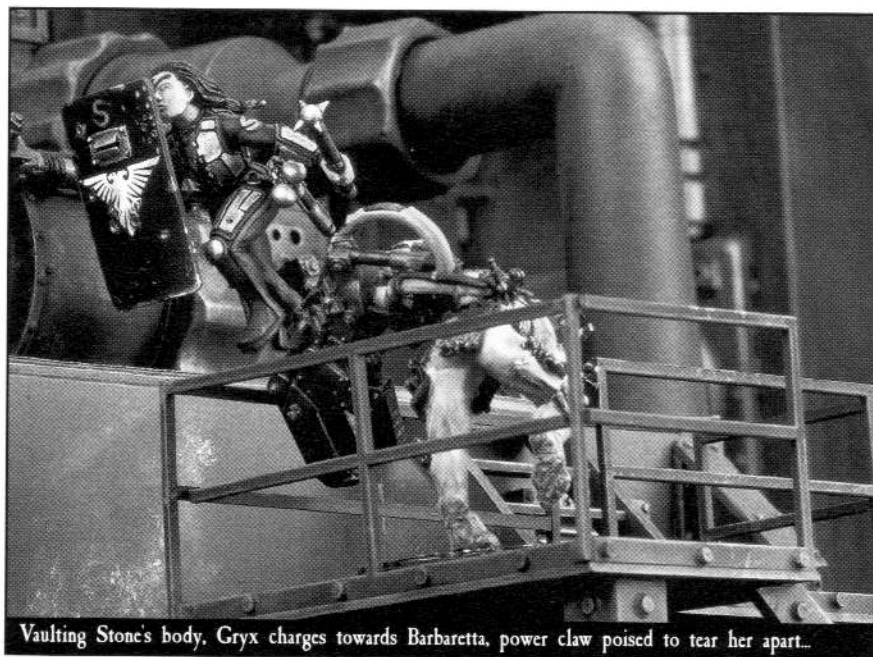
Flicking the shot selector to Man Stopper shells, Inquisitor Lichtenstein leaned over the parapet of the platform and squeezed off two unerringly accurate rounds at the fool who had dared to shoot at one of the Emperor's chosen. The first shell took the man high in the chest, the second in the thigh. The heavy grain slugs blasted fist sized holes in his body, punching through his flesh and bone and exiting explosively from his back. Stone tumbled backwards, pain like nothing he had ever experienced, even in the hell of the Gland War, engulfing him. The iron of the stairs rushed up to meet him as he fell and he heard his jaw break as he clattered downwards on his front, limbs cold and inert. Pain swallowed him and darkness followed as he slipped into unconsciousness.

System Shock

Graham: Sometimes a character may be so badly hurt by a single hit that the pain and shock may take them out of action. This is represented by a System Shock roll. The shot to Stone's leg caused enough damage that he had to roll under his Toughness to stay in the game and, unfortunately for Rowland, he failed the test and fell unconscious.

Barbarett saw Stone fall and knew he was as good as gone now. Her armour was rimed with a coating of frost and her skin was blistered from the icy bolts which the Daemon creature had hurled at her. She racked the slide on her combat shotgun, aiming upwards and resting the barrel on the machine in front of her. The air was still hazy from where the ice had flashed to steam on the hot generator and she couldn't draw a bead on the creature. She risked a quick glance around the machine, wondering where in the Emperor's name Tyrus was. Ghaustos drew dark warp energy into the frail human prison of his host body's flesh, ready to unleash fresh icy misery on the leather clad woman below, but the buzzing, gnawing sensation of another Daemonic creature, greedy for power kept intruding on his concentration and he roared in frustration as he felt the psychic energy bleed away from him unused.

Magos Dimitri watched as the red robed figure sprinted along the platform of the adjacent tower, the bionics of his eyes calculating range and



Vaulting Stone's body, Gryx charges towards Barbaretta, power claw poised to tear her apart...

trajectories. Whispering the Catechism of Accuracy, his mind impulse unit fired his shoulder-mounted bolt pistol, the distinctive crack of the shell's tiny rocket motor telling him the round was pure. Malicant saw the flash of his prey's weapon and screaming, "For the Emperor! On wings of fire I fly!", he vaulted the tower's railing and launched himself through the air towards the generator tower. Dimitri's bolter shell flew wide of its mark, detonating harmlessly behind the fanatic and he stepped back as the screaming Redemptionist flew through the air towards him. For a moment it looked as though he might make the insane leap, but the distance was just too great. Malicant slammed into the parapet of the generator tower, the las pistol falling from his hand as he desperately grabbed for the railing, dangling helplessly above the mine floor.

The summoning ritual was almost complete, but Lichtenstein knew that it could still fail were he not to finish soon. He'd heard gunfire from the other side of the tower, but was

confident in Dimitri's ability to handle himself and concentrated on the situation before him. The man he'd shot was down, blood pouring from the ragged crater in his chest, but the Enforcer had to be lurking nearby. He tracked his stubber left and right, but could not see her. A sudden shift of motion behind the ice-blasted generator and he knew where she was. A pulse of thought sent the trigger word, 'Angellus' to Gryx and the location of his victim. Lichtenstein raised the stubber to where he had seen the movement, but it was gone now, vanished from sight behind the generator.

Gryx howled in fury and pain as his pacifier helm smoothly rose from his face and its calming effect was withdrawn. Simultaneously the stimm dispensers grafted into the fleshy stump of his right shoulder activated and shot a cocktail of combat enhancing drugs into his bloodstream. Adrenal pumps flooded his system with stimulants, his limbs and muscles swelling as chemical strength thundered through his veins and psychotic inhibitors disengaged

The Gamesmaster is God

Graham: When Malicant made his daring leap, I gave him a bonus of D6 yards to how far he could jump since he was leaping from a higher level. This still wasn't enough though and he fell to the ground in a mangled heap, unconscious. I decided that this wasn't a particularly heroic way to go and the game would be pretty much over, so I decreed that, instead of falling, Malicant had just managed to grab the railing and hang on for dear life. Not out of the game, but with Dimitri above him with a chain axe, not a healthy place to be. Decisions like this may blatantly contradict the letter of the rules, but GM's should feel free to make calls like this if it develops the narrative and keeps things exciting for the players.

from his cerebral cortex. The location of the Enforcer burned in his crude cybernetic brain, his every thought enslaved to the imperative to kill. He sprinted across the floor towards the Enforcer, almost faster than the eye could follow, leaping each flight of stairs and Stone's body in a single powered leap. As he emerged onto the rooftop he saw his target before him and roared, an inchoate bellow of pure aggression.

