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ISSUE 97 JANUARY 1988

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PUBLISHER: Games Workshop Limited
PRINT BUYER: Bob Mallin
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Alan Merrett
ASSISTANT PRODUCTION MANAGER: Steve Bruce
STUDIO MANAGER: Tom Kirby
GAMEMASTER: Bryan Ansell
 Printed by ThamesMouth Web Offset, Basildon, UK.

All correspondence except subscriptions should be addressed to: *White Dwarf*, Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers, 14-16 Low Pavement, Nottingham NG1 7DL.

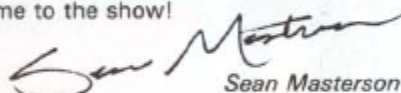
When a rock and roll band is formed, it tends to play a lot of 'cover' tracks. It's not their music, but the band's members all know it, and it helps them tighten up their act without having to worry about writing material along with everything else.

If they play well, they may get a gig or two. Some people will want to hear them play because of the cover tracks, or because they're the only band in town. But if the band is good enough, and they 'make it', the cover tracks are going to have to disappear. The new fans want *their* rock - not someone else's.

When that happens, some people will turn away, wishing there was another band to play those golden oldies. C'est la vie. Nostalgia can get to you like that.

But what about all the people who stick around because they're into the new music?

Welcome to the show!


 Sean Masterson

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Please send and make remittance to: Games Workshop, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Notts NG16 3HY. Telephone (0773) 789731. *White Dwarf* is published monthly. Annual subscription rates are: UK - £15.00; Europe £30.00; other overseas surface - £39.00; other overseas airmail - £45.00. Please make all payments in Pounds Sterling. NB: USA - contact Games Workshop US, 1220 Key Highway, Baltimore, Maryland 21230, USA.

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ISSN 0265-8712

OVERSEAS DISTRIBUTORS

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Marginā'lia

to enter on the margin. —adj. mar'ginal pertaining to a margin; in or on the margin; barely sufficient. —n. mar'ginal constituency. —n. pl. marginā'lia notes written on the margin. —v.t. mar'ginalise, -ize to furnish with notes. —adv. mar'ginally. —adj. mar'ginate, -d having a well-marked border; mar'gined. —marginal.com

Paul Cockburn going down holes in the ground? Graeme Davis searching through his family tree? Mark Gascoigne taking a trip to Brit Cit? At this time of year? My, what a cosmopolitan bunch they are! Welcome to this month's spike free special...

Griffin Island

Runequest Supplement
£10.99

It's easy to see what players found so appealing about *RuneQuest* in the early days of roleplaying. Against the sterile format of other roleplaying systems, where people called 'adventurers' went down holes in the ground and brought back treasure - the rest of the world just passing them by - RQ offered a 'realistic' world, which was aware of the magic and treasure abounding in it, and where everyone was an adventurer of sorts.

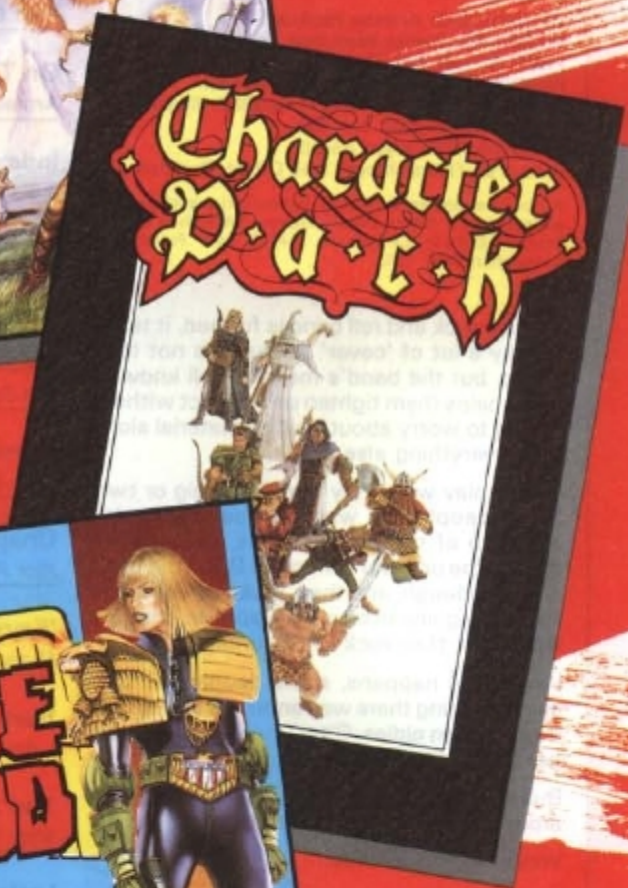
Back in those days, *Griffin Mountain* was thought of as one of the most advanced adventure packages of its day. For a start, it wasn't an adventure. It was a background pack, livened up by short, cameo stories which could be added to and played in any order made appropriate by the players' meanderings. The places and characters were the important elements, since - it was reasoned - players would find it very easy to drop their own dungeon ideas into this lively setting.

Today, the games player is more used to this kind of sophistication. Possibly, things have even moved on another stage or two. I know the writers whose crazed meanderings I occasionally get to edit think that the basic principle is true - players can design their own thumping sessions, so the game designer should provide the inter-active world and all the fascinating geography and stuff. But, they add, there is also room for the designer to come up with the really sophisticated plot-lines, which sow a thread through all those fight scenes.

If *Griffin Island* - as it is now known - lacks anything, this is it. But not everyone needs an earth-shattering plot woven through all their adventures; they just want some big place to explore where there are lots of little places to check and a few big dudes to hit. That's what you get here.

Griffin Island's population is, crudely, more than a little orc-y. There are hundreds of them. And they don't hang around in caves either; they occupy a number of strong citadels, for instance. And, of course, the brood are there spreading disease and mayhem through the wildlands. Some of the humans aren't dependable party guests either. When you arrive, Soldier Port is probably the last time you are really in there with civilisation - and then only just.

Still, you've got this map given to you by your loving GM right at the beginning of play. It has lots of interesting places marked on it, and some squiggles written in an unknown hand referring to ancient battles and treasures. And he doles out quite a few more handouts pretty swiftly as well (there are 32 pages of them, if that isn't too much of a clue). So, you quickly find yourself master of several dozen wonderful facts about the sights of *Griffin Island*. There's a lot of wandering in store.



And if the GM starts laying the 'there-is-more-to-this-than-meets-the-eye' stuff on you, I can't offer much advice beyond checking his psychological profile or stealing his ring binder, because he will be making that up for himself. The same goes for the hippo in the grass skirt and the lingerie salesman. Orcs are the name of the game here.

Oh, and for those who remember my caustic little note about *Land of Ninja* and the scarcity of - um - Ninja... the answer to your question about the Orc population of *Griffin Island* is yes. Plenty of 'em. And when you find them all at once (you will, don't worry) it's a bad time to have the plate mail in the wash and lots of spells for making people love you...

Paul Cockburn



Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Character Pack

RPG Accessory
£3.99

Since *WFRP* was published just over a year ago, we have been playing quite a few games amongst ourselves, as well as receiving sackloads of mail from All You Out There. A lot of people, not wanting to cut up their rulebooks and not having easy access to a photocopier, have written in asking us for pads of character sheets. Also, we've constantly been updating and generally tweaking the original character sheet from our experiences of our own games and others that we've heard about.

So, in response to those who've asked and with thanks to those who've pointed out possible improvements, here is the new, improved *WFRP* character sheet.

And that's not all you get for your money. Included in the package is a super-detailed set of character background rules, specially written by Paul Cockburn. Now you can find out precisely where in The Empire (right down to village level!) a character comes from, what the parents did, what the family tree looks like (very useful for having long-lost relatives popping up unexpectedly), and all manner of other things, right down to hair and eye colour.

A game like *WFRP* depends very much on its world setting, so we believe that this kind of detail can only help when generating a character - now you'll know as much about your character as he or she does! And yes, there are spaces on the revised character sheet for all sorts of personal information, so you won't forget it all an hour into the game!

But why should players have all the fun? Anything that works for a player character works just as well for NPCs, so why not give the system a try next time you're generating a major NPC for a game?

Stuck for a suitably Germanic-sounding name? We have more than 200 human forenames, arranged into tables so you can generate them randomly if you like, including alternative spellings and short forms. There are also four different ways of creating surnames. Elven, Dwarven and Halfling names are also covered in detail.

So what does your character look like? We have full weight tables, working from the height tables in the main rulebook, taking into account the character's race, sex and build. There are even some optional profile modifiers for exceptionally fat or thin characters. There are also hair and eye colour charts for each PC race covered in the rulebook, and a table of distinguishing features ('He had a hook nose, one eye and a lisp, Officer'!).

Where is home? A series of tables covers the whole of The Empire - right down to village level - as well as allowing a chance of the character being a 'furriner'. Nonhuman PCs have separate tables, according to their race.

What about relatives? No problem. Mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins, whole clans can be generated using the simple system provided - including offspring if desired.

And dealing with the world at large? We introduce an entirely new concept for *WFRP* - social level. This depends on your career and a couple of other things, and can be used as a modifier to *Fel* tests, in much the same way as the *Etiquette* skill. Be careful, though - if you're dealing with someone of a higher social level, the modifier will be negative...

All in all, there's a lot in this package, useful for PCs and NPCs alike. It's more than a supply of character sheets, and it's more than a character background supplement.

Graeme Davis

THE JUDGE DREDD ROLEPLAYING COMPANION

Roleplaying Supplement
£9.99

In format, the *Judge Dredd Companion* is a packed 128-page hardback, including a perforated end-section on different paper which holds maps, print-outs and cut-out components. Dotted throughout the text are plenty of illustrations from the comic, as well as a good few maps and plans. The main meat of the work, though, is of course the text, and for this as many varied pieces as would fit were collected and collated. The *Companion* is a lot like a giant-sized issue of *White Dwarf*, with articles and adventures of varying sizes. The pieces are written by a variety of writers, famous and infamous but nonetheless familiar to readers of this magazine, including Messrs Halliwell, Tynan, Rowland and Tamlyn.

As far as new rules go there aren't any truly drastic changes, although the variants on

Strength and the new driving rules are very useful (they will also be used as standard for all official JD RPG material from now on). The new skills (pages and pages of 'em), new mutie abilities and the crime blitz rules all provide oodles of fun. Oh, and there's a brand-new profession: how do you fancy running an officer from Exorcism Division? If you're a GM don't worry - we thoughtfully included plenty of rules for creating the Judge Exorcists' spooky opponents too.

On a lighter side, how about the rules for Shuggy? Could come in handy on an undercover operation. There is a tourist guide to Brit-cit, which isn't all that it seems. More importantly, there's also an immense guide to Downtown, a particularly nasty corner of the sector just waiting for your Judges; a really wicked place to base your campaign.

Remember the mention of cut-out components earlier? Well, they are present because we even managed to cram in a fully playable boardgame called *Block-Out!*, a very popular pastime in Mega-City One.

But pride of place must go to all the adventures. Dotted amongst the text are a number of one-page Code 14s, simple crime incidents which are easily dropped into an already-running campaign, while the last third of the book is taken up with two adventures which are just about worth the price of the book alone. Pete Tamlyn's *Channel 9 Crime Time Special* is great fun, as the hapless Judges chase an over-eager TV reporter around the city. The reporter is trying to expose corruption on a grand scale - and those he's trying to expose are attempting to knock him off in the process! One innovative feature we're trying here for the first time is a set of handouts in the form of actual comic strips, which contain more clues than first meet the eye.

And bringing the *Companion* to an awesome conclusion we have *Fear & Loathing in Mega-City 1*, another gem from the awesome brain of Richard (Slaughter Block Margin Mania) Halliwell. I've no intention of spoiling its surprises with a plot summary, but I will tell you it features an illegal bike race and a demonstration on why journalists aren't at all popular with the Judges. Oh, and if your players survive this one, you're just not playing it right.

Marc Gascoigne



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The best and most famous set of fantasy battle rules re-issued in Games Workshops hardback book format, now full of illustrations, colour photos and with new and expanded rule sections covering new races, new troop types new tactics and much more, all making WARHAMMER BATTLE 3rd Edition incredible value at just £14.99!

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The long-awaited hardbacked supplement to the incredibly popular JUDGE DREDD ROLEPLAYING GAME contains not only new rules, adventures and articles on Mega-City One's finest, but descriptions of Brit-Cit, the rules for Shuggy, a complete boardgame 'Block-Out!' and more! Invaluable for any JD gamers or JD fans, and incredible value at just £9.99!

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FROM SPRUE YOU

Bryan Ansell and Bob Naismith are playing with plastic. They talk to Sean Masterson about their plans to expand!

It was pouring with rain, and the taxi driver was psychotic. I just sat there, wishing there was a way I could close my eyes without looking conspicuous. It was only a drive across town to Citadel's Eastwood factory. The taxi driver seemed to be under the impression that it was a leg of the Lombard Rally.

The trip made me feel happier about missing lunch, and by the time I had run to the cover of the reception area, the rain that had soaked through my jacket could do nothing to detract from the overwhelming sense of relief.

Time to see The Boss.

As I entered the office, Bryan Ansell, GW's managing director, and Bob Naismith, Citadel Miniatures' top man, were both looking fairly pleased with themselves. All I knew then was that they wanted to talk about plastics. So what's the big deal?

They took the production samples of Citadel's *Warhammer Regiments* that I had brought over from the studio, and subjected the collection of sprues to close inspection. Bryan turned to Bob. 'The weapons. The blades are all snapped. These areas are too weak.' Bob nods and makes a mental note to deal with the problem after the interview. It's only a minor hiccup. Before long, the sixty figure boxed set will be on the shelves of games shops throughout the country.

And that will be a major step forward. Bryan elaborates. 'With the *Warhammer Regiments* we can produce the first viable 28mm plastic gaming miniature - every bit as good as a metal figure.' He moves to the seat behind his desk. 'In the past, people have tried to make plastic wargames figures using primitive technology. Big companies have made model soldiers of more or less the right size, but they've missed the point of what is

expected of a gaming miniature, by way of presence and stature, style, and dynamism.'

Bob puts the claim into context. 'What we're trying to do here is to open the market in ways that we could never touch with metal, simply because of the cost of the miniatures. We can now reach an audience that we know is there.'

It all sounds like a grand master plan, but Citadel have spent years perfecting the detail and imagery of their metal figures. Nor have earlier experiments with plastics always been successful. Remember the *Fighting Fantasy* figures?

'...although everybody thinks they know what these things look like, when you're trying to find something typical, it's never quite that simple...'

Bryan does. 'Everytime we do something we learn a little bit more. Nobody could claim that our old 60mm plastics were a raving success but we've learnt how to do all sorts of interesting things since then. We're finding possibilities now that the plastics industry never expected.

'When we were doing the plastic space marines, we mocked up some of what we wanted in metal and took them to a tooling specialist and said, "Right we want these doing in plastic," and we were told, "It can't be done, mate." It wasn't considered feasible to get that level of detail and animation.'

Bob outlines the problems they faced. 'Capturing the look of a Citadel miniature in plastic was absolutely essential. The original sculpted figure,

from which a plastic model is made, is designed three times larger than the final product. The problem we had with the FF figures was in making a figure that looked awkward in its enlarged state. It was very difficult to visualise the final product from this perspective.

'But we're used to these techniques now. We've applied them successfully to the *Skeleton Hordes* and *Space Marines*. Now, when you stand the final miniature next to a metal one, it looks just fine.

'The other problem is that the realm of plastics is much more disciplined than metal. Metal figures are made in a rubber mould which is very forgiving. There are often awkward traps and crevices, but because the rubber bends easily, you can get the figure out - and that's why you can also strive for attention to detail. But with a plastic figure, your mould is made of steel and that isn't going to move. The only thing that will be damaged when removing the model is the figure itself, so if you leave the slightest trap or loophole in the mould then the thing just won't come out. Considering the machine is automatic, slamming shut and re-opening every thirty seconds, running twenty four hours a day, this has to be avoided.

'Also, we're trying to get *generic* forms - your classic Dwarf, your classic Orc - things like that. But although everybody thinks they know what these things look like, when you're trying to find something typical, it's never quite that simple.

'I go through, say all our figures of Orcs, and pick the ones that seem to be most representative, the size, weaponry, clothes and that sort of thing. Then I photocopy them up to three times their original size, give the horribly grainy outlines you get to the figure designers and say, "Right that's what you've got to work from."

'We use the same designer to make the plastic figures as we use to make the metal ones. For instance, Kevin Adams made the plastic master for the Orc and Jes Goodwin made the plastic master for the Elf. It probably costs a thousand times more to make a plastic figure than it does to make a metal one, so it's important to get the thing down pat.'

So does this mean that the variety that made Citadel's metal miniatures so popular is threatened by the new ranges? Bob thinks not. 'Well obviously, that's where the metal miniatures come in. People can buy plastics and build the body of their army far more cheaply than is possible at the moment, and then be able to afford the metal generals and other special figures to give it that touch of individuality.'

Bryan is also aware of loyalties and responsibilities. 'Eventually of course, if it goes the way we think, we expect the bulk of things to be produced in plastic. But we don't think metal



a great wedge of plastic. You don't have to do it like that.

'It's your approach to making the model - to a large extent it's what you're willing to accept. We know that certain standards are absolutely required by our customers and we can't fob them off with anything less.'

Bob agrees. 'You've got to use the best of everything. The people who are making our plastics moulds for us are the same people who make the moulds for the interiors of Corgi cars and Matchbox cars. They're skilled engineers.'

'We can see the hybrid plastic-metal models coming now. Soon we'll be making war engines where the basic frame is made of plastic but the detailed work is made in metal. The obvious thing to do is provide the variety.'

The situation Citadel has finally reached, marks the end of a long but ultimately satisfying struggle. 'Because we've come in from the cold and are starting from scratch, we're approaching a lot of the problems laterally. We're managing to sidestep a lot of the supposed shortcomings of plastics. It's been accepted in that industry that when you make a plastic model, whether it's animal or human, you get "block off". We've all seen toy soldiers where the area beneath the arm or between the neck and the chin lacks detail. So the butt of a soldier's gun suddenly swells to fill the gap between the weapon and his hip with

'We sculpt the original in clay - a plasticine type material - then we make a two part resin mould from that. We give the mould to the engineers who use a device with a probe at one end, which is run around inside the mould. Everywhere that moves, a little tiny drill

'The metal cavalry figures you see now are riding big ponies.'

at the other end of the device moves in synchronisation with it - but in only a third of the distance or depth. It's got to enter a block of steel while it's following the pattern that the stylus at the other end picks up. It's called pantography.



miniatures are ever going to go away, partly because some people collect metal miniatures and have got no reason to change now, but also because however many figures we make in plastic, we will still have the facility to make lots of special figures in metal. At the moment we're selling more than a million metal miniatures a month and I can't imagine that market disappearing overnight whatever happens, but as we make plastic figures available and make gaming cheaper, we hope to expand the market. It's almost bound to substitute for some of the metal.



'John Thornthwaite (often referred to as "the man with no name", in *Culture Shock*) has worked in this industry for a long time. He knows who we should be talking to and how to get the best results.' So that's who he is!



I ask Bryan if the rest of the industry is aware of Citadel's activities. 'Yes, but we're still having to do more and more of the work ourselves. So we're becoming a real plastics company, doing most of the leg work because nobody else can.' Doing everything by itself is in character for this company, but what about selling the techniques to other interested parties? Bryan's clear on this, too. 'No. This is for us. We're all doing what we really wanted to do when we were kids, aren't we? We're not interested in making grommets, otherwise we'd go out and get a real job.'

The potential is enormous, as Bob illustrates. 'We want to include figures in our games that are every bit as good as the ones you will see on a tabletop. *Dungeonquest*, *Dracula*, *Highway Warrior*, all of them will have high quality plastic playing pieces.'

'The thing is,' adds Bryan, 'you can have these figures as just playing pieces or paint them as tabletop quality models and give yourself that added visual appeal when you're playing the game. You have a choice where there wasn't one before.'

Bob continues. 'In *Highway Warrior*, the car combat game, you start off with a basic car and can add weapons to it as you go. We're also producing the 40k Land Raider, the APC, and a kind of tracked motorbike/dune buggy type model. The only problem I have now is getting enough time to do all this. We're demanding more time of the figure designers.'

'The other thing we're doing is plastic horses - proper warhorses. Every manufacturer, including ourselves, who has tried to make cavalry has been limited by the cost of metal. The metal cavalry figures you see now are riding big ponies. But with plastics you can make the horses at the right scale without making them expensive, as metal ones would have to be. We will also make the parts interchangeable. The horse will be split down the middle but the different left and right halves will all fit together, allowing you to have as many variants as you can imagine. And the heads will be separate and in different positions. So from a very few basic parts, your choice will be tremendous!'

Then, of course, there's Citadel's new castle. It's something close to Bob's heart. 'What Bryan said to me was, "I

want you to make me a castle - a basic castle." So I went away and asked people how hard they could make stuff in polystyrene and they sent me this sample that was really light, but brick hard. In some ways expanded polystyrene is a misnomer; it should be *compacted* polystyrene because it's so strong. And that's what they moulded this castle in. It's also got injection moulded plastic parts (in the same way as the figures are made) for doors, ladders and trapdoors.

'The toolmakers made blank, wooden castle wall sections, and brought them over to us. I gave them to Trish Morrison who scribed in all the stonework detail. She could only do this on certain surfaces of the castle (the front and back) because of the way the mould opens and closes. The intricate detail works well on this compacted polystyrene. When it's painted, you can't see any of the beads that make up the plastic itself, it just looks solid.

'The metal cavalry figures you see now are riding big ponies.'

'Normally, absorption of the paint is a problem but this compacted stuff takes paint very well - acrylics being ideal because they're water based and this is pretty waterproof. Enamels or plastic glue would melt it away. Having said that, you could use them to good effect if you wanted to make a damaged section of the wall. But for our test shots, the model was given a once over in grey, dry brushed with a lighter shade and had some flock stuck on it. It looked perfect. There wasn't even any need to undercoat it.

'And it's easy to customise as well. You can make keeps, cut walls to shape for different designs, connect wall sections to make a walled city. The next thing Bryan has in mind is plastic buildings. Build yourself a town. Then there's the *Bloodbowl* set, which will have a stadium and a special pitch, rather like astro-turf.'

I ask Bryan if he thinks there might be a problem with the castle being seen as a toy. 'We don't know. We're happy to accept sales from that direction but we won't compromise the hobby end of the product.'

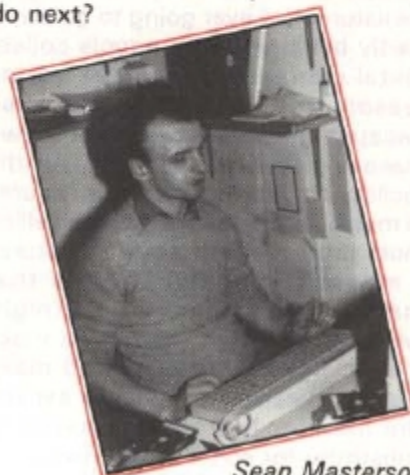
But it doesn't stop there. 'We're experimenting with a choice of separate plastic weapons for our figures,' comments Bryan, 'wonderful if you're building armies. Then, if the plastic castle is popular, we may do extra bits for that, along with plastic medieval houses and ships.

'We believe that about half the models we sell are used by people who fight fantasy battles with them. The rest go to collectors. And while all the models we make are tied into some game or other - mainly *Warhammer* - we will never make models for their own sake. Our considerations are for the gamer. But we will try and make each one a model in its own right and that's why, in *Highway* for example, the models won't be just representative tokens.'

Bryan comments on his hopes for the new ranges in America, where miniatures have not yet caught the imaginations of as many people as in Britain. So far, the signs are good. But, with time running out for this interview, he'd like to ask you something.

'Going back to the generics, each sprue holds enough parts for six figures, with separate heads and weapons, but if you look at it, you can see that instead of six figures, we could have put twelve complete models there. So you could have a hundred and twenty models for the same price as sixty, but with less variety. So would you prefer the kind of conventional models you're used to - solid and unchangeable - or the ultimate variety in poses, as in the marines - or would you simply like something in between?'

There you have it. Citadel's new technology, figures and ambitions in a nutshell. What would you like them to do next?



Sean Masterson

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RuneQuest GRIFFIN ISLAND

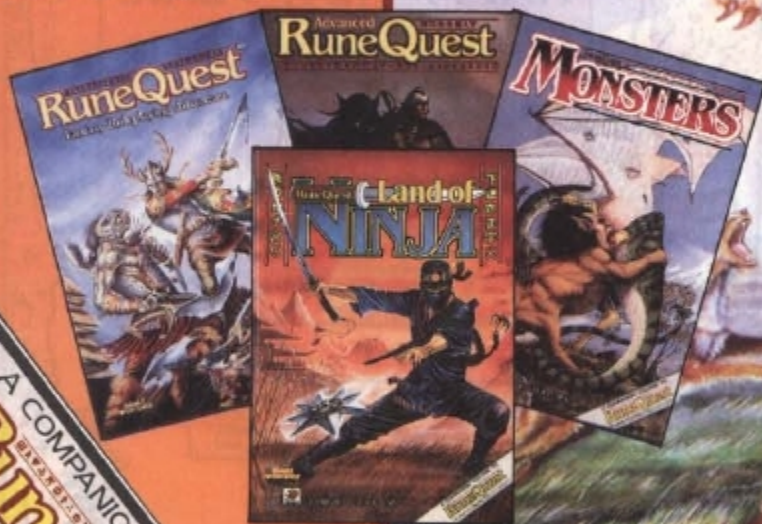
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CULTURE SHOCK

'Small' Job - Big Talent

Do you live in or around Nottingham? Can you paint figures quickly and consistently to a high standard? Have a look at the figures ads in this issue. If you can paint to this standard (or better) when the production department are screaming down your neck for another sixty by yesterday, then you could be the person we're looking for to join the best team in the world, as a figure painter at our Nottingham Studio.

If you live reasonably locally (ie you can get to the centre of Nottingham daily, using local public transport) and you think you fit the bill, then send a sample of your work (along with your name and address, please) to: Bryan Ansell, Citadel Miniatures, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Notts NG16 3HY. Perhaps you could be enrolled to do this special job.

So how good are you then?

Talisman Enters New Dimension!

Work has just started on the new **Talisman** expansion set, and it promises to take your game into a new dimension.

Talisman Timescape is the creation of Canadian **Frank Borque** and features a not only new set of cards, but also has a new board. This will continue to allow the game to grow physically (as well as in diversity), a process begun with **Talisman Dungeon** last year.

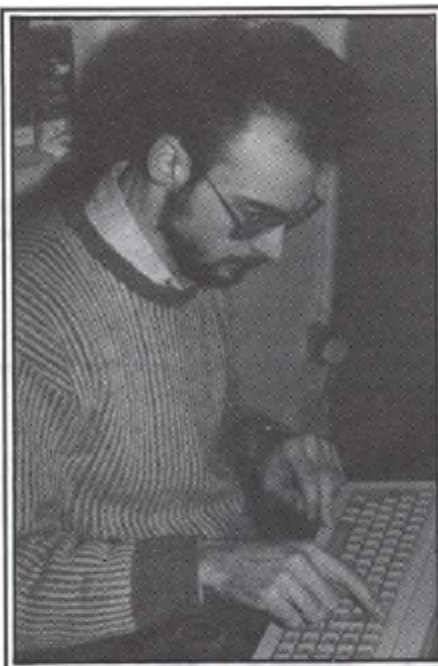
The success of that expansion (by the game's originator, **Bob Harris**) showed that there are plenty of people still out for the Crown of Command. Frank's design allows you to set about your quest from a totally different

perspective. **Talisman Timescape** allows your characters (including new ones, like 'Space Marine' and 'Chainsaw Warrior') access to the realms of Time and Space itself, and should be available in early '88.

Title Theft

Rick Priestley's enfeebled mind has now produced so much background material for **Warhammer 40,000** that a special publication is being produced to prevent any chance of our pet xenophobe exploding.

However, Priestley is currently suspected of breaking into the *White Dwarf* broom cupboard and stealing the title of this journal's own 40K column for the new publication. Priestley denies that this is the case, and told *Culture Shock*, 'No way, guv. You think Chapter Approved is just a title. It is, in fact, a sentient warp parasite. It probably got bored in your cupboard and slithered its way up the stairs, finally seeking the warmth in one of the Adeptus Managementus' ears. From there, it's obviously assumed control - no great problem really. There's no brain to get in the way.'



Wanted: Priestley ▲

Red and yellow and pink and blue... I can paint a mutant. ▼



Projects Manager **Paul Cockburn** confirmed some of Priestley's theory, acknowledging **Chapter Approved's** existence. 'It will go a long way,' he said. Our correspondent noticed a glaze over Mr Cockburn's eyes while he was talking. It isn't known whether this is because Paul is simply a very happy man (*Culture Shock* extends its congratulations and best wishes to both Paul and Elaine Cockburn on the birth of Robert James Cockburn on Saturday 21st November), or if it means he's the first victim of the hypothetical warp parasite.

Aside from all the controversy and mystery, it is known that **Chapter Approved** will feature a variety of Rick's work including an ozone puncturing scenario, army lists for Marines and their adversaries, rules additions and refinements, not to mention collating all available data on the current 40k range of models and miniatures. Given the amount of response to the game so far, players' correspondence - queries and suggestions - may also be featured.

If there is something you would like to tell us and other players about, or if you just want to ask some questions, here's your opportunity. Write to Rick Priestley at: *Chapter Approved, Games Workshop Design Studio, 14-16 Enfield Chambers, Nottingham NG1 7DL.*

Please bear in mind that by the time your letter reaches him, he may have finally and totally flipped.



Confirmed: Cockburn ▲

Fast Forward

In three month's time, *White Dwarf* will be 100 issues old. The magazine will be nearly eleven years old by then. It will have seen two changes of address, seven editors, published over 130 adventures, and 62 Critical Masses.

If you have any suggestions, comments, or queries about what this magazine has done, and what's intended for the future, then write to us now at the Letters Page address. And have patience. WD100 has a few surprises in store.

Barring the apocalypse, we'll be back next month with another collection of unlikely stories and complete fabrications. But then that's what it's all about isn't it? Fantasy.

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Forbidden Fruit

When you're sternly told not to read something, the temptation to disobey is irresistible. Earlier this century, risqué authors would pray to be denounced from the pulpit, thus ensuring eight weeks on the best-seller list. Maggie Thatcher has given similar vast publicity to Peter Wright's ghost-written *Spycatcher*... I couldn't resist scanning the American edition, which reveals that (a) British counter-intelligence sounds just like John Le Carré on an off day, full of dodderers questioning each other about whether in the 1930s they dallied with forbidden red fruits; (b) Wright's alleged scientific qualifications have got distinctly unconvincing since the 40s; (c) despite boggling stories of incompetence, the book would have vanished without a trace if it hadn't been for our kindly Government's outrage.

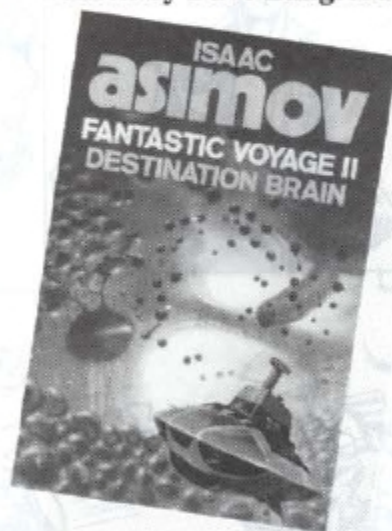
Another one that certain interests don't want me to read is Russell Miller's **Bare-Faced Messiah: The Story of L Ron Hubbard** (Micheal Joseph 390pp £12.95). The Church of Scientology opposed its publication with threats and court injunctions, which - as with *Spycatcher* - didn't claim the text was *untrue*, merely that it shouldn't be revealed. (Action dismissed in Chancery Division as 'mischievous and misconceived'.) Regular readers will know I'm one of the late L Ron's greatest fans; even so, this book amazed me. Miller, a British journalist, has done the kind of exhaustive research possible only in America, where public files are accessible via the Freedom of Information Act. (We lucky Brits just have an Official Secrets Act.) Without rancour or moralizing, Miller traces Hubbard's incredible career from pulp SF writer to guru of Dianetics/Scientology to unmistakably paranoid loony. Even before Hubbard took to issuing grandiose and provably untrue versions of his careers as 'war hero', 'nuclear scientist' etc, he was a compulsive teller of tall tales. Even before he'd built a repressive organisation of his own, he routinely tried to get even with people - including his own wife - by denouncing them to the FBI as communists. (As early as 1951, FBI investigators filed him as 'a mental case'.)

This mightn't seem to bear on Hubbard's SF (despite snippets about *Battlefield Earth*, which L Ron boasted he'd written in one month), but there are messages for SF fans. The 1987 World SF Convention, held in Brighton, was plastered with expensive Hubbard publicity aimed at buying him respectability as a great SF author (on the strength of his dire posthumous 'dekalog') and patron of the arts. Read *Bare-Faced Messiah* for a solidly researched portrait of the man whose official Holy Writ once declared that opponents 'may be deprived of property or injured by any means... May be tricked, sued or lied to or destroyed.'

