

WARHAMMER[®]
40,000

ON
CONTAMINATED
GROUND



APOCALYPSE MISSION



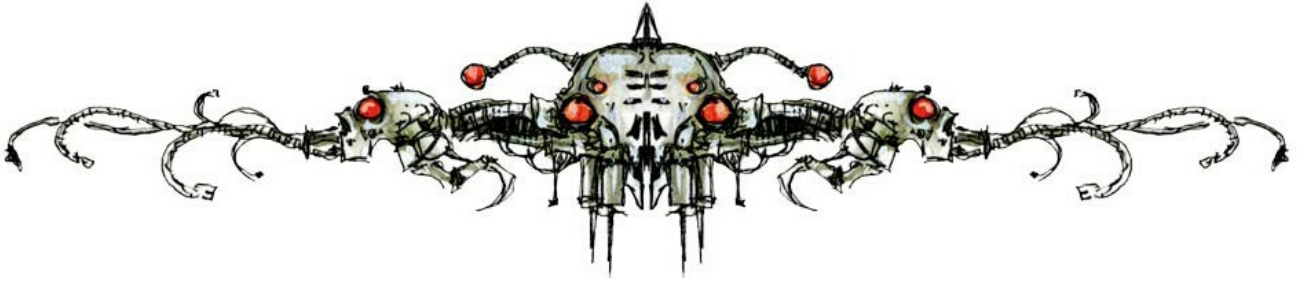
WARHAMMER 40,000: APOCALYPSE

Of the million worlds that comprise the Imperium of Man, there are no few that are all but inimical to human life. Official designation refers to these planets as death worlds, but there are many classifications that further identify their hazardous nature. Rad worlds are amongst the very deadliest of these sub-categories, named for the lethal levels of radiation that saturate these inhospitable planets. Whether the cause of such toxicity is a naturally occurring phenomenon, or in some cases, the fallout from terrible and ancient wars, rad worlds are deadly in the extreme to those not shielded from the cruel elements. Organisms that have not evolved to survive in these malignant environments are doomed to suffer a horrible, agonising death if left exposed to the radiation's murderous effects – skin blisters and peels from flesh; liquefied organs burble from rad-parched lips; even muscles atrophy and slough away from bone.

Perhaps the most famous example of a rad world is Baal Secundus, where the Primarch Sanguinius was first discovered amongst the planet's irradiated red sands. Many rad worlds harbour great mineral wealth or other valuable resources, making the inherent danger involved with settling such hostile environments worth the risk in order to excavate them. Furthermore, the hardy folk that survive on rad worlds often make excellent candidates for recruitment into the Adeptus Astartes, as is very much the case on Baal Secundus.



RACE TO DESTRUCTION



The Chimera ground to a halt. Not good. Their orders were to proceed with all haste to the rebel zone – Hallathan had been more than clear about that.

Steel Sergeant Fellian leapt up from his seat-cradle and hammered a grimy fist on the screen behind the driver's head. The planet of Sephlagm was an irradiated husk, and its hinterlands were as featureless as the ash wastes back home. The whole point of the Steel Legion being there was as rapid response.

Still no movement. Fellian could feel the familiar tightness of frustration building in his throat. To stop was to risk the lives of yet more hive citizens, not to mention his rank pins. Hallathan hated tardiness, and would have his guts if they held up the column.

‘Drive, damn you!’ he shouted. ‘What’s the hold-up?’

‘Something sighted starboard front,’ came the muffled reply. ‘Pieters reckons teleport flash.’

Strange barks of chatter came over the vox, mangled orders and countermands in quick succession. A shivery feeling crept over Steel Sergeant Fellian’s skin.

The transport rocked suddenly as if it had been hit by a tube-missile. Another impact, then the flank of the Chimera split apart. The thick fingers of a bone-white power fist forced their way into the crack and pulled, peeling open the metal as if it were no thicker than tinfoil. Fellian’s men scrambled for the lasgun racks as a blunt white helmet under an arch of ceramite pushed its way inside, the light from its autolenses glaring left and right. It was gone before they could level a single shot.

