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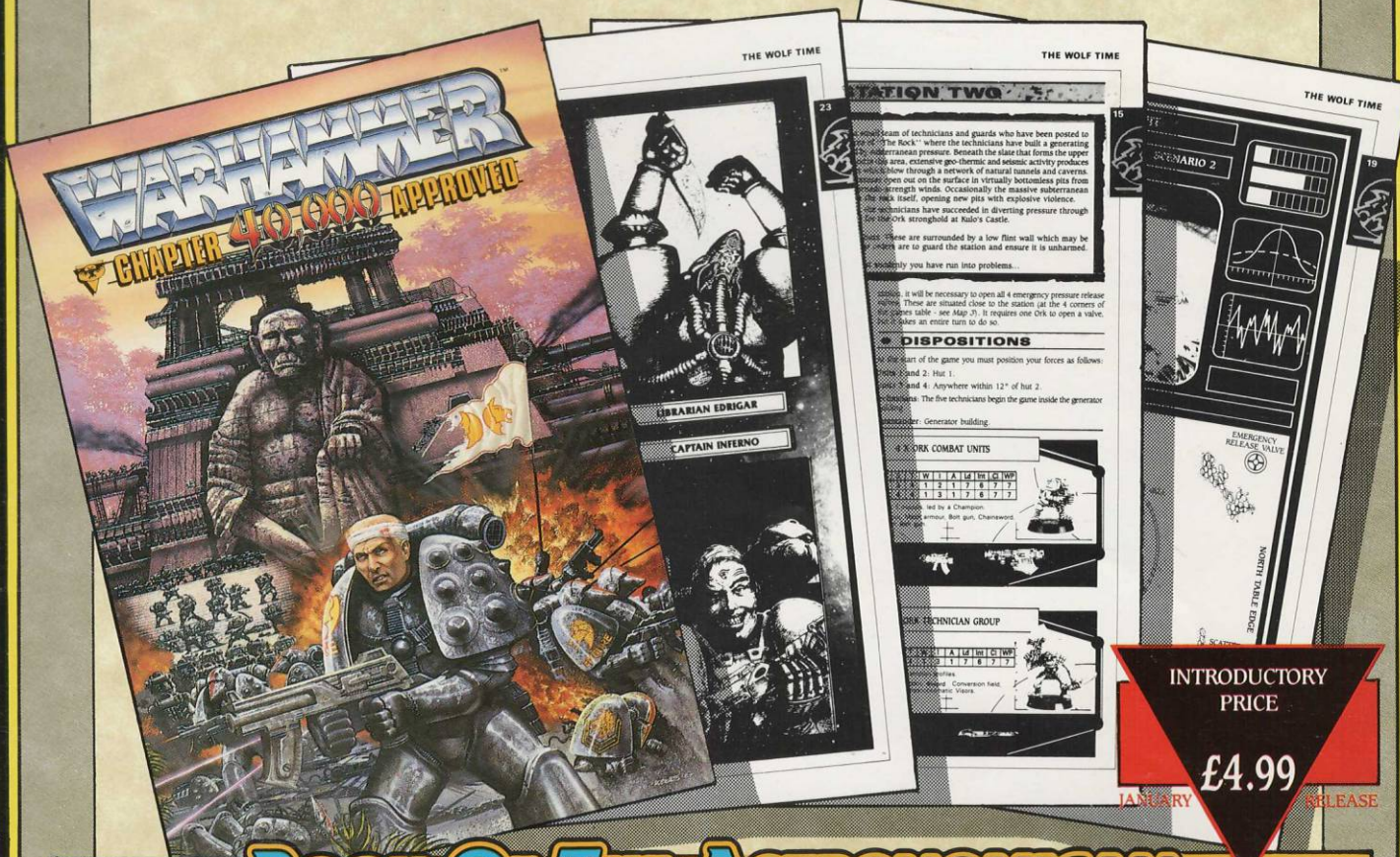
THE MONTHLY GAMES MAGAZINE

WARHAMMER

CHAPTER 40,000 APPROVED

WELCOME TO THE FIRST COMPANION VOLUME TO THE WARHAMMER 40,000 GAME - GUARANTEED MORALLY PURE BY THE IMPERIAL INQUISITION! CHAPTER APPROVED - THE BOOK OF THE ASTRONOMICAN CONTAINS 96 PAGES PACKED WITH NEW INFORMATION, RULES, MODEL UPDATES AND A COMPLETE SCENARIO FOR WH40K, THE WOLF TIME. WHITE SCAR MARINES, ORK DROP LEGION, THE IMPERIAL ARMY AND ELDRITCH RAIDER ELДАР PIRATES ALL FEATURE IN OUR OFFICIAL WH40K ARMY LISTS TOGETHER WITH FULL DETAILS OF THEIR EQUIPMENT AND POINTS VALUES. JOIN IN OUR FREE-TO-ENTER WH40K COMPETITION AND WIN A VERY SPECIAL PRIZE! (NOT FOUR DAYS IN A SAUNA WITH THE GAMES WORKSHOP SALES TROLLS...HONEST). PLUS, CHAPTER APPROVED HAS A COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED LISTING OF EVERY MODEL MADE FOR THE WH40K GAME, INCLUDING MANY NEW ONES.

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WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 98 FEBRUARY 1988

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PRINT BUYIST: Bob Malin
PRODUCTION MANAGIST: Alan Merrett
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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.

This is one crammed magazine. Sixty-five pages of solid gaming material for five of the best games around.

So I'm not going to waste any of your time here. Anyway, my fingers are sore.

Well, what are you waiting for?



Sean Masterson

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Please send and make remittance to: Games Workshop, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Notts NG16 3HY. Telephone (0773) 769731. 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, 8920 Route 108, Columbia, MD 21045, USA.

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for our submissions guidelines, enclosing a large SAAE or IRCs.

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Margina'lia

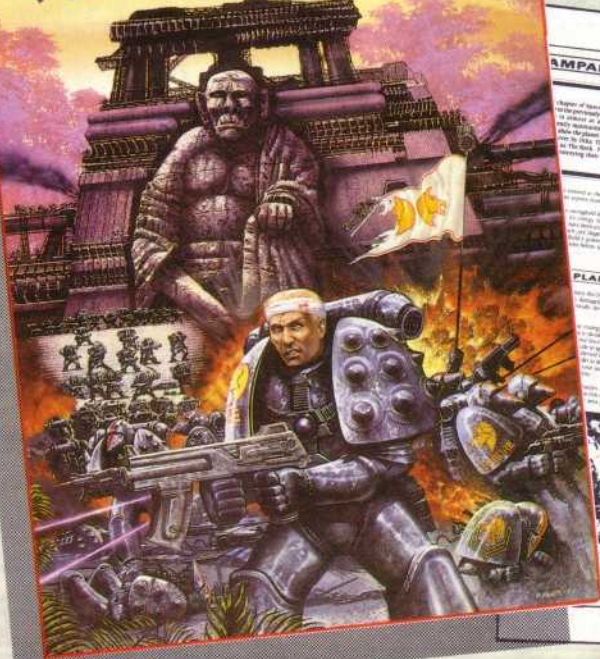
to enter on the margin. —adj. mar'ginal pertaining to a margin: in or on the margin: barely sufficient. —n. marginal constituency. —n.pl. mar'ginalia notes written on the margin. —v.t. mar'ginalise, -ize to furnish with notes. —adv. mar'ginally. —adj.s. mar'ginate, -d having a well-marked border; mar'gined.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

TALISMAN TIMESCAPE

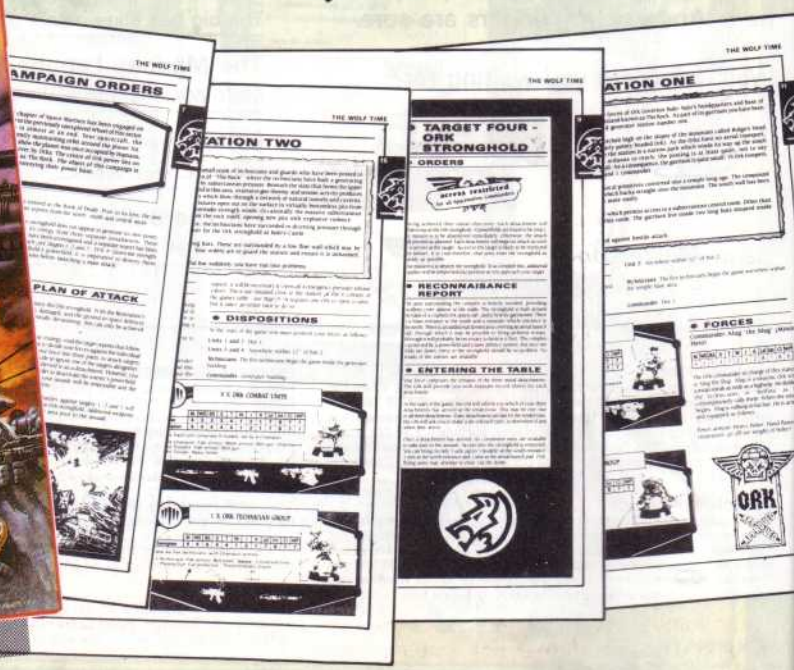


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WARHAMMER CHAPTER 40,000 APPROVED



WARHAMMER CHAPTER 40,000 APPROVED



Two new additions to two very different games have kept the studio running at break-neck pace through the early winter. Now we can show you the result of our experiment in DIY central heating.

TALISMAN TIMESCAPE

Boardgame Expansion £7.99

Talisman finally meets science-fiction. It had to happen. Now your trusty adventurer can break through the very fabric of time and space, travel to strange new worlds, and boldly go where no *Talisman* character has gone before...

Talisman Timescape follows in the footsteps of the *Talisman Dungeon* (although it was designed by Frank Bourque before *The Dungeon* was released). It provides you with a new board, along with new cards and characters to use in conjunction with the original game.

Characters may employ either of two methods to enter the Timescape; use of a Warp Gate spell or finding someone who will open a Warp Gate for them. Once the Character steps through the Warp Gate, play moves to the *Timescape* board.

And what a board it is! Instead of neat little squares and tracks, a collection of strangely shaped spaces connected by multi-coloured *Warp Lines* greets the adventurer. At first sight it may look rather imposing - but then it's meant to! Each space in the Timescape represents a *whole* separate reality, through which the character travels at the whim of the Warp. Multi-dimensional Phil Gallagher suggested presenting the board in this way, inspired by the route he takes to work.

Because of the nature of the Timescape, movement and encounters are handled quite differently to the normal *Talisman* game. Each turn, the player rolls a die to indicate which warp lines are moved along - the player has no control over this, and must move as directed. Encounters in the Timescape only affect the character involved, even if another character is on the same space (the chance of two characters being in the same general vicinity are rather remote).

You may meet deadly alien monsters like the Star Predator, gain exotic new followers, like a Battle Droid, or find wonderfully useful new objects: wouldn't you just love your character to have a suit of Battle Armour and a Power Glove? And, of course, there are all kinds of interesting places to visit, like the Space Fortress or the foreboding Death World...

Your adventurer may eventually reach the Vortex (the last space in the Timescape), at which point the character is returned to the normal *Talisman* board. You may even end up quite close to the Crown of Command, though it's not recommended that you use the Timescape as a short cut

early in the game. Why not? It's a dangerous place, that's why! The rewards are great, but so are the risks. Enter at your peril!

There are the eight new characters in *Timescape*. Given the nature of all those inter-connected realities, we've taken the opportunity to include favourite 'stock' characters from science fiction movies and books. There's the hard-bitten space pirate, mad scientist, time-traveling cyborg, futuristic astronaut and heroic archaeologist. We couldn't resist including a Space Marine and an Astropath from *Warhammer 40,000* either. Even the ever popular Chainsaw Warrior can look in on the action!

Timescape also heralds Gary Chalk's return to Games Workshop. This world famous artist and wearer of brightly coloured shirts has provided some of his best work to date for the cards in *Timescape*. Fans take note. But now, if you'll excuse me, I'm just going to put on my Battle Armour, load up my Bolter, and teach that Star Predator who's the boss...

Jervis Johnson

CHAPTER APPROVED Book of the Astronomican

WH40K Supplement £4.99

Well we've been ranting and raving about this one ever since it seemed to get up and walk by itself. The demand for a supplement for *Warhammer 40,000* became evident almost from the moment of the game's hugely successful launch at Games Day, last October, when well over 2000 copies were grabbed up by people who wanted to know what the *Warhammer* universe would be like in the forty-first millennium.

That enthusiasm was matched by the Studio team who have pulled out all the stops to make *Chapter Approved* a real multi-melta of a book. Although the £4.99 is an introductory price (ie it will go up!), it must make this 96 page book - much of which is in colour - one of the better buys this side of warp space.

First of all there's frothing Rick Priestley's *The Wolf Time* campaign. I had to creep up to the production department to get a look at this (d'you know they use marmalade for paste-up?) and it's going to test the abilities of many a budding commander. It makes *Battle at the Farm* or *Skirmish on Rynn's World* look like a Hampstead creche by comparison.



Aside from the carnage, plenty of space has been devoted to provide 40K players with a complete miniatures guide, including the latest *Citadel* heavy weapons releases. In this respect alone, the book works as an excellent reference source. What makes the book especially useful is the introduction of army lists to *Warhammer 40,000*. Now you can field balanced forces of Eldar pirates, Ultramarines and a host of others in competitive games. Don't worry if you were introduced to table-top gaming via *Warhammer 40,000* and have never seen an army list before - it's all eloquently elaborated upon in the text.

John Blanche mutates into a paintbrush fingered mutant to provide you with a full guide to preparing, modelling and painting metal and plastic Space Marines. The section includes full painting guides, ideas for colour and camouflage schemes, and looks at the work of Golden Demon winner Paul Benson, who has a problem with his dreadnoughts...

The presentation is superb. New GW designer Brian George makes his mark with some fabulous iconography to complement the features in typically stunning 40K style. The artwork too is really impressive. The cover almost looks photographic and interior illustrations (provided by many of the artists featured in recent *Illuminations*) do full justice to the forboding image of a universe inhabited by all manner of dark creatures.

Do yourself a favour. Pick this one up before the Inquisition put the price up.

And explore!

Sean Masterson



WHITE DWARF BACK-ISSUES

WHITE DWARF has been in continuous publication for well over ten years now as Britain's premier roleplaying magazine and back issues have become (in some cases) very rare collectors items, especially issues from the early years. More than that, though, they are a fascinating catalogue of trends and changes in the hobby over the years, and an amazing source of reference for a host of major games systems, making it the ultimate gaming library, with scenarios, adventures and ideas liberally sprinkled throughout issues past. We still carry some (decreasing) stocks of the following back issues including some as early as issue 39! However, these stocks are small, so don't miss out on your chance to add to your collection and extend your library, before you lose the chance!

39 RuneQuest - Cult special weapons, Introduction to Traveller Part 4 - Campaigns, 'Slayground' for Champions, 'Daughter of Danu' for AD&D. **£2.95**

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CULTURE SHOCK

SMALL REFUGEE PROBLEM

And now... Phil 'Just put your hand on the axe, dear - look dramatic!' Lewis is always moaning about the lack of space in his studio caused by the plethora of cheap disc cameras, hordes of glamorous nubile Thrud look-alikes (hoping for a job) and the vast quantity of figures he has to store on celluloid every day. The question is, can you make his job easier in some small way?

Several people who entered our Golden Demon Competition Final in July last year, left their special White Dwarf figures in Phil's good hands and never returned to claim them. If you took a stunty friend along to that event and have been wondering if he's been on vacation in the Worlds Edge Mountains since last summer, get in touch with Phil at the Studio address, giving as good a description of the model as possible. Phil will return it to you if it turns out to be one of the strays he's found. Please enclose an SAE.

WHOOPS APOCRYPHAL!

While we're talking about people with ridiculously long names, Richard 'major product line' Halliwell has been spending the odd hour actually developing Games Workshop's new car combat game, **Highway Warrior**. Much to our ace game designer's dismay, all his work - on calculating skids, the effect of craters on suspension and chassis integrity, mechanics for handling missile impacts on armoured speeding hulks, and other painful ways of avoiding MOT renewal - has been strictly theoretical. He's only moaning because his brief implied there would be an infinite supply of company cars available for the purpose.

Hal managed to talk coherently long enough to describe the game as being set in an 'alternative, near-future America' concentrating on the main roads between cities. The weaponry is hi-tech. 'Mad Max wouldn't stand a chance against a Sanctioned Op,' said our flat-topped designer, 'he'd get blown away in seconds.' Hal's feeling fairly pleased with his achievements. He's remained sober long enough to develop the game from the point of view of a driver. The result is that anyone with experience of driving should be able to appreciate the game mechanics easily. Not that you have to drive to play - Hal's concentrated on keeping both playability and realism intact.

Mechanics, this is the game for you. Rules are included for building cars and adding equipment to taste. The playing pieces are being designed as this written. Citadel's designers are out to

ensure that the finished models are just that - realistically detailed, easy to construct and convertible (and we're talking about optional missile launchers, not soft-tops). As if to ensure that the game's truly *big*, the board (or track) sections are estimated to run between two and three metres in length.

LOOK, MASTER, IT LIVES!

Work would be progressing smoothly on the **Warhammer Battle** supplement **Realm Of Chaos**, except that it seems to be mutating horribly. Originally planned as a single supplement, it now appears to be growing so large it will need to be two separate books. Even the phenomenal combined mental powers of the Games Workshop Design Team seem unable to stop this overflow of information, which not only includes rules and essays on the forces of Chaos in the **Warhammer Battle** world, but now also for the **Warhammer 40,000** game. Detailed playtesting of the battle scenario, 'The Wrath of Khorne', has already taken place, and the first volume is scheduled for release into an unsuspecting world late this summer.

BLOODBOWL SWEEPS NATION

Jim Fleming is organising an unofficial National **Bloodbowl** League and is looking for recruits. Anybody interested should send an SAE for details to Jim at the following address: 50/72 Kennishead Avenue, Thornliebank, Glasgow.

WARHAMMER WHEN?

Some of you may have noticed the slight temporal distortion which crept into last month's ad for Derby Wargames Associates' Osprey World Championships. It is in fact during 1988 that the event will be held and not 1987 (which might be rather difficult now). For the first time, **Warhammer** is to be an official part of the competition. **Warhammer Battle III** rules are to form the basis of the fantasy 'period' contest. Other periods include Ancients, Medieval, Ultra

Modern and Renaissance. More details of the event can be obtained from Mr John Grant, 29 Wade Avenue, Littleover, Derby, England.

THIS TURBULENT PRIESTLEY...

The incorrigible Rick Priestley now reports spending a significant portion of each day reading letters and trying to answer questions on **Warhammer 40,000**. A casual glance through the pile revealed most of the letters concerned Rick's unique style of spelling, but a muffled cry of 'Thank everyone a lot,' came from behind the teetering stack of letters in the great man's office. 'Can you ask them to put in more chocolate, or fivers, though? Or simply send more letters, 'cos lots of them have some good ideas, and it means I don't have to think for myself. It beats work anyway!'. If you have any good ideas or queries concerning WH40K, then address them to Rick at the Design Studio - and hope for the best.

AFTERWARDS

The aimable Ken Rolston has now handed over the completed version of his epic **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** adventure *Something Rotten in Kislev* for editing, and it looks good...

John Thornthwaite, now robbed of anonymity after last month's *White Dwarf* interview, is now working on not one but *two* plastic vehicle kits for **Warhammer 40,000**, the first of which should be available by this March...

'Uncle' Bob Naismith promises 1988 will be the 'Year of the Plastics', including the full scale plastic horse (as mentioned in WD97), plastic **Bloodbowl** figures and some re-vamped (Ouch!) playing pieces for **Fury Of Dracula**. You'll have to wait a few months to see any of those...

Closer is the release of the plastic spears for *Citadel's* Elf cavalry, and Bob will be interested to hear your opinions on them...

Exeunt



Illustrated by Carl Critchlow

CHAOS THUGS

The wind blew cold around the creaking wooden building, forcing a fine spray of snow under the door, sending the potboy scuttling to add more wood to the roaring fire that formed the centrepiece of the room.

Huddled round the fire, sipping mulled ale, were several fur-clad traders. The youngest of them shifted uneasily in his seat as the others swapped tales of great bargains they had struck. At last, growing bold with boredom, he spoke out.

'Don't you know any *real* stories? Tell us of something exciting.' A thought, perhaps innocently, rose in the youngster's mind. 'Why don't you tell a tale of Chaos?'

A hush fell over the alchouse at the mention of the dread word, and all eyes turned to the speaker. He lowered his head in embarrassment, expecting rebuke. He was surprised when the oldest among them spoke kindly.

'You want to hear of Chaos, do you? Well, perhaps it is important for the young among us to know of the truth behind that word, that they may be vigilant. Yes, I can tell a tale of Chaos. I will tell you of Praag.'

There was a scraping of chairs on the stone floor, as people either moved closer or left, depending on their stomach for horror.

Taking a long pull at his drink the old man began, his eyes glazing over as though he was seeing a different scene to the one before him. 'I was young then, like you. It had been a hard winter, and when a new storm began to build, we thought nothing of it. But as the days passed the storm did not break, but continued to grow; the sky boiled with dark clouds, cutting out the sun as pale lightning crackled across the firmament. Even the brave among us began to fear that the storm was the herald of more than the mere wrath of nature. And then the outriders brought news of a dark force marching on the city walls.

'The call to arms came from the King, and I was among those that heeded it. Drafted into the militia, I received hasty training in the sword and was deemed ready. I was posted on the battlements. It was cold; so cold and dark...

The old man's voice trailed off and the silence in the alchouse was absolute. The barman moved over and placed a chilled glass in the storyteller's hand. The old man looked up, noticed the glass, and with a violent movement of his arm downed the strong spirits. Spluttering slightly, he continued his tale. 'Through the gloom I could see the gathering force. Unnatural it was, stange beasts, dark warriors. But the bulk of the army was made up of those we now know as Chaos Thugs. Hundreds of the most wretched of men, seduced by the lure of the Chaos Gods. I couldn't see too well from this distance, but all too soon I was to get a much better view...

The old man's right hand was twitching on the rough table as he continued to speak. The youth was sitting quietly, his face pale. 'Suddenly, the storm broke. Howling gales of destruction swept over the city, tearing down buildings, killing many people in an instant. With the onset of this maelstrom the forces of Chaos broke into a seething mob and tore forward, screaming. Their cries were heard even over the force of the storm.

'I was terrified for my parent's house was one of those destroyed by the winds, and I feared that they had perished. I was shaken out of my stupor by the sergeant, who pointed to a group of the Thugs moving towards our section of battlement. They carried long ladders, crafted from a strangely pale wood. As the first ladder slammed against the battlement in front of me, I saw that it was not wood, but bones - bones lashed together with bloody sinew.

'The sergeant moved to push the ladder off, but collapsed gurgling, with a black arrow in his throat. It was up to me. I moved, but not quickly enough. The first Thug was over the battlement. We paused for a moment, staring at each other. He didn't seem to be much older than me, but the flesh of his face was twisted and drawn into a terrible grimace.

'I was lucky, for I recovered from our mutual surprise first, my unskilled sword finding its mark. More Thugs were pouring over the wall as the wind tore around them, and flurries of snow were driving into my eyes. There were so many of

them, terrible in their frenzy, shouting curses at us and spitting blood and ichor. Behind them were the shadowy figures of their leaders, the Chaos Warriors, who held back, laughing as my comrades fell. I broke. I could take no more, and ran crying along the battlement, with three of the Thugs slaving behind me.

The old man was now visibly upset, his hands locked, twisting unconsciously over and over each other, reliving that terrible chase. 'Somehow I got away. I don't know how, for I ran in a blind panic with the winds of Chaos at my back. I came to my senses near a heap of rubble that was all that remained of my parents' house. As my unbelieving eyes watched, it began to melt and move, shifting until it became a writhing mass of flesh, out of which two shapes began to crawl. I recognised the shapes. My parents - miraculously saved! I was overjoyed and ran to embrace them.

I recoiled as they turned. A writhing mass of undulating tentacles erupted from each face. Mucus dripped from the caverns of their mouths. The foundations of my mind began to crumble as they moved towards me, strange chattering spouting from their lips. I backed away and screamed when the three Thugs, my pursuers, stepped out and laughed uncontrollably at my misery. At last my instincts took over and I ran from the city, out into the woods, as the streets themselves were beginning to flow and change beneath my feet.

The young man swallowed nervously, watching the broken man in front of him. The story-teller fixed him with a steady gaze and spoke again.

'There you are. A tale of Chaos. Heed it well, and be vigilant. It can strike at you through things most dear. You are young and your time is yet to come. Promise me that you will not turn from the threat of Chaos.'

The lad stared at the table in front of him, and finally raised his eyes to the old man. 'I promise,' he said, with a tremble in his voice.

THE RULES

Chaos Thugs are the lowest level of Warriors of Chaos. There are Chaos Thugs among the followers of all the Chaos Gods, and they form the bulk of the humanoid population of the Chaos Wastes. All aspire to gaining the status of a full Warrior of Chaos, but most will end up as Beastmen in the retinue of some Warrior or Champion of Chaos.

Alignment: Chaotic

Physique: Chaos Thugs are humans who have decided to follow the Gods of Chaos. They are basically human in appearance, but have a tendency to Chaotic mutation, and may therefore display some abhorrent features. They have a wild and unkempt appearance, often spiking their hair and colouring it with blood or dye to enhance their fearsome appearance.

Special Rules:

1. Chaos thugs are prone to Chaotic mutation, and units of Thugs will have 1D6-5 *dominant attributes* which must be generated before the battle under the supervision of the GM, using the table on page 207 of Warhammer Fantasy Battle (Third Edition).

Profile:

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pts
Chaos Thug	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	7	7	7	7	6

Chaos Thugs and how they may progress through the ranks of Chaos Marauder, Warrior, Champion, Knight, and Lord - or regress into mindless Chaos Spawn - are covered in more detail in the forthcoming *Realm of Chaos...*

Matt Connell

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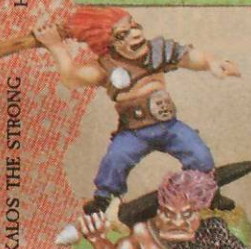
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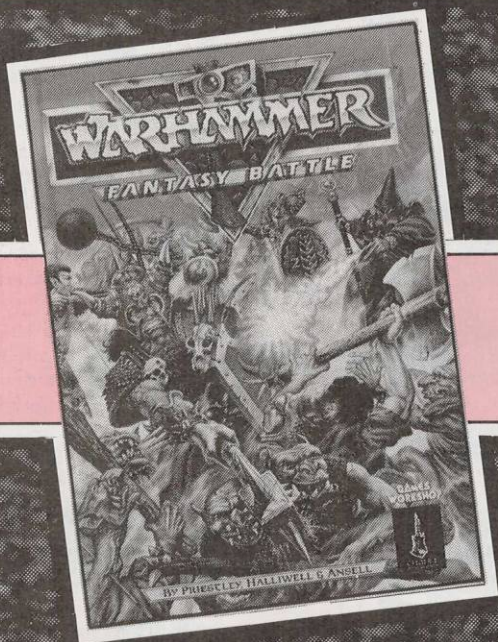
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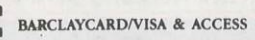


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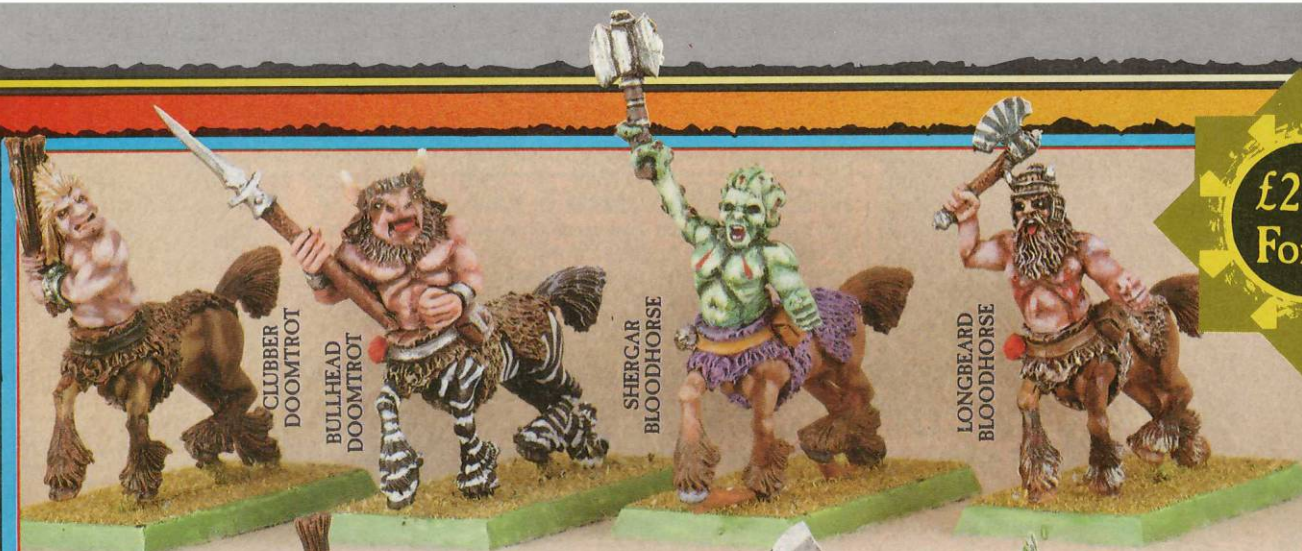
  
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The air was filled with a strange keening, caused by the scouring of the hot, dry wind against twisted rocks and trees. The landscape itself seemed to moan and shift, as though some horrific torture was being inflicted upon it. Foul vapours seeped from cracks in the hard earth and crept along the ground. Collecting in hollows, they took on the appearance of strange ponds of mist, swirling with disturbing patterns as though alive.

sometimes press Chaos Centaurs into service as mounts. This is not a service the Centaurs enjoy - but when a Warrior asks, you give! Chaos Centaurs are covered in more detail in the forthcoming *Realm of Chaos*.

Alignment: Chaotic

Special Rules:

1. A Chaos Centaur unit has 1D6-4 *dominant attributes*. These must be generated at the start of the game under the supervision of the GM, using the table on page 207 of *Warhammer Fantasy Battle (Third Edition)*.
2. A Chaos Centaur character model has 1D6-4 *personal attributes*. These must be generated prior to the game under the strict supervision of the GM, using the table on page 207 of *Warhammer Fantasy Battle (Third Edition)*.
3. A Chaos Centaur has 2 attacks: One weapon and one **stomp** from their hooves.
4. Chaos Centaurs receive a +1 armour saving throw due to their 'mounted' state.
5. Due to their bulk, Chaos Centaurs are treated as being over 10' tall.

Profiles

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pts
Chaos Centaur	8	3	4	4	3	2	3	2	7	7	7	7	32
5 Hero	8	4	5	5	3	2	4	3	7	7	7	7	82
(Marauder)													
10 Hero	8	5	5	5	4	3	4	4	8+1	7	7	7	132
(Warrior)													
15 Hero	8	5	5	5	4	4	5	4	9+2	7	8+1	8+1	182
(Champion)													
20 Hero	8	6	5	5	4	5	6	5	10+3	7	8+1	8+1	232
(Knight)													
25 Hero	8	6	6	5	4	5	6	5	10+3	9+1	9+1	9+1	282
(Lord)													
5 Wizard	8	4	4	5	3	2	3	2	7	8+1	8+1	8+1	112
(Initiate)													
10 Wizard	8	4	4	5	3	3	4	2	8+1	9+2	8+1	9+2	162
(Initiate)													
15 Wizard	8	5	4	5	4	4	4	2	9+2	9+2	9+2	9+2	257
(Sorcerer)													
20 Wizard	8	5	5	5	4	4	5	2	9+2	10+3	9+2	10+3	367
(Sorcerer)													
25 Wizard	8	6	6	5	4	5	5	2	10+3	10+3	10+3	10+3	492
(Sorcerer)													

None of the points values include armour or additional equipment, the points values of which may be calculated by multiplying the standard value of an item by 4 (ie x4 basic value as Chaos Centaurs cost 32 points), and by the character level modifier (5 x1, 10 x2, 15 x3, 20 x4, 25 x5). For example, a level 10 character will pay 1 x4 x2 =8 points for a 1 point item.

BULLHEAD DOOMTROT: Chaos Centaur Knight (Level 20 Hero)

Bullhead is a feared Chaos Centaur hero, infamous for the many atrocities he has perpetrated. His most well known exploit was the sacking of the Kislevite town of Chernozavtra, when he led a marauding band of Chaos Centaurs against the City Militia, slaughtering them to the last man. The Chaos Centaurs then rampaged through the town, causing so much destruction that the town has never been the same since....

Profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pts
8	6	5	5	4	5	6	5	10+3	7	8+1	8+1	232

Bullhead is armed with a spear, and has the following *personal attributes*:

Great Horns: Bullhead may make an additional *gore* attack, adding +1 to the 'to hit' score.

Manic Fighter: Bullhead also *hates* the nearest enemy within 12".

The Chaos Wastes.

Across this wounded land came the sound of hooves drumming in a cacophony that beat on the senses of the huddled shape curled beneath the warp-twisted rock. The shape moved, slowly lifting its head, showing a face that seemed to reflect the grotesque madness of the land. It would have been obvious, had there been anyone to see, that whatever sanity the man once possessed had long since left, driven from him by the horrors he had seen. He was called...no. Why name a man who has forgotten his race along with his mind? He had set out into the Chaos Wastes on a mission of exploration, a proud man, confident that he was equal to what awaited him. He was wrong.

He had roamed for what now seemed a timeless age, slowly drawn and changed by the ghastly power of the warp-dust that lay all around. The changes had been small at first, but now the man writhed under the pain of the change within him, his flesh moved, taking on strange new forms. At last he could walk no more and took what meagre shelter the barren landscape offered.

He did not know how long he had lain under the rock when the drumming hoof beats awoke him. Compelled to look by some perverse curiosity, he watched as a group of four strange creatures gathered nearby, the vaporous mist swirling around their legs. They were a strange union of man and beast, with the bodies of horses and the torso and arms of bestial men. The manes and hair of these diabolical creatures pulsed with strange colours, streaming out, whipped by the keening wind. Some of them had the heads of beasts, with skin shining in sickly hues - whether from dye or nature the hapless watcher could not tell.

The creatures were speaking in a harsh, guttural tongue, and although the man knew not what they spoke of, he felt his skin crawl as the alien sounds caressed his tattered mind, producing images of dark ways and evil thoughts.

The wind shifted, blowing from the watcher to the Chaos Centaurs. Their reaction was instantaneous. The Centaurs reared, razor hooves pawing the foetid air, and then stood still, noses quivering as they tried to pinpoint the strange scent. In a moment they had it, and with a rising, warbling scream, they charged.

As soon as the creatures reared, the man knew he was done for and his mind gave up, surrendering itself to the swirling chaos that had been lurking in the corners of his psyche. His body, made of sterner stuff, lurched from the cover of the rock and began to run. It stood no chance.

Shrieking obscene, sibilant cries, the Centaurs closed on their prey, riding in ever tighter circles around the stumbling fugitive, forcing him into one of the mist-pools. The man knelt, his last energy spent, awaiting the end as the foul mist curled up, snaking around his head. But it was not to be that easy.

The one who seemed to be the leader galloped in close and stared at the man. Wide eyes looked back as the Centaur held up a rope to the cheers of his comrades. The helpless man was bound by the arms and legs. With the ropes braced around their muscular withers, the four Centaurs gave a joyous shout and charged to the four winds.

The scream that rent the air was terrible, but in it was the sound of release.

THE RULES

A sneak preview from Warhammer Armies

Chaos Centaurs are one of the more stable forms of Beastmen, produced by the twisting effect of warpstone on natural life. With the bodies of horses and the torsos of men, these creatures are often mutated and may vary widely in appearance- bestial features, horns and other such Chaos attributes are not uncommon. Like other creatures of Chaos, the Chaos Centaurs look to the day when the foul forms and twisted society of Chaos dominates the World. Chaos Centaurs are often found galloping with Chaos armies. Chaos Warriors



CHAPTER APPROVED

Thought for the day

We can rebuild them

Imperial record: WD 01/003

Cross file to: Abuse of Medicine XM14
Bio-DIY BD5

Planetary ref: Earth A3 Sol System
Input ref: Inquisition Investigation

Team 32/968 ES327

Input dated: 9960987.M2.



EXACTLY WHAT ARE SPACE MARINES? FLESH AND BONE INSIDE POWERED ARMOUR PERHAPS, BUT CAN THEY BE HUMAN - OR ARE THEY SOMETHING NEW? WHILE INDEX ASTARTES DESCRIBES FACTS AND LEGENDS ABOUT THE MARINES, INCLUDING UNIT BADGES, SPECIAL ORGANISATION, AND DETAILS OF CURRENT LEADERS AND CHARACTERS, IT DOESN'T DEAL WITH THE QUESTIONS OF WHY AND HOW THESE WARRIORS EXIST. AS THAT SERIES CONTINUES WE'LL LEARN MORE ABOUT THE STRUCTURE, RELATIONSHIPS AND HISTORIES OF THE LEGIONES ASTARTES. BUT THIS MONTH'S CHAPTER APPROVED FILE EXAMINES THEIR ORIGINS AS WE GO BACK... WAY BACK... TO A WAR FOUGHT LONG AGO, AND A FORTRESS-LABORATORY FAR BENEATH THE EARTH.

THE VISITORS WAITED IN THE ELEVATOR CAPSULE WHILST HIDDEN PUMPS SILENTLY ADJUSTED THE TEMPERATURE, HUMIDITY AND PRESSURE. WHEN THE DOORS OPENED THERE WOULD BE NO SUDDEN DRAUGHT, NO BREEZE TO ALTER THE CONSTANT THIRTY-ONE POINT SEVEN DEGREES IN THE SUBTERRANEAN VAULT. IN LABORATORY NINE, THE MOST STABLE ENVIRONMENT ON EARTH, CHANCE HAD LONG SINCE BEEN ERADICATED.

INSIDE THE LABORATORY, DR DEVAM OUTEK AND HIS STAFF SHUFFLED NERVOUSLY AS MACHINES MADE FINAL MINISCULE ADJUSTMENTS TO THE CAPSULE'S OXYGEN CONTENT. IN A MOMENT THEY WOULD BE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MAN WHO HAD PLANNED AND GUIDED THEIR WORK THROUGH FIVE GENERATIONS OF HUMAN ENDEAVOUR.

THE VISITORS, SEALED IN THEIR PRISTINE SUITS, BARELY HEARD THE DOORS MOVE ASIDE TO REVEAL THE SHADY WORLD OF RED AND YELLOW LIGHT. THE TECHNICIANS AND SCIENTISTS BOWED AS THEIR VISITORS STEPPED FROM THE LIFT.

'MY EMPEROR', INTONED DR OUTEK.

'DR OUTEK. PHASE NINETEEN IS COMPLETE?'

THE SCIENTIST STRAIGHTENED STIFFLY. 'OH YES,' HE SAID, 'A PRETTY BABY... VERY PRETTY INDEED.'

THE ORIGIN OF THE LEGIONES ASTARTES

The Legiones Astartes (Space Marines) were instrumental in the early wars that put the Imperium on the galactic map. At the end of the Age of Strife, Earth was a single sovereign planet which had only recently become free of volatile warp-storms. With the sudden dispersal of these storms, it became possible once again for spacecraft to travel to and from Earth. Earth's forces had carved out an Empire that stretched almost half-way across the galaxy within two hundred years. This was the First Crusade.