Barbarett spun in time to see Gryx's power claw descending. But the berserk warrior slipped on a patch of ice-slick concrete and his killing blow missed her, tearing a great chunk of iron from the generator. The Enforcer ducked back and smashed her shock maul into the crackling power claw. Her weapon bounced from the metal of Gryx's arm in a shower of violet sparks. The electrical discharge of the shock maul whiplashed up the cybernetic arm and Gryx staggered back, smoke roiling from the blistering skin at the junction of flesh and metal. Before her cybermastiff could attack and she could step in to smash her weapon across Gryx's face, the air before them exploded in retina searing brightness as the Daemonhost released a blinding flash of psychic energy between her and her opponent. She was quick enough to avoid being blinded by the psychic attack, but her mastiff's auto senses were overloaded by the blast of incandescent light and it faltered in its attack as the machinery of its brain reset itself.

Shock Weapons

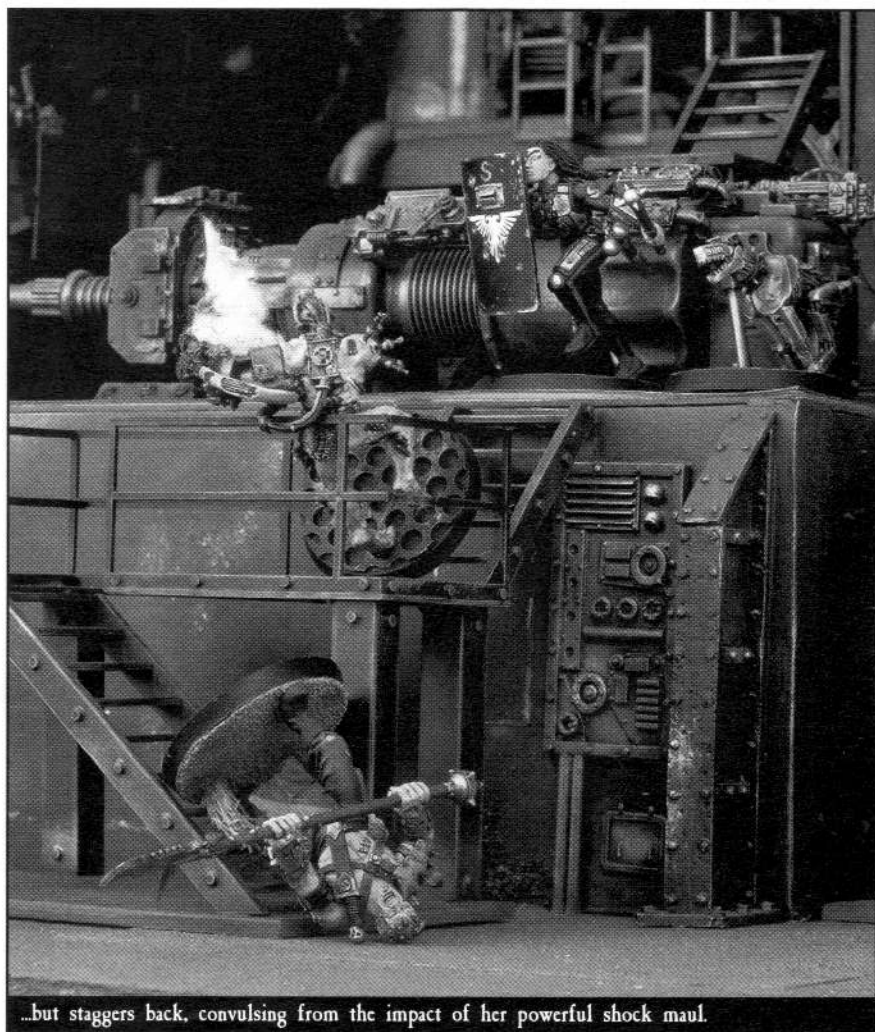
Graham: These weapons deliver a powerful electric shock upon impact and can disrupt the victim's nervous system. When Barbaretta hit Gryx, he failed his Toughness test and was stunned for a turn.

Had he been capable of feeling the emotive response of flesh, Dimitri would have laughed at the Redemptionist's failed leap. He had calculated that the distance was too great the instant he had jumped. Dimitri prepared to continue chanting and finish the ritual when he noticed a pair of white knuckled hands gripping the edge of the railings of the generator tower. Grimly, he thumbed the activation stud on his chain axe and stepped forwards. Malicant knew he was in serious trouble, the ground was a long way down, he had not the

strength to pull himself up and he could hear the familiar buzzing of a chain weapon powering up. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a door open on the factory wall and groaned inwardly as Witch Hunter Tyrus emerged on the level below the main walkway to the tower. He could see his master's fury as he realised the mistake and, as Tyrus vanished back through the door, Malicant prayed that the Emperor would guide his steps this time.

Tyrus' Mistake

Graham: Since Tyrus had been making his way forward through the mineworkings at the back of the battlefield, I decided that, in dark and unfamiliar surroundings he would have to pass an Initiative test in order to pick the correct door to emerge from. In this case, he failed and I randomly determined which door he would enter from. After realising his mistake and getting his bearings, I then allowed Tyrus to automatically find the correct door next time.



...but staggers back, convulsing from the impact of her powerful shock maul.

Lichtenstein watched disbelieving as Gryx staggered away from the Enforcer. He gathered his will and released a burst of raw psychic power at the black clad figure as she raised her shock maul for another strike. The full force of Lichtenstein's will hit Barbaretta square in the chest and she was hurled through the air, falling towards the ground and smashing her head into the concrete floor as she landed. Satisfied that Gryx was no longer in any danger, Inquisitor Lichtenstein turned his attention back to the chant and intoned the final words of the incantation, smiling as he sensed a shred of the Daemon's consciousness being drawn up the mine shaft towards him. So preoccupied was he with his success, he didn't notice the iron door at the end of the walkway opening...

