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ULTRAMARINES DESPERATELY STRUGGLE TO REPEL THE ONCOMING HORDES OF TYRANIDS



A REMOTE ORK SETTLEMENT PROVES NO OBSTACLE FOR THIS TYRANID INVASION

WARHAMMER

40,000

TYRANIDS[®]



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UNIT 7/7-9 KENT RD (CNR CHURCH)
MASCOT, NSW 2020
AUSTRALIA

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3431-C BENSON AVENUE
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
21227 - 1072

PRODUCT CODE: 0159

ISBN: 1-872372-90-2

CONTENTS

HIVE FLEET BEHEMOTH	5	TYRANID BIO-WEAPONS	52
ASSAULT ON TYRAN	5	BONESWORD	52
THANDROS TO MACRAGGE	6	LASH WHIP	52
HIVE FLEET KRAKEN	11	SPINE FIST	53
ICHAR IV	11	STRANGLE WEB	53
REBELLION AND WAR	11	DEATHSPITTER	54
ULTRAMARINE INVASION	12	FLAMESPURT	54
TENDRILS OF THE KRAKEN	14	FLESHBORER	55
TOTAL WAR	15	FLESH HOOKS	55
TYRANID FORCES	18	SPIKE RIFLE	56
HIVE TYRANT	18	DEVOURER	56
CARNIFEX	19	BARBED STRANGLER	57
TYRANID WARRIORS	20	VENOM CANNON	58
LICTORS	21	BIO-PLASMA	58
ZOANTHROPES	22	TYRANID SPECIAL RULES	59
TERMAGANTS	23	CHOOSING A TARGET	59
RIPPER SWARMS	23	HIDING	60
GARGOYLES	24	CHOOSING A TARGET	
HORMAGAUNTS	25	WITH UNUSUAL WEAPONRY	60
BIOVORES	25	SPECIAL WEAPONS VS TYRANIDS	61
SPORE MINES	26	TYRANIDS IN CLOSE COMBAT	61
GENESTEALERS	27	DECLARING CHARGES	61
GENESTEALER PATRIARCH	28	CHARGING INTO COMBAT	61
GENESTEALER MAGUS	28	BREAKING OFF FROM COMBAT	62
GENESTEALER HYBRIDS	29	FIRING INTO	
BROOD BROTHERS	29	HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT	62
		SQUAD/BROOD COHERENCY	62
		TYRANID VICTORY POINT TABLES	62
		BROODS	62
		INDIVIDUALS	62
		THE TYRANID CONQUEST	63
		MISSIONS	63
		STRATEGY	63
		STRATEGY CARDS VS TYRANIDS	63
		SQUAD EVENT TABLE	64
		DREADNOUGHT & WALKER	
		EVENT TABLE	64
		VEHICLES EVENT TABLE	64
		CHARACTERS EVENT TABLE	64



TYRANID ARMY LIST

THE ARMY	65
INDIVIDUALS	65
ARMY COMMANDER	65
BROODS	65
SUPPORT	65
ALLIES	65
NEW MODELS	65



TYRANID BIOMORPHS	66
Acid Blood	66
Adrenaline Sac	66
Aura of Torment	66
Bio-Plasma Attack	66
Enhanced Senses	66
Flesh Hooks	66
Hardened Carapace	67
Null Zone	67
Optic Membranes	67
Regenerate	67
Toughened Exoskeleton	67
Sharpened Claws	67
Venom Sacs	67
Voltage Field	67
Warp Field	67
SWARM SELECTION	68

INDIVIDUALS

HIVE TYRANTS	68
ZOANTHROPEs	70
LICTORS	70

BROODS

TYRANID WARRIOR BROOD	70
GENESTEALER BROOD	71
TERMAGANT BROOD	71
HORMAGAUNT BROOD	71
GARGOYLE BROOD	71

SUPPORT

ALLIES	72
CARNIFEXES	72
RIPPER SWARM	72
SPORE MINES	72
BIOVORE	72

GENESTEALER CULT ARMY LIST

THE ARMY	73
CHARACTERS	73
ARMY COMMANDER	73
BROODS	73
SUPPORT	73
ALLIES	73

ARMY SELECTION	74
----------------------	----

CHARACTERS

GENESTEALER PATRIARCH	74
GENESTEALER MAGUS	74
CULT ICON BEARER	75
GENESTEALER HYBRIDS	75

BROODS

GENESTEALER BROODS	75
GENESTEALER HYBRID BROODS	76
BROOD BROTHER SQUAD	76

SUPPORT

ALLIES	76
BROOD BROTHER HEAVY WEAPON TEAM	76
RAPIER LASER DESTROYER	76
TARANTULA	77
MOLE MORTAR	77
THUDD GUN	77

VEHICLES	77
----------------	----

WARGEAR LIST	78
--------------------	----

TYRANID TACTICS	79
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Beyond the human galaxy, beyond the range of human spacecraft and astrotelepathy, lies the unspeakable cold of the intergalactic void. Few men have ventured into this realm and none have ever returned. It is the great barrier that divides galaxy from galaxy, a place where time and space conspire to hold the galaxies apart with inconceivable distances.

Yet the void is no longer empty. An immeasurably ancient and implacable intelligence moves through the cold and the darkness, its many eyes fixed on the distant glittering lights of our galaxy. The Great Devourer moves between the stars and hungers for the flesh of all who lie before it. This great organism, this monstrous entity, men know as the Tyranid race.

Even by naming the Great Devourer men betray their ignorance. Every thought and action, every spark of life in the Tyranid race is bound and interlinked into a single mind, into a single great entity which stretches over light years of space and is controlled by the immortal hive mind. A billion times a billion Tyranids stand at the rim of the galaxy yet each one is no more than a single cell in the living body of the hive mind, the devourer of worlds.

HIVE FLEET BEHEMOTH

The first contact the Imperium of mankind had with the alien menace of the Tyranids took place on a little-known Imperial outpost in the Tyran system located on the south-eastern fringes of the galaxy. The planet Tyran was an Adeptus Mechanicus way-station for Explorator expeditions studying the virtually unknown sectors at the edge of the galaxy. Because of its isolation the base was well protected despite its small size and boasted an Astropath for communication with the Earth, over 60,000 light years away.

The first disquieting reports from Tyran told of a number of ravaged worlds which lay at the very edge of intergalactic space. In ancient surveys these particular planets had been logged as supporting life but more recent expeditions reported them to be bare, airless rocks. At first nothing untoward was apparent: the earlier surveys were hundreds, sometimes thousands, of years old and inaccuracies were not uncommon.

As time passed the Technomagi found that worlds which were known to have thriving ecosystems had been transformed into barren planetoids. Investigation teams could find no discernible cause for the phenomena and the reports filed with the Explorator General received little attention. The planets in question had supported no sentient life forms and lay thousands of light years from the nearest human-colonised systems. In a galaxy of a billion worlds such mysteries abounded, so for a time the information languished in the hundreds of miles of databanks that form the archives of the Administratum on Earth.

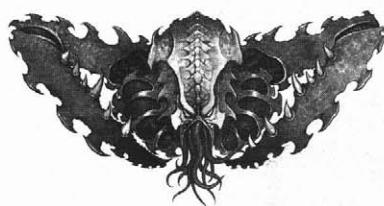
As the Tyran outpost dutifully continued to file reports of dead worlds the growing body of evidence attracted the attention of an organisation that abhors mysteries and unexplained phenomena: the Inquisition. Inquisitor Kryptman, well-respected for his far-sighted condemnation of the Macharian Heresies, began to ask probing questions about events in the distant south-east. The Adepts of the Explorator's office could offer little additional information but as soon as Inquisitor Kryptman compiled and analysed the reports on the extinct worlds it became apparent that the phenomenon exhibited a distinct pattern, and was encroaching ever deeper into the galactic rim.

The Inquisitor presented his findings to the council of the Inquisition and received dispensation to commandeer a ship to travel to the eastern fringe and uncover more data. But even as the Inquisitor's ship was churning through the warp Tyran came under attack.

ASSAULT ON TYRAN

The Tyran Primus base lay in the midst of Tyran's great world-spanning oceans, dug into an island that was the very tip of a chain of ancient volcanoes. The oceans of Tyran covered over 80% of the world's surface and were home to a dizzying array of marine life ranging from the small and innocuous scuttlefish to the highly dangerous 200 metre long kraken. The base itself was fortified to resist violent storms and the attentions of the voracious oceanic life forms. Tyran Primus also had four giant defence lasers in armoured silos for defence against marauding alien space craft and any unknown monstrosities lurking in the deep oceanic abyss.

Over four hundred personnel manned the base – Administratum scribes, Explorators, Adeptus Mechanicus Genetors, Engineers, Lexmechanics, their entourage of Servitors and a single Astropath. They were under the command of Magos Varnak, a member of the ruling caste of the Cult Mechanicus. Explorator ships passed through the Tyran system to collect supplies and deliver reports every three to six months. The last ship to depart was the *Investigation*, destined to survey worlds on the Eastern Fringe, though Varnak feared all he would receive were further reports of extinct planets.



Over a month after the departure of the *Investigation* Tyran Primus detected a cloud of close to a thousand unidentified objects entering the Tyran star system. After initial studies revealed the cloud was made up of neither spacecraft nor debris Magos Varnak piloted one of the station's small system ships towards the cloud to investigate further. When it approached, the ship came under attack by unknown objects almost immediately. Magos Varnak was injured, several of his crew were killed and the ship itself was so badly crippled it barely survived the journey back to Tyran. As he recovered from his injuries Varnak grimly ordered the base to alert status and armed the Servitors who would act as the first line of defence if there were an invasion.

A week later the first attacks began on the base. The storm-wracked skies of Tyran were split again and again by the blinding flash of the defence lasers as they strove to drive the attackers away. Bolts of laser energy capable of melting through whole city blocks lanced into space as projectiles launched by the enemy above smashed down on the base. Silo 2 was shaken and cracked by several hits but the chants and ceremonies of the Tech Priests kept it firing.

The uneven battle raged on for an hour or more as the brave laser crews blasted at the hundreds of invaders around Tyran before, amazingly, the enemy simply withdrew. Varnak sent his three remaining system ships in pursuit of the foe. They added to the destruction already wrought by the ground-based lasers and confirmed Varnak's earlier observations of the attackers. The objects appeared to be creatures of alien origin, vast armoured organisms with thick carapaces that were apparently fully adapted for life in space.

The system ships were quickly crippled or destroyed by these bio-ships and Magos Varnak was informed that the defences of Tyran had damaged or destroyed only a dozen creatures out of a swarm of close to a thousand. He was forced to conclude that should the invaders attack again and with greater vigour the base on Tyran was doomed. Escape was impossible. All that remained was to try and warn the Imperium before selling themselves as dearly as possible.



But the Astropath could broadcast no messages. The disruptions caused in the warp by the creatures' arrival made it impossible to use astrotelepathy. In a few hours or days the warp might clear but for the moment Tyran was completely cut off. To preserve what knowledge they had Varnak ordered a data codex to be formed of all the information gathered about the invaders. The data codex would be set to record the fate of the base until it was sealed at a signal from Varnak's control pulpit and dropped into a 3,000 metre deep bore shaft beneath the base. Even as the codex was being prepared the aliens moved in to attack positions once more.

As they came within laser range the invaders released thousands of pods above the planet. The pods fell toward Tyran in tight clusters and did not break up as they hit the atmosphere. Though the laser defences destroyed any pods which would have impacted on the base many more fell into the sea around it. To enter the sea was death for a human yet the aliens could be seen approaching the base on sonar scan. The seas thrashed and boiled as more aliens emerged from their pods and hacked their way through the voracious native beasts that swarmed around them.

Defence laser fire ripped into the bio-ships as they began an intense bombardment of the base. Several of the creatures fell burning into the atmosphere but the bombardment continued. Hissing acids ate through the armoured laser silos and one by one they were silenced. Magos Varnak watched the advance of the aliens on the crystal screens of the sacristy. The creatures were upright and six-limbed, clawed and fanged like fiends. The scattered defensive fire ricocheted off their thick hides and heavy carapaces like hailstones.

The aliens attacked the south dock and smashed their way through the electro field and armourplated shutters as if they were paper and glass. Servitors guarding the dock fought back with flamers and the first invaders through the breach were slain or driven back hissing their defiance. But other creatures, screaming giants with arms like great scythes, waded forward and Magos Varnak watched in horror as they shrugged off the napalm fires and hacked their way through the Servitors as if they were made of straw.

In an instant the enemy were through the dock and spreading through the base, destroying everything they found. Magos Varnak's finger hovered over the switch that would send the data codex plummeting into the depths. Every moment might give some additional insight into the enemy, but every moment brought the fighting closer to the sacristy. Smaller, scuttling creatures appeared in the enemy ranks and began to cast constricting webs over the Servitors and Tech-Priests as they fought in the corridors.

Varnak looked to the station Astropath and both understood that they could not allow themselves to be captured by this new and terrible alien race. Varnak released the codex and descended into the reactor chamber to set the station destruct sequence. Even as he completed his prayer the doors of the sacristy were buckling and tearing before the fury of the assault from outside, and with only seconds remaining Magos Varnak struck the sacred rune of ending upon the power altar.

Earth received one final, garbled message from Tyran. On the wings of death came a dire prophecy of doom and a mental image of the skies over Tyran turned black with swarming monsters. From the world of Tyran the invaders acquired a name at last – Tyranids.

THANDROS TO MACRAGGE

Inquisitor Kryptman received word of the last message from Tyran months after the attack. By the time his ship reached the Tyran system almost a year had passed and at first he could not equate the dead, dry planet he found to ocean-bound Tyran at all. After a long search Inquisitor Kryptman unearthed Varnak's data codex and learned the full horror of the alien threat menacing the Imperium.



As the Inquisitor's ship left the Tyran system it encountered the acid-eaten hulk of the *Investigation*, declared missing months before. The vessel appeared to have been crippled and then boarded: all of the crew were missing and the ship was little more than an icy shell. Clearly the same foe that attacked Tyran had destroyed the *Investigation* and perhaps even followed its trail through the warp back to the Tyran Primus base.

Kryptman ordered his Astropath to send a priority warning to the Imperium but the Astropath could not penetrate the warp turmoil left by the passing of the alien fleet. Even the nearby Thandros telepathica booster matrix was obscured. In desperation Kryptman set course for Thandros in the hopes of re-establishing communications there.

But the Tyranids had attacked Thandros and moved on long before the arrival of Inquisitor Kryptman. Thandros was not as well protected as Tyran. The miners living in tunnels on Thandros II and III could not hide from the Tyranids or escape into space. The telepathica matrix orbiting Thandros I was later found to have emptied all of its turret magazines and burned out its defence laser crystal before it was overrun. Nonetheless the Telepathica adepts manning the base were unable to send word of their plight to the Imperium because of the Tyranids' psychic blockade. The Thandros system fought and died alone.



Kryptman salvaged the telepathica matrix and sent his message to warn the unsuspecting Imperium of the magnitude of the Tyranid threat. The Astropath, red-eyed with weariness after days of concentration broadcasting Varnak's codex and Kryptman's report, gave the Inquisitor instructions to travel to the planet Macragge in Ultramar, the empire of the Ultramarines Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes. There he would assist the Master of the Chapter in locating and eliminating the Tyranid fleet. As dictated by Imperial tradition the alien hive fleet of the Tyranids had been codified with an ancient and forbidding name from legend: Behemoth.

The Navigator of Kryptman's ship strained to follow the guiding light of the Astronomicon through the swirling energies of warp space as the ship pushed through the shoals and reefs of that most capricious medium. At times the undertow left by Hive Fleet Behemoth threatened to lose the ship in the warp forever but the Navigator avoided every whirlpool and riptide with consummate skill, the elongated teardrop formed by the warp drives of the Inquisition ship slipping through the Immaterium like oil through water.

In the Macragge system a dozen other ships already hung in orbit and each day more arrived from the warp. Lumbering Space Marine battle barges hung over Macragge like gigantic azure monoliths etched with the gaping maws of weapon bays, launch tubes and heavy bombardment turrets. These leviathans dwarfed even the sleek strike cruisers arriving from the Ultramarines' furthest outposts. Orbital fortresses and ponderous systems defence monitors surrounded Macragge with a ring of firepower.

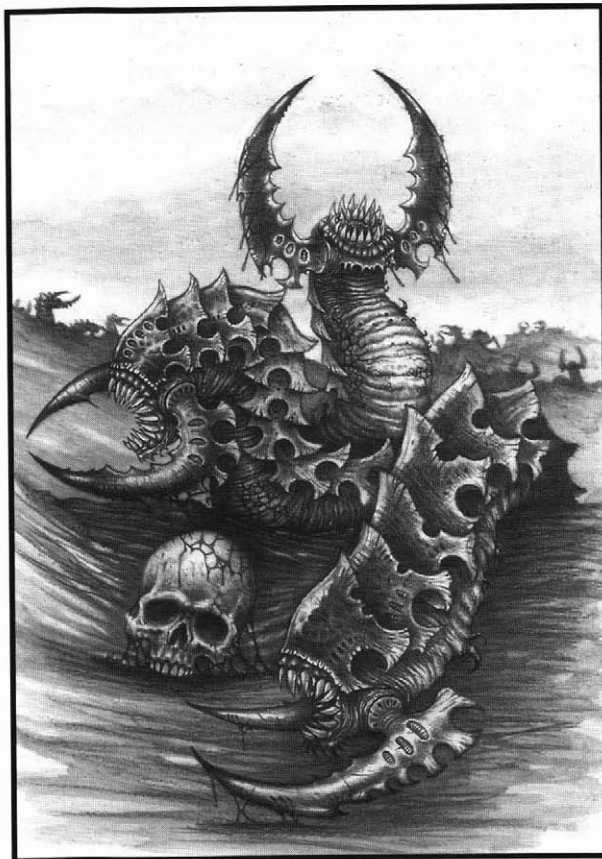
Inquisitor Kryptman met with Marneus Calgar, Master of the Ultramarines, beneath the portico of his palace of brilliant white marble perched high in rugged mountains above the glittering seas of Hera. Calgar stood as a giant even among the genetically altered Space Marines. Nothing escaped his piercing blue eyes and even Kryptman's terrible discoveries did not disturb his noble demeanour.

The Ultramarines were readying themselves for all-out war with the Tyranids. The Emperor had despatched a Segmentum Tempestus battlefleet from the orbital docks at Bakka. Calgar felt that Macragge was the system most immediately threatened by hive fleet Behemoth. Macragge itself, already well-protected, was being even more heavily fortified and would be held tenaciously by Ultramarines and planetary defence auxilia until the combined Ultramar and Imperial fleet arrived to take on the hive fleet.

A month later the Tyranids attacked Macragge, their fleet of over a thousand vessels sweeping aside attacks by Ultramarines strike cruisers as they pushed insystem. With no sign of the Imperial fleet from Bakka, Calgar was forced to use the Ultramar fleet in a risky ploy. By leaving Macragge and retreating outsystem Calgar drew the Tyranids onto the defences of Macragge as they sought to encircle it and invade. The Ultramar fleet struck the aliens while they were spread out and vulnerable, successfully carving a bloody swathe through their fleet as Calgar tried to fight his way back through to the protection of the big guns of Macragge.

At the height of the battle Ultramar fighters from Macragge crippled one of the largest Tyranid hive ships and this seemed to fatally disrupt the cohesion of the hive fleet. The Tyranids' attacks became increasingly uncoordinated and Calgar's fleet reaped a great tally of fallen bio-ships. As the battle raged the Tyranids unleashed thousands of spores above the vital northern and southern polar fortresses which were the keystones of Macragge's defences. Each spore that fell to earth cracked open to reveal a Tyranid creature and soon thousands of Tyranids were marching across the ice fields towards the fortresses.

In space the battered hive ships retreated and, desperate to prevent their escape, Calgar's tiny fleet gave chase. Though Calgar feared for the polar fortresses he knew they were well guarded by Ultramarines of the 1st Company supported by defence auxilia and Titans of the Legio Praetor. Most of the 1st Company were formed into Terminator squads equipped with tactical dreadnought armour and the best personal weaponry in the Imperium. Entrusting the fate of Macragge to these veteran warriors, Calgar chose to pursue the Tyranid hive fleet.



The Tyranid swarms on Macragge surged on towards the polar fortresses. Sickled-clawed beasts bounded forward across snowy plains scored by lasers, their numbers blurring individuals into a shifting mass of slicing hooks and piercing talons, others wheeled through the bleak, grey skies on leathery wings and drooled their liquid fire on the defenders below. The ear splitting rattle of bolters and the thump of artillery drowned out the bestial, hate-filled screams of the swarming Tyranids but they swept on with implacable ferocity.

The veteran Space Marines of the 1st Company led the lightly armed defence auxilia in a tenacious defence of the fortresses, holding every wall and trench until the last possible moment before it was overrun by the swarm. Slowly the troops withdrew ever deeper into the fortress while making the Tyranids pay in blood for every yard of ground. The Titans of Legio Praetor stalked the ice fields and drove smoking furrows through the onrushing Tyranid hordes with shells and plasma. Crippled Ultramarine ships which Calgar had left in orbit above hurled down bolts of ruby flame and megatons of explosive death at the Tyranids, but still they came on.

The ferocity of the swarms was unbelievable. At the northern fortress they overran the walls by using the steaming piles of their own dead for cover. Titans were dragged down and ripped apart by sheer weight of numbers, like lions being swarmed over by soldier ants. Weapon barrels glowed red hot and jammed in spite of the arctic cold, ammunition began to run low though the fortress contained stockpiles for months of siege. The snows around the fortresses were stained arterial purple with Tyranid ichor.



As the fighting became close and deadly lumbering scythe-armed giants tore into the defenders' ranks like living battering rams, smashing their way through metal and rockcrete walls with equal fury. Even the Terminators could not stand against Tyranids in hand-to-hand fighting. Six-limbed, armed and armoured in shining chitin, the creatures sprang forward with blinding swiftness, their claws lashing out to rip through ceramite and adamantium with impossible ease. The Ultramarines had to rely on the heavy short-range firepower of their storm bolters, heavy flamers and Assault cannon to bring down the foe.

At the southern fortress stalking creatures penetrated deep into the labyrinthine corridors beneath the citadel through a supposedly inaccessible disposal culvert. The mantis-clawed horrors slew dozens of auxilia troopers from ambush in the maze of dark corridors and rooms before they were finally hunted down and eliminated by Terminator squads. Some men were driven mad with fear or paralysed with terror as the Tyranids broke through the perimeter again and again. With each perimeter breach the Ultramarine garrisons had to withdraw to a new defence line. The Ultramarines were forced back, step by step, by the alien tide of organic killing machines.

In space Calgar pursued the Tyranid fleet toward the ringed world of Circe at the edge of the Macragge system. The timely

arrival of the Tempestus fleet from Bakka finally sealed the Tyranids' fate by catching them in a vice between the two fleets. In a desperate fight the combined human fleet destroyed the remaining hive ships at a great cost in men and ships.

The Tempestus fleet of over two hundred warships including the huge Emperor class battleship *Dominus Astra* was almost completely wiped out in a titanic battle around Circe. The battle was only won by the heroic sacrifice of the *Dominus Astra* charging into the heart of the hive fleet and triggering its warp drives. The Tyranids were destroyed in an uncontrolled warp vortex which also dragged the *Dominus Astra* to oblivion. Calgar's surviving ships came about and roared back to Macragge to try and save the beleaguered polar garrisons.

The remnants of the Ultramarine garrisons had been forced deep underground by wave after wave of Tyranids. The survivors of the Ultramarines 1st Company were still fighting amongst the coolant stores and capacitors of the giant defence laser silos of the northern citadel but all contact with them was lost after the Tyranids completely overran the surface outposts. At the southern fortress the remaining 1st Company detachments had been destroyed when they attempted a counter-attack against a vital bastion captured by the Tyranids. Small pockets of Ultramarine resistance still held out in bunkers above ground. Calgar, feeling that the situation was becoming critical, sent the 3rd and 7th Ultramarines Companies ahead in their fast strike cruisers while his remaining damaged ships limped back to Macragge.

As the sleek strike cruisers swooped over Macragge the Space Marines of the 3rd and 7th Companies were deployed by drop pod onto the poles with their supporting units following up in gunships. Scenes of unbelievable carnage awaited them below. Piles of mangled Tyranid corpses and shattered wargear lay strewn across the ice. Vast steaming craters pocked the snows where Titan plasma reactors had melted down and the stench of death lay everywhere.

The 7th Company, dropping on the southern fortress, landed unopposed and quickly linked up with the survivors of the garrison above ground. Together they pushed on to clear the subterranean passages which had been overrun. Only a handful of Tyranids remained to oppose them but they fought back with maniacal ferocity. Initial progress was bloody, with several advance squads being attacked by lone Tyranids or small groups which took their toll. But the Tyranids' attacks lacked strategy or coordination and most of the creatures were riddled with bolter fire as they emerged from cover.

In the north the 3rd Company came under attack as soon as it landed. Hundreds of creatures emerged from dark tunnel mouths and shattered bunkers to assail the Space Marines, threatening to overrun their dropzone by sheer force of numbers. Only staunch defensive fire laid down by the company's Devastator squads kept the alien swarm at bay until Thunderhawk gunships arrived to blast the Tyranids back below ground. Captain Fabian of the 3rd Company prudently awaited the arrival of the company's three Dreadnoughts before proceeding into the fortress itself to search for survivors.

The dark, dank corridors beneath the northern fortress were already subtly altered by the aliens' presence. Mucous dripped from the walls and ceilings and a pervasive musky stench filled the air. Alien screams and roars echoed and re-echoed weirdly along the tunnels. Warily, the Space Marines pushed

forward, the darkness moving back reluctantly before their suit lights. The corridors were littered with Tyranid and Ultramar dead and even bio-scanners failed to identify the creatures that lay in ambush amongst the corpses. Such lone attackers wreaked havoc at close quarters, slashing into the advance squads in an orgy of destruction before they were killed.

Eventually the forward squads started to use flamers to burn their way along the passages and flush out their enemy. Even as the creatures burned they still leapt forward with claws outstretched to rip and slay.

Two full squads of Space Marines were killed in a lightning fast flank attack by a dozen Tyranids at an intersection. Only the presence of a Dreadnought blocked their rampage through the company's perimeter, and the Dreadnought itself had one arm ripped off by the creatures before it cut through them with its assault cannon. As the company entered a great chamber below Silo 8 they were assailed from all sides as a nightmarish horde of creatures sprang from the shadows.

A hail of obscene projectiles struck at the Space Marines, burning through their armour and spraying them with vile corrosive mucus. Chain swords clashed against curving blades of bone and bolters chanted their catechism of death as the Ultramarines desperately fought back. A mighty Tyranid lord, huge as a Dreadnought, thundered into the Space Marines' line. Three Space Marines fell to a single sweep of its curving blade before a Dreadnought charged into the monster.

A titanic struggle ensued as monster and machine battled to the death. The Dreadnought reeled back as the Tyranid struck it a mighty blow, sparks flew as the Dreadnought's power fist crashed into beast's carapace. Pouring ichor from its wounds the creature raised its blade and chopped through the machine's leg to send it crashing to the ground.

The beast howled in triumph and raised its blade to deliver the killing blow as Captain Fabian leapt forward into the fray. Power sword and alien blade clashed together with a crackling energy discharge. The beast swung a mighty overhead blow at Fabian as he staggered back from the discharge but the captain leaped aside and the blade buried itself in the rockcrete floor with a flash of power. In the fraction of a second before the creature freed its blade Fabian levelled his plasma pistol at the creature and fired, the incandescent blast catching it full in the head as Fabian pumped shot after shot into the creature. The beast reared up with a final ululating howl of agony and fell back dead.

All around, the Ultramarines were on the verge of being overwhelmed, only the psychic blasts of the Librarian were stopping the Tyranids completing the slaughter. But as the Tyranid lord fell many of its minions turned tail and were cut down by bolters as they fled. Those that fought on were blasted apart as the Ultramarines resorted to firing amongst their own troops to finally prevail. At the end of the fight barely a quarter of the company had survived and all three Dreadnoughts were damaged. Captain Fabian grimly ordered his remaining men to continue the hunt for survivors.

Once more the greatly reduced company cleared its way forward with flamers and finally reached the lower penitium where the 1st Company had made their last stand. Tyranid bodies were piled six deep around the doors and within the room a circle of Terminators lay where they had fought back



to back. They were still and lifeless, every one having given his life against the Tyranid hordes. The Ultramarines' 1st Company had been wiped out to the last man, a grievous blow from which the Chapter has still to fully recover.

Hive Fleet Behemoth had been stopped, but only at a grievous cost to the Imperium of Mankind. In the aftermath of the first Tyrannic war there was little the Imperium could do to strike back at its foe. Behemoth had arrived from a virtually unexplored quarter and had disappeared completely after the Battle of Macragge. The trail of the hive fleet led back to the empty void of intergalactic space.

The Techno Magi of Mars spent many years classifying the Tyranid artefacts and bodies left on Macragge but could divine little from the evidence. The obvious facts were that, like the Eldar, the Tyranids used a form of bio-technology to organically form weaponry (though Tyranid weapons were limited to short-ranged projectiles and close combat weaponry) and that the Tyranids themselves formed an incredibly diverse race, more so than even the Orks, Gretchin and Snotlings which infest the galaxy.

The only discovery of great note was that the Tyranids had employed Genestealers as shock troops. These creatures had previously been thought to be autochthonous denizens of the moons of Ymgarl that had spread through space onboard cargo barges. Their presence amongst the Tyranid hordes was testament that this theory was in error. Genetic samples indicated they were Tyranid creatures, so why were they already established far to the galactic north-west? The Salamanders Chapter of Space Marines conducted a xenocide campaign to purge the moons of Ymgarl and Inquisitors intensified their scrutiny for Genestealer infestations but nothing more could be done.



HIVE FLEET KRAKEN

Two and a half centuries passed with neither sight nor sound of further Tyranid incursions. Some members of Earth's Adeptus Administratum began to question the necessity of maintaining so many armed forces in the galactic south-east to resist a non-existent Tyranid threat. They argued that the hive fleet had represented the sum total of the Tyranid race and that it had been destroyed at Macragge. When inhabited worlds along the south-eastern fringe began to suffer an epidemic of riots, terrorism, sabotage and, in some cases, outright rebellion the same Adeptus claimed the people had become dissatisfied with living in the midst of an armed camp and chosen to violently illustrate their displeasure.

The Inquisition suspected a plot and moved quickly to "investigate" the dissenters for signs of treasonous thoughts or heretical influence. It was soon established that all of the dissenting Administratum officials either originated from the south-eastern fringes or had travelled there at some point in their career. No other unifying factors could be found, and many of the suspected traitors had never even met each other.

Inquisitors were despatched from the Inquisition fortress at Talasa Prime to fully investigate the Ultima rebellions. Meanwhile, the Inquisition instigated a terrifying purge throughout the Imperium and particularly on Earth, incarcerating anyone in high office who had had contact with the Eastern Fringe. Tens of thousands were dragged away by the Arbites to languish in prison colonies while the investigation continued.

ICHAR IV

The Imperium's first concern was the rebellion on the industrial world of Ichar IV. The Ichar system is vital to the Imperium. Its gigantic factories and sprawling refineries form the lynch pin of one of the few densely populated sectors in the Ultima Segmentum. Thousands of ships carrying ore and myco-protein pass through Ichar's huge orbital docks each year.

The rebellion had been swift and bloody. Years before, a religious fundamentalist group called the Brotherhood had caught the hearts and minds of the impoverished city workers. Their preaching of the return of the Emperor had promised better times to come and a place in heaven at his side, the kind of spiritual comfort most sought after by those without power or privilege in life.

The Brotherhood's mercy missions and chapels had soon become a common sight in the poorest districts and their good works were legendary. The Ecclesiarchy had carefully monitored the Brotherhood for any taint of iconoclasm or heresy but had found nothing, if the reports were to be believed, but the most laudable of faith in the Emperor. Eventually permission was sought and granted for the Brotherhood to build a cathedral in Lomas, Ichar IV's largest city.

Shortly after the completion of the cathedral the trouble began. The Brotherhood refused to pay its tithes to the Planetary Governor and refused to allow its members to be inducted into the Planetary Defence Force. Brotherhood preachers began whipping the populace into a frenzy with

predictions of the imminent return of the Emperor. Vigilante Brotherhood militias started to patrol in many areas, brutalising far more "unbelievers" than non-existent criminals.

REBELLION AND WAR

Matters came to a head when rioting broke out at a Brotherhood mass rally held before the great cathedral. Arbitrators moved in to break up the crowds with power mauls and suppression shields but were fired on from the cathedral itself. The Arbites returned fire, killing several Brotherhood militia and enraging the great mass of people. After beating off several charges by the mob the Arbitrators were forced to withdraw by the arrival of another, larger mob from the poor district.



Rioting spread throughout the city and the Arbites were unable to suppress it. When PDF troops were called from their barracks to assist the Arbitrators most of them rebelled and came out in favour of the Brotherhood. Vicious fighting broke out all over the city and, when it came to light that the Planetary Governor had been assassinated, the fighting spread to every city on Ichar IV. Within hours tanks daubed with Brotherhood symbols and flying crude revolutionary banners held most of the intersections and utilities in Lomas and the Imperial forces were being pushed back in other cities.

Dawn brought full news of the assassination of the planetary governor and most of his ministers. Some were killed by bombs, others by snipers, others were murdered with their households in horrific massacres which looked like the attacks of wild beasts or mob violence. Shortly afterwards the Brotherhood seized all broadcast stations and announced their new theocratic government.

Loyal forces still controlled much of the countryside outside the cities and the judges of the Adeptus Arbites still held their precinct fortress against the rebellious populace inside Lomas. Nonetheless, most of the world's cities had been captured in a full scale rebellion against the Emperor of Mankind. Inquisitor Agmar arrived on Ichar twenty seven days after the outbreak of rebellion, on the same day that the Arbites precinct fortress was finally overrun by Brotherhood forces. The judges were not to be so easily defeated, however. Most of their number escaped along a secret tunnel and captured the city's four main power generators.

To Inquisitor Agmar's eyes the situation on Ichar IV had the appearance of a well-orchestrated plot rather than the upsurge of popular opinion being depicted by the Brotherhood. Agmar requested the assistance of the Ultramarines Chapter of Space Marines to help the Imperial forces regain full control of Ichar IV. While they awaited the arrival of the Ultramarines the Imperial Guard regiments on Ichar bombarded the cities and held off ferocious counter-attacks made by Brotherhood militia battalions.

Repeated attempts to reach the trapped Arbites met with failure in the dense rubble surrounding the generator plant. Amidst piles of crumbled rockcrete and twisted girders Imperial Guard units were consistently driven back by the savage zeal of the Brotherhood troops in deadly close combats. The brave Arbites finally fell six days after Agmar's arrival, though in their last act of loyalty to the Emperor they destroyed the power generators they had held so diligently. The lurid fires lit by their melta bombs burned for days afterwards, casting a black pall of smoke across Lomas like a chilling shroud.