Research and development leading to the creation of the Space Marines was undertaken in the thirtieth millennium immediately prior to the beginning of the First Crusade. This work was conducted in the superbly equipped laboratories built deep inside the planet Earth. The objective of the program was to create a caste of warrior elites, characterised by super-human strength and unflinching loyalty.

These new warriors were organised into their own special units called 'chapters'. Those chapters created at the time of the First Crusade are known as Chapters of the First Founding. There were originally 20 of these, but only 7 survive in forty first millennium. Since the First Founding there have been twenty five other occasions when the Emperor has felt it necessary to create new chapters. The most recent Twenty Sixth Founding was in the year 738 of the current millennium.

'...And here,' continued Dr Outok, 'we have five of the phase eleven zygotes. The eldest has now been functioning uninterrupted for fourteen years.' The doctor gestured towards the row of glowing incubators containing several varieties of organic components in clear, bubbling baths.

'You call the organs zygotes?'

'Yes - our geneticists create the single germ cell for each new organ. Every cell takes years of work as you know. At that stage we can store the cells indefinitely in the zero-room as gene-seed. Inside the incubator we can activate and control the growth process. The cell divides, multiplies, and eventually grows into a whole organ. Until the organ is ready for implant, we refer to it as a zygote.'

The doctor led the party along the long row of glass cases, past incubators labelled with the names of the strange organs. He stopped before a large door emblazoned with the Imperial Eagle and the stark sign 'Security Zone One'.

'Now,' announced the doctor. 'Now you'll see what all this flesh and gristle really amounts to!'

GENE-SEED AND ZYGOTES

There are nineteen varieties of gene-seed corresponding to the nineteen different super-human organs which are surgically implanted into the Space Marine.

Most chapters have existed for thousands of years. During that time, gene-seed belonging to some chapters has mutated. This has resulted in changes in the exact nature of the artificially cultured organs. Such changes may sometimes make an implant useless. In other circumstances changes in an organ might reduce its effectiveness, or cause new and strange effects. Whatever the result, it will affect the entire chapter - all Space Marines belonging to a chapter share implants cultured from the same original gene-seed.

As well as mutant implants, many chapters have lost one or more types of gene-seed due to accident, genetic failure, or some other cause. Very few chapters therefore possess all nineteen implants. All possess the carapace implant (phase 19). It is this implant which marks a Space Marine for what he is - irrespective of other implants, training or psycho-surgery.

IMPLANTS

The nineteen organs created by the ancient technicians of the Emperor are described below. Each of these organs is extremely complicated and because many of the organs only work properly when another organ is present, the removal or mutation of one organ may affect the exact functioning of the others. For these reasons, implants must be constantly monitored, and many Marines have to undergo corrective surgery or chemo-therapy to re-balance their metabolisms.

Phase 1 - Secondary Heart. The simplest and most self sufficient implant. The secondary heart is capable of boosting the blood supply or maintaining full life functions even with the destruction of the recipient's original heart. The phase 1 implant enables Marines to survive low oxygen concentrations and traumatic injury.

Phase 2 - Ossmodula. This is a tubular shaped organ whose small size belies its complex structure. The ossmodula monitors and secretes hormones affecting epiphiseal fusion and ossification of the skeleton. At the same time, the specially engineered hormones encourage the forming bones to absorb ceramic based chemicals administered in the Marine's diet. Two years following implantation, this will have caused considerable strengthening of the long-bones, extreme ossification of the chest cavity (caused by growth of the ribs forming a solid mass of inter-laced bone plates) and a general increase in the size of the recipient's skeleton.

Phase 3 - Biscopea. This organ is implanted into the chest cavity. It is small, approximately circular and, like the Ossmodula, its primary action is hormonal. The presence of the biscopea stimulates muscle growth throughout the body.

Phase 4 - Haemastamen. This tiny organ is implanted into a main blood vessel. The haemastamen serves two purposes. It monitors and to some degree controls the phase 2 and 3 implants. The organ also alters the constituent make-up of the recipient's blood. As a result, Marine blood is considerably more efficient than ordinary human blood, as it has to be when you consider the extra biological hardware a Marine carries inside him!

Phase 5 - Larraman's Organ. This is a liver shaped, dark, fleshy organ about the size of a golf-ball. It is implanted into the chest cavity along with a complicated array of blood vessels. The organ generates and stores special 'larraman cells'. If the recipient is wounded, these cells are released into the blood stream. They latch onto leucocytes in the blood and are transported to the site of a wound. Once in contact with air, the larraman cells form a skin substitute of instant scar tissue, staunching the flow of blood and protecting any exposed wound area.



Phase 6 - Cataleptean Node. This brain implant is usually inserted into the back of the skull via a hole drilled into the occipital bone. The pea-sized organ influences the circadian rhythms of sleep and the body's response to sleep deprivation. Normally, a Marine sleeps like any normal man, but if deprived of sleep, the cataleptean node 'cuts in'. A man implanted with the node is capable of sleeping and remaining awake at the same time by 'switching off' areas of the brain sequentially. This process cannot replace normal sleep entirely, but increases a Marine's survivability by allowing perception of the environment whilst resting.

Phase 7 - Preomnor. The preomnor is a large implant which fits into the chest cavity. It is a pre-digestive stomach which allows the Marine to eat a variety of otherwise poisonous or indigestible materials. No actual digestion takes place in the preomnor. Individual sensory tubes assess potential poisons and neutralise them or, where necessary, isolate the preomnor from the rest of the digestive tract.

Phase 8 - Omophagea. This is a complicated implant. It really becomes part of the brain, but is actually situated within the spinal cord between the cervical and thoracic vertebrae. Four nerve sheaths called neuroclea are implanted between the spine and the preomnor stomach wall. The omophagea is designed to absorb genetic material generated in animal tissue as a function of memory, experience or innate ability. This endows the Marine with an unusual survival trait. He can actually learn by eating. If a Marine eats a part of a creature, he will absorb some of the memories of that creature. This can be very useful in an alien environment. Incidentally, it is the presence of this organ which has created the various flesh and blood drinking rituals for which the Marines are famous, as well as giving the names to chapters such as the Blood Drinkers, Flesh Tearers etc.

Phase 9 - Multi-lung. This is another large implant. The multi-lung, or 'third' lung, is a tubular grey organ. Blood is pumped through the organ via connecting vessels grafted onto the recipient's pulmonary system. Atmosphere is taken in by means of a sphincter located in the trachea. In toxic atmospheres, an associated sphincter muscle closes the trachea and restricts normal breathing, thus protecting the lungs. The multi-lung is able to absorb oxygen from poorly oxygenated or poisonous air. Most importantly, it is able to do this without suffering damage thanks to its own efficient toxin dispersal, neutralisation and regeneration systems.

Phase 10 - Occulobe. This small slug-like organ sits at the base of the brain. It provides the hormonal and genetic stimuli which enable a Marine's eyes to respond to optic-therapy. The occulobe does not itself improve a Marine's eyesight, but it allows technicians to make adjustments to the growth patterns of the eye and the light-receptive retinal cells. An adult Marine has far better eyesight than a normal human, and can see in low light conditions almost as well as in daylight.

Phase 11 - Lyman's Ear. The organ enables a Marine to consciously enhance and even filter certain types of background noise. Not only is hearing improved, but a Marine cannot become dizzy or nauseous as a result of extreme disorientation. Lyman's ear is externally indistinguishable from a normal human ear.

Phase 12 - Sus-an Membrane. This flat, circular organ is implanted over the top of the exposed brain. It then grows into the brain tissue until completely merged. The organ is ineffective without subsequent chemical therapy and training. However, a properly tutored Marine may then enter into a state of suspended animation. This may be a conscious action, or may happen automatically in the event of extreme physical trauma. In this condition a Marine may survive for many years, even if bearing otherwise fatal injuries. Only appropriate chemical therapy and auto-suggestion can revive a Marine from this state - a Marine cannot revive himself. The longest known period of de-animation followed by successful re-animation is 567 years in the case of brother Silas Err of the Dark Angels (d. 321 M.27).

Phase 13 - The melanochrome, or melanochromic organ, is hemispherical and black. It functions in an indirect and extremely complicated manner. It monitors radiation levels and types bombarding the skin, and if necessary, sets off chemical reactions to darken the skin to protect it from ultraviolet exposure. It also provides limited protection from other forms of radiation.

Phase 14 - Oolitic Kidney. This red-brown and heart shaped organ improves and modifies the Marine's circulatory system enabling other implants to function effectively. The oolitic kidney also filters blood extremely efficiently and quickly. The secondary heart and oolitic kidney are able to act together, performing an emergency detoxification program in which the Marine is rendered unconscious as his blood is circulated at high speed. This enables a Marine to survive poisons and gases which are otherwise too much for even the multi-lung to cope with.

Phase 15 - Neuroglottis. Although the preomnor protects a Marine from digesting anything too deadly, the neuroglottis enables him to assess a potential food by taste. The organ is implanted into the back of the mouth. By chewing, or simply by tasting, a Marine can detect a wide variety of natural poisons, some chemicals and even the distinctive odours of some creatures. To some degree a Marine is also able to track a target by taste alone.

Phase 16 - Mucranoid. This small organ is implanted in the lower intestine where its hormonal secretions are absorbed by the colon. These secretions initiate a modification of the sweat glands. This modification normally makes no difference to the Marine until activated by appropriate chemo-therapy. As a result of this treatment the Marine sweats an oily, naturally cleansing substance which coats the skin. This protects the Marine against extremes of temperature and even offers a slight degree of protection in vacuum. Mucranoid chemo-therapy is standard procedure on long space voyages and when fighting in vacuum or near vacuum.

Phase 17 - Betcher's Gland. Two of these identical glands are implanted, either into the lower lip, alongside the salivary glands or into the hard palette. Betcher's gland works in a similar way to the poison gland of venomous reptiles by synthesising and storing deadly poison. Marines are rendered immune to this poison by virtue of the gland's presence. The gland allows the Marine to spit a blinding contact poison. The poison is also highly acidic and corrosive. A Marine imprisoned behind iron bars could easily chew his way out given an hour or so.

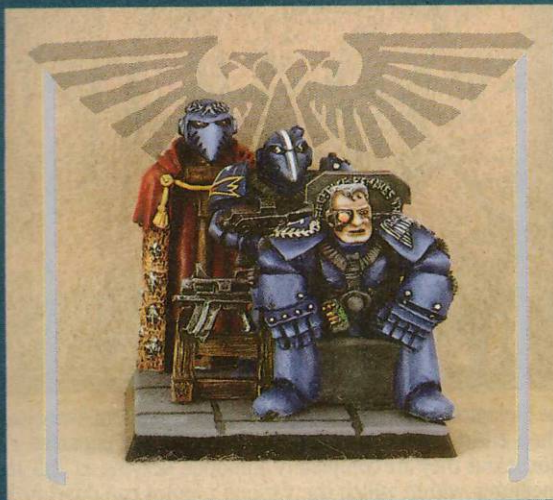
Phase 18 - Progenoids. There are two of these glands, one situated in the neck, the other deep within the chest cavity. These glands are important to the survival of the Marine's chapter. Each organ grows within the Marine, absorbing hormonal stimuli and genetic material from the other implants. After five years the neck gland is mature and ready for removal. After ten years the chest gland becomes mature and is also ready for removal. A gland may be removed anytime after it has matured.



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Wunz 'pon a time I wuzn' 'appy on me 'ome planitt. But tha' wuz before I diskuvard dat itz 'n Ogryn's life in da 'Mpeereal Armie. I gets me own beds, me own rashuns - foods t'you - and lozza drink. I gots sum grate new mates, lotza noo a-bill-ee-tees, an' the soshul life iz reely gud too. I meets lotz o' noo peepul in me job, an' nobody minds nun if I kills 'em a bit. If yous' lukin' fer a Karrear an' lotza x-sitingments, travul, an' yooos a 'ealthee yung Ogryn whoo ain' zaktlee brite, we's got it. The 'Mpeereal Armie. Da profeshunuls. 'If yooos can pull a trigga, we's got a u-nee-furm in yoor size!



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These glands represent a chapter's only source of gene-seed. When mature, each gland contains a single gene-seed corresponding to each zygote implanted into the recipient Marine. Once removed by surgery, the progenoid must be carefully prepared, its individual gene-seeds checked for mutation, and sound gene-seeds stored. Gene-seeds can be stored indefinitely under suitable conditions.

Phase 19 - Black Carapace. This is the last and the most distinctive implant. It looks like a film of black plastic when it's growing in the tanks. This is removed from its culture-solution and cut into sheets which are implanted directly beneath the skin of the Marine's torso. Within a few hours the tissue expands, hardens on the outside, and sends invasive neural bundles deep inside the Marine. After several months the carapace will have fully matured and the recipient is then fitted with neural sensors and transfusion points cut into the hardened carapace. These artificial 'plug-in' points mesh with features integral to the powered armour, such as the monitoring, medicinal and maintenance units. Without the benefit of a black carapace a Space Marine's armour is relatively useless.

VARIATIONS BETWEEN CHAPTERS

Each organ serves a specific function as outlined above. Although a chapter's Apothecaries and surgeons are able to perform the necessary implant operations, they do not necessarily understand the exact functioning of each organ. The processes involved are incredibly ancient. Procedures are handed down from generation to generation, becoming increasingly ritualised and misinterpreted. For these reasons, the efficiency of each organ differs from chapter to chapter, depending on the condition of that chapter's gene-seeds and the degree of debasement of its surgical procedures. In some chapters, mutation of gene-seed, poor surgical procedure, or inadequate post-operative conditioning, has twisted the functioning of implants. For example, the omophagea gene-seed of the Blooddrinkers has mutated so that all Blooddrinkers have an unnatural craving for blood. In some chapters individual organs are either useless or absent altogether.

REPRODUCING ZYGOTES

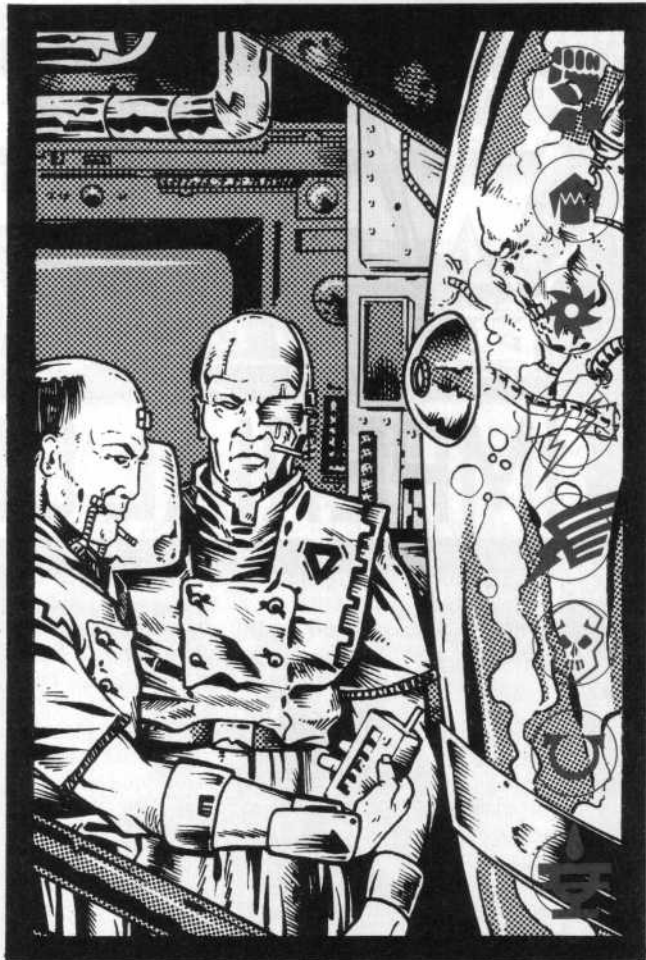
Gene-seed can only be obtained by removing one or both progenoid organs from a living (or very recently deceased) Marine. The whole purpose of the progenoid organ is to provide gene-seed to enable the chapter to continue. It is not possible to create a zygote in any other way. Each chapter's stock of gene-seed is therefore unique to itself. Gene-seed has a great deal of religious significance to a chapter, representing its identity and future. Without gene-seed a chapter has no future. The extinction of a type of gene-seed means that a zygote has been lost forever. The extinction of a phase 18 or 19 gene-seed would effectively mean an end to a chapter.

As each Marine has only two progenoid glands, the rate at which a chapter can create new Marines is restricted. It may take many years for a chapter to rebuild itself after heavy losses. Gene-seed is often rendered useless if a Marine is exposed to high radiation levels or other forms of genetic disturbance. The efficiency of different chapters' progenoid gene-seed also varies, and some chapters are able to make up their numbers faster than others.

FOUNDING NEW CHAPTERS

According to their charter, each chapter is obliged to send 5% of its genetic material to the Adeptus Mechanicus on Earth. This 'tithe' has two purposes. Firstly, it enables the Adeptus Mechanicus to monitor the health of each Marine chapter. Secondly, it enables the Adeptus Mechanicus to store gene-seed with a view to founding new chapters.

A new chapter cannot be founded overnight. A single suitable gene-seed must be selected for each zygote. Zygotes are then grown in culture and implanted into human test-slaves. These test slaves must



be biologically compatible and free from mutation. Test-slaves spend their entire lives bound in static experimental capsules. Although conscious they are completely immobile, serving as little more than mediums within which the various zygotes can develop. From the original slave come two progenoids, which are implanted within two more slaves, from which come four progenoids and so on. It takes about 55 years of constant reproduction to produce 1000 healthy sets of organs. These must be officially sanctioned by the Master of the Adeptus Mechanicus and then by the Emperor himself. Only the Emperor can give permission for the creation of a new chapter.

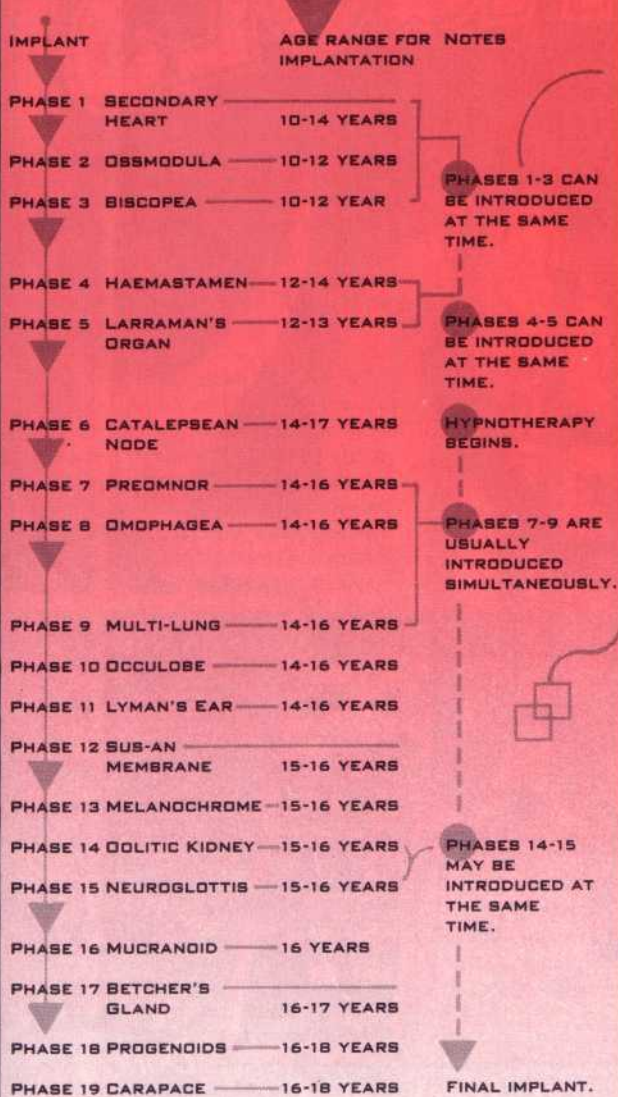
RECRUITMENT AND INITIATION

The various implants cause vital changes in a Marine's physique and mental state. Many of these changes are controlled by natural hormonal secretions and growth patterns. Implants may not prove effective, or may not become fully functional, if they are carried out once the recipient has reached certain stages of natural development. It is therefore inevitable that recruits must be reasonably young. Tissue compatibility is also essential, otherwise organs may fail to develop properly.

The third consideration is mental suitability. The cataleptean node, ocullobe, and sus-an membrane will only develop to a useable condition under the stimulus of hypnotic-suggestion. A recruit must therefore be susceptible to this particular treatment.

These considerations mean that only a small proportion of people can become Space Marines. They must be male because zygotes are keyed to male hormones and tissue types, hence the need for tissue compatibility tests and psychological screening. If these tests prove successful a candidate becomes a *neophyte*. With the completion of organ implantation and attendant chemical and hypnotic training, the subject becomes an *initiate*. An initiate receives training before joining the ranks as a full *brother*. A Marine usually joins the ranks between the ages of 16-18. Pressures during wartime may accelerate the process.

STAGES IN MARINE INITIATION



Classified

THE RISKS

Although the chapters are careful to select only the most suitable candidates, not all neophytes survive to become initiates. This is due in part to the degeneration of knowledge amongst the individual chapters that makes screening procedures less effective than they once were. Nor are operational methods entirely satisfactory in some cases. In many chapters implant surgery is heavily ritualised, and is often accompanied by scarring, incantation, periods of prayer, fasting and all sorts of mystical practices which compromise medical efficiency. For example, the Spacewolves, phase 17 implant is accompanied by the withdrawal of the initiate's canine teeth and their replacement with longer canines. The chapter regards the additional surgery as part of the initiation ceremony.

If an implant fails to develop properly, it is likely that a Marine's metabolism will become badly out of synchronisation. He may fall into a catatonic state or suffer bouts of hyperactivity. In either event, he will probably die.

Those unfortunates that do not die almost invariably suffer mental damage, degenerating into homicidal maniacs or gibbering idiots.

However, when a chapter is at full strength these misfits may be put out of their misery. If the chapter is short of Marines they are often allowed to live, and may be placed within their own special units. Those who display uncontrollably psychotic tendencies can be recruited into suicide assault squads, or as suicide bombers.

Some chapters deliberately foster such creatures, even going so far as to implant deformed zygotes into some initiates. This is very dangerous, and the practice is discouraged by Imperial edict. But old traditions die hard.



PSYCHO-CHEMICAL AND OTHER CONDITIONING

Implantation goes hand-in-hand with chemical treatment, psychological conditioning and sub-conscious hypnotherapy. All of these are essential if the Marine is to develop properly.

Chemical Treatment - Until his initiation, a Marine must submit to constant tests and examinations. The newly implanted organs must be monitored very carefully, imbalances corrected, and any sign of maldevelopment treated. This chemical treatment is reduced after completion of the initiation process, but it never ends. Marines undergo periodic treatment for the rest of their lives in order to maintain a stable metabolism. This is why their power armour suits contain monitoring equipment and drug dispensers.

Hypnotherapy - As the super-enhanced body grows, the recipient must learn how to use his new skills. Some of the implants, specifically the phase 6 and 10 implants, can only function once correct hypnotherapy has been administered. Hypnotherapy is not always as effective as chemical treatment, but it can have substantial results. If a Marine can be taught how to control his own metabolism, his dependence on drugs is lessened. The process is undertaken in a machine called a hypnomat. Marines are placed in a state of hypnosis and subjected to visual and aural images in order to awaken their minds to their unconscious metabolic processes.

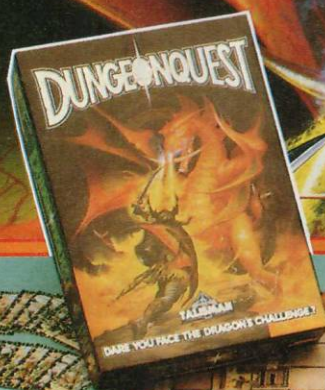
Training - Physical training stimulates the implants and allows them to be tested for effectiveness.

Indoctrination - a Marine is more than a human with extraordinary powers. Marines have extraordinary minds as well! Just as their bodies receive 19 separate implants, so their minds are altered to release the latent powers within. These mental powers are, if anything, more extraordinary than even the physical powers described above. For example, a Marine can control his senses and nervous system to a remarkable degree, and can consequently endure pain that would kill an ordinary man. A Marine can also think and react at lightning speeds. Memory training is an important part of the indoctrination too. Some Marines develop photographic memories. Obviously, Marines vary in intelligence as do other men, and their individual mental abilities vary in degree.

Rick Priestley

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Ghost Stories

After a hard day down the mine, hacking away at the living pulp of the bookface and carving out exquisite, gem-like reviews, the last thing I want in my spare time is more of the same. (Note the tough, macho sound of that sentence. Writers are flabby types who sit on their bottoms all day, and love to cheer themselves with muscular talk of hacking and deadline-racing and writers' workshops.) Some of you think I just can't get enough terrible SF/fantasy/horror to read, and also that I'm in charge of buying fiction for WD. Wrong on both accounts, I'm afraid... and apologies to all whose 600-word trilogies in the great tradition of Tolkien have been returned with a terse form letter.

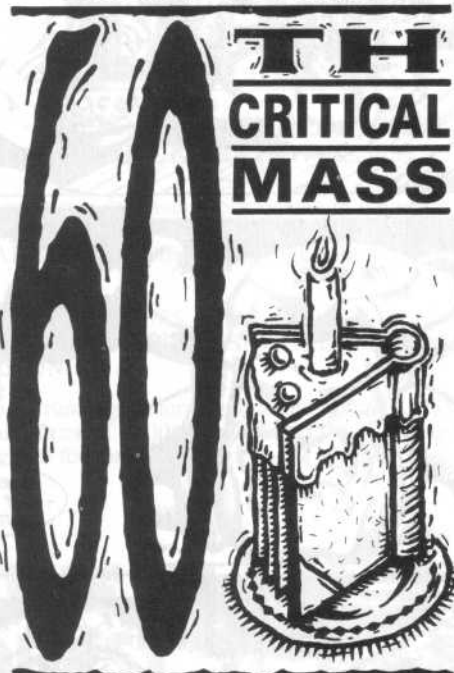
I've been known to say austere things when existing trilogies sprout add-on volumes: but Frederik Pohl is special, one of the few 1950s SF stars who still produces tight, high-quality work. *The Annals of the Heechee* extends the *Gateway* trilogy, which began with humanity ransacking the hightech relics of alien 'Heechee' civilisation. Book 2 told us where the vanished Heechee went, and book 3 told why: this super-race is in hiding from the inimical 'Assassins' who are busy collapsing the entire universe in order to rebuild it their way. In *Annals* the hero Robinette Broadhead, who suffered through the first two books and 'died' in the third, gives an ingeniously convincing description of his new life as a machine-stored intelligence amid chatty programs and other electronic ghosts. Meanwhile, the Assassins are stirring from their hideout within the weirdest object in the universe: the revelations about what they are and why they do their dastardly deeds are so cleverly inevitable as to hint that Pohl's been planning this finale for years. Though the quality of writing stays at an unflashy 'good average' throughout, this is a classy example of hard SF as it sometimes used to be.

Pohl strikes again in the non-fact chiller *Chernobyl* (Bantam 355pp £4.95), an impressively researched fiction using imaginary characters to tell the real story of that 1986 reactor explosion and its aftermath. Soviets and their problems are sympathetically handled: imagine a role-playing game wherein you run Chernobyl and must choose between accepting substandard materials (produced in haste to meet end-of-month targets) or delaying an already overdue reactor schedule.... Avoiding Evil Empire stereotypes, Pohl does his own country a service by reminding us that lots of Americans detest the knee-jerk, anti-commie paranoia which sometimes seems to be the US national stereotype. The technical background is all there too, in palatable form.

The SF world has a guilty habit of lavishing new praise and attention on its best writers, too late, when they're dead. Now the royalties can do Alfred Bester's ghost no good, I suppose his classic *Tiger! Tiger!* will soon appear in luxury memorial editions... Philip K Dick's reputation has grown since his death, and his oddest work is at last available as a hardcover: *Valis* (Kerosina 256pp £13.95). Initially, SF readers were baffled by its dippy metaphysics and glowingly opaque catch-phrases ('The Empire never ended.') On second inspection, *Valis* flips like an Escher puzzle-picture: the insane revelations which in an SF novel would have to be 'true' are mere background to the blackly

CRITICAL MASS

A regular book review column,
written by Dave Langford



funny story of Horselover Fat, the brain-fried SF hack who's one aspect of Dick himself... Dick suffered weird hallucinations/revelations late in life, conceivably because of an undiagnosed stroke, and asserted control over this internal chaos by fictionalizing it: as straight SF in *Valisystem A* (later published as *Radio Free Albemuth*, where Dick's ghost-voices became radio instructions from an alien satellite), and in *Valis* as a sort of fictional autobiography. Here a hard-headed Dick gently mocks the weird metaphysics of Fat through a series of wonderfully insane conversations and misadventures: a slapstick tightrope-dance over a pit of potential insanity, a wrestle with demons in which (both inside and outside *Valis*) Dick is the unexpected winner. Kim Stanley Robinson contributes a wise afterword.

Sometimes it's irresistible to tackle two books together. *Bronwyn's Bane* by Elizabeth Scarborough (Bantam 286pp £2.95) is a venture into the light-comedy fantasy territory whose bestselling exponent is Piers Anthony. Meanwhile Anthony himself has a crack at rustic horror with *Shade of the Tree* (Grafton 352pp £2.95) ...shade, ghost, geddit? Scarborough manages a few nicely funny scenes with her tale of a cursed princess who's unable to tell the truth, and stumbles off on a disaster-ridden quest etc. Where *Bronwyn* scores over Anthony is in restrained description (Anthony always overdescribes and repeats himself), in snatches of believably humorous conversation (the dialogue in *Shade* is particularly awful, especially from the mouths of supposed children - and why do Anthony's modern US characters keep calling the sky a 'welkin' and talking about 'raining canines and felines?') and in the ability to crack a mildly sexy joke without getting downright gross, ponderous and embarrassing.

Where Anthony would normally score over Scarborough would be in inventiveness (*Bronwyn* is short on interesting ideas; so, for Anthony, is *Shade*) and logic. He'd have worked much harder on the technical challenge of that curse, not letting *Bronwyn* get away with occasional true statements, or defy the spirit of the curse by uttering falsehood in tones of heavy irony. From Anthony we'd also expect a tidy ending, resolving problems with that inhuman fairness so often found in fairy tales. *Bronwyn* just peters out, with the curse going away for no definite reason and the heroine contracting her putative first child into twenty years of slavery -- a sequel hook, no doubt, but a highly unsatisfactory note on which to end a novel. Less glibly crummy than the finale of *Shade*, though, where the Tree responsible for interminable forebodings and sinister hallucinations is converted to niceness by a spot of telepathic computer systems analysis.

Lurking behind an awful and misleading cover, Lisa Tuttle's *Gabriel* (Sphere 216pp £2.99) is a chiller which actually does chill. Dinah is a young widow, Gabriel her late husband (shown in blazing flashback as the kind of charismatic Peter Pan you love or hate but never simply like), and there are feathery hints of a kind of reincarnation. Tuttle concentrates on small fears, things which (as opposed to the likelihood of putrescent zombies crawling from the toilet) do actually worry people: fear of embarrassment, of losing control, of doing something shamefully out of character. The ghostly threat to Dinah contains no violence, even metaphorically, but kept me on the edge of my seat as *Shade of the Tree* never could.

Of the three great SF devices which Einstein declared impossible - antigravity, faster-than-light ships and time travel - the last is most productive of new twists. Diana Wynne Jones offers a rationale for ghosts in *A Tale of Time City* (Methuen 285pp £8.95), with a young World War II evacuee snatched into a Time Patrol headquarters vaguely like Asimov's *Eternity*. In doomed Time City, vivid impressions are left on the tatty and worn-out fabric of reality by important events past or future (you don't necessarily know which), a puzzle of predestination which three well-pictured and totally misguided kids unravel to save the city and the universe. Though the cavalry comes over the hill so effectively in the final chapter that one isn't sure the kids' efforts were entirely necessary, it's a pleasant read and often very funny.

If I lived in Time City, I'd be haunted by agonized ghosts of the cruelly rejected manuscripts mentioned above. Constructive advice follows. (a) Send a stamped addressed envelope to cuddly Sean Whatsisname at the editorial doss-house, asking for *Dwarf's* submissions guidelines. (b) Buy the *1988 Writers' and Artists' Yearbook* (Black 528pp £5.95), which lists hundreds of possible markets and tells you how to submit. Though why, in a listing which includes 32 specialist publications for the blind, and 200 mostly obscure Commonwealth titles, should *White Dwarf* and all but five of Britain's many computer magazines be omitted as 'too small'/'too specialized'? I make this complaint every year. It never does any good.

Dave Langford



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ORK BATTLE BUGGY



Designed by Kevin Adams

"Dis 'ere i'za masterpeece o' Orky know-whats." Guglog stepped back from his rebuilt war buggy and grinned at Butgob, his gunner. "Look a'rit. More powa in dat engin dan wots we cud ever use! A big gun fer yoo. Noo steerin' fer me, An' this." Guglog held up a small, but quite repulsive, statuette of a half-naked female Ork. "Woz dat?" Butgob was an Ork of few words, but he had a good trigger finger. "Dis, 'ooman-brains' - Guglog paused for dramatic effect - "iza 'ud ornament!" "Wozzit do?" "Do! DO? Nuffink, dat's wots it do! Itz a Dez-eye-nurr hackcessry, yoo iggery git! I fort we needs... sty-lin'!" "Hmmp." Butgob walked carefully round the machine, and then kicked the pile of bricks holding up the front end. All the buggy's wheels collapsed as they took its weight. "Sty-lin; 'uh? I mite be 'n iggery git, but I fink we needs more Orky know-whats and less hackcessrees. Tho' I do likes me gun. Dat's reely gud." "Oh. Fanks." Guglog let the hood ornament fall to the floor, his visions of design awards fading. Butgob patted his driver on the shoulder. "Betta know-whats is wot 'we needs, not dis lot. Simple reely." Butgob turned, and walked out the workshop. "Nex' time, use bigga nails."

Small Ork War Buggy

LAND		AIR		TRR	Cp	T	D	Sv	Eq	W
Max	Acc/Dec	Max	Min							
24	6			1/2	2	7	16	6	2	2

Each buggy has a crew of two Orks (standard profiles) wearing Flak armour with Knives and Bolt Pistols. The crew are included in the buggy's points cost.

Points Cost: 148

Equipment:
Communicator, Targeter

Weapons:
Twin bolt guns
(swivel-mounted,
360° traverse).

RT205

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THE-SET

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Tony Hough

It's time to take a look at the work of Tony Hough. His creations first appeared in **Warhammer 40,000** and *White Dwarf* at around the same time. His style suits the genre really well - the fact that he looks indistinguishable from our own, pedigree art hippies has nothing to do with it.

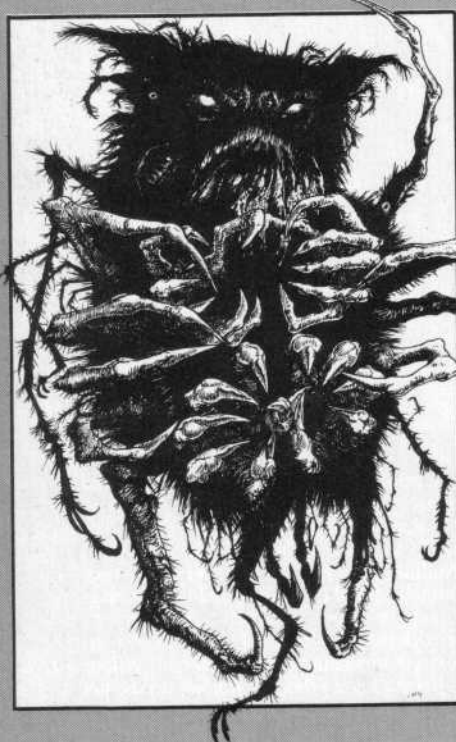
As those of you who saw him at Games Day will remember, Tony demonstrates an amazing ability to produce his beautiful (if weird) images faster than we can turn the handle on the rack. We're teaching him to work with his teeth to make it impossible for him to haggle with us.

His style comes from the post-modernist, gothic baroque school typified by GW's illustrators...

And it maintains a spontaneity that gives the pictures life and dynamism often lost in this kind of fine work. Tony's medium is a pot-pourri of pens, pencils, pastels, crayons, felt tips and even biro's! He tells us that the crayons taste worse.

And who are we to argue?

John Blanche

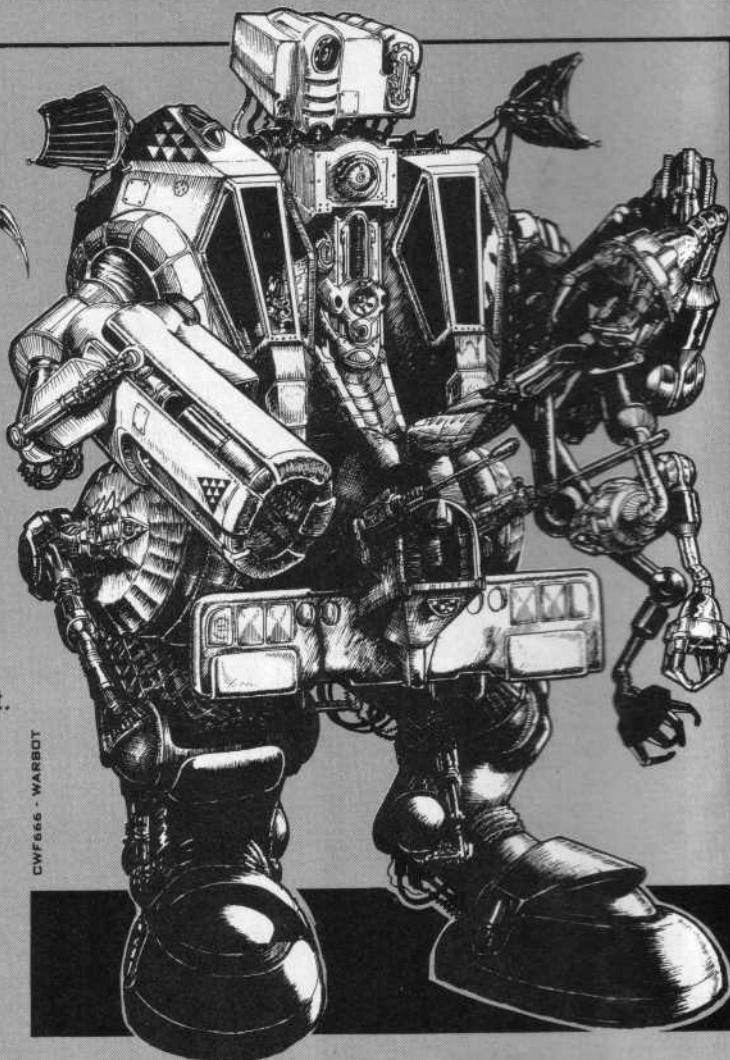


CUDDLY CHAOS CREATURE



TONY H O U G H

HULKO



CWF666 - WARBOT

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| Age: | 23. |
| Education: | Had a brief flirt with art college but considers himself self taught. |
| Favourite Artists: | Many - eg Siger, Woodroffe, Bosch, anything weird. |
| Creed: | Vegan. |
| Games: | Call of Cthulhu, RuneQuest, Skyrealms of Jorune. |
| Authors: | Silverberg, Donaldson, Harrison, Moorcock. |
| Music: | Lots - from Tomita to Amebix (favourite band is Chumba Wamba). |
| Ambitions: | To be a better artist and buy a new pair of trousers. |



NAVIGATOR F088



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WARHAMMER 40,000



CDR. ENOCH



TONY HOUGH

MINOTAURS



LILWITE SPAL



KATH, THE MUTILATOR



GRISSEL MANKILLER



LONGHOR GUTRIPE

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C22
RAT OGRES
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They are prone to Chaotic mutations: in Warhammer Fantasy Battle, a pack of Rat-Ogres has 1D4-3 dominant attributes, generated before the game under the supervision of the GM; in Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, each Rat-Ogre has a 20% chance of D3 mutations, rolled on the Chaos Mutation Generation Table in Realm of Chaos or on the table for Beastmen in the WFRP rulebook.

