

# WHITE DWARF



War on a new scale...

# WARMASTER

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GAMES WORKSHOP



# WHITE DWARF



## THE STORMING OF BEL ALIAD

COVER

By Geoff Taylor.

## GAMES WORKSHOP NEWS

2

What's new at Games Workshop.

## GAMES DAY REVIEW

47

We take a look at last millennium's biggest gaming event – Games Day & Golden Demon 1999.

## GAMES WORKSHOP STORES

82

What's going on at your local Games Workshop store.

## WARHAMMER WORLD

94

Last few tickets still available for the Citadel Open Day! Plus tickets available now for the second Warhammer 40,000 mega campaign weekend!

## MAIL ORDER

127

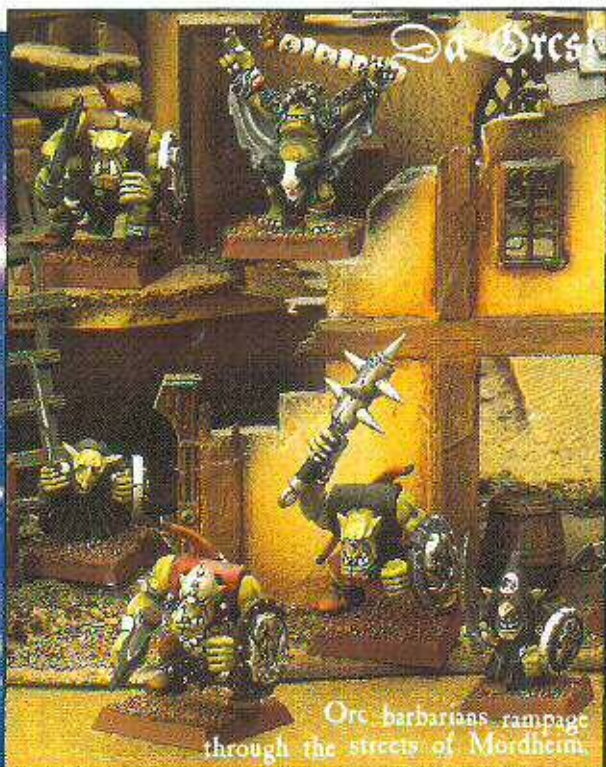
All the new releases and a fantastic Warmaster army deal. Check out what the Trolls have come up with this month!

# MORDHEIM

## Hear ye! Hear ye! Town Crier

published within

Dark tales abound of the foul Possessed warband known as the Hands of Fate. Rumours of foul Orc barbarians spotted in our streets. Warbands from all over the old world plunder our city and new freelancers hire out their services.



Orc barbarians rampage through the streets of Mordheim.

# WARHAMMER

## VENGEANCE OF THE VAMPIRE 28

A closer look at last year's titanic Games Day display.

## THE QUEST FOR THE INVINCIBLE ARMY

92

Alessio Cavatore issues the challenge – can you come up with the Invincible army?

## WARHAMMER CHRONICLES

104

What does your general get up to the night before the battle? Nigel Stillman presents a few ideas to liven up your games of Warhammer.



# WARHAMMER 40,000

## IMPERIAL GUARD SENTINELS 24

The new Imperial Guard Sentinel ready for active service.

## SIREN SONG 38

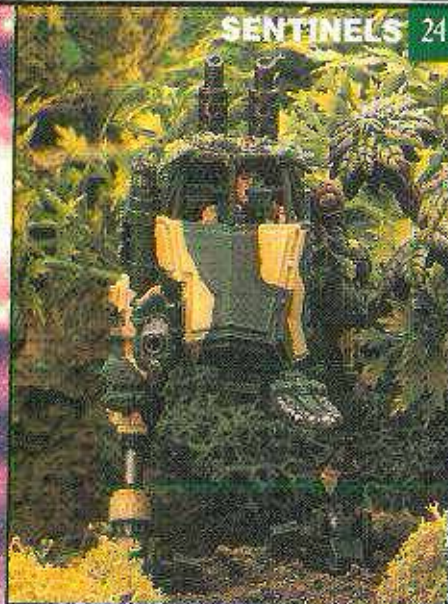
Catachan jungle fighters face a deadly horror in this short story by Gav Thorpe.

## SLAVE RAID AT MELFA RIVER 96

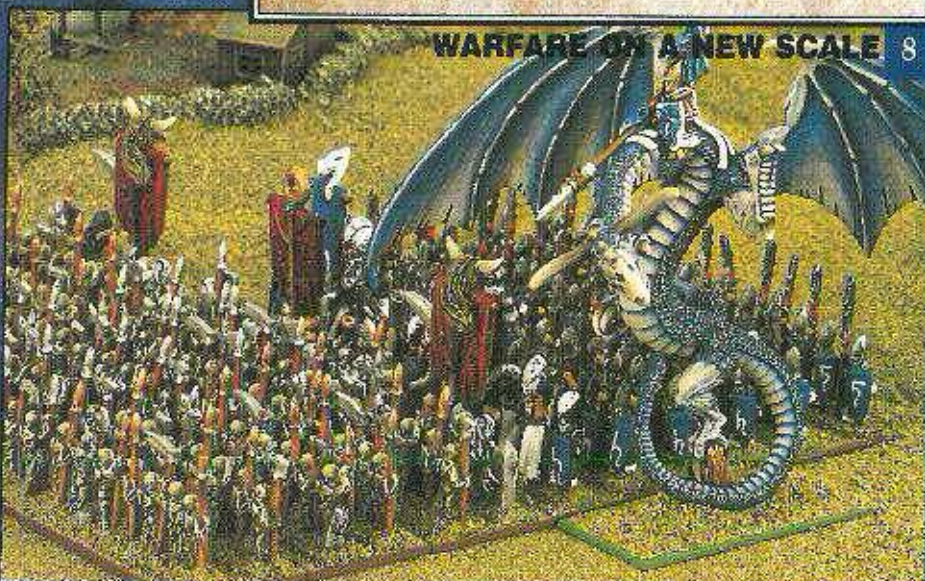
An awesome display all the way from Canada featured at last year's Games Day – we take a closer look.

## SLY MARRO 109

Nick Davis takes look at the dark history of the Imperial Guard's one man army.



SENTINELS 24



WARFARE ON A NEW SCALE 8

## VENGEANCE OF THE VAMPIRE

28



WHITE  
DWARF

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# WARMASTER

## SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT 8

Rick Priestley introduces his brand new game – Warmaster!

## WE ARE LEGION 12

The Undead legions in Warmaster.

## REACHING FIRST BASE 16

A look at how to base your Warmaster armies.

## HEROES OF ULTHUAN 18

High Elf warhosts in Warmaster.

## ANCIENT GLORY 111

A huge Warmaster battle report between the evil Undead and the proud High Elves.



# NEWS

## The Fat Bloke Editorial

Our brand new fantasy game, Warmaster, hits the shelves this month! Warmaster concentrates on the cunning generalship of vast armies and although the miniatures themselves are much smaller than Warhammer (around 10mm rather than 30mm), they more than make up for it by the sheer size of the forces involved. Rick Priestley explains all about the new game later in this issue.

This issue also has a distinctly Games Day feel. This is primarily because we review the last event but also because we feature two of the stunning display tables built for Games Day 1999.

The first of these displays, 'Vengeance of the Vampire' is, as you'd imagine, a Warhammer display. This colossal table measures 22' x 10' and took more than three months to make. Depicting an Undead attack on a coastal Empire town, this display is arguably the best Games Day display to date.

The second display, a Dark Eldar attack on an Imperial outpost, was shipped over from GW Canada where the table was conceived and built before featuring at the last American Games Day.

The good news for those of you who couldn't make it to Games Day last year is that both of these remarkable displays are now residing at our very own Warhammer World – so, get yourself down for a visit! In the meantime, take a peek at the articles later in this issue as we have a closer look at these monstrous displays.

I'll see you again next month,



Paul Sawyer,  
Editor and  
Fat Bloke

**FAT BLOKE**

## OPENING NEAR YOU

Yet more Games Workshop stores have opened, creating whole new theatres of conflict for Warhammer players everywhere.

With Scotland only just recovering from the Imperial assault on Braehead, where the brand new shopping centre for the Glasgow area features one of our newest stores, we can now announce that **Games Workshop Falkirk** is open:

*12 Cow Wynd, Falkirk, Scotland, FK1 1PL*

Games Workshop Belfast has long been the sole retail store in Northern Ireland, but **Games Workshop Lisburn** has now opened, providing an entirely new centre for hobbyists in the province.

*3 Smith Fields Square, Lisburn,  
Northern Ireland, BT28 1TH*

Finally, in the Low Countries, **Games Workshop Nijmegen** joins Amsterdam and Rotterdam as our third store in the Netherlands.

*Stikke Hezelstraat 48, 6511JZ, Nijmegen, Netherlands*

If you were intrigued by the artist's concept sketches in last month's White Dwarf, make sure that you check out the next issue. **Games Workshop Bristol**, our first ever 'Elite' store is now open, and in White Dwarf 244 we'll be showing you exactly what the new Elite stores look like.



Check out the awesome deals being offered in all our Games Workshop stores this month, the full details are in this issue.

### WARMMASTER GAMING!

You can play Warmaster in any Games Workshop store, BEFORE it's out. From Saturday 4th March, every Games Workshop store in the country will be running games of Warmaster for you to join in, every day! You don't need to have played any Games Workshop game before, our staff can teach you everything you need to know! Don't miss out!

### BARGAINS GALORE!

Our new Games Workshop stores are celebrating in style! Games Workshop's Lisburn, Northampton, Stockholm and Nijmegen stores are all holding Grand Opening Sale Weekends with lots of amazing offers!

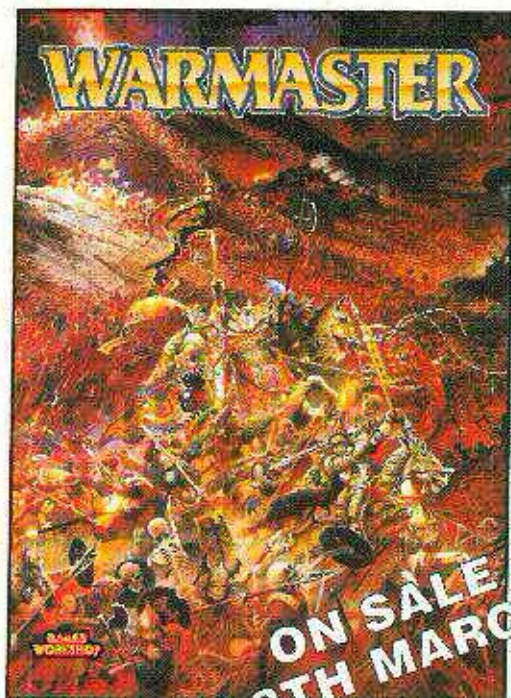
- Lisburn – 19-20th February
- Northampton – 26-27th February
- Stockholm – 26-27th February
- Nijmegen – 11-12th March

Make sure you don't miss out on some great deals!



# NEWS

## WARMMASTER SMALLER MODELS - BIGGER BATTLES



Our latest game is now here! Warmaster is a new scale of fantasy wargaming, using 10mm figures to represent vast armies marching across panoramic battlefields to engage the enemy.

Out this month along with the rulebook are the High Elf and Undead armies. The following months will see the release of the Empire, Dwarf, Chaos and Orc & Goblin armies that are also detailed in the rules. Games Designer Rick Priestley explains what it's all about later in the issue, and there is also a titanic battle report to give you an idea of how the game plays.



*Models from the Warmaster High Elf army.*

## SENTINELS STRIDE IN!

Games Workshop's latest plastic kit is the awesome Imperial Guard Sentinel, released this month as a three-model boxed set.

Squadrons of Sentinels are used to scout ahead of the main force. They also carry formidable anti-personnel weapons - usually multi-lasers or heavy flamers.

The new design was based on concept drawings by Jes Goodwin and worked up by Tim Adcock (ably assisted by Michael Perry and Alan Perry). This issue, we take a look at the different roles of Sentinels in battle and some of the colour schemes used by the Imperial Guard in their many campaigns. Next month we'll take a look at some of the modelling possibilities the kit allows.



*Imperial Guard Sentinel*

## GREENSKINS INVADE MORDHEIM

The City of the Damned is a place of violence and battle, with the promise of riches and glory for the victorious - it was only a matter of time before the Orcs arrived on the scene.

This month's Town Cryer includes full rules for using Orc & Goblin warbands in your Mordheim games, complete with Big 'Uns, Shamans, Goblins, Squigs and Trolls. There are rules for Animosity, special skills including 'Eadbasher and Da Cunnin' Plan, and Waaagh! magic with spells like *Fire of Gork*, *Clubba* and *Oil! Gerroff!*



# NEWS

## TOWN CRYER TAKEOVER

Mordheim, City of the Damned, has been one of our most popular games to date, outstripping all our expectations. We've received a huge volume of letters, ideas and suggestions for new rules, warbands and scenarios from enthusiastic gamers. So many in fact that we simply can't fit everything that we'd like to print into White Dwarf.

So after six months as part of White Dwarf, Town Crier is breaking away to become a publication in its own right, under the auspices of Fanatic Press and the Black Library. From this month Mordheim fans will have a whole magazine dedicated entirely to them, full of mayhem and madness from the ruined streets of the city. This also means that you'll have an even better chance of getting your ideas published - so get writing!



## KIDNAPPING!



Paul Sawyer's Possessed warband attempts to sacrifice the kidnapped burghermeister's daughter, in the new scenario from this month's Town Crier.

## WINNERS

Remember the competition to identify the origin of the name of Paul Sawyer's Possessed Magister, Lord Coronarius von Redig?

Andrew Collier from Ripon, Adam Willer from Eastbourne, A Mansell from West Bromwich, Andrew Morton from Rochdale and Louie Sharpe from Hackney all knew that Coronarius Redig was the name of a track by seventies rock band Deep Purple (rock gods according to Paul). They all win a Possessed warband to battle with in the City of the Damned - the least we could do for people willing to admit to knowing such a thing. In fact Louie Sharpe needs a special mention for knowing so many sad facts about the subject.

At the other end of the scale we had a number of entries that thought it had something to do with Coronation Street!



# NEWS

## NEXT ISSUE...

### CODEX SPACE WOLVES

Beware, for the wolves are on the hunt. The Space Wolves are far from being a Codex chapter. They are wild and ferocious and have their own unique force organisation.

The new Codex provides full rules for these barbaric Space Marines, complete with Blood Claws, Long Fangs, Fenris Wolves and all the other elements that form a Space Wolves army. There will also be some rather stunning miniatures to support the release of the Codex, including, in the not too distant future, a new transport vehicle. We think you'll be impressed.



## SALUTE 2000

Salute is a wargames convention run every year by the South London Warlords gaming club. This year it's being held at Olympia 2 in Kensington, London, on April 1st. As well as all the other displays and participation games, Games Workshop will be there with the guys from Warhammer World and the nearby Kensington store. They will be running a huge demo game of the Battle of Scholnetz Plain – the prequel to the Vengeance of the Vampire Games Day display – alongside participation games of Warmaster and Warhammer 40,000.

Call 020 8677 1776 for more details  
or access [www.salute.co.uk](http://www.salute.co.uk).



## STAFF TOURNAMENT

We are in the process of holding our International GW Staff Tournament – our search to find the best players from our workforce around the world. Currently every area of the company is holding heats to choose their representatives for the grand finals, which are to be held at Warhammer World.



In the Studio heats, the competition is fierce. Above, Games Designer Andy Chambers fancies his chances with his Ork army. Most of the Dwarfers have also entered and last year's winners Gordon Davidson and Alessio Cavatore are also in contention.



# NEWS



## READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Hot from the pages of White Dwarf, the Black Library is proud to present its first issue of the brand new and totally independent Town Cryer! Full to the brim with new Mordheim rules, articles, campaigns and scenarios, Town Cryer promises to be another fantastic hit from the guys who brought you Gang War, Deathblow and Firepower! A must for every gamer!

## THE GHOSTS ARE BACK

Ghostmaker is the second instalment of Dan Abnett's popular series, Gaunt's Ghosts. Full of the blood-soaked action we've come to expect from Ibram Gaunt and the Tanith First and Only, Ghostmaker develops and explores the varied and myriad characters that make Gaunt's Ghosts so appealing. Set just before the last great push of the Sabbat Worlds campaign, Ibram Gaunt interviews and records the stories and accounts of his troops in an effort to capture and recount what it is really like to serve the Emperor on the front line.

## JERICO COLLECTED

Winner of the Black Library's Best Character Award in Warhammer Monthly and due to popular demand, here's Kal Jerico – the graphic novel! Brought to you by the dynamic team of Gordon Rennie and Karl Kopinski, this fantastic book contains all of your favourite strips including: The Hit, Yolanda, Redemption, Nemo and of course the ever popular epic saga of The Motherlode. This great collection is a must for both Warhammer Monthly fans and all players of Necromunda!



## NEW LOOK INFERNO!

Inferno is now bigger and better than before! But it still contains loads of features and short stories from the grim and gothic worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000. Every issue is crammed with action-packed short stories, fantastic artwork, incredible illustrated features, comic strips and more.

## NEW THIS MONTH



### Possessed

Possessed Magister (1 model per blister)	£4.00
Possessed Brethren (3 models per blister)	£5.00
Possessed Darksouls (2 models per blister)	£4.00
Possessed (1 model per blister)	£6.00
Possessed Mutants (2 models per blister)	£4.00



### IMPERIAL GUARD

Imperial Guard Battle Force (plastic boxed set)	£40.00
Sentinel Squadron (plastic boxed set)	£25.00

### CATACHANS

Sly Maroo (1 model per blister)	£5.00
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Warmaster (rulebook)	£20.00
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### HIGH ELVES

Spearmen (6 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Archers (6 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Reaver Knights (6 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Silver Helms (6 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Chariots (3 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Heroes and Wizards (3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Repeater Bolt Thrower (2 models/2 stands per blister)	£4.00
Hero on Mighty Dragon (1 model per blister)	£8.00
Hero on Giant Eagle (1 model per blister)	£4.00

### UNDEAD

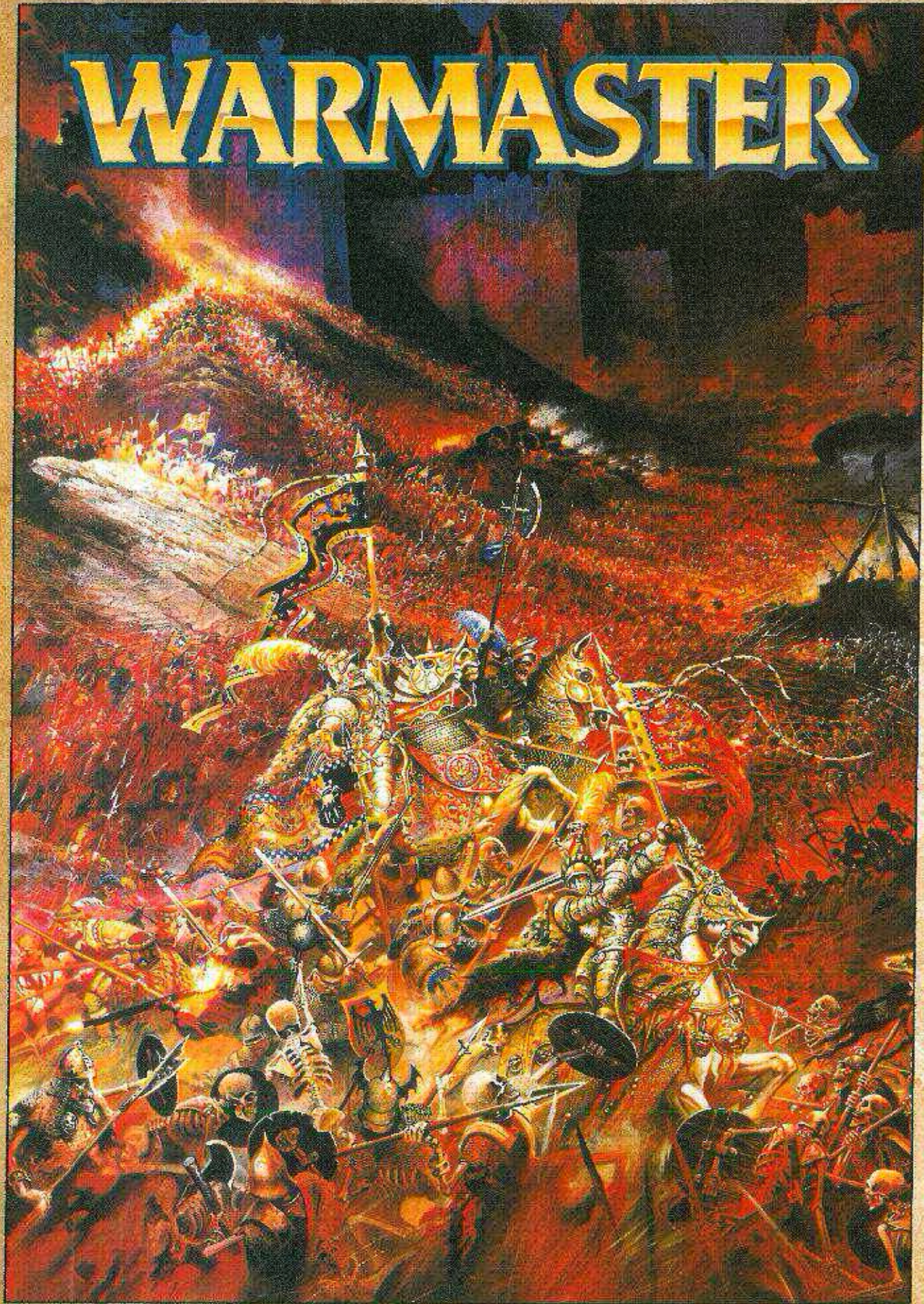
Skeletons (6 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Skeleton Bowmen (6 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Undead Characters (3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Cavalry (6 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Chariots (3 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Skull Chukka (1 model/1 stand per blister)	£4.00
Bone Thrower (2 models/2 stands per blister)	£5.00
Carrion (4 models/3 stands per blister)	£5.00
Bone Giant (1 model per blister)	£4.00
Sphinx (1 model per blister)	£4.00
Hero on Zombie Dragon (1 model per blister)	£8.00



Warhammer Monthly 28	£2.00
Citadel Journal 37	£4.00
Inferno 17	£2.00
Town Cryer 7	£2.75
Kal Jerico graphic novel	£4.99
Ghostmaker novel by Dan Abnett	£5.99



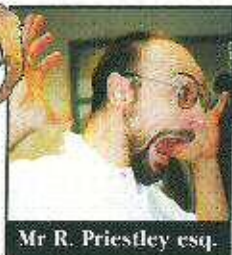
# WARMASTER





# SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

by Rick Priestley



Mr R. Priestley esq.

