

WARHAMMER[®] 40,000

TYRANIDS[™]



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TYRANIDS

By Robin Cruddace

CONTENTS

Introduction	3
---------------------------	----------

The Tyranids	6
---------------------------	----------

The Death of Tyran	8
Hive Fleet Behemoth	10
The Battle for Macragge	12
Hive Fleet Naga	16
Hive Fleet Gorgon	18
The Race to Adapt	20
Hive Fleet Kraken	22
Hive Fleet Jormungandr	26
Hive Fleet Leviathan	28
The Ghorala Swarm	30

Forces of the Tyranids	33
-------------------------------------	-----------

Hive Tyrant	34
Tyrant Guard	35
Tyranid Warriors	36
Ravener	37
Hormagaunts	38
Termagants	39
Genestealers	40
Lictors	41
Gargoyles	42
Harpy	43
Zoanthropes	44
Venomthropes	45
Carnifex	46
Hive Guard	47
Biovores	48
Pyrovores	49

Forces of the Tyranids	<i>continued</i>
-------------------------------------	-------------------------

Trygon	50
Mawloc	51
Tervigon	52
Tyrannofex	53
Mycetic Spores	54
Ripper Swarms	55
The Swarmlord	56
Old One Eye	57
The Doom of Malan'tai	58
Deathleaper	59
The Parasite of Mortrex	60
Ymgarl Genestealers	61

Tyranid Psychic Powers	62
-------------------------------------	-----------

Creating the Swarm	64
---------------------------------	-----------

The Tyranid Swarm	66
--------------------------------	-----------

Weapons and Biomorphs	81
------------------------------------	-----------

Ranged weapons	81
Close combat weapons	83
Armour	83
Biomorph Upgrades	84

Tyranid Army List	85
--------------------------------	-----------

HQ	86
Elites	88
Troops	90
Fast Attack	92
Heavy Support	94

Summary	96
----------------------	-----------



INTRODUCTION

The Tyranids are aliens from another galaxy; a vast swarm that consumes everything in its path. This Codex is the definitive guide to collecting and playing with a Tyranid army in the Warhammer 40,000 wargame.

THE WARHAMMER 40,000 GAME

The Warhammer 40,000 rulebook contains the rules you will need to fight battles with your Citadel Miniatures in the war-torn universe of the 41st Millennium. Every army has its own Codex book that works with these rules, allowing you to turn your collection of Citadel Miniatures into an organised force ready for your games of Warhammer 40,000. This Codex details everything you need to know about the Tyranids.

WHY COLLECT A TYRANID ARMY?

A Tyranid army appeals to those who want to take the role of a master predator, for the Tyranids are a race that views all others as mere prey. There is no reasoning with the Tyranids and no surrender; they exist only to sate a ravenous appetite. The great variety of warriors at the Hive Mind's disposal allows Tyranid players the opportunity for a large and diverse collection with which to create cinematic moments of relentless alien swarms fighting against an army of doomed defenders.

Of all the races in the 41st Millennium, the Tyranids are the most alien. Each Tyranid is a living weapon, a creature perfectly designed to fulfil its role. The Tyranid race is continuously learning and adapting to better defeat its foes, spawning new warriors and beasts of war. Driven by the gestalt consciousness of the Hive Mind, the Tyranids swamp their prey with overwhelming numbers. Those that are not swept aside under a tide of razor-sharp claws and lethal bio-weaponry fire are smashed asunder by gigantic alien monsters the size of battle tanks.

HOW THIS CODEX WORKS

Codex: Tyranids contains the following sections:

- **The Tyranids:** The first section introduces the Tyranid race and their part in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. It includes details of their continuing infestation of the galaxy, the methods by which they defeat their enemies and scour prey-worlds of life. This section describes the link between every Tyranid creature and the implacable will of the Hive Mind that unites them. Also included are descriptions of many of the distinct Hive Fleets of the Tyranids, including details of the carnage left in their wake and some of the desperate battles that have ensued.
- **Forces of the Tyranids:** Each and every one of the many alien creatures in the Tyranid army is examined in this section. Firstly, you will find a full description of the unit, describing its role within the army and its specialised combat abilities. Secondly, you will find complete rules for the unit with details of any unique weapons or abilities they can use on the battlefield.
- **Weapons and Biomorphs:** This section contains the descriptions and rules for the biologically constructed weaponry and biomorph enhancements utilised by the forces of the Tyranids.

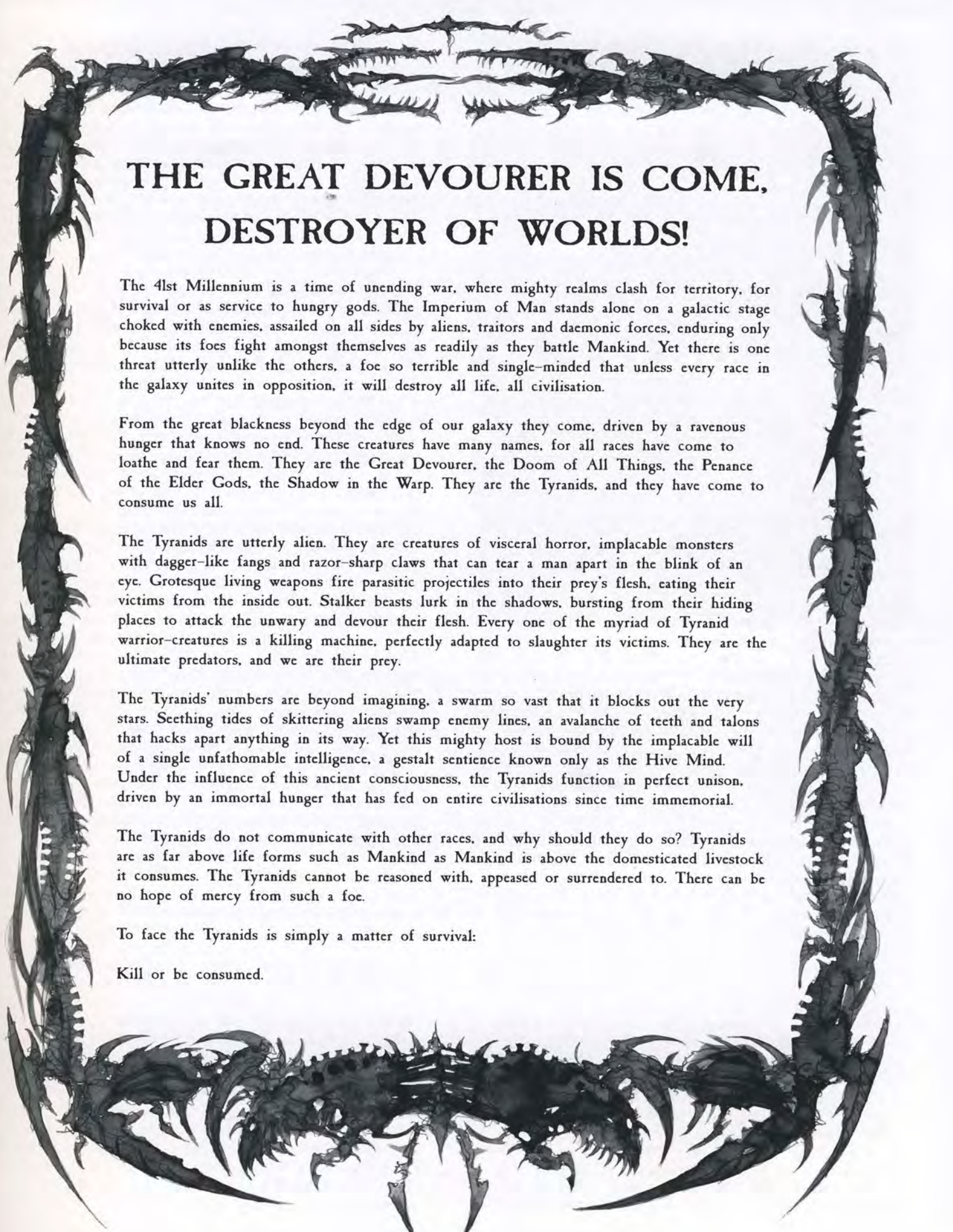
- **The Tyranid Swarm:** This section contains colour photographs of the extensive range of Citadel Miniatures available for your Tyranid army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's famous 'Eavy Metal team. Colour schemes for various Hive Fleets are included.
- **Tyranid Army List:** The army list takes all of the units presented in the Forces of the Tyranids section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your own games of Warhammer 40,000. Each unit type also has a points value attached to help you pit your forces against an opponent's in a fair match.

FIND OUT MORE

While Codex: Tyranids contains everything you need to play a game with your army of Tyranid creatures, there are always more tactics to use, scenarios to fight and painting ideas to try out. The monthly magazine White Dwarf contains articles about all aspects of the Warhammer 40,000 game and hobby, and you can find articles specific to the Tyranids on our website:

www.games-workshop.com





THE GREAT DEVOURER IS COME, DESTROYER OF WORLDS!

The 41st Millennium is a time of unending war, where mighty realms clash for territory, for survival or as service to hungry gods. The Imperium of Man stands alone on a galactic stage choked with enemies, assailed on all sides by aliens, traitors and daemonic forces, enduring only because its foes fight amongst themselves as readily as they battle Mankind. Yet there is one threat utterly unlike the others, a foe so terrible and single-minded that unless every race in the galaxy unites in opposition, it will destroy all life, all civilisation.

From the great blackness beyond the edge of our galaxy they come, driven by a ravenous hunger that knows no end. These creatures have many names, for all races have come to loathe and fear them. They are the Great Devourer, the Doom of All Things, the Penance of the Elder Gods, the Shadow in the Warp. They are the Tyranids, and they have come to consume us all.

The Tyranids are utterly alien. They are creatures of visceral horror, implacable monsters with dagger-like fangs and razor-sharp claws that can tear a man apart in the blink of an eye. Grotesque living weapons fire parasitic projectiles into their prey's flesh, eating their victims from the inside out. Stalker beasts lurk in the shadows, bursting from their hiding places to attack the unwary and devour their flesh. Every one of the myriad of Tyranid warrior-creatures is a killing machine, perfectly adapted to slaughter its victims. They are the ultimate predators, and we are their prey.

The Tyranids' numbers are beyond imagining, a swarm so vast that it blocks out the very stars. Seething tides of skittering aliens swamp enemy lines, an avalanche of teeth and talons that hacks apart anything in its way. Yet this mighty host is bound by the implacable will of a single unfathomable intelligence, a gestalt sentience known only as the Hive Mind. Under the influence of this ancient consciousness, the Tyranids function in perfect unison, driven by an immortal hunger that has fed on entire civilisations since time immemorial.

The Tyranids do not communicate with other races, and why should they do so? Tyranids are as far above life forms such as Mankind as Mankind is above the domesticated livestock it consumes. The Tyranids cannot be reasoned with, appeased or surrendered to. There can be no hope of mercy from such a foe.

To face the Tyranids is simply a matter of survival:

Kill or be consumed.

THE TYRANIDS

The Tyranids are the most alien of all races to be encountered by humanity. They are the ultimate predators, and all living things are their prey. To the Tyranids, all other life forms are merely a source of raw material. Even the most advanced alien race is still nothing more than a resource to be trapped and devoured. They are like a galactic swarm of locusts that consumes everything in its path. The Tyranids feed on entire worlds, unleashing vast tides of ferocious alien monsters to smash apart any opposition, an avalanche of teeth and claws too numerous to stop. Unrelenting and ravenously hungry, the Tyranids represent an unimaginable threat to every race in the galaxy.

The Intergalactic Predator

The Tyranids are not native to our galaxy. They have travelled through the bleak intergalactic space between galaxies for countless millennia. Whether the Tyranids made this perilous journey because they had already consumed everything of worth in their home galaxy or in flight of another, even more fearsome race, is unknown. It is possible that the Tyranids have been preying on galaxies since time immemorial and ours is but the latest to feel its predations. Whatever the truth, for the Tyranids to have endured such an epic voyage must have required both the greatest of single-mindedness and unimaginable amounts of energy. During their aeons-long journey across the void the Tyranids have slumbered in a state of frozen hibernation. Now, the Tyranids are here, inveigling their way into the galaxy like a disease into a healthy body. They have awoken, they are hungry, and the survival of every living thing hangs in the balance.

Eternal Hunger

Tyranids do not invade worlds for territory, pride or vengeance – they care naught for the first and it is doubtful they even comprehend the other concepts. Rather, they invade to harvest valuable biomass and feed their insatiable hunger. When the Tyranids invade a planet, every action of every creature is honed to but one goal – the rapid absorption of that world's ecosystems and bioresources.

Tyranids are a space-borne race and only descend to a planet's surface to feed. When the Hive Fleet has located a suitable prey world, it disgorges a swarm of creatures into the atmosphere. Mycetic Spores rain from the skies in their thousands, crashing into the surface to break open on impact. From the fleshy remains do broods of warrior organisms emerge, vast tides of creatures that flood the landscape. The skies turn red as alien spores choke the atmosphere, then blacken as clouds of winged horrors descend from above. Soon the prey world is seething with Tyranid bioforms. The ravenous hordes spread across the landscape, slaughtering the planet's inhabitants like cattle. Many of these creatures are expended by the billions so that the whole might endure. As a result, the Tyranids require an endless supply of biomatter from which new organisms can be grown, biomatter that can only be taken from worlds rich in life. A Hive Fleet's armies are created with the express purpose of swiftly overcoming a world's defenders, leaving it safe for consumption swarms to perform their gruesome work. Writhing tides of feeder-organisms, the most numerous of which are Ripper Swarms, flood across the

defenceless planet, consuming every scrap of flesh and vegetation. Having gorged themselves, these Tyranids return to large digestion pools where they, and the biomatter they have devoured, are dissolved into a rich biological gruel that is funnelled up through vast capillary towers and absorbed by the Tyranid Hive Ships. When the culling is complete and every shred of biomatter is assimilated, the Tyranids leave in search of fresh feeding grounds, leaving a scoured, lifeless wasteland in their wake.

The Hive Fleets

The Tyranid Hive Fleets consist of millions of many-tendrilled spacecraft. Each vessel is itself a gigantic living creature, home to countless numbers of lesser organisms grown in the bubbling organ-sacs of the vessel's reproductive chambers. 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 of the Hive Fleet.

The Magos Biologis of the Imperium categorises each Tyranid incursion as a separate force, an individual fleet that works to its own agenda and competes with other Hive Fleets for resources. Indeed, the separate Hive Fleets appear to be self-sufficient, exhibiting different, characteristic strategies and developing unique creatures to overcome their prey. However, the truth is more complex than any could imagine, for each Hive Fleet is but a splinter of one greater assemblage, acting under the instructions of a single monstrous and unfathomable intelligence – the Hive Mind.

The Hive Mind

The Hive Mind holds all Tyranid creatures in a psychic bond that enables them to act together as one gestalt organism. It is a single coordinating sentience formed from untold billions of individual consciousnesses, each of which is a Tyranid. Whilst some individual Tyranids are capable of rational thought, most have no distinct minds as humans and other creatures would understand it. These Tyranids simply fulfil the functions for which they were created, unless the implacable will of the Hive Mind instructs them to do otherwise. Most of the smaller Tyranid creatures are therefore utterly unthinking, having been created to fulfil a single specialised role to the exclusion of all else. Larger and more complicated beasts are able to make limited decisions appropriate to their situation, but even these actions are subordinate to the will and goals of the Hive Mind.

The Hive Mind's influence is strongest in the vicinity of creatures such as Tyranid Warriors and the feared Hive Tyrants. These beings are able to communicate with their kin, not through language, but by an instinctive form of telepathy through which they channel the will of the Hive Mind. Under the command of such creatures the Tyranids operate in perfect unison, slaved to the psychic imperatives of a single communal intelligence. However, should the synapse creatures be slain, the link between individual creatures and the Hive Mind is severed – many of the lesser organisms will revert to their baser, animalistic behaviours. For this reason, the Tyranid swarms do not have a single commander but several. Between them, they create a synaptic web as extensive as it is powerful.

The Shadow in the Warp

Even before a Tyranid invasion begins, a planet's inhabitants must contend with the Shadow in the Warp. The coming of a Hive Fleet is preceded by a smothering psychic signal, a powerful beacon of overriding terror. For creatures without a latent psychic ability, this mental miasma manifests as a pervasive dread, instilling a primal malaise that can never truly be expelled. For highly psychic races such as the Eldar or luckless psykers caught within this enervating effect, the horror is magnified tenfold. Should the psyker attempt to use his otherworldly abilities, the cerebral cacophony worsens even further, pitching all but the strongest into incurable insanity where the psyker will repeatedly chant phrases in a tongue too alien to properly pronounce. So does the oncoming presence of the Tyranids plunge whole worlds into madness and despair.

For the Imperium, whose long-distance communication relies solely on the highly specialised psykers known as Astropaths, the Shadow in the Warp is one of the deadliest facets of the Tyranid menace, as it prevents beleaguered worlds from calling for aid. Thus, as a Tyranid Hive Fleet approaches, the area of galaxy swallowed up by it goes deathly silent, giving no clues as to what has happened.

Creatures of the Swarm

Every bio-ship, weapon and projectile in the Hive Fleets is a living organism, grown from the reconstituted biomatter of previous invasions. Tyranids have no mechanical technology, and instead harness an advanced form of biotechnology to create organic equivalents of the tools, fuels, ammunition and weaponry used by other races. Indeed, it may be argued that the most sophisticated of technologies and manufacturing techniques utilised by the races of the galaxy pale in comparison to the organisms created by the Tyranids. This poses enemy commanders with unique challenges. For example, the Hive Fleets emit no electromagnetic signatures, making it all but impossible to spot approaching bio-ships with conventional scanners until it is too late.

The bio-construct nature of the Tyranids makes them a terrible foe to face, for their armies contain a creature specialised to every conceivable facet of warfare. These creatures can be altered and regrown to suit the Hive Fleet's needs in a short span of time. Thus can a Hive Fleet adapt to generate a force capable of overwhelming any opposition.

The Hive Fleets spawn a myriad of creatures to destroy its enemies. Leaping Hormagaunts, skittering Termagants, and winged Gargoyles are simple organisms, grown in vast numbers to seek and destroy pockets of resistance. Should the opposition prove too much for these creatures, the Hive Mind will deploy larger and altogether more ferocious monsters. Cerebral Zoanthropes conjure mighty Warp blasts to scour flesh and shatter metal. Brutish Carnifexes trample underfoot those that survive the sweep of their mighty claws. Trygons and Raveners tunnel beneath enemy fortifications, striking from below without warning. Winged Harpies plunge into the enemy below and giant Tyrannofexes pound the foe with long ranged, grotesque bio-weaponry. Everywhere there are Tyranid Warriors and Hive Tyrants who oversee the assault, ensuring that the Hive Mind's will is done, lending their innate guile and tactical instincts to the naked ferocity of the swarm's minions.



The Great Devourer

So far, the Tyranids have been most active on the Eastern Fringe, on the very borders of the Imperium of Man, where thousands of worlds have been stripped bare of life. With every passing year, the tendrils of the Hive Fleets push deeper into populated space whilst yet others approach from the intergalactic void, their vanguard elements just now beginning to penetrate the galaxy. So vast are the tendrils of the Hive Fleets that their trailing edges still slumber. The thought processes of the Hive Mind are gathering pace as more Tyranids wake and recall the age-old purpose of their kind – feed, grow, survive.

Only now are the inhabitants of the galaxy realising the scale of the threat they face; unless the Tyranids can be stopped, it will mean nothing less than extinction.

“There is a cancer eating at the Imperium. With each decade it advances deeper, leaving drained, dead worlds in its wake. This horror, this abomination, has thought and purpose which functions on an unimaginable, galactic scale and all we can do is try to stop the swarms of bio-engineered monsters it unleashes upon us by instinct. We have given the horror a name to salve our fears; we call it the Tyranid race, but if it is aware of us at all it must know us only as Prey.”

– Inquisitor Czevak at the Conclave of Har

THE DEATH OF TYRAN

The first recorded contact with Tyranids happened in early 745.M41, on the eastern outskirts of the Imperium. Up to this point, Mankind was wholly unaware of the new threat on its borders, and if any of the galaxy's older empires were aware of the oncoming swarm, they did not see fit to warn the upstart Imperium.

Yet the Hive Fleet had left evidence of its approach for those with the wit to see it. Over the course of the preceding decade, Imperial explorators had performed a census of the planetary systems surrounding the far-flung outpost of Tyran Primus. In the course of their survey, these explorators discovered whole worlds scoured of life. Verdant planets known to have been teeming with flora and fauna were now reduced to scorched and barren rock. Not one creature, not even the simplest of bacteria, remained. Though this was reported to the Explorator General of the Administratum, little more was done – the galaxy is a huge place, mysteries commonplace and the Administratum as slow to act as only a massively labyrinthine bureaucracy can be.

As the Tyran outpost dutifully continued to file reports of dead worlds, the Tyranid Hive Fleet drew inexorably closer. Thus far the Tyranids had consumed only isolated worlds with no intelligent life, replenishing the reserves of biomatter expended during the long, slow crawl through the interstellar void. Now reinvigorated, the aliens descended

upon Tyran Primus – the first of Mankind's worlds to feel their wrath, and the invasion for which the Imperium would name their race. That the Tyran outpost had any warning at all was due to sheer chance. A survey ship, returning from cataloguing another devoured world, encountered a cloud of unidentified objects on the edge of the Tyran system. Though crippled by peculiar fleshy mines on the edge of the cloud, the survey ship managed to escape and limp back to the Tyran Primus base, carrying with it a dire warning. A handful of days later, the invasion began.

The outpost of Tyran Primus was no easy prey. Nestled deep in the ruins of an ancient chain of volcanic islands, this base was heavily fortified to resist the fearsome storms and sea-creatures of Tyran's wild oceans, and its defences did not end there. Given Tyran's position on the edge of known space, and its extreme separation from the Imperium's other worlds, it had been founded with armament deemed adequate to deter the attentions of piratical raiders or repel an aggressive alien presence.

Four giant defence lasers stood guard over the Tyran Primus base, themselves protected by hardened ceramite silos and void shield generators. This already formidable firepower was further complemented by three dozen autocannon and lascannon interceptor emplacements, an overlapping network of defence bastions and Proteus-class bunkers.



Nor could the planetary garrison be found wanting. In addition to the Skitarii bodyguard of the outpost's commander, Magos Varnak, Tyran boasted three full wings of Thunderbolt fighters, three Endeavour-class cruisers and an entire infantry regiment of the Imperial Guard – soldiers trained to defend the Imperium against its enemies. Such was the standard for a frontier outpost of the Imperium, a design that had proven itself against a hundred adversaries. Yet here, against this new alien menace, this formidable arsenal would prove woefully insufficient.

THE FIRST ASSAULT

Tyran's defence lasers opened fire the moment the first alien ships made orbit. For more than an hour, the storm-wracked skies of Tyran were split again and again by incandescent blasts as the base's gunners desperately fended off the descending invaders. Then, just as the cooling systems of the defence lasers began to glow white and overheat, the invaders withdrew.

Perhaps buoyed by false confidence, Magos Varnak immediately ordered his small fleet to harry the withdrawing vessels, but this strategy soon proved to be folly. Penetrating the spore cloud that masked the alien fleet, the pursuing vessels discovered that fewer than a dozen of the strange vessels had been destroyed out of a fleet of several thousand. Having lured the cruisers away from Tyran, the leading edge of bio-ships suddenly changed direction, and fell upon the Imperial vessels with a vengeance. The *Emperor's Fist* was the first to be destroyed, its hull shredded by a voracious swarm vomited forth by a much smaller vessel. The *Righteous Destiny* lasted scarcely longer – a cluster of tendrils drew its prow into a Hive Ship's gaping maw. Only the *Sword of Warriors* lasted long enough to convey a warning to the Tyran outpost, but before the transmission was complete, leech-like pods gnawed through the starship's adamantium hull, unleashing hundreds of Genestealers directly into the vessel's bridge and decks. The crew were slaughtered within minutes, leaving the unhelmed cruiser adrift in space.

"We cannot live through this. Mankind cannot live through this. In a single day they have covered this planet with a flood of living blades and needle-fanged mouths. Kill one, and ten take its place. If they are truly without number, then our race is doomed to a violent death before every shred of our civilisation is scoured away by a force more voracious than the fires of hell themselves.

Death! By the Machine God. Death is here!"

– Magos Varnak, last words

With the Imperium's cruisers destroyed, the Hive Fleet returned to Tyran, and this time the defences could not hold them back. Thousands of Mycetic Spores descended on the world and, though the laser defences destroyed many, countless hundreds more crashed into the seas. All around the base, the seas thrashed and boiled as the invaders burst from their pods and tore their way through the ferocious inhabitants of Tyran's oceans. Then the first invaders scaled the walls.

At first, the disciplined volleys of the Imperial Guard drove the creatures back. Amongst their ranks were veterans from Catachan, well-used to combating alien monsters, and they would not easily yield. Officers bellowed orders through the pouring rain, and torrents of firepower scythed deep into the alien ranks. The hides of the smaller beasts were of scant protection against the torrent of lasgun fire, and offered no defence at all from the booming autocannons of the interceptor grid. Wave after wave of Hormagaunts and Genestealers were torn apart, their corpses choking the rain-lashed killing zones between the bastions. Thunderbolts darted through the skies above, expertly jinking through the lightning-chased skies, blasting apart incoming pods with precision fire before turning to intercept new targets.

Then the northern defence laser fell silent. Thousands of Gargoyles had mindlessly thrown themselves into its throat, clogging the massive beam projectors with their incinerated corpses. Moments later, the eastern defence laser complex ceased firing as an enormous Carnifex rammed through the reinforced steel wall, trampled over the defenders and hurled itself at the coolant lines. One by one, the Thunderbolt fighters tumbled from the skies, their engines choked by spores, or their cockpits torn apart by shrieking Harpies. As more and more of the defence network went dark, the Mycetic Spores began to fall onto the base itself.

THE SWARM TRIUMPHANT

An hour later, and the Tyran outpost was as good as lost. The bastions were overrun or destroyed, the defence laser complexes fallen silent. Even the Guardsmen tempered on the harsh death world of distant Catachan, men who had reckoned themselves amongst the toughest, most stalwart of warriors, abandoned their posts and fled into the driving rain in search of an escape that did not exist. Here and there pockets of resistance still held out under the watchful gaze of a brave or foolhardy officer, but one by one these were extinguished. Only the command bunker remained, and its walls began to crack under the impact of massive blows. Through the few functioning displays, Magos Varnak saw the flood of aliens rampaging through his once-impregnable base, destroying everything they found. Finally, the great adamantium gate of the bunker crashed inwards, and the Tyranids poured into the command complex. Guardsmen and Skitarii fought back with flamers, but the aliens swarmed through the searing fires and hacked their way onwards.

As Hormagaunts poured into the command centre, Varnak whispered a final prayer to the beneficent Emperor and triggered a switch, sending a data-codex plummeting into the depths of the base. This codex would be the Tyran outpost's enduring legacy, for it would be found many months later by one Inquisitor Kryptman, a man who would dedicate his life to opposing the Tyranid menace. But for the Inquisitor's arrival, Tyran's fate might have gone unnoticed for millennia. Kryptman found a blasted and sterile planet, now unrecognisable as the teeming ocean world it had once been. The planet had been sucked dry, every scrap of vegetation and every drop of water consumed. As Kryptman reviewed the data-codex, the full horror of Tyran's fall was revealed. Wasting not another moment, the Inquisitor set forth to warn the galaxy of the oncoming horror from beyond the stars, a horror Kryptman named 'Tyranids' for the world they had consumed. The Tyrannic Wars had begun...

MACRAGGE

Ultramarines' Chapter Planet



Several decades after the death of Tyran, Hive Fleet Behemoth reaches the heart of the Ultramar Sector. Macragge is the site of the greatest battle against Hive Fleet Behemoth. Almost the entire military might of Ultramar assemble to oppose the Tyranid menace, seizing victory only through valour, courage and no small amount of good fortune.

SYBARI

Chaos Renegade Stronghold

After a disastrous war against Ultramar, the Chaos Renegade faction known as the Death Shadows withdraw in secret to the old fortress world of Sybari. Ironically, the Death Shadows were preparing a strike against Macragge when Hive Fleet Behemoth arrives over Sybari.

Station Carillion

The Anphelion System

Lastri's Tomb

MALAN'TAI

Eldar Craftworld

Warned of the Tyranid onslaught by outflung bands of Rangers and Pathfinders and the oncoming Shadow in the Warp, the Farseers of Malan'tai opt to remove themselves from the Hive Fleet's approach path. The younger races are forced to fend for themselves.



The Moons of Rapson

The Plague Worlds

PRANDIUM

Agri-world

Prandium, the garden of Ultramar, proves an easy and bountiful conquest for the Tyranids. The barren rock left in Behemoth's wake is scarcely recognisable as the verdant paradise of yore.

HIVE FLEET BEHEMOTH 745.M41

Though modest in size compared to the invasions that would follow, Hive Fleet Behemoth brought ruin and dismay to hundreds of star systems. There was no subtlety to Behemoth's approach, no sense of strategic genius. It merely ploughed through the galaxy at incredible speed, devouring everything in its path with a rapacious hunger that would pass into legend. Later Hive Fleets would be more cautious, picking off minor worlds and conserving valuable biomass for a concerted assault on more formidable foes.

Behemoth showed no such behaviour, which ultimately proved to be its undoing. Whilst Behemoth's berserker charge wrought untold woe, its juggernaut onslaught expended more biomass than it could replace.

Behemoth's back was finally broken at the Battle for Macragge. The Ultramarines' Chapter planet held out against incredible odds, draining Behemoth's biomass reservoirs at such a rate that, in the end, the Hive Fleet all but consumed itself...

SOLEMNACE

Necron Tomb World

Two minor tendrils of Hive Fleet Behemoth make major course corrections in order to avoid conflict with the Necrons of Solemnace. Unable to find other nutrient-rich prey worlds in the immediate vicinity, these tendrils lapse into a state of hibernation.



THANDROS

Imperium System

The binary mining worlds of Thandros offer little in the way of resistance to the oncoming Tyranids. The workers of Thandros II and III are slaughtered in the darkness of their own mines. The system's orbital telepathica matrix empty its magazines and burn out its laser banks before being overwhelmed.

Imperial Explorer Fleet Dosari clash with an outflung tendril of Behemoth. Both fleets are utterly destroyed during the engagement.

The Sevora Anomaly

TYRAN

Adeptus Mechanicus Frontier Outpost

The Imperium's first recorded contact with the Tyranids. The Tyran outpost is destroyed in a matter of hours. Crucial pict-records survive the devastation, and provide Mankind's first real information concerning the oncoming Tyranid threat.

Kaptin Blackgit's Freebooters, having escaped from the doomed world of Jagga, unwittingly blunder into a shoal of the Hive Fleet's Doomripper Kraken.

JAGGA

Dis Belongs to Da Orks

The consumption of Jagga gives Hive Fleet Behemoth its hardest fight to date. Jagga was home and base of operations for the Ork pirates known as Star Krumpas. The pirates' considerable Kill Kroozer fleet had been the bane of shipping in the area, and now takes a bloody toll of Behemoth with its dying blow.

OCCULUS

Observer Station

Unaware of Tyran's fate, the crew of the Oculus observer station are caught full in Hive Fleet Behemoth's path. The Observer was a bio-artefact claimed nine thousand years ago by the Imperium. The Tyranids devour not only the crew, but the moon-sized station itself.

The Tyranids happen upon the Imperial cruiser *Investigation*. All hands are lost in the ensuing battle, and the vessel's icy hulk is later discovered by Inquisitor Kryptman.

THE BATTLE FOR MACRAGGE

When Hive Fleet Behemoth arrived at Macragge, the Tyranids found it fortified against them. This was no frontier world, neither was it an isolated and ill-defended mining outpost to be overwhelmed in a brief but vicious struggle. This was Macragge, heart of Ultramar, home world of the Ultramarines, the Imperium's bulwark on the eastern rim.

Thanks to Inquisitor Kryptman's discoveries at Tyran Primus, the defenders of Macragge had been forewarned of the horror headed towards them. Marneus Calgar, Chapter Master of the Ultramarines and Lord of Ultramar, had bent his skills to further buttressing Macragge's already formidable defences. Calgar knew that more than just the survival of his small domain rested on the outcome. If the Tyranids could not be stopped at Macragge, the Imperium would likely not get another chance for several hundred light years.