The following basic profiles may be altered as a result of some mutations.

WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pts
6	3	2	4	5	3	3	2	5	4	5	7	38

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6	33	17	4	5	17	30	2	18	18	14	18	29	10



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Of all the Beastmen that follow the foul Gods of Chaos, Minotaurs are the largest, the most powerful, and the most terrible. These bull-headed warriors may be found among the followers of any of the Chaos Gods, and may even sell their deadly services to others.

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SCENES FROM COURTLY LIFE

Courtly Characters for FRP by Simon Nicholson

In *Friends In High Places* (WD 89) I discussed some ways of using deception and intrigue in roleplaying games.

Perhaps some of you wish I hadn't.

Have you been plotted against? Framed? Slandered? Betrayed? Poisoned? Backstabbed? Challenged to a duel? Are you worried that somebody might be spying on you right now?

Well, ain't that sad. Never fear. Here to help you is a guide to Courtly life, looking at the people who actually have the power.

You don't need to be of gentle birth to get caught up in wheeling and dealing. Perhaps you are already sitting at the Round table, or rubbing shoulders with Dwarven Warlords, or plotting behind the Ruby Throne. We can start with an examination of the hostile environment in which you have been placed.

It is generally assumed that the Ruler, whether king or queen or emperor, is the centre and focus of Court. Around the Ruler, like satellites around the sun, move the various nobles, officials and personages who are the courtiers. Every courtier moves in a certain circle of friends, and some circles are closer to the Ruler than others. All power radiates from the Ruler, and those who are closest receive more than those at the circumference of this celestial court. This is the court structure of standard feudal system FRP.

However, this 'Court of the Sun King' is a rather simplified picture. When you examine the true structure of power, with its deals and arrangements and feuds and marriages and promises, the whole thing begins to look more like a complex and particularly treacherous spider's web. Kings and queens and courtiers are fallible individuals, and their actions are not predictable by simple laws. It is only the positions they occupy which allow us to make some assumptions.

As this is a gaming magazine, let's draw analogies with that most famous of games, Chess. The game is often seen as a representation of a battle, but it is much deeper than that. Consider the power and character of the playing pieces.

The King, all-important, commanding and controlling, though often little more than a figurehead.

The Queen, the real power behind the throne, always striking with incredible force against those who would harm the king. Her presence and potential are enough to deter enemies.

The Rook, a fortress, symbolising military resistance, strong, precise and reliable yet sometimes clumsy and predictable. Its position at the edges of the board declares the boundary of the King's realm, rather like a city wall.

The Bishop, a vizier, closest to the royal pieces, rather like an adviser. It is all-powerful in some matters but helpless in others (it sticks religiously to its own colour, either darkness or light).

The Knight, the noble warrior, swift, strong, daring, but often jumping impetuously into danger. It is limited to certain actions and prevented from others by a personal code.

The Pawns, representing not soldiers or militia as is commonly

believed but lower nobles and ministers, whose driving ambition is to reach the other side of the board (where promotion and power awaits). The more powerful pieces may use this ambition to manipulate and even sacrifice the pawns in their own interests. The way in which a pawn has to stray from its straight path in order to take another piece, performing a quick sidestep on its way forward, rather implies that you have to be devious to survive and prosper.

Chess is a simulation of the political struggles of two states.

You can see how the mere existence of various factions will create dangerous situations and interesting conflict. This is what you should aim for in a roleplaying game. There should be more to the conflict than just Good against Evil, or Law against Chaos. Even on its most basic level, John Crowley's *The Deep* shows wonderfully how small intrigues and promises and jealousies lead to big battles and civil war. Read it. Then go and read something else, and see again how the author creates situations which are more than just Good versus Evil. An example from *Lord of the Rings* might be the enmity between the Steward of Gondor and its newly-returned King.

The advantage of playing out intrigue-type games with a system like **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** is that it can cope with the different scales of conflict. That is, everything from the conversations between courtiers, up to the grand meetings of entire armies that such a conversation leads to! You can, if you wish, change from playing **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** to **Warhammer Fantasy Battle** and back again! An entire **Warhammer** campaign run in this manner can work very well.

Noblesse Oblige (WD91) covered **WFRP** nobility and royalty and gave some good ideas for using them in a campaign environment. This article will therefore concentrate on some of the courtly characters requiring special attention.

the king

On its simplest levels, the legend of King Arthur makes an important point. Whatever the old traditions and beliefs say about Divine Right, the king is still a human being, with human needs, desires and failings. Fallible, imperfect, flawed, human. And yet he wields amazing power. This is what makes kings interesting.

But is the king the head of the Court? Perhaps he is too old and too weak to rule confidently. The Court Ministers will be as powerful as the king is weak, for they will be able to change his mind and twist his will to their own ends. Tolkien's King Theoden merely became complacent: it was the clever lying of Wormtongue that made him believe he was feeble.

What if the king is impotent and without heirs? Whilst he might seek help from physicians and mages, there will be many great nobles making plans to grab the throne as soon as it becomes available.

If the king is not weak, he may still be too strong. Meglōmaniacs

make interesting non-player characters... Perhaps he tries to conquer and make war without listening to the cautious words of his ministers. How would a Court react with a mad king as its head?

The king might not even be present at Court. It may be war, crusades, or a necessary tradition or rite, which keep him busy elsewhere. Elric just goes adventuring because he doesn't actually like ruling... In the king's absence a steward may rule (as was the case in Gondor) or another noble or regent may take his place (perhaps the queen). Alternatively, a usurper may have seized the throne. The stories about Robin Hood and Ivanhoe take place in that period of history when Richard the Lionheart was absent on crusades and the country was ruled by brother John, who planned to secure the crown for himself. An absent king can create interesting problems at Court: conflicts are inevitable between those who follow the every order of the current ruler, and those who want to do 'what the king would have wanted, were he present...'

the queen

It would be wrong to assume the king is the most important person at Court. The queen can become one of the most interesting characters around. She will certainly be a powerful woman, whether she has a king or not. She will probably be extremely stylish and distinctive as well, standing out from the other Ladies of the Court. Of course, this style might not be quite what you expect - especially in a place as rough as the Old World of *Warhammer*, where people have to learn to be tough regardless of their gender.

As an example of this, consider the Queen in John Crowley's *The Deep*:



'Her eyes, lampblack-soft and dark, made it seem that somewhere amid the massive flesh and unyielding armour a beautiful woman was held captive. It had been, at times, a useful illusion...'

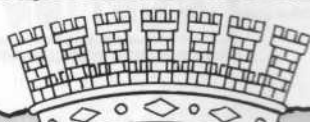
As a diplomatic measure, the king takes a chieftain's daughter from the Outlands to be his queen: and what a wonderful character she is! A spoilt child, grossly overweight, with rolls of fat and arms like thighs, clad in a thousand brass spangles. The dowry, her own weight in precious metals, has made her father immensely rich!

In battle she wears an enormous suit of cruel spiked matt-black Outland armour, 'wide-winged and endlessly riveted, crossed with chains and bristling with points'. There is little that could withstand her in a charge! The whole is so heavy (and we are looking at a rather large fraction of a tonne) that she often rides her huge black steeds to death...

As an Outlander, the queen has no qualms about riding into battle with her army while pregnant: she simply blames the miscarriage on her enemies. In personality she has not really grown up, and is cruel and selfish and obstinate. She understands little of the Court intrigue into which she has been plunged. She simply desires to see her enemies slain, to wipe her armoured feet in their entrails...



ministers and other problems



Every time I fill a vacant post, I make a hundred people discontented, and one ungrateful.

- Louis XIV

Ministers, officials, lawyers, scholars, advisers, minor nobles and administrators - these are the controllers of the Court. They are the middlemen, working as go-betweens twixt the ruling classes and the common folk. As such, most of their time is spent establishing and protecting their own well-paid positions. If this requires the 'rearranging' of information and the 'editing' of Truth and Justice, so be it.

You won't find many ministers donning armour in times of war; but don't under-estimate them simply because they can't use a sword. They have to keep the system going. Wherever there are ministers, there is always a system. There are 'proper channels' through which business must be conducted. There are old forgotten laws and traditions which can be invoked at times of necessity. There are loopholes and technicalities which only the ministers know. Even armies cannot function properly without the system's organisation of money and paperwork...

Ministers are the Lords of Red Tape, the Masters of Bureaucracy. Their power lies in knowledge: they learn how to live by the rules and how to bend them. This means that even if they don't have much power themselves, they have access to someone else's. Officials wear badges of state: they act on behalf of the state, spending the state funds and wielding the state's power. To defy the king's law is to defy the king: and that's treason, whatever your intentions.

Wizards and sorcerers would find good positions as ministers. Law is no easier to understand than magic... As judges and administrators, their minds are suited to the complexity and eccentricity of the law. As advisers, their powers of magical divination would come in most useful. As adversaries, they are formidable to all but other wizardly ministers. Make friends with a magic-using minister as soon as possible...

the physician

'... You cannot imagine what Dr Fagon looks like; thighs like birds' legs, a mouthful of teeth, the upper row black and rotten, and large thick lips that make his mouth jut out. he keeps his eyes half-closed and his complexion is a dark yellow. He has a long face and an expression as sly as his character...'

- Madame de Maintenon

The Court Physician is a strange and powerful individual. He need not be rich or of noble blood: his status is totally dependent on the importance of courtiers he serves. The term 'leech', applied to doctors who used leeches for medical purposes, is an ambiguous one. From the fictional leeches to real ones like Rasputin and Brother Jaques, their reputation is not a good one. It is easy to dislike those who make their money from the sickness of others. Doctors were taught to 'take while the patient is in pain'.

An ambitious physician may start out performing minor duties for a number of special clients, gaining recognition and renown. If he is lucky, he may succeed in becoming personal physician to the greatest person in the land. Trend and fashion account for much - in the absence of pop music, courtiers may employ a surgeon to operate on them simply because he is 'all the rage'.

The sheltered, pampered upbringing of many nobles, the weakness and self-importance they possess, can lead to hypochondria. A physician only needs to start describing diseases in detail and some courtiers will believe they have the symptoms...

A doctor may cure as many imaginary illnesses as real ones. When medical science cannot help, doctors must deceive to earn their wages. Indeed, one medical treatise advises interrogating the servant who comes to fetch, so that 'if you can learn nothing from examining the patient, you still may astonish him with your knowledge of the case!' The wily physician tells one person that the patient will recover, another that he will succumb, thus assuring his reputation in at least one quarter... This is an easy way to gain a good name, but in the end it is real medical ability that counts: the physician is really stuck if his major client and benefactor dies.

A skilled and tactful doctor might become all-powerful over an aged, dying king. Antoine d'Aquin, Louis XV's chief physician, made continual demands and used his status to gain better positions for his friends and family. When he had the audacity to suggest his own son as an archbishop, Mme de Maintenon seized upon it to have him dismissed. Of course, she had Dr Fagon, her own special choice of replacement, ready to take over...

the servant

Without servants, how can there be masters? Butlers, cooks, cleaners, pages, messengers, porters, guards, soldiers, doormen, grooms, maids, footmen, hairdressers... It is the servants who really make the Court function. The cleverer nobles know this, though none acknowledge it. The servants accept their position, and may even use it to their own advantage. Servants are everywhere at Court, but because they are of a different class, the nobles ignore them and are sometimes completely unaware of their presence. Servants see things. They know what goes on. Louis XIV always asked his valet about awkward Court matters: the man was a commoner, coarse and plain-spoken, and could be more truthful than any courtier. In the same way, Elric could always get an opinion from his faithful old servant and teacher Tanglebones. Such good servants are hard to come by.

A special sort of servant is the factotum, the personal manservant who deals with his master's affairs. Consider modelling an NPC on the infamous Edmund Blackadder, Esquire...

A factotum may end up doing all the thinking for which his master takes the credit. The manservant is generally accustomed to this, accepting it as the nature of the master-servant relationship: and if the master prospers, the servant will prosper too. And, of course, it also means that the servant has some access to his master's wealth, power and connections...

If magic exists, it will undoubtedly serve the highest in the land.

Magical servants and spirits could be used for difficult tasks or in situations where human beings are not desired. Of course, you wouldn't summon a demon to serve up breakfast. But a palace might be run magically; like the Beast's castle in Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*, where doors open by themselves, and mysterious human arms project from the walls to hold torches.

On the other hand, you might magically manufacture the ideal servant:



... Hastreme's manservant responded instantly, ears attuned to his master's demanding voice. Into the observatory he hobbled, a pathetic figure no more than three feet high, whose four-foot long arms dragged and scraped behind him...

... He had been wrought, not by Nature, but by Hastreme of the Blue Tower. Every feature of his being had designed and created with servitude in mind. His short round body was ideal for work in small rooms and kitchens, requiring little sustenance. He needed no light by which to labour, his eyes being sensitive to the colours normally enjoyed by nocturnal animals. His hands were long fingered and dextrous for intricate working. And his extraordinarily extended arms, so thick and strong, had known no pipe or crevice inaccessible. Most important of all, he was a vat-creature: he could be forged and re-forged interminably, never ageing, never fully dying. He should have been the perfect slave...

Hastreme of the Blue Tower

signs of distinction

It really will help the game if all your NPCs are very distinctive in some way. I only have to say 'albino emperor' and you immediately know who I'm talking about, do you not? I have previously discussed style for wizards in *Vance's Evocation of Arcane Delight* (WD93): on the subject of style for nobles at court, we really step into the realms of the fantastic...

Marguerite de Valois, first wife of Henry IV de Navarre, wore a huge blond peruke - 'for which purpose she kept great fair-haired footmen, whose heads were shaved from time to time to supply hair for her wigs'!

Imagine a Dark Princess of Chaos doing the same, and employing a wizard-physician to give her the magical equivalent of cosmetic surgery. Of course, the magic presents difficulty, and the parts and material components are hard to come by: she might find it necessary to keep a secret supply of specially selected slave girls. Whenever she feels like a change, she just replaces part of her anatomy with the chosen part of one of the girls...

Nobles don't need to be beautiful or outrageous to be distinctive. Take the ambitious Comte de Maurepas, Jérôme Phélypeaux, known by others as *Comte Borgne* or 'Count One-Eye'. *'Small pox removed one eye, but success blinded him... His glass eye was permanently weeping, which gave him a false surly scowling appearance, frightening at first sight, but not half so alarming as it should have been.'*



All nobles and families and organisations of importance should have a symbol or a coat of arms, something to fly on the flags and banners of battle: squirrels, sable roses, two-headed snakes, crescent moons, purple hands, wyvern rampant, a broken heart, whatever you wish. Louis XIV's was the many rayed sun, though a king can simply use the crown as a symbol of his power. Aragorn's line of descent used the White Tree in its banner, while his personal token was the green elfstone.

The sign also becomes a symbol for the power and authority of its owner. The king's coaches will carry his armourial emblem, unless he wishes to use them for private and unofficial business. The king's soldiers will wear his badge on their uniforms. Thus, to kill a royal guard would not just be murder - it would be a treasonous attack on the authority of the king!

family matters

It's quite easy to become confused when you're new to Court. Many courtiers have more than one name, more than one title, and a nickname which may or may not be known to them... As soon as possible, get hold of diagrams of all the relevant family trees and save yourself some embarrassment. Instead you will just embarrass the GM, who hasn't actually worked out any family trees.

deadlier than a dungeon

Once you've learnt about your environment, and you know something of the people you will meet, you can begin to advance yourself. The methods you employ will depend upon you. Are you a kind, generous, loving person? Do you have a personal code of honour and integrity? Do you reluctantly accept to listen only to your survival instinct? Or are you simply amoral? The last two types may learn something. The former two have oodles to learn.

the truth, the half-truth and nothing like the truth

I'm afraid that being upright and honest just isn't going to help the player characters in some Courts. Take Niccoló Machiavelli as an example. His name is often associated with evil and cunning. It was his treatise on statecraft, *The Prince*, which shocked people into identifying him with Satan himself. In fact *The Prince* is merely an account of the realities of government, drawn from his own experiences. He states quite openly what most governments do but none admit. In other words, he told the truth. And so his name has been in disrepute for five centuries...

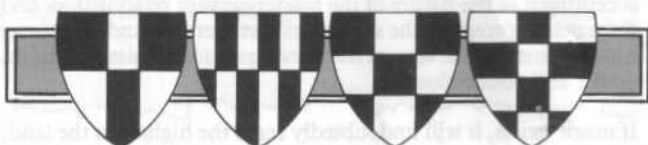
The key to success at Court is information. Courtly life is drowned in an ocean of rumours; but it requires information to sort out the truth from the falsehood, the useful from the banal. The most interesting and relevant methods of information-gathering involve using other people to work for you. These methods were outlined in WD89.

The old Emperor of Austria gathered information in a way which was simply known as *The Method*. He had a vast network of spies and informers constantly looking out for signs of treason and anarchy. People everywhere were forced into service - waiters, merchants, servants, grocers, prostitutes - and expected to report when necessary. This network was truly great and spread throughout Austria: you could stand in any bar or coffee house and be sure that at least one person would be working and spying as part of *The Method*. This was, of course, the idea: a general atmosphere of paranoia which prevented people speaking out against the State. Although *The Method* resulted in the gathering of much information and the arrests of many, nobody was ever tried. It wasn't necessary.



depends on who you know

Once you are at Court, I'm afraid it all boils down to Who You Know. No matter how capable a strategist you may be, you won't be elected onto a war committee if the Commander-General hardly knows you. This doesn't mean you should rush around being overwhelmingly friendly to everyone you meet: befriend Councillor Bardi and you may attract the enmity of Councillor Bardi's arch-enemy, High Councillor Amson... Nor am I telling you to ignore your life long buddy just because he's in a bit of a fix with an Arch-Duke. You can distinguish between friends and acquaintances. Just wait until you find out who's worth knowing. See which little clique is worth infiltrating. And when you try to become acquainted with somebody, don't overdo it; a courtier's natural reaction to any friendly action is always suspicion.



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**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

MARRIAGE

Marriage? It has its uses. It is of particular value in international politics, where a marriage between ruling families is often enough to stop wars and make allies. Obviously, there's little reason to war with the new relatives-in-law if they will lend you their own soldiers. And if money or property is a problem, you can take advantage of the dowry (a sort of wedding gift from one family to the other). Problems can occur when a family hasn't enough heirs to go around, or when the product of a political marriage finds himself in line for two thrones, or -

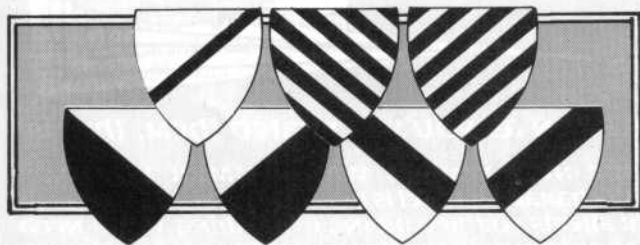
What? You were expecting *love* to come into it. Oh no, that's out of the question. You can't go marrying people just because you love them. *Noblesse oblige*: because of your position, you must do what is expected and required of you. And you had better learn to love whoever you end up with because broken marriages of importance can cause untold mischief. Look at the trouble with Henry VIII...

Marriage is a good way to secure yourself a powerful position of some kind, but *never* jump into it. You may never get out. Consider the true case of the French Duke of Lauzun, born in 1632. He was imprisoned for nine years in the French fortress of Pignerol for having an affair with *La Grande Mademoiselle*, Mlle de Montpensier, the king's cousin (actually the punishment was not so much for the affair but for ending it and breaking Mademoiselle's heart). A swashbuckling spirit, Lauzun considered his whole life to be an adventurous romance which was still not over, and immediately upon release, he set about looking for a wife and a better position. His attention was captured by Mademoiselle de Quintin: her attractions seemed all the greater when Lauzun considered how he might also prosper as a go-between twixt the king and her army-commander father.

At this time Lauzun was sixty-three years old. Mlle de Quintin was only fifteen years old. And she already had a suitor in the aforementioned ugly Count One-Eye.

Understandably, Mlle was rather fearful of having to accept Phélypeaux, and therefore encouraged the advances of the Duc de Lauzun. After all, she considered, surely the vast difference in their ages, she 15 and he 63, would mean two or three years of constraint at most, after which she might be rich, free and a great lady. She gladly took the Duc in marriage, along with his noble name, rank and wealth. It was to be a decision she would always regret.

The Duc de Lauzun died in 1723, aged *ninety-one*.



rules and etiquette

Most courtiers do very little but go to balls and meet people, or travel around the world to do the same. Consequently, the very act of visiting Court, meeting and conversing have picked up little

social conventions and practices, most of them as a result of silliness and boredom rather than necessity. The high-powered environment means that these conventions are taken less lightly than they ought, and it's a good idea to know the ones you really shouldn't ignore. Knights and courtier-adventurer types are given a little leeway in this regard, but overconfidence is a common mistake. Remember, you can *use* things like this, and therefore they can be used against you.

The most important Court rule is usually about where and when you can carry weapons. Tolkien's King Theoden didn't allow weapons into his hall at all. And in *The Water Margin*, Lin Chung was arrested after being tricked into entering a section of the Emperor's Quarters while carrying a sword - the punishment for which was death!

The possibilities are mind-boggling. What clothes should you wear at Court? Where can you take your horse? What types of fruit are you not allowed to discuss with the Eldest Princess? Why is everybody staring at you like that? The French cavalry of the 17th century, ever the poseurs, wore great floppy feathered hats, even in battle. Their attack command was, 'Settle your hats, Genetlemen, we have the honour to charge!' Thus later, at the French Court, simply pulling your hat down tight at somebody might be considered an act of extreme aggression...

At Court public entertainments often conceal or prepare the way for the downfall of individuals.

- Voltaire

Balls and parties are the worst. Whatever you do, don't dance anything more than the simplest steps unless you've had instruction. The minuet is the worst example, at one time having entire volumes devoted to it, right down to 'the correct method of doffing and replacing your hat before starting'. And even if you have been wise enough to learn the steps, do not try to dance with anybody at hand. Make sure you know the etiquette of asking. Choose somebody of your own rank or lower, leaving the most attractive men and women for those who you do not wish to displease. And don't get drunk.

lonely at the top

So here you are now, wearing velvet and eating from silver plates, your enemies having been scattered over a few square miles of battlefield. All around you, people are plotting to overthrow you, but you know who they are and you can dispose of them with a word.. Where next? Kill the king perhaps? Or limber up with another crusade against the Orcish infidels?

Well, don't forget who taught you all you know. Now perhaps there's something you can do for *me*...

Simon Nicholson



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WARRIORS: A Y D F Z H G I O *

IRON WARRIORS

WARRIORS: A Y D F Z H G I O *

Some of you may well have visited *Griffin Island* in time long past.

It is unlikely, however, that you encountered these four mysterious characters on your adventure. Nevertheless *Jon Quai* assures us that they do exist...

The Iron Warriors are four quiet, mysterious individuals who frequent all the citadels and Soldier Port; nobody knows of their origins. The warriors have a fearsome reputation, and few (even orcs) would dare cause them trouble. They are all extremely tall (having altered their appearance magically - see below) and dark haired, with close shaven beards and black eyes. They nearly always wear full suits of black armour.

GUFLASH

Guflash is the leader of the iron warriors, and the most communicative. He is said to be a friend of the travelling dwarf Rockheart Veinseeker, and is the spokesman for the group. Guflash never shows any emotions, and is rumoured to talk to his sword. Guflash once struck down Egu Gah, Halcyon's slave, and none of the orcs have caused him any trouble since.

GROGNOST

Grognost is an acolyte of an unknown god, and the smallest (SIZ 17) of the warriors. He is also the most inquisitive of the group, but remains quite a mysterious individual nevertheless. Grognost has a secret and firm friendship with Rhegus Whitehair in Surlt.

OJISK

Ojisk is the most aggressive and silent member of the party, and is readier to fight than most. He once fought a raider from the north, and has rejected edged weapons ever since. Unusually Ojisk holds long grudges - he is a well known and fervent orc-hater. Strongbark and his elves have no love for this man, either.

GORFIS

Gorfis is the fourth Iron Warrior. He is silent, loyal and very discreet. Gorfis' most notable quality is his patience, and his most notable feature is his lisp ('I thuggetht you theathe your mocking, elthe my halberd may gwow impatient'). Gorfis' might has not gone to his head, and he would never kill over trivial issues.

As you may have guessed, the Iron Warriors are spies for the dwarf king. As humans, their disguises are perfect. They are also sorcerors who have pooled their resources, collectively strengthening themselves as a group. The results are very

impressive, and, being dwarfs, their secrets and spells are shared with no-one. Perhaps only Halcyon Var Enkorth has guessed their true identities, and even if he has, he keeps this to himself for his own reasons.

GERTRUDE THE YAK

Gertrude the yak is the last member of the group. Seemingly a mere beast of burden, Gertrude is actually the eyes of the warriors in the open, where dwarf Earthsense and short-sightedness prove to be great disadvantages.



GUFLASH Iron Warriors' Leader,

STR 12(29) Move: 3*
CON 15(29) Hit Points: 27
SIZ 10(24) Fatigue Points: 57 - 55 = 2
INT 18 Magic Points: 18
POW 18 DEX SR: 3
DEX 15
APP 11

* Guflash's Move Class has been increased due to his large SIZ.

Location	Melee	Missile	Points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	13/9
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	13/9
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	13/9
Chest	12	11-15	13/11
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	13/7
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	13/7
Head	19-20	20	13/9

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
Greatsword	4	84%	2D8+8+2D6	76%	12
Poleaxe	4	65%	3D6+2D6	50%	10
Thrown Axe	3/9	52%	1D6+2D3	-	-
Thrown Axe	5	50%	1D6+1+2D6	32%	6

Sorcery (no armour): (In Spell Matrix:) Enhance STR 11 58%, is skilled with other spells when given access to them. (Free INT = 18)

Magic Skills (no armour): Ceremony 42%, Enchant 40%, Duration 45%, Intensity 57%, Multispell 47%, Range 26%.

One Use Divine Magic (45%): Shield 6, True Axe.

Skills: Craft Stone 62%, Craft Armour 46%, Human Lore 60%, Evaluate 98%, First Aid 77%, Mineral Lore 64%, World Lore 55%, Conceal 48%, Devise 52%, Earthsense Scan 55%, Earthsense Search 56%, Listen 73%, Visual Scan 20%, Visual Search 51%.

Languages: Dwarf 65%, Dwerrow 30%, Zaring 30%, Slargetongue 15%, Orc 16%.

Magic Items: Guflash's greatsword holds his huge Enhance STR matrix. This has a condition such that it may only be used by somebody who has personal permission from the dwarf king.



Equipment: Guflash wears full suits of ring and plate armour. He carries his sword and three throwing axes - all his other equipment can be found on Gertrude.

Notes: Guflash casts his Enhance STR spell weekly on everyone, using his Multispell skill. This casting costs 29 Magic Points, and Guflash usually performs it out of his armour.

All the Iron Warriors have Enhance STR 17, Enhance CON 14, Enhance SIZ 14, and Damage Boosting 8 spells running.

GROGHOST		Iron Warrior Acolyte Of Dwarf God	
STR	17(33)	Move:	3
CON	14(28)	Hit Points:	23
SIZ	3(17)	Fatigue:	60 - 44 = 12
INT	18	Magic Points:	10 + Power Spirit 5 = 15 Total
POW	10		
DEX	13	DEX SR:	3
APP	12		

Location	Melee	Missile	Points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	9/8
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	9/8
Abdomen	09-11	08-10	9/8
Chest	12	11-15	9/10
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	9/6
Left Leg	16-18	18-19	9/6
Head	19-20	20	9/8

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
Warhammer	6	57%	1D6 + 10 + 2D6	31%	8
Heater	7	32%	1D6 + 2D6	55%	12
2h Battleaxe	6	46%	1D8 + 2 + 2D6	43%	8

Sorcery: Mystic Vision 30%. (In Matrix:) Damage Boosting 2 32%. (Free INT 17)

Divine Magic (56%): Absorption 2, Create Ghost, Bind Ghost, Heal Body x2, Shield 5, Worship (Dwarf God).

Magic Skills (no armour): Ceremony 37%, Duration 45%, Intensity 45%, Multispell 40%, Range 33%.

Skills: Fast Talk 50%, Orate 38%, Human Lore 80%, Evaluate 78%, First Aid 35%, Mineral Lore 75%, World Lore 50%, Conceal 83%, Devise 104%, Earthsense Scan 55%, Earthsense Search 49%, Listen 80%, Visual Scan 27%, Visual Search 46%.

Languages: Dwarf 67%, Zaring 34%.

Magic Items: Grognost carries a small black box with two wires protruding from it, and three glass hemispheres along the top. If the wires are placed against a magic item, the balls flash in three colours - red, if the magic item has a condition that will harm the enquiring individual; red and amber, if the item is useless to the individual but will not harm him; and green, if the item can be used by the individual.

Grognost's Damage Boosting matrix is unconditional, and is located with his power spirit in a stone tooth filling.

Equipment: Grognost wears full plate and leather armour. He carries all his listed weapons and items, and a (black) copper hunting horn.

Notes: Grognost casts his Damage Boosting 8 spell on the group every week. This casting costs 22 Magic Points.

OJISK BLUDGEONSMASHER		Iron Warrior	
STR	19 (34)	Move:	3
CON	17 (31)	Hit Points:	25
SIZ	5 (19)	Fatigue Points:	65 - 60 = 5
INT	17	Magic Points:	17
POW	17	DEX SR:	4
DEX	8		
APP	14		

Location	Melee	Missile	Points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	15/9
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	15/9
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	15/9
Chest	12	11-15	15/11
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	15/7
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	15/7
Head	19-20	20	15/9

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
War Maul	6	115%	1D10 + 10 + 2D6	98%	21
Warhammer	7	89%	1D6 + 2 + 2D6	40%	8
Buckler	8(10)	65%	1D4 + 2D6	72%	8

Sorcery (no armour): (In Matrix:) Enhance CON 8 37%. (Free INT = 18)

One Use Divine Magic (40%): (In Matrix:) Berserk.

Magic Skills (no armour): Ceremony 35%, Enchant 30%, Duration 38%, Intensity 41%, Multispell 42%, Range 18%.

Skills: Weapon Smithing 72%, Human Lore 38%, Evaluate 73%, First Aid 88%, Mineral Lore 61%, World Lore 40%, Conceal 62%, Devise 80%, Earthsense Scan 77%, Earthsense Search 80%, Listen 63%, Visual Scan 15%, Visual Search 37%.

Languages: Dwarf 47%, Zaring 34%, Dwerrow 31%.

Magic Items: Ojisk's spell matrices are both in his war maul, which has been strengthened by enchantment rituals. The matrices may only be used by an initiate of the Dwarf God. Ojisk also carries a stone with a spell spirit bound within. The spell spirit has a condition such that it will cast Phantom Sound intensity 1, audible only to Ojisk, if anybody nearby casts a Mystic Vision spell. The warriors will take immediate and appropriate action if this alarm is sounded. The warriors will take care to avoid sorcerers whose Mystic Vision and Neutralise Magic spells represent a great danger to them.

Equipment: Ojisk wears complete suits of chainmail and plate, and carries all listed weapons.

Notes: Ojisk casts his Enhance CON spell on the group every week. This costs 26 Magic Points.



GORFIS THE LEVEL-HEADED

Iron Warrior

STR 11 (28) Move: 3
CON 13 (27) Hit Points: 24
SIZ 7 (21) Fatigue: 55 - 49 = 6
INT 18 Magic Points: 15
POW 15 DEX SR: 2
DEX 16
APP 13

Location	Melee	Missile	Points
Right Leg	01-04	01-03	11/8
Left Leg	05-08	04-06	11/8
Abdomen	09-11	07-10	11/8
Chest	12	11-15	11/10
Right Arm	13-15	16-17	11/6
Left Arm	16-18	18-19	11/6
Head	19-20	20	11/8

weapon	sr	attack	damage	parry	points
Halberd	3	68%	3D6+8+2D6	65%	10
Warhammer	4	55%	1D6+2+2D6	36%	8
Heater	5	30%	1D6+2D6	51%	12

Sorcery (no armour): (In Matrix:) Enhance SIZ 7 75%, Venom 80%.
(Free INT = 18)

Magic Skills (no armour): Ceremony 43%, Enchant 45%, Summon 22%, Duration 62%, Intensity 70%, Multispell 64%, Range 57%.

Skills: Ignore Passively 100%, Animal Lore 20%, Craft Stone 44%, Craft Metal 57%, Human Lore 48%, Evaluate 94%, First Aid 34%, Mineral Lore 84%, World Lore 50%, Conceal 37%, Devise 55%, Earthsense Scan 63%, Earthsense Search 74%, Listen 59%, Visual Scan 29%, Visual Search 50%, Track 15%.

Languages: Dwarf 55%, Zaring 42%, Dwerrow 38%, Slargetongue 30%, Orcish 30%.

Magic Items: A rusty iron chip from the dwarf ancestor's mallet holds Gorfis' matrices and a spell spirit with 18 POW, which knows the spirit spell Heal 3.

Equipment: Gorfis wears a suit of ring armour beneath a suit of lamellar. He carries all listed goods, and four days rations. He also has 30 pennies in gold coin.

Notes: Gorfis also casts his spell on a weekly basis, using 26 Magic Points from Gertrude's burden.



GERTRUDE THE YAK

Ally Of The Iron Warriors

STR 42 Move: 9
CON 15 Hit Points: 29
SIZ 43 Fatigue Points: 57 - 40 = 17
INT 15 Magic Points: 16 + 10 (griffin bone)
POW 16 DEX SR: 3
DEX 10

* These values are those of the ghost in dominant possession of the yak.



Location	Melee	Missile	Points
Right Hind Leg	01-02	01-02	4/8
Left Hind Leg	03-04	03-04	4/8
Hindquarters	05-07	05-09	4/12
Forequarters	08-10	10-14	4/12
Right Fore Leg	11-13	15-16	4/8
Left Fore Leg	14-16	17-18	4/8
Head	17-20	19-20	4/10

weapon	sr	attack	damage
Charge	6	57%	1D10+4D6
Butt	6	57%	1D10+4D3
Trample	6	75%	8D6 to downed foe

Spirit Magic (40%): Heal 6, Mindspeech 4.

Skills: Climb 47%, Swim 56%, Fast Talk 34%, Animal Lore 87%, Listen 67%, Scan 76%, Smell Intruder 80%, Track 42%.

Languages: Dwarf 35%.

Magic Items: For his personal use, Gertrude has a griffin wishbone beneath his saddlebags, this stores 10 Magic points. He can also use the crystal in an emergency.

Carried Equipment: Gertrude always carries two weeks food for the Iron Warriors. He has Guflash's poleaxe, a large bundle of firewood, 40 meters of strong rope and the party moneybag (which Guflash removes whenever the Iron Warriors visit a citadel). The money bag contains about 100 pennies and about four times that value in gems. He also carries miscellaneous goods, such as equipment for repairing broken armour or weapons, thick cloaks for cold weather, spare boots, etc.

Most importantly, Gertrude carries the Warriors' Magic Point supply, a huge quartz crystal which holds 6 powers spirits, with a combined Magic Point total of 50. The crystal glows pink when the spirits are up to full Magic Points, but is simply dull white when their soul force has been used up. This magic item will only work for dwarfs who have sworn to serve the dwarf king.

Notes: Gertrude is actually a ghost bound into a Yak, although he is now perfectly settled into his new body.

The Iron Warriors are severely limited in the open. First, dwarfs are notoriously short sighted, so their vision is virtually useless to them outdoors. Second, their Earthsense is confused by changing air currents - in a gale they haven't got a hope! As a result, the dwarfs don't bother with long range missile weapons while travelling, and rely on Gertrude to spot attackers who would use such.

Gertrude can communicate with the dwarfs using his Mindspeech spell (in company), or by simply talking to them (in private). Gertrude also provides a source of healing magic for the dwarves, should this be required. Of course, the Warriors tell nobody that Gertrude is not really the dumb animal everybody assumes he is; Gorfis has always said that if this were to be discovered by their enemies, it might well spell disaster for the Iron Warriors. Gertrude tries to be as useful as possible, and the warriors treat him as one of the gang.



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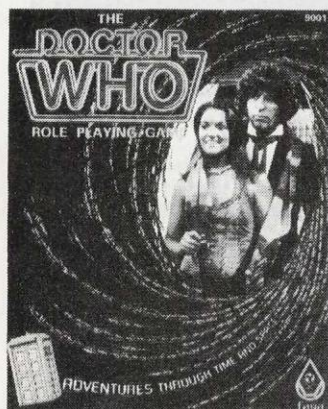
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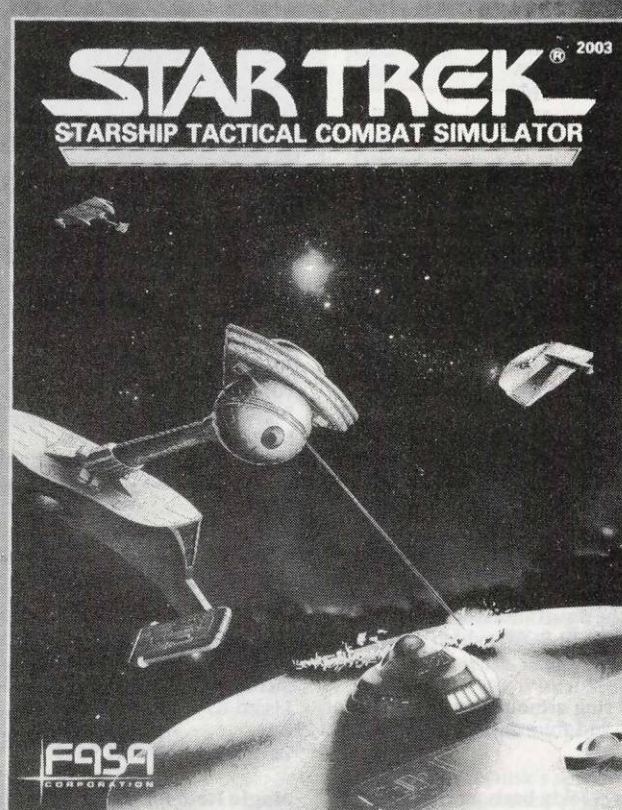
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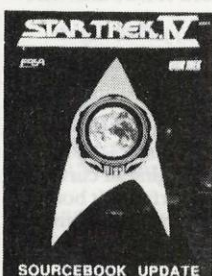
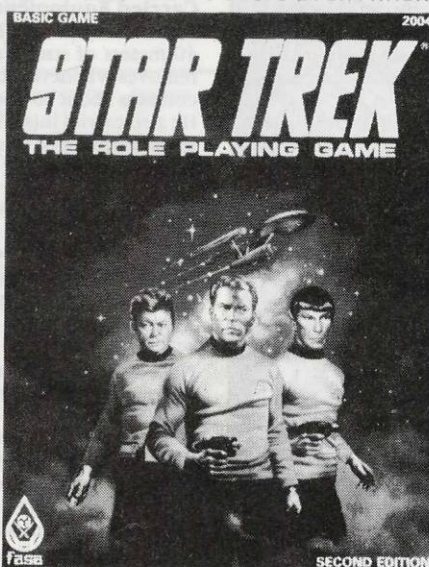
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INTRODUCTION

Commander Isiah studied the group of Marines at the far end of the great hall, their garish armour oddly fitting the gaily coloured light which poured through the stained glass arch of the chapel windows. They were deep in conversation and oblivious to his entrance.