Confusion, then wide-eyed realisation, then panic filled the Chimera’s transport bay as the deathly atmosphere of Sephlagm seeped invisibly through the crack. Men hugged their chests and clutched at their rebreathers as lethal doses of radiation took hold.

Fellian thumped the release on the Chimera’s rear door, causing it to slam down into the black sand. He bailed out hard, three of his squad

mates close behind him. The sight that greeted them was far more terrifying than the apparition that had turned their sanctum into a death trap.

Dozens of black-armoured Adeptus Astartes warriors were guiding heavy-duty bikes through the soldiers that had spilled from the stilled Chimera transports. Amongst them was a robed leader who drove up to Steel Sergeant Gurnis and picked him up by the throat, shouting questions point-blank into his gas-masked face. Overhead, ominous black aircraft careened through the heat haze, the last of them drawing a shroud of darkness with it across the sky. To the east, two giant white tanks rumbled inbound on their position, their colossal weight shaking Fellian's shins.

All of a sudden, fatigue washed over the Steel Sergeant, making him feel drained and thin. Nearby, Pieters fell to his knees, his eyes bleeding red into the seals of his mask. Gavise was sprawled out behind him, not a visible wound in sight. The rad-zone's insidious energies were taking hold.

Fellian staggered over to a Leman Russ as it grumbled towards them, waving his arms overhead. Relief surged through him as the battle tank's side hatch clanged open, and he dived headlong into its cramped interior, slamming the hatch closed behind him.

A ruddy face swam into Fellian's vision. 'What in Hades is going on?' shouted Tank Sergeant Klimnt.

'Adeptus Astartes,' panted Fellian. 'Opening the transports, Emperor knows why.'

'The cultists are in the rebel zone!' hollered Klimnt, as deaf and stubborn as ever.

'It's Hallathan's advisor they're after, has to be,' said Fellian, 'You said yourself he looked more Space Marine than wastelander.'

'What? I can't...'

The vox crackled, a bawled command resolving out of the white noise. Commissar Baltan, his uphiver accent recognisable even in his rage.

'All Steel Legionnaires, fire at will, repeat fire at will!'

Klimnt heard that one just fine. He motioned to the gunner and the breech-loader, the latter's cyber-arm clunking a shell into place. A split second later the Russ's claustrophobic guts filled with shattering noise that left Fellian's world a ringing, blurred mess. A moment later, the Russ rocked back as an autocannon shell blasted into its side, and Klimnt's spotter slumped unconscious to curl in a heap at the base of

his stool.

‘Make yourself useful, Fellian!’ shouted Klimnt, gesturing frantically at the empty seat. The Steel Sergeant banged his forehead against the periscope as he climbed into the seat, blinking and peering into its lens as Klimnt bellowed into his breech-loader’s face.

A pair of giant white-armoured Adeptus Astartes lumbered past through the cordite smoke, their huge hammers fizzing with electricity. They swung the weapons hard into the second tank in Klimnt’s squad, the thunderous discharge knocking the tank clean over onto its side. Seeking a more distant target, Fellian panned around to see a squadron of black-armoured Space Marine bikers roaring past. The last of them was trailing flame. A ruined Hellhound billowed promethium smoke in their wake.

‘Six degrees left, medium range!’ shouted Fellian, and in answer the Russ boomed again. This time he had the presence of mind to cover his ears, pressing his face to the periscope once more. Up ahead black-armoured bikers were flung into the air in a cloud of spraying earth.

Scattered las-beams lanced through the smoke as those Guardsmen still alive took point-blank shots at the Space Marines striding through their midst. They scorched bone white armour but nothing more. In response, necks were snapped and spines broken as the lumbering figures moved methodically through the mayhem, signalling each other with curt gestures as they went. Behind them, the giant white tanks stabbed blinding columns of lascannon fire into the other two tanks in Klimnt’s squadron. One went up with spectacular force; Fellian could feel its detonation in his own tank’s suspension. The armourglass of the periscope crazed white.

Suicide, thought Fellian. We’ve all committed suicide.