I have a high opinion of Isaac Asimov's honesty and integrity: in sharp contrast to Hubbard, he's always been committed to truth. For decades, it seems, he's fretted about his novelisation of the film *Fantastic Voyage*, whose terrific idea (medical team in miniaturised sub enters bloodstream to perform surgery from within) and nice effects suffered from a trite storyline with gaping logical holes - the worst of which, like

CRITICAL MASS

A regular book review column,
written by Dave Langford



the abandonment of a full-sized submarine inside the patient, Asimov managed to patch. **Fantastic Voyage II: Destination Brain** (Grafton 392pp £10.95) is an attempt to rework it 'properly', as a typically cerebral Asimov novel. The pseudoscience of miniaturisation spreads unchecked, and the number of references to Planck's constant must establish an SF record. The mission is slightly different, to extract crucial thoughts from a nearly dead man rather than achieve any cure. Too much of the rest is similar, but lacking in that former indefensible melodrama. Taking in air at the lungs! Speeding through the chambers of the heart before the next beat brings disaster! Attacking a brain clot with laser fire! By rationalising all this away, Asimov has thrown out the excitement with the bathwater. The replacement notions are either OK but minor (having the sub imitate the electrical signature of glucose so that cells actively welcome it in) or major and dodgy (woolly stuff about brain-wave analysis and pseudo-telepathy, topped with the supremely silly idea of detecting the nearest neuron by waving two unconnected EEG leads as a directional antenna). An impeccably idealistic finale is, alas, no compensation for the loss of the old cheap thrills.

Retailers like books packaged in neat categories: SF, fantasy, romance, gore. Micheal Bishop's **Who Made Stevie Cry?** (Headline 309pp £4.95) has a cover which screams 'horror' but conceals one of those unclassifiable gems. Stevie Crye is a hopeful writer, a pleasant widow with two kids, struggling to make a living from the typewriter... difficult when, after repairs, the machine starts typing by itself at night, transcribing and distorting her dreams and fears. This modest touch of the supernatural is merely a jumping-off point. As the typewritten lies blend

in with the 'real' fiction of the book, the narrative steers a sometimes horrifying and sometimes blackly funny course into the metafictional territory of works like Christopher Priest's *The Affirmation*. The writing is nifty in the extreme; the characters are successfully realistic, sympathetic, hilarious or unnervingly creepy: sometimes all of these together. Every possible double meaning in the title gets its due airing, and I defy you to predict the outrageous final chapter. Buy this one.

Blood of Amber (Sphere 215pp £2.75) continues Roger Zelazny's 'new Amber trilogy', which began with *Trumps of Doom*. The initial pentalogy had occasional classy moments amid the longeurs; but nowadays Amber feels like an FRP campaign which has been running too long, with too many unbalancing 97th-level characters. Take out hero Merle Corey (son of the pentalogy's Corwin), who is not merely super-strong, magically gifted and able to walk between worlds, but is the only person ever to have mastered the contradictory Patterns of Amber and Chaos, giving him all sorts of handy ad-hoc abilities such as being able to call up swords, beer or pizza from nothingness, kick sand in people's faces, etc. In addition to which he carries a cuddly, sorcerously animated and prophetic strangling cord called Frakir, plus the routine set of Trumps allowing multiverse-wide travel and communication, plus some mysterious extra Trumps as emergency plot devices, and then there's this magical blue crystal stuff, and as well as that our hero's spent odd weekends constructing Ghostwheel, a supernatural computer complex of world-shaking powers, and when in spite of all this he finds himself in a particularly tight spot, Zelazny hastily makes him a shapeshifting Lord of Chaos as well... Enough. Too much. Despite a few good wisecracks and neat ideas, Corey's plethora of powers can't revitalise the over-familiar Amber gimmickry and revenge plot.

Which isn't to say that an aged plot can't still enthral. Hwaet! 'From off the moorlands misting fells/Came Grendel stalking...' From the 8th century, *Beowulf* still carries power; in 1981, actor Julian Glover tried to recreate the experience of listening to a scop, a devised a 'one-man performance' version in modern English, with lengthier digressions omitted. In print (Alan Sutton Publishing 135pp) it reads very well, especially aloud, and is finely illustrated by Sheila Mackie. Something to spend those Xmas book tokens on.

So now I'm discussing epic fantasy reprints first written down circa AD 1000. This column has drifted into the habit of ending with a condensed reprint list, usually books already reviewed here: functional but possibly tedious...though you wouldn't want to miss Ramsey Campbell's eldritch *The Hungry Moon* (Arrow 428pp £2.95), in its third paperback printing by the time they sent me a copy. Anyone who prefers (or hates) this issue's longer reviews of fewer books, and general omission of mere namechecks, should let me know. Act without thinking! This means you!

Dave Langford

THRU THE PARADE

ART: CARL CHODURA
STORY: TONY STYER



RIGHT - SPECIAL FESTIVE
EPISODE THIS MONTH - YOU'LL HAVE
TO LOSE THE AVE - THIS IS
SUPPOSED TO BE THE SEASON
OF GOODWILL!



I'VE INVITED A FEW OLD
FRIENDS ROUND FOR A PARTY - I PROMISED
THEM WE COULD DO A BIT OF SUPP. STR.
- THE USUAL PANTHIME ROUTINE -
SENSELESS VIOLENCE BUT NO ONE
GETS HURT - UNDERSTAND?
HERE'S A CUSTARD PIE!



THEY'RE HERE - AND
REMEMBER THIS IS CHRISTMAS
SO A BIT OF LIGHT HEADED
FUN INSTEAD OF THE USUAL
KILLING AND MAIMING FOR
ONCE - OR?

GRUNT



RIGHT!



OH VERY CLEVER - I SUPPOSE YOU
THINK THAT'S AMUSING - WELL IT'S
NO WONDER WE'VE GOT NO FRIENDS.

NO FEAR OF PERSONAL
INJURY HE SAID!

A CHANCE TO GET
YOUR OWN BACK!

A BIT OF FUN FOR
CHRISTMAS HE SAID!



NOW NOW EVERYONE - WHAT
ABOUT A BIT OF CHRISTMAS
SPIRIT - ANYONE CAN MAKE A
MISTAKE!

BALGORG

GREATER DEMON

The Baalrukh are the foulest, the most evil, and above all most powerful of the demons. There are said to be six Baalrukh, numbered amongst them is Balthor, Fire Breath, drinker of souls, and breaker of stone.

Balthor is a Baalrukh Greater Demon. Balthor follows all the rules given for greater demons and the Baalrukh as given in the Warhammer III Bestiary.

He may be summoned using the fourth level Demonic spell, *Summon Greater Demon*. Alternatively Balthor may be used as an army commander for any Chaos, Goblinoid, Skaven or Undead army of over 3,500 points.

Balthor

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
6	9	9	7	7	10	10	10	10+3	10+3	10+3	10+3

In addition to his ordinary attacks, Balthor may breath fire like a Dragon. He can cast any Demonic or Battle magic spell, without having to expend Magic Points. Unlike the other Baalrukh, Balthor may also cast any Elemental spells.

Points Value: 1000

Balthor was designed by Trisha Morrison. Each model is a fine example of exquisite sculpting and attention to detail. They will appeal to modellers and collectors as much, or maybe more, than Warhammer players.



C31
£3.00

Miniatures Designed By The Perry Twins



DARK ELF

REPEATING-CROSSBOW

C22
£2.50
The Set

REPEATING CROSSBOWS IN WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE

Movement: Use the rules given for bolt throwers except that 4 man variants may move without needing to be dismantled.

Firing

Size	Range	Strength	Save Mod	Wounds/Hit	Points*
2 crew	20"	3	0	1	(30) 58
3 crew	30"	4	-1	D2	(40) 82
4 crew	40"	5	-2	D2+1	(50) 106

* The number in brackets is the cost without crew, the second number includes Dark Elf crew armed with hand weapons and wearing light armour.

Fire procedure:

1. Nominate the target using normal targeting restrictions.
2. The engine is allowed 3 shots per turn, rolled for one after the other. The 3 shots are assumed to be against different parts of the target unit - these shots may carry through to the second and subsequent ranks (see the rulebook).
3. The engine may *panic fire*. It is allowed 6 shots in a single turn, subtracting 1 from each hit roll. Once this is done, the engine cannot fire again for the remainder of the game.

Crew: Only specialised repeating crossbow crew may use this engine.

Armies: A Dark Elf army may contain 3 Repeating Crossbow Engines.



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THE VALLEY OF DEATH

*A Warhammer III Conflict
for 2 - 4 players and a Gamesmaster*

By Matt Connell

'Damn it! A pox on all Gobbo scum!'

INTRODUCTION

Barnok Blatterzarn ran his gnarled fingers through the luxuriant silver curls of his magnificent beard, glaring at the hapless Dwarf before him.

The leader of the wide patrol responsible for Barnok's foul humour shifted uneasily - it wasn't his fault that a large force of Goblins and Orcs were moving up the pass. Still, he was the bearer of bad tidings...

'Be still and let me think!' Roared Barnok.

As the Patrol Leader stood rigid, Barnok toyed with his excessively large battle axe.

'Right, get Tarthan and tell her I want the troops ready to march in four hours, and despatch the following message to Dunerka-a-Veran at Carag Eight peaks.....'

Dunerka scanned the runes scratched on the piece of parchment while the messenger gasped for breath.

'Well run, lad! Now rest a moment, for it may be the last chance you get for a while. Olrik? Olrik!'

The powerful voice of the legendary woman carried through the hold to Olrik Alensa's chamber, where the mighty warrior was gambling with a serving boy.

'Dammit! Oh vell, yust ven it vas gettink interestink. Still, it zounds urgent.'

With a few muttered Norse swear words, Olrik ran to Dunerka's chamber and was given the news that a mixed force of Goblinoids was slowly making its way up the pass towards Carak Oran, the hold of Barnok Blatterzarn, and Carag Eight Peaks, their own hold.

'Gut, for sure I yam needink a liddle exercisink, I vonder if dere is any Trolls? Dis vill be even better dan de dices! I vill get der troops togedder at vonce.'

Away to the east a rather different scene was taking place...

'Goz off, yer grotty snotgobbler! This is my rabbit, garn find yer own.'

Skimgol 'The Butcher' Zekaarg watched enviously as his boss, Vomitskrag Krusher, absent-mindedly toyed with the squealing ball of fur. It had been a while since they entered this valley, and it was about time they found some Stunties instead of wasting their efforts on rabbits. Skimgol decided to risk all and voice his opinion...

'Urrum, boss, well, um...'

Vomitskrag gave him a look that would wither a Troll at fifty paces and spat out some small, furry bits.

'Wot?'

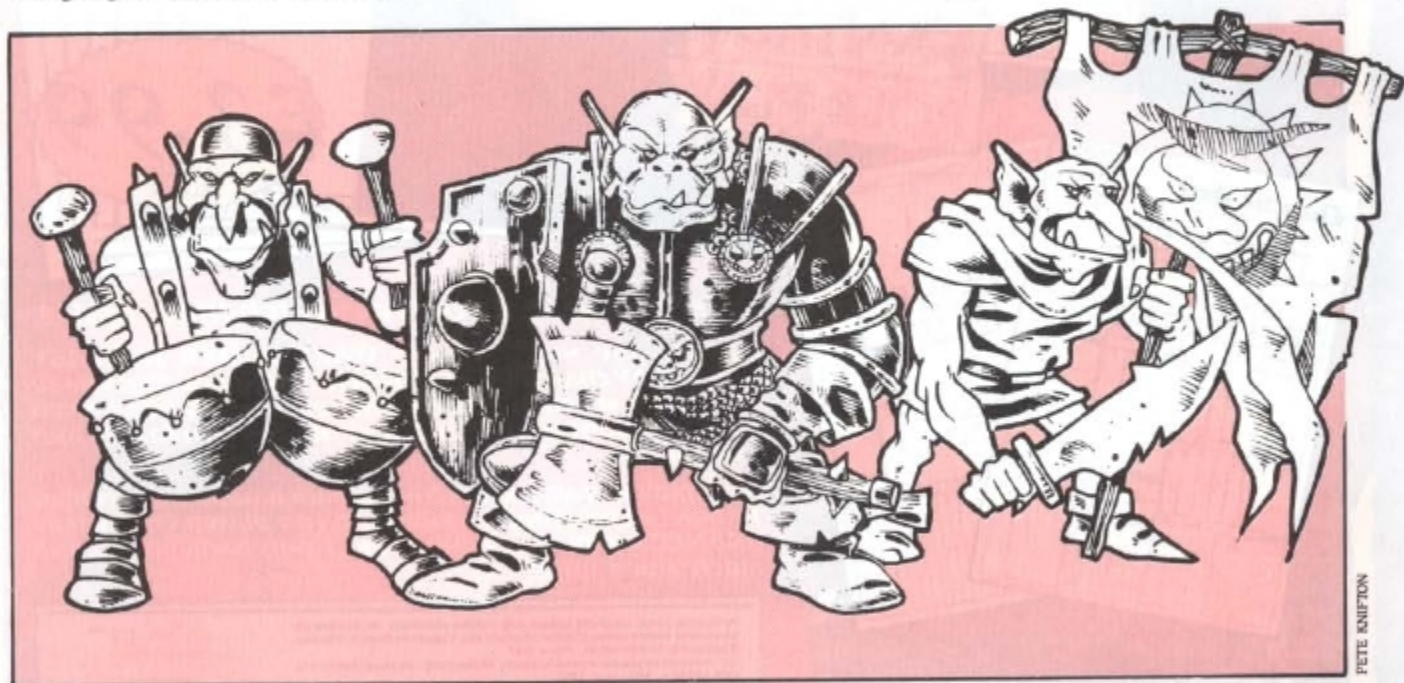
Heartened by the lack of violence in this reply, Skimgol continued. 'Well, yer boss-ship, its gettin' a bit 'ard to control ther lads. I mean, I erd some them wonderin' if Snotlings wos good to eat, and fings is gettin' a bit, erm, well - kina tense wiv them Gobbos.'

Vomitskrag thought for a while, the effort showing on his contorted features.

'Righto then, lets go an' get us some action. Yoo go an tell that Gan Green git of a Gobbo that we're movin' out, an if ee wants some action, ee'd berrer come an all.'

Skimgol looked puzzled for a moment.

'I fort we wos after Stunties, not Aktions, boss...no boss, wot did I say? ...Hooofffff'



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THE FORMAT

The *Outline* gives the gamemaster the background leading up to the battle and describes the situation existing at the start of the confrontation. The *Forces* are listed in standard *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* terms.

Terrain gives a description of the scenery and other features on the wargames table, while *Locations* provides details on specific places in the battle area.

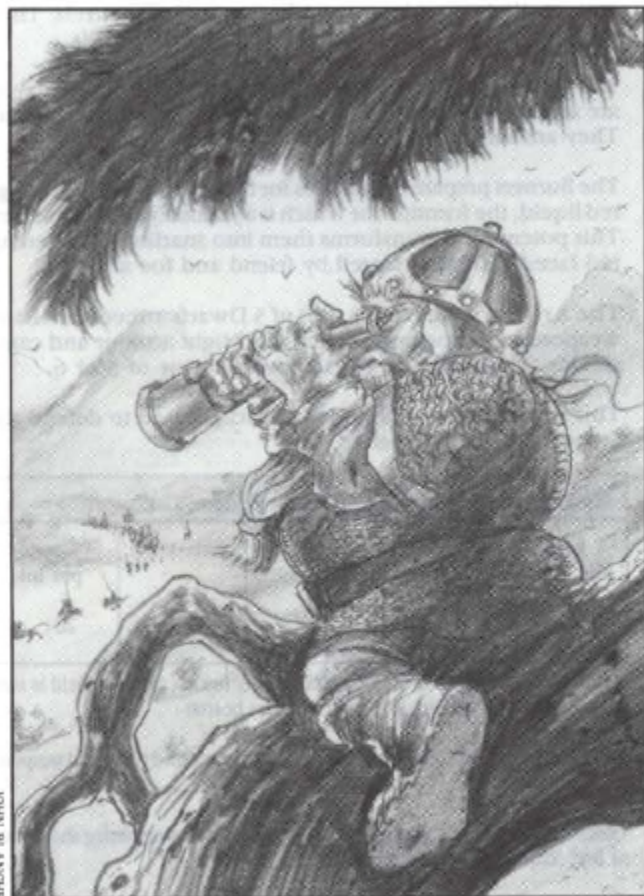
Starting the game explains the set up procedure and how to begin the battle. The *Victory Conditions* cover the other decisive points of the battle - the ending and all its implications, including the all important point of who actually won!

SCENERY

In order to run this battle you will need a selection of scenery to represent woods, streams and the river, hills and boulder fields. Most of the scenery can be represented by pieces of coloured card or cloth, although using model trees for woods, small stones for the boulder fields etc, will enhance the 'feel' of the battle.

This is a large battle and unless you have a purpose built table you will probably be better off using the floor.

If you plan to play the part of a commander in this battle, stop reading here - the rest of the information is for the gamemaster only.



OUTLINE

This battle takes place in the Worlds Edge Mountains, south of the Blood River and east of the Badlands. The battle zone is a valley pass which leads west to the Dwarven holds of Carak Oran (Black Crag) and Carag Eight Peaks.

It is now early summer, the traditional raiding season for Goblinoids. These raids are a chance to gain land, loot and enjoy the finer things in life, such as bar-b-queed Dwarf. The raids also cull the weakest in the tribe, ensuring a healthy breeding stock and therefore, in the long term, a strong tribe.

To the end of making such a raid, an unlikely alliance has been formed between the Orc Vomitskrag 'Pukebreath' Krusher, and the Goblin Leader, Gan Green. Both leaders hope that combining their forces will lead to substantially increased spoils of war.

The Goblinoid forces have been moving for almost a month, losing momentum and slowing to almost a complete standstill - and discipline is now becoming a thing of the past (well, let's face it, it was never a strong point!), with squabbling and fighting becoming commonplace between the various factions that make up this mass of Goblindkind.

The leaders have finally realised the dangers of this situation and so have exercised their authority (with a view to giving the troops something other than old rivalries to worry about). Now the army is once again moving west up the valley, where it is rumoured that there are Stuntie holds to be pillaged...

A Dwarven 'Wide Patrol' on a scouting mission from Carag Oran has spotted the Goblinoid army coming up the valley and so the alarm has been raised in the two Dwarven holds there. Both these armies have been mobilised and despatched to stop the Goblinoids.

Thus, two forces of Dwarfs are moving east along the valley with a view to defending their homelands, whilst the Goblinoid rabble move west - dreaming of Stuntie sandwiches. This sleepy, sun washed valley will soon become the valley of death!

FORCES

The forces involved in the battle have been split into four commands. In a four player game each player takes one command. In a three player game the most experienced player should take command of either both Dwarven commands or the two Goblinoid commands. The other players take one each of the remaining commands. In a two player game one player commands all the Dwarven troops; the other takes the Goblinoid commands.

Each of the following sections provides details of the troops belonging to each command along with details of its leaders and special figures. Notes are also provided on the aims of the commander of each unit: achieving these will secure victory points. See the *Victory Conditions* for further details.

It is important that each player reads only the details of their own forces. All other information is for the GM only, who can give each player any background from the outline which is considered appropriate. Permission is granted to make photocopies (for personal use only) of the relevant sections of this scenario. These can then be handed out to the army commanders.

The two armies (Dwarf and Goblinoids) are large, and the battle will take some time to complete so, gird your whatevers, and get to it!



BARNOK BLATTERZARN'S DWARVEN REAVERS

Commander's Brief

So, a tide of filthy Orcs, Goblins - and Grungni knows what else - is moving up the valley towards your hold! Well, if they think for one moment that they're going to get past you, then their pathetic intellect is even worse than you thought.

It is vitally important that they don't get past you (or the troops of Dunerka-a-Veran, your ally), for all your forces are here, and behind lies a clear way to your hold, mighty Carak Oran, defended by only a few veterans, who, while valiant, would stand little chance against a major onslaught.

You have only had time for a hasty tactical conference with Dunerka, during which it was decided that you would be responsible for holding the northernmost bridge, which crosses a branch of the River Rustk.

You can now see the first enemies approaching, and with that sight comes the surge of battle fury! It has been a long time since your axe last did its gory work, but that time has come again.

Barnok Blatterzarn - Level 20 Dwarf Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	7	4	4	5	4	5	4	10+3	7	10+1	10+1

Barnok wears heavy armour, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6. Barnok wields a double-handed weapon.

Barnok is an individually based model and can attach himself to any Dwarf unit under his command.

Barnok is a feared and respected commander of almost legendary standing in Carak Oran. A harsh disciplinarian, his name is often used by harassed Dwarven parents to quieten unruly children, a state of affairs which would not displease him.

Barnok's battle standard depicts a mighty black axe on a red background.

Tarthan Trollbaiter and Balzud Ugal - Level 10 Dwarf Heroine and Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	10+1	7	9	9

Tarthan wears light armour, giving an armour saving throw of 6. She wields a double-handed weapon.

Tarthan is a fanatical follower of Barnok and her hatred of Goblinoids knows no bounds. She uses Orc's blood to spike her hair. Some of her troops think this is a teeny bit tasteless, but none would dare to bring it up in conversation!

Balzud's weapon is an axe (hand weapon). He wears light armour and carries a shield, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6.

Balzud's name means 'Hand of Iron Strength', and he boasts that he can crush a Goblin's head in one hand. Those who

wish to avoid being spattered with what serves Goblins for brains, should refrain from asking for a demonstration.

Tarthan and Balzud are both individually based models and can attach themselves to any unit under Barnok Blatterzarn's command.

Dwarfs - 65 Warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	7	1	9

These are split into units as follows:

The Ka-a-bab Skewerers: A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with pikes, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour confers a saving throw of 5 or 6.

These violent little chaps are happiest with two or three Goblins writhing on their pikes (or 'skewers', as they will insist on calling them). This image is presented in glorious technicolour on their battle standard.

Harpen's Hillmen: A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with hand weapons, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour gives a saving throw of 5 or 6.

This stout band of Dwarfs is a valued part of Barnok's army. Their standard shows a green hill with a sword sticking in it.

Tarquin's Twangies: A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer and a musician. They are armed with hand weapons and crossbows and wear light armour. Their armour gives a saving throw of 6.

The Twangies are often sneered at by the rest of the army because of their name and somewhat foppish mode of dress - but the sneers always dry up when The Twangies demonstrate their ability to lay down a withering hail of quarrels. Their standard shows a yellow rose and crossed quarrels.

Tab-asco's Burners: This regiment of 10 Dwarf Troll Slayers are armed with two-handed weapons and wear no armour. They are subject to *frenzy*.

The Burners prepare themselves for battle by drinking a strange red liquid, the formula for which is a jealously guarded secret. This potent brew transforms them into snarling, incoherent, red faced maniacs - feared by friend and foe alike.

The Artillery Guards: A unit of 5 Dwarfs armed with hand weapons and crossbows. They wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour gives a saving throw of 5 or 6.

This small unit of well armed Dwarfs is used to defend the Stone Thrower (see below).

Kadrim's Upchucker - 5 man Stone Thrower

Range Min * Max	Template	Strength	Save Mod.	Wounds per hit
16' 80'	1½" radius	7	-4	2d4

A fearsome war machine, the Upchucker's presence on the battlefield is sure to strike fear and loathing into your enemies hearts!

Stone Thrower Crew - 5 Dwarfs: These Dwarfs are armed with hand weapons and are unarmoured.

Obsessive, introverted engineers, these Dwarfs are always muttering about 'arcs of fire', 'trajectory' and other such arcane secrets.

DUNERKA-A-VERAN'S DEADLY DWARFS

COMMANDER'S BRIEF

When the message arrived from your ally, Barnok Blatterzarn, telling of a filthy gobbo horde approaching your lands, you received it with mixed emotions, for while battle is glorious, many fine Dwarfs stand to lose their lives. But, if what the priests say is true, these Dwarfs are assured a speedy journey to sit in honour by Grungni's side.

Enough of these musings, for there is a battle to be won - and win it you must, for if any of the filth get past your troops (and those of Barnok's) they will find your hold easy pickings, for all your forces are committed to the battle about to be fought.

In a brief discussion with Barnok it was decided that you would be responsible for holding the southern bridge that crosses the River Rustk. Now you can see the horde, their approach raising a vast dust cloud, you are committed - they shall not pass!

Dunerka-a-Veran - Level 20 Dwarf Heroine

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	7	4	4	5	4	5	4	10+3	7	10+1	10+1

Dunerka is armed with a hand weapon, wears heavy armour and uses a shield. Her armour gives her a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6.

Dunerka is an individually based model and can attach herself to any unit under her command.

From an early age Dunerka demonstrated a warlike bent, knocking her father unconscious if she was sent to bed early. Recognising her potential with a credible lack of umbrage, he sent her for military training. Dunerka hasn't looked back since, although her early enthusiasm for war has been tempered by an appreciation of its wastes, making her a careful tactician with a knack for complex manoeuvres on the battlefield.

Dunerka's battle standard shows a double headed axe embedded in a pile of Goblin heads.

Olrik Alenza - Level 10 Dwarf Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	P
3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	10+1	7	9	9

Olrik is armed with a halberd and wears light armour. His armour gives a saving throw of 6.

In his younger days Olrik spent some time with a clan of Norse Dwarfs. Impressed with their ways he adopted one of their names (he used to be called Oran). He now dresses in large furs, and also speaks with an irritating Norse accent.

Olrik will usually lead The Mashers (see below) into battle. Remember that if they go into a *frenzy*, so does Olrik.

Dwarfs - 58 Warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	7	9	9

These warriors are split into units as follows:

Harold's Best: A unit of 15 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer and musician. They are armed with hand weapons, wear light armour and carry shields, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6.

This unit carries on the memory of Harold the Huge - a Dwarf who reached the mighty height of five (yes, *five*) feet. All the warriors of this unit are bigger than your average Dwarf. Their standard shows mighty Harold towering over a wimpy looking Orc.

Brunt's Bruisers: A unit of 10 Dwarfs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with double-handed weapons and wear light armour, giving a saving throw of 6.

This over-muscled, under-brained group of thugs wear studded leather armbands, have long, greasy hair and speak in monosyllabic grunts. They don't 'arf make a mess of Gobbos, though! Their standard shows a gore-spattered hammer.

The Pincushioners: A unit of 15 dwarfs, including a standard bearer and musician. They are armed with hand weapons and crossbows and are unarmoured.

Mean and deadly, the Pincushioners can provide useful covering fire for other units. Their standard depicts an arrow peppered Goblin.

Olrik's Mighty Mashers: A unit of 10 Dwarf Troll Slayers armed with hand weapons and carrying shields. The shields give an armour saving throw of 6. The Mashers are subject to *frenzy*.

Usually led by Olrik (see above) these fearsome fanatics goad themselves into a frenzy and then launch into battle with glazed eyes and whirling blades - very dangerous!

Artillery Guards: A unit of 5 Dwarfs armed with crossbows and hand weapons. They wear light armour and carry shields giving them a saving throw of 5 or 6.

This unit is used to defend Kablamm and its crew (see below).

Kablamm - 3 man Organ Gun (three barrels)

Range	Strength up to 12" * Save.	Save Mod.	Wounds per Hit
36"	5	-3	d3

* For each additional 12" of range, the organ gun's *strength* is reduced by -1.

A product of the secret workshops of the Engineers Guild, Kablamm should be able to cut a swathe through any enemy unit - assuming it doesn't explode!

Kablamm's Crew - 3 Dwarfs: Armed with hand weapons and wearing no armour, these four deaf and smoke-blackened Dwarfs get a real kick out of the uncertainty of letting off a *really* big gun. Most of the army regard them as slightly (?) mad.

VOMITSKRAG KRUSER'S ORC NASTIES

COMMANDER'S BRIEF

Well, here you is, 'alf way up this stoopid valley, one 'ole month from 'ome and no Stuntie 'olds yet! It woodn't be no problem if it wern't fer the fact that the lads is gettin restless, not to mention the Trolls gettin 'ungry - and we all know how dodgy Trolls is, I mean they is even more stoopid than wot Gobbos is - an' Gobbos is about as fick as, erm, well about as fick as a pile of Snotling doos!

Hold it 'arf a mo - wots that up ahead? Woor, brill, Stunties! Well, praps not so brill, the're bleedin fousands of 'em. Hmm - this calls for some branes, its a good job yoor clever, innit?

You reckon that if there is this many Stunties out here then there can't be many where they came from - so far so good, but where did they come from ...erm... GODDIT! They must of came out of an 'old, and yood be a real hero if you looted an 'old. It's bound to be full of gold an' gems an' all sorts of really neat-fings!

So, if yoo can get past the Stuties iterd be ded easy to outrun 'em back to their hold, nick all the goodies and scarper! Wot a plan, its yoor bestist yet! Now, yoo'd berrer tell the lads and let the Gobbos know an all. They would never fink up somink this brill on their own...



NICK WILLIAMS

Kraal got his prefix when, drunk on spitberry juice, he decided that serrated ears would improve his looks. His longtime partner, Skimgol, did the business with his cleaver and, on the whole, Kraal is well pleased with the results.

Skimgol is armed with an evil looking double-handed weapon and wears light armour. This armour gives Skimgol a saving throw of 6.

Hated and feared by those under his command, Skimgol is sadistic, warped and definitely not nice - your ideal Orc anti-hero!

Both Kraal and Skimgol are individually based models and can attach themselves to any Orc unit, but while the Trolls (see below) are on the battlefield, Kraal will lead them.

Raving 'Rat' Ripsnarl - Level 15 Orc Wizard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	5	3	4	5	3	3	1	9+2	7+2	9+2	9+2

Magic level:2

Power Level: 20

Ripsnarl carries a hand weapon and is unarmoured. She can use the following spells:

- B1.3 Cure light Injury (3)
- B1.7 Flight (3)
- B1.15 Wind Blast (2+1 per phase)

- B2.7 Mystic Mist (4)
- B2.8 Rally (4)
- B2.12 Steadfast (4)

The bracketed figure is the magic points cost of the spell.

Vomitskrag Kruser - Level 20 Orc Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	6	4	4	5	4	5	4	10+3	5	8+1	8+1

*9+3 for *rout* and *psychology* tests taken while mounted.

Vomitskrag is mounted on a boar:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
6½	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	4	4	4

Vomitskrag is armed with a hand weapon, wears light armour and carries a shield. This armour, coupled with the bonus for being mounted gives a saving throw of 3, 4, 5 or 6.

Known as 'Pukebreath' when he isn't around, Vomitskrag's personal habits are beyond description. No, you're not going to hear them - and don't give me that line about 'in the interest of anthropological completeness'.

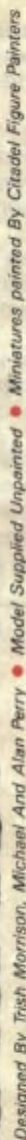
Vomitskrag is an individually based model and can attach himself to any Orc unit.

Ragged-ear Kraal and Skimgol 'The Butcher' Zekaarg - Level 10 Orc Heroes

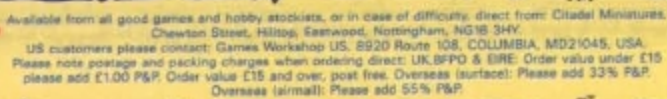
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	5	4	4	5	2	3	3	8+1	5	7	7

Kraal wields a hand weapon, wears light armour and carries a shield. This armour gives him a saving throw of 5 or 6 and reduces his movement allowance by ½" to 3½".

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'Rat' froths at the mouth and lets out constant snarling whines - a truly awesome condition. She wears a Dwarf's thigh bone through her obscenely stretched nose. Ripsnarl is an individually based model and can join any Orc unit she chooses.

Orcs - 60 Warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	5	7	7

Orcs are subject to *animosity* towards other Goblinoids.

These warriors are split into units as follows:

The Jakkuzzi Nightmares: A unit of 20 Orcs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with hand weapons, and carry shields. The shields give an armour saving throw of 6.

The Nightmares enhance their fearsome appearance by bedecking themselves with jewellery made from the corpses of vanquished foes - yuk! Their standard shows a black, demonic steed.

Agim's Ardent Archers: A unit of 20 Orcs, including a standard bearer. They are armed with normal bows and hand weapons, and are unarmoured.

Agim was a keen marksman, famed for killing his sister while attempting to shoot an apple balanced on her head. These archers carry on the fine tradition.

The Groundshakers: A unit of 10 Orcs mounted on boars. They are armed with spears and carry shields. The shields, coupled with the bonus for being mounted, gives the shakers an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6. The stats for the boars are as follows:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	2	4	4	4

The Groundshakers spike both their own hair and that of their boars with lime. Their arch-rivals are The Thunderers (see below), who they constantly trade insults with and regard as a bunch of upstarts - they haven't even got spiky hair!

The Terrible Thunderers: Another unit of 10 Orcs mounted on boars. For the boars' profiles see the Groundshakers, above. The Thunderers are armed with hand weapons and carry shields. The shields, coupled with the bonus for being mounted gives the Thunderers an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6.