Magos Dimitri swept his chain axe down towards the Redemptionist's fingers, but the zealous fool obviously perceived falling to the ground a preferable fate, and let go of the railings as Dimitri's blade sheared through the metal in a screaming halo of sparks. Malicant howled in frustration as he fell towards the ground, landing with bone crunching impact on a tower of barrels, scattering them and rolling into a stunned heap.

Psychic Impel (Knockback)

Graham: This innocuous ability probably saved Gryx's life. With it Lichtenstein was able to cause 2D10 yards of Knockback on Barbaretta. Normally if characters are hit by an attack which does damage equal to their Knockback value then they can be sent sprawling by the force of the impact. With this psychic ability, there is no need to equal the Knockback value, it happens automatically.

Recovered from the impact of the Enforcer's shock maul, Gryx vented his retribution on the metallic form of her cyber-mastiff. Though it's auto senses were still recovering from the blinding flash caused by Ghaustos, it was still fast, dodging nimbly around the berserker. But it could only evade for so long and when Gryx's massive power claw finally caught the beast, it was chopped in two, the shorn halves twitching in their convulsive death throes. Gryx turned his head in the direction the woman had fallen and pounded down the stairs, his altered brain filled with images of her death.

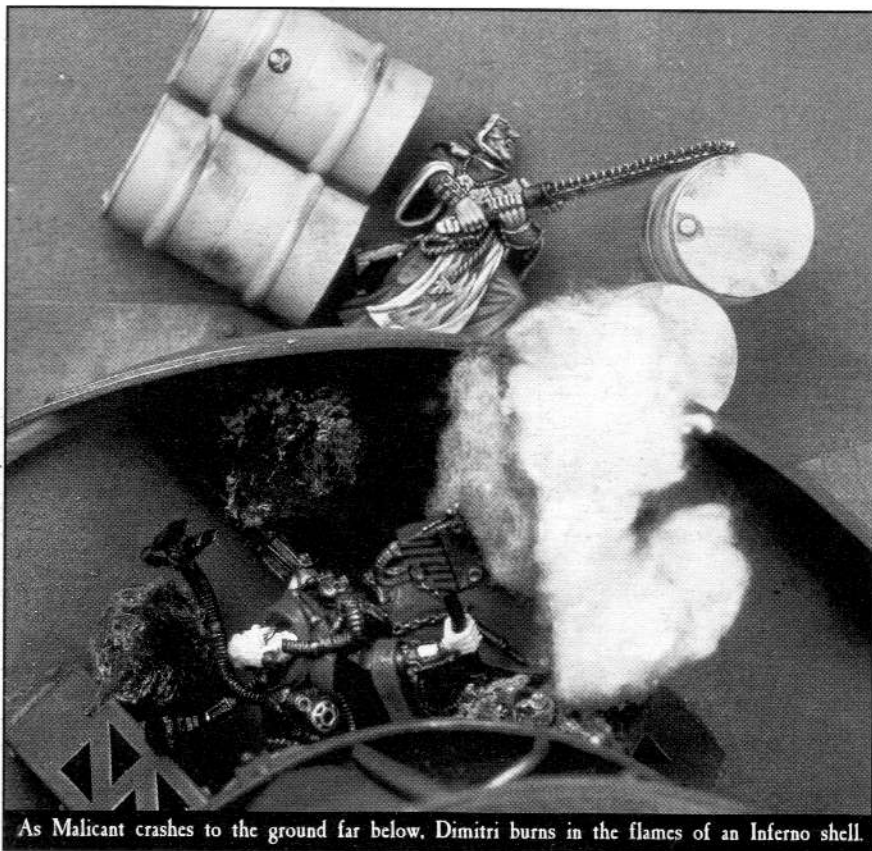
Up on the generator tower and with all the threats he could discern taken care of, Inquisitor Lichtenstein's smile

faltered as he heard the grinding mechanics of the drilling rig below him spooling up. Perhaps it had been activated by one of his enemy's warband or perhaps the flaring power of the rising Daemon's consciousness was responsible, who could tell? He could feel his anticipation build as he waited for its arrival, preparing to recite the Canticle of Binding and thus didn't see the massive, power armoured figure of Witch Hunter Tyrus as he stepped through the door onto the tower walkway.

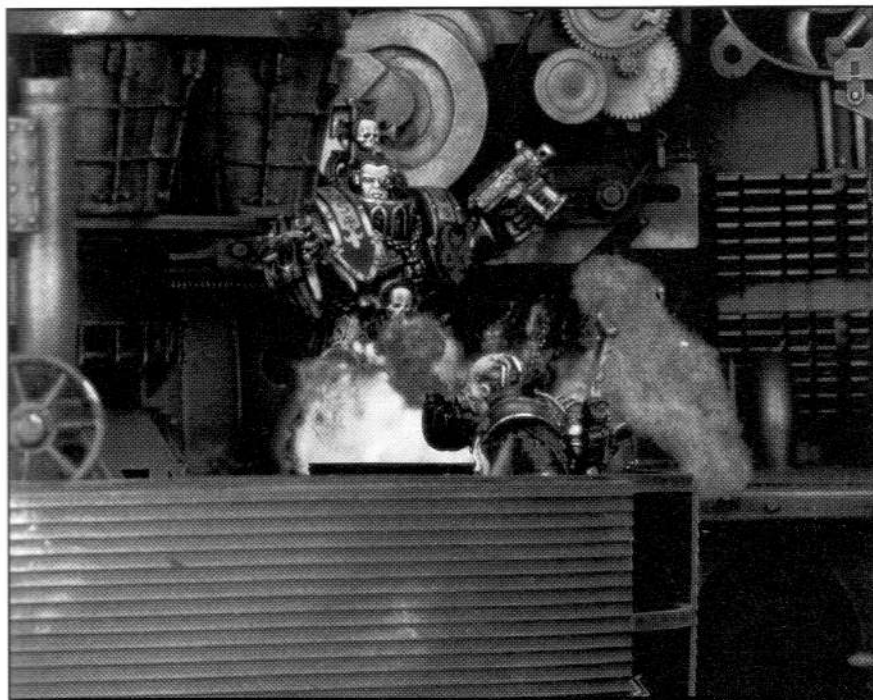
Tyrus felt his pulse quicken as he saw Lichtenstein across the tower from him. He couldn't get a clear shot, as his prey's pet Daemon creature blocked his view. The abomination had seen him and spread its arms, the light in its eyes burning brightly with cold fire. Briefly he considered firing upon the creature, but dismissed the notion as he caught sight of the heretic Magos Dimitri. His bolt pistol was loaded with Inferno shells and he snarled, "Burn in hell, traitor," as he pulled the trigger. Both shots flew straight and true, striking the Magos in the abdomen and head. The bolts were slowed by Dimitri's refractor field, but it could not prevent them from causing horrendous damage. The Inferno shells ignited upon detonation and, as the Magos fell to the floor, his robes burst into flames, thick black smoke boiling around his burning body. Dimitri screamed, his weak organic matter blistering and blackening, but sheer force of will kept him from losing consciousness. Tyrus smiled grimly at the heretic's agonies, but the smile froze on his face as a searing chill suddenly seized his heart and he collapsed to his knees as he felt the icy chill of death creep over him. He realised that Lichtenstein's Daemonhost was using its fell powers on him, but he would resist. His faith in the Emperor was his shield!