Warmaster is the name of my brand new tabletop wargame. It is a new game in almost every respect – the models are on an entirely new scale, the game's system is something completely different to anything I've done previously, and unique tactical skills are required to win too. Sounds kind of perverse, eh! So what's the big idea?

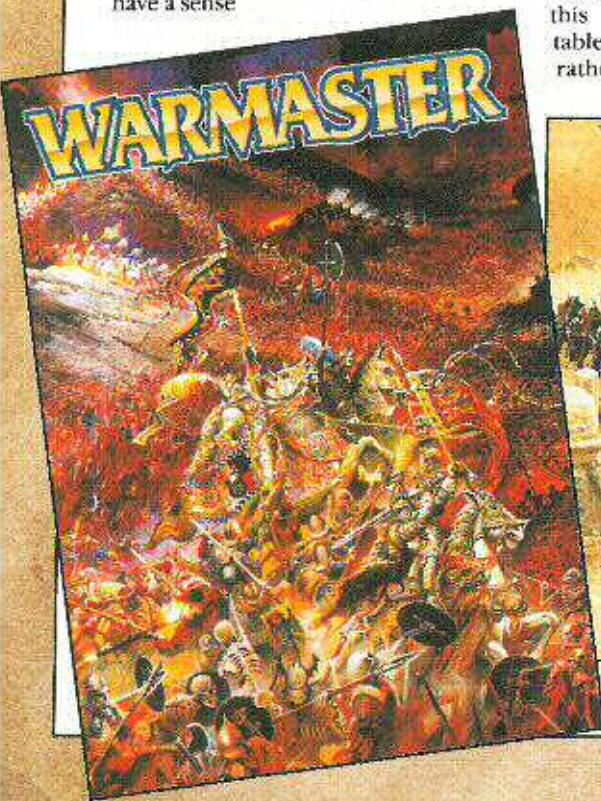
At the heart of it, the big idea is great **BIG** battles. Conventional Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 games use models about 30mm high. The size of the models places a natural restriction on the type of encounter that can be fought on a tabletop. This is especially true of the fantasy game where a typical regiment of troops occupies a relatively large dollop of the gaming area and models start the game virtually within spitting distance (and boy can those Dwarfs spit). As a result, big Warhammer games rarely have a sense

of grand manoeuvre. Warmaster is very different.

Right from the start I set out to create a game that was about huge armies fighting over vast landscapes; a game in which snaking columns of hundreds of warriors might march along dusty roads towards a vista of farms, villages and towns, where flanking forces can gallop out of sight of their commanders and reappear at the enemy's back, and where artillery pieces must be laboriously dragged to within range of their targets. Part of this vision of hugeness are 'big' tabletop landscapes: roaring rivers rather than piddly little streams,

fortified towns rather than one or two pokey houses, and enclosed valleys and rolling hills rather than the usual flattish field punctuated by a lonely tree.

So, huge battles then – but how? The obvious thing to do is to use smaller scale models, effectively shrinking the size of a regiment and making more use of the area available on the tabletop. Warmaster models are about 10mm tall for a human-sized warrior, which is just about big enough to show off the character of the race without being too small to paint. A Warmaster battlefield can easily accommodate many hundreds, even thousands,



*Undead cavalry charge forth from the heart of the deserts of Khemri.*



of individual combatants. Most importantly, it can do so without putting undue strain on either the games system or the player's pocket.

Warmaster is a game about generalship rather than the prowess of individual warriors. It is a game where strategy counts far more overall than the fate of individual warriors or even individual regiments. The most important parts of a Warmaster army are units of troops. In the game rules these are divided into the following types: infantry, cavalry, chariots, monsters, artillery and machines. Units in Warmaster are always of a fixed size, varying only slightly from one troop type to another. A typical unit consists of three 'troop stands', a stand being a

been designed as miniature metal models and will be sold as blister packs. Each pack contains one entire unit. This makes it really easy to build up an army or to add to it once you have started. One blister of models always gives you one unit of troops.

Some units consist of a single model – such as a Giant, a Dragon rider, or a large machine such as the Empire Steam Tank. This has provided our model designers with the opportunity to make monsters and machines which are much larger (relatively speaking) and

Although troops are the most conspicuous portion of all the armies, characters are important too. They have little fighting value but their role on the battlefield is vital nonetheless. In fact, the key to successful Warmaster generalship is in the way players use their characters. Character models are also fixed onto stands – the character model plus his aides, messengers, runners, guards and associated

hangers-on on the same stand in whatever quantity the player feels appropriate. There are three kinds of characters: Generals, Wizards, and Heroes, and a single 'character' pack contains an assortment of metal models sufficient to make

at least one stand of each.

As you would expect, the armies are based upon the known races and histories of the Warhammer world as developed and described in the Warhammer game. The variety and types of warriors have been modified appropriately to take account of the different scale. In 10mm scale the difference between a Troll Slayer, Giant Slayer and Daemon Slayer isn't worth worrying about so we just have Slayers. Similarly, the profusion of similar troop types in Warhammer is something of an unnecessary luxury in Warmaster where individual prowess takes second place to strategy, and a sword is 5mm long at best.

*A unit of Undead archers comprising three stands.*



40x20mm plastic base onto which rows or strips of warriors are fixed. Some units come in units of two or even just one stand, but human-sized troops are represented by a unit of three stands in most cases.

All of the different troop types have

therefore more impressive than their Warhammer cousins – Warmaster Giants are indeed gigantic compared to ordinary troops and Dragons actually tower menacingly over the poor infantry in an appropriately terrifying manner.

*Characters are crucial to a General's battle plan.*



## SIZE DOESN'T MATTER...

*The two photographs here show that despite a significant reduction in size, Warmaster miniatures are incredibly detailed and really capture the character of the army.*



*A regiment of Warhammer Empire Halberdiers.*



When starting work on the game, I had planned to include all the armies that are currently available for Warhammer plus a few extra because it would be fun. In the end this proved impractical. We calculated that to make the Warmaster range, all our designers would have to work for a whole year without making any Warhammer or Warhammer 40,000 models. Given that I obviously had to rein in my grandiose schemes a little, I opted to include six armies. These are: Empire, High Elves, Dwarfs, Orcs, Chaos Warriors and Khemrian Undead. This is a good selection of classic armies, each different in appearance and the way it plays. The plan is to release the Undead and High Elves at once, followed by one army a month until all six are available. All releases will be covered by White Dwarf in the usual fashion. Work has also begun on a further range of 'dead secret stuff' which I am forbidden from mentioning – except that I just did. Oh dear!

So what makes Warmaster such a radically different game? For starters, unlike previous Games Workshop games, it comes only as a rulebook and not a boxed game. There won't be any plastic models for Warmaster – instead all the design resource has gone into producing a range of exquisite metal models instead. All the rules needed to play, including the army lists for all six armies, are in the rulebook itself.

The game is played in turns much as Warhammer players would expect, first one side and then the other. The sequence within the turn is also much like Warhammer, with troops moving, shooting and then working out combats. However, the way troops

move is vastly different and forms the most important aspect of the game. Where Warhammer is undeniably a game about fighting, Warmaster is a game about generalship and manoeuvre. Where Warhammer games are won or lost in the Combat phase, Warmaster games are usually decided when the armies move.

There is no 'move phase' as such – instead the player moves his army in his 'command phase'. In the command phase each character can issue orders to units nearby and a unit can move when it receives an order. To give an order the player takes a dice test and, if this is passed, the unit can be moved. A character can give the same unit several orders in succession, so it is possible to move a unit several times during the same turn. Theoretically a unit can be given a whole series of orders and moved right from one side of the table to the other. Theoretically that is! In practice that rarely, if ever, happens because of the checks and balances worked into the system.

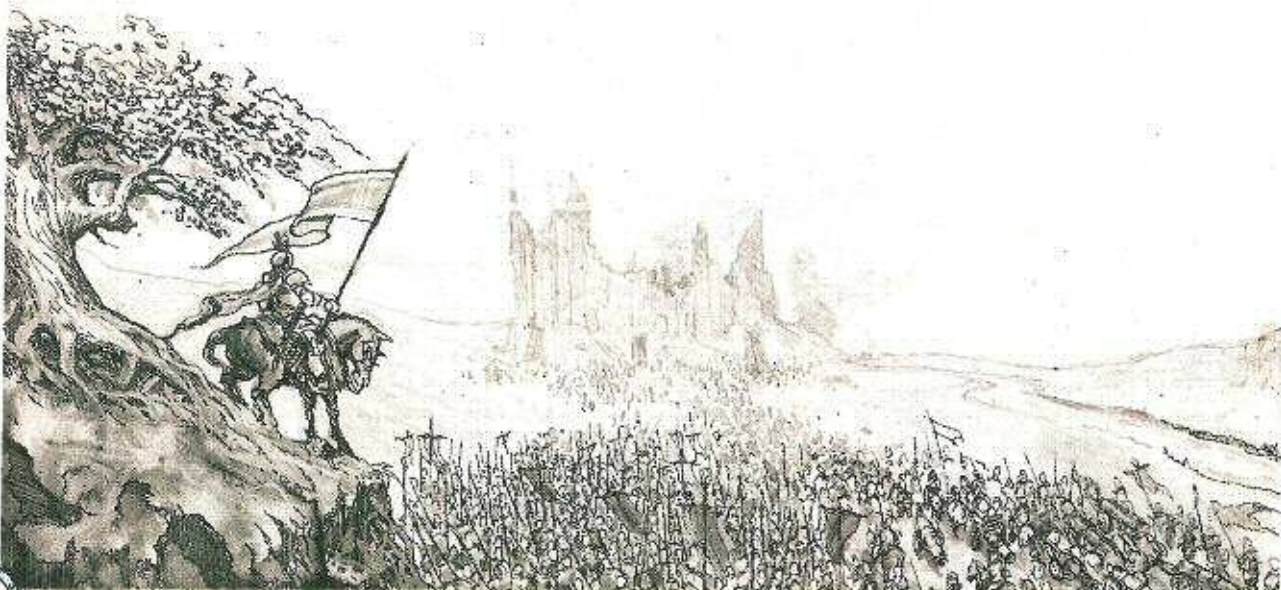
When a test to give an order is failed the message is assumed to have been lost, the runners have been captured, or the General's plans have been lost in the fog of war. A unit cannot be given orders by different characters in the same turn, so a failed order will bring a unit's move to a halt. As a result it isn't possible to be certain of moving all of the units in the army during the turn, so it is vital to plan moves very carefully indeed. A character who fails to give an order can give no more orders that turn either, so other units will probably not move at all. Furthermore, if the General fails to give an order no further orders can be given by any

characters that turn, not even by characters that haven't given orders so far.

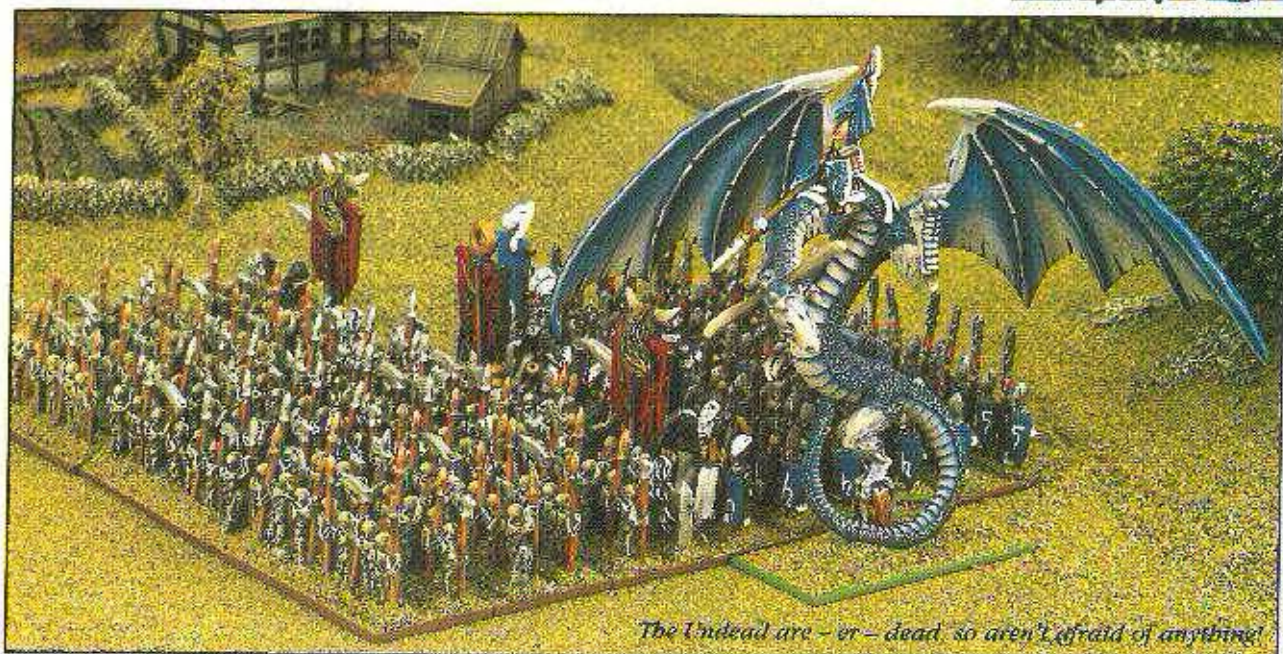
To allow the armies to keep coherent battle lines, units are allowed to form into brigades which move as a body and which require only a single order to move. Some troops are more amenable to this than others – being brigaded with a unit of Trolls is never a good thing, for example. Another way in which units can function without orders is by using their 'initiative'. Units that are very close to the enemy at the start of their turn are allowed to move by using their initiative, so you don't need to issue orders to units that already have the enemy 'in their sights'.

Needless to say, issuing orders can be made more difficult by various factors. These include the distance between the character giving the order and the unit he wishes to move, the number of times the unit has already moved that turn, the presence of dense terrain, the proximity of enemy troops to the unit, and loss of enthusiasm due to casualties the unit has suffered. These things mean that the positioning of characters is every bit as important as the positioning of troops, as the characters form points from which the battle is orchestrated.

Shooting and combat are both conducted in a similar way. Each stand of troops can strike a number of 'attacks' at a time and can take a number of 'hits' before it is destroyed. Most stands also have an armour saving throw in much the same way as in Warhammer. The average value for hits and attacks is 3, so, for example, a stand of Empire Halberdiers has 3







*The Undead are - er - dead, so aren't afraid of anything!*

attacks, 3 hits, and an armour save of 6+. To work out how many hits are scored by a unit when shooting or fighting combat, add up the unit's attacks and roll 1 dice per attack. Warmaster being a game based on tactics the score required to inflict a hit depends not on the fighting qualities of the troops but upon their tactical position. So, an enemy unit which is 'in the open' is hit on a score of 4 or more, a unit which is in a 'defended position' is hit on a 5 or more, and a unit in a 'fortified position' is hit on a 6. Once hits have been worked out, any whole stands that fall casualty are removed. Odd hits left over at the end of the phase are simply ignored - there is no tedious recording of odd hits once the phase is complete.

A novel aspect of Warmaster is that combats are worked out in their entirety during the Combat phase. A round of combat is fought, then losers retreat, victors pursue, and a further round of combat is fought until either one side is destroyed or until the victorious side declines to press its advantage and either holds its ground or falls back. The effect of this is to telescope the effect of combat once troops are committed - the result will almost certainly be decisive. As a consequence, players must be very careful before sending a unit into the fray. Well coordinated attacks are the answer, with combat bonus attacks available for units which charge or pursue, and penalties for troops facing terrifying foes or fighting enemies to their side or rear. Infantry can also offer support to adjacent stands, which

gives them a bonus when determining which side wins the combat.

The aim of the game is, as always, to grind the enemy into the dirt and jump up and down on his mangled corpse. Warmaster achieves this by means of a points value system which is used to choose armies and to calculate which side has won at the end of the battle. The game can be played for a pre-determined number of turns or until one side has lost half its number of units - points are then added up and the side inflicting the most damage on the enemy is the winner. The loss of one side's General will also bring the battle to a halt.

The rulebook also includes a selection of scenarios. These can be played with any army although they are based on encounters between specific armies. Armies can attempt to raze enemy settlements, capture enemy convoys, relieve sieges, kidnap travelling princesses and perform other suitably heroic feats. One interesting aspect of the game which is ably demonstrated by the 'Confederacy of Sigmar' scenario is that it is perfectly possible to play with several players on the same side with different players representing individual characters. It is also possible to play two or more distinct armies on the same side, an allied Empire and Dwarf force, for example. This makes Warmaster ideal for playing team games. It also has the added advantage that a newcomer can join a big battle with as little as one character and two or three units of troops.

Wizards and magic are represented by means of a selection of spells for each race (apart from Dwarfs who disapprove of such things!) and magic items. Magic doesn't play the hugely destructive roll in Warmaster that it can do in Warhammer but it can still swing the battle in favour of the player who uses it wisely. Both spells and magic items reflect the importance of grand tactics, and tend to move units, prevent them moving, or impede their ability to fight rather than inflicting casualties. There is at least one spell for each race that is a simple missile but these are best used in combination with conventional shooting to enhance its effect. Magic items have been designed to offer momentary bonuses either to combat effectiveness or a character's ability to give orders.

As well as rules covering battles, the rulebook also includes a commentary on umpired games, suggestions how to organise and play campaigns, rules for building up veteran units from game to game, and rules for using fortresses, siege equipment, ships and boats. These are too detailed to describe here, but are mostly presented as ideas for players to consider and decide whether to adopt them in the form presented or modify them to suit themselves.

Oh, and you can get an entire army in in a carrying case too!

*Rid P*



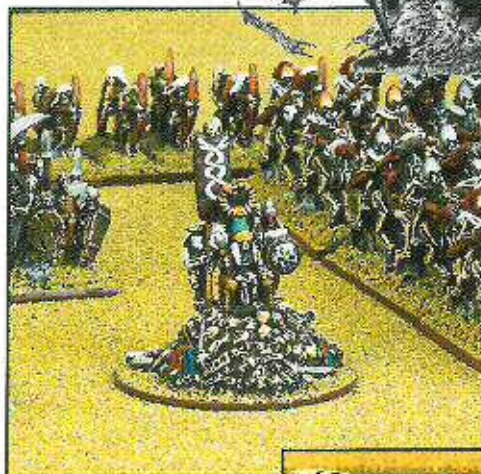
# WE ARE LEGION

## The Undead in Warmaster

**M**illennia ago, the Land of the Dead was home to the Khemrians, the first civilisation of Men. These people were ruled by kings whose power was so great that they were destined to rule beyond death; to rise from their colossal pyramid tombs at the appointed time thanks to the powerful sorceries of their servants, the Liche Priests.