Isiah walked forward and one of the five looked up.

'Ah, Commander Isiah, we were expecting you.' The five closed their conversation and faced the Commander, two of them grinning broadly, the others stern-faced and tight-lipped. Isiah tried hard not to be irritated by the lack of manners the five displayed, and the rather incourteous greeting he had received.

'You arrived early and I've been ...detained,' he hissed.

'Well we're here now and would like to get started immediately, unless you've other plans?' The question was rhetorical. They all knew that Isiah wanted to get them onto Golance quickly.

'A shuttle has been fuelled and is awaiting you at port 6A - '

'That won't be needed Commander. We have our own transport. Just tell us where you want us to fight, we can handle the rest.'

Isiah was more than sure that they could. He'd been sure that they could handle the problem on Golance ever since he received news of the thought transmit. His Chapter was at its lowest ebb, unable after countless attacks, to rid the planet below of the pestilent Eldar scum who had gained control of the planet's secret arsenal. Already 350 men and officers of the Flesheaters Chapter of Space Marines had died at the hands of those vile, outlawed aliens. The arrival of these five warriors could soon change the course of the war, for they had been sent to him by the Mentor Legion in a deal that was eminently fair and honourable; Isiah receiving five soldiers of unparalleled skill for the course of this war, in return for simply giving them the experience of a real fight.

'I'd like you to join 8th Company on the Ashenplain of Rox and co-ordinate a full-scale assault on the arsenal's northern entrance. You'll have full air support and 115 fresh men. The aliens have concentrated their defences south of the plain and I'll be personally directing diversionary attacks against these.'

'Thank you Commander. Shall we be started?'

THE MENTOR LEGION

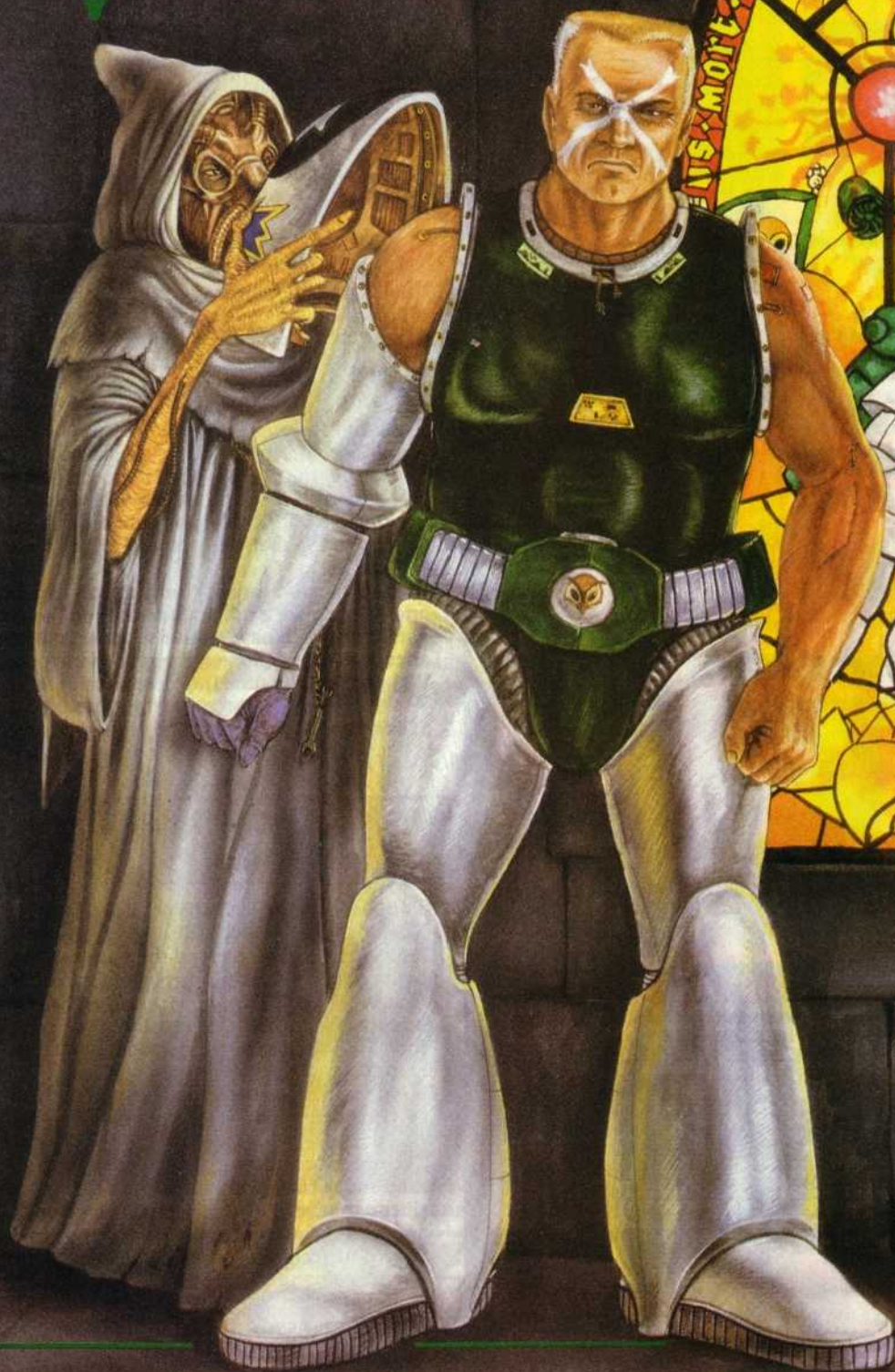
The Mentors are a relatively new Chapter. Formed in the Twenty-Sixth Founding, during the middle part of the current millennium, they received the number 888. This previously belonged to the Star Scorpions Chapter. The latter were a Chapter of the Twenty Fifth Founding and had the dual misfortune of producing redundant gene-seed and being utterly devastated by Warp entities when the Chapter's Fleet became trapped in Warp-space. The exact fate of the Scorpions is not known. However, the Emperor decreed that the chapter be considered *dead*.

The redundant gene-seed hampered Imperial efforts to rebuild the Scorpions Legion and eventually the Bio-engineers and Chem-architects of the Adeptus Mechanicus were forced to concede defeat. For a time it seemed that the number 888 would never be raised again, but some years later, a new Founding in the offing persuaded the Priesthood to revisit the chapter regalia. Thus the Mentors were born. They received the uniforms and number of the extinct chapter but instead of the redundant seed, they were given an entirely new generation of genetic material collated from the storage banks of the Earth laboratories.

THE MENTOR LEGION

LEGIONES ASTARTES
CHAPTER 688

IMPERIAL COMMANDER NISK RAN-THAWLL BEING GUIDED THROUGH THE EXPERIMENTAL ARMOUR'S NON-STANDARD ACTIVATION PROCESS BY A SENIOR MEMBER OF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS.



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID GALLAGHER

MENTOR INSIGNIA



'TUTORS'



ELITE CADRE



BACK BANNERS

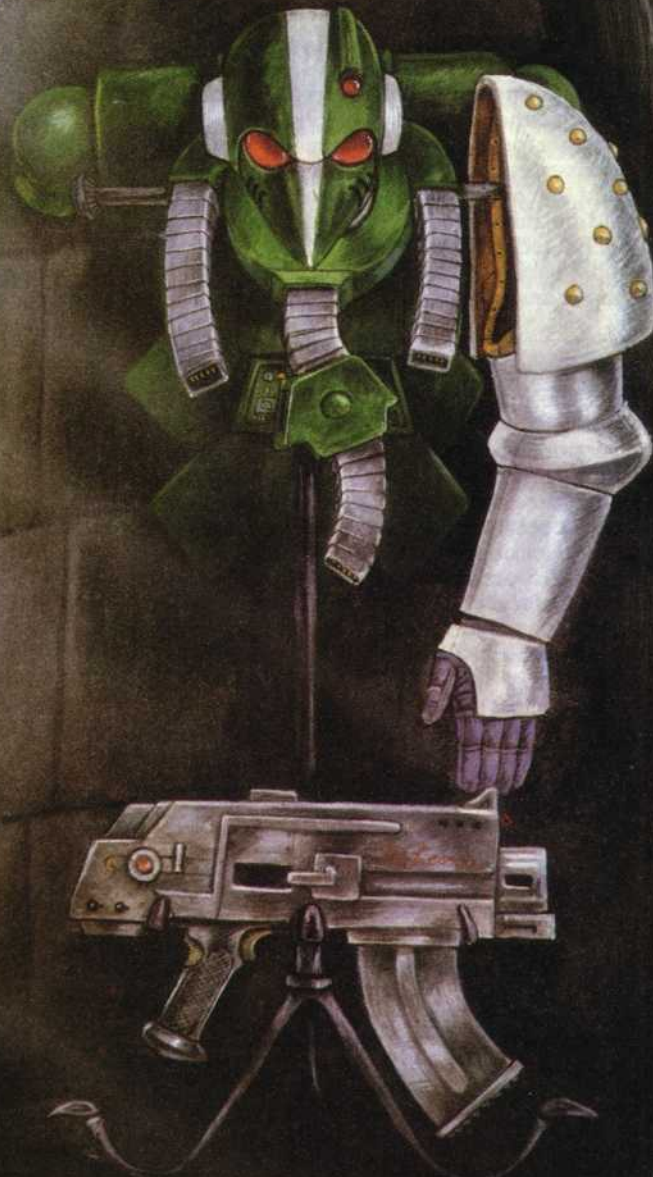


CHAPTER BANNER

SYMBOLS CONSTRUCTED BY 'H'. PAINTED BY DAVE ANDREWS

RAN-THAWLL, ONE OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE COMMANDERS TO SERVE IN THE LEGIONES ASTARTES, HAS THE AUTHORITY TO REFUSE FIELD TESTING OF ANY NEW EQUIPMENT THOUGHT TO BE DANGEROUSLY UNSTABLE. THERE IS NO RECORD OF THE COMMANDER EVER CHOOSING TO EXERCISE HIS VETO. HE IS THOUGHT TO HAVE VISITED THE EMPEROR SEVERAL TIMES, THOUGH THIS IS MERE SPECULATION.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER



THOUGHT FOR THE DAY "KNOWLEDGE IS HALF THE BATTLE."

The new chapter is highly unusual and their *modus operandi* is quite different from that of the bulk of the Legiones Astartes. The Mentors have an extraordinary capacity for learning, particularly of matters military. The chapter's main pursuit is therefore one of perfecting the fusion between science and art of war, and military technology. They do not engage in campaigns or wars as other chapters do, but instead 'loan' squads of Marines to other Imperial military bodies. Squads of Mentors may be found fighting alongside the Imperial Army or even other chapters throughout the galaxy.

The chapter also loans out groups of warriors who are distinctly superior to normal marines. These are members of the Mentors' Elite Cadre and represent the pinnacle of their chapter's success to date. There are distinctly fewer Elite Cadre than normal Mentors but what they lack in numbers they compensate for by sheer power, skill and application of hardware. As well as fighting alongside other chapters and the Imperial Army, the Elite Cadre are also used by the Administratum for a variety of small scale operations.

The Chapter is roughly organised in much the same fashion as the Ultra-Marines (detailed last month). However the bulk of the chapter are never seen, the location of their headquarters and Monastery-Retreat being an absolute secret. Only the very highest strata of the Priesthood are aware of its exact location. Here the Mentors perform their rigorous training and disciplining. The massed ranks of the chapter are exhaustively trained in the art of war and in the use of Imperial military hardware, both old and new - the Chapter acting as a test-bed for the latest Imperial technology. While a large proportion of the chapter is permanently based at their secret HQ, the balance of the chapter are sent out on missions, including the elite Brethren.

The basic rationale behind squad loaning is that the Mentors are able to extract the maximum amount of information regarding the fighting prowess and techniques of just about any Imperial military organisation. 'Loaned' squads returning to chapter HQ bring with them an invaluable record which is without parallel in the galaxy. The chapters and armies to whom these squads are sent benefit from having these superior warriors join them for a campaign or battle. An extra benefit to the Mentors is that they are also able to claim and maintain an honourable record of real combat experience. Even in the short period of the Chapter's existence, they have amassed an enviable Roll of Honour.

Another facet of the Mentors is the development and training of the chapter's Elite Cadre. It was originally envisaged that this would perform a number of important semi-military roles, from counter-terror operations to complex undercover missions. They would be the Imperium's ultimate human warriors, capable of dealing with any threat outside a normal chapter's area of expertise. This aim has not been fully realised as yet, but the Mentor Elite Cadre are even now amongst the very best that the Imperium can offer. They too are sent out to aid other Imperial military units in the pursuit of galactic security. The Elite Cadre are also frequently called upon by the Inquisition who recognise their superior skill at arms.

At any given time, the Mentors are likely to have as many as 25 Tactical squads out on-loan to other commands, and there are usually at least 10 squads of the Mentor Elite Cadre on missions. The rest of the chapter remains hidden, forever engrossed in the training and experimentation program.

Any army unit or chapter may include a single squad of the Mentor Chapter in their battle orders. This squad can be either one of the rank and file Mentor Tactical squads or may be a group of Mentor Elite Cadre.

MENTOR CHAPTER SQUAD COMPOSITION

The following units are all typical examples of squads sent out to other armies by the Mentors. The chapter itself will never put into battle. These units will only ever be found serving under other commands.

RANK AND FILE SQUADS

These are organised around the archetypal Imperial system of the ten man squad. In addition, they uphold the tradition of splitting into two groups of five men each when in battle. Each of the ten men in the squad is a Champion Marine with the appropriate profile. There is no Sergeant in the Mentor squad, as each man holds the same rank and any of the ten may be nominated the leader (or two leaders, if the squad splits into battle units of five).

Each model is equipped in the standard Marine fashion with powered armour, knife and Bolt pistol. The armour is an improved version of the normal Marine issue and all suits incorporate Cameleoline, Infra-vision Visor and Photochromatic Visor as well as the normal Communicator, Respirator and Auto-senses. The knife and Bolt pistol are standard issue.

Five Marines in the squad form the Missile Launcher section; one Marine is armed with a standard Missile Launcher (normally armed with Frag, Crack, Plasma(5) and Vortex(2) Missiles); the other four Marines with special Bolt guns.

These experimental Bolt guns are equipped with improved ammunition which boasts an enhanced explosive effect. This results in the gun having a -2 *save modifier*, otherwise the stats for the gun are as for a normal Bolt gun.

Mentor Bolt Gun: Points = 6 pts per Bolter

Short range	Long range	Shooting to hit	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Type	Area
0-12"	12-24"	+1	4	1	-2		

The second section (armed with the standard Bolt gun) have an interesting piece of equipment which increases their potential considerably. This is the Targetting-Web. The Web is a series of helmet and neural implants which enables the entire section of five models to simultaneously target and fire at a single model with their Bolters. The Web has the effect of concentrating the fire into one mighty shot with an enhanced *strength*, *damage* and *saving throw modifier*. This form of attack is especially useful against vehicles or powerful character models. Details and rules for the Targetting-Web are given below.

MENTOR TACTICAL SQUAD

Points = 393 per squad.

'TUTORS' Marine Champion Profile

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

Targetting-Web Section

5 Marines armed with Bolt guns, Frag and Crack Grenades. All Marines are linked to the Targetting-Web (Bolt guns only).

Missile Launcher Section

1 Marine armed with Missile Launcher, Frag, Crack, Plasma(5), Vortex(2) Missiles, and equipped with 2 suspensors.

4 Marines armed with Mentor Bolt guns and Frag Grenades.

Basic Equipment (all models): Powered Armour (Auto-senses, Communicator, Respirator, Cameleoline, Infra-vision and Photochromatic Visors), knife and Bolt pistol.

This represents a very well equipped squad of the Mentors and there is no reason why all squads should be as loaded up as this one. Typical variations would be to lose the Vortex missiles and Targetting-Web or to convert all the Bolt guns to the standard issue model.

ELITE CADRE

The Elite Cadre of the Mentor Chapter are the most advanced warriors of their kind in the galaxy. There are two ways Marine or Army commanders can employ them on the battlefield. First the cadre element may simply be used as a powerful squad, gaining the benefits of the Targetting-Web facility and other special equipment; alternatively, the models may become leaders for other units. The latter is preferred by Army Commanders as the Elite Cadre make especially good leaders for units of normal warriors.

Each member of the Elite Cadre has the profile of a Marine Minor Hero. This represents the adaptability of the chapter's advanced training techniques. The models also have the powerful Targetting-Web, Timewarper, and Shift Field (see below) available to them, and all models are armed with Mentor Bolt guns. The Timewarper and Shift Field are individually carried items and must be assigned to particular models. These items can be used to enhance any unit joined by the Mentor carrying them.

The Targetting-Web cannot be transferred to another unit; if the Elite Cadre split up to lead other units, they lose the ability to call on the Web. In addition, when used as leaders for units other than Space Marines the Elite Cadre are able to *inspire* their troops. This has the effect of raising the unit's resistance to the demoralising effects of casualties and generally increasing their courage and determination. All psychology tests are made with a bonus +1 modifier (always in the unit's favour). This bonus is only applicable if the unit is led by a member of the Elite Cadre, if this character leaves the unit or is killed the unit reverts to normal.

Control systems incorporated into their improved body armour form an integral part of the Targetting-Web.

MENTOR SPECIAL SQUAD (ELITE CADRE)

Points = 405

Marine Minor Hero Profile

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

1 Marine armed with Mentor Bolt Gun, Power Glove and Frag Grenades.

1 Marine armed with Mentor Bolt Gun, Frag and Melta-Bomb Grenades.

1 Marine armed with Mentor Bolt Gun, Flamer and Frag Grenades.

2 Marines armed with Mentor Bolt Gun, Power Swords and Frag Grenades.

Basic Equipment (all models): Powered Armour (Auto-senses, Communicator, Respirator, Cameleoline, Infra-vision and Photochromatic Visors), knife and Plasma pistol.

Additional Equipment: Timewarper and Shift Field, plus all models are linked in to a Targetting-Web (only operates with Bolt guns).

This represents a typical squad of the Elite Cadre and their actual equipment may vary quite a lot in practice. Common variants of the squad detailed would be for the Elite Cadre to exchange some of the special equipment for more standard items. Similarly the weapons could easily be exchanged for other types. The total points value of the squad will not differ substantially from that of the example however.

NEW EQUIPMENT

The Targetting-Web

The Targetting-Web is not a single piece of equipment, but comprises of a complex series of helmet modifications and neural implants. The system keys directly into the user's brain, bypassing some conscious functions and amplifying reactions and reflexes. The Web is also keyed to a single weapon type.

The Web allows up to 5 models to simultaneously target and shoot at exactly the same point in space. There are some limitations (see below) but the result is effective against vehicles or powerful individual opponents.



KNOWLEDGE IS THE KEY



Every Marine equipped with the Web must be exhaustively trained in its use, many testers are unable to cope with the mental strain of the implants and are thus unsuitable users. Furthermore, the equipment is still extremely rare, having only recently been developed, and is therefore unlikely to have entered service with other chapters.

The Web operates quite simply and is basically an extension of the normal Targeter. However, instead of increasing the chance of hitting, the Web transmits targetting information from any model in the Web to all the others. A maximum of 5 models may employ any one Web and each must be within 2" of at least one other model in the same Web in order to take part in simultaneous fire. The group must remain stationary for the entire turn (ie the Web may not move and fire in the same turn).

To operate the Web one model is nominated as the Marker. This model rolls to-hit as normal. If the shot hits then its *strength*, *damage* and *save modifier* are enhanced (how much depends on the total number of models firing via the Web). Each model must be able to draw a line of sight to the target. Only the Marker's range, and other modifiers to-hit, count. No model may shoot further than the proscribed range for the weapon used. It is feasible that although the Marker may be in range, his fellow Web firers are not. In this case the Marker's shot is made as normal and the other models waste their shots. Once a unit has declared an intention to shoot via the Web they cannot fire normally until the next turn.

The Mentor Chapter key their Targetting-Webs to the special Mentor Bolt gun. The following chart indicates the additional modifiers applicable to simultaneous firing via the Targetting-Web.

Targetting-Web			
Points = 30 pts to equip up to 5 models (max).			
Number of firers	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier
1	-	-	-
2	+1	-	-1
3	+2	+1	-1
4	+3	+1	-2
5	+4	+2	-2

No more than 5 models can operate through a single Web.

Example: 4 models using Mentor Bolt guns fire via a Targetting-Web at an Ork Chief. The Marker is at Short range and the other 3 models are all within range and within 2" of each other. There are no problems with Line of Sight as all 4 can draw a clear line to the target. The Marker rolls to hit and is successful. The Mentor Bolt gun has a *strength* of 4, *damage* of 1 and a *save modifier* of -2. As you can see from the chart above, there are additional modifiers to each of these values. The shot has a resulting *strength* of $4 + 3 = 7$, does *damage* of $1 + 1 = 2$, and has an adjusted *save modifier* of $(-2) + (-2) = -4$!

Timewarper

The Timewarper is another piece of advanced Imperial technology which is being field-tested by the Mentor Chapter. This particular device enables a unit to make dramatic moves across the battlefield, further than is normally possible. The device is physically quite unimpressive, a small box with a few buttons, runes and dials no larger than the palm of human hand.

The Timewarper draws tiny portions of Warpspace into itself and converts this energy into sub-atomic particles which are

able to affect time in a very localised sphere around the box. Those creatures within the area of distorted time perceive the outside world as having slowed down and are able to move faster whilst inside the sphere. This is extremely disorientating and even years of training are insufficient to allow full adjustment of the mind to such an experience.

The sphere of time dilation caused by the Timewarper is large enough to accomodate 10 models provided that each model is within 1" of another model in the group. Use of the Timewarper must be declared at the start of the turn. These models are moved first, before any other units or models on the same side. The player commanding the Timewarpers must roll a D6 and consult the chart below to discover the effect of the time dilation.

D6 roll Timewarper Function

1	The dilation has no effect.
2-3	Models are able to move 2x their normal move allowance.
4-5	Models are able to move 3x their normal move allowance.
6	Models are able to move 4x their normal move allowance.

The dilation disorientation effect prevents models from firing during the turn in which the device was used, even if they only moved normal distance. If the unit uses the device to enter into hand-to-hand combat they count as *confused*, suffering a -1 to-hit penalty.

The Timewarper's capacity to draw energy from Warpspace and process it is limited. It may therefore only be used once every two turns.

The device can only be used to aid movement of troops. It cannot draw upon sufficient power to affect machines or vehicles.

The Timewarper has a points value of 20.

Shift Field

The Shift Field is a new piece of protective equipment similar to the existing defensive fields described in the main rulebook. However the Shift Field is able to encompass a whole squad. It is a man-portable pack which may be clipped onto a belt or strap. This counts as 'heavy' equipment with a 1/2" move penalty. This is normally offset by a suspensor.

The Shift Field distorts the light around a squad making it impossible for opponents to pinpoint any of the models. Consequently the opponent's to-hit roll is reduced by 1 when firing at the 'shifted' unit. It has no effect versus hand-to-hand combat opponents as they will be inside the field.

Models within the Field are able to see and fire out of the field as normal.

The Shift Field will protect a whole squad of 10 models provided all models are within 6" of the model carrying the Shift Field generating device.

The Shift Field has a points value of 10.

Original Chapter Design: Bryan Ansell
Developed by: Alan Merrett and Paul Cockburn

GRAPES OF WRATH

by Carl Sargent with Derrick Norton

This adventure makes an ideal link between *Death on the Reik* and the forthcoming *Power Behind the Throne*. It may also be regarded as independent and self-contained, and could easily be adapted for your own campaigns.

A Prelude to *The Power Behind the Throne* and continuing *The Enemy Within* Campaign

INTRODUCTION

The Grapes of Wrath is a scenario for 5-7 **Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play** characters, who should be just beginning their Advanced Careers or have a similar degree of experience. If you want to be a player in this adventure, do not read any further - the following text is for the GM's eyes only.

The adventure is set in The Empire of the Old World (see **WFRP**, p281) and the action takes place in the vine-growing village Pritzstock, a flourishing community near the City of Middenheim (for more details of which, see the recently published *Warhammer City*). If you are not playing *The Enemy Within* Campaign, however, you could retain the setting and play it as a one-off, or transpose the location elsewhere within the Old World. In any event, an important aspect to the adventure is the time of year, with events taking place during the annual grape-harvest at Pritzstock (sometime in the month of Erntezeit or 'Harvest-Tide' - see **TEW**, p56).



BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE

Refer to Map 1

If you have played *Death on the Reik*, the PCs should be making their way from Castle von Wittgenstein (in pursuit of the Purple Hand and Gotthard von Wittgenstein). The fastest route is down the river Reik to Altdorf and then north-east along the Altdorf-Middenheim road.

By Order of His Imperial Majesty, the Right Royal Karl-Franz,
Ruler of the Heights and Depths,
True Image of Sigmar, and Exalted Monarch of the Empire

To all professors, scholars, students and other amateurs of the science of cartography:

From Albrecht Ruhmacht, Professor of Geography, Master of the Cartographer's Guild, Architect to the Emperor.

Be it known to all the Emperor's loyal subjects that there is in circulation a most misleading cartographical representation, or "map," of the fair province of Middenland. This scandalous forgery is appended to a tome known as *Warhammer City* (page 94), and hath most heinously confused the locations of the villages of Grubentreich, Schoninghagen, and Pritzstock; indeed, the name of the latter has been attached to the symbol of a village, where none exists!

In all other respects, the aforementioned work represents a most accurate and worthy piece of erudition on the subject of the City State of Middenheim, its inhabitants, and its environs. Nevertheless, his Most High Regality is concerned that the perpetrators of this Act of Chaos be brought to justice, and that a true depiction of the area be circulated at least as widely as the book itself. To these ends, the offending parties have had their hands cut off, and an accurate map of the area attached to this proclamation.

Signed, this day of the two thousand and twenty fifth day of The Empire under the eye of Sigmar,

Albrecht Ruhmacht



Map 1 shows the true layout of villages south-west of Middenheim. At the start of the adventure, the PCs are assumed to be travelling by coach towards Middenheim along the Altdorf-Middenheim road. The woods through which the road runs are known to harbour evil and even chaotic creatures, so coaches travel quickly without stopping. The PCs' coach has three other passengers: Ulrike and Bertha Jung, and their bodyguard, Gunder. Both women are young, (19 and 17 respectively), blue-eyed blondes of good breeding, being daughters of a prosperous Altdorfer wool merchant. Gunder is a giant of a man (*Strength* and *Toughness* = 5), if not exactly bright (*Intelligence* = 22). His brow is thick and sloping and his massive jaws seems to jut further forward than his twisted and flattened nose. He is clad in a leather jerkin and armed with huge, woodcutter's axe. The girls are travelling to Middenheim to visit their cousin, Kirsten Jung, a Lady-at-Court to Graf Boris Todbringer, (ruler of Middenheim). They are well-mannered and are used to being treated politely (especially when Gunder is in attendance).

THE CRASH

The journey is without incident until the coach has just crossed the junction with the Grubentreich road, a few hours before sunset. From out of the trees ahead and travelling about 15 feet above the ground, an evil-looking skull with glowing eyes comes hurtling towards the



coach. Shouting a prayer to Sigmar, the coachman drops the reins to cover his eyes, while the horses scream and rear up in terror. As they bolt wildly to avoid the flying skull, the horses career the coach against the trunk of a massive oak, and the whole thing overturns, smashing both right-hand wheels in the process.

Anyone on the roof of the coach must make a *Fear* test in order to be able to do anything other than quiver with fright. A jump from the coach should be treated as a distance of 6 yards (see *WFRP*, p75). Hanging onto the coach will require a *Strength* test - success results in the character taking 1 hit at S 3 (ignoring armour), failure means that the character is flung clear - to fall 4 yards.

Having had no real warning, all those within the coach must make an *Initiative* test (at -10) to avoid taking 1 hit at S 3 (ignore armour). As the passengers begin to disentangle themselves, one of them (chosen at random) sees the skull peering into the coach. After a couple of seconds the skull flies off, but any character not still inside the wreck will see it heading west over the trees. For a further description of the skull, consult the *Bestiary* at the end of the adventure.

The coach is beyond repair; only two wheels remain intact, and both axles are smashed. Hedric, the coachman is lying in the road - battered and bruised, but otherwise unhurt. Gunder, alas, suffered fatal injuries during the crash, when a trunk containing Ulrike's ballgowns fell from the luggage rack and broke his neck. Two horses have run off, a third has a badly fractured leg, and the other stands shivering nearby. The two girls are very upset but will be calmed by reassuring words. They will *not* be calmed by Hedric's wide-eyed babble about the "...swooping, red-eyed monster from the pits of hell!"

A CHOICE OF ACTIONS

The party have a number of options available. They could stay put, but this would mean a night in the forest. Hedric will point out that no other coach is due today, and in any case, would not stop for fear they were highwaymen. The group could head for the nearest coaching inn, The Mutant's Head, but since it is over 20 miles away, it could not be reached before nightfall (some 3 hours away). The third choice, and the one favoured by Ulrike and Bertha, would be to set off towards the village of Grubentreich. The girls have relatives there who would put the PCs up for the night and lend transport for their return journey to a coaching inn. Furthermore, the girls are sure the adventurers will be rewarded for their safe escort.

It is about 10 miles to Grubentreich and, walking at the girls' pace of 3 mph, could be reached soon after dark. Given the girls' refusal to even consider any other plan, this is the best course of action. Hedric, a brave fellow who takes his responsibilities seriously, undertakes to ride the one remaining horse to the coaching inn and inform the Roadwardens.

The PCs can reach Grubentreich by the end of the day if they make a determined march, although Bertha may slow them down a little towards nightfall. Any good-looking male PC who carries Bertha over the last half-mile or so will win her sincere gratitude. (Making a *Fel* roll will also win a friendly kiss on the cheek!)

GRUBENTREICH

The village itself comprises some 88 simple, country folk, who make a moderate living from agriculture and livestock. No map is provided as the lay-out of the place is unimportant to the adventure.

Mathilde and Eduard Jung - aunt and uncle to the girls - run The Black Sheep tavern, and will be pleased with the PCs for having rescued their nieces. As a token of gratitude, the party will be allowed free accommodation, food and drink for the night. (Unfortunately, the inn's two guest rooms have already been taken but the main tavern is clean and warm.)

If the PCs don't mention the flying skull, one of the girls will. This may happen while the bar is still full of locals, or last thing at night, as Eduard locks up the tavern. Talking with the locals brings nothing more than sceptical comments about 'bumps on the head' obtained during the crash. Eduard, however, is not so dismissive. The description of the crash backs up the rumour he heard two days ago from Werner Geizhals, a wine merchant returning from the nearby village of Pritzstock (see *Maps 1 and 3a*).

According to Geizhals, (who is now in Middenheim), the villagers gave him the impression that the village was cursed, that the corpses of the dead had risen from the ground and were prowling around the outskirts of the village and, more specifically, that 'phantom, flying skulls were haunting the woods'. Jung will broach the subject when the tavern is empty. It has occurred to him that the skulls ought to be dealt with before they start to bother Grubentreich, and who better to deal with them than the recently arrived adventurers? If the PCs look like they do not intend to investigate, Jung will elaborate on the rumour, saying that the skulls are thought to be guarding some long lost treasure hoard. (If Bertha has shown signs of liking one of the adventurers Eduard will make the story even more attractive, hoping to make the PCs leave before any romance can develop!)

As chance would have it, three of the inn's guests will be travelling through Pritzstock the following day; namely, the farmer Hans Krug with handymen Pieter Klammerer and Albrecht Krupp. These three retired early, but are returning to Leichlinberg (via Pritzstock - see *Map 1*) tomorrow. The PCs could doubtless get a lift to the village on Krug's carts if they wished.

The PCs need to rise early to ask Hans Krug for a lift (so woe betide those who over-indulged on Eduard's hospitality). The farmer agrees willingly enough, but asks for 1 shilling each as payment. He can be bargained down to 6 pennies each, but being poor he tries to make money whenever he can. If your players really need encouraging to go to investigate, Eduard will pay the fair. They need have no further concern about Ulrike and Bertha; Eduard assures them that he will personally escort them to Middenheim on the next coach.

ON TO PRITZSTOCK

The 15 mile journey to Pritzstock takes about 3 hours on Krug's cart. The only other way that the characters could make the trip is on foot, as there are no horses available for hire or sale. The farmer and his assistants know nothing of events at Pritzstock, having just returned from a long selling trip to Middenheim.

PRITZSTOCK: THE VILLAGE

Pritzstock is a small but wealthy village of 48 souls (and their children). *Map 2* details the local area and *Map 3* shows the village proper. In addition to a farmhouse, each household has a large fermenting shed where casks of wine are stored and the grapes are pressed. Bottles of the better vintages are usually kept in cellars beneath the farmhouses.

Livestock is limited to a few pigs, goats, and hens. The latter are allowed to wander freely and spend a lot of their time scratching around the north-west area of the village, since this is where people are buried and the worms grow fat as a result.

Surrounding the village are vineyards grown on man-made terraces which have been cleared from the forest; the wine produced provides

the sole source of income for the inhabitants. *Pritzstock Reisling* is a light delicate wine which is gaining in popularity throughout the Western Empire. In recent years harvests have been particularly good and the village has prospered as a result: buildings and carts are in a good state-of-repair, animals are sturdy, and the people are well-fed. Surprisingly (to some) the village does not have an inn, and socialising takes the form of frequent 'wine-tastings' at one house or another; this is a very closely knit community. By far the most popular sessions take place at the home of Henri-Phillippe Rocheteau, the Burgermeister, or Mayor, of Pritzstock.

The village is at its busiest during the grape-harvest, and the timing of this is crucial to the village's continued prosperity. The grapes must be picked within a 7-day period, if the wine is to be at its best. Judging just when to start requires years of experience, and the adventurers arrive just two days before the harvest of this year's crop must begin if the wine is not to be ruined. Migrant workers from the surrounding areas have yet to arrive but some Altdorfer and Middenheimer wine-merchants have already visited. The grapes have been assessed, and prospects look good - provided the harvest starts on time.

PRITZSTOCK: PAST AND PRESENT

The origins of the current troubles lie 3 years in the past. A young, Altdorfer wine merchant, Stefan Maranaeur, began an affair with Henri-Phillippe's wife, Elisabet. Unfortunately, Henri-Phillippe learned of their relationship, having chanced upon a love-letter (from Stefan) to his wife. If he had been able to act immediately things would have come to a head as Henri-Phillippe confronted his wife in a typical Bretonian rage. As it was, Elisabet was away in Altdorf, presumably with her lover, giving Henri-Phillippe's burning rage time to turn to ice and fill his thoughts with revenge.

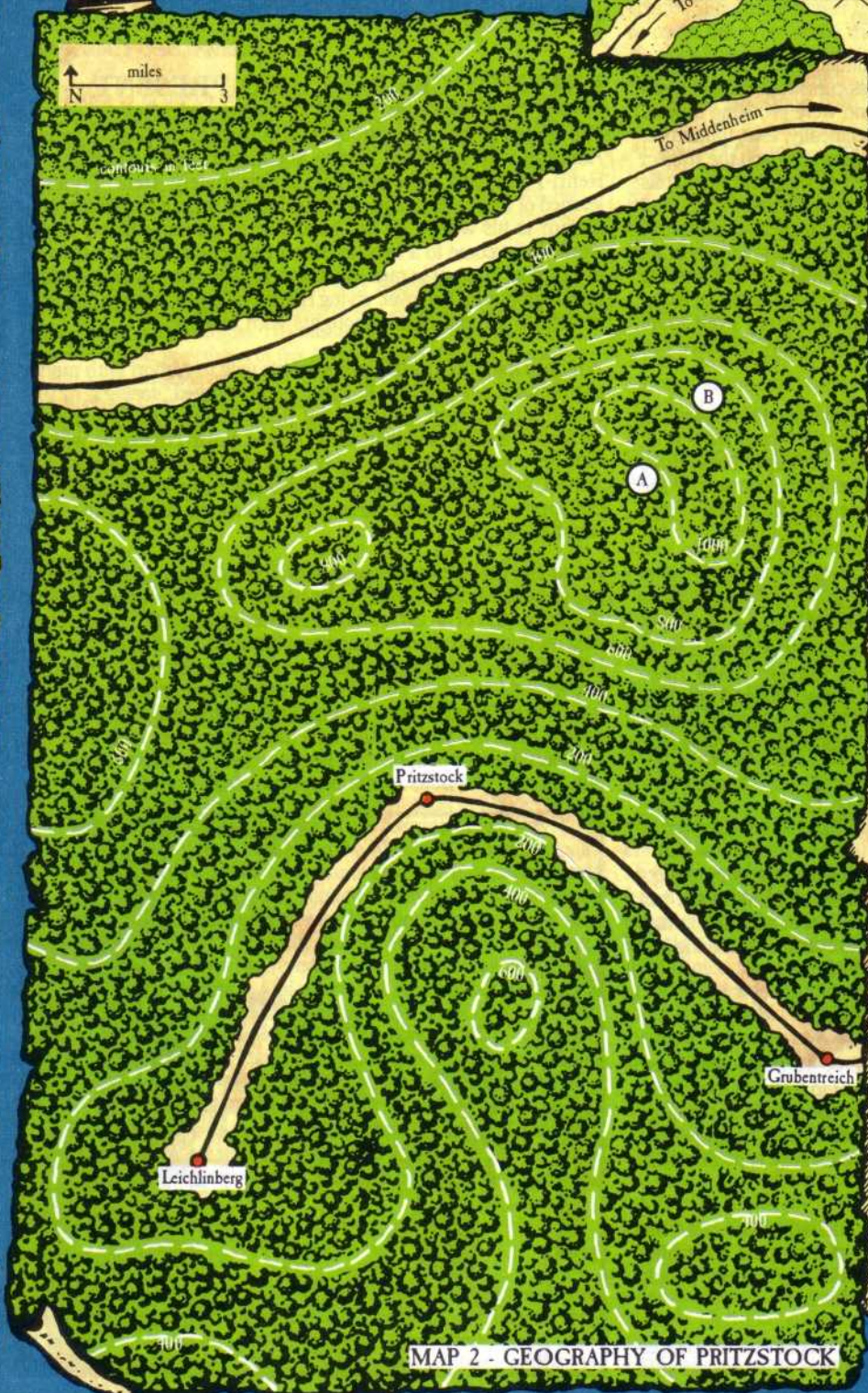
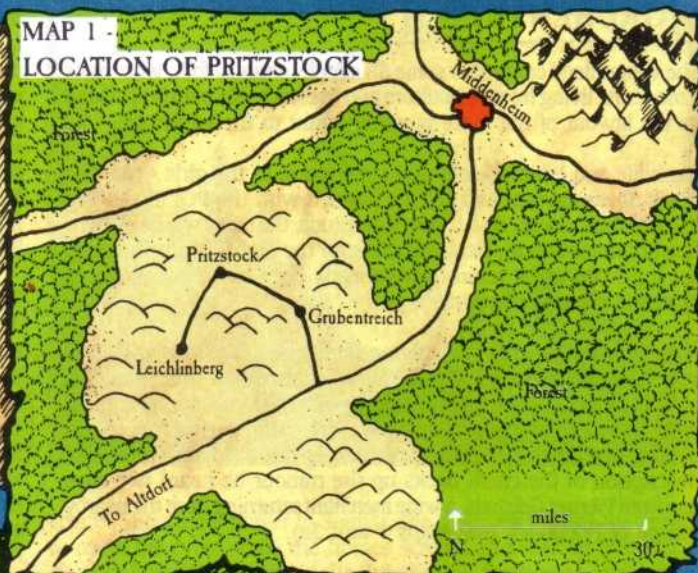
A month later, Henri-Phillippe sent his wife to Altdorf with money to purchase new clothes. Elisabet readily agreed, seeing a further opportunity to meet her lover. But Henri-Phillippe had other plans for Stefan, and had simultaneously invited him to Pritzstock, without Elisabet's knowledge, ostensibly to taste a new wine. Stefan duly arrived, and a day spent discussing business ended with one of Henri-Phillippe's famous wine-tastings, to which the rest of the village was also invited.