The war had reached a stalemate and ground down into an extended city-fight. Casualties spiralled upwards daily in dozens of skirmishes and ambushes fought through ruined apartment blocks, burned-out factories and mangled refineries. Predatory snipers lurked, ready to kill the unwary. Every doorway could conceal a booby trap or a hidden enemy. Entire Imperial Guard patrols disappeared without trace in the maelstrom of combat.

At the other cities the story was the same. The Brotherhood had the Planetary Defence armouries and the teeming populace to draw on for their soldiery, and they controlled the bulk of the planet's laser and missile silos. Siege and starvation would be necessary to drive them out.

Inquisitor Agmar led several small battle forces into Lomas to uncover more information about the Brotherhood. Piece by piece the picture of what had happened on Ichar IV became clear. He learned from prisoners about the ruling hierophants, heard their fanatical claims to be part of the magnificent "New Order" which would sweep through the galaxy. In a surprise raid he slew a Neophyte of the Brotherhood and saw what manner of creatures were leading this New Order. The

divinations of the Imperial Tarot and Adeptus Telepathica psykers confirmed Inquisitor Agmar's worst fears. In utmost secrecy Inquisitor Agmar sent a report to the conclave of the Inquisition and awaited the arrival of the Space Marines.

ULTRAMARINES INVASION

Thirty nine days after the outbreak of rebellion the Ultramarines battle barge *Octavius* entered Ichar's orbit and prepared to deploy its drop pods. Ichar IV's defences were still largely ineffective because of the damage inflicted on Lomas's generatorium by the Arbites and drop casualties were light. Companies of Space Marines seized the main defence armouries and the governor's palace where the Brotherhood militia headquarters had been established. At first the Brotherhood was taken by complete surprise and the primary objectives were quickly secured. The Brotherhood militia launched a series of desperate counter attacks to dislodge the Space Marines but their forces were critically disorganised by the destruction of their HQ and they were beaten off with heavy losses.

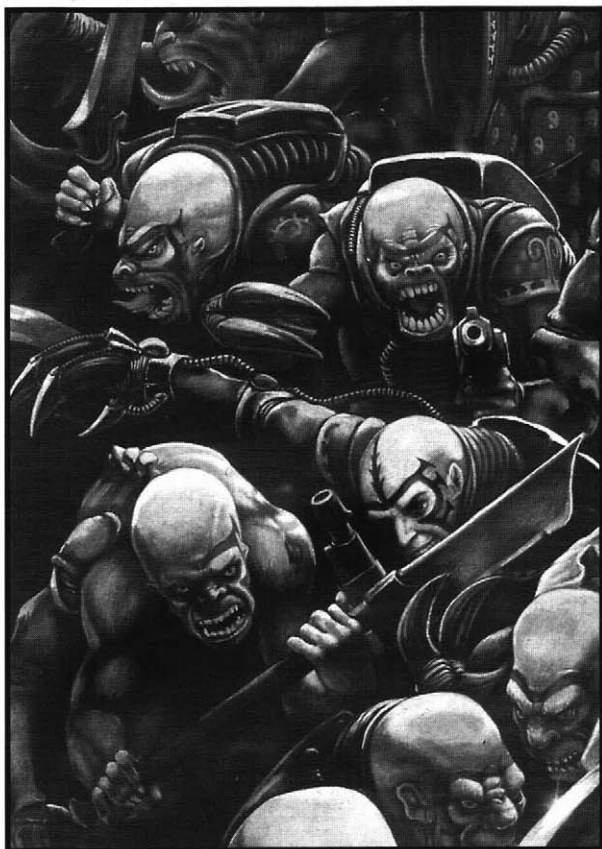
Outside the city the Imperial Guard launched a major assault to link up with the Ultramarines. Fire and smoke leapt into the sky as artillery shells burst upon the city. Laser fire slashed back and forth as crouched figures scrambled from cover to cover. Heavy bolters flared through the murk, their shells kicking up erupting lines of dirt and rubble. The Imperial Guard doggedly advanced using their Leman Russ tanks as moving strongpoints and the Brotherhood's lines bent back before them.

At the height of the attack Inquisitor Agmar's specially-placed spy satellite picked up militia forces leaving the Brotherhood cathedral and moving up to contain the Imperial assault. The Inquisitor knew the time had now come when one bold stroke would end the rebellion. He sent a prearranged signal to the *Octavius* orbiting high above.

In the echoing nave of the cathedral a crackling blue haze appeared, brightened and then in a flash of azure light solidified into a number of hulking figures. The Brotherhood guards at the doors wheeled round in time to be ripped apart by a thunderous hail of explosive shells. More than twenty Space Marines in Terminator armour stood towering over their torn corpses in the sudden silence that followed. More guards, Neophytes and Acolytes suddenly poured into the cathedral through side doors as the Ultramarines Terminators spread out from their teleport point. A storm of lasbeams and autoshells rattled off the Terminators' thick armour plates to no avail: storm bolters were raised in gauntleted fists and the walls were painted with Brotherhood blood.

A handful of survivors hurled themselves into close combat with the giant warriors. Voluminous robes fell back to reveal bone-ridged heads and glaring eyes when the Neophytes lashed out with their inhuman claws. Some of the Terminators were overwhelmed and dragged down by the supernatural ferocity of the mob but the roaring jet of a heavy flamer cut across the survivors before they could exploit their victory. Smoke and the stink of burned flesh billowed up to the high-arched roof from the funeral pyre.

The Terminators spread out with machine-like precision, some froze into overwatch positions while the others searched the cathedral for the hidden passages they knew it must contain. Their Librarian pointed to the altar and more



explosive shells blasted it apart, revealing steps down into darkness.

Flipping on their suit lights the Terminators filed down the steps to find the black heart of the Brotherhood. A dismal crypt lay below, with many twisting passages spreading out from it in all directions but the Librarian could sense the way through the labyrinth. The Terminators' scanners came to life as they left the crypt, showing multiple foes closing quickly on their location, creatures that moved too quickly to be human. The Terminators moved to the positions they would cover from overwatch and waited, ready to deal death at the slightest movement.

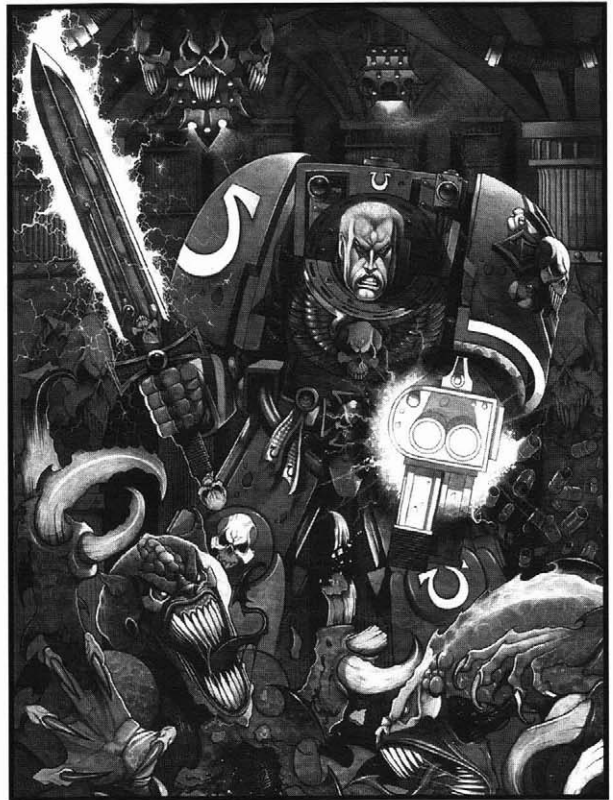
First came the distant clicking of claws on stone, then the thunder of the creatures' armoured bodies striking the walls and each other as they rushed forth to bring swift death to the intruders. The first of them sprang into the glare of the lights, its four deadly arms held high over its crouched body and bestial head. Genestealers! No doubt was left now, the Inquisitor was right: a viper's nest of aliens lay at the heart of the rebellion. Fangs and claws glittered as the Genestealers ran forward with insect-quickness to slay their hated foes. Storm bolters roared, sounding impossibly loud in the confined tunnels, explosive tipped bolts caromed from chitinous bodies or pierced them and blasted alien flesh to bloody pulp. The cleansing fires of flamers incinerated whole tunnels at a time but the creatures charged forward without fear or hesitation.

Each strobing flash of the storm bolters showed the foe getting closer. They swept over the bodies piled in front of the Ultramarines and tore into the Terminators. Three of the armoured giants were ripped apart in as many seconds before the rest fell back to the crypt. The Genestealers leapt after them without pause, easily catching the rearguards as they backed away still blasting. Who can say how many more of the aliens were blown apart or crushed by the Terminators' power fists before they were overrun? Not enough to stop the onrushing brood but enough to slow them while their brethren prepared to fight again.



In the crypt flamers held side passages against flanking Genestealers and forced them to pour forth from one end of the room. The combined fire of a half-dozen storm bolters burst through the horde and, as the survivors leapt into cover behind great stone sarcophagi, the Librarian summoned a purifying column of warp fire. Unnatural flames filled the end of the crypt, hissing fires that ate through alien flesh as though it were fat and gristle instead of iron hard chitin and steely cartilage. Most of the brood burned in an instant, the rest fell to the explosive bolts which raged through their ranks like a miniature artillery barrage.

The Terminators moved on, cautiously now because they were few. No more of the nightmarish Genestealers barred their way or leapt from ambush as the Ultramarines pushed ever deeper into the heart of darkness. Deep beneath the city they found what they were seeking in a high-groined chamber with carved walls like the ribs of some great beast. There the Genestealer Patriarch crouched on a great dais, huge and



bloated with the power of its sprawling brood. It squatted with arms outstretched, head turned upward as if listening for some distant call as the Ultramarines marched into the hall. They raised their weapons to destroy the abomination and it lowered its eyes to gaze on them with a threatening hiss.

Without warning a horde of monstrosities poured into the chamber from between the calcified ribs-walls. Three-armed hybrids, tainted humans and purestrain Genestealers leapt forward to protect their all-father. A wall of explosive bolts marched along the mob and the chamber dissolved into a scene of chaos and bloodshed as the howling fanatics hurled themselves on the Terminators. The Ultramarines Librarian cut his way forward through the creatures, the glowing white blade of his force axe leaving a trail of shorn limbs and lopped heads behind him. Each step became harder, as if he were wading through deeper and deeper water. He could feel the palpable psychic waves of alien thoughts beating against his mind as the Patriarch exerted its ancient, implacable will upon him. Deep pits opened in his subconscious, ready to swallow his psyche whole.

A shocking surge from the Librarian's psychic hood broke the spell. Focusing his own indomitable will, the Librarian forced his body out of the physical world for an instant, and in an instant he was gone. A bright flash marked his departure, another flared at his point of arrival as he teleported onto the dais with the Patriarch. The creature span round and lashed out its claws with incredible speed. Blood and sparks flew from the Librarian's armour as the claws ripped into it. The Patriarch easily ducked away from his clumsy backswing. The beast pounced again and rained a flurry of blows on the armoured figure which were almost too swift to follow.

In desperation the Librarian called to his battle brothers and the dais was swept by storm bolters. Indiscriminate fire

ricocheted off the Librarian's armour but some shots struck and wounded the Patriarch. In its moment of distraction the Librarian swung his force axe in an irresistible arc which carved through the Patriarch's armoured hide with a flash of power. The force axe rose and fell, hacking the Patriarch into a bloody pulp and spraying purple ichor across the chamber.

With the death of its Patriarch the brood was thrown into confusion. In the chamber the handful of remaining Terminators slaughtered the mass of creatures assailing them. Nothing escaped the blasts of their storm bolters and the cleansing fires of their flamers as the Terminators exacted some small measure of revenge for the death of their forebears over two centuries before. In the city above the Brotherhood units resisting the Imperial Guard offensive collapsed. Small knots of fanatical Acolytes and Neophytes held out in towers and bunkers but triumphant Imperial Guard tanks swept through the rubble-strewn streets crushing all opposition.

Ichar IV was back under the iron heel of the Imperium within three weeks. All signs of the Genestealer infestation were thoroughly rooted out by the energetic Inquisitor Agmar with the assistance of the Ultramarines. Yet at the end of the campaign several mysteries remained unanswered. The first was what had become of the Magus, the human-seeming leader of the Brotherhood who had disappeared at the start of the rebellion. His body was never found and no prisoners were able to shed light on his whereabouts, even under Agmar's most persuasive questioning.

The second mystery was the reports of Astropaths and the Ultramarines Librarian who had slain the Patriarch. They told of sensing a faint psychic disturbance like a long, keening call or a signal radiating from the planet, a signal which had been

cut off when the Patriarch was killed. The oldest and most powerful of the Astropaths had told the Inquisitor that he too had sensed the Patriarch's call and that he had felt a distant shift in the warp. It was a sense of something vast and seething, a shadow of a monstrosity powerful entity which had turned its attention to Ichar.

When Agmar submitted his report to the conclave of the Inquisition he was warned of a growing number of reports from survivors fleeing from the outer fringes. The information was garbled and contradictory but one fact stood out, the Tyranids had returned with a new hive fleet, Hive Fleet Kraken.

TENDRILS OF THE KRAKEN

This new Tyranid invasion had come without warning and no one could be sure how many planets had fallen to the Tyranid horde already. Hive Fleet Kraken appeared to made up of many sub-fleets which moved to attack worlds across an entire sector simultaneously. The alarming disruption in the warp brought about by the hive fleet's passage had blocked out astropathic communication beyond the besieged systems and warp travel in their vicinity had become dangerously unpredictable. Whole sub-sectors of the Imperium had been swallowed up with almost no clues as to what had happened to them. The handfuls of survivors had fled aboard ships and been flung hundreds of light years off course by the turbulence in the warp. Their chilling accounts of the nightmare advance of the hive fleet formed the bulk of information available to the Imperium.

Tales came of skies turned black over whole continents by clouds of wind blown poison spores. Of hulking monsters that stalked the land, ripping and slashing with murderous claws. Stories of billions of creatures swarming across the face of a world, devouring everything in their path and leaving the planet a wasteland. Whole population centres had been subdued or wiped out in a single night, and those taken alive had envied the dead.

In the Miral system Imperial Guard regiments and Space Marines of the Scythes Chapter still held out against Tyranids which had overrun the lush jungles and plantations of Miral Prime. The Imperial Forces had retreated to a huge rock mesa known locally as the Giant's Coffin where they fought almost daily against raging hordes from the dense jungles below. The jungles themselves had become extraordinarily active since the invasion and only constant defoliation prevented vines and creepers engulfing the defenders' narrow island of rock overnight.

A free captain brought rumours of Lamarno, a feral planet which had come completely under the sway of Genestealers. When a Tyranid hive fleet arrived the fierce tribesmen had calmly boarded the bio-ships to be consumed by their new 'living gods'. He also brought a tale from the giant asteroid-monastery of Salem, telling of how the monks had chosen to poison themselves and their carefully built ecosystem rather than allow their sanctified flesh and bones to be consumed by the advancing Tyranids. Now Salem was nothing more than a gigantic tomb.

Another dedicated merchant captain helped evacuate millions from the mining worlds of Devlan before it was consumed. The extensive system of Sentinel space stations around Devlan delayed the hive fleet long enough for a fleet of giant



freighters to escape into space. A company of the Lamenters Chapter of Space Marines held off frenzied attacks by the Tyranids until the last ship was loaded. Left surrounded and cut off, the Lamenters commended their souls to the Emperor and took a heavy toll of the invaders before they were finally overrun.

Yet there seemed to be no refuge even in flight. One giant ore ship fleeing from Devlan with its cargo of refugees arrived at its destination ominously dark and silent. No communication was forthcoming from the vessel and it made an automated landing far from habitation. Those investigating the ship found it to be a slaughterhouse of terror and death when they unsealed it. Men, women and children had been mercilessly butchered in their hundreds, perhaps thousands, it was impossible to tell. The Inquisition suspected a breach of quarantine protocol had allowed some Tyranid organism to get aboard, but nothing could be found, so what it was and what became of it remained a mystery.

Orbital defences on Graia had held the hive fleet back for a time but the invaders had overrun Graia's single moon. Now every orbit brought a rain of mycetic spores on the planet below, each spore bearing its payload of doom and destruction. Explorators reported discovering a world deep in the Eastern Fringe which had been seeded with Hormagaunts during a Tyranid terror raid decades before. Swarms of the sickle-armed beasts had killed every living thing on the planet and now battled with each other in their unrelenting bloodlust. The Squats had reported attacks by a swarm of hive ships on isolated Homeworlds close to the galactic core, tens of thousands of light years away from the main hive fleet on the south-eastern rim of the galaxy.

Inquisitor Czevak reported that the Eldar craftworld of Iyanden had been subjected to a series of massive Tyranid attacks. The once mighty craftworld had fought off swarm after swarm of attacking hive ships but in doing so its space fleet had been virtually destroyed. Several swarms of Tyranids had reached the craftworld itself and fighting had raged throughout its slender Wraithbone towers and magnificent crystal domes. Now most of the craftworld lay in ruins and four fifths of its people were left dead or dying, a terrible blow to the dwindling Eldar race.

TOTAL WAR

The Adeptus Terra was sufficiently shaken by the news from the Ultima Segmentum to convene the High Lords of Terra. Their conclusion was rapid and succinct: the vast inroads of the Tyranids into the Imperium must be stopped at all costs, the Tyranid race must be investigated and, if possible, utterly exterminated. The Imperial Tarot predicted a time of coming darkness unmatched since the darkest hours of the Horus Heresy: the Devourer of Worlds grappled with the human galaxy and thus far it had shown only the first hints of its true strength. At the command of the High Lords the huge military juggernaut of the Imperium's armed forces turned its face to the Ultima Segmentum and readied itself for total war.

The forge worlds of the Adeptus Mechanicus produce tanks, weapons and war machines by tens of thousands. The ship yards at Bakka and Terra work night and day to build battlecruisers and warcraft to stem the tide of the Tyranid hive fleets. Millions of Imperial Guardsmen prepare to embark on a war for humanity's very survival. To the Imperium war is a

religion, a crusade against the forces of darkness which wait in the shadows to enslave mankind. The Tyranids are the ultimate blasphemy, a race of creatures that brings not mere enslavement but utter extinction.

New and deadly Tyranid weapons and creatures are being reported all the time: long-ranged acidic projectiles which melt through steel like wax, creatures which attack with bolts of psychic energy or electro-static blasts, gigantic beasts as tall as Titans. The regularity of Tyranid attacks is increasing and no adequate defence has yet been discovered.

Several hundred large inhabited worlds have fallen to the Tyranids. Two entire Space Marine Chapters based on the Eastern Fringe, the Scythes of the Emperor and the Lamenters, have been all but destroyed with little more than a company of Space Marines surviving the Tyranid onslaught.

The fight has not been entirely in vain. In a number of systems Space Marines have boarded Tyranid ships while they were still dormant after exiting the warp. These boarding parties entered the pulsing vitals of the immense alien craft, gathering information about the Tyranids and destroying thousands of creatures while they lay frozen in hibernation. The information gathered by these brave Space Marines has proved vital to the Imperium's search for a way to defeat the Tyranid menace.

The Techno Magi have concluded that the Tyranids originate outside the galaxy. Their voracious genetic structure and biological existence are different from even the most alien creatures of our own galaxy. Whereas human and other galactic organisms naturally diversify into distinct species over the course of millions of years, Tyranids evolve rapidly and constantly to meet the conscious needs of the entire race. The Tyranids are not one creature but a bewildering array of monstrosities created to perform specific functions. Hence Tyranids vary in size from the huge organic spacecraft of the hive fleets to tiny functionary creatures such as the beetle-sized scataphagoids which cleanse and recycle organic waste in the respiratory vents of the bio-ships.

The conscious mutability of the Tyranids means they have never needed to develop more conventional technologies like those used by Man. For example, much of the Tyranids' weaponry is created from symbiote creatures which have been adapted and combined to fire voracious living shells or generate deadly energies. These artefacts have probably not even been consciously designed by the Tyranids, rather they design themselves in response to the requirements of the hive mind, genetically adapting to their tasks from the moment of inception. As time passes generations of the weapon symbiotes constantly change and evolve to become lighter, more efficient and deadlier against the Tyranid's foes.

The hive mind appears to require a constant influx of fresh genetic material and new DNA to create new creatures and adapt to different environments. The Adeptus Mechanicus postulate that the Tyranids exhausted their own galaxy and, perhaps, others of all life before crossing the interstellar void to seek fresh feeding grounds. With its billions of humans and countless other creatures the Imperium offers the Tyranids an inexhaustible stock of organic matter and genetic codes to invigorate the hive mind and enable it to manifest new forms. The Tyranids represent the nightmare pinnacle of evolution gone mad, a ravaging super-predator of stellar dimensions which will make all other life forms extinct if it cannot be stopped.

Secure the doors!" yelled the Marshal, bursting in through the armoury's entrance. The bewildered guard looked at the officer dumbly. "Do it now!" he screamed at the man, his exasperation invisible behind his sinister black visor.

"What's going on?" spluttered the guard, punching the code to seal the armoury into a terminal.

"Genestealer insurrection!" panted the Marshal.

An explosion shook the building, sending several guards reeling as they ran for the gun stores. Marshal Bannen hugged his weapon to himself. Although the Radnar Planetary Defence Force was well equipped he was prepared for the worst. The Cult had surfaced as if from nowhere. Clans of Genestealer Hybrids from all over the metropolis had gathered together and were striking at major information and resource distribution centres.

"They've already got some weapons," continued Bannen. "Basic hand guns and grenades, but they'll need heavier equipment to take the planet. Without that their insurrection will fail."

The Judge strode up to the Marshal, his ancient robes flowing about his imposing frame and a cold, piercing look in his eyes. "Marshal, report," he barked.

Despite the tremors rocking the armoury Bannen stood to attention. Everyone respected Judge Kline, more out of fear than anything else. He was one of the leading figures in the Adeptus Arbites on Radnar and head of its operations within the metropolis.

"Terrorist Genestealer attack, sir," Bannen responded instantly. "The insurrectionists are armed with autopistols, laspistols and hand flamers. They are also carrying frag grenades and are believed to have a number of heavier weapons."

"I see," said Judge Kline quietly.

"There are also rumours that they've already taken the comm station. It's a state of panic out there."

"I knew nothing of any Cult activities in the city," said the Judge with barely contained anger.

"I thought they had all been dealt with last year during that brood uprising."

"We thought they had been suppressed, sir."

"You thought." Kline glowered at Bannen. "What is our duty, Marshal?"

"To uphold the Law on the Emperor's behalf, sir."

"And allowing this insurrection to take place, is that upholding the Law?"

"No, sir."

"Is that following the Emperor's will?"

"No, sir." Bannen could not take much more of this humiliation. It was impossible to uncover every plot and scheme against the Imperium within the

sprawling metropolises of Radnar.

"Would you see the Imperium fall to these abhorrent deviants?"

"No, sir." Kline took a deep breath.

"Are the doors secure?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the men armed?"

"Yes."

"Then let us pray that the doors are not breached."

On the other side of the sealed doors, those members of the Planetary Defence Force unlucky enough to be shut out of the armoury stood their ground bravely against the Cult's assault. Arbitrator Vaughan braced himself against the heavy recoil from his shotgun. There was no question of the guards fleeing. The men selected to enforce the Emperor's Law within the Imperium were devoted to upholding government, fanatically loyal warriors of justice who maintained order for their godruler upon his many worlds.

The Arbitrator pumped one round after another into the milling Cultists and was rewarded by seeing two being blasted back down the armoury steps in gouts of blood. The sight of them revolted Vaughan, their grotesque appearance was a blasphemy against the Emperor's truth.

All manner of disgusting alien-human Hybrids swam through the scrofulous waves of the mob. Some of the vile creatures looked like purestrain Genestealers: six-limbed monstrosities armed only with the slicing claws and talons granted them by their foul evolution. Others looked almost like men, tending only towards heavy bone structure and baldness, still more were somewhere between the two extremes with three arms, huge claws and bestial features.

Even the blue coloration of the Genestealers' chitinous hides nauseated the Arbitrator compared to the pure tones of human flesh. The aliens were repellent, unholy mutants that threatened the Emperor's government and had to be purged from every world on which they were encountered.

But what disgusted Vaughan and his fellow Arbites the most were the Brood Brothers, apparently normal humans who had been implanted by the Genestealers, acting as hosts for their Hybrid offspring. The hatred he reserved for such dissenters was only paralleled by his sense of duty and unswerving loyalty to the Emperor.

Vaughan swung his weapon round as a Genestealer, its four clawed arms flailing, threw itself up the steps at him. He locked a special Executioner shell onto its heat sign and let fly, his shotgun bucking violently as the tiny missile roared forth. The creature dodged

with preternatural speed but the shell twisted after it and crashed into its chitinous hide, tearing apart the creature's body in an eruption of purple ichor.

Driven by the brood's gestalt consciousness, the Hybrids and Brood Brothers ceaselessly attempted to force their way up the steps to the armoury doors. Why did they keep trying to get to the doors, Vaughan wondered. Even if they got past the defending Arbitrators, which they would not, he persisted in telling himself, the seals were now secure. There was no way in or out until one of the officers inside released the opening mechanism.

Another guard close by collapsed as his midriff was torn open by a Genestealer's bloodied talons and Vaughan turned his attention back to the battle for the armoury.

The heavily muscled form of the Patriarch prowled after its brood, its grotesque tongue slobbering over its lips. It had been many generations since the Genestealer had infected the first of its brood, implanting its genetic material into the hapless humans. From that moment on the Patriarch alone controlled the brood-web's thoughts and actions, holding their wills in a grip of steel.

Through its human thralls the Patriarch had been able to understand human society and thereby insidiously work against it, planting its agents and infected Brood Brothers within the highest echelons of society, subtly building up its power base. The Cult had to be firmly established and well organised or the sudden Genestealer uprising would fail.

After long years of scheming and waiting the Cult were ready to take Radnar for their own with the Patriarch as ruler over them all.

Safe beyond the front line of fighting, the Genestealer Magus, its eyes glowing with eldritch light, probed the minds of the soldiers inside the armoury. Tendrils of psychic power slithered through the ether until they found what the psyker was searching for and latched on to the already primed subject.

Judge Kline suddenly stopped, looking about him in bewilderment as if unsure where he was or what he was doing. From his post at the door terminal, Bannen noticed his superior's dazed expression. "Are you alright, sir?"

"What?" Kline stared at Bannen, his brow furrowed, as if he did not recognise the Marshal.

"Are you feeling alright, Judge Kline?"

The Judge seemed to come to his senses and, ignoring Bannen's question, ordered, "Open the doors."

"You want to open the ..."

Without any warning, Kline leapt at Bannen snarling, knocking him off his feet and pinning him to the ground. A vicious blow to the side of the Marshal's head left him briefly stunned. Kline calmly got to his feet again but kept one foot pressed firmly on the wrist of Bannen's gun arm.

"Why do you not welcome the coming of our lord?" the Judge said, as if only half addressing Bannen. "We are most blessed to receive his personal attentions. The Patriarch is our god and master, and deserves our worship and total devotion. We would gladly die for him."

Judge Kline was in a state of rapture and was unconsciously slowly releasing the pressure on Bannen's arm. "I have looked upon the face of God. His time has come. His prophet waits outside with the rest of our beloved brothers. Now I merely have to open the doors and welcome the Magus in."

Bannen looked at the Judge in horror. He couldn't believe what he was hearing but it only took him a second to make his decision. He pulled his arm free of Kline's boot.

"I can't let you do that, sir," he said, sitting upright and unsteadily raising his gun.

"You're too late unbeliever. Our god is here."



In one swift movement Kline brought his own bolt pistol up to Bannen's forehead and fired. The Marshal's body jerked backwards grotesquely before the impact and without a moment's hesitation Judge Kline turned to the access terminal and tapped in the door release code. With a hiss of hydraulic gas and a dull whirring the armoury doors slid apart. Instantly the press of the brood forced its way into the building, the few remaining guards falling before them, overcome by the sheer weight of the throng.

Judge Kline smiled contentedly, having done what was required of him by his foul god. With the armoury taken, and most importantly the arsenal held inside it, the rest of the metropolis would soon follow.

Following the Cultists into the armoury, the Genestealer Patriarch gurgled with pleasure. Radnar was his. His children would sweep across the face of the planet converting all to the Cult's cause.

Far off in the freezing void beyond the edge of Radnar's star system, the vast bio-ships drifted onwards in silence. Their destination was pinpointed by the psychic signal unwittingly sent out by the Patriarch's brood. It would not be long before the hive fleet reached the newly taken planet and its fresh feeding grounds.

TYRANID FORCES

HIVE TYRANT

The Hive Tyrant is a large and massively powerful creature. It resembles a Tyranid Warrior in a similar way that the Genestealer Patriarch is a larger and more powerful Genestealer, though whether they were deliberately created this way or have evolved to a higher form is uncertain. Like all Tyranids, they seem able to mutate rapidly, and several different physical characteristics have been reported.

The Hive Tyrant is highly psychic, and its relationship to the hive mind is closer than even that of the Tyranid Warriors. Little is known for certain about the complex relationships between these creatures, but some of the Imperial Techno-Magi believe the Hive Tyrants are the consort-minds of the hive queen that forms the repository of the hive fleet's own collective consciousness. If this is true, the Hive Tyrants embody the hive mind completely, but their destruction does not diminish it in any way.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hive Tyrant	6	9	7	6	6	5	8	5	10



SPECIAL RULES

Leadership. The Hive Tyrant is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. In addition, the Hive Tyrant cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The Hive Tyrant's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.



Psyker. Hive Tyrants are psykers and may manifest one or more psychic powers. Hive Tyrants are always considered to have a mastery level of 4 because they draw their strength from the latent psychic power of the hive mind. A Hive Tyrant's psychic powers are chosen from the Tyranid Powers deck instead of being drawn randomly.

Carapace. The Hive Tyrant has a thick chitinous carapace which can absorb considerable damage. This gives it an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6.

Hive Mind. The Hive Tyrant acts as a psychic nodal point of the hive mind. No other Tyranid units within 18" of a Hive Tyrant need take any Leadership-based test – they will automatically pass. This means that units cannot be broken or affected by psychology if they are within 18" of a Hive Tyrant.

If an already broken unit is within 18" of a Hive Tyrant in the rally phase it will automatically rally.



Terror. The Hive Tyrant is a massive and terrifying creature. It causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause terror automatically cause *fear* as well.

CARNIFEX

The Carnifex is known as the Screamer Killer by warriors of the Imperium because of the high-pitched scream it makes as it rushes forward, scything its razor-edged killing arms. Its massive, rounded body is extremely tough, having a chitinous hide which protects it from damage and a shape that allows it to withstand tremendous pressures.

A Carnifex is a living engine of destruction evolved for use in shock assaults, space ship boarding actions and massed battles where it can smash through almost any obstacle, whether it is a defensive line, enemy tanks or a fortified position. The assault of these creatures is terrifying to behold: a primeval and irresistible force which smashes men and vehicles aside like children's toys.

Carnifexes are armed with four great sickle-shaped claws of diamond hard chitin, bone and cartilage. The combined assault of these mighty scythes is powerful enough to rip through even armourplasm and ceramite with ease. Carnifexes also have the capacity to energise a form of bio-plasma in their gut via rasping plates in their oesophagus, the source of their high-pitched scream. An electrical field around the claws holds the incandescent plasma ball until it is launched at its target.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Carnifex	6	6	4	7	8	10	6	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. The Carnifex is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Terror. The Carnifex is a massive and utterly horrifying monster. It causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Remember, creatures that cause terror automatically cause *fear* as well.

Chitinous Body. The Carnifex's extremely resilient body gives it a natural armour saving throw. This special saving throw is taken not on a single D6, like normal saving throws, but on 2D6. This reflects the extremely thick and effective protection offered by creature's outer surface.

When the creature suffers damage, roll 2D6. On the score of a 3 or more the damage is saved. Normal saving throw modifiers for weapons apply, so the creature's saving throw is reduced considerably when it is struck by powerful weapons. Note that this procedure is the same as for Space Marines wearing Terminator armour.

Crush Attack. The Carnifex normally has four attacks in hand-to-hand combat at Strength 7. However, it may choose to roll one attack dice instead with any hits being resolved at Strength 10 and causing D3 wounds each.

Bio-Plasma. If a Carnifex does not move during the turn it may spew a burst of bio-plasma in the shooting phase just as other troops can shoot weapons. Bio-plasma has the profile shown in the Wargear section, which is reproduced here for convenience.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Str.	Dam.	Save Modifier	Armour Penetration
0-18	18-36	+1	-	8	D6	-4	2D6+8

Notes: Move or fire; 2" Blast marker

The menace of the Tyranids cannot be underestimated. They are unique in so many respects: their capacity to mutate and evolve, the bio-technology of their weapons and space craft, their gestalt consciousness and their single-minded purpose of being. Because we have never been able to reason with them, our only interaction has been war. Yet think what we could learn from them! They are not all beasts, these creatures. Many are evidently cunning and intelligent. If we could only communicate with them, how both races would benefit! With communication would come mutual understanding and respect. The frontiers of human science would be pushed back. Human and alien could live together in peace and harmony... [records deleted from this point, by order of the Commission for Human Purity]

Excerpt from the personal log of Genetor Malin. When the perverse nature of his dangerous theories was uncovered, the Genetor was immediately removed from office, stripped of all his rank and privileges, and sentenced to spend the rest of his natural life in the prison Astrophel Penitentiary.

TYRANID WARRIORS

The Tyranid hive fleets consist of millions of spacecraft, each home to billions of creatures: untold thousands of monstrosities evolved from the bubbling geno-organs of the ship's reproductive chamber. All of these creatures are born to serve the single entity that is the ship, and the ship itself exists only as part of the entity that is the fleet.

All Tyranid creatures are held in a common psychic bond that enables them to act together as one social organism. Individual Tyranids have no distinct minds like humans and other creatures. A Tyranid simply fulfils the functions assigned to it by the greater hive mind or overmind. The smaller mindless creatures are unthinking and instinctive, but larger more complex creatures can make decisions appropriate to them.

The Tyranid Warriors are amongst the most important Tyranids. Not only are they large and powerful fighters in their own right but they also fulfil a pivotal role in the Tyranid armies. They act as psychic resonators, amplifying the psychic bond of the hive mind and transmitting its power to the smaller, less receptive creatures around them. When the Tyranids begin to swarm the Tyranid Warriors become the focal points of the hive mind. Like officers marshalling their armies, the Tyranid Warriors lead the lesser creatures into battle, directing their troops to the appointed stations in the greater plan.



SPECIAL RULES

Carapace. The Tyranid Warrior has a thick chitinous carapace which can absorb considerable damage. This gives it an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6.

Leadership. The Tyranid Warrior is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. In addition, it cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The Tyranid Warrior's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.