The civilisation was desolated by the fury of Nagash, the most powerful of the Liche Priests, who usurped the throne for himself. Nagash was insanely jealous of the kings who would rise again after death whilst he and his fellow Liche Priests were doomed to annihilation. When, after a long and cruel reign, Nagash himself was overthrown, he used his magic to destroy the entire land. His foul sorcery wiped out the population and then, with the Great Spell of Awakening, he raised the dead inhabitants into a state of undeath.

The Undead of Khemri are doomed to eternal conflict, unable to finally rest, as those destroyed one day are risen again the next in a perpetual cycle of torment. The armies of the Old World tremble when the Undead march, for what greater terror can there be but an enemy which cannot know fear.



*Once per battle the Tomb King has the power to increase the attacks of all stands in one unit within 20cm by +1.*

*As the army General, the Tomb King has the highest Command value in the Undead army.*

*The most useful and deadly spell at the Liche Priest's disposal is Raise Dead. Check out this month's battle report to see why!*



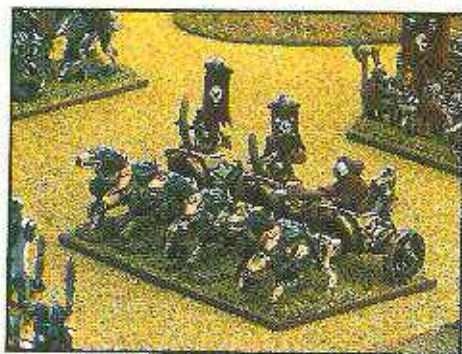


## SKELETON WARRIORS

The Undead army is a challenging one to play in Warmaster. Although the basic Skeleton troops, the infantry, archers and cavalry, are less effective in combat compared to their living counterparts, they cost much fewer points and so tend to outnumber their opponents. Also, because they never experience the weak emotions of puny mortals, their fighting ability is unaffected when in combat with terrifying troops such as Dragons. They are immune to panic, so never suffer from the Confusion rule and are not at all affected by the close presence of enemy troops, so the -1 Command penalty for enemy within 20cm is also ignored.



*Skeleton warriors are a difficult foe to completely eradicate, as the Liche Priests tend to raise more and more during the course of a battle! One of the Lich Priests' most deadly spells is Raise Dead. It can only be cast if there is a combat within 30cm of the Priest, as its main ingredients are fresh corpses, but if successful, three Skeleton infantry stands are placed immediately into combat. Many a General's battleplan has been ruined by this evil spell...*



*As with all chariots in Warmaster, Undead chariots are deadly against units caught in the open. The crew are also armed with bows, enabling them to make shooting attacks.*



*A colossal bone crossbow, the Bone Thrower fires darts so heavy that they skewer not only the target stand but also up to three stands unlucky enough to be directly behind!*



*Hurling magical screaming skulls at the enemy, the Skull Chukka is very effective for confusing target units.*

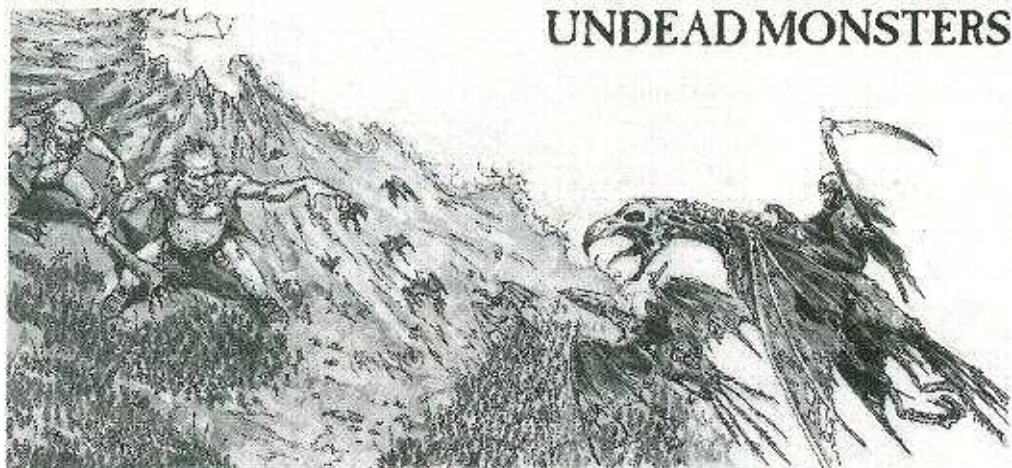


*The Tomb King and Liche Priests are blessed with high Command values. They are vital to the success of a battle because the horde of shambling Undead cannot use initiative to move and need to be commanded even to charge. Here, a Tomb King and his Liche Priest minions lead their Undead warriors into war.*

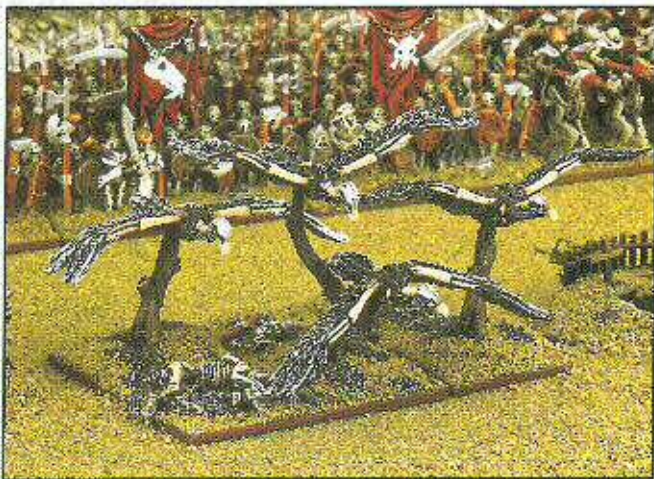


## UNDEAD MONSTERS

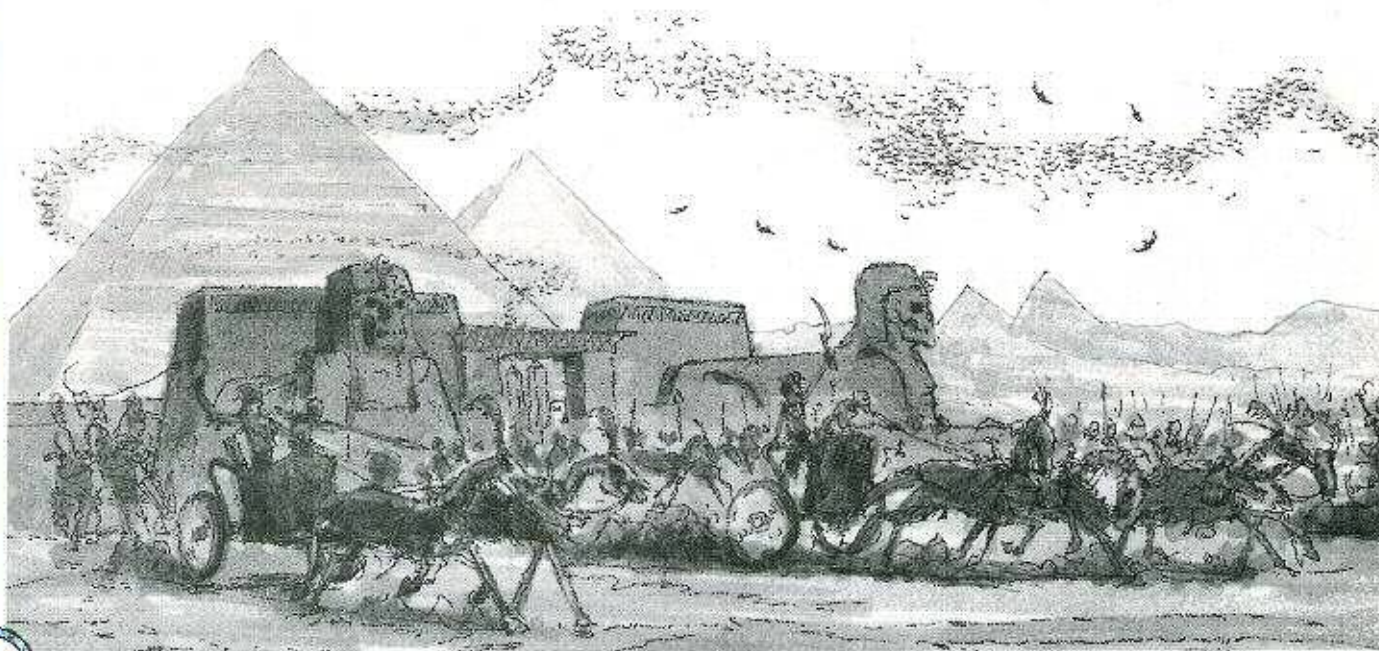
Although most of the Undead army consists of its Skeleton warriors, bowmen and cavalry, these are supported by powerful monsters brought to life by the power of the Liche Priests' sorcery. No Undead army is complete without at least one of these monstrosities.



*4 attacks, 3 hits and 3+ armour make the Sphinx a lethal opponent to face on the field of battle. Not content with this nasty stat-line, the Sphinx also causes terror in living foes!*



*As with other Undead, Carrion can't use initiative, but due to their ability to fly they can always return to a character at the start of the Command phase (no order is needed to do this).*





The slowness of a Bone Giant inflicts a -1 command penalty on brigades containing one, but they more than make up for it with 6 attacks (yes, 6!), 4 bits and 4+ armour.



## Tomb King Priestley speaks...



The Undead army is powerful on the tabletop and relatively easy to paint – a damn fine combination as far as I'm concerned! It is mainly made up of Skeleton infantry, archers and cavalry with a smattering of more unusual and extremely useful monsters and artillery. The bulk of the army paints up well using a dry-brushing technique over a black undercoat (the Warmaster book shows you how) whilst the bigger monsters reward careful detailing. Skeletons aren't great troops and have a relatively low points value – so you'll need a lot of them! A couple of extra units will prove handy when you cast the 'Raise Dead' spell (and you will!).

In action, the difference between the Undead and mortal armies is considerable. Undead units need to be given orders to do everything – they never act on initiative (they're dead – they don't have any!). This makes a slow plod forward by far the safest option, though it's perfectly feasible to strike against exposed or vulnerable enemy units with the fast moving Carrion. Coordinating your attacks with magic support is the key to victory with the Undead.



Acting as mounts for Tomb Kings or Liche Priests, Zombie Dragons add +3 to their riders' attacks, cause terror and increase their riders' movement to 100cm.

Zombie Dragons can also belch corrosive breath at an enemy up to 20cm away or use their three normal attacks in close combat.

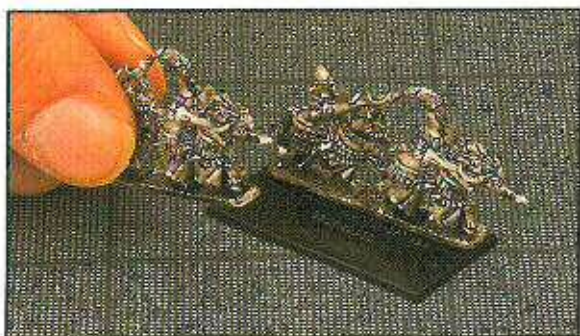




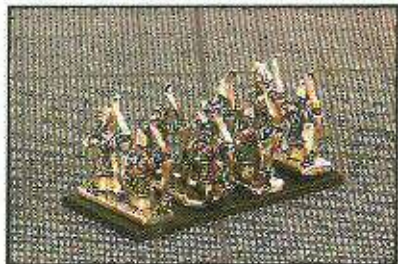
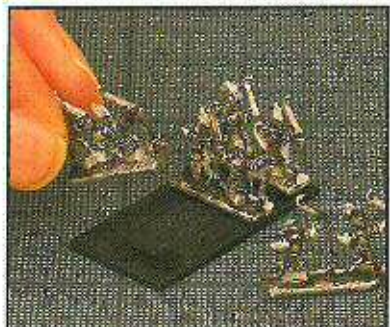
# REACHING FIRST BASE

With your first Warmaster models lovingly clutched in your sweaty palms, you're ready to base them up and get painting – but wait! Due to their size and the way they'll eventually sit on a base we recommend painting each strip before attaching them to their base (although in these examples we've used unpainted models because we are, at heart, lazy gits!). Sit back as we run through the fundamentals of basing up your Warmaster army...

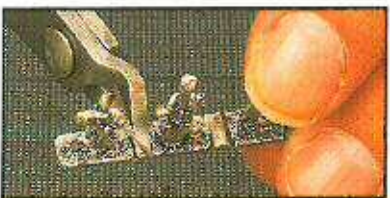
Most infantry and cavalry stands comprise of two strips glued side by side. Infantry are placed facing the long edge of the base (put any strips with standards at the front) and cavalry face the short edge, as shown here. Make sure both strips are facing the same direction, of course!



Infantry archers are assembled slightly differently. Archer units follow a similar formation to other infantry, so you must carefully clip the strips in half and place the archer models facing the base's long edge.



Artillery pieces are mounted lengthways on a base, like cavalry. The crew must be clipped from their strip but can be arranged on the base in any way you want. Here is an example of how a High Elf bolt thrower can be based.



placed on a separate base (it doesn't matter which base edge they face as this doesn't affect game play). The other pieces can be stuck on the base representing the character's messengers, personal standard bearers, bodyguards or lackeys. You can have great fun designing your own individual character stands to suit the style of your army.

## CHARACTERS

Character models come in blister packs containing an assortment of strips, each with a number of individual models. These must be separated with clippers.

A single blister pack will provide enough models to make a variety of character stands to represent your General, Wizards or Heroes. Each character model must be



Here are several examples of how the different types of troop models found in Warmaster are based.

## INFANTRY



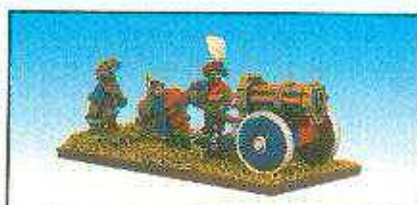
## MISSILE TROOPS



## CAVALRY



## ARTILLERY



## CHARIOTS



## CHARACTERS





# HEROES OF ULTHUAN

## High Elves in Warmaster



The High Elves are famed for their craftsmanship, poetry and arcane knowledge, as well as their expertise in the arts of war. This proud race dwells on the isle of Ulthuan, whose cities of soaring spires and gleaming towers are the envy of the world. They once ruled the Old World before centuries of conflict with the Dwarfs forced them to retreat across the seas. Their power was further weakened when their island kingdom was ravaged by civil war against what were to become the Dark Elves, who had turned to the gods of evil in those troubled times. The Dark Elves were driven westward to Naggaroth after a bloody struggle and the High Elves distanced themselves from the world, content to study the mystical lore of their ancestors on their island refuge.

Now, the High Elves remain an aloof race. They are proud of their heritage and still feel embittered towards the Dwarfs. Their hatred, however is reserved for the forces of evil which overran the Old World after the dominant power of the Elves was broken.



*High Elf Heroes add +1 to one unit's attacks and have a command range of 60cm. Capable of riding into battle on chariots, Giant Eagles or Dragons they can lend their support to units anywhere on the battlefield.*

*A High Elf General is blessed with a Command value of 10, the highest in Warmaster. This represents both his troops' discipline and his own expertise and schooling in the art of war.*



*As masters of sorcery, High Elf Wizards may re-roll any failed spellcasting dice. This makes them much more potent than say a Goblin Shaman or a Human Wizard.*





## HIGH ELF WARRIORS



*Spearmen form the core of any High Elf army. Massed ranks of spearmen supported by archers make a formidable opponent, especially if deployed defending an obstacle or higher ground as it is harder to hit an opponent who uses cover to his advantage.*



*High Elf chariots receive a +2 attack bonus when charging an opponent in the open. This makes them a fearsome prospect to face and focuses a player's attention on the battlefield terrain as much as his troops!*



*Silver Helm Knights are the shock troops of the High Elf army. Their excellent 4+ armour save and 30cm move give them staying power and mobility on the tabletop.*





## MISSILE TROOPS

The High Elves are renowned for the accuracy of their archers. Trained in the art of archery as soon as they can walk, this race surpasses all others at shooting. One of the first things the enemy of the High Elves experiences on the battlefield is the steady rain of missile fire cutting down his troops. A spell mastered by the High Elf Mages is *Heaven's Rain*, which blesses a unit of archers with the ability to fire twice as fast as normal. Faced with such a torrent of arrows, the enemy can do little but be driven back while the Silver Helms charge forward to finish them off.



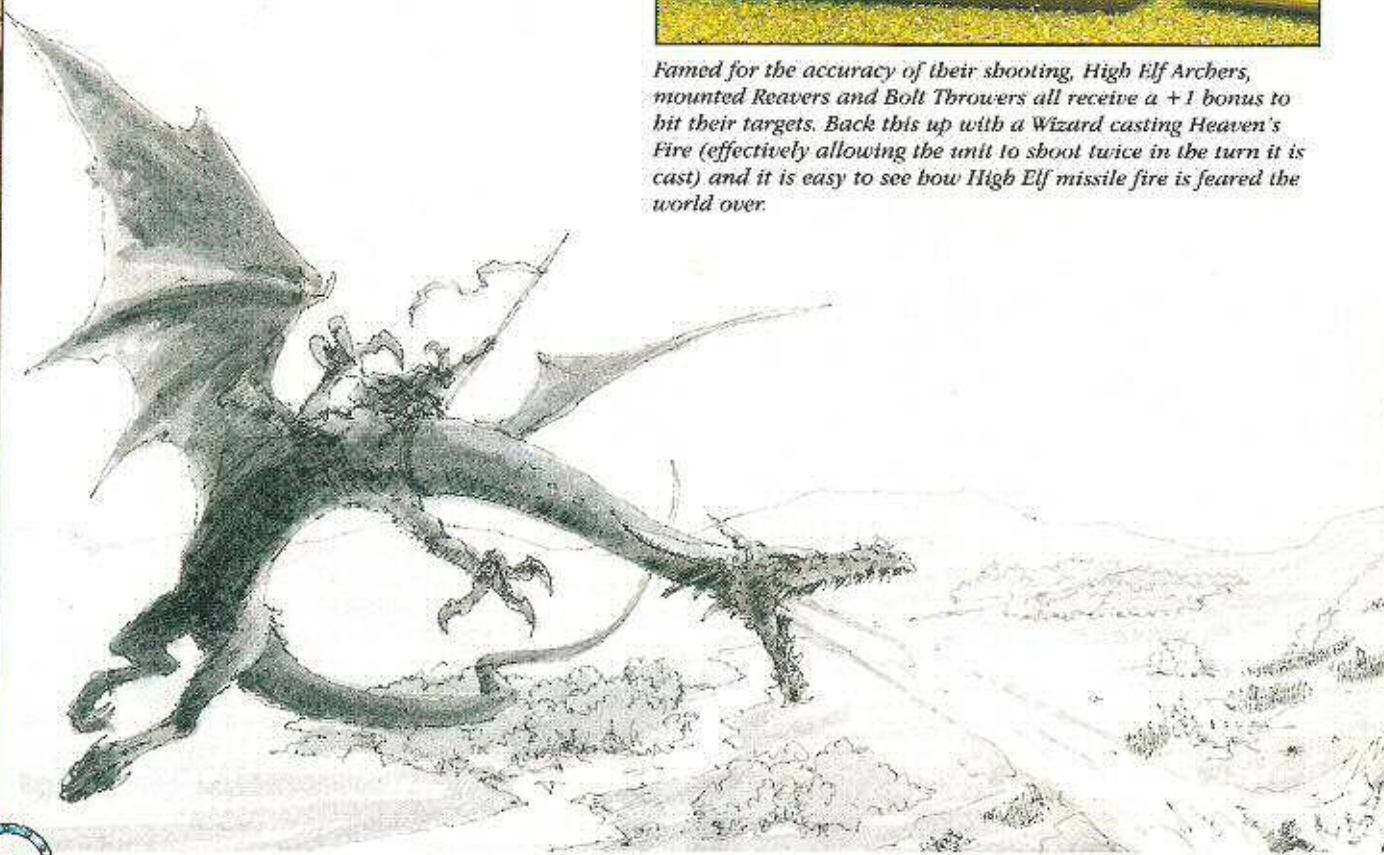
*High Elf Reavers are a potent mixture of speed and missile fire. Although not as heavily armoured as Silver Helms, their high mobility means the Reavers are adept at harrying the flanks of the enemy with a withering rain of arrows.*



*The Elven Bolt Thrower, also known as the Reaper, can fire not just one but three shots at the same time, and such volleys can easily devastate entire ranks of troops.*



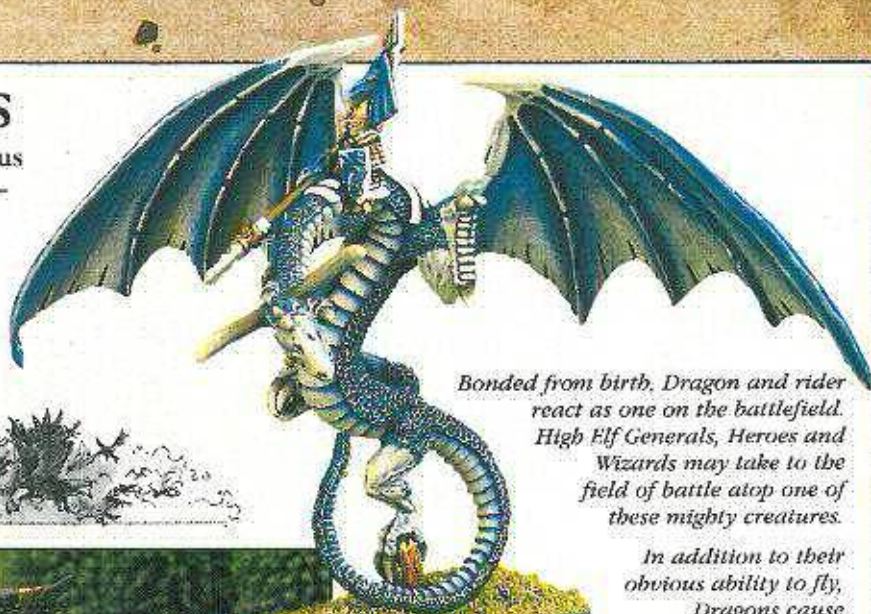
*Famed for the accuracy of their shooting, High Elf Archers, mounted Reavers and Bolt Throwers all receive a +1 bonus to hit their targets. Back this up with a Wizard casting *Heaven's Fire* (effectively allowing the unit to shoot twice in the turn it is cast) and it is easy to see how High Elf missile fire is feared the world over.*





## FLYING CREATURES

The High Elves can summon numerous flying creatures to aid them in battle – whole wings of Giant Eagles and ferocious Dragons. This means that they can make swift attacks from the sky or lightning outflanking manoeuvres to take the enemy by surprise.