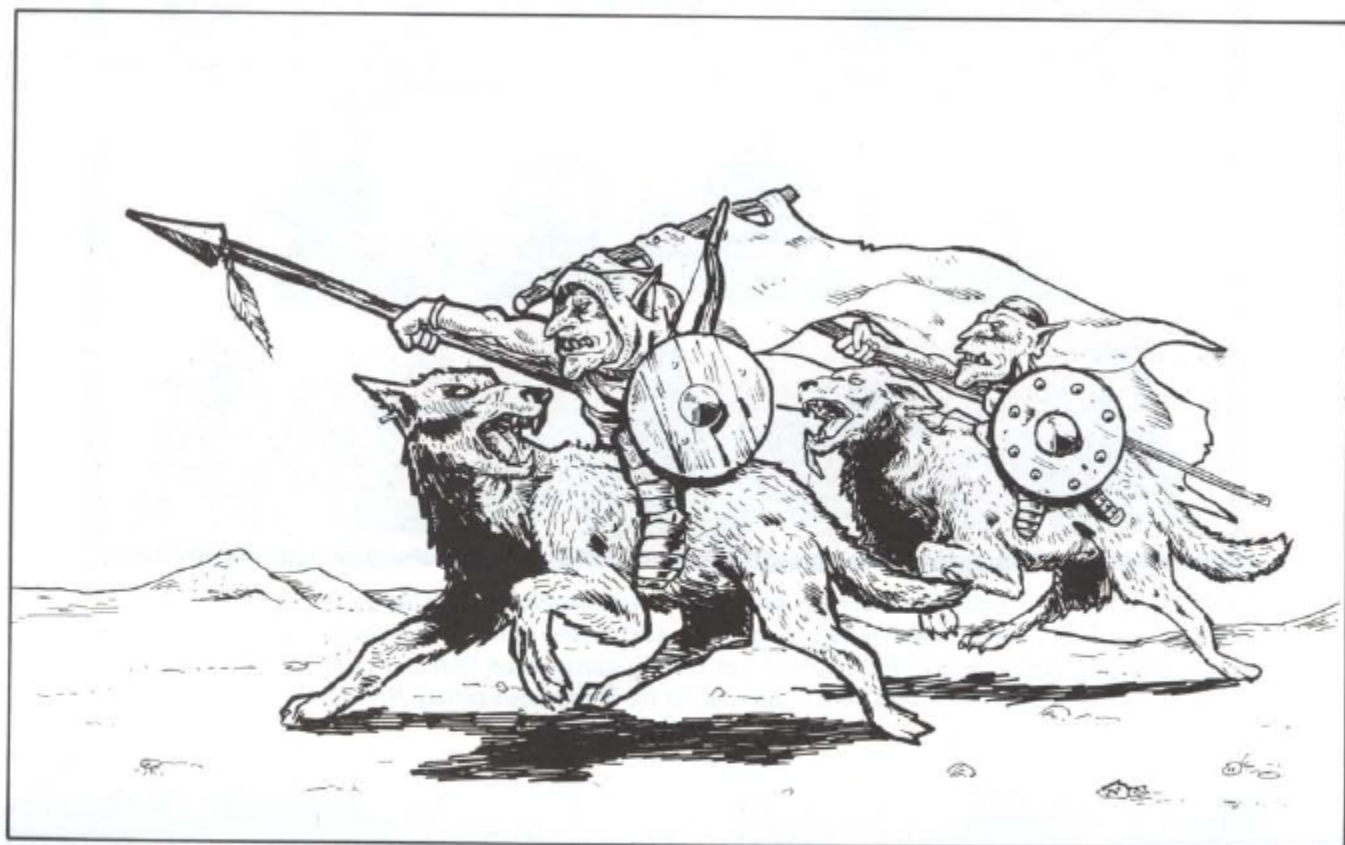
The Thunderers all carry small drums into battle which they manically beat with bones as they charge - the effect is anything but musical. The Groundshakers are regarded with unmitigated contempt by the Thunderers - they haven't got any drums, the wimps.

The Greenies - 2 Trolls

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4	4	6	6

The Greenies are subject to *stupidity*. Any character model who leads them is also subject to *stupidity*, but the test for both the leader and the Trolls is made on the *character's* Cl. The Greenies cause *fear* in creatures under 10' high, can *regenerate*, and may use the Troll *special attacks* (see the *Bestiary*).

This loathsome pair are led by Ragged-ear Kraal. Smeared with the remains of their last meal (an over ripe giant slug), these two are hungry and feeling *mean*.



PETE KNIFTON



GAN GREEN'S GOBLIN GANG

COMMANDER'S BRIEF

Yoo've just sighted a hole load of Stunties up the valley to the west, so its killin' time again!

Just as you was about to thunder into battle on yoor ded flashy chariot, the leader of the Orcs wot you decided to let come wif you, Vomitskrag Wassisname, trundled up on that pig wot he rides (not nearly as good as yoor chariot!) and said that he had fort up a brill plan. You fort this wos unlikely, but it turns out it *is* a pretty brill plan (not that you told 'im!).

So, yoo've decided to adopt the plan too - to try an' get round the Stunties wif out fighting them mor'un wot you have to, an' then race 'em back too their hold. Yep, though you hate to admit it, it is a good plan.

Still, the rest of your army don't 'ave to know who really fort it up, do they?

Gan Green - Level 20 Goblin Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3½	5	4	4/6	4	4	5	4	8+3	5	6+1	6+1

Gan is armed with a magic sword (hand weapon) that increases his Strength by 2 to 6. Gan wears light armour and carries a shield. Gan's armour gives him a saving throw of 5 or 6.

Gan sees himself as a fearless and mighty warrior and prefers to lead The Wheelies thundering into battle (in which case he rides one of the chariots), although he can join any Goblin unit. Gan's battle standard depicts a chariot scythe decapitating a cowering Stuntie.

Zitpicker Zorn and Blackhead the Worse than Normal - Level 10 Goblin Heroes

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	4	4	4	4	2	3	3	6+1	5	5	5

Zitpicker is armed with a spear and wears light armour, giving him an armour saving throw of 6.

Blackhead is armed with a short bow and a spear, wears light armour, carries a shield and rides a Giant Wolf. This armour, coupled to the 'mounted' bonus gives Blackhead a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6.

The stats for Blackhead's Giant Wolf can be found with the Howling Slaughterers, below.

Known as the 'Spot Brothers', Zitpicker and Blackhead have a lot in common - heave-inducing complexions and a hatred of all things Dwarven (well, all things really). Both the Spot Brothers are individually based models and can join any Goblin regiment, although Blackhead's favored position is with The Howling Slaughterers (see below).

Abra the Small and Cadabra the Not Very Big - Level 5 Goblin Wizards

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	4	3	1	2	1	5	6+1	6+1	6+1

Magic Level: 1
Power Level: 10

Abra and Cadabra are both armed with hand weapons and are unarmoured.

Abra can cast the following spells:

B1.1 Aura of Resistance (2)
B1.6 Fireball (1 per Fireball)
B1.14 Strength of Combat (4)

Cadabra can cast the following spells:

B1.6 Fireball (1 per Fireball)
B1.13 Steal Mind (4)
B1.15 Wind Blast (2+1 per round)

The number in brackets is the energy cost of the spell.

This diminutive pair of shamans are fairly new to the world of magic and are a trifle lacking in confidence. This won't stop them trying their little best, particularly as Gan Green himself has pressed upon them the need for success! Both these wizards are individually based models and can join any Goblin unit.

Goblins - 137 Warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5

Goblins are subject to *animosity* to other Goblinoids and *bate* Dwarfs.



PETE KNIFTON

WARHAMMER



CHAPTER 40,000 APPROVED

BOOK OF THE ASTRONOMICAN

**PRIORITY ONE +++ INQUISITION HQ +++
NEW CHAPTER APPROVED PUBLICATION**

Input ref: Emergency code 007 Inquisitor Bond

Transmission 1. By means of posing as a degenerate artist I have succeeded in infiltrating the Games Workshop Secret Base. After almost a week of undercover work I have gained access to their most sensitive areas. It is worse than we thought. Not only is Games Workshop the undeniable originator of the awesome Warhammer 40,000 game and miniatures, but the fiends are even now planning to launch a fresh assault upon humanity... more to follow. I must paint some goblins or they will begin to suspect.

Transmission 2. The work here amounts to virtual slavery. The strange thing is they all seem to enjoy it. I can now reveal the nature of the new threat. It is called **CHAPTER APPROVED** and like the White Dwarf feature of the same name it is devoted exclusively to the WH40K game. Have they no mercy! It is too much to imagine - a whole 96 pages devoted to Warhammer 40,000. The impact on the Imperium could be devastating. I painted a goblin pink yesterday. I think they are beginning to suspect.



Transmission 3. It's too much... 16 pages of Warhammer 40,000 miniatures including new heavy support weapons, Marines, Army, Zoats and others. Complete army lists exposing the inner-most secrets of the Ultramarines and Whitescar chapters of Space Marines as well as the Penal Legion, Eldar Pirates and others. A complete Warhammer 40,000 campaign featuring the Spacewolves chapter of Space Marines and renegade Orks from the abominable Empire of Charadon. Fantastic colour illustrations. A brilliant competition and unbelievable prizes. A complete painting guide from John Blanche... a creature long known to be possessed by warp-demons. I think they've found me out. It was painting little flowers on the Chaos Warriors that aroused their suspicion. No wait...they're coming...they're coming...arggggg!

Transmission 4. Inquisitor Bond is busy right now. He fits in much better now we've burned half his brain out. He'd just like to say that **WARHAMMER 40,000 CHAPTER APPROVED** is going to blow your human minds! And it's out soon.

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These are split into units as follows:

The Stuntie Spikers: A unit of 40 Goblins, including a standard bearer and a musician. They are armed with spears and wear no armour.

Looking like a huge hedgehog this large unit of nasty little green chaps takes a lot of pushing back. The Spikers' standard shows a forest of spears, whilst the musician's favorite number is 'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go... He deeply resents accusations that he doesn't know any other songs - it's just that he has trouble remembering them.

Slashing Slasher's Slashing Slashers: A unit of 25 Goblins, including a standard bearer and a musician. They are armed with hand weapons, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour gives a saving throw of 5 or 6, and also confers a movement penalty of $\frac{1}{2}$ ", reducing their movement rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ ".

The Slashers only accept those Goblins who can say the regiment's full name correctly first time. They rightly regard themselves as something of an intellectual elite amongst Goblins.

Zargrag's Shooters: A unit of 20 Goblins, including a standard bearer. They are armed with hand weapons and short bows, and are unarmoured.

As long as they don't get into melee, where their poor weapon skill lets them down, the shooters can be useful for pinning down enemy units. The Shooter's standard depicts a Goblin fist.

The Sproinnngs: A unit of 20 Goblins, including a standard bearer. They are armed with hand weapons and short bows, but are unarmoured.

A particularly unimaginative bunch, the Sproinnngs named themselves after the noise that happens when they all let fly at once.

We've Got Nasty Pointy Things And We're Going To Use Them: A unit of 20 Goblins, including a standard bearer. They are armed with javelins and hand weapons and carry shields. The shields give an armour saving throw of 6.

Winners of 'The Most Unwieldy Unit Title Award' for the last five years, The Pointy Things, as they are most often known, are a rather immature group of Goblins who delight in sticking their Pointy Things into Dwarfs. Their standard shows - you guessed it - a Pointy Thing.

The Howling Slaughterers: A unit of 12 Goblins mounted on Giant Wolves. They are armed with hand weapons and bows, wear light armour and carry shields. Their armour, coupled with the bonus for being mounted, gives the Slaughterers a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6.

The Howling Slaughterers' (and Blackhead's) Giant Wolves

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
8½	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	4	4	4

Usually led into battle by Blackhead the Worse Than Normal, the Slaughterers are best used to harry the enemy on the flanks, where they can cause considerable trouble.

Fogrot Frother's Raving Psychos: 5 Goblin Fanatics, armed with balls and chains. These honoured few have been chosen for a glory-filled spin round the battlefield. They should be hidden in the existing Goblin regiments (above).

The Wheelies - 2 Goblin Light Chariots: The chariots are fitted with scythes.

Each chariot is pulled by 2 Giant Wolves:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
9	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	4	4	4

Each chariot has a crew of 2 Goblins:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5

The crew are armed with hand weapons and wear light armour. Their armour gives them a saving throw of 6.

The Wheelies are very hard to stop when charging - they are likely to decimate any unit they hit. Gan Green usually leads them into battle, scythes flashing in the sun, snickering through Stuntie bodies like, well, like a knife through a Dwarf, I suppose.

The Bogies - 5 Snotling bases

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	2	2	1	3	3	3	4	4	4	4

This regiment of Snotlings is armed with poisonous weapons (the S bonus is already added to their profile, above).

Small, green and wimpy, a single Snotling is a pathetic sight - stick a whole bunch of them together though....





TERRAIN

The battlefield is a valley which runs from east to west. The valley floor is bounded to the north by three hills. On the central hill is a small wood and a boulder field, both situated on the hill's southern side.

Down the centre of the valley, flowing from east to west, is the River Rustk. From the northern hills two waterways join the Rustk - a small stream to the east; a river (crossed by a bridge) to the west.

Just south of this bridge the River Rustk divides. One fork branches off west by northwest, the other flows southwest.

To the south of the river is a large hill which forms the southern table edge. This hill has a large wood on its northern side, flanked by two boulder fields.

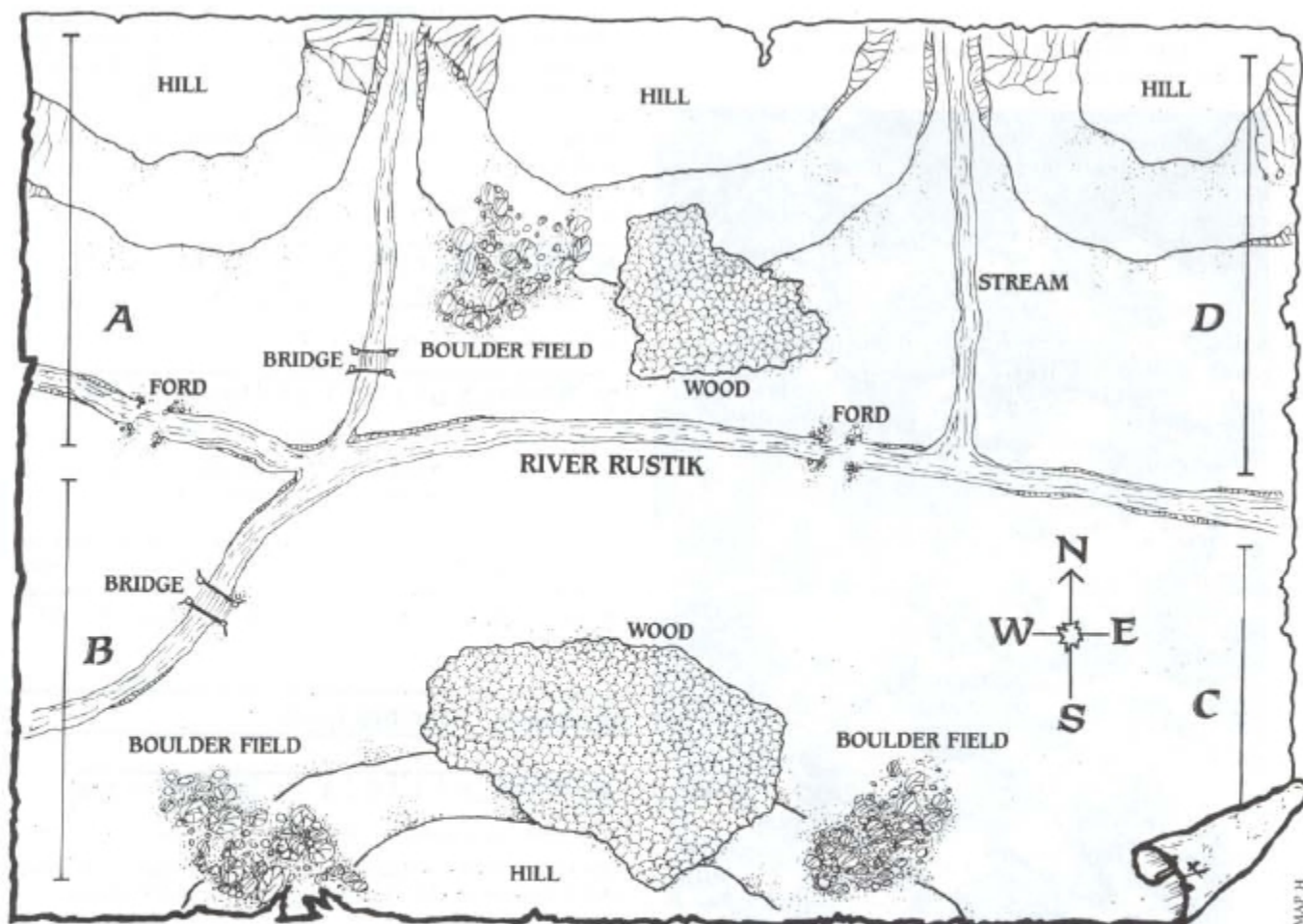
LOCATIONS

Hills

The steep hills count as difficult ground (half movement).

Woods

All woods reduce movement by half and visibility is reduced to 2". Troops wishing to fire missiles out of woods must be standing at the treeline edge, and are counted as being in soft cover.



TABLETOP PLAN



Troops further than 2" into a wood and 2" or more away from enemy troops may be assumed to be hidden and, after consultation with the GM, removed from the table. Models within 2" from the edge of a wood are only assumed hidden if they do not move during the turn. Their position will be revealed if they move or shoot, or if any enemy comes within 6" of the wood's edge.

Rivers

All the water on the battlefield is in the form of rivers, except for the stream which runs north to south on the eastern side of the tabletop plan.

The rivers are 2" wide and are fairly fast flowing. Any unit can attempt to swim the river at any point. To emphasise the chancy nature of such a manoeuvre, percentile dice should be rolled - the result being the percentage of troops lost (swept away or drowned).

The Trolls (carrying their Orc leader) can wade the rivers, treating them as difficult ground (half movement).

The rivers can be crossed more safely using the bridges and ford (see below).

Stream

The stream is icy and fast flowing, 1" wide. It counts as difficult ground (half movement).

The Fords

The fords are 3" wide and 2" across. They count as difficult ground (half movement).

The Bridges

Both the bridges are made of stone, are 2½" wide and have stone walls along their sides. The walls count as hard cover and have *Toughness* 7 and 5 *Wounds* per side.

Boulder Fields

These boulder fields are loose and unstable and count as difficult ground (half movement). In addition to this, due to the dangers of a broken leg etc, the riders of any mounted creatures must treat these fields as very difficult ground (one quarter movement).

GAME STRUCTURE AND OBJECTIVES

After laying out the battlefield as shown on the tabletop plan, the GM should give the players the details of their respective forces and deal with any queries that arise - in private if this seems necessary. The information about individual forces is for the commander of that force only.

Due to the route of the opposing troops through the valley, they will sight each other simultaneously. To simulate this (and the problems of moving a large number of troops up a narrow valley) you must have each player make a simple sketch of their deployment line (see 'Turn 1, *sequence of action*', below), showing which troops will be coming onto the field first, together with their relative positions.

As it will be impossible to fit all the troops in one command along their deployment line, this sketch should also show which troops are following up, their order, the colour of their underwear and so on. These remaining units can only move onto the battlefield in subsequent turns, when there is room on the table edge for them. The players must bring troops on as soon as there is room for them along their deployment line. If players wish to hold troops back they become subject to

the rules for *Trailing Forces* given in the *Deployment* section of *Warhammer III*.

Because this 'deployment sketch' is binding (ie no crafty altering of the troops' positioning!) and dictates the order in which units get onto the battlefield, it is *very* important - and will prove to be one of the major factors in the eventual outcome of the battle. You should point this out to the commanders, encouraging them to take their time over this major tactical decision.

SEQUENCE OF ACTION

Turn 1

Barnok Blatterzarn deploys troops along the line marked 'A' on the tabletop plan.

Dunerka-a-Veran deploys troops along the line marked 'B' on the tabletop plan.

Vomitskrag Krusher deploys troops along the line marked 'C' on the tabletop plan.

Gan Green deploys troops along the line marked 'D' on the tabletop plan.

A die should be rolled to see which side (Goblinoid or Dwarven) moves first and then the turn proceeds as usual.

Turn 2 Onwards

Following turns proceed as normal, with further troops being brought on as and when the commanders wish (giving the option of holding troops back), providing there is space for them along the deployment lines. Remember that troops must be brought on in the pre-arranged order given on the players' deployment sketches (see *Starting The Game*, above).



VICTORY CONDITIONS

Due to the unique nature of this battle (one side attempting to avoid the other), the game resolution system given in *Warhammer III* is not used. Instead, at the end of the battle (either a pre-arranged time limit or when all the Goblinoids have been killed or routed off the western table edge), Victory Points should be awarded to each player according to the lists below. Players are only awarded points for casualties inflicted by their own troops - no points accrue for driving the enemy into someone else's killing ground. The GM must keep a record of each side's casualties - and who inflicted them - throughout the battle.

The Goblinoids receive relatively few points for killing enemy troops. It's worth pointing this detail out to the Goblinoid commanders before battle commences, their ultimate objective being the spoils that inevitably lie unprotected beyond the far edge of the valley.



Barnok Blatterzarn's Dwarfs: VPs

- +6 Vomitskrag Krusher slain
- +5 Each Troll slain
- +4 Gan Green slain
- +3½ Each Goblin chariot captured or destroyed
- +3 Each of Ragged-ear Kaal and Skimgol Zekaarg slain
- +3 Raving 'Rat' Ripsnarl slain
- +3 Each Snotling base slain
- +2 Each of Zitpicker Zorn and Blackhead the Worse Than Normal slain
- +2 Each of Abra and Cadabra slain
- +0.75 Each Orc slain
- +0.25 Each Goblin slain
- 3 Barnok Blatterzarn slain
- 2 Kadrim's Upchucker captured or destroyed
- 1½ Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter and Balzud Ugal slain
- ½ Each Dwarf slain

Dunerka-a-Veran's Dwarfs: VPs

- +6 Vomitskrag Krusher slain
- +5 Each Troll slain
- +4 Gan Green slain
- +3½ Each Goblin chariot captured or destroyed
- +3 Each of Ragged-ear Kaal and Skimgol Zekaarg slain
- +3 Raving 'Rat' Ripsnarl slain
- +2 Each of Zitpicker Zorn and Blackhead the Worse Than Normal slain
- +2 Each of Abra and Cadabra slain
- +0.75 Each Orc slain
- +0.25 Each Goblin slain
- 3 Dunerka slain
- 2½ Kablamm captured or destroyed (by enemy action)
- 1½ Olrik slain
- ½ Each Dwarf slain



Vomitskrag Krusher's Orcs: VPs

- +3 Barnok Blatterzarn slain
- +3 Dunerka-a-Veran slain
- +2½ Kablamm captured or destroyed (by Orc action)
- +2 Kadrim's Upchucker captured or destroyed (by Orc action)
- +1½ Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter, Balzud Ugal and Olrik slain
- +0.75 For each model (Orc, Troll or leader) which escapes off the west edge (*not* routing troops)
- +½ Each Dwarf slain
- 6 Vomitskrag Krusher slain
- 5 Each Troll slain
- 3 Each of Ragged-ear Kaal and Skimgol Zekaarg slain
- 3 Raving 'Rat' Ripsnarl slain
- 0.75 Each Orc slain

Gan Green's Goblins: VPs

- +3 Barnok Blatterzarn slain
- +3 Dunerka-a-Veran slain
- +2½ Kablamm captured or destroyed (by Goblin action)
- +2 Kadrim's Upchucker captured or destroyed (by Goblin action)
- +1½ Each of Tarthan Trollbaiter, Balzud Ugal and Olrik slain
- +½ Each Dwarf or Guildsdwarf slain
- +0.25 For each model (Goblin, Snotling or leader) which escapes off the west edge (*not* routing troops)
- 4 Gan Green slain
- 3½ Each chariot captured or destroyed
- 3 Each Snotling base slain
- 2 Each of Zitpicker Zorn and Blackhead the Worse Than Normal slain
- 2 Each of Abra and Cadabra slain
- 0.25 Each Goblin slain

At the end of the battle each player should work out their VPs total. The highest total of VPs accrued by each side (Goblinoid or Dwarven) indicates which side won the battle, with the commanders' individual scores showing who contributed most to the victory (or defeat).

To win the battle a side must have at least 10% more VPs than the opposition. Otherwise the result is a draw.

If one player has two commands (ie in a two or three player game) then they simply work out VPs for each command and total them. When one player has two commands the individual command VP totals may be used to show which of that commander's troops were more effective.

To battle then!

Matt Connell

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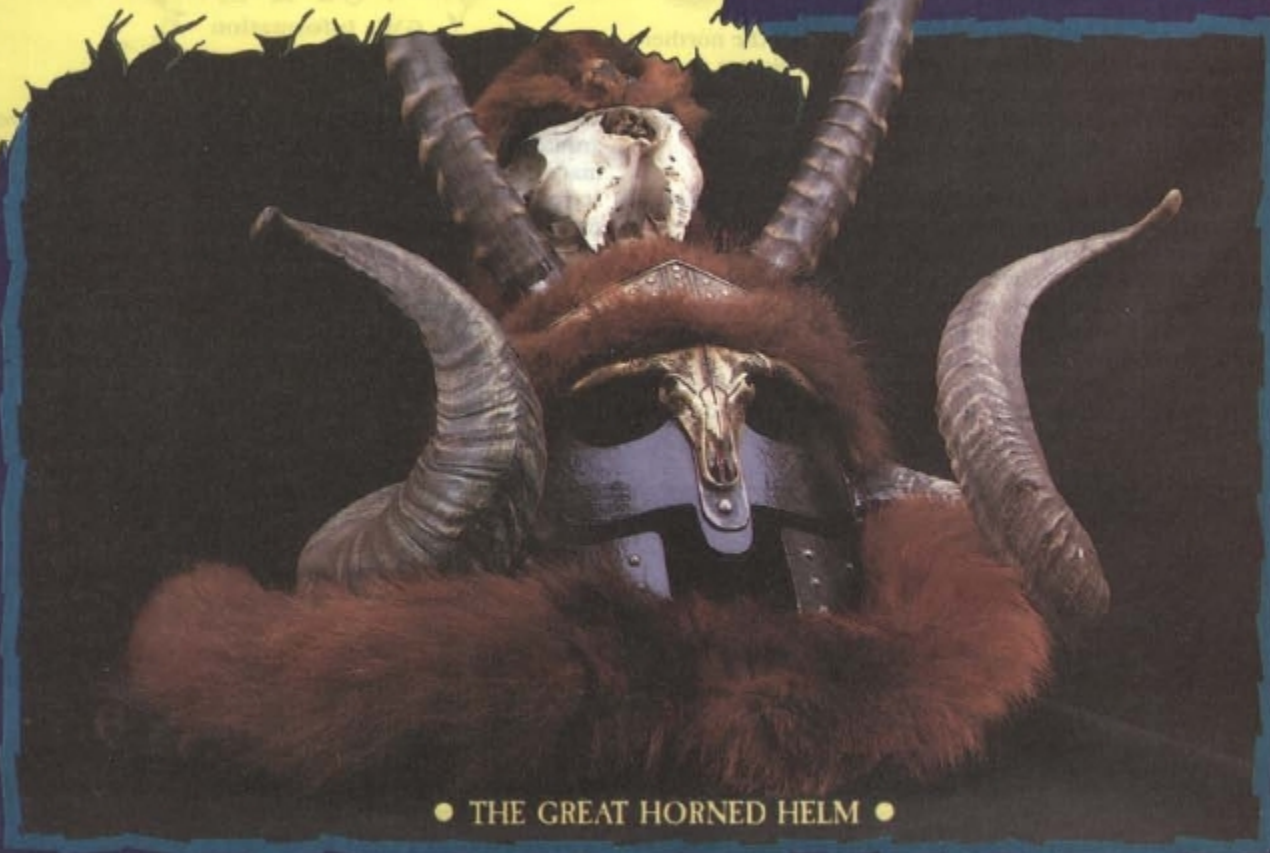
• HAGMAR'S TALISMAN •



• THE ORACLE OF BOKU-SAN •



• THE GREAT HORNED HELM •



ARTEFACTS OF LEGEND

by Graeme Davis

Every culture has its legends, full of heroes, monsters, magic swords and so on, and the Old World is no exception. *Warhammer City* includes the foundation-myth of the city-state of Middenheim, and other stories from the mythology and folklore of the Old World will be presented from time to time. Where the Old World differs from the cultures of our own world, of course, is that its characters may come across heroes, monsters, magic swords and the like in the course of their adventures. For the most part, these items are not legendary artefacts of great power - although they are undoubtedly useful, and adventurers will certainly miss no opportunity to acquire them! But nothing adds spice to a campaign quite like the inclusion of a major magical goody - especially if there's some interesting legend or story attached to it.

Obviously, the more powerful a magical item is, the more careful the GM will have to be in handling it. Powerful magical items can have a drastic effect on game balance, and if they mean that life suddenly becomes ridiculously easy, then the challenge and excitement can go out of the game very quickly.

The legendary artefacts described in these pages are just that - legendary artefacts. Stories are told about them in many parts of the Old World, but no-one is absolutely sure whether or not there is any substance behind the stories. Whether they actually exist, and whether player characters will ever have the opportunity to discover them, is up to you, the GM, to decide. If you do decide to use them, the notes below should help you to decide where and how they might be found, what restrictions and conditions there are on their use, if any, and how they might be used as a feature of an adventure.

HAGMAR'S TALISMAN

Players' Information

Hagmar Wyrmschlager is a legendary hero of the northern Empire, who also appears in the folklore of Norsca and the Wasteland. Quite when he was living is a matter of conjecture - despite the best efforts of scholars and storytellers, 'once upon a time' is as close as anyone can get.

It is said that a great and terrible Dragon was laying waste to vast tracts of the Forest of Shadows (in Norscan folklore, the scene of the action is shifted to the forests of that country's southern coastlands), and after the local king had sent out (and lost) all of his finest warriors, the son of his blacksmith offered to slay the beast. The warriors of the king's hall howled with derision and disbelief, but none of them was quick to take his place, so Hagmar the Smith set out on the Dragon's trail, taking only his father's heaviest hammer and a pouch of food.



Nick Bibby

After several days wandering through the forest, Hagmar came to a vast area of burnt earth and blackened stumps. Making camp at the edge of the forest, he killed a deer and set it to roast over his campfire, having first filled the gutted carcass with stones. Then he hid in the bushes and watched and waited.

A few hours later, the scent of roasting venison attracted the Dragon, which was as long as a village and as wide as a river. With one gulp it swallowed the deer, the spit, the stones, and a good deal of the campfire as well. When the stones reached the creature's stomach, the intense heat there was far greater than the temperature within the roasting deer, and they shattered, as Hagmar had seen stones shatter in his father's furnace. As the Dragon was writhing in agony from the sharp stone splinters, Hagmar strode forward and stove in its skull with his father's hammer.

With the Dragon dead, Hagmar was able to recover its hoard of treasure. He gave one-third to the king, kept one-third for himself and gave the remaining third to endow a great temple to Taal (there are at least three temples in The Empire which claim to have been founded by Hagmar, and more in Norsca). In this temple he set the Dragon's skull as a trophy, and he brought the rest of the Dragon's bones back to his father's forge, for it was believed at that time that a weapon wrought in a fire of Dragon-bones would never shatter.

Even though he was now a hero, Hagmar Wyrmschlager - as he became known - was content with the life of a smith, and practised this craft until his death, although the treasure he had won from the Dragon meant that he had no need to work for a living. After his father had taught him all he could, Hagmar went to study with a master smith far from his home, taking with him three prentice-pieces: a dagger, a mail coat and a silver belt-buckle, all of them worked in a fire of Dragon-bones at his father's forge. Each is said to have some of the virtues of the Dragon over whose bones it was worked: to the dagger was given the bitterness of a Dragon's bite, to the mail coat the hardness of its scales, and to the buckle, the virtue of the Dragon's great strength.

GM's Information

Although it has been fitted with a chain so that it can be worn around the neck as a talisman, the silver buckle is indeed that made by the legendary Hagmar Wyrmschlager. The silver has stayed unusually bright and free from tarnish, so that any *Estimate* or other *Int* test made to judge its age and value is at a -20 penalty - if the test is failed, the piece will appear to be no more than fifty years old, and worth about 250GCs. If the test is successful, the piece will be seen to be more than a thousand years old, and worth a great deal - it will be impossible to *Estimate* a value for it, because there is nothing to compare it with.

If a character with *Magical Sense* skill touches the object, a faint but distinct aura of magic will be detected. Anyone who has served a career as an Artisan or Artisan's Apprentice in the craft of Blacksmith or Jeweller and who examines the item closely, should make an *Intelligence* test (Apprentice +5, Artisan +20). Success will reveal that the object was originally made as a belt-buckle rather than a pendant.

Because it is currently fitted with a neck-chain rather than forming part of a belt according to Hagmar's original design, only a part of the item's power is functioning. Currently its powers are as follows:

- 1 +10 to *Fellowship* when dealing with Dragons of *Intelligence* 40 or more; this is because a Dragon can tell that it has been made over a fire of Dragon-

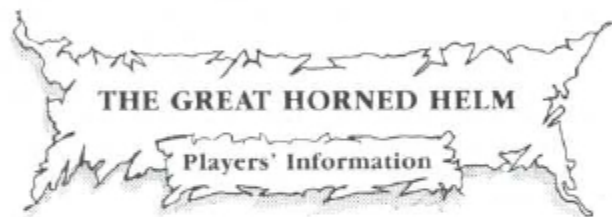
bones, and will therefore be wary of the item's owner. It does not mean that the Dragon will be friendly - far from it - simply that it will think twice before attacking.