So it was that when the Tyranid fleet arrived at Macragge, it arrived at a world ready for a fight. Dozens of warships hung in orbit, augmenting the already formidable firepower of Macragge's Starnova-class orbital weapons stations. In the weeks leading up to the Tyranids arrival in the system, Calgar had requisitioned every space-worthy vessel capable of fighting.

In addition to the Battle Barges of the Ultramarines and heavy cruisers of the Ultramar Defence Fleet, there were

lightly-armed merchantmen and privateers of all sizes. Some fought for money, others for the Emperor and a few because they could do no else with their helms and engine rooms in the hands of troops loyal to Calgar. Nor had the planet's surface been neglected. Here, the Ultramarines had wrought a careful series of defences, which they would man alongside the cream of Ultramar's defence forces. Should the worst befall them, Calgar's plan was for his forces to fall back to the planet's polar fortresses and hold out until reinforcements arrived.

THE SIEGE OF MACRAGGE

Another foe would perhaps have been daunted by the assemblage of might that now guarded Macragge, but the Tyranids came on without delay or doubt. Wave after wave of bio-vessels swept over the defences. Each onslaught was eliminated in turn by the massed firepower of Strike Cruisers and orbital stations, but each slipped further into the atmosphere to deliver clusters of Mycetic Spores to Macragge's surface.

For a time, Calgar's forces successfully slowed this initial land invasion, trading territory for time as they whittled down the oncoming swarm. Yet even under Calgar's legendary leadership, such delaying measures could only last so long. As Calgar withdrew ever further north, Genestealers burst from the sewers beneath Sirocco Starport, slaughtering



defenders and pilots alike before they were brought down by vengeful bolter-fire. In one fell swoop, much of Calgar's shuttle fleet had been downed. He still had access to sufficient Thunderhawk Gunships to supply and manoeuvre his Ultramarines, but not the Auxilia Forces that made up the bulk of his forces. With all other options denied him, Calgar made a fateful stand at Cold Steel Ridge.

THE SWARMLORD STRIKES

By now, the Tyranids had clashed with Calgar's army many times, and the Hive Mind had learnt much from the tactics employed by the Master of Macragge. Having identified Calgar as the main threat to the Tyranid advance, the Hive Mind now despatched its deadliest servant to bring about his end – the Hive Tyrant later classified in Imperial records as the 'Swarmlord'. Who can say how many battles this monster had prosecuted on behalf of the swarm in galaxies beyond our own, how many defences ground to nothing by the forces under its command? It was the Swarmlord who had led the final assaults on Tyran and Thandros, honing strategies of encirclement and misdirection against human opponents. Those same strategies were now being employed against Calgar's position on Cold Steel Ridge.

"A new Tyrant joined the fray and, in an eyeblink, the whole character of the swarm changed. The ravaging berserker-spirit that had driven the Tyranids onto the ridge was gone as if it had never existed. Left in its place something cannier and infinitely more worrisome.

It was then that I knew the battle to be lost."

– Ultramarines Sergeant Telion

Up to that point, the defenders had become accustomed to the near-mindless tactics of the rampaging swarm, but under the influence of the Swarmlord, the Tyranids' primal fury was coupled with keen strategy. Raveners burst from the chill ground in the midst of the defenders of the left flank, forming a wall of writhing bodies that separated the beleaguered auxilia from Calgar's main force. By the time the Ultramarines' 2nd Company cut their way through the Raveners, the left flank was a channel of gore and feasting Hormagaunts who had sprung upon the auxilia whilst they battled the foe in their midst. The Ultramarines purged the Hormagaunts with fire, but in so doing left the Swarmlord's true target – the mighty Baneblade *Pride of Hera* – open to attack. Seizing the opportunity, the Swarmlord unleashed a wave of Carnifexes to tear the super-heavy tank apart.

On the eastern flank, Calgar watched grimly as the Swarmlord's ploy unfolded and the *Pride of Hera* was destroyed. Even as he led the counter assault against the Carnifex brood, Calgar recognised that his enemy was not the mindless swarm it had first seemed to be. Yet it was one thing to know the reason for the avalanche, and quite another to avoid being pinioned beneath it. Over the next few hours, the full depth of the Swarmlord's battleplan became apparent. Gargoyles and Harpies descended upon the surviving auxilia units, always preying upon officers and sergeants, shattering the chain of command with dread efficiency. Biovore bombardments forced the defenders to

spread out to minimise casualties, but this in turn left stragglers vulnerable to roving Mawloc and Trygon attacks. Calgar and his Ultramarines fought tirelessly, bolstering weakened sections of the line as only Space Marines could, reacting to each threat with valour. But they were outnumbered and outmatched. Under the Swarmlord's dominion the swarm adapted to defeat Calgar's tactics as quickly as the Master of Macragge developed them. Then the Swarmlord bellowed a challenge to Calgar and, leading a bodyguard of Tyrant Guard and Tyranid Warriors, the monstrous Hive Tyrant plunged into the fray.

Seeing their Chapter Master beset, the Ultramarines hastened to his aid, but then found themselves assailed from an unexpected quarter. Not all of the Hormagaunts on the left flank had been slain as previously thought – many hundreds were lying dormant amongst the corpses of their kin, ravenous instincts suppressed by the Swarmlord's dominating will. As the Swarmlord charged forward, he released the Hormagaunts from their slumber. The risen beasts fell upon the Ultramarines with fury, undaunted by the roar of boltguns and the infernal heat of the flammers. The Hormagaunts' numbers were not great enough to do more than delay the Ultramarines, but the delay would prove to be enough for the Swarmlord's purpose. Calgar was laid low, his body rent and torn, his last strength expended in mortal combat with the Swarmlord. His Honour Guard fought before their wounded Chapter Master, axes of Ultramar flashing in the cold light as they drove the Swarmlord back from the body of their lord.

Too late, Thunderhawk Gunships arrived from the orbiting Battle Barge *Octavius*. Their first pass blasted the swarm back from the ridge, turbo-lasers and heavy bolters buying moments in which three of their number could land amongst the bloody dead and retrieve the survivors. Even then, that the Honour Guard were able to get Calgar to safety was due only to the sacrifice of Aloysius, Commander of the Guard, who held his ground alone against the Swarmlord and its Tyrant Guard. Yet even as Aloysius fell, hacked down by the Swarmlord's four crackling bonesabres, the Thunderhawk Gunships lifted off, carrying the few dozen survivors to safety. Due to the noble sacrifice of his Ultramarines, Marneus Calgar would fight again, but the army of Ultramar was no more. The polar fortresses were on their own.

"As I looked into its dead black eyes, I saw the terrible sentence it had in place of a soul. Behind that was the steel will of its leader. Further still I could feel its primogenitor coldly assessing me from the void. And looking back from the deepest recesses of the alien's mind I perceived what I can describe only as an immortal hunger.

We can slay the Tyranids on our worlds, blast their fleets from the space, grind their armies to torn and ruined fragments. But their hunger? That is beyond our ability to slay."

– Ultramarines Chief Librarian Tigurius

THE WAR IN SPACE

Yet if the battle on the ground fared poorly, the war in space was proving disastrous. The first Tyranid assault wave had claimed the mighty Battle Barge *Caesar*, a shoal of Ramsmiter Kraken weathering the noble vessel's incredible firepower before driving their bonerams forward to buckle and penetrate its hull. The third wave saw the destruction of the better part of the merchant fleet as a swarm of Void Fiends slipped through the perimeter breach caused by the *Caesar's* destruction. By the time the ninth wave was launched, Macragge's Starnova stations were bloody tombs, mere hunks of debris left spinning in space. When the dozenth Tyranid assault wave had spent its ire, the orbital defences of Macragge were all but obliterated. A handful of crippled Imperial vessels endured amongst the wreckage, their captains wisely husbanding their waning resources rather than blindly sacrificing themselves. Yet Macragge now lay undefended, and the Tyranid invasion intensified.

Capitalising on their victory, the Hive Ships unleashed thousands upon thousands of spores directly onto Macragge's polar fortresses, bringing a new stage of the planetary assault directly to the foe's defences. However, the war in space was not yet concluded. Refusing all but the

TYRANID KRAKEN SHIPS

The Kraken of the Hive Fleets are gigantic predator organisms perfectly adapted to the chill darkness of the void. Kraken bio-ships act as scout vessels, and range far from the Hive Fleet in search of prey. Being entirely spaceborne, Kraken ships represent no direct threat to a planet, but wreak havoc on space stations, shuttles and military vessels.

Ramsmiter Kraken are the most common species. Each has a hook-like proboscis capable of piercing even a capital ship's armoured hull. As the Ramsmiter sucks digestible material out of the vessel and into its digestive tract, it simultaneously vomits broods of Genestealers and Hormagaunts into the very heart of its stricken prey to root out any victims that might be hiding.

Almost as lethal at close quarters, a Doomripper Kraken has a maw alive with dozens of writhing, muscular tentacles. Each tentacle is incredibly strong, and the Doomripper uses them to bind itself to a prey-vessel before gnawing through the hull and feasting on its innards. Once attached to a prey, the Doomripper will die rather than let go. To survive a Doomripper attack is therefore a race against time, as the entrapped vessel attempts to slay the parasitic Doomripper before its own hull is crushed.

Rarest of all Kraken is the Hellblaster. This beast's sole objective is to contact with the hull or shields of an enemy ship and discharge a massive burst of electrostatic energy. Powerful bolts arc through the hull of the prey, overloading its power systems as the raw electricity claws, crackles and spits its way across the vessel's hull. Even if the Hellblaster is finally killed by the prey's armament, it will have wrecked the target beyond repair.

most vital medical aid, Calgar took command of the surviving vessels and began to harry the Hive Fleet as it spread out to surround Macragge. With its forces deployed in strength to the world below, the Hive Mind now chose to withdraw its bio-vessels from Macragge in order to lure the defending ships away and thus prevent them coming to the polar fortresses' aid. Calgar took the bait, and pursued the Hive Fleet to the ringed world of Circe on the edge of the Macragge system. It would prove to be the turning point of the Battle for Macragge.

Both sides planned an ambush at Circe. Calgar had finally received word from the Tempestus Fleet and wasted no time in coordinating a combined assault on the Hive Fleet. The Tyranids, on the other hand, had a second fleet of bio-ships concealed amongst Circe's rings. As events unfolded, it was the Tyranids that sprang their trap first, seizing Calgar's tiny fleet between the two waves of Tyranid ships. However, the Hive Mind's victory was short-lived. Scarcely had the first salvos been exchanged when the Tempestus Fleet entered real space – now it was the Tyranids caught in the jaws of a trap. Even now, the Imperial fleet was outmatched, for the Tyranids fought fiercely and their numbers were still greater than those of the combined Imperial fleet. Only the desperate sacrifice of the huge *Dominus Astra*, its hull pierced and acid-scored, and its decks overrun with Genestealers, swung the battle in the Imperium's favour. Charging into the heart of the Hive Fleet, the Emperor-class battleship detonated its mighty Warp drives, creating a cataclysmic vortex that dragged both it and the entire Tyranid fleet into oblivion.

THE POLAR FORTRESSES

Meanwhile, on Macragge, the valour of the Ultramarines was being tested as never before. The veteran Space Marines of the 1st Company led the remnants of the Ultramar auxilia in a tenacious defence of the polar fortresses, holding every last wall and trench until the last possible moment. Their numbers reinforced, the Tyranids swept every defence before them, the eyes of the swarm's Hive Tyrants ever upon them.

In the south, tides of skittering Termagants overwhelmed the Davidan Perimeter, forcing the defenders every deeper into the base. Carnifexes tore through rockcrete walls, opening up passageways through which Hormagaunts and Gargoyles swarmed. The Ultramarines had to rely on heavy short-range firepower, but for every Tyranid that fell, two sprang forward to continue the fight. At the last, the garrison of the southern defences fell back to the Fortress of Angels at the complex's heart and prepared to sell their lives dearly.

In the north, the situation was far direr. Here it was none other than the Swarmlord that led the assault. Word of this monster's deeds on Cold Steel Ridge had reached even the chill north, and the terror of its arrival was as dreadful as any physical weapon. The defences here were led by Captain Invictus, commander of the Ultramarines' 1st Company – a brave and canny warrior second only to Calgar. Invictus had led the defence with all his might, but there seemed to be no position that the Swarmlord could not exploit. Even as Calgar's fleet raced back to Macragge, there was fighting between Terminators and Genestealers amongst the coolant stores of the defence laser silos in the heart of the northern fortress – Invictus' chances of holding out were slim.



THE BEHEMOTH FALLS

In truth, the threat of Hive Fleet Behemoth ended with the battle at Circe. The only question that remained was whether Macragge would be lost in the process. As the Ultramarines 3rd and 7th Companies descended upon their slighted world, they found a landscape subsumed by carnage. Mangled corpses, human and Tyranid alike, were scattered across the ice, and everywhere lay the devastation of the war. Survivors were found in the ruin of the southern fortress, though the 3rd Company had to endure several days of hard fighting in Lictor-infested passageways before rescue could be affected. In the north, there were no survivors – Invictus and the 1st Company had died fighting back-to-back in the heart of the northern fortress.

Though Calgar had defeated Behemoth the Chapter Master felt it was a hollow victory. The Ultramarines had been dealt a severe blow, the armies and fleets of Ultramar reduced almost to nothing. Hive Fleet Behemoth might be gone as a single entity under the Hive Mind's direction, but it would be years before its creatures were finally scoured from Macragge. Terrible things slumbered in the ice shelves of the northern continent, waiting for the call of the Hive Mind to stir them from dormancy. Official reports listed the Swarmlord as slain, but no trace of its corpse was found in the ruins of the northern fortress. For years thereafter, grim tales would come from Macragge's northern wastelands, of a monstrous beast that roamed the ice, feasting upon the flesh of the unwary. Was the Swarmlord still alive, lurking somewhere in the wilderness of Macragge? It would be decades before the truth would be uncovered.

THE MYSTERY OF YMGARL

Technomagi of Mars spent years classifying the Tyranid artefacts and bodies left on Macragge, but could divine little about their origins from the evidence. The only notable discovery was that the Tyranids used Genestealers as shock troops. These alien creatures had previously been thought to be the autochthonous denizens of the moons of Ymgarl that had spread onboard cargo barges and derelict hulks. Indeed, many of the Imperium's bloodiest encounters with Genestealers were onboard infested Space Hulks and names such as the *Sin of Damnation* will forever be synonymous with these deadly creatures. The presence of Genestealers amongst the Tyranid hordes was testament that previous assumptions were false. Further studies confirmed that all Genestealers, even the tentacle-mawed strain encountered on Ymgarl's moons, were Tyranid creatures.

In response to this news, the Salamanders Chapter of Space Marines conducted a xenocidal campaign to purge the moons of Ymgarl and Inquisitors intensified their scrutiny for Genestealer infestations, but little more could be done.

Are the Ymgarl Genestealers a fragment of a long ago Hive Fleet, or is there more to the Tyranid advance than is readily evident? Regardless, The Ymgarl Genestealer strain was not entirely eradicated by the Salamander's purge. Rather, they endure, in the dark corners of the length and breath of the galaxy, just waiting for their time to come. The truth about Ymgarl is still to be revealed...

HIVE FLEET NAGA

For nearly two hundred years, Hive Fleet Naga (known to the Eldar as the Shai'naid – the Endlessly Winding Serpent) was thought by the Imperium to merely be a splintered tendril of Hive Fleet Behemoth, flailing about in the darkness of space until it perished of starvation. Such a standpoint is understandable – until the emergence of Hive Fleet Kraken some two hundred years later, there were few in the Administratum's ranks prepared to give credence to the idea that the Tyranid threat was far from over, that there might be other Hive Fleets poised to enter the galaxy. This belief was further compounded as the area of Hive Fleet Naga's predations had but lightly encroached upon Imperium-held worlds. The only real concentration of such worlds, the Ybaric Cluster, lay beyond the eastern fringe of the Vidar Sector. At the time of Hive Fleet Naga's invasion, savage Warpstorms had isolated these worlds from the Imperium for several centuries. When the Warpstorms had finally abated, the worlds of the Ybaric Cluster had been picked clean and Hive Fleet Naga was no more.

Yet if the onslaught of Hive Fleet Naga proved to be of scant threat to the Imperium, this should not be taken to suggest it was of scant import. Though the Tyranid swarm touched little on Mankind's worlds, countless alien domains suffered from its embrace. The Eldar lost two maiden worlds and seven Exodite worlds to the Hive Fleet's rampage, and nearly three dozen minor civilisations were extinguished by the Tyranids – had Naga entered the galaxy further south along the galactic plane, it would likely have erased the emergent Tau from existence.



Hive Fleet Naga's destruction therefore has little to do with the Imperium – although the worlds of the Ybaric Cluster did put up a spirited defence. Rather, Naga's elimination lay chiefly at the hands of the ancient Eldar. Fleets from the Malan'tai, Iyanden and Idharæ craftworlds converged upon Naga and vanquished it in a series of bloody strikes that only the Eldar could have performed with so few casualties. In the final analysis, Naga might be judged amongst the smallest of the Hive Fleets, but this is only significant if one forgets that all Tyranid fleets are under the direction of the omnipresent Hive Mind.

Hive Fleet Naga may well have been obliterated, but before it was destroyed it sampled several dozen previously unencountered forms of biomass. As with Behemoth before it, Hive Fleet Naga also learnt much about the galaxy's defenders. The Hive Mind already had a sense for the strategies and capabilities of the Imperium of Man, but now it had tasted the minds and flesh of the Eldar. It hungered for more...

012801.M41

Hive Fleet Naga descends upon the outer colonies of the Ulumeathic League. Three of the colony worlds fall within days, with the fourth only holding out long enough to evacuate a mere fraction of its population. Unbeknownst to the Ulumeathi, the freighters carry more than refugees – Genestealers have crept aboard.

201801.M41

Fed by rumours of a dark alien menace spreading through the galaxy, the Cult of Veiled Oblivion grows in membership and prominence all across the Ybaric Cluster. Anarchy reigns on the coremost world, Silax.

640801.M41

Hive Fleet Naga devours the Exodite world of Tar-Etenil. The death throes of the planet and the resulting psychic shockwave cripples the worldspirits of several neighbouring Exodite planets, leaving them easy prey for Naga's rapacious advance.

712801.M41

Transport ships containing refugees from the Ulumeathic League arrive at the Varreyan space docks. All contact with the vast complex is lost two days later. Investigative teams sent from the planet's surface have time to send warning of a Genestealer infestation before being slaughtered. The Varreyan home fleet is forced to destroy the facility from orbit to eliminate the threat, crippling the region's ability to rearm and refit space craft.

909801.M41

The first of the Ybaric Cluster worlds, Crimsonfall, is attacked by a tendril of Hive Fleet Naga. Fighting initially favours the Imperial Guard regiments stationed there, but without reinforcements the Tyranid monstrosities can only be slowed, not stopped. Three of the planet's four chief continents are overrun.

030802.M41

The hard-pressed armies of Crimsonfall receive reinforcements from the nearby hive world of Tern, including a company of neglected but serviceable Cadian Baneblades, abandoned there some five thousand years earlier. The defenders of Crimsonfall rally behind the new arrivals, only to rout when a Tyrannofex brood reduces the entire Baneblade company to riven scrap.

240802.M41

The governor of Silax refuses to send aid to his embattled neighbours.

690801.M41

Tern sends further reinforcements to Crimsonfall, but the troopships are ambushed by Dark Eldar Raiders. Whilst wallowing in their debauched victory celebrations the raiders are in turn seized and absorbed by the bio-vessels of Hive Fleet Naga.

701801.M41

Crimsonfall is consumed by Hive Fleet Naga.

870802.M41

Having sent many of its warriors to the aid of Crimsonfall, Tern's defenders are swiftly overwhelmed. Within a week, the planet has been devoured by Hive Fleet Naga.

C980802 - 920807.M41

Hive Fleet Naga consumes several minor races on the edge of Ulumeathi space. Its progress does not noticeably slow.

001808.M41

The Tyranid fleet arrives in orbit over Silax. Below, the Cultists of Veiled Oblivion, the planetary governor amongst them, cast secrecy aside and turn on the few loyal defence forces. Loyalist and traitor alike are swiftly consumed when the Mycetic Spores begin to fall.

575808.M41

The Eldar Exodites of Halathel become aware of Hive Fleet Naga's approach. Unable to abandon the souls of their kin bound to Halathel's worldspirit, they plead with nearby craftworlds for assistance, and begin to fortify the worldspirit shrine.

692808.M41

The Throneworld of the Ulumeathic League is devoured by Hive Fleet Naga. The remaining Ulumeathi colony worlds declare a state of quarantine.

131809.M41

The leading elements of Hive Fleet Naga are caught between fleets from the Malan'tai and Idharæ craftworlds. Naga splinters into two tendrils, the first continuing to Halathel, the second spiralling back rimwards towards the maiden world Eth-aelas.

801809.M41

Outstripping the crippled Malan'tai fleet, the first Naga tendril arrives in orbit around Halathel. Mycetic Spores begin to rain down upon the planet's surface. Halathel's remaining defenders withdraw to the worldspirit shrine and prepare a last stand to protect their ancestors.

097810.M41

First Siege of Halathel's Shrine. The Hive Mind drives thousands of Termagants and Hormagaunts at the walls of Halathel's Shrine, expending lives to deplete the enemy's ammunition stores. Combining forces, the Exodites hold the Tyranids at bay for three days and three nights. On the morning of the fourth day, the momentum of the Tyranid's attack falters. The survivors scurry away, leaving a carpet of dead aliens in their wake.

420810.M41

Second Siege of Halathel's Shrine. Having tested the courage and resolve of the defenders, the Hive Mind unleashes a second assault that dwarfs the first in both numbers and fury. Gargoyles and Harpies flow over the walls, kept at bay only by the shrine's air defence web. The seething tides of Termagants part as Carnifexes stampede their way through. The colossal beasts are driven back, yet for every Carnifex that is slain, another surges forward to take its place. At dusk, the outer defences of the shrine collapse. Hormagaunts pour

through the breaches, slaughtering the luckless Eldar. Exodite Lord Wei-yannil and his bodyguard, seeking to buy time for the withdrawing Guardians and Aspect Warriors, assail the Hive Tyrant that leads the assault. In a dramatic fight the Hive Tyrant is slain, but Wei-yannil is torn apart by the frenzied attacks of the beast's Tyrant Guard. With their overlord's death, the bulk of the Tyranid swarm loses cohesion and withdraws, leaving the remaining crazed Hormagaunts to futilely hurl themselves at the enemy.

742810.M41

An Iyanden fleet, under the command of Admiral Draech, engages the Hive Ships orbiting Halathel. Draech's flagship, the *Auspicious Illumination of Eternity*, is destroyed early in the battle, but his second in command, a relatively young prince named Yriel, seizes command and destroys the Tyranid Hive Ships.

353811.M41

The Fall of Halathel's Shrine. Dozens of Trygons burrow beneath the walls of the shrine, bursting forth to bring terror and death to the defenders within. Though the beasts are slain, Raveners emerge from the Trygon-tunnels. The assault is over in less than an hour, the defenders massacred to the last and the worldspirit destroyed.

756811.M41

Overwhelmed by rage, Yriel orders the Iyanden fleet to scour all life from Halathel. The surviving vessels of the Craftworld Malan'tai fleet arrive at Halathel and join forces with Yriel's forces.

195812.M41

An isolated and wounded Hive Ship happens across Malan'tai Craftworld itself. The Tyranid vessel withers and dies even as the Eldar defence fleet race to intercept it. A handful of Mycetic Spores, launched in the bio-ship's death throes, go undetected by the Eldar fleet.

206812.M41

The Idharæ fleet engages the remaining Hive Ships of the second tendril on the outer edges of the Eth-aelas system. Cornered and outgunned, the remaining Hive Ships are destroyed, but not before seeding Eth-aelas with several thousand Mycetic Spores. Determined not to lose another world to the Tyranids, the Idharæ Eldar make planetary landing and begin the long task of scouring the Tyranid presence from the world.

459812.M41

A howling psychic scream echoes through the Eldar webway. All contact is lost with Malan'tai.

860812.M41

Yriel's forces arrive at Eth-aelas and join with the Idharæ forces on the planet's surface. Following a string of hard-fought victories, the last Hive Tyrant is slain at the battle of Sorrowforge Pinnacle. The survivors of the swarm are left leaderless and easy prey for the vengeful Eldar. There will be many battles to come before all the Tyranids of Hive Fleet Naga are fully destroyed, but the Hive Fleet's threat as a single, unified force can be considered ended from this day.

HIVE FLEET GORGON

Gorgon was a relatively small Hive Fleet, but exceptional in its ability to adapt to new circumstances on a biological level. In its two-year rampage through the Tau Empire, Gorgon manifested more bioform varieties than any other Hive Fleet before or since. With every battle, fresh iterations of Tyranids emerged, each new variant perfectly adapted to overcome a particular foe or circumstance.

It is possible that this extremely rapid ability to alter its warriors was an innate quirk of Hive Fleet Gorgon. However, a more likely explanation lies elsewhere. In their way, the Tau are no less dynamic than the Tyranids, for they are ever able and willing to adapt. That the Tau's methods are rooted in technological flexibility, rather than in bio-adaptability, is irrelevant. The fact of the matter remains that the Tau proved an altogether different foe for the Tyranids to overcome, one less hidebound to martial tradition and doctrine than the Imperium of Man or the enigmatic Eldar. As such, Hive Fleet Gorgon may simply have had to adapt even more rapidly to defeat this new foe.

FLESH AGAINST TECHNOLOGY

As the war progressed across Tau-controlled space, invaders and defenders reacted to each other's shifts in tactics. Tyranid and Tau alike were testing each other for a weakness to exploit whilst attempting to stymie the efforts of their foe and wrest the advantage. The Tau Supreme Admiral,

Kor'O'Vanan, swiftly came to realise that only a fluid and adaptable strategy that combined the entrapment tactics of the Kauyon disciplines with the more aggressive Mont'ka strikes would yield any hope of victory. Yet tactical challenges were only the start of O'Vanan's troubles. The Tyranids adapted to more than just his doctrines and deployments, they moved to counter the Tau weaponry itself. In response to the powerful pulse rifles of the Tau Firewarriors, carapace was restructured, bone recombined and tissue reknitted, dramatically increasing the Tyranids' resistance to Tau ordnance. In reply, the Tau reconfigured their weapon load-outs, retro-fitting pulse rifles to use new prototypes or older ammunition, ballistics which the Tyranids had not before encountered and hence had not yet adapted to. However, each time a weakness was found, the Tyranid biomatrix shifted once more.

During the assault on the forest world of Sha'draig, the ferocity of Shas'el Vorcah's Kroot Auxilia proved decisive in

"Never have I faced a tide of foes that can alter both strategy and flesh to hasten our downfall. Swift as these beasts adapt, we must be swifter, for if we fail, the Tau Empire will drown in its own blood."

– Shas'el Vorcah of Kel'shan



repelling the initial landings – through forestcraft and ferocity, the Kroot mercenaries held the Hormagaunt swarms at bay. Once more the Hive Mind adapted. The Hormagaunts that led the second invasion were noticeably lither than their predecessors, able to dart through the gnarled and twisted undergrowth without becoming entangled. The second invasion was also thwarted, though many thousands of the Kroot defenders were slain.

When the third invasion came, the Hormagaunts had altered yet further. Though no differences could be visually discerned, there were subtle alterations to the musculature and poise of this latest generation. These changes had but one goal – to increase the efficacy with which the Hormagaunts could pierce and tear Kroothide. As could be expected, this third wave of Hormagaunts made short work of Sha'draig's Kroot defenders. However, the changes to the Hormagaunt bioform had weakened the beasts' own resistance to injury. Once the Hormagaunts emerged from Sha'draig's forests, the Tau defences, prepared with time bought by Kroot blood, had little difficulty blowing them apart. So did the cycle of adaptation begin again. Once more did the Tyranids' hides thicken to face this new challenge, reaugmenting the swarm's resilience to better weather the firepower of the defenders' pulse rifles.

In the end, Hive Fleet Gorgon's super-adaptable capacity also proved to be its chief weakness. Though the Tyranids' advance had been swift and savage enough to keep the Hive Fleet supplied with sufficient biomass to replace its losses, the rapid cycle of adaptation and replenishment had forced the Tyranids to rely on smaller, less complex organisms that could be bred swiftly. What larger creatures Gorgon had at its disposal were few, and far harder to replace. Once the Tau learned of this and set the elimination of such creatures as a priority, the course of the war shifted in their favour.

"How ironic it is that as fast as we spread progress and hope throughout the galaxy, the Tyranids spread death and despair."

– Aun'shi of Vior'la

STRANGE ALLEGIANCES

The final weeks of the campaign against Hive Fleet Gorgon unfolded on the sept world Kel'shan. Until the Tyranid arrival, Kel'shan's defenders had been embroiled in a war against the Cadian XVIIIth army, who had been tasked with reclaiming the world from the Tau. When the Tyranids fell upon the system, Castellan Crask, commander of the Cadian XVIIIth, temporarily put aside his orders to exterminate the Tau and joined with them to shatter Hive Fleet Gorgon. Naturally the truce lasted only a fraction longer than the last Hormagaunt, but that was to be expected.

Although Hive Fleet Gorgon wrought havoc across a sizeable swathe of the Tau Empire, the Imperium of Man considered it to have been a minor threat. The Tyranid forces encountered by the Cadian XVIIIth army on the surface of Kel'shan were but a tiny fragment of the Hive Fleet's former strength. Castellan Crask wasted no time in declaring the Tau to be weaklings for their apparent inability to scour such

a minor Tyranid threat. This viewpoint, and the wilfully misinterpreted conclusions that fed it, was the chief precipitating factor in the commencement of the Iron Hammer campaign, which soon escalated into the greatest confrontation yet seen between the Imperium of Man and the Tau Empire. But that is another story...

A SHADOW OF THINGS TO COME

Despite its defeat, the invasion of Hive Fleet Gorgon would have lasting implications for the Tau. Before Gorgon's final destruction, three Hive Ships broke off from the main fleet and headed back towards the intergalactic void with elements of the Tau fleet in dogged pursuit. These Hive Ships carried with them the full span of Gorgon's experiences in battle with the Tau, the taste of their weaponry and the potential of their flesh. The Tau erroneously believed that this knowledge could only be transferred if the Hive Ships survived to make contact with the other Tyranids that even now advanced upon the Tau Empire. As far as O'Vanan was concerned, the future of the Tau now lay in his hands.

THE NARVHAL

Tyranid Hive Fleets do not travel through Warp space. Nonetheless, the Hive Fleets' incredible rate of advance belies the supposition that they are bereft of a swift mode of travel. Whilst it is true that the Tyranids are constrained by sublight speeds whilst within the borders of a planetary system, they are capable of far greater velocity when traversing interstellar space. That they can do so is thanks to a small, almost innocuous vessel classified by the Imperium as a Narvhal.

Unlike most Tyranid vessels, a Narvhal is almost completely defenceless, with little in the way of bio-weaponry and a comparatively thin protective carapace. A cluster of monofilament spines on the Narvhal's bow enable it to interpret a wide range of sensory input, including an unbelievably broad spectrum of gravimetric signals. Using these senses, the Narvhal can detect planetary systems at incredible distances. It can then somehow harness that system's own gravity, creating a compressed-space transit corridor through which the Narvhal, and nearby vessels, can cover vast distances. This method cannot be employed near to strong gravitational forces, as they drown out the more subtle traces that the Narvhal uses to navigate. As a result, a Tyranid fleet must rely on more conventional propulsion in the final approach, in some cases slowing their arrival by years, or even decades. Whilst this combined propulsion method is slower than Warp travel, it is infinitely more reliable, allowing the Tyranids to conduct their implacable encroachment across the galaxy.

The Narvhal's manipulation of a star system's underlying forces is not always without side effects. A prey planet will sometimes be subjected to earthquakes, solar flares, tidal waves and other natural disasters in the time between the Narvhal casting its gravitic snare and the Hive Fleet actually arriving. This only benefits the Tyranids' efforts, guaranteeing as it does that the defenders of the target world will still be wrestling with planetary disaster when the swarm arrives in orbit.

THE RACE TO ADAPT - THE GORGON STRIKES

599899.M41

The Tau are first alerted to the oncoming Hive Fleet Gorgon when the worlds of several trading-partners are devoured.