*Bonded from birth, Dragon and rider react as one on the battlefield. High Elf Generals, Heroes and Wizards may take to the field of battle atop one of these mighty creatures.*

*In addition to their obvious ability to fly, Dragons cause terror, add +3 to the rider's attacks and also belch fire onto their enemies – what more could you want?*



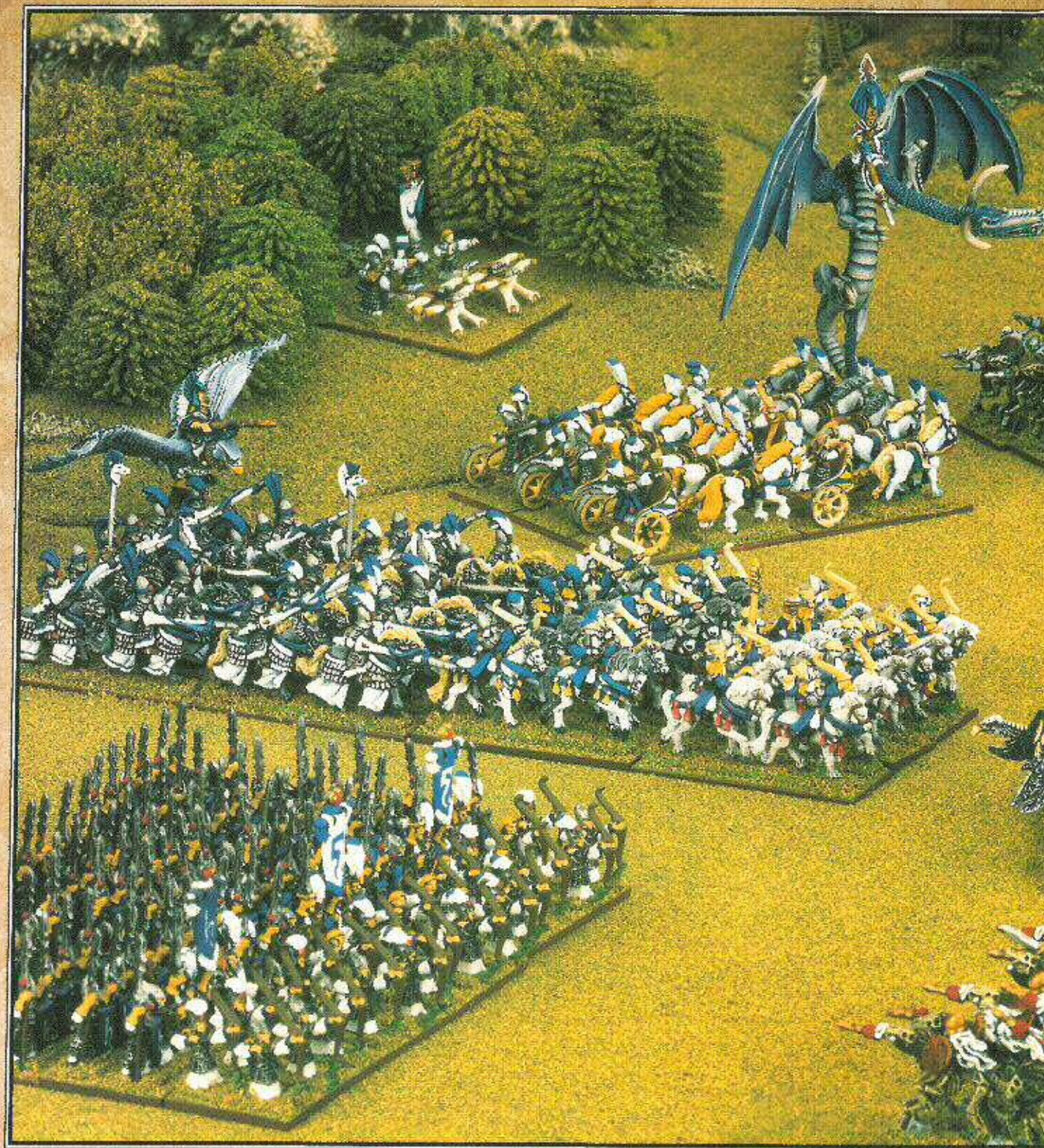
*The Giant Eagles of the Annulit mountains are valiant allies who aid the High Elves in battle. Their 100cm movement allows them to disrupt the enemy's brigades early in the battle.*



*High Elf Generals, Heroes and Wizards may take to the skies on the back of a noble War Eagle. This has the advantage of increasing the rider's attacks by +2 and also allows them to soar from unit to unit inspiring their troops to victory.*

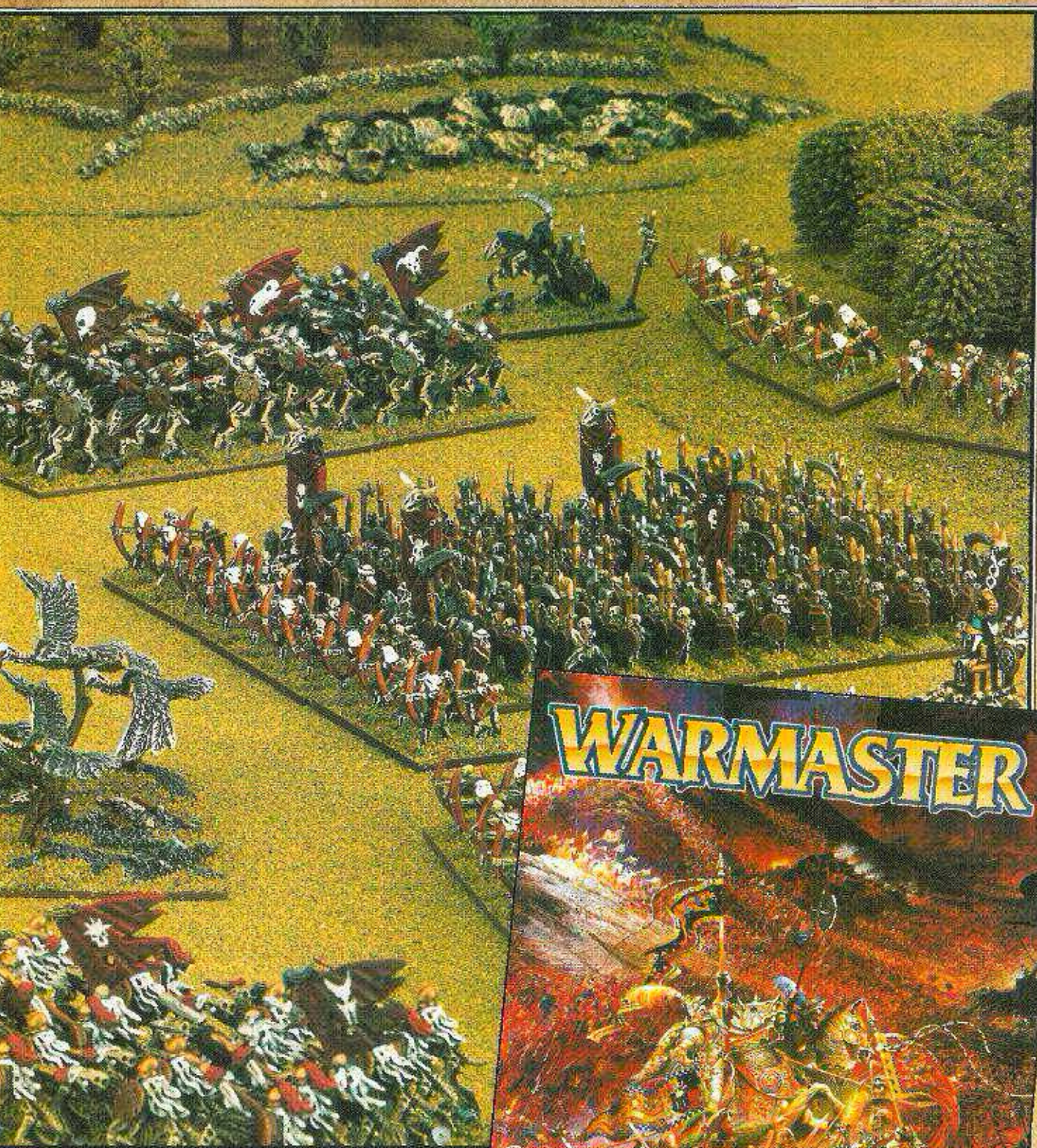




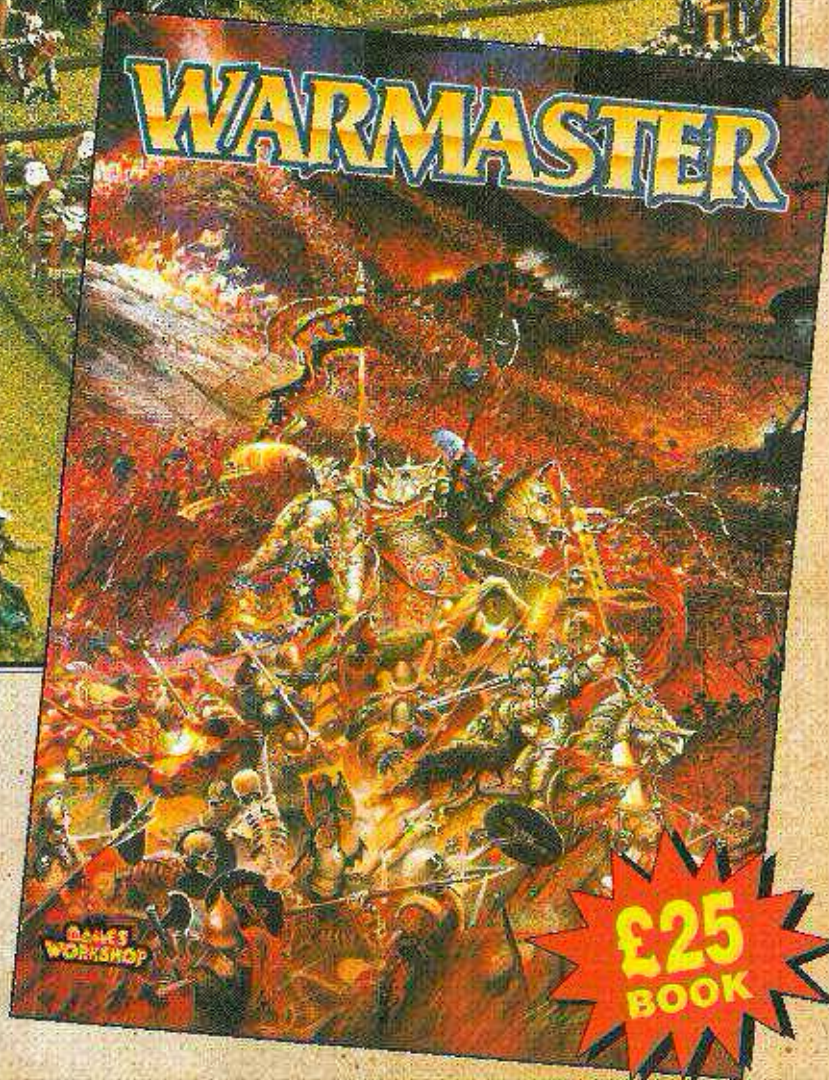


**WARMASTER**  
Let battle commence!





- Detailed game rules for fighting tabletop fantasy battles between two or more players.
- Advanced rules cover magic spells, sieges and fortresses, battle honours, umpires and campaigns of conquest, as well as boats and ships.
- Complete army lists for six awesome armies: Empire, Undead, Chaos, Orcs, High Elves and Dwarves.
- Comprehensively illustrated with artwork and photographs.





## IMPERIAL GUARD SENTINELS

The Sentinel is a one-man all-terrain vehicle, used by the Imperial Guard and certain planetary defence forces. Originally designed as a light scout vehicle for reconnaissance and guard duty, the Sentinel is often pressed into battlefield service. Its superior mobility and speed is used to provide close infantry support and its firepower can be deployed rapidly in response to any threat.

The main role of the Sentinel is reconnaissance so they are always in the vanguard of the main army. They provide detailed telemetry of enemy troop movements and installations. Due to their operational nature, Sentinel pilots spend a lot of their time alone in the field, often days at a time watching the enemy. Because of this, the pilots are chosen for their ability to act on their own initiative. These qualities, often allied with a dangerously individual spirit, means that they have acquired something of a reputation as insubordinate mavericks. This reputation has endeared Sentinel pilots to the regular Imperial Guard infantrymen. If they are in a tight spot and there is a Sentinel nearby, they know they can always rely on the pilot for support. Indeed, there have been many cases when a Sentinel's timely intervention has stalled or even turned an enemy advance.

**The fantastic new plastic Sentinel kit is here! We take a look at some of the many roles the hardy Sentinel scout walker performs on the battlefield.**

Another of the Sentinel's duties is raiding and surprise attacks. Take for instance those Sentinels operating under Commander Mussby (also known as Mussby's Raiders) from the 19th Tallarn Regiment, during the pacification of Vargan III. Commander Mussby led his Sentinel squadrons on a series of long range patrols deep behind Ork lines. His raids on Ork ammo dumps, columns and encampments helped shorten the war by months.

Sentinels are also employed as roving guard units at Imperial Command installations or large supply bases. They patrol the perimeter of the base and are the first line of defence in an attack. Their durable armour and anti-personnel weaponry buy time until the Imperial Guard garrison is mustered.

Although the Sentinel is primarily a light scout walker it fulfils many roles. Thanks to its practical design and the skill of its pilots, the Sentinel is equal to most tasks. Almost every Imperial Guard regiment utilises the Sentinel in some other way, as well as its reconnaissance role. As mentioned before, the Tallarns use them for long range patrols. The Iron Guard of Mordian use Sentinels for guard duty and the Valhallans and Cadians for close infantry support.



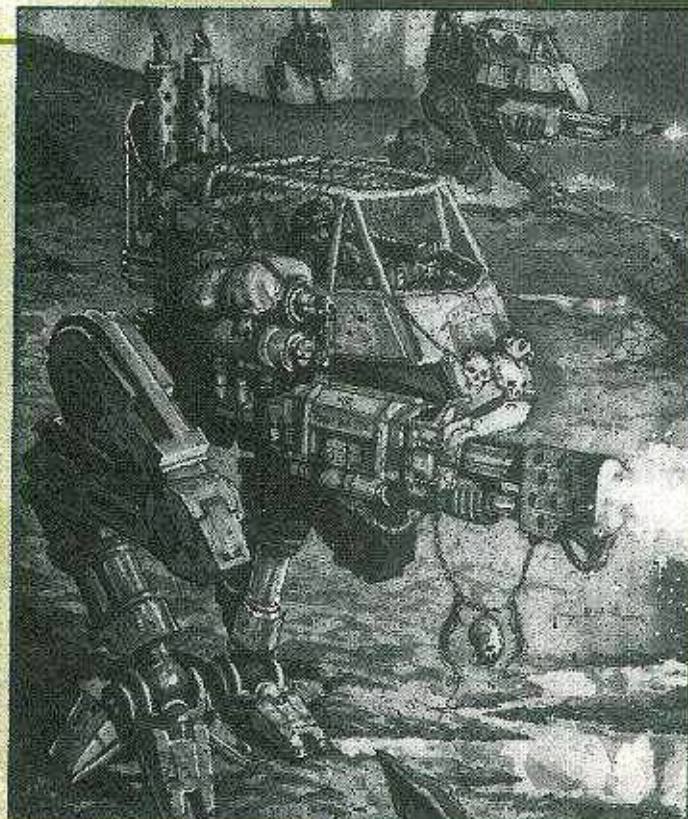
A Cataphan Sentinel squadron on a hunter-killer roving patrol.



Even the elite Imperial Guard Storm Trooper regiments are known to employ Sentinels and they maintain several squadrons. They are used in operations where firepower is needed over stealth. The Sentinel is tough enough to be drop-podded alongside the Storm Trooper jump squads and is manoeuvrable enough to keep pace with them through the most rugged terrain. This gives the Storm Troopers much needed heavy support when taking and holding well guarded objectives.

A special mention must be made of the Sentinels used by Catachan and other Deathworld Veteran armies. Due to the impassable terrain these armies fight in, Deathworld Veterans have no use for the armoured vehicles used by the more regular Imperial Guard armies. Instead they favour the hardy Sentinel scout walker. They are used as roving hunter-killer units, utilising heavy flamers and chainsaws to obliterate knots of resistance. Deathworld Sentinels are also heavily modified by their pilots, boasting extra armour, camouflage and other innovations. A common modification by the Catachans and many other more regular Imperial Guard regiments is to fit hunter-killer missiles to the walker's hull to augment its firepower.

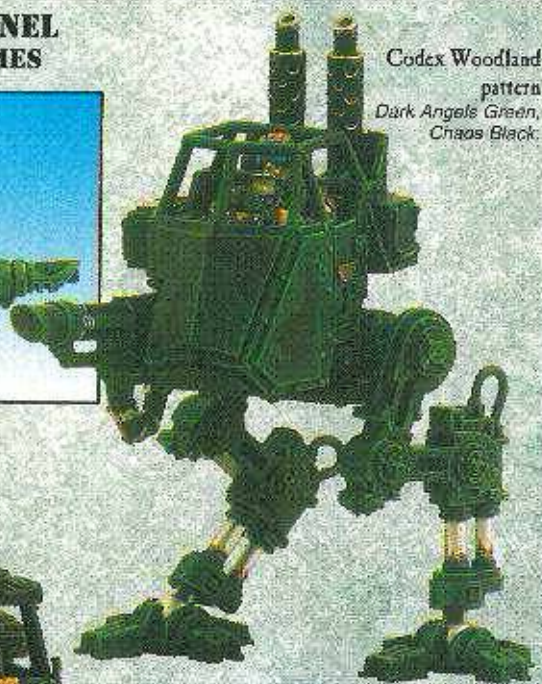
The Sentinel scout walker's success comes from its ability to be modified to any given battlefield situation, making it one of the most versatile units in the Imperial Guard army.