Hive Mind. The Tyranid Warrior acts as a psychic nodal point of the hive mind. No other Tyranid units within 12" of a Tyranid Warrior need take any Leadership-based test – they will automatically pass. This means that units cannot be broken or affected by psychology. If an already broken unit is within 12" of a Tyranid Warrior in the rally phase it will automatically rally.

Fear. Tyranids are large, horrifying creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tyranid Warrior	6	6	4	5	5	2	5	3	10

LICTORS

Lictors rove ahead of Tyranid ground swarms seeking out pockets of enemy resistance to be eradicated and native life forms to be absorbed. Lictors are often referred to by Imperial troops as Spooks or Mantis Stalkers because of their unnerving behavioural patterns and combat techniques. Lictors are intelligent and possess highly developed sensory organs so they can see, smell, hear, and taste their prey long before it becomes aware of their presence.

They appear to be a specialist mutation of Tyranid Warriors and are highly adapted to survival in hostile environments and a stalker/predator role. Stalking Lictors exude a pheromone trail which draws other Tyranid creatures in their wake. A larger concentration of prey stimulates a stronger pheromone response and brings a larger group of trailing Tyranids.

Lictors are well equipped for dealing death with a whole arsenal of bio-weaponry which includes mantis-like upper claws, venomous talons, feeder tentacles and barbed flesh hooks. The Lictor's feeder tentacles are tipped with sharpened bony plates and are used to lobotomize victims so that the Lictor can absorb their genetic data and immediate memories by consuming their brains. The exceptionally powerful upper claws are edged with fractal chitin and the lower talons have venom channels containing a deadly haemotoxin.

The flesh hooks are the most unusual of the Lictor's weapons. They are formed out of carbon-based chitin with a monomolecular edge and are attached to lengths of exceptionally tough muscle fibre situated between the ribs. The hooks are fired by a sharp intercostal muscle spasm and allow Lictors to snare their victims from a distance. The flesh hooks are also sometimes used as grapnels, allowing Lictors to scale vertical surfaces at great speed.

Lictors are covered with tiny chameleonic scales which shift their colour and texture to match the creature's surroundings. These make Lictors exceedingly difficult to spot except at very close range. The Lictor's body gives off little heat and it is capable of remaining completely motionless for days if necessary so even energy and motion detection devices are often baffled by the Lictor's exceptional stealth.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lictor	6	7	4	6	5	3	8	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Acute Senses: Because of its highly acute senses a Lictor can spot hidden troops at twice its Initiative distance in inches (ie 16" away instead of 8").

Chameleon Scales. All shots fired at a Lictor which did not move in its previous turn suffer a -1 to modifier in addition to the normal to hit modifiers for cover etc.

Hiding. If a Lictor hides it can't be spotted, it can only be detected. This means that troops moving within their Initiative distance or into a position to see the hiding Lictor will only detect it rather than spotting it. A Scanner or Bionic Eye can only detect a hidden Lictor on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6. Because a Lictor can only be detected when it is in hiding it may only be

attacked by weapons with a template or a blast marker, and even these will only hit the Lictor on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6 if it is caught under the template. For more details on the rules for Hiding see the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Exoskeleton. The Lictor has a thick, chitinous exoskeleton which can absorb considerable damage. In addition, the Lictor is preternaturally quick and alert so it is capable of dodging attacks at a blinding speed. This gives the Lictor a saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6. Unlike normal armour saving throws this save is not reduced by weapon save modifiers or save modifiers for high strength and may even be used against attacks which normally allow no saving throw such as Wraith cannon and Vortex grenades.

If the Lictor successfully dodges an attack which uses a template it can move 2" as the Tyranid player wishes, to attempt to get out of the area of effect. If the Lictor fails to escape the area of effect it may still suffer damage.

Fear. Lictors are large, horrifying creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.



Flesh Hooks. A Lictor can fire two of its flesh hooks in the shooting phase just as other troops fire more conventional weaponry. Flesh hooks have the profile and special rules shown in the Wargear section, but the profile is summarised here for convenience.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Str.	Dam.	Save Modifier	Armour Penetration
0-8	8-16	0	0		4	1	-1

Leadership. The Lictor is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. In addition, it cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The Lictor's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.

Infiltration. Lictors may deploy onto the battlefield using the Infiltration rule as described in the Starting the Game section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Poison. Any hand-to-hand combat opponents wounded by a Lictor but not killed will suffer additional wounds from its poison at the end of the hand-to-hand combat phase. Roll a D6: the poisoned model suffers 1 extra wound for each point the roll exceeds the model's Toughness characteristic by. Only make the roll on the turn the model is wounded. If the model survives it can be assumed that no poison entered its system or it was able to survive the haemotoxin. Note that models which survive are not necessarily immune and can be poisoned again in subsequent turns.

ZOANTHROPES

Zoanthropes are perhaps the strangest of the mutant strains of Tyranid Warrior seen amongst the swarms. Though they are considerably larger than Tyranid Warriors their bodies are fragile and have feeble, atrophied limbs, and their heads are so huge and bloated that they look too large for their frail bodies to support. Zoanthropes appear to have been engineered to exploit the maximum psychic potential of Tyranid Warriors and even seem to use psychic energy to invigorate their wasted bodies.

Zoanthropes, for all their seeming physical weakness, are lethal creatures. They use their psychic powers both to defend themselves and to attack their opponents with ravaging bolts of warp energy. Though they are highly intelligent Zoanthropes have become sedentary through their evolution so unless they are carefully controlled by the hive mind they will halt to conserve their psychic energy.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Zoanthrope	4	4	5	4	4	3	3	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

Leadership. The Zoanthrope is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. In addition, it cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The Zoanthrope's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.

Fear. Zoanthropes are large, frightening creatures that cause fear as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Psyker. Zoanthropes are psykers with a mastery level of 2. Zoanthropes do not draw cards for their powers like other psykers, instead they always have the two powers Warp Field and Warp Blast, detailed below. They are fully affected by all the weapons and psychic powers which affect daemons and/or psykers and may be the subject of Psychic Duels or daemonic attacks just like any other psyker. A Zoanthrope's hand-to-hand combat attacks count as psychic attacks for the purposes of penetrating daemonic auras etc.

Warp Field. Zoanthropes maintain a constant psychic shield to protect themselves against attack. This does not require any Force cards to create and is present from the beginning of the game. Roll 2D6 against each attack that hits a Zoanthrope. If the roll beats the Strength value of the attack the psychic shield stops it harming the Zoanthrope in any way. If the 2D6 roll is equal to or less than the Strength of the attack it pierces the shield, make wound rolls and take armour saves as normal.

Weapons which do not have a Strength value such as Wraithcannon, needle rifles, shock attack guns and the like count as being Strength 6 for penetrating the shield. The psychic shield will only protect against psychic powers which make an attack using a Strength value, psychic powers which do not have Strength are unaffected by the shield.

Warp Blast. Though Zoanthropes carry no weaponry their immense mental capacity enables them to unleash blasts of warp energy in the psychic phase. The warp blast is fired like a shooting attack so the Zoanthrope must have a line of sight to its target and rolls to hit counting cover modifiers etc.

The restrictions for choosing a target given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook apply to warp blasts and if the blast misses roll for scatter as for a weapon with a blast marker. Zoanthropes which suffer a hit and misfire result on the Scatter dice are affected by their own warp blast but may continue to make warp blast attacks in subsequent turns if they survive.

Firing a warp blast counts as one of the Tyranid player's turns in the psychic phase and it can be nullified like any other psychic power. The blast costs no Force cards to use but up to three Force cards can be discarded to make the Zoanthrope's warp blast more powerful. The effects of the warp blast are summarised below.

Force cards	Range	Str.	Dam.	Save. Mod.	Armour Pen.	Blast Marker
0	24"	4	1	-1	2D6+4	None
1	36"	5	D3	-2	2D6+D3+5	1"
2	48"	6	D6	-3	D12+2D6+6	1 1/2"
3	60"	7	D10	-4	D12+D10+D6+7	2"



TERMAGANTS

Although smaller in size than many other Tyranids, the Termagant is agile, fast, cunning and deadly. It is commonly called a Hunter-Slayer by the troops of the Imperial Guard. The Termagant's powerful body swoops low to the ground for speed, and enables it to follow the narrow arterial passages of the hive ships. Like Tyranid Warriors and Genestealers it has six limbs and a chitinous outer shell which glistens with sticky secretion.

The Termagant is most commonly armed with a symbiote-weapon human warriors call the Fleshborer. This strange weapon creature spits a grub-like nodule which hurls itself upon its target, manic jaws whirling and biting like an animated apple corer. Its entire life energy is expended in a few brief seconds of destruction.

More recent reports have indicated an increasingly varied selection of symbiote weapons being used by Termagants. These new symbiotes include creatures that project a constricting web of filaments or fire razor-edged bony spikes at high velocity.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Termagant	6	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

RIPPER SWARMS

As the Tyranids overrun the defences of a planet they rapidly assimilate the genetic imprint and bio-mass of every living thing on that world. Once all resistance has been eliminated the world is stripped down to bare rock then all of its moisture, atmosphere and nutrients are absorbed by the hive fleet. In the initial phases of this process millions of voracious Tyranid organisms are released all over the planet. They move across its surface multiplying and consuming everything in their path, leaving an empty and desolate wasteland behind them. Eventually these organisms are reabsorbed by the hive mind and re-evolved to perform different functions, depending on the genetic imprints they have absorbed.



These organisms are extremely varied but amongst the most common are those known to the Imperial forces as Rippers. Rippers have serpentine bodies around half a metre in length which terminate in a broad head. The head portion is split by a broad maw full of row upon row of exceedingly sharp ripping hooks and razor edged bony ridges which it uses to slice and tear organic matter. Rippers are energetic and persistent so they are quite capable of pulling down creatures many times their own size. Huge swarms of Rippers are often seen on the battlefield, advancing at the heels of Tyranid assault forces.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ripper base	4	3	0	4	3	5	1	5	10

SPECIAL RULES

Base. Because of their small size Rippers are represented by a large base covered with many individual creatures. Individual Rippers do not fight separately, instead the whole base is treated as a single monstrous creature with several attacks, that is able to absorb several wounds. A unit or swarm of Rippers consists of many such bases moving together in base-to-base contact.

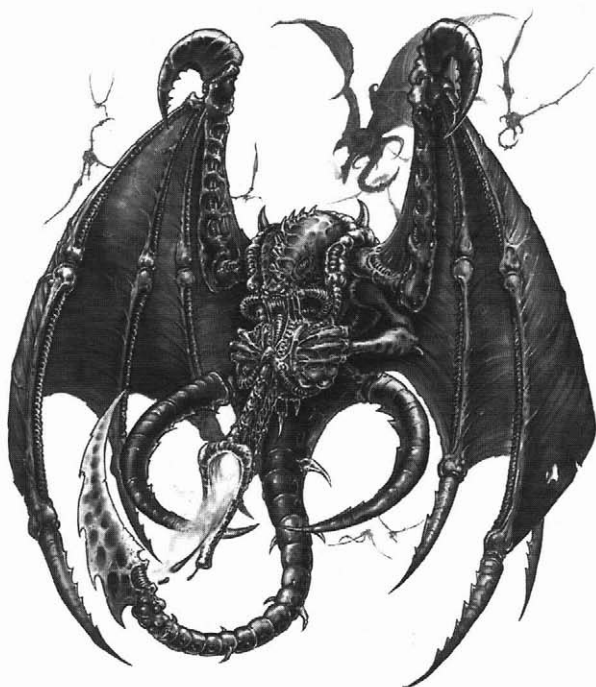
Movement. A Ripper base ignores all movement modifiers for terrain and can slither up vertical surfaces at its normal movement rate.

Multiple Combat. Because a Ripper base represents several creatures it is impossible for enemy models to gang up on it in hand-to-hand combat. This means that enemy models outnumbering a Ripper base cannot count bonuses for multiple combat, so they do not count +1 attack and +1 modifier for every attacker after the first.

Consume. Ripper bases leave a trail of destruction in their wake as they consume every animal, plant and blade of grass they encounter. To represent this, any organic terrain (like woods and bushes) that a Ripper base moves over should be removed from the tabletop.

Leadership. A Ripper base is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. In addition, it cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The Ripper base's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.

GARGOYLES



Gargoyles are vicious winged monsters that are often the first parts of the Tyranid swarms seen in battle. They range ahead of the swarm either flying in broods or clinging to the bellies of the great Harridan brood mothers as they flap ponderously through the skies. Their primary purpose seems to be seeking out the enemy and sowing terror and confusion amongst them. Thus fire and the flap of the Gargoyles' membranous wings precede the Tyranid hordes, driving the enemy out into the open to be absorbed by the swarm.

Gargoyles physically resemble Termagants in many aspects such as body mass, cranial capacity and the configuration of their medial armour plates. This makes it likely that either they are both evolved from a single creature or the Gargoyles were derived from the Termagants' DNA template. Gargoyles have wide leathery wings, raking claws and barbed tails. Though they have six limbs the lower pair have atrophied to little more than stumps. Their jaws have been adapted by a symbiotic creature so that they can squirt flaming bile at a considerable distance. This flame spurt is used to set fires and burn the enemy out of defensive positions.

There is some speculation as to whether Gargoyles fulfil a specific role on the hive ships – it has been postulated that their purpose is to destroy cancerous growths in the ship with burning fluid and patch wounds with their broad pinions. It is more likely that they flock together in lofty chambers deep in the bowels of the ship and hibernate like Tyranid Warriors. Gargoyles seem so well adapted to bringing terror and death it is hard to imagine them doing anything else.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gargoyle	20	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

Fly. Gargoyles have wings and can fly up to 20" per turn in their movement phase. Gargoyles may move over any terrain features without penalty as they simply fly over them. Gargoyles cannot double their movement by running or charging, 20" is as fast as they go. Note that they can declare a charge to enter hand-to-hand combat, see below.

Flying High. Gargoyles can decide to 'fly high' during their movement phase, swirling high up into the air with a flap of their leathery wings. The Gargoyle models are removed from the tabletop and may not attack or be attacked until they swoop down again.

Gargoyles which fly high may dive down anywhere on the tabletop in a following Tyranid movement phase, even landing in hand-to-hand combat if desired. The Gargoyles may not make any other movement on the turn that they return from flying high but they may shoot and fight normally.

Hand-to-hand Combat. Gargoyles can enter hand-to-hand combat by declaring a charge and moving up to 20" into contact with the nearest enemy or by flying high and then declaring a charge before the movement phase when they return. Either case gives the Gargoyles the +1 WS bonus for charging. Gargoyles can disengage from hand-to-hand combat without incurring any blows against them by flying high at the start of their next movement phase.

Flamespurt. Gargoyles carry a symbiote creature that metamorphoses their bile into a liquid phosphorous compound which burns on contact with the air. Full rules for the flamespurt are included in the Wargear section but the weapon profile is included below for convenience.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Str.	Dam.	Save Modifier	Armour Penetration
Flamer Template				3	1	-2	D6+3

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

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

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

HORMAGAUNTS

Great swarms of Hormagaunts are employed in wave attacks against the enemy in battle, often being used to exhaust the defenders before the main attack is launched. Hormagaunts are extraordinarily single-minded in their purpose of closing with their foe and eviscerating them with their scythe-like claws, bounding forward regardless of pain or injury. They are very fast and seemingly indefatigable, constantly moving in restless swarms which seem to be made of nothing but rippling claws and ridged plates.

Hormagaunts appear to be another genetic manipulation of the Termagant genus. This bio-form is more upright with the two sets of upper limbs equipped with well-developed claws for ripping and piercing. The lower legs are long and powerful, tucking up beneath the body when the creature is at rest but flicking out to drive it forward in a series of bounding leaps as it attacks.

The Hormagaunt has a simple digestive tract and sustains itself by draining body fluids from its victims. It stops only briefly to feed, however, as its highly active metabolism constrains it to constantly seek out and attack fresh victims.

There have been reports of Hormagaunts being dropped on planets in mycetic spores similar to the drop pods used by Space Marines. Once they have landed the Hormagaunts act as instinctive terrorists, constantly searching for and attacking native life forms. Hormagaunts are also unusual because they appear to reproduce independently of the Dominatrix. They lay hundreds of eggs just below the surface of a planet before their short lifespan is over, making Hormagaunt infestation a serious problem on planets raided by the Tyranids.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hormagaunt	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	5

SPECIAL RULE

Leap. When Hormagaunts run or charge they can make a 6" leap in addition to their 12" move, for a total move distance of 18". The leap can be up to 3" in height and allows the Hormagaunt to ignore movement penalties for the terrain it's leaping over or onto. Note that a Hormagaunt charging into hand-to-hand combat must engage the nearest enemy and may not leap over enemy models to attack models behind them.

BIOVORES

In land battles, spore mines are usually vomited from the maw of a genetically adapted war-beast referred to by the Magos Biologis as the Biovore. This creature nurtures a clutch of spore mines inside its body until they are required, at which point they are launched one at a time by powerful muscle spasm from a dorsal aperture. As the spore mine is flung through the air its internal gas bladder inflates and it floats down towards ground level, eventually hanging at a height of around two to five metres and starting to drift.

Other than its ability to launch spore mines the Biovore is sedentary and almost defenceless in comparison to other Tyranid creatures. Imperial sources point out that the Biovore has only appeared relatively recently in actions fought against hive fleet Kraken. It is postulated that this creature represents the first Tyranid emulation of more conventional field artillery such as the Tarantula or the Rapier laser destroyer.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Biovore	4	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

Spore Mines. A Biovore can carry up to six spore mines. If a Biovore is reduced to 0 wounds any remaining spore mines it was carrying are placed on the spot where it died and will start to drift randomly in the next Tyranid movement phase.

Launch. The Biovore can fire the spore mines it is carrying in the shooting phase provided it does not move in the movement phase. Because they are relatively slow firing Biovores may not fire at all on overwatch. The Biovore can launch one spore mine per turn up to a maximum range of 100". Once the Biovore has run out of internally carried spore mines it may no longer shoot.

When you launch a spore mine the first thing to do is pick a target point within range. The target point for the spore mine can be anywhere in the Biovore's fire arc, even out of the Biovore's line of sight because it hurls its deadly cargo in a high arc through the air. Because it uses high trajectory fire in this way the Biovore ignores the rules for Choosing a Target, so it doesn't have to fire at the nearest enemy and may fling its deadly cargo into any section of the battlefield.

Because the spore mines start to drift as they descend Biovore shots are seldom very accurate. To represent this inaccuracy roll the Scatter dice instead of rolling to hit normally. If the Scatter dice shows a HIT result the spore mine drifts down D6 inches away from the target point in the direction indicated by the small arrow above the I in HIT. If the Scatter dice shows an arrow the mine deviates 3D6 inches in the direction of the arrow.

If the spore mine lands within 1" of a non-Tyranid model it explodes immediately as detailed above in the description of spore mines. Otherwise the spore mine will drift 2D6" in each Tyranid movement phase.

SPORE MINES

In space combat the Tyranid hive fleets make extensive use of thousands of huge, floating pod-like spores to protect the mother ships of the swarm or seed planetary systems before their approach. These drifting pods are deadly mines which move in an apparently random fashion until their detonation is triggered by the proximity of a non-Tyranid object. Their explosive power is extraordinary, prompting speculation that they utilise a thermonuclear reaction, and they inflict considerable damage not only from the resultant shockwave but from the impact of shell fragments hundreds of feet across. These "spore mines" also discharge an accompanying shower of virulent viruses, acids, and infectious parasites when they detonate, causing extensive secondary damage to their targets.

Spore mines are spherical and have an internal gas bladder which allows them to float freely in the atmosphere. Sensitive trigger tendrils that detect scent, vibration and other stimuli dangle from their lower half. Their outer surface is composed of a dense carapace which is deeply scored to make it shatter into jagged fragments. The acids, viruses and other secondary infectious vectors are stored in pockets within the chitin surface so that they are scattered when it explodes. The rest of the spore mine is taken up with cells containing a cocktail of explosive chemicals which detonate when they intermingle.

Tyranid forces fighting on planetary surfaces also utilise a smaller version of the space-going spore mine. These cause tremendous disruption and damage as they drift through the

defenders' positions, often forcing them to abandon the area altogether in order to avoid their imminent destruction. Spore mines are either released and allowed to drift on prevailing air currents or they are launched directly into the target area by a specialised Tyranid creature known as a Biovore.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spore Mine	2D6	0	0	1	4	1	1	0	10

SPECIAL RULES

Move. Spore mines move 2D6" in each Tyranid movement phase in a random direction determined by rolling the Scatter dice. They will increase their height to drift over obstacles in their path so they ignore all terrain movement penalties.

Detonation. A spore mine will detonate immediately if it moves within 1" of a non-Tyranid model at any point in its movement. If a spore mine's carapace is ruptured the chemicals inside it intermingle and start a chain reaction, so a spore mine detonates immediately it is reduced to 0 wounds.

Damage. When a spore mine explodes, roll a dice for each model within D6"; the model will be hit on a score of 4, 5 or 6. Against vehicles and bunkers roll a D6 for every hit location that is within range of the exploding mine. On a roll of 4 or more that location is hit. Models hit will suffer the following damage:

Target Target	Tyranid Model	Non Tyranid Model	Vehicle/ Building
Strength	5	5	—
Damage	1	D3	—
Sv Mod.	0	-2	—
Armour Pen.	—	—	10+2D3+D6

If a vehicle is penetrated by a spore mine hit the infectious substances sprayed into the damaged location will spread and corrupt further areas of the machine. Place a marker by the vehicle as a reminder and then on each subsequent Tyranid turn roll two different coloured D6's. The first D6 dictates which location is damaged by the spreading rot, the second is the damage roll. If both dice come up with the same number the infection has ceased spreading, just resolve the damage done this turn. Otherwise the rot will continue to cause further damage. Crewmen hit by the spreading rot must make their basic armour save (ignoring fields) or suffer 1 wound.

Leadership. A spore mine is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the other psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. In addition, it cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The spore mine's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.

Victory Points. Spore mines are completely expendable so they are worth 0 victory points if they are destroyed, even against forces on the Engage and Destroy mission.

The squad of Space Marines struggled across the sticky mud of the battlefield. Orange smoke billowed about them, lit by white flashes of bolter fire. Here and there skeletal black shapes thrust out of the rolling mist, ruins of emplacements destroyed by yesterday's bombardments.

Concentrating on their heading, the legs of their power armour squelching through the mud, the Space Marines didn't notice the falling spore mine until it was almost upon them. The thing was fully a metre across, an obscene aerial jellyfish, trailing a cluster of bristled fronds beneath its pulsating body. Instinctively, Brother Bethesda turned and fired his bolter at the airborne monster. The shells punched into the spore mine's brittle carapace, and it flew apart in an explosion of gas and body fluids.

The blast knocked the Space Marines flat, and a burning shower of acid drenched their power armour. Brother Zibeeon's chestplate was burst open by the force of the explosion, and he died screaming as the virulent acids tore through his chest. Brothers Amalak and Zepho also died in agony as the alien viruses dissolved their armour and transmuted their flesh into puddles of foaming slime. The weight of his power armour saved Brother Bethesda. Half submerged in mud, he was cushioned from the blast. Sergeant Basemath, miraculously unharmed, staggered to his feet, and helped pull Brother Bethesda out of the sucking mud.

There wasn't enough time to invoke the battlefield litany for the dead, the area was too dangerous. They could already see three more spore mines drifting towards them. Pausing only to check their weapons, the two surviving Space Marines strode away, and their bulky forms disappeared into the billowing clouds of orange smoke.

GENESTEALERS

The Imperium first encountered Genestealers on the moons of Ymgarl long before they were alerted to the approach of the hive fleets. At the time it was assumed that the Ymgarl Genestealers were an indigenous life form so no active xenocide campaign was undertaken against these deadly alien creatures. Genestealers were discovered in a number of out of the way locations over the following decades, including aboard an increasing number of drifting space hulks.



The Adeptus Astartes eliminated several Genestealer outbreaks but were forced to vapourise some of the most heavily infested 'hulks. The Inquisition began investigating the spread of the Genestealers and censured Imperial shipping cartels for their lax security.

No firm connection was made between the Genestealers and the Tyranids until Genestealers were reported amongst the forces of hive fleet Behemoth at the Battle of Macragge. There the Genestealers attacked in unstoppable waves, time and again overwhelming the defenders with their sheer speed and

ferocity. An extended investigation by the Inquisition has since made it clear that the Genestealers are the Tyranids' vanguard, shock troops and guerilla fighters, sent ahead of the hive fleets to scout out and infiltrate the enemy.

Genestealers possess the six-limbed body form of all Tyranid creatures with powerful ripping claws and taloned hands. They are incredibly fast and dangerous opponents in hand-to-hand combat but never use ranged weaponry or other devices, despite their obvious intelligence. Genestealers can operate independently of the hive mind, having a gestalt brood intelligence of their own.

Genestealers appear to be an important part of the fighting forces of the hive fleets, where their speed and power make them devastating shock troops. More insidiously, they are implanted aboard drifting space hulks encountered by the hive fleet in the warp. By this means they are allowed to spread ahead of the Tyranid hive fleet, prepare the way for planetary invasion and discover the richest sources of genetic material. It seems unlikely that such monsters could conceal themselves from humans for long but by lurking aboard space hulks the Genestealers are able to ensnare and infect explorers that come board by implanting them with their genetic material.



Once infected a victim can be controlled by the psychic brood intelligence of the Genestealers, and becomes completely dedicated to their cause. The implanted germ cell grows inside its host until it is ready to emerge. The Genestealer's genetic attributes are passed on in part to the offspring, creating monstrous 'stealer hybrids whose own spawn will either be purestrain Genestealers or more human-seeming hybrids. As the hybrid brood grows in strength it generates a psychic signal that the hive fleets can follow, drawing the Tyranids on to rich feeding grounds.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Genestealer	6	7	0	6	4	1	7	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. Genestealers are immune to all psychology. They cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Note, however, that Genestealers are still affected by Break tests like other troops.

Chitinous Armour. Genestealers have thick chitinous hides which can absorb considerable damage. This gives Genestealers an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6.

Fear. Genestealers are frightening creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

GENESTEALER CULT FORCES

Once the Tyranids' insidious Genestealer infiltrators have infected a planet the humans tainted by their seed draw together in a subversive Cult to conceal their activities from the righteous authority of the Imperium. The Cult grows slowly like a festering canker for generations until the time is ripe for it to take over its host.

GENESTEALER PATRIARCH

The Patriarch is a huge bloated Genestealer, grotesque in appearance and massive in proportion. It is the oldest of its kind, the first of all the brood to infect the initial members of the Cult, and its hold over its brood-web of worshippers is as strong as steel. The Patriarch is at least as intelligent as a human, and its human thralls allow it to infiltrate and work against human society. The Patriarch projects the psychic emanations that hold the brood together, and it is this growing signal-beacon of the brood mind that draws the Tyranids to vulnerable human worlds.

The Patriarch itself remains quite unaware of this and probably understands nothing of its role in the Tyranid expansion. As the Tyranid hive fleets approach, the Patriarch comes under the psychic domination of the Tyranid hive queens. Without warning, the Patriarch will unleash its minions to disrupt and destroy as much of the planet's defences as possible, making a sudden and inexplicable thrust for domination.

Unless the Cult is very firmly established the sudden Genestealer uprising is often swiftly and bloodily put down. But this is of little consequence to the Tyranids, who arrive to conquer a world riven by internal strife and crippled by the subversion of its armed forces. After the invasion, the Patriarch and all his surviving brood are absorbed back into the great breeding chambers of the hive fleet.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Patriarch	5	7	0	6	5	4	6	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. The Patriarch is immune to all psychology. It cannot be affected by fear, terror, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Psyker. Patriarchs are psykers and may manifest one or more psychic powers. Patriarchs are always considered to have a mastery level of 4 because they draw their strength from the latent psychic power of their brood. A Patriarch's psychic powers are chosen from the Tyranid Powers deck instead of being drawn randomly.

Chitinous Armour. The Genestealer Patriarch has a thick chitinous hide which can absorb considerable damage. This gives the Patriarch an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6.

Fear. Genestealer Patriarchs are frightening creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

GENESTEALER MAGUS

The Genestealer Magus is a special mutation that develops within a brood after several generations. The Magus is almost human in appearance, although invariably bald and heavily boned. He is also highly intelligent, and because the Genestealers instinctively seek out and infect latent psykers he always has potent psychic powers. The Magus is born to serve the Patriarch and his more human form enables him to act as the Patriarch's mouthpiece.

The Magus directs the brood's operations, sending Hybrids out to raid human habitations and despatching Genestealers to implant their seed in more victims. He may well send some of the brood's more human members to infiltrate the planet's government or its defence forces, eroding its ability to fight and paving the way for the expansion of the brood. Like the Patriarch, the Magus knows nothing of the Tyranids until the hive fleets draw near, when the pervading psychic force of the hive queens takes over his mind and brings him under the influence of the Tyranids.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Magus	4	3	3	4	3	1	5	1	8

SPECIAL RULE

Psyker. The Magus has four psychic powers and a mastery level of 4. The first power is drawn at random from the Tyranid Powers deck; the other three powers are drawn from the Adeptus Powers deck.



GENESTEALER HYBRIDS



When a Genestealer implants its seed into a human, or any other creature, the resultant germ cell incubates within its host until it is ready to emerge. The hybrid child does not consume its parent, but as it develops it absorbs part of its host's brain. The parent becomes a mere slave of the infant it has spawned, and will go to any lengths to protect and nurture its monstrous offspring. In this way the Genestealers infect human society with their monstrous brood. The Hybrids flock together and interbreed, producing more Hybrids and Genestealers. As the brood grows larger it generates a psychic signal that the distant Tyranid hive fleet can follow, a scent which draws them on to rich feeding grounds.

Hybrids look like a cross between Genestealers and their parent humans, with between two and four arms, and combining attributes of both races to a varying degree. Some Hybrids are nearly entirely human in appearance, tending only to baldness and heavy bone structure. Others are almost pure Genestealers. Whilst Genestealers lack any kind of creative intelligence, Hybrids combine human intelligence with alien cunning, and are able to use weapons and interact secretly with humans. Hybrids may even exhibit psychic powers if they were parented by a psychic host and the Genestealers will actively seek such hosts in order to strengthen their brood. The Hybrids form the inner coven of the Cult, becoming the Neophytes and Acolytes of the Magus in their worship of the Patriarch.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hybrid Neophyte	4	4	2	4	3	1	5	1	8
Hybrid Acolyte	4	3	3	4	3	1	5	1	8

SPECIAL RULES

Psyker. Some Hybrid Acolytes have psychic powers, which are drawn at random from the Adeptus Powers deck. See the army list for more details.

BROOD BROTHERS

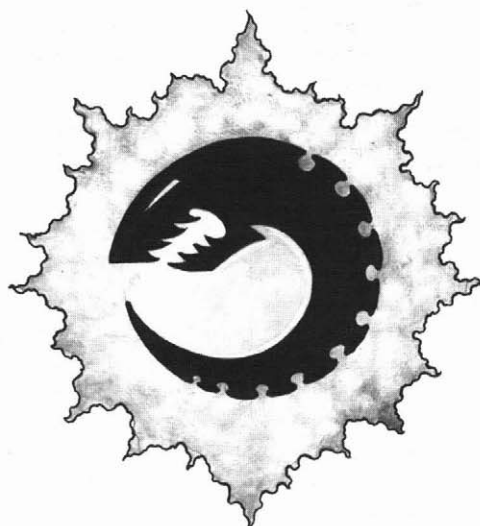
Brood Brothers are humans who have been implanted by the Genestealers and who have acted as hosts for their Hybrid offspring. The Brood Brother's mind and willpower have been completely extinguished by the Genestealers' brood intelligence and the Brood Brother is now fanatically dedicated to the aliens' cause.

Brood Brothers worship the Patriarch as a god and honour the Magus as his supreme prophet. When the Cult goes to war the Brood Brothers will gladly lay down their lives to further the cause, a fact which is cynically exploited by the Patriarch in his quest for domination.

Brood Brothers can come from almost any walk of life – clerks, factory workers, teachers, law enforcers, hive gangers and the like. At first the Patriarch will implant as many victims as it can, but as time goes by and the Cult grows it will become increasingly selective about its victims and will concentrate on dominant members of the host species.

To this end the Magus will ensure that the Cult infiltrates the local authorities and planetary defence forces wherever possible. This reduces the likelihood of the Cult being discovered because the Brood Brothers will warn the Magus of investigations and impede or misdirect their progress. Also, when the Cult finally reveals itself and attempts to seize power, it will have access to military wargear and a body of trained warriors to exert its control.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Brother	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7



SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. Brood Brothers are fanatical disciples of the Cult and are subject to the psychology rules for *hatred* given in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Brood Brothers suffer hatred against the enemy regardless of its race or type, their zealous devotion to the Patriarch and their brethren in the Cult knows no bounds.

Surrounded by the constant clicking of insects, and sweating under the oppressive prickly heat, the patrol made its way cautiously through the green twilight world of the jungle. So far their scouting mission had been peaceful. Although heavily jungled, which was the reason for this particular Imperial Guard regiment being on the planet, Viridian Prime was nothing like as dangerous as their native death world of Catachan. On the patrol's homeworld the human inhabitants seemed to be perpetually fighting a losing battle against the planet itself: Catachan was one of the most inhospitable places in the galaxy and probably the most notorious death world in the Imperium.



Sergeant Mallion glanced back over his shoulder at his patrol. Behind him, chewing slowly, was Sanders and behind him, Jefferson. "Snake" Nash, his biceps bulging as he hefted his melta-gun, was fourth in line and was followed by Ersk, the patrol's communications expert. Gunner Hayes, his lasgun dog-toothed with kill markings, came after him and was in turn followed by the missile launcher team of Fleece and Beckett. "Sly" Manvers was next, and last in the line, walking backwards so as to be able to sweep the jungle behind them and prevent an attack from the rear, was Schwartz.

They all looked tense and on edge. On a scouting mission like this he wouldn't expect such a level of anxiety among hardened fighters such as these. And these were the best, for on Catachan only the quickest and the hardest ever survived. The soldiers' lives had been moulded by a life of constant battle even before they were recruited into the Imperial Guard. If these men looked worried then there was definitely something amiss.

Mallion could sense it too although he couldn't put his finger on the cause. The only explanation that came close to how he felt was that they were being oppressed by an all-pervading atmosphere that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end and left a knot in the pit of his stomach. He knew that soon something was going to happen. Something bad.

Alien eyes observed the patrol's progress and behind the eyes, a sentience so alien as to be unfathomable to the human mind considered what it saw and when to strike.

Schwartz looked up at the steep sides of the gorge, dotted here and there with ferns and creepers. Fortunately, none of them were carnivorous like

those on Catachan. The soldier paused for a second and wiped the sweat from his brow. He watched the rest of the patrol continue their slow, cautious advance along the gorge. Although this was perfect ambush territory there was no known alien presence on Viridian Prime and none of the native fauna had so much as snarled at them. He would soon catch the others up.