810899.M41

All contact is lost with the *Outbound Brotherhood* when a Tau explorer fleet strays into the path of the Tyranids. Not one message of warning escapes.

980899.M41

The Sha'draig colony's orbital system perimeter outpost is eliminated. The Kel'shan Sept Fleet, under the command of Kor'o Valroth, slips its moorings and heads for Sha'draig.

109900.M41

The shipyards on Sha'draig's moon are attacked by Gorgon's outriders. With all other options closed to them, the defenders seal themselves in the main complex, trusting to their interceptor screens to buy time. Thousands upon thousands of Gargoyles perish under interceptor fire. Leaving a handful of vessels to blockade the moon, the Tyranids continue on to Sha'draig.

401900.M41

A new strain of Gargoyles attacks Sha'draig's lunar complex. The interceptor screen opens fire once again, but the fury of its strike is lessened by a refractive mucous that coats the Gargoyles' chitin. Their chief weapon denied to them, the lunar shipyards are overwhelmed.



420900.M41

The Kel'shan Sept Fleet arrives at Sha'draig to find the planet under siege by Gorgon.

722900.M41

The Tau fleet breaches the Tyranid blockade long enough to deliver reinforcements planetside, but is forced to disengage from direct combat. Varoth begins hit-and-run attacks on the Hive Fleet perimeter. His defences bolstered by additional warriors, Shas'el Vorcah sends Kroot auxiliaries to create an outer defence line.

924900.M41

Hormagaunts assault Kroot positions in the forests of Sha'draig. Many of the invaders are entangled in the forest's twisted undergrowth or caught in carefully wrought traps. Under the direction of Shaper Pechallai, the defenders drive the Tyranids back.

030901.M41

Shaper Pechallai's position is assailed again, this time by swifter Hormagaunts, less prone to being ensnared. Only brute force and tenacity allow the Kroot to endure.

106901.M41

A final wave of Hormagaunts, honed to the slaughter of Kroot, swamps Pechallai's defences.

400901.M41

Following heavy losses by Tau Firewarriors, the Hormagaunts and Termagants of Hive Fleet Gorgon quickly develop an almost total immunity to pulse-rifle fire. Sha'draig's main settlement is overrun and Shas'el Vorcah withdraws his forces to the mountains.

505901.M41

Stealth Teams recover several hundred Kroot rifles from the ruins of Pechallai's defences. The retrieved weaponry is distributed amongst Vorcah's surviving Fire Warriors.

620901.M41

Fresh broods of Hormagaunts and Gargoyles are spawned with chameleonic hides that blend in with their surroundings. They are now all but undetectable to the naked eye – only Battlesuit sensors can be sure of detecting them.

843901.M41

Deeming the situation irretrievable, Kor'O'Vanan reluctantly orders the withdrawal from Sha'draig and breaks the Tyranid blockade long enough to retrieve the bulk of the surviving ground forces. Shas'el Vorcah refuses to abandon hope so readily – he and his cadre remain planetside under the pretext of covering the retreat, but with the intention of continuing the fight.

901901.M41

Shas'el Vorcah initiates a series of suicide missions aimed at shattering the Tyranids' synapse web on Sha'draig. Their success drives Gorgon from the world, but it is a pyrrhic victory. Sha'draig has been almost completely

consumed by Ripper Swarms. Vorcah's cadre abandon the near-lifeless planet shortly thereafter, taking solace in the fact they have denied the Tyranids some of Sha'draig's biomass.

075902.M41

Dozens of Hive Ships separate from the main body of Hive Fleet Gorgon and descend upon the Tau colony of Ka'mais. Bitter fighting erupts as a fleet of Necron starships unexpectedly emerges from Ka'mais' dead moon. The outnumbered Tyranid ships are destroyed.

078902.M41

A day of celebration on Ka'mais. The Necrons land on the colony world to be greeted in great ceremony by the honoured Ethereal Aun'taniel.

079902.M41

Aun'taniel is slain by the Necron invaders. The Harvest of Ka'mais begins.

098902.M41

The Kel'shan Ethereal council orders the evacuation of the colony worlds that lie between Ka'mais and Kel'shan.

235902.M41

The great evacuation fleet of Ho'sarn is ambushed by Tyranid Prowler drone ships. More than three hundred Tau vessels are lost in less than three hours. A handful of ships escape to the abandoned mining facilities on the edge of the Ho'sarn system. The survivors do what they can to fortify the decrepit buildings, but the improvised defences are as nothing to the Tyranids that arrive on the planet two days later. No one survives the massacre of Ho'sarn.

550902.M41

The Battle of the Sol'ai Rift. Kor'O'Vanan's fleet engages Hive Fleet Gorgon as it leaves the Ka'mais system. The battle initially goes well for the Tau, but they are forced to withdraw after encountering a cluster of Ramsmiter and Razorfiend bio-ships with high-immunity to the Tau's ion weaponry. Before the Tau fleet withdraws, they succeed in killing many of Gorgon's Narvhals, hoping to buy additional time for Kel'shan to fortify against the Tyranids.

689902.M41

Roksh, home of the Rokshashi Wealthweb merchant guilds, is consumed by Hive Fleet Gorgon. Several Tau trading fleets are lost in the Roksh system, as is a secret Tau listening post on Roksh XVI.

709902.M41

Valroth's fleet arrives at the Kel'shan shipyards. Heavy retrofitting work is begun in an attempt to overcome Tyranid immunities.

760902.M41

An Imperial fleet, sent into the Warp more than one hundred and fifty years ago to support the then-ongoing Damocles Gulf Campaign, arrives at Kel'shan. Unaware of the Tyranids, the fleet enters Kel'shan's orbit and besieges the planet. Castellan Crask's Cadian XVIIIth begins the invasion. Valroth's fleet, its modifications complete, leave the shipyards and engage the interlopers.

785902.M41

The Tyranids enter the Kel'shan system and join the ongoing battle in orbit and on the planet below.

830902.M41

Faced with a common enemy, Castellan Crask and Kor'o Valroth agree upon an uneasy truce. Acting in concert, the Imperial and Tau fleets cut deep into Hive Fleet Gorgon. Casualties are heavy, but almost all the bio-vessels are destroyed. In the confusion, three Hive Ships flee the system. Kor'O'Vanan's fleet pursues.

"Aliens they may be, but I'd rather take my chances with the alien I know. Just make sure they stay between us and those... things."

- Castellan Crask

920902.M41

Kor'O'Vanan's fleet engages the surviving Hive Ships at Delmarra. One of the Tyranid vessels is destroyed but succeeds in luring the Custodian Fleet Carrier *Firestar* into Delmarra's asteroid belt where it is irreparably damaged. Outnumbered and outgunned, the remaining bio-ships continue to flee, drawing the Tau even further from sept worlds that are left unguarded in their absence.

011903.M41 - 490903.M41

The Cadian XVIIIth army and the Kel'shan sept warriors purge the Tyranids from the planet. With the destruction of their main fleet, the Tyranids have no reproductive capacity on Kel'shan aside from a single Dominatrix and a handful of wounded Tervigons. That, combined with the disparate nature of weaponry and tactics employed by the Tau and Imperial Guard, prevents the rapid adaptation that plagued the Tau in earlier battles.

500903.M41

The Battle of Worldspine Ridge. The last Dominatrix and Hive Tyrant are both slain. Though there will be other battles to come (Crask already has his eye on exploiting Kel'shan's weakened defences) Hive Fleet Gorgon is ended.

THE DOMINATRIX

The Dominatrix is a colossal creature of the Tyranid swarm. It is a fearsome opponent, for its sheer mass and panoply of bio-weaponry dwarf that of an Imperial super-heavy tank.

The Dominatrix is no unthinking beast - its level of intelligence is akin to that of the Hive Tyrant, and its link to the Hive Mind surpasses even those mighty creatures. Whilst within range of the Dominatrix's psychic aura, lesser Tyranid creatures become little more than an extension of the Dominatrix's will. As a result, a swarm under the Dominatrix's direct supervision functions with uncanny efficiency and a tactical genius that is beyond compare. Fortunately, such beasts are extremely rare in all but the most advanced Tyranid swarm, for where the Dominatrix treads, doom surely follows.

HIVE FLEET KRAKEN

For more than two hundred years after Hive Fleet Behemoth's rampage, the Imperium went relatively untroubled by the Tyranids. Though several Hive Fleets passed into the galaxy in that time, they primarily vented their fury on alien worlds, leading all but the most dedicated or paranoid individuals to believe the interim invasions to be mere fragments of the mighty Behemoth, and that the Tyranid menace was all but ended. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

By early 990.M41, Hive Fleet Kraken had already sunk its alien tendrils into the galaxy, isolating and smothering worlds before warning could be sent. Where Hive Fleet Behemoth had fought as a single massive wave that advanced and fought as one, Kraken was actually a series of smaller fleets that moved to attack many worlds simultaneously. Not only did this compound the Imperium's difficulty in opposing and destroying the Hive Fleet, but it increased the Shadow in the Warp tenfold. Almost overnight, an entire sector was silenced, isolated from Astropaths' messages of warning by the Hive Mind's choking influence. The handfuls of survivors who had fled before Hive Fleet Kraken's advance were thrown hundreds of light-years off course by the resulting turbulence in the Warp. Only several months after the onslaught had begun, did their accounts begin to reach the wider Imperium; tales of skies turned black by clouds of wind-blown poison spores and of hulking monsters stalking ruined landscapes. Whole population centres had been wiped out in scant hours.



THE TENDRILS OF THE KRAKEN

In the Miral system, Imperial Guard regiments and the Space Marines of the Scythes of the Emperor Chapter still held out against the 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 daily against raging hordes from the dense jungles below. The jungles themselves had become extraordinarily active since the invasion of Hive Fleet Kraken. Only constant defoliation with flammers prevented the Tyranid spore-infected creepers from engulfing the defenders' narrow island of rock.

A Rogue Trader brought rumours of Lamarno to the Imperium, a feral planet that had come under the sway of the Celebrants of Nihilism, a doomsday cult whose adherents had taken care to match their prophecies with the woe-laden events of the times. When the Hive Fleet arrived at Lamarno, nearly three-quarters of the planet's population had calmly marched towards the bio-ships to be consumed by their new 'living gods'. The Rogue Trader also brought a tale from the giant asteroid-monastery of Salem, telling of how the monks had chosen to poison themselves and their carefully-tended ecosystem with necrotising rotweed, rather than allow their sanctified flesh to be consumed by the advancing Tyranids.

Another dedicated merchant captain helped evacuate millions from the mining worlds of Devlan before it was consumed. The extensive system of Novastorm space stations around Devlan held the Hive Fleet long enough for a fleet of giant freighters to escape. A company of the Lamenters Chapter of Space Marines held off frenzied attacks by Tyranid Warriors until the last ship was loaded. Left surrounded and cut off, the Lamenters took a heavy toll upon 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 the world of Adri's Hope 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 blood-drenched abattoir. Men, women and children had been mercilessly butchered in their hundreds, perhaps thousands. Though a breach of quarantine was suspected to have allowed a Tyranid organism to get aboard, nothing was found within the blood-slick vessel. Whatever the murderous entity was, and what became of it, remained a mystery. Three weeks later, Adri's Hope was itself a blood-soaked ruin – the Beast of Devlan had claimed yet more victims.

Seen on a galactic scale, Hive Fleet Kraken was attacking across a front that covered many thousands of light years. Worlds were often bypassed, isolated or attacked unexpectedly, making a cohesive defence almost impossible to mount. The Imperium was forced to concentrate its forces on the most strategically important forge worlds and hive worlds, whilst it evacuated or simply abandoned others to their fate. There were some glimmers of light in the darkness however. Several Space Marine Chapters dedicated their

forces to saving those worlds the wider Imperial armies had abandoned. Some, such as the Lamenters and the Scythes of the Emperor paid for their boldness with heavy losses, their once proud Chapters reduced to a few scattered remnants, whilst the Knights of Eternity are presumed to have been completely obliterated. Others carried the battle to the Tyranids in the manner that only Space Marines could, striking at isolated tendrils of the Kraken, boarding Hive Ships and blowing them apart from the inside. Yet no matter the effort the Imperium made, the Tyranids were too many, and they drove ever onwards into the galaxy.

ICHAR IV

Fortunately for the Imperium, Hive Fleet Kraken did not remain spread out indefinitely, and eventually began to converge on Ichar IV, a hive world that some years earlier had been the site of a massive Genestealer infestation. Thousands of Genestealers suddenly burst from the underhives in support of the invading Tyranids, giving lie to claims that the infestation had been purged years earlier. Defence perimeters were overrun, Imperial Guardsmen slain in their thousands by the scuttling horrors for whom the tangled underhive was as simple to traverse as a causeway. In the confusion, ever more Tyranids made planetfall – not merely the Termagants and Gargoyles that had composed the vanguard of a thousand assaults, but monstrous Carnifexes and Tyrannofexes in their scores. Worse still, gigantic Hierodule and Hierophant bio-titans now stalked across the surface of the beleaguered planet. The Tyranids had descended on Ichar IV with everything at their disposal.

THE SPLINTER FLEETS

The scattered remnants of the Tyranid attack on Ichar IV fled towards the galactic core, driving well within the defence perimeters drawn against Hive Fleet Kraken. These splinter fleets have, if anything, become an even greater threat as they feed upon unsuspecting and ill-defended worlds far from the warzones. Running battles with the splinter fleets continued for many years after Kraken's passage, draining the defences against later incursions. It is doubtful if the true extent of the devastation will ever be known.

Splinter fleets comprise as few as a dozen Hive Ships, but even a dozen ships are more than capable of overrunning a world and harvesting its biomass to become a yet greater threat. Some have become so large as to be classified as a new, distinct Hive Fleet. Indeed, Hive Fleet Magalodon is grown from one of Kraken's sundered tendrils and to this day continues to ravage the Imperium.

Doubtless, the Tyranids have learnt much about the inner galaxy's defences from these splinter fleets. Every battle the Tyranids engage in, won or lost, adds to the Hive Mind's ever-growing understanding of its prey. Was this Hive Fleet Kraken's true goal all along? Who can say? It is perhaps preferable to believe that the Hive Mind had this very eventuality planned from the onset, rather than to entertain the only other possibility, that the Hive Mind has the strategic wit to turn even its defeats into victories elsewhere...

Despite its woes, Ichar IV was not yet lost. Forewarned by the previous infestation, the Imperium was able to mount a solid counter-defence of the Ichar system. Marneus Calgar led the Ultramarines here as he had at Macragge, inflicting crushing losses on the Tyranid armada in space and in the claustrophobic environs of the towering hive cities. Veterans of the First Tyranic War made planetfall and scoured Ichar IV's hives in a series of close quarter battles that lasted close to a full year. By employing the tactics that had defeated Behemoth, Calgar rallied the defenders of Ichar IV and cast the Tyranids for evermore from the world. Yet victory had come at a terrible cost. Ichar IV was now little more than a smoking charnel house of death and destruction, a world sacrificed so that the Imperium might endure.

THE DOOM OF THE ELДАР

At around the same time that one tendril of Hive Fleet Kraken was battling the Imperium on Ichar IV, another was approaching Iyanden, one of the largest and most populous of the Eldar craftworlds. It would be here, amidst eldritch architecture and within wraithbone halls, that the most bloody conflict yet between Eldar and Tyranid would occur.

Although Iyanden's rune-casting Farseers had foreseen echoes of doom upon the paths of the future, the signs and portents were uncertain. The first physical proof of the Tyranids was reported by Iyanden's Rangers, Eldar scouts who had witnessed the aliens assimilate and consume dozens of planets. Direr still, the Rangers brought word that a large tendril of Hive Fleet Kraken, a swarm of immense proportions, was headed directly towards Iyanden. The Eldar fell mute in terror at the sheer scale of the nightmare descending upon their peaceful space-borne world.

The Tyranid fleet was too vast to outrun and no mere barricade or battleline would contain them. Farseer Kelmon, spiritual leader of Iyanden, declared that all would have to fight together if they were to stand a glimmer of hope. The entire craftworld was fortified and every Eldar citizen on Iyanden made ready for war. Aid was sought and, in a sacred ritual, the Avatar of the Bloody-handed God was awakened.

THE WALKING DEAD

Even with every Eldar on Iyanden mobilised, the approaching swarm still vastly outnumbered the defenders. With a heavy heart, Farseer Kelmon ordered that the Ghost Warriors be brought forth. In an act considered by many Eldar to be akin to tomb robbing, the spirit stones of Iyanden's ancestors were plucked from their resting places and placed within the wraithbone shells of war-constructs to fight alongside their still-living children. It is a testament indeed to the terrible threat Hive Fleet Kraken posed for the Eldar to commit to such a distasteful course of action. Without the Ghost Warriors, the Tyranids would surely overwhelm the craftworld, but by marching to war in such numbers Kelmon had risked the accumulated wisdom, cultural and racial memories of Iyanden.

"Gather the dead for war, let them join our ranks, lest we are forced to join theirs."

– Farseer Kelmon

THE SHADOW DESCENDS

The first Tyranid swarms attacked Iyanden just twenty days after the Rangers had first brought word. By then, the craftworld had already been isolated for over a week by the Shadow in the Warp. The Tyranids approached the giant craftworld like a shoal of sharks, thousands upon thousands of drone ships and hive-vessels. Bio-ships attacked in waves, but there seemed no pattern to the assaults and no way to predict the size or disposition from one wave to the next. The Tyranids' assaults were far from random, but what possible strategy was being employed could not be discerned by the Eldar. Iyanden's fleet destroyed each wave, and the Eldar dared to hope. Although the defending fleet was formidable indeed, the ability of the craftworld's forges to repair and replace lost spacecraft was being outstripped by the deep space battles that surrounded Iyanden. Slowly, craft by craft, the Eldar were succumbing and the jaws of the Great Devourer were closing on the craftworld. Before the Eldar fleet could catch its breath, Iyanden was hit by two huge attack waves in quick succession, swarms of bio-ships that dwarfed all other attacks combined. The flotilla of Eldar vessels were swept aside before the onslaught.

THE KRAKEN STRIKES

Bloated, misshapen alien craft blotted out the stars as they descended onto their quarry, vomiting forth army after army of hideous creatures into Iyanden's unspoilt havens. A horrific psychic scream resounded around the craftworld's infrastructure as seething hordes of clawed, scuttling aliens were disgorged into its heart.



Huge battles erupted all over Iyanden, the fighting bitter and close ranged, with enemy forces often only separated by the width of a corridor or wraithbone wall. The passageways were overrun with Tyranids, and battle was joined in every imaginable arena. Striking Scorpions attempted to slice their way through massed swarms of Hormagaunts blocking the arterial corridors like a vile cancer. Carnifexes wrestled with ancient Wraithlords as Dire Avengers fought bloody battles with vast numbers of Termagants, shuriken fire and fleshborer maggots screeching through the air with equal lethality. Above curved halls, Tyranid Shrikes and Swooping Hawk fought a deadly aerial dance. Falcons and Harpies exchanged roles of hunter and prey at breakneck speeds amidst elegant alabaster spires. Graceful Phantom Titans did battle with grotesque bio-titans, slaying each other over a spore-choked surface. War even raged beyond the material realm as Zoanthropes and Warlocks engaged in mighty psychic duels. The Eldar had no place to hide, no sanctuary the Tyranids could not breach and no warrior or weapon of war that the aliens could not match. Soon, the Eldar's Walking Dead outnumbered the living.

The Eldar warriors sold their lives dearly, exacting a terrible toll in Tyranid corpses, but it was not enough. In a war of attrition the Tyranids excel like no other foe, whilst the Eldar are a dwindling people. First the Fortress of Tears fell, then the Shrine of Asuryan was destroyed. Most terrible of all, the ancient and deeply spiritual Forests of Silence were ravaged by the Tyranid hordes. It is said that many of the Eldar wept tears of rage and sorrow to see the damage inflicted on their precious forest shrine, realising that they now stood on the brink of extinction.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Word of Iyanden's peril managed to reach Prince Yriel, despite the psychic barriers isolating the craftworld. Though Yriel had vowed never to return to the place of his birth having been stripped of his rank decades earlier, the renegade prince could not abandon Iyanden in its darkest hour. Tempering his righteous anger towards his former home, Yriel and his fleet made best speed to the battle.

Like the burning spear of Khaine, Yriel's forces thrust through Hive Fleet Kraken's blockade and struck deep into the bio-fleet enveloping Iyanden. The renegade prince was an admiral without peer, and upon joining forces with the battered survivors of Iyanden's fleet, the Eldar ripped the heart out of the Tyranid swarm. Yriel prevented any more of Kraken's spawn from reaching the wounded craftworld, whilst simultaneously coordinating counter-strikes on the largest bio-vessels. Kraken launched two further waves but both were destroyed. Bloodied but unbowed, Yriel's forces prepared to sell their lives dearly, for surely another wave would overwhelm them. Minutes passed into hours as the Eldar ships scanned the runes of their scanners awaiting the next assault, but it did not come. The space-borne Hive Fleet had been defeated.

TO SLAY A MONSTER

Under Iyanden's skies, the battle for the craftworld's soul still raged. The Tyranid hordes that had been fighting a tenacious rearguard action now turned like cornered rats and hurled themselves at the Eldar with renewed ferocity. This unexpected assault all but broke the remaining Eldar ground

forces who were forced to fall back under the suicidal Tyranid onslaught. A massive Hive Tyrant led the frenzied horde, and wherever the monstrous beast attacked, the Eldar were butchered. Neither shuriken nor sword blade could pierce the Tyrant's hide. Not even the mighty Ghost Warriors, the Wraithguard and Wraithlords that had thus far saved Iyanden from being completely overrun, could stand against it. The Hive Tyrant's powerful talons tore the wraithbone constructs apart as easily it did the flesh and blood bodies of the living. Throughout the craftworld, the Tyranids were breaking through, sweeping aside pockets of Eldar resistance. The final confrontation was at hand, and victory was within the Tyranids' grasp.

Amidst the carnage, the Avatar stepped forward, a warrior who possessed the power to slay the Hive Tyrant. Its form glowed with coruscating fire as it smashed the teeming swarms before it. With a growl akin to an erupting volcano the Avatar roared a challenge towards the towering monster. However, Tyranids fight not for honour; indeed, it is doubtful they have any concept of bravery or cowardice. Instead of meeting the iron-clad figure in single combat, the Hive Tyrant urged its minions to destroy the Avatar and not one, but a dozen thundering Carnifexes stampeded towards the fiery warrior. Under such an assault, not even the embodiment of the Bloody-handed God could prevail.

With the Avatar lost, the last vestiges of hope ebbed from the Eldar. But, in an act of loyalty that restored Yriel as a hero of his people for all eternity, the Raider Prince and his people disembarked from their sleek ships to reinforce the wavering ground troops. The Tyranids were on the verge of overrunning their lines when Yriel himself plunged into the fray wielding the cursed Spear of Twilight. This ancient weapon, locked in stasis by Iyanden's seers, was a weapon of such power that it would eventually burn out the life-force of any who wielded it. That Yriel was willing to sacrifice not only his life, but also his immortal soul, to fight the Tyranids was a testament to the drastic measures that must be taken in order to defeat the Tyranids.

The monstrous alien Hive Tyrant turned to meet the Eldar prince, but savage strength and brute ferocity proved no match for the awesome energies of the Spear of Twilight. With one fluid motion Yriel thrust the weapon into the monster's gaping maw and through the back of its chitinous skull. With a howling scream the Tyrant collapsed and died at Yriel's feet. The last echoes of the monster's death shriek signalled the defeat of the alien horde. With their synaptic conduit severed, the remaining Tyranids ceased to attack as a united wave as they reverted to their base instincts. The scattered alien invaders were systematically hunted and eliminated in a series of vicious one-sided battles. The Tyranid attack on Iyanden was over.

THE COST OF VICTORY

The victory on Iyanden was a hollow one indeed, for though the craftworld's defenders had repulsed the invaders, they had done so only at a terrible cost. Iyanden stood in ruins; a crumbling remnant of its former glory. Four-fifths of Iyanden's population lay dead or dying in the craftworld's battle-scarred halls – a terrible blow to the declining Eldar race. Amongst the dead lay Farseer Kelmon, surrounded by the bodies of a dozen Tyranids whose wretched forms bore the



marks of psychic fire. The craftworld's graceful and majestic fleet had been reduced to a pitiful shadow of its once mighty stature, the blasted remains orbiting in deathly silence around the shattered craftworld. The once-beautiful landscape was covered in the black corpses of Tyranids. The eldritch architecture was devastated; slender wraithbone towers and magnificent crystal domes lay broken and shattered. Worse still, the very souls of those spirit stones that had been destroyed by the Tyranids were lost forever. Thus, Iyanden would never recover from the devastation meted out by the alien attack. The Eldar had learned a most painful lesson and never again would they underestimate the all-consuming hunger of the Great Devourer.

"We may have won the battle, but our ancestors have lost their souls."

– Prince Yriel

KRAKEN DEFEATED

Hive Fleet Kraken was now little more than splintered fragments of its former might, yet credit lay neither entirely with the defenders of Iyanden nor the actions of the Ultramarines on Ichar IV. The Eldar and the Imperium had been fighting as unwitting allies – had Kraken not struck Iyanden, the Ultramarines' victory at Ichar IV would have been impossible, and vice versa. Had either Ichar IV or Iyanden fallen, Kraken would have been unstoppable.

HIVE FLEET JORMUNGANDR

In late 995.M41, High Admiral Vortigern Hanroth began the Battle of the Black Nebula – the confrontation that shattered Hive Fleet Jormungandr. By this time, word of the Tyranid threat had spread throughout the Eastern Fringe. Realms that had long considered themselves safe from the aggression of other races knew fear once again.

So it was that Hanroth's fleet boasted not only the finest ships that the dockyards of Bakka and Sodremund could provide, but also a loose alliance of vessels from smaller worlds. Vassalian Slavebirds, Cimmeriac Shadowcruisers, Donarathi Thunderprows and a few ships of a kind not seen since the ruin of Golgotha, fought in the lee of the Imperial Fleet's colossal Grand Cruisers and Space Marine Battle Barges. Some reports even maintain that a pair of Demiurg commerce vessels fought at Hanroth's side. None of the fleet's various factions truly trusted one another. Indeed, the Vassalians and Donarathi had been at war before the arrival of Jormungandr, and Hanroth himself would lead the obliteration of the Cimmeriac civilisation less than five years later. Nonetheless, Jormungandr was the one peril that they could none of them ignore, or singly oppose.

Even with the assembled armada, Hanroth's victory was hard fought. Jormungandr's fleet was bloated with biomatter stolen from its conquests, and had yet to be truly tested in full-scale battle. Furthermore, whilst the Hive Fleet was

directed by a single purpose, Hanroth's fleet, though nominally under his command, was a fractious conglomeration of vessels ill-inclined to cooperate. Fortunately, the Imperial Fleet at the core of Hanroth's armada was as disciplined and experienced as any in the Imperium. From the bridge of the cruiser *Crusade* Hanroth led his fleet into the heart of Jormungandr. Telepathica Officers, many of whom were driven insane by the ordeal, located crucial node-ships in the Hive Mind's synapse web. Smaller node vessels were blown apart by furious volleys from the *Crusade* and its escort vessels, larger bio-ships boarded by Space Marine strike teams from the Death Spectres Chapter. Little by little, Jormungandr was torn apart and scattered to the interstellar winds, but not before it had destroyed fully three-quarters of the allied armada. *Crusade* was adrift in space, fires burning on all decks, and by all accounts had weathered the battle far better than any other ship. As with Behemoth, Kraken, Gorgon and Naga before it, Hive Fleet Jormungandr had not succumbed easily, if at all.

THE SERPENT WAKES

Jormungandr had not begun life as a particularly large Hive Fleet, but by preying initially upon unprotected worlds, it swiftly built up a massive pool of biomass from which it would fund its later actions. Yet Jormungandr did not expend its resources attacking larger and better-defended worlds as its predecessors had – at least not immediately. Rather, Hive Fleet Jormungandr spread out around the Thalassi Sector like some monstrous serpent, using its very mass to draw tight a noose through which none could escape. Less than two years after its first recorded attacks, Jormungandr had effectively sealed off the entire sector, leaving hundreds of worlds severed from the rest of the galaxy. So did the situation remain for nearly three months, the sinuous span of Jormungandr twisting slowly in space, defending itself when attacked, but otherwise apparently content to sit in contemplation. Then, without warning, as if reacting to whispered orders from beyond the endless void, the coils of Jormungandr began to constrict.

THE ENEMY BELOW

Jormungandr favoured subtler methods than the siege tactics displayed by other Hive Fleets. It was rare for Jormungandr's bio-vessels to enter planetary orbit. Instead, the Hive Ships snared asteroids and other space debris, hurling them at the target world. The planet below was unprepared for an orbital bombardment, indeed, none would have given credence that the Tyranids were even capable of such action. The strikes caused massive devastation and, more importantly for Jormungandr's purposes, choked the skies with potential targets for a defence system to track and destroy. By launching Mycetic Spore waves in concert with these bombardments, the Hive Mind ensured a greater proportion of the invasion pods made planetfall. Each Mycetic Spore that landed on the surface burst apart to unleash a Ravener brood, or sometimes a Mawloc or Trygon. These immediately burrowed and went dormant to avoid detection, sometimes remaining inert for weeks within the planetary crust whilst Jormungandr built up its forces. Only when the infestation reached a critical mass did the Hive Mind send the psychic stimuli to awaken its slumbering



serpents, timing the resultant planetwide destruction and dismay to coincide with the final arrival of its Hive Ships in orbit. By the time that further Mycetic Spores delivered Jormungandr's Genestealer and Carnifex shock troops to the surface, the prey world was already awash with writhing bodies and its defenders already fighting for their lives.

A DESPERATE DEFENCE

The greatest site of resistance was on the hive world of Sephrax. Here, the planetary militia were embroiled in a war with a pirate warband fronted by renegade elements of the Crimson Castellans Chapter. Those Space Marines still loyal, led by Sojai Antiro, the Castellans' Chapter Master, had joined with Sephrax's defenders and, thus far, had succeeded in blunting the worst of the renegades' excesses. However, Jormungandr's descent upon Sephrax was so obvious a portent of doom that even the pirates' leader – the self-styled Arch-Commodore Bloodspite – had sense enough to postpone his dreams of wealth and glory and withdraw to face this new threat. Though there was never any official truce, neither side sought to jeopardise its own survival by engaging two different enemies at the same time. As a result, both factions were able to oppose the Tyranids, doing much to slow Jormungandr's assimilation of Sephrax.

Alas, to slow Jormungandr was all the defenders could hope to achieve. Mawlocs gnawed through Sephrax as maggots through rotten fruit, shattering the foundations of hive cities and fortresses. Billions perished, and with them any hope of driving the Tyranids from the world. Antiro died in the bowels of Hoventa Hive spitting curses at the Raveners who tore him limb from limb. Bloodspite, displaying pragmatism a little too late in the proceedings, fled to his orbiting asteroid lair, which was swallowed, renegades and all, by a Hive Ship of enormous size.



On the forge world of Megyre, the Imperial Guard garrison regiments defended their sacred manufactorum complexes with all the weird and arcane weaponry at their disposal. The defenders erected massive force pylons to keep the swarm at bay, but the Tyranids burrowed through the armour-plated crust of Megyre and destroyed the pylons from below. The garrison brought up thermal cannons, pulveriser whips, shatterstorm rifles, all manner of experimental and blessed weaponry, but the swarm weathered everything that was hurled in its direction, and strove for victory ever more furiously. The Legio Annihilator was Megyre's last hope. Its mighty Titans strode through the oncoming Tyranid host, scattering the Termagants and Carnifexes alike, but the Hive Mind was not to be so easily thwarted. Scarcely had the Legion's Princeps the chance to revel in their victory than a new threat emerged – a gargantuan creature that resembled a Trygon. Its sinuous body the size of a Reaver Titan and its fanged maw dripping with acidic venom. The hideous bio-titan ripped a Warhound Titan apart, seemingly without effort, and then tore a ruinous path through the remaining war engines of the Legio Annihilator, darting through the torrent of fire aimed its way with impossible ease.



The mighty war engines of Legio Annihilator could not stay the bio-titan's savage advance – nothing could. Only the massive defence guns of the Basilica Mechanicus possessed the fury to bring the beast down. Even then, the giant beast's death throes tore great chunks out of the Basilica's walls, allowing floods of Raveners into the doomed complex and sealing the fate of Megyre.