## IMPERIAL GUARD SENTINEL CODEX CAMOUFLAGE SCHEMES



Jungle disruption  
camouflage  
Wilderness pattern  
Dark Angels Green,  
Bubonic Brown,  
Chaos Black.



Codex Woodland  
pattern  
Dark Angels Green,  
Chaos Black.

A Sentinel from the 33rd Cadian Fusiliers.



A Sentinel from the 3rd Catachan Rangers.

## CODEX CAMOUFLAGE SCHEMES

Jungle  
camouflage



Snot Green,  
Chaos Black,  
Goblin Green



Snot Green,  
Chaos Black



Chaos Black,  
Bestial Brown,  
Scorpion Green



Snot Green,  
Chaos Black

Woodland  
camouflage



Camo Green,  
Bubonic Brown,  
Chaos Black



Bestial Brown,  
Bubonic Brown,  
Chaos Black



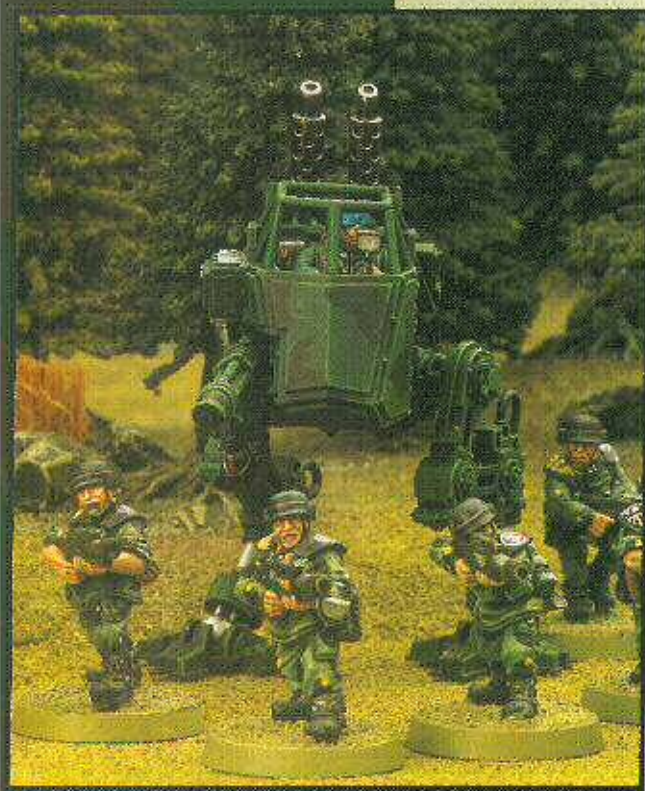
Rolling Flesh,  
Camo Green,  
Chaos Black



Camo Green,  
Chaos Black,  
Bestial Brown

Designed by Tim Adcock, Alan Perry & Michael Perry



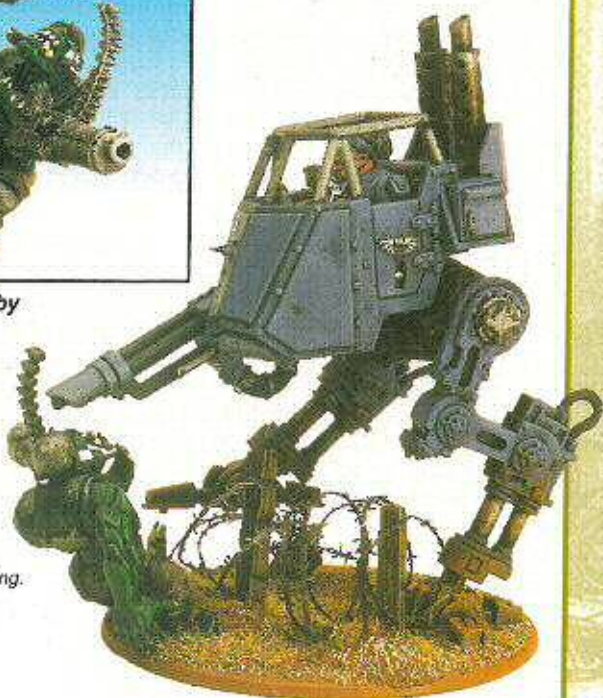


A Cadian Sentinel gives close support to an Infantry squad.



#### Sentinel Attack by Rowland Cox:

An Imperial Sentinel spears an Ork with its multi-laser. Rowland has exploited the multi-pose nature of the Sentinel kit and has modelled the Sentinel so it looks like it is charging.



### CODEX CAMOUFLAGE SCHEMES

#### Urban camouflage



Codex Grey,  
Chaos Black



Ghastly Grey,  
Fortress Grey,  
Chaos Black



Space Wolf Grey,  
Codex Grey,  
Chaos Black



Fortress Grey,  
Codex Grey

#### Desert camouflage



Fiery Orange,  
Sunburst Yellow,  
Chaos Black



Bibonic Brown,  
Bestial Brown,  
Scorched Brown



Rolling Flesh,  
Bestial Brown,  
Chaos Black



Rolling Flesh,  
Bestial Brown,  
Chaos Black

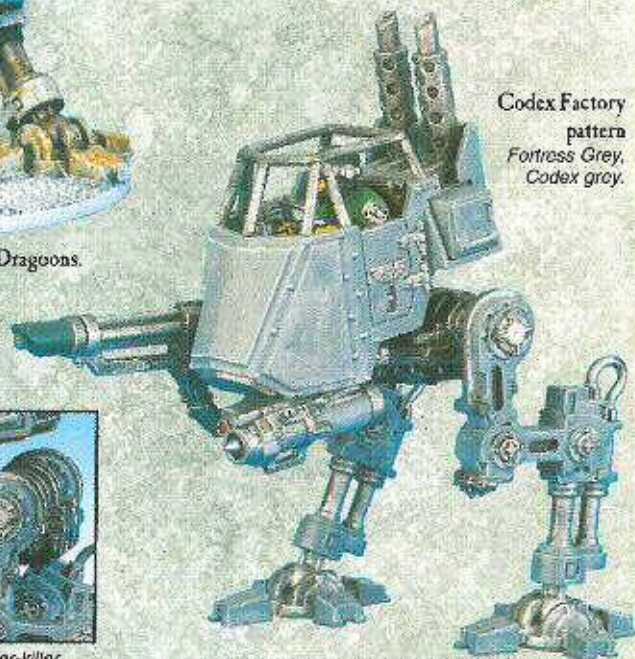
#### Codex Ice World pattern Dark Angels Green, Skull White.



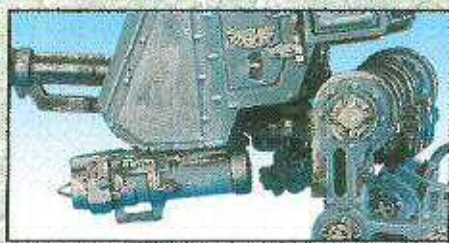
A Sentinel from the 21st Valhallan Dragoons.



#### Codex Factory pattern Fortress Grey, Codex grey.



A Sentinel from the 95th Cadian Rifles.



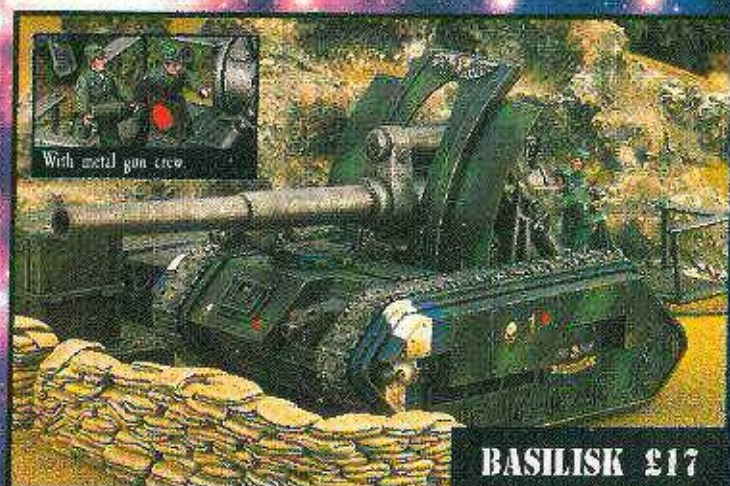
Above: Additional weapon fitted – a hunter-killer missile (made from a Space Marine missile launcher)



# WARHAMMER 40,000

There is no problem that cannot be solved  
by the tanks of the Imperial Guard!

*Attributed to Warmaster Solar*



**IMPERIAL GUARD TANKS  
AVAILABLE NOW!**



Games Day 1999 Mega Display

# Vengeance of the





# Vampire



Bloody combat erupts in the centre of the town between the forces of the Undead and the town's gallant defenders.

Undoubtedly the centre piece at Games Day 1999 was the awesome 'Vengeance of the Vampire' display. This epic battle scene measures over 22 feet long and 10 feet wide, and took over three months to make. Using thousands of models (there are 2,000 Zombies alone) the game depicts the epic struggle between the forces of the Undead, led by the Vampire Antoine von Carstein, returned to exact revenge upon Maximilian von Klaus, the mayor of the fortified Empire town of Stuttburg.

The story behind the display can easily be followed by just looking at the battle scenes as they unfold. The best thing about it though are the small touches. You can spend hours spotting dozens of great sub-plots happening all over the display, such as the Dwarf Nautilus being attacked by a monster from the deep, or the lone crossbowman holed up in the barn surrounded by a horde of Undead.

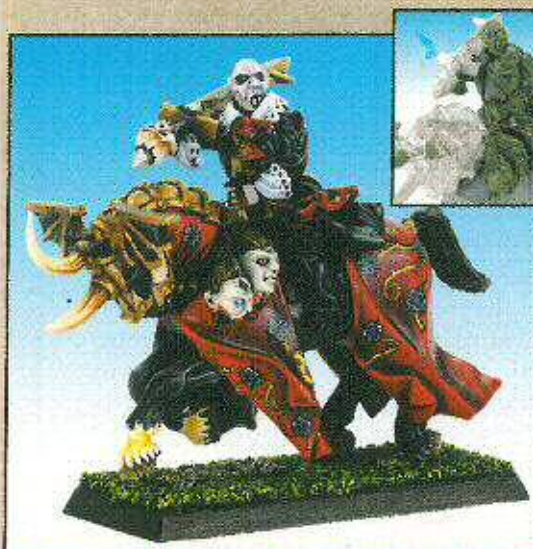


Games Workshop staff take a closer look at the display at Games Day 1999 before the doors are opened to the hordes of frenzied gamers.



Even this massive display is dwarfed by the crowds of eager gamers taking a closer look.

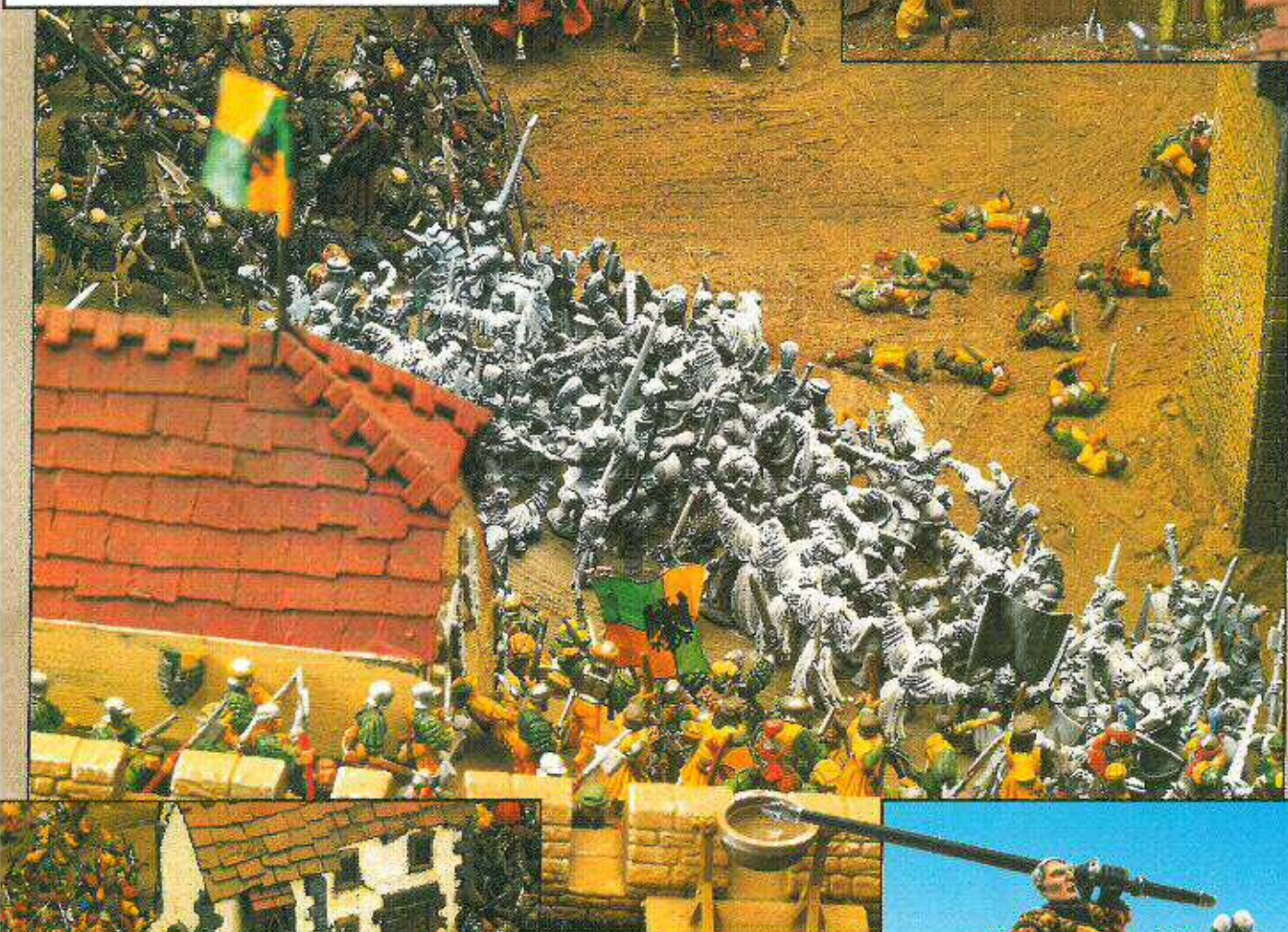




*Left and inset: The Vampire Lord, Anloine von Carstein. Converted by Mark Harrison and painted by Joe Hill.*

*Right: A handful of Empire Bowmen hold back a horde of Skeleton Warriors who are attempting to encircle the town's defenders.*

*Below: A detachment of Halberdiers can only shrink back in horror as a massive host of spirits pushes them back against the town's walls.*



*Left: A Blood Dragon Vampire sends forth a Skeleton regiment against the Halberdiers of Talabecland.*

*Right and inset: Reiksmarschall Wilhelm Hague of Talabecland. Converted by Mark Harrison and painted by Dave Thomas.*





# Vengeance of the Vampire

by Andy Foster and Matthew Fletcher

Maximilian von Klaus stretched his arms out as far as he could and yawned expansively. The weight of his chains of office shifted uncomfortably around his neck. A few joints creaked as he stretched.

Forty years ago, von Klaus had been a redoubtable warrior, the finest Grand Master of the Knights of the Blazing Sun. He had strode amongst the battlefields of the Empire, killing mutants, beastmen and... the Undead. He shivered despite the midday sun and pulled his robes closer. From the bowels of his soul, blackness welled up as the fear took hold of him again.

"One day, when you are old and weak, mortal, we shall return for you."

Maximilian stared once again at those terrible, hating eyes, the eyes that looked at him every minute of his life.

"We shall return for you. We shall drink of you. We shall revenge our beloved Elysabet!"

He looked out once more from his golden armour at the foul leech-thing. Even as his men destroyed the Vampire's minions around him, he knew terror for the first time. The Vampire Lord dissolved into mist and six knights' swords passed through it harmlessly. The cloud spread, thinning, sifting through the littered corpses of the battlefield, but that terrible whispering voice spoke torments to von Klaus.

"We shall bleed you and your Empire dry and when we have finished, you will be one of us. Your rotting flesh will be a feast for the crows and worms but you shall not rest. You will suffer an eternity of horror, Maximilian von Klaus. In forty years, we shall find you. We shall kill you. We will kill your sons, your people, your whole pitiful Empire."

The mayor returned to his senses. He staggered out across the market place towards the statue of Manann, the god of the sea. Forty years ago, he was in his prime. Now, he was old and weary. He had a pain in his chest and arthritis. But perhaps, perhaps the Vampire would forget him. Perhaps it had been killed itself. Perhaps the rumours of the Undead horde ravaging the Empire were just that: rumours spread by small-minded peasants around the fire at the local inn.

A horn sounded at the gates of the city, several more answered outside the walls. Von Klaus turned to see a column of halberdiers enter the town in the colours of Talabekland. At their head rode a stern-faced man wearing a monocle and dressed in expensive cloth. Upon seeing him, the man rode towards the mayor and saluted.

"Reiksmarschall Wilhelm Hague of Talabekland. You are the Herr von Klaus?"

Maximilian nodded dumbly.

"Jolly good, Mayor von Klaus, we haven't much time. I have with me four hundred men and two hundred horses. More troops are on the way from all over the Empire at the Emperor's wish and under my command. We have already begun to dig some defenses outside the city for the artillery units. Rouse your city guard! The foul fiends will soon be here!"

"Foul fiends?" replied von Klaus.

"Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"The Undead are coming, mayor. Apparently for you!"

The Battle of Schroloetz Plain saw the defeat of the Vampire Antoine von Carstein at the hands of a huge Empire force commanded by Maximilian von Klaus, in the year IC 2465. Von Carstein was on the verge of destroying the Empire before Emperor Wilhelm III united the Elector Counts against him. Von Klaus and his bodyguard of Knights of the Blazing Sun defeated the Vampire in the midst of a huge engagement, while the Undead legions were destroyed with cannon and volley gun fire. Antoine von Carstein swore revenge against von Klaus, his family and the Empire itself.

For forty years, von Carstein licked his wounds and plotted his revenge. He rebuilt his hordes corpse by corpse, nursing his anger until he could taste it upon his cold, pointed tongue.

His shambling legions lurched out of Sylvania once more in the year 2505. Von Carstein moved cautiously, first choosing small villages to test his armies against, adding the slain as new troops, fresh from the grave. The rotting faces of distant cousins slaughtered whole towns and soon rumours spread to the court of the Emperor Karl Franz of the return of the Vampire Lord. Witch Hunters and spies were sent. Some, very few, returned with news of thousands of Empire citizens bound beyond death to fight for the foul Lord of Necromancers riding openly through the countryside, and of strange horsemen searching the countryside for one man - Maximilian von Klaus.

By now, whole cities were being destroyed and Emperor Karl Franz mobilised troops from the states of Talabekland, Stutland, Averland and Ostermark to make a stand at the home of the former hero of the Empire, the fortified harbour town of Stutburg. The Emperor even sent a detachment of his elite guard from Altdorf aboard the Imperial Greatship, 'Pride of Sigmar'.

The Empire forces were commanded by Wilhelm Hague, an idiosyncratic man but a fine commander, who managed to organise a considerable defence in the scant few hours he had before the Undead hordes descended upon Stutburg.

The midday sky turned black as thousands of bats and insects descended upon Stutburg and storm clouds racked the sky, bringing the darkness of night to previously beautiful day. The sea itself churned and thrust itself against the harbour walls, disgorging its victims, the corpses and souls of the sailors and townsfolk who had drowned within its stomach. Long dead fathers and sons sought out their wives and children, stumbling down streets and clawing at doors, slime dripping from jawless mouths.

Antoine von Carstein himself breached the town at the Sigmar Gate, his Wight bodyguard slaying the brave defenders with their putrescent weapons. Behind him, Dire Wolves ran, hunting down the citizens in the streets. Ghouls feasted on the dead and dying.

Standing in the town square, Antoine von Carstein roared out the name of the mayor, commanding him to come forth and stand before him as he had at the Battle of Schroloetz.

The storm itself could not resist that voice and lightning lashed the statue of Manann, the sea god of the Empire, as the echoes bounced around the town square. Von Klaus was thrust from the town hall by the very spirits of the dead, and having lived for forty years in terror, cowered before the Vampire Lord, tears streaming down his face.