But there was something niggling him at the back of his mind. It was almost totally indiscernible, something that he was aware of at an unconscious level. And then he realized what it was: in the area surrounding the gorge not a single living thing made a sound.

"What was that?" said Manvers in a tone of voice that suggested he was almost alarmed.

The patrol came to a halt. "I didn't hear anything," said Mallion. "Did the rest of you?"

"Nope."

"No, not a thing."

"Nothing."

The soldiers shook their heads but nonetheless they clutched their weapons a little bit more tightly and slightly increased the pressure on their triggers.

"Hey, where's Schwartz?" asked Beckett, with just a hint of worry.

"He was right behind me," Manvers replied looking about him.

"Well he's not there now," said Mallion, tersely.

"I'll go look for him, sarge."

"Alright, Manvers. The rest of you hold your positions," ordered Mallion.

The rest of the patrol watched as Manvers crept back along the gorge, lasgun at his hip. He soon disappeared around an outcrop but his carefully placed footsteps could still be discerned by the Jungle Fighters.

Manvers stopped. He was sure something had just moved directly ahead of him: a subtle movement in the undergrowth betraying a living presence. Creeping forward, Manvers lowered his gun slightly. "Schwartz? Is that you?"

And then the jungle came alive in front of him. A hideous shape, much taller than a man and with six limbs, seemed to unfold itself from the background of leaves and foliage. As the tiny chameleod scales covering the creature changed colour and texture, Manvers saw what the grotesque horror really was and screamed. This all took no more than a second and in the next second Manvers was dead.

The patrol heard the scream and everyone froze. After a tense minute that seemed like an hour, Mallion spoke through gritted teeth: "Snake, you and Jefferson find out what's happened."

The two men jogged off back down the gorge. Mallion didn't dare imagine what they would find but he knew that they wouldn't find Manvers alive. That scream was made by a dying man. No still-living human being made a noise like that.

"Right," said the sergeant, rousing himself from his reverie. "The rest of you move out into that clearing." He pointed in the opposite direction along to the pass to an open space in the jungle.

"Fleece and Beckett, set up the launcher facing down the gorge. Hayes, Sanders and Ersk position yourselves around the clearing, facing the trees. Don't let a single living thing in. I'll cover Snake and Jefferson."

The soldiers reacted to the situation immediately, following their orders swiftly and precisely. In only a few minutes the missile launcher was ready and aimed along the pass. It was not long after that that the two scouts returned.

Mallion could see that Jefferson had been sick. Nash's expression was the same as ever: that of cold resolution.

"Well?" prompted Mallion.

"Manvers is dead, sir," said Nash, frankly. "There's no sign of Schwartz."

"What killed him?"

"It..." Nash paused.

"Go on."

"It looked like a Spook got him, sir."

Tyranids, thought Mallion. The worst threat the Imperium had faced in ten thousand years had found its way to this quiet paradise. He had heard gruesome tales about Spooks. The deadly predatory stalkers, like murderous living nightmares, ranged ahead of larger Tyranid forces searching for prey. "You should have seen what it did to him," babbled Jefferson, his face ashen.

"What do we do now, sarge?" asked Sanders who had overheard the conversation.

Mallion thought for a moment. "We flush it out," he said finally.

"But, sir, those things can make themselves near invisible," protested Sanders.

"Would you rather we wait here and let it pick us off one by one?" Mallion retorted. "What happens when we're asleep? When we want to get back to base? When we want to use the latrine? We get it before it gets us."

"I'm with you, sir," Nash said, grimly.

"Okay, everyone gather round."

The Lictor moved unhindered through the jungle, driven by alien instinct and a voracious need to acquire flesh for the swarm. Its highly developed sensory organs meant that the creature knew where its victims were long before they sensed its presence. It could even taste its prey before it killed it.

Jefferson, still looking ghostly pale, followed Gunner Hayes along the path the two of them had been assigned to. "I don't like this, Hayes," he complained under his breath.

"Nothing's going to get by me," Hayes remarked, as if to himself.

"I tell you, I don't like this, man."

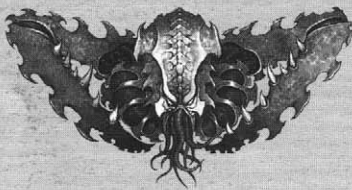
With a bestial roar, the trees in front of the Guardsmen suddenly transformed into a mantis-like form with massive elongated upper claws. Even as Hayes squeezed the trigger of his lasgun, the great claws arced downwards into his body like chitin-edged scythes, slicing his torso in half.

Jefferson screamed and starting firing wildly at the monster. Its chitinous exoskeleton deflected most of the fire and in two swift, long strides the Lictor was upon him. With a guttural snarl the alien sliced open the soldier's side with a venomous talon before



decapitating him with one sweep of a massive claw. Mallion and Sanders were at the scene in minutes. An unnatural quiet hung over the spot and Sanders gagged at the sight of his dead comrades' mutilated bodies. Suddenly a terrible realization dawned on them and the two men darted each other an anxious look. "It's still here," hissed Sanders.

Mallion nodded slowly and took a step forward. A single drop of blood splashed onto his nose. Sanders followed Mallion's unnerved gaze as he looked up into the jungle canopy. There in the green tinged shadows Mallion could see the Spook hanging perfectly still among the branches except for the writhing of its feeder tentacles. The alien was watching him.



Mallion was only dimly aware of the order of events from that point on. The sergeant flung himself to one side as the Lictor dropped to the ground on its six limbs like some foul, overgrown insect. At the same instant Sanders fired up into the canopy at it, the energy blast from his weapon ripping into the palm fronds and shredding them to pieces. In his panic the Jungle Fighter managed to miss his target and a swipe from the creature's claw stopped the firing as it tore the soldier's arm from his shoulder.

Then Nash and Ersk were in the clearing trying to track the beast with their weapons as the Lictor shimmered for a moment and then disappeared back into the surrounding jungle. Mallion saw Ersk collapse to his knees and grab his side, blood beginning to flow from the wound. The near-invisible enemy had managed to make one last successful strike before fleeing.

Nash continued to fire pulses of heat-energy from his meltagun into the trees, turning great swathes of undergrowth into a blazing inferno, but there was no sign that he had managed to hit his target.

"Back to base!" shouted Mallion over the roar of the flames. His expertly-trained men instantly reacted.

Sanders was dead but Ersk was still conscious. Helping him to his feet, Mallion grabbed Ersk around the waist and slung one arm around his neck. As the sergeant half-ran and half-carried his companion through the jungle Nash followed up the rear, covering the three of them.

Suddenly, with a terrible schlucking sound, two lengths of tentacle-like muscle fibre tipped with chitin flew as if from nowhere into Nash's torso. With both his lungs and his stomach punctured,

Nash dropped the melta-gun in shock and, as the muscles retracted, was dragged into the stalker's grasp.

Face to face with the monster, its fetid breath making him retch, Nash could do nothing as the Lictor's bone-tipped feeder tentacles split open his skull and brutally thrust their way through into his brain. The creature proceeded to drain the soldier's head of its cerebral juices, and in doing so sucked out the man's genetic data for assimilation into the swarm.

Mallion could hear what was going on behind him but, knowing that Nash was beyond help, he just kept running. Mallion and Ersk burst into the clearing and stumbled to an abrupt halt. Fleece's eviscerated body lay next to the unfired missile launcher and what remained of Beckett lay nearby, the soldier's blood soaking into the soil.

Slumped at the sergeant's side, Ersk opened his eyes and took in the carnage before them. "Leave me, sir," he said, turning to Mallion. "I'm slowing you down."

"You're a Jungle Fighter, soldier," panted Mallion, his heart pounding from the exertion of running through the jungle with Ersk. "You're part of my patrol and I don't abandon any of my men."

"Sarge, the Spook's got them all now: Snake, Hayes, Sly. All of them. Save yourself. I'm dead already anyway."

Mallion cringed at Ersk's words but he knew the soldier was right. Any wound from a Lictor's venomous talons injected a deadly haemotoxin into the victim's body and Ersk's blood would already be thickening under its effects.

"You're one brave man, soldier."

Ersk almost managed a smile despite the grimace of pain that contorted his face. "It's been an honour, sir."

As Mallion ran on through the jungle, the blood pounding in his ears, he could hear Ersk's screams as he died one of the most agonizing deaths in the galaxy. With the last of his strength the sergeant staggered out from the undergrowth and into the cleared expanse before the Imperial base. The guards at the gate rushed down to help the man who was almost unconscious from exhaustion.

"It's Sergeant Mallion," said one of the men.

"But where's the rest of his patrol?" asked another.

Supported in the Guardsmen's arms the sergeant raised his head and tried to focus his eyes.

"Tyranids," he spluttered.

"What?" said a soldier, not believing what he had just heard.

"The Tyranids," gasped the sergeant. "They're coming!"

GENESTEALERS



A BROOD OF GENESTEALERS ATTACK BLOOD ANGELS TERMINATORS DEEP WITHIN A SPACE HULK

The scavengers struggled forwards over the debris littering the corridor, their suit lights barely penetrating the swirl of dust kicked up by their progress. This section of the space hulk was a complete wreck: the corridor walls were buckled and twisted, ancient cabling spilled from rents in the ceiling, and the mangled floor plates jutted up at such angles that the group's movement was slowed to a crawl.

The men wore a mismatch of patched space suits and pieces of armour. Most carried shoulder arms or pistols but the leader hacked a path forward with a glowing power sword. The lights picked out a doorway ahead, the deep shadows within it jerked and leapt as the men struggled towards it. The leader stepped inside the doorway and swept his light around the chamber beyond. Thick, riveted pipes obscured the ceiling but the floor was mostly clear. Man-high, curiously curved objects clustered thickly on the walls at the edge of sight; snaking tubes or cables seemed to interconnect them and trail away across the floor. The rest of the gang entered and fanned out, covering all parts of the shadowy chamber



with their lasguns and autopistols as their leader moved to examine the objects. At first he could not determine their purpose at all. They glittered in the light like black, shiny seeds. The tubes were of a similar hue but with a bluish patina where they spread over the bases of the objects and divided into dozens of finer filaments. When he saw

that some of them were open he finally understood and the hairs rose on the nape of his neck just as a cold, sick sensation rose in his stomach. He spun round to shout at the rest to run but it was already too late. Man-like creatures with four clawed arms dropped from the pipes above and ripped into them with impossible speed. Screams and shots echoed around the chamber as the men were torn apart but none of the black-blue figures fell. In a few heartbeats the leader stood alone.



The creatures stalked closer, their bodies crouched as if ready to spring, their pallid, bulbous heads and fang-filled maws glittering in the light. The leader flourished his power sword with more confidence than he felt. The blade was instantly knocked from his hand by a blow that was too quick to see as the creatures darted forward. Powerful claws gripped his limbs and the man was held helpless as one of the Genestealers leaned closer. The hollow needle of its ovipositor slithered out of its tongue, questing almost gently towards the man's face.

One month later, Free Captain Larnoss landed at Graia II with a most unusual cargo.

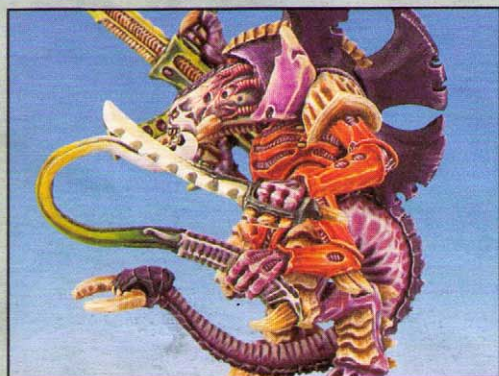
HIVE TYRANTS

Hive Tyrants are among the largest and most deadly of Tyranid creatures, dominating and controlling whole sectors of the battle front as lieutenants of the monstrous Tyranid matriarchs, the Dominatrixes.

Hive Tyrants carry bio-engineered weaponry commensurate to their size and importance, normally wielding a single ranged weapon and two close assault weapons.



VENOM CANNON HEAVY WEAPON



LASH WHIP AND TAIL CLAW DETAILS



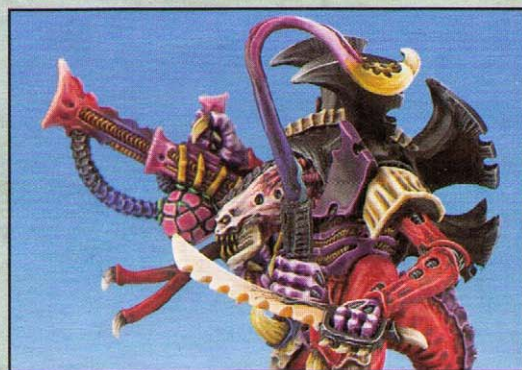
The Venom cannon and the Barbed Strangler are the heaviest Tyranid symbiote weapons seen to date. The cannon devastates a broad swathe with its corrosive poison shells while the strangler fires an embryonic creature that can wreak immense destruction in its short lifespan. Hive Tyrants are almost invariably armed for close combat with a psychically charged Bonesword and a voracious lash whip organism.



HIVE TYRANT WITH BARBED STRANGLER



BARBED STRANGLER HEAVY WEAPON



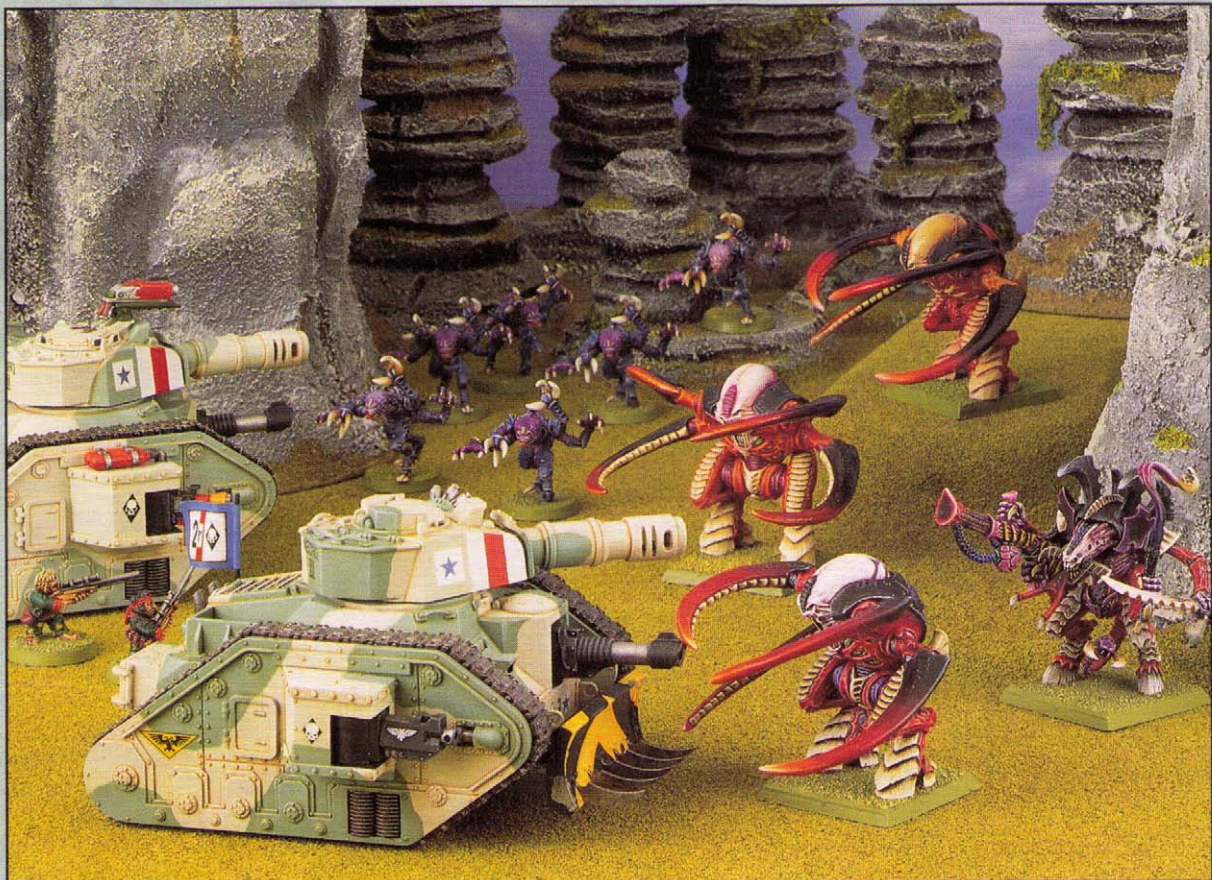
LASH WHIP AND BONESWORD DETAILS

CARNIFEXES

The Carnifex is a terrifying monstrosity: a perfect engine of destruction, evolved specifically for use in shock attacks, capable of smashing apart almost any obstacle, whether it is a defensive line, enemy tanks or a fortified position. It is known as the Screamer Killer by warriors of the Imperium because of the high-pitched scream it makes as it rushes forward. The sight of these creatures in combat is horrifying: they are unstoppable, scything their razor-edged killing arms from side to side, smashing men and vehicles aside like scraps of paper.

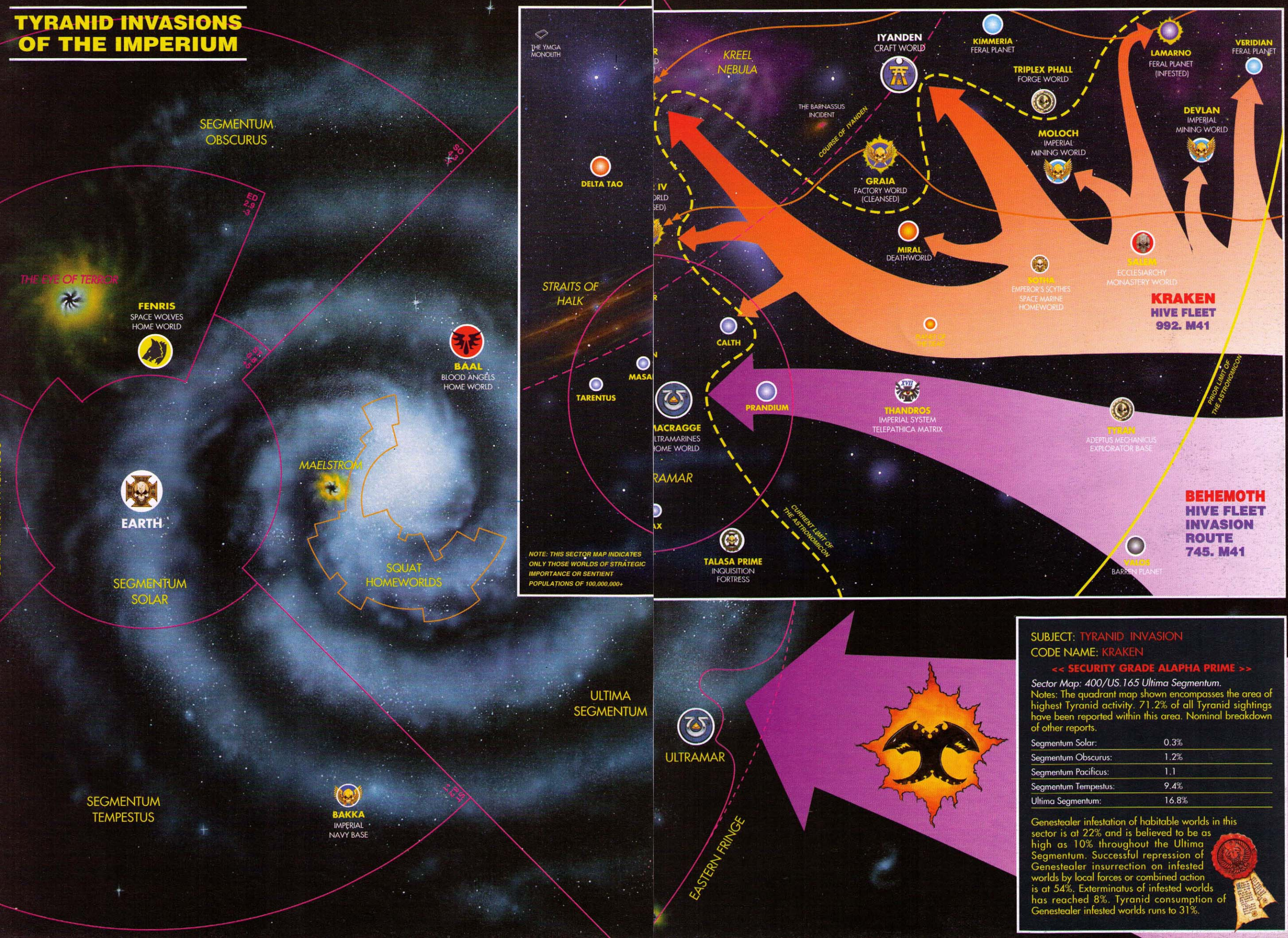


A CARNIFEX BROOD



MERCILESS CARNIFEXES ASSAULT AN IMPERIAL PATROL MISSION

TYRANID INVASIONS OF THE IMPERIUM



SUBJECT: TYRANID INVASION
CODE NAME: KRAKEN
-- SECURITY GRADE ALPHA PRIME --

Sector Map: 400/US.165 Ultima Segmentum.
Notes: The quadrant map shown encompasses the area of highest Tyranid activity. 71.2% of all Tyranid sightings have been reported within this area. Nominal breakdown of other reports.

Segmentum Solar:	0.3%
Segmentum Obscurus:	1.2%
Segmentum Pacificus:	1.1%
Segmentum Tempestus:	9.4%
Ultima Segmentum:	16.8%

Genestealer infestation of habitable worlds in this sector is at 22% and is believed to be as high as 10% throughout the Ultima Segmentum. Successful repression of Genestealer insurrection on infested worlds by local forces or combined action is at 54%. Exterminatus of infested worlds has reached 8%. Tyranid consumption of Genestealer infested worlds runs to 31%.

GARGOYLES



Gargoyles are vicious winged monsters that are often the vanguard of the Tyranid swarms. Ranging ahead of the swarm these screeching creatures fly together in broods or cling to the bellies of the great Harridan brood mothers as they flap ponderously through the skies.

Gargoyles carry deadly symbiotic weaponry; a creature that metamorphoses its bile into a liquid phosphorous compound which burns on contact with the air, this flame spurt is used to set alight enemy troops and vehicles and burn the enemy out of defensive positions.



A BROOD OF GARGOYLES

TERMAGANTS



STRANGLEWEB



SPIKE RIFLE



FLESHBORER



SPIKE RIFLE

Termagants are vicious and adaptable creatures that make up a large proportion of the forces of any Tyranid swarm. These creatures are armed with a variety of different symbiote-weapons which would seem to indicate a reasonably high level of intelligence. However, it has been postulated that the weapons themselves lend their operators the intelligence to use them effectively. Termagants are used to hunt down and overwhelm opposing forces, their weight in numbers more than compensating for their individual limitations.

Termagants, like most Tyranid organisms, show a tremendous variety of coloration and individual variation. Termagant skin colours vary from a pale red, orange through deepening reds to a dark umber. It is thought that the deepening colours are indicative of the age of the individual Termagant, though they may also be affected by environment and the bio-mass the creature is created from. The chitinous plates which protect their backs are less variable and are usually bone coloured though Termagants with unusual plate coloration have been observed on a number of occasions.

GENESTEALERS

Genestealers are some of the most dangerous hand-to-hand fighters in the galaxy. These creatures are strong enough to rend plasteel with their clawed hands and so swift that they can kill a warrior before he can even raise his weapon. Mankind first encountered Genestealers on the moons of Ymgarl but their connection with the Tyranids only became clear after broods of Genestealers were observed fighting in the Tyranid swarms. Genestealers reproduce by implanting their genetic material within a host organism, creating monstrous Genestealer hybrids to plague their host race. Genestealers are planted on abandoned space hulks that drift ahead of the main Tyranid invasion force. When the bio-ships of the Tyranids arrive, the worlds they wish to consume will already be infested by Genestealers.

Individual Genestealers, like Termagants, show variations in skin tone. Genestealers run from purple to dark red. Their tough, chitinous hides are usually a dark blue hue with paler highlights.



TYRANID BROODS



A GENESTEALER BROOD

BIOVORE AND SPORE MINES

Biovores provide Tyranid forces with an efficient form of long range firepower necessary for most land battles. This creature nurtures a clutch of spore mines inside its body until they are required, at which point they are launched one at a time by powerful muscle spasm.

The effects of this deadly cargo are devastating: an unseen terror raining down death upon the enemy, seemingly from nowhere.



A BIOVORE AND SPORE MINES



A TERMAGANT BROOD WITH VARIOUS BIO-WEAPONS

LICTORS



Lictors are deadly lone predators that stalk ahead of the main Tyranid swarms seeking out flesh to be absorbed. They are highly adaptive and self sufficient creatures bio-engineered to be a walking arsenal of talons, hooks, claws, poison and other lethal weaponry.

A Lictor's senses are extraordinarily sharp so it can sense its prey before it becomes aware of its hunter's presence. Combined with the Lictor's natural agility, its hunting instincts and its chameleonic dermal scales these powers make Lictors the perfect infiltrators.





Once they are assured of victory the foul swarms of the hive fleet descend like a plague of locusts, blackening the sky from horizon to horizon with their numbers. They crawl across the surface of the world consuming every living thing in their path like a black contagion. Every creature, every blade of grass and insect is swallowed up by the teeming hordes in their indefatigable procession from continent to continent. Millions of years of evolution is destroyed, uncounted millennia of painfully won development and growth are annihilated by the Tyranids' insatiable hunger.

As the world's ecology rebels at the harm done to it huge coriolis storms sweep across the globe, volcanoes rise and earthquakes split the ground. But it is already too late, the despoilers return to their brood ships in the sterile fastness of space and the last acts of unforgivable destruction are played out.

The great hive ships drink deep of the seas and drain the very air itself into their bodies. Even the rocky bones of the planet are laid bare as the soil is stripped away for the nutrients and bio mass it holds. Where once there was a planet capable of sustaining life there is nothing left but a desolate, rocky sphere and the hive fleet moves on searching for a new victim to prey upon.



TYRANID ATTACK

The inferior flesh will be entirely destroyed, all fragments will be smashed. Ourselves will fight to the last, all weak flesh must be consumed.

NOTE: This is a special scenario and as such it overrides the normal Mission cards. The opposing player must discard his mission, and he automatically wins if the Tyranid player fails to achieve his primary objective. Because this scenario represents a sustained assault the battle lasts for 6 turns rather than the normal 4 turns.

Primary Objective

The Tyranids' primary objective is to completely annihilate the enemy, destroying every part of their army that is still on the table by the last turn of the game.

Annihilate enemy: Win game

Special Rules

The Tyranids often attack in successive waves and this scenario represents one such assault. To represent the extra waves of Tyranids the Tyranid player may bring destroyed models back into action. Each time a Tyranid model is killed place it to one side. Creatures from the Individuals and Support section of the army list can be brought back into play at the start of the next Tyranid turn. Creatures from the Broods section of the army list can only be brought back once enough models have been killed to form a new brood.

Roll a D6 for each brood or individual that can re-enter play at the start of the Tyranid turn. On a roll of 2-6 the creature(s) may move on from the table edge in the Tyranid player's deployment zone. On a roll of 1 the creature(s) may not enter this turn, but you may roll for them again next turn.



MISSION CARD

TRAP

The meat things seek to destroy ourselves. They hunt us as we hunt them but they are weak and uncertain. Trap the inferior flesh and then our strength will consume them.

Primary Objective

The Tyranids' primary objective is to cut off an enemy force which is pursuing them so the Tyranid reinforcements can wipe them out. In addition to the victory points gained for destroying enemy forces you receive the following bonus victory points for cutting off the enemy's retreat. You receive the following victory points for each enemy squad, squadron, battery or vehicle which has Tyranid models between it and the nearest edge of the table at the end of the game.

Each enemy unit trapped at the end of the game: +1 victory point

Note that victory points are scored for trapped units even if they have suffered greater than 50% casualties.

Special Rules

Before the Tyranid forces are deployed roll a D6 for each brood and individual model. On a roll of 1-3 the model or brood must be deployed in the deployment zone, on a roll of 4-6 the model(s) may be deployed within 6" of either the left or right hand edge of the table if desired. The Tyranids have carefully concealed themselves so all Tyranid forces may be set up Hidden even if they are not in or behind cover. Any Tyranids with a ranged attack may also deploy in Overwatch.



MISSION CARD

SQUAD EVENT TABLE (Roll a D6)

- 6** *"They're all around us!"* The squad is not deployed at the start of the game. Instead, it moves on from the edge of the table in the player's deployment zone at the start of turn 2. Roll a D6: on a roll a 4 or more a randomly chosen member of the squad disappears without trace before the start of the game.
- 5** *"Jones is acting strangely."* Roll a D6 at the start of each Tyranid turn, and on a roll of 6 randomly select a model from the squad. If the model is still alive it is instantly killed by a barbed strangler. See the Tyranid Bio-weapons section for full rules.
- 4** *Battle Fatigue.* The squad counts all Tyranids as causing *fear* and those that normally cause *fear* cause *terror* instead. This special event will not affect a vehicle squadron's normal immunity to psychology.
- 1-3** *No Effect.* The squad avoids any serious mishaps.

CHARACTERS EVENT TABLE (Roll a D6)

- 6** *Wounded.* The character has one less wound than normal, down to a minimum of 1 wound.
- 2-5** *OK.* The character has avoided any mishaps.
- 1** *Hatred.* The character is subject to the psychology rules for *hatred* against Tyranids.

DREADNOUGHT / WALKER EVENT TABLE (Roll a D6)

- 6** *Corrosion Damage.* The Dreadnought/Walker has suffered damage from windblown spores. In its first turn roll for a random hit location on the vehicle datacard and then roll a D3 on the appropriate damage table for the effect. Re-roll the dice if the damage hits the crewman.
- 5** *"They're all around us!"* The Walker or Dreadnought is not deployed at the start of the game. Instead, it moves on from the edge of the table in the player's deployment zone at the start of turn 2.
- 4** *Low on Fuel.* The Tyranids have destroyed several fuel dumps and the Dreadnought/Walker is dangerously low on fuel. Roll a D6 each time the vehicle moves and add +2 if it is running or charging. If the total is 6 or more the Walker or Dreadnought is immobilised for the rest of the game.
- 1-3** *No Effect.* The Walker or Dreadnought is unaffected.

VEHICLES EVENT TABLE (Roll a D6)

- 6** *Corrosion Damage.* The vehicle has been badly corroded. In its first turn roll for a random hit location on the vehicle datacard and then roll a D3 on the appropriate damage table for the effect. Re-roll the dice if the damage hits crew or passengers.
- 5** *"They're all around us!"* The vehicle is not deployed at the start of the game, instead it moves on from the edge of the table in the player's deployment zone at the start of turn 2. Roll another D6, and if you roll a 4, 5 or 6 a randomly chosen member of the vehicle's crew disappears without trace before the start of the game.
- 4** *"What the *****!"* Roll a D6 each time the vehicle moves. On a roll of 4 or more a small Tyranid creature attacks a random member of the crew in hand-to-hand combat. If the driver is attacked the vehicle will move out of control that turn, if a gunner is attacked the gunner's weapon can't fire that turn. Neither side counts as charging and other crewmen can't help the crewman being attacked. If the creature kills the crewman it is attacking it will attack another in the next turn and continue to attack until the whole crew is dead or it is.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Skulker	-	3	-	3	1	1	4	1	-

- 1-3** *No Effect.* The vehicle avoids any serious mishaps.

TERRORISE

The hive mind seeks to terrorise the inferior creatures resisting it. Bring them understanding of the power of ourselves through our strength and their fear.

Primary Objective

Your objective is to spread terror and confusion through the enemy. In addition to the normal victory points gained for destroying enemy forces you receive the following bonus victory points for each Break, Fear and Terror test that the opposing force fails.

Each Break test, Fear test and Terror test failed by the opposing force: +1 victory point

Secondary Objective

Strong alone-flesh fear less, destroy those that lead.

In addition to normal victory points scored for destroying enemy forces and your primary objective, you receive the following bonus victory points for each enemy character killed or broken at the end of the game.

Each Character killed or broken: +1 victory point





The first thing that alerted the lookouts to the Tyranid attack was the sound of the jungle being torn apart by the ravening swarm as the alien beasts moved rapidly towards the Jungle Fighters' base.

From the moment Sergeant Mallion arrived at the base with his terrible warning, the company had started to prepare for the inevitable. Thanks to the Imperium's earlier encounters with the alien menace that was the Tyranids, it was common knowledge that the Lictor Mallion's patrol had encountered was an advance scout roving ahead of the main horde. Maybe Mallion was only alive because the Lictor had wanted to follow him back to his base.

The area of cleared jungle surrounding the company's base had been posted with missile launchers, heavy bolters and the occasional lascannon. The soldiers manning these death-dealing machines waited now in anxious anticipation as the roars and alien screams of the Tyranids came to them from somewhere beyond the dense green wall of the jungle boundary.

Commissar Grissom stood amidst his Guardsmen on the battlements at the top of the ceramite and plasteel fortification and prayed for a miracle. He knew these men were among the hardest soldiers in the whole of the galaxy-spanning Imperial Guard but he also knew that they were afraid, and rightly so. Being raised on the death world of Catachan had honed their fighting abilities and prepared them for the toughest of conflicts but nothing could prepare them totally for a foe such as the Tyranids.

The Tyranid hive fleets came from the frozen vastnesses of intergalactic space beyond the edge of the known galaxy. Their whole nature was totally alien to the human mind. Even the Eldar and Orks had similarities in outlook and overall purpose for their races but the Tyranids operated in a totally different and frightening way. Their sole purpose was to absorb the flesh and genetic information of other life forms to continue their own existence.

Tightening his grip on the boltgun in his hand, Commissar Grissom turned to Commander Randall with a look of steely resolution in his eyes.

"Commander," he said, "are your men ready?"

About to descend to the front lines of engagement with his unit, Randall halted and looked back at the black-clad officer. He resented the Commissar's posting on Viridian Prime. It made Randall feel that his own authority was being undermined.

"As ready as they'll ever be," he replied, sourly.

"They had better be, Commander. They had better be."

The first creatures to break through the line of trees made the Jungle Fighters behind the defences take a step back in horror. Just the sight of the Tyranid Warriors caused the Guardsmen to recoil in horror.



Striding across the scorched clear zone on crushing hooves, the elite fighters of the hive mind stood over twice as tall as a man and carried into battle the various deadly bio-weapons created within the spawning vats of the hive fleet. Randall had heard descriptions of these monsters before but it was only now as he actually saw them that he understood the dreadful might of the Tyranid Warriors. Armed with psychically-charged Boneswords and projectile-firing organisms such as Deathspitters and the horrific Devourers, the Warriors advanced on the valiant defenders almost eagerly.