"Shields! Raise the shields now. before that thing comes ba..."

– Last words of Princeps Johrah. Legio Annihilator

THE SEED OF FUTURE DOOM

Sephrax and Megyre were but two of the many worlds to fall to Jormungandr. Even a decade later, the Imperium has only the haziest knowledge of the true scale of the devastation that Jormungandr wrought. Despite its destruction, Jormungandr would have two lasting influences on the galaxy. The first was psychological. Jormungandr's invasion pathway was considerably further to the galactic north than any Hive Fleet yet. From this point forth, the defenders of the galaxy would watch to all their borders, not just those along the eastern rim. The second would prove to be far more palpable. Countless thousands of Jormungandr's children still slept beneath the soil of a hundred worlds, just waiting for the moment to awaken. Jormungandr will one day arise reborn, and its fury will shake the galaxy asunder.

HIVE FLEET LEVIATHAN 997.M41

At the close of the 41st Millennium, the last and greatest of the Hive Fleets descended upon the galaxy. The Hive Mind had learnt well the lessons of its earlier invasions, and this new fleet, Leviathan, employed these teachings to the detriment of all other life.

Leviathan's chief strategy was to assail the galaxy from a new quarter. Where the majority of other Hive Fleets to date had pierced the intergalactic void upon the Eastern Fringe, Leviathan had initially skirted the galactic rim, and struck upwards through the galactic plane.

As with Kraken and Jormungandr before it, Leviathan did not focus its forces into a single killer blow, but attacked across a broad frontage. Who knows how many worlds fell in Leviathan's initial assault? The Imperium learnt of the new Tyranid attack purely through a combination of fate, and the foresight of Inquisitor Kryptman. Even so, Leviathan had advanced far by the time forces could be mustered to oppose it, and the Shadow in the Warp that heralded its coming had orphaned thousands of worlds, severing them from Astropathic communication. As time went on, the tally of lost or destroyed worlds would only grow, leading the Imperium to take ever-increasing risks in order to buy time...

TERRA

Throne of the Emperor

Such is the speed and ferocity of Hive Fleet Leviathan's approach that, for the first time, the High Lords of the Imperium fear that Terra itself will one day come under threat from the Tyranids. Frenzied preparations are undertaken to strengthen the defences at the very heart of the Imperium. Little do the High Lords know that it is the Astronomican itself that lures the Tyranids towards Terra...

POSUL

Mortificators
Chapter Planet
(destroyed)

STORMVALD

The Phoenix Lord Maugan-Ra stands alone against the Tyranid swarm, and triumphs.

OCTARIA

Ork World

GHEIST

Moon Base

NEW HOPE
Frontier World

ST CASPALEN
Missionary World

FORGEFANE

This supposedly impenetrable Iron Warriors fortress world falls to the Tyranids in less than a week.

SONDHEIM V

Agri-world

Leviathan descends upon Sondheim V just as the Daemon Prince M'kar the Reborn metamorphoses the world into his own private pandemonium. Bloodthirsters and Carnifexes battle through the twisted and skull-strewn streets, whilst Lords of Change and Zoanthropes conduct psychic duels amidst the mutated hive cities' screaming spires. The Space Marines of the Sky Sentinels Chapter are sent to reclaim the world, but upon appraisal of the situation planetside, wisely opt for Exterminatus instead.

CARPATHIA

Labyrinth World

Inquisitor Kryptman orders the destruction of a dozen worlds to create a cordon to slow the advance of Hive Fleet Leviathan, buying himself crucial time as he undertakes a dangerous mission on the world of Carpathia. Leading several specially equipped Deathwatch teams into the heart of the planet's caverns, Kryptman succeeds in capturing a live Genestealer brood in a stasis field, although Kryptman's force suffers heavy casualties in the process.

Kryptman's butcher's bill is deemed intolerably high by his peers and despite protestations that such sacrifices are necessary he is cast out of the Inquisition. Unable to abandon his sworn duty, Kryptman leaves with his prize to see his plans bought to fruition.

GRYPHONNE IV

Forge World

Before the arrival of Hive Fleet Leviathan, Gryphonne IV boasted the finest defences of any world in the southern galaxy. Its Skitarii legions were widely envied for their discipline and precision, its Titan Legions feared for their worldbreaking firepower. Yet still the Tyranids came on. The Skitarii were shredded and devoured by inexhaustible waves of Hormagaunts, the Titan Legions torn asunder by Tyrannafexes and bio-titans. Gryphonne IV was ever after a dead world and grim testament to the folly of pride.

THE RETURN OF THE SWARMLORD

Leviathan's swiftest and greatest victories occur along a spine of worlds in the Hodur Sector. Here, the planetary invasions are orchestrated by the malignant mind of the Swarmlord. In the span of four months, the Swarmlord oversees the absorption of two dozen worlds, including Talon, the Chapter Planet of the Storm Falcons, and Endragiga, one of the region's major shipyards. Latest reports indicate that the Swarmlord has now joined the assault on the Orks of Octarius.

SHADRAC

Hive Fleet Medusa, mistakenly thought by the Imperium to be another tendril of Leviathan, invades the isolated ice-world of Shadrac. Space Marines of the Space Wolves chapter fight side by side with the battered survivors of the 10th Slovak Imperial Guard garrison, enacting a heavy toll in alien dead before they are forced to flee the planet.

DACIA

Adeptus Mechanicus
Explorator
Base

THE CRUSADE OF WRATH

Marshal Helbrecht of the Black Templars forges a mighty fleet drawn from fifteen Space Marine Chapters. Despite employing every strategy and ploy at its disposal, Helbrecht's fleet is continually forced to fall back before the Tyranid advance.

M41 Galactic Plane

Hive Fleet Leviathan

MOLOCH APPROACHES

Hive Fleet Moloch's inexorable advance from the galactic north gathers momentum as first the Kiltor Sector and the Tarellian Civilisation are devoured. The Hive Fleet sweeps through the Ghoul Stars and vanguard elements of the swarm plunge onwards towards the Imperium.

THE BATTLE OF BLOODSTAR

Ultima Fleet's Admiral Trankar concludes his disastrous campaign against Leviathan by allowing his fleet to be ambushed and entrapped by two separate tendrils of Hive Fleet Leviathan.

TELLERAN
Death World

OBLITERAX

Ghost World

Long dormant remnants of Hive Fleet Jormungandr stir to life, bringing several Imperial worlds to the brink of destruction. Obliterax is worst hit, with its final population remnant absorbed into the re-emergent Hive Fleet. With Jormungandr's return, many Imperial lords hold back from reinforcing the fight against Leviathan, choosing to preserve their forces for a possible battle closer to home.

JORN V
Agri-world

TIRATHAIN
Eldar Exodite
World

RIGANT
Agri-world

TARSIS ULTRA

Agri-world

Hive Fleet Leviathan descends upon Tarsis Ultra as the first snows of winter begin to bite. Despite the presence of the Ultramarines 4th Company, the tide of battle swiftly turns against the armies of the Imperium, who are barely able to hold the incoming swarm at bay. In the end, Tarsis Ultra is saved not by force of arms alone, but through a biological plague created by Magos Locard and delivered into the very heart of the Hive Fleet by Uriel Ventris of the Ultramarines. The plague outstrips even the expectations of its creators, collapsing the synaptic web that binds the Tyranids together. As the beasts of Leviathan fight amongst themselves, the Imperial armies counter-attack and slaughter the invaders. Attempts to replicate a similar contagion have thus far resulted in failure.

TESLA PRIME

Adeptus Mechanicus
Weapons Testing Facility

As the Tyranids bear down upon them, the Adepts of Mars reluctantly abandon their prized facilities of Tesla Prime. A short time afterwards, Orks land on Tesla Prime. The greenskins are delighted with the sheer quantity and destructiveness of the experimental weapons abandoned on the planet, and great blossoms of fire can be seen from space as they 'test' their new toys.

When the great bio-ships of Leviathan descend upon the Tesla system, the Orks are pleased to have live test subjects for the stolen weaponry. The resulting war quickly spreads to many nearby worlds and is incredibly costly for both alien races, allowing the Imperium to rally, reclaim and fortify many marginal strongholds.

ULIK SECTOR

Space Marines of the Death Strike and Genesis Chapters conduct a series of Exterminatus missions against worlds not yet consumed by Hive Fleet Leviathan. Their hope is to deny bioresources to the Tyranids, thereby weakening several of the more outflung tendrils.



THE GHORALA SWARM

As Hive Fleet Leviathan continued to spread its tendrils into the Imperium, one man, Lord Kryptman, took it upon himself to harness the power of the swarm. The former Inquisitor claimed that he could not only defeat Leviathan, but in doing so he could rid the Imperium of the galaxy's native enemies. Though Kryptman was labelled as a radical and a fool by his peers, it could not be denied that no man understood the Tyranids like he. But, as the Imperium would learn, understanding an enemy such as the Tyranids and controlling it, are two equally impossible things.

KRYPTMAN'S GAMBIT

Determined to prove his theories right, Kryptman planned to use a tendril of Leviathan to eliminate the Ork Empire of Octarius. The Imperium had long been embroiled in an ever-escalating war against the Orks in this region of space, and despite huge influxes of reinforcements, the Orks were dominating the war. Kryptman's gamble was to change the balance of power forever.

Kryptman planted a live brood of captured Tyranids into *Perdition's Flame*, a space hulk that had emerged from Warpspace ahead of the approaching Hive Fleet. As the Tyranids awoke from stasis, Kryptman destroyed the moon of Gheist, and in doing so diverted the passing hulk's trajectory directly towards the Octarius system. Within weeks the Tyranid infestation had spread to a dozen worlds. The Hive Mind had sampled a new feeding ground and, in response, a nearby tendril of Leviathan veered towards Octarius. At first, it appeared that Kryptman's gamble had succeeded. As Tyranids and Orks fought a perpetual meat grinder across the sector, the Imperium was content to let the alien forces wipe each other out. However, both Orks and Tyranids are races that thrive on war. Greenskins flocked to join the fight from light years around, while every Ork devoured provided yet more biomass to feed the growing Tyranid swarm. It soon became apparent Kryptman had only bought time and whoever emerged from the conflict as the victor would do so stronger than ever before.

GHORALA

It was shortly after the planet Orrok fell to the advance of Leviathan that the Tyranids approached Ghorala, base to Skarfang, Pirate-Warboss of the dreaded Skar Fleet. This mighty, if ramshackle, armada of Ork space craft that had plagued the Imperium's shipping lanes for decades. When the Tyranids inevitably arrived, they encountered not only every Ork vessel in a dozen light years, but extensive mine fields that had been disguised amongst Ghorala's asteroid belt. As the Tyranids unwittingly stumbled into the mines, cataclysmic explosions tore whole bio-ships apart. Before the Tyranids could react, Ork Gunships engaged the surviving Tyranid vessels. Although the ships of the Skar Fleet were badly mauled, the Tyranid fleet was all but destroyed under Skarfang's guns. However, amidst the carnage, a single bio-ship broke through the Ork blockade. The surviving Hive vessel hurled itself at Ghorala, pouncing on the planet as a starving man might snatch up a scrap of bread. The vessel was heedless of pain or injury and ploughed on towards Ghorala despite its wounds. As alien blood and viscera spilt into the vacuum of space, the bio-ship rained thousands of

Mycetic Spores onto the world's equatorial planes, infesting the planet below in their death throes. Watching from afar, Skarfang knew that the battle in space was over. The real fighting would now be on the planet below. With a toothy grin, the Orks made planet fall after their foe.

THE SWARM SURVIVES

For the first time since the Tyranids had invaded the Octarius Sector, they found themselves vastly outnumbered by their prey. Skarfang's horde was mighty indeed and somehow the Tyranids sensed that a war of attrition would only end in their extinction. In response, the Ghorala swarm adapted in order to survive. At first the Tyranids stalked and preyed upon isolated Ork patrols, but the greenskins soon took to scouring the landscape in mobs too large for the fledgling swarm to face. Forced to abandon their guerrilla war, the Tyranids adopted an altogether more cunning strategy and engaged the Orks in the open. The Tyranids attacked without thought of survival, every action aimed at maximising the carnage. Even mortally wounded creatures leapt headlong into Ork mobs if it meant it would bring but a single greenskin down with it. Despite the Tyranids' frenzied attacks the Orks' numbers quickly gave them the advantage in these brutal skirmishes. Whenever the Tyranids were on the verge of being overrun, the broods would, in eerie unison, switch from hyperactive slaughter to disciplined retreat. The Tyranids lurked in nearby caverns or else burrowed beneath the soil to shelter from pursuant search parties. In the dead of night, synapse creatures re-mustered the scattered swarm to the corpse-choked battlefield. There the Tyranids fed on Ork cadaver and Tyranid carcass alike before returning to digestion pools secreted in the planet's rocky mesas. Slowly but surely, the Tyranid's numbers started to grow.

SKARFANG'S FURY

As the Ghorala swarm's numbers swelled, it changed its methodology yet again, becoming more aggressive and seeking to attack ever larger concentrations of Orks. Though the Tyranids' reward for its victories were ever-increasing masses of bioresources, the increased violence soon attracted Skarfang himself to the battlefield. Wherever Skarfang's guttural war-cries were heard, the Ork force would attack with renewed vigour. Even when the Tyranids looked to be on the cusp of victory the Warboss was able to turn the tide bellowing bloodcurdling threats that encouraged his Boyz to get stuck back in. The Warboss oozed a battle-lust that spread through the Ork ranks like wildfire, leaving only Tyranid corpses in its wake. The Tyranids were being pushed back by the resurgent Ork front; slowly the swarm was being trampled to death. Despite the Tyranid's earlier success, there was little chance that it could face a united Ork force of such magnitude and survive. Whilst Skarfang lived, the Ghorala swarm was doomed.

"Dis ain't no stinkin' scrap against puny gits dat run and hide behind walls when the killing starts, dis is proper fightin'."

— Pirate-Warboss Skarfang

DIVIDE AND CONSUME

In response, the Tyranids created Lictors with the express purpose of eliminating Skarfang. Within days the Lictors had tracked their quarry, but packs of Squig-hounds foiled all attempts to get close enough to assassinate their target. Although eternally patient, lying in wait for a chance to strike down their target was a luxury the starving swarm could ill afford. Instead, the swarm created an opportunity.

Following pheromone trails, a scuttling tide of Hormagaunts was thrown at the Ork lines. As the Orks roused to man rusty barricades, Tyranid Warriors willed the scuttling masses to withdraw. Skarfang's frustration built to infuriation as the Tyranids repeated these feints, approaching from different directions to within an arm's length, then withdrawing before the Orks could retaliate. On the tenth such retreat Skarfang's temper could take no more. With a roar the Warboss ordered his mobs to pursue the retreating swarms. Soon black smoke was belching skywards as Battlewagons and Trukks rumbled after the swarm. The Tyranids had succeeded in goading the Warboss, separating him from the bulk of his forces. Now they lured him into an ambush.

The Tyranids had spawned broods of Venomthropes to blanket the greenskins in a thick, toxic fog. As the Orks pursued their quarry, they rode headlong into the sudden, blinding mist. The entire convoy ground to a halt as vehicles skidded into rocky outcrops or else lost control and ploughed into each other. Coughing and hacking, those Orks that hadn't choked on their own blood pulled themselves from the wreckage. Skarfang himself stumbled across the battlefield and happened across the very beasts responsible for the noxious screening cloud. As he vented his anger on the venomous creatures, the fog began to recede.

All around the Warboss lay the eviscerated corpses of Orks. Lictors had stalked through the blinding fog and dispatched the unwary greenskins one at a time until only Skarfang remained. Now the Tyranid assassin-beasts closed in on their true quarry, surrounding the Warboss in deathly silence. Revving his chainblade into life, Skarfang charged the nearest of the assassin beasts with a roar of defiance. He managed two steps before a dozen mantis-like claws pierced his form and tore him asunder.

With Skarfang dead, it did not take the Orks long until vying bosses started fighting amongst themselves to determine who would fill the power vacuum. The tribes were soon divided and infighting ran amok. The now disparate forces of Orks were easy prey to the united Tyranid swarm and each was isolated and destroyed in quick succession. Within weeks the Orks on Ghorala had been slaughtered like cattle and the Tyranids gorged on their flesh.

THE SWARM REBORN

From the digested remains of the prey world the swarm created new Hive Ships. Using Ghorala as a stepping stone, the Tyranid infestation quickly began to spread once more. The Ork worlds of Derragon and Keltor fell shortly after and even Octarius itself, centre of the Ork Empire, found itself embroiled in war. The Tyranids show no signs of stopping. Despite the machinations of Kryptman and the ferocity of the Orks, the Tyranids were not only surviving the Octarius War, they were thriving in it.

GALACTIC FEEDING GROUNDS

As Hive Fleet Leviathan continues to coil its tendrils around the galaxy, entire worlds are being scoured of life and hundreds more are embroiled in a desperate fight for survival. However, as the Octarius War is proving, the Tyranids are encountering ever-greater levels of resistance from their prey. The Imperium is reinforcing whole systems, raising thousands of armies and dozens of Space Marine Chapters to combat the Hive Fleet. Several Eldar craftworlds have begun to burn entire worlds to a cinder, employing ancient weapons of destruction not used in millennia. The Tau are developing new technologies and weaponry to fight the Tyranids. So far these efforts are succeeding in slowing the Hive Fleet, but it is only a matter of time before Leviathan adapts.

Nor is it only Leviathan that is assailing the galaxy. New Hive Fleets are even now beginning to emerge from their cold sleep through the inter-galactic void and the surviving remnants of defeated Hive Fleets continue to invade isolated worlds. Hive Fleets Scylla and Charybdis are carving parallel paths through the Segmentum Pacificus, the closest known Tyranid threat to Holy Terra. Unless Saim-Hann Craftworld alters its course it will fall into the clutches of the twin Hive Fleets. A splinter fleet of Hive Fleet Kraken has awakened from hibernation around the Vidar Sector. This war-torn region will provide the Tyranids with rich feeding grounds and the means to re-invigorate itself. Rumours abound that Hive Fleet Colossus has arisen, despite its apparent destruction during the Helican Crusade. None are safe from the predations of the Tyranids and if the tide cannot be held back, if the warring civilisations do not unite against them, the entire galaxy is doomed.



FORCES OF THE TYRANIDS

This section of the book detail the forces used by the Tyranids – their warriors, their weaponry, and some legendary creatures that you can choose to use, such as the Swarmlord most dangerous of all the Hive Mind's Hive Tyrants, or Old One Eye, the Beast of Calth. Each entry describes the creature and gives specific rules you will need to use them in your games of Warhammer 40,000. The army list given later refers to the page numbers of these entries, so you can check back as you select your force.

UNIQUE WEAPONRY

The army list at the back of the book shows all the standard and optional weaponry and biomorphs available to a particular model. You will find some of these items are unique to a particular Tyranid creature, while others are used by more than one type of Tyranid. When an item is unique, it is detailed in the entry for its owning unit; otherwise it is detailed in the Weapons and Biomorphs section of this book.

The models in a Tyranid army use a number of special rules. Where those rules are unique to a particular creature, they are detailed in that creature's bestiary entry. Any special rules that are not explained in the creature's bestiary entry can be found either here, or in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

SYNAPSE CREATURE

Some of the larger, more intelligent Tyranid creatures act as psychic conduits or nodal relays through which a portion of the iron will of the Hive Mind flows, overriding the natural instincts of the swarms and directing their actions.

Synapse Creatures and Tyranid units that are within 12" of a Synapse Creature are said to be within synapse range. A unit that is within synapse range is not subject to the Instinctive Behaviour rule (see below) and gains the Fearless rule as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. If a unit that is falling back is within synapse range before it moves, it automatically rallies, regardless of any normal restrictions.

SHADOW IN THE WARP

Tyranids flood the battlefield with the psychic signature of the Hive Fleet, overwhelming the minds of enemy psykers and interfering with their mystical abilities. Many are driven insane or suffer massive neural damage as they try, in vain, to draw upon their otherworldly powers.

Any enemy psyker that takes a Psychic test within 12" of a Tyranid with the Shadow in the Warp special rule must take the test on 3D6 and will suffer a Perils of the Warp attack on the roll of any double 1 or double 6.



TYRANID CLOSE COMBAT WEAPONS

Tyranid creatures do not wield close combat weapons as such, but rather slash at their opponents with their own teeth, claws and talons. As a result, Tyranid models never receive bonus Attacks for fighting with more than one close combat weapon – these bonuses are always included in the creature's profile.

TYRANID PSYKERS

Many Tyranid creatures are also psykers. They do not draw power from the Warp in any fathomable way, but rather they harness a fraction of the Hive Mind's gestalt will. This makes no difference for game purposes and these models still follow all the normal rules for psykers – a Perils of the Warp attack instead representing massive cerebral trauma or synaptic feedback. The rules and descriptions of the different psychic abilities are described in the Tyranid Psychic Powers section which can be found on page 62.

INSTINCTIVE BEHAVIOUR

Unless controlled or coordinated by the domineering will of the Hive Mind, many Tyranid organisms will revert to their baser instincts.

All unengaged Tyranid models that are not falling back or have gone to ground, must take a Leadership test at the beginning of their Movement phase:

- If the test is passed the unit acts normally that turn.
- If the test is failed the unit reverts to its baser instincts and will either **Lurk** or **Feed**, depending on the type of Instinctive Behaviour listed in its entry, for the duration of that turn.

Lurk

The innate survival instincts of these creatures leads them to seek out shelter and attack only when threatened.

A unit that Lurks may not move in the Movement phase and may not launch an assault in the Assault phase. In the Shooting phase, the unit must fire at the nearest visible enemy. If there are no enemies in the unit's line of sight or within range of at least one of its ranged weapons, or if the unit has no ranged weaponry, it must instead run towards the nearest piece of area terrain, trying to move into it if possible. If the unit is already in a piece of area terrain it will not move and will stay where it is.

Feed

These organisms are driven by the voracious need to feed. They rampage towards the nearest prey in a frenzied attempt to sate their ravenous appetites.

A unit that Feeds is subject to Rage as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. In addition, the unit may not fire any weapons in the Shooting phase, though it may still run, according to the stipulations of Rage.

HIVE TYRANT

Hive Tyrants are the commanders of the Tyranid swarm and the enactors of the Hive Mind's will. All Hive Tyrants are massively powerful creatures, hulking monsters three times the height of a man. Though individuals display a wide variety of physical characteristics, all are brutally strong, able to tear through plastesteel and shatter ferrocrete as easily as if it were glass. Every part of a Hive Tyrant's body is perfectly created to maim and kill. Even the layers of chitinous armour plating that protect a Hive Tyrant's massive frame are studded with razor-sharp barbs that tear at its enemy's flesh. A Hive Tyrant is a formidable opponent at any range, as deadly with a heavy venom cannon or stranglethorn cannon as it is with a bonesword or its own scything claws.

Hive Tyrants are highly psychic and their relationship to the Hive Mind is closer than that of any other known bioform. Indeed, Hive Tyrants embody the Hive Mind completely. They are the primary conduits through which the Hive Mind enforces its will. As a result of this connection, Hive Tyrants are able to manifest potent psychic powers in battle, harnessing tiny slivers of the Hive Mind's terrifying psychic potential to invigorate the swarm, shatter the foe's morale or shred the minds of the enemy.

Unlike many other Tyranid creatures, Hive Tyrants are incredibly intelligent and completely self-aware. Whilst they are still slaved to the gestalt consciousness of the Hive Mind,

they are permitted far wider latitude in achieving their goals, and can even learn from their mistakes. This goes some way to explain why the Tyranids can rarely be defeated the same way twice. Should a Hive Tyrant be slain, the Hive Mind can simply grow a replacement, imbuing it with the same experiences, character and knowledge as its predecessor. Such is the way of the Tyranids – the strong endure, and the weak perish. Fortunately for the rest of the galaxy, this does not lead to infallibility of purpose. Hive Tyrants cannot oversee every quarter of a battle and are as prone to being overwhelmed as any other commander. However, it does render a Hive Tyrant practically immortal. No matter how many times a Hive Tyrant is killed, sooner or later it will always come back.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hive Tyrant	8	3	6	6	4	5	4	10	3+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Lash Whip and Bonesword, Scything Talons.

Special Rules: Synapse Creature, Psyker, Shadow in the Warp.

Hive Commander: Some Hive Tyrants show an instinctive cunning that borders on tactical genius, directing their swarms to encircle the foe and strike at their weakest points with unerring timing.

If a Hive Tyrant has the Hive Commander upgrade, a single unit of Troops may outflank. In addition, whilst the Hive Tyrant is alive you add +1 to your reserve rolls.

Indescribable Horror: The Hive Tyrant exudes an aura of terror that scratches at the back of its preys' minds and gnaws upon their darkest fears. Even the bravest find themselves quaking before this dreaded monster.

Units wishing to assault a Hive Tyrant with the Indescribable Horror upgrade, or the unit it is with, must first pass a Leadership test. If the test is passed then the unit may assault as normal. If the test is failed then the squad falters and may not launch an assault that turn. This has no effect on enemy units that have the Fearless special rule.

Old Adversary: This Hive Tyrant has a great knowledge of the enemy, having faced similar foes on numerous worlds. Respawned again, the Hive Tyrant draws upon experiences from prior lifetimes to bring about a swift slaughter.

All Tyranid units within 6" of a Hive Tyrant with the Old Adversary upgrade benefit from the Preferred Enemy special rule, as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. This includes the Hive Tyrant itself.

Psychic Powers: The Horror, Leech Essence, Paroxysm, Psychic Scream.



TYRANT GUARD

Tyrant Guard are colossal living shields. Their bulky bodies are protected by iron-hard exoskeletons covered by interlocking layers of impenetrable chitinous plates. As such they are all but impervious to small-arms fire. Tyrant Guard can wade through a torrent of rifle fire without breaking stride. Should heavy weaponry be brought to bear, several salvos are required to fell even a single Tyrant Guard, for their bodies have developed an incredible resistance to injury. They are, at best, only dimly aware of pain and shrug off terrible wounds that should, by rights, have blown them apart.

Tyrant Guard are the ultimate bodyguards; it is the entire purpose of their creation. They are driven by a bestial consciousness that knows little save for a ferocious loyalty to the Hive Tyrant they protect. Bodyguards from other races defend a charge out of a feeling of duty, suppressing their own survival instincts to do so – a fundamental conflict that slows reaction times. Tyrant Guard suffer no such limitations, for they are near mindless beasts engineered for but a single task. Their instincts tend not towards self-preservation, but to the defence of the Hive Tyrant to which they are bonded. Should the Hive Tyrant come under attack, its Tyrant Guard hurl themselves into the path of incoming fire without thought or concern, sheltering their master with their own bodies until the threat is ended or death takes them.

Tyrant Guard are blind, possessing no discernable means of seeing the enemy. However, eyes are not necessary for these bodyguards, for when they are guarding a Hive Tyrant they become extensions of their master's own body. Furthermore, eyes would present a weak and vulnerable target for a canny foe to attack. Such a weakness would only expose a chink in the Tyrant Guard's otherwise impenetrable armour, compromising the role for which it was created.



Should their charge be slain, the Tyrant Guard go berserk, lashing out and tearing at the enemy with brutal ferocity and savage abandon. In other races this might be seen as an emotional response driven by loss and failure, but such comparisons fare poorly when applied to Tyranids. A Tyrant Guard's rampage is not guided by grief, nor a sense of neglected duty, for such things are alien concepts to the Tyranids. Rather, the Tyrant Guards' reaction is part of the coldly calculated strategy of the Hive Mind. Hive Tyrants are vital to the Tyranid onslaught and if the enemy finds a way to bring such a beast down, the Hive Mind does not want knowledge of how the feat was accomplished to survive the battle. The ensuing Tyrant Guard stampede is merely a conditioned response designed to slaughter the perpetrators so that the strategy cannot be passed on. Of course, this is of little consolation to anyone caught in the path of an enraged Tyrant Guard...



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyrant Guard	5	3	5	6	2	4	3	7	3+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Rending Claws, Scything Talons.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed.

Shieldwall: Tyrant Guard are used as living shields whose entire purpose is to protect the Hive Tyrants from harm, heedless of any personal injury.

A single Hive Tyrant (including the Swarmlord) may join a unit of Tyrant Guard exactly as if it were an independent character. If a Hive Tyrant (or the Swarmlord) has joined a unit of Tyrant Guard, the unit cannot go to ground, voluntarily or otherwise.

Blind Rampage: If a Hive Tyrant is killed whilst part of a unit of Tyrant Guard, the surviving Tyrant Guard immediately gain the Furious Charge and Rage special rules. These abilities last for the remainder of the battle.

TYRANID WARRIORS

Tyrannid Warriors are the most adaptable of all the Tyrannid bioforms. They are creatures from the blackest of nightmares, unstoppable killing machines with pulsing ichor for blood, needle-sharp teeth and darkly gleaming eyes that reveal a terrible intelligence at work. A Tyrannid Warrior stands twice the height of a man, its armoured carapace supported by sturdy legs and protected by a thick chitin. One might expect such a creature to be slow in its actions, but a Tyrannid Warrior is lithe, with reactions as swift as a whip.

Unlike most of the Hive Mind's vassal creatures, Tyrannid Warriors have the mental flexibility to employ a wide variety of weapon-symbiotes. They are to be found in all areas of a Tyrannid swarm: fighting in close quarters with boneswords and lashwhips, or at longer ranges with deathspitters or even heavier armament. Whatever its weaponry, a Tyrannid Warrior is an unforgiving foe, able to identify and exploit the weaknesses of its target with the shrewdness of a warrior born. Worse, with its consciousness permanently bonded to the ageless Hive Mind, the Tyrannid Warrior can draw upon a vast reservoir of knowledge and experience should its own prove insufficient to the task at hand.

Yet though they are formidable fighters in their own right, it is the Tyrannid Warriors' role as synaptic lynchpin of the swarm that makes them truly deadly. Tyrannid Warriors act as psychic resonators, amplifying and relaying the unwavering

will of the Hive Mind, transmitting its power to the smaller, less receptive creatures of the Hive Fleets. As such, Tyrannid Warriors form a vital link in the Tyrannid swarm, acting as conduits through which Hive Tyrants issue their commands. This is not to imply that Tyrannid Warriors are mere drones who exist only to relay commands, for each is instinctively capable of assessing local battlefield situations and adapting the swarm's tactics accordingly. Indeed, so crucial is this role to a Hive Fleet's efforts to defeat a prey world's defenders that each Hive Tyrant is invariably accompanied by several broods of Tyrannid Warriors cultured from its own flesh – the better to enhance the psychic link throughout the swarm.

TYRANID SHRIKES

Tyrannid Shrikes are an adaptation of the Tyrannid Warrior bioform, with leathery wings that allow them to swoop and soar through the skies of a prey world. With broods of Tyrannid Shrikes at its command, the Hive Mind can ensure that its influence extends to every corner of the swarm, even to the Gargoyles and Harpies whose aerial assaults are prone to separation. Though more lightly armoured than Tyrannid Warriors, Shrikes more than make up for the disadvantage with their ability to redeploy at a moment's notice. In doing so, Tyrannid Shrikes can fill gaps in the synaptic web or assail the foe where it is weakest. Few enemies expect so large a creature to approach from the skies, and a well-timed Tyrannid Shrike attack invariably spells disaster if the prey's sentries are caught off guard.

TYRANID PRIMES

Tyrannid Primes are the very apex of the Tyrannid Warrior strain, stronger and more devious than even these formidable troops. When they lead their spawn-kin into battle the brood acts as one entity, fighting with a cunning and precision that the most veteran of military commanders find hard to match.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyrannid Warrior	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	10	4+
Tyrannid Shrike	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	10	5+
Tyrannid Prime	6	4	5	5	3	5	4	10	3+

Unit Type: Infantry
(Tyrannid Shrikes are Jump Infantry).

Weapons and Biomorphs:

Tyrannid Warrior: Hardened carapace, Devourer, Scything Talons.

Tyrannid Shrike: Reinforced chitin, Devourer, Scything Talons, Wings.

Tyrannid Prime: Bonded exoskeleton, Devourer, Scything Talons.

Special Rules: Synapse Creature, Shadow in the Warp. Independent Character (Tyrannid Prime only).

Alpha Warrior (Tyrannid Prime only): If a Tyrannid Prime joins a unit of Tyrannid Warriors then the entire unit uses the Tyrannid Prime's Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill. These benefits are immediately lost if the Tyrannid Prime is slain or leaves the unit.