However, before von Carstein could carry out his decades-long threat to drink the mayor's blood, a horn sounded.

Wilhelm Hague, Reiksmarschall of Talabekland, led his Outriders across the square, their armour gleaming in the flashes from their repeating pistols.

Battle was joined.







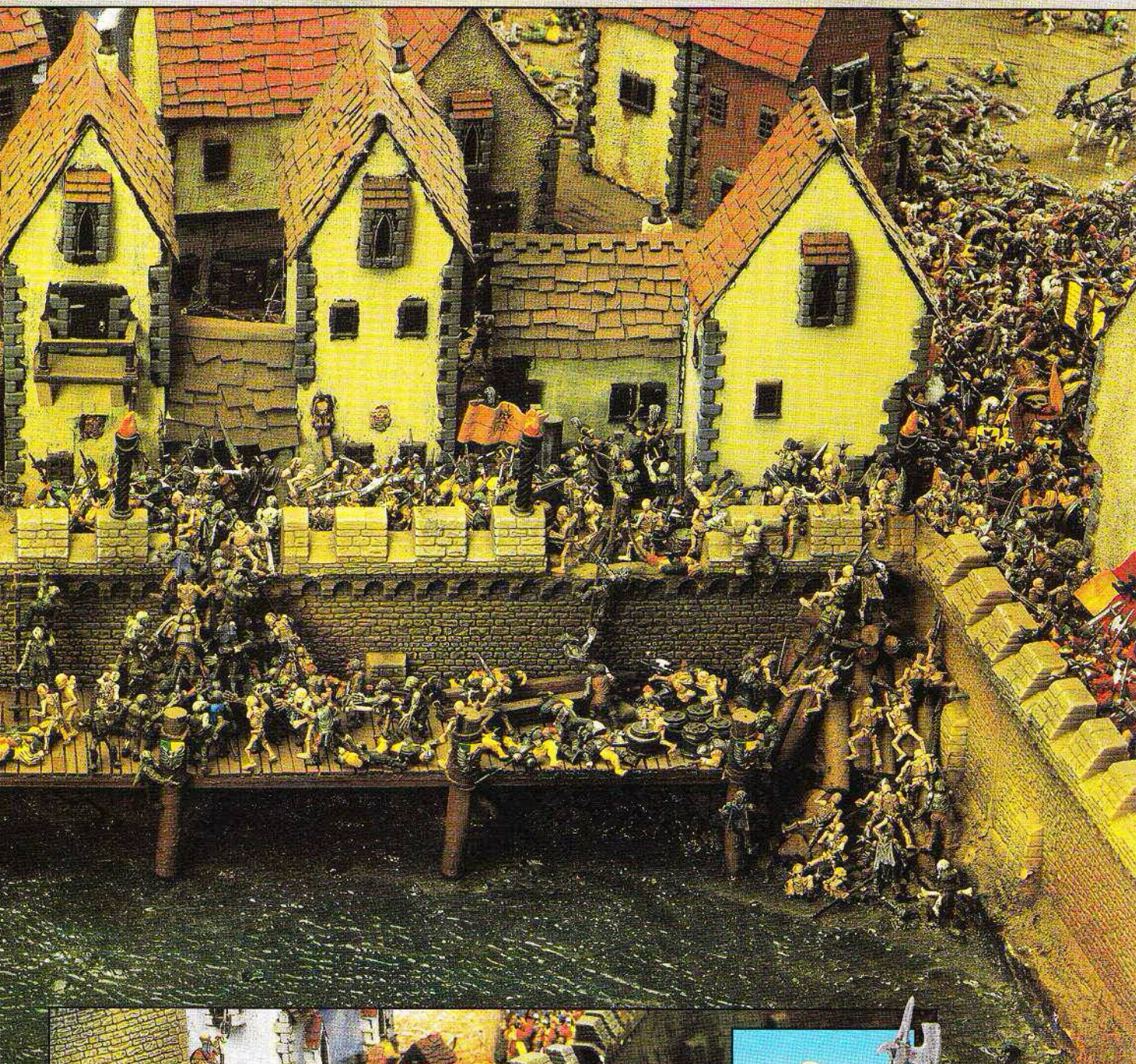
*Above: Hundreds of Zombies swarm out of the barbaric water in a surprise attack against the beleaguered defenders of Stuttborg.*

*Left: Halberdiers frantically defend the gateway into their garrison against a vast Undead horde, led by a savage Blood Dragon Vampire riding a winged Nightmare.*

*Right: The Knights of Manann gallop towards the town, hoping to get there before it is too late.*







*Left: A column of Halberdiers from the province of Talabecland march into the town so that they may reinforce the defenders of Sigmar's Gate.*

*Insert: A Talabecland Hero. Converted by Alex Hedstrom and painted by Martin Footil.*





*Left: Attacked by a vast horde of the Undead, the Sisters of Signar are forced to destroy the bridge leading to their convent on the rocky coast.*

*Below: A Zomble falls to its final death.*



*Right: The Imperial Greatship 'Pride of Signar' fights against the elements to avoid the rocks.*



*Far Right: Outside the walls of the town, an Empire Hellblaster volley gun inflicts a heavy toll on the Undead before finally being overrun.*



*Below: A huge pack of Dire Wolves savagely attacks a regiment of Halberdiers.*







*Above: Stirred by the battle, a swarm of bats fly out of their cave in search of blood.*

*Right: The Undead leave a trail of death and destruction outside the town's gate.*

*Below: Standing on top of the cliffs, the Empire troops defend the lighthouse to the last man.*



Thanks to Matthew Fletcher, Andy Foster, Nick Church, Tony Cottrell, Richard Hayes, Rob Atkins, Graham Basnett, Phil Yip, Dean Winson, David Grant, Kev Balchin, Andy Chesney, Stuart Witter, John Carter, Sam Clarke and Andy Atkins. Special thanks to both the Design Studio and the chaps from GW stores across the country for helping to complete the display.

'Vengeance of the Vampire' is even more amazing close up. So why not come to Warhammer World and take a better look at it, as well as previous Games Day displays including 'The Siege of the Emperor's Palace' and 'The Massacre at Big Toof River', plus 'Slave Raid at Melfa River', the Canadian Games Day display.



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# CATACHANS

**T**he water was whipped into a chaotic boiling by the thrashing of the giant serpent's death throes as another boom sounded out across the swamp. The screech of raucous birds and yammering of arboreal mammals added to the cacophony. As the ferocious bubbling subsided, an oily sheen of alien blood spread across the marsh pool's surface. Lieutenant Green handed the still-smoking shotgun back to Sergeant Barnes and hauled himself out of the waist-deep water, grasping onto a twisting tree root to aid himself.

"We better get moving," Green told his platoon, scratching at eight days' worth of stubble greying his face. "All this racket might attract some unwanted attention."

Pushing his way through the undergrowth a few yards from the swamp, Green pulled a tattered parchment map from his belt and spread it over the large purplish leaf of a bush. Squinting at the tiny notes scrawled along the edges of the map, Green ran a finger along the faint red line of a trail.

"Damned map's so old it's useless!" Green snorted, scrunching it up in one hand and throwing it back into the marsh pool. "Find us a route around this swamp, Toothpick."

At the Lieutenant's command, the platoon's patrol squad jumped to their feet and set off quickly into the jungle, fanning out as they disappeared from view. As Green leant back against the contorted bole of a swampside tree, Skorp hurried over, the bulky set of the platoon comm-link slung on his back.

"Got a message from Company command, Lieutenant," Skorp reported, pulling the headset down around his neck.

"What's up?" asked Green, wiping beads of sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand.

"A shuttle has had an accident; they think the crash site is just a few miles north of here," Skorp told him.

"And?" Green replied with a shrug.

"They want us to get up there and secure the wreck while they send a zimmer to rescue the survivors."

"Okay, get in contact with Toothpick and tell him to find us a route north," Green told Skorp, pushing himself upright and signaling to Barnes.

"There was something else, sir," Skorp continued in a quiet voice. "As the shuttle came down the pilot reported seeing an enemy force moving along the Boden road, heading our way."

"Any more good news?" Green asked, with a deep sigh.

"Nope, that's it," Skorp replied with a grin.

The shuttle crash site was easy to find; the craft's headlong descent had smashed a swathe through the trees fifty yards wide and nearly two hundred yards long. The shuttle itself was about thirty feet long, its angular nose was crumpled like paper against a wedge of dug up dirt and shattered tree trunks. The landing ship's wings had sheared off roughly twenty yards before the wreck had slewed to a halt, and a fire blazed fitfully amidst the splintered trees where the fuel from the starboard wing had been ignited by sparks.

Toothpick and his small patrol squad were already in position on the far side of the wreck, and as Green gazed around, he could see no sign of movement, either in the jungle or in the crashed shuttle. Deciding that the site was clear of enemy, he reluctantly led the platoon from the safety of the treeline.

As the others took up positions to provide covering fire to every direction, Green quickly ran to the side of the shuttle, accompanied by his command section. The fuselage was heavily blackened towards the front and the whole thing was surrounded by a shimmering heat aura from its ungainly entry into Darwin II's atmosphere. Green could hear creaking and cracking as the shuttle's metal skin cooled erratically in the humid jungle air. The Catachan spied a ladder and entry hatch just forward of the engines, and as he side-stopped towards the rungs away from the glowing nose-cone, his eyes constantly scanning the jungle for danger, the air grew cooler. The rungs of the ladder were warm to the touch but not painful, and Green quickly scrambled up the ten feet to the hatch, keeping himself as close to the hull as possible. Pulling his favourite knife from its sheath, his eighteen inch 'dicer', Green slowly banged three times against the hatch with the pommel, the metallic clangs causing muffled echoes within the vessel's interior.

After half a minute, Green heard footsteps ringing along the decking inside the shuttle and with a grinding noise the lockwheel on the hatch began to turn. Green stepped down a couple of rungs and readied himself. As the hatch swung open with a creak of damaged hinges, Green pushed himself upwards, grabbing the throat of the man in the hatchway. The Lieutenant's dicer hovered just by the man's carotid artery.

"Who are you?" hissed Green, bending his legs slightly to take the strain of standing on the ladder with no handhold.

"Absalom Benn, pilot first class!" the man replied in a taut voice, his eyes fixed on the blade by his throat. Green released his grip and gently pushed the pilot back into the shuttle, sheathing his knife as he did so.

"Okay," Green reassured the young man, "ain't nothing to worry about now. We'll take care of you. How many of you survived the crash?"

# SIREN



"Both of the others survived," replied Berin, rubbing at the red marks left on his throat by Green's fierce grip.

"Both of the others?" Green asked, his brow furrowing into a scowl. "A whole shuttle carrying just three people?"

Just then a shrill voice piped up from deeper within the shuttle.

"What's happening up there?" the voice demanded.

"I'm Lieutenant Green of Third Company, 24th Catachan Hellbringers," Green called back. "I'm here to keep you safe until another shuttle can be sent".

Someone shuffled into view along the companionway leading to the hatch. The man was hugely obese, wearing an extravagantly frilled purple velvet shirt and ridiculously tight black hose, and he was dabbing at his flabby cheeks and neck with a lace handkerchief.

"You are?" Green inquired, stepping half into the hatchway.

"I am Count Leopold Aleusis Del Rio," the man puffed haughtily. "Attaché to the Imperial Army for Governor Los Alberingo."

"Who's the other passenger?" Green asked the Count, helping Berin out of the hatch.

"I am accompanied by Nostradimicus, Arch-Diviner of the Scholastica Psykana," Del Rio replied. "He banged his head in the crash, he is in the pharmacion on the deck below."

"I'll send a couple of my men to get him out," Green assured the attaché, gesturing for him to leave the shuttle. After shouting down to Barnes to send two men to pick up the wounded Arch-Diviner, Green slid down the ladder.

"Once the spook's out of there, let's get back into the jungle where we're less of a target," Green told Sergeant Barker. "Find me a good spot to set up camp," he added, glancing up to where Darwin's sun was dipping towards the horizon.

As Barker's squad filed into the trees, Green pondered his dilemma. They had to stay pretty close to the crash site, so that they would be able to get to the rescue shuttle quickly. However, the enemy were bound to know where the shuttle had come down, and at the moment he was probably standing in the centre of a constricting circle of opposition forces. It all came down to timing – if the shuttle arrived first, he

and his men would be able to slip past the enemy with perhaps only a skirmish or two; if the enemy found them before the shuttle, they'd really have to fight their way out.

As Green tried to work out the best course of action, his attention was drawn back to the shuttle. There was a sudden hissing of steam about halfway along its length, and an emergency hatch was punched out of the fuselage. Green watched Woods and Alleaf step out, half carrying a robed figure between them. The Arch-Diviner waved away their fussing attention and stood up straight, nearly a head taller than the sizeable Catachans. His long strides carried him quickly to where Green was stood next to the Count and pilot. Stopping in front of the Lieutenant, Nostradimicus bowed slightly and then pulled his hood back onto his shoulders. His head and face were completely hairless, covered with multi-coloured tattoos. Arcane symbols, numbers, hexagons and pentacles were inked in red, blue and purple across every inch of skin down to his neck. A small scab of blood showed where he had cut his right temple during the crash landing. The psyker's eyes were purple as well, and as his gaze met Green's, the Catachan Lieutenant had to steel himself to meet its unearthly stare.

"Ah, Gabriel," the Arch-Diviner said, smiling warmly. "Thank you for your assistance."

"You know me?" Green asked, taken aback by Nostradimicus' familiarity.

"I know many things, Lieutenant," the psyker replied with a half-smile.

"Stay out my head!" snarled Green, his hand straying to the 'gutslicer' knife hung on his right hip.

"I am truly sorry," Nostradimicus apologised, taking a step back and raising both his hands in a placating gesture. "You project yourself like a beacon guiding a ship home, I could not help but detect some of your thoughts. You have a very strong mind. For an Ungifted..."

"Well, warlock, in future just you ignore them," Green warned the psyker with a growl.

— \*\*\* —

They had made good progress through the jungle, despite the constant whining and stumbling of Del Rio. Toothpick had found a hill a couple of miles from the crash site,



and as Green and his wards approached, the Lieutenant could see his men quickly making a bivouac to camp down in.

"Barnes!" Green called to the heavily scarred Sergeant of First Squad. "I want you and your men to lay a perimeter fifty paces from the camp. Cover everywhere, I don't want any surprises in the night."

Barnes signalled an affirmative with a thumbs up and then rounded up his men and began handing out tripwires and explosive charges. Green saw them spreading out through the woods. As he entered the camp, the Lieutenant found Skorp.

"Any news on that zimmer?" he asked, casting a practised eye over the bent branches and leafy roofs of the improvised camp. Everything seemed to be in order.

"The Captain said the crash location has been relayed to the Naval liaison," the comms-man informed him. "They'll contact the Captain when they're ready to launch."

"Keep me posted on any developments," the Lieutenant told Skorp. If he was going to have to drag the witch and the aristo through leagues of jungle to the base, he wanted to know as soon as possible.

Some of the men had their camp burners out – small heaters-cum-cookers which used an energy cell to warm a special ceramic plate, producing no glow or smoke that could be detected by an enemy or any local predators. They were cheerfully stripping and gutting the yellowbacks they'd hunted earlier; three-foot long lizards that were found all through the jungles of Darwin II and the staple of the planet's food chain – for humans as well as other predators. Green spied Toothpick grilling a yellowback steak on the end of one of his knives over the plate of a burner. Pushing through the bright green leaves of a crawling bush, the Lieutenant sat next to the patrol Sergeant. With a slight feeling of consternation, Green realised that Del Rio and Nostradimicus had followed him, seating themselves on a moss-

# SONG

by Gav Thorpe



encrusted log on the other side of the burner. He saw the pilot, Berin, snacking on a ration pack he'd brought with him, sitting talking to Barker's squad.

"How's it going, Toothpick?" Green asked, pulling some yellowback meat from a pouch at his belt and driving his 'dicer' through its centre.

"Been a hard couple of days," the Sergeant replied, rubbing the sweat off his bald pate with his forearm. "Been moving fast, and this is some thick bush. Thickest I've seen outside Death Valley back on Catachan."

Green was about to agree when Del Rio interrupted.

"Toothpick? What kind of name is that?" the attaché asked, leaning forward and sniffing at the steaming yellowback.

"Ain't my real name," Toothpick grunted, pretending to concentrate on the meal he was cooking.

"Shall I tell them?" offered Green with a short laugh. "It was on Oihio where Sergeant Murke earned his title. We were fighting this horde of greenskins, really feral ones at that. Seems they didn't have any of their engineers, so they were using spears and bows for the most part, and huge clubs made from wood and sharpened bone. They also had these short hunting spears, with a head about as broad as your palm. Now, Sergeant Murke here kept calling them toothpicks, saying they were about that effective in a fight. Unfortunately, Sergeant Murke was on patrol when he ran into a bunch of the Orks, and one got the jump on him with its 'toothpick'. Show them, Sergeant."

Toothpick opened up his flak jacket to reveal a jagged scar just under his left pectoral, about five inches long.

"Damn near carved my heart out," the Sergeant said with a disconsolate shake of his head.

"And so now he's called Toothpick," laughed Green, holding the gristly yellowback breast over the burner.

Nostradimicus laughed softly, while Del Rio frowned in confusion.

"Nearly getting killed isn't funny," the aristocrat protested, a picture of dignified offence.

"Lot funnier than actually getting killed," murmured Toothpick before taking a bite out of his steak.

"You've got to understand something," Green told the attaché. "You don't live in the jungle, your settlements are city-sized rockcrete bunkers on stilts so it's just the same as any other town. We're from the deep bush. You can't stay too long in one place on Catachan; it'll take about five years before the trees and plants just grow right back and swallow up the buildings. It's like the whole planet is constantly trying to get rid of you."

Green twisted his knife to cook a different part of the yellowback before continuing.

"Catachan is a lethal place to live," he explained. "People die there all the time, and you expect to drop dead or get eaten by something every moment you're awake. Now, offworlders get really worried when they visit, always looking over their shoulder, constantly scared that they're living their last moments. Us Catachans, we can't spend our whole lives worrying about dying. You learn at an early age that everybody dies of something, and it's how you lived before it happens that counts. So we're relaxed about the whole thing, and a close call with death isn't something to make you fret and worry, is something to celebrate, because this time you managed to get away with it. So we make a joke about the whole thing."

"How interesting..." murmured Del Rio, his lazy-eyed expression betraying the insincerity of his words.

Fat from the yellowback was hissing and sizzling, and Green held it to his nose for a second to smell it. Satisfied that it was done, he was about to take a bite when he noticed Del Rio's eyes staring at the flesh on the Lieutenant's knife.

"Didn't you bring any supplies from the shuttle?" Green asked, lowering the dicer.

"We thought you would have supplies," the attaché replied with a confused wrinkle of his sweat-beaded brow.

"You're quite welcome to some yellowback," answered Green, proffering the lizard meat towards the Darwin noble with obvious relish at his predicament. "Can't promise that it'll taste as nice as an Imperial Commander's banquet."

"I have a few sweetmeats that should suffice until our rescuers arrive," Del Rio said haughtily, his eyes still greedily straying towards the yellowback on the end of Green's knife.

"Nostradimicus?" offered Green, waving the lizard towards the Scholastica Psykana adept.

"Thank you, but no," the psyker refused gently, holding up a long-fingered hand. Green noticed that Nostradimicus' fingernails were exceedingly long, beginning to curl in on themselves. Each was also painted in blue, purple and red ink in a miniature replication of the designs across his scalp. The Lieutenant leaned towards Toothpick.

"I gamble you a midnight watch that at least one of those pretty nails will be broken before that zimmer arrives," he whispered to the Sergeant with a slight smile.

"They've survived a crash," Toothpick pointed out with raised eyebrows, "so I'll take you up on that one."

Barnes pushed his way through the green and yellow foliage and squatted next to the Lieutenant.

"We've set spring and shredder mines all around the base of the hill," the Sergeant reported. "Knots and Palm are in the treeops to the west and east, ready to signal if they see anything. Anybody who tries to come in here is going to trip something off, and they're all linked together so when they go up it'll be like the Ascension celebrations!"

"Good," Green thanked the Sergeant. "I don't know how long before we'll need to start moving to the pick up location, so you and your men get some rest while you can. Toothpick's squad will be on first watch."