Between the larger Tyranids ran the Termagants. About the size of a man and running on four legs, the red-skinned creatures were fast and agile in their movements. They scuttled towards the Guardsmen's front ranks ready to dispatch agonizing death to their enemies with the vile, living Fleshborers they gripped in their talons.

Stronger men than Randall had been driven mad when faced by such beasts, leaving them mere gibbering wrecks to be slaughtered and 'absorbed' by the unstoppable swarm. Randall forced such thoughts from his mind. He was a man, yes, and suffered fear and anguish like any other, but first and foremost he was a soldier. And not just any soldier - he was a Catachan Jungle Fighter.

Screaming, a soldier within a few metres of Randall fell to the ground with Borer beetles gnashing their way through his stomach. Snarling, the Termagant responsible leapt at Randall. With lightning fast

reactions he swung the boltgun up into the Termagant's jaws and fired. The creature's head exploded into a mass of torn flesh and splintered bone and the commander felt the exhilaration of the kill. In the heat of battle – that was where Randall longed to be.

Suddenly a great shadow, like a cloud passing in front the sun, swept over the battlefield. An ear-piercing screech rang out across the skies. Looking up, Sergeant Mallion saw the distinctive silhouette of a Harridan soar past on great leathery wings. Dropping from the Harridan like scales, darkening the sky, a Gargoyle brood flapped earthwards. In their talons the vicious winged monsters clutched the bilespitting Flamespurt.



A sheet of flame swept down out of the sky, engulfing the missile launcher team close by in a ball of fire. Mallion reacted instantly. Bathed in the crimson glow of the burning bodies, the sergeant aimed skyward and let rip with his bolt pistol. Screaming, the Gargoyle came crashing to the ground, but it was only one out of dozens. Mallion strode resolutely forward to meet his next opponent.

The Jungle Fighters let fly with their artillery directly into the charging Tyranid Warriors but even where gaps were blasted in their lines the creatures kept coming, others filling the spaces until the alien horde were soon on the Guardsmen. Commissar Grissom gave the signal and the heavy weapons teams on the battlements let fire.

A great hissing scream assailed the soldiers' ears as a pod-like creature, hurtled through the sky towards the base. The pod made contact with the battlements and exploded. Jagged, flesh-rending pieces of chitin were blasted over a wide area while great gobbets of corrosive mucus splattered against the battlements and showered Guardsmen with acidic, poisonous slime.

Trying to discover the source of the barrage, the Commissar gazed out across the scene of carnage. In the distance, through the steamy haze hanging over the forest, Grissom could make out the faint shape of a creature. The beast raised its head on its snaking neck and bellowed to her swarm: the brood-mother calling out to her children.

The Dominatrix was like nothing Grissom had ever seen before: as large as the company's headquarters, it dominated the skyline, directing its force with an alien intelligence that was itself only part of one great gestalt consciousness to which the

immeasurable distances of space meant nothing.

Grissom suddenly realized that he was shaking: he was terrified. In his entire life the Commissar had never felt like this. True, at times he had felt fear as he had led units of the Imperial Guard against the armies of Orks, Eldar and Chaos but not once had he been overwhelmed with such all-consuming despair. Deep down in his soul, barely suppressed beneath the strict discipline of his training, Commissar Grissom knew that there was no hope for them. They were already as good as dead.

A second pod-like spore mine drifted into a wall a few metres away, shattering into a deadly mass of chitinous shrapnel and spraying corrosive bile over the battlements. A gobbet of the foul liquid splashed into Grissom's shoulder making him cry out in pain as it ate its way into his chest. His body racked with pain, the Commissar forced himself to stay on his feet. Death would not take him so easily and many Tyranids would meet it before he did as long as he had breath in him.

A Carnifex brood ploughed into the Guardsmen's lines, multiple sickle-shaped claws snapping, slashing at the lightly armoured men, hacking them down with deadly blows from their chitin-edged limbs. The Carnifexes' attack was accompanied by their terrible, high-pitched screams, drowning out those of the dying men falling before them, the Guardsmen virtually defenceless against the scything, razor-edged killing arms. At the same time, several of the monsters vomited great gouts of blazing, green, bio-plasma at their enemy with equally horrific effects.

Sergeant Mallion could do nothing for the men but look on in abject horror at the slaughter taking place before him. Hacking sideways with the whirring blade of his chainsword, Mallion cut down a springing Hormagaunt, side-stepping deftly to avoid its ripping claws and lashing tail. A frag grenade tossed into the approaching brood also helped discourage further Hormagaunts from bounding his way.

With the Carnifexes' charge, the Tyranids broke through the boundary defences and advanced into the compound. With the perimeter breached, Randall's priorities for his unit changed. In a last ditch attempt, they had to try and contain the breakthrough.

"This is it men!" Randall shouted over the roars of the Tyranids. "To battle and to glory! For Catachan and the Emperor!"

Leaping over the parapet of the bunker Randall landed on the uneven ground running. As he ran towards the enemy, he pulled the trigger of his boltgun and immediately felt the kick of the gun's recoil in his ribs. Unperturbed, and carried forward by the momentum of his sprint, Randall cut a swathe

through the Termagants, intestines and bone shrapnel flying in all directions as the chugging hail of shells from the boltgun tore into the monsters. Randall's unit followed but many fell before the onslaught of the Tyranids' terrible weapons.

Randall careered to a halt in front of a towering Tyranid Warrior. Connected to the alien's arm was a hideous, throbbing organism bristling with poison-tipped spines. Randall felt sick and light-headed. This alien seemed to project an aura of raw hostility that grated on Randall's brain and left his limbs slack and useless. He froze, transfixed by terror, and that was his downfall.

The Tyranid levelled the weapon-creature clamped around its wrist and the symbiote Spinefist launched a salvo of toxin-coated, needle-like projectiles at the commander. The spines burst through his flak armour, impaling several major organs.

Randall gasped in shock and dropped to his knees. The Tyranid took a step forward and struck out at the commander with its other weapon. The bonesword met no resistance as it removed the man's head from his shoulders. Randall's lifeless body slumped forward to be trampled under the steadily advancing horde.

Balls of vomited green fire and salvos of highly corrosive poisons bombarded the fortress, the combination of acidic slime and bio-plasma bolts taking their toll. Everywhere Grissom turned, he saw men falling to the Tyranids' onslaught. On the battlefield the artillery were seemingly impotent against the aliens, the monstrous Tyranid Warriors and rampaging Carnifexes crushing everything in their inexorable path.

Clutching at the gaping wound in his chest with one hand, and despite the burning agony searing through his whole being, Commissar Grissom stood his ground as the aliens smashed their way into the compound. The horde seemed to just keep coming. Soon they would completely overrun the complex. Still resisting death by strength of will alone, Grissom flayed about wildly at the Tyranids with his chainsword. Aliens were ranged against him on every side.

Avoiding a huge grasping claw, Grissom stumbled backwards and brushed against a dangling tentacle. On coming into contact with a non-Tyranid life form, the spore mine exploded. Caught directly in the centre of the blast, the Commissar's body was torn apart by the chitin shrapnel, the flesh being burnt from his bones by the acid and even his skeleton dissolving in the spray of bile.

Mallion glanced about him in desperation. One by one the company were succumbing to the swarm, and their situation was not helped by the fact that

the Guardsmen's weapons appeared to be ineffectual against the aliens. Here a Lictor was protected from the soldiers' bullets by its hardened carapace, there a Tyranid's wounds knitted together as it regenerated before the petrified Guardsmen's eyes.

The power of the hive mind was awesome. Creatures had been developed to suit every combat situation, hyper-evolution and gene-splicing granting them organic weapons, bony armour and startling recuperative abilities. Driven by instinct and a common, single-minded purpose, the Tyranids were far and away the superior force compared to the beleaguered Guardsmen.



A cry from a bunker diverted Mallion's attention from the slaughter for a moment. Lying behind the construction was a Jungle Fighter, his torso sliced open from his stomach to his breastbone. Seeing the sergeant, the soldier looked at him with pleading eyes.

"Sergeant," the man spluttered. "Please, put me out of my misery!"

Mallion was disgusted by this carnage. He was the veteran of countless battles but none had sickened him like the Tyranid attack had. Without saying a word Mallion aimed his bolt pistol and then turned away before firing. Administering the Emperor's Grace was all he could do for the man.

The sergeant was thrown forward onto the ground by the force of the fist-sized seed pod hitting him in the back. Raising himself up with one hand he felt the wound in his back with the other. Instantly he doubled up in agony as the Barbed Strangler, germinating in his own blood, shot out its first sinuous growths. In seconds Mallion was dead, the tendrils ripping in all directions through his body with blinding speed.

Eventually, the last of the Jungle Fighters fell.

Viridian Prime had been lost.

All that remained amongst the devastation were the ruins of the Guardsmen's base, discarded artillery and the mutilated corpses of the soldiers, yet to be claimed by the swarm for their raw genetic material.

The Imperial Jungle Fighters had put up a staunch defence against the alien invaders but ultimately, resistance had been useless. Once more the Imperium would have to face the terror that was the Tyranids.

TYRANID BIO-WEAPONS

BONESWORD

Close combat weapon

Boneswords are bio-weapons used by Tyranid Warriors. The blade of a Bonesword is a massively enlarged horn, sharply serrated along both edges. The blades are alive and slowly

grow in size. If damaged, they are capable of repairing themselves over time. The hilt is formed by the hard, chitinous exo-skeleton of the bio-construct. The creature's small brain is protected deep within the hilt. It is incapable of independent thought but is able to generate a powerful surge of psychic energy when stimulated by the user. The psychic energy flows along the nerve tendrils embedded within the blade, causing a field effect rather like a psyker's force weapon. This gives the Bonesword its potent 'bite', represented by its extremely high Strength value and -3 save modifier.



Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
Close combat only				6	1	-3	D6+D12+6	Close combat. User may parry

LASH WHIP

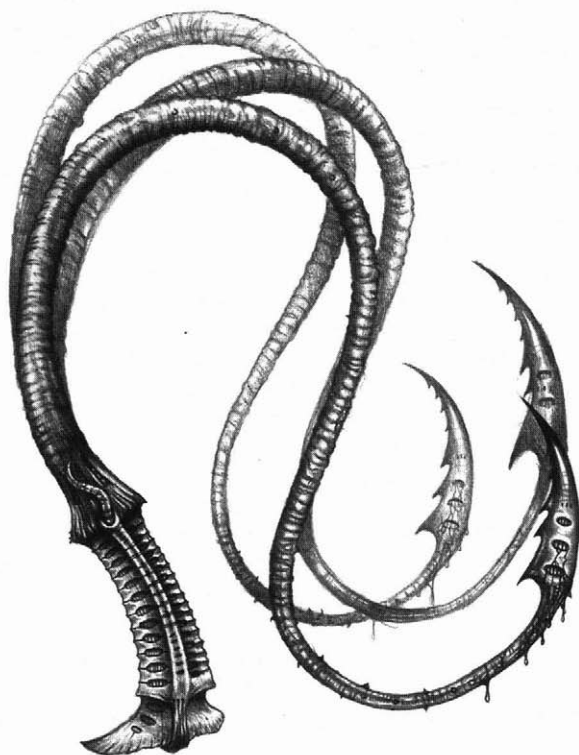
Close combat weapon

A lash whip is a heavily adapted weapon-creature wielded by Tyranid Warriors and the dreaded Hive Tyrants. The lash whip has a small body that is protected inside a bony tube-like shell which forms the handle of the whip. The majority of the creature's body protrudes beyond the tube and is made up of three muscular tentacles that terminate in serrated bony hooks. The lash whip gains its sustenance by using its hooked limbs to slice gobbets of flesh from its victims with a blindingly fast strike.

SPECIAL RULES

In combat the lash whip's tentacles writhe and slash at opponents of their own volition, making it exceedingly dangerous to come within their reach. At the start of the hand-to-hand combat phase a model armed with a lash whip can make three attacks against enemy models in base-to-base contact. These attacks can be made at separate targets or all against the same target if desired. A model that is attacked has to roll a D6 and score under its Initiative characteristic to avoid the slashing blades. If it fails, the model suffers a S4 hit with a -1 saving throw modifier.

Once the lash whip's attacks have been resolved fight out the hand-to-hand combat with any survivors as normal. The creature armed with the lash whip counts its full number of attack dice but it does not count the lash whip as an additional close combat weapon.



Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
Close combat only				4	1	-1		

SPINEFIST

Pistol

A Spinefist is a symbiote weapon-creature carried by Tyranid Warriors and Hive Tyrants for close quarter fighting. The creature clamps itself around its user's wrist with hooked extremities and wraps its muscular tail around the user's arm. The end of the tail spreads into a fan of tubes and tendrils which connect into the user's airways. The creature's carapace is formed into rows of diamond-hard spines coated with a lethal toxin. When the user wishes to fire it inhales sharply and the sudden increase in air pressure directed through the Spinefist launches a salvo of deadly projectiles in a broad pattern.

SPECIAL RULES

To fire the Spinefist put the middle-sized Flamer template so that its pointed end touches the firing model and the rounded end covers the target. The Spinefist is different from normal template weapons because it effects a template and has to roll to hit like a shooting weapon. Make a to hit roll against every target that is at least half under the template, taking into account to hit modifiers for cover and target movement as normal.

If the Spinefist is used in hand-to-hand combat the template is not used. At such close quarters it is assumed that the target absorbs all of the spines before they start to spread out.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
		-	-	4	1	-1	D6+4	Close Combat. Uses Flamer template

STRANGLEWEB

Basic weapon

The Strangleweb is a weird spider-like composite creature that fires a mass of sticky mucous-like strands which wrap themselves tightly around the target and immobilise it. The harder a victim struggles, the more the web tightens so if the victim continues to struggle it will eventually be strangled or crushed by the mesh of threads. Termagants are often armed with Stranglewebs so that they can capture live specimens to be returned to the hive ships for dissection and gene splicing.

SPECIAL RULES

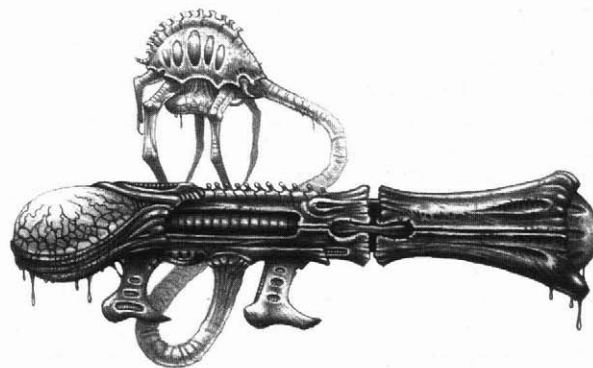
To fire the Strangleweb put a Hand Flamer template down so that its pointed end is touching the firing model and the rounded end is covering the target. Note that the Hand Flamer template is the smaller sized of the three flame templates, not the Flamer or the Heavy Flamer. Any models completely under the template are hit automatically; any models which are partially under the template are hit on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6.

Models that are hit will be entrapped unless they can break out of the strands before they harden. Roll a D6 and add the model's Strength to the roll. If the total is 9 or more the model breaks free of the web, if the total is 8 or less the model must make its basic armour saving throw or suffer 1 wound from the strangling threads.

Force fields can't save against the Strangleweb but shields (like Storm Shields for example) do count. If the model fails to break free and survives being strangled it can try again at

the start of its next turn and each turn thereafter until the model breaks free, dies, or the game ends.

An entrapped model may not do anything except use psychic powers if it has any. Vehicles can't be affected by the Strangleweb but exposed crew or passengers can be hit and trapped. If the driver of a vehicle is entrapped the vehicle will go out control in its next turn. Entrapped models can be ignored for the purposes of choosing a target or charging into close combat and they count as casualties for the purposes of Break tests. Entrapped models count as killed when it comes to counting up victory points if they are still trapped at the end of the game.



Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
		-	-	-	-	-	-	Close Combat. Uses Hand Flamer template

DEATHSPITTER

Basic weapon

The Deathspitter is a bio-weapon frequently carried and used by Tyranid Warriors. It is an organic symbiote formed from three separate and quite different creatures. Deep inside the quivering innards of the Deathspitter is a warm wet brood chamber where the maggot-like creatures which form the ammunition are nurtured. These creatures have a chitinous shell and a fiery metabolism based upon their highly corrosive and volatile vital fluids.



Next to the brood chamber lies the arming orifice in which lurks an oozing, spider-jawed creature that strips the maggot-like creature of its carapace with a loud grinding noise before finally dropping it into the firing colon.

The firing colon reacts to the corrosive flesh of the maggot-like creature with a powerful spasm which fires the morsel of living flesh out of the Deathspitter. The still living gobble of flesh shrieks through the air (which is poison to it) until it reaches its target. There it splatters over the target and kills its victim with a combination of velocity, poison and corrosive slime. Nearby targets may also be unfortunate enough to be splattered by gobbets of corrosive slime which eat through armour and burn flesh.

If a Tyranid armed with a Deathspitter scores a hit on an enemy model other models nearby may be hit. Roll a D6 for any models within 2" of the model hit by the Deathspitter. On a roll of 4, 5 or 6 they are splattered and suffer an S3 hit with no saving throw modifier. Note that the Deathspitter doesn't have to wound the target before you check for splatter, only a hit is necessary.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
0-12	12-32	+1	-	6	1	-2	D6+6	Special rules – See above

FLAMESPURT

Basic weapon

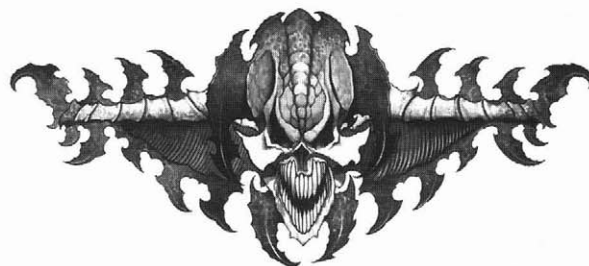
Gargoyles carry a symbiote creature that metamorphoses its bile into a liquid phosphorous compound which burns on contact with the air. The far-ranging Gargoyles use their flaming drool to sow terror and confusion among civilian populations by burning dwellings and hiding places. On the battlefield Gargoyles wheel back and forth harassing opposing troops and driving them out of defensive positions.

SPECIAL RULES

To fire the Flamespurt place a Flamer template on the table so that its pointed end is touching the firing model and the rounded end is covering the target. Note that the Flamer template is the medium-sized one of the three flame templates, not the Hand Flamer or the Heavy Flamer. Any models completely under the template are hit automatically; any models which are partially under the template are hit on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6.

If a model is hit by the Flamespurt work out damage as normal. Any models which are not slain are driven back by the

licking flames and must move to the nearest edge of the template. Models that cannot move out of the way for any reason suffer a second hit from the Flamespurt but if they survive this they are safe. Vehicles, Dreadnoughts, Terminators and creatures with a Toughness value of 7 or more will not be driven back by the flames because they are too well protected. Note that there is no chance of setting models alight with the Flamespurt as there is with other Flamer weapons.



Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
Flamer Template	-	-	-	3	1	-2	D6+3	

FLESHBORER

Basic weapon

The Fleshborer is a Tyranid weapon normally used by Termagants. It is in fact a compact brood nest in which Borer beetles lay their eggs, which then hatch and mature, fed by sticky sap exuded by the gun itself. Mature beetles have long flea-like legs, though they move little except to shuffle slowly into the firing cavity of the weapon. When the weapon is fired, a massive electro-chemical shock surges through the beetle,

goading it into frenzied activity. Its legs push it out of the weapon at tremendous speed and it hurtles forward to strike the first thing in its path, its vicious jaws clashing furiously. Once the beetle strikes its target it expends all of its remaining life energy in a few seconds, frenziedly boring through armour, flesh and bone.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
0-8	8-16	+1	-	4	1	-	D6+4	

FLESH HOOKS

Basic weapon

Flesh hooks are part of the deadly armoury of genetically engineered weaponry used by Lictors, and are the most unusual and flexible of their weapons. The hooks are formed out of carbon-based chitin with a monomolecular edge, and are attached to lengths of exceptionally tough muscle fibre situated between the Lictor's ribs. The hooks are fired by a sharp intercostal muscle spasm and allow Lictors to slay or snare their victims from a distance. The flesh hooks are also sometimes used as grapnels to allow Lictors to scale vertical surfaces at great speed.

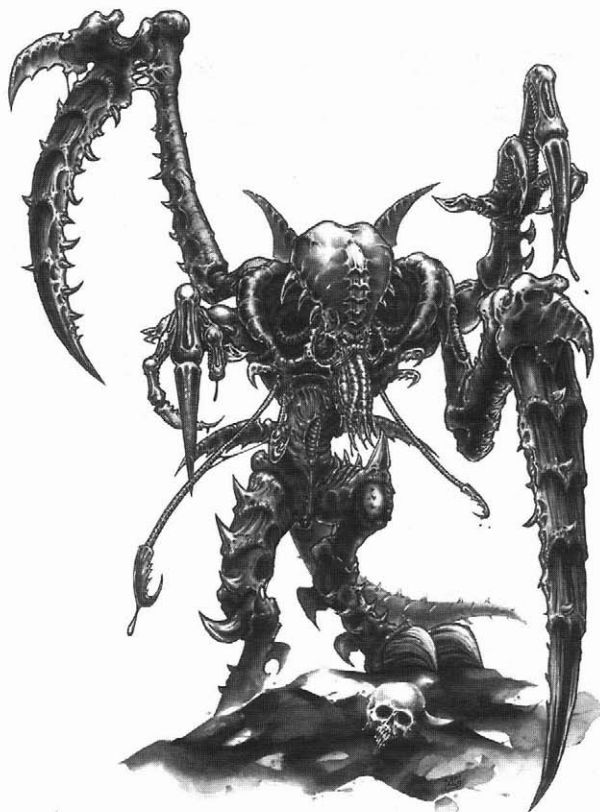
During dissection, Imperial scientists of the Magos Biologis have discovered that some Tyranid Warriors have vestigial flesh hooks on their bodies. It is unclear whether these Warriors were in the process of evolving into Lictors, changing from Lictors back into Warriors, or simply developing additional weaponry.

SPECIAL RULES

A Lictor can fire two of its flesh hooks in the shooting phase just as other troops fire more conventional weaponry. If a model survives a hit from a flesh hook it is snagged by the hook and dragged 2D6" directly towards the Lictor. The model may survive because the flesh hook fails to wound it, because it has multiple wounds, or because it makes its saving throw for armour (but not force fields).

If a model is dragged into base-to-base contact with the Lictor it must fight the creature in the hand-to-hand combat phase. The flesh hooks cannot drag a vehicle, Dreadnought, Terminator or any model with a Strength or Toughness characteristic of 5 or more.

If a Lictor runs or charges in its movement phase it can use its flesh hooks in combination with its claws to move up or down



vertical surfaces such as walls, cliff faces, fences and trees at no additional movement penalty. Note that the distance moved up or down counts against the Lictor's total movement allowance.

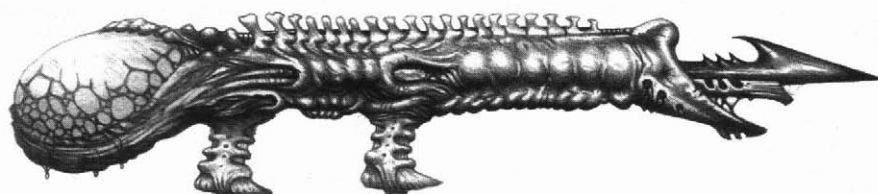
Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
0-8	8-16	-	-	4	1	-1	D6+4	See above

SPIKE RIFLE

Basic weapon

The Spike rifle is another Tyranid weapon used almost exclusively by Termagants. It is made up of a bony muscled tube which contains a row of forward-pointing spikes growing from its rear. The spikes resemble harpoons more than anything else: they are barbed and have a razor-sharp edge. When the Spike rifle is fired a powerful muscle contraction hurls the first spike in the row at the target.

The Spike rifle has a longer range than the Termagant's other common weapon, the Fleshborer, and is appearing in greater numbers in the hive swarms all the time. This is something of a mixed blessing. Though a hit from a Spike rifle is less dangerous than one from a Fleshborer, the harpoon-like spike still hits with a great deal of force behind it and will punch through armour more easily than the Fleshborer's living ammunition.



Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
0-12	12-24	-	-	3	1	-1	D6+3	

DEVOURER

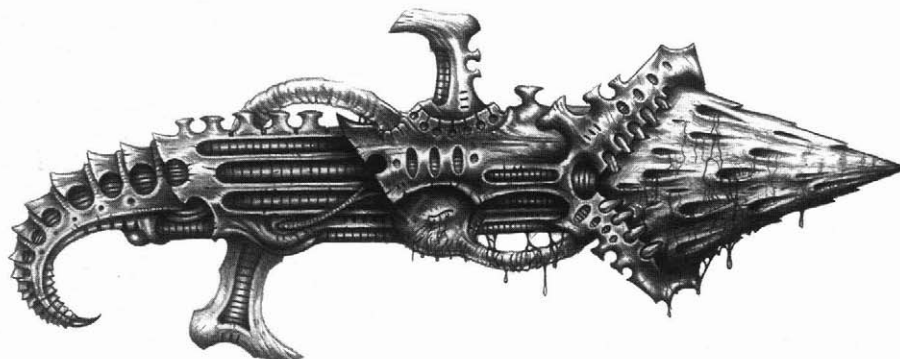
Basic weapon

The aptly named Devourer is among the most horrific of Tyranid bio-weapons. It resembles a conical lump of rotting flesh projecting from the jaws of a coiled, chitin-covered creature. The fleshy cone is infested by writhing worm-like organisms with black, shiny heads. When the gun is fired a bio-electrical shock hurls a number of these fleshworms at the target with tremendous force. The fleshworms will either shatter against the target, spraying acidic bile and poisons over it, or pierce it and start burrowing inside the victim's body. A creature infested by fleshworms is driven mad with agony as

the worms eat their way through its nervous system to the brain and devour it.

SPECIAL RULES

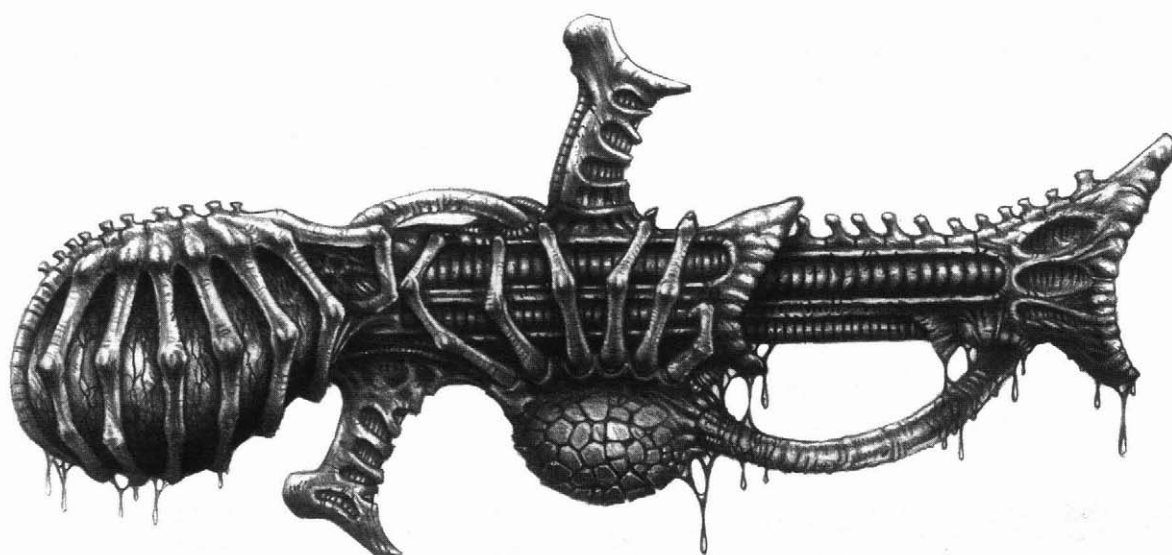
Because of the horrific effects of the Devourer, squads which suffer one or more hits from this weapon must take a Leadership test for *fear*. If the squad fails the test they will break, causing the squad to flee if it is in the open or hide if it is in cover.



Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
0-6	6-18	-	-	4	D3	-2	D6+4+D3	Sustained fire 2D. Causes <i>fear</i> .

BARBED STRANGLER

Heavy weapon



The barbed strangler begins its growth cycle as a life form contained in a seed pod the size of a man's fist. The seed is fired from a simple launcher which is little more than a muscled tube. If the seed pod pierces a living host its germination is triggered by the warmth of the victim's flesh and body fluids. The seed pod explodes releasing a concentrated mass of writhing tentacles that shoot through the victim's body and tear it apart. Within seconds the strangler grows to maturity and blood red tendrils lash out from the torn corpse, spreading and growing in all directions with blinding speed.

The life form inside the seed pod is a sinuous and incredibly strong organism. It appears to have no body as such, being composed of a mass of slender, hooked tentacles or tendrils which it uses to bind and then tear apart its prey. Studies of the creature have revealed it to be plant-like with similarities to some terrestrial xeromorphs.

Because the strangler organism grows with such amazing speed it soon exhausts its stored energy and falls dormant, but in the initial burst of growth it will tear through armour and flesh with equal voracity. Even vehicles and heavily armoured troops will be destroyed if the strangler organism finds a single chink in their protection and those that do survive become helplessly enmeshed by the steel-hard tendrils.

SPECIAL RULES

When the barbed strangler is fired roll to hit as normal for shooting. If the seed pod misses roll for scatter just like any other weapon with a blast marker. A model hit by the seed pod either being on target or scattering directly onto it will suffer a Strength 4 hit with a -1 save modifier. If the model is wounded

by this attack it is killed regardless of how many wounds it has as the strangler tears it apart. Place the 3" diameter blast marker over the dead model to represent the area swept by the tendrils of the barbed strangler in its brief period of accelerated growth.

Roll a D6 for each model (including Tyranid models) and vehicle that is fully or partially under the template. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3 the model or vehicle escapes the grasp of the strangler and may move and fight normally in its next turn. If the roll is a 4, 5 or 6 the model is caught by the strangler and will be ripped apart or bound fast if it cannot burst free.



Roll 2D6 for each trapped model or vehicle. If the roll beats the model's Strength characteristic (ram value for vehicles) it is either torn to pieces by the strangler or so totally entrapped that it can play no further part in the battle at all. Saving throws, Toughness, wounds and even psychic powers cannot protect a model against the strangler organism if it catches a victim and rolls higher than the model's Strength or ram value.

If the roll is equal to or less than the model's Strength it breaks free. Models that burst free of the strangler can move and fight normally in their next turn. Vehicles that break free will move out of control as they tear their way out.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour Penetration	Special
0-18	18-36	-	-1	4	Special	-1	D6+4	Move or Fire. 3" blast marker. See above

VENOM CANNON

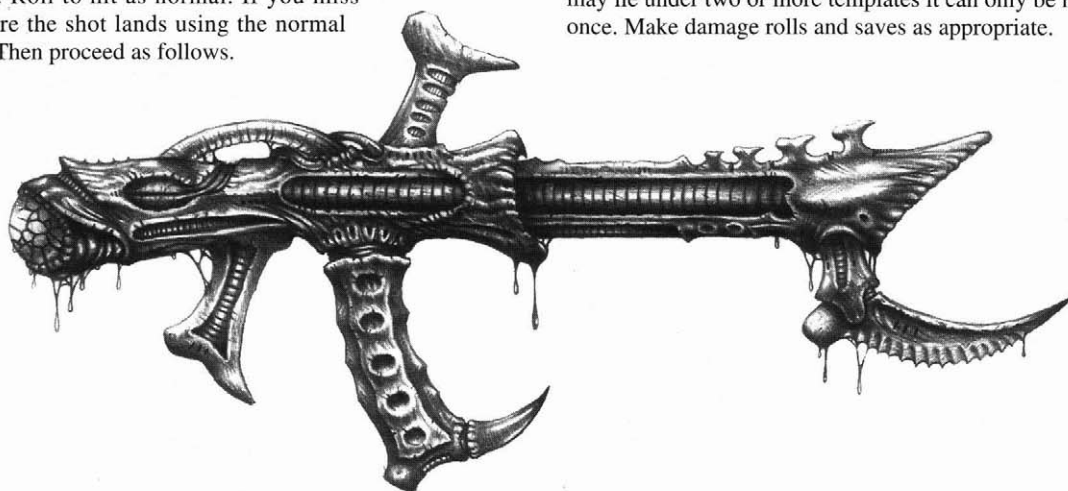
Heavy weapon

The Venom cannon is a long, powerful bio-weapon that fires salvos of highly corrosive poison at high velocity. The poison is formed into crystals which are encrusted with a metallic residue. When the weapon fires it uses an electrostatic charge to accelerate its deadly ammunition to supersonic speeds. The characteristic rapid cracking sound of a firing Venom cannon is caused by the crystals breaking the sound barrier. A target struck by the Venom cannon is either killed by the impact and blast of electrical energy or by corrosive fragments of the poison crystals when they shatter.

SPECIAL RULES

The Venom cannon fires a barrage of shots referred to as a *salvo*. To use the Venom cannon you will need the special Thudd Gun Salvo template included in the Warhammer 40,000 game. Roll to hit as normal. If you miss establish where the shot lands using the normal Scatter rules. Then proceed as follows.

- 1 With the landing point established, take the Salvo template and position the middle of burst 1 where the shot has landed. The arrow is positioned so that it points directly back towards the Venom cannon (the 6 o'clock position).
- 2 Roll a D12 and move blast 2 so that the arrow on it corresponds to the number rolled on blast 1.
- 3 Roll a D12 and move blast 3 so that the arrow on it corresponds to the number rolled on blast 2.
- 4 Roll a D12 and move blast 4 so that the arrow on it corresponds to the number rolled on blast 3.
- 5 Any model wholly under any of the blast templates is hit, and any model partially under a blast template is hit on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6. Note that although a model may lie under two or more templates it can only be hit once. Make damage rolls and saves as appropriate.



Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
0-16	16-32	-	-	8	D10	-3	D6+8+D10	See above

BIO-PLASMA

Heavy weapon

Carnifexes have the capacity to internally energise a form of bio-plasma which they vomit forth as a ball or bolt of blinding green fire. The plasmic material is held in their gut and energised by rasping plates in their oesophagus, and it is this process that makes the high-pitched screaming which precedes a Carnifex attack. An electrical field around the

Carnifex's claws holds the incandescent plasma ball until it is fully formed and launched at its target. There have been some reports of Tyranid creatures other than Carnifexes making bio-plasma attacks. Opinions remain divided as to whether these reports are mistaken or whether they are in fact the first indications of the evolution of a new Tyranid creature.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Armour. Penetration	Special
0-18	18-36	+1	-	8	D6	-4	2D6+8	Move or Fire. 2" blast marker.