Burn them All!

Graham: Tyrus' Inferno shells are particularly dangerous munitions, able to set their target on fire with the same effect as a flamer. These are doubly dangerous in that they continue to burn every turn unless the character is able to extinguish the fire or it goes out itself in the Recovery phase. Dimitri was unable to put out the fire but luckily, before it could do any more damage, the chemical fire spent itself and went out.



As Malicant crashes to the ground far below, Dimitri burns in the flames of an Inferno shell.



Lichtenstein fires a hail of shotgun shells at Tyrus, but the Witch Hunter will not go down.

Inquisitor Lichtenstein couldn't believe his eyes. Tyrus! It had been two decades, but here he was, larger than life. He could hear Dimitri's voxcaster screeching even over the thunderous noise of the drilling rig as the flames consumed him and the Magos desperately attempted to put them out. Lichtenstein snarled as he drew his pump action combat shotgun from its shoulder scabbard. He moved to a better firing position, flicking the shot selector to semi automatic and fired shell after shell at his nemesis. Tyrus rocked backwards under the shells' impacts, but his power armour withstood the majority of Lichtenstein's fire. A single shell somehow penetrated the joints in his leg plates and blood streamed down the intricate, fluted scrollwork of his armour. Tyrus fought through the sudden pain and pulled himself upright. His anger lent him strength and he charged along the walkway towards the Daemon beast, his power weapons crackling with lethal energies. He swung at the creature, but, with an unnatural speed, it dodged aside and Tyrus' blade sailed past its head. The hell beast darted away from Tyrus, circling the Witch Hunter and the two old adversaries were finally face to face.

Devotee Malicant pushed himself to his feet, pain screaming along his spine. But he welcomed it. Froth gathered in the corner of his mouth at the thought of his foe escaping him. He glanced up at the tower, seeing a column of greasy

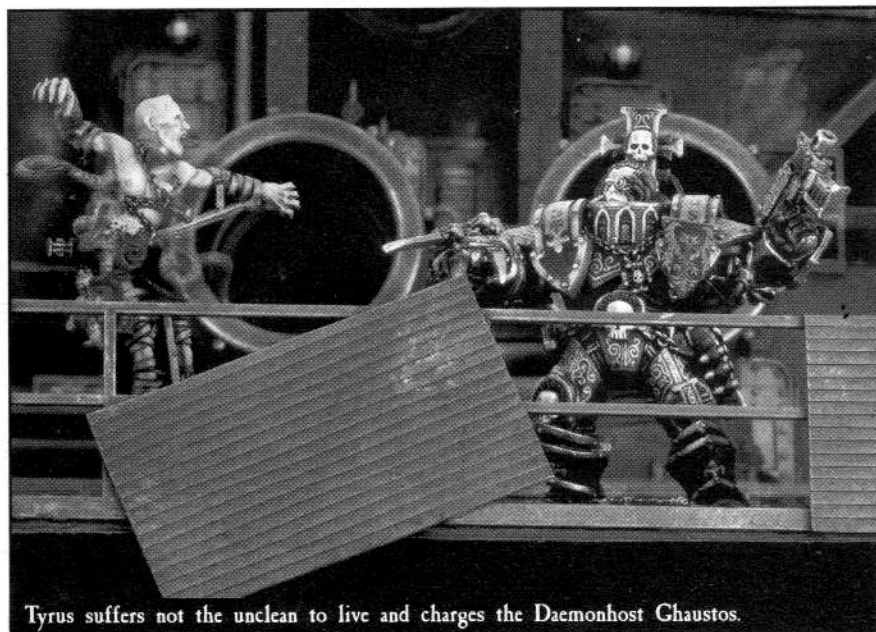
black smoke and catching the divine scent of scorched human flesh. The rig before him was spinning furiously and hot steam and toxic gasses were pouring from the mine shaft. Desperately he looked around for a way to reach the pulsing generator platform and, as he saw the scattered barrels lying around, a means of scaling the tower came to him.

Barbaretta rolled aside, blood pouring from her split skull as the cyber-warrior slashed at her head with his energised claw. It struck again and she kept rolling. She had to get clear, but the damned thing was so fast!