RAVENERS

Raveners are little more than unthinking predators, their beclawed and snake-like body driven ever onwards by an all-consuming hunger. Taut and twisted musculature grants the Ravener a terrifying turn of speed through all manner of terrain. Raveners can bound over small obstacles, dart between larger obstructions and even slither through flooded marshland with bewildering swiftness. Yet such is not its only form of approach and neither is it the most feared, for at least when a Ravener is charging its prey down they have a chance to see it. The power housed within the Ravener's wiry form allows it to burrow long distances beneath a world's surface, before emerging in a spray of earth right in front of the enemy position, claws scything wildly and thorax-mounted weapon-symbiotes spitting death.

Despite their resemblance to Tyranid Warriors, Raveners are a very different kind of beast, designed not as synaptic conduits of the Hive Mind's will, but for shock assault and swift pursuit. Though Raveners have a merest fraction of the Warriors' intellect, their auditory and visual senses are far superior. A Ravener's hearing and vision are sensitive to a broad range of vibrations and energy bands. As a result, a Ravener can hear the smallest of tremors on the surface and it can 'see' the energy-forms emitted by vox transmissions, sensor-stealth technology and even the emissions of teleport homers. So accurate are the Ravener's senses that even a

small brood can effectively seize upon an unguarded signal, instinctively tracking its point of origin and following the electromagnetic spoor to its source. Thus does the technology of the Raveners' enemies become their undoing. Scant wonder is it then that Ravener broods are high on the Imperial Guard's target-priority list, for no concealed outpost can truly be considered hidden whilst there are Raveners on the prowl.

Like many Tyranid bioforms, Raveners function at full efficiency only when under the direct influence of the gestalt consciousness of the Hive Mind. When bereft of the Hive Mind's guidance, Raveners seem to lose all sense of priority, ignoring a nearby unmoving target in favour of a more distant, but swiftly moving, prey. The Imperium's foremost xenobiologists believed that without the Hive Mind's constant supervision, a Ravener was incapable of processing the full spectrum of data provided by its incredible senses. This apparent cognitive shortfall was believed to render the Ravener unable to detect stationary creatures. Of course, this theory was untrue, as Biologis N'talan famously (and fatally) proved when he ordered his bodyguard to remain motionless in the face of a Ravener attack. The truth is that a Ravener is perfectly capable of perceiving an unmoving quarry but, unless directed by the Hive Mind, its innate predator's instincts cannot resist chasing a panicked foe.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ravener	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	6	5+

Unit Type: Beasts.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Reinforced Chitin, Scything Talons (two sets).

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed, Acute Senses, Deep Strike, Move Through Cover.

THE RED TERROR

For twenty days the so-called Red Terror preyed upon the defenders of Devlan, an Imperial mining world on the Eastern Fringe. The survivors spoke of a monstrous beast, with a carapace the colour of blood, talons that could carve through rockcrete, and a maw so wide it could swallow a man whole. Some claimed that the Red Terror was the size of a Ravener, others swore blind it was as big as a Trygon or a Mawloc. Indeed, it is entirely possible that the survivors of the Devlan massacre mistook the attacks of several such creatures as that of a single, monstrous beast. However, if the Red Terror is a distinct Tyranid organism, it must be a highly efficient killer, for though it has never been reported since, this can only be because there have been no survivors left to tell the tale.



HORMAGAUNTS

The Hormagaunt is a highly specialised iteration of the Termagant bioform and one that is utilised by the Tyranid Hive Fleets in their billions. Each Hormagaunt has four razor-sharp claws specially developed for ripping and piercing flesh and armour alike. The Hormagaunt also has a powerful hind legs that drive it after its prey in a series of bounding leaps, giving the creature a skittering, insect-like gait.

The Hormagaunt is an extraordinarily single-minded creature and will pursue its victim without pause, ignoring injury and tiredness until it has run its quarry down and torn it apart with frenzied strikes of its scythe-like claws. Upon making a kill, a Hormagaunt will hungrily feed upon its prey's remains, tearing hunks of bloody flesh from the slaughtered corpse with razor sharp teeth. Such a feast seldom lasts long, for the Hormagaunt's voracious metabolism drives it to constantly seek out fresh prey.

Onslaughts by Hormagaunt swarms often precede the main Tyranid attack. Wave after wave of the darting creatures hurl themselves against the enemy lines, an avalanche of teeth and claws. Hormagaunts have fearsome hunting instincts and require little direction from the Hive Mind. Once the assault begins they are mostly left to their own devices. On occasion, the Hive Mind will make contact with the Hormagaunt's quicksilver consciousness, spurring it towards a more distant and more strategically important foe, but

such situations are not commonplace. Hormagaunts are expendable, and the Hive Mind treats them as such.

Hormagaunts are often dropped onto a prey planet in Mycetic Spores. It matters not if most are destroyed by orbital defences before they even make planetfall, for if even a single spore's worth of Hormagaunts reach the surface it can prove a serious problem for the prey world's defenders. From the moment they have landed, the Hormagaunts rove the landscape, constantly seeking out and attacking the native life forms.

Furthermore, unlike most other Tyranid bioforms, Hormagaunts are able to reproduce independently, and lay hundreds of eggs just below the surface of a planet before their short, hyperactive lifespan is over. No sooner has one wave of the creatures been exterminated than a fresh swarm has hatched and grown to maturity, ready to ravage the planet in the previous generation's stead. By the time the bulk of the Hive Fleet arrives, the defenders are already on the defensive, trapped behind fortress walls as a writhing sea of Hormagaunts rages back and forth across the planet.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hormagaunt	3	3	3	3	1	5	2	6	6+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Chitin, Scything Talons.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed, Fleet, Move Through Cover.

Bounding Leap: Hormagaunts have powerful hind legs that propel them towards their prey in great bounding leaps.

When a unit of Hormagaunts runs, they roll three dice and use the highest to determine how far they move.

HIVE FLEET HYDRA

The tendrils of Hive Fleet Hydra are only now beginning to stir from their aeons-long hibernation. It was the Dark Eldar of the Poisoned Fang Kabal who first encountered this still dormant Hive Fleet, on the very extremes of the eastern spiral arm. Instead of destroying the vulnerable Hive Fleet, the Dark Eldar boarded the largest Hive vessels, intent on bringing new specimens back to their Kabal's Haemonculi. However, the Dark Eldar were unprepared for the rate at which the bio-ships awoke and every pirate that set foot inside one of the living ship was killed, butchered by a frenzied tide of Tyranids spawned to protect the ship. The remaining Dark Eldar fleet attempted to escape, but for every drone ship they destroyed, two more took its place. Prematurely awakened from its slumber, Hive Fleet Hydra has accelerated its advance into the galaxy to slake its hunger.



TERMAGANTS

Termagants are fast, agile and cunning creatures. They are amongst the smallest of the Hive Mind's warriors, little more than two metres from head to tail, having originally been created to roam the arterial passages of bio-ships in search of intruders. In planetary invasions, Termagants accompany Tyranid Warriors, scuttling forwards on four legs whilst unleashing torrents of fire from the anti-personnel bio-weaponry – commonly fleshborers – clutched in their clawed forelimbs.

There is a strange affinity between Termagants and Tyranid Warriors that goes beyond the usual unifying influence of the Hive Mind. The diminutive Termagants react instantly to any enemy that threatens their larger kin, drowning the foe in overwhelming numbers of squirming bodies before they have a chance to react. Whether this is an instinctive response or it speaks to something deeper is a mystery, but given the Tyranid Warriors' importance in maintaining the Hive Mind's control, its efficacy cannot be denied.

Bereft of a Hormagaunt's instinctive ferocity or wiry strength, a Termagant might be considered an unremarkable opponent, yet this would be a foolish assumption. Where the Hormagaunt is instinctively vicious and easily baited into a trap, a Termagant's cunning is honed by a desire for self-preservation, and it will commonly find a way to skirt an ambush and assail the foe from an unexpected quarter. So it is that a combined assault of both Hormagaunts and Termagants is a deadly combination. The enemy can ill-afford to ignore either group, but will be hard pressed to prepare a defence that will thwart both. The Hormagaunts will overwhelm all but the strongest position, whilst the Termagants will uncannily seek out and exploit any trace of weakness. Of course, there are times when a Tyranid assault requires that Termagants are driven onwards, forcing the defenders to expend vast amounts of ammunition to hold back a tide of alien bodies. This is far from an exceptional tactic, it is simply part of the Termagants' role. On such occasions the Hive Mind simply suppresses the Termagants' survival instincts and sends them forward to die in droves until ammo stores are depleted and victory is assured.

A Termagant's mind is vicious but simplistic, and if separated from the Hive Mind's influence is apt to become confused. On such occasions the creature's self-preservation instinct takes over, and it abandons the fight in search of shelter. So it is that an army that has driven off a Tyranid assault must proceed with great care. Every shadowed cave, tumbled ruin or patch of tangled undergrowth could conceal a nest of fugitive Termagants that will fight with incredible determination upon discovery.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Termagant	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6	6+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Chitin, Fleshborer, Claws and Teeth.



Spike Rifle: The spike rifle is a bony muscle-lined tube that contains a row of harpoon-like spikes. These are launched over a considerable range whilst maintaining sufficient force to puncture their target's flesh. Those not killed outright will quickly bleed to death if the spikes are not removed carefully as its barbs cut and tear at its victim's arteries.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	3	-	Assault 1

Strangleweb: The strangleweb is a composite creature that fires a mesh of sticky mucous-like strands that ensnare the target and constrict around it. The web quickly hardens, compressing tighter as the victim struggles to free itself. It takes a great deal of time and strength to break free of these webs. Those not crushed to death are entrapped and immobile, left completely at the mercy of the approaching Tyranid swarm.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
Template	2*	-	Assault 1, Pinning

**Hits caused by a strangleweb against non-vehicle units roll To Wound against the opponent's unmodified Strength characteristic instead of their Toughness.*

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk, Move Through Cover.

GENESTEALERS

There are many terrifying creatures in the Tyranid Hive Fleets, but one in particular has carved out a bloody legend on a thousand worlds. It is a lurker in dark places, a clawed harbinger of sudden and violent death. It is known as the Genestealer, and it is a plague upon the galaxy.

The Genestealer is the most ferocious of all the Tyranids, created as the ultimate shock trooper of the Hive Fleets. It is a swift and powerful predator, with lightning-fast reflexes and claws that can tear through the thickest of armour. The Genestealer's head is characteristically bulbous, and houses a disproportionately large and adaptive brain. In fact, not only are Genestealers highly intelligent, but they possess a form of brood telepathy that allows them to function independently of the Hive Mind. This independence, combined with a relentless will to survive, has made them the foremost Tyranid threat to the galaxy. Genestealers destroy through guile that which cannot be defeated through numbers alone. Many a bastion has fallen because a handful of Genestealers scaled the walls during the dead of the night. Worse, this survival instinct drives Genestealers onwards and outwards from the oncoming Hive Fleets. In the chaos of a Tyranid assault there are opportunities aplenty for Genestealers wishing to avoid destruction. With so many freighters, warships and shuttles coming and going, it is simple for a Genestealer to stow away with an unsuspecting crew, nesting unseen amongst crawlspaces until it is brought to a new world.



If even a single Genestealer reaches an inhabited world, it can spell complete disaster for the populace. Genestealers reproduce independently of the Hive Fleets by implanting other life forms with their own genetic material. Once infected, a victim is completely controlled by the Genestealers' nascent telepathy. The Genestealer's attributes are passed on in part to the victim's offspring, creating monstrous hybrid creatures wholly under the primogenitor Genestealer's domination. These deformities eventually breed true, creating a generation of Genestealers, albeit ones that echo the physical characteristics of their prey. As a result, the Genestealers that have infested the Imperium of Man have twisted parodies of human hands, grotesque fingernails betraying the origins of their breeding stock. The deeper into the galaxy a Genestealer infestation is to be found, the more divergent in physique and demeanour the creatures are likely to be from their 'purestrain' ancestors in the Hive Fleets. This also goes some way to explain the range of behaviours noted in different broods. Most seem content to lurk in the sewers and caves beneath cities, preying on the populace like folktale monsters of an earlier age. That said, rumours abound of worlds where abominable clans of Genestealers and their enthralled progeny have seized power from the untainted population and enthroned their monstrous Broodlords, the strongest and most dangerous of their kind, as rulers. Such a thing might seem fanciful, but with a creature as determined and adaptable as a Genestealer, it is perhaps wise not to rule anything out.

No one knows for certain how widespread the Genestealer infestation has become. For every brood uncovered and purged, a dozen go unnoticed. When a Tyranid Hive Fleet enters an infested system, the Hive Mind asserts its dominion over the Broodlord and its clan. Planetary defenders are thrown into disarray as Genestealers suddenly burst from the shadows, overwhelming crucial systems and leaving the prey world vulnerable before the merciless Tyranid onslaught.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	5+
Broodlord	7	0	5	5	3	7	4	10	4+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Rending Claws.
Reinforced Chitin (Genestealer only).
Hardened Carapace (Broodlord only).

Special Rules: Fleet, Infiltrate,
Move Through Cover. Psyker (Broodlord only).

Brood Telepathy: Genestealers have a gestalt brood telepathy that enables them to act independently of the implacable will of the Hive Mind.

Genestealers are not subject to the Instinctive Behaviour rule.

Psychic Powers (Broodlord only):
Aura of Despair, Hypnotic Gaze.

LICTORS

The Lictor is a specialised development of the Tyranid Warrior, highly adapted to a scout role in the vanguard of the Tyranid advance. Lictors rove ahead of the swarm, seeking out pockets of resistance to be eradicated and native life forms to be absorbed. Able to move swiftly and without sound through even the densest terrain, and concealed by a chameleonic carapace that renders it all but invisible to the naked eye, a Lictor can remain hidden until it chooses to strike. It can wait motionless for days, unnoticed by its victims, an unseen herald of approaching disaster.

Lictors are not instinctively aggressive, created primarily to seek and locate prey. Lictors are opportunistic hunters and therefore tend to stalk their quarry from the shadows, avoiding confrontations where they would be vastly outmatched. A Lictor will often pick off its prey in ones and twos whilst they are separated from their comrades, sometimes retreating for days at a time before launching a further attack. When the time comes to strike, Lictors are brutally efficient, with a whole arsenal of bio-weaponry that includes mantis-like claws, talons that can pierce steel, barbed flesh hooks and feeder tentacles. The feeder tendrils are tipped with sharpened bony plates that can pierce a victim's skull as easily as they can poke through eyeballs and sockets. They are used to lobotomise a victim so that the Lictor can swiftly devour its brain and absorb its memories. Thus, in death, the enemy reveals more to a Lictor than it ever did in life, betraying the whereabouts of comrades and revealing any weakness that might be exploited.

Yet fearsome as the Lictor is as a physical foe, it has an altogether more deadly purpose than simple slaughter. Stalking Lictors exude a pheromone trail which draws other Tyranids; the larger the concentration of prey, the stronger the response and the more irresistible the lure. So it is that even killing a Lictor is no guarantee of survival, for the creature's mere presence ensures that the swarm already knows where its prey can be found. After that, it's only a matter of time...

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Lictor	6	3	6	4	3	6	3	10	5+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Reinforced Chitin, Rending Claws, Scything Talons.

Chameleonic Skin: The skin of a Lictor is the ultimate camouflage, continuously changing colour to blend in perfectly with the background. A Lictor's victims swear blind that these creatures appear out of thin air.

Lictors always start the game in reserve, even in missions that do not normally use this rule. When Lictors become available they are placed anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 1" away from any enemy model. Lictors may not move or assault on the turn they arrive, although they can shoot (or run) normally.



Flesh Hooks: Flesh hooks are exceptionally sharp barbs that are fired by a powerful muscle spasm. The hooks are attached to the Lictor's ribcage by tough, ropy tendrils that allow the beast to scale vertical surfaces like a grapnel, or snare prey and drag it to its doom.

A model with flesh hooks always strikes in Initiative order when assaulting an enemy in cover. In addition, the flesh hooks can be fired in the Shooting phase using the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
6"	6	-	Assault 2, Rending

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk, Fleet, Hit and Run, Move Through Cover, Stealth.

Pheromone Trail: Lictors exude a potent pheromone signature as they locate and track their prey, luring Tyranid creatures from miles around.

If a Lictor is on the board at the beginning of the Movement phase, the Tyranid player adds +1 to any of his reserve rolls. In addition, if any unit is deploying using Deep Strike, they may be placed within 6" of a Lictor and will not scatter. This ability does not work if the Lictor itself has arrived from reserve during the same turn.

GARGOYLES

Gargoyles are often the first wave of a Tyranid swarm to be seen in battle. They are agents of dismay whose prime purpose is to sow terror and confusion amongst the enemy, keeping their prey disordered and off-guard whilst the main body of the Tyranid assault arrives. Thus a Tyranid attack is preceded by the beating of thousands of membranous wings as Gargoyle broods descend upon the foe, blotting out the sun and spitting death from their fleshborers.

Physically, Gargoyles strongly resemble the Termagants from which they are derived, with compact but lithe bodies encased in a lightly armoured exoskeleton. They also display the same animal cunning, and instinctively assail the foe from an unexpected quarter whenever the situation allows. Winged manoeuvrability gives the Gargoyles a distinct advantage over the majority of opponents, who for the most part rely on technological assistance to fly. As a result Gargoyles have earned a dread reputation, a legend that, in truth, far outstrips their physical threat. Wherever Gargoyles are abroad, the defenders look fearfully to the skies, for they know that every sky-borne shadow could be a flock of Gargoyles about to attack.

Those that face Gargoyles believe them to be skittish in nature, creatures that flee in the face of combat and instead prefer to fight at range. Indeed, a Gargoyle's leathery wings are easily damaged in close-quarter fighting, an unnecessary

waste when the creatures are perfectly adapted at killing their prey from a distance whilst avoiding retaliation. On occasions when the Gargoyles' natural instincts are suppressed, they fight with all the desperate savagery of cornered beasts, entering a frenzied state that more than compensates for any perceived fragility. Gargoyles also spit a caustic venom that burns at skin. The Gargoyles instinctively aim for their prey's eyes, blinding their foe before lashing out with with barbed tails and talons until they either they or their prey are slain, or the Hive Mind relinquishes its control.

A deliberate quirk of the Gargoyles' physical structure means that they can squeeze through gaps seemingly far too small to permit passage. Enemy troops under Gargoyle attack have to be especially vigilant of any gap in the defences that the creatures could possibly exploit, be it an observation hatch, access portal, ventilation shaft or even an incinerator chute – given time, the Gargoyles will find their way in. Once inside, the Gargoyle lash out with every weapon at their disposal in an attempt to escape back into the open skies and unfurl its wings once more. Although Gargoyles may not display the same physical might as some of the larger Tyranid organisms, being trapped with one in a confined space is an invariably lethal experience.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gargoyle	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6	6+

Unit Type: Jump Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Chitin, Fleshborer, Claws and Teeth, Wings.

Blinding Venom: Against non-vehicle units, any roll To Hit of 6 made by a Gargoyle in close combat automatically causes a wound – no separate roll To Wound is necessary.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk.



HARRIDANS

Harridans are monstrous creatures, likened to the flying drakes and wyverns of legend. They are the largest of any Tyranid capable of flight, soaring through a prey world's skies on massive, leathery wings. Though they lack the sheer speed of attack aircraft it is a brave fool indeed who thinks them an easy target. Harridans can slice an aircraft apart with a single swipe of their massive talons. More impressive still is the Harridan's endurance, for it can remain aloft indefinitely and need never land. Harridans act as brood mothers for the smaller Gargoyles and their undersides writhe with the teeming flocks. When the Harridan has transported its broods to their destination the Gargoyles unlatch their claws and open their own membranous wings, resembling a dark cloud that descends to swallow the prey below.

HARPY

Harpies appear in the early stages of a Tyranid attack, working in concert with Gargoyles to drive prey creatures out into the open. However, though the two species share a similar goal, they are physically very different. Where the Gargoyle is very much akin to a winged Termagant, the Harpy appears much closer in nature to a Trygon. Its body is long and sinuous, widening to sprout a pair of massive leathery wings and ending with a broad, armoured head. In order to more efficiently harness thermal currents in flight, the Harpy is hollow-bodied. Compared to creatures of a similar size the Harpy is therefore a relatively fragile Tyranid bioform. That said, its grace in the air more than compensates for any physical weakness. The Harpy can jink and dive with a deftness and agility unattainable by even the most sophisticated fighter-craft, judging its manoeuvres with incredible instinctive precision.

As with many of the larger Tyranid bioforms, the Harpy appears to utilise a wide array of weaponry, according to the particular tactical needs of the Hive Fleet. In addition to several pairs of scything talons, and the bloated cysts on their undersides that rain clusters of Spore Mines onto prey worlds, the forearms of each Harpy have melded to cradle large bio-weapons, most commonly stranglethorn or the dreaded heavy venom cannons. Stranger variants have been reported amongst the vanguard of Hive Fleet Jormungandr, though survivor accounts tend to be garbled and hard to come by.

Perhaps due to its opportunistic nature, the Harpy tends to avoid protracted assaults, and instead opts for strafing runs performed at the nadir of one of its swooping dives. This is not to say the Harpy does not engage its prey in a bloody melee, but it rarely engages in such a contest unless the odds of victory are stacked in its favour. Accordingly, the Harpy's favoured prey is something ill-suited to fighting back – enemy skimmers are a particular favourite, as they lack the speed to escape and the capacity to offer any real threat to the Harpy at short range.

As the Harpy dives to attack it emits an ear-splitting shriek. Such is the pitch and ferocity of this piercing noise that it is a formidable weapon. It is excruciatingly painful to lesser life forms, such as Orks and humans, and can even prove fatal to creatures with more highly developed senses, such as Eldar or the genetically enhanced Space Marines. Those that survive this cacophonous assault are left dizzied and disoriented, easy prey for the Harpy's other weaponry, or the Gargoyles that billow in its wake.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Harpy	3	3	5	5	4	5	2	10	4+
Spore Mine	-	-	1	1	1	1	-	1	-

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Hardened Carapace, Twin-linked Stranglethorn Cannon, Stinger Salvo, Scything Talons, Wings.



Spore Mine Cysts: Once per game, the Harpy may drop a cluster of Spore Mines as it moves during the Movement phase. To do so, nominate any enemy model that the Harpy moved over in the Movement phase and roll for scatter exactly as if the Harpy were firing a barrage weapon at that spot with the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
N/A	4	4	Assault D3, Large Blast*

**If, after the final position of the first template in the barrage has been determined, there are no enemy models within 6" of the central hole, do not resolve the attack but instead place D3 Spore Mines in base contact with each other on the spot where the central hole would have landed. These then follow the rules for Spore Mines detailed in the Living Bomb rule on page 48.*

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk, Fearless.

Sonic Screech: The high-pitched shriek of a Harpy is so piercing that it causes the creature's victims to clutch their ruptured ears in agony.

On any turn in which a Harpy charges into close combat, it counts as if it is equipped with assault grenades. In addition, any non-vehicle unit that is charged by a Harpy must halve its Initiative value (rounding up) for the remainder of that Assault phase.

ZOANTHROPE



Zoanthropes are amongst the strangest of all of the creatures in the Hive Fleets. Each is a powerful psyker, with a huge, bloated head that sits atop an atrophied body seemingly too frail to offer support. Indeed, by all rights the Zoanthropes' own necks should snap under the heavy weight of their oversized craniums. So physically feeble are Zoanthropes that they must use their mental gifts to compensate for their mortal limitations. They move through levitation, and drift serenely across the battlefield on a cushion of shimmering psychic energy. This alone would tax the most powerful of human psykers to the limit of their abilities, yet Zoanthropes accomplish such an act with plenty of power to spare.

Zoanthropes are created solely to harness the psychic potential of the Hive Mind and their entire bodies are perfected towards such a function. By flexing the merest part of its mystical mind, a Zoanthrope can manifest this power in a variety of incredible ways. With one set of cerebral triggers, the Zoanthrope can generate a potent Warp Field to preserve itself from harm. With another, it can project a destructive bolt of corrosive energy that can boil through adamantium plate with as much ease as it can disintegrate flesh. A brood of Zoanthropes can even fell a mighty battle Titan, such is the power at their command.

"They are coming! I feel them scratching inside my mind, scratching, screaming, running, so many... so, so many voices. They're coming for us - flesh, body and soul!"

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Zoanthrope	3	4	4	4	2	3	1	10	5+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Reinforced Chitin, Claws and Teeth.

Special Rules: Synapse Creature, Psyker, Shadow in the Warp.

Warp Field: Zoanthropes project constant psychic barriers to protect themselves, absorbing and deflecting incoming attacks. These mental shields are invisible but for a slight shimmer when small-arms and heavy-weapons fire alike patters harmlessly against them.

A Warp Field grants a Zoanthrope a 3+ invulnerable save.

Psychic Powers: Warp Blast, Warp Lance.



Despite their instinctive command over their otherworldly abilities, tapping into the power of the Warp is not without danger. It is not unknown for Zoanthropes to suffer massive cerebral trauma whilst attempting to harness the energies they wield. In such instances a surge of psychic power courses through the Zoanthropes that not even they can control. As the raw energy flows through the Zoanthrope it overloads synapses and burns every neuron in its brain. The creature has just the time to emit a psychic howl of agony before falling limp to the ground, like a puppet whose strings have been severed.

Zoanthropes care little for happenings beyond their immediate reach. Every Zoanthrope's first priority is to ensure its own survival, a task it achieves by eliminating any perceived threat with bolts of coruscating Warp fire. If necessary, the Hive Mind can use a Zoanthrope to extend its control range, utilising the beast's vast cerebral capacity to relay its instructions to the swarm's lesser creatures. Under these circumstances, the Zoanthrope is little more than a highly sophisticated messenger. This is not to say that a Zoanthrope lacks the aptitude for strategy and tactics, but with so much of its mental prowess focused on unleashing the psychic powers at its command, a Zoanthrope has little time to think for itself. What a Zoanthrope would be capable of it were to truly focus or exert itself – or worse yet, what a group of such beasts could achieve by synchronising their intellectual powers – is probably best left to the imagination of folk willing to invite such nightmares.

VENOMTHROPE

The Venomthrope is a gangrel creature, with a scrawny body and tentacled limbs that drip with alien poisons. Its heavy carapace conceals a network of bulging, gas-filled bladders, allowing the Venomthrope to float ponderously across the battlefield, using its clusters of tendrils to steer itself towards suitable prey and ensnare its victims.

In addition to providing the Venomthrope's mobility, the gas bladders are the creature's primary form of attack. They emit a spore cloud that resembles a sickly sweet yellowish vapour that conceals a highly sophisticated phage organism, inimicable to non-Tyranid life. Brief exposure causes nausea and uncontrollable muscle spasms, leaving the weakened foe easy prey for the Venomthrope and other nearby Tyranids. If the enemy is unfortunate, or foolish enough, to be exposed to the Venomthropes' emissions for more than a minute or so, the phage gains a foothold in its body. Reproducing at a horrific rate, it spreads throughout the victim's system, breaking down organic tissue. The victim ultimately drowns in its own frothing and infected bodily fluids. As the diseased body collapses in on itself, the Venomthrope uses its feeder tendrils to select the choicest morsels, drawing them up into its writhing maw for consumption.

A Venomthrope's whip-like tentacles are coated in a multitude of alien poisons. Indeed, so potent are these toxins that it is believed that a Venomthrope's very touch means certain death. Those victims that do not succumb immediately are entangled by the writhing limbs, bound in a poisonous embrace until the Venomthrope's toxic spores do their gruesome work.

Though Venomthropes do not enjoy an innate synaptic connection with the Hive Mind, their powerful feeding instincts make them ideal outriders for the Tyranid advance. Such tactics present the enemy with a stark and unpalatable choice: to strive against the main assault with less than their full strength, or to allow the Venomthrope free reign. Only a fool chooses the latter. Left to their own devices, Venomthropes' poison not only the world's indigenous life, but also its soil and atmosphere, leaving the plague-shrouded planet fit only for consumption by the Hive Fleet.



Spore Cloud: Venomthropes emit a cloud of airborne spores so dense that it shrouds everything nearby.

The Venomthrope unit and any friendly units within 6" of the unit, can claim a 5+ cover save against any shooting attacks. In addition, these units count as being armed with defensive grenades and any non-vehicle enemy model that assaults one of these units must take a dangerous terrain test to represent the toxic effect of the spore cloud. Should the Venomthrope be killed, these bonuses are immediately lost.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Venomthrope	3	4	4	4	2	3	2	6	5+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Reinforced Chitin, Lash Whips, Toxic Miasma.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed.

Toxic Touch: A Venomthrope's entire body is coated in alien poisons but its writhing tentacles exude the most lethal of all Tyranid toxins, a venom so virulent that it causes flesh to wither and slough from bone.

A Venomthrope's close combat attacks are Poisoned (2+).

NORN QUEENS

Within some of the spacecraft of the Tyranid Hive Fleets are huge chambers many hundreds of metres high. Within each is a creature so vast that its great, pulsing bulk fills almost the entirety of the immense structure. These are the Norn Queens, the primogenitors of the great devourer. The Norn Queens are huge biological factories and their entire function is to create other Tyranid life forms. They are able to assimilate and manipulate biomass in infinite ways to better adapt the Tyranid race. Every single one of the myriad organism in the Tyranid swarm, every variation and new species spawned, owes its ultimate origins to the Norn Queens.

CARNIFEX

The Carnifex is one of the deadliest of all the Hive Fleet's creatures. It is nothing less than a towering battering ram of impenetrable chitin, knotted musculature and unyielding bone. The strength and size of a Carnifex allows them to wield some of the largest and most powerful Tyranid bio-weaponry. The Carnifex is a living engine of destruction, evolved for use in shock assaults, spaceship boarding actions and massed battles, where its immense bulk can crush any opponent and smash through almost any obstacle.

The Imperium's first recorded Carnifex encounters occurred in the battles leading to Hive Fleet Behemoth's invasion of Macragge. As the great star-vessels of Mankind strove with the unearthly living ships of the Tyranids, Carnifexes were to be found at the head of every boarding action, tearing the defenders apart with scythe-shaped talons and immolating the survivors with incandescent bolts of bio-plasma. These creatures swiftly became known as 'Screamer Killers', named for the terrible ululating shriek that accompanied their bio-plasma discharges. Though many other iterations of Carnifex have since been encountered, some even more fearsome by any objective standard, the Screamer Killer has slaughtered its way into bloody legend.

Though Carnifexes lack the swiftness of other creatures in the Tyranid swarm, they more than make up for it in sheer brute force. A Carnifex's thunderous charge starts slowly,

incredible alien musculature straining as the beast propels its improbable bulk to top speed. The Carnifex's heavy footfalls make the ground shake as its velocity builds, each stride striking out a sonorous drum-beat of doom. As the beast reaches full speed, scattering and trampling the foes before it, only a hardened fortress wall or super-heavy tank has any hope of surviving the impact and stalling the Carnifex's stampede. Sometimes, not even this proves sufficient, as the few surviving records from Macragge's polar fortresses bear testament. The best way to survive a charging Carnifex is to be elsewhere when it arrives.

Fortunately for the other races of the galaxy, the Carnifex is not without its weaknesses. Just as the Carnifex's body needs time to build up momentum, so too does its mind. It is a beast of little self-awareness and even less intellect, needing constant supervision by the swarm's synapse creatures lest it revert to an unthinking rampage that, while horrifying to behold, can be exploited by a cunning strategist. Whatever solace a foe might take from the beast's simple-minded nature is unlikely to last long – even an undirected Carnifex can wreak a path of carnage and havoc before it is brought down.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Carnifex	3	3	9	6	4	1	4	7	3+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Scything Talons (two sets).

Frag Spines: Many Carnifexes have carapaces studded with explosive spine banks or other extremely short ranged bio-weapons that fire as the monstrous beasts stampede forward, forcing their prey to take cover or else be lacerated by hundreds of chitinous shards.

A Carnifex that has been upgraded with frag spines counts as being equipped with assault grenades as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Bio-plasma: Some Carnifexes can generate a ball of bio-plasma within their bodies and vomit forth the energy as a blinding ball of incandescent fire. This process is accompanied by a high-pitched scream that is often the last thing the Carnifex's prey ever hears.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
12"	7	2	Assault 1, Blast

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed, Fearless.