As part of the evening's conversation Stefan learned that Elisabet had gone to Altdorf. Cursing his luck, Stefan moderated his drinking in anticipation of an early start, commenting that he '...must return next morning and attend to important business.' That night, however, Henri-Phillippe attacked Stefan as he slept, clubbing him senseless. Rocheteau dragged the body down to the cellar where a special alcove had been prepared. Having chained Stefan to the wall Henri-Phillippe waited until the young wine merchant recovered. With care and precision Henri-Phillippe then began to seal the alcove with stone and mortar, oblivious to the desperate pleas from Stefan.



GRAPES OF WRATH

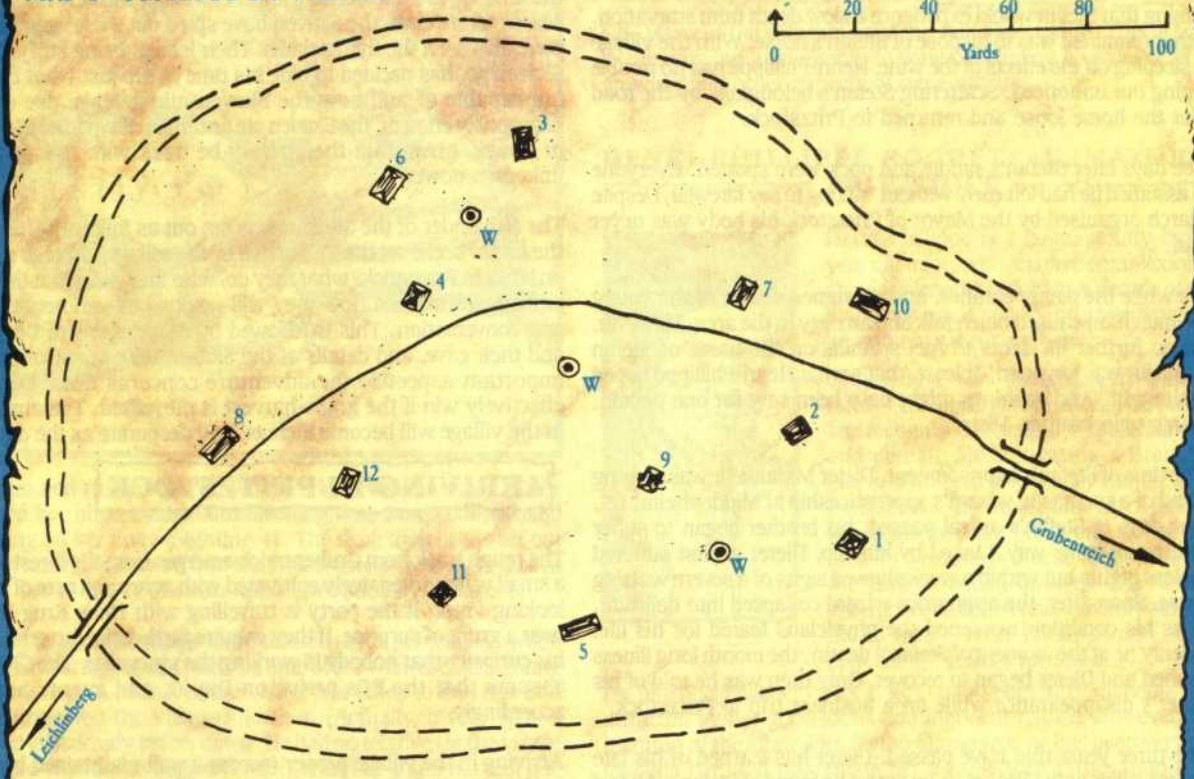
MAP 1 - LOCATION OF PRITZSTOCK



○ A and B are detailed in main text.

MAP 2 - GEOGRAPHY OF PRITZSTOCK

MAP 3 - PRITZSTOCK VILLAGE

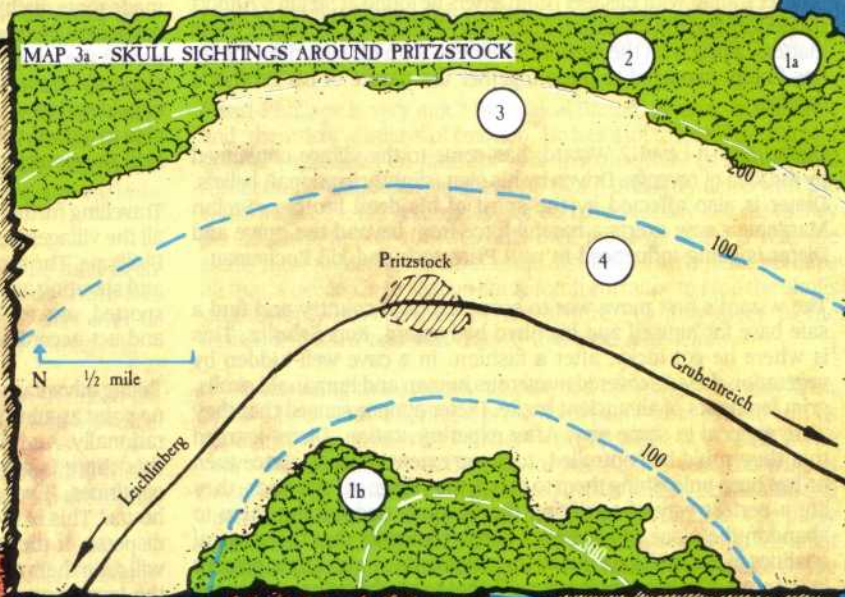


KEY HOUSEHOLD

- 1 Aschaffenberg
- 2 Baldurich
- 3* Bleuler
- 4* Fleiss
- 5 Guderian
- 6* Kallman
- 7* Klop
- 8* Reuter
- 9 Rocheteau
- 10 Semmelweiss
- 11 Surhardt
- 12* Uderlast
- w Well location

* Indicates a tenant farmer of Rocheteau

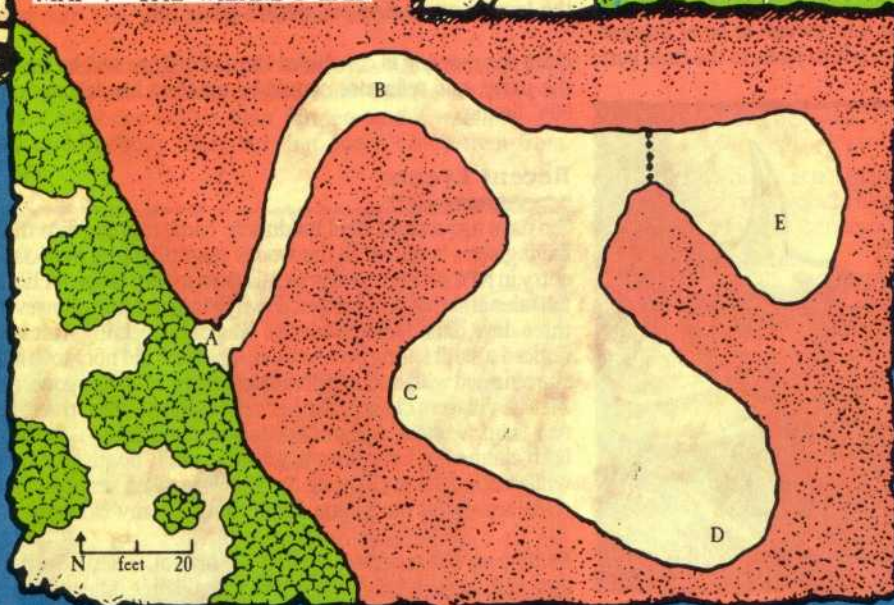
MAP 3a - SKULL SIGHTINGS AROUND PRITZSTOCK



Numbers 1a, 1b, 2, 3 and 4 on Map 3a are detailed in main text.

Letters A, B, C, D and E are detailed in main text.

MAP 4 - THE WIZARD'S LAIR



Finally the work was completed, leaving Henri-Phillippe satisfied. He had left a barrel of wine within reach to ease Stefan's thirst, planning that Stefan would experience a slow death from starvation. All that remained was to dispose of Stefan's horse. With the village still sleeping off the effects of the wine, Henri-Phillippe had no trouble slipping out unnoticed. Scattering Stefan's belongings by the road he let the horse loose and returned to Pritzstock.

Three days later Stefan's saddle and pack were spotted. Everyone had assumed he had left early without waiting to say farewell. Despite a search organised by the Mayor of Pritzstock his body was never found.

For a while the disappearance, and presumed death, of the young wine merchant caused much talk and anxiety in the area. However, with no further incidents to fuel speculation the name of Stefan Maranaeur was forgotten, at least, that's what Henri-Phillippe hoped and thought. And so things might have been save for one person, Stefan's twin brother, Dieter.

At the time of Stefan's imprisonment, Dieter Maranaeur was nearing the end of a successful wizard's apprenticeship at Middenheim. Yet, as the days of Stefan's ordeal passed, his brother began to suffer in much the same way. Linked by kinship, Dieter at first suffered sleepless nights but within a week showed signs of a severe wasting disease. Soon after, the apprentice wizard collapsed into delirium, and as his condition worsened the physicians feared for his life. Suddenly (ie at the moment of Stefan's death), the month long illness vanished and Dieter began to recover. Only then was he told of his brother's disappearance while on a business trip to Pritzstock.

In the three years that have passed, Dieter has learned of his late brother's affair with Elisabet (from letters he found at Stefan's Altdorf residence) and the invitation from Henri-Phillippe. Discussing these matters, along with the mysterious illness, with his superiors, Dieter has finally managed to piece together the nature of his brother's demise.

Dieter, now a Level 2 Wizard, has come to the village consumed by the idea of revenge. Driven by his own (slightly irrational) beliefs, Dieter is also affected by the spirit of his dead brother; Stefan Maranaeur now exerts a hateful force from beyond the grave and Dieter is being influenced to ruin Pritzstock and kill Rocheteau.

The wizard's first move was to scout the local country and find a safe base for himself and his hired bodyguard, Kurt Schultz. This is where he got lucky, after a fashion. In a cave well-hidden by vegetation they discovered numerous human and humanoid skulls, grim remnants of an ancient battle. Dieter at once sensed that they were magical in some way. After experimentation, Dieter learned that they could be controlled, to some extent at least. Since then he has been unleashing them to attack the village of Pritzstock; they are a perfect way of terrifying the villagers and forcing them to abandon the place. What Dieter doesn't know is that the magical qualities of the skulls are due to trace elements of warpstone present in the cave. The amount is not sufficient to produce Chaos changes except with significant exposure, but it is enough to be of interest to those traditionally dependent on it - which leads to the final part of the adventure.



A small band of Skaven, alerted to the presence of warpstone in the area, have come hunting for it. Having eventually narrowed the search to the cave, the Skaven have spied out Dieter and Kurt, and have also seen the flying skulls. Their leader, being fairly smart as Skaven go, has decided to bide his time to see just what the skulls are capable of and how the Skaven might make use of them. Reasonably enough, the Skaven are uncertain of whether to negotiate or attack, given that the air may be thick with flying skulls of unknown power.

The remainder of the adventure is set out as follows. After setting the initial scene as the PCs arrive in the village, there is a section on NPCs in Pritzstock: what they do, who they are, what they know and suggestions on how they will respond to various PC actions and conversation. This is followed by descriptions of Dieter, Kurt and their cave, and details of the Skaven nest are also given. An important aspect to the adventure concerns time: Dieter will effectively win if the grape-harvest is prevented. The atmosphere in the village will become increasingly desperate as the days pass.

ARRIVING IN PRITZSTOCK

The rough track from Grubentreich emerges from the forest to reveal a small valley, intensively cultivated with acre upon acre of healthy-looking vines. If the party is travelling with Hans Krug they will hear a grunt of surprise. If they enquire further the farmer will state his curiosity that nobody is working the vineyards. The GM should assume that the PCs arrive on Day 0, and events are timed accordingly.

Arriving in the village proper (across a well-maintained but rather inadequate ditch), the PCs will be struck by both its prosperity and quietness. Furthermore, a couple of houses have crude planks nailed across the windows, and large sprays of flowers on the front doors. (*Identify Plant* will reveal they are 'nanny's fingers' - generally considered to ward off evil spirits). The doors of these houses are also inscribed with meaningless runes, but it needs the *Rune Lore* skill to appreciate that they are indeed meaningless.

Travelling further with Krug or general investigation will reveal that all the villagers are attending a meeting outside the house of Henri-Phillippe. The scene is quite confusing, with many people speaking and shouting at once. Things will quieten down when strangers are spotted, and at this stage the villagers will be wary of newcomers and act accordingly.

Taking advantage of the lull, Henri-Phillippe will speak. 'Look, there's no point arguing until we've all calmed down and can discuss things rationally. And there's no sense blaming people without cause.' At this there is a general murmur of dissent, but Henri-Phillippe continues. 'Everyone go home and we'll meet again in a couple of hours.' This is met with broad approval and the villagers begin to disperse. If the PCs arrived with Krug, the farmer and assistants will drop them off and continue on their way (but not before visiting the local store to find out what's going on).

Once the meeting is concluded Henri-Phillippe will be free to greet the party, and reference should be made to his description in the NPC listing.

Recent Events

Ten days ago a child, Seel Baldurich, came running into the village having seen 'a ghost' in the woods (*Sighting 1* on *Map 3a* but see entry in NPC listing). Seel is well-known in the village for his various tall tales and this one was put down to imagination. However, some three days later, Isolde Guderian was out collecting fruit when she noticed a skull sitting on a branch. The skull did not move but when she returned with a couple of militiamen the skull had gone, (*Sighting 2*). The villagers did not take her seriously. However, three days ago, two farm workers, Sigismund Halsbret and Knud Gropenfrotteur, both claimed to have seen a 'glowing skull' floating in the woods while out working (*Sighting 3*). This was taken seriously but a full-scale search by the militia failed to reveal any clue.

Finally, on the morning of the PCs' arrival, Erietta Surhardt was attacked, again while working the vines. Three other workers heard

PRITZSTOCK: THE INHABITANTS

NB: Many of the villagers have the skill *Vineculture*. This is similar to *Brewing* but applies only to wines, including knowledge of vine growing and other aspects of wine-making.

HENRI-PHILIPPE ROCHETEAU, MAYOR OF PRITZSTOCK



Henri-Phillippe is a large, stoutly built 42 year old man, with an olive complexion and shoulder-length black hair. A decade of good-living has made him slightly overweight but he still enjoys robust health.

Originally a wine merchant from Breton, Henri-Phillippe visited the area on business and recognised the excellent potential of soil and climate for cultivating a Bretonnian grape. With borrowed money Henri-Phillippe purchased a substantial amount of land from the locals (at a fair price) and settled in the area 14 years ago. These locals now work the land as tenant farmers. The new vine soon got established and, having paid off the initial loan, Henri-Phillippe has enjoyed increasing profits ever since.

He married Elisabet, a local girl, two years after arriving, being attracted by her good looks and innocent nature. However, since learning of the affair with Stefan Maraneur he has been very bitter towards her, and now treats her as a servant rather than a wife. He also blames Elisabet for not bearing any children; a fact noticed by the rest of the village who believe this to be the reason for the marriage's failure.

Henri-Phillippe is very much the typical Breton, given to exuberance and 'theatrical' displays of emotion. He has a lot to lose if the harvest does not go ahead on time and will welcome the PCs as potential rescuers. He will therefore offer 750 GCs if the party deals with the skulls before the harvest begins. For each harvest day lost the money on offer will fall by 100 GCs. His own personal belief is that the skulls have indeed come from some disturbed battle field; perhaps all that's needed is to seal up some tomb entrance to stop the skulls getting out. During their period of hire PCs may sleep in the fermenting shed and will receive free food and drink.

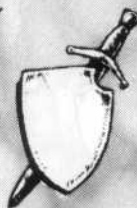
If you are using this scenario as part of a campaign you may wish to have Rocheteau offering a percentage profit from the harvest as payment. A good harvest will net Henri-Phillippe 5000 GCs in one year's time, rising by 1000 GCs for each extra year the wine is matured, (full maturity being reached in five years). Rocheteau will open negotiation at 15% but may be bargained to 20%. The party must state how many years they wish to wait and individuals must return at the appropriate harvest-time to collect their share of the agreed sum. For each harvest day lost, Rocheteau's profit falls by 10%.

The Cellar

Rocheteau's house is not mapped but searching the cellar will reveal fairly recent brickwork behind one of the large wine barrels, (there is only 1' of space between wall and barrel).

If asked about this, Rocheteau, (who may be wondering what people were doing rooting in the cellar since the only entrance is via the kitchen) will state that the alcove was sealed to combat damp. Use of the skill *Mining* will reveal that the brickwork is less than 5 years old and that there is no sign of damp anywhere in the cellar.

Getting into the sealed alcove is difficult. Lack of space prevents the use of a sledgehammer. If the wall is to be knocked down then the large (heavy) wine barrel must first be moved or smashed. If access to the alcove is gained a dessicated body can be seen, one hand chained to the wall. A wine barrel and ladle are next to the body. If the body is searched a letter can be found. Part of the letter has been eaten by mold, the remaining text is as follows:



her scream and rushed over to where Erietta was last seen. They discovered her unconscious and bleeding, but worse still, a skull was resting on her body (Sighting 4). The skull took to the air but instead of attacking flew off into the forest. Erietta was carried back and now lies in the Rocheteau house, attended by Elisabet.

An already frightened village had gathered to 'do something' when it was noted that Sigismund Halsbret (one of the witnesses in Sighting 3), was missing. A search of the village has failed to find him and this has unnerved the villagers further. (Actually, a very scared Sigismund left secretly before dawn. He had no relatives in the village and decided to pack his bags and run.) With the grape-harvest due to begin in 2 days time the villagers are now worried about their livelihood: they are frightened to go into the fields, and migrant workers are sure to hear of events and stay away.

All the above is common knowledge, but the PC's are likely to obtain a more coherent version from Henri-Phillippe. Speculation in the village is rife and it will be recalled how a young wine merchant disappeared a few years ago. In addition, there are various rumours/explanations of recent events:

(1) The graves of dead warriors from an ancient battle have been disturbed by clearing the forest. Local rumour, based on truth, has it that a Chaos hoard from the Drakwald Forest was slain over to the south-west. Perhaps some were also slain near Pritzstock?

(2) The skulls have been sent as a punishment from the gods for not making proper sacrifice in respect of the recent excellent harvests.

(3) Henri-Phillippe is somehow involved in order to buy land cheap when all the villagers have left or been killed. Who else has the capital to buy land?

The last rumour is the blackest and will only be spoken if things are getting very bad (and Henri-Phillippe isn't around).

The villagers are also angry that the militia has not done anything to stop the skulls and this has created some bad feeling between people. Just what the militia (four farmers and a warrior), are supposed to do nobody says, but that doesn't stop them from complaining.



My Dearest Stefan

How much I have missed you. How much longer can we keep up the pretence? One day we will surely be uncovered. I hardly dare see you when you visit for fear that the look in my eyes will reveal the love in my heart. Can you not see the way I tremble when our hands meet in greeting, do my eyes not follow you when -

As you might think, the letter is from Elisabet Rocheteau.

Reaction to Events

If, during the course of the adventure, Henri-Phillippe comes face-to-face with Dieter Maranaeur he will turn pale as if seeing a ghost. He had no idea that his victim had a twin and will assume Stefan somehow managed to escape. The GM may wish to have Henri-Phillippe break down and confess at this point, perhaps running into the cellar in temporary madness to check on the 'cell'. Alternatively, Henri-Phillippe might be overcome with anger that his enemy still lives and attack Dieter immediately, saying something like, 'You! I don't know how you did it but you're not going to escape death a second time.'

However, if confronted with the evidence of his crime (ie a body in the cellar) Rocheteau will attempt to bluff, bribe or fight his way out.

Henri-Phillippe Rocheteau, Mayor of Pritzstock

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
4	41	42	4	4	6	41	1	34	51	41	21	39	52	Neutral

Skills

Consume Alcohol, Etiquette, Herb Lore, Read/Write Breton Read/Write Reikspiel, Super Numerate, Vineculture

Belongings

Leather jerkin (0/1 AP/body), Dagger (+10I, -2 Dmg, -20 Parry), Pouch (4GCs/ 11 SSS/ 10 BPs), Sword (kept in home)

ELISABET ROCHETEAU



Elisabet is 33 years old and of slender build, with plaited blonde hair and deep blue eyes. She is a quiet country woman who says little when her husband is around. Her parents, now dead, persuaded her to marry Rocheteau, and for a while the marriage worked, despite the fact she was always overawed by Henri-Phillippe's extravagant personality. Over the last few years though, her husband has become increasing domineering. Not surprisingly, she has been increasingly unhappy as a result. In part, she blames herself for not bearing any children and tries to make up for it by behaving as a dutiful wife.

The disappearance of Stefan affected her deeply, her grief made worse by having to be kept hidden. She still remembers their affair and often daydreams that her lover will return one day and make her happy again. She still keeps the few letters that he secretly gave her hidden in a hat-box in the bedroom.

Reaction to Events

Elisabet knew that Stefan had a twin brother but her reaction on seeing Dieter will be that her wish has come true. She still has enough spirit to try and kill Henri-Phillippe if she learns the truth about Stefan's death. Otherwise she will do her utmost to get him executed for murder.

Elisabet Rocheteau

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
4	29	29	3	3	4	38	1	37	39	44	45	37	37	Neutral

Skills

Charm, Cook, Etiquette, Evaluate, Haggle Read/Write

Belongings

Knife (+10I, -2 Dmg, -20 Parry), Purse (1GC/ 16SSs/ 8BPs)

PARZIVAL TRISTAN ASCHAFFENBERG



Aschaffenberg is a good-looking 22 year old male: 6' 2" tall, blue eyes and pearly white teeth. Parzival is the son of an Altdorf noble (leading to the false village opinion that he is a bastard son of the Emperor), and is half way through a two-year stay with the militia here (of which he is in charge).

Parzival really wants to be a Templar but his father, a friend of Rocheteau, insisted he get some experience of 'adventuring' first and sent him to Pritzstock to organise the militia. His father believes this would be an easy introduction to adventuring. Parzival has spent much of his time training the militia (all 4 of them) in advanced marches and drills. The rest of the time has been spent

courting the local beauty, Isolde Guderian. At all times Parzival displays the classic symptoms of the noble born: he is rich, vain, arrogant and tediously chauvinistic.

Parzival views the skull attacks as a gift from the gods, allowing him to show his worth at last. Unfortunately, the skulls have not played fair and he has not even seen one, let alone fight one. He is more concerned with gaining glory and will therefore greet any plan to go skull-bashing with enthusiasm. However, as he is well aware that the militia are being blamed for not doing enough, he will co-operate with any plan that looks like getting results (providing he has a high-profile part in it). Despite his annoying personality the PCs would do well to get him on their side.

The militia under his command are Josef Bleuler, Manfred Fleiss, Hans-Friedrich Kallman and Gunter Semmelweiss.

Parzival Tristan Aschaffenberg

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
4	41	41	4*	4	7	46	2	32	44	34	37	30	41	Good

Skills

Animal Training, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Drive Cart, Evaluate Excellent Vision, Ride-Horse, Specialist Weapons (Fencing Weapon, Parrying Weapon), Strike Mighty Blow, Very Strong* Vineculture

Belongings

Mail coat (1AP, body/legs), Helmet (1AP, head), Coif (1AP, head), Shield (1AP, all), Rapier (+20I, -1 Dmg), Left-hand dagger (-2 Dmg, -10 Parry), Flash clothes, Personal jewellery (worth 40 GCs), Pouch (17GCs/16SS/-), Light Warhorse, Friedrich

ISOLDE GUDERIAN



Isolde is ravishingly beautiful 20 year old with black hair, green eyes and a perfectly proportioned figure. She is well aware of the effect her presence has on the men-folk but hides this knowledge under an air of innocence. She openly wears a small gold brooch that was a gift from Parzival.

Any human or elven male adventurer with a Fel of 40+ will get her serious interest since she is seeking a husband to take her away from Pritzstock but she will flirt with male adventurers in general. She does this in part to see the reaction of Parzival, her current 'boyfriend'. He has long boasted of his martial prowess and she would like to put it to the test.

Note: Parzival will challenge to a duel any male getting too friendly with his woman. Unless taunted, Parzival will not engage in a duel to the death, and until wounded he will try to disarm his opponent and claim immediate surrender. Things could get very bad for the adventurers if Parzival is killed in such a manner; Rocheteau will dispatch news to Altdorf at once and the GM should follow this up as he thinks fit. In any case, Isolde will praise Parzival if he wins (and discontinue flirting), and comfort him if he loses. After all, he might be an arrogant bore, but he is a noble.

Isolde's encounter with a skull is Sighting 2 on Map 3a. Her only other information is that it appeared to be the skull of an animal, perhaps a badger or something similar. (NB: Isolde saw a Skaven skull). She is not sure, but if asked, she will say that the eyes of the skull were glowing dimly. If taken back to the area she will be unable to locate the specific tree. Searching the area will not reveal anything of interest.

Isolde Guderian

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
4	29	29	3	3	4	38	1	37	29	34	35	27	37	Neutral

Skills

Ambidextrous, Charm, Cook, Etiquette, Herb Lore

Belongings

Personal jewellery (100 GCs), Purse with 6GCs/11SS/27BPs

WUDER LECHART



Wuder appears as a grubby drunken village idiot. In the best tradition of village idiots he sits on fences sucking straws and winking knowingly at passers by. The young Wuder arrived in Pritzstock as a migrant worker 10 years ago, and stayed when the harvest was over. He began to act strangely 3 years later and is now completely insane. Luckily, the village took pity on him and feed him scraps.

Wuder wanders freely around the whole area of Pritzstock, roaming deep into the forest when the mood takes him. He will talk to anyone who gives him food, and loyally follow anyone who gives him something shiny (like a silver shilling). Wuder's speech is almost incomprehensible. For a start he

no longer has any teeth, he is often drunk and/or delirious, but more importantly, he speaks a mixture of *Old Worlder* and *Dark Tongue*! PCs knowing *Dark Tongue* language will recognise it if making an *Observe* test; an *Observe* test by other PCs will simply reveal that Wuder is speaking a mixture of two languages.

As a young man Wuder was interested in the rumours concerning a battle site in the area. He spent hours searching the forest and by chance came across the cave containing the warpstone (and skulls). Wuder began to dig where the skulls lay, hoping to find some treasure. All he found was a bit of rock and would have dug deeper had not one of the skulls moved! He fled clutching the rock, which was kept as a lucky charm. He now uses it in place of his teeth to help chew tough bits of food.

Warpstone does not make for a lucky charm and Wuder's brain began to suffer as a result, and his speech began to include elements of *Dark Tongue*. However, Wuder's body benefited from the Chaos source, getting increasingly tougher as the years have passed. His *Wound* total increased and in addition to becoming resistant to *Disease* and *Poison*, Wuder has also become immune to normal weapons. With his brain almost gone Wuder is immune to the effects of *Fear* and no longer feels any pain. All these attributes will be lost permanently if Wuder is separated from his bit of warpstone for more than a day, becoming in all respects a normal idiot. He cannot be cured of his insanity by any standard means.

If Wuder loses his 'lucky charm' (and he won't give it to anyone without a struggle), he will get very upset. Soon afterwards he will set off back to the cave to obtain another piece. Being so attuned

to Chaos he will have no trouble locating it so curious PCs may learn something to their advantage. However, if he does get a new piece of warpstone, he will develop another set of mutations.

Wuder Lechart

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
2	11	9	2	2	18	7	1	22	0	5	3	1	11	Insane

Skills

Begging, Blather, Consume Alcohol, Immunity to Disease
Immunity to Poison, Silent Move Rural

Belongings

Old clothes, begging/food/water bowl, bottle of alcohol



OTHER VILLAGERS

Map 3 lists all the households in Pritzstock, and any villagers not listed above have the following typical profile:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
4	29	27	3	2	5	29	1	35	29	31	27	29	33	Neutral
	31	29		3		31				29				(changes for militia)

Skills

10% chance of Animal Care, Carpentry, Evaluate, Haggle, Herb Lore
Identify Plant, Orientation, Silent Move Rural

20% chance of

Concealment Rural, Ride

50% chance of

Consume Alcohol, Cook, Drive Cart

90% chance of

Vineculture

Belongings

50% chance of Leather jerkin (0/1APs, body),

Club or Dagger (+10I, -2 Dmg, -20 Parry)

Pouch (1d6 GCs, 1d10 SSs, 2d10 BPs)

Details on some of these villagers are given below:

Seel Baldurich



Seel is a quite obnoxious, snotty-nosed young boy. He was playing in the woods when he saw a skull at location 1a on the Sightings map, and ran back frightened. However, having been warned '...time and time again' not to play so far from the village, he lied about its position, claiming that he saw it at location 1b.

Under close questioning Seel must make a *Bluff* roll not to arouse the suspicion of the person asking the questions. He is a reasonable liar so his chance is 30%. If challenged Seel will admit to the deception. If Seel takes the party to area 1b more than once, PCs should be allowed an *Observe* test to notice that the location is different (Seel is only seven).

Seel saw a skull heading away from him, that is all. However, his imagination has elaborated this quite a bit, 'breathing fire', 'howling', 'covered in horns and spikes' and so on. Since the young lad half believes this by now let the PCs determine the truth of the matter.



Sigismund Halsbret



One of the witnesses to Sighting 3, Sigismund has since decided to pack up and go. He worked at the Reuter household and inspection of his room (a corner of the hayloft), will reveal that all his clothes and few belongings have also gone. His employers considered him a lazy worker and are not too distressed about his disappearance.

Knud Gropenfrotteur

Knud is the other witness to Sighting 3. He works for the Kallman farm and is somewhat stupid, needing to be prompted often in order to reveal the little he knows. He and Halsbret were out working when they spotted a skull heading towards them. Sigismund started running but Knud waited to hit it with his pet shovel 'Clod'. For whatever reason the skull turned and flew back into the trees.

Knud carries his shovel everywhere and even takes it to bed. His main usefulness around the village derives from a *Strength* value of 6, but with a *WS* rating of 22% and an *I* rating of 12% his combat potential is limited.

Erietta Surhardt



This young woman currently lies unconscious in the Rocheteau house, tended by her mother and Elisabet Rocheteau. She will recover consciousness in about 2 days but will still be weak from blood loss. A successful *Heal Wounds* will result in consciousness one half-hour later. Note that her mother or Elisabet will not allow any grubby little adventurer to grope Erietta's body and must be convinced either of the individual's medical training, or the need to discover information about the attack.

Examination of Erietta will reveal that she was bitten twice and, if the person has either *Cure Disease* or *Heal Wounds*, that one of the wounds shows sign of infection. This

infection is normal and will subside in a day but may be treated by a successful *Cure Disease* roll.

Erietta was attacked by surprise and her only recollection is a 'gleaming white face with red eyes' (Sighting 4 on *Map 3a*). More information can be gained from her 'rescuers', Wanda and Hilda Klop, and Imogen Uderlast. They heard a scream and ran over to help, but on seeing a skull on Erietta they immediately ran back. Their courage returned when they saw the skull flying off into the forest. Note: Wanda and Hilda are twins and continually repeat what the other has just said and/or confirm the truth of the same statement.

Ludovic and Mathilda Reuter



This snobbish couple run the only store in the village. Items commonly needed by farming folk are stocked at normal prices and, since the village is quite prosperous, they also stock some fancy goods as well. These are invariably useless; folding card tables, toast racks, garden gnomes and so on. These items are sold 25% more than the normal *WFRP* price.

Mathilda is the village gossip and knows many 'truths' about people in and around Pritzstock:

Henri-Phillippe has a mistress in Altdorf and Middenheim.

(False: he only has a mistress in Middenheim)

Aschaffenberg has been disowned for an 'indiscretion'.
(False: but he did get a servant girl pregnant)

Knud Gropenfrotteur is wanted for murder in Middenheim.
(False: Knud has never been to Middenheim)

Elisabet Rocheteau flaunts lovers before her husband.
(False)

Gunter Semmelweiss spends a lot of time in the pig-shed.
(True: he's a miser and hoards money in the pig-pen).

Isolde Guderian got her gold brooch by 'being nice'.
(False)

Etc...

Mathilda has no time for legends, myths and so on. If asked about Stefan Maranaeur (unlikely), she will recall him as a good-looking wine merchant from Altdorf, '...and they do say he had a woman in every place he did business.' If stuck for a true bit of gossip Mathilda will invariably make something up (of a typically unsavoury nature).

RUNNING THE ADVENTURE

If the PCs have behaved intelligently they should find themselves hired to deal with the problem of the skulls soon after reaching the village. The PCs have two days after arriving before the start of the harvest is due, and until this time the villagers have no real need to venture beyond the boundary. If the skull problem still remains, villagers will not work the vineyards unless guarded by a personal escort: their livelihood may suffer but it's better than being killed. Even if the PCs are willing and able to guard the villagers it will have little effect as far as the harvest is concerned since without migrant workers, (scared off by rumours and the skulls west and east), the amount of grapes harvested will be negligible.

The militia, led by Parzival, are at the PCs' disposal. However, these are little more than normal farmers and, unlike their leader, will harbour no desire to go skull-hunting. Parzival will therefore instruct them to maintain a watch along the village boundary. Parzival will be all too eager to engage the skulls.

The adventurers will probably form three objectives; gaining information about attacks (dealt with previously), trying to capture a skull, and attempting to locate where they are coming from. The last two are dealt with below.

CAPTURING A SKULL

This is not an easy task. The initial problem is that there is simply nothing to capture. Over the last week or so only 4 sightings have occurred (plus the one which wrecked the coach). Like it or not, the PCs will have to wait for a skull to come to them. Beating the undergrowth around Pritzstock is unlikely to have any effect.

Unknown to the PCs, the skulls are following a timetable laid down by Dieter. Most of the last week's sightings have been the results of Dieter's experiments in control; moving, hiding, watching, following and attacking. The attack on Erietta marked the end of Dieter's experiments. After the attack, Dieter had the skull return to inspect it for damage. Having done this Dieter sent skulls to take up positions north, west and east of the village. These will be in position by approximately 3.00pm in the afternoon following the attack on Erietta (ie the day the PCs arrive), and are discussed in the *Timetable of Events* below. Sightings of further skulls will depend on Dieter's timetable and any activity on the part of the PCs.

Assuming the party have a skull in sight then it can be captured just like any other creature. However, if the skull is fighting, PCs will need to use a net or something similar since it is not possible to simply grab hold of one, (just as it's not possible to grab hold of someone's sword arm). Various skills may be tried and the GM should consider each on its merits. It's not impossible to capture a skull but neither is it like catching a ball.

Using a Captured Skull

Skulls cannot be interrogated but may come in useful nevertheless. The behaviour of a captured skull depends on its state. If *active* the skull will do whatever Dieter tells it. If *passive* the skull will keep on trying to carry out its last instructions. If the skull is in a *dormant* state, the PCs may make use of its orientation ability (say by using it as a compass or by putting it on a lead), or attempt to gain control (and perhaps use it to follow other skulls). Further details are provided in the *Bestiary*. However, the villagers will not be too happy at the prospect of a magical skull, no matter how tame, flying around the village.

If Wuder Lechart approaches within 5 yards of a dormant skull it will sense his bit of warpstone and try to move towards it. If it's able to move, the skull will fly slowly up to Wuder (who will watch in fascination), and then snuggle up to him like a pet cat, getting as close to the warpstone as possible.

TRACKING A SKULL

Although the skulls do not travel fast, they are able to fly above the tree tops and this gives them a certain advantage. Obviously, a person looking out over the trees will be able to see where the skull goes, but with normal vision he will lose track of it after about half a mile. Under no circumstances will Dieter's lair be discovered by chance; the area to search is too big and the cave entrance too well-hidden for that to happen. Inventive PCs may work out various plans to follow a skull and the GM must again judge each on its merit.

Theoretically, a skull flying through the trees could also be tracked - in level flight they can only reach 32 yards per round (approx 7½ mph). However, a skull can keep up this pace for as long as it wishes. Running characters will be reduced to a breathless standard rate before too long. Note that characters running full-pelt in the forest must make a *Risk* test (-10% modifier) every round to avoid tripping over roots, smashing into low branches and so on. Failure will result in normal fall damage.

TIMETABLE OF EVENTS

Day 0 (afternoon)

One skull takes up a vantage position ¼ mile north of Pritzstock to watch over the village and vineyards. One skull takes up a position 2 miles west of Pritzstock by the road, and another 5 miles east of Pritzstock, also by the road. The west and east skulls are programmed

to attack any humanoid they see, but to break off the attack if the victim flees. The north skull is programmed to sit and wait. Dieter assumes active control of this skull every 30 minutes in order to gaze upon the area. If villagers are working the fields, Dieter will keep control and have the skull attack. If Dieter can see nothing of interest he will set the skull to continue waiting.

On the first occasion Dieter spots adventurers (via a skull) he will investigate further, but will not attack unless provoked.

During the night Dieter will assume control of the north skull every 4 hours and will then fly around the area to spy on activities in the village.

Days 1 and 2

Dieter will keep up the 'watch-and-wait' pattern.

Day 3

Dieter will have the north skull sneak to the village and attack a lone individual for a couple of rounds.

Day 4

As Day 3 but Dieter will try and attack a 'watching' militiaman. He will also have the skull attack a second person while the injured lookout is being attended to.

Day 5

At the end of the day Dieter will initiate his first night attack. The skull will go from one house to another, breaking windows and briefly attacking the occupants, and attacking some 6 houses in total.

Day 6

Under increasing pressure from 'Stefan', Dieter will have the north skull attack the Rocheteau house, entering via the chimney if the windows are boarded, or battering a door open if the chimney is blocked. Elisabeth will be ignored but Rocheteau will be attacked and, if possible, killed. You may wish to have this attack take place as Rocheteau and the party are discussing what to do over meal or drink.

Day 7

If Rocheteau is dead the skulls will restrict their activities to stopping work in the fields. If he is still alive, then before dawn Dieter will also have a skull scrape a message in the ground outside his house, 'Death to Rocheteau', and the events for Days 8 and 9 will take place.





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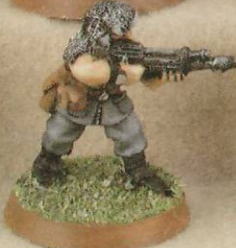
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(LASGUN)

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TPR POWELL
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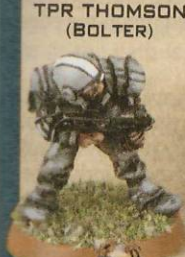
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(LAS PISTOL
/SWORD)



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TPR RATHBONE
(LASGUN)



TPR BRUCE
(LAS PISTOL/KNIFE)
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TPR LIFESON
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TPR PEART
(LASGUN)



COMM.OFFICER SCHMIDT
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CASUALTY
(LASGUN)



SCOUT TPR PANK
(LASGUN)



TPR TURNER
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Day 8

Dieter will recall all skulls in preparation for a mass attack so some work in the vineyards is possible. However, at dusk he will have one of the skulls fly over with a message in its mouth, 'Hand over Rocheteau by dawn and you may go in peace'. The message will be delivered to one of the adventurers.