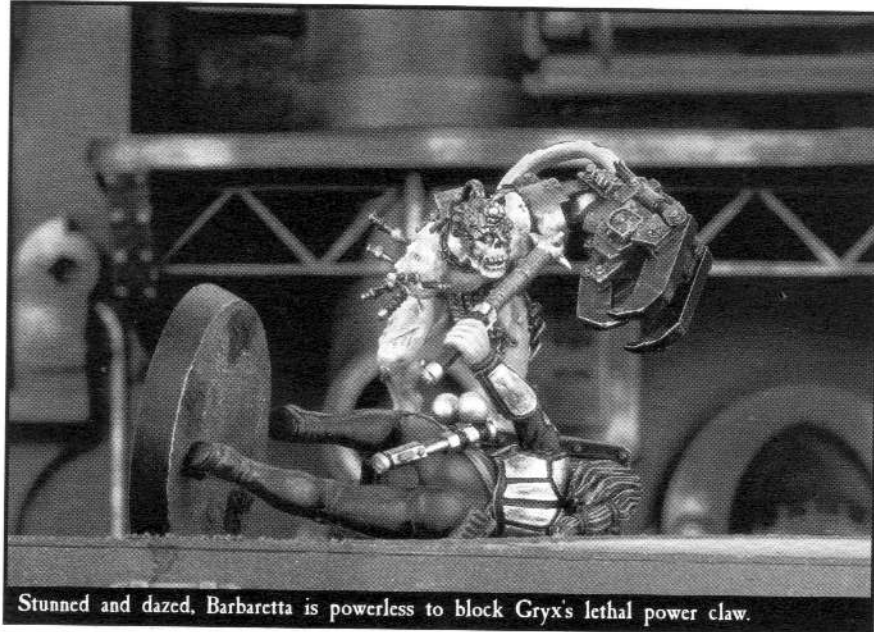


Semi-Auto

Graham: Some weapons are capable of pumping out a rapid salvo of shots and lay down a hail of fire. Lichtenstein's pump action combat shotgun is one such weapon and he managed to fire a total of six shots in a single turn! Normally this mode of fire suffers from reduced accuracy, but thanks to Lichtenstein's skill of Rock Steady Aim he was able to shoot just fine.



Tyrus suffers not the unclean to live and charges the Daemonhost Ghaustos.

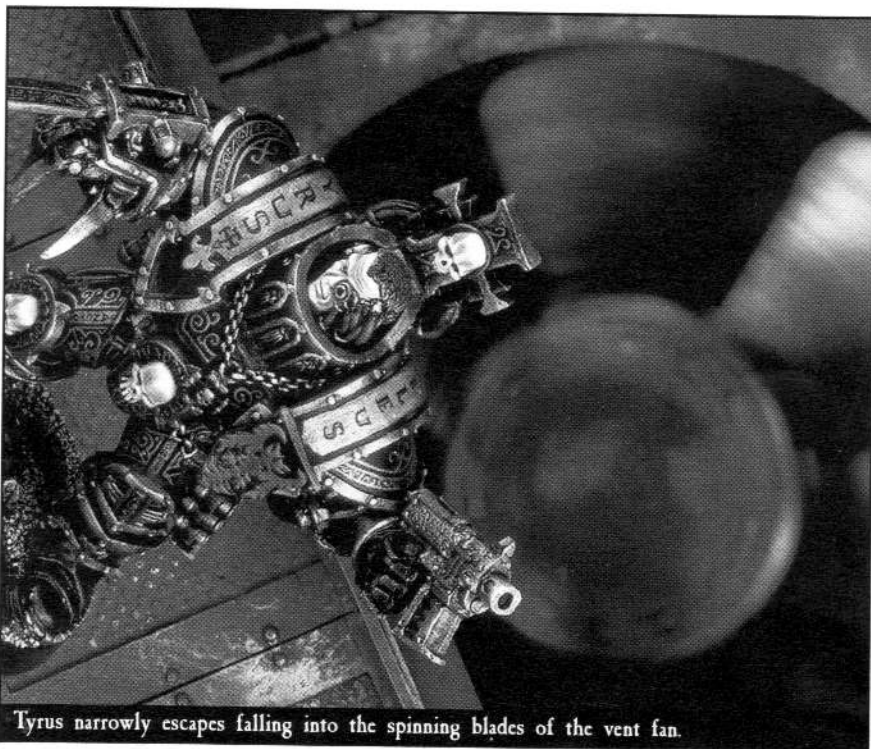


Stunned and dazed, Barbaretta is powerless to block Gryx's lethal power claw.

Gryx struck again and again, his power claw a blur of slashing bronze metal. He gouged chunks of concrete from the floor as he attacked. He batted aside a feeble attempt to deflect his blow and the claw sliced deep into Barbaretta's arm, tearing upwards and ripping the meat from her bones all the way to the elbow. She shrieked in agony, dropping her weapon from nerveless fingers as Gryx hacked into her arm again, the claw virtually tearing the limb from her shoulder. Pain blinded her and she screamed one last time before Gryx slashed his power claw across her

unprotected face. She felt bone shatter under the impact and mercifully blacked out.

The Daemon's essence must be close to breaching the surface, realised Lichtenstein. The tower was shaking violently and the drilling rig was vibrating from side to side as it spun faster than it was ever designed to. Blue lightning arcs flared from the generator and he could hear a rising hum of charging power. Once again he lashed out with raw psychic energy, and though Tyrus was a more fearsome target than the Enforcer, he could not



Tyrus narrowly escapes falling into the spinning blades of the vent fan.

Psychic Overloads

Graham: When Ghaustos tried again to freeze Tyrus' heart he failed his Willpower test by a margin of 28%, resulting in a psychic overload. For every full 10% a psyker fails his Willpower test by, he suffers a 2D10 loss of Willpower, making it more hazardous to use any psychic powers in future. Luckily, Ghaustos only rolled 7 for his loss, indicating that the overload was relatively minor.

resist the sheer strength of Lichtenstein's will. The massive Witch Hunter was hurled backwards against the railing of the walkway, the metal buckling and screeching as the full weight of the power armoured Inquisitor fell against it. For the briefest second it seemed as though Tyrus would fall into the giant blades of a vent fan, but miraculously the railing held. Before he could right himself, Lichtenstein attacked again with another psychic blow, smashing Tyrus backwards into the factory wall. Dazed but unharmed, Tyrus again picked himself up determined that his foe would not defeat him like this. Once more Ghaustos drew on the power of the warp to freeze the Witch Hunter's heart, but the Daemonhost's control slipped for a second and his body was wracked by spasms as raw power seared through his cold flesh.