- 2 -1 to modified damage from non-magical fires (not including *Fire Ball* spells and Dragon breath). The wearer is never *flammable*, even if drenched in oil.

Restoring the buckle to its rightful position on a belt will release its full powers. This will not be a straightforward task, however. The belt must be of fine quality, and of the hide of some animal - the legend will give the players a clue that Dragon-hide would be the best, but of course it is rather difficult to come by. Creatures of Chaos - such as Beastmen, Griffons and the like - may not be used; if the hide of a Creature of Chaos is used in the belt, the buckle will lose all its magical properties until it is taken off the Chaos-hide. The belt must be made by an Artisan level Cobbler or Tailor (or by a character who has completed the Artisan career in one of these crafts), using a *Construct* test against *Dexterity* with a -20 penalty. You should feel free to impose further penalties for using any but the finest (and most expensive) materials. If the test is failed (no matter by how little) the belt - although it may look alright - has no effect whatsoever. But if the test is successful, the buckle's powers will be augmented to the following:

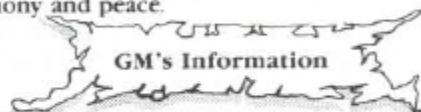
- 1 +20 to *Fellowship* when dealing with Dragons of *Intelligence* 40 or more; +30 if Dragon-hide has been used
- 2 -2 from modified non-magical fire damage, and -1 from magical fire damage (including *Fire Ball* spells and Dragon breath). The wearer is never *flammable*.
- 3 The wearer of the belt gains a bonus to *Strength* equal to half the strength of the animal from whose hide the belt was made, rounding fractions down. Thus, a belt of cowhide will give the wearer +2 S (based on a Bison's *Strength* of 5 - see *WFRP*, pp238-9), a belt of wolf-hide will give +1 S, while a belt of Dragon-hide will give +3 S, (using the profile on *WFRP* p236). This *Strength* bonus never applies to combat, however, except against a Dragon. It can, of course, be applied to all other *Strength* tests.

The location of Hagmar's other two creations - the mail coat and the dagger - is unknown, as are their precise properties. You may like to design these objects for yourself if you wish to use them in your games.



The Great Horned Helm is known by no other name in the legends of the Old World. According to the tradition of the cult of Taal, the Helm was given to Taal by his younger brother Ulric as a gift, when Ulric made peace with the other gods and agreed to limit his winters to only one part of the year. Taal accepted the gift willingly, for he had not been happy to be at war with his brother, but it left him in a dilemma. He had his own stag-horned helmet, which allowed him to know everything that happened in any wild place and see through the eyes of any wild creature, and he did not want to set this aside for Ulric's gift. At the same time, though, he did not want to offend his brother and place the fragile peace in jeopardy by refusing the gift, or by treating it lightly.

After a great deal of thought, Taal decided to send the Great Horned Helm into the world of mortals. He set it in the cleft of a rock atop a high mountain at the heart of his domain, where it has remained to this day. It is said that this is the holiest relic of Taal's cult in the world, and that it may only be found by a true follower of Taal, and only then if Taal judges the mortal worthy to bear it. The wearer of the Great Horned Helm will become the foremost of Taal's mortal followers, and will herald the start of a new age where mankind and nature live in harmony and peace.



The players' information above is only available in full from the cult of Taal; a character must be a follower of Taal and make a successful *Intelligence* test (Cleric of Taal +10 per level, *Theology* skill +10) in order to gain all this information. Sketchier details of the Great Horned Helm are available from the cults of Verena and Ulric. Research at a temple of Verena (see *Shadows over Bogenhafen* and *Warhammer City* for examples on running such research) will reveal the Helm's origins and the fact that it is thought to be in the world of mortals. A follower of Ulric may also be able to discover that Taal told Ulric that the Helm would be his most holy relic in the mortal world (*Int* test required, same modifiers as above).

The Great Horned Helm would make a suitable object for a quest involving a powerful follower of Taal - clues as to its whereabouts might be scattered throughout a number of temples to Taal. As well as discovering the Helm's location (which can be at the top of the highest mountain in any range you like in the Old World), the quester would have to undergo a number of trials on the way, to prove his or her worthiness to find the relic. Taal might allow one of his followers to find the Great Horned Helm so that it can be used for a specific purpose - to help destroy a powerful group of Chaos creatures threatening the forests of The Empire, for example - and then spirit it away again once the task is completed, to await another worthy to wear it.

Although the Helm features most strongly in the Human myths surrounding Taal and Ulric, it does not necessarily need to be worn by a Human; an Elven follower of Torothal, or of Taal's wife Rhya in her aspect as Haleth (see *The Enemy Within*, p21) might also be permitted the use of it, as might a nonhuman of any race who follows Taal under any name. The gods make little distinction between the races of their mortal followers.

The Great Horned Helm radiates magic almost tangibly; even characters without *Magical Sense* skill will feel the power radiating from it on a successful *Int* test if they are within 10 yards of it. The Helm's powers are as follows:

- 1 +3 *Armour Points* to the wearer's head;
- 2 The wearer will never be attacked by wild animals of any description, even if they are magically controlled; they will simply refuse to attack the



Nick Binky

Helm's wearer. Giant animals must make a successful *Will Power* test or likewise be unable to attack the wearer. This protection does not apply to creatures which have their origin in Chaos, such as Chimeræ or Manticores.

- 3 The wearer is immune to all Elemental Magic cast by mortals, and to cold, wind and lightning from any non-divine source.
- 4 The wearer may speak with any normal or giant animal, and gains a +30 bonus to *Fellowship* when doing so.
- 5 The wearer gains a +20 bonus to all saving throws against mind-influencing magic cast by mortals, including Illusions of all types and spells which induce psychological effects (e.g. *Cause Fear*).
- 6 By making a successful *Intelligence* test, the wearer may gain access to any skill from the *Ranger Skill Chart* which he or she does not already possess. This *Int* test must be made each and every time the wearer wishes to use the skill, and is addition to any tests required for the skill's successful application. If the *Int* test is failed, the wearer may not make another attempt to use that skill until sincere obeisance has been made at a temple or shrine dedicated to Taal.
- 7 The wearer of the Helm, and all followers of Taal who are with him or her, are treated as being in a shrine to Taal at all times. These characters may pray to Taal for a blessing or oracle (see *WFRP*, pp193-4) at any time when they are in the open air, except during combat. Their chances of success are doubled.

These are only the minor powers of the Helm; it may have further powers at your discretion. You should bear the circumstances in mind when thinking about allowing the Helm to produce some more dramatic effect, since the major powers are effectively divine interventions. Would the characters be able to achieve their goal without any further help from Taal? How closely have they been sticking to the strictures of his cult? Are they treating the Helm as a mere labour-saving device, rather than a sacred treasure granted to them by their deity? Like all the other deities of the Old World pantheon, Taal has better things to do than running around after a bunch of mortals.

Finally, remember that the Great Horned Helm is destined to be worn only by the greatest and most faithful of Taal's followers. Therefore, any character who wears the Helm must constantly strive to be the perfect mortal embodiment of Taal's faith. Any straying from the path and the Helm will vanish (along with a Fate Point in extreme cases), leaving the character with the uncomfortable knowledge that he or she has been found wanting. A trial may be necessary to atone for this failure, and the character may only find the Helm again after a long series of quests and trials, if at all.

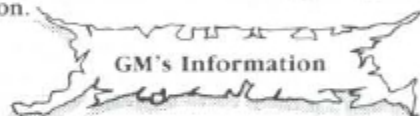
The Oracle of Boku-San

Players' Information

Thijs van Zwoteyvaant, it is said, was one of the most daring and successful merchants and explorers ever to set sail from the great port of Marienburg. Stories of his exploits across the world, from Cathay to Lustria, are told wherever seamen meet to drink and talk, and although the details of the stories vary

wildly from telling to telling, all are agreed that his like has not been seen in the Old World before or since.

He is said to have brought many strange and wonderful objects back from his travels, and many of the dealers in antiques and curiosities throughout the Old World will attach his name to any exotic or unusual piece, thereby doubling the amount that they can ask for it. While it is generally accepted that van Zwoteyvaant only actually brought back a fraction of the amount of objects attributed to him in this way, no-one can be absolutely sure whether or not any given piece is part of this fraction.



GM's Information

This magical statuette was brought back from Cathay or Nippon by Thijs van Zwoteyvaant, and once belonged to one Boku-san, a legendary mage of Nippon whose name has never reached the Old World. The statuette might be found in one of a number of places in the Old World: an antique dealers', such as Hieronymus Neugierde's in Middenheim; the home of a collector of antiques or oriental curiosities, or even the workroom of a Wizard. At first glance, the object appears to be a roughly spherical piece of polished wood, about the size of two fists and intriguingly but randomly shaped.

Close inspection of the piece (or a successful *Initiative* test at -10, on a casual glance) will reveal that it is in fact a carving of a broad-built man of oriental appearance, sitting cross-legged with his face in his hands.

Although characters with *Magical Sense* skill will notice that the object radiates magic faintly, its function will not become clear until a character uses *Meditate* skill in its presence. Meditation will take twice as long as normal to recover magic points; in fact, the character is recovering magic points normally, but an equal number of magic points are going into the statuette. Nothing will happen until the statuette has absorbed a total 10 magic points - these need not all come from the same session of meditation.

When the statuette has absorbed 10 magic points, it will sit upright, and the meditating character should make an *Intelligence* test at +10. If the test is successful, the character gains one piece of information, as if he or she had successfully used *Divining* skill. The character need not actually have *Divining* skill in order for this to happen. You should be careful about how much information you give away by this means, bearing in mind the notes on divinations (see *WFRP*, p50).

The information will spring unbidden to the meditating character's mind, and will only be communicated to that character - write it down and give it to the player, who can then choose whether or not to share it with the other players, whether to change anything or leave anything out, and so on. If more than one character is meditating in the same room, the statuette will take magic points from all of them (up to a total of 10), and will communicate the same information to all of them.

Once the *Int* test has been made, and whether or not it is successful, the magic points are lost and the statuette returns to its original pose. There is no other way of imbuing it with magic points other than by meditation, but there is no limit to the number of times this procedure may be repeated.

Words by Graeme Davis

Editing by Phil Gallagher and Jim Bamba

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Artefacts from various members of the Games Workshop Design Studio



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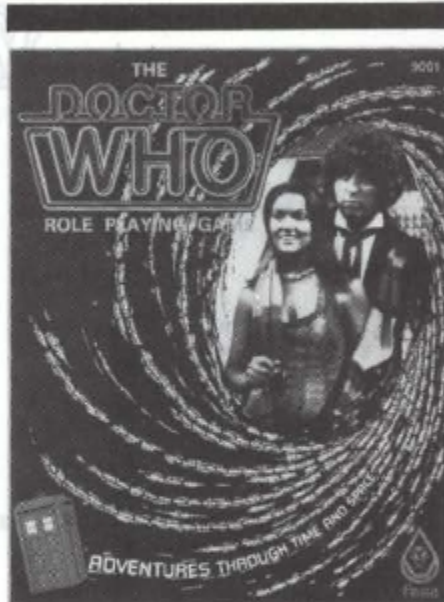


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PERIODS TO BE CONTESTED ARE AS FOLLOWS:



ANCIENTS - 15

Scale:15mm
Rules:WRG 7th Edition
Lists:WRG Books 1,2,3
Army Size:1600 pts

FANTASY

Scale:25mm
Rules:Warhammer Fantasy Battle
3rd Edition
Lists:Ravens Hordes
Army Size:2500 pts

RENAISSANCE

Scale:25mm
Rules:WRG 2nd Edition
Lists:WRG Lists
Army Size:1600 pts

MEDIEVAL

Scale:25mm
Rules:WRG 7th Edition
Lists:WRG Books 1,2,3
Army Size:1600 pts

ULTRA MODERN

Scale:1/300th
Rules:Challenger
Lists:TTG Vols 1,2,3
Army size:20000(attack)
10000(defence)

ANCIENTS- 25

Scale:25mm
Rules:WRG 6th Edition
Lists:WRG Books 1 & 2
Army Size:1250 pts

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DAYBROOK,
NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND



IN THE GREAT LIBRARIUM ON EARTH THERE IS A BOOK AS LARGE AS A TABLE. WITHIN ITS ANCIENT COVERS ARE ENTERED THE NAMES AND THE HONOURS OF THE THOUSAND CHAPTERS OF THE LEGIONES ASTARTES. IT IS A GREAT TOME THAT RECORDS THE HISTORY OF THE SPACE MARINES SINCE THE FIRST FOUNDING AT THE VERY DAWN OF IMPERIAL HISTORY. UPON ITS CRACKED LEATHER IS GILDED THE TITLE OF THE MOST HONOURED RECORD IN THE IMPERIUM - INDEX ASTARTES.

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**ULTRA
MARINES**

INTRODUCTION

Captain Asata made his way up the winding steps to the fortress's uppermost battlements. He was not surprised to see the elegant form of Astropath Illiyan Nastase staring out sightlessly from the edge of the ramparts. The half-human psyker never failed to unnerve him. As he approached, the shrill voice of the bastard pierced the hot evening air. 'Captain Keorn Asata', he announced, without turning his head, 'your footfalls are as distinctive as an Ambull dancing upon a tile roof.'

Asata fingered the hilt of his intricately inlaid sword but thought better of it. Instead he spat venomously at the dry, sandy ground. 'You have picked them up?' He growled as he leant against the hewn stone of a battlement.

'They were faint,' replied Nastase. 'Too faint... I think they must have taken more casualties than anticipated.' He turned his strangely delicate Eldarian face directly towards Asata. The marine was all too aware of those unnaturally alien features, the long aristocratic nose, tight but large lips and of course, the characteristic sharp ears. Like all Astropaths Nastase was blind. His empty eyes were hidden by dark plasflex hemispheres, just failing to conceal the puckered scar tissue around his eye-sockets.

'These new recruits don't seem to have the right stuff,' said Asata with disdain. 'Dammit, when I first arrived here I didn't even get the privilege of the Ambull hunt. No, my initiation took place at the hands of the Tyranids, I've still got the scars from that battle and do you know something....?'

Nastase awaited the end of the anecdote. It was a story he had heard countless times before.

'Do you know something? They still made me go on an Ambull hunt as soon as I was out of the Apothacarian...'

THE ULTRA-MARINES

Imperial record	LA 06/807
Input ref	Sarpo Lupin Historical Revision Unit 87/658 LA/003
Input clearance	Petron Borsch - Historicus Prefectus
Input dated	064987.M41.
Further refs	Classified
Thought for the day	
Our presence remakes the past	

Chapter Ultra-Marine of the Legiones Astartes was founded during the inter-legionary wars of the thirty second millennium. Tradition places the date at 4001001.M32 - the very first day of the millennium. The chapter is therefore over eight thousand years old, making it a chapter of the third founding. Upon its inception, the Emperor gave the chapter the number 13 - formerly the number of one of the traitor-legions now banished to the Eye of Terror 'without number and name with all honours erased'.

Along with their number, the new chapter received the gene-sperm, implant zygotes, rituals, and other paraphernalia of indoctrination previously entrusted to the banished 13th legion. The chapter's founder was Roboute Gulliman whose bones now lie in the Reclusiam on Macragge.

The Ultra-Marines were inceptioned as a mobile legion based in a vast fighting fleet. The legion distinguished itself in the first Tyranic War (thirty fourth millennium) and subsequently in many other major conflicts. Following the last Tyranic War (ended 745 of the current - forty first - millennium) the chapter was entrusted with the

overlordship of what is now their home. This is the planet Macragge in the Vendors system. With the possession of the planet went the title of Imperial Commander and Lord Macragge as well as the right to be honoured as 'Adeptus Astartes' and to be addressed by those of equal rank as *Adept*. Both titles are reserved exclusively for the Adeptus Terra. They are only used by marine chapters which are also planetary governors.

Macragge is an inhospitable planet. Over four-fifths of its surface is covered with deep dust-oceans. Although they are uninhabitable by man, the oceans are a major source of protein rich micro-organisms as well as larger 'shrimp like' creatures called dust-krill. These are farmed by giant factory vessels called dust-harvesters. This provides not only the basis of the inhabitants' diet but also Macragge's sole exportable commodity. The remaining fifth of the world is solid rock, rising above the dust oceans in two main land masses called Westenland and Gullimanos.

The fortress-monastery of the Ultra-Marines lies in the Marabar plains on the continent of Westenland far north of the equator. Macragge has a breathable atmosphere whose oxygen content sours during the warmer months due to the activities of oceanic-bacteria. The prevailing temperatures are extremely hot during daylight, falling to below zero at night. Moisture content is almost zero within the areas bordered by the dust seas and very low even in the continental interiors. Both rain and vapour clouds are unknown, although clouds of air-borne dust sometimes obscure the deeper oceanic regions. Sealed suits must be worn within the proximity of the oceans to avoid lethal desiccation.

Vegetation is present only in very simple forms. Primitive fungi grow beneath the ground, opening small cracks and fissures and even living within the crystalline structure of the rock itself. This causes spectacular colouring of the normally red rock formations. The best known examples of this are the Rainbow Caves in the equatorial regions of Gullimanos. Although initially devoid of higher life-forms, ambulls and crawlers, which were imported for experimental purposes, have escaped and established themselves on both continents.

The chapter has fought in every Tyranic War to date (Tyranic Wars - wars fought against Tyranid Hive-fleets). The Ultra-Marines were one of the three legions which took part in the final assault on Hive-fleet 'Behemoth' (745 of the current millennium). This is the only known record of the destruction of a Hive-fleet.

Although now based firmly on Macragge, the chapter's fleet remains in good repair. The space-going expertise of the Ultra-Marines is used to good effect, attacking and destroying Ork raiding ships and Eldar pirates. Macragge's hyperspatial locality on the eastern rim of the Imperium means it is a useful supply base and jumping-off point for Imperial servants moving beyond the psychic-light of the Astronomican.

In the current year (987 of the forty first millennium) the Ultra-Marines are led by Imperial Commander Adeptus Marneus Calgar, the fourth Lord Macragge. Following a skirmish against Hive-fleet 'Perseus' in 976, Calgar lost all four limbs as well as large areas of body tissue and his left eye. Now fitted with bionic replacements, he is more-machine than man. The chapter's last action against the Tyranids was a skirmish with Hive-fleet 'Perseus' in 982 before it drifted out of the Imperium and disappeared.

CHAPTER ORGANISATION





IMPERIAL COMMANDER
MARNEUS CALGAR
LORD MACRAGGE

MASTERSHIPS

The Masters of the Order are important officials. Some perform a purely administrative role. Most, however, are also warriors and many are heroic figures held in awe by the order's young neophytes. A mastership may be held in conjunction with the captaincy of a company. Currently only Captain Asata also holds such a post; he is Captain of number 2 company 'strength is power' as well as the Master of Ordnance.

It is not unusual for a mastership to be held by a non-brethren - ie someone who is not a space marine. In the past, Masters have been ordinary humans (or even morphs or half-humans). Although falling within the feudal jurisdiction of the Lord of Macragge, non-brethren are not marines - some (such as those covered by the general category of 'staff') are slaves owned by the order.

The following offices are currently as indicated on the chart below. Masters are entitled to wear the ceremonial floor-length collared cloak in the colour shown on the chart. Some Masters have been known to wear these into battle! The collar badges are woven in gold and are replicated on the Master's powered armour.

Office	Current Holder (year 987 M41)	Colour	Badge
Master of the Apothecarion	Hulm Singa	White	
Master of the Ships	Christo Columbine	Black	
Master of the Forge	Samus Dexter	Red	
Master of the Household	Fimus Dour	Blue	
Master of the Ordnance	Keorn Asata	Scarlet	
Master of Sanctity Taw Takka chow		Green	
Lieutenant-Commander	Cha Lee	Purple	
Commander	Marnicus Calgar	Fur	

The cloak of the Commander is a valuable heirloom. It is made from the fur of an unknown alien creature. This is primarily a golden brown colour speckled with white. The lining and hood are scarlet.

Profiles and equipment are given later for each of the current Masters. See below.

THE WARRIOR COMPANIES

Except for the number 1 company, each company is led by a Captain aided by a Lieutenant. Each company is divided into ten squads of a sergeant, a senior trooper and eight ordinary troopers. Within each company Sergeants have seniority according to their squad number - number 1 squad being the most senior and number 10 squad the least senior. In battle the ten man squad is often divided into two five man fighting units under the command of the Sergeant and senior trooper. Every company also has its own Chaplain. Chaplains are members of individual companies, holding a 'spiritual rank' equivalent to the company's Captain. They have no military rank. In battle they fight as individuals, exhorting their brothers to greater deeds of valour.

The chart below summarises the traditional honour-names of each company as well as listing the names of current Captains and Lieutenants. The company's honour badge is painted on the marine's

shoulder armour above the chapter badge, and occasionally on the helmet as well.

Number	Honour Name	Captain	Lieutenant	Chaplain	Honour Badge
1	Foremost towards oblivion	none*1	Burt	Brown	1
2	Strength is power	Asata*2	Dieta	Magary	2
3	Endurance	Riebeck	Mullighak	Chale	3
4	Purity of purpose	Dewi	Pule	Wolf	4
5*3	erased	Huym	Welas	Dannon	erased
6	We ask only to die	Oquan	Hajadin	Nierack	6
7	Sacrifice	Ya-wan	Andros	Pilibart	7
8	Vigilance	Daquinn	Zous	Plo	8
9	Fortitude	Kull	Ida	Reile	9
10	Fleet of will (recon)	Lewing	Vincine	Omes	10



*1 Number 1 company is led by the Lieutenant-Commander. The current Lieutenant-Commander is Cha Lee (see below).

*2 Keorn Asata is also Master of the Ordnance (see below)

*3 Number 5 company held the honour Steadfast until its ritual decimation and erasure of all honours following the Dolman Chain campaign in 986. This punishment deprives the company of its honour name and badge - the company is referred to simply as number 5 and no honour badge appears on the company's armour. The company will be awarded a new honour name and badge when it is judged to have redeemed its defeat.

COMPANY ORGANISATION

Companies 1-9 are organised identically as described below. In practice, casualties may affect the numerical strength of units: individual squads may be combined as a result. All troops are trained to perform in any of the types of squad. The distinction is a tactical one rather than being indicative of different training or ability, although special assault squads are always made up of the most experienced marines.

Captain (lieutenant-commander in the case of no.1 co)	
Lieutenant	
Chaplain	
1 special assault squad	324½ pts
2 assault squads	179 pts
1 heavy weapons squad	317½ pts
6 tactical squads	236 pts

Number 10 company (Fleet of will) is equipped as a reconnaissance unit. It comprises the following individual squads.

1 tactical squad	236 pts
9 reconnaissance squads	264 pts

The points value of a company excluding lieutenant and captain is 2416 for companies 1 to 9 and 2612 for the recon company. The total value of the chapter not including officers above sergeant rank is therefore 24,366 points at full strength and with standard equipment.

In fact, the current strength of the chapter is marginally less than full. Apart from recent battle casualties, the dishonour of company 5 has reduced the chapter's numbers somewhat. See the entry under *Cha Lee* for details of this particular event. Company 5 has only 3 tactical squads. Company 9 is generally used as a reserve unit and comprises the youngest and least experienced Marines. Because its troopers are frequently re-allotted to other companies it is usually at less than full strength and currently has no special assault squad and only 3 tactical squads.

SQUAD TYPES

Special Assault Squad (Scalpers)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1 sergeant, chainsword, knife, 2 bolt pistols, plasma grenades (2)	4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8
9 marines, chainsword, knife, 2 bolt pistols, crack, smoke and frag grenades	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8

All members of the special assault squads are veterans. They are subject to hatred of Tyranids. All wear powered armour with cameleoline. In addition the sergeant has a bio-scanner and an adapted infra-vision helmet visor. The unit has 2 las-cutters with 6 suspensors each (no move penalty).

Assault Squad (Hunters)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1 sergeant, power glove, knife, bolt pistol	4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8
7 marines, chainsword, knife, bolt pistol, smoke grenades	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, graviton gun, knife, shuriken catapult	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, flamer, knife, shuriken catapult	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8

All wear powered armour. The sergeant has a bio-scanner and an adapted infra-vision helmet visor.

Heavy Weapons Squad (Crushers)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1 sergeant, bolt gun, knife, bolt pistol	4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8
5 marines, bolt gun, knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, missile launcher (frag, heavy type crack shells), knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, grenade launcher (frag, photon, smoke, haywire grenades), bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, las-cannon, knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, heavy bolter, knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8

All wear powered armour. All heavy weapons have targeters. The sergeant carries both a bio-scanner and an energy-scanner. The squad has four suspensors.

Tactical Squad (Flayers)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1 sergeant, bolt gun, knife, bolt pistol	4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8
7 marines, bolt gun, knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, missile launcher (frag, heavy type crack shells), knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8
1 marine, heavy bolter, knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8

All wear powered armour. Each tactical squad carries two targeters and two suspensors.

Reconnaissance Squad (Stalkers)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
1 sergeant, power glove, knife, bolt pistol	4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8
9 marines, bolt gun, knife, bolt pistol	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8

All wear powered armour with cameleoline and have helmets adapted to infra-vision. All are equipped with flight packs. Each squad carries two bio-scanners and two energy-scanners.

VEHICLES

The chapter maintains a large number of fighting vehicles in its extensive workshops on Macragge, as well as a permanent force on board the fleet. These latter are stored in drop-ships and can be mobilised as swiftly as the Marines themselves.

The chart below illustrates the number of operational vehicles of each type at the beginning of the current year (987). Each type, except the bike, conforms to the typical profiles given in the *WH40K* book. The Bike is the uprated Mk13 Mechanicus Adeptus model conforming to the profile given as the Mk14 MA 'Bullock' in the previous issue of *White Dwarf*.



Vehicle	Light	Medium	Heavy	Other
Bike				150
Crawler	2	8	1	
Flyer	40	25	12	
Hoverer	45	10	50	
Juggernaut	4	3	1	
Landing-pod	500	50	150	
Road-wheeler	5	12	-	
Tracks/wide wheeler	10	50	5	75 Land Raiders
Walker	4	5	10	
Dreadnoughts				6 Imperial Battle Armour

Weaponry and equipment carried conform to those described as typical in *WH40K* - although items may be substituted at the beginning of a campaign where this may improve a vehicle's suitability. Typical vehicle allotment to fighting units is as follows.

Company or Unit	Vehicle
1 Company	10 Heavy Hoverers 2 Dreadnoughts
2 Company	10 Heavy Hoverers 2 Dreadnoughts
3 Company	10 Heavy Hoverers
4 Company	10 Heavy Hoverers
5 Company	10 Land Raiders
6 Company	10 Land Raiders
7 Company	10 Land Raiders
8 Company	10 Land Raiders
9 Company	10 Land Raiders
10 Company	50 Bikes - MA Mk14 Bullock 25 Light Hoverers - Land Speeder
Medical Communication	2 Heavy Hoverers 5 Light Hoverers - Land Speeder
Lieutenant-Commander	1 Light Hoverer - Land Speeder
Chaplain	1 Bike MA Mk 14 Bullock or Vincent Black Shadow

Standard equipment for bikes is as given in *WH40K* and in the previous issue of *White Dwarf*. Standard equipment for Land Raiders is as given on p110 of *WH40K*. Standard equipment for heavy hoverers is auto-drive, auto-fac, communicator, ejector seats and auto-aim for the main armament. Standard weapons are (main armament - turreted) las-cannon, (secondary armament forward firing) multi-laser and bolter. Dreadnoughts are as described on p119 of *WH40K*.

SPECIAL TACTICS

Normal squad level action will vary according to the situation. A great deal of training revolves around small action combat within and without spacecraft.

Example: In 982 number 4 company 'Purity of purpose' was involved in a fleet action against Ork forces in Gurun System. The Ork flagship was forced down onto Womo (Gurun 4) by fire from chapter vessels 'Guardian' and 'Warshield'. Number 4 company was immediately launched in drop-ships from their station on the Ultra-Marine's flagship 'Gulliman'.

The heavy weapons squads (crushers) took up positions behind a rock outcrop to provide covering fire. The special assault squad (scalpers) rushed towards the fallen craft under the cover of their

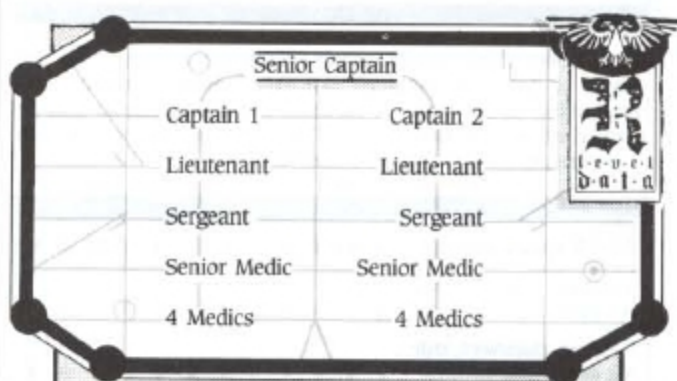
comrades' fire. They were met by the body guard of the Ork Admiral and thrown back after heavy fighting. Seeing the initial wave falter, the captain in command, Tiy Newman, led the remaining assault squads (hunters) into the ship. Following brief fighting, the remaining crew were driven out before the guns of the marine reserve (consisting of the remaining tactical squads (flayers)). Marine losses were 4 men of the special assault squad, 12 other marines and Captain Newman who died fighting the Ork Admiral.

MEDICAL

Medical staff are regular Apothecarian surgeons and doctors. Individuals undertake tours of duty as required, usually serving for the duration of a campaign. Only full brethren are sent on these dangerous missions: they therefore have marine profiles and equipment. Field-medics hold honorary ranks of Captain, Lieutenant, Sergeant, Senior Medic and Medic. The last two are equivalent to Senior Trooper and Trooper. However, these ranks are far less formal than within the fighting chapters and a campaigning force may have only two or three layers of command.

The medical staff have the use of two specially provisioned heavy hoverers. These have a vehicle mounted medi-kit, auto-drive, auto-fac, ejector seats and communicator. They are armed with three forward firing bolt-guns and a turret mounted multi-melta.

A full-chapter force would typically include the following medical staff:



Medics	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	CI	WP	Pts
Captains/Senior Captains	4	6	6	4	4	2	6	2	9	9	9	9	88%
Equipment: Powered armour, power sword, bolt pistol, knife, medi-pack													
Lieutenants	4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8	28%
Equipment: Powered armour, power sword, bolt pistol, knife, medi-pack													
Medic Sergeants	4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8	23%
Equipment: Powered armour, bolt gun, bolt pistol, knife, medi-pack													
Medics/Senior Medics	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8	22%
Equipment: Powered armour, bolt gun, bolt pistol, knife, medi-pack													

COMMUNICATIONS

As with medical personnel, a chapter's field-communications staff varies according to the mission. Communications Officers, Astropaths and Psykers all fall within this section. The primary role of psykers is to maintain inter-stellar and inter-planetary communications. On the battlefield psykers provide psychic support as required.

All communications personnel are drawn from the Librarium staff. The Librarium is the nerve centre of any marine fortress. The three groups outlined above differ in the following respects.

Communication Officers are brethren (ie fully initiated marines) who have technical expertise as well as battle experience. A Communication Officer will usually have held the rank of at least lieutenant before re-training in the communication role. Communication Officers are in charge of all aspects of communications as well as the psychic members of the force. A Communication Officer may also be a psyker (see below).

Astropaths - are Imperial servants, members of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica, posted to marine units as part of the Imperium's complex communications network. An Astropath may hold office within the chapter, but is not a marine and is ultimately subject to the will of the Adeptus Terra.

Psykers - some psykers are judged sufficiently strong to remain whole rather than suffer the transformation into an Astropath. Such men are recruited into the various Imperial services. Some are recruited by the marines and undergo the complete bio-chem ritual which turns them into marines. Some chapters integrate psykers into company level, but the Ultra-Marines place all such individuals within the Librarium. That is not to say they are unused to combat. Psykers perform a vital role as psychic support troops for their brother marines.

A typical chapter field-force of Communications staff would look something like this.



In addition, any fleet in space would have its usual allocation of psychic staff as well as navigators. Typical profiles are given below.

Communications	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
Comm Officers	4	6	6	4	4	2	6	2	9	9	9	9	86
Powered armour, power sword, bolt pistol, knife, long-range communicator, suspensor													
Astropath (non-brethren)	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	7	7	7	Varies
Las-pistol, power sword													
Psyker (brethren)	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8	Varies
Powered armour, bolt-gun, bolt pistol, knife													

Many of the Librarium staff have psychic abilities. Communication Officers committed to active campaigning would be about 50% likely to have psychic abilities as 'psykers'. The following mastery-levels would be typical in a full-chapter force.

Senior Communications Officer - level 4
 Communications Officer - 1 at level 3, 1 at level 2, 2 non-psykers
 Psykers - level 1

The points values of psychic individuals will vary according to their powers. As there are over a hundred individual psykers liable to duty tours it is not practical to list them individually. Generate powers randomly.