The vox crackled again, a panicked, unintelligible shriek out of which Fellian could make but one word.

Deathstrike.

The periscope’s field of vision flared blue-white for a second, the lightning flare of emergency teleportation. Something black ripped past overhead, looking like some giant soaring bird to Fellian’s dazed senses.

There was a low, sinister whistle, a signature sound that made Fellian’s guts turn to stone.

He clutched at the tiny icon of the Emperor that hung around his neck, and whispered.

Then the world turned to light.



ON CONTAMINATED GROUND

‘This world will kill you as readily as the enemy. Be sure to make your peace with the Emperor before we make planetfall.’

Should a rad world be faced with alien invasion or destruction at the hands of Mankind’s enemies, the hazardous conditions will invariably force both sides to resort to armoured warfare as a primary means of fighting. Only the most heavily protected infantry formations can risk engaging in open war, lest they suffer greater losses from exposure to the planet’s extreme radioactivity than from the guns of the enemy. As a result, many of the greatest tank battles in the Imperium’s history have been fought on the contaminated plains of rad worlds.

THE ARMIES

Select two armies using the rules found in *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*. Each side must select one of their Warlords to be their force’s Warmaster.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up the terrain in any mutually agreeable manner and then roll-off. The winning side divides the playing area into two roughly equal halves by drawing a line from the shortest table edge to the opposite table edge. The opposing side decides which half of the table each side will deploy in. Finally, Strategic Objectives are placed (see page 22 of *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*).

DEPLOYMENT

Both sides secretly bid (and write down) the amount of time they want to take setting up. Bids must be in whole minutes. The amount bid is the time that side will have to deploy their army. The side that bids lowest deploys first (in the case of a tie, roll-off to see who deploys first).

Units deploy anywhere in their deployment zone that is more than 9" away from the centre line, or may be kept in Strategic Reserve (see *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*). Any units that are not deployed when the time limit runs out must be placed in

Strategic Reserve.

Once the first side has deployed, the opposing side does likewise, and has an amount of time equal to the amount of time that they bid.

After both sides have deployed, Infiltrators may deploy and Scouts may redeploy using their special rules.

FIRST TURN

The side that deployed first has the first turn, unless the opposing side can Seize the Initiative.

Seize the Initiative

If a player who is due to go second wishes to Seize the Initiative, he can roll a D6 before the beginning of the first turn. On a roll of a 6, he successfully seizes the initiative and goes first instead. His army has clearly outwitted that of his opponent!

GAME LENGTH

The battle continues until the time limit is reached (see *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*).

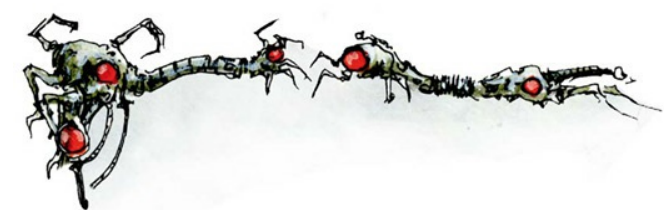
VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the side that has the most Strategic Victory points wins the battle (see *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*). If both sides have the same number of Strategic Victory Points, the game is a draw.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

Divine Intervention, Finest Hour, Mysterious Objectives, Strategic Assets, Strategic Objectives, Strategic Reserves, Strategic Victory Points (see *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*), **Unnatural Disasters**.

Irradiated Wasteland: This mission takes place on a rad world. To represent this, the Rad World Unnatural Disaster Table must be used for the mission (see below).