Malicant began stacking the barrels he had fallen into, building a stepped tower with which he could leap to the platform. The scent of cooked flesh was a delicious tang in his nose and his eyes burned with zealous fire. Satisfied he had built his tower high enough and filled with righteous strength, he didn't even notice the ricochet of a bolter shell beside him as the blackened form of Magos Dimitri leaned between the railings and fired on him. Reaching the tower was all that mattered to Malicant now.

In a burst of lightning pyrotechnics, the generator tower was wrenched free from its moorings by the powerful motion of the drilling rig, spinning it violently around the swaying tower. So intent was he on Tyrus that Inquisitor Lichtenstein failed to see the protruding machinery of the tower as it spun around and smashed into his back. He was knocked sprawling and barely managed to hold onto the parapet, rolling to the metal decking of the

platform. Still gripping his shotgun, he crawled beneath the madly spinning generator mechanism, wincing as a deafening howling issued from just below the surface of the mine head. His mind felt heavy with psychic presence and he knew he had to take care of Tyrus quickly lest the Daemon manifest before he was ready to bind it. As he approached the walkway he levelled his shotgun at the Witch Hunter, squeezing off two well placed shots. Tyrus staggered, both shots penetrating his armour, and even his prodigious strength could barely hold him up.

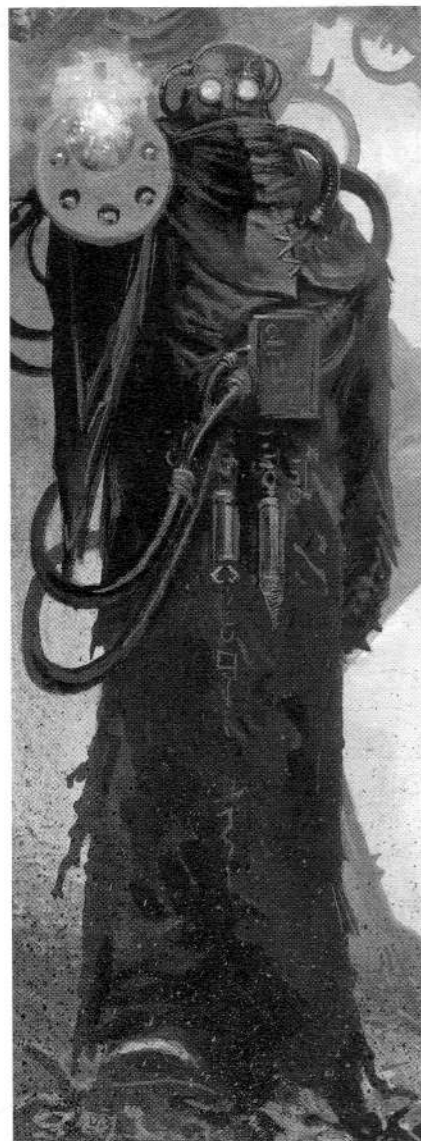
Malicant swiftly scaled his tower of barrels and leapt for the shaking platform, his fingers closing over the buckled railings. He laughed maniacally, hauling himself up and froze as he heard the ominous click of a bolt pistol being cocked. Scorched and wounded nigh unto death, Magos Dimitri's infrascopes clearly indicated the glowing outline of Malicant's head and shoulders through the metal of the parapet. A psychic impulse fired the bolt pistol and he had the briefest glimpse of the shell tearing through the side of Malicant's head before the howling Redemptionist fell from the tower and vanished into the roiling cloud of scalding steam and toxic fumes. Dimitri rolled onto his back, cursing his flesh for its weakness and let his blessed mechanical implants infuse his organic components with the soothing balm of pain suppressants.

Ghaustos moved closer to the Witch Hunter and again drove a spike of psychic chill into his heart. Tyrus' eyes bulged and his mouth opened wide in a silent scream as the muscles of his heart slowed, gradually hardening into icy flesh. Pain overwhelmed him and he toppled backwards, collapsing into unconscious. The Daemonhost moved in to finish the Witch Hunter, but Lichtenstein crawled from the platform onto the walkway and said, "No. Do not kill him. He may be my enemy, but he is an Inquisitor, one of the Emperor's chosen and we will be long gone before he recovers."

Ghaustos relented and turned away from the stricken Inquisitor as Lichtenstein sheathed his shotgun. He backed away from the tower as it finally erupted in a blue-white geyser of power and psychic energy. Dimly perceived shapes writhed within the coruscating light, gibbering mouths and jelly-like eyes scudding through the Daemon's awful geometries, forms within forms and designs within designs.

Lichtenstein smiled in triumph as Ghaustos moved alongside him, his white eyes dead and lifeless. Magos Dimitri hauled his burned body from the tower and he could see Gryx, blood drenching his power claw emerge from behind the generator building.

He began the first verse of the Cantic of Binding. There would be much to learn from this Daemon.



Witch Hunter Tyrus opened his eyes with a hoarse cry on his frozen, blistered lips. Pain from a score of wounds and a stabbing, glacial ache in his chest told of the ferocity of the battle with Lichtenstein. He groaned as he flexed his limbs and, with a supreme effort of will, pulled himself upright, using the factory walls for support. He glanced over the edge of the walkway. The forge-mine was oddly silent, the floor wreathed in ghostly steam and he wondered what had become of his warrior band. The generator tower sagged visibly, stinking oils leaking from its ruptured sides and blue sparks occasionally flaring from severed energy coils.

He vaguely remembered a twisting whirlwind of energy flaring from the tower just before he had fallen unconscious. He did not understand

exactly what it had been, but knew that if Lichtenstein was involved, it would involve heretical and blasphemous magicks. A limping figure emerged from the smoke on the mine floor, red robed and groaning in pain. Tyrus recognised Malicant and grimaced in disgust at the ruin of his face where Magos Dimitri's bolt had blasted a bloody hole through his skull. Fortunately for Malicant, the bolt had passed straight through his cheek before detonating. He could see no trace of Barbaretta or Stone and his fury at Lichtenstein grew as he was forced to presume that they had been killed. He wearily worked his way down towards Malicant, each breath a cold spike in his chest as his damaged heart muscles laboured to pump again after the Daemonbeast's psychic attack. That was one damned creature he

would take great pleasure in banishing back to the warp!