FAMOUS CHARACTERS

Imperial Commander Marnes Calgar



Calgar was amongst human prisoners rescued from Hive-fleet 'Locust' in the year 947 of the current millennium. His age was then estimated at 14 years based on translucency tests of molar eruption and epiphyseal fusion of the long bones. This makes Calgar 44 years old at the time of writing. Calgar was subjected to the usual tissue compatibility and psychological tests, passed with flying colours and was recruited into the order as a neophyte in the armoury. Calgar took his vows in 951 and was fully ordained as a brother marine in 954. He quickly rose through the ranks and was elected Master of the Household in 973 and Commander in 977 following the death of Decon, the Third Lord Macragge. Following a severe mauling in 976 Calgar has not taken part in any actions personally.

His bionic hands are actually very complex devices incorporating a variety of weapons and other gadgetry, including Jokaero digital weapons, knives, lights and communicator.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
8	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9	9	9	9	589½

As Calgar no-longer takes the field, he does not normally wear powered armour, although he does take the precaution of carrying a conversion field. The following equipment is carried at all times.

Power glove - built into right bionic arm. Includes 4 Jokaero digital lasers and knife.
 Power glove - built into left bionic arm. Includes web gun and communicator.
 Infra-vision surgical implants
 Bionic right eye - with targeter, bio-scanner and energy-scanner
 Bionic legs
 Bionic lungs
 Conversion field armour

Calgar hates Tyranids.

Lieutenant-Commander Cha Lee



Cha Lee has commanded the Ultra-Marines in battle ever since Calgar suffered his terrible injuries. Lee was taken from Ulmor as a child in 945. The chapter was engaged upon its pursuit of Hive-fleet 'Locust' at the time. The population of Ulmor was largely wiped out by the Tyranids before the Marines' arrival and the subsequent Battle of Ulmor. Those few inhabitants surviving the conflict were screened for recruitment and re-settled in the Rastaman system.

Lee rose to full Captaincy in 981 and became Lieutenant-Commander in 986 following the death of Lieutenant-Commander Muk Mukyoun in a flyer accident over the Iracund Sea (the dust-ocean lying to the west of Westernland). Cha Lee is noted for his

extreme fits of temper and uncompromising punishment of failure and disobedience. It was Cha Lee who ordered the ritual decimation and disbanding of honours from number 5 company (hitherto

Steadfast following an unsuccessful mission at Grox Station 27 in the Dolman Chain in 986.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9	9	9	9	248

Cha Lee wears powered armour and carries a conversion field in addition, he favours hand-to-hand weapons and typically carries the following equipment: Power glove (right hand), chainsword, bolt pistol, hand flamer and a supply of melita-bombs.

The following equipment is surgically implanted.

Infra-vision surgical implants

Bionic eyes - with targeter, bio-scanner and energy -scanner

Breathing apparatus - gill

Chief Librarian Astropath Illiyan Nastase



Illiyan was born to a human mother on the world of Badab following the expulsion of the Tyrant there in 912 of the current millennium. His father was an unknown Eldar mercenary. The youngster was gene-tested at birth in accord with the law and subsequently taken into Imperial custody. He was reared in the government compound by the Imperial Mission which took over the running of Badab after the war.

Along with other potential psychics he undertook the journey to Earth in 924 where further tests led to the eventual *soul-binding* in 925. From that point Nastase was recruited into the Administratum as an Astropath. He attained the ranks of Secundus, Prefect and eventually rose to hold

Consulship for four years, helping to run the Adeptus Terra's advisory Senate to the Master of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica. Following this he undertook four years service with the fleet, a further two years with the Dark Angels Marines and was appointed as chief of the Macragge interstellar communications link under the jurisdiction of the Ultra-Marines (965). Nastase is now 76 years old (current year 987) but, thanks to his parentage, shows few signs of age.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	5	5	4	3	1	7	1	8	9	9	8	181½

Pysker Mastery: Level 2

Psy-level: 20

Pysker Abilities: Psychic Sense (innate)

Psychic Awareness (innate)

Astrotelepathy (telepath)

Psychic Beacon (telepath)

Resist Psychic Attack (telepath)

Warp Space trail (telepath)

Cure Injury (level 1)

Immunity from Poison (level 1)

Steal Mind (level 1)

Mental Bolt (level 2)

Sense Presence (level 2)

Telekinesis 2 (level 2)

Nastase wears powered armour in combat and carries a force sword and laser pistol. Points value includes all psychic abilities including *astropath* abilities costed at 10 points each.

Master of the Apothecarion Hulm Singa



Singa was taken from Crows World following a brief campaign against Eldar pirates in the system. He undertook initiation at the relatively early age of 14 (973) and began to study medicine after two years combat training and one year active service. Proving a skilled administrator, as well as a first-class surgeon, Hulm gained full Mastership in 986. He has an acute if rather unnerving love of chainswords, having the idea firmly set in his mind that this is the only way to remove troublesome armour when attempting to deal with a wound.



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	6	6	4	4	2	6	2	9	9	9	9	104

Singa wears powered armour. He carries the following weapons: bolt gun, knife and bolt pistol.

He has the following equipment: bio-scanner, immune, medipack, rad-counter, stimulant, web solvents, 2 suspensors and a chainsword.



Death is not the end but the beginning of immortality.

Inscription on the tomb of Robert Gulliman

Master of the Ships Christo Columbine



Christo comes from a lesser Navigator Family whose fortunes have declined somewhat over the last couple of hundred years. Faced with family bankruptcy, Christos sold himself into slavery and was bought by the Ultra-Marines. The position of slave is not an especially dishonourable one for a Navigator. Columbine is accorded respect but is expected to fulfil his role to the best of his abilities. Christo was too old to undergo initiation when he joined the Ultra-Marines (the upper limit is 18, subject to the individual - 16 is usual). Christo is now (current year 987) 40 years old.

In 979 he joined the co-ordinating division of the Librarium and took over the Master of Ships in 982 - the first recorded instance of a non-brethren holding the post in this particular chapter. His heritage has left him spindly and his hands and feet are large and webbed.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9	9	9	9	93

Columbine wears powered armour. He carries the following weapons: 2 laspistols, shuriken catapult, knife.



Do not forget that Tyranids are the play-thing and help-mates of chaos. Their existence is an anathema to the rule of man. A blasphemy upon the soul of humanity. Their is only one answer to their evil - WAR! WAR! WAR!
- Commander Decon Third Lord Macragge

Master of the Forge Samuel Dexter

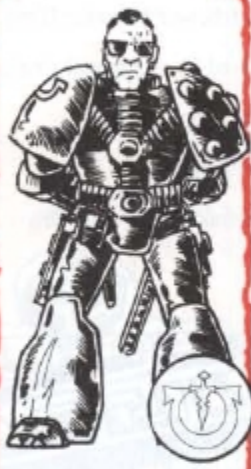


Dexter was born to one of the chapter's female slaves and, according to a tradition that all such children belong to the chapter, underwent tissue compatability and psychological tests at the age of 12. Dexter was formally recruited as neophyte at 14 and underwent initiation to full brethren at 16 (the year 966). His long study of runic manuals has instilled a wide understanding of robotics. It was Dexter who created many of the special features of Commander Calgar's bionic limbs. Dexter's pursuit of robot research has caused friction with Captain Asata who would sooner see the effort expended in replacing dreadnoughts lost during the skirmish on Burbeck's Asteroid against the Orks in 985.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	8	8	8	8	65%

Dexter has powered armour. He carries a bolt gun, bolt pistol and 8 plasma grenades. He also has a las-cutter which he uses as a weapon! The las-cutter's considerable weight (3" penalty) is offset by 6 suspensors.

Master of the Ordnance Captain Keorn Asata



Asata was recruited from a hive-world street gang during a recruiting mission in 950. He was 13 years old when captured, and following tissue compatability and psychology tests was earmarked for partial cerebral reprogramming. Although successful, the process has not entirely removed his rough edge. A ruthless warrior with a naturally alert temperament and rather brash manner, he is highly suspicious of Pyskers and regards Nastase with more than a little trepidation.



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	6	6	4	4	2	6	2	9	9	9	9	87

Asata wears powered armour with a refractor field. His weapons are: power sword, bolt gun, bolt pistol and knife.

Master of the Household Fimor Dour



This is the most highly regarded of all the Masterships of the Order.

The Master of the Household is responsible for the day-to-day running of the fortress-monastery, acting as private secretary to the Commander as well as administrating such mundane things as food, hygiene, repair, construction, slave relations and non-brethren recruitment. This is a hard but rather boring task. It is seen as providing the necessary training for future Commanders. Fimor is already 45 years old and has occupied his current post since the 'Perseus' engagements in which he fought valiantly. Fimor is an uncompromising administrator and business man whose combat heritage is often forgotten by younger and less

respectful brethren.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8	233%

Dour wears powered armour. His weapons are: 4 Jokaero digital lasers built into a power glove, a bolt gun, bolt pistol and knife.

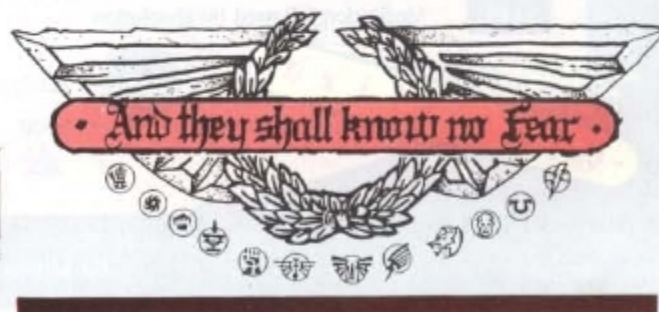
Master of Sanctity Tow Takka-chow



The Master of Sanctity is responsible for all the religious aspects of the order. Tow Takka-chow must ensure that the chapter's chapels and religious shrines are maintained, and that the moral life of the chapter is sound. Although a marine of great devotion, and irreproachable past, Tow is not a cleric - and not an official of the Imperial Cult. The performance of ritual and other religious duties are undertaken by the Reclusiarch Caberra. Tow's duties are purely secular, although he is ultimately responsible for making sure the Reclusiarch and Chaplains are doing their duty, and that the chapter remains beyond moral reproach. Tow is almost eighty years old, and is the oldest of all the current Masters. He has not fought in battle since the attack on Hive-fleet 'locust' in 947.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	6	6	4	4	2	6	2	9	9	9	9	85%

Tow Takka-chow wears powered armour. His weapons are: power sword, bolt gun, bolt pistol and knife.



Reclusiarch Leo Caberra



Leo Caberra is not a Marine but a priest of the Imperial Cult sent to minister to the spiritual needs of the Ultra-Marines. He does not fight in battle, although his famous speeches and blood-curdling threats of retribution have probably contributed to winning more battles than the average army!

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9	9	9	9	409

Leo wears conversion field armour, a displacer field and a stasis field. He does not wear armour - placing his faith in his own divine invulnerability (and all those field defences). Although he appears unarmed, his right arm is in fact a bionic replica, indistinguishable from real flesh, but housing a power glove and five Jokaero Digital lasers.

Captains



Number 1 company has no captain. The captain of number 2 company is Keorn Asata. The remaining captains are also subject to frenzy.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	6	6	4	4	2	6	2	9	9	9	9	101

All wear powered armour. Weapons carried are: power glove, bolt gun, bolt pistol, knife. The following equipment is carried: energy scanner, bio-scanner, infravision visor, communicator (100 mile radius). The weight of the long-range communicator is off-set by a single suspensor.

Lieutenants



Each of the 10 companies has a lieutenant. These are Lt Butt (1), Lt Dieta (2), Lt Mullighak (3), Lt Fule (4), Lt Weiss (5), Lt Hajadin (6), Lt Andron (7), Lt Zous (8), Lt Idu (9), and Lt Vincino (10). Their profiles and equipment are as follows:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8	22

All wear powered armour. Weapons carried are: Flamer, bolt gun, 2 bolt pistols and knife.

Chaplains



Each of the 10 companies has its own religious leader called a chaplain. Chaplains are responsible for the spiritual welfare of their company. It is the chaplain that leads the daily prayers, performs the necessary rituals, makes sacrifices and maintains the company's chapel and cult regalia. The chaplain's own spiritual direction comes from the Reclusiarch of the Order. This is Leo Caberra, High Preacher of the Imperial Cult. In battle the chaplains are always ready to show their faith by deed as well as by word. Their profiles and equipment are as follows.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Points
4	5	5	4	3	1	5	1	8	8	8	8	27

All wear powered armour and refractor field armour. Weapons carried are: Melta-gun, chainsword, 2 bolt-pistols and knife.

Chaplains are subject to hatred of any enemy they are fighting. They are also subject to frenzy.

ULTRA-MARINE DAILY PROGRAMME

Sub-Routine Hot Season 1

0500	Reveille	1620	Prayers of Exactitude followed by range firing
0510	Morning prayer followed by martial exercise	1820	Litany of Purity followed by equipment cleaning
0600	Morning toilet	1900	Chaplain's Sermon in Company Chapel
0630	Sergeant's Inspection	1945	BioChem and implant monitoring
0700	Prayers of supplication followed by breakfast	2000	Chaplain's cult recital followed by High Tea
0740	Squad training	2200	Free time
1400	Vows of the order followed by a light meal	2210	Captain's inspection
1445	Meditation followed by absolution	2230	Evening exercise
		2250	Retire to cells for personal prayer
		2300	Lights out





● PLASMA BURST
TROOPER
● BEAMER



IMPERIAL
COMMANDER



● MINDWING
SERGEANT
● BOLTER



RECLUSIARCH
LEO CABERRA



CHAPLAINS



COMMANDER
MARNEUS CALGAR



SANCTITY
TOW CHAKKA CHOW



APOTHACARION
HULM SINGA



LT. CMDR
CHA LEE



SHIPS CHRISTO COLUMBINE



FORGE
SAMUEL DEXTER



CAPTAINS



ASTROPATH
ILLIYAN NASTASE



LIEUTENANTS



HOUSEHOLD
FIMUS DOUR



ORDNANCE
KEORN ASATA



SQUAD OF NO7 COMPANY - SACRIFICE ADVANCE INTO BATTLE. THE TRIPLE BLOOD DRIPS HONOUR BADGE CAN BE SEEN CLEARLY ON THE TROOPERS' SHOULDER ARMOUR. INSET SHOWS SQUAD SERGEANT LAZARUS AND THE TWO SPECIAL WEAPON TROOPERS WITH MISSILE LAUNCHER AND HEAVY BOLTER.

TRILOGY OF TERROR

Three Cases for Call of Cthulhu • By Keeper Graeme Davis

The Book

Players' Information

Gregory Hawthorne, the gossip columnist for a popular daily paper, contacts the investigators by telephone, clearly excited and wishing to show them something that has come into his possession. If one of the investigators is a journalist, he or she will be contacted as a colleague. If not, the investigators may be contacted as known authorities on occult matters. Hawthorne will say only that he is on the verge of 'something big', and will ask the investigators to visit him at this home, and to tell no-one that he has contacted them.

Keeper's Information

Hawthorne will not answer his door when the investigators call. If they look in at the windows, they will see that the house seems to have been quite thoroughly ransacked, and a *Spot Hidden* roll will reveal that an entry has been forced through the back door. Hawthorne's body lies severely mutilated in an upstairs room.

Two days later, the investigators will receive a letter from Messrs Jameson, Hall, Sykes and Jameson, Hawthorne's solicitors. The letter will invite the investigators to call at the firm's premises, where they might learn something to their advantage. At the solicitors' offices, they will be given a sealed package containing a handwritten book and a letter. The letter reads as follows:

I have instructed my solicitors to see that you get this book if I should die before our meeting. It came into my possession - I cannot say how - when I was working on a story about Sir Charles Barrington and some rather peculiar associates he keeps. I expected low life, possibly crime, but never this. My intention was to verify the manuscript with you before going ahead with the story, but now you must decide how best to proceed. Good luck, and be careful.

The book is entitled *Liber Tenebrae*, and the first entry is dated 1666. The greater part of the book is in archaic English and requires a *Read English* roll to understand it perfectly. It chronicles the history of a cult worshipping Shub-Niggurath, and sets out various rituals and forms of worship.

Dated 1919 is an entry recording the induction of Charles Barrington, and the last few pages are written in his hand (this will be confirmed if a handwriting expert is consulted). The book is a minor Cthulhu Mythos source, as detailed below:

Liber Tenebrae: Cthulhu Mythos +4%, SAN - 1D6, spell mult x2
Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath

Sir Charles Barrington is a prominent member of Parliament, and there is potential here for a story that will ruin his political career.



The editor of Hawthorne's paper, the *Daily Graphic*, will allow the investigators to go through all Hawthorne's files, having been instructed to do so by another posthumous letter. Among various notes are several cuttings from the *Berkshire Mercury*, concerning themselves with the desecration of three churchyards in a small area of East Berkshire. In each case one grave was opened; the names of the occupants are given as Josiah Penrose, died 1755, Edward Smee, died 1832, and Charles Morton, died 1904 (or if the keeper prefers, the investigators might have to visit the churchyards to find this out). If the book is consulted, these names will be found recorded as past masters of the cult.

As well as the cuttings, there is a torn and crumpled Ordnance Survey map with the three churchyards marked on it, a circle drawn around them and a place-name underlined roughly in the centre of the circle. The name

is Wanfield, and an *Idea* roll will recall the fact Barrington has a house near the village and is a prominent member of the golf club at nearby Sandy Hills.

There is also a scrap of paper bearing the scribbled note 'JS Sunn/dale Stn 8:15 Thurs'. If the *Berkshire Mercury* is consulted for the previous week, a successful *Library Use* roll will turn up a notice of the death of one John Smedley, of Wanfield, who was burned to death in his house on the previous Friday night. Smedley's name will be found in the book as a member of the cult.

Barrington and his followers are desperate to recover the book; they were responsible for the deaths of Smedley and Hawthorne, and they will be aware that Hawthorne's solicitors have contacted the investigators. Investigations in Wanfield may meet with some difficulties; the present members of the cult are listed in the book, but not their occupations. They include the village postmaster and the landlord of the Royal Oak, the local public house, and several other prominent members of the local population. The keeper should feel free to fill in the details, perhaps allowing a 25% chance that any adult questioned will be a cult member. The cultists will do everything in their power to recover the book and destroy any incriminating evidence.

Sir Charles Barrington

Barrington has been the head of the cult for almost two years, and besides the *Liber Tenebrae* he has several other minor Mythos sources at his home. The desecrations which attracted Hawthorne's attention were attempts to exhume the past masters for Resurrection. Barrington had found the spell in one of the books and wanted to learn from them. Of the three attempts so far, however, none has been successful.

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 8 APP 11 SAN 0 EDU 16 Hit Pts 13

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Occult 60%
Weapons: 12-bore shotgun 60%, knife 30%
Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Resurrection, Shriving

The Seance

Players' Information

Hermione Elsenham is something of a celebrity in the psychic world of the Home Counties, writing for popular magazines as well as a number of specialist publications, and even making occasional wireless broadcasts. She is in great demand for seances and psychic readings in well-to-do circles, reputedly charging up to £50 for an engagement.

The investigators are contacted by her agent, a Mr Edwin Robey. Some kind of mishap took place at a seance she held in the exclusive St George's Hill area of Weybridge, Surrey, a week ago. Miss Elsenham was subsequently admitted to St Peter's hospital in Chertsey before being transferred to the Holloway Sanatorium in nearby Virginia Water. Mr Robey has not been allowed to see her, and is worried about what might have happened; he has been able to find out nothing about the night of the seance.

Keeper's Information

Robey knows a little of occult matters (07%) through his association with Miss Elsenham, but can offer little real information. The client for whom the seance was held was a Mr Arthur Ferneyhaugh, a wealthy dilettante.

Investigators will be politely but firmly turned away from the Ferneyhaugh residence by the butler; Mr Ferneyhaugh has gone to the south of France, and is not expected back for some time. If the other servants can be interviewed, they might reluctantly reveal that the room in which the seance was held has been shut up. A clandestine reconnaissance from the shrubbery will show that a set of french windows on the ground floor has been boarded up, and on closer investigation a *Spot Hidden* roll will reveal that they were forced violently outwards. The servants were all given the evening off on the night of the seance, and cannot offer further information.

A list of the guests might be obtained with some difficulty from one of the servants; this will read like a short directory of the local social scene, but most of the guests will have suddenly gone away or will refuse to talk to the investigators. Successful use of both *Credit Rating* (to get past defensive butlers) and *Fast Talk* (to persuade the guests to open up) may yield some results, but it is clear that everyone is badly frightened and does not understand what happened. It seems that a short time after the seance started, Miss Elsenham screamed, 'No! Never! Get away!' There was a violent but noiseless explosion, which blew out the french windows and threw objects about the room like shrapnel. The guests fled, and returned a few moments later to find Miss Elsenham unconscious beneath a heavy oak table.

It may be possible to see Miss Elsenham, if one or more of the investigators has medical credentials. However, the Sanatorium do not welcome visitors, and will be most displeased if their patient is unnecessarily upset.

She is suffering from Catatonia, and has only occasional lucid moments. Any investigator attempting to talk to her must make a *Psychoanalysis* roll or half a *Luck* roll for every hour he or she spends; success indicates a fairly lucid interval of 1D10 minutes. Even while lucid, Miss Elsenham will appear confused and incoherent; she will talk of a strong presence and a voice which promised her marvellous and obscene things, and claim that a thing has been sent to torment her, feeding off her very soul. There is also a 10% chance that in her ramblings she will mention 'an Egyptian name... the Approved One'; a character familiar with Egyptology (*Archaeology* or *Read/Write Egyptian Hieroglyph* roll required) may realise that 'the Approved One' is a common suffix to Egyptian royal names, taking the form '...hotep' and generally preceded by the name of a god, such as Amon.

Miss Elsenham's seance resulted in accidental contact with Nyarlathotep. She refused his offer of knowledge and power in return for service, and he has sent a Hunting Horror to torment her. It only appears at night, when she is alone. As well as sapping her SAN with its appearance, it is draining her using the Power Drain spell (*Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, p21, or *Fragments of Fear*, p16). If the investigators deduce the involvement of Nyarlathotep and/or attempt to interfere, there is a good chance that the Hunting Horror will turn on them; otherwise, it will continue to torment Miss Elsenham until she is dead or permanently insane. Needless to say, if the investigators decide to take any kind of action, they will find the Sanatorium authorities most obstructive.

Hermione Elsenham

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 17 (currently 9)
DEX 10 APP 13 SAN 19 EDU 15 Hit Pts 9

Skills: Occult 85%, plus various others, not usable while insanity lasts.

Hunting Horror

STR 30 CON 12 SIZ 30 INT 16 POW 27 DEX 16
Hit Pts 21

Weapons: Bite 65% 1D6+3D6 Tail 90% grapple
Armour: 9 points hide, bullets cannot impale.
Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep, Power Drain, Shriving.
SAN: 0/1D10



A Capital Offence

Players' Information

Daily Record, Sept 17th...

BLACK MASS KILLER TO HANG

Coven Leader Walks Free

After a sensational trial, Clive Manners has been found guilty of the ritual murder of at least five persons, whose identity has not been established, in the Braylea coven case. Manners, 32, stood impassively in the dock as Lord Justice Haybury sentenced him to death by hanging.

The sentence was the culmination of a fourteen-day trial which has revealed astonishing and horrifying details of a series of rituals involving both animal and human sacrifice, which took place in and around the small Home Counties village of Braylea over the last two years. The main prosecution witness was Miss Edwina Moon, a member of the coven. She and several other coven members were remanded on several lesser charges and sentenced to varying amounts of imprisonment, and Miss Moon is to be held indefinitely in a secure mental institution, at her own request.

Perhaps the most sensational turn in the proceedings was the acquittal of Bentley Cornforth, the alleged head of the coven, on the grounds of insufficient evidence. Miss Moon broke down in court when Cornforth was called to the dock, and was unable to give evidence against him. The judge described the case as 'the most revolting and disturbing that I have ever been called upon to hear'.

Saturday Review, Sept 20th...

COVEN KILLER PREPARES TO DIE

Clive Manners, the Braylea coven murderer, waits impassively in the death cell at Brixton Prison, where he will be hanged at 7am on Monday. Sources within the prison report that he has refused to see a minister, but it is rumoured that he has been visited more than once by Bentley Cornforth, himself recently acquitted during the Braylea coven trial. It seems that Manners has named Cornforth as his next of kin, refusing to see his parents who are reported to be 'saddened but not surprised'. As the named next of kin, Cornforth cannot be denied the right to visit the condemned man. The prison authorities are said to have turned down a request by Manners to have Cornforth attend the hanging in the place of a minister.

Evening Post, Sept 22nd...

COVEN MURDERER HANGS

Strange scenes at Execution.

At 7 o'clock this morning, Braylea coven murderer Clive Manners was hanged. The impassive mask he had worn since the trial began was broken when prison officers went to his cell shortly after dawn. Manners had to be dragged to the gallows, screaming and raving. At one point he broke free and attacked one of the warders, screaming that Cornforth had bewitched him and accusing the warder of being the true murderer.

Daily Record, Sept 25th, Personal Columns

MISSING PERSON

Richard Briggs, a warder at Brixton prison. Last seen leaving the prison at about 11:30am, Monday September 22nd. Reward offered for any information. Mrs Elizabeth Briggs, Box 427.

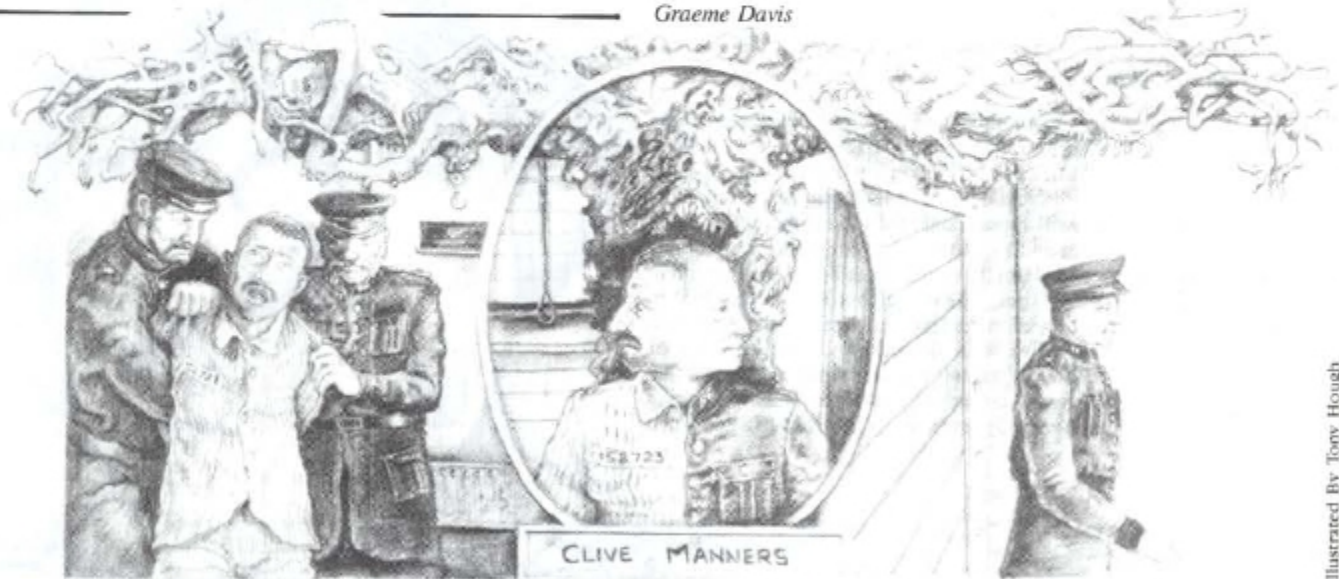
Keeper's Information

The 'Braylea Coven' was a small Cthulhu Mythos cult worshipping Shub-Niggurath. They had sacrificed various tramps and stolen farm animals in order to consecrate an altar, but had not completed the operation when Edwina Moon lost her nerve and went to the Police.

When Cornforth visited Manners in the condemned cell for the last time, he took various enchanted items and other materials with him. Despite the authorities' refusal to allow Cornforth to serve at the execution, Manners still had the right to receive any last rites pertaining to his religion, and the governor of the prison reluctantly allowed Cornforth to bring various materials for this purpose. However, Cornforth overpowered the single warder who remained in the cell with them, and helped Manners to cast a Mind Transfer spell (*The Fungi From Yuggoth*, p28, or *Fragments of Fear*, p16), exchanging minds with the helpless warder. Manners then left the prison in the warder's body, leaving the warder's mind, in his own body, to be executed.

The investigators will start with only the press cuttings above, but they should be able to discover that Briggs was the warder who was in the cell with Manners and Cornforth and deduce what is going on. Cornforth's first move will probably be to track down Edwina Moon and punish her, but if the investigators are quick off the mark they should be able to get to her first and ensure her safety. No details are given here of the two cultists' abilities; the keeper should design their powers and any allies, bearing in mind the strength of the investigators.

Graeme Davis



Illustrated By Tony Hough

RAISING THE STANDARD...

A Warhammer Championship Report



In a brilliant outflanking manoeuvre, Jim 'Lichemaster' Syme escaped the Games Day offensive only to discover a second front in Derby. Fatigued but unscathed, he returns to base with tall tales...

Saturday and Sunday the 10th and 11th of October saw the dawning of a new era in wargaming with the first ever, official *Warhammer Battle Competition*. The competition took place at what has rapidly become one of the most popular and prestigious events in the gaming calendar, the World Wargames Championships, held at the Assembly Rooms, Derby.

This show attracted visitors and participants from across the globe to play and watch the usual quota of Ancient, Medieval, Pike and Shot, Napoleonic and Twentieth Century wargames, and took up most of the space in two of the large halls this excellent venue offers. The remaining space was taken up by a multitude of trade stands and a variety of excellent demonstration and participation games. The loudest and most popular of these was undoubtedly the *Blood Bowl* public participation game put on by *The Old Guard*, which used converted large scale figures in a Roman style arena, many of which waved little banners with pertinent (or perhaps that should be impertinent) comments.

Expeditionary Force

Games Workshop had a stand at the show, despite the fact that most of our minions were involved in the great Games Day Exodus over the same weekend. In fact, this was the first major GW presence outside those conventions we organise ourselves. One small step for a mutant but...

In a nearby hall, however, we were holding the inaugural *Warhammer Battle Competition*, with six eager enthusiasts from local clubs competing keenly for cartloads of prizes put up by Games Workshop. Six 2,000 point armies drawn from the *Ravens Hordes* Army Lists were arrayed on three six by four tables ready for the fray. The terrain was laid out so that, on two tables, hills and woods on either flank provided cover for those generals wishing to use it, whilst the main feature on the third table was a fordable river with a bridge. Victory conditions were simple and in the finest *Warhammer* traditions; the winner would be the person inflicting the highest points value damage to his enemy at the end of three games. This ensured an acceptable level of mayhem, and so the games commenced.

The first round saw Gregg Humphries with an unsavoury collection of Orcs and Goblins face off against Anthony Guilor's smaller but perfectly formed Elven army. Andrew Goodman, aided by a stout band of Dwarfs, ranged against a scurrying horde of Skaven ratmen commanded by Warpseer Stephen Borthwick. And Old World race relations finally collapsed when David Morris sent his army of Dwarfs against the Elven might of Matthew Swift.



Back on table one, Gregg's Goblinoid Army, pausing only to draw breath, and headed by a suicidal unit of Goblin Chariots, went straight for their Elven adversaries. Some of the Elves were somewhat over-awed by this, and made their immediate escape. Anthony had to spend the rest of his first game fending off repeated Orcish charges.

The game on table two started more sedately, with an early advantage being given to the Dwarfs due to the effective fire of a stone throwing engine. A charge by Matthew's mounted Elves looked as though it might save the day, but the Dwarfs emerged victorious with well-blooded axe blades.

With too many Skaven to protect behind scant cover, a regular flurry of crossbow bolts and stone thrower missiles flew across table three, whittling down the ratpacks, who finally routed. The most effective Skaven unit, which incorporated a pack of Chaos Hounds, could not save the day for the vermin hordes. By the time the Skaven came within charge range of the Dwarfs and deployed warp flamethrowers to soften the enemy up, their defeat was inevitable. The warpflame teams also showed an alarming habit of lighting the wrong bits on their equipment resulting in their own immediate destruction.



At the end of the first round of games, Gregg Humphries' Goblinoids had a clear points advantage with Andrew Goodman's Dwarfs close behind. So, a short break for refreshments and back to the fray.

The Second Wave

For the second round, we had Goblins against Skaven, and two Elf - Dwarf conflicts. On table



one, the Orcs and Goblin chariots again headed straight for the foe, and like the Elves before them, the Skaven began to run. Other ratpacks, making a similar assessment of the situation, soon began leaving the scene of action, and again Gregg had only to deal with a holding action as the Chaos Hounds fell and warp flamethrowers continued to explode in a blaze of pyrotechnics.

On table two, Matthew looked fairly confident as he faced another Dwarven army over the same terrain as his first game, but alas his early expectations were never realised as the Elf cavalry charge failed to break the Dwarf line, and his troops were decimated once more by the Dwarf mincing machine. On table three, Elves and Dwarfs fought a stirring battle which ended in carnage as Anthony's

Wardancers tried to relieve a beleaguered Elf unit holding off the hordes of Dwarfs who had surrounded their square formation.