Living Battering Ram: The momentum of a stampeding Carnifex is nigh unstoppable. It is a foolish foe indeed that lingers in the beast's path.

A Carnifex gains +2 Initiative during a turn in which it launched an assault.



HIVE GUARD

In the later stages of a Tyranid invasion, strange alien architecture blights a prey world. Towering spore chimneys burst from beneath the churned ground to belch their poisonous spores into the air and capillary towers are grown to funnel the digested gruel of the planet's biomass to the Hive Ships in space. Such structures are vital to the Tyranids' attempt to consume a world, yet they have few defences of their own. Instead, the Hive Mind has created a specific beast for their protection – the Hive Guard.

Even amongst the Tyranid swarm, the Hive Guard stands out as being uniquely created to its role. It is essentially a gun-beast, with a heavily armoured centauroid form providing a durable and stable firing platform for the massive impaler cannon bonded to the beast's forelimbs. By bracing its powerful lower limbs, the Hive Guard is able to contain the impaler cannon's prodigious recoil, allowing a continuous and highly accurate stream of fire.

Though not as developed as that of the synapse creatures, Hive Guard possess a low-level telepathic ability that allows them to 'see' through the eyes of all other Tyranid organisms, giving them unconscious access to a wealth of tactical and targeting information that would overwhelm even the most sophisticated cogitators. Furthermore, a Hive Guard is even more closely bonded with the shard-beasts that comprise the ammunition of its impaler cannon.

Through a complicated series of mental stimuli it can command the shard-beast to change vector whilst in flight, causing the projectile to veer and home in on the target with unerring accuracy. The combination of these two abilities means that a Hive Guard need not necessarily see a target itself to engage it.

A Hive Guard's nascent telepathic abilities do not come without a cost. The scant mental capacity apportioned to the Hive Guard for other tasks makes it an exclusively territorial beast. Without the direct goading of the Hive Mind, a Hive Guard is content to stand motionless, waiting for prey to come within range. Only when a Tyranid swarm encounters a heavily mechanised foe will the Hive Mind suppress the Hive Guard's natural imperatives and drive them forwards to the front lines. Whilst this might at first be thought of as an inherent flaw, it only furthers the Hive Guard's primary role. Indeed, what good is a stalwart defender if it aggressively pursues a target and leaves its charge unguarded?

Hive Guard have an incredibly short incubation cycle and can be maintained as end-stage larvae almost indefinitely. This means that rather than wasting precious biomass by creating and sustaining protectors that will stand idle, the Hive Mind can swiftly spawn Hive Guard wherever its advance is threatened, meeting an enemy counter-attack with salvo after salvo of intense firepower.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hive Guard	4	4	5	6	2	2	2	7	4+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Hardened Carapace, Claws and Teeth.

Impaler Cannon: Impaler cannons are large bio-weapons that propel bony spines as long as a man is tall. These spines are propelled at such high velocities that they can punch through plasteel and skewer a battle tank as easily as they can flesh or bone. At the base of each spine is a small Tyranid creature known as a shard-beast, a parasite that feeds off blood vessels running through the core of each quill-like spike. The shard-beast uses thin membranous fins to steer the spine towards its target. The shard-beast has but a few moments to veer the projectile before it withers and dies, for its own innards are torn from its body when the spine is fired.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
24"	8	4	Assault 2*

*The impaler cannon can shoot any target in range, regardless of whether there is line of sight to it or not. The target can only count the benefits of cover they are in or touching if it lies between them and the Hive Guard. Vehicles are always hit on the armour value facing the Hive Guard.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk.



BIOVORES

The Biovore is a squat, bloated creature – yet no less deadly for all that. Deep within its lumpen form, the Biovore nurtures a clutch of Spore Mines – living bombs that blanket the enemy in acids, poisons and shrapnel-sized pieces of chitin. A Biovore launches these mines from a dorsal aperture by means of a powerful muscle spasm. As the Spore Mine is flung through the air, its internal gas bladder inflates and it floats down towards ground level. Even if the shot misses its target, the danger is far from over; for the Spore Mine is no mere unthinking ordnance, but possessed of a rudimentary intelligence and detonates not on impact, but when it senses the proximity of a non-Tyranid lifeform.

The Biovore's relative rarity amongst the Tyranid swarms is taken as a sign that the Hive Mind prefers to win its battles in bloody melee, but the truth is subtly different. The Hive Mind is nothing if not pragmatic. Whilst battles could be won in close quarters, the Tyranids had no need of the ability to attack their prey at such extreme range. Yet, as the Hive Fleets pressed ever deeper into the galaxy, their victories were much harder won as their enemies began to concentrate on destroying the swarm from great distance. Before long, the Hive Mind recognised a need for a creature that could neutralise the enemy's long-range weaponry, and thus one was created. So it is that the Biovore is not merely a powerful weapon in the Hive Mind's arsenal, it is living proof of the adaptive nature of the Tyranid menace.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Biovore	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	6	4+
Spore Mine	-	-	1	1	1	1	-	1	-

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs (Biovore):
Hardened Carapace, Claws and Teeth.

Spore Mine Launcher: A Spore Mine launcher has the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
48"	4	4	Assault 1, Barrage, Large Blast*

**If, after the final position of the first template in the barrage has been determined, there are no enemy models within 6" of the central hole, do not resolve the attack but instead place a number of Spore Mines, equal to the number of Biovores in the unit, in base contact with each other, on the spot where the central hole would have landed. These then follow the rules for Spore Mines detailed in the Living Bomb rule.*

Special Rules (Biovore):
Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk.

Special Rules (Spore Mines)

Living Bomb: Each Spore Mine model is treated as an individual unit. Spore Mines are always ignored for the purposes of any and all mission objectives. Spore Mines are not subject to Instinctive Behaviour, never go to ground (voluntarily or otherwise), run or fall back. At the beginning of the Tyranid Movement phase, each Spore Mine moves D6" in a direction determined by rolling the scatter dice (Tyranid player chooses the direction if a hit is rolled).

If a Spore Mine suffers a wound, touches an enemy model, impassable terrain, or it ends any Movement phase within 2" of an enemy unit, it immediately explodes. Place the central hole of the large blast marker over the Spore Mine and resolve any hits at a Strength 4 and AP of 4. Spore Mines that drift off the table or into a friendly unit are immediately removed from play.

SPORE MINE CLUSTERS

Spore Mines are not only launched by Biovores – clusters of them are often seeded directly onto worlds from orbit. Spore Mines have been known to drift untriggered for days, weeks or even years, just waiting for an unwary foe to come near.

Orbital Deployment: Spore Mine Clusters are always deployed in the following manner. After both sides have selected their deployment zone, but before any units are deployed, all of your Spore Mine Clusters must Deep Strike onto the board. If any scatter off the board or into impassable terrain the entire cluster is destroyed as described in the 1-2 result on the Deep Strike Mishap table. After they have landed, the Spore Mines in the cluster are then treated as individual Spore Mines, as described in the Living Bomb rule.

PYROVORES

The Pyrovore is a peculiar creature, consisting of little more than a series of digestive sacs on legs. A Pyrovore's maw drips with corrosive acids that are powerful enough to reduce armour, flesh and bone to a gooey, smouldering mucous, ripe for consumption by other Tyranids. However, as formidable as this is, the Pyrovore's primary threat lies in the weapon symbiote sprouting from its back. When confronted by a foe, the Pyrovore launches forth an incandescent fireball from its dorsal bio-weapon. The booming roar that accompanies this discharge is quite distinctive, the last thing a Pyrovore's victims will ever hear before a curtain of searing flames reduces them to a pile of burning ash.

Pyrovores exist primarily to pre-digest biomass. As such they are commonly found roaming the corpse-choked battlefields where they feast on the bodies of the dead and wounded, the Pyrovore's complex array of bladders and stomachs breaking down the corpses' fleshy tissues into flammable gasses. So powerful are the acidic fluids inside a Pyrovore that they even feast on metals and rocks, any mineral the Hive Fleet may require. If undisturbed, a Pyrovore can continue to gorge itself for hours, or even days, pausing only to attack those foolish enough to stray too close.

The Pyrovore has a small and unresponsive brain. Indeed, the weapon-symbiote grown into its flesh has a larger mental capacity than the Pyrovore itself. Unlike many Tyranid organisms whose mind's mesh with that of their bio-weaponry, the Pyrovore and the flamespurt creature function independently of each other. The Pyrovore itself is driven by the need to feed, whilst its bio-weaponry instinctively billows a plume of fire when it senses the presence of a non-Tyranid life form. Only when the Hive Mind subsumes the will of both creatures does the Pyrovore act as a single entity. However, such control is hardly necessary, for the dual nature of a Pyrovore means that those that survive its conflagration will fall to its fanged maw. Ultimately it matters little if a Pyrovore feasts on the living flesh of its prey or the smouldering ashes of their burnt remains – one way or another, they will be consumed.

As most opponents have learnt the hard way, the Pyrovore is best engaged at range. If wounded, bilious and brackish liquids seep from its injuries, spraying nearby enemies with the acidic contents of the Pyrovore's various stomachs. Worse, if the Pyrovore is slain outright, the deathblow has a good chance of igniting the volatile ichors contained within, sparking off a tremendous explosion that leaves only a few charred and desiccated scraps of flesh and a terrible smell in its wake.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Pyrovore	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	6	4+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Hardened Carapace, Claws and Teeth, Acid Blood.



Flamespurt: The Pyrovore's flamespurt bio-weapon billows forth a blazing plume of fire. The flames work their way into every nook and cranny, engulfing the Pyrovore's foes in a searing conflagration.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
Template	5	4	Assault 1*

*A Pyrovore can fire its flamespurt, even if it is subject to Instinctive Behaviour – Feed.

Acid Maw: A Pyrovore's fanged maw continuously drips with an acidic bile powerful enough to dissolve steel and melt through ceramite.

A Pyrovore's close combat attacks ignore armour saves.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed.

Volatile: Whilst the volatile liquids are well armoured within a Pyrovore's gullet, a powerful shot risks rupturing the fuel sacs and igniting the chemicals within.

If a Pyrovore is killed by a wound that inflicted instant death, roll a D6. On a 4+ the weapon has ignited the Pyrovore's internal chemicals and all models within D6" of the slain Pyrovore suffer a Strength 3, AP - hit.

TRYGON

The Trygon is a vast serpentine creature, so colossal that it towers over even the mighty Carnifex. It is a heavily armoured beast, covered from head to tail with a carapace of shifting plates. As the Trygon moves, these become agitated, generating a bio-static charge that courses along the beast's body and wreathes its forelimbs. By exhaling an ionised spray from its gills, the Trygon can direct this energy as a lethal high-voltage discharge.

A Trygon's claws are not only fearsome weapons in close combat, they also allow it to burrow through practically any material. When a Trygon detects an enemy above, it burrows upward, bursting through the ground with explosive force, its huge claws scything through warriors and tanks. Such attacks are hard to detect and harder to defend against. On many worlds, a Trygon's motion is masked by background seismic activity, leaving the enemy little or no time to prepare a defence. Once the beast emerges, only focused heavy-weapons fire can be relied upon to bring it down, for the Trygon's iron-hard carapace is proof against all else.

Trygons excavate a massive network of underground tunnels. Other Tyranid creatures use the tunnels left in the Trygon's wake, scuttling unseen as battle rages overhead. The emergence of a tunnelling Trygon therefore often heralds a larger Tyranid attack, with hordes of creatures pouring out of the tunnel shortly after its emergence.



TRYGON PRIME

As with many Tyranid organisms, different Trygons display substantial variety. One of the most distinct is the Trygon Prime. These beasts have elongated jaws and containment spines running the length of their sinuous bodies, to better harness and direct their bio-electric discharges. Trygon Primes unleash searing arcs of lightning, leaving those caught in its path little more than a charred pile of scorched bones. More dangerous still, these Trygons share a strong synaptic link with the Hive Mind and are able to dominate the will of the lesser Tyranid creatures.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Trygon	5	3	6	6	6	4	6	8	3+
Trygon Prime	5	3	6	6	6	4	6	10	3+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Scything Talons (two sets).

Bio-electric Pulse: As a Trygon moves, it generates a potent electric field that discharges with lethal effects.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
12"	5	5	Assault 6

Containment Spines (Trygon Prime only): These curved spines contain and focus the build-up of electrical energy.

A Trygon Prime uses the following profile when firing its bio-electric pulse:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	5	5	Assault 12

Special Rules: Deep Strike, Fearless, Fleet.
Instinctive Behaviour – Feed (Trygon only),
Synapse Creature (Trygon Prime only),
Shadow in the Warp (Trygon Prime only).

Subterranean Assault: If, when a Trygon (or Trygon Prime) deploys via Deep Strike, it scatters on top of impassable terrain or another model (friend or foe!), reduce the scatter distance by the minimum required to avoid the obstacle.

After the Trygon (or Trygon Prime) has emerged, mark the position under the creature's base with a suitable marker. Any Tyranid infantry units (excluding those with wings) that arrive from reserve in subsequent turns may attempt to utilise this tunnel network and emerge from it instead of arriving as normal. If they choose to do so, place the entire unit so that all models are within 6" of the marker and in unit coherency. If any models cannot be placed because of enemy models within 1" or impassable terrain, the excess are removed as casualties. The unit may not move or assault on the same turn it arrives, but may shoot or run as normal. No more than a single unit may emerge from each tunnel entrance in the same turn.

MAWLOC

Mawlocs are huge worm-like creatures. They are outriders to the Tyranid swarm, and burrow deep beneath the ground to bypass the enemy's front line defences. Once past the outer perimeter, a Mawloc bursts forth in a shower of dirt and shattered stone to run rampant through supply lines, command posts or artillery batteries, only to vanish back below ground as forward units are recalled to the fight. Severe tremors are the only warning of a Mawloc attack, making defence duty on a seismically active world a particularly harrowing experience should a Hive Fleet enter the system.

Physically, the Mawloc is an incredibly simple organism, with little concession to other roles. Its six limbs are small and lack the reach to be especially efficient in combat, but are nonetheless incredibly powerful and are employed to gain extra traction whilst burrowing. This should not be taken to mean the Mawloc is defenceless; nothing could be further from the truth. Its massive razor-toothed maw is the entryway to an equally cavernous gullet. Most of the creature's victims are swallowed whole, there to be painfully digested over the course of several days. Foes large enough to stick in the Mawloc's capacious craw are pounded flat by a battery of blows from the creature's muscular tail before being devoured.

Despite its immense mass, the Mawloc is incredibly agile, able to dart and weave through incoming fire with fluid grace that belies its size. Such displays are rendered all the more incredible when taken alongside the fact that the Mawloc is almost entirely blind, and thus relies on information provided by a series of pressure-sensitive organs that run the length of its flanks.

So delicate are the Mawloc's senses that they can absorb and decipher pressure waves as they travel through both solid and fluid matter, creating a many-layered and ever-changing picture of the world around it. It is this ability that allows the Mawloc to hunt its prey even whilst burrowing through the ground. Even the slightest tremor above ground feeds the hunting Mawloc a wealth of information, enabling it to intercept a chosen quarry with frightening speed and unerring accuracy – the more regular and rhythmic the sound, the more likely that the Mawloc will be able to home in on the source. The pounding thump of a terrified heartbeat is a flaring beacon to a Mawloc. Thus it is a victim's own fear that betrays their whereabouts and brings about their destruction.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Mawloc	3	0	6	6	6	4	3	8	3+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Claws and Teeth.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed, Deep Strike, Fearless, Hit and Run.



Terror from the Deep: If a Mawloc Deep Strikes onto a point occupied by another model, do not roll on the Deep Strike Mishap table but instead do the following.

Place the large blast template directly over the spot the Mawloc is emerging from. Every unit under the template suffers a number of Strength 6, AP2 hits equal to the number of models in that unit that are wholly or partially covered by the template. Vehicles are always struck on their rear armour. If any unit still has surviving models under the template, move that unit by the minimum distance necessary to clear all models from beneath the template whilst maintaining squad coherency and avoiding impassable terrain. Units that were locked in combat prior to the Mawloc's attack must remain in base contact if possible, but otherwise models cannot be moved within 1" of an enemy model. Vehicles, including immobile vehicles, retain their original facing if they are moved. Any models that cannot be moved out of the way are destroyed. After all casualties have been determined, replace the large blast template with the Mawloc.

Burrow: A Mawloc can, at any point during its Movement phase, elect to re-burrow provided it is not engaged in close combat. If a Mawloc chooses to do so remove it from the table and place it back in reserve. It automatically re-emerges via Deep Strike during your next Movement phase. Note that a Mawloc cannot Deep Strike and burrow in the same turn.

TERVIGON

The Tervigon is a massive creature, with a towering spined carapace that shields a swollen abdomen. The Tervigon relies on all three pairs of limbs for support. However, should the need arise, the giant beast can shift a greater proportion of its weight onto its rear legs, allowing it to scythe its claws back and forth in crushing arcs. Nor should the Tervigon be underestimated at range – its carapace conceals banks of cluster spines that can be fired at a considerable distance.

Yet no matter how fearsome its weaponry, the Tervigon's true threat lies within. Each Tervigon is a living incubator beneath whose lumpy carapace dozens upon dozens of Termagants slumber in a state of near-life. The Tervigon can spawn its dormant broods at will, jolting their razor minds into wakefulness. So it is that a foe engaging a Tervigon will find itself assailed by waves of skittering Termagants. The only way for a cool-headed enemy commander to end the horror is to have his troops concentrate all their firepower on the Tervigon – if the ponderous beast is slain, the resulting symbiotic backlash inevitably kills its young.

When a Hive Fleet travels through space, Tervigons do not slumber in a dormant state like other Tyranid creatures. Instead, they roam the ship's cavernous innards. Should a Tervigon detect intruders, it can spawn an army of frenzied Termagants to repulse the foe whilst using its potent synaptic link to awaken additional warriors.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tervigon	3	3	5	6	6	1	3	10	3+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Stinger Salvo, Claws and Teeth.

Special Rules: Synapse Creature, Psyker, Shadow in the Warp.

Spawn Termagants: A Tervigon can spawn Termagants in the Tyranid Movement phase before it has moved – even if is locked in assault. If it does so, roll 3D6. Place a new unit of Termagants such that no model is more than 6" from the Tervigon – the size of the unit is equal to the total rolled. Models in this new unit cannot be placed in impassable terrain, or within 1" of enemy models. If you cannot place some of the models due to enemy proximity, impassable terrain or simply because you have run out of models, the excess is destroyed. The spawned unit may then move, shoot and assault normally. A unit spawned by a Tervigon is identical in every way to a Termagant unit chosen from the Troops section of the force organisation chart, and is treated as such for all scenario special rules. Models in a spawned unit have no biomorphs and always carry fleshborers.

If any double is rolled when determining the size of a spawned unit, the Tervigon has temporarily exhausted its supply of larvae – the unit is created as normal, but the Tervigon may not attempt to spawn further units for the rest of the game.

Brood Progenitor: All units of Termagants, spawned or otherwise, within 6" of a Tervigon can use the Tervigon's Leadership for any tests they are required to make. They also gain the benefits of the Tervigon's toxin sacs and adrenal glands (if it has any). In addition, all Termagant units within 6" of the Tervigon have the Counter-attack special rule.

Should a Tervigon be slain, every Termagant brood, spawned or otherwise, within 6" immediately suffers 3D6 Strength 3, AP - hits.

Psychic Powers: Dominion.

“To think that Tyranids are mindless beasts is a grave mistake. When you fight Tyranids you face not only those before you on the battlefield, but the untold thousands which seek to surround you, which attack your supporting units and destroy your supply lines in perfect synchronicity. These aliens have shown evidence of both tactics and strategy that speaks of a far worse threat than that posed by a mere beast.”

– Marneus Calgar

TYRANNOFEX

There can be little doubt that the massive Tyrannofex exists purely for destruction – it is a monster created for the most gruelling of battlegrounds. Clad in a dozen layers of ablative chitinous armour and supported by three pairs of massive legs, it is as unyielding as any war engine constructed of steel or born of more conventional technology.

The Tyrannofex has the armour and fortitude of a living battle fortress and its weaponry eclipses that of its foes' most powerful battle tanks in both quantity and devastative potential. Cluster spine launchers nestling between thick chitinous plates provide the Tyrannofex with a formidable anti-infantry weapon. Worse, its body houses several breeding chambers. Here, the Tyrannofex nurtures all manner of ferocious organisms that it can unleash onto any enemy foolish enough to come too close. The Tyrannofex's main weapon, however, is a massive cannon fused with its torso, the largest and most destructive of any Tyranid weapons to be carried by anything smaller than a bio-titan. The precise nature of this weapon is different from creature to creature. Each represents a particular pinnacle of Tyranid bio-weaponry and is as efficient as it is unearthly in its design.

Given its massive bulk, the Tyrannofex is a ponderous beast and is prone to being overwhelmed if engaged in a protracted melee, should the enemy wish to brave its formidable short-range weaponry. However, such an obvious weakness has not gone unnoticed by the Hive Mind. Should the Tyrannofex find itself under threat, it emits a stress pheromone. This attracts other Tyranid bioforms, ensuring that the Tyrannofex will not have to combat a foe in close quarters without the aid of creatures more suited to doing so. Once the upstart attackers have been stomped flat by the Tyrannofex, diced by a flurry of Hormagaunt claws or shredded by Termagants' fleshborer fire, the Tyrannofex can return to its primary goal – blasting the enemy asunder with its fearsome bio-weaponry.



Acid Spray: This weapon stores huge reservoirs of caustic digestive fluids used to break down organic matter at a horrifying rate. This acrid concoction is sprayed over the Tyranids' victims, melting through body-armour with shocking ease and reducing its victims to shapeless gobbets of liquefied flesh.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
Template*	6	4	Assault 1

**To fire the acid spray place the template so that the narrow end is within 12" of the weapon and the large end is no closer to the weapon than the narrow end. The acid spray is then treated like any other template weapon.*

Fleshborer Hive: The fleshborer hive is a seething colony for the very same borer beetles found in a Termagant's fleshborer. The fanged creatures stored in the bloated sacs of the hive lay thousands of eggs that hatch and mature at an astonishing rate within the cavernous chambers of the brood nest. Indeed, the fleshborer hive must eject the beetles at regular intervals to prevent the Tyrannofex from bursting apart from the creatures birthed within it.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
12"	4	5	Assault 20

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk, Fearless.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyrannofex	3	3	6	6	6	1	3	8	2+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Armoured Shell, Stinger Salvo, Thorax Swarm (with electroshock grubs), Claws and Teeth.

Rupture Cannon: Each time the rupture cannon fires, two different cannonball-sized projectiles are launched in quick succession. The first is a bloated tick that bursts upon impact, showering the target in a thick oily substance. The second is a seedpod with a virtually impenetrable shell. As the seed smashes into the target, it is coated in the viscous remains of the tick. The seemingly inert fluids dissolve the toughened shell in a fraction of a second resulting in a massive implosion powerful enough to wrench armoured vehicles inside out.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
48"	10	4	Assault 2

MYCETIC SPORES

The initial stage of a Tyranid assault often comprises several waves of Mycetic Spores. These ablative bio-constructed shells are launched by their thousands into the world's atmosphere by orbiting Hive Ships. The fleshy pods are specifically designed to endure the stresses of orbital insertion and protect their lethal payload from planetary impact. Mycetic Spores are often inaccurately reported as meteor showers by civilian observers, but experienced troops soon learn to spot the distinctive clutch of fiery streaks as the spores breach the upper atmosphere. Once through, the Mycetic Spore alters shape to slow its descent. They are sacrificial organisms, and perish soon after impact with the planet's surface, but each one houses a brood of assault beasts, most commonly Hormagaunts or Genestealers, who burst from the wreckage and begin the search for prey.

As the Tyranids push deeper into the galaxy, the Hive Mind is becoming more adept at its use of Mycetic Spores. Recent strains have a shield of ablative chitin over sensory nodes. This burns away during orbital insertion, allowing the Mycetic Spore to draw in on Lictor pheromone trails during the final stages of descent, enabling its cargo to be delivered with greater accuracy. Other iterations are composed of two layered bioforms. When the Mycetic Spore impacts a planet's surface and the outer shell dies, its sides peel apart to reveal a symbiotic organism that draws sustenance from the slain parent to fuel a powerful bio-weapon.



These augmentations allow the Mycetic Spores a crucial role in the main assault of a prey world. The Hive Mind is now able to reinforce key areas with astonishing swiftness, and shield crucial elements of its assault force from incoming fire until the very last moment. Few bulwarks, no matter how well prepared, can hope to withstand such an assault. Many a heavily defended bastion has been destroyed as Mycetic Spores impact on a planet's surface, smashed apart as a Carnifex emerges from its pod's fleshy remains to launch a point-blank assault.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Mycetic Spore	2	2	6	4	3	1	3	5	4+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Hardened Carapace, Lash Whip.

Ripper Tentacles: Ripper tentacles are thick ropes of tendon and corded muscle that reach out from a Mycetic Spore in search of prey. Drawn to movement, ripper tentacles can smash apart several foes in a single swipe, coil around a single victim and crush it to a bloody pulp or clutch around its quarry and drag it into the spore's fanged maw.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
6"	6	-	Assault 6

Special Rules: Deep Strike, Fearless.

Limited Sentence: Mycetic Spores have only a rudimentary intelligence and simply lash out at everything nearby.

A Mycetic Spore is not subject to Instinctive Behaviour. The Mycetic Spore automatically shoots the closest enemy unit in each Shooting phase unless it is engaged in close combat.

Transport Spore: A Mycetic Spore always enters play using the Deep Strike rules, even in missions that do not use these rules. If, when a Mycetic Spore Deep Strikes, it scatters on top of impassable terrain or another model (friend or foe!), reduce the scatter distance by the minimum required to avoid the obstacle.

A Mycetic Spore can carry a single unit of up to 20 infantry models or a single monstrous creature within its armoured shell. Once the Mycetic Spore has landed, all creatures within must immediately deploy – place the unit such that every model is within 2" of the Mycetic Spore. If any models cannot be deployed because of impassable terrain or enemy models within 1", those models are destroyed. A unit that Deep Strikes via a Mycetic Spore cannot move or assault in the same turn it arrives but may shoot (or run) as normal.

Immobile Pod: A Mycetic Spore cannot move for any reason once it has entered the battle. It may never go to ground, voluntarily or otherwise – and may not consolidate or make a sweeping advance following a close combat.

RIPPER SWARMS

A Ripper Swarm is a writhing mat of maggot-like Tyranid organisms driven by a single voracious appetite. Each Ripper is little more than an armoured serpent that terminates in a broad maw crammed with dozens of needle-sharp teeth. Rippers are completely mindless and perish if they lose contact with the Hive Mind, but while under its guidance they are utterly relentless and pose a truly horrifying threat.



From the moment a Tyranid Hive Fleet makes planetfall, billions of voracious organisms are released over the planet. Most numerous amongst these creatures are Rippers. They writhe across the surface, their numbers ever growing as they consume everything in their path. Ripper Swarms follow hard on the heels of the Tyranid advance, devouring the dead and wounded of both sides with grim efficiency and boundless vigour. Rippers are energetic and persistent beings, quite capable of pulling down creatures many times their own size. Once a Ripper's jaws tighten around its prey, they stay clamped shut until a mouthful of flesh is torn away or the Ripper is slain.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ripper Swarm	2	2	3	3	3	2	4	5	6+
Sky-slasher Swarm	2	2	3	3	3	2	4	5	6+

Unit Type: Infantry
(Sky-slasher Swarms are Jump Infantry).

Weapons and Biomorphs: Chitin, Claws and Teeth. Wings (Sky-slasher Swarm only).

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed, Fearless, Swarms.

Mindless: Rippers are feeder organisms without any independent brain functions and they quickly perish without the Hive Mind to sustain them.

If a Ripper Swarm or Sky-slasher Swarm is more than 12" from a Synapse Creature at the beginning of the turn and fails a Leadership test because of the Instinctive Behaviour rule, the unit loses 1 Wound for each point they fail the Leadership test by – no saves allowed.

Tunnel Swarm: Some Ripper Swarms have been known to burrow beneath the ground, capable of travelling underground as swiftly as other types can journey above it. These swarms only emerge when they sense fresh prey on the surface.

A Ripper Swarm upgraded to have the Tunnel Swarm ability gains the Deep Strike special rule.

Rippers are eventually reabsorbed by the Hive Fleet. They throw their own engorged bodies into large digestion pools where they, and the biomass they have feasted upon, are broken down into a thick gruel used to feed the orbiting bioships and eventually create more complex creatures. In the latter stages of a Tyranid invasion, Rippers are the primary means by which the Hive Fleet devours planets. Uncontested, Rippers will scour a prey-world, devouring every scrap of biomass, every drop of moisture, leaving only an empty and desolate wasteland in their wake.

Sky-slasher Swarms

Though Rippers are one of the simplest of Tyranid organisms, different swarms often sport wildly variant characteristics. The winged Rippers, known as Sky-slashers, are increasingly common. Regardless of their genesis and purpose, all Rippers are equally deadly and not to be underestimated. Indeed, the Kha'rull sky-mines were completely overrun by Sky-slashers, the automated air-defence batteries that had proved so effective against the larger winged Tyranid creatures were completely useless against the swarm of smaller Rippers.

"The time for using the knife to remove this cancer is long gone. Bring forth the torch."
– Exarch Quaillindral of Iyanden



THE SWARMLORD

Amongst the billions of creatures created by the Hive Mind, there exists one as old as the Tyranid race itself. This creature is the very pinnacle of the Hive Tyrant bioform, the ultimate conduit through which the Hive Mind's implacable will is enforced. This creature is to a Hive Tyrant what a Hive Tyrant is to a Termagant. It is a monster of darkest nightmare that has preyed on empires and overseen the extinction of entire civilisations. It is a legendary destroyer of worlds and its names are legion. It is the Tyrantlord of the Hive Mind, the Herald of Great Devourer and the Destroyer of the Kha'la Empire. To the Imperium of Man, the latest to face this ancient predator, it is the Swarmlord, and it represents the greatest Tyranid threat to the galaxy.

Since the First Tyrannic Wars, the Swarmlord has carved a bloody path of carnage across the galaxy. It was responsible for the Scouring of the Megyre System, the destruction of the Brynarr race and the consumption of Waaagh! Gorgluk. Not only did these events span several centuries, but each was perpetrated by a different Hive Fleet. It would therefore appear that the Swarmlord's link with the Hive Mind is so strong as to transcend the physical limitations separating the different Hive Fleets. If the Swarmlord perishes on the battlefield, the Hive Mind reabsorbs its consciousness through the synaptic web. The Swarmlord is therefore deathless, and can be re-grown to face the enemy again, returning each time stronger than ever before.



The reincarnation of the Swarmlord appears to be a stress-induced response by the Hive Fleets, one triggered when its prey cannot be defeated through physical and biological adaption alone. Indeed, the Swarmlord was created with the express purpose of out-thinking the enemy and developing new strategies. To this end, the Swarmlord possesses a glimmer of autonomy, more so than any other Tyranid creature. The Swarmlord combines its own resourcefulness with tactical knowledge accumulated through aeons of bloodshed. Such is the Swarmlord's alien cunning that on several occasions during the Battle for Macragge it was able to outmanoeuvre and outwit the Ultramarines, warriors whose own tactical acumen is legendary.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
The Swarmlord	9	3	6	6	5	6	4	10	3+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton.

Bone Sabres: The Swarmlord wields four serrated blades. Through the core of each lies a crystalline growth that protrudes through the surface. These alien crystals are not indigenous to this galaxy and the bone sabres crackle with disruptive power, capable of slicing through adamantium armour and even force fields with deadly ease.

The Bone Sabre's attacks inflict instant death regardless of the opponent's Toughness. In addition, any successful invulnerable saves made against hits inflicted by the Bone Sabres must be re-rolled.

Special Rules: Synapse Creature, Psyker, Shadow in the Warp.

Blade Parry: The Swarmlord can parry with its blades at such speeds that opponents find it all but impossible to land their blows.

The Swarmlord has a 4+ invulnerable save in close-combat.

Psychic Monstrosity: The Swarmlord has a synapse range of 18". In addition, the Swarmlord may use two psychic powers a turn.

Swarm Leader: At the beginning of your Shooting phase, the Swarmlord can bestow one of the following special abilities onto any one friendly unit within 18": *Acute Senses*, *Preferred Enemy* or *Furious Charge*. These benefits last until the end of your turn.