TYRANID SPECIAL RULES

CHOOSING A TARGET

The Choosing a Target rules in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook restrict what targets troops can choose to shoot at in the smoke and confusion of a battle. These rules mean that most troops must fire at the nearest enemy unit but they have a choice between hitting the nearest enemy vehicles or the nearest enemy squad or individual models. Because Tyranids are all different sizes your opponent can choose whether to shoot at a large creature or a small creature, in the same way as he might choose to shoot at infantry or a vehicle.

Even the most obtuse Ork can spot the size difference between something one metre tall and something three metres tall, so it seems fair to assume that Tyranid Warriors wouldn't be able to conceal themselves behind Termagants. However, identifying specific creatures would be virtually impossible in battle conditions. To represent the difficulties of picking out targets in a Tyranid horde they are split into three categories for the purposes of choosing a target.



"Planetary Governor Immolan had obviously let all aspects of security – internal, civil and military – become dangerously lax. Localised warp storm activity had made communication with Delta Tao difficult for some time. It wasn't until I assigned Adept Metheglin to compile and analyse all the reports from this sector that it became apparent how patchy and imprecise our data was. While there was no hard evidence of any problem, or potential threat to security, I was very concerned by the inconsistent nature of the reports we had, and by lack of data from certain key areas.

The submitted number and composition of planetary troops appeared to conform with Imperial guidelines, yet the continued and heavy recruitment was very suspicious. Was the Governor building his own private army? Were large numbers of men deserting, and if so, where to and for what reason?

Weapon and equipment stock checks displayed many worrying anomalies. Why was so much ammunition being used if no sanctioned military actions had taken place for ten years? Why had so much equipment simply "gone missing"? All mention of one of the capital city's main arsenals completely ceased after a certain date.

Other matters also concerned me. Reports from the Adeptus Ministorum were uncharacteristically vague. Analyses of the native cults were intriguing but woefully incomplete. In retrospect, passing references to worship of the 'great mother in the sky' are particularly ominous..."

Excerpt from an Imperial memorandum written by Inquisitor Masada. Three separate expeditions were sent to the Delta Tao sector, one headed by Masada himself. None of them ever returned. To this date no Imperial forces have been able to penetrate the warp storms surrounding the area, and it has been declared 'Perdita'.

1. Monstrous Creatures

These include: Hive Tyrants
Carnifexes
Tyranid Warriors
Lictors
Zoanthropes

2. Man-sized Creatures

These include: Termagants
Hormagaunts
Gargoyles
Genestealers
Biovores

3. Smaller Creatures

These include: Spore Mines
Ripper Swarms

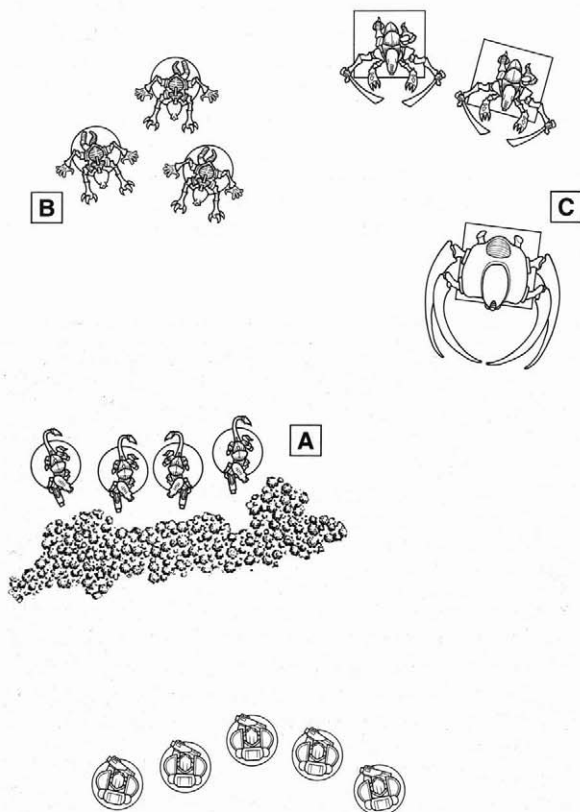
A squad must normally fire at the closest possible target unit. A unit could be defined as anything from a single Hive Tyrant to a brood of twenty four Termagants; as long as it is closest to the firing squad it is a legitimate target. A number of exceptions that apply to this general rule are listed below.

Normally the members of a squad must all fire at the same target unit. For example, a player might say, "This squad of Space Marines is firing at that brood of Termagants". However, troopers within the squad armed with special or heavy weapons such as meltaguns or lascannon are allowed to fire at a different-sized target because they will have been instructed to be on the lookout for large creatures or similar threats and will act accordingly.

Heroes and other special characters are always allowed to fire at whatever targets they want to if they are shooting with a pistol or basic weapon. If they are armed with a heavy weapon they are subject to the Choosing a Target rules, just like ordinary troopers.

Ordinary troopers must always choose the nearest target unit with the following exceptions.

1. A squad or model may ignore a unit of monstrous creatures in favour of other targets, or other targets in favour of a unit of monstrous creatures. In other words, you can choose to shoot at the closest unit of monstrous creatures or the closest unit of man-sized creatures. Obviously a trooper armed with a tank-busting lascannon isn't going to waste his time firing at Termagants if he can see a Carnifex bearing down on him!
2. Targets in cover may be ignored in favour of targets in the open, even though the targets in cover may be closer. This takes into account situations where it may be either impossible or practically impossible to hit the enemy because they are behind cover whilst troops in the open are an obvious alternative target.
3. Smaller creatures can always be ignored in favour of other targets unless they are within 6" of the firing models. If these creatures are within 6" the squad must fire at them in preference to other targets because they present a very immediate threat.



The Space Marines can shoot at:

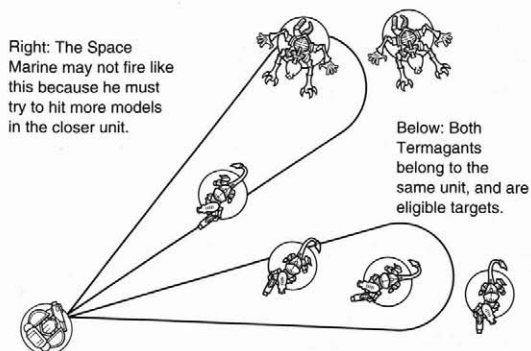
- a) The Termagants (closest target)
- b) The Genestealers (in the open)
- c) The Carnifex (closest monstrous creature)

CHOOSING A TARGET WITH UNUSUAL WEAPONRY

The Choosing a Target rules apply to all weapons, even those with templates, blast markers or sustained fire dice. This is because these rules represent snap decisions being made by individual troopers about how to stay alive by blasting the nearest enemy. Remember that troops would lack a player's god-like overview and will almost always be concerned with eliminating the nearest threat even at the cost of ignoring a far deadlier enemy that is further away.

The Choosing a Target rules mean that multiple hits from sustained fire weapons must all be applied to the same target unit. For example, they cannot be spread among several different units within 4" of the model which was first hit. So, if your Assault cannon hit a Tyranid Warrior brood and scored six hits, all of those hits would have to be applied to the Warriors, not one could be applied to that Zoanthrope just behind them. Also note that hits from a sustained fire weapon cannot be applied to models that would have been harder to hit than the first model hit, so if you hit a model in the open you can't use sustained fire hits to march along his buddies in hard cover behind a wall.

Likewise, if you are firing a template or blast marker weapon it has to be fired at the closest unit and it would have to be placed so that most of the models hit were out of the target unit. The blast marker or template clipping another unit just behind or to the side of the closest unit is acceptable; clipping the closest unit on the way to sneakily hit the unit behind it is not.



Right: The Space Marine may not fire like this because he must try to hit more models in the closer unit.

Below: Both Termagants belong to the same unit, and are eligible targets.

HIDING

As a supremely predatory life form Tyranids are instinctive experts at hunting and stalking their prey. Even monstrous Tyranid Warriors and Hive Tyrants can blend into their surroundings with astounding skill for such large creatures. Because of this all Tyranid creatures are able to hide in or behind cover just like ordinary troopers. Of course something huge like a Carnifex is not going to be able to hide behind a small bush very convincingly so as a rule of thumb a creature may only hide behind a rock, wall, bush or other piece of cover if it is at least half covered by it. Tyranids inside woods, jungles, craters, buildings or similar areas of cover can always hide.

SPECIAL WEAPONS VS TYRANIDS

Because of their unique metabolism and alien psychology Tyranids are affected differently by certain weapons and are entirely immune to others. Most of the more common weapons and grenades are listed below.



FLAMERS

Tyrant creatures suffer damage from flamer hits as normal, and may be set on fire by them. However, the Tyrant hive mind ensures that even burning Tyrants can ignore the flames and continue to move and shoot as normal.

Any Tyrant creature that is immune to psychology either naturally or because it is within range of a Hive Tyrant or Tyrant Warrior may continue to move and fight if it is set on fire by a flamer. The creature must still roll for damage from the flames at the start of each of its turns.

NEEDLE RIFLES/PISTOLS/ SHURIKEN SHRIEKER AMMO

All Tyrants are completely immune to the toxin used in these weapons.

HEAVY BOLTER HELLFIRE SHELLS

The mutagenic acid used in Hellfire shells was mainly developed to deal with Tyrants and they are vulnerable to it, so the shells have their full effect against Tyrants.

GRENADES

Tyrants are completely immune to the following grenade types: Choke, Hallucinogen, Scare, Toxin and Virus.

CONVERSION FIELD/ PHOTON FLASH FLARE

Tyrants count as unprotected troops against both these devices. They do, however, recover more quickly from the effects of the Photon Flash Flare. Tyrants recover from being blinded on a roll of 3 or more on a D6 instead of 5 or more.

ORK FIELD ARTILLERY

Smasha Gun: When rolling to hit with a Smasha gun treat Tyrant Warriors, Zoanthropes and Lictors as Terminator-sized targets. Hive Tyrants and Carnifexes count as Dreadnought-sized targets.

Pulsa Rokkit and Shokk attack gun: All Tyrants are counted as "foot troops" against these weapons.

Squig Catapult: Any Tyrants not specifically listed on the Squig catapult list count as "Tyrants" and have a 4+ saving throw against Buzzer squigs.

TYRANIDS IN CLOSE COMBAT

In spite of their extensive evolutions Tyrants still rely on close combat to smash their opponents. Few would doubt them to be the deadliest hand-to-hand opponents in the galaxy, fewer still have fought them hand-to-hand and lived to tell the tale. Because of this superlative capacity for ripping opponents apart, hand-to-hand combat will often play a major part in a battle with Tyrants. With this in mind it's worth going over some of the finer points of hand-to-hand combat with a particular eye to Tyrants.

DECLARING CHARGES

As a Tyrant player the first thing you should do at the start of your turn is look at the positions of your troops and make sure that you declare which Individual Tyrants and Broods will be charging. It is very important to declare charges before you move any of your models. If you fail to declare charges with some of your models you can't move them into hand-to-hand combat that turn.

Note that you don't have to be able to see an enemy in order to declare a charge against them, so you can charge foes that are hiding or out of sight.

CHARGING INTO COMBAT

When you charge into combat move each model one by one. Take into account any movement reductions for terrain and obstacles that the model moves over. Remember that a charging model must engage the nearest enemy model but you can ignore enemy models which are already engaged in hand-to-hand combat when the charging model moves. This means that you can use cheap creatures like Hormagaunts to tie up opposing foot troops (if you remember to move them first) while your Lictor charges in to attack an enemy hero or psyker, for example.

"The onrushing hordes of a Tyrant swarm are a terrible sight to behold: scuttling Termagants rub shoulders with deadly Genestealers, huge Carnifexes lumber forward beside tall Tyrant Warriors in an avalanche of rattling armour plates, glittering fangs and gigantic claws. Discipline is hard to maintain against such a horrifying foe as many men are driven mad with despair or frozen with terror at their approach.

It is well known that destroying the more intelligent creatures in the swarm is essential to stop a Tyrant advance. Training in recognition and fire discipline is of some help in identifying the best targets but the chaos and confusion of the battlefield make it difficult for troops to pick out their targets amidst the swarming mass of creatures. Ultimately it has proven best to direct fire at the largest Tyrants in sight and pray to the Emperor that some of them are the leaders."

Inquisitor Agmar: Halting the Abomination

BREAKING OFF FROM COMBAT

Normally, creatures can't voluntarily break off from hand-to-hand combat and if they do their opponent has a chance to strike at their unguarded back as they move away. However, some Tyranids are so big and powerful that they can simply brush man-sized opponents aside and lumber through an opposing battle line almost at will.

Hive Tyrants, Lictors, Zoanthropes, Tyranid Warriors and Carnifexes (ie, creatures designated as 'monstrous' in the Choosing a Target section) can move away from hand-to-hand combat opponents in their movement phase.



When these creatures move out of combat they may not run or hide but they may shoot. If one of these creatures is in hand-to-hand combat with an opponent which is fighting other Tyranids it can declare a charge against a different enemy because it can ignore the opponent it is already in combat with.

FIRING INTO HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

It is quite likely that opposing players will want to shoot at Tyranids which are in close combat with their own troops. This is a legitimate, if desperate, tactic that can backfire. Work out the shooting as normal and then randomly allocate the resulting hits between the models in combat. Because the fighting models would be leaping, ducking and diving all over the place, template or blast marker hits are randomly allocated as well. So, for example, if a flamer were fired at a Hormagaunt in close combat with a Space Marine the hit would still be randomly allocated between the two combatants.

When it comes to randomly allocating hits 'monstrous' Tyranids (Hive Tyrants, et al) count as being twice as big as a man and small creatures (Rippers etc) count as being half as big. For example, if you were randomly allocating hits between a Space Marine and a Tyranid Warrior by rolling a D6, the Space Marine would hit on a roll of 1 or 2 and the Warrior would be hit on a roll of 3, 4, 5 or 6, making the Warrior twice as likely to be hit because of its great size.

SQUAD/BROOD COHERENCY

Models in hand-to-hand combat may be ignored for the purposes of the Squad or Brood coherency rule. They are allowed to be more than 2" away from the rest of their squad or brood. Models which follow-up are also permitted to move out of the normal 2" coherency distance. However, once a close combat engagement is over models become subject to the Coherency rules again, and must move back to within 2" of the rest of their squad or brood as soon as possible. See the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for the full Squad Coherency rules.

TYRANID VICTORY POINT TABLES

Tyranid creatures and broods don't quite fit into the standard Warhammer 40,000/Dark Millennium victory point tables so we have produced some extra tables specifically for Tyranids. As ever, the points shown on the tables are cumulative, so a 101 to 200 point brood is worth 1 victory point when it is reduced to 50% strength and another 1 victory point when it is destroyed or if it is suffering broken morale at the end of the game.

BROODS

The Broods category includes Tyranid Warriors, Genestealers, Termagants, Hormagaunts, Gargoyles and Ripper Swarms.

Each Brood	50%+ Casualties	Broken*/Wiped Out
If it has a value of up to 100 points	0 victory point	1 victory point
If it has a value of 101 to 200 points	1 victory point	1 victory point
If it has a value of 201 to 300 points	1 victory point	2 victory points
If it has a value of 301 to 400 points	2 victory points	2 victory points
If it has a value of more than 400 points	2 victory point	3 victory points

*A brood which is broken at the end of the game counts as wiped out for the purposes of counting victory points.



The points value of a brood includes the cost of any biomorphs it has and any weapon upgrades.

INDIVIDUALS

The Individuals category includes Hive Tyrants, Lictors, Zoanthropes, Carnifexes and Biovores. Even though Carnifexes and Biovores come out of the Support section of the army list they count as Individuals for victory points.

Each Individual	Wounded	Killed
With a value of up to 100 points	0 victory points	1 victory point
With a value of 101 to 200 points	0 victory points	2 victory points
With a value of 201 to 300 points	1 victory points	2 victory points
With a value of 301 points or more	1 victory points	3 victory points

The points value of Individuals includes the value of any additional biomorphs, psychic powers and weapons they have. In the case of Biovores, include the value of the spore mines the Biovore was carrying at the start of the battle.

THE TYRANID CONQUEST

The driving force behind Tyranid conquest is the fundamental tenet of all life: Dominate, Consume, Expand. The actions of the entire hive fleet and its individual organisms are solely directed towards subjugating all other life forms so that they can become the sole dominant life form. Once all resistance is eliminated on a world or in a star system the hive mind can exploit the resources it controls to create more Tyranids and expand further.

It is a mistake to assume that this makes the Tyranids fight in a simplistic manner because they always learn quickly. The first Tyranid invasion, Hive Fleet Behemoth, attacked like a charging animal. Behemoth's attacks were massive and direct with all the forces the Tyranids could muster being thrown forward regardless of the cost. Though this made the hive fleet almost impossible to stop at first, the invasion was finally defeated when it encountered massed Imperial resistance at the Battle of Macragge.

The second Tyranid invasion by Hive Fleet Kraken has seen the Tyranids spreading their forces more evenly so that they can attack over a broad front. This makes defence exceedingly difficult because the Tyranids will exploit any weakness in the defenders' line to break through and encircle their forces.

In planetary conflicts the Tyranids have learned how to strike at the nervous system of the forces fighting them. They do this by infiltrating the enemy's lines and ambushing men and supplies when their guard is down. Headquarters and supply dumps are regularly attacked miles behind the front lines, reinforcements are wiped out before they reach the battle and rest camps are mercilessly ravaged.

To counter these tactics commanders have increasingly found themselves forced to set up heavily fortified strongpoints to hold the front line while using a large portion of their forces to patrol the rear and hunt down raiding Tyranids. Thus the major Tyranid assaults against fortresses and cities are played out against the backdrop of a thousand other desperate fights against the invaders. The naked ferocity of the Tyranid attacks remains undimmed but whether or not a commander can hope to resist them often depends on the success or failure of the troops struggling to guard his back.

MISSIONS

"I know you may find the Tyranids physically repellant to look at, but believe me, you don't want to let them get out of your sight."

Hojan Storall, Technomagos of the Adeptus Mechanicus.

Because of the unique nature of Tyranid forces some of the Mission cards are not appropriate against them. Because Tyranids simply don't have bases to raid, ammunition to steal and bunkers to assault only the following missions may be taken against Tyranids:

- Engage and Destroy
- The Assassins/Witch Hunt
- Hold the Line
- Take and Hold

Tyranids pick their mission from the hive mind at random from the following selection:

D6 Roll	Result
1	Bunker Assault (Re-roll if the enemy is not using any bunkers)
2	Engage and Destroy
3	Dawn Raid
4	Terrorise (new mission)
5	Tyranid Attack (new mission)
6	Trap (new mission)

Mission cards for Terrorise, Tyranid Attack and Trap can be found in the colour pages of this volume.

STRATEGY

Tyranids don't use the Strategy cards from the Dark Millennium supplement. They also have a strategy rating of 1, unimpressive to say the least. This is because the Tyranids' strategy doesn't concern gaining the initiative in limited areas, it is all-encompassing and is enacted across the entire planet, very likely throughout the entire star system.

The total war fought by the Tyranids places immense strain on the fighting forces trying to stop them as they are constantly under threat. After a short time fighting Tyranids, units of warriors are exhausted and their spirit is broken.

In games of Warhammer 40,000 these disruptions of the fighting forces are represented by rolling on the appropriate event tables shown below. Rolls are made before either side deploys or the enemy plays any Strategy cards. The Tyranid player rolls a D6 for each squad, vehicle, Dreadnought/Walker and character model (not including champions) in the opposing force. Which table to use for different units is summarised below.

Squad Event Table. All Squads/mobs/Troupes/Korps/Herds etc (including bike and jetbike squads), Vehicle squadrons, Support weapon batteries.

Vehicle Event Table. All other vehicles except Dreadnoughts and Walkers.

Dreadnought/Walker Event Table. Dreadnoughts and Walkers (such as War Walkers, Sentinels etc).

Character Event Table. All characters above Champion level and all psykers.

Make a note of any forces that have been affected by events so that you don't forget about them once the game is under way.

STRATEGY CARDS VS TYRANIDS

Players fighting against Tyranids should remove the following strategy cards from the deck before they draw their cards for the game: Virus Outbreak, Malfunction and Traitor.

Also note that against Tyranids the Crack Shot card halves the target's Toughness value, rounding up.

SQUAD EVENT TABLE

D6 Result

- 6 *"They're all around us!"* The squad had to approach the battlefield cautiously in case they unwittingly walked into an ambush. The squad is not deployed at the start of the game. Instead, it moves on from the edge of the table in the player's deployment zone at the start of turn 2. Roll another D6: if you roll a 4, 5 or 6 a randomly chosen member of the squad disappears without trace before the start of the game. Note this is the only result on this table which will affect Eldar Wraithguard.
- 5 *"Jones is acting strangely."* One of the members of the squad has been acting strangely. Roll a D6 at the start of each Tyranid turn, and on a roll of 6 randomly select a model from the squad. If the model is already dead nothing happens. If the model is still alive it is instantly killed as a barbed strangler organism bursts out of it and attempts to consume everything nearby. See the Tyranid Bio-weapons section for rules.
- 4 *"We can't take any more!"* The squad has fought in several battle against the Tyranids and has seen too much horror and bloodshed already. Their nerve is wearing thin so they count all Tyranids as causing *fear* and count those that normally cause fear as causing *terror* instead. Note that this special event will not affect a vehicle squadron's normal immunity to psychology.
- 1-3 *No effect.* By dint of careful preparations and good leadership the squad has avoided any serious mishaps.

DREADNOUGHT & WALKER
EVENT TABLE

D6 Result

- 6 *Corrosive Damage.* The Walker or Dreadnought has suffered damage from windblown spores which have heavily corroded its metal components. In the Walker or Dreadnought's first turn roll for a random hit location on the vehicle datacard and then roll a D3 (roll a D6: 1-2 = 1, 3-4 = 2, 5-6 = 3) on the appropriate damage table for the effect. Re-roll the dice if the damage hits the crewman.
- 5 *"They're all around us!"* The Walker or Dreadnought had to approach the battlefield cautiously in case it unwittingly walked into an ambush. The Walker or Dreadnought is not deployed at the start of the game. Instead, it moves on from the edge of the table in the player's deployment zone at the start of turn 2.
- 4 *Low on Fuel.* Tyranid infiltrators have destroyed several supply dumps and the Walker or Dreadnought is now dangerously low on fuel. Roll a D6 each time the vehicle moves and add +2 if it is running or charging. If the total is 6 or more the Walker or Dreadnought is immobilised for the rest of the game through lack of fuel.
- 1-3 *No Effect.* The Walker or Dreadnought has been carefully protected and avoided any serious mishaps.

VEHICLES EVENT TABLE

D6 Result

- 6 *Corrosive Damage.* The vehicle has suffered heavy corrosion damage from windblown spores. In the vehicle's first turn roll for a random hit location on the vehicle datacard and then roll a D3 (roll a D6: 1-2 = 1, 3-4 = 2, 5-6 = 3) on the appropriate damage table for the effect. Re-roll the dice if the damage hits crew or passengers.
- 5 *"They're all around us!"* The vehicle had to approach the battlefield cautiously in case it unwittingly drove into an ambush. The vehicle is not deployed at the start of the game, instead it moves on from the edge of the table in the player's deployment zone at the start of turn 2. Roll another D6, and if you roll a 4, 5 or 6 a randomly chosen member of the vehicle's crew disappears without trace before the start of the game. The remaining crew may swap positions to ensure the vehicle has a driver.
- 4 *"What the *****!"* A small Tyranid organism has got onboard the vehicle and is lurking in a dark corner. Roll a D6 each time the vehicle moves: on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 the creature scuttles out and attacks a randomly chosen member of the crew in hand-to-hand combat. If the driver is attacked the vehicle will move out of control that turn, if a gunner is attacked the gunner's weapon can't fire that turn. The creature has the characteristics shown below. Neither side counts as charging and other crewmen can't help out the crewman being attacked (the organism is too small). If the creature kills the crewman it is attacking it will attack another in the next turn and continue to attack until the whole crew is dead or it is.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Skulker	-	3	-	3	1	1	4	1	-

- 1-3 *No effect.* The vehicle has been carefully protected and avoided any serious mishaps.

CHARACTERS EVENT TABLE

D6 Result

- 6 *Wounded.* The character was wounded in a previous encounter with Tyranids and has not fully recovered. The character has one less wound than normal, down to a minimum of 1 wound.
- 2-5 *OK.* Through common sense and good luck the character has avoided any mishaps.
- 1 *Hatred.* The character has learned to loathe and despise the Tyranids for the destruction they wreak, making the character subject to the psychology rules for *hatred* against Tyranids. See the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for more details.



TYRANID ARMY LIST

The Tyranid army list has been designed so that you can choose an army to a pre-set points value agreed by you and your opponent.

There is no upper limit to the size of an army, but 500 points is about the smallest size for a battleworthy force. A 1,500 point battle will usually last an entire evening, while 3,000 points will give you a battle that will take most of a day to fight, and the army lists have been designed to suit battles of about this size as a maximum. If you wish to fight extremely large battles (say more than 6,000 points a side) you may wish to introduce additional restrictions on the number of individuals and support items otherwise these will tend to dominate the battle to the exclusion of other troops – this is left to experienced players to agree amongst themselves.



Most players prefer to collect their armies in blocks of 500 or 1,000 points worth of troops. For example, you might begin with a core force of 500 points and build it up by adding 500 points at a time. This allows you to conveniently plan your purchases and gives you time to paint the models and try them out on the tabletop before deciding what to add next.

It is usual for each side to begin with an equal points value of troops, say 2,000 points a side. Each player picks his force from the appropriate Warhammer 40,000 army list, up to the agreed points value. The total points value of your army may be less than the agreed amount but it cannot be more – you will often be a few points short simply because there is nothing left to spend the last few odd points on.

THE ARMY

When you choose a Tyranid army you can spend your points on three categories of troops: Individuals, Broods and Support. You are permitted to spend only a proportion of your total points on each of these categories. For example, you may spend up to a maximum of 50% of your points on Support. These limitations are designed to ensure armies are reasonably balanced and don't consist entirely of Hive Tyrants or Carnifexes. The proportion of points that can be spent on each category is summarised immediately before the army list under the heading 'Army Selection'.

INDIVIDUALS

You are free to spend up to 50% of your army's points total on Individuals. These are creatures that are sufficiently attuned to the hive mind to fight independently of the broods of lesser beasts. Your army must be commanded by a Hive Tyrant from the Individuals section of the army list.

The points value of Individuals includes the value of their biomorphs and additional weaponry. The points values of biomorphs is included on the list which appears on the next two pages, immediately before the main army list. The cost of weaponry is included in the individual army list entries.

Army Commander

As noted above, the Tyranid army MUST be led by a Hive Tyrant. Because you need a commander you must always spend some points on Individuals. If the army includes two or more Hive Tyrants, then you may choose which will lead it. However, you must announce to your opponent which model you have chosen before either side has set up.

BROODS

At least 25% of your army's points must be spent on broods. Broods are the Tyranid equivalent of squads of troops in more conventional armies, though instead of being trained together the broods are genetically engineered and spawned together.

Broods are subject to all of the rules for coherency, Break tests and psychology which apply to squads unless noted otherwise. The broods form the rank and file of a Tyranid swarm, giving it the weight in numbers it needs to overrun the enemy.

Brood sizes vary and you are free to choose the size of a brood within the limits indicated in the list. For example, a Termagant brood may contain between 6 and 24 Termagants, whilst a Tyranid Warrior brood may have between 3 and 6 Warriors.

SUPPORT

You can spend up to one half of the army's points on Support. The Support section of the army list describes specialised Tyranid creatures used to shatter particularly strong defences. Unlike more conventional armies the Tyranids are not required to include technicians or crew in the force in order to operate support weaponry, instead these living weapons load and fire themselves.

Allies

The Tyranids are a race so alien and inimical to all the inhabitants of the galaxy that they have no allies among them, nor would they use allies if they were available. The only help the Tyranids receive is from their own Genestealer infiltrators, and even they are unaware of their role until they are reabsorbed by the hive ships along with their progeny.

NEW MODELS

New Citadel miniatures for the Tyranid army will be released in the future. Details of these new models and any special rules that apply to them will be published in White Dwarf magazine at the same time that the model is released. White Dwarf is available through all the major newsagents, while the Games Workshop stores and Mail Order department carry the latest issue and a selection of back issues.

Usually the rules article for a new model will include an entry for you to add to the Tyranid Codex army list. However, this is not always the case, especially with new weapon options for existing Tyranid creatures. In the case of weapon options or other upgrades, simply make a note on the relevant entry in the army list about the new option.

TYRANID BIOMORPHS

All studies on the Tyranids agree that the species is constantly evolving to counteract and overcome any resistance to their spread throughout space. On each world the Tyranids conquer they adapt to their new environment so rapidly and efficiently that they soon oust or subvert all native life forms before they strip the planet of its resources.

Unusually, Tyranid patterns of evolution seem to begin in the higher creatures and then cascade down, increasing in extremity in the lesser creatures. This means that the lesser creatures are diversified into distinct sub-species, such as Hormagaunts and Gargoyles, while the higher creatures are subject to changes on a more individual basis. Hence one Tyranid Warrior may be faster or more heavily armoured than another, or it may exhibit even more exaggerated characteristics such as venomous claws, acidic blood, psychic powers and so forth.

The following biomorphs are used to represent the evolution of Tyranid creatures into ever more murderous fighting machines. The Army List section indicates whether a creature can be upgraded at all and this is summarised below for convenience.

Creature	Maximum number of Biomorphs
Hive Tyrant	3
Carnifex	2
Lictor	1
Tyranid Warrior	1

Creatures that can have multiple biomorphs must choose different ones, they cannot take the same upgrade more than once. If a biomorph is chosen for a brood of creatures from the Broods section of the army list (like Tyranid Warriors for example) all of the creatures must have the same upgrade.

ACID BLOOD +5 points per model

The creature's blood and bodily fluids have been altered to become highly acidic so if it is wounded its attackers are likely to find themselves sprayed with powerful acids. If the creature is wounded or killed in hand-to-hand combat all models in base-to-base contact with it will suffer an automatic hit with a Strength equal to the creature's Toughness. The acid will cause 1 wound and has a saving throw modifier of -1 for each point of Strength over 3 (eg S5 equals a -2 saving throw modifier).



ADRENALINE SAC +10 points per model

The creature has a store of adrenaline that it can use to sharpen its reflexes to a preternatural level for a short period of time. Once per game the creature may charge or run and fire in the shooting phase in the same turn even if it is using a move or fire weapon or fighting in hand-to-hand combat.

AURA OF TORMENT +10 points per model

The creature continuously projects a psychic aura of raw alien hostility which disturbs and disrupts the enemy, grating at the edge of their brains like a blunt razor blade being scraped across glass. All non-Tyranids within 8" of the creature suffer a -2 modifier to their Leadership characteristic for the purposes of Break tests, Rally tests and Leadership-based psychology tests.

BIO-PLASMA ATTACK +40 points per model

The creature has a modified gut and rasping plates in its oesophagus so that it can vomit forth bio-plasma bolts in the same way as a Carnifex. Remember that bio-plasma counts as a move or fire weapon so the creature may not use it if it moved in the movement phase. The creature may not use its bio-plasma attack and fire another weapon in the same shooting phase. See the Weapons section of this book for more details on bio-plasma.

ENHANCED SENSES +2 points per model

The creature has incredibly acute senses of sight, smell and hearing. This gives the creature a special ability to locate prey at up to triple its Initiative characteristic in inches (eg a Carnifex with this biomorph could locate enemy up to 18" away). Enemy models within this distance are spotted automatically if they are hidden. Camouflage is ineffective while the model using it is within this distance of the creature, and models may not infiltrate within this distance at the start of the game.

FLESH HOOKS +7 points per model

The creature has an altered rib cage that incorporates sharpened hooks which can be launched by a sharp muscle contraction. The creature can fire up to two flesh hooks at the same target in the shooting phase. The creature may not use its flesh hooks and fire another weapon in the same shooting phase. See the Weapons section for more details on flesh hooks.

HARDENED CARAPACE +10 points per model

The creature's carapace and bony armour plates have been thickened or hardened by using molecular bonding to add layers of carbon and silicon onto it. This gives the creature a 2+ saving throw on a D6. Note that Lictors' saving throws cannot be reduced to less than 5+ by weapon saving throw modifiers.



NULL ZONE +35 points per model

The creature can unconsciously dissipate surges of hostile warp energy. If the creature is affected by a psychic power it can nullify it on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6. This nullify can be used against powers targeted directly at the creature and against powers which affect an area or marker including the creature. Distortion cannon, Wraithcannon and Vortex grenades are weapons which use warp energy and the null zone also gives a 4+ save against these effects.

OPTIC MEMBRANES +1 point per model

The creature has secondary membranes which flick over its eyes to prevent it being blinded by sudden flashes of light. This gives the creature a 2+ saving throw on a D6 against being blinded by a photon flare, Conversion field or similar device.

REGENERATE +10 points per wound the model has

The creature's metabolic rate becomes so fast that it can heal the most severe damage in a matter of moments: its wounds close and knit up only seconds after they have been inflicted.

If the creature is reduced to 0 wounds place the model on its side to show that it is regenerating. The creature can still be fired at or hit in close combat while it is on its side, representing the enemy pouring extra fire into the creature to ensure that it is really dead. If the creature suffers any more hits while it is on its side make wound rolls and saving throws as normal and place extra wound markers with the creature as appropriate.

In the rally phase of the next Tyranid turn roll to regenerate each wound marker the creature has suffered (including wounds taken in previous turns). Roll a D6 for each marker: on a roll of 4-6 the wound marker is removed, on a roll of 1-3 the marker remains. If, after rolling to regenerate, the number of wound markers the creature has left is equal to or greater than its number of wounds the creature dies. If the creature has fewer wound markers than its number of wounds it clambers back to its feet/hoves/claws with a triumphant shriek and is able to act normally in the next turn. The creature's ability to regenerate is not affected by fire, plasma, melta hits etc.

TOUGHENED EXOSKELETON +10 points per model

The creature's exoskeleton has been toughened to make it more durable and harder to damage. This increases the creature's Toughness characteristic by +1 point up to a maximum of 10.

SHARPENED CLAWS +5 points per model

The creature's claws are extraordinarily long and sharp, with a monomolecular edge or a crackling field of psychic energy around them. The strength of the creature's close combat attacks is increased by +2 and its hits in close combat count as psychic attacks for the purposes of penetrating daemonic auras etc.

VENOM SACS +5 points per model

The creature has sacs of corrosive venom beneath its claws and fangs. Any hits the creature inflicts in close combat cause not 1 but D3 damage.



VOLTAGE FIELD +20 points per model

The creature is surrounded by a coruscating field of electrical power that dissipates the energy of hits and overloads force fields in close proximity. The creature gains an additional saving throw of 4 or more on a D6, which is unaffected by saving throw modifiers. If the creature is within 4" of a force field of any kind (such as Conversion or Displacer field) the voltage field will burn it out on a roll of 4 or more on a D6, rendering the force field inoperative for the rest of the game. In addition to these effects the surges of electricity give the creature a +1 bonus to its Strength characteristic in hand-to-hand combat.