The first day ended with Gregg and his Orcs still ahead on points, closely followed by Andrew and David's Dwarfs, whilst Elves and Skaven had evidently not fared well in combat. However, it was still close enough for anyone to snatch overall victory.

And so to Sunday, with the final round of games and everything to play for. We expected that the eventual winner could well be either Gregg with his Orcs, or one of the Dwarf commanders. But in *Warhammer Battle* anything can happen!

Table three saw Stephen's Skaven facing Matthew the Elf. Both players had yet to win a game. Headed by Chaos Hounds, the ratpacks swarmed over the table, allowing the Elves only a few ineffective volleys from their archers before the entire Elven battleline was over-whelmed, allowing Matthew to save only his cavalry.

Turning the Tide

Gregg and David had a gruelling game as Gregg's nasty green creatures crossed the river and headed

for the defensive Dwarf positions. Surprisingly, David began to march a Dwarf unit down one flank, despite the fact that Dwarfs are not exactly the fastest troops in the *Warhammer* World. The suicide charge of the Goblin Chariots turned into a repeat of the charge of the Light Brigade, and this tactic, so successful in Gregg's earlier games, was a disaster.

Undaunted, Gregg moved up his Goblin units and unleashed his secret weapon - Goblin Fanatics. While these ball-and-chain-wielding weirdos whirled their deadly way through Dwarf tanks, heroes and champions fought in personal combat. Having Successfully stopped the Dwarf flanking manoeuvre, Gregg then attacked the crew of the deadly Dwarf stonethrower and captured it. One of the most dramatic actions of the event.

Meanwhile on table one, we had a real surprise. Anthony's Elves lined up against Andrew's Dwarfs and beat them in a race to the commanding terrain. He then launched a deadly rain of bowfire while his Wardancers, in ever-decreasing numbers, skipped through unit after unit of Dwarfs. The level of carnage left only eight Dwarfs remaining on the table. The stone mighty throwing engine had been pushed off the edge of the world (the table edge). Anthony had built up a massive points total.

We all waited with baited breath while the table two game came to an end and David and Gregg calculated their losses. David had finally won the battle, the only player to win all three - but the devious Goblins had accrued enough points to win the competition.



The Spoils of War

So ended a fiercely fought contest that everyone enjoyed, players and public alike. The tables had been crowded around by onlookers issuing comments, warnings and advice. I then had the pleasant task of awarding the prizes. Each stalwart player received a copy of *Warhammer 40,000* and a box of superb new Space Marines. David was given a consolation prize of a box of Space Orks, and Gregg received a voucher for a 1500 point *Warhammer Battle* Army of his choice. Gregg's eyes glazed over. 'How many Snotlings can you get for 1500 points?' He cackled. But a turn or two on the Games Workshop portable rack soon sorted him out!

Next year it's planned to fully integrate the *Warhammer Battle* Competition into the World Championships. If everything goes as planned, we'll have twenty-four tables set up to run both *Warhammer Battle* and *Warhammer 40,000* on a massive scale. All budding Dwarf Lords, Dukes of Chaos and Imperial Generals out there, start planning and practicing - you could be next year's *Warhammer* Champion! Details of how to enter can be obtained from the event's organiser, John S Grant, who can be contacted at: 29 Wade Avenue, Littleover, Derby DE3 6BG.



WORLD WARGAMES CHAMPION- SHIPS RESULTS

ANCIENTS 25MM INDIVIDUAL

- 3: J Bird (Derby)
- 2: S Hacker
(Wild Geese)
- 1: J Birt
(Milton Keynes)

ANCIENTS 25MM TEAM

- 3: Oldham
- 2: Derby
- 1: Wild Geese III

ANCIENTS 15MM INDIVIDUAL

- 3: K Smith (Pinner)
- 2: D Ware (Pinner)
- 1: R Clark
(The Good The
Bad And The Ugly)

ANCIENTS 15MM TEAM

- 3: Hoplite Conspiracy
- 2: The Good The
Bad And The Ugly
- 1: Pinner

RENAISSANCE INDIVIDUAL

- 3: R Boyles (October)
- 2: G Elliott (Newbury)
- 1: K Pullen (Bunshop)

RENAISSANCE TEAM

- 3: Shire Levy
- 2: Newbury
- 1: Bunshop

NAPOLEONIC INDIVIDUAL

- 3: J Turland
(Cheltenham)
- 2: C Bramm
(Bunshop)
- 1: R Butler (Davout's
Third Corps)

NAPOLEONIC TEAM

- 3: Cheltenham
- 2: Bunshop
- 1: Davout's Third
Corps

MODERN INDIVIDUAL

- 3: D Shepherd (Notts)
- 2: J Connolly
(Bunshop)
- 1: S Chasey (Bath)

MODERN TEAM

- 3: Pinner
- 2: Bath
- 1: Nottingham

MOST SUCCESSFUL OVERSEAS COMPETITOR

Individual:
A Meyers (Belgium)

Team:
Wuppertal
(West Germany)

WORLD
CHAMPION
R Clarke

Text by Jim Syme with thanks to
John S Grant



WARHAMMER

PROQUE 40,000 TRADER

SPACE LORK COMMAND GROUP

So there we woz, jus' beamed onter Rynn's World. Up to 'ere in muck an' plasma bolts, an' our boys runnin' round like 'cadless cyberchooks, shootin' all over the place.

'Charge!' shouts Oglod.

'Charge where?' sez Braglub.

'I dunno, do I?' sez Oglod. 'Jus' shurrup an' charge!'

Well, that didn't work too good. Some boys charges one way an' some charges the uvver way, an' some charges each uvver, an' everybody gets in everybody's way, an' we don't get too far really.

'Old on, 'old on,' sez Braglub. 'Wot we doin' 'ere, anyway?'

'Wotcher mean?' sez Oglod. 'We're shootin' an' rippin' and killin' and dee-stryin'...

'Yer, but wot we doin' it to?' Oglod finks a bit.

'Now wot woz it the chief sez 'fore we come down?' Sez 'e, talkin' to 'isself. 'E finks a bit more, but don't answer 'isself.

Braglub gets 'is squawk-box out an' tries to call the chief, but all 'e gets is whistlin' an' cracklin'. 'E chucks it on the ground an' shoots it.

Then Rudzog fishes this piece of paper out of 'is pocket an' waves it at Oglod.

'Look at this!' 'E sez, which is dumb cuz we's all lookin' at it already. 'This is wot we need!' Oglod takes it off 'im an' 'as a good look.

'Cooooortrrr, yeah,' 'e sez. We all goes fer a look.

'Wot iz it?' we sez. 'A Melta-Bomb? A Dissplay - dissplayed - one o' them cannons?'

'Nah,' sez Oglod. 'It's that Kev Adams again. Dun us some command groups. Standard bearer an' our choice of two uvver boys out o' the pitcher. Dead cheap, too. Giz the squawk-box an' I'll get onter Citadel Mail Order.'

'Yer, but there ain't one o' them fer lightyears from 'ere, stoopid!' sez Oglod. 'Giz the squawk-box!' Then Braglub goes all shuffly, cuz 'e shot the squawk-box an' we can't talk to nobody no more.



CORT
(Standard + Boltgun)



RUDZOG
(Boltgun)



BRAGLUB
(Musician)



ROLKO
(Power Sword)



SHUGBRO
(Musician)



GUVNOR KULO
(Poweraxe)



GORDAL LUGGUB
(Power Glove & Bolt Pistol)



OGLOD
(Bolt gun)



RINGLUC
(Standard w/ Boltgun)



SPACE ZOATS



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Imperial Record
Cross File to:

Xenobiology IS
Xenobiology, Allen Technology L17
Imperial Commander, Beast Alpha
Tyrannid Slave Warrior (Zoat), Warrior
group sighted Oceana Front, Kanda A3,
Beast Alpha system.

Input:

Status Analysis:

Elite Unit: Support trooper, Warrior -
Champion, Regulation Issue, Squad
Group Leader (Standard Military
Hierarchy assessment: as level 3).

Key:

- 1 Multi-Melta
- 2 Bolter
- 3 Flamer
- 4 Power Fist

Input Dated:

9878987.M23

The Zoats are the slave warriors of the Tyranids. Their gene-engineers have created a breed which combines the martial values of total brute strength, size and speed with an advanced and highly-capable intelligence.

Zoats are trusted and respected by their Tyranid masters although many have escaped and even - on rare occasions - rebelled. Renegade Zoats fight as pirates and mercenaries.

Big, mean and moody - they smile wryly as they rip the hands off Space Marines. Space Zoats are feared throughout the galaxy.

ZOATS IN SPACE!
NOTHING CAN STAND IN THEIR WAY!

DESIGNED BY NICK BIBBY

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ILLUMINATIONS

IAN MILLER

This is *Illuminations*' second visit to the intricate gothic technique of Ian Miller, in particular, his work for *Warhammer 40,000*. Ian was first commissioned to produce the section header illustrations, based on the early space marine figures. This brief led to a number of problems. At such an early stage of development, there were only a few 40K figures in the range, so he had little to draw on for imagery, and Ian's own technique is normally precise and time consuming. Of course, time, as always, was a precious commodity...

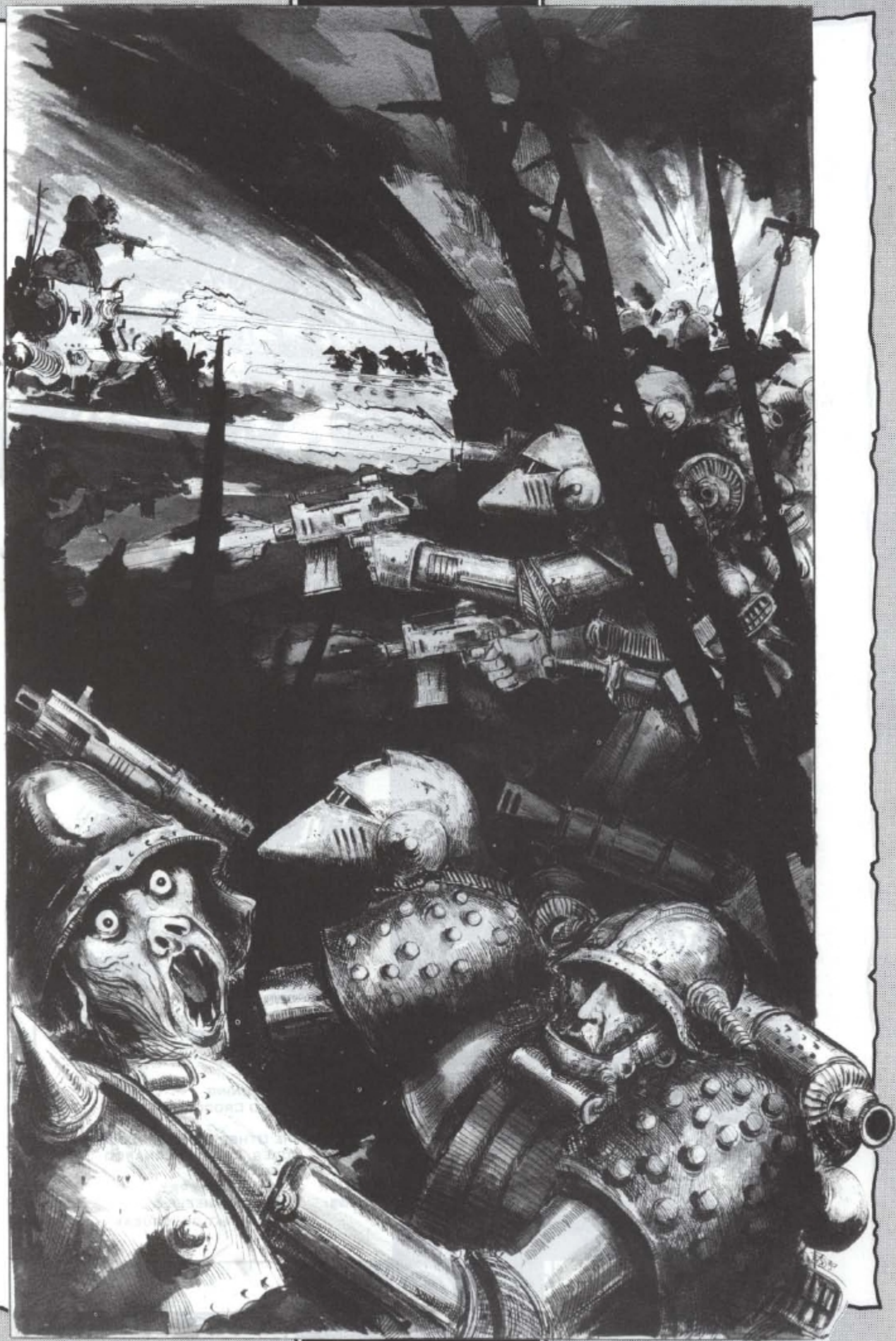
Fortunately, Ian had been awaiting the opportunity to experiment with a more spontaneous technique that would allow him to 'loosen up' his habitual precision without forsaking any of that gothic feel. The results you may have seen in *Warhammer 40,000*, some of which are reproduced here (along with a few that never made it to the final volume), are exceptionally dynamic and convey the dark and dangerous atmosphere of Rick Priestley's pocket universe.

As for the future (the real one!), Ian will be working for the Studio for the next six months, and will be getting to grips with the most heavily gothic tome to date, *Realm of Chaos*. As he's working in conjunction with our own Nurgle freak, Tony Ackland, the results should be worth waiting for.

Watch out for the mark of the mutant!

John Blanche

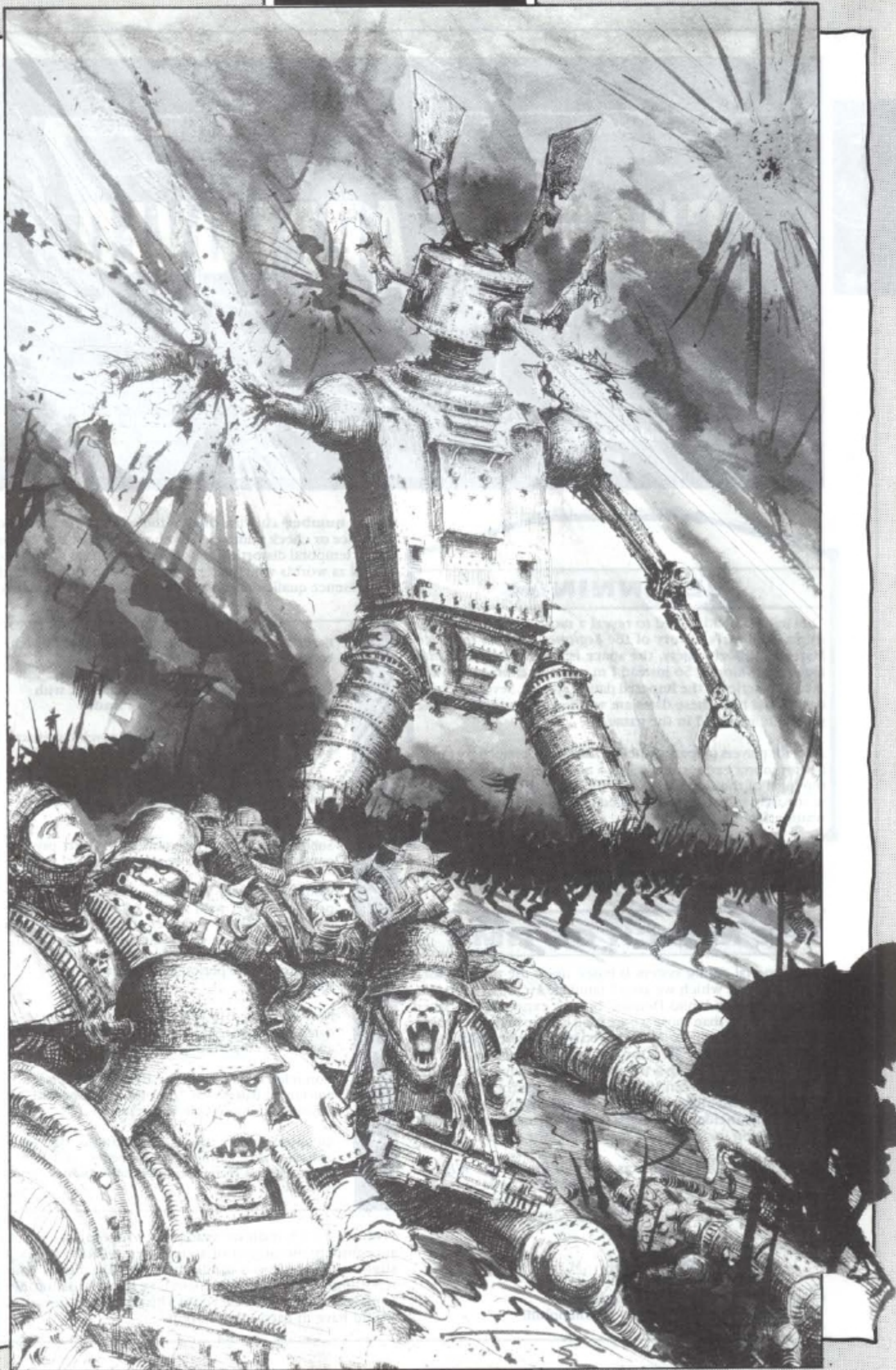






IAN MILLER

AGE: 19½
 PASSTIME: HARPOONING
 FOOD: BOILED CROCODILE EGGS
 FILM: ZULU
 BOOK: THE OTHER SIDE ALFRED HUBIN
 ARTISTS: DURER, ERNST, LEONARDO
 AMBITION: TO SHRINK
 COLOUR: MOTHBALL CHERRY
 THINGS: TREES ON WHEELS &
 THINGS THAT GO 'SQUEAK'





CHAPTER APPROVED

Thought for the day

A dedicated life may reach the end of infinity

Imperial record WD 01/002
 Cross file to: Cultural Degeneration DD
 Obsession and Insanity MMI
 Planetary ref Earth A3 Sol System
 Input ref Inquisition Investigation
 ES327 Team 32/968
 Input dated 9890987.M2

BEGINNINGS

This month I had hoped to reveal a more details about the origins and early history of the *Legiones Astartes* or Space Marines. Unfortunately, the space isn't available in *White Dwarf* this month. So instead I'm going to expound on the inner mysteries of the Imperial dating system. Several people have asked how these dates are worked out, and what time scales are involved in the game.

Also, for players preparing their deadly Eldar mercenary units, our armoured extraordinaire has a new hand held weapon in the form of the shuriken pistol. This quality device, proven in the field of battle, is described below. Well, what are you waiting for?

THE MARCH OF TIME

The Imperial dating system is based upon the *old* calendar - the one with which we are all familiar. An Imperial date is therefore a date 'Anno Domini' but it's expressed in rather different terms than those we are used to. The most noticeable difference is the suffix 'M' followed by a number. This is the millennium number: M1 is the first millennium and so on. We are living in 1987 which is the second millennium. In Imperial terms any date between 1001 and 2000 would be suffixed by M2. The current millenium in the *WH40K* mythos is the forty-first or M41. Incidentally, this suffice is normally emphasised by a full stop (or oblique if you prefer) for clarity.

A typical dating code, such as you will find in the *WH40K* book and in WD articles, is 0150935/M32. The M32 means we are dealing with a thirty-second millennium date. The other numbers tell us the year and fraction of the year.

0	1	5	0	9	3	5	M	32
check number		year fraction number				year number		millennium

Check number The first digit in the sequence is the dating reference or check number. This check number is necessary due to temporal distortions which affect ships in warp-space as well as worlds which are remote, or isolated, from Earth. It's presence qualifies the accuracy of the date given in each case.

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 0/1 | Earth standard date. Referring to an event which happened within the Sol system. |
| 2 | Direct. Source in direct psychic contact with Earth when date reference was made |
| 3 | Indirect. The source is in direct psychic contact with a class 2 source but not Earth. |
| 4 | Corroborated. The source is in direct psychic contact with a class 3 source but not a class 0/1 or 2. |
| 5 | Sub-corroberated. The source is in direct psychic contact with any corroborated source. |
| 6 | Non-referenced 1 year. The source is not in psychic contact with a class 1-5 source when the reference is made. However, the date belongs to a sequence beginning or ending with a date which does have a class 1-5 source reference. The unsourced time period is no greater than 1 standard year. |
| 7 | Non-referenced 10 years. This is an unsourced date in the same way as a class 6 date but with an unsourced period of 1-10 years. |
| 8 | Non-referenced more than 10 years. This is an unsourced date as for 7 but for an unsourced sequence of more than ten years. |
| 9 | An approximated date. A date with no fixed co-ordinates at either end of a sequence, or a date approximated from non-Imperial dated references. |

Prefixes 1 to 8 indicate gradually widening 'grey areas' surrounding the origins of a given item of data. Prefix 9 is slightly different. It's used when, for instance, a source reporting from a world that doesn't use Imperial dating, needs to make a reference to that world's history. The historical date would have to carry the prefix 9.

Year The last three digits are the year within the millennium running from 001-000 (one thousand). For example 0150930/M32 is the year 930 of the thirty second millennium. We would describe this as the year 31930 AD. When referring to a year in general terms, and where it is not necessary to include the year fraction or check number, it is acceptable to write 'year 930/M32'.

Year fraction For administrative purposes the standard year is divided into 1000 equal segments; 001-000. This is a purely administrative convention and not a part of everyday usage.

The following examples should make this clear.

0333042. M32. Segment 333. Year 42. Millennium 32. Our year 31042

4590640. M41. Segment 590. Our year 40640.

0001987. M41. Segment 1. Our year 40987 and the 'current' year in the WH40K universe.

As the last example explains, the current year in the WH40K mythos is year 987/M41. The current 'real' real is, of course, year 987/M2. Because it makes the game easier to write for, I usually refer dates in the WH40K mythos to the approximate 1987 equivalent at the time of writing. Obviously it is not possible to coordinate 'game time' and 'real time' absolutely, but it does add coherency to a campaign structure. Your campaigns may be developed in the same way, but feel free to be flexible. If you command a force which must travel through warp space for six months of game time, it's hardly reasonable to wait six months before fighting the battle!



Stephen Tappin


SHURIKEN PISTOL

This is a new weapon for the WH40K game - although not a new type of weapon as it is merely a variant of the shuriken catapult. All shuriken weapons are based around an electromagnetic catapult. This device projects metallic objects at tremendous velocity. The twin polar accelerators projecting either side of the weapon give it a characteristic appearance. The weapon's metallic ammunition is itself unusual as most non-primitive ammunition is ceramic (ceramite). All shuriken weapons fire flat and usually disc-shaped ammunition the edges of which are engineered with mono-molecular precision. This enables the speeding disc to cut its way into almost any kind of armour. Discs are retained in an enclosed circular hopper on top of the weapon where they are stacked rather like records in an old-fashioned style duke box. The hopper revolves to drop ammunition into the launch chamber as required. The rate of fire attainable with this weapon is extremely rapid. Spare magazines are carried in action.

The shuriken pistol differs from the shuriken catapult in that it is a smaller weapon designed for use in one hand rather than two. Like all pistol weapons it has a shorter range, but is more useful at close range and can be used in hand-to-hand combat. Shuriken pistols sacrifice a lot of the sustained power of the catapult in favour of compactness, cutting down the range and strength of attack, and losing the following fire ability.

Short range	Long range	Shooting to Hit	Strength	Damage
Short	Long	Short	Long	
0-6"	6-12"	+2		3 1



Save	Type				Area	Tech
Modifier	C	H	S	F		
-1						7

Shuriken pistols are expensive to manufacture and maintain. The only race that carries them in any numbers are the Eldar. Rather than amend the generation charts, any Eldar may substitute a naturally generated bolt pistol for a shuriken pistol.

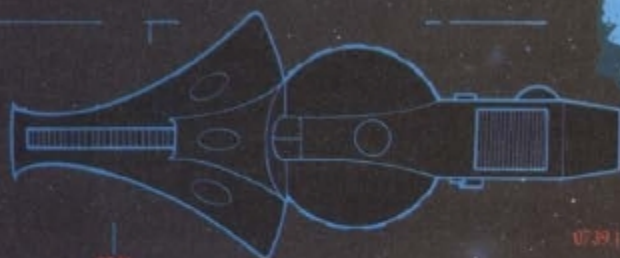
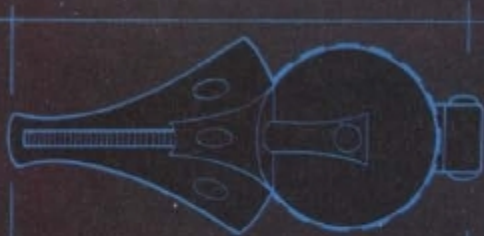
MOPPING UP

Marine Commander Jervis 'Yeehah! Dakka dakka' Johnson was lubricating his power armour down at the local club recently, when between insane screams of blood-curdling intensity, he actually made a *discovery*. I was horrified - not at the nature of the discovery itself - just at the realisation that JJ was sentient. Anyway, Johnson's discovery is this: the bolt gun and bow profiles on p70 have been transposed, and on p 79/80 the power glove and power sword profile have also been transposed. The profiles shown on the summary sheet are the correct ones. However, some details of the multi-melta shown on the summary sheet have been shifted one column to the left - see p86 for the correct profile.

Until the next time.

Rick Priestley





SHURIKEN PISTOL

SHURIKEN CROSSBOW



CHAINSWORD GUARD



CHAINSWORD

Ref. Imperial Records, Clearance level BRAVO

07.39.2

07.39.6

LAS GUN



07.39.5

07.39.4

07.39.3

Imp. Ref. SL 136a 14a

0-03

12/1286



Classified

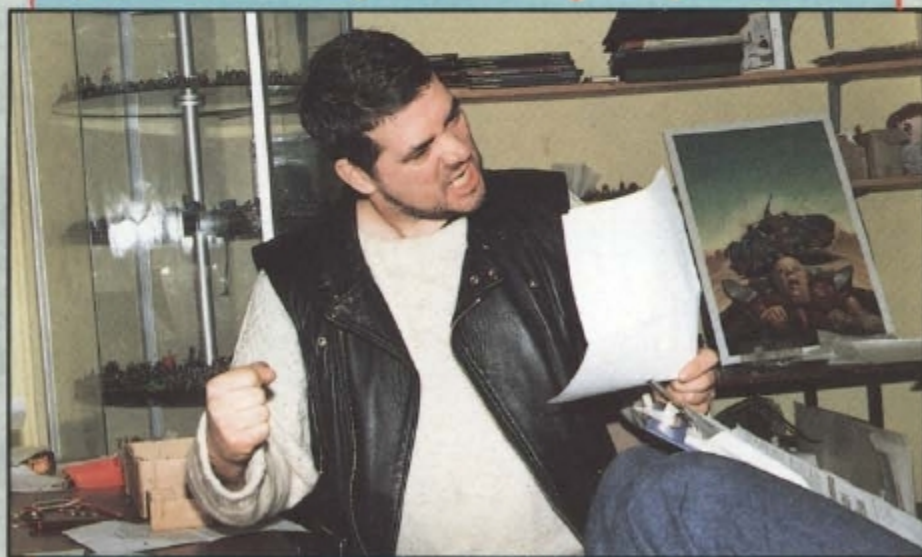


ACCESS DENIED
SECURITY CLEARANCE RED PERSONNEL ONLY

In the Heat of Battle, Death is your only mistake.



Wherein Mr Blanche models explicitly before an unsuspecting public but finds himself uncomfortably cut short. Read on...



Deeper Down

Oh no! Blanche wants to witter on about arty stuff and I've got to listen. You know what this means don't you? It means going into the hippy garden in the basement of GW's dark tower. The scenery's colourful enough. Pots of acrylics arranged like flower beds from one end of the room to the other. Hippies like sunflowers, wavering in the breeze (otherwise known as Sid's incessant whinging). Tony Ackland's pet Beast of Nurgle sniffing around the coffee pond at the far end - oops! That was Tony Ackland. And to top it off, the whole floor's carpeted by H's hair.

Got to be careful of that. Dave Andrews' beard is loose in there somewhere.

A leather clad arm grabs me by the throat and drags me off into the cave at the side. 'Wot we go're den?' Sniff, sniff.

'It's me John! Ouch 2

'Oh. Come 'ere!' The void black figure slopes over to a table and points a stubby finger (one of his own, I think) at the tiny form of an Iron Claw space pirate. I nod and smile nervously, hoping he's eaten.

A few grunts later and it's obvious this is the subject for the Suzuki riding guru's latest adventure. John looks around nervously. I hope he finds Dave's beard before it finds us. Somebody suggested Priestley wanted to capture it alive and write rules for it. Not me.

'Right then,' says the man. 'Clean up the figure. We've covered this sort of stuff before. You want to get rid of mould lines, flash and anything else

that shouldn't be there. Geddit? Files 'n' stuff are useful here. Mind you, I come from the minimalist school of miniature modelling.'

'Que?'

'Scalpel only. Always use a new blade.' He brandishes the tiny surgical instrument and grins. 'But I wouldn't recommend that to anyone else.'

'Why?'

'Aaaaarrgh!' For a second I think my red pen's exploded. Then the message sinks in. John looks pretty funny when he's sucking what's left of his digits. He soon recovers.

Local Freak with a Twisted Mind

'Right. Ask yourself if you're satisfied with the figure. No, we're not doing a major conversion here, but there are little touches that you can add to give a figure some individuality. Check the animation. Is the head in an interesting enough position, or the arms, or the legs?'

'The best way to alter any of these, should you want to, is to get some pliers, wrap the limb or area in tissue paper to protect it, and apply gentle but firm pressure to move the area into the new position. Always try to bend the metal from a natural joint. Remember that people have bones and can't use their arms or legs like tentacles.'

There's an eerie moan from the other room. 'Sorry Tony. Most people can't anyway. Then there's subtle stuff you can do. A pin can be useful for flaring the nostrils - of the figure, that is. The same process makes a gun barrel look more realistic.

'While we're on the subject, surface detail can work two ways. If your figure is covered in surface detail, it's easy to paint up. Sometimes though, it's nice to clean most of this off and leave yourself a smooth painting surface. That way, it's all down to the detail you paint on with the brush. That can be more delicate than anything done in the casting process. Exercise your skills.

'Sharpening up edges with the scalpel also helps accentuate detail. Shoulder pads, for instance, sometimes look rounded off, but the figure looks more dramatic if they come to a fine edge. Armour and weapon blades benefit from the same treatment. Incidentally, after being



sharpened up, blades look quite effective if you only give them a varnish. It makes them look really shiny.'

'Very clever.'

'Don't be sarcastic. Having stripped off a load of detail and altered the figure, you can now start to consider adding bits. Don't worry, it's all in the name of individuality. Your spares box is the obvious place to look for ideas - extra weapons, pouches, stuff like that. But with a little Milliput and a bit of patience, you can add moustaches or beards, tongues (preferably only one), eye patches and so on. Clipped pins can make good arrows stuck into shields or armour. Drill a hole in the part that will receive the pin and then superglue the two components together.'

'Look, isn't this all getting a bit unwieldy?'

'Good point. Don't overdo it. A couple of choice effects will do the trick. Now then, ah yes. Spikes! Spikes and tusks. And horns.'

'Milliput?'

'No. Milliput isn't the ideal thing for these. Go to the spares box and grab a couple of old spear hafts or something similar. A carefully whittled haft will come to a really fine point. Cut it to the length required and fix it into a drilled hole on the figure. Superglue will bond the resulting join strongly enough. That gives you a decent horn. Spikes can be created by adding the clipped end of a pin to the figure in the same way. Be very careful when you're clipping pins though. There can be some 'shrapnel' so make sure your eyes are protected. The metal spike should also be strong enough to take a little bending, if you want. It adds character. Shoulder armour is a good place to add stuff like this.'

'If you want an interesting shield pattern, get an old figure - one with a good facial expression - and cut its head off. File the back of the head carefully. Take your time and you end up with just the casting of the face. This can be glued onto a fighter's shield and looks really special.'

'If your figure has a bow, you can add string with fine fuse wire, cotton, human hair, or stretched plastic sprue. Most of these can be superglued. If the bow armed figure is Orcish or something similar, crude knots at both ends of the bow string are effective additions. The only technique required for these is a little patience.'

'And finally - a couple of favourite esoteric touches here - nose and ear rings can be created by getting fine fuse wire, bending it around a paintbrush handle, and clipping it off. Superglue in the required position for a nice gothic effect. Spittle and gore add a touch of horror. Polystyrene cement, added after the figure has been painted, looks wonderfully disgusting. Add a little light green to the glue for a phlegmy effect. Trish Morrison's favourite gore manufacturing process involves mixing some red (or yellow, depending on her mood) to clear nail varnish. The puss-coloured gunge you get can be added to wounds made by cutting into the figure with a scalpel. Especially suitable for nasty monsters. It's art, man.'

There's a sudden burst of rapturous applause from the next room. John and I venture over and peer



• C47 SKAVEN

CHARLES ELLIOTT



• C12 GOBLIN

KEVIN ADAMS



• C47 SKAVEN

MIKE McVEY



• D5 IMPERIAL DWARF

CONVERTED AND PAINTED BY COLIN DIXON



• D3 CHAOS DWARF

COLIN DIXON



• IC301 SPACE PIRATES

MIKE McVEY & COLIN DIXON



• BRITAINS ELEPHANT & C15 ORCS

FRASER GRAY (WINNER MAJESTY CATEGORY GAMES DAY 87)



• C01 FIGHTER

COLIN DIXON



• B06 ELRIC

CHARLES ELLIOTT

around the doorway. The hippies are all jumping up and down, whooping a lot. Mike McVey has Dave's beard impaled on his 00.