Alien Cunning: Whilst the Swarmlord is alive, you must add 1 to any of your reserve rolls. In addition, if any of your units arrive using the outflank ability, you may re-roll the dice to determine which table edge they arrive from.

Psychic Powers: The Horror, Leech Essence, Paroxysm, Psychic Scream.

OLD ONE EYE

The Carnifex known as Old One Eye is a living engine of destruction. When Hive Fleet Behemoth descended upon the cavern world of Calth, Old One Eye spearheaded the Tyranid assault. Stomping through the defenders it swatted aside Imperial Guardsmen and Leman Russ Battle Tanks as if they were naught but bothersome insects. Only the most powerful of weaponry slowed the beast down and, to this day, its body bears the scars of many blows that should by all rights have killed it. Foremost amongst these is a plasma burn running across its armoured skull, a testament to the courage of a long-forgotten hero of the Imperium who fired a plasma pistol through the beast's eye and into its brain. It was this very shot that brought the Carnifex's rampage to a dramatic halt, the first time such a feat has ever occurred.

The legend of Old One Eye might have ended there had it not been for a band of smugglers who stumbled across its frozen body decades later. Hoping to reap a bounty for the corpse, they thawed the Carnifex out, but even as they did so its grievous wounds began to heal. Isolated from the guiding presence of the Hive Mind, Old One Eye awoke with only the need to kill. Its one remaining eye gazed hungrily upon the unsuspecting smugglers who barely had time to register the beast was alive before they were slaughtered.

Released from its icy prison, Old One Eye roamed across the blizzard-swept landscape of Calth in search of more prey. Like much of the Ultramar system at this time, Termagants still lurked within caves and Genestealer infestations remained commonplace, despite Behemoth's defeat. These creatures were drawn to Old One Eye, sensing in the Carnifex a powerful and dominant alpha leader. All over the planet, land convoys were destroyed, hab-domes smashed and entire populations massacred.

Calth's cries for help did not go unheeded, answered by Scout Sergeant Telion of the Ultramarines, veteran of the First Tyranic War. It did not take the Scout Sergeant long to track his quarry, but neither bolt shell nor knife-blade could pierce Old One Eye's armoured flanks. As Telion's warriors were crushed to a pulp beneath the Carnifex's massive claws, the Sergeant somehow managed a one-in-a-million shot that found the cratered pit of its ruined eye-socket. The mighty Carnifex howled in pain and, in its frenzied rage, stumbled into a cavernous ravine. Though Telion led a search for the beast's body, it was never found.

Since that time there have been scattered reports of Old One Eye re-emerging to wreak havoc once again, only to be felled through the actions of a bold hero. Indeed, if all the tales are true, Old One Eye has been killed more than a dozen times, although only at horrendous cost and sacrifice on each occasion. None know of Old One Eye's true fate; there are those that believe the creature is long dead and that the tales of its return are mere stories to frighten disobedient children. However, rumours persist that creatures matching Old One Eye's description have been seen plaguing planets across Ultramar and beyond. If this is the same creature, it is unknown how it escaped the confines of Calth, but the fact remains that wherever Old One Eye is sighted, carnage and slaughter follow in its wake.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Old One Eye	3	3	10	6	4	1	4	8	3+

Unit Type: Monstrous Creature.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Crushing Claws, Scything Talons.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed, Fearless, Living Battering Ram (see page 46).

Rapid Regeneration: Old One Eye's form constantly regenerates itself, sealing mortal wounds and healing flesh.

At the start of your turn, as long as Old One Eye is still alive, roll a D6 for each Wound lost: for every 5 or 6 rolled, Old One Eye recovers a single lost Wound.

Berserk Rampage: For every successful To Hit roll that Old One Eye makes in close combat, it may immediately make one additional Attack against the same unit. These additional Attacks do not confer any extra Attacks if they also hit the enemy!

Alpha Leader: Any friendly unit within 12" of Old One Eye may choose to use its Leadership for any Morale or Leadership tests they are required to make.

THE DOOM OF MALAN'TAI

The Eldar legend of the Doom of Malan'tai refers not only to the tale of an entire craftworld's death, but also to the abominable Tyranid creature that caused it – to the Eldar, the two are indistinguishable. The lament speaks of a Tyranid creature unlike any other, a beast that gorges not upon flesh and blood, but upon the very life-force of its victims. The Farseers speak of a devourer of souls, a vampiric leech that consumes every spark of life and every shred of psychic energy, leaving only death and soulless oblivion in its wake. To the Eldar, such a fate is considered worse than death.

Following the destruction of Hive Fleet Naga, a Tyranid bio-ship launched a handful of Mycetic Spores towards Malan'tai before succumbing to its wounds. The Eldar sought to kill those creatures they perceived to be the greatest threat to their home, but too late did they realise that the true threat lay not with the Venomthropes that could poison their wraithbone halls, nor with the Carnifexes that could crush their crystal domes, but with the vampiric leech that was left unhindered to feed on the very heart of their world.

The Doom of Malan'tai was a unique adaptation of the Zoanthrope. Its vast cranium and frail body were supported by a large, spine-like growth that emerged from its back. This structure extended over the creature's skull to resemble a hood and several rib-like claws protruded from its flanks along which psychic energy arced and crackled. Using this strange architecture, the Doom of Malan'tai focused its

considerable psychic might and absorbed the life-energy of all those around it. Being a highly psychic race, the Eldar were more susceptible to the Doom of Malan'tai's predations. It is said the Eldar could actually feel their immortal souls being plucked from their bodies.

As the Doom of Malan'tai fed, its power grew. The life-energy it had absorbed lended it bountiful reservoirs of power on which to enhance its already fearsome psychic might. Having gorged itself on the spirits of the craftworld's infinity circuit, the Doom of Malan'tai was nigh invulnerable, possessing the power to pulp Eldar warriors, snap wraithbone war-constructs and shatter towering spires with the merest extension of its mind. It was all the few scattered Eldar survivors could do to escape Malan'tai, a craftworld found adrift in the void of space years later, reduced to nought but a cold, lifeless shell. Of the loathed creature that had brought about this destruction, there was no sign...

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
The Doom of Malan'tai	4	4	X	4	4	4	3	10	5+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Reinforced Chitin, Claws and Teeth.

Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Feed, Psyker, Fearless, Shadow in the Warp, Warp Field (see page 44).

Spirit Leech: At the beginning of every Shooting phase, including the foe's, every non-vehicle enemy unit within 6" of the Doom of Malan'tai must take a Leadership test on 3D6. If the test is failed the unit suffers a single wound for each point they failed by, with no armour saves allowed.

Absorb Life: The Doom of Malan'tai immediately gains +1 Wound, to a maximum of 10 Wounds, for every unsaved wound it inflicts.

Psychic Strength: The Doom of Malan'tai's Strength is always the same as its Wounds characteristic. Therefore, as it suffers Wounds its Strength is reduced, and vice versa.

Psychic Powers

Cataclysm: The Doom of Malan'tai can siphon off a portion of the psychic energy it has absorbed to create a searing blast of destruction that destroys everything in its path. This is a psychic shooting attack with the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
24"	X	1	Assault 1, Large Blast

The Strength of this psychic power is equal to the number of Wounds the Doom of Malan'tai has when the power is used.

After this power has been used, but **before** any additional Wounds are gained due to the Absorb Life ability, the Doom of Malan'tai suffers D3 wounds. No saves of any kind can be taken against these wounds.



DEATHLEAPER

Of all Mankind's phobias, it is the unknown and the unseen that commands the greatest fear. The pious people of St Caspalen came to know such fear because of a single Tyranid organism, a solitary Lictor of such ruthless efficiency that many believed it was in fact a Daemon sent to punish them. So apt at avoiding detection was this predator that the first its victims knew of its presence was when clawed talons plunged into their back. All across the missionary world, watchguards and sentries mysteriously vanished, only to be found days later lying face down in the dirt with their skulls pierced and their brains sucked out. Before long, the soldiers of the St Caspalen defence force were jumping at every shadow, frightened by any mysterious sound and advancing only with wary trepidation on their patrols, their fears heightened by the unseen beast that hunted them, and the grisly death that awaited them. The scared soldiers of St Caspalen named this predator in a vain attempt to salve their fears, a name uttered only in hushed whispers – they called it Deathleaper.

The rumours of Deathleaper spread like wildfire through the superstitious populace and with each telling the tales of carnage grew. That Deathleaper was created as Hive Fleet Leviathan's ultimate assassin seemed clear, but who the Lictor was seeking out remained elusive. This only increased people's anxiety, after all, it could be after them! However, Deathleaper was far more than just a mindless assassin; this is a task any Lictor can perform. Deathleaper was created to be a terror weapon, one created to utterly undermine the enemy's morale and break their will to oppose the swarm. On St Caspalen, Deathleaper instinctively sensed that the execution of the planet's spiritual leader, Cardinal Salem, would have only accomplished the creation of a martyr, steeling the resolve of the Caspalen people in the face of the approaching Hive Fleet. Instead, Deathleaper infiltrated the Cardinal's cathedral-bunker and slaughtered his advisors, hacked through his bodyguard, only to leave the prey-leader himself unharmed, covered in the blood and viscera of his closest aides. Like a monstrous predator toying with a mouse, Deathleaper repeated this gruesome carnage for ten days, bypassing the ever-increasing levels of security each time to come within a claw's grasp of the Cardinal before mysteriously fleeing from the bloody scene. The knowledge that the Tyranid assassin could eliminate him at any time was more than the Cardinal's sanity could take. His panic-stricken paranoia and broken mind did more to break the morale of the Caspalen defence forces than any mere execution could have. As terror and confusion reigned free, Hive Fleet Leviathan invaded, the swarm butchering its leaderless prey due solely to the actions of the Deathleaper.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Deathleaper	9	3	6	4	3	7	4	10	5+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Reinforced Chitin, Rending Claws, Scything Talons, Chameleonic Skin and Flesh Hooks (see page 41).



Special Rules: Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk, Fearless, Fleet, Hit and Run, Pheromone Trail (see page 41), Move Through Cover, Stealth.

"It's after me!" Nominate a single enemy character at the beginning of the game as the victim of Deathleaper's psychological attacks. Roll a D3. Whilst Deathleaper is still alive, that model's Leadership is reduced by the result rolled.

"What was that?" All enemy infantry units within 12" of Deathleaper roll one less dice (to a minimum of one) when moving through difficult terrain.

"Where is it?" Enemy units wishing to shoot at Deathleaper must first test to see if they can see him following the rules for Night Fighting, halving the distance they roll.

"Where'd it go?" If Deathleaper ends its Movement phase more than 1" from any enemy model, the owning player can decide that it will blend into the background. If the player elects to do so, remove Deathleaper from the table and place him back into reserve. In the subsequent Tyranid Movement phase, Deathleaper can be re-deployed following the normal rules for Chameleonic Skin (see page 41).

Killing Strike: All of Deathleaper's flesh hooks and close combat attacks count as rending on any To Wound rolls of 5 or 6.

THE PARASITE OF MORTREX

The Imperial fortress world of Mortrex was one of the most heavily defended planets in the Ultima Segmentum – a world where fortresses sprouted from every mountainside and Proteus-class bunkers punctuated the landscape. For five days and five nights did this formidable defence hold back the hordes of Hive Fleet Kraken. However, during the tenth day of the Tyranid invasion, the Imperial Guard defending Mortrex encountered a Tyranid bioform never before encountered – a bat-winged creature the size of a Tyranid Warrior. Without warning, the unknown monster dove towards the human entrenchments, stabbing at the Imperial Guardsmen with lightning-quick strikes of its barbed tail. This tail was tipped with a hollow tube, similar to a serpent's fang. However, instead of poison, the victims were injected with dozens of Ripper parasites, each the size of a man's finger. Though a few of the implanted organisms lay dormant within the flesh of their victims for many hours, many reached maturity within a few heartbeats, devouring their hosts from the inside out. Amidst agonised death screams, a swarm of Ripper parasite's ruptured through cracked bones and torn flesh as they emerged into the world in a spray of blood. The scattered survivors ran for their lives, the few who made it back to Imperial bastions bringing with them petrified warnings of the new and fearsome Tyranid threat, a horrifying creature that implants organisms into its still-living prey. They called this creature the Parasite, and all knew that to face it was to risk the most horrific of deaths imaginable.



Time and again, the Imperial Guard were attacked by the Parasite of Mortrex and with each victim the tide of Rippers swelled. Soon, only armoured units dared venture beyond their fortress walls. However, steel hulls proved no protection from the seething mass of Rippers and their winged progenitor. The Parasite of Mortrex pierced armoured hides with its diamond-hard mandibles and Rippers flooded into the breach. The doomed occupants within were quickly drowned under the weight of creatures that gushed inside and the Guardsmen were torn to shreds as ten thousand fangs ravenously sank into human flesh.

Two weeks later and the planet of Mortrex was completely overrun by vast, ravenous tides of Ripper Swarms. All that remained was a single transmission that warned of the Parasite. It was a miracle that the message was ever received and, though the Parasite of Mortrex has not been encountered since, it has gained a dread reputation throughout the Imperium. Whenever the Imperial Guard face the Tyranids, they keep one eye on the skies, fearful that the Parasite will return.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
The Parasite of Mortrex	5	3	6	4	3	6	4	10	3+

Unit Type: Jump Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Bonded Exoskeleton, Rending Claws, Implant Attack, Wings.

Special Rules: Synapse Creature, Independent Character, Shadow in the Warp.

Host Organism: Ripper Swarms that are within 24" of the Parasite of Mortrex at the beginning of the turn do not need to test for Instinctive Behaviour.

Implant Parasite: Your opponent must take a Toughness test for each model removed as a casualty because of Wounds inflicted by the Parasite of Mortrex. For each test failed, roll a D6. At the end of the Assault phase place a Ripper Swarm unit with a number of bases equal to the sum total of all of the dice rolled such that all bases are within 6" of the Parasite of Mortrex. Any bases that cannot be placed due to impassible terrain, enemy within 1" or because you have run out of models, are lost.

"The Sarge is acting strangely..." Every enemy infantry unit that arrives using the outflank ability may harbour a squad member infested with Ripper parasites. At the end of their Movement phase, one model in each of these units (owning player's choice) must take a Toughness test. If the test is failed that model is instantly removed as a casualty and the Tyranid player may place a Ripper Swarm unit consisting of D6 bases anywhere within 6" of the victim. If the victim was inside a transport vehicle it is assumed he staggered out before dying. Any bases that cannot be placed due to impassable terrain, enemy within 1" or because you have run out of models, are lost.

YMGARL GENESTEALERS

The Genestealers of Ymgarl were one of the first of any Tyranid creatures to be encountered by the Imperium of Man. Since that time every attempt to eradicate them has been met with wholesale butchery and abysmal failure.

Genestealers are known to change over generations. The variations and adaptations between broods can be marked indeed, but Ymgarl Genestealers are unique in that they can alter their own alien flesh in a matter of moments. Their claw-tipped fingers can quickly elongate and fuse together to form curved blades and barbed hooks, or split apart as ropes of sinewy tendon to slash and ensnare victims attempting to escape. When the brood comes under attack their chitinous carapaces thicken and their leathery hides adapt to absorb the energy of the incoming attacks. There have even been reports that these creatures can change hue and colour, the better to go unseen in the darkness of night.

Ymgarl Genestealers' extreme adaptability comes at a price: they must feed, and feed often. Ymgarl Genestealers have a writhing mass of tentacles in place of a fanged maw with which they pierce their prey's flesh and gorge upon their life blood – the brood's sole source of nourishment. Those that cannot sate their bloodlust are forced to enter a state of dormancy or starve. There they wait until something disturbs their slumber.

The origins of the Ymgarl Genestealers are a curious mystery, for they do not seem to have been created by any known Hive Fleet. Perhaps they are the last survivors of a Hive Fleet lost for time immemorial? Stranger still, whilst the survival instinct of other Genestealer broods leads them to flee their parent Hive Fleets, the Ymgarl Genestealers actively seek them out, as if wishing to rejoin the Hive Mind. They spread across the galaxy searching for worlds in the path of an advancing Hive Fleet. There they lie dormant until they are embraced by the will of the Hive Mind and once more hunt with the rest of the swarm. However, the Hive Mind has no wish to reabsorb their biomatter, lest their uncontrollable instability spread amongst the Hive Fleet. After a world has been scoured of biomass, the Ymgarl brood is abandoned, forced again to enter a state of dormancy. Unfortunately for the galaxy, human nature has spared the brood a destiny of eternal hibernation, for many ships investigate worlds in the wake of a Tyranid attack. Some wish to learn more about the alien menace, others hope to find survivors, lost artefacts or other riches to fill their holds. Such fools leave the dead planet with an altogether more lethal cargo.



Dormant: Ymgarl Genestealers can elect to start the game in a dormant state provided there is at least one piece of area terrain large enough to accommodate the entire unit (be sure to discuss with your opponent what the boundaries of all such terrain features are before the game begins). If you choose to do this, the brood is not deployed with the rest of the army. Instead, after both sides have deployed, secretly write down which piece of terrain they are lying dormant in. When the brood becomes available from reserve, they must be deployed such that all models are within the selected terrain. If any models cannot be placed inside this terrain due to impassable terrain or enemy within 1", they are destroyed. The Ymgarl Genestealers can move and assault normally in the same turn they are revealed.

Alter Form: At the start of every Assault phase, the Ymgarl Genestealers must alter their form into one of those listed below. The benefits last until the end of the phase. Due to the instability of moulding their forms, they cannot choose the same alteration in two consecutive player turns.

Slashing Claws: The Ymgarl Genestealers receive +1 to their Strength.

Tentacled Limbs: The Ymgarl Genestealers receive +1 to their Attacks.

Protective Carapace: The Ymgarl Genestealers receive +1 to their Toughness.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ymgarl Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	4+

Unit Type: Infantry.

Weapons and Biomorphs: Hardened Carapace, Rending Claws.

Special Rules: Brood Telepathy (see page 40), Fleet, Move Through Cover.

TYRANID PSYCHIC POWERS

This section of Codex: Tyranids lists the psychic powers used by the Tyranids, along with the rules for using them in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

HIVE TYRANT PSYCHIC POWERS

The Horror: *The psychic presence of the Hive Mind radiates from the Hive Tyrant, flooding the minds of the enemy with an unfathomable sentience so alien that they quail against it and panic.*

This is a psychic shooting attack that automatically hits a single non-vehicle enemy unit within 12". That unit must immediately take a Morale check or fall back. This has no effect on enemy units that have the Fearless special rule.

Leech Essence: *The Hive Tyrant rips the life force from its enemy, feeding upon it in order to reinvigorate and regenerate its own flesh.*

This is a psychic shooting attack that automatically hits a single non-vehicle enemy unit within 12". The target immediately suffers D3, Strength 3, AP2 hits. The Hive Tyrant recovers a single lost Wound for each wound inflicted using this power, up to its starting number of Wounds.

Paroxysm: *The Hive Tyrant debilitates its enemies by triggering every nerve and pain receptor in their bodies, overwhelming their senses with wracking fits of agony.*

This is a psychic shooting attack that automatically hits a single non-vehicle enemy unit within 12". That unit must reduce its Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill to 1 until the beginning of the Hive Tyrant's next turn.

Psychic Scream: *The Hive Tyrant unleashes a piercing shriek of psychic energy that shreds the minds of the weak-willed, reducing all but the strongest to insanity.*

This is a psychic shooting attack that automatically hits all non-vehicle enemy units within 2D6" of the Hive Tyrant. All units hit must immediately take a Leadership test. If they fail the test they suffer a single wound for each point they failed by, with no armour saves allowed.

TERVIGON PSYCHIC POWERS

Catalyst: *The power of the Hive Mind infuses the organisms under its control, flooding their systems with such unnatural vitality that they can ignore the most grievous of wounds.*

This psychic power is used during your Movement phase. If successful a single friendly unit within 12" of the psyker gains the Feel No Pain special rule until the beginning of the next Tyranid turn.

Dominion: *The Tervigon uses its prodigious psychic strength to channel and amplify the will of the Hive Mind.*

This psychic power is used at the beginning of your turn, before any Instinctive Behaviour tests are rolled. If successful, the Tervigon's synapse range is increased to 18" until the beginning of the next friendly turn.

Onslaught: *The Tervigon seizes control of its minions' weapon symbiotes, guiding their fire whilst simultaneously driving the swarms towards the enemy at a relentless, breakneck pace.*

This is a psychic shooting attack that automatically hits a single friendly unit within 12". That unit may both run, and then shoot in the same Shooting phase. The unit may do so even if it is subject to Instinctive Behaviour – Feed. A unit under the effect of Onslaught may not assault unless it also has the Fleet ability.

BROODLORD PSYCHIC POWERS

Aura of Despair: *The Broodlord projects an aura of raw alien hostility; a psychic shroud that disrupts the enemy, sapping their will to fight whilst simultaneously heightening their greatest fears.*

This psychic power is used at the beginning of your Assault phase. If successful, all enemy units within 12" of the Broodlord suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership until the end of the following player turn. If an enemy unit is within range of several Broodlords using this power, the modifiers are cumulative.

Hypnotic Gaze: *The Broodlord subverts its prey's willpower and smothers its conscious mind, leaving the victim enthralled and completely at its mercy.*

This psychic power is used during your Assault phase, after any assault moves have been made, but before any attacks are made. If successful, select one model in base contact with the Broodlord. Both players roll a D6 and add the Leadership of their respective models. If the Broodlord rolls equal to or higher than the target's score, that model may not attack in the ensuing close combat. This power cannot affect models that do not have a Leadership value.

ZOANTHROPE PSYCHIC POWERS

Warp Blast: *The Zoanthrope taps into the raw power of the Hive Mind, unleashing it as a blast of pure Warp energy that arcs from its oversized cranium.*

This is a psychic shooting attack with the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
24"	5	3	Assault 1, Blast

Warp Lance: *The Zoanthrope focuses the Warp power it has harnessed into a more contained stream, firing a single devastating bolt that can punch through fortress walls and vapourise a battle tank.*

This is a psychic shooting attack with the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	10	1	Assault 1, Lance

WEAPONS AND BIOMORPHS

This section of *Codex: Tyranids* lists the weapons and biomorph upgrades used by the Tyranids, along with the rules for using them in your games of *Warhammer 40,000*.

Weapons and biomorphs that can be used by more than one type of model or unit are detailed here, while those that are unique to a single model or unit (including weaponry and psychic powers used by named special characters) are detailed in the appropriate entry in the *Forces of the Tyranids*

section. We have included page numbers for quick reference. For example, devourers are a common weapon in a Tyranid army and are carried by many models, and so are detailed in this section. The impaler cannon, however, is unique to Hive Guard, and is therefore detailed in the Hive Guard entry.

RANGED WEAPONS

Acid Spray: See page 53.

Barbed Strangler: The barbed strangler fires a seed pod the size of a man's fist, channelled from a bloated sac by a thick feeder arm into a simple launcher that is little more than a muscled tube. Upon firing, the strangler seed-pod grows to maturity in seconds, spreading out in all directions with blinding speed, sending out hooked tendrils to bind and tear at its prey. Should the seed pierce flesh before reaching maturity, the unfortunate victim is ripped apart in an explosion of gore as sinuous tentacles burst out from within their own body.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
36"	4	5	Assault 1, Large Blast, Pinning

Bio-electric Pulse: See page 50.

Bio-plasma: See page 46.

Cluster Spines: Some of the largest Tyranid bioforms have rows of quills imbedded in their carapaces that they can project a considerable distance. These spines are hollow tubes made of a brittle, chitin-like material that explodes upon impact, shattering into thousands of shards. Fired in densely packed groups, these spines saturate large areas with needle-sized slivers, cutting down any troops unfortunate enough to be caught in the blast.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	5	-	Assault 1, Large Blast

Deathspitter: A deathspitter is a complex multi-creature weapon symbiote that fires large, maggot-like organisms with highly corrosive innards. Next to the weapon's brooding chamber is an oozing, spider-jawed set of fangs that drags a maggot creature from the nest and strips it of its protective shell with a loud grinding noise. The deathspitter reacts to the caustic flesh spilt by the maggot's agonised throes with a violent spasm, firing the morsel of still-living flesh at high speed. The maggot-like creature shrieks through the air until it strikes its target in a shower of volatile fluids and gobbets of caustic slime that melt through armour and flesh with equal vigour.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	5	5	Assault 3

Devourer: The devourer is a conical lump of partly rotted flesh infested by writhing worm-like parasites with black, shiny heads. When this horrific weapon is triggered, a bio-electric jolt hurls a shower of these creatures that immediately start burrowing into their victim's flesh. A creature infested with these parasites is driven mad with agony as they rapidly eat their way through its nervous system to the brain.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	4	-	Assault 3*

Brainleech Worms: The devourers wielded by the largest Tyranid organisms are teeming with hives of brainleech worms, a more aggressive and voracious devourer worm. A devourer firing brainleech worms has the following profile:

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	6	-	Assault 6*

**If an enemy unit suffers one or more casualties because of a devourer and is required to take a Morale check at the end of the phase, it suffers a -1 penalty to its Leadership.*

Flamespurt: See page 49.

Fleshborer: The fleshborer is a compact brood nest for sharp-fanged borer beetles. When the weapon is fired, a frenzied borer beetle will hurtle itself forward with a single flick of its flea-like legs. The beetle then spends its remaining life energy in a few seconds, frantically boring through the armour, flesh and bone of the first thing in its path.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
12"	4	5	Assault 1

GOETHE'S LAST STAND

Princeps Goethe of the Emperor Titan *Mettalum Olympus* single handedly managed to hold back a Tyranid invasion on the ash-choked plains of Horst Prime. The mighty war engine was finally destroyed when a brood of Hicrophant bio-titans pounced on the noble machine like a pack of wild dogs. In the frenzied attack, *Mettalum Olympus*' plasma reactor was breached and the resultant explosion vapourised everything for a kilometre around and left a crater that is still visible from orbit, a testament to the sacrifice needed to fight the Tyranids.

Fleshborer Hive: See page 53.

Flesh Hooks: See page 41.

Heavy Venom Cannon: These weapons are far larger and more deadly than normal venom cannons, launching forth a greater crystalline payload to supersonic speeds. The projectiles collide with enough force to cave in an enemy battle tank and are accompanied by a lethal blast of electrical energy – a residue of that used to fire the weapon.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
36"	9	4	Assault 1, Blast*

**Unless the target is an open-topped vehicle, any glancing or penetrating hit inflicted by a heavy venom cannon suffer an additional -1 penalty to rolls on the Vehicle Damage chart.*

Impaler Cannon: See page 47.

Ripper Tentacles: See page 54.

Rupture Cannon: See page 53.

Spike Rifle: See page 39.

Spinefists: This weapon-creature is typically carried in pairs by Tyranids. A spinefist has a long tube-like tail that burrows through a limb to connect the gun's own air-bladder to the airways and vents of its host. Thus, a larger and more powerful host will exhale more spines in each salvo, ripping through the flesh of anything caught in the blast.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
12"	3	5	Assault X*, Twin-linked

**Spinefists get one shot for every Attack on the unmodified profile of the Tyranid creature firing them. For example, a Termagant (1 Attack) fires 1 shot whilst a Ravener (4 Attacks) fires 4 shots.*

Spore Mine Cysts: See page 43.

Spore Mine Launcher: See page 48.

Stinger Salvo: Stinger salvos are simple but effective weapons that fire rows of metre-long, razor-sharp spikes that are often embedded within the carapaces of the largest Tyranid creatures. These spines are typically envenomed and are fired by the Tyranid through powerful muscular contractions, spraying the target with a shower of spines that skewer enemy infantry with devastating effectiveness.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
18"	5	4	Assault 4

Stranglethorn Cannon: Stranglethorn cannons are heavier versions of the barbed strangler, firing much larger, stronger and more aggressive seed-pods. The growing pod's writhing mass of barbed tentacles can tear apart vehicles as they work their way in through vision slits or chinks in their armour plating, shredding its target from the inside out.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
36"	6	5	Assault 1, Large Blast, Pinning

Strangleweb: See page 39.

Thorax Swarm: Some Tyranid organisms have large bloated thorax cavities that are filled with teeming swarms of small, parasitic creatures. These erupt from openings in their host's chest to cover the enemy, drowning them in a tide of scuttling creatures that chew out eyes and crawl down screaming throats. A thorax swarm is a weapon used in the Shooting phase in addition to any other weapon(s) the model may have. This means a monstrous creature can fire up to two weapons and a thorax swarm in the same Shooting phase.

There are different creatures that make up these thorax swarms, each of which uses one of the profiles below. The type of swarm housed within each creature's chest is chosen and purchased for the model in the army list.

Electroshock Grubs: As they writhe and squirm, the segmented plates of the electroshock grubs create an electrostatic jolt. Powerful bolts of electricity arc between the teeming hordes of grubs, reducing anything caught inbetween to a charred ruin.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
Template	5	5	Assault 1

Desiccator Larvae: Desiccator larvae latch onto their victims with hollow fangs. Within seconds every drop of moisture is ripped from the victim's body and nothing remains but a dry, shrivelled husk.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
Template	1	-	Assault 1*

**Against non-vehicle units, hits inflicted by desiccator larvae wound on a 2+.*

Shreddershard Beetles: The shreddershard beetle is a tiny Tyranid organism that is covered in needle-sharp spines. They instinctively try to crawl into any nook and crevice they can find, such as between armour joins. Shreddershard Beetles cannot live for long outside their host and as they die their bodies literally explode, covering those nearby in a shower of needles.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
Template	3	-	Assault 1, Rending

Venom Cannon: The venom cannon is a long, powerful bio-weapon that fires salvos of highly corrosive crystals coated with a metallic, venomous residue. The weapon fires these projectiles at tremendous velocities using an electrostatic charge. A target struck that is not killed outright by the impact will be shredded by a hail of shards as the crystals shatter. Even vehicle armour can be punctured by these shards, although the lack of an explosive impact considerably reduces the damage inflicted.

Range	Strength	AP	Type
36"	6	4	Assault 1, Blast*

**Unless the target is an open-topped vehicle, any glancing or penetrating hit inflicted by a venom cannon suffer an additional -1 penalty to rolls on the vehicle damage chart.*

CLOSE COMBAT WEAPONS

Bonesword: Boneswords are living blades of chitin that continuously grow to repair any damage and maintain a monomolecular edge. A bonesword has a rudimentary sentience of its own, but is completely slaved to the will of the wielder, and therefore incapable of independent thought. Boneswords crackle with psychic energy and they can drain the life-force of their victims. This energy is amplified when a bonesword is in close proximity with another of its kind, each feeding off the power generated by the other and growing in potency.

No armour saves may be taken against wounds inflicted in close combat by a Tyranid with a bonesword. In addition, if a model suffers one or more unsaved wounds in close combat from a Tyranid with a bonesword, it must immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer instant death. If the Tyranid creature that inflicted the wound is armed with a pair of boneswords then the Leadership test must instead be passed on 3D6.

Claws and Teeth: A Tyranid creature is never defenceless and even the most basic organisms have vicious claws and a maw filled with razor-sharp fangs with which they can rip out an opponent's throat.

Models with claws and teeth count as having a normal close combat weapon.

Crushing Claws: These massive crab-like claws are only ever found on the largest of Tyranid organisms, the only creatures that are capable of hefting the enormous bulk. The obscene strength of the claws allows them to tear apart an armoured bastion with contemptuous ease or else smash a dozen foes to a bloody pulp with a single ponderous stroke.

A Tyranid with crushing claws gains an extra D3 Attacks in close combat (rolled for at the beginning of each round of combat) but strikes at Initiative 1, regardless of any modifiers.

Lash Whip: The tentacles of a lash whip are living cords of muscle and sinew that move of their own accord. These tendrils writhe and slash at their prey, striking too quickly to dodge or parry, snaking around an opponent's defences to strangle and ensnare those that are not sliced apart by the bony hooks at the tip of each tentacle.

Any enemy model that is in base contact with a Tyranid with one or more lash whips counts their Initiative value as 1 until the end of the Assault phase, regardless of their actual Initiative value.

Rending Claws: Short and incredibly deadly, the claws and talons of many Tyranid creatures are tipped in extremely dense diamond-hard chitin. When combined with the overdeveloped musculature and steel-like tendons of the Tyranids, these claws are capable of crushing reinforced ceramite and ripping through the thickest of armour with frightening ease.