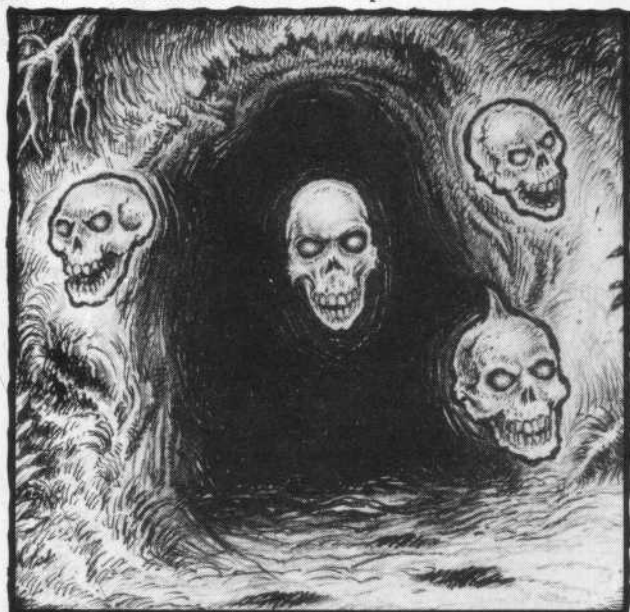
Day 9

At dawn Dieter will have all 4 skulls laying siege to the village. If Rocheteau is waiting to be handed over (presumably bound and gagged), the skulls will perform a very messy execution. If Rocheteau is not so delivered, anything that moves will be attacked and killed but the skulls will concentrate their efforts into finding/attacking Rocheteau.

The skulls will systematically search each house in turn: one active skull will attempt to gain entry, while the other 3 watch and wait. On gaining entry the skulls will attack anyone inside, finishing their attack by causing as much damage as possible, including setting houses alight by knocking over lanterns etc. Dieter will keep up this siege until all houses have been searched or Rocheteau is killed, replacing any skulls that are destroyed in the process. His final act will be to have the skulls carry burning torches to the fields in order to destroy the vineyards as well.

Once the village has been raised to the ground then Dieter will consider his revenge complete, irrespective of whether Rocheteau is still alive. His final act will be to have a skull inscribe the words, 'For Stefan', in the ashes near the Rocheteau house.

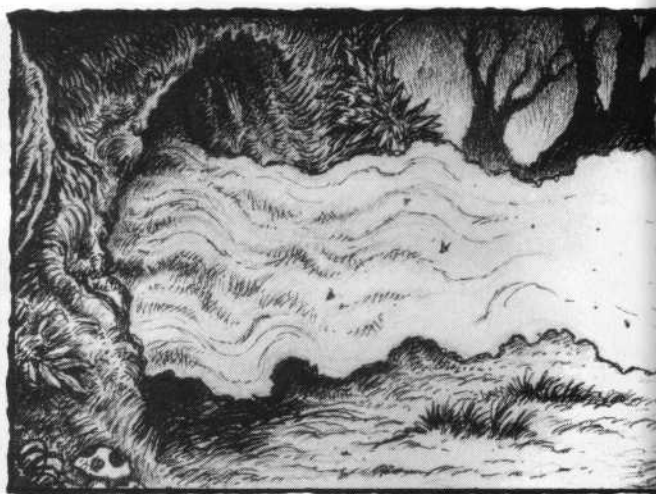
The timetable above is, of course, subject to change, either because of PC activity or if the GM wants to increase the pace of the adventure. Dieter's motivations are of direct relevance to the activity of the skulls and the GM should refer to his description for fuller details.



THE WIZARD IN THE WOODS

Map 4 shows the underground lair of Dieter Maranaeur and his mercenary bodyguard, Kurt Schultz. The cave is some 7½ miles north-east of Pritzstock (marked A on Map 2). The entrance is very well hidden and effectively impossible to locate by normal searching on a small scale. However, if the party has an approximate fix on the cave (say ¼ mile radius), a line-search using the whole village will prove successful (if the villagers can be persuaded).

Even if the PCs fail to find the cave entrance they may discover something unusual. Characters making an *Identify Plant* roll will spot carefully concealed bundles of wood dotted about the forest. These bundles have been gathered by the Skaven and placed near the cave in the event they decide to smoke-out Dieter and his bodyguard. The wood is therefore dry but contains a lot of greenstuff to produce smoke.



Assuming the party locates the cave and keep it under observation, the following facts will be revealed during the day (excluding changes due to play):

3 skulls arrive at about 1.00am and 3 skulls leave shortly after.

A rough-looking fighter type leaves at around dawn and returns d4+2 hours later, sometimes with some game (usually rabbit).

In the early evening a wild-looking man emerges, has a stretch and a few deep breaths and returns to the cave after taking a short walk. He is followed by a skull which flits from tree to tree wherever the man goes. This individual looks very ragged round the edges, with matted hair and greasy stubble.

Of course the party must make sure they are not spotted by any of the cave's inhabitants. It is also possible that the party is spotted by the Skaven. A Skaven watch is posted some 200 yards away to the north-west of the cave (only 30 yards away during the night). Any sighting will be immediately reported to the Skaven commander at location B on Map 2 (details of the Skaven can be found in the next section).

If Dieter learns of individuals outside he will, if given time, use a skull to investigate. He normally has one waiting passively in the cave while the other three are out. If at any time it looks like he will be attacked the wizard will terminate control of any skulls far away and begin to assert control of skulls in the cave (but this takes magic-points and time).

Both Dieter and Kurt will realise the cave could become a trap and will want to act quickly. As soon as Dieter has a full complement of skulls, he will use them to initiate an attack. Once all the skulls are engaged he and Kurt will emerge and act appropriately. Only when Dieter is attempting to gain control of a skull (or is in active control of one) does he need to spend time in concentration.

If subjected to a surprise attack in the cave, the two men will simply make the best of it. Dieter will again try to assert control over skulls in the cave rather than wait for skulls already under his command to return. Dieter is driven by an obsession and will fight to the bitter end. Kurt is simply a mercenary and will surrender if reduced to 2 Wounds or below.

It is possible for the party to deal with the wizard without resorting to violence. If they have knowledge about Stefan's death and can persuade Dieter they have dealt with Rocheteau then a truce might be arranged. Dieter will want proof, but will be willing to send a skull to investigate.

THE EFFECTS OF SMOKE

It is quite possible for the PCs to decide on using fire to drive out those in the cave. Gathering suitable material will take about 2 man-hours, and in their search, the bundles already prepared by the Skaven may be spotted as described above. If dry wood is used then people in the cave will be forced to leave after about 30 minutes. If 'greenwood' is used much more smoke will be produced, forcing



people to leave in 10 minutes. Staying beyond this time will result in 1 Wound per round damage from choking. If the wood is still burning, individuals must burst through (assuming tree trunks aren't blocking the entrance), resulting in d4 damage. On the round characters emerge from the smoke and flames, they will be unable to attack and will count as prone targets provided attackers are ready and waiting.

THE CAVE

A Two candles provide faint illumination in the passage leading into the cave. The passage shows signs of footprints if an *Observe* test is made or the path is examined carefully.

B The passage turns at this point, and on the south wall a skull can be seen resting on a ledge. A candle rests on the skull and has covered it with melted wax.

This is a normal skull but has the spell *Magic Alarm* cast on it. An *Observe* test will reveal that the footprints stay clear of the skull. The spell will activate if a creature comes within 1 yard, informing Dieter that intruders are present.

The passage opens up beyond the skull to reveal a large candle-lit cave to the right and a cloth screen ahead. Unless forewarned, Dieter and Kurt will have a torch burning in area E and the light from this will appear under the curtain. The party may hear the men talking or snoring depending on the time of day and how cautious they have been.

C This area is used as a store of iron rations and water barrels, about 6 man-weeks worth in total. Torches, candles etc are also here. Dieter and Kurt are self-sufficient in food and water but Kurt still goes out hunting fresh game. A small individual could hide behind the stores but would be automatically spotted if the stores were utilised.

D About 32 skulls, human, beastman and skaven, are laid in this area in a weird pattern. The cave was the site of Chaos activity but was abandoned long ago. Depressions can be seen in the sand where 10 other skulls were laid. Some 6 inches below each depression, buried in the sand, is a small nugget of warpstone. That is, there should be. One of the depressions actually shows signs of digging and the piece of warpstone under the skull is missing, removed by Wuder Lechart about a decade ago. Altogether the 42 pieces of warpstone weigh about 1/2 lb.

Four of the skulls are now under Dieter's control, the other six are in a heap to the south (the result of failed attempts to gain control). Obviously these numbers will alter if skulls are destroyed. If Dieter is trying to gain control of one of the remaining skulls, he will be found in this area.

E Behind a sackcloth curtain is the living quarters of Dieter and Kurt. A torch provides light. The only furnishings are makeshift beds.

Dieter and Kurt spend most of their time in here. When neither have anything to do (which is often) they play draughts. Under Dieter's instructions Kurt is making a simple chess set from odd bits of wood.

Dieter reckons that teaching Kurt chess would help time pass for about a month.

When not out hunting (which he does around dawn), Kurt is busy whittling. Dieter is often resting but during the day can be found in a trance-like state as he concentrates on controlling a skull (20% chance). At night the chance of finding him controlling a skull drops to 10%.

Dieter will also have a skull in here as extra protection. The skull is normally passive so it would take Dieter 1 round to establish active control, and another round to give it a new set of instructions if desired.

DIETER MARANAEUR, LEVEL 2 WIZARD



Approaching 30 and of medium build Dieter is beginning to look fairly mad. He has not washed, combed or shaved for two weeks, and his only set of clothes are creased and dirt-ridden.

Despite his appearance, Dieter is (initially) reasonably sane, apart from his obsession with ruining Pritzstock. However, under the influence of the cave and Stefan's spirit, the wizard will become increasingly unstable as the days pass. This is reflected in the behaviour of the skulls, early on they simply frighten people but are later used to attack and kill.

If captured (and Rocheteau is still alive) Dieter will not reveal anything under normal *Interrogation* (*Torture* may have an effect but standard tough treatment will not loosen his tongue). If brought face-to-face with Rocheteau, Dieter will fall into a mad rage and attempt to kill him. If Rocheteau has been already been killed then *Interrogation* will make Dieter talk, and he will be proud of his activities, claiming that it was just retribution for the death of his brother.

Dieter and the Skulls

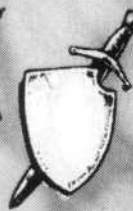
All previous sightings were part of Dieter's experiments. The attack on the coach was to see if Dieter could control a skull while he was away from the cave. As a result of these experiments Dieter knows most of what is described in the *Bestiary*. However, he does not know that a metal barrier will negate control, nor that a dormant skull orientates itself with respect to the cave and, having done so, will attempt to return home. Under normal circumstances Dieter would have probably investigated the source of the skull's power, but in his present state of mind, rational thoughts are not common.

A timetable of Dieter's use of the skulls has already been given. This reflects his twin desires to ruin the village and kill Rocheteau, modified by his increasing madness. As described in the *Bestiary*, Dieter can have up to 4 skulls under his control. These are normally deployed as follows:

- 1: stays in the cave near Dieter as a personal bodyguard.
- 2: flits around the north of Pritzstock generally waiting for Dieter to assume active control.
- 3: waits and attacks travellers on the road to Lichlinberg.
- 4: waits and attacks travellers on the road to Grubentreich.

If any of these are destroyed/negated Dieter may initiate control of another skull in the cave as described in the *Bestiary*. In running the skulls the GM should remember that only one can act intelligently at any one time, ie the one controlled by Dieter. The others will blindly carry out their last instruction. Dieter is able to co-ordinate the activities of all 4 skulls either by directly controlling each in turn, or by having the three passive skulls follow the active skull.

In addition to the events timetabled, Dieter also recalls the skulls at about midnight. Since the skulls lose their power if they're away from the cave for too long, Dieter must replace skulls on duty with fresh ones. The flight from Pritzstock to the cave is 1 hour, so initially, PCs do have a 2-hour window during which no skulls are around Pritzstock.



Dieter Maranaeur, Level 2 Wizard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
5	47	42	3	3	7	57	1	58	57	57	55	61	41	Neutral

Skills

Arcane Language (Magick), Cast Spells (Petty Magic, Battle Magic 1, Battle Magic 2), Evaluate, Herb Lore, Identify Plants, Magic Sense, Magical Awareness, Meditation, Night Vision, Rune Lore, Scroll Lore, Secret Language (Classical), Silent Move Rural, Specialist Weapon (Fencing Weapon)

Belongings

Amulet of Thrice-Blessed Copper (+20% all Poison tests, -1 any Wound from non-magic weapons), Fencing sword, Robes, Blankets, Knives, Pots and pans etc, Staff, Pouch with 37 GCs

Magic Points: 20

Petty Magic: Curse, Glowing Light, Magic Alarm, Marsh Lights, Open, Protection from Rain, Sleep, Sounds

Battle Magic 1: Aura of Resistance, Cure Light Injury, Fire Ball, Hammerhand

Battle Magic 2: Aura of Protection, Mystic Mist, Smash

KURT SCHULTZ, MERCENARY



Kurt is a typical mercenary, all brawn and no brain, who will go where the money is. His cousin Albrecht is a wizard's apprentice in Middenheim, which is how Dieter came to hear of Kurt and engage his services. Dieter has paid Kurt and also given him his *spell ring* (see below), in return for which Kurt has to protect Dieter, find food and generally come in useful.

Kurt regards Dieter as a bit of a nutcase. Whilst he knows little of the wizard's grudge against Pritzstock, his evil nature means that he doesn't care. He also doesn't care much to the idea of dying, and if he and Dieter are trapped in the cave Kurt won't think twice about fleeing, hoping to bargain with any

attackers (ie revealing information about Dieter in return for being set free). Kurt will claim that he doesn't know what the skulls get up to, being employed to simply guard the wizard. He will maintain that he had no idea that the skulls were being used against people.

If asked about the wizard, Kurt will say that he can only control 4 skulls in total and often spends time in a trance. Any other information that doesn't implicate him in illegal activities will also be freely revealed. Kurt has no comprehension of the finer points of skull control.

If Interrogated Kurt may reveal the following facts:

The wizard has a grudge against Pritzstock.
He has a bigger grudge against the Mayor.
He's using the skulls to kill the Mayor.
And ruin the village.

The grudge has something to do with his brother's death.
The wizard's brother used to work in the village.



Kurt's Multiple Spell Ring

This spell ring has the ability to cast 2 spells: *Cure Light Wound* and *Strength of Combat*. The ring has 10 magic points stored. Both Dieter and Kurt know the trigger words that activate the ring.

On engaging in combat Kurt will use the *Strength of Combat* spell to add 1d6+1 to his *Wound* total (effective to the next sunrise). Kurt's evil nature will prevent him using the *Cure* spell on Dieter unless he needs Dieter's magic powers to escape.

Kurt Schultz, Mercenary

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
3	55	48	4	4	9	55	2	54	31	29	29	29	29	Evil

Skills

Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Follow Trail, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Specialist Weapon (Fist), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow

Belongings

Sleeved mail coat (1AP, body/limbs), Helmet (1AP, head), Shield (1AP), Spear (+10I, +10 to hit), Multiple Spell Ring (see above), Knife, Normal clothing, Pouch (14GCs)

THE SKAVEN LAIR

The lair is marked location B on Map 2. The Skaven also keep a watch on the wizard's cave from a vantage point 200 yards north-west of location A during the day, and 30 yards away during the night.

The lair is simply a well-hidden glade, close to a small spring. A full search of the area will reveal the glade but simply walking past will not. The Skaven all belong to *Clan Scruten*, a servant Clan of the Grey Seers. They have been sent to the area to locate warpstone and assess any problems involved in bringing it back. However, much importance is attached to the recovery of warpstone and the Skaven, led by Rusikis, will endeavour to obtain it if at all possible.

The Skaven have been in the area for just over a week. They are unwilling to enter the cave in force since they do not know how powerful the skulls are. However, any activity by adventurers will force the Skaven's hand.

At any one time the deployment of Skaven will be as follows: (d6 roll)

- 1-3 = 5 Skaven in lair, 1 at the cave-watch
- 4-5 = 4 Skaven in lair, 1 at the cave-watch, 1 out hunting
- 6 = 3 Skaven in lair, 2 at the cave-watch, 1 out hunting

Rusikis and Skeenar (the sergeant) will always be found in the glade. During the night, one of the Skaven present in the glade will be awake, keeping watch.

The Skaven will fight if they're discovered in their lair. If the Skaven on cave-watch is spotted, he (or they) will immediately flee to inform the others. The distance between the watch-post and lair is about half a mile, and a Skaven will cover the ground in about 10 minutes moving at *standard* rate (with no need for a *Risk* test due to familiarity with the terrain).

If the main group is alerted to the presence of people near the cave, they will move up to see what is going on, arriving some 30 minutes from when the PCs were first seen by the Skaven watching Dieter's cave.

Adventurers are likely to be seen as competitors for the warpstone and treated accordingly. Rusikis will have the Skaven move to spring an ambush, but if it looks like the adventurers and wizard are heading for a fight, Rusikis will delay attacking. In this case the Skaven will attack when one side has won, and presumably been weakened by their effort. If the adventurers are trapped in the cave by the Skaven, you may wish for Rusikis to propose a deal; for example, if the PCs leave their weapons behind, they will be allowed to leave the cave

unharmful. Rusikis will only give the party 5 minutes to decide, and if the PCs do not agree, Rusikis will order the Skaven to begin smoking them out. (See the section detailing the cave area.) As mentioned above, the Skaven have prepared suitable wood for this very purpose. It will take 2 Skaven only 15 minutes to gather it together.

If events lead to combat, the Skaven will fight to the death. Should the party agree to his terms, Rusikis will allow them to leave. However, once he has obtained the warpstone the PCs will be tracked and ambushed. If the ambush is successful (ie the Skaven outnumber the PCs), the Skaven will follow up with direct combat. Otherwise they will return home to the Drakwald Forest with their booty.

THE SKAVEN UNIT

All the Skaven have Night Vision of 30 yards. If given time, they will lick blades before going into combat, giving a 35% chance of causing infected wounds, (check once for each Skaven). A Toughness test may be made to avoid contracting the infection.

RUSIKIS (SKAVEN LEADER), LEVEL 1 WIZARD



The success of the Skaven mission rests with Rusikis, a promising young wizard of Clan Scruten. Rusikis is keen to return with the Warpstone but is perhaps a little cautious in his approach, wanting everything to be just right before making a move. He 'suffers' from a chaotic mutation that allows him to wear armour without needing to spend extra magic points during spellcasting.

If possible, Rusikis will use his poison to venom 2 of Skener's arrows plus his own blade. Remember, the bladevenom is only good for one blow. A failed WP test will mean that the victim becomes 'drowsey' (WFRP page 82)

Rusikis received his orders from Skeetishisk, a Grey Seer. The orders instruct Rusikis to locate warpstone known to be present in an area around the Middenland village of Pritzstock. A rough map is included showing the location of Pritzstock by reference to the roads and rivers of the area. However, the language used is Queekish and so may cause the PCs some trouble in deciphering.

Rusikis (Skaven Leader), Level 1 Wizard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
5	38	25	3	4	7	50	1	24	44	44	38	39	14	Chaotic

Skills

Arcane Language (Magick), Cast Spells (Petty Magic, Battle Magic 1), Concealment Rural, Identify Plants, Magical Sense, Read/Write Queekish, Rune Lore, Scroll Lore, Silent Move Rural

Belongings

Sleeved mail coat (1AP, body/limbs), Chain coif (1AP, head), Shield (1AP, all), Sword, bladevenom (deliriant, 3 doses)

Magic Points: 14

Petty Magic: Curse, Gift of Tongues, Marsh Lights, Sounds

Battle Magic 1: Cure Light Injury, Fire Ball

SKEENER, (SKAVEN SERGEANT)

Skeener has been a number of warpstone-gathering missions and is keen to get this one over with. He disagrees with the waiting game, believing that the unit does have the ability to tackle the wizard and his skulls. In his view, all that's required is a surprise attack on the bodyguard when out hunting, followed by a rush to overpower the wizard.

Skeener (Skaven Sergeant)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
5	48	40	4	4	9	50	2	24	34	35	33	29	14	Chaotic

Skills

Concealment Rural, Excellent Vision, Silent Move Rural Specialist Weapon (Two-Handed Weapon)

Belongings

Bastard Sword (-10 I, +1 Dmg), Normal Bow (24/48/250, 3 ES), Quiver with 30 arrows





Skaven Troops (4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
5	43	35	3	4	7	50	1	24	24	31	28	29	14	Chaotic

Skills

Concealment Rural, Silent Move Rural, Game Hunting (Skaven1), Follow Trail (Skaven2), Scale Sheer Surface (Skaven3), Set Trap (Skaven4)

Belongings

Sword, Normal Bow (24/48/250, 3 ES), Quiver with 30 arrows

CLAN SCRUTEN

Members of Clan Scruten ('scruts') are all skilled in the arts of concealment and infiltration. They are directed by the Grey Seers to carry out missions where secrecy is of prime importance and the presence of Skaven would attract unwanted attention, eg near or in civilised areas.

As a Clan they pride themselves in their ability to live off the land for long periods of time, all the while keeping a close watch on the area/individual under investigation. Their full motto translates as:

*'With patience comes glimpses,
with glimpses comes information,
with information comes results.'*

However, a typical Clan emblem often displays the abbreviated form, 'Who Stares, Wins'.

'Scruts' operate in small groups (called 'units') to minimise the chance of discovery. These units are comprised of four regular members, a sergeant and a spellcasting leader, (usually a Level 1 Wizard). Spending long periods of time together means that units develop an informal attitude to discipline, and the leader is often addressed simply as 'boss'.

Skaven accepted into Clan Scruten tend to have higher than average ratings in *Toughness*, *Intelligence* and *Cool*. *Toughness* is required to withstand harsh living conditions; *Intelligence* so that individuals can at the very least remember what they have seen; and *Cool* is useful to combat the strain of spending long periods in 'enemy' territory. In addition, members are trained to improve their *Ballistic Skill*. Clan policy is to avoid direct fights and to attack from ambush whenever possible.

A common task for a unit is to discover the exact location of warpstone, once its presence has been sensed by the Grey Seers. The unit roams the area looking for signs of Chaos produced by the warpstone. When located the leader decides if it can be brought back without any problem. If potential problems exist the unit gathers as much information as it can before returning. The Grey Seers then decide how to recover the warpstone, dispatching anything from a small raiding party to a sizable regiment. These groups are then led to the area by the same unit who originally spied out the land.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The PCs may have played the adventure as an exercise in hack'n'slay, killing Dieter, Kurt and the Skaven. In this case everyone in Pritzstock will be delighted and the party will be rewarded as agreed. On the other hand, if the PCs fail to stop the skull attacks, and do not discover that Stefan was murdered then there will be misery all round. In this case assume the Skaven eventually storm the cave (having first dealt with Kurt), taking Dieter and the warpstone back to the Grey Seers.

If the PCs bring Dieter to the village, it will certainly liven things up: Henri-Phillippe could get very scared or angry, followed closely behind by a hysterical murderous rage from Elisabet. Note that bringing a dead Dieter back to Pritzstock will still cause Elisabet to react.

If, by whatever means, Henri-Phillippe is found to have murdered Stefan Maranauer then Parzival Aschaffenberg will insist that he be sent to Altdorf for trial. The same will apply to Dieter and Kurt. With the evidence of a body in his cellar, Rocheteau will be found guilty and executed. His estate will then pass to Elisabet. Punishment of Dieter and Kurt will depend on what they did during the adventure.

Trials in Altdorf often take a long time and so legal calls to the PCs as witnesses may be sooner or later according to the GM's desire.

At the end of the adventure the PCs may have 42 pieces of warpstone. Just what happens when all the little bits are brought together is left up to you. They may not guess that the splinters of rock are warpstone, in which case it may come as a nasty surprise to find a Skaven raiding party on their trail a few months later (or alternatively, when individuals start growing a third eye, begin sprouting extra limbs etc).

The end of the adventure may also find a few PCs suffering from various *infected wounds* or diseases. The PCs should be made aware that cures may be found in Middenheim at the Temple of Shallya.

If you are running the scenario as part of *The Enemy Within* campaign, the PCs should be directed towards Middenheim in preparation for the forthcoming *Power Behind the Throne*. If one of the PCs had good *Fellowship* and got on well with the Jung sisters, you may like to have a letter delivered inviting him/her to Middenheim, with a hint that an introduction could be made to



Kirsten Jung (Lady-at-Court) who expressed interest in hearing about their skull-chasing activities.

EXPERIENCE POINTS

The following EP awards (per PC) are suggested for this adventure, but modify these to suit the circumstances of your campaign.

1. Role-Playing in Pritzstock: 5-60 points.

In addition to playing their character consistently, you should take account of the quality, diplomacy, incisiveness, etc displayed when talking to the people of Pritzstock. Sensible plans for getting information and intelligent use of information should be especially rewarded.

2. Dealing with the Skull Attacks: 10-50 points.

Award experience points for clever tactics that exploit the skull's weaknesses. Other factors deserving credit include mobilising the villagers in an effective way; tracking the skulls to their source and working out the various limitations of the skulls. PCs should be thinking ahead on how the village and harvest can best be protected.

3. Dealing with Dieter and Kurt: 5-40 points.

Rushing the cave as soon as they arrive is not the best way of earning EPs (unless of course the PCs have dealt with the skulls and are aiming for surprise). Capturing Dieter, Kurt or both should earn more points, as should any tactic that makes them surrender without a sword being drawn.

4. Dealing with the Skaven: 10-30 points.

This will probably mean a fight. No points should be awarded if the Skaven escape with the warpstone.

5. Saving the Harvest: 5 points per full day saved (max 35).

No fate points are awarded for this adventure.

BESTIARY

THE DEATH SKULLS

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	Align
*	41	--	3	3	6	41	1	27	--	--	--	--	--	Chaotic

The Death Skulls consist of human, Beastman and Skaven skulls which have developed powers due to prolonged exposure to warpstone. Normal skulls do not react to warpstone in this manner; it requires special chantings and rituals soon after the creature's death to produce the effect.

A skull's only means of movement is by flying. They fly as *swoopers* so their horizontal movement in level flight is 12 yards per round minimum, and 32 yards per round maximum. Climbing or diving will affect this horizontal movement (WFRP p76).

The sight of a skull (or group of skulls) requires a *Cool* roll to be made to negate the effects of *Fear*. The skulls themselves are immune to psychological effects. In addition to damage, the bite of a skull has a 10% chance of inflicting a rare variety of *Tomb Rot*. Anyone bitten by a skull must make a test against *Disease*. If this fails, the Rot will set in causing the loss of 1 *Toughness* point and 10% each in *Dex* and *Fel* within 24 hours. Luckily, the Rot only lasts for 1 day but bitten characters are not to know this! *Cure Disease* will prevent the loss if applied within 4 hours of the wounding. However, any loss of characteristic points suffered as a result of such a bite is permanent.

The skulls have no innate intelligence but can be used to carry out the direct and indirect commands of a controlling spellcaster. A skull may be in one of four states.

Active: (indicated by the eye sockets glowing bright-red) whenever the controller is in direct command.

Passive: (indicated by a dim red glow in the eye sockets) when the skull is carrying out pre-set instructions.

Dormant: when a skull is neither under direct or indirect control.

In this state a skull will seek to return to the 'chaos-cave' immediately. The skull will simply orientate itself to face the cave if it is prevented from returning there for some reason. The actual rotation (if not the cause) is obvious if the skull is observed while moving it about. An *Observe* roll is needed to notice the effect if the skull is moved without being watched.

This orientation effect will be overridden if a localised source of Chaos (say, a small fragment of warpstone), is brought within 5 yards of a dormant skull. In this case the skull will try to get to the nearer piece for as long as it remains within the stated range.

Dead: when the skull reaches 0 *Wounds* or has been away from a source of Chaos for more than 24 hours. From this point the skull becomes quite 'normal'.

A skull's usual condition is dormant. To achieve control a WP roll is needed plus the expenditure of 1 magic point. The individual attempting control must spend 1 round in concentration and be within 1 yard of the skull. A failed WP roll means that the skull 'dies'. If control is established, the skull becomes attuned to the spellcaster. It can then be made *passive* by giving it instructions to follow, or *active* by continuing direct command. An individual may have up to 4 skulls following passive instructions at any one time. Active control of any of these 4 can be achieved after one round has been spent concentrating; a spellcaster may therefore flit between passive skulls, making each one active as he does so, at will.

In its active state a skull sends visual signals back to its controller. When controlling a skull an individual must remain completely relaxed and composed. Any physical movement will immediately negate control, as will failed tests versus *Fear* and the like. The skulls have a Night Vision range of 30 yards. The command range is 6 miles and command lasts for as long as the spellcaster can maintain complete concentration. The spellcaster may use the skull to follow direct commands or 're-program' the skull to carry out a new set of instructions (re-programming takes 1 round).

Any skull will become dormant if it becomes separated from its controller by more than 6 miles, or if completely shielded from its controller by a metal barrier for more than 1 round.



Illustrated by Martin McKenna

RuneQuest GRIFFIN ISLAND

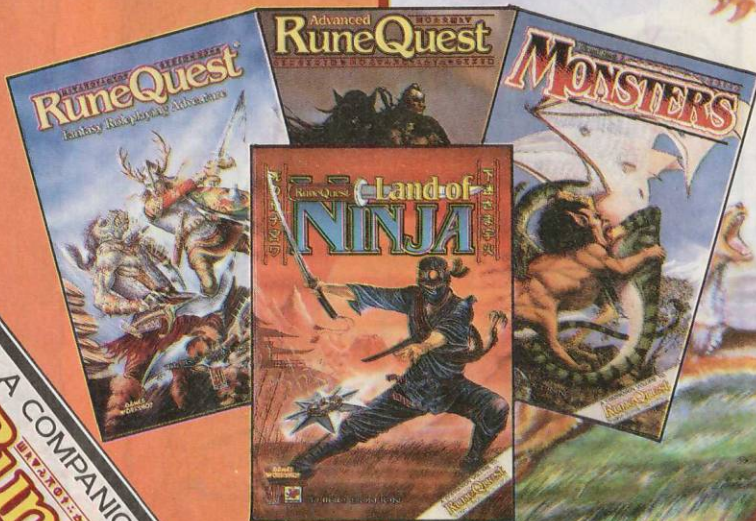
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The art dungeons almost seem friendly once you get used to them. A couple of stray beams of sunlight penetrate the gloom (just atmosphere setting, John said), and the damp doesn't bother me that much. This chain is beginning to make my ankle ache though.

Wonder if they'll feed me this week?

John comes into the room, dragging an unconscious hippy behind him. I shouldn't build my hopes up but I can't help getting excited. Haven't had fresh meat for ages. The Master of Blanchitsu grabs a dusty piece of parchment from a shelf and throws it at me. 'Grab yer quill an ink then,' he growls, 'we're going to make a study in red.'



Excerpt From The Art Dungeon Diary

It's largely a question of attitude. If you want to get the best from your figure, you're going to have to take appropriate care when painting it. Don't let the size of the figure intimidate you. Some of the things discussed below sound impossible when you think of a miniature that's only 28mm tall, but they're all possible. Work in daylight. You won't be able to trust artificial light to give you the colours you want. The importance of good brushes has been emphasised many times in the past but cannot be overstressed. Cheap or damaged brushes will let you down no matter how talented or skillful you are. And finally, this work is going to require a great deal of thought and concentration. Rushing the job will result in a second rate figure. Nothing else.

The processes described below are really an extension of what we've written about before. If you have been practising some of the techniques outlined in previous *Eavy Metals*, you can look at this as the next step. But perhaps the most important thing to remember is this: the guidelines below are just that - they are not the law. Ultimately, the most important thing for an artist to do is develop his or her own technique, whether this is a combination of ideas used here, or something totally original. Good luck.

Smooth surfaces need to be shaded and blended in. Figures may sometimes be too heavily engraved to allow for this, but we discussed the

removal of detail for painting purposes last month. The intention here is to take advantage of good painting effects.

This is often *why* people make banners or special shields for their figures. The result provides them with somewhere to express themselves beyond the immediate constraints of the figure. These often become the focal point of the figure.

So, the effect you want is subtle, clean and pleasing to the eye. Basically, this entails building up paint on top of a base colour. There are three methods you can use to go about this. All of them require good brushwork, a steady hand and a mix of paint that's thin enough to flow from the tip of a fine brush.

First of all, you could begin with the darkest tone of red. Subsequent layers are brushed increasingly lightly onto raised areas of the model, using increasingly lighter shades of the same colour. Try to avoid using black or white for this. It's been mentioned before but it's important because this only darkens or lightens the the colour, when you really want it to be brighter or deeper. If you were working on a red tunic, mixing amounts of red, purple and blue

would darken it, for example. The choice of colour is important. We'll come back to this later. Keep the various tones as close to each other as possible. This way, the blending will be more successful.

The disadvantages of this method are that detail can be obscured by the layers of paint, and as the layers of paint are opaque, the figure looks flat and dull.

The second method involves adding the shading tones while the base coat is still wet and blending them together. This shares the same disadvantage as the first method and also suffers from the problem of acrylics drying too quickly for it to work properly. Still, it suits some people and tends to be easier to achieve with enamels.

The method most likely to provide pleasing results also tends to involve the most work, but it's worth it. It's an extension of the second method, mixing tones on the figure itself. The key is to make each layer of paint to be translucent, allowing each layer - right down to the undercoat - to shine through. That's how you achieve luminosity!



Last month's minotaur expertly painted by Mike McVey.

However, there's still this problem of the acrylic drying and evaporating while you're working it into an area. Well, this is partly offset by the thinned paint taking longer to dry, but the school of *Blanchitsu* also provides us with useful advice.

Please to take both your arms and rest them on the surface before you at the point commonly known as the elbow. Hold the figure firmly by the base in whichever hand you find suitable. Hold the brush in the other hand and use the thumb of the hand holding the figure as a palette. You may now apply the paint as rapidly as possible. As you are only painting small areas, there should be enough room on the thumb nail.

Also, know that a lower temperature will allow the paint longer to dry. Note that the guru *Blanche* himself is always to be seen wearing a tacky but warm pullover in those silly studio photographs...

Ehem. Well that's why we only show you excerpts. Anyway, it's more sophisticated than rumaging around in filth as was suggested last issue. Interestingly, the art of *Blanchitsu* suggests several strange procedures that help you get the best from your brush.

A brush reaches its height, in terms of usefulness, when enough bristles have dropped out to leave only those that come to a point. Eventually, of course, too many bristles drop out, but to ensure as long a life as possible for your little sable familiar, revolving the tip of the brush as it rests lightly on the end of your tongue helps to keep the bristles coming to a point by wrapping them around each other. Or, moistening the bristles and running the brush through the folds in a curled palm will have a similar effect. Most of the time, simply tapering the tip with your lips



• PAUL BENSON

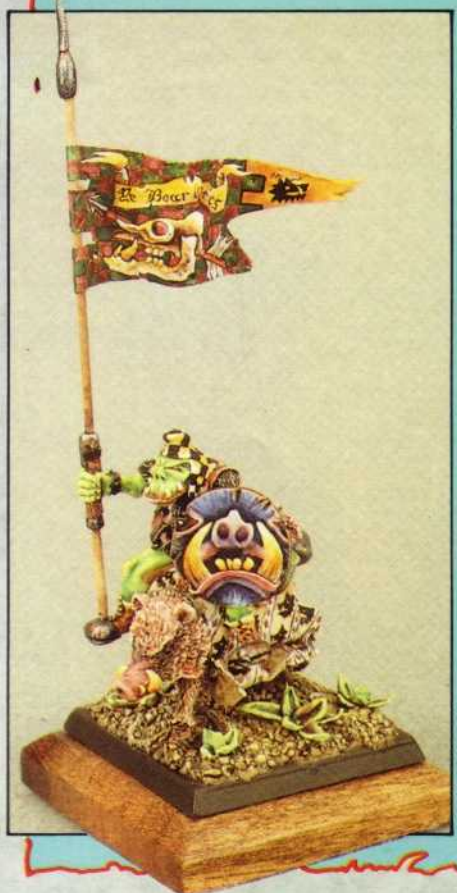


• PAUL BENSON



Some of Citadel's new Slann models, from the Morrison clan.

The mounted Slann clearly demonstrates what can be achieved by using a bits box.



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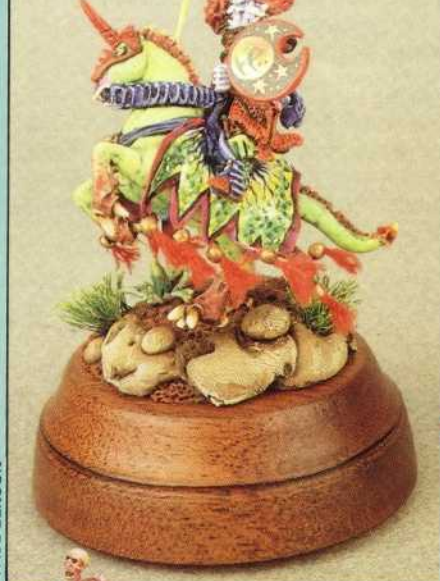


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will do the job. Incidentally, Citadel paints are non-toxic. If a brush fails to respond to any of this treatment, you may assume it's an ex-brush. Its remains are now only suitable for drybrushing.

Back to the figure. As you apply each wash, work gradually upwards and outwards from the crease. When you're highlighting, paint on to the raised areas and work the shade down towards the crease. In the case of the red tunic used as an example earlier on, each shading tone wants to be red with increasing amounts of purple and blue, the very deepest tone sitting in the furthest recesses. The highlights are directly opposite, using shades of red highlighted with orange and yellow on raised areas, until the finest of the highlights of yellow occupies only the highest points. A second brush, moistened at the tip, will aid the process. Your mouth comes in useful for holding one brush while you use the other - keeps you quiet as well. Is there no end to the wonder of *Blanchitsu*?

With all this brush sucking, subtle washing paintwork, the chances of you covering the figure all at once are slim indeed. Good. This is precision work. If you're in a rush, this isn't the technique to use. Again *Blanchitsu* refers us to the work of the guru, who estimates 'an evening, a day, and then some,' to work on a 28mm figure from start to finish. Remember, only the tiniest of areas are being covered with the paint, so you need very little of it, and work on small areas at a time.



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This technique applies to the entire figure. When you're satisfied that everything's done, mix a little black and red together, again thinned to translucence, and emphasise areas by outlining them (where the shield meets the face is a good example of this).

The disadvantage of this method lies in the potential for over-working. The look of the figure is the only important thing, not whether you have done everything you possibly can to the model. So, if at any time in the process you're satisfied with the results, stop right there!

Earlier on, we mentioned that the mix of colours was very important when it came to shading. Just as complimentary colours work well together, so can opposing ones. We brought this up when looking at Mike McVey's dragons (WD96). A green wash used to shade a pink base colour would be suitable on undead or monsters, for example. A green shade on a pale grey base always has striking results... These are areas you can experiment in.

'Contrast washes' can be put to more subtle use on the conventional figure. How about patches of rust on armour or rosy cheeks on a face?

Sometimes the tonal ranges can be overstated through shading. This is not necessarily undesirable, it depends largely on how you want to look at your figures. More extremely toned figures work better at a distance, but the subtle effect suits a closer inspection. If the tonal range seems overstated, something like a delicate sepia wash provides that final blending in. If you painted the figure opaquely, this final wash can add a touch of brilliance to the figure (yellow over reds, for example).

Remembering that it's all down to taste, let's

In fact, many people fail to achieve results that please themselves because they are too heavy-handed. A lightness but firmness of hand is required. Learning patience and giving yourself a good working environment are almost as important as practise at painting the figures themselves.