There will be a feast tonight.

Gifts from the Earth

'Bases!' Cries John. He snatches the still twitching clump of hair. 'That's goin' in me spares box.'

'Basses! Rickenbacker 4001 stereos, Fender Jazz?' We wander back to the desk.

'Yeah, bases,' he says, throttling Dave's faithful parasite. 'There are two main types - artificial and modelled. The artificial type involves things like building Milliput mushrooms and toadstools, adding details like small animals from your spares box - whatever takes your fancy. Small puddles can be made in any suitably modelled crevice on the base by pouring in a suitable amount of PVA glue and leaving it to dry.' He stares longingly at the furry clump.

'And the modelled type?'

'What? Ah yes, well that's a lot more fun. A basic flock covering can be complimented with soil, grit, pebbles, twigs, moss and the like. But a wander in the woods can prove fruitful in your search for interesting items. A careful search can reveal shrew skulls and other small mammal bones that take on a whole new perspective when you put them next to a metal miniature. If you're really ambitious and don't mind getting your fingers dirty, the droppings of several predatory species can be broken down to reveal insect carapaces and all sorts of other goodies. Hmm, all this is making me hungry.' With a single gulp, John's cavernous mouth envelopes the recently deceased beard-creature.

'You're sick!'

'Nah, it's all biodegradable. And the results are worth the effort. Just remember to wash your hands after mucking around. Now then, have we covered everything?'

'Just about. You mention sticking lots of bits together. What about drying times?'



• ORC1



• ORC1



• C47 SKAVEN



SID

• C21 ORC BOAR RIDER



• C23 MINOTAUR



• EC05 ETERNAL CHAMPION PERSONALITIES



PAUL LEWIS

• F2 LORD OF BATTLE



• C25 MINOTAUR



MIKE MCVEY

• CH8 CHAOS THUG



MIKE MCVEY

• CH5 CHAOS SORCERER



CHARLES ELLIOTT & COLIN DIXON

• CH6 CHAOS THUG



• F4 FEUDAL



• C23 OGRE BERSERKER

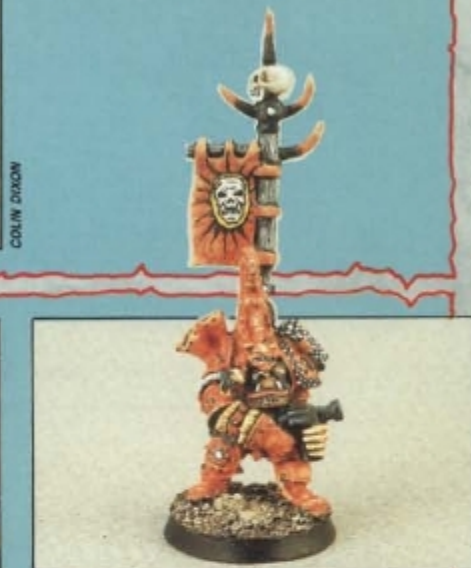


COLIN DIXON

• WARHAMMER 40,000 TYRANO



• C29 HIPPOGRIF



• RT201 ORC WARRIOR

Skimpy Underwear

'Well,' he muses, picking his teeth with his multi-purpose modelling tool, 'Milliput takes a few hours but you're going to have to leave the whole thing for a day before undercoating anyway, because the various glues and the putty are still drying underneath. Paint over them at this stage and the undercoat will crack. Have we got space to talk about undercoating?'

'Sure have, but hasn't this been covered already?'

'Basically, but there are some important notes. Decide what you're going to leave bare - sword blades and so on. Then the best undercoat usually comes from thinned enamel. Acrylic may shrink when thinned. Apply it rigorously with an old brush, working the paint into the detail without giving it a chance to build up in crevices. That just results in detail being obscured and an uneven drying time for the undercoat itself. Leave the model for a couple of hours to dry. You can speed this up by placing the model on a radiator, putting it under a hair dryer, or just holding it in front of Sid's mouth while he whinges.



'A thicker undercoat is useful on areas of bad modelling (where there may be fine cracks) or plain surfaces. The thicker coat makes a smoother, better painting surface. Now there is a danger of applying an undercoat that's *too* thin. This should be avoided. Later coats of paint will adhere properly to the model but the colours will be dulled. Having said that, I always leave chainmail bare to avoid destroying all that lovely texture.

'Now then. Painting the model-'

'Nope, sorry. We're out of space. You can talk about that next month. Anyway, it's lunch time. You coming?'

'No thanks. I've eaten.'

This month's 'Eavy Metal was created by Emperor Blanche re-animating (read 'brow-beating') Minion Masterson and is dedicated to the memory of Dave Andrews' lamented beard.



BLANCH ITSU

Welcome one and all to *White Dwarf's* forum for miniatures painters. The difference between this and *Heavy Metal* is that while EM will continue to explore new avenues, techniques and subjects for the fantasy gamers who wish to bring colour to their tabletop, *Blanchitsu* will give you the opportunity to ask us questions about specific problems, suggest new techniques that you have discovered, and so on.

The number of such letters now received at the Studio, prevent us from replying in person to each and every one. That's why these pages have become available. So let's hear from you now!

ORK WARWARRORS By Richard Wright



• RT201

SPACE MARINE By Richard Wright



• RT101

WOOD ELF SCOUT By Richard Wright



• CS404

OGRE HROTHYGG By Richard Wright



• C23

MELNIBONNEAN INFANTRY By Phil Lewis



• EC01

SKELETON By Phil Lewis



• C17

CHAOS SORCERER By Paul Eddie George



• CH5

By Paul Eddie George



• ORC1

"But What Do You Do To Make Your Figures Look Special?"

ORC BOAR RIDERS By Paul Eddie George



DEMON By Paul Eddie George



• CH4

Please don't send us photographs or slides as we probably won't be able to use them. But feel free to send us sketches where you think they may help. If you're worried about the quality of your drawing, don't be. As long as we can tell what's going on, that's all we need. That goes for English, too. As long as we can read your writing, someone here will knock it into publishable shape (*do wot?* - Ed).

To kick off with, we're featuring some of the work of the galley slaves here at the Studio. Richard Wright (one of the production team who is in no way related to Pink Floyd's keyboard player) is a relative newcomer to the hobby. Yet, as you can see from his figures, he employs an extremely successful shading technique. The subtlety and cleanliness of style work in marked contrast to most beginners' work, which is typified by over-compensating for lack of skill with garishly bright colours.

Richard's technique requires patience, but it's one which readers of *'Eavy Metal* should be familiar with. Subtle washes of colour are gradually layered on the figure until the full brightness and depth is achieved. Richard tells me that one advantage of this technique is that the figure's detail isn't obscured by the paint. He modestly neglects to mention that the striking result couldn't really be achieved any other way. Incidentally, he uses size 0 and 1 sable brushes and Citadel acrylics.

Have a look at that superb Elf swordsman - the perfect example of how to get a bright figure that captures the eye without falling into the trap of a garish colour clash. The stripes on the fancy trousers indicate the need for a steady hand, but if you want to try recreating this effect (and practice makes perfect), then apply the darkest shade first, and blend up the tones until the lightest shade sits in the centre of the stripe.

The first two Space Orks have their flesh painted with a combination base colour made up of yellow ink and Bilious Green. Dark lines are painted into creases and folds with black added to the same mixture. When this has properly dried, a blending wash of dark green and green ink is applied. The highlights are created with a mix of a Goblin Green, Bilious Green and white.

The third Space Ork is made to look just a little different by applying a lighter base colour before proceeding in the same manner as above for shading and highlight effects.

The armour on Richard's next figure could be painted up in one of two ways. A base colour of either dark brown or blue, drybrushed with progressively lighter shades of yellow-brown or blue-grey respectively, does the job nicely. The leather boots start life with a Bestial Brown coat and a light yellow ink wash. Black lines are added to the creases before some more black, mixed with a touch of blue, is added as another wash. A few highlights picked out in Spearstaff Brown finishes the job.

The gauntlets begin with an orange/yellow wash, followed by a red ink wash. Brown ink and black are mixed and added to the creases. Highlights are created in three stages; a red/orange mix, a red/yellow mix, and a touch of white to top them off.

When you're dealing with areas of dull fabrics, these layering techniques will add all the spice you could want, without ruining your figures with areas of clashing colour. Be careful, however, to keep each layer fairly close in tone to the one underneath. The result will be softer looking that way. Experimentation will reveal plenty of pleasing effects.

While you're trying to avoid colour clash on the one hand, there's nothing wrong with attempting to create contrast. Richard happily points out that decorative effects can do just that. 'Small dots of colour can make things more detailed and cause them to stand out at a distance.' Nice one Mr Wright - real *Blanchitsu* at work! By now, you should be able to see how much work goes into a good figure - but then it's surely worth it when you get results like Richard's.

Brian George, an intrepid GW Graffiks man, and Phil Lewis, our ace Guildford lensman, both use an approach to painting their miniatures, quite different in style to Richard's. The technique is often seen as useful for the purpose of painting units of figures for tabletop battles, but as the photographs illustrate, connoisseur standards can be attained just as easily.

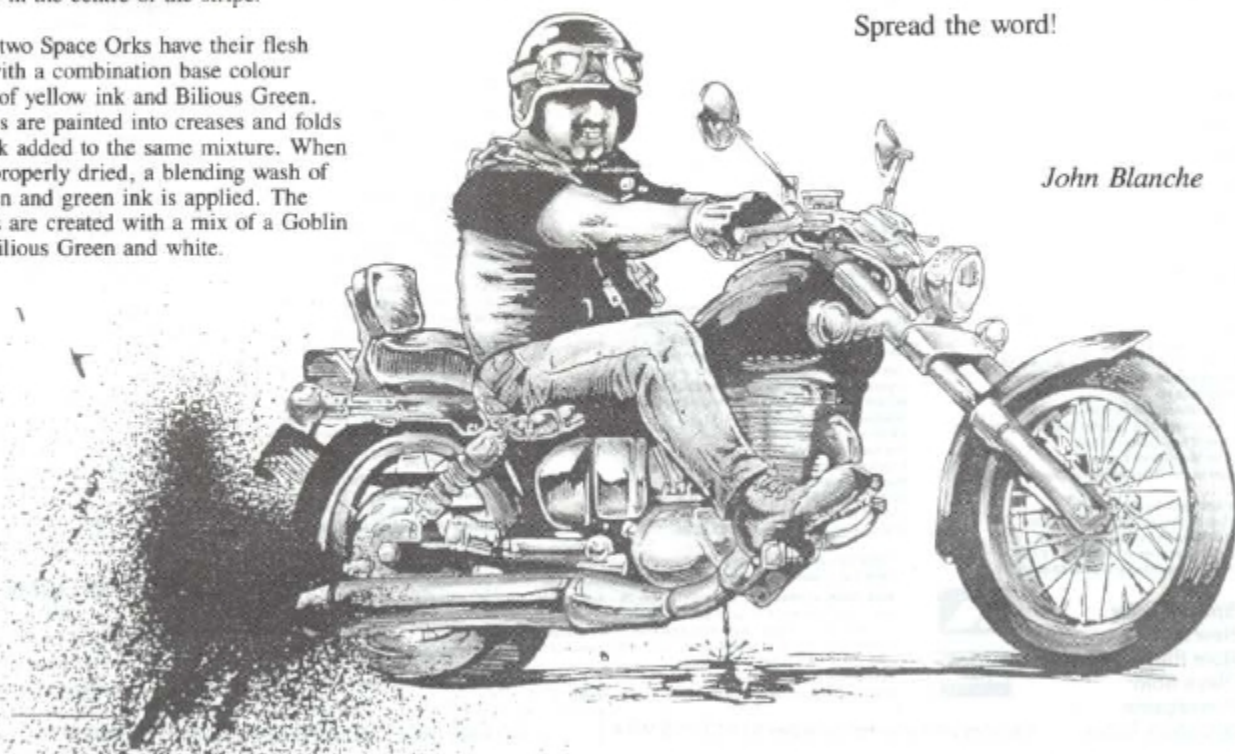
The differences are obvious from the start. A black undercoat, rather than the standard white one, is applied to the figure. Then each colour is layered until a highlight is reached. The black is left to show through in the deepest creases and edges (belts, weapons, cuffs and so on), with detail and decoration added later.

The biggest disadvantage of this technique is that the finished figure is somewhat duller than one undercoated in white (which shines through the subsequent layers of paint). The advantage however, is that awkward details such as the mouth, helmet edging etc do not have to be painted in. They're just left black. As I indicated earlier, this is a faster technique and is particularly suited to painting wargames units.

Well, now you've seen what some of the studio staff do to get the required results from their figure painting. But what do you do to make your figures look special? Are you having problems with particular effects. Or do you just think that we're doing everything wrong when it comes to miniatures painting? Let me know. Write to *Blanchitsu*, Games Workshop Design Studio, 14-16 Enfield Chambers, Low Pavement, Nottingham NG1 7DL.

Spread the word!

John Blanche



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THE MADCAP LAUGHS

STORMBRINGER ADVENTURE RUINS IN MADNESS

By Matt Williams

GM'S INTRODUCTION

This adventure is a sequel to *A Heart of Dust, A Hand of Death* featured in *White Dwarf* 96. A guide to the overall structure of the campaign, *The Madcap Laughs* was presented in WD95. However, with minor modifications, the adventure that follows may be played apart from the campaign as long as the adventuring party number between three and six characters (one of whom should be a sorcerer).

The adventure can begin at any time once yourself and your players feel satisfied with the conclusion of *A Heart of Dust*. The loose ends left by that adventure may be ignored for the moment, and the party's attention can be drawn away from the matter of the Key of Mirikos, and Ziamora and her demons.

One such distraction may occur when the characters hear word that an anonymous wizard seeks to hire adventurers to fetch a valuable book from somewhere in the southern jungles. It doesn't matter how the PCs come by this information (as long as it's second hand). Nor does it matter whether the group decide to pursue the matter. If they don't, and they have little reason to, allow them to become involved in any matter that interests them but keep having them encounter this snippet of information, as if it's the latest news, until one or more of the party takes some interest.

Should any members of the party try to investigate the matter, they will be able to uncover no further details. Once they concern themselves with the rumour (if only on a speculative basis), on their retirement for the evening, all the characters will experience the same dream.

THE DREAM

Read the following passage to the adventurers:

You are on a sailing ship, journeying across a calm sea. It is a warm, moonless night. Around you stand a number of others dressed for war, their features invisible in the dark.

As the sun's first rays light the horizon, a tall, cloaked figure calls, 'It is time!' As he chants strange incantations, the sea begins to swell. Dark clouds gather and rain streaks down from the sky. The rising sun is blotted out by the storm. The ship rocks and sways violently and is suddenly caught on a huge wave. With supernatural force, the fragile vessel is swept across the sea. In the swell and foam you see faces forming. It's as if the ship were being tossed like a plaything from one to another of the ocean's children. They laugh and smile, pushing the ship forward at a manic speed.

Through the spray ahead looms a grey line of rocks. There is no checking of the terrible momentum. You realise the ship will be wrecked on the shore and watch, terrified but helpless. The battered vessel hurtles on, the waves grow higher. Suddenly, the ship shudders. You hear the sound of splintering wood. The main mast snaps, and water floods the deck. As the ship capsizes you feel yourself gasping for air, surrounded by the laughing denizens of the ocean.

The adventurers awake fully dressed, their clothes soaked. They find themselves on a beach. None of them have been harmed but they may be understandably confused about their whereabouts.

They have been abducted to the shores of Oin and Yu by Ylastraa Taar, a Pan Tangian sorcerer. They were summoned to his ship by a Demon and the ship was conveyed to Oin by undines. The journey has taken longer than the dream suggested, and was far less dramatic - though the ship was wrecked and the crew drowned. Should the characters decide to search the beach, they may, at the GM's option, discover crewmen's bodies, washed ashore along with themselves. However, they will learn nothing from these.

When the PCs have satisfied themselves that there is nothing of interest on the beach and turn their attention to moving inland, they will see a figure watching them from a grassy bluff about twenty feet away. The figure is tall, thin and dressed in a dark cowl robe. His back is badly hunched over. He beckons the adventurers with an outstretched arm.

Ylastraa Taar is the sorcerer in question. He greets the party warmly, but his gaze seems to be attracted more towards the sea, his face showing a mixture of regret and bemusement. Shrugging his hunched shoulders, he turns to the PCs and begins to explain the reason for their untimely (and uncomfortable) abduction.

'I seek the Whispering Codex of Pyaray for my researches. The nature of Law and Chaos poses many questions, many unfathomable puzzles. But we have a duty to try and change the situation, do we not? We must try to understand. Now my researches lead me to believe that the Codex may have some relevance here.' His crooked face meets the gazes of the adventurers. 'Perhaps you can already see my problem. I am no adventurer.'

He turns away, hobbling inland through the tall grass. Without turning around, he shouts, 'There are riches where it is hidden. Great riches. They're yours whether you uncover the Codex for me or not. What would I spend them on here, eh?'

In fact, Taar is in the pay of Ziamora, who wishes to obtain the Codex because she thinks it contains the rituals needed to release her god, Amma-y-Graan from imprisonment (see WD95).

Taar will not compel the characters to assist him in the search. Instead he will tempt them with his graphic tales of rare Lormyrian treasures. He will show them examples, his two rings. He will tell the characters they can have any loot they discover, besides the Codex. However, should this not be incentive enough, he is prepared to simply leave them to wander round the wilderness of Lormyr with no idea of where they are.

If the characters accept, Taar plans to accompany the party. If they insist, he will let them go alone, giving them his map and arranging to rendezvous back at the shore. He will follow the adventurers at a safe distance, using his scrying device (see below) to keep an eye on them.

YLASTRAA TAAR



Ylastraa Taar is a sorcerer of Pan Tang. He has a tall and wiry build deformed by a hunchback, and tends to speak in a whisper. His deformity has led him to despise the physical prowess of other mortals. He seeks to best others via scholarship and sorcery. Years of study have indeed made him a powerful sorcerer.

Ziamora has promised him a share of her sorcerous knowledge and a place at her right hand when the Esseggaani control the universe. He keeps in contact with her by using a scrying device described below. He is physically weak, and unable to fight. He needs the muscle-power of a few adventurers to help him find the Codex.

Ylastraa Taar, Pan Tangian Sorcerer
STR 6 CON 5 SIZ 20 INT 22 POW 19
DEX 11 CHA 10 HP 13

RUINS IN MADNESS

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Dagger	30%	1D4+2	05%

Armour: 76-point Demon armour

Skills: Conceal 45%, Evaluate Treasure 89%, First Aid 100%, Hide 22%, Listen 45%, Music Lore 45%, Make Map 66%, Memorise 82%, Persuade 58%, Taste 53%

Languages: Common: Speak 100%, R/W 100%; Low Melnibonitan: Speak 95%, R/W 95%; High Melnibonitan: Speak 95%, R/W 95%; Mabden: Speak 95%, R/W 95%; Orjenn: Speak 75%, R/W 75%; Yuric: Speak 64%

SUMMONINGS: Elementals: Water 98%, Air 77%, Earth 54%; Demons: Combat 97%, Desire 78%, Protection 59%; Other Summonings: Straasha.

Even though he is SIZ 20, Taar is thin and slight, so has no damage bonus. He carries a dagger, but prefers to rely on sorcery.

Taar wears two very valuable Lormyrian rings. One is made of hand-worked gold, set with a giant 200 carat ruby (worth 20,000 LB); the other is made of fine-wrought silver set with a dragon carved from a single huge opal (worth 8,000 LB). Stealing them will bring attack from a Demon of Combat, to whom the thief's souls are pre-dedicated. The rings are binding objects. The silver ring contains a bound undine. The gold ring acts as a binding object for a Demon of Combat, as noted below.

Taar also wears a spherical crystal pendant, which allows him to communicate with Ziamora and see other people and places at a distance. The pendant embodies a Demon of Knowledge with the special ability of Scrying. The Demon only presents its knowledge in this way. Its scrying ability is accurate, but the demon is otherwise uninformative.

Demon Amulet
INT 95 POW 3



TAAR'S DEMONS

Eetsurt, Demon of Protection
CON 76 SIZ 20 POW 12

Special Abilities: Despair

The Demon exists in the form of Taar's cowed, full-length cloak. Looking at its velvet-black surface, one can make out the pattern of the stars and the depths of space between them. Any creature intending to attack Taar must roll POW or less as a percentage or catch a glimpse of the robe. A character who fails a POW v POW struggle with the Demon will stare into the wastes of infinity and be filled with despair. Until the Demon moves more than 100 metres away, the character will be unable to do anything except weep. At night, the Demon's power is at its height; its POW is effectively doubled for POW v POW struggles.

Aborsch, Demon of Combat

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 27 INT 1 POW 9 DEX 18 CHA 1 HP 15

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Bite x3	33%	1D10	33%

Armour: None

Special Abilities: Regeneration

Summoning Aborsch brings forth a plague of creeping, biting insects which swarm over their victim. The swarm will have three group bites

per round, and armour is ignored - the insects crawl through the joints. The insects can be damaged by beating, fire etc. or washed off in water (the Demon loses 1D6 Hit Points per round). More insects join the swarm each combat round, represented by Regeneration. If the demon is reduced to 0 or fewer Hits for one whole round, it is considered slain (ie the insects are removed). The Demon can cover as many victims as it has SIZ. For example, it could swarm over two SIZ 11 people with some to spare. It is bound to the ruby ring, and is noticeable as a variety of insects crawling across the ground.

THE WHISPERING CODEX

The Whispering Codex is said to contain eight thousand impossible riddles - and their answers. It once belonged to the priests of Pyaray, but was somehow lost to the Church of Straasha. To prevent its secrets being revealed, Pyaray's servants had bound certain Demons to destroy anyone or anything who revealed its whereabouts. Thus, the book was lost in Lormyr, its location known only to one man.

Reading the Codex is itself a hazardous business. Any reader who fails to roll POW or under as a percentage is driven mad by its tortuous contradictions and horrible secrets. Any creature revealing the Codex's location to another is immediately devoured by a horde of Demons.

The book is old and heavy, as long as a man's arm and half as wide. It is bound in octopus skin and smells like an open grave. Each page is made from the flayed skin of drowned mariners whose lifeless forms now man the Chaos fleet of Pyaray.

Theoretically, any sorcerer can benefit from reading the Codex. First, the wizard must successfully make a POW roll to avoid being driven mad as noted above. After studying the book for 30-INT weeks, the adventurer must roll twice their INT+POW or less as a percentage, and - if successful - gain 1D4-1 INT. The sorcerer may proceed to the next rank of sorcery. Characters of the fifth rank will now be able to try and summon Pyaray. Failure means the adventurer's POW drops to 1. This regenerates at 1 point/game hour, but stops when the value has recovered all but one of the points originally lost. This last point is permanently lost.

THE JUNGLES OF OIN AND YU

The jungle-lands of the southern continent are lush and full of wildlife. Tigers hunt among the overgrown ruins of once-proud Lormyrian cities. Snakes bask in the sun on beds of forgotten treasure. The forests are old, with towering moss-covered trees of enormous girth, and thick intertwining undergrowth makes progress on foot difficult. Much of the interior of Lormyr has been reclaimed by such wilderness. Oin and Yu were once provinces of the Lormyrian Empire, but - as this nation declined - they fell to the anarchic hands of the barbarian tribesmen.

TRAVEL TO THE RUINED CITY

Taar has a map showing the whereabouts of the last man alive who knows the location of the Codex. The man is now a hermit. He lives in a ruined city at the edge of the jungle. The journey is not too hard, and the characters will reach the city in three days.



Each day, Taar will find the opportunity to slip away for about an hour, on the pretence that he wishes to meditate alone. If they follow him, the adventurers will see him apparently talking to himself. In fact, he is communicating with Ziamora using the crystal pendant. If the characters have tussled with Ziamora and take no trouble to conceal their true identities, she will instruct Taar to arrange a sticky end for them. How this is handled is a matter for the GM's discretion. Ziamora will not reveal her involvement in the quest to the adventurers whether they have crossed her or not.

A character making a *Listen* roll will overhear choice fragments of the conversation, just enough to give an outline of Taar's true intentions. As a result, the characters may well choose to slay him. In this case, Ziamora will choose a new agent. This will be either Torvlm Nosam or Ellshara (see below). The new agent may not know for whom he or she is working, but Ziamora will arrange for the new agent to deliver the Codex into her hands. If the gamemaster has a taste for subtle irony, the adventurers themselves might become Ziamora's new pawns.

ARRIVAL

The expedition will arrive at its destination at dusk. The sun has fallen behind the high cliff. The whole ruined city is in shadow, the tallest buildings edged in brilliant orange light. The city is on the verge of reverting to wilderness.

If the characters decide to press on and search for the hermit immediately, they automatically have an encounter from the Pasdunzoon Encounter list. Encounter frequency should be no higher than one every two hours. Otherwise, as they look around for a campsite, they come across Torvlm Nosam's pavilion.

THE RUINED CITY - PASDUNZOOON

Once a jewel in Lormyr's crown, this has long since fallen into decay, since the last inhabitants died hundreds of years ago. The city still looks majestic, even in ruins. Many of the buildings still stand - just. The forest slowly encroaches on the ruined streets. Roots and creepers force their way through the floor of elegant squares. Trees take seed in walls. Wild beasts make their lairs in crumbled mansions.

The city is cradled between low hills on the shores of the Lake of Tears. At the western tip of the lake, the land rises sharply into a cliff over which cascade a score of waterfalls. Hollowed into the cliffs are ancient barbarian cave-dwellings. Where the city starts, the forest ends and the land becomes more steppe-like.

BUILDING TYPES AND STRENGTHS

Since the adventurers may want to explore the ruined city, use the following table to find out what sort of building they are entering:



Roll 1D100

01-30
31-45
46-55
56-65
66-75
76-85
86-95
96-100

Building

Two-storey residence
Three-storey residence
Large mansion
Covered square
Granary
Public building; eg lawcourts, baths
Temple
Mausoleum

None of these structures are particularly safe, they are all prone to subsidence and collapse. To find the condition of a building, roll 1D100. This is the percentage chance of the structure collapsing if entered. Check once on entry and every time an adventurer tampers with the masonry or contents. If a building collapses, adventurers nearby must make a *Jump* or *Dodge* roll to avoid falling masonry. Those inside must roll their DEXx2% or under to succeed. Characters who fail to clear the falling stonework take 6D6 points of damage.

If the roll to find out if the building collapses is 10 or less, the floor has subsided instead. The effect is exactly the same, but adventurers inside are trapped in a pit 2D6 metres deep under the rubble, taking falling damage as described on page 48 of the rules book. A character who has not broken limbs may attempt to roll STR or lower as a percentage once per round, to determine whether or not unaided escape is possible. Otherwise, characters may be helped from a pit in sixty minutes (minus ten for each PC helping to clear the rubble).

MAP OF PASDUNZOOON

Map Key

A. Temple of Arkyn. This is identified by the stone statue of Arkyn outside. The interior of the temple has completely collapsed, despite the fact that from the outside it looks as if the ravages of time have had no effect at all. Nevertheless, the floors and roof have fallen in. The resulting rubble is now home to ghekoes and lizards. A careful *Search* will unearth a plain looking dagger. As the dagger is picked up, a lump of masonry will fall from the wall. The first adventurer taking the dagger must roll under POWx2%, or take 5D6 damage from the falling stone. This building will not otherwise collapse.

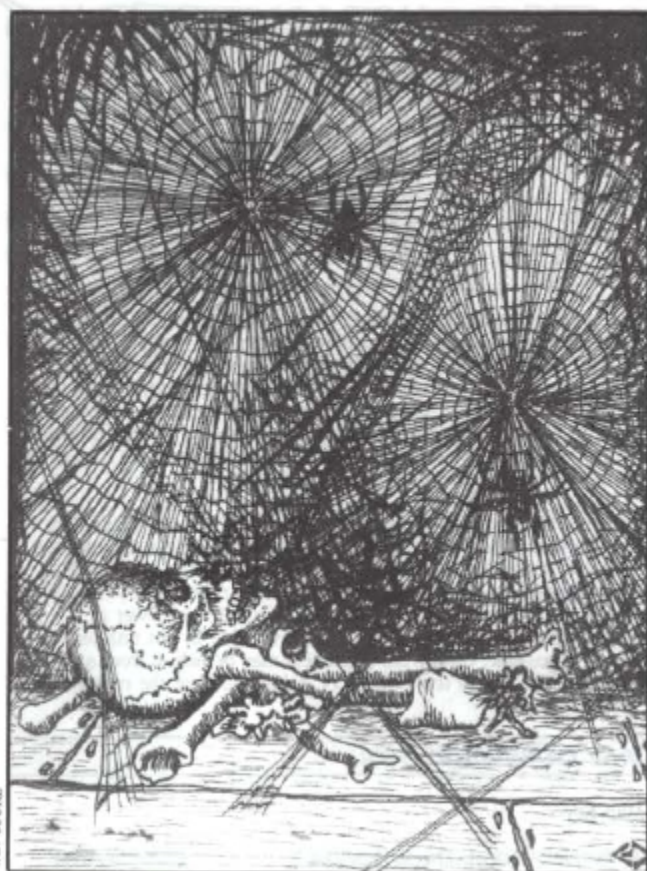
The dagger is *Virtuous*. Besides the usual abilities, it glows yellow when in the presence of someone lying.

B. Bath-house. This is extremely overgrown with briars and vines and the original roof has been replaced by a canopy of foliage. On entering the building, anyone making a *Listen* roll will make out a faint repeated hissing. This comes from a side bathing room - the source, hundreds of snakes. The 3 metre by 5 metre pool is filled with 800-1,000 snakes, ranging from poisonous asps to large constrictors. Anyone wading in has a 50% chance of being bitten by a poisonous serpent each round. The room is completely dark so adventurers striding in without caution may fall into the pool.

A See roll will reveal a strangely armoured skeleton lying under the snakes. In fact, the skeleton is not armoured, but wears a special suit which allows the wearer to breathe underwater for up to 6 hours. The suit is made of rivetted leather, with a helmet fashioned out of a giant snail shell. Tubes lead from this to a pear-shaped copper container. The apparatus is very bulky on land, requiring 16 STR to move freely. Underwater, the effect on movement is negated. If used as armour, it works as a superior form of leather, absorbing 1D6+1 points of damage. The copper container, which holds the air supply, will have 1D6 hours worth of air in it.

Disposing of the snakes requires an imaginative strategy. Physically lifting them out is time-consuming and dangerous. It will take 1D4+2 hours to remove them all. The gamemaster should check as above to see if an adventurer has been bitten. They could be driven out by fire, or they could be drowned. The GM should favour imaginative and well thought out schemes to determine the success of the operation.

C. Webbed House. This two-storey residence is covered inside with a huge blanket of spider webs. The spiders seem harmless enough, being about 2-3 cm across. A *See* roll will reveal a skeleton with a pouch in the far corner of the entrance hall. The pouch contains gems. It is no trouble to get to the corpse and take the pouch since the webs brush away easily. However, they are coated with a contact poison.



IAN COOKE

Characters entering the building must roll DEXx3% or under every time they move forward to avoid the webs touching their skin. Any adventurer touching them must make a CONx1% roll or fall into a deep sleep after 1D6 hours. The adventurer will wake periodically for 2D6 hours before lapsing into sleep again. After a week, his condition will worsen. Respiration will be short, and he will run a fever. 2D6 days later, the adventurer will die. An antidote for the poison will be commonly available in any cities in the southern continent.

The pouch contains a 20 carat diamond, a 15 carat emerald and 6x10 carat sapphires.

D. Square of Cats. This covered square is filled with dozens of cats. When the adventurers enter this location the felines begin to mew, one after another. In the square is a statue of a nobleman. On his head is lodged a gold coronet (worth 100 LB). Sharing occupation of the square with the cats is Rallup Yar and his companion Meeka.

RALLUP YAR



JES GOODWIN

Rallup Yar is the sole man alive who knows exactly where the Whispering Codex is hidden. He dragged the secret from the spirit of a priest of Law. The priest's spirit was immediately devoured by demons for revealing the secret. At the sight of this Rallup Yar went mad, swore a vow of silence and fled into the Lormyrian wilderness.

He found Meeka abandoned in the forest, and raised her as his daughter. He has never spoken to her, and the only language she knows is Yuric, learned from a traveller who spent several years in Pasdunzoon. Being unaccustomed to human contact has taken its toll on the girl. She often thinks she is another of Rallup Yar's cats.

On the wall is inscribed Rallup Yar's tale in a phonetic transcription of

Yuric. If the adventurers speak Yuric they have a chance equal to one-third of their *Speak Yuric* skill to recognise it as such. The inscription reads as follows.

I, Rallup Yar, last man alive to hold that dreadful secret, live in exile lest I reveal it to another soul and have my heart rent by demons for all eternity. In this crumbling land have I taken refuge from my church, and my lord and master Pyaray, Whisperer of Impossible Secrets, Captain of the Chaos Fleet, Sucker of Drowned Men's Bones, to carry my secret to the grave and the peace of Limbo, having vowed silence until the end of my days. I dare not speak. I will not speak. I cannot speak.