He walked over to the shattered drill bit that lay, buckled and twisted at the top of the mine-shaft. The top of the shaft was glistening and molten looking, rippling like a mirage as though whatever creature Lichtenstein had summoned had weakened matter's grip on reality. There was something distinctly different about the forge-mine and it was a second or two before Tyrus could put his finger on it. The complex felt empty, abandoned and it was more than just the absence of people. Tyrus felt a sinking feeling in his gut as he realised he was too late. Whatever had lain unknown beneath this forge-mine was now gone and apprehension creased his pale features as he wondered if Lichtenstein even knew...

BURNT AND BLEEDING



Rowland Cox

Rowland: What a fantastic game! I'm just itching to find out exactly what happens now; does Tyrus recover from his wounds in time to pursue his foe? Does Inquisitor Lichtenstein stay on Karis Cephalon and find the

Librarium Hereticus? What new recruits will Tyrus bring in to help, bearing in mind that most of his current warband are in a very bad way. This kind of desire for the next game is what Inquisitor excels at. Whilst the result of the game is important,

what happens after is equally so. Struggling against your foes, adding or creating history for your warband, and most importantly carrying the story forward is what the game is all about.

It doesn't matter that your warband lost and was clawed to pieces; or that the only thing Malicant achieved was to make Phil laugh. During the game I renamed the religious fanatic 'Comedy' Malicant: Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No! It's Comedy Malicant leaping onto a big bunch of barrels from a great height and landing on his backside! Some of you may be asking why I risked Malicant in such a way. The answer is simple, it was in his character to take such dangerous risks. Malicant is spurred on by the wish to bring vengeance and fiery judgement to those who stand in the way of the Emperor and Witch Hunter Tyrus. Flinging himself across such a wide gap would hold no fear for him, his faith in the Emperor would carry him across. It is important to remember to play in character with the members of your warband, and sometimes that means doing risky things. In the end, the improvisation made by Graham as GM allowing Malicant to grasp the balcony made for a more exciting game.

Overzealous incompetence aside, the rest of my characters performed well.

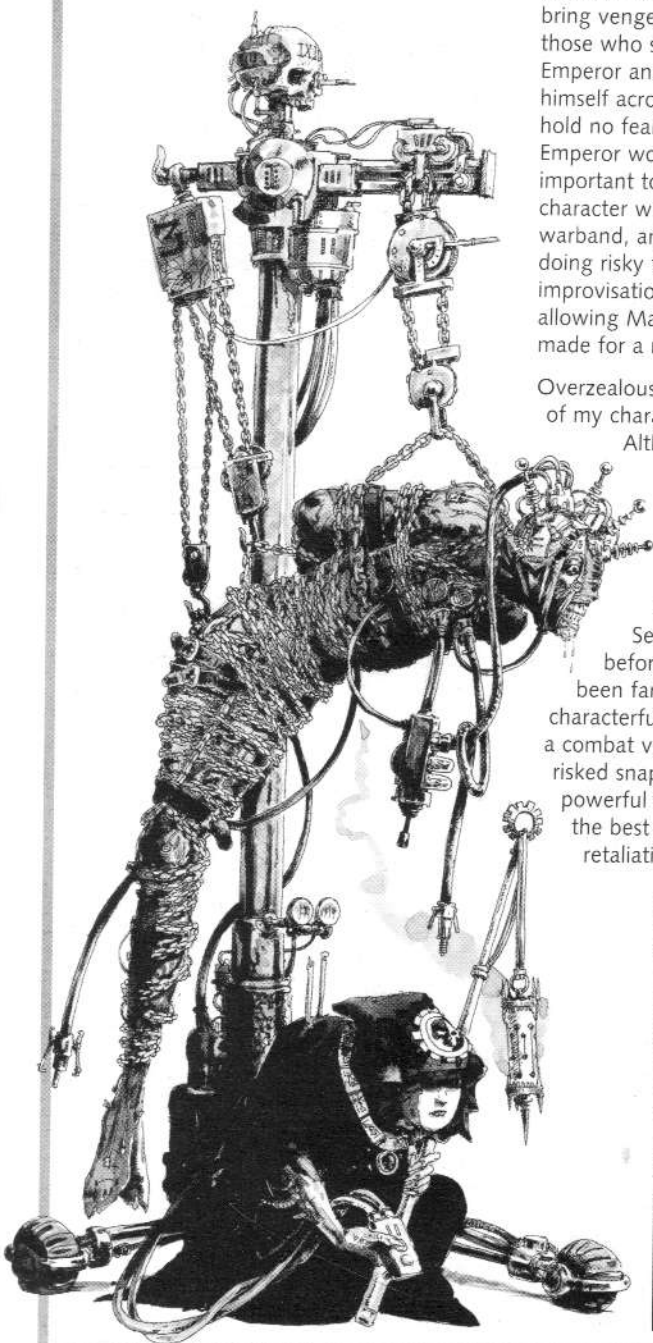
Although Sergeant Stone was very unlucky to be put out of the game so early on, that only proved one point: just because you can see an opponent, doesn't mean you should shoot him. Moving Sergeant Stone into terrain before he opened fire would have been far wiser, and also more characterful. After all, Sergeant Stone is a combat veteran, and would not have risked snapping off a few shots at a powerful opponent without being in the best possible place to survive any retaliation. Security Enforcer

Barbarett did me proud! Engaging Inquisitor Lichtenstein in a firefight, and then taking on the servitor-warrior in close combat! It was a battle I thought I could win after Phil failed to hit and I stunned Gryx with the shock maul.

Unfortunately, being Psychic Impelled by Lichtenstein, then falling onto her head (the only location which wasn't armoured!) did Barbaretta no favours, and it was only a matter of time before Gryx dispatched her.

Witch Hunter Tyrus, however, led by example. Storming onto the walkway with his bolt pistol blazing, the Inquisitor brought the flaming justice he had promised, engulfing Magos Dimitri with fire from his Inferno shells. It was only the concerted efforts of three of Phil's characters that brought the mighty Tyrus down. The Witch Hunter's power armour absorbed enough punishment from bullets and shotgun shells to shred anyone. It was only after the insidious psychic assault from both Inquisitor Lichtenstein and his vile Daemonhost that Tyrus was brought to his knees. A truly heroic confrontation and a fitting end to the game.