The night fell quickly, and through the few gaps in the jungle canopy Green could see the stars scattered across the cloudless sky. Here, further towards the western galactic spiral arm than Catachan, the stars were more numerous and densely packed. Many of them were much younger than Catachan's sun, and to the Lieutenant's eye, used to living outdoors on his home planet, the stars that glimmered in Darwin's heavens had an unnatural white tinge to them. Darwin had no moon either, and that disturbed Green as well. He was used to seeing at least one of Catachan's triple moons in the night sky, and twice a year all three would be in the skies, making it almost as bright as daytime.

As he looked up at the sky, Green's ears were scanning the noises of the jungle around him. He heard the occasional cry of a screech-bat, the roar of some distant predator and the constant chattering of the scalp monkeys. Taking a swig of water from his canteen, the Lieutenant's eyes met Skorp's, who was crouched down, hands holding his earphones tight to the sides of his head.

"Lieutenant!" Skorp whispered urgently, waving him over with the



three remaining digits of his left hand. The others had been lost to fleshrot when he had been a child back on Catachan. "That was the Captain. The zimner is coming now. We have to make for the Boden road for the pickup, about one and a half leagues to the west of here. I have the shuttle pilot's cipher, so we can contact him if we need to. We've got about an hour before he's due to land, and he'll wait as long as he can..."

Green shuttled Skorp with a raised hand, his ears pricking as something nudged at his subconscious. Skorp's eyes narrowed as he joined his Lieutenant in searching through the twisting trunks for the sign of anything amiss. It was Skorp who realised what the problem was first.

"The scalp monkeys have stopped their racket," he hissed quietly, twisting to his left to retrieve his lasgun from where it leaned against a gnarled tree stump.

Green looked around, peering into the trees' leaves to make out the camouflaged shapes of Knotts to his left and Palm to his right. The two snipers both gave him a thumbs up to show they were still awake, and he saw Knotts ease his long rifle to his shoulder, using its heat-scyring scope to look for any enemies. Skorp and Green set about waking the Platoon Sergeants, who in turn roused their squads. Not a word was spoken, though Toothpick had to place his hand over Del Rio's mouth as he shook him awake. Nostradimicus shot a questioning look at Green, and the Lieutenant signalled back by holding his hand behind his ear in an exaggerated gesture of listening. The psyker paused for a moment and then nodded in understanding.

To Green, the whole jungle's atmosphere had changed. The air felt still and dry, tension seeping through the boles of the trees like a mist. He watched his men as they went about breaking camp, moving softly and silently, their eyes wide as they glanced into the bushes, their muscles taut and ready for action. Every nerve in his body was strained to detect the smallest signal that danger was close by, his breathing became shallow and he felt his heart thumping in his chest as adrenaline flooded through him.

It was only a few minutes before the Platoon Sergeants had all signalled their squads ready to move out, but it felt far longer to Green. In jungle fighting, to remain in one place for too long was to invite an attack, and the most dangerous time was when setting up or breaking a camp - during this period, your men were out of position and their attention fixed elsewhere. Green knew the truth of

this, for he himself had led more than a dozen such raids on enemy positions in the eight years he'd been in the Imperial Guard. Every time, the enemy had been almost annihilated by the shock of the attack and their own unreadiness.

He passed word round that they were making for the Boden road, with Toothpick's squad scouting ahead as normal. Barnes had moved some of the booby traps so that the platoon could pass through, and was busy setting them up to cover other trails leading towards the road. If the enemy came in behind the Catachans, they'd run into the mines and bombs at some point. Satisfied that all was ready, he

poised, until he saw the familiar scarred face of Barnes looking back at him. Relaxing with a sigh, Green shouldered his bolter and crept towards the Sergeant. More detonations sounded from the now-deserted campsite, and Green could picture the booby traps being set off. The spring mines, concealed in the lowest undergrowth, would leap



signalled the advance, and one by one the squads began to filter through the gap in the booby traps and disappear into the jungle. Leaving Barnes' squad as a rearguard, Green led his command section from the camp, casting an eye over the ground to make sure no trace of their presence was left. Skorp shadowed Del Rio, while Slanter, his flamer man, tagged along with Nostradimicus. The Lieutenant assumed that Berin had been taken under the collective wing of Barker's squad. With a final glance back towards Barnes, Green slipped into the thick foliage.

They had been working their way through the woods for only a few minutes when the first explosion tore through the jungle, about a hundred yards behind them. Green stopped and looked back, trying to discern any movement nearby. His eye caught a glimpse of something moving to his right, and he levelled his bolter in readiness, his breath held, his chest tightening with apprehension. For several heartbeats Green stood

several feet into the air before showering shrapnel over the surrounding area, stripping bark from trees and snapping branches. The shredder mines would gout flame for a second, sending pieces of razor-sharp metal scything along the trails, cutting through any enemy stupid or unlucky enough to be standing in its direction of fire. Despite the commotion, the jungle was still strangely silent; there were no bird calls or monkeys chattering to break the night's calm. The quiet darkness was unnerving to Green, who was used to the constant background noise of the wind through the leaves and the insistent droning of insects, squawks of birds and growling of predators.

"Got out of there just before they arrived," Barnes told Green, nodding back towards the camp. He was breathing heavily, sweat beading on his brow. He gulped down a lungful of air before continuing. "Didn't get a good look at them, but I think they were more of the Mindless."

"They won't be slowed by the traps then," commented Green with a sour



grimace. "But they won't be tracking either, so pass the word to move at full speed for the road."

Barnes nodded and then ducked into the bushes, his soft footfalls out of earshot within seconds. Green hurried back to his section, urging them on faster with a wave of his hands. With luck the zimmer would be waiting for them at the road and they'd be able to get on board and leave before the enemy caught up with them. He shuddered as he thought about the foes they were facing. He'd never seen one of the aliens up close, but he'd fought with their minions enough times to convince himself he'd never allow himself to be captured. He wasn't sure what the Sirens did to those they took alive, but all of the enemies that Green had faced had been former Guardsmen; mostly Catachans like himself, some others from the Junan Regiment fighting in the mountains to the west. They were like dead things that still walked, their eyes completely devoid of the spark of life, their motions trembling and erratic as they stumbled half-blind along the trails. They were totally fearless, in fact they evinced no emotions or thought at all, simply coming on regardless of their casualties, accompanied only by breathless murmuring and drooling. They were like the Undead of children's stories. Green shuddered with the recollection, even as he anxiously glanced back over his shoulder at the sound of another explosion.

It was a fraught hour for Green, jogging through the trunks of the massive Darwin trees. Skorp was half-dragging the overweight Del Rio, his strong Catachan physique easily coping with the fleshy burden on top of carrying the bulky comm-link. Nostradimicus was entirely different, his long legs carrying him almost effortlessly alongside the burly Catachans. Green was huffing and puffing heavily by the time they caught up with Toothpick, hidden in a dense thicket two dozen yards from the dirt track that passed for the road to the capital, Boden.

"No sign of the zimmer?" Green asked, already knowing the answer.

"Nothing at all," the patrol sergeant answered, chewing at his bottom lip, his eyes looking past the Lieutenant

into the jungle. They both shot a glance towards Skorp, who immediately began whispering into the pickup of the comm-link. After a moment he shuffled over to them.

"Zimmer left on time," he told them with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Should've been here a few minutes ago. The Captain's asking the Navy what's going on."

Green considered his options. He could wait here until the zimmer arrived – if it arrived. Alternatively, he could forget about the transport and carry on back towards home base, another week's travel to the east. He drummed his fingers on his knee as he crouched under the blue-green fern-like leaves of a Priest's Fingers bush. Looking around for some divine guidance, his eyes fell on the form of Del Rio as he lay slumped against a tree. His face was as red as a Catachan Lotus and sweat poured in rivulets from his many chins onto his lace cravat. There was no way he was going to survive another day in the bush, never mind a week. Green gestured for the Platoon Sergeants to gather around him.

"Okay," he told Barnes, Toothpick, Barker, Forest and Grave. "We hole up here for another hour. If the zimmer doesn't arrive in that time, we start making for home."

"The enemy'll be here in less than an hour," Barnes warned, his face grim.

"Then let's just hope that the damned zimmer gets here first!" Green snapped, thumping his fist down his thigh in agitation.

"Sir, just had a communication from Company," Skorp pitched in, worriedly gnawing at a broken thumbnail. "The zimmer's on its way, but there's a storm front heading this way too. Seems the pilot's having some difficulty with a headwind, so it'll be another half an hour. If the storm really hits before then, he may not be able to land at all..."

"Keep your men sharp," Green told the Sergeants. "First sign of trouble and we're moving on. No heroics, is that clear? We don't know how many of them are out there, so be careful." The Sergeants nodded in agreement and then scrambled back to their men. "You two," Green pointed at Del Rio and Nostradimicus. "Stay close to me, do exactly what I say and nothing else."

As the Catachans lay hidden in the thick tangle of leaves and vines, the wind began to pick up. Green tasted the first tangs of rain on the air and the temperature began to drop slightly. The leaves were rustling with increased ferocity, and Green caught glimpses of dark clouds obscuring the stars through the gaps in the swaying jungle canopy. The storm approached even closer, its quickening winds tearing through the treetops. Drops of rain began to spatter onto the road, and quickly the scattered droplets turned into a downpour. Within the trees themselves, the Catachans were well sheltered, and only as the water began to build up on the leaves high above their heads did it start to splash down erratically into the undergrowth. The winds strengthened even more, setting the treetops to howling, fluttering madly in the gale. Green heard the first crack of thunder, still a few miles distant. The trees were too thick to see any lightning.

It was amidst this turmoil that Green first became aware of another presence. Peering through the darkness, he could see nothing at all, but all the same the hairs stood up on the back of his neck, an instinctive reaction to the feeling of being watched by an unseen observer. In his subconscious, he felt another mind close by, seeking for something, searching for its prey. He knew this feeling well, for it was a sure sign that at least one of the Sirens, and possibly more, were close by. They used their mind powers to detect their





foes, forcing them to reveal themselves. Green gritted his teeth and clenched his jaw tight as he felt the alien mind slide into his head.

It was like a hundred tiny worms crawling through his thoughts, slithering through his soul, in an instant the sensation passed and he felt warmth and relaxation spreading through his body. This was the most dangerous part, and even as one part of his brain analysed what was happening, another was witnessing tempting visions. Slowly, inexorably, that part of his mind that could tell that the visions weren't real began to subside until his thoughts left the jungles of Darwin altogether.

He was a child again, no more than thirty seasons old, and he was play-hunting with both of his older sisters, hiding under a clawbush. In his mind's eye, the Lieutenant could see the village where he had grown up on Catachan. Log huts stood on stilts several feet above the jungle floor, their leafy roofs thatched into the lower branches of the trees themselves. Tightly-meshed insect nets hung over the windows and doors of the thirteen huts, and acid smoke puffed intermittently from vent holes in the walls to further repel any invertebrate menaces. He could see the grox paddock, butted next to Uncle Lanner's house. The constant dull grumbles of the beasts mingled with the other sounds of the village – pots clanging, the rasp of saws on wood, the screech of shnekhawks in the trees, the crackling of fires, the laughter of children and the occasional shouts of the menfolk at work.

He could see where the jungle was slowly reclaiming its lost ground. Creepers criss-crossed the clearing floor in a maze of fibrous tendrils. Moss and woodrot crawled relentlessly along the logs of the cabins, giving some a deep yellow hue, others slowly turning red or purple. His attention was drawn to the still-pump, and he saw Kaitlin filling a bucket with purified water. She wore a simple, short, sleeveless dress and he could see the smooth curve of her legs and arms, her hair cropped to her shoulders in a practical fashion. She was singing to herself, though he couldn't make out the words. Everyone thought she was too old for him, but he knew that she liked him as much as he liked her.

His mother was calling out to him, telling him that mid-meal was being served. He could smell roasting grox, and his mother was calling even louder. He fought against the urge to clamber out from under the bush that he was hiding in. He was trying to avoid his sisters; if they caught him

within one glass-turn he'd have to do their chores for them for the rest of the afternoon. The meal smelt delicious; nut-roasted meat mixing with the heavy fragrance of the many spices and herbs the Catachans used in their cooking. He could also catch the odd tang of spine-apple fruits too, mashed with honey and tree milk into a dessert that would satisfy the sweetest tooth.

"Gabe?" his mother called again, her voice more insistent. "Gabriel Green, come here at once!" With a sigh, he began to stand up, but as he did so, he caught his left forearm on a thorn, tearing the skin. Stilling a cry of pain, he sat down again and looked at the blood seeping from the laceration. He glanced at the thorn bush, luckily it was one of the few that didn't have poison on its barbs – it was one of his duties to regularly burn all the more dangerous plants in the village's vicinity. As the red fluid dribbled down his arm, he caught sight of something stirring under the leaves on his right. He saw the head and claws of a mawtail scorpion begin to edge its way towards him, obviously drawn by the sudden scent of blood. He wanted to leap up and run away, but movement was the worst thing he could do – it would attract the creature's attention even more. He sat, half-terrified and holding his breath, while the scorpion crawled across his thighs. It was double the length of a man's thumb, much of it taken up by its bulky claws. Its tail was arched over its back, but instead of a sting, this was tipped with some kind of mouth – this was how it fed. As the scorpion dropped to the ground on the left side of Gabe, he carefully moved his right arm so that he could pick up one of the many sticks lying around him. With a sudden flick of his wrist, he used the stick to flick the scorpion onto its back, and before it could right itself, he drove the stick through its midsection, crushing the haemovore.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Gabe began to stand up once more, and again he snagged his arm on the thorns, tearing through his skin just above the earlier injury. As he blinked back tears of pain, he looked at the second cut.

Lieutenant Green blinked heavily and then stared at the two cuts on his arm, bright red against his tanned skin. He was holding his gutslicer knife, its razor sharp tip dripping with his own blood. He looked at the four pale scars on his arm, evidence of his previous encounters with the Sirens' powers. It took a moment to steady himself. He was on Darwin, not Catachan; he was over a hundred seasons old now, not a child. Kaitlin had died of swamp-pox three seasons after their wedding. Looking around, he noticed the others

performing their own rituals to protect themselves against the mesmeric abilities of their alien foes. Skorp was pinching the bridge of his nose, his raggedly-chewed fingernails drawing blood, while Slanter kept running his hand through the blue-hot igniting torch of his flamer; slow enough to register pain but quick enough not to burn himself. Even Del Rio had his eyes screwed shut and was constantly mumbling something that sounded like a prayer to the Emperor.

It was then that Green's eyes fell upon Nostradimicus – the psyker. Of all the people present, Green would have thought that the Scholastica Psykana adept's mental barriers would have been strongest of all, but looking at the gangling giant he wasn't so sure. Nostradimicus' face was lit in an expression of total rapture, his lips slightly parted and his eyes staring wide at something only he could see. He began whispering something, but Green couldn't catch what the witch was saying. As he edged closer, the psyker's words became clearer.

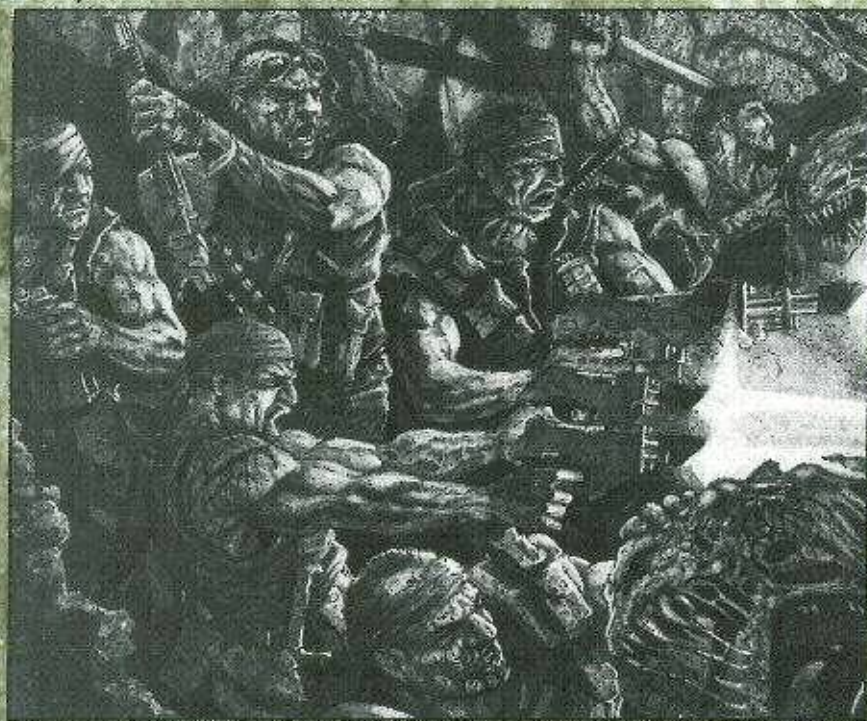
"So warm," he was murmuring, eyes glazed. "So light, so beautiful. So warm, so light, so beautiful. So warm..." the mantra continued, and Green wondered exactly what it was that the warlock was witnessing.

"I must go to the light," Nostradimicus stated, rising to his feet.

"Get down you idiot!" hissed Green, making a lunge for Nostradimicus. His fingers gripped onto the psyker's robes as he took a step forward. Nostradimicus turned his head slowly and looked down at Green, his eyes unfocused as if he had been given a tranquillising elixir. With languid slowness the psyker reached down his clawed hand and placed it on Green's head. Lances of pain flared through the Lieutenant's brain, shards of psychic energy tearing at his mind. Green bit his tongue hard in an effort to stop himself from howling in agony and his fingers spasmed with shock, loosening their grip on the psyker's purple robes. Shaking his head to clear the numbness left by Nostradimicus' psychic attack, Green watched in horror as the witch pushed through the bushes and disappeared from view.

"Emperor damn it!" cursed Green, punching the leaf-strewn ground in frustration. "Okay everyone! Listen up! The enemy are going to be on to our





position in a matter of minutes, so get ready for some fighting!"

Green unslinging his bolter from his shoulder, checked the magazine and loosed the safety. Stabbing a thumb back over his shoulder, he began to work his way towards the Boden road, his command squad following his direction. He caught glimpses of the other squads withdrawing as well. As they approached the road the drumming of the heavy rain could be heard, and Green could see that the dirt track was rapidly turning into a small stream, ripples and splashes being kicked up by the downpour. Barker was shouting something to Green's right but a thunderclap drowned out the Sergeant's words. Green cupped his ear to indicate that Barker should repeat his message.

"I've... got... movement... to... the... north!" the Sergeant bellowed, using his cupped hands as an impromptu loudhailer.

"Fall back across the road!" Green shouted back, jerking his head behind him. Barker gave a thumbs up and his squad broke into a run, dashing through the scorching rain and splashing across the flooded road to jump into the concealing bushes on the far side.

Green saw Sergeant Grave and his squad hunkering down to his left

to give them some covering fire, and the Lieutenant broke into a run as they hit the open ground. The rain struck him fiercely on his bare head and shoulders, stinging in its ferocity. Water ran into his eyes and he was constantly blinking. Beside him, Skorp suddenly gave a cry of pain and plunged sideways into the swirling stream. Green turned and grabbed hold of the comm-trooper's outstretched hand as he silted in the mud, his face feeling rawer by the second as the cloudburst continued to flay at his skin.

"Caught my foot in a damned hole!" shouted Skorp, hauling himself to his feet again. The young Catachan gritted his teeth as he limped on, pushing away Green's hand when the Lieutenant leaned across to help. Green glanced left and right and saw that the other squads were forging across the road now, which was rapidly becoming a torrent as the water built up between its muddy kerbs and sluiced downhill. With a sigh of relief, Green made the treeline on the opposite side, grateful to be within the concealing leaves once more. All the way across the open road, although only a few yards, Green's shoulder blades had itched, expecting a sudden shot to ring out and hit him in the back. Now he was under the canopy again, shielded from the rain and enemy eyes alike.

He moved a little further into the bushes, so that he could see the road but was confident that he would be out of sight of his foes. He could clearly see Grave's men in the bushes directly in front of

him, on the other side of the Boden road – although Boden River was now a more accurate description, Green thought. It wasn't long, only a minute or two, when the Lieutenant saw the first flashes of lasgun fire from Grave's squad. It started with a few scattered pulses of energy at first – sniping shots at long range. As time passed, the squad's fire grew in intensity and soon there was a steady fusillade of light zipping into the distant trees. Green couldn't see what they were firing at yet, and from experience he knew that taking down the brainless creatures they faced wasn't easy. They retained only the barest spark of intelligence and seemed to feel no pain, just as

they felt no fear. Lasguns were not the most powerful of weapons, and it usually took several good hits to blow enough parts off the zombie-like things to cripple them. Even then they sometimes wouldn't die, clawing their way forward with shattered arms, dragging themselves towards their prey with mindless focus.