Close combat attacks made by models with rending claws gain the Rending ability as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Scything Talons: Scything talons are long, razor-edged claws of fused chitin and serrated bone-like substances that Tyranid creatures use to stab and slash at their prey with. Each talon is powered by whipcord muscles, allowing the Tyranid to eviscerate its victim in a single, lightning-fast swipe. Some Tyranid organisms have several of these wicked curved limbs and they hack apart their victims in a flurry of frenzied blows.

A Tyranid model with a single set of scything talons re-rolls any To Hit rolls of a 1 in close combat. A Tyranid model with two sets of scything talons re-rolls all failed To Hit rolls in close combat.

ARMOUR

Chitin: Even the most basic Tyranid life forms have tough leathery hides and a beetle-like carapace that covers the creature's vital spots. This chitinous material is tough enough to turn aside blades and even glancing small-arms fire. The outer body of a Tyranid is coated in a waxy slime that allows the organism to survive for short periods of time in a vacuum.

A model with chitin has an armour save of 6+.

Reinforced Chitin: The carapace plates of these Tyranid creatures continuously exude a sticky resin-like substance. These secretions quickly harden, creating an additional self-healing layers of ablative armour that offers the Tyranid greater protection against incoming attacks. This material has also proven effective in attenuating the worse effects of intense heat and radiation.

A model with reinforced chitin has an armour save of 5+.

Hardened Carapace: The creature's carapace is made of denser, strengthened chitin, able to absorb kinetic impacts that would shatter or punch through lighter armour.

A model with a hardened carapace has an armour save of 4+.

Bonded Exoskeleton: Almost every bony-like plate and chitinous segment of these Tyranid organisms' exoskeletons has grown and fused together to form a tough and virtually impenetrable sheathing.

A model with a bonded exoskeleton has an armour save of 3+.

Armoured Shell: The largest Tyranid organisms are akin to walking battle tanks, with an armoured shell tougher than ceramite. Anything less than anti-tank weaponry patters harmlessly off these seemingly invulnerable monsters.

A model with an armoured shell has an armour save of 2+.

BIOMORPH UPGRADES

Acid Blood: The alien blood spilt from certain Tyranid life forms is so corrosive that it can eat through ceramite armour and dissolve flesh in mere moments, spelling certain doom to those not agile enough to evade the spray of acidic ichor.

For every unsaved wound a model with acid blood suffers in close combat, the enemy unit that struck the blow must pass an Initiative test or suffer a wound. No armour saves or cover saves may be taken against these wounds and casualties count towards combat resolution. Walkers instead suffer a glancing hit on the D6 roll of a 4+.

Acid Maw: See page 49.



Adrenal Glands: Adrenal glands are common amongst the front-line creatures of a Tyranid swarm, saturating the host's bloodstream with chemicals that boost the creature's metabolism to a hyperactive state of frenzy.

Tyranid models with the adrenal glands biomorph have the Furious Charge special rule as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Blinding Venom: See page 42.

Chameleonic Skin: See page 41.

Containment Spines: See page 50.

Frag Spines: See page 46.

Implant Attack: A Tyranid with an implant attack has hollow fangs, barbed stingers or serrated claws that can inflict massive internal injuries, causing their victims to bleed to death in seconds.

Any To Wound roll of a 6 rolled by a model with an implant attack in close combat will inflict instant death, regardless of the opponent's Toughness.

Regeneration: Some Tyranids have shown the ability to heal from horrendous wounds and injuries that should have proven fatal. Flesh and organs grow anew whilst bone and chitin knit together at an alarming rate, leaving little more than a scar as evidence of any damage.

At the start of your turn, as long as the model with the regeneration biomorph is still alive, roll a D6 for each Wound suffered. For every 6 that is rolled, the model recovers a single lost Wound.

Toxic Miasma: Some Tyranids have large vents sprouting from their backs from which toxic gases poison a prey world's atmosphere. Even brief exposure to these fumes can cause a victim to choke to death on its own blood.

At the end of each player's turn, every non-vehicle enemy model in base contact with a Tyranid with the toxic miasma biomorph must pass a Toughness test or suffer a wound – saves (but not cover saves) may be taken as normal.

Toxin Sacs: These parasitic glands feed off their host and secrete vile fluids, coating the Tyranid creature's claws, fangs and talons with lethal alien poisons. These can vary from agonising necrotic venoms to toxins so deadly that they can boil a victim's blood in its own veins.

If a Tyranid has the toxin sacs biomorph all of its close combat attacks become Poisoned (4+), as detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Wings: The forelimbs of some Tyranid organisms are in fact leathery wings large enough to allow the creatures to fly, swoop and glide over long distances.

Models equipped with wings move in the same way as Jump Infantry, as described in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.



TYRANID ARMY LIST

The following army list enables you to field a Tyranid army and fight battles using the scenarios included in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

USING THE ARMY LIST

The Tyranid army list is split into five sections: HQ, Elites, Troops, Fast Attack and Heavy Support. All of the different warriors and creatures in the army are placed into one of these sections depending upon their role on the battlefield. Each model is also given a points value, which varies depending on how effective that model is in battle.

Before you choose an army, you will need to agree with your opponent upon the type of game you are going to play and the maximum total number of points each of you will spend. Then you can proceed to pick your army.

USING A FORCE ORGANISATION CHART

The army list is used in conjunction with the force organisation chart from a scenario. Each chart is split into five categories that correspond to the sections in the army list, and each category has one or more boxes. Each grey-toned box indicates that you may make one choice from that section of the army list, while a dark-toned box indicates a compulsory selection.

This army list is primarily designed for use with the Standard Missions from the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. We have included the chart used for Standard Missions below. This army list may be used in conjunction with other missions and scenarios that use the force organisation charts, but please note that play balance may be affected if they are used for anything other than a Standard Mission.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each entry in the army list represents a different unit. More information about the background and rules for the Tyranids and their options can be found in the Forces of the Tyranids section, while information and examples of the Citadel miniatures you will need to represent them can be found in the Tyranid Swarm section.

Each unit entry is split into several sections as follows:

Unit Name: At the start of each army list entry you will find the name of the unit alongside the points cost of the unit without any upgrades. Most units in a Tyranid army are referred to as broods.

Unit Profile: This section will show the profile of any models the unit can include.

Composition: This section will show the number and type of models that make up the basic unit, before any upgrades are taken.

Unit Type: This section refers to the Warhammer 40,000 Unit Type Rules chapter. For example, a unit may be classed as infantry, jump infantry, beast or monstrous creature, which will subject it to a number of rules regarding, movement, shooting, assault etc. If the Unit Type box includes the word 'Unique' you may only include one of this unit in your army.

Weapons and Biomorphs: This section details the weapons and biomorph enhancements the models in the unit are armed with. The cost for all these models and their upgrades is included in the points cost listed next to the unit name.

Special Rules: Any special rules that apply to the models in the unit are listed here. These are explained in further detail in either the Forces of the Tyranids section or the Universal Special Rules section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

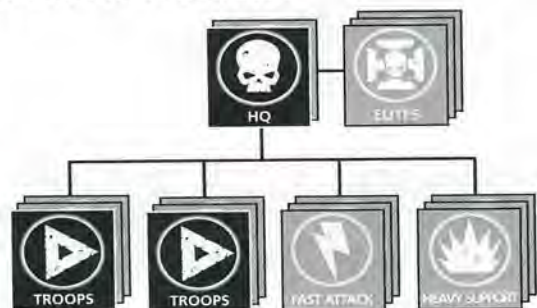
Dedicated Transport: Where applicable, this section details whether or not the Tyranid unit may purchase a Mycetic Spore, which have their own army list entry on page 90.

Options: This section lists all of the upgrades you may add to the unit if you wish to do so alongside the associated points cost for each. Where an option states that you may replace 'any set' of weapons with another, you may replace either, neither or both, provided you pay the points cost.

LEGENDARY CREATURES

You'll notice that some of the 'unique' named creatures in the Tyranid army list are linked with specific Hive Fleets, but they can still be used in the same army if you wish. Indeed, many of these creatures have been reported as being created by completely different Hive Fleets, they may be the same mythical creatures, reincarnations, or altogether different, but similar-looking, beasts – no one but the Hive Mind knows for sure. Thus it is perfectly appropriate for Old One Eye to fight alongside your Hive Fleet Leviathan army. Alternatively, you can use the model and rules for a named creature to represent a special character of your own making – for example, using the rules and model for Deathleaper as a special Lictor of a swarm of your own design – you just need to come up with a new name. This is a perfect way to personalise your army, just make sure that your opponent is aware of what every creature in your army counts as.

STANDARD MISSIONS



COMPULSORY

1 HQ
2 Troops

OPTIONAL

1 HQ
4 Troops
3 Elites

OPTIONAL

3 Fast Attack
3 Heavy Support

HQ

HIVE TYRANT170 points

Page 34

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hive Tyrant	8	3	6	6	4	5	4	10	3+

Composition:

- 1 Hive Tyrant

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Lash whip and bonesword
- Scything talons

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Shadow in the Warp
- Psyker

Psychic Powers:

A Hive Tyrant has any two of the following powers:

- The Horror
- Leech Essence
- Paroxysm
- Psychic Scream

OPTIONS:

- Replace lash whip and bonesword with:
 - An additional set of scything talonsfree
- Replace any set of scything talons with:
 - Twin-linked deathspitter15 points
 - Twin-linked devourers with brainleech worms15 points
- Take one of the following, replacing one set of scything talons:
 - Stranglethorn cannon20 points
 - Heavy venom cannon25 points
- Take any of the following abilities:
 - Hive Commander25 points
 - Indescribable Horror25 points
 - Old Adversary25 points
- Take any of the following:
 - Adrenal glands10 points
 - Toxin sacs10 points
 - Acid blood15 points
 - Implant attack15 points
 - Toxic miasma15 points
 - Regeneration20 points
- Take one of the following:
 - Thorax swarm with either electroshock grubs, desiccator larvae or shreddershard beetles25 points
 - Armoured shell40 points
 - Wings60 points

THE SWARMLORD280 points

Page 56

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
The Swarmlord	9	3	6	6	5	6	4	10	3+

Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Bonesabres

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Alien Cunning
- Blade Parry
- Psychic Monstrosity
- Psyker
- Shadow in the Warp
- Swarm Leader

Psychic Powers:

- The Horror
- Psychic Scream
- Paroxysm
- Leech Essence

TYRANT GUARD BROOD60 points per model

Page 35

You may include one Tyrant Guard brood for each Hive Tyrant (including the Swarmlord) in your army. These broods do not count towards your HQ allowance.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyrant Guard	5	3	5	6	2	4	3	7	3+

Composition:

- 1-3 Tyrant Guard

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Rending claws
- Scything talons

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Blind Rampage
- Shieldwall

OPTIONS:

- The entire brood may replace their scything talons for one of the following:
 - Lash whip5 points per model
 - Bonesword15 points per model

HQ

TERVIGON160 points

Page 52

WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
3	3	5	6	6	1	3	10	3+

Tervigon

Composition:

- 1 Tervigon

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Claws and teeth
- Stinger salvo

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Brood Progenitor
- Psyker
- Shadow in the Warp
- Spawn Termagants

Psychic Powers:

- Dominion

OPTIONS:

- Take one of the following:
 - Scything talons.....5 points
 - Crushing claws.....25 points
- Take any of the following:
 - Adrenal glands10 points
 - Toxin sacs.....10 points
 - Acid blood15 points
 - Implant attack.....15 points
 - Toxic miasma.....15 points
 - Regeneration.....30 points
- Replace stinger salvo with:
 - Cluster spinesfree
- Take any of the additional psychic powers:
 - Catalyst.....15 points
 - Onslaught15 points

TYRANID PRIME80 points

Page 36

WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
6	4	5	5	3	5	4	10	3+

Tyranid Prime

Composition:

- 1 Tyranid Prime

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Devourer
- Scything talons

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Alpha Warrior
- Independent Character
- Shadow in the Warp

OPTIONS:

- Replace scything talons with:
 - Rending claws.....5 points
 - A pair of boneswords.....10 points
 - Lash whip and bonesword15 points
- Replace devourer with:
 - Rending clawsfree
 - Spinefistsfree
 - Deathspitter5 points
 - An additional set of scything talons (these cannot be further exchanged)free
- Take any of the following:
 - Adrenal glands.....10 points
 - Toxin sacs.....10 points
 - Regeneration.....10 points

THE PARASITE OF MORTREX160 points

Page 60

WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
5	3	6	4	3	6	4	10	3+

The Parasite of Mortrex

Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Jump Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Implant attack
- Bonded exoskeleton
- Rending claws
- Wings

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Host Organism
- Implant Parasite
- Independent Character
- Shadow in the Warp
- "The Sarge is Acting Strangely..."

ELITES

HIVE GUARD BROOD50 points per model

Page 47

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hive Guard	4	4	5	6	2	2	2	7	4+

Composition:

- 1-3 Hive Guard

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Claws and teeth
- Impaler cannon
- Hardened carapace

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk

LICTOR BROOD65 points per model

Page 41

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Lictor	6	3	6	4	3	6	3	10	5+

Composition:

- 1-3 Lictors

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Chameleonic skin
- Flesh hooks
- Reinforced chitin
- Rending claws
- Scything talons

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk
- Fleet
- Hit and Run
- Move Through Cover
- Pheromone Trail
- Stealth

DEATHLEAPER140 points

Page 59

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Deathleaper	9	3	6	4	3	7	4	10	5+

Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Chameleonic skin
- Flesh hooks
- Reinforced chitin
- Rending claws
- Scything talons

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk
- Fearless
- Fleet
- Killing Strike
- "It's after me!"

- Move Through Cover
- Pheromone Trail
- Stealth
- Hit and Run
- "What was that?"
- "Where is it?"
- "Where'd it go?"

VENOMTHROPE BROOD55 points per model

Page 45

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Venomthroe	3	4	4	4	2	3	2	6	5+

Composition:

- 1-3
Venomthropes

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Lash whips
- Reinforced chitin
- Toxic miasma

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Spore Cloud
- Toxic Touch

Dedicated Transport:

- The brood may take a Mycetic Spore (see page 90 for points cost).

ELITES

ZOANTHROPE BROOD60 points per model

Page 44

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Zoanthrope	3	4	4	4	2	3	1	10	5+

Composition:

- 1-3 Zoanthropes

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Claws and teeth
- Reinforced chitin

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Psyker
- Shadow in the Warp
- Warp Field

Psychic Powers:

- Warp Blast
- Warp Lance

Dedicated Transport:

- The brood may take a Mycetic Spore (see page 90 for points cost).

THE DOOM OF MALAN'TAI90 points

Page 58

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
The Doom of Malan'tai	4	4	X	4	4	4	3	10	5+

Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Claws and teeth
- Reinforced chitin

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Absorb Life
- Fearless
- Psychic Strength
- Psyker
- Shadow in the Warp
- Spirit Leech
- Warp Field

Psychic Powers:

- Cataclysm

Dedicated Transport:

- The Doom of Malan'tai may take a Mycetic Spore (see page 90 for points cost).

PYROVORE BROOD45 points per model

Page 49

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Pyrovore	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	6	4+

Composition:

- 1-3 Pyrovores

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Acid blood
- Acid maw
- Claws and teeth
- Flamespurt
- Hardened carapace

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Volatile

Dedicated Transport:

- The brood may take a Mycetic Spore (see page 90 for points cost).

YMGARL GENESTEALER BROOD23 points per model

Page 61

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ymgarl Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	4+

Composition:

- 5-10 Ymgarl Genestealers

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Hardened carapace
- Rending claws

Special Rules:

- Alter Form
- Brood Telepathy
- Dormant
- Fleet
- Move Through Cover

TROOPS

TYRANID WARRIOR BROOD30 points per model

Page 36

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyranid Warrior	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	10	4+

Composition:

- 3-9 Tyranid Warriors

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Devourer
- Hardened carapace
- Scything talons

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Shadow in the Warp

Dedicated Transport:

- The brood may take a Mycetic Spore (see below for points cost).

OPTIONS:

- The entire brood may exchange its scything talons for:
 - Rending claws5 points per model
 - A pair of boneswords.....10 points per model
 - Lash-whip and bonesword15 points per model
- One Tyranid Warrior in the brood may exchange its devourer for:
 - Barbed strangler10 points
 - Venom cannon15 points
- The entire brood may exchange its devourers for:
 - Rending clawsfree
 - Spinefists.....free
 - Deathspitter5 points per model
 - An additional set of scything talons (these cannot be further exchanged)free
- The entire brood may take:
 - Adrenal glands5 points per model
 - Toxin sacs.....5 points per model

GENESTEALER BROOD14 points per model

Page 40

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	5+
Broodlord	7	0	5	5	3	7	4	10	4+

Composition:

- 5-20 Genestealers

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Rending claws
- Reinforced chitin (Genestealer only)
- Hardened carapace (Broodlord only)

Special Rules:

- Brood Telepathy
- Fleet
- Infiltrate
- Move Through Cover
- Psyker (Broodlord only)

OPTIONS:

- Upgrade one Genestealer to a Broodlord46 points
- A Broodlord may take:
 - Scything talons.....2 points
 - Implant attack15 points
 - Acid blood15 points
- All Genestealers in the brood may take:
 - Scything talons.....2 points per model
- The entire brood may take:
 - Adrenal glands3 points per model
 - Toxin sacs3 points per model

Psychic Powers:

- Aura of Despair
- Hypnotic Gaze

Dedicated Transport:

- The brood may take a Mycetic Spore (see below for points cost).

MYCETIC SPORE40 Points

Page 54

Mycetic Spores are purchased as an upgrade to another brood, but they are always treated as a separate, non-scoring unit.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Mycetic Spore	2	2	6	4	3	1	3	5	4+

Composition:

- 1 Mycetic Spore

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Hardened carapace
- Lash whip
- Ripper tentacles

OPTIONS:

- Take one of the following:
 - Cluster spines10 points
 - Stinger salvo10 points
 - Twin-linked deathspitter10 points
 - Barbed strangler15 points
 - Venom cannon20 points

Special Rules:

- Deep Strike
- Fearless
- Immobile Pod
- Limited Sentience
- Transport Spore

TROOPS

TERMAGANT BROOD5 points per model

Page 39

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Termagant	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6	6+

Composition:

- 10-30 Termagants

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Chitin
- Claws and teeth
- Fleshborer

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk
- Move Through Cover

Dedicated Transport:

- If the brood consists of 20 models or less, it may take a Mycetic Spore (see page 90 for points cost).

OPTIONS:

- For every 10 Termagants the brood contains, one may replace its fleshborer with:
 - Strangleweb10 points per model
- The entire brood may replace their fleshborers for:
 - Spinefists1 point per model
 - Spike rifle1 point per model
 - Devourer5 points per model
- The entire brood may take:
 - Adrenal Glands1 point per model
 - Toxin Sacs1 point per model

The Scuttling Swarm:

For every Termagant Brood included in your army, you can include one Tervigon as a Troops choice (see page 87 for points cost).

HORMAGAUNT BROOD6 points per model

Page 38

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Hormagaunt	3	3	3	3	1	5	2	6	6+

Composition:

- 10-30 Hormagaunts

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Chitin
- Scything Talons

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Bounding Leap
- Fleet
- Move Through Cover

Dedicated Transport:

- If the brood consists of 20 models or less, it may take a Mycetic Spore (see page 90 for points cost).

OPTIONS:

- The entire brood may take:
 - Adrenal glands2 points per model
 - Toxin sacs2 points per model



RIPPER SWARM BROOD10 points per base

Page 55

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ripper Swarm	2	2	3	3	3	2	4	5	6+

Composition:

- 3-9 Ripper Swarms

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Chitin
- Claws and teeth

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Fearless
- Mindless
- Swarms

OPTIONS:

- The entire brood may take:
 - Spinefists5 points per base
 - Adrenal glands4 points per base
 - Toxin sacs4 points per base
- The entire brood may be upgraded to have the following ability:
 - Tunnel swarm2 points per base

FAST ATTACK

TYRANID SHRIKE BROOD35 points per model

Page 36

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyranid Shrikes	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	10	5+

Composition:

- 3-9 Tyranid Shrikes

Unit Type:

- Jump Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Devourer
- Reinforced chitin
- Scything talons
- Wings

Special Rules:

- Synapse Creature
- Shadow in the Warp

OPTIONS:

- One Tyranid Shrike in the brood may replace its devourer with:
 - Barbed strangler10 points
 - Venom cannon15 points
- The entire brood may replace its scything talons for:
 - Rending claws.....5 points per model
- The entire brood may replace its devourers with:
 - Spinefists.....free
 - Deathspitters.....5 points per model
 - A pair of boneswords.....10 points per model
 - Lash whips and boneswords15 points per model
 - An additional set of scything talons (these cannot be further exchanged)free
- The entire brood may take:
 - Adrenal glands5 points per model
 - Toxin sacs.....5 points per model

RAVENER BROOD30 points per model

Page 37

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ravener	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	6	5+

Composition:

- 3-9 Ravens

Unit Type:

- Beasts

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Reinforced Chitin
- Scything talons (two sets)

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Acute Senses
- Deep Strike
- Move Through Cover

OPTIONS:

- Every Ravener in the brood may replace one of their sets of scything talons for:
 - Rending claws.....5 points per model
- The entire brood may take one of the following:
 - Spinefists5 points per model
 - Devourers.....5 points per model
 - Deathspitters.....10 points per model

SKY-SLASHER SWARM BROOD15 points per base

Page 55

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Sky-slasher Swarm	2	2	3	3	3	2	4	5	6+

Composition:

- 3-9 Sky-slasher Swarms

Unit Type:

- Jump Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Chitin
- Claws and teeth
- Wings

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Fearless
- Mindless
- Swarms

OPTIONS:

- The entire brood may take:
 - Spinefists5 points per base
 - Adrenal glands4 points per base
 - Toxin sacs4 points per base

FAST ATTACK

GARGOYLE BROOD6 points per model

Page 42

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gargoyle	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6	6+

Composition:
• 10-30 Gargoyles

Unit Type:
• Jump Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Blinding venom
- Chitin
- Claws and teeth
- Fleshborer
- Wings

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk

OPTIONS:

- The entire brood may take:
 - Adrenal glands1 point per model
 - Toxin sacs1 point per model

HARPY160 points

Page 43

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Harpy	3	3	5	5	4	5	2	10	4+
Spore Mine	-	-	1	1	1	1	-	1	-

Composition:
• 1 Harpy

Unit Type:
• Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Hardened carapace
- Scything talons
- Spore Mine cysts
- Stinger salvo
- Twin-linked stranglethorn cannon
- Wings

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk
- Fearless
- Sonic Screech
- Living Bomb (Spore Mine only)

OPTIONS:

- Replace twin-linked stranglethorn cannon for:
 - Twin-linked heavy venom cannon.....10 points
- Replace stinger salvo with:
 - Cluster spinesfree
- A Harpy may take:
 - Adrenal glands10 points
 - Toxin sacs.....10 points
 - Regeneration.....15 points

SPORE MINE CLUSTER10 points per model

Page 48

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Spore Mine	-	-	1	1	1	1	-	1	-

Composition:
• 3-6 Spore Mines

Unit Type:
• Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Spore Mine

Special Rules:

- Living Bomb
- Orbital Deployment



HEAVY SUPPORT

CARNIFEX BROOD160 points per model

Page 46

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Carnifex	3	3	9	8	4	1	4	7	3+

Composition:

- 1-3 Carnifexes

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Scything talons (two sets)

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Fearless
- Living Battering Ram

Dedicated Transport:

- If the brood consists of only a single Carnifex it may take a Mycetic Spore (see page 90 for points cost).

OPTIONS*:

- Replace one set of scything talons with:
 - Crushing claws25 points per model
- Replace any set of scything talons with:
 - Twin-linked deathspitter15 points per model
 - Twin-linked devourers with Brainleech worms15 points per model
- Take one of the following, replacing one set of scything talons:
 - Stranglethorn cannon20 points per model
 - Heavy venom cannon25 points per model
- Take any of the following:
 - Frag spines5 points per model
 - Adrenal glands10 points per model
 - Toxin sacs10 points per model
 - Bio-plasma20 points per model
 - Regeneration25 points per model

*All Carnifexes in the brood must have the same options.

OLD ONE EYE260 points

Page 57

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Old One Eye	3	3	10	6	4	1	4	8	3+

Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Crushing claws
- Scything talons

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Alpha Leader
- Berserk Rampage
- Fearless
- Living Battering Ram
- Rapid Regeneration

BIOVORE BROOD45 points per model

Page 48

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Biovore	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	6	4+
Spore Mine	-	-	1	1	1	1	-	1	-

Composition:

- 1-3 Biovores

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Claws and teeth
- Hardened carapace
- Spore Mine launcher

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk
- Living Bomb (Spore Mine only)



HEAVY SUPPORT

TRYGON200 points

Page 50

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Trygon	5	3	6	6	6	4	6	8	3+
Trygon Prime	5	3	6	6	6	4	6	10	3+

Composition:

- 1 Trygon

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bio-electric pulse
- Bonded exoskeleton
- Scything talons (two sets)
- Containment spines (Trygon Prime only)

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed (Trygon only)
- Deep Strike
- Fearless
- Fleet
- Subterranean Assault
- Synapse Creature (Trygon Prime only)
- Shadow in the Warp (Trygon Prime only)

OPTIONS:

- Take any of the following:
 - Adrenal glands10 points
 - Toxin sacs.....10 points
 - Regeneration.....25 points
- Upgrade Trygon to a Trygon Prime40 points

MAWLOC170 points

Page 51

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Mawloc	3	0	6	6	6	4	3	8	3+

Composition:

- 1 Mawloc

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Bonded exoskeleton
- Claws and teeth

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Feed
- Burrow
- Deep Strike
- Fearless
- Hit and Run
- Terror from the Deep

OPTIONS:

- Take any of the following:
 - Adrenal glands10 points
 - Toxin sacs.....10 points
 - Regeneration.....25 points

TYRANNOFEX250 points

Page 53

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tyrannofex	3	3	6	6	6	1	3	8	2+

Composition:

- 1 Tyrannofex

Unit Type:

- Monstrous Creature

Weapons and Biomorphs:

- Acid spray
- Armoured shell
- Claws and teeth
- Stinger salvo
- Thorax swarm (electroshock grubs)

Special Rules:

- Instinctive Behaviour – Lurk
- Fearless

OPTIONS:

- Replace acid spray with:
 - Fleshborer hive10 points
 - Rupture cannon15 points
- Replace stinger salvo for cluster spinesfree
- Replace electroshock grubs with:
 - Desiccator larvaefree
 - Shreddershard beetlesfree
- Take any of the following:
 - Adrenal glands10 points
 - Toxin sacs10 points
 - Regeneration30 points

SUMMARY

TROOP TYPES

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Page
Biovore	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	6	4+	48
Broodlord	7	0	5	5	3	7	4	10	4+	40
Carnifex	3	3	9	6	4	1	4	7	3+	46
Deathleaper	9	3	6	4	3	7	4	10	5+	59
The Doom of Malan'tai	4	4	X	4	4	4	3	10	5+	58
Gargoyle	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6	6+	42
Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	5+	40
Harpy	3	3	5	5	4	5	2	10	4+	43
Hive Guard	4	4	5	6	2	2	2	7	4+	47
Hive Tyrant	8	3	6	6	4	5	4	10	3+	34
Hormagaunt	3	3	3	3	1	5	2	6	6+	38
Lictor	6	3	6	4	3	6	3	10	5+	41
Mawloc	3	0	6	6	6	4	3	8	3+	51
Mycetic Spore	2	2	6	4	3	1	3	5	4+	54
Old One Eye	3	3	10	6	4	1	4	8	3+	57
The Parasite of Mortrex	5	3	6	4	3	6	4	10	3+	60
Pyrovore	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	6	4+	49
Ravener	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	6	5+	37
Ripper Swarm	2	2	3	3	3	2	4	5	6+	55
Sky-slasher Swarm	2	2	3	3	3	2	4	5	6+	55
Spore Mine	-	-	1	1	1	1	-	1	-	48
The Swarmlord	9	3	6	6	5	6	4	10	3+	56
Termagant	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6	6+	39
Tervigon	3	3	5	6	6	1	3	10	3+	52
Trygon	5	3	6	6	6	4	6	8	3+	50
Trygon Prime	5	3	6	6	6	4	6	10	3+	50
Tyranid Warrior	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	10	4+	36
Tyranid Prime	6	4	5	5	3	5	4	10	3+	36
Tyranid Shrike	5	3	4	4	3	4	3	10	5+	36
Tyrant Guard	5	3	5	6	2	4	3	7	3+	35
Tyrannofex	3	3	6	6	6	1	3	8	2+	53
Venomthrope	3	4	4	4	2	3	2	6	5+	45
Ymgarl Genestealer	6	0	4	4	1	6	2	10	4+	61
Zoanthrope	3	4	4	4	2	3	1	10	5+	44

WEAPON TYPES

Weapon	Range	Str.	AP	Type	Page
Acid Spray	Template*	6	4	Assault 1	53
Barbed Strangler	36"	4	5	Assault 1, Large Blast, Pinning	81
Brainleech Worms	18"	6	-	Assault 6*	81
Bio-electric Pulse	12"	5	5	Assault 6	50
Bio-plasma	12"	7	2	Assault 1, Blast	46
Containment Spines	18"	5	5	Assault 12	50
Cluster Spines	18"	5	-	Assault 1, Large Blast	81
Deathspitter	18"	5	5	Assault 3	81
Devourer	18"	4	-	Assault 3*	81
Flamespurt	Template	5	4	Assault 1*	49
Fleshbore	12"	4	5	Assault 1	81
Fleshbore Hive	12"	4	5	Assault 20	53
Flesh Hooks	6"	6	-	Assault 2, Rending	41
Heavy Venom Cannon	36"	9	4	Assault 1, Blast*	82
Impaler Cannon	24"	8	4	Assault 2*	47
Ripper Tentacles	6"	6	-	Assault 6	54
Rupture Cannon	48"	10	4	Assault 2	53
Spike Rifle	18"	3	-	Assault 1	39
Spore Mine Cysts	N/A	4	4	Assault D3, Large Blast*	43
Spore Mine Launcher	48"	4	4	Assault 1, Barrage Large Blast*	48
Spinefists	12"	3	5	Assault X*, Twin-linked	82
Stinger Salvo	18"	5	4	Assault 4	82
Stranglethorn Cannon	36"	6	5	Assault 1, Large Blast, Pinning	82
Strangleweb	Template	2*	-	Assault 1, Pinning	39
Thorax Swarm					82
(Electroshock Grubs)	Template	5	5	Assault 1	
(Desiccator Larvae)	Template	1	-	Assault 1*	
(Shreddershard Beetles)	Template	3	-	Assault 1, Rending	
Venom Cannon	36"	6	4	Assault 1, Blast*	82

*These weapons have additional rules as detailed in their entries.

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Art: John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Rob Carey, Paul Dainton, Dave Gallagher, Neil Hodgson, Nuala Kinrade, Adrian Smith. **Book Design:** Carl Dafforn, Emma Parrington, Mark Raynor. **Photography:** Glenn More. **Heavy Metal:** Neil Green, Kornel Kozak, Darren Latham, Keith Robertson, Joe Tomaszewski, Anja Wettergren, Kirsten Williams, Tom Winstone. **Games Development:** Alessio Cavatore, Robin Cruddace, Graham Davey, Andy Hoare, Jervis Johnson, Phil Kelly, Andrew Kenrick, Jeremy Vetock, Matthew Ward. **Hobby Team:** Dave Andrews, Nick Bayton, Mark Jones, Chad Mierzwa, Chris Peach. **Miniature Design:** Mike Anderson, Giorgio Bassani, Trish Carden, Juan Diaz, Martin Footitt, Jes Goodwin, Colin Grayson, Mark Harrison, Alex Hedström, Matt Holland, Neil Langdown, Aly Morrison, Brian Nelson, Oliver Norman, Seb Perbet, Alan Perry, Michael Perry, Pete Riordan, Dale Stringer, Dave Thomas, Tom Walton. **Production & Reprographics:** Simon Burton, Chris Eggar, Marc Elliott, Zaff Haydn-Davies, Kris Jagers, John Michelbach, Melissa Roberts, Rachel Ryan, James Shardlow, Kris Shields, Ian Strickland, Madeleine Tighe. **Special Thanks:** Marshall Jansen, Alan Merrett, Rick Priestley, Tim Sawyer, Marco Schulze.

Produced by Games Workshop

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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.

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ISBN 9 781841549514



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Printed in China

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PRODUCT CODE 60 03 01 06 003



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