What really impressed me about Graham's scenario was how well it incorporated an existing Inquisitor (Tyrus) and added an excellent background story about how he had crossed paths with Lichtenstein before. This in turn gave Phil's warband an immediate sense of history and the game added gravitas. So all round, a great game against an even better opponent - Phil, who had a fantastic sense of fun and played in a very characterful way. Hats off to Graham for writing such an enjoyable scenario. All I hope for now is the chance to cross paths with Inquisitor Lichtenstein again and bring the full weight of the Emperor's justice to bear. Failing that, another opportunity to get Malicant shot in the head!



The game is enjoyed by players and Gamesmaster alike.

DO NOT MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF WIZARDS



Phil Kelly

Phil: That was an absolute blast! I haven't had that much fun playing a game for as long as I can remember! Although the tone of Inquisitor is very dark and gothic, and

Graham really kept an atmosphere of urgency throughout the game, Rowland and I were in stitches on many occasions. You might think this is a bad thing in a game based around intrigue, strife and violence, but let's face it; the reason we play games is because they're fun.

Possibly the best aspect of the game was using such detailed and lush scenery; well done to Mark Jones and Dave Andrews for doing such a fantastic job! Using such a small number of miniatures in a new rules framework takes some getting used to, but this is offset by the sheer level of detail you can achieve in your storytelling. Unlike Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, where your model might get shot, in Inquisitor your model will get shot in the foot, or hip, and react accordingly.

Another aspect of this game that I think Graham must have planned beforehand is the aftermath. Lichtenstein is no doubt going to benefit from his questioning of

Pharaa'gueotla, and I have an idea of just how this can be reflected in the character. The list of psychic powers in the Telekinesis section includes a simple but highly effective skill, Machine Empathy. Given his close ties with a member of the Adeptus Mechanicus and his extensive questioning of a Daemon bound within an industrial complex, it would seem possible that he could learn this power for the next time he crosses paths with his detractors. Also, his Sagacity rating may improve slightly. Small changes like this can really give the feel that your Inquisitor is growing and changing, be it new equipment discovered in the game, an improved Weapon Skill from having held off a more skilled opponent, or the debilitating effects of combat drugs or a nagging injury (more on campaign rules in a future issue – Fat Bloke).

On that note, I suspect that Magos Dimitri may suffer some lasting damage from his torso and face being hit by Tyrus' Inferno shells! A modifier such as crude bionics or a decreased Toughness helps portray this in a later game. Considering he was one point of damage away from being knocked out of it completely, and the fact that he was on fire, he got off lightly. I may have to modify his paint job so that he looks a bit more scorched! Besides, being hit in the face by Gryx's power claw probably didn't do Barbaretta too many favours

either, and Sergeant Stone will certainly think twice about firing upon an Inquisitor!

Tyrus will no doubt be furious; even more dedicated to the downfall of Lichtenstein and his consorts than ever. I can imagine him having the rules for Frenzy introduced next time he sets eyes on his adversary!

Well, overall, my warband performed admirably. Lichtenstein dispatched Stone with total ice-cold concentration before returning to his chanting. The psychopathic Gryx tore the cyber-doggie in two within seconds in a situation that could have gone disastrously wrong if Ghaustos and Lichtenstein hadn't intervened with their psychic powers. Badly burnt Dimitri put pay to Malicant by firing a bolt straight through sheet metal into his head, and eventually the Daemonhost, combined with Lichtenstein's uncanny accuracy, managed to take down the awesome threat of Tyrus.

Unfortunately, Lichtenstein is now unlikely to get any peace: Tyrus has all the evidence he needs to execute the rogue Inquisitor, and will stop at nothing to eradicate him from his beloved Imperium. Although it must be said that he may have to spend some time recruiting and, frankly, I'm looking forward to it.

GAMESMASTER'S CONCLUSION



Graham McNeill

Graham: Well, that was a game and a half and no mistake. Drama, excitement and some real laughs. Pretty much everything went smoothly, with all concerned really getting into the

spirit of telling an exciting story and having fun (which is, after all, what this hobby is about). The role of the Gamesmaster is a demanding one and, ultimately, the success or failure of the game can rest on your shoulders. There are no hard and fast rules to being a good Gamesmaster, you'll only learn if you get in the ring and get playing. Experience is the best teacher and once you have a game or two under your belt, you'll soon know exactly what needs to be done to ensure an enjoyable game.

To run a game of Inquisitor, you'll need to put in a bit of work beforehand, but you'll find that adequate preparations

will really make all the difference during a game. After all, who wants to play a game and every ten minutes interrupt proceedings whilst the Gamesmaster tries to decide what happens if your character wants to do something obvious that he hasn't thought of? Such situations will inevitably arise, but if you put in a little effort, you should be able to keep such occurrences to a minimum. Aim to keep the game and the narrative moving. If something does crop up that is completely unexpected, don't be afraid to wing it. Take a moment to think about what is happening and then come up with a ruling to deal with it. But whatever you decide upon, make sure that your players know that your word is final and, so long as you are consistent and don't favour one player over another, this shouldn't be a problem. Just remember that if you make a ruling over a particular matter, you should aim to be consistent throughout your games.

During the game (and once it's over) you should make notes of situations that

arose and how you dealt with them. It's also a good idea if you're playing a series of linked games in a campaign to make notes on what interesting events happened during the scenario, who killed who, who managed to do what, and so on. It doesn't have to be as detailed or as involved as this battle report, but so long as you capture the most exciting parts of the game you won't go far wrong.

So now I'm off to write up the next scenario for these characters. Lichtenstein may have won this round and managed to interrogate the Daemon Prince, but what did it tell him and could Ghaustos penetrate its veil of lies? When Tyrus recovers from the blood freezing effects of Ghaustos' psychic power and gathers the shattered remnants of his warband, he will no doubt be even hungrier for revenge. It seems as though the world of Karis Cephalon will be the site of many more furious battles before the two warbands have finished with one another.