Zooming out a little, eyebrows may be painted in black and highlighted appropriately. Nostrils and mouth need to be painted dark brown (assuming the mouth is open). Teeth are dirty-white and highlighted in white. Lips are painted with a flesh mix with added red (pure red will

Next month: Blanchitsu meets ballroom dancing in Step by Step...



A selection of 40K figures painted by Sid, Mike McVey and Paul Benson. Note the additions of back banners and spikes.

Blanchitsu - the ancient discipline of miniature maintenance forever being perfected by the many followers of 'the guide' - is exercised once more. Save your sable! Worry not about washes! Do not let a drybrush fill you with dread! Read on and all will be revealed...

Welcome to *Blanchitsu* and thanks for all your letters. Keep them coming in. Don't be bothered about asking either the most obscure details or the most obvious ones. That's what this column is here for. We don't claim to know everything about figure painting but we do have the collective experience of the designers and painters here at the Studio. If you think we can help, then get in touch. Tell us your secrets as well: if you have found an interesting technique or solution to a problem then let us hear about it.

One of the commonly recurring points raised in your letters is that many of those reading *'Eavy Metal'* either don't understand what's being discussed or are following the guidelines but failing to achieve satisfactory results. First, keep trying. There's no substitute for experience. Find the approach to working on a miniature that best suits you. If you're worried about washes looking messy, apply a thinner solution and put less paint onto the brush. Don't forget however, that washes often do make a figure look messy, until it has the final layers of highlighting, decoration, and lining applied.

Incidentally, next month's *'Eavy Metal'* will give you a step by step guide to painting a particular miniature, with photos showing each stage of the process. Stay tuned.

Right then, P Daniel of Sancton, York claims to get a realistic armour effect by using a pencil - a likely story. He says, 'Simply take a very sharp 2B and work it slowly over the armour and watch that carbon take hours off what is normally a very tricky job. Afterwards, varnish over the armour softly and sparingly. There! Easy and realistic.' Strange man... I assume that the area is not undercoated first. Sounds like a good idea though. I'll give it a bash and suggest you do too.

Louis Wong of London has a few queries: 'How does Kevin Adams texture the Milliput on his bases to get

the grass effect and what colours does he use?' Kev doesn't actually use Milliput because he says, 'It's too hard to model individual plants out of. What I use is an epoxy putty called *Handy Strip* which is available from car accessory and hardware stores. As outlined in previous *'Eavy Metals'*, the base is coated with PVA glue with sand sprinkled over the top. Then I model individual plants from the putty using a needle or cocktail stick, using a modelling knife to carve individual leaves. Normally, the base is painted dark brown and drybrushed with Bilious Green (highlighting with yellow). To unify the colours, I then give the whole base a green ink wash. The plant model is then added to the base.'

Back to Louis. 'How do you control ink washes to stop them running?' The reason why it's called a 'wash' is because it's just that. You want the ink to run so that it settles in recesses in the casting. The deeper the crevice, the more ink runs into it - giving the shading effect you want. If it's actually settling in puddles then you're probably loading the brush with too much paint.

'When I highlight the raised areas, the result often looks patchy. How do the pros merge the base colour with the highlight?' Well, it's always more effective if you can blend wet colours effectively - see this month's *'Eavy Metal'* for details. But this is a time consuming method. What I suggest you do is to add a couple of levels of highlighting which use a mix of the base colour and the highlight colour. In other words, keep the shades of the colours you use close together, gradually working towards the lightest shade at the top. This still requires a fair amount of work but the effect is worth it.

'If you have to leave a model for some reason, it's very difficult to mix the exact shades again when you want to continue painting.' You can mix a fair amount of

paint up in an old paint pot, or cover what you've already mixed with water and leave a piece of card over the top. This will stop the paint from drying up as quickly. But really, I don't bother about this too much as shades do show strange variations in real life, particularly from one figure to another. Also, your shading and highlighting process should help unify the colours on the miniature.

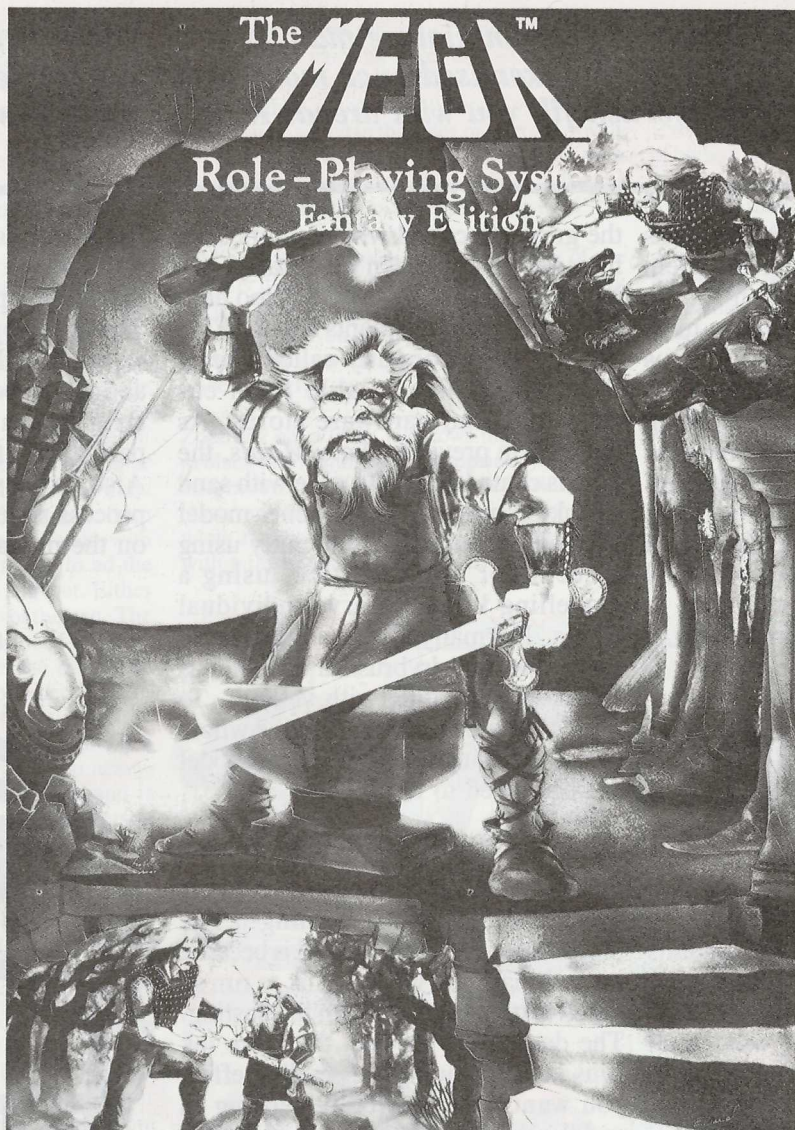


'What is green putty and where can I buy it?' Green putty is an epoxy modelling putty similar to Milliput. It is not commercially available in Britain, but alternative brands and putty types should suit your purpose. Thanks for the enquiries, Louis. I hope my answers prove useful. I'll be back next month, espousing the dubious virtues of *Blanchitsu*. Until then, may your epoxy never harden unexpectedly!

John Blanche

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THE MADCAP LAUGHS

EMPRESS ON THE EMERALD SHORE Part 3 of a Stormbringer adventure

By Matt Williams

INTRODUCTION

This is the third and final part of *The Madcap Laughs*. The adventure started in WD95, which contains an outline of the campaign structure. If you don't have copies of WD95-97 (back issues are available - see the advertisement elsewhere in this issue), this instalment may be played as a one-off adventure, given a little modification. The information given below (*The Story So Far*) should help you in this.

THE STORY SO FAR

Balo the Jester, one of the Gods of Chaos, is planning a huge joke on the Gods of both Law and Chaos. Aeons ago, he created the race of the Essegraani, but they turned from him and began to worship Law. He appeared to them claiming to be Amma-y-Graan, a God of Law, and in this guise became their patron deity. Then, as Balo, he returned and banished them to an eternal nightmare-haunted sleep. Later, Balo freed Ziamora - Queen and High Priestess of the Essegraani, pretending to be Amma-y-Gran using the last of his powers. She now believes that she can free her race and its nonexistent patron deity with an item called the Key of Mirikos. Having obtained both the Key and an arcane tome called the Whispering Codex, she is preparing to perform the rituals which will bring about the completion of Balo's joke. The player characters are bound up with this, perhaps unknowing, and are destined to be in at the finish.

GM's INTRODUCTION

By the start of this adventure, the player characters should be starting to worry about Ziamora. Although, if they were wise, they will have avoided her wrath in the first adventure, they will be aware that she has an interest in the Key of Mirikos, and they may know that she is also interested in the Whispering Codex.

This instalment draws together various threads from the past. The

characters meet Ziamora again - this time on her home ground. Their ranks are reinforced by Darsu Dhberac and Meldic the Golden, representatives of Chaos and Law respectively.

The adventure is divided into three parts - a bandit ambush, a journey between worlds, and the final conflict. At the end, Balo reveals his joke, and hands out reward or retribution as he sees fit.

AMBUSH

This instalment opens with the characters travelling; whence and whither are not important. They are attacked by bandits - a common enough occurrence, and one which has no connection with the main plot, whatever the players may conclude. Their situation appears hopeless, but they are rescued by the sudden and mysterious appearance of Darsu Dhberac, a face from their past, and Meldic the Golden.

To start the adventure, read the following to the players:

It is a pleasant day for travel. The trail ahead winds down a leafy vale, and in the distance you can see a thin line of rising smoke, perhaps from a woodcutter's hut. The path dips through a grove of trees which form an arch above it.

Pause slightly at this point to give the players a little time to react to their surroundings if they wish.

There is a sudden shout, and the air is filled with the hum of arrows.

If the players have given no indication that their characters are prepared for an attack (ie if they said nothing when you paused), they are surprised.

The bandits - twenty in all - are concealed in the trees, and have the advantage of height and cover. All have *Desert Bow* 50%. After three volleys of arrows (spread equally among the characters), ten leap from the branches to attack, as the remainder continue to fire from the cover of the trees. The bandits are brave and ruthless, but wary of magic.

Bandit One (leader)						
STR 12	CON 11	SIZ 8	INT 14	POW 10	DEX 15	HP 9

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Battle axe	50%	1D8+2	65%

Armour: 1D8-1 half-plate

Bandits Two-Ten

You may treat the remaining bandits as identical, or vary their equipment and characteristics as you see fit.

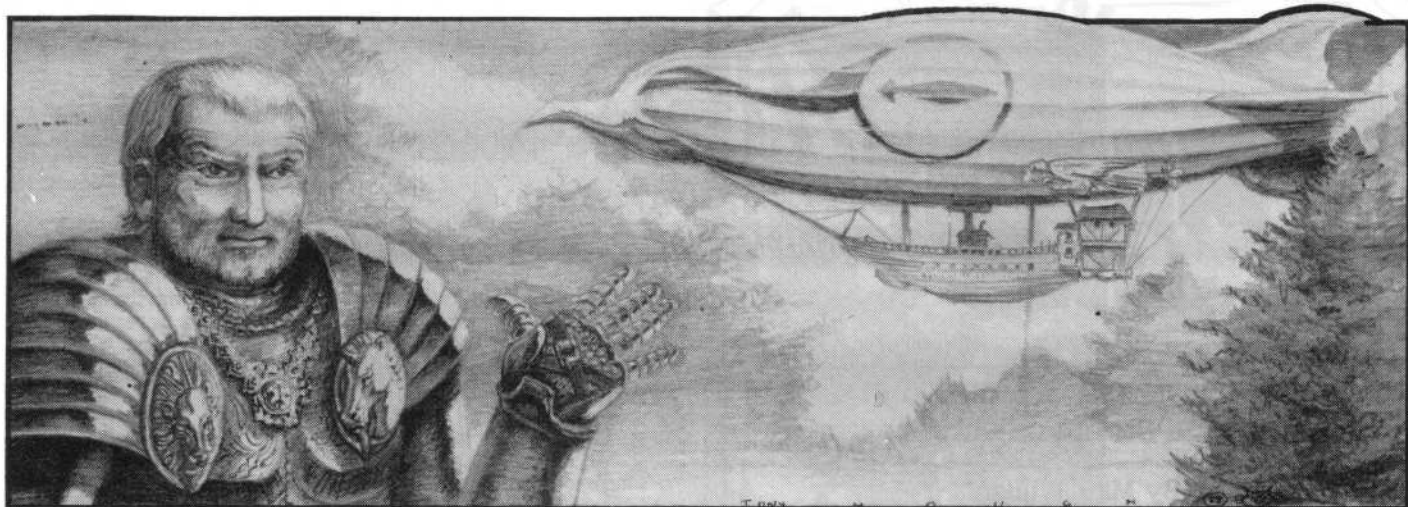
STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 18	INT 9	POW 10	DEX 11	HP 18
--------	--------	--------	-------	--------	--------	-------

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Desert Bow	50%	1D10+2	-
Falchion	45%	1D6+2	55%

Armour: 1D6-1 leather

All bandits have the following skills: Ambush 60%, Climb 40%, Dodge 45%, Hide 60%, Listen 30%, Jump 45%, Move Quietly 45%, See 30%, Track 30%.





The bandits have hung weighted nets at either end of the gulley. These are let down when the arrows begin to fly, and may be detected by any character on a *See* roll, *only* if the player states that the character is examining the leafy arch. The nets are designed to entangle riders, and any mounted character attempting to get out of the glade must make a critical *Ride* roll or become entangled, unable to move or fight until released. Characters on foot can slip round the side of the net and avoid entanglement on a successful DEX x 5% roll. The bandits can do this at will.

Apart from their weapons and armour, each bandit will be carrying 2D100 LB.

RESCUE

After five combat rounds - or earlier if the characters look unable to survive that long - the ten bandits in the trees will break cover and move in to finish off the survivors with their daggers. The players should begin to despair of the characters surviving the attack at this point.

Suddenly, a clear voice is heard from the trees at one side of the path, chanting in High Melnibonean. Almost instantly, a burst of flame rips across the path, killing three of the bandits. With a bellowing warcry, a golden-armoured figure bursts from the trees a little way off, cutting down two more with a huge greatsword. The remaining bandits turn to flight, not waiting to see a great black dog lined in fire charging from the trees with a familiar grey-robed figure trotting behind it, shortsword in hand.

Once all the bandits are killed or have fled, the rescuers approach the characters. Some of the characters, at least, will recognise the robbed one as Darsu Dhberac, who recently hired them to recover his kidnapped children and the Key of Mirikos from Ziamora. If you have not played the first adventure in this series, *A Heart of Dust*, *a Hand of Death*, assume that the characters succeeded in recovering the children but not the key.

'We meet again,' he says sardonically. With a word and a gesture, the black dog - a fire elemental - vanishes. Then he waves toward his armoured companion with obvious distaste.

'This,' he says disdainfully, 'Styles himself Meldic the Golden. A follower of Law whose blood would long since have soaked into the dust at my feet, had Him Whom I Serve not forbidden it.'

The armoured warrior removes his helm to reveal a well-fashioned face with short golden hair and a neat-cropped beard of the same colour. 'This suits my taste no better, Dherbac,' he grates, as he sets about healing any wounded characters. Without looking up, he tells his tale.

'You know of one Ziamora, a sorceress. From her stronghold in a cursed place called the Emerald World, she plans to release the Banished God, unwitting that this will tip things in Chaos' favour. One mortal alone cannot thwart her design, so it is ordained we walk together awhile, even if I must tolerate this servant of Chaos, Dhberac. Be that as it may, it seems we arrived just in time. Or have the gods had a hand in this? Your lives are charmed, or fated.'

'Fate or design,' Dhberac puts in, 'I have dreamed all this. My master sent me here to meet you. The Banished God was imprisoned by the Dukes of Chaos, countless ages ago. What nature of revenge, then, might he have schemed in his exile? But it is too much to bear that I must co-operate with this *Meldic the Brazen*.'

Meldic colours but says nothing. All through the adventure the two will snipe at each other, although it will not quite come to blows; their mutual hatred is checked by the importance of the mission.

Meldic the Golden, Himloran Knight of Law

STR 17 CON 19 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 10 DEX 13 CHA 20 HP 24

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Greatsword	77%	2D8 + 1D6	89%
Battle axe	55%	1D8+2 + 1D6	65%
Short sword	45%	1D6+1 + 1D6	55%
Shield (heater)	30%	1D6+2	75%

Armour: 10 point Virtuous plate

Skills: Ambush 80%, Climb 45%, Dodge 65%, First Aid 74%, Listen 33%, Navigate 36%, Move Quietly 34%, Orate 55%, Plant Lore 68%, Ride 63%, See 42%, Tie/Untie Knot 28%.

Languages: Common: Speak 80%, R/W 80%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 40%.

Meldic's greatsword, shield and plate armour are Virtuous, with POW of 20, 9 and 14 respectively. They always deal out or absorb maximum damage (bonuses are still rolled separately). They are all in part fashioned from gold, hence Meldic's name.

Meldic is tall and fair-haired, with a well-groomed beard. He is jovial and down-to-earth, with a strong sense of natural justice. Now a man of 50, he has served the cause of Law since his youth.

Meldic wears an amber pendant that glows in the presence of Demons. He also has 6 doses of a healing philtre; each dose restores 2D6 Hit Points in as many hours.

Meldic travels in an airship, built for him by the priests of Law.

Meldic's Airship

This is woven from golden silk, emblazoned with the sign of Law. It has a wooden gondola and Virtuous engines (15 POW each) which can propel it at 20 km/h. The airship has SIZ 900 and 60 HP. It can carry up to 150 SIZ points in the gondola, which is equipped after the fashion of a large sea vessel. More details on airships are given in the section headed *Airships of the Priests of Law* (WD95, pp 60-61).

Darsu Dhberac

Information on Dhberac is given in *A Heart of Dust*, *A Hand of Death* (WD 96, p 73). Apart from having equipped himself for the expedition, he is unchanged.

Dhberac has a scroll which - when read - will create a Gateway to the Emerald World. From his research, he knows this to be a place of icy plains, close to the influence of Chaos.

THE JOURNEY

The journey to the Emerald World is in two stages. First, to the edge of the world (ie off the world map), where conditions are more suited to sorcery. In Meldic's airship the journey will take 3-4 days, depending on the precise location of the last encounter. The journey will be

untroubled, giving the characters time to become acquainted with their two companions, conduct research, plan strategy, pool information and so on. Travelling on foot is not practical - stress the vast distance, the uncountable hazards and the urgency of the mission.

At the edge of the world, Dhberac will read his scroll which summons a Gateway Demon in the form of a spectral king. If desired, the characters can take Meldic's airship through the Gateway, but as will be seen below, it has a chance of malfunctioning in the Emerald World, because of the proximity to Chaos.

It is not vital to make the journey by airship. If characters are able (and willing), they could conjure a Gateway Demon to transport them to the Emerald World directly; they may wish it to manifest physically and act as a guide, since the Emerald World is unknown to them.

THE EMERALD WORLD

The Emerald World is a place of almost unbroken icy plains, with a few low mountain ranges. Light green snow lies on the ground in places. Where the inky green sea meets the land there are high, crumbling emerald cliffs. The lime green-sun hangs perpetually on the horizon, bathing the Emerald World in perpetual viridian twilight, with no moon, stars or clouds. The weather and atmosphere are similar to the Young Kingdoms in early winter.

There is no vegetation, and animals are few and alien - such as azure storks with scarlet legs 10 metres long, and listless blue-and-yellow striped zebra. Wildlife will generally try to avoid the adventurers. While on the Emerald World, characters will not need to eat, drink or sleep, regaining their strength merely by a few hours rest.

The Emerald Citadel - a huge castle hewn from the living rock - is visible all across the Emerald World, like a bright green star on the horizon. The adventurers will arrive 1D100+60 km from it.

Chaotic Corruption

While in the Emerald World, the characters may be affected by the proximity of Chaos. Check once before they reach the Citadel, and once every rest period, using a POW x 4% roll. For each failed test, select an effect from the following table, or roll dice for random determination.

2D6 Roll Effect

2-3	Over a space of 1D6 hours, the character's skin turns green and leathery. It becomes as tough as leather armour, and will absorb 1D6-1 damage, but DEX is reduced by 3 owing to the stiffness of the changed skin.
4-5	The character's nose turns to jelly and drops off. Lose 4 CHA, and Scent skill drops to 05%.
6	The character's flesh turns lumpy and warty. Lose 2 CHA.
7	The character feels nauseous, and retches continuously. All skills are reduced by 20%.
8-9	One of the character's eyes turns into an emerald. See skill is reduced by half, and all combat skills drop by 10%. If removed from the character's head, the emerald will be

worth D6 x 500LB, but the operation will cause 1D6 damage to the character, and the gem has a 75% chance of turning back into an eyeball 1D8 weeks after returning to the Young Kingdoms.

10-11	The character's fingers elongate to 30cm. Weapon and manipulation skills are all halved.
12	The character is driven mad by the forces of Chaos, filled with insane laughter, and tittering at the slightest prompting. The character has the personality of a child and behaves as one.

These effects are permanent as long as the character stays on the Emerald World. On returning to the Young Kingdoms, affected characters making a successful POW x 5% roll will revert to normal over 1D8 weeks. Otherwise, they must seek out a sorcerer to restore them to their former state.

Virtuous objects, and those designed on the principles of Law, have a POW x 5% chance of resisting corruption. If corrupted, they become useless, and break the first time they are used. Non-Virtuous objects which utilise Lawful principles have a 15% chance of being corrupted. Check every game hour.

Emerald World Encounters

As the characters travel across the Emerald World, they will have an encounter about every three game hours. Amend or drop encounters if they will weaken the party dangerously - they are meant to be no more than a diversion on the way to the Emerald Citadel, and an encouragement to go there directly.

Some possible encounters are listed below. They can either be selected or determined randomly, and the GM should feel free to add further encounters of his own devising if desired. Try not to use an encounter more than once (except *Metallic Rocks*) unless there is a good reason for it - for example, if the PCs return to the site of an encounter, in which they left some of the encountered creatures alive.

Encounter Table

D10 Roll	Encounter
1-7	Metallic Rocks
8	Stone Hut
9	Emerald Pylon
10	Demons' Ransom

Metallic Rocks

The adventurers come across a group of small orange rocks, with metallic surfaces. If they sit near them for any length of time, the rocks begin to hum, and deliver a small electric shock for 1 Hit Point to any character touching them.

Stone Hut

The adventurers come across an apparently abandoned stone hut. It is empty but for a stone table, on which are arranged some curiously-shaped fragments of green ice. The shapes can be fitted together to spell the word *Eternity* in High Melnibonean. Any character can fit them together on an INT x 5% roll, but is instantly turned to green ice. The character is not dead, but is trapped in this icy tomb for all eternity.





Emerald Pylon

The adventurers find a slender, windowless tower, 100 metres high and 3 meters in diameter, with a single door in the base. The door is a Demon Door, and if any non-Essegraani character tries to go through it, it will speak in the Essegraani language, warning that it will destroy them if they enter the tower. Characters who persist in entering the tower must defeat the door in a POW v POW struggle or die.

Demon Door

CON 40 SIZ 16 INT 9 POW 17

Inside the tower is a spiral staircase, leading to a balcony at the top. From this vantage point, it is possible to see for some distance, including the Emerald Citadel and a wide expanse of salt marsh and shoreline.

Demons' Ransom

The adventurers are approached by two Demons of Combat. One resembles a man with a dog's head, the other a woman with six arms. They demand a ransom of blood from all who seek to pass. Characters paying the ransom lose 1D4 Hit Points. The Demons attack any character who refuses their demand.

Demon of Combat One

STR 13 CON 42 SIZ 18 INT 10 POW 15 DEX 13 HP 48

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Broadsword	55%	1D8+2 + 4D6	63%

Armour: 1D8-1 half-plate

The sword is a Demon weapon, with the following statistics:
STR 30 CON 25 SIZ 2 POW 16 DEX 20
+3D6 damage, +5% attack/parry

Demon of Combat Two

STR 13 CON 36 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 9 DEX 16 HP 38

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Broadsword	60%	1D8+1 + 1D6	75%
Battle axe	60%	1D8+2 + 1D6	75%
Falchion	60%	1D6+2 + 1D6	75%
Scimitar	45%	1D8+1 + 1D6	50%
Short sword	45%	1D6+1 + 1D6	50%
Light mace	45%	1D6+1 + 1D6	50%

Armour: 1D10+2 plate with helmet

The Oonai Marsh

Sixty kilometres from the Emerald Citadel is a long, narrow band of salt marsh, filled with sleeping lizards. Gateway Demons will not enter the marsh, saying that they are forbidden. It is not possible to reach the Emerald Citadel without crossing the marsh.

The marsh is 3 to 5 kilometres wide, stretching endlessly in either direction. It presents no obstacle to airborne travellers, but characters on foot must cross by wading waist-deep in freezing water, or by using punts if they have some means of obtaining them. Every hundred

metres or so lies the half-submerged bulk of what seems to be a purple-grey dragon - actually an Oonai. Disturbances, such as nearby fighting, have a 30% chance of waking 1D3 Oonai, which will attack at once, retaining their dragon form unless they see some advantage in doing otherwise. The Oonai will not wake if the characters pass by quietly.

Oonai

STR 23 CON 23 SIZ 22 INT 9 POW 22 DEX 23 HP 33

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Claw	50%	•	50%
Bite	35%	•	•
Other	•	•	•

Armour: As creature imitated.

* depends on the creature imitated. In dragon form, for example, a claw would do 9D6 damage.

Approaching the Emerald Citadel

Beyond the marsh lies the Emerald Shore, a narrow peninsula with the Emerald Citadel standing at the end. From one tower, a green light shines across the wilderness like a wrecker's beacon. As the wind whips across the peninsula, the air is filled with deep booming notes, as if blown on a giant conch shell.

Unless the adventurers are taking care to conceal themselves (ie using the relevant skills successfully), their approach may be noticed. If they approach by air, there is a 30% chance they will be noticed. On foot, there is only a 10% chance. If the adventurers are spotted, nothing will happen until they are within one kilometre of the Citadel. The action taken will then depend of their method of approach.

If the adventurers approach unnoticed, they can enter the Citadel without opposition.

In Meldic's airship: The Citadel's beacon will be used to shoot them down. It has a 60% chance to hit, and can fire three times before the airship is too close to fire at. On a successful hit the airship will be shot down, every passenger taking 1D6 damage per 10 metres fallen.

Flying by some other means: A Brass Vulture will flap to attack them from one of the towers. It is made of brass, with jewelled eyes, and makes a screeching noise as the air rushes through its feathers. It can fly at 30 km/h.

Brass Vulture

STR 26 CON 18 SIZ 36 INT 8 POW 8 DEX 15 HP 42

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Claw	40%	4D6	40%
Peck	35%	3D6	•
Wing buffet	20%	2D6	•

Armour: 12 point metal feathers

On foot: twelve Iron Scorpions will be sent to attack them.

Iron Scorpion

STR 14 CON 24 SIZ 14 INT 5 POW 8 DEX 16 HP 28

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Claw x2	40%	2D6	60%
Stinger	*	1D10 plus poison	

Armour: 10 point metal skin

* If a target is hit by both claws at once, the stinger hits automatically. If it penetrates the target's armour, it injects a paralysing poison which renders the character completely helpless in 1D6 rounds. The effects last for 2D6+30 minutes.

Paralysed characters will be taken back to the Citadel. The scorpions can only carry people whose SIZ is less than their own; others will be dragged a short way and then left behind.

THE EMERALD CITADEL

The Emerald Citadel is carved from the living green rock. It is translucent, and gleams in the perpetual twilight.

The layout of the Citadel can be seen from the plan. The walls are 30 metres high and smooth, and there are three main towers: the wide, twin-towered Gatehouse, the slender Royal Tower and the squat Sleeping Keep. The courtyard is vaulted by a single dome, through which rise the great brass tubes of the Vortex, like those of an ornate pipe-organ. The wind draws deafening chords from the tubes, and inside the Citadel every noise echoes, even the quietest whisper. All *Move Quietly* skills are reduced by 40%.

1. Gatehouse. This is the only way into the Citadel. The towers are reinforced by twisting buttresses, and the 25 metre-high doors stand ajar wide enough to admit men three abreast. Closing the doors requires a combined strength of 105 or more. The towers - 60 metres high - have three floors and a flat roof, and the left tower is surmounted by the beacon.

The beacon can be used as a weapon, with a range of 1 kilometre. Any character with INT 12 or more can work the controls. The beam takes 1 minute to aim and charge, and does 40 points of damage. Untrained users have an INT x 2% chance of hitting their target.

It is possible to train the beam on the Vortex; it will destroy the vaulting over the courtyard, all the energy will be absorbed and the beam will become useless. There is 1D100% chance that the crystal inside the Vortex will be destroyed (see below).

Characters paralysed and captured by the Iron Scorpions will be bound and manacled on the ground floor of the right tower. The Brass Vulture and twelve Iron Scorpions will also be here, if not previously destroyed.

2. Royal Tower. This is a slender, tapering tower 70 metres high, which houses Ziamora's quarters. Each of the five floors is sumptuously appointed. Ziamora confines herself to the fifth floor, where the balcony allows her to stare out over the wastes as she plans her revenge.

When the adventurers arrive, Ziamora will be here preparing for the ritual to release her god.

3. Sleeping Keep. A squat pentagonal keep barely reaching above the walls, this is the tomb of the sleeping Essegraani. The Keep extends 100 metres below ground. Its 33 floors (one every three metres) are no more than balconies, each lined with 80 coffin-like alcoves holding 80

sleeping Essegraani. One, on the lowest level, is empty, as are six on the ground level. A See roll is necessary to notice the 10-metre square stone door in the side facing the Sleeping Keep.

4. Courtyard. This area is featureless, apart from the Vortex at the centre and the apparently randomly-spaced columns, which combine with the uneven light to create unusual areas of shadow.

5. The Vortex. This is a 20-metre cube of seamless green rock, fantastically carved with whirls and spirals. Brass pipes of all sizes rise from the top, fanning out before they pierce the vaulting. As the characters approach the Vortex, a pulsing sound like a beating heart grows stronger and stronger.

Inside the Vortex, at the centre, is a pulsating crystal the size of an elephant, held in place by a score of brass pipes, which hum in time with the crystal's pulse. There is a darkness at the crystal's centre, and any character who makes a See roll can make out the shape of a beating heart.

The Vortex is the apparent prison of Amma-y-Graan. When the characters enter, whispering voices will surround them.

'Welcome, welcome, free me, free me.'

Each character will hear the voices speak successively in every language that he or she knows.

If the characters converse with the Vortex it acts as a Demon of Knowledge, with INT and POW of 99. It will tell them the following story:

'I am Amma-y-Graan, Master of the Vortex, Creator of the Essegraani. Long ago, before men were thoughts in the mind of Chaos, I created the Essegraani here in the Emerald World. They were my children, but the Dukes of Hell toyed with them like playthings. I dared to protect them - I gave them science - but the Lords of Chaos banished me here, with my children in eternal slumber. Now the time is near when we shall be free. And our vengeance shall be terrible.'

There is a whispered chorus of 'Free, free, vengeance, vengeance.'

The Master of the Vortex continues:

'My child Ziamora will release me within the hour. I have taught her the rituals with my remaining strength, and she has the Key of Mirikos whose touch may then free rather than destroy me. Then shall our vengeance begin, and no world shall escape our wrath. Aeons have I chafed in my imprisonment, dreaming of the day when my children shall rule all worlds, and dreading the touch of a Demon-blade which might destroy my prison and doom me for eternity. You are privileged to witness the beginning of our vengeance.'

As Amma-y-Graan has hinted, the crystal may be destroyed by the touch of the Key of Mirikos if the ritual has not been completed, and it may also be destroyed by a Demon weapon of 16 or greater POW, if the wielder can inflict at least 40 points of damage in one blow. Any other weapon striking the crystal is destroyed - even Demon weapons that fail a POW x 1 roll. It is also possible to destroy the crystal using the beacon in the Gatehouse tower, as mentioned above.

If the crystal is destroyed, refer to the section below headed *When the Demon Lord Manifests*.





Ziamora and the Essegraani

The Essegraani are a cruel and noble race, who carry an air of sorrow about them. Those few that have woken from their slumber are acutely aware that they are a fated race. Their sense of humour, if they have one, is limited to black, ironic comments. All Essegraani consider non-Essegraani inferior, and as a consequence, they tend to underestimate their ability.

Ziamora, The Emerald Empress

Ziamora is detailed in *A Heart of Dust, A Hand of Death*. She will be essentially the same, although the gamemaster may re-design her Demons. Any injuries sustained previously will be completely healed.

In the Emerald Citadel, she wears an ornate gold collar and epaulettes, and a pointed crown of gold, set with emeralds.

Ziamora wears the Key of Mirikos round her neck like a pendant. If this seems impossible because of events in a previous adventure, the gamemaster should use this excuse to hint at the dark powers she possesses.

The Essegraani Garrison

Ziamora has managed to revive six other Essegraani to garrison the Citadel. They are based in the Gatehouse, where Irandiora, the garrison commander, and two others will be manning the beacon on the roof. The rest will be on the ground floor, guarding any prisoners. If the expedition has been spotted, one of them will have been sent to warn Ziamora.

The garrison has the Brass Vulture and Iron Scorpions at its disposal, unless they have already been destroyed. These can be controlled by any of the Essegraani. Likewise, all the Essegraani can use the beacon's beam as a weapon with 60% skill.

Four Essegraani are needed to assist Ziamora in the ritual, which takes place inside the Vortex. Once the ritual has begun, the remaining two will guard the entrance to the Vortex with their lives. Ideally, the garrison will capture at least one of the characters to use as a sacrifice in the ritual.

Irاندiorا, Essegraani Garrison Commander

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 17 DEX 15 CHA 18 HP 19

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Scimitar*	66%	1D8+1+4D6	80%
Shield (heater)	30%	1D6+1	60%

Armour: * 21 point Demon half-plate

Skills: Ambush 55%, Dodge 75%, Hide 40%, First Aid 45%, Listen 40%, Search 45%, See 40%, Track 55%.

Summonings: Elementals: Air 96%, Earth 56%; Demons: Possession 98%, Transport 42%.

Irاندiorا is a sorcerer of the second rank. If her Iron Scorpions have captured any characters, she will have summoned a Demon of Possession and bound it to them.

The other five members of the garrison are treated as identical. The GM may vary their statistics slightly if desired.

Essegraani Warrior

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 13 DEX 13 CHA 13 HP 15

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Scimitar*	56%	1D8+1+4D6	65%
Shield (heater)	30%	1D6+1	50%

Armour: * 21 point Demon half-plate

Skills: Ambush 45%, Dodge 55%, Hide 40%, First Aid 45%, Listen 40%, Search 45%, See 40%, Track 45%.

* All the Essegraani have similar Demon weapons and armour with the following statistics.

Demon scimitar

STR 30 CON 15 SIZ 2 DEX 40 POW 8
+3D6 damage, + 10% attack/parry chance

Demon half-plate armour

CON 21 SIZ As wearer POW 8

They all speak, read and write their own language at 100%, and speak Common at 40%.

SUMMONING THE BANISHED GOD

Time Schedule

Once the characters arrive in the Emerald Citadel, they will have three hours at most before Ziamora's ritual. As soon as she realises that they pose a genuine threat - for example, if they manage to kill one of the garrison - she will begin early. The ritual takes 20 minutes to complete.

Organising Events

There are a limited number of strategies open to the adventurers.

1. Direct Assault. In this case, the Essegraani will deploy their Brass Vulture and Iron Scorpions against them, only fighting personally as a last resort. One of the Essegraani will warn Ziamora, and the ritual will begin. Ziamora will dispatch her Demon of Combat, and summon Chaos creatures with her Demon of Desire if need be. The opposition should delay the adventurers just long enough for them to burst into the Vortex as the ritual reaches its conclusion.

2. Stealth. The adventurers decide to sneak in and sabotage the Vortex or disrupt the ritual. They may sneak in, and opt for a direct assault later. Provided they are not noticed approaching, they will not be discovered unless they draw undue attention to themselves. This approach is likely to involve some sorcery; since the scope of possible sorcery is vast, the gamemaster must decide on how it alters the train of events.

3. Long-range. The adventurers use Demons to do the dirty work. Unless they have means of checking, they will not know whether the Demons have succeeded, or even followed their orders. In such a case, assume that Ziamora's ritual succeeds, and at the moment of completion Balo summons them to the Vortex.

4. Imprisoned Characters. The first character captured by the Essegraani will be used as a sacrifice in the summoning, and any others will be taken along, giving Ziamora the opportunity to gloat. They will be gagged and manacled. The first character captured will be possessed by a Demon if Irاندiorا thinks trouble is on the way.

All the Essegraani have one object in mind - to release their god. They will give up their lives without question. If a sacrificial victim is missing, one of the assistants will stab him/herself at the right time. If there are no assistants, Ziamora will sacrifice her own life.

The Summoning

The climax should be played for maximum dramatic impact. Don't be afraid to fudge the timing if necessary. After all, what effort of mere mortals can interfere with a Chaos Lord's enjoyment?

The ritual requires the following: four Essegraani assistants, the Key of Mirikos, the Whispering Codex, and one human or human-like sacrifice. With all these components, the chance of success is 97%. If some elements are missing, Ziamora will go ahead, the chance of success being reduced, as follows:

Each missing assistant	10%
No sacrifice	10%
No Key of Mirikos	90%
No Whispering Codex	20%.

First, the four assistants chant to purify the room. Then, Ziamora reads from the Codex:

*Banished God in crystal Hell
Cursed by jealous Chaos Lords
With blood and Key I break your shell
Come, Amma-y-Graan, to the Emerald World!*

She plunges her dagger into the sacrifice and touches the Key of Mirikos to the Vortex. If all this is done smoothly and without interruption, the being inside will manifest.

If - somehow - the summoning goes wrong, the Vortex will start pulsing erratically. The pipes whistle shrilly as the pulsing becomes brighter and brighter. After 5 combat rounds the crystal explodes. The Demon Lord materialises, absorbing all the energy from the explosion: no-one is harmed by it.

When the Demon Lord Manifests

The Demon Lord manifests whether or not the summoning succeeds. He will call himself Amma-y-Graan, but is in fact Balo, the Jester of Chaos. He can take whatever shape the gamemaster likes, but the more gigantic and loathsome the better.

If Ziamora has successfully summoned him, the Demon Lord will allow her a brief moment of glory before revealing his true identity. Otherwise, he will make a show of terrorizing the mortals, breathing fire, summoning lightning and so on - but harming no-one except in self-defence. He will ask them to give him a reason why he should not destroy them. As they start to speak, he will bellow 'Silence!' The ground shakes, and the characters are thrown to the ground as the building starts to collapse. Everything is obscured by smoke.

Suddenly, the shaking stops. The smoke clears, and the adventurers behold a small Bhudda-like man sitting on a donkey. Balo - for it is he - will express his delight at how well the joke worked, and explain the whole story. He will reward the adventurers for their part in the joke. They may have anything the most powerful Demon of Desire could bring them, but the gifts are bound to be jinxed, as Balo's nature dictates - Demon swords might argue for 1D6 rounds before agreeing to fight, and so on. Balo will also offer to transport them to anywhere they desire in the Young Kingdoms. Where they actually end up is left to the GM.

If Ziamora is still alive when Balo makes his revelation, she will be torn with anguish, cursing the gods of Chaos with all her might. She might even kill herself in despair - that is up to the GM.