Getting the secret from Rallup Yar depends on the adventurers' ruthlessness and ingenuity. To ensure his silence he has cut his own tongue out. Some possible ways are these.

Persuasion - However hard they try, the adventurers' efforts will prove futile. The consequences of revelation far outweigh any benefit suggested by a bunch of silver-tongued charmers.

Torture - The adventurers may opt to physically torture him, or apply psychological pressure by hurting Meeka or the cats. This will distress the hermit but since he cannot voice the secret he must write it down, which will allow him time to recover and steel his nerve against doing so. Rallup Yar is not above lying, either.

Torture will break Rallup Yar, if the torturer rolls a critical *Torture* roll and the hermit fails to roll his POWx3% or less.

Sorcery - A Demon of Desire can wrest the secret from Rallup Yar, who will then be consumed by a horde of demons for telling. The Demon of Desire must either be cajoled into telling its newly discovered information, or bound and forced to do so. Unbound Demons are loathe to tell; they know they will be destroyed if they do. Bound Demons have no option, but will be annihilated on telling their master the location.

Anyone learning the secret is now in a precarious position. Letting slip, even by accident, precisely where the Codex is, will cause the teller to be slain by Demons. The gamemaster should keep a careful watch on this. Showing someone counts as revealing the secret.

A Demon of Possession can force Rallup Yar to write down the location.

Demons of Knowledge - only a few Demons of Knowledge know where the Codex is. They also know the consequences of divulging this. Only Demons absolutely compelled to serve will tell their summoner the location. A Demon of Knowledge knows the secret on a roll of its POW-10% or less.

In any case the location is always given as a riddle - *Where Straasha's kingdom meets King Grome's, and the eye's river washes stones.* The answer: at the bottom of the Lake of Tears.

Rallup Yar, Ex-Priest of Pyaray

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 19 DEX 12 CHA 9 HP 9

No effective attacks

Armour: None

Skills: First Aid 40%, Hide 50%, Listen 39%, Make Map 42%, Memorize 60%, Move Quietly 44%, Plant Lore 63%

Languages: Common: Speak 75%, R/W 75%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 40%, R/W 40%; Yuric: Speak 40%

He doesn't have a tongue, but if given one could speak the languages noted. If he hears the adventurers coming, he and Meeka will hide in the shadows, or a building off the square.

Meeka, Teenage Cat-Girl

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 6 INT 9 POW 11 DEX 13 CHA 11 HP 6

No effective attacks

Skills: Balance 66%, Climb 30%, Dodge 65%, Hide 55%, Jump 30%, Move Quietly 55%, See 41%, Scent 42%, Track 44%, Tumble 45%

Languages: Yuric: Speak 20%

ENCOUNTERS IN PASDUNZOOM

The GM may opt to use encounters from the following list during the PCs' search of the city. Encounters should not be used more than once. The GM should also feel free to modify encounters where necessary and, indeed, to supplement them with new ones.



Constrictor Snake

The adventurers stumble across the lair of a hungry constrictor. The snake will drop on lone or injured characters, or the last person to pass beneath it. Unless characters make a critical *See* or *Listen* roll, they will be surprised.

Constrictor						
STR 22	CON 16	SIZ 20	INT 7	POW 5	DEX 16	HP 24

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite	40%	1D6
Crush	60%	2D6

Armour: None

Skills: Ambush 60%, Hide 70%, Move Quietly 80%

Once the constrictor has wrapped a character in its coils, there is little hope for their survival unless the serpent is slain quickly. After the first hit with a *Crush*, the snake goes on crushing automatically until its victim dies or it is slain.

Clakars

A nearby building is home to a troupe of 2D6 Clakars. If disturbed they will attack the intruders.

Clakars						
STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 14	INT 9	POW 14	DEX 14	HP 16

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Bite	40%	1D8+2	
Claw x2	60%	2D6	30%
Wing buffet	90%	1D4-1	25%

Armour: None

Skills: Climb 45%, Listen 25%, Scent 25%, Search 25%, Track 25%



Jewelled Bird

Among the ruins the characters find a jewelled, brass bird. It is about man-sized. It is mechanical, and if - somehow - the characters manage to fathom the nature of the mechanism and get it going, it will serve as a mount. It can run at 10 km/h and fly. The bird is *Virtuous* and will explode on contact with *Chaotic* artifacts. The gems are semi-precious.

Obelisk

In a square stands a 10 metre marble obelisk. Three sides are inscribed with various languages, the fourth with geometrical symbols. Carved into the flagstones around it is a graduated circle marking the hours of the day.

The top metre has broken off. If it is replaced, the obelisk works as a sundial.

The three languages are the Lormyrian version of common, Low Melniboncan and a phonetic transcription of Yuric. Careful study would allow someone knowing two or three languages a good chance of deciphering the hermit's inscriptions. Characters knowing all three languages have an INTx5% chance of doing so. Familiarity with common or Low Melniboncan and Yuric will give the reader an INTx3% chance.

Baboons

An old temple site has become the temporary home of 4D4 baboons. If the characters wish to search the temple, they must first drive them away. The baboons are intelligent enough to hurl rocks and topple pillars onto the characters.

Baboons						
STR 16	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 5	POW 7	DEX 8	HP 11

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Bite	35%	1D8+2	
Claw	40%	1D6+2	30%
Throw rock/	40%	*	
Topple masonry			

Armour: 1 point for skin and fur

* Rocks will do 1D6 damage. A toppled pillar will do 2D6, and characters may dodge the falling masonry.



Rusting Engine

Apparently a mangled pile of rusted metal, this was in fact a steam-powered war engine. It is the size of a small house, with broken pistons and wheels sticking out in all directions. There is no way, bar magic, to restore the machine to working order. If somehow the characters do so, it resembles a huge metal ant.



The Poet's Camp

As the characters descend into the valley, they notice a lavishly decked out pavilion on the edge of the lake, and the smell of roasting meat wafts up from the camp. A horse grazes nearby; lamplight spills out through the doorflap; a boar roasts over a fire. Anyone within 10 metres making a See roll will glimpse silk cushions and plates of sweetmeats through a small window in the tent.

The tent is the property of one Torvlim Nosam (WD95). He is concealed nearby and will wait until the characters enter before bursting in on them and reciting one of his verses.

If the characters approve, he will introduce himself and be generous with his hospitality. He will entertain them as only he knows how, with a selection of his dreadful verse. Nosam will offer any information he knows, adding plenty of inaccuracies by way of embellishment. He will tell the characters that he too is looking for the Codex, purely for the challenge. In reality, he seeks the Codex because he thinks it will help him become a sorcerer. (If Taar is dead and Nosam has been chosen as Ziamora's new agent, she will have struck a bargain along these lines: he brings her the book, she makes him a sorcerer.)

Taar will not take kindly to Torvlim Nosam, should he be in the company of the party.

If the characters ask to join his camp, Torvlim Nosam will permit it, and suggest they all exchange stories around the fire. In light of Nosam's quality of verse, the characters may wish to politely refuse. This will throw Nosam into a sulk which lasts all the next day.

TORVLM NOSAM

A gentleman from Filkar, self-styled poet and sometime adventurer, Torvlim Nosam has built himself quite a reputation for two things: luck, and a terrible way with words. Torvlim appears puny and eccentric, but this is a front concealing his ruthless and logical character. He is a clever schemer, and by appearing unconcerned by anything, he frequently manages to influence events to his advantage.

Torvlim Nosam, Poet and Adventurer

STR 19 CON 7 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 13 DEX 15 CHA 18 HP 7

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Falchion	42%	1D6+2+1D6	36%
Kick	198%	1D6+1D6	92%



Armour: None

Skills: Climb 25%, Conceal 47%, Credit 62%, Dodge 70%, Evaluate Treasure 18%, Hide 55%, Listen 28%, Move Quietly 36%, Orate 71%, Persuade 26%, Ride 20%, See 43%, Sleight of Hand 62%, Tie/Untie Knot 32%

Languages: Common: Speak 75%, R/W 75%; Low Melnibonae: Speak 40%, R/W 20%

From his thin, waspish frame you could never guess his great strength. His darting grey eyes are concealed beneath the brim of his turquoise hat, a modest touch in his generally gold-stitched apparel. In combat, his preferred tactic involves waving his sword at an enemy, before throwing the weapon away once his adversary gets so near that he might have to fight it. This has saved his life on many occasions.

Torvlim Nosam lives a life of extreme luxury, afforded by his inherited fortune. He would rather be up a proverbial creek without a paddle (or canoe!) than have to eat a meal without brandy from a crystal goblet.

Nosam knows a little of the history of the Codex and believes it will bring him sorcerous powers. He knows where the hermit lives, and is familiar with the main thoroughfares of Pasdunzoon. He also knows that Princess Ellshara (see below) is also looking for the Codex.

He will share all this information with the characters if he believes it will help him claim the Codex for himself.

PRINCESS ELLSHARA



The first day the characters go down into the city, they will meet Princess Ellshara. Roll 1D4 for how many hours it is before they meet her. If for some reason they have left the city by then, she will be spotted the same evening on the shore of the lake. If this is so, she will have already found the Virtuous dagger and claimed it as hers. Read the following to the players.

A little way ahead a pack of greyhounds lopes around their houndmaster who holds the reins of two horses. Another figure, armoured in burnished plate, swings into the larger mount's saddle. The armoured figure has obviously noticed you.

'Hail! Disport yourselves properly, for the royal blood of the Kings of Lormyr is ours and we demand your greeting!'

Ellshara is a noblewoman and will expect due respect; rudeness will earn a sharp rebuke. She is searching for the Codex for something to do. Lormyr is sleepy, and there is little to occupy an adventurous princess. This much should reveal the strength of her character.

If Taar is dead, you may decide to make Ellshara Ziamora's new agent. In this case, the two of them will have struck a deal whereby Ziamora has promised to restore the youth of Ellshara's dying father in exchange for the book.

Ellshara's response to the characters depends on how they receive her. If they are hostile, she will be wary and keep herself to herself. If they are warm and courteous, she will be more open. She will not reveal her quest, however.

She knows where the hermit is, and has deciphered his history, but could get no further when he refused to speak. In her armour, she may be mistaken for a man until her helmet is removed. She will take every opportunity to better any man, and idle boasts may be put to the test if Ellshara thinks she can win.

If the characters seem to stand a chance of making Rallup Yar talk, she will help them in any way possible until they find the Codex, when she will try stealing it for herself.

Ellshara will be aware of Torvlim Nosam's camp. Unless the characters hid theirs, she may have spotted that too (make a See roll for her).

Ellshara, Lormyrian Princess

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 15 DEX 17 CHA 15 HP 14

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Heavy Mace	96%	1D8+2	92%
Broadsword	56%	1D8+1	64%
Dagger	43%	1D4+2	32%
Self bow	86%	1D8+1	
Melnibonean bow	33%	2D6+1	

Armour: 12 point Virtuous plate with helmet**Skills:** Credit 48%, Dodge 65%, Evaluate Treasure 28%, First Aid 70%, Hide 42%, Jump 32%, Memorise 33%, Orate 28%, Plant Lore 41%, Ride 63%, See 43%, Swim 40%, Track 28%**Languages:** Common: Speak 85%, R/W 85%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 65%, R/W 65%; Yuric: Speak 30%

Ellshara's armour is burnished with gold, an item of rare Lormyrian craftsmanship. The helmet is made to resemble a sun in splendour, with a full-face visor that lifts up.

She is well-educated, knows the ways of the world and seeks respite from the torpid languor of Lormyr. She also delights in besting men, or making them the subject of ridicule, with the exception of her manservant, Kajan.

Her mount is a grey warhorse, a gift from her father, of whom she is very fond. She travels with a pack of 15 long-haired hunting greyhounds, under control of her houndmaster.

**Kajan, Lormyrian Houndmaster**

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 11 POW 9 DEX 15 CHA 10 HP 14

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Spear	36%	1D6+1	50%
Shortsword	30%	1D6+1	30%
Tower shield	40%	1D6+2	65%

Armour: 1D6-1 leather**Skills:** Balance 30%, Dog Handling 92%, First Aid 60%, Tie/Untie Knot 46%, See 30%, Track 44%, Ride 55%**Languages:** Common: Speak 80%, R/W 50%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 55%

Kajan is Ellshara's manservant, shield-bearer and houndmaster. He is also her constant companion on adventures, being secretly charged by her father to protect her from danger. The greyhounds are trained to attack on command, but they are used mostly for hunting game. Kajan hand-reared each one, and will be outraged if they are killed.

THE LAKE OF TEARS

The lake is about 900 metres long, 400 wide, and roughly kidney-shaped. It is no deeper than 15 metres. The shores are gently-sloping shingle beaches, save the western end which runs right up to the cliff. Its waters are dark and gloomy.

At the bottom of the lake is an underground grotto dedicated to Straasha. Here lies the Whispering Codex. The grotto is not hard to find, needing a simple Search roll while underwater, but adventurers removing the Codex will immediately draw the attention of Straasha. If he has some special reason - because the adventurer is an Agent or priest of Kakatal for example - the adventurers will be surrounded and attacked by 2D4 water Elementals. Characters able to summon Straasha will be brought to him to explain why they are taking the Codex. If he is convinced of their integrity, he will return them to the lake shore intact with the book. Other adventurers have a POW+ELAN+30% chance of being so summoned. Any adventurer who does not convince Straasha to let him have the Codex will be returned to the edge of the lake empty handed.

An undine can retrieve the book in an instant, but the gamemaster should check to see if this irritates Straasha as if the undine were being bound by the sorcerer. This will have the usual consequences. Alternatively, the characters might try to devise a scheme to drain the lake, making the grotto accessible by foot. The timespan involved here could be considerable, not to mention the amount of help the party would need. It may, however, be a possibility the GM has to contend with.

Using a Demon of Desire to get the Codex will not enrage Straasha. It will, however, unleash the Codex's Chaotic Guardian. The condition for this is specific. If a Demon of Desire is commanded to bring the Codex to its master, then the monster is unleashed. Demons of Desire assisting indirectly do not cause the monster's release. For example, a Demon commanded to keep its master alive underwater would not activate the guardian.

If the adventurers found the breathing apparatus in the ruins, they may decide to use it. It will take 20 minutes to walk to the middle of the lake, 10 minutes to find the book and a further 20 to return. If the adventurers are unsure where to look, roll 1D4 for the number of hours needed to find the grotto, get the book and return. The tank has 1D6 hours of air left in it.

**Chaos Creature, Guardian of the Whispering Codex**

STR 36 CON 41 SIZ 93 INT 12 POW 9 DEX 16 HP 122

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Bite	40%	1D10+3D6	40%
Tail bash	30%	1D8+3D6	
Crush	*	8D6	

Armour: 10 point scales

Special Abilities: Hypnosis

* If a target is bitten, it must roll under its DEXx2% or become caught in the creature's coils. Every combat round, the victim will be crushed - the creature will maintain its grip until the victim is dead, or the beast is slain. While being crushed, a victim can use no weapons except those suitable for very close quarters, like daggers.

The creature can fix a target in its gaze and try to mesmerise it. This takes one whole combat round, during which the creature will not attack. The creature has a chance of 66% (minus the target's POW) of hypnotising its victim. Hypnotised creatures and adventurers leave themselves open to being bitten on the next round, and the guardian will have double its normal bite percentage. Mesmerised adventurers who are bitten are automatically caught in the creature's coils.

The creature resembles a giant serpent with a pike's head and a broad, oar-like tail. It takes 1D6 combat rounds to manifest, growing from a minute serpent to giant size. During this time adventurers may attack it without danger of reprisal. Thereafter it attacks without quarter until outrun or slain. The beast can slither at 20 km/h without tiring.

RESOLUTION

The way the adventure turns out depends on the attitude of the players and how their characters ally themselves with the NPCs. Players who take a paranoid, sword-happy approach will have a dull time, and most probably fail. Those whose characters use the non-player characters' aid to the best advantage should do well. Remember, everyone is trying to manipulate everyone else, and they're all after the Codex.

It is most likely the Codex will be obtained by some form of sorcery. If Elementals are employed, there is a chance that the characters may meet with Straasha. The gamemaster should take time and care over this encounter. It may be the only time the characters or players ever have such an experience.

Straasha's demands will not be extreme if the players show respect and eloquence. He will relinquish the Codex if they promise to erect a shore-side shrine to him, or some other service, such as flooding a temple of Kakatal. Naturally, unless the characters have something immediate to offer they will be taking the Codex 'on credit', and suffer Straasha's anger if they fail in their part of the bargain.

A Demon of Desire may be used to obtain the Codex directly, or, less likely, to duplicate the breathing apparatus or provide air for the characters while they travel underwater. While submersed, characters will only be able to move slowly, communicate by sign language and use thrusting weapons such as spears.

This adventure has ample opportunities for roleplaying. The gamemaster has several distinctive non-player characters at his disposal. Whether they aid or obstruct the characters will depend on how the various factions deal with each other. For example, they may all agree to search together, until someone has the Codex, when it becomes every man and woman for themselves.

If the characters have found out where the Codex is hidden, but do not have the means to obtain it, even though the gamemaster feels they deserve to acquire it, Zlamora may personally intervene - and take the Codex off them.

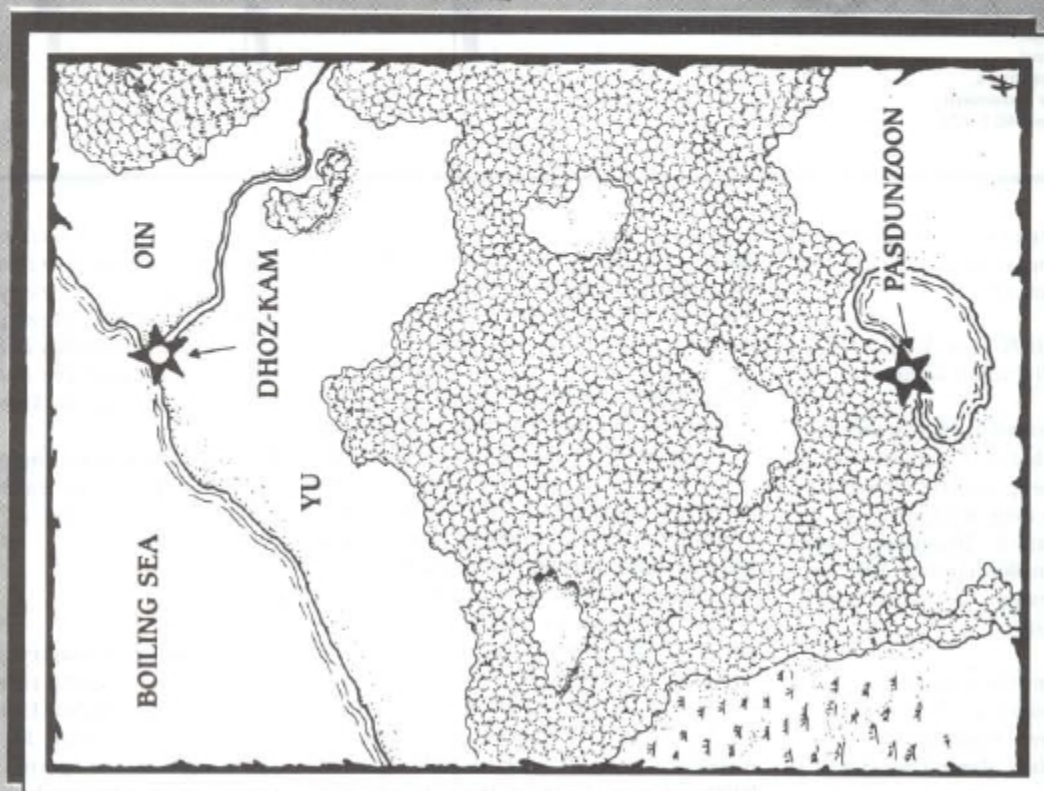
The adventure ends once the Codex is finally taken out of Pasdunzoon with no doubt as to who owns it. Schemes for its theft or revenge involving Taar, Torvlin Nosam or Ellshara can be the springboard for another adventure.

Matt Williams



TONY ACKLAND

THE JUNGLES OF OIN AND YU



PASDUNZON



WHITE DWARF

Letters Page,
White Dwarf,
Enfield Chambers,
16/18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL



'Hey, Steve Hand, friend games designer, have you noticed how some people just burst in here demanding information?'

'Indeed, Sean Small Person. Some of these characters are really rather abrupt.'

Jon-Paul Mayer, Pencoed: Okay where is it?

You know what it is, you have been hiding it deep in the bowels of Nottingham for too long. It's time it saw the light of day. Yes, that's it, 'Realms of Chaos'. It was advertised in Warhammer FRP as a forthcoming supplement. But when exactly will it be forthcoming?

'Ah yes, the problem is that some of it is still in the bowels - er, brains - of its current editor, Mike Brunton. He keeps breaking out in rashes of creative journalism, doesn't he, Sean?'

'Absolutely, Steve. However, it will definitely be out this summer... So to speak.'

Adam Hough, Kipling I have to admit that the 'credits' list usually gives me a laugh each month, looking at what exalted position of power Bryan Ansell is currently supposed to occupy. Wonder how many people actually notice...

'Well he obviously doesn't, as we haven't been fired yet!'

'Nice one, Steve.'

'What? Oops!'

W Phelan, London To start off, I would like you to clarify a point for me. If the new Marginalia section replaces Open Box, then designers notes are replacing reviews. Fine. However, since you only have access to designers notes on GW material, this means that nothing else will be - er - 'marginalised'. If you don't put other products into context in this way, is there any point in providing backup for these other games in the way of adventures and features? Should we expect a Warhammer/ WFRP/ Call of Cthulhu/ Warhammer 40,000/ Runequest/ Paranoia/ Stormbringer/ Judge Dredd/ other GW game only magazine?

'Well, if you want to call it "only" then, yes. Your assumption is largely correct. I say

largely because other games may still be featured for one reason or another. Certainly, the range of games covered in this magazine will grow. Boy, do we have some surprises for you, this year!'

Robin Clarke, Offton No RPG is without its faults, but fortunately, most of them are fairly minor, and people can find their own solutions. But damage systems are appalling. If somebody were to hit you with a sword, the damage might be greater than if you were hit with a club. However, if that club was aflame (ie a torch), then it might set fire to clothing. Now most systems can cope with detail like this, but there are still problems.

If my character were attacked with burning oil, I might let him fight on, knowing that it would burn out in a few rounds. But if it happened to me, I'd be far more likely to jump in a pond or roll on the ground.

'My clothes caught fire once in an accident and I didn't notice for several seconds - '

'That's par for the course.'

'Thanks Steve. Anyway, I hardly noticed the temperature rise because of a distraction. There may be some cases when a character in combat has a similar experience. But for the most part, having your character make a CI test should do the trick.'

Ian Robertson, Chichester: First, a compliment. I have just finished reading WD 95 and I would like to congratulate Rick Priestley on his brilliant 'Heavy Metal' article on DIY 40K vehicles. This is by far the best article I have seen in WD for a long time. Is there any chance of Rick showing us how to make any more of these thingies, perhaps in more detail?

'Well Rick certainly hopes so. Indeed, his article has inspired such universal awe that Graeme Davis is also working on something similar. You'll have to see how well they bribe Yawn Masertron. Ian's next demand, however, would take a massive bribe.'

PS: Great free flexi-disc by Sabbath. Good move on your part. Any chance of you sticking the latest Rush album in your next issue?

'No, no, no, no, NO! This is a hobby magazine, not some vehicle for your own personal tastes. I'm sure that there's many a God-fearing gamer out there who, like me, believe that even a single twang of Geddy Lee's Rickenbacker bass would signal the death knell of the gaming industry as we know it.'

Nik Thornton, Gamlingay Dwarven rock beats Elven classical every time. By the way, what sort of music do Elf Wardancers like?

'Disco.'

Matthew Peck, Aylesbury: A letter in WD96 really aroused my fighting spirit. It was written by Robert Luke of Harpenden, and concerned catering for the under-15s. I can accept his viewpoint, but refuse, as I believe most other readers do, to take him seriously when he insists on writing SO THERE! and 'gagas' to illustrate his point. Surely if he wants people to take his age group seriously, such immature and childish tones should be omitted. The letter was written in a way that merely succeeded in lowering my view of younger players further. I do however, have sympathy for him. I was that age once.

'Fine, don't take him seriously. We found his letter amusingly irreverent but very fair. It certainly showed he had the ability to laugh at himself. Did you, when you were fifteen? Indeed, could you do so now if we shouted "Yahboo sucks"?''

Steven Dennis, Penylae Re Robert Luke's letter. I am fifteen and currently play RPGs with two groups of different age ranges; 14-16 and 17-21. All I can say, without offending Robert, is that I find playing with the older group a lot more enjoyable and sensible. Even though I'm not married and don't have kids, the adult attitude doesn't bother me.

'Glad to hear it. This hobby has grown a lot in scope over the years. When I saw fifteen, I had to travel quite a distance to play RPGs with a university games society, and was grateful for the fact that my age wasn't arbitrarily held against me. Since then, I've played games with younger and older players alike. Incidentally, I've never found any correlation between age and style of play. I've

met teenagers who treat RPGs as free-form improvisational theatre, and spoken to people in their thirties who think that the objective is to "win." It takes all kinds.

'And now, Steve demonstrates his knowledge of the intricacies of Warhammer...'

Robert Holsman, Tonbridge: Please explain, how you kill skeletons using archers? Surely the arrows will pass through the ribs without causing damage? When fighting living creatures the arrows will pierce the heart or other vital organs to cause death. But skeletons have none of these. Even if they can be destroyed by arrows, shouldn't the archers suffer some sort of penalty?

'Ooo, you've hit a raw nerve here, Robert. This debate has raged between the various Warhammer Battle scribes for at least a week. The logic behind the final ruling goes something like this: Skeletons are magically formed creatures, held together in a field of magical energy. Therefore, if an arrow pierces the field (hitting the area where the heart should be, for example), then the resulting disruption causes the skeleton to fall apart.'

'Well argued, Sleeve. I didn't know the scribes had it in them!'

David Black: It may seem obvious to some of your more intelligent readers, but I can't for the life of me work out the advert on page 7 of WD 95. Let me explain. The advert seems to imply the Orcs are wearing full plate armour (top line second column). With shields this would mean a saving throw of 4, but on the advert it gives them a saving throw of 5 or 6. Also if they are using halberds, they can't use the shields which the models have in their hands!

'Get us out of this one, Handyman!'

'More Warhammer! I'll have you know I'm not qualified for this sort of thing, but... well... hmmm... errr... It goes something like this: Against missile fire the Orcs get a saving throw of four but in melee combat it's only 5 or 6. Now the reason for the latter is that... errr... yes you guessed it, the Orcs shouldn't have any shields. But be honest, it does make for a nice photograph doesn't it. Now, please something easier for a poor boardgames designer!'

Simon Gould, Stretton-on-Dunsmore: I would like to point out that all the long letters are criticising *White Dwarf*. Why? Personally, I think *White Dwarf* is brilliant, ace, brilliant, and cool, so put some longer letters of praise in and shorter criticisms.

'Ah, that's easy enough. The reason why we don't put many long letters of praise in White Dwarf isn't because we don't get many, but because if we do we'll get the same old cries

of, "Bias, bias!" Even now some of our readers will be thinking, "What a bunch of smug creeps printing such sycophantic garbage. I bet they made that letter up." Seriously though, it could also be argued that criticism makes for a more interesting letters page as opposed to a long list of compliments (though we do like to get them).

'Mark Corker could live to regret the next suggestion.'

Mark Corker, Sunderland: I am writing to say how much I enjoyed the song 'Blood for the Blood God' although I am not a fan of heavy metal. I have an idea. Why don't you make a song that could be used in role-playing games?

'Mark actually included a sample song with the letter which was most interesting. Maybe there's room for an informal competition here. Send in your gaming songs and who knows, maybe it will be you who gets to co-write Chaos Marauders on #2nd Street, or Phantom of the Blood Bowl.'

'Are you serious, Molarzone?'

'All you need is blood. Rah, da dah, da dah...'

David Castle, Woking: Why don't you publish interviews and articles about the various Design Studio staff, especially about the amazing Richard Halliwell and the even more amazing Rick Priestley?

'Go on, Bland. This one's for you.'

'Hal! Amazing? Please, he'll want a pay rise! Actually, David is not alone in asking for interviews with us lot but we have declined so far for fear of a vast tidal wave of letters going, "Eh up, here's Games Workshop blowing it's own trumpet again." But now we'll put it to the vote. If you want interviews, or cringe at the thought of them, let us know. If you are interested, then choose three people who you'd most like to be interviewed and include a couple of questions you'd like to ask that person, because we'd prefer it if all the questions came from you. So get writing!'

'Steve, I fear for your sanity. Meanwhile, here is someone who'd prefer it if we were all in an asylum - and I always thought it was one!'

Rick Crofts, East Grinstead: I am sorry that GW design staff have been overrun by mindless, blood crazed yobbos who relish the thought of chopping people up with chainsaws. I mean c'mon! These new board games are all about mindless violence and aren't exactly promoting a mature perspective of the gaming world. In fact it is probably attracting the Dark Side of the gaming world...

Tolkien's heroes didn't resort to mindless violence, nor does James Bond, Delta Force

or the SAS. Even Judge Dredd only uses it within the boundaries of the law. Let's face it, he is the law!

'Are you serious? Judge Dredd, James Bond - not mindlessly violent? And violence is good if "legal"? The Nazis murdered millions of Jews according to their "legal system." Look, if we're going to talk about perspective, let's try and keep one here. All the joking about chainsaws, comes from the fact that in one fantasy game, one of the weapons available is a chainsaw. It's a bit obtuse - a little amusing in its context. But let's keep fantasy separate from the reality, shall we?'

'I'll let Steve answer the next one. He has a knack for this sort of thing.'

Helen Hail, Gloucester: Oi! What's your game? Since last month's 'Eavy Metal' article my husband keeps his stick deodorant in a polythene bag. He's now eyeing the toothpaste tube very strangely and none of my make-up containers are safe. Please advise.

'Dear Helen, Helen love. Are you listening dear? I can understand that your husband's strange behaviour is likely to confuse and maybe place a strain on your relationship, but look at it clearly and calmly - can you do that, love? This is a new stage in your evolving partnership, so view it as a sign of growth. Talk things through with him and show him that you understand. Show him that you still care for him and that you'll support him through this emotionally difficult period, one which we often find in so many men of his age.'

'By the way, what's the box around that one for?'

'Letter of the month, I guess.'

'Is that likely to help the situation?'

'No, but do you think your comments did?'

'Hmmm.'

Steve Hand and Sean Masterson conspired to bring you this month's dialogue.

If you want to talk to us, shout at us, ask us questions, or just tell people what you enjoy, hate or find interesting about gaming, this is the place to write to. Letters of the Month are awarded copies of everything GW produces that month, and are chosen on the insane whim of the letters editors. These same letters editors would like it to be known that they are always open to bribery. We look forward to hearing from you.'

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WHEN THE MIST DISAPPEARS

'I can't see anything!' cried Malmir.

Wanda put her hand on the troubled Elf's shoulder. 'Don't worry,' she said. 'It is to be expected. The mists are part of the substance of these foul creatures.'

'It unsettles me,' said the Elf, frowning. 'Can you do something?'

'I can try,' said the young wizard. She moved a short distance away from her companion, and rummaged through a belt pouch. Her hand wrapped around a small object and pulled it from the bag. She began muttering to herself.

Malmir looked on. He could never understand how human wizards were capable of generating so much power when their spells consisted of such crude, guttural sounds. He began thinking of home.

Suddenly, the marshland ahead was clear. The mist had gone.

'The Fimir! Where are they?'

Wanda shrugged her shoulders and stooped down as something in the marsh grass caught her eye. Malmir followed her gaze and reached out to hold the shimmering form.

'Don't touch it!' warned Wanda. 'It isn't from our time. It's something from the future.' Written in the common tongue, the words *White Dwarf* were emblazoned on the outer layer of the piece of folded, shimmering parchment. She waved her hand over the tome, and the pages turned.

'There they are!' she cried, pointing to the newly revealed script. 'They're still ahead of us.'

Malmir looked at the parchment, then turned to Wanda. 'What does this mean?' he asked.

'It means,' said Wanda, taking a fine Reikland sausage from her pack and biting into it, 'that we're going to have to wait!'

In disappearing from the pages of *White Dwarf* 97, the Fimir proved just how mysterious they can be. But we've finally cornered them, and *White Dwarf* 98 will reveal more about these creatures than any other work of reference in the Old World. Not only that, but, with WD being the multi-dimensional nexus that it is, it will also bring Balo's mad scheme for unbalancing the Young Kingdoms to a suitably dramatic conclusion in *The Madcap Laughs*; present details of another Chapter of the Legiones Astartes for your *Warhammer* 40,000 campaigns; and bring you yet more erudite lore through the pages of *On the Boil*, *Chapter Approved*, *Heavy Metal*, *Illuminations*, *Critical Mass* et al.

What about Wanda and Malmir? Well, if they make it through the marsh in time, Carl Sargent's *The Grapes of Wrath* should keep them busy while they seek *The Power Behind The Throne*.

WHITE DWARF 98 will materialise on our plane of existence on January 28th. For a mere 125 Brass Pennies, you and your adventuring companions will have an essential guide to survival - as you enter the Games Workshop!

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