WARP FIELD +40 points per model

The creature is protected by a psychic shield similar to the one created by a Zoanthrope. This does not require any Force cards to create and is present from the beginning of the game. Roll 2D6 against each attack that hits the creature. If the roll beats the Strength value of the attack the psychic shield stops it harming the creature in any way. If the 2D6 roll is equal to or less than the strength of the attack it pierces the shield: make wound rolls and take armour saves as normal.

Weapons that do not have a Strength value such as Wraithcannon, needle rifles, shock attack guns, Vortex grenades and the like count as being Strength 6 for penetrating the shield. The warp field will only protect against psychic powers which make an attack using a Strength value. Psychic powers that do not have Strength are unaffected by the shield.

SWARM SELECTION

Individuals	50%	Up to half the points value of the swarm may be chosen from the Individuals section of the swarm list.
Broods	25%+	At least a quarter of the points value of the swarm must be chosen from the Broods section of the swarm list. You may spend more if you wish.
Support	50%	Up to half the points value of the swarm may be chosen from the Support section of the swarm list.

INDIVIDUALS

1 + HIVE TYRANTS 164 points

The Hive Tyrant is a gigantic alien horror, a massively powerful creature coursing with the potent psychic energy of the hive mind. Hive Tyrants are normally encountered individually as the leaders of Tyranid swarms, acting as conduits for the impulses of the hive mind. However, large Tyranid forces may be led by several of these powerful creatures.

The Tyranid swarm must be commanded by at least one Hive Tyrant. You may include up to one Hive Tyrant per 1,000 points in the force.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hive Tyrant	6	9	7	6	6	5	8	5	10

WEAPONS Claws, jaws and a bad attitude.

ARMOUR Chitin carapace (4+ save on a D6).

BIOMORPHS The Hive Tyrant may have up to 3 biomorphs.

WARGEAR The Hive Tyrant may choose one weapon from the following list at the additional points cost indicated:

Venom Cannon	40 per model
Devourer	9 per model
Barbed Strangler	31 per model

Deathspitter 13 per model

The Hive Tyrant may choose two weapons from the following list at the additional points cost indicated:

Lash Whip	9 per model
Bonesword	6 per model
Spinefist	7 per model

STRATEGY

The Hive Tyrant has a strategy rating of 1.

SPECIAL

The Hive Tyrant may have up to four psychic powers at the following points costs:

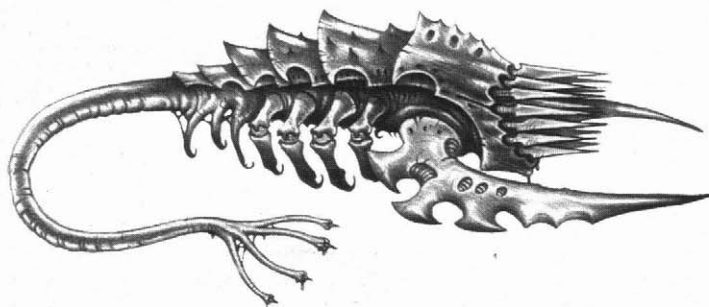
The Horror	25
Psychic Scream	15
Catalyst	40
Hypnotic Gaze	20

The Hive Tyrant always has an effective psychic mastery level of 4 regardless of the actual number of powers it has.

Any Tyranid creatures within 18" of a Hive Tyrant automatically pass any Ld test.

Broken broods within 18" of a Hive Tyrant automatically rally in the rally phase.

Hive Tyrants cause *terror*.



SPINEFIST

The Spinefist is a symbiote weapon-creature carried by Hive Tyrants and Tyranid Warriors. The creature clamps itself to the user's wrist and forearm with the claws of its legs, and curls its muscular tail round their arm. When instructed to fire, the Spinefist unleashes a lethal salvo of poisonous spines.



ZOANTHROPES 120 points

Zoanthropes are extreme genetic creations which have psychic powers coded into their very cells. Zoanthropes are related to the powerful Tyranid Warriors, though their bodies have become wasted and enfeebled as they rely ever more greatly on their psychic powers to survive. However, the powers possessed by Zoanthropes are fearsome: in battle they can hurl blasts of warp energy which will vapourise metal and disintegrate flesh in an instant. Zoanthropes also protect themselves with a powerful psychic barrier which makes them almost invulnerable to enemy fire.

The Tyranid swarm may include any number of Zoanthropes.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Zoanthrope	4	4	5	4	4	3	3	2	10

WEAPONS Claws.

ARMOUR None.

SPECIAL The Zoanthrope has special psychic powers, see the Tyranid Forces section for further details. In addition, Zoanthropes are immune to all psychology and Break tests.

LICTORS 96 points

Lictors are silent and deadly hunters, predatory stalkers that seek out the flesh of weaker species for the swarms to consume. A Lictor is almost impossible to catch because of its genetically-engineered agility and alertness, combined with its covering of chameleonic scales these make it virtually undetectable. When stealth has served its purpose a Lictor makes its attack, butchering its victim with awesome strength. Every Lictor is a walking arsenal of death armed with razor-edged claws, poison and lethal flesh hooks to snare its prey.

The Tyranid swarm may include any number of Lictors.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lictor	6	7	4	6	5	3	8	4	10

WEAPONS Claws and flesh hooks.

ARMOUR Chitin carapace (5+ unmodified save on a D6).

BIOMORPHS A Lictor may have up to 1 biomorph.

SPECIAL Lictors cause *fear*. In addition Lictors are immune to all psychology and Break tests.

"The column was moving along a road through grassland dotted with groves of trees. We didn't see them until we were right on top of them and then all the warning we had was a sudden rustling in the long grass before they broke over us like a wave of razor-edged death. I only escaped because I was on my bike at the head of the column and got out of there in time. The rest of the company was wiped out within minutes by a force no more than half their number."

*Testimony of Corporal Jarrac,
late of the 81st Thessarus Regiment,
now serving with the Penal Legion.*

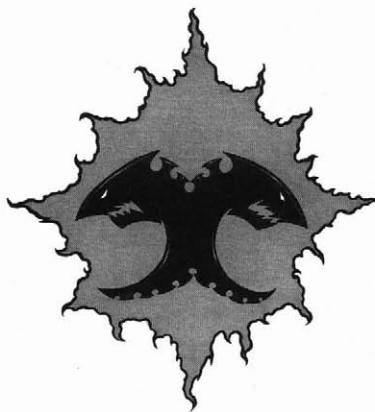
BROODS

TYRANID

WARRIOR BROOD 55 points per model

Tyranid Warriors form the heart of the dreaded Tyranid swarms. Engineered to be the most deadly soldiers of the Tyranid race, Warriors are powerful, accurate, agile, devastating in close combat and exceedingly difficult to kill. Tyranid Warriors are intelligent and flexible enough to use different weaponry and they wield the greatest variety of symbiote bio-weapons of all Tyranid creatures.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tyranid Warrior	6	6	4	5	5	2	5	3	10



BROOD Each brood consists of 3 to 6 Tyranid Warriors.

WEAPONS Two Boneswords.

ARMOUR Chitinous armour (5+ save on a D6).

BIOMORPHS The Tyranid Warrior brood may have up to 1 biomorph.

WARGEAR Any number of models may replace their Boneswords with a weapon chosen from the following list at the additional points cost indicated:

Deathspitter 6 per model
Devourer 2 per model
Lash Whip
& Bonesword 8 per model
Spinefist & Bonesword .. 6 per model

Up to 1 model per brood may replace their Boneswords with a weapon chosen from the following list at the additional points cost indicated:

Barbed Strangler 24 per model
Venom Cannon 33 per model

SPECIAL

Any Tyranid creatures within 12" of a Tyranid Warrior automatically pass any Ld test. In addition, Tyranid Warriors are immune to all psychology and Break tests.

Tyranid Warriors cause *fear*.

GENESTEALER

BROOD 28 points per model

Genestealers form the vanguard of the Tyranid invasion, infiltrating ahead of the hive fleets to disrupt the enemy's domination of worlds in their path. Once the hive fleets engage in battle Genestealers form part of the first waves of shock/assault troops which overrun the foe. Genestealers are totally adapted for fighting in close combat and they excel at it like no other creature in the galaxy.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Genestealer	6	7	0	6	4	1	7	4	10

BROOD The brood consists of 6 to 12 Genestealers.

WEAPONS Claws.

ARMOUR Chitinous armour (5+ save on a D6).

WARGEAR None.

SPECIAL Genestealers are immune to all psychology.
Genestealers cause fear.

TERMAGANT

BROOD 6 points per model

Broods of scuttling Termagants make up much of the bulk of Tyranid swarms. Termagants fight in large groups, using speed and aggression to make up for their lack of individual size and strength. They are often used to probe defences, trigger ambushes and to form skirmish screens protecting more valuable creatures such as Genestealers while they close in.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Termagant	6	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

BROOD The brood consists of 6 to 24 Termagants

WEAPONS Fleshborer.

ARMOUR None.

WARGEAR Any number of models may exchange their Fleshborer for a weapon chosen from the following list at the additional points cost indicated:

- Spike rifle 1 per model
- Strangleweb 6 per model



Fleshborer



HORMAGAUNT

BROOD 8 points per model

Hormagaunts are specialised bio-forms of the Termagant genus that have been adapted for fighting in close combat. Broods of Hormagaunts are extraordinarily vicious and single minded and will attack opponents of any size without hesitation. Hormagaunts have exaggerated scythe-like claws and powerful legs which drive them forward in a series of bounding leaps as they hunt.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hormagaunt	6	4	0	4	3	1	4	2	5

BROOD The brood consists of 6 to 24 Hormagaunts.

WEAPONS Claws.

ARMOUR None.

GARGOYLE

BROOD 16 points per model

Gargoyles are creatures adapted for sowing terror and confusion amidst the foe as they flap and wheel overhead on their leathery pinions. They are the third and most extreme variant of the Termagant genus, having almost lost their legs for broad, membranous wings. Gargoyles invariably carry a symbiote weapon known as a flamespurt which they use to drive troops out of cover and into the path of the swarm.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gargoyle	20	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	5

BROOD The brood consists of 6 to 12 Gargoyles.

WEAPONS Flamespurt.

ARMOUR None.

SPECIAL Gargoyles can fly up to 20" in their movement phase.

SUPPORT

ALLIES

A Tyranid swarm may not include any allies.

CARNIFEXES 199 points

Carnifexes are living battering rams of bone, muscle and sinew which are used to smash through enemy defensive positions. Their lethal sickle-like fighting arms and bio-plasma attacks can destroy even tanks and Dreadnoughts with comparative ease and they are so tough that they are almost impossible to stop with conventional weaponry.

The Tyranid swarm may include any number of Carnifexes.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Carnifex	6	6	4	7	8	10	6	4	10

WEAPONS Claws and bio-plasma attack.

ARMOUR Chitin carapace (3+ save on 2D6).

BIOMORPHS A Carnifex may have up to two biomorphs.

SPECIAL Carnifexes cause terror.

O-1 RIPPER SWARM 20 points per base

Ripper swarms are made up of dozens of small Tyranid organisms which form a writhing mat of jagged fangs and plates. The creatures consume all available bio-mass as the Tyranids advance, storing it for easy assimilation into the spawning vats of the hive fleets.

A Tyranid swarm may include up to one Ripper swarm.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ripper base	4	3	0	4	3	5	1	5	10

SWARM A Ripper swarm consists of any number of Ripper bases.

WEAPONS Jaws.

ARMOUR None.

SPECIAL Ripper swarms are immune to all psychology and Break tests.

Enemy models in hand-to-hand combat with Ripper bases do not count the bonus for multiple attackers. Ripper bases do count the bonus for multiple attackers against enemy models.

"When you fight Tyranids you face not only those before you on the field of battle but the untold thousands which seek to surround you, which attack your supporting units and destroy your supply lines in perfect synchronicity."

*Lieutenant-Colonel Uskra,
13th/23rd Tiger Lizards Imperial Guard regt.*



SPORE MINES 10 points per model

Spore mines are deadly living bombs which drift across the battlefield buoyed up by an internal bladder of explosive gas. When they come into contact with any non-Tyranid life form, they explode – spraying the area with carapace shrapnel, fiery gas, acid droplets and virulent alien viruses.

Spore mines can be purchased as ammunition for Biovores and they can also be taken as 'free floating' mines which are deployed with the rest of the Tyranid force at the beginning of the game. A Tyranid swarm may include any number of spore mines.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spore Mine	2D6	0	0	1	4	1	1	0	10

WEAPONS None.

ARMOUR None.

SPECIAL Spore mines are immune to all psychology and Break tests.

Spore mines move 2D6" in a random direction in each Tyranid movement phase. If they move within 1" of a non Tyranid model they explode, hitting everything within D6". Hits are S5 and cause D3 damage with a -2 save modifier, armour penetration is 10+2D3+D6. Tyranid creatures hit by a spore mine suffers a S5 hit causing 1 damage with no save modifier.

BIOVORES 20 points per model

Biovores are literally walking guns: they are bred only to nurture and launch deadly spore mines. Biovores have only recently appeared in Tyranid swarms, prompting speculation that they have been evolved specifically for use in this galaxy.

Because Biovores are relatively uncommon, a Tyranid swarm may include a maximum of one Biovore per 750 points in the force.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Biovore	4	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	10

WEAPONS Jaws.

ARMOUR None.

SPECIAL The Biovore can carry up to 6 spore mines (which are purchased separately) and may launch one mine in each of its shooting phases. Range 100".

GENESTEALER CULT ARMY LIST

Once the Genestealer infestation in an area has become strong enough they will attempt to seize power and become the dominant force. The Genestealer Cult army list gives players an opportunity to field just such an insurgent force of Genestealers with their brood of Hybrids and enslaved Brood Brothers as they attempt to take over control of a world, a city or even just a settlement. Whenever the Genestealers have an opportunity to dominate their environment they will act rapidly and decisively to exploit it.

THE ARMY

When you choose a Genestealer Cult army you can spend your points on three categories of troops: Characters, Broods and Support. You are permitted to spend only a proportion of your total points on each of these categories. For example, you may spend up to a maximum of 25% of your points on Support. These limitations are designed to ensure armies are reasonably balanced and don't consist entirely of character models, heavy weapons, or tanks. The proportion of points that can be spent on each category is summarised immediately before the army list under the heading 'Army Selection'.

CHARACTERS

You are free to spend up to 50% of your army's points total on characters. Your army must be commanded by a Genestealer Patriarch or a Genestealer Magus.

The points value of characters includes the value of the characters' wargear, additional psychic powers and Wargear cards. The points values of wargear is included on the Wargear list which appears at the end of the army list. The points values of Wargear cards is indicated on the cards themselves. The maximum number of Wargear cards a character can have is indicated in its army list entry. In some cases these vary from the standard number permitted in Warhammer 40,000. This is to take into account unusual individuals such as the Cult Icon Bearer, and so forth.

Army Commander

A Genestealer Cult MUST be led by a commander. This can either be a Genestealer Patriarch or a Magus. Because you need a commander you must always spend some points on characters. If the army includes two characters who are eligible to command it, then you may choose which will lead it. You must announce to your opponent which model you have chosen before either side has set up.

The Genestealer Cult is tightly knit clan which is entirely motivated by the influence of the Patriarch and his scion the Magus. Should these two vital individuals be killed the whole Cult will lose its drive and direction, leaving its members confused and on the verge of panic. Often the leaderless Cult will scatter, abandoning their vehicles and weaponry as they obey their initial urge to flee to safety. However, those that do not scatter are liable to go on the rampage, avenging the death of their leaders in an orgy of violence and destruction.

Because of this, if a Genestealer Cult army is left with neither the Magus or the Patriarch on the battlefield because they

have been killed all the remaining Cult members (broods, characters, vehicles, weapon teams and support weapons) must pass a Leadership test immediately or become broken. Those Cult members that pass this test become so incensed at the death of their beloved Cult leaders that they become subject to the psychology rules for *frenzy* for the rest of the game.

Note that Brood Brothers do not count Leadership 10 for their hatred when they take this test. Vehicles with broken morale are abandoned by their crews, who will flee 2D6" on foot. Crews which subsequently rally may return to their vehicles. Also note that the test is only taken if these leaders are killed, it is not taken for them being incapacitated by being trapped in stasis, removed from the table, webbed, graviton gunned etc.

BROODS

At least 25% of your army's points must be spent on broods. The composition of the Cult can vary hugely depending on the length of time it has been established. A long-established Genestealer Cult might contain a mixture of Brood Brothers, Hybrids and Genestealers, whereas an invasion force from a space hulk would comprise Genestealers almost exclusively. Brood sizes vary and you are free to choose the size of a brood within the limits indicated in the list. For example, a Brood Brother squad may contain between 10 and 20 Brood Brothers, whilst a Genestealer brood may have between 6 and 12 members.

SUPPORT

You can spend up to a quarter of the army's points on Support. The Support section of the army list describes heavy weaponry and vehicles that the Cult has been able to build, capture or steal to equip its own armouries. The availability of this heavy equipment is more limited for Genestealer Cults than for most other armies, though you don't need any special characters like Techpriests to choose things from the Support section.

Allies

The points allocated for Support are used to buy allied troops, weapons and vehicles. The Tyranids themselves cannot be expected to help the Cult, in fact their arrival will signify the end of the Genestealer Cult as it is reabsorbed into the hive fleet. The only allies who will join with a Genestealer Cult are the forces of Chaos, who are all too willing to help others spread anarchy so that Chaos will ultimately triumph. The alliance of Genestealers and Chaos is at best fragile and will fly apart the instant that victory is in sight.

When choosing allies there is no restriction on the categories of troops you may take. If you are spending, say, 500 points on allies you could include 500 points of characters, or 500 points of vehicles, for example. In addition, obligations regarding compulsory troops do not apply to allies (you do not need to choose an army commander for example). However all other restrictions in the Allied list do apply, and all unit sizes must be correct. Obviously, you may not pick further allies from the allied army's own Support section.

ARMY SELECTION

Characters	50%	Up to half the points value of the army may be chosen from the Characters section of the army list.
Broods	25%+	At least a quarter of the points value of the army must be chosen from the Broods section of the army list. You may spend more if you wish.
Support	25%	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be chosen from the Support section of the army list.

CHARACTERS**0-1 GENESTEALER****Patriarch** 72 points

The Patriarch is the primogenitor of the cult, the oldest and most powerful of its kind, with a hold over its brood-web of worshippers as strong as steel. Both physically and psychically, the Patriarch is more powerful than an ordinary Genestealer, and its human thralls allow it to understand and work against human society. The Patriarch is the centre of the psychic emanations that hold the brood together, and the growing beacon of the brood-mind that draws the Tyranids to vulnerable human worlds.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Genestealer Patriarch	5	7	0	6	5	4	6	4	10

WEAPONS Claws.**ARMOUR** Chitinous armour (5+ save on a D6).**WARGEAR** None.**STRATEGY** If the Genestealer Patriarch is taken as the army commander he has a strategy rating of 1.

SPECIAL If the Genestealer Patriarch is the army commander then any Cult broods that have a model within 12" of him may use his Leadership value when they take a Leadership test.

The Genestealer Patriarch may have up to four psychic powers at the following points costs:

The Horror 25

Psychic Scream 15

Catalyst 40

Hypnotic Gaze 20

The Patriarch always has an effective psychic mastery level of 4 regardless of the actual number of powers it has.

Genestealer Patriarchs cause *fear*.

0-1 GENESTEALER**Magus** 107 points

A Genestealer Magus is a special mutation that develops within a brood after several generations. The Magus is almost indistinguishable from a normal human, with only the characteristic baldness and heavy brow of a Hybrid betraying his true origins. The Magus will become the Cult's high priest and serves the Patriarch by acting as the Cult's figurehead in human society. The Magus directs the brood's operations, sending Hybrids out to raid human habitations and despatching Genestealers to implant their seed in more victims. The Magus is a formidable creature in his own right as his potent psychic powers and otherworldly air serve to instill fear and respect in other humans.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Genestealer Magus	4	3	3	4	3	1	5	1	8

**WEAPONS** Laspistol.**ARMOUR** Flak armour (6+ save).

WARGEAR The Magus may have up to 3 Wargear cards. The Magus may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Grenades, Basic and Special Weapons sections of the Wargear list.

STRATEGY If the Magus is taken as the army commander he has a strategy rating of 1.

SPECIAL The Magus has a psychic mastery level of 4. See the Genestealer Cult Forces section on pages 28-29 for more details.

If the Magus is taken as the army commander then any Cult broods that have a model within 12" of him may use his Leadership value when they take a Leadership test.

0-1 CULT**ICON BEARER** 45 points

The Cult will often carry some psuedo-religious artefact or unholy icon before them as they march to war. The presence of such an icon reinforces the fanatical determination of the brood even further and it forms a natural rallying point for the Cult in battle. The Cult icon is borne by Hybrid Neophyte who will guard it with the last breath of his body to prevent it falling into the hands of defilers.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Neophyte	4	4	2	4	3	1	5	1	8

WEAPONS Laspistol.

ARMOUR Flak armour (6+ save).

WARGEAR The Icon bearer may have up to 1 Wargear card.

The Icon bearer may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Grenades, Basic and Special Weapons sections of the Wargear list.

SPECIAL Any Cult broods that have a model within 12" of the Icon bearer may re-roll the dice if they fail a Break test.

GENESTEALER HYBRIDS:

Neophyte 10 points

Acolyte 9 points

Hybrid Acolytes and Neophytes often command squads of Brood Brothers in combat. These foul crossbreeds will inspire the brood to acts of the most fiendish valour and utter sacrifice by their presence leading them in a ferocious charge into hand-to-hand combat or giving vital support with psychic powers or stolen heavy weaponry.

Brood Brother squads may include up to one Genestealer Hybrid to lead them.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Neophyte	4	4	2	4	3	1	5	1	8
Acolyte	4	3	3	4	3	1	5	1	8

WEAPONS Laspistol.

ARMOUR Flak armour (6+ save).

WARGEAR Hybrids may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Grenades, Basic, Heavy and Special Weapons sections of the Wargear list.

SPECIAL Any Hybrid Acolyte may be given psychic powers at the following points costs.

Psychic mastery level 1 +25 points

Psychic mastery level 2 +50 points

BROODS**GENESTEALER****BROOD** 28 points per model

Genestealers are perfectly bio-engineered infiltrators that rove ahead of the Tyranid hive fleets seeking rich feeding grounds. These deadly creatures work by implanting and subverting members of the host species, striving to dominate their victims through alien cunning or terrifying violence as the situation requires. In battle Genestealers embody speed and ferocity, their deadly claws ripping apart anything in their path.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Genestealer	6	7	0	6	4	1	7	4	10



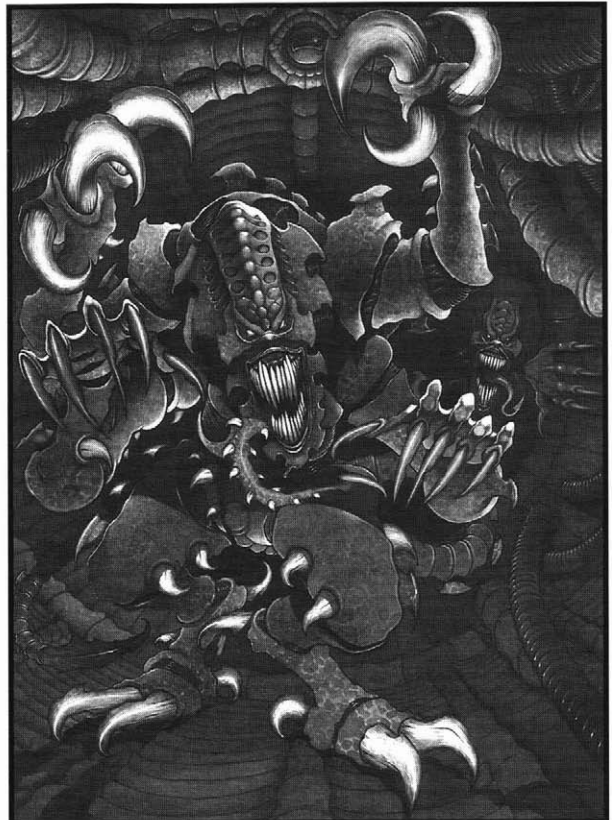
BROOD The brood consists of 6 to 12 Genestealers.

WEAPONS Claws.

ARMOUR Chitinous armour (5+ save on a D6).

WARGEAR None.

SPECIAL Genestealers are immune to all psychology. Genestealers cause fear.



GENESTEALER HYBRID BROOD:

Neophyte 9 points per model

Acolyte 8 points per model

Broods of Hybrid Acolytes and Neophytes sometimes fight together as elite units on the battlefield, armed with the best weapons and armour available to the Cult. Hybrid broods will either stay back to give long range fire support with their heavy weapons or advance concealed in the midst of their brethren to leap upon their opponents in close combat.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Neophyte	4	4	2	4	3	1	5	1	8
Acolyte	4	3	3	4	3	1	5	1	8

BROOD The brood consists of 5 to 20 Genestealer Hybrids.

WEAPONS Laspistol.

ARMOUR None.

WARGEAR Hybrids may be given additional equipment chosen from the Armour, Assault Weapons, Grenades, Basic, Heavy and Special Weapons sections of the Wargear list.

BROOD BROTHER**SQUAD** 6 points per model

Brood Brothers are humans who have been implanted by the Genestealers and acted as hosts for their Hybrid offspring. They are fanatically dedicated to the aliens' cause, and worship the Patriarch as a god and honour the Magus as his supreme prophet. The great loyalty of Brood Brother squads is cynically exploited by the Patriarch in battle and they are used as sacrificial pawns wherever required.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Brother	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

SQUAD The squad consists of 10 to 20 human Brood Brothers.

WEAPONS Close combat weapon (knife, club, axe etc.).

ARMOUR None.

WARGEAR Any model may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Assault and Basic Weapons sections of the Wargear list.

Up to one model may be equipped with a weapon chosen from the Heavy Weapons section of the Wargear list.

Up to one model may be equipped with a weapon chosen from the Special Weapons section of the Wargear list.

The entire squad may be equipped with Flak armour at a cost of 1 point per model.

The entire squad may be equipped with Frag grenades at a cost of 2 points per model.

The entire squad may be equipped with Krak grenades at a cost of 3 points per model.

SPECIAL Brood Brothers are subject to the psychology rules for *hatred*.

SUPPORT**ALLIES**

A Genestealer Cult may be accompanied by allied troops chosen from the Warhammer 40,000 Chaos army list.

BROOD BROTHER HEAVY**WEAPON TEAM** 18 points

The Genestealer Cult must contain at least one squad of Brood Brothers in order to have any weapon teams. Weapons teams comprise either Imperial Guard or PDF troops infected by the Genestealers or else ordinary gang scum equipped with weapons looted from an armoury or built in secret.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Brother	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

CREW The heavy weapon team comprises two Brood Brothers.



WEAPONS The Brood Brothers are equipped with lasguns.

The team may be equipped with one of the following weapons at the points cost indicated.

Lascannon 30 points

Heavy Bolter 10 points

Autocannon 16 points

Missile Launcher
(frag and krak missiles) ... 30 points

Mortar 25 points

ARMOUR The Brood Brothers wear Flak armour (6+ save on a D6).

RAPIER LASER**DESTROYER** 70 points

Rapier laser destroyers are powerful anti-tank weapons which are also prized for their ability to cut through the armourplating and rockcrete fortifications of palaces and armouries.

The Genestealer Cult must contain at least one squad of Brood Brothers in order to have any Rapiers.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Brother	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

CREW The Rapier laser destroyer has a crew of two Brood Brothers.

WEAPONS Rapier laser destroyer with targeter. The Brood Brothers are equipped with laspistols.

ARMOUR The Rapier laser destroyer has an armour value of 10; the Brood Brothers wear Flak armour (6+ save on a D6).

TARANTULA 25 points + weapons

The Tarantula is a semi-automated point defence weapon used to protect installations. Those that find their way into the Cult's hands are normally those that have been overrun and captured.

The Genestealer Cult must contain at least one squad of Brood Brothers in order to have any Tarantulas.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Brother 4	3	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7



CREW The Tarantula has a crew of two Brood Brothers.

WEAPONS The weapons fitted to the Tarantula are chosen from the list below, and come fitted with a targeter. The Brood Brothers are equipped with laspistols.

ARMOUR The Tarantula has an armour value of 10; the Brood Brothers wear Flak armour (6+ save on a D6).

OPTIONS The Tarantula may be armed with a pair of weapons of the same kind chosen from the list below at the cost indicated.

Twin-linked lascannon ... +55 points

Multi-melta (N.B. counts as 1 multi-melta NOT 2) +65 points

Twin-linked missile launchers with super-krak missiles .. +55 points

Twin-linked autocannon +35 points

Twin-linked heavy bolters +30 points

MOLE MORTAR 55 points

Mole mortars are unpredictable and much-feared weapons which use special tunnel torpedoes to burrow under the enemy's positions.

The Genestealer Cult must contain at least one squad of Brood Brothers in order to have any Mole Mortars.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Brother 4	3	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

CREW The Mole Mortar has a crew of two Brood Brothers.

WEAPONS Mole Mortar. The Brood Brothers are equipped with laspistols.

ARMOUR The Mole Mortar has an armour value of 10, the Brood Brothers wear Flak armour (6+ save on a D6).

SPECIAL Any Hybrid model or the Magus may be used as a spotter for the Mole Mortar.

THUDD GUN 45 points

Thudd guns, or quad launchers as they are also known, are used to give deadly short range barrage support.

The Genestealer Cult must contain at least one squad of Brood Brothers in order to have any Thudd guns.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brood Brother 4	3	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

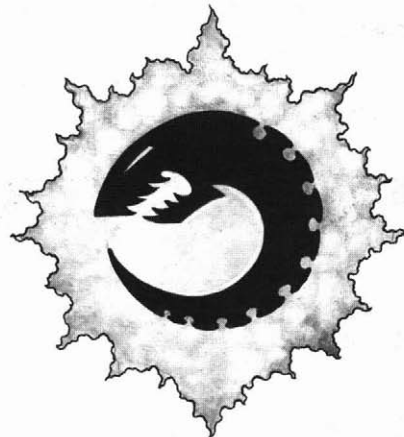
CREW The Thudd Gun has a crew of two Brood Brothers.

WEAPONS Thudd Gun. The Brood Brothers are equipped with laspistols.

ARMOUR The Thudd gun has an armour value of 10; the Brood Brothers wear Flak armour (6+ save on a D6).

VEHICLES

The Cult may use any of the following vehicles at the points cost indicated on the vehicle Datafax. Most of these vehicles will be those "liberated" by Brood Brothers in the Planetary Defence Forces. In the case of vehicles used primarily by Space Marines such as Land Raiders and Rhinos it is assumed that these have been salvaged in battle, stolen prior to shipment or built in secret using Standard Construction Templates.



All Cult vehicles must be painted in the appropriate Cult colours and markings to show their new allegiance. Cult vehicles have Brood Brother crews equipped with laspistols and Flak armour. Cult vehicles can use vehicle cards from the Dark Millennium supplement and White Dwarf magazine, including cards which are marked Imperial only, though additional armour, weaponry etc. must be shown on the vehicle model.

Permitted Vehicles:

- Land Raider
- Rhino
- Predator
- Leman Russ battle tank
- Chimera
- Sentinel
- Imperial Guard land speeder

WARGEAR LIST

The following charts list additional wargear that may be carried by Genestealer Cult characters or troops. Any limitations to availability are indicated on the charts themselves.

ASSAULT WEAPONS

Assault weapons may be carried by models indicated in the lists and each model may carry an unlimited number.

Sword.....	1
Chainsword	2
Power Axe	7
Power Fist	10
Power Maul	6
Power Sword	6
Bolt Pistol	2
Hand Flamer	7
Plasma Pistol	5
Laspistol	1
Autopistol	1
Stubb gun	1

ARMOUR

Armour may be worn by models indicated in the lists. A model may wear only a single type of armour.

Flak Armour (6+ save)	1
Mesh Armour (5+ save)	3
Carapace Armour (4+ save)	7



SPECIAL WEAPONS

Special weapons may be carried by models indicated in the lists. A model may carry only a single special weapon.

Flamer	9
Meltagun	8
Plasma Gun	8



BASIC WEAPONS

Basic weapons may be carried by models indicated in the lists. A model may carry only a single basic weapon.

Autogun	1
Boltgun	3
Bow	0.5
Crossbow	1
Lasgun	2
Shotgun	2

HEAVY WEAPONS

Heavy weapons may be carried by models indicated in the army lists. A model may carry only a single heavy weapon. The heavy weapons shown below do not have targeters.

Autocannon	25
Heavy Bolter	15
Lascannon	45
Missile Launcher with frag and krak missiles	45
Multi-melta	65
Heavy Plasma Gun	40
Heavy Stubber	10

GRENADES

The following grenades may be carried by any character models as indicated in the lists. Grenades are not available to other models except where they are included as wargear within the lists themselves. A model may carry any number of these grenade types. A model carrying one or more of the following grenade types is assumed to have sufficient individual grenades to last for the duration of the battle.

Frag Grenades	2
Krak Grenades	3
Melta Bombs	5

TACTICS FOR TYRANIDS

So you now have your horde of bio-engineered death machines and have an entire galaxy to conquer and consume, how do you go about it? Most opponents will take fright at your superlative close combat ability and try to counter it with armies designed to shoot you to pieces before you can lay a claw on them. This can be a most discouraging start for any Hive Tyrant, but don't worry, it's nothing that a bit of selective evolution can't overcome!

ADAPT AND SURVIVE

One of the greatest weapons in your bio-armoury is the battlefield itself. All those rocks and trees are your best friends when the shooting starts so you need to ensure that the battlefield works for you and not your opponent. This begins with placing the terrain at the start of the game. Try to make sure that most of the terrain which is high enough to block lines of sight is placed towards the middle of the table as this will cut down the enemy's lines of fire. Woods or jungles are the best kind of sight-blocking terrain because they are generally quite tall and quite broad, plus you can move through them and hide in them as necessary – perfect!

You should also try to ensure that there are some small pieces of cover to exploit as you advance (because you're bound to be the one trying to close the distance). This is not essential but most Tyranids are quite hard to hit at the best of times because they move over 10" if they run or charge. This gives the enemy a -1 to hit modifier on top of modifiers for any cover you can worm your way into. This means that if you can scuttle through craters or close to rocks your opponent is looking at a whopping -3 to hit you when he shoots, and even Space Marines will be struggling with those penalties.

The only kinds of terrain that can be bad for Tyranids are large areas of difficult ground with little cover such as marshes, deep water or very steep hills. These areas will leave you sitting ducks for the enemy's firepower so avoid placing them at the start of the game and avoid moving into them when you start playing. Another trap for the unwary is a funnel of impassable terrain (like buildings, walls or cliffs) which forces your swarm into a confined area where blast marker weapons, psychic powers and strategy cards can seal your doom.