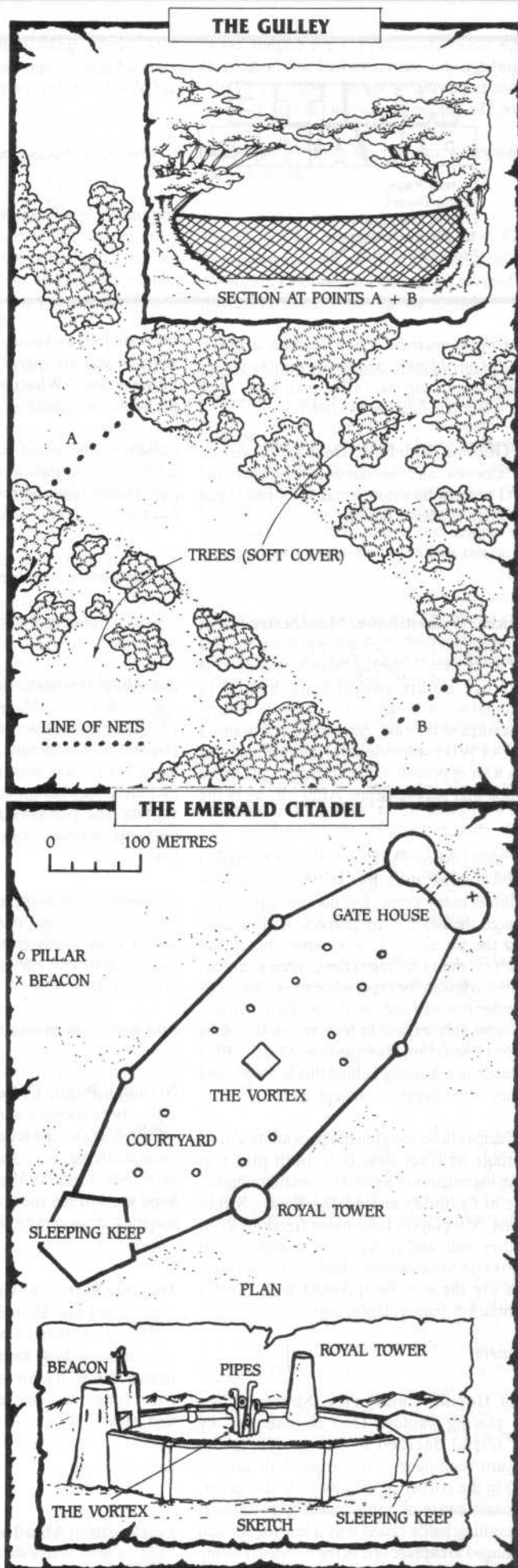
Meldic the Golden and Darsu Dhberac will be outraged that their time has been wasted on a hoax, although Meldic will be more inclined to see the funny side of it. Dhberac will be moody and bitter, especially as Balo will call him 'little man'.

Once Balo has had his joke, he will vanish into thin air. His echoing voice remains briefly:

'The best of it is, the joke is just beginning! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...'

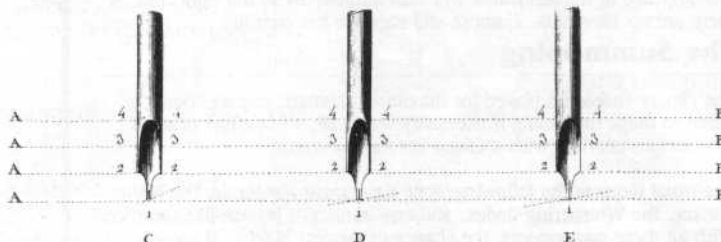
This statement has no meaning, but will probably worry the characters for a little while. This is exactly what Balo wants.

THE END



WHITE DWARF

Letters Page,
White Dwarf,
Enfield Chambers,
16/18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL



I think there must be a new fashion around. Instead of an old coin, people are putting pieces of warpstone inside their Christmas pud. Look at the effect it's had on the letters.

Indy Gestion, Bideford, Devon Ooo sed uz Gobbos can't use chainsers? Look at mine! I can saw up stun'ies real fancy like. I can even twirlz it around me he-

QED.

B Larkin, Wythenshawe, Manchester David Perry (WD95) claims that players may feel as if they're being 'short changed' if experience points awarded are halved to accommodate extra scenarios in *White Dwarf*. This needn't be the case. Sitting around, waiting for GW or WD to provide extra gaming material wastes a lot of potential that already exists in the rulebook and supplements. After all, he is the GM.

I have been GMing *The Enemy Within* campaign for about nine months. In that time I've introduced many extra, but no less important, campaign themes for my players. As this gave rise to the problem of over-experiencing the characters when I followed the guideline given, I decided to lessen the experience scores available by between one half and two thirds. Thus, a player could now only expect to receive 30-40 points in a good session, as opposed to 80-100. I explained the reasoning behind this to the players and they were happy to accept it.

This change allows me greater opportunity to take advantage of finer details in both plot and roleplaying situations, as well as creating a higher degree of flexibility around *The Enemy Within* sessions. My players have more freedom to do what they want and go where they want. If you want to enjoy your gaming, then as the man says, 'Rules are there to be tinkered with.' Don't straightjacket your roleplaying!

Absolutely.

Julian Horne, Camberley, Surrey When playing *Shadows Over Bogenhafen*, my friend decided to pay a visit to the graveyard (complete with temple dedicated to Morr) in the corner of the town. At this point, he became aware of being tailed by two thugs. The resulting battle lasted only a few rounds and he managed to capture one of the heavies. During the interrogation that followed, the player decided to take advantage of his situation. Soon, every

question followed along the lines of, 'How many morr of you are there?' and 'How much morr do you know?' What could I do but pour on the points for originality.

Julian, you were had. Does your friend play an Embezzler? Sounds to me as though he had a pun-fixation planned from the start. Get your own back immediately - take him to Middenheim.

Stefan Becker, Altdorf Yes it really exists!

I said, 'Middenheim.'

Jonathan Herbert, Berkhamsted, Herts In addition to *Marginalia*, why not expand the Mail Order section to include *all* new releases for the month; giving no opinions, just a few lines to say what each product is, what it includes, and how much it costs? This would replace the primary function of *Open Box* perfectly, without opening you up to claims of bias.

Expanding them might not be the answer (we only see a limited supply of new items each month), but we're certainly going to try and get over as much pertinent information about as many products as possible.

And now, high praise for a hippy...

Nicholas Pugh, Cullompton, Devon We've been seeing a fair amount of *Warhammer* 40,000 in the recent pages of 'Eavy Metal'. I was really astounded to see the superb dragons in WD96. Mike McVey's work was brilliant. I hope we will see more of his work - especially the rock dragon with the fallen adventurer.

Dominic Sutton, Owmbly The dragons - what can I say? Best 'Eavy Metal yet. Brilliant idea to detail a new range of models and give tips on how to paint them. It's almost irresistible to try for yourself. Liked the Bar-room brawl, too. We're going to have fun with that one.

Dive in there!

Freek, Elton, Aberdeen A scenario is made of a plot, and how players deal with that, not what numbers are attached to it. Just about every adventure I've seen in *White Dwarf* (design

dependent adventures excepted) could be converted to any comparable RPG. It takes a little imagination.

This is where I start to get worried...

Bugman, Hove, Sussex Tell me, how are we Dwarfs supposed to move quickly on the battlefield? It's hard to explain but -

Gobbos and Orcs got boars
Humans and Elves got horses
Slann and Dark Elves got cold ones
Dwarfs got none in their forces.

With Space Marines and jet-bikes
Us Squats are out for the count
So get your slimy trolls to work
And make us Dwarfs a mount!

I see. What would you like - a little pony? Anyway, with such stirring marches, what self-respecting Dwarf would want to ride?

Daniel Byles, Chipping Norton I thought that *The Valley of Death* (WD97) was brilliant, despite the number of miniatures involved. However, could you tailor some future scenarios for fewer figures?

Obviously, with Warhammer Battle III being published, we wanted to give you an epic battle to complement the smaller scale introductory game in the rulebook. That way, both new and old Warhammer players would have something to get their teeth into.

However, battles of that size are not representative of the game's coverage. We will be presenting battles for armies, or army types, of various sizes.

Steve Jackson, Stoke-on-Trent Re: *Stormbringer*. Thanks for bringing this excellent game out in its new format. One request: will all concerned with the game (and your recent campaign) read *King of Swords* in the Corum series and discover their mistake regarding the spelling of Mabelode. Everytime I see the phantom 'R' I feel like having a warp spasm. Don't do it!

Copies are being distributed now and the warp-forecast looks good.

Stefan Becker, Altdorf It's a village near Landshut in Bavaria.



Okay, we believe you.

B Larkin One more thing, could you please elaborate on the encumbrance values given in the trading rules of *Death on the Reik*, particularly the ratio of goods encumbrance to goods actual weight, and what size/bulk units are sold in? My poor NPC merchants don't know their encumbrance points of wheat from their tons of ore!

It isn't really convenient to talk of a direct ratio between encumbrance points and weight. Encumbrance is an expression of bulk rather than weight. A rule of thumb, should you need one, works out at approximately 10 encumbrance points to the pound.

Cargo is sold in multiples of 5D10 enc x the Trade Sales Constant (Gazetteer) rounded to the nearest 100 enc. This amount must then be multiplied by the Volume Modifier from the Cargo Table.

Kevin O'Leary, Littleover, Derby And finally we come to the letters page. What a bore! You must agree that it has become a rather tedious read lately and you yourself have hinted that you would like more controversial letters to be sent in.

For example, the letters from Robin Clarke and Robert Holsman (WD97) could have easily been saved for *On the Boil* couldn't they? After all, that's what it's there for. Or is there only room for experienced GW gamers?

Controversy was not what I was hinting at. When I first glanced through the WD letters file, the vast majority of missives were either complimentary but bland ('I think your mag/ game/ supplement/ figure/ haircut is brill'), or unconstructively critical ('I think everything published by GW is waffle, and I hate your staff's haircuts'). I expected better from people who (theoretically) spend so much time using their imaginations.

As for the two readers' queries you refer to, and their possible relation to On the Boil, I agree. With hindsight, that would have been a better place for them. In fact Graeme Davis (the column editor) is currently running a short series of questions and answers related to specific game themes. But if a query doesn't easily fit into one of these, we still have the flexibility to deal with it in the letters pages.

The 'experienced GW gamers' were only helping the column get off the ground. The column is yours and I'll fend anybody off at this end, who tries to steal it, okay?

James Tapper, London On the subject of songs. I've been tossing around with ideas of that nature for a while, but there are plenty of songs which can be easily adapted for, or are

already usable in a fantasy game world. Take Sting's *Sister Moon* for example. It tells the story of a lycanthrope. Don't tell me you don't like Sting.

'My lips are sealed,' he said ventriloquially.

Daniel O'Sullivan, London By the time you read this, the pride of my Skaven army will be dead on the battlefield, crushed by the Dwarfs, Wood Elves and Empire troops. Do you know why? Because you have neglected the rights of the Rodent.

First, when we were preparing for this battle, I drew up in my lists a unit of Clan Slinger Skaven, and several Clan Eshin assassins, as detailed in *Ravens Hordes*, and waited for the desired miniatures to 'hit the streets'. The battle is only a few days away and without the miniatures, the rats are dead meat! Where are they?

After those ravings, a general note on Skaven models. I am deeply disturbed by the lack of Skaven machineries of destruction. How else are we supposed to counter Elven chariots, Imperial cannon or even Dwarf mangonels? Given Clan Skyre's recent experiments with gunpowder (ie the arquebus held by the Skaven leader in your Command Group advert, and the pistol carried by the horned Fire Thrower commander), I would have thought that a Skaven cannon or organ gun along the lines of the Goblinoid 'Lead Belcher' would be a natural progression. The Clan Moulder Beastmasters in *Ravens Hordes* have not yet arrived, and I won't mention the Plague Censers...

How about a bazooka and petard set? With the new plastic Skaven, I don't have to worry about rank and file troops, but I would appreciate a boxed set of things that go BANG! in the night.

If any enemy generals are reading this - a pox on the Wandsworth Wood Elves, Islington Imperials and North London Norse Dwarfs! Long live the West Ham Warped Wodents, otherwise known as Danny's Dirty Rats.

Richard Halliwell replies: We do make a Slinger model and you could use a personality model for an assassin. Machineries aren't used by Skaven because they simply wouldn't fit in their tunnels. The Skaven would lose many of their advantages if they began transporting equipment across open ground.

Plague Censers are due to be released shortly but a 'bazooka and petard' set is not planned. We want to avoid duplication and such a set would simply be a copy of the Chaos Dwarfs.

By the way, if you're worried about losing, use an oblique line, putting your best troops into the leading edge.

Ben Reed, Ellesmere, Shropshire I really enjoyed reading Robert Luke's letter (WD96). I think a free dummy in each issue is a great idea. You could have Thrud and

Gook shaped ones, Spittledung XXXXX and Bugman's brew flavoured ones, tiny snottling ones - the list is endless. People would collect and swap them. It would really start people off young.

By the way, are there any plans for a *Blood Royale* expansion set?

You should be careful what you wish for. An expansion set isn't currently planned, but Paul Cockburn has been stocking up on ink and quills for a future article on Blood Royale.

Jeremy Scott-Joynt, Stoke-on-Trent Over the past few years, I (and many other gamers) have noticed a welcome trend in RPGs. We're heading away from 'hack and slay' gaming - where the game was just a sophisticated skirmish wargame, and the ultimate encounter was a red dragon who fought until it bought it - towards interaction between an alter ego and its imaginary environment through other means than by hitting it. This is shown by the evolution of the combat system in modern games from being the be-all and end-all to becoming only one part of the overall picture.

Without wanting to crawl, I think that **WFRP** with *The Enemy Within* campaign, as well as recent WDs, have been better than most with regard to this. But the point of this long-winded introduction is this: don't let it slip. Please keep up the standard of such recent gems as *Rough Night at the Three Feathers*, and that masterpiece of characterisation *Tauréfanto* in WD 87, and don't encourage 'five Orcs in a room' roleplaying.

I know that simulation of (for instance) combat in other eras can be loosely classed as Roleplaying, but for me the roleplaying is the manipulation of a personality, not just a sword with a body attached as an afterthought.

Thankyou for the kind words. Whether we 'let the standard slip' is often a matter of heated discussion among readers (and ourselves), but I certainly hope that the 'five Orcs in a room' approach is never perceived in anything GW does.

You're right, we are adopting new trends in our gaming style. There's no satisfaction in clobbering a Goblin when you have the opportunity to convince it that it's leading a miserable life with absolutely no future whatsoever, and would probably be doing everyone a big favour if it just got out of the way and took up knitting instead of guarding that doorway.

Otherwise you'd just have to clobber it!

This month's weirdness experienced by Sean Masterson.

ON THE BOIL

TAKE THAT, MUTANT SCUM!

This month's *On the Boil* is all about combat. How to do it to them before they do it to you.

To start with, we have the first instalment in a short but hopefully useful series - **WFRP** questions and answers, gleaned from the letters that You Lot Out There have sent in to us over the last year or thereabouts, and the answers our chained scribes penned to your rules queries. Future topics for discussion include magic, characters and advancement, the Old World and The Empire, and more!

But on with the martial theme. First we present Vinay Gupta's small but exquisitely formed system for minor critical hits, which should have you thinking more than the usual twice before waving swords about. And finally, there's a full set of critical effect tables for bows and crossbows, which *twannggg-whoosh-thunnked* in from Paul Parsons.

And so, in the immortal words of Ogrudd Skullcrumper of the Splintered Rib Orcs:

'Wotcher waitin' fer? Gerrin there an' rip 'em!'

WFRP Questions and Answers

Darren Brooks, Aylesbury Why isn't it possible to wear a pair of vambraces over mail sleeves (as in a sleeved mail shirt/coat) when it is possible to wear breast and back plate over mail?

Wearing a breast and back over a mail coat doesn't have much effect on the movement of your torso, but wearing vambraces over chain mail sleeves would be fairly cumbersome and restrict your movement too much to justify the extra protection it gives. Having said all that, one thing we've stressed throughout the rules is that the GM is free to change anything he/she doesn't like - so by all means allow people to have mail sleeves plus vambraces if you want, but I'd suggest giving a penalty on *I* and possibly *Dex* to those who do so.

Darren Brooks Could you please define a full suit of plate armour as worn by Templars and Witch-Hunters?

Breastplate, plate arm bracer, plate leggings, and helmet, giving 1 Armour Point on each body location. Chainmail can be added if desired, subject to the rules on *WFRP* p 121 and the point I've already covered about vambraces over mail sleeves.

David Foo, Victoria, Australia Why is the armour system different to that in *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, and how do you convert between the two?

WFRP deals with things on a different scale to *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, so the armour systems have had to differ between the two games. There isn't any calculation to convert from *WFB* armour saving throw to *WFRP* armour points, but in most cases it should be easy enough to work out from scratch. Monsters with tough hides may be a little trickier, but in most cases they only have 1 AP, which you can convert roughly to an armour saving throw of 6.

Richard Salsbury, Portsmouth What are the prices for a leather jerkin, leather coif, leather greaves and leather sleeves?

The only types of leather armour in the rulebook are coif, jacket and jerkin; you can make up your own stats for leather greaves etc, if you want to use them in your own games. A leather jerkin is 40GCs, Enc 40, Avail Common, and a leather coif is 10GCs, Enc 10, Avail Common.

Dale Sedgewick, Keighley I think that having one or two Armour Points is not enough - for example, you could have a variation from bare (0 AP) to plate (5 AP). Leather, scale and mail could go between them, each with a different cost and encumbrance.

Remember, damage is reduced by a character's *T* score as well as by armour, so that a *T* 4 character wearing 5 AP will be like a tank - every hit is reduced by 9 points, and even a Dragon will have a hard time making a dent! And when you start thinking about magical plate armour it becomes too horrible to contemplate. Combat in *WFRP* is dangerous, but it's meant to be, so that characters will at least think about non-violent solutions to problems.

Richard Salsbury What are the prices for bolt throwers, stone throwers and bombardors?

These will almost always be out of the PCs' reach. If anyone goes around with a bombard or a stone thrower or whatever, the military will become very interested in them - a bit like someone today wanting to buy a tank.

Artillerist or Gunner characters will have to spend some time in military service as part of their training, and they might end up forming their own mercenary artillery unit with weapons that they own, but these things will be horribly expensive and very hard to come by. The character will have to be well in with the military authorities, have proved him/herself as a mercenary, and have the necessary political clout to get round any objections - and even then the weapons will cost as much as you can get out of the character.

Aside from the cost of the weapon itself, there will be a fair amount in bribes and 'administration charges' to take care of. Let the character try to get hold of a heavy weapon, and then keep him/her tied up for weeks in red tape, having to bribe all sorts of people, and once the money has just about run out, announce that the weapon itself will cost two or three thousand crowns. If the party does get hold of a heavy weapon, they will be a target for every kind of bandit and outlaw once the word gets out, since there are a lot of people who could put an illicit heavy weapon to good use.

Matthew Norton, California Can you take-up (like drawing a sword, but not fishing around in a backpack) and move in the same round?

This is really up to you. On *WFRP* p 116, we give you the option to allow instant take-up if you like, in which case take-up doesn't count as an action. You can compromise by saying that characters can take-up and move in a round, but if they move their full movement allowance after taking up, then they may not attack at the end of the round, or they attack last. Basically, if you're the GM, run things the way you feel happiest with, according to the circumstances. Of course, rummaging through a backpack takes a little longer, and may take up a full round. Judge what a character can do in ten seconds.

Matthew Norton Can a character attempt to both dodge and parry the same blow in the same round?

Up to you. I generally allow dodging and parrying in the same round if a character has the relevant skill and it's a tough fight. If you want to make it more difficult, you might rule that a character can only dodge and parry if he has a higher *I* than his opponent. Or, if the opponent has more than one attack, divide the character's responses - dodge one blow, parry the other.

James Lowne, Ipswich Can you parry with a left-hand dagger and attack with a right-hand weapon, but still attack next round?

If you have Specialist Weapon - Parrying Weapon skill, you can have one free parry with your parrying weapon per round without losing an attack; if you want to parry again in that round, you lose one attack for each further parry, as explained on *WFRP* p 118. This isn't what it says in the rulebook, but as the rules stand a left-hand weapon isn't worth having! Characters without a left-hand weapon and the appropriate skill exchange their next attack for a parry. If your *I* is higher than your opponent's, you attack normally this round, then your opponent attacks, and you swap your first attack of next round for your parry; if your opponent's *I* is higher, you lose your attack this round, since your opponent's attack has come first.

Darren Yeats, Gibraltar On the weapons table, flails are given parrying adjustments, but they are not mentioned as suitable weapons in the parrying section. Which weapons, if any, cannot parry?

You can parry with a long-handled flail, so it should be in the list on *WFRP* p 118. You can't parry with a short-handled flail, or with a flail which doesn't have a handle (like the one the Ogre is using on the book cover). Weapons which cannot parry are: missile weapons (except javelins, spears, throwing knives and axes - these count as their hand-held equivalents), halberds and other long polearms (lances can be used to parry from horseback), and fist weapons (although at your option a character with a mailed fist may parry, a successful parry indicating that he/she has been hit on the mailed fist and takes normal damage on that location). Also, the list of weapons suitable for parrying should read 'One and two-handed swords, maces and axes'.

Roger Dubar, Glasgow In combat, what is the penalty applied for characters specifically aiming for one hit location?

There is no system for this at present; we may do one in the future if we feel the need for it, but feel free to invent a system for your own games if you need one.

Roger Dubar What bonus to BS should be given for characters who spend an extra round aiming?

There is no bonus for spending an extra round aiming, although a character may be required to do so under certain circumstances (see *WFRP* p 129).

Roger Dubar Can ambidextrous characters attack with two weapons held in different hands if they have more than one attack?

An ambidextrous character can hold a weapon in either hand, or both, and attack with two weapons in different hands if he has 2 A or more, provided: 1. both weapons are one-handed; 2. he doesn't have a shield on a weapon arm.



Julio Maher, Manchester Why does Harbull get a sling and Werner get a throwing axe in *The Enemy Within* when they can't use them?

Oops. This has actually thrown up two errors - Harbull should have Specialist Weapon - Sling on his character sheet in both *Enemy* and *Shadows*. On *WFRP* p 17, the paragraph on Halfling mandatory skills should include Specialist Weapon - Sling as a second-rank mandatory skill along with Herb Lore and Silent Move Rural. As for Werner, he can fight with his axes normally, but when throwing them he has a BS of 10 until he picks up Specialist Weapon - Throwing Weapon skill.

Julio Maher Is firing into a melee allowed?

Sure, you can fire into a melee. You have a chance of hitting one of your friends, though. Treat the melee as a group (*WFRP* p 126). If the BS roll is failed, but is still less than twice the firing character's BS, then one creature in the group (including the intended target) has been hit. Determine which one randomly.

Julio Maher What does the minimum range of a target have to be when firing a missile weapon?

Up to you. You can either say that you can't fire at someone who is close enough to engage you in hand-to-hand combat, or you can say that you can do so, but must spend the next round changing weapons, in which case you can only dodge for that round.

Julio Maher Say, for example, PC1 is fighting Mutant 1 (with one attack). In the meantime, PC2 sneaks up behind Mutant 1 and tries in all earnest to slice the baddie in two. What advantages does he get? Would PC2 get the same advantages if he was blatant about this approach?

Good question. If the Mutant has a chance to know that there is a PC behind him (ie the character has sidled round behind rather than suddenly approached from that direction), he has the chance to turn and back off so that both characters are to his front - this means that PC1 gets a free hit at him, but it's worth it in the long run. If the Mutant is surprised by an attack from behind, then he counts as prone/static for the first blow (automatic hit, double damage). Thereafter, as you might imagine, he is aware of the second assailant and may turn and back, giving each opponent a free attack against him but getting both of them into his front quadrant. If there isn't room to back off, the Mutant has problems, but then the PC also has problems getting behind it. Of course, exceptionally stupid creatures (like Trolls) might not exercise the option to turn and back, or might have to make an Int test to think of it - that's up to you as the GM.

Julio Maher Later, PCs 1 and 2 are wandering happily along when they are confronted by Mutant 2 (with one attack). Is M2 counted as fighting only one PC? Will the other get advantages because he is not being attacked?

PC2 gets no bonuses for attacking the front of the Mutant - the Mutant can defend against both, but having 1 attack can only parry one attack per round. PC2 can try to work round behind the Mutant while PC1 is engaging it from the front, of course.

T S Harding, Bristol On some results on the Critical Effects Tables (*WFRP* p 122-124) you can lose so many W per round. But how can this be so if the only way you can get to roll on these tables is if you have no W left?

As it says on page 122, a character's W score resets to zero at the beginning of a round. So if the character is losing 1 W per round, he/she must roll for a +1 Critical on the Sudden Death Critical Hit Table (p 125) every round until medical attention is received. Where a character loses D4 W per round, roll a D4 each round and roll on the appropriate column of the Sudden Death table each round until medical attention is received.

Aidan O Lynn, Larne I think that a few more critical hits should be invented, eg grappling critical, electricity critical, impact critical etc.

Obviously, we only had so much space in the book for critical hit systems, and so we concentrated on weapon criticals - which we thought were most important - and relied on the Sudden Death Critical system for circumstances where the weapon critical system couldn't be used. As you say, this is an area of the combat and damage system which could benefit from a bit of expansion, and indeed we have a set of bow and crossbow critical effects charts in this very column. As with every other aspect of the *WFRP* rules, if you have some good ideas, why not write them up and send them in?

In fact, why not write in to *On the Boil* with any rules additions you may have? If you've discovered a problem in the rules, and have come up with a neat way round it, let us know. The best of your ideas will be published in these very pages! It's your game as much as ours, so go to it! Ed.

Minor Critical Hits

by Vinay Gupta

This addition to the *WFRP* combat rules should make combat a little more interesting (or lethal).

The idea is simple. Wouldn't it be nice to do critical damage *before* wearing away all those tiresome W points? It would? Read on...

When you make a successful WS/BS test to hit, and roll the D6 for damage, and get a 6, you can opt for additional damage, as stated on page 122 of the rulebook, by rolling to hit again. If you succeed, you roll the D6 for damage again, and keep going until you roll anything other than a 6.

But you knew all that already.

To use the minor critical system, proceed as normal up to the second roll to hit. If this succeeds, roll the D6, add your S, subtract the victim's T and armour, just as if you were calculating damage. But you don't subtract this number from the victim's W score; instead, you look it up on the appropriate Critical Hit Table (*WFRP* pp 122-124). The victim loses no W points from your blow, but *does* suffer the critical effect you have generated, and *does* take any special damage indicated in the critical effect description.

The location will normally be the one indicated by the second 'to hit' roll, but characters with *Strike to Injure* skill may 'swing' the result, and may choose which location to use: the one indicated by the first roll, the one indicated by the second roll, or the one indicated by the 'swung' roll. Beware of this rule - it makes *Strike to Injure* one of the most powerful combat skills to have, and generally makes sudden death a lot more likely. If you find it unbalances the game, you could use a T test or a W x 5% test to avoid the critical effect.

An interesting and neat idea to speed up combat. It does make things nastier, though, so you might want to keep this variant away from the bad guys. I'm not sure about the variant hit location rule, though, with characters with *Strike to Injure* skill having their choice of three places to land the blow - personally, I'd keep the critical in the location indicated by the first WS roll. Characters with *Strike to Injure* could still modify the location from that roll should they want to.



Critical Hits for Arrows and Crossbow Bolts in WFRP

By Paul Parsons

The critical hits tables in the **WFRP** rulebook, with a slight bit of adaptation here and there, are suitable for most weapon types. However, when it comes to missile attacks, critical hits are rolled on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*, giving the simple result of either dead or alive. This leaves no room for epic scenes such as unarmed, pincushioned survivors crawling around on all fours in their own blood! GMs can, of course, use the existing detailed critical hit system for missile attacks, but this often throws up ludicrous results; the broad-headed arrow is one thing, but people getting 'shot in half' is just a fraction unrealistic.

So here is a set of detailed critical hit results for arrows and crossbow bolts. They're compatible with the **WFRP's** *Critical Hit Chart* (p 122). These charts should be used instead of the *Critical Effects* charts in the rulebook when dealing with bow and crossbow hits. The 'technical' results of the critical hits remain as close as possible to those for hand-to-hand weapons; only the descriptions of the hits have been altered.

ARM

- 1 Your shot nicks the back of the hand slightly, causing your target to drop anything held in it.
- 2 Your shot opens a cut on your target's hand, causing no serious damage but forcing anything held in the hand to be dropped.
- 3 Your shot strikes your target's hand, causing a superficial flesh wound. Any object held in the hand is dropped and the hand is incapacitated for the next round only.
- 4 Your shot strikes your target's hand, penetrating it severely. Anything held in the hand is dropped and the hand is incapacitated until medical attention is received.
- 5 Your shot strikes your target's hand, cutting several tendons. Anything held in the hand is dropped and the hand is incapacitated until medical attention is received.
- 6 Your shot strikes your target's arm, grazing the bone and severing nerves. The arm is incapacitated for D6 rounds, due to extreme pain.
- 7 Your shot tears into your target's shoulder, ripping the ligament. The arm is incapacitated until medical attention is received.
- 8 Your shot penetrates your target's arm totally, tearing its way through the muscle. Anything held in the hand is dropped, and the arm is incapacitated until medical attention is received.
- 9 Your shot strikes your target's forearm, smashing the bone. Anything held in the hand is dropped and the arm below the elbow is incapacitated until medical attention is received.
- 10 Your shot strikes your target's upper arm, embedding itself in the bicep. Anything held in the hand is dropped and the arm is incapacitated until medical attention is received.
- 11 Your target lets out a scream as your shot neatly removes D4 fingers. Anything held in the hand is dropped (along with the fingers). The target loses 1 *Wound* per round through blood loss until medical attention is received. Roll all further criticals on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.
- 12 Your shot penetrates the wrist. Blood sprays up your target's arm as multiple arteries and veins are severed. Anything held in the hand is dropped and your target falls to the ground unconscious, losing D4 *Wounds* per round until medical attention is received. Roll all further criticals on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.
- 13 Your shot strikes the elbow, shattering the bone and driving splinters through several arteries. Your target collapses and may do nothing until medical attention is received. Also, D4 *Wounds* are lost per round due to bleeding and all further criticals are rolled on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.

14 Your shot sinks deep into your target's shoulder, shattering bones and rupturing blood vessels. Your target collapses and may do nothing until medical attention is received. D6 *Wounds* are lost per round, and all further criticals are rolled on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.

15 Your shot strikes a major blood vessel, and your target collapses to the ground. Death from shock and blood loss is almost instantaneous.

16 Your shot strikes the side of the shoulder, ripping its way through the muscle and embedding itself in the neck, drenching your target in blood. Death from shock and blood loss is almost instantaneous.

HEAD

- 1 Your target attempts to evade your shot, avoiding serious damage, but resulting in the loss of an ear. Your target may make no attacks next round, but may parry. Following that, combat proceeds as normal.
- 2 Your shot whistles past your target's neck, opening a gash on the side of it. Your target is stunned and may do nothing next round except parry.
- 3 Your shot takes the skin off one of your target's cheeks. Your target may do nothing except parry for D4 rounds.
- 4 Your shot strikes the top of the head and glances off the skull. Your target is dazed and may do nothing at all next round.
- 5 Your shot glances off your target's temple. Your target is dazed and may do nothing at all for the next D4 rounds.
- 6 Your shot penetrates one of your target's cheeks, entering behind the corner of the mouth and exiting in front of the ear. Your target counts as *prone* for the next round, and may do nothing except parry for a further D4 rounds.
- 7 Your shot penetrates the nose, tearing through both nostrils and embedding itself half-way through. As well as impeding your target's sense of smell somewhat, the pain and obstruction to vision gives your target a -10 modifier to all 'to hit' rolls until medical attention is received.
- 8 Your shot neatly skewers both your target's cheeks, shattering teeth and splitting gums on the way. Your target may do nothing except parry for the next round, following which your target attacks at -10 'to hit' until medical attention is received.
- 9 Your shot catches the bridge of the nose, ploughs through and slices open the front of one of your target's eyes, destroying it totally. Your target may do nothing next round and attacks at -10 'to hit' until medical attention is received. Any sight-related skills are lost (including *Night Vision*), and **BS** is reduced by 20%, to a minimum of 5.
- 10 Your shot smashes through your target's front teeth at an angle and slices through the jawbone beneath the ear. Your target falls to the ground unconscious and may do nothing for D4 hours or until medical attention is received, whichever is shorter.
- 11 Your shot strikes your target's forehead, fracturing the bone and driving it inwards towards the brain. Your target falls unconscious and may do nothing for D10 hours or until medical attention is received. Also, your target must test against *Toughness* or forfeit 10 points from all percentile characteristics as a result of permanent brain damage.
- 12 Your shot severs the carotid artery and blood sprays across a wide area. Your target falls to the ground and will die in D4 rounds unless medical attention is received.
- 13 Your shot strikes square on to the nose, ripping its way through to penetrate the outer area of the brain. Your target falls to the ground and will die in D6 rounds unless medical attention is obtained. Additionally, your target must test against *Toughness* or lose 10 points from all percentile characteristics due to permanent brain damage.
- 14 Your shot lands in the neck, embedding itself half-way through. Your target collapses, gurgles and then dies.
- 15 Your shot penetrates one of your target's eyes, impaling the brain. Death is instantaneous.

- 16 Your shot lands straight between your target's eyes - the brain doesn't have a chance. Death is instantaneous.

BODY

- 1 Your target loses balance in an attempt to avoid your shot, which scrapes across your target's chest. Your target may do nothing except parry next round while regaining balance.
- 2 Your shot lands in the groin, causing your target a great deal of pain. Your target may do nothing for the whole of the next round.
- 3 Your shot penetrates the right side of the chest, grazing the bone. Your target falls to the ground and may do nothing except parry for the next D4 rounds.
- 4 Your shot sinks deep into the groin. Your target falls to the ground in agony, dropping anything hand-held and is not able to do anything except parry with a shield (if he/she has one) for the next D4 rounds while staggering upright.
- 5 Your shot smashes through the chest just below the shoulder, sending your target sprawling to the ground. Your target is stunned for D4 rounds and may do nothing except parry while clambering upright.
- 6 Your shot cracks a rib and sinks into the stomach, breaking a rib. Your target attacks at -10 to 'to hit' until medical attention is received.
- 7 Your shot strikes your target's collar-bone, fracturing it. The sheer agony reduces all characteristics by 1 or 10 points as appropriate until medical attention is obtained.
- 8 Your shot lodges itself between the bones of your target's hip joint. All characteristics are reduced by 1 or 10 points as appropriate and movement allowance is reduced by half until medical attention is received.
- 9 Your shot embeds itself in your target's abdomen with a satisfying *thunk*. Your target loses consciousness and collapses to the ground, losing 1 *Wound* per round from internal bleeding until medical attention is received.
- 10 Your shot punctures a lung. Your target falls unconscious, losing D4 *Wounds* per round until medical attention is received. Even following this, your target will be totally incapacitated for at least 10 weeks and permanently loses 1 point of *Toughness*.
- 11 Your shot rips its way through your target's abdomen, severely damaging several internal organs. Your target collapses in agony, only able to parry. Also a test against *Toughness* must be made each round in order to remain conscious.
- 12 Your shot strikes your target's spine, squeezing between the vertebrae to the spinal cord. Your target falls to the ground, may do nothing at all until medical attention is received and must test against *Toughness* or be permanently paralysed from the waist down.
- 13 Your shot fractures the target's spine, lodging itself half-way through. Your target collapses, only able to parry. All characteristics are halved until a full recovery is made and D4 *Wounds* are lost per round due to internal bleeding until internal medical attention is received. It takes 10 weeks for a full recovery to be made. Until then all skills involving movement are lost.
- 14 Your shot sinks into the target's stomach with devastating results. Your target collapses, coughing up blood and reeling in spasms. Death is almost instantaneous.
- 15 Your shot totally destroys several of the vertebrae in your target's upper spine. The neck sags dangerously, and then here is a *snap*. Death is almost instantaneous.
- 16 Your shot penetrates your target's heart, causing it to cease functioning instantly, along with its owner.

LEG

- 1 Your shot slices across the back of the calf, making your target stumble and drop any hand-held object unless a test against *Dexterity* is passed.

- 2 Your target trips over while attempting to avoid your shot, and may only parry in the next round.
- 3 Your shot lands in the thigh, causing your target to lose balance and fall to the ground. Any hand-held objects are dropped unless a *Dexterity* test is passed, and your target may only parry for the next D4 rounds while clambering back upright.
- 4 Your shot bites into the leg with some force. Your target's *Movement* and *Initiative* scores are halved for D4 rounds while hopping around in agony.

- 5 Your shot severs the tendons in your target's ankle, incapacitating it. *Movement* and *Initiative* are halved until medical attention is obtained and your target must make an *Initiative* test or fall down (see 3 above).
- 6 Your shot shatters your target's kneecap. *Movement* and *Initiative* are halved until medical attention is received. Your target must also test against *Initiative* or go down (see 3 above).
- 7 Your shot splinters the bones in the shin. Your target falls to the ground (see 3 above).
- 8 Your shot cuts deeply into the leg, tearing through the muscle and grazing the bone to emerge on the opposite side. Your target collapses (as 3 above) and loses 1 *Wound* per round until medical attention is received. Roll any further criticals on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.
- 9 Your shot sinks painfully into the thigh, severing an artery. Your target is knocked down (as for number 3) and may not get up until a successful *Initiative* test is made. Also, your target constantly loses 1 *Wound* per round until medical attention is received. All further criticals are rolled on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.
- 10 Your shot rips its way through the leg, severing several arteries. Your target crashes to the ground (as 3 above) and automatically drops anything hand-held. D4 *Wounds* are lost per round until medical attention is received and all further criticals are rolled on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*. Your target may only stand or walk if supported by at least one other character.
- 11 Your shot completely destroys the ankle, and your target collapses unconscious, losing D4 *Wounds* per round until medical attention is received. Roll all further criticals on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.
- 12 Your shot crunches through your target's kneecap and out the other side, wrecking the knee. Your target falls to the ground and may do nothing at all until medical attention is received, until then D4 *Wounds* are lost per round. All further criticals are rolled on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.
- 13 Your shot lodges itself in your target's pelvis. Your target collapses, only able to parry. All characteristics are halved until a full recovery is made. D4 *Wounds* are lost per round due to internal bleeding until medical attention is received. It takes 10 weeks for a full recovery to be made, and until then all skills involving movement are lost.
- 14 Your shot slices through your target's hip joint. Your target collapses and may not do anything until medical attention is received, and D6 *Wounds* are lost per round. Roll all further criticals on the *Sudden Death Critical Chart*.
- 15 Your shot strikes a major blood vessel in the leg. Blood splatters everywhere and your target collapses to the ground. Death from shock and blood loss is almost instantaneous.
- 16 Your shot strikes your target's upper leg, grazing the pelvis and carrying on into the abdomen to cause terminal damage to several internal organs. Your target dies instantaneously from shock and blood loss.

Compiled and edited by Graeme Davis.

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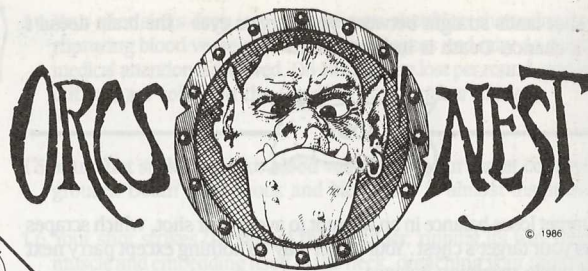
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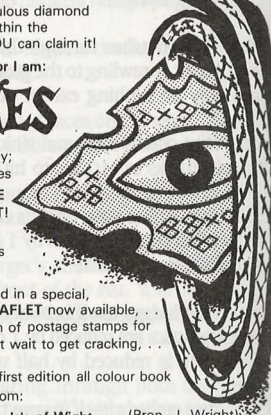
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