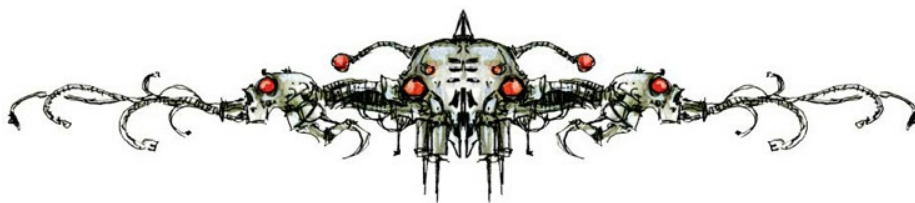


Designer's Note: You will notice from reading the Rad World Unnatural Disaster Table below that fighting on a such planet is an incredibly risky proposition for infantry-based armies. Despite their fully enclosed armour offering better protection than most, even Space Marines must be wary of leaving the safety of their transport vehicles for too long! This is very much intentional, as it encourages players to make use of tanks and armoured vehicles as much as possible in order to shield their infantry from what is an incredibly hostile environment. This also presents a fantastic opportunity to arrange a huge tank battle with your regular gaming group. You could even try a game where non-vehicle units are not allowed at all!



Rad Worlds Unnatural Disasters

The air hangs heavy with radiation and contaminated winds whip across the warzone to sear the flesh of those brave or foolish enough to leave the sanctuary of their armoured vehicles. The very ground beneath their feet is saturated with radioactivity and even those that survive the conflict may yet succumb to radiation poisoning.



RAD WORLD UNNATURAL DISASTER TABLE

D3+ Turn - Effect

2-3 - Rad Poisoning: *Intense concentrations of radiation cause anyone within their proximity and not sufficiently protected against their baleful effects to suffer a swift, agonising death.*

The Master of Disaster must roll a D3+1 to determine how many rad tokens are placed. Starting with the Master of Disaster's side, the sides take it in turns to place a rad token anywhere on the battlefield. Every non-vehicle model within 12" of a rad token that is not embarked in either a vehicle or a building must immediately make a Dangerous Terrain test. However, models within 12" of a rad token that are embarked on Open-topped Transport vehicles or Battlements are still exposed and must also make Dangerous Terrain tests. Look Out, Sir rolls cannot be made against any Wounds suffered in this manner.

Furthermore, any Open-topped vehicle models within 12" of a rad token must roll a D6. On the roll of a 2+, nothing happens; On the roll of a 1, one of the vehicle's crew has succumbed to rad poisoning – roll a further D6. On the roll of a 1-3, the vehicle immediately suffers an Immobilised result; on the roll of a 4-6, the vehicle immediately suffers a Weapon Destroyed result. However, in either case, the vehicle's Hull Points remain unaffected – do not reduce the vehicle's Hull Points by one.

Once a rad token has been placed, it remains in place for the rest of the game. Resolve the effects of each rad token every turn when determining Unnatural Disasters.

4-5 - Contaminated Wind: *A gust of poisonous wind blows across the battlefield, heavily polluted with radiation. To those exposed to the merciless rad-wave, there is no sanctuary.*

Every non-vehicle unit on the battlefield that is not embarked in either a vehicle or a building takes a number of S1 AP 4 hits, with the Poisoned (4+) and Ignores Cover special rules, equal to the number of models in the unit. However, models that are embarked on Open-topped Transport vehicles or Battlements are still exposed and will also suffer hits as described above.

Furthermore, any Open-topped vehicle models on the board must roll a D6. On the roll of a 3+, nothing happens; On the roll of a 1-2, one of the vehicle's crew has succumbed to rad poisoning – roll a further D6. On the roll of a 1-3, the vehicle's driver/pilot has died and the vehicle immediately suffers an Immobilised result; on the roll of a 4-6, the vehicle immediately suffers a Weapon Destroyed result. However, in either case, the vehicle's Hull Points remain unaffected – do not reduce the vehicle's Hull Points by one.

6+ - Atomic Flare: *Stray weapons fire in battle can sometimes spark a latent accumulation of radiation into a nuclear detonation, with mutually destructive results.*

The Master of Disaster must roll a D3 to determine how many atomic flares are triggered. Starting with the Master of Disaster's side, the sides take it in turns to resolve shooting attacks with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
Infinite	D/10/9	1/2/3	Heavy 1, Apocalyptic Mega-blast, Poisoned (2+)



Side A
Deployment Zone

9"

9"

Side B
Deployment Zone

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Published in 2013 by Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK

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British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

ISBN 978-1-78253-446-4

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Games Workshop Ltd - 19.12.13