In general with terrain remember that the more terrain the better – it will serve you far better than it will serve the enemy.

THE ALL-CONSUMING SWARM

Just placing the terrain in a clever manner is hardly going to defeat the enemy, you also need a battle-winning swarm of the aforementioned organic killing machines to devour your foes. Tyranid creatures are supremely adapted to single tasks; they are mono-mission troops that have to be used in concert to achieve the best results. Of course you can simply gross out in one direction and field armies which consist of nothing but, say, Genestealers or Hormagaunts and probably enjoy a lot of success at first. The problem is sooner or later your opponent will learn to defeat you every time because you won't be able to change your tactics.

The superior swarm is one that can handle lots of different situations and opponents with minimal changes. If you view the swarm as if it were a single super-predator which has to

hunt down the opposing army you should see that it needs to be adaptable. This means it needs manoeuvrability, firepower, close combat ability, psychic powers, and sufficient durability to survive damage and the loss of some broods. Of course different opposing armies affect what is required for each of these departments – after all, Space Marines fight very differently from Orks!

Manoeuvrability. Most Tyranids have a high move but manoeuvrability has more to do with how the swarm moves as a whole and whether it can change the direction of its attack rapidly. Gargoyles, Hormagaunts and Lictors are the most manoeuvrable creatures available to the Tyranids; Gargoyles and Hormagaunts because their move is so high and Lictors because their ability to infiltrate means they can start close to the foe. With these creatures you can direct attacks against the most vulnerable parts of the opposing force and support your other creatures as they close in. Remember that creatures with move or fire weapons (like Carnifexes or creatures armed with Barbed Stranglers) will have to sacrifice their movement to shoot.

Manoeuvrability is important because it affects where and when you fight. If your opponent is more mobile than you he can dictate the course of the fighting because of your comparatively short range. Eldar are generally the most mobile opponents but Orks and Space Marines can be very quick too if they have the right troops or vehicles. Mobile opponents will often disperse widely so that you cannot beat them in a decisive fight and they can inflict a steady stream of casualties with their shooting.

There are two ways to overcome this: firstly, ensure that you have lots of mobile creatures of your own so that you can pursue the enemy. Secondly, close off areas of the battlefield so that the enemy's movement is restricted. Restricting movement can be achieved by using cheap and plentiful organisms such as Termagants and drifting spore mines to render parts of the battlefield too dangerous to enter.

Firepower. The firepower of a Tyranid swarm can be devastating but it is often rather short ranged. In the rush to charge up to the enemy and tear them apart in close combat it can be easy to overlook the need for firepower but it is very necessary for success. Some opposing models such as tanks, skimmers and very hard characters like Space Marine Captains and Eldar Phoenix Lords need to be destroyed with firepower. Fighting these types in close combat is either too costly in casualties or completely impossible. In this case a few ranged weapon hits may save you endless grief. On the bright side, Tyranids are good shots and have a rather nasty selection of weaponry to choose from. As you build up your swarm you have to decide whether to invest in a strong 'fire base' of creatures able to hit the enemy at long range, or whether such firepower as you have will be carried forward in your main assault and used when enemy models that need shooting get within range.

The fire base option entails Biovores, Tyranid Warriors with Deathspitters, Termagants with Spike rifles and a healthy smattering of Barbed Stranglers in the Warrior broods and the hands of Hive Tyrants, plus bio-plasma from either Carnifexes or other biomorphed creatures. The Assault option means Fleshborers, Stranglewebs, Devourers and Spinefists supported by Venom cannon and biomorphed creatures with adrenaline sacs using Barbed Stranglers and bio-plasma.

Firepower crosses over with manoeuvrability to a large extent because you don't need to be so mobile if you have a plenty of (long) ranged attacks.

Any opponent can field a lot of firepower so it's not a good idea to entirely base your strategy around it in case you end up in a losing shooting match. Space Marines are the classic advocates of firepower over all else, though the high strength and save modifiers of bio-weapons means Space Marines make good targets as well. Against Orks most long ranged Tyrannid weapons will not afford the mass destruction necessary to kill the Orks fast enough, though 'Assault' weapons work well against them. Eldar are liable to use their manoeuvrability to slither out of the way of your big guns while their Scatter Lasers, Exarch weapons, Wraith cannon etc. will hurt you faster than you can hurt them.

Close Combat. Close combat is, of course, the specialist subject of the Tyrannids. All Tyrannid creatures are good hand-to-hand fighters – even sedentary creatures like Zoanthropes are a more than a match for most enemy troopers. Unfortunately, as I mentioned above, your opponent is painfully aware of this fact and he'll do his utmost to stay out of your clutches for as long as possible. If your opponent does move anything forward to meet you in hand-to-hand be exceptionally wary. Characters in particular can prove to be very hard in close combat if they are tooled up with conversion fields, combat drugs et al, which can be bad news.

Ultimately, close combat will win or lose you the game with Tyrannids. The main trick is ensuring that the right creatures end up fighting the right opponents so that they can be sure of killing them but not of overkilling them. For example, Genestealers can fight and kill most opposing models in close combat (with a few exceptions as noted above) and ordinary troopers fighting Genestealers will be shredded so quickly that it's barely worth rolling any dice. Hormagaunts, on the other hand, might not be able to kill a mighty hero in close combat, but they can usually kill opposing troopers almost as easily as Genestealers. The difference is that you can get three Hormagaunts for the same points as one Genestealer. Potentially, a Hormagaunt can kill three times as many opponents as a Genestealer in the same space of time.

The other way of keeping close combats firmly in your favour is to use Termagants or Hormagaunts as multiple attackers against hard individuals. The first few creatures fighting against a character are liable to be killed so they may as well be expendable ones. This tactic can be suitably refined by using biomorphed Lictors or Carnifexes to hunt down opposing characters and kill them (a Voltage field is often a popular biomorph for this purpose). Most opponents can field squads of exceedingly tough close combat troops (Howling Banshees, Boarboyz, Terminators etc.) but you should be able to deal with these easily enough if you have enough cheap and expendable creatures around to absorb their attacks before your close combat specialists (virtually your whole force) finish them off.

Psychic Powers. The Tyrannids have a somewhat limited selection of psychic powers, though the ones they do have are quite potent. The biggest advantage the Tyrannids have in this respect is their ability to select which powers they want when they pick their army. This means you can precisely tailor the powers available to you according to the opponent you are fighting, for example. The Horror is of little use against a Space Marine army but it can be most effective against an Ork horde. It's always worth buying in at least one psychic power so that you won't just be on the receiving end for psychic attacks. One common tactic is to simply use Psychic Screen

to keep enemy psykers repressed and leave the Zoanthropes to blast off any remaining force cards.

Zoanthropes are exceedingly useful psykers who need very few force cards to be effective. The warp blasts of Zoanthropes increase your swarm's firepower a lot (because they are fired in each psychic phase) and are particularly useful for destroying vehicles and Dreadnoughts. Zoanthropes are also well protected by their warp field, though they often need to be because of the amount of attention they are likely to draw from the opposing half of the table. The only downside to Zoanthropes is that they can be nullified comparatively easily because they are only mastery level 2.

SURVIVABILITY

Survivability is one of the most important things to consider in picking your swarm. A Tyrannid creature is seldom easy to kill but the survivability of the swarm is more than simply the individual toughness and armour saves of the creatures within it. Consider all those Termagants and Hormagaunts I've been so heartily recommending. Why are they so cheap? Because their Ld is 5 and they'll run at the first sign of trouble! But if a Hive Tyrant or Tyrannid Warrior is within hive mind range of them they are completely unbreakable and will fearlessly fight to the last model. This ability to hang on in there in spite of losses is what creates the survivability of the swarm.

When the swarm is deployed your enemy will be looking to destroy your most powerful creatures as quickly as he can. You can easily delay or prevent this by using skirmish screens of cheap Termagants or Hormagaunts to protect your more expensive Genestealers and Gargoyles. Ensure that your forces are reasonably well concentrated and not scattered all over the deployment zone, but not too closely packed either since your opponent will have ample opportunity to hit you with blast marker weapons on turn 1.

Protecting your monstrous creatures like Hive Tyrants and Zoanthropes is trickier because the cheapest monstrous creatures are Tyrannid Warriors, and they're not cheap! However, Tyrannid Warriors do keep all the lesser creatures from running away as well as acting as bodyguards for the monstrous creatures, so they perform a dual role. Tyrannid Warriors have a single biomorph, so by taking Regenerate, Toughened Exoskeleton, Hardened Carapace or Voltage Field they can be made much harder to kill and thus fulfil their role rather better.

Protecting the Hive Tyrant itself also bears special consideration. You opponent may well try to kill the Hive Tyrant even if he doesn't have to, it's a very intimidating creature after all! Because of this give careful consideration to where you deploy the Hive Tyrant (close to friends in the middle of the army) and how you use its biomorphs (personally I would say that Null Zone at least is a necessity). The Hive Tyrant is an amazingly potent creature but it can't do any good if it gets vaporised on the first turn.

CONCLUSION

The Tyrannid army is a force of tremendous extremes which can be fine-tuned to work in many ways. The Tyrannids are the most unusual of the Warhammer 40,000 armies and they are certainly one of the most deadly if used with a coherent plan. Ultimately it's down to you the player to decide on the style of fighting you want to develop and use the flexibility of the Tyrannids to make it work. Good luck!

TYRANID®

LICTOR



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED LICTOR

THE COMPLETE LICTOR

CONSISTS OF:

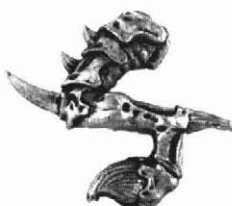
- 1 x UPPER TORSO
- 1 x LOWER TORSO
- 1 x SPINAL FIN
- 2 x SCYTHE ARMS
- 1 x HEAD
- 1 x LEFT LEG
- 1 x RIGHT LEG



HEAD 1
0451/3



SPINAL FIN
0451/6



LEFT LEG
0451/8



RIGHT LEG
0451/7



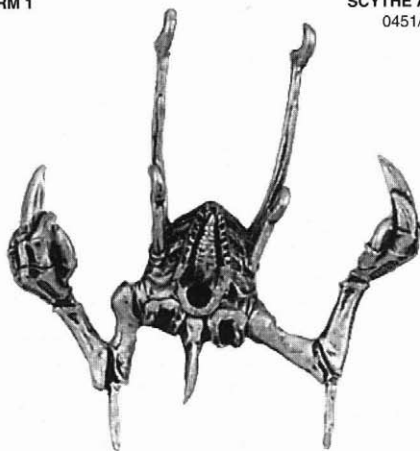
SCYTHE ARM 1
0451/2



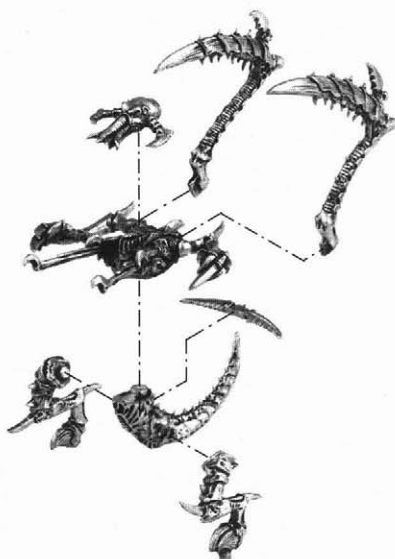
SCYTHE ARM 2
0451/4



LOWER TORSO
0451/5



UPPER TORSO
0451/1



TYRANID®

TERMAGANTS WITH FLESHBORERS



FLESHBORER 1
72669/3



FLESHBORER 2
72669/1



FLESHBORER 3
72669/2

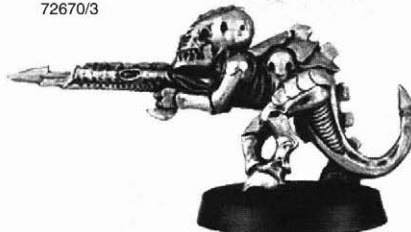


FLESHBORER 4
72669/4

TERMAGANTS WITH SPIKE RIFLES



SPIKE RIFLE 1
72670/3



SPIKE RIFLE 2
72670/4

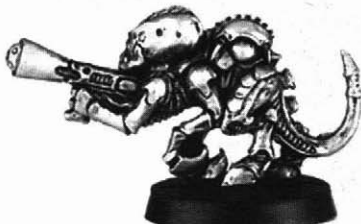


SPIKE RIFLE 3
72670/2



SPIKE RIFLE 4
72670/1

TERMAGANTS WITH STRANGLEWEBS



STRANGLEWEB 1
72672/3



STRANGLEWEB 2
72672/1



STRANGLEWEB 3
72672/2



STRANGLEWEB 4
72672/4

TYRANID®

HORMAGAUNT

THE COMPLETE HORMAGAUNT
CONSISTS OF:
1 x LEFT FORE ARM
1 x RIGHT FORE ARM
1 x REAR CLAWS
1 x BODY



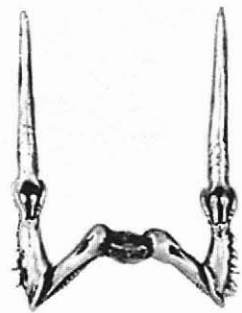
EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED HORMAGAUNT



LEFT FORE ARM
72674/5



RIGHT FORE ARM
72674/4



REAR CLAWS
72674/6



HORMAGAUNT BODY 3
72674/2



HORMAGAUNT BODY 2
72674/3



HORMAGAUNT BODY 1
72674/1



Designed by Michael Perry

PLASTIC TYRANID WARRIOR AND GENESTEALERS



GENESTEALER SPRUE
102747



TYRANID WARRIOR SPRUE
120013

THE GENESTEALER MINIATURES ARE AVAILABLE IN TWO DIFFERENT SPRUE VARIANTS, AND ARE SUPPLIED AS A BOXED SET OF TEN MINIATURES.

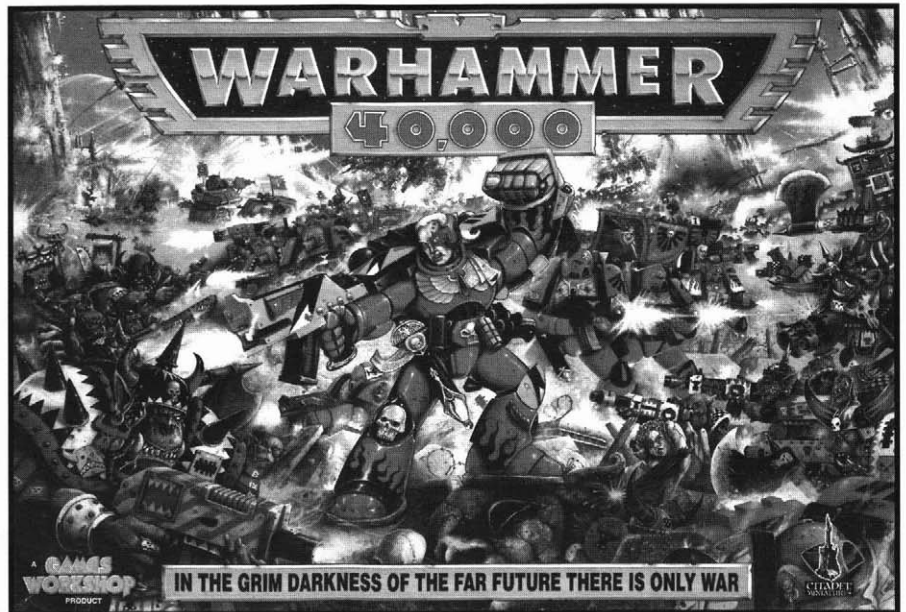
TYRANID WARRIORS ARE SUPPLIED AS A BOXED SET OF THREE MINIATURES. THE TYRANID WARRIORS MAY BE ARMED WITH EITHER BONESWORDS OR A DEATH SPITTER.

IN THE GRIM DARKNESS OF THE FAR FUTURE THERE IS ONLY WAR...

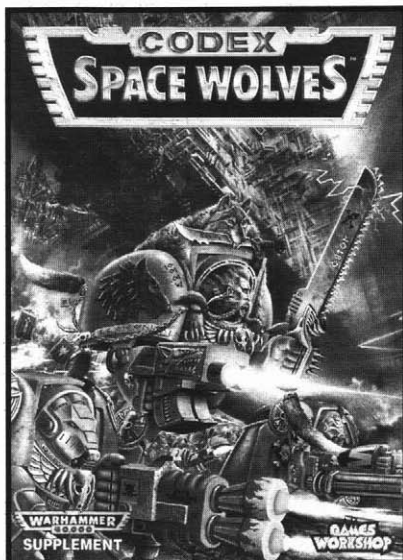
In the nightmare future of the forty first millennium, mankind teeters on the brink of extinction. The galaxy-wide Imperium is ridden with dangers. Vast armies of Orks rampage through the heartlands, while hordes of Tyranids assault the borders.



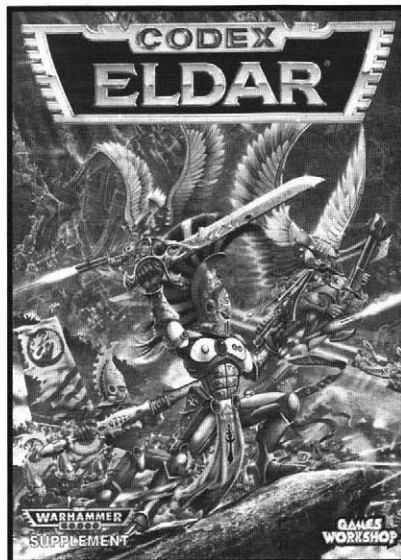
But the greatest danger lies within the warp. Here, malevolent forces of Chaos gather – their only purpose to crush mankind. Only the Emperor and his armies can protect humanity from these dire threats.



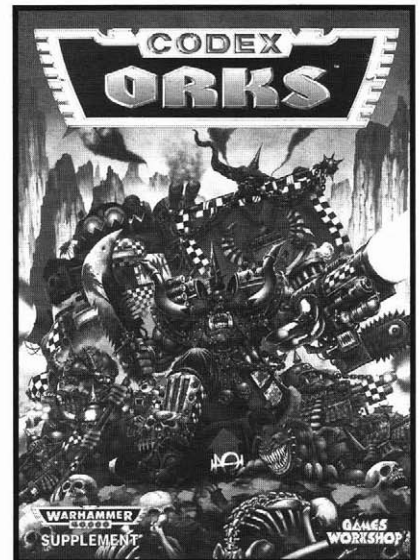
The ever-expanding series of Warhammer 40,000 Codex books has been designed to complement Warhammer 40,000. Each book deals exclusively with one of the major races of the 41st millennium, and contains extensive background and colour 'Eavy Metal' pages.



In ages past the Space Wolves Chapter of Space Marines was lead by their mighty Primarch Leman Russ. In battle his courage and ferocity were unequalled, and this legendary Wolf Lord indelibly stamped the Chapter with his headstrong nature and independent spirit. This book describes the unique history, organisation and fighting forces of the Space Wolves Chapter.



The Eldar are an ancient and sophisticated race, engulfed in a continuous battle for survival in a galaxy overrun by barbaric usurpers. Compared to the teeming Imperium and countless Ork hordes, the Eldar warriors are few, relying on their advanced weaponry and ritualised battle skills. This essential companion describes the history and armies of the Eldar in complete detail.



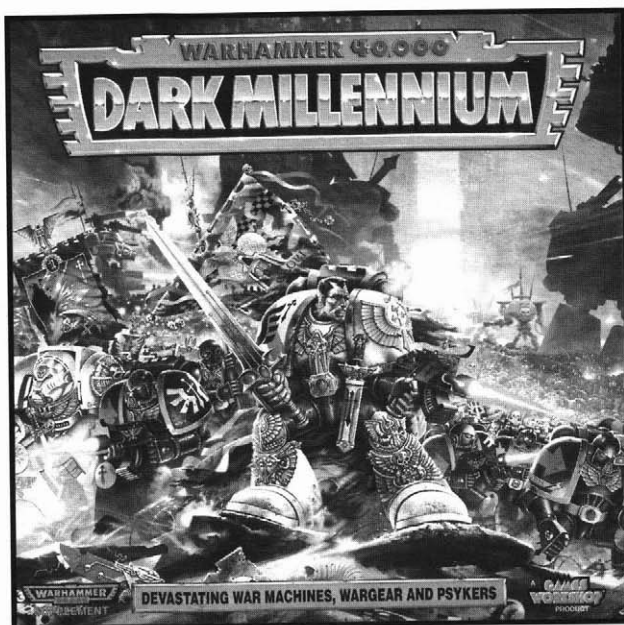
Orks are the most savage and warlike race in the whole galaxy. Their huge empire is divided among thousands of Warlords. Orks live for war and constantly strive to defeat their neighbours whatever race they might be! A background section describes the origins of the Ork race and all aspects of Ork 'Kultur'. The complete army list covers the vast array of Ork troop types.

DEVASTATING WAR MACHINES, WARGEAR AND PSYKERS

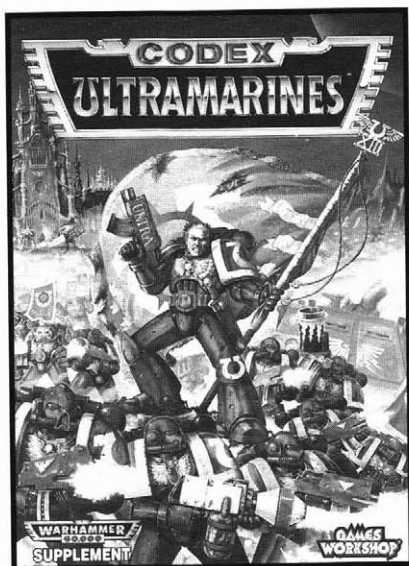
Dark Millennium brings the full range of deadly fighting machines, devastating psykers and exotic wargear to the Warhammer 40,000 game. This boxed supplement contains over twenty full colour vehicle datafaxes with a new deck of custom cards to let you customise your mechanised forces.



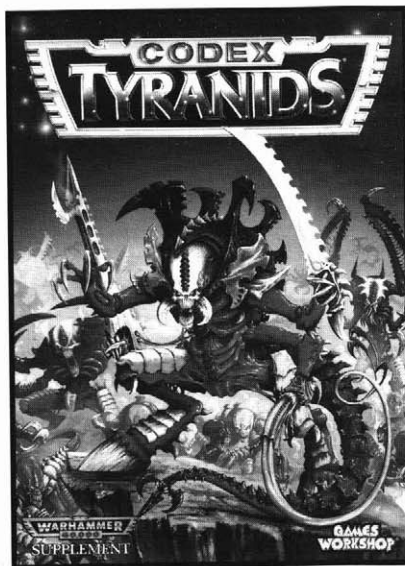
Special rules and unique psychic disciplines are supplied for the mighty defenders of the Imperium and their enemies. Dark Millennium also contains dozens more Wargear cards, two sets of new Mission cards and a deck of strategy cards that allows you to use booby traps, support barrages, ambushes and more to confound and pummel your opponent!



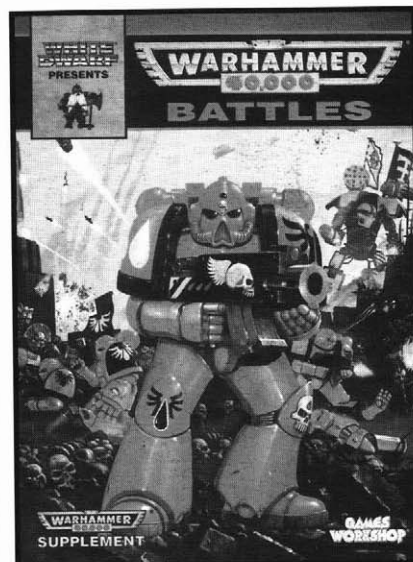
At the heart of each book is a complete army list, including a selection of special characters, enabling you to select your forces and assemble your army ready to take on any opponent. These books also contain unique information, armour, weapons, wargear and special rules unpublished in any other sources.



From the dawn of the Imperium the Ultramarines Chapter has served the Emperor with great loyalty and ferocity. Their Primarch, Roboute Guilliman, wrote the Codex Astartes, and the Chapter has exemplified its teachings ever since. The Codex army list in this volume can be used by the Ultramarines and many other Space Marine Chapters.



A vast and alien intellect has risen from the void of intergalactic space. The single monstrous entity which is the Tyranid race has found a new, rich feeding ground: the human galaxy. The Tyranids consume every living thing in their path and the galaxy is doomed unless they can be stopped. This invaluable supplement introduces the full horror of the Tyranid hordes to the Warhammer 40,000 game.

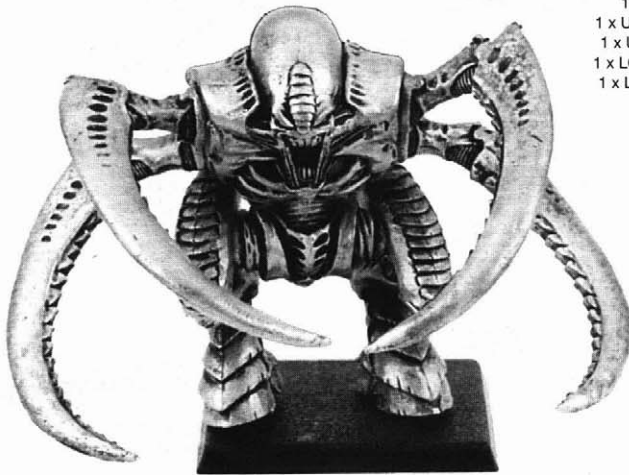


This Warhammer 40,000 compilation contains articles previously published in White Dwarf magazine up to and including issue 178.

Also included are full colour card copies of all the mission, vehicle and datafax cards featured in these articles. As well as this, we have put in three card battle bunkers for you to fight the new missions detailed in the articles.

TYRANID®

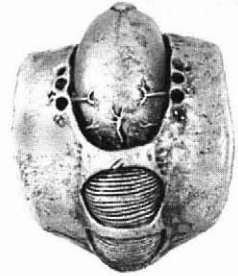
CARNIFEX



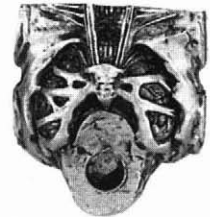
EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED CARNIFEX

THE COMPLETE CARNIFEX CONSISTS OF:

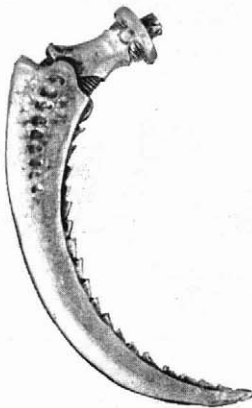
- 1 x HEAD
- 1 x UPPER BODY
- 1 x LOWER BODY
- 1 x UPPER RIGHT CLAW
- 1 x UPPER LEFT CLAW
- 1 x LOWER RIGHT CLAW
- 1 x LOWER LEFT CLAW
- 1 x RIGHT LEG
- 1 x LEFT LEG



HEAD
0428/1



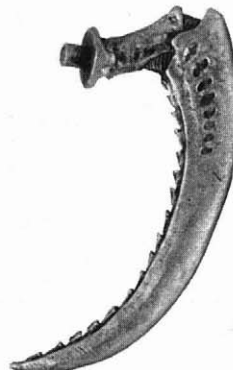
UPPER BODY
0428/2



LOWER RIGHT CLAW
0428/8



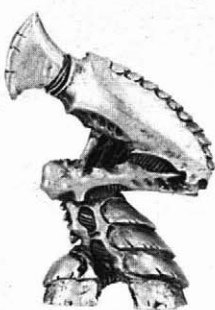
UPPER RIGHT CLAW
0428/9



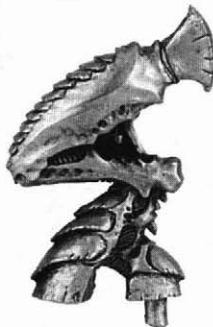
UPPER LEFT CLAW
0428/6



LOWER LEFT CLAW
0428/7



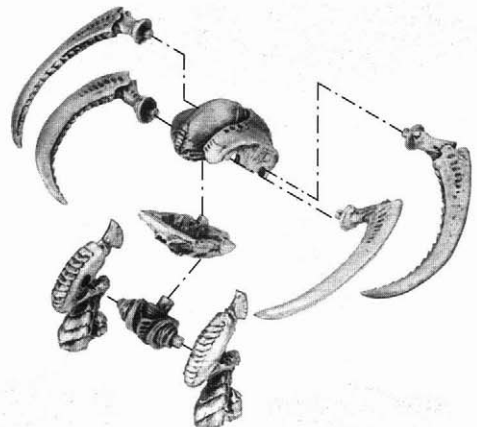
RIGHT LEG
0428/5



LEFT LEG
0428/4



LOWER BODY
0428 /3



TYRANID®

GARGOYLES



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED GARGOYLE



GARGOYLE BODY 1
72671/2



GARGOYLE BODY 2
72671/4



GARGOYLE BODY 3
72671/3



GARGOYLE BODY 4
72671/5



GARGOYLE TAIL 1
72671/9



GARGOYLE TAIL 2
72671/8



GARGOYLE TAIL 3
72671/6

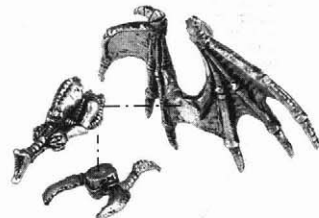


GARGOYLE TAIL 4
72671/7



GARGOYLE WINGS
72671/1

THE COMPLETE GARGOYLE
CONSISTS OF:
1 x WINGS
1 x TAIL
1 x BODY
1 x PLASTIC FLYING BASE



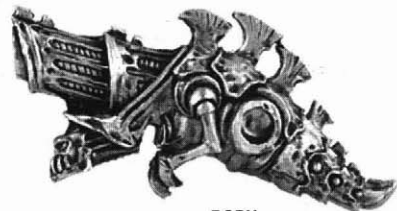
Designed by Alan Perry

BIOVORE AND SPORE MINES



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED BIOVORE

THE COMPLETE BIOVORE
CONSISTS OF:
1 x BODY
1 x FORE ARMS
1 x LEFT LEG
1 x RIGHT LEG



BODY
72673/1



LEFT LEG
72673/4



RIGHT LEG
72673/3



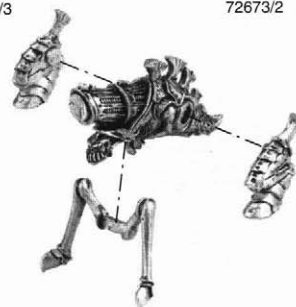
FORE ARMS
72673/2



SPORE MINE 1
72673/5



SPORE MINE 2
72673/6



Designed by Michael Perry

TYRANID

HIVE TYRANT



EXAMPLE OF A COMPLETED HIVE TYRANT

THE COMPLETE HIVE TYRANT

CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x HEAVY WEAPON
- 1 x BONESWORD ARM
- 1 x LASH WHIP ARM
- 2 x SPINE PLATES
- 1 x LASH WHIP
- 1 x TAIL CLAW
- 1 x TAIL
- 1 x TORSO
- 1 x HEAD
- 1 x LEGS



HEAD 1
0449/1



HEAD 2 WITH FLESH HOOKS
0449/11



LASH WHIP
0449/8



LOWER LEFT
LASH WHIP ARM
0449/7



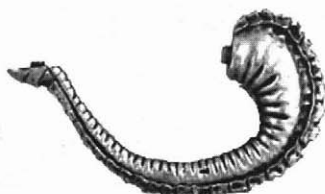
TORSO
0449/2



UPPER LEFT ARM
BONESWORD
0449/6



TAIL CLAW
0449/10



TAIL
0449/9

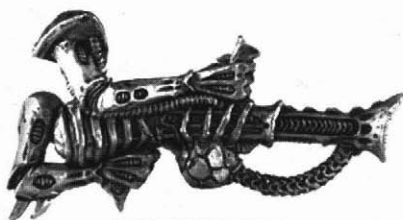


LEGS
0449/4



SPINE PLATES
0449/3

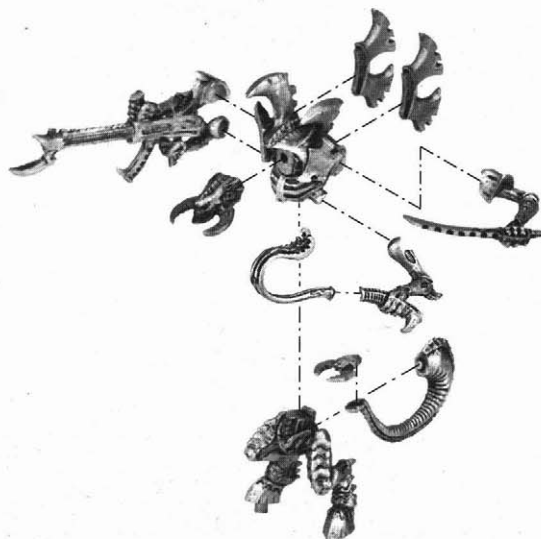
HEAVY WEAPONS



BARBED STRANGLER
0449/12



VENOM CANON
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IN THE MIDST OF A STEAMING JUNGLE A TYRANID SWARM GATHERS TO ENGULF AN IMPERIAL ARMY

CODEx TYRANIDS

A vast and alien intellect has risen from the void of intergalactic space. The single monstrous entity which is the Tyranid race has found a new, rich feeding ground: the human galaxy. Driven by the single consciousness of the hive mind, the Tyranids consume every living thing in their path. The bio-engineered warriors of the hive mind overrun world after world, each generation becoming better adapted to hunting their new prey. The galaxy is doomed to become a barren lifeless wasteland if the Tyranids cannot be stopped. This invaluable supplement introduces the full horror of the Tyranid hordes to the Warhammer 40,000 game.

THE TYRANID INVASIONS

The first and second Tyranid invasions are described, including the fate of Tyran, first planet of the Imperium to fall to the invaders, and Macragge, where the first Tyranid invasion – Hive Fleet Behemoth – was finally stopped. The sinister strategy of the second Tyranid invasion force, Hive Fleet Kraken, is also detailed along with the insidious spread of the Genestealers.

ARMY LIST

Codex Tyranids features a complete army list for the Tyranids as well as a second army list for Genestealer Cult forces. The Tyranid army list includes the dreaded Hive Tyrants, the powerful psychic Zoanthropes, sinister Lictors, Tyranid Warriors, Termagants, Hormagaunts, Spore Mines, Gargoyles and other previously unknown organisms.

SPECIAL RULES

Game rules are provided for all the Tyranid creatures and their bio-engineered weapons, including many new types such as the spore-launching Biovore, Spinefists, Devourers, Barbed Stranglers and Ripper Swarms. Special rules detail Tyranid strategy and missions plus new Biomorph upgrades which can be used to genetically engineer truly awesome Tyranid creatures.

ISBN 1 872372 90 2



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PRODUCT
CODE:

0159

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