His eyes flicking left and right, Green checked down the road. It was with a pang of fear that he noticed a group of creatures moving through the trees about twenty yards to his right. The pouring rain made it impossible to count their exact number, but Green guessed there to be between five and ten of them. If they weren't stopped they would cut off Grave from behind. Mindless they zombies might be, but the aliens controlling them certainly have intelligence. Green thought bitterly.

"Target on the right!" Green called out to his platoon, hefting his bolter to his shoulder, he took aim through the downpour and violently waving branches. He squeezed the trigger softly and felt the bolter kick against his shoulder, accompanied by a distinctive loud "brakka" noise. With the bright spark of its propellant showing its path across the gloom, the bolt streaked over the road. Green watched with satisfaction as it imbedded into the chest of one of the creatures before exploding, punching the zombie several yards back into the bushes and showering near-dead flesh through the leaves. The crackle of lasgun fire sounded along the treeline and bolts of light criss-crossed each other as the platoon targeted the alien-possessed Guardsmen.



Looking back at Grave, the Carachan Lieutenant saw that the squad was fighting hand-to-hand with the enemy now, hacking at groping limbs with their big knives. He saw two of Grave's men borne down under the relentless blows of the Mindless, their arms flailing wildly as the creatures pummeled the life from them. Grave himself was trying to wrench his knife free from the ribcage of another creature when a shrivelled hand punched into his chest, lifting the Sergeant off his feet with unnatural strength and flinging his corpse into the flood gushing down the road. It was over in a few moments, even the hardened Catachans stood little chance against their unfeeling foes, and Green could see that there were over twenty of the things stumbling into the far side of the stream now. There were more of them coming from the left as well, and Green realised they were in a tightening circle of the Mindless. They must have been spread out to find us, Green thought, and now they're closing in for the kill.

With a roar of anger, Green pulled the bolter's firing setting to full auto and held down the trigger to empty the magazine, the harsh muzzle flare lighting up the slack faces of his enemies as round after round roared into their close-packed crowd. Larger explosions tore into the zombies as the heavy bolter in Barker's squad leant its fire to Green's, smashing limbs and blasting empty heads apart. More and more of the creatures came shambling into view now, their ragged clothing catching on thorny bushes, their feet tripping and stumbling on vines and in potholes. As they stepped from the trees, the Imperial Guardsmen picked them off with ragged volleys of fire. Two dozen corpses were being swept down the road by the storm's rain and ferocious wind, but that number again were continuing their relentless advance, only a few yards from Green's side of the road. To Green's left, Del Rio stood in a practised stance, an ornate duelling pistol in his right hand. Every shot landed clean, the heavy barrels smashing lumps of leathery skin and emaciated flesh from withered bones. Del Rio paused to load another cylinder of shells into the gun and looked back at Green.

"Easier when they're not shooting back!" the attaché called, raising his arm again and turning his attention back to the approaching mob. Green didn't have time to ponder the change in the nobleman as he emptied another clip of bolts into the enemy, cutting another handful of them down. The Catachans were just holding them back from the treeline, but in another few seconds, they'd all be suffering

the same fate as Grave's squad, torn apart in brutal hand-to-hand fighting.

Thunder rolled loudly, accompanied by a blinding strike of lightning. The thunder seemed to continue, growing louder and louder, while the glare of the lightning did not dissipate. Confused, Green looked up into the sky while he slammed another magazine into his bolter. He gave a shout of joy, three massive plasma jets were dropping down through the rain, turning the water roaring along the road into banks of foggy steam. The triple columns of fire incinerated the living dead underneath the shuttle, turning them to ashes and blasting the remains into dust in the blinking of an eye. With a loud whump the zimmer landed, its loading bay doors already opened even as its landing skids thudded into the charred dirt of the road. The platoon was already heading for the safety of the shuttle even before Green gave the order. He and Toothpick's patrol squad gave them covering fire against the shadows looming through the rain from along the road. Green counted only eighteen men left out of fifty, the pilot Bern among the dead, but Del Rio gave him an oddly satisfied look as the nobleman stumbled past him in the storm.

"Okay, get on board!" Green commanded Toothpick, waving him inside with his bolter. Toothpick looked as if he was about to argue and then thought better of it. He started pushing his men onto the boarding ramp, snapping off shots with his lasgun as more of the Mindless closed in on their position.

"We're leaving now!" Toothpick yelled over the increasing whine of the shuttle's engines as they prepared for take-off. The Sergeant clapped a hand to Green's shoulder and started to pull him on board. Green took a few paces back so that he was standing off the ramp and he felt the shuttle lurch as the whining engines increased to a deafening roar again. The ground began to drop away slowly and the ramp started to tilt up towards him. Exhausted, Green dropped his bolter to the deck and leant against a bulkhead.

Suddenly Green's ears picked up a scrabbling noise, and he looked down out of the back of the loading bay. He gave a short gasp of surprise as his eyes met those of Nostradimicus. The psyker was clinging to one of the hydraulic rams that controlled the closing ramp's movement. His robes were soaking wet, and the rain bounced and splattered off his tattooed head. The witch was climbing hand over hand up the piston as it extended to shut the loading bay, eyes fixed intently on Green. The psyker was

only a yard below the edge of the ramp when Green noticed something moving the robe around Nostradimicus' neck and as the Scholastica Psykana adept reached for another hand hold, the robe fell back slightly. There, in the glare of the shuttle's lights, the Lieutenant saw a sight that seemed to have sprung from some madman's nightmare. Wrapped around the psyker's throat was some kind of alien creature, its numerous tentacles were burrowed into his flesh and he could see them writhing under the skin. With a sudden hissing intake of air, Nostradimicus leapt, his fingers curling around the top of the ramp. Still horrified, Green took a step back from the edge, his mind paralysed with shock and fear. The psyker was slowly pulling himself up, the ramp's angle becoming more vertical as it continued to close. There was only a small gap left between the ramp's edge and the shuttle roof when Nostradimicus' face appeared again, a twisted snarl on his thin lips. But it was not the psyker's eyes that met Green's; his gaze was drawn to the cluster of orbs that regarded him from the back of the witch's neck. There was alien menace in that glare, and a terrible intelligence too.

With a crunch, the ramp slammed shut, cutting through the psyker's arms, his hands and wrists dropping to the deck in front of Green. He heard a weak beating on the ramp for a second more, before all that could be heard was the thrumming of the plasma ramjets pushing them up into orbit. He gagged for a moment, fear and sickness mixing in his stomach in a nauseating cocktail. Taking a deep breath he sat back against the bulkhead and lowered his head between his legs.

"That's a midnight watch you owe me," he heard someone say. Wearily turning his head, Green saw Toothpick squatting next to him, his right hand pointing at the dead psyker's hands on the mesh decking.

"Midnight watch?" Green started, and then he looked down at the hands, seeing again the curled nails with their intricately painted designs. There were still ten of them. He turned back and saw Toothpick's lopsided smile, and then he also realised, as if he hadn't been quite sure of it for a while, that he was still alive. He had survived again. He began to laugh, and it was quite a while before he stopped.





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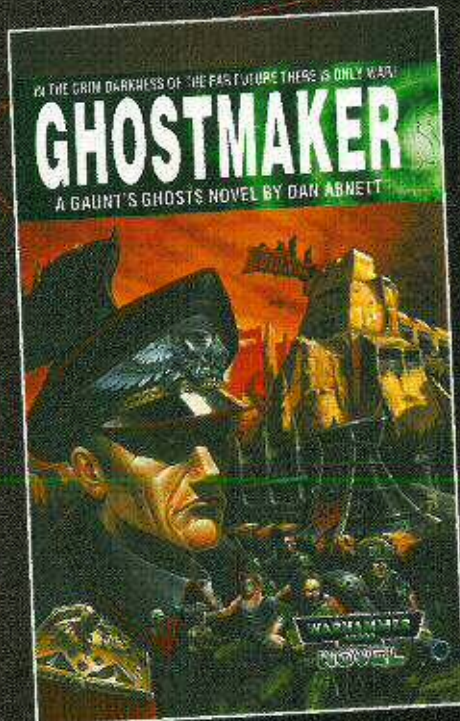
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# IN THE GRIM DARKNESS OF THE FAR FUTURE THERE IS ONLY WAR...



The World Eaters started baying as they advanced, wrenching out of their augmented throats deep, inhuman calls that whooped across the trackway and shivered the metal of the tank armour. They howled the name of the bloody abomination they worshipped.

'Small arms!' ordered Ortiz. 'Use the pintle mounts!' As he spoke, he cranked round the autocannon mounted on his vehicle's rear and angled it at the nearest monster.

The killing started. The rasping helch of flamers reached his ears and he heard the screams of men cooking inside their superheated tank hulls. The Chaos Marine he had first spotted reached the Basilisk ahead of his and began to chop its shell like firewood with a chain axe. Sparks blew up from punctured metal. Sparks, flames, metal shards, meat.

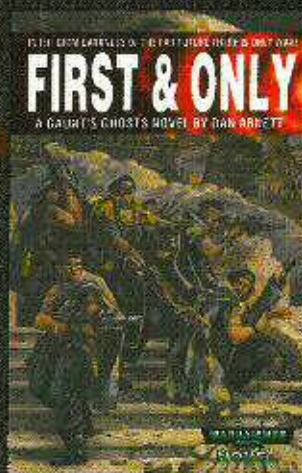
Screaming, Ortiz trained his mounted gun on the World Eater and fired. He shot long at first, but corrected before the monster could turn. The creature didn't seem to feel the first hits. Ortiz clenched the trigger and streamed the heavy tracer fire at the red spectre. At last the figure shuddered, convulsed and then blew apart.

Ortiz cursed. The World Eaters soaked up the sort of punishment that would kill a Leman Russ. He realised his ammo drum was almost empty. He was snapping it free and shouting to his bombardier for a fresh one when the shadow fell on him...

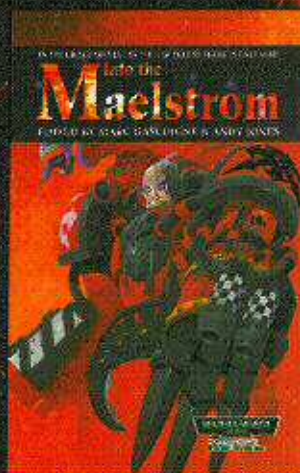
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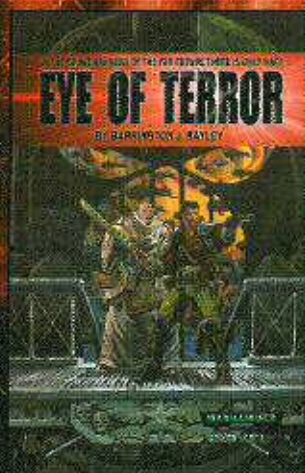
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## GAMES DAY & GOLDEN DEMON 99

At 10am on the 12th of September, over 8,000 gamers descended on Birmingham. Here's a glimpse of what happened!

Of all the Games Days held across the world, the UK event is the biggest! Games Workshop's premier event also includes the Citadel Miniatures painting competition – Golden Demon. Entrants, some travelling from all over the globe, seek to win the ultimate accolade – the Golden Demon Slayer Sword and the coveted Golden Demon trophies.

Games Day is currently held at the National Indoor Arena in Birmingham, an excellent venue comprising a huge arena and two separate areas into which Games Workshop packs as much as we can

physically carry there. Each year since 1975, the event has developed and grown from its very humble beginnings into its present incarnation.

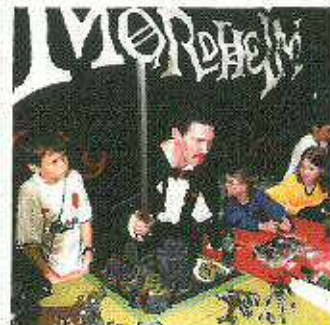
Every aspect of the hobby is brought together at Games Day and to celebrate this we ship coach loads of enthusiasts from all over the UK for the gaming highlight of the year. It's the place to be if you want to meet the guys from the Design Studio and see all of their projects and forthcoming products. It's also the place to see what each facet of Games Workshop is doing, from Black Library publications to

the madcap gaming of the retail stores. It is as much designed to let our staff celebrate the hobby as it is a show for you to experience and enjoy. The event packs in loads of games to play, huge trade stands and stuff from all around the nation. It truly is an event NOT to miss!

Over the next few pages we bring you a taste of Games Day 1999. We hope that this inspires you to come along to this year's event – you won't be disappointed.

*Che Webster*  
UK Exhibitions Manager





**The Design Studio**  
As you can see, all the artists and designers are a friendly bunch and were on hand to tell everyone about the stuff that they are working on at the moment.



**Meanwhile...**  
All the frenzied activity at Games Day makes Rick Priestley very hungry indeed.





## GAMES DAY FACTS

■ Believe it or not, the first Games Day was held a jolly long time ago... way back in 1975 in fact. Only Jervis Johnson was able to remember this!

■ Games Workshop used to hold separate events for Golden Derron and Games Day!

■ This year's Games Day was the biggest ever with over 8,500 people in attendance.

■ This year saw record entrants for the Golden Demon awards, with some 2,563 people all vying to win the coveted double-handed Slayer Sword.

■ Over 700 members of Games Workshop staff were on hand to make sure that the event ran smoothly.

■ This year, there were a staggering 5,288 square feet of gaming tables to play on (well done chaps)

## Crowded House!

Thousands of enthusiasts crowd into the arena. With so many gamers in one area, a good time is guaranteed and you might even make some new friends!



## The Main Arena

The main arena was filled with frantic activity – from the hundreds of participation games to the total chaos of the speed painting competition!



*"Of all the events we hold, Games Day is one of the most fun, and can only be described as one giant party."*

*Mike Osbourne  
Events Planning Manager,  
National Indoor Arena*



## Costume Drama

One of the highlights of Games Day '99 was the many people who got dressed up in Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000 costumes.

## NEXT MONTH...

In next month's White Dwarf magazine we will be taking an in-depth look at the winners of Golden Demon '99. With photographs of the winning entries, we'll be showcasing some of the finest painted miniatures anywhere. Whether you just like looking at superbly painted models or if you fancy your chances of winning at Golden Demon 2000, make sure you don't miss White Dwarf 244!





# The Andy Sheppard Report

Andy Sheppard hosts an awesome internet website which regularly reviews this magazine, as well as loads of other Games Workshop games and miniatures. This year we invited him to Games Day as our guest. This is his story...



## Banshee Exarch

### New Releases

Games Day is a great chance to see forthcoming miniatures way before they hit the shops.

“Games Day '98 was my first Games Day ever. Ironically I had avoided them in previous years due to the reports and pictures in White Dwarf, which typically showed several thousand enthusiastic gamers milling about like Night Goblins after a heavy night on madcap mushrooms. Not my scene, or so I thought, but when I finally bit the bullet and went to Games Day '98, I had to graciously admit that I had been wrong. I had an excellent time and it didn't take any amount of persuasion to get me back there this year.

At 10am on 12th September 1999 the doors swung open and umpteen thousand people swept into the National Indoor Arena. Once the event was under way, Games Day was six hours of Games Workshop mayhem with something for absolutely everyone.

On the main arena floor there was plenty to do. You could marvel at the incredible displays and dioramas. You could take part in painting contests. You could join in one of the many and varied participation games. And then there was the chance to pick up those miniatures you had been promising yourself for the past few weeks (including pre-release copies of Codex Imperial Guard, the stunning new plastic Catachans, Mordheim warbands and so on). The Mail Order Trolls spent the entire day yelling at the top of their lungs, whilst dispensing special edition Games Day Space Marine Captains to anyone with a few quid to spare. A very nice miniature it was too.

There were a tremendous number of new or forthcoming releases on show, and these are part of what makes Games Day so exciting for the true Games Workshop enthusiast, irrespective of age (*seeing the new stuff before everyone else is one of the privileges of being at Games Day!* – Fat Bloke). By the time you read this, many of the miniatures



**Floodgates Open!**  
At around 10am on the 12th September over 8,000 people poured onto the arena floor as the doors opened on Games Day '99.



shown may have made it into the release schedule. You may be able to buy them at your local Games Workshop store. Some will still be unreleased though, and there is something magical and appealing about gazing longingly at fully-painted miniatures or freshly-cast masters of new models, up to nine months before they will be available to buy.

Amongst the new miniatures on display this year were new Eldar models (a stunning new Banshee Exarch, new Dark Reapers and new Gray Platforms. There were plenty of new recruits for Imperial Guard players, with Imperial Guard Storm Troopers, plastic and metal Catachans all on show (including some with demolition packs and some with sniper rifles) plus a sizeable selection of Warmaster miniatures. This list really only begins to scratch the surface though. A very dynamic Space Wolf

Lord in Terminator armour which I surmised could be Logan Grimnar (*you'll have to wait a couple of months to find out, won't you Andy!* – Fat Bloke). Dark Eldar Hellions, models still at the Green Stuff stage and much, much more could be viewed. Some of these things still haven't been released now, making it quite a treat when they line up for your inspection at Games Day.

New releases are not the only treats on offer at Games Day though. You can meet and speak to many of the people behind the Games Workshop games and miniatures. The Studio section had the artists and illustrators each with a portfolio of some of their past and future work. The Games Development team were also present, including Tuomas Pirinen, Gav Thorpe and Andy Chambers, each taking questions or comments from passers-by about the games they helped to

**Studio Area**  
People waited in queues stretching across the arena just to see the artists & designers behind their favourite games and miniatures.







develop. Jarvis would have been there too, but he was unfortunate enough to be sick that day. Jes Goodwin was holding the new Land Raider and looking pleased with himself (quite rightly, having seen it - it's colossal!).

In one corner of the arena there was a carefully constructed casting booth, where you could see how Citadel miniatures are made. A friendly-looking man in thick gloves and safety goggles demonstrated the art of keeping hot, liquid metal in the moulds and off of his flesh.

Believe it or not, lots of people dress up for Games Day. This adds a lot to the atmosphere, and this year all of the Games Workshop information desk staff had dressed up as medieval wenches - fortunately they were all female (rumours abound that Paul Sawyer wanted to come dressed as Lelith Hesperax, but his costume was confiscated at the last moment in accordance with Article 3 of the Geneva Convention!).

Hidden away beneath the main arena was the Black Library area. Despite the fact that you have to trek down about six flights of stairs to get there, people went down in droves to see their wondrous delights. Tucked away in the Black Library bunker were a host of other must-sees. Black Library artists and writers adorned one wall, marshalled by Andy Jones. They were merrily signing books and artwork all day, and talking to anyone brave enough to ask questions. A huge selection of artwork was on display too, including art from future

#### Black Library publications.

Present and future Games Workshop computer games were also on display, including Rites of War and a forthcoming racing/shooting game involving those loveable Orks. This one was just an early demo, but it looked like a potential winner to me. Fingers crossed then and hopefully it will soon see the light of day!

Many games clubs agreed to run special demonstration games in the bowels of the arena, and these are always a highlight with their exotic scenery, scratch-built models and die-hard gaming enthusiasts. The standard of these demo games was high again this year as last.

Forge World models were on display in the Black Library bunker. Their varied wargames terrain and large-scale models of various Space Marines and an Orc Warlord on a boar were on display. Imperial Armour with their excellent resin tank conversion kits for Warhammer 40,000 were also on show (they even had a 40K-scale Baneblade model on display!). The quality of these kits looked to be very high, making them a tempting proposition indeed!

At the end of the day,

#### The Casting Demo

A friendly looking man in thick gloves and safety goggles demonstrates the art of keeping hot metal in the moulds and off his flesh!



#### Black Library

Comics, Inferno! clubs, Forge World, computer games and more lie buried deep beneath the main arena!

*closer look at Golden Demon next issue - Fat Bloke.* You can quiz Games Workshop staff about existing games and the ones they are writing for the future.

To be honest, I can't hope to cover everything in this report. All I can try to do is convey the scale of the thing, and encourage you to check it out for yourself. For years, I convinced myself that Games Day probably wasn't for me. Don't make the same mistake! It's even worth going to Birmingham for.

”

#### Costume Parade

Many of the staff, and quite a few of you, really got into the swing of things, dressing up as your fave characters and troop types.





# "Let the galaxy burn!"

"Let its charred, smoking husk join that of the corrupt Imperium of the false Emperor as it falls beneath the tracks of our all-conquering legions.

"No-one can stand before us as we rip the still-beating hearts from star systems and watch victoriously as they weep their last pain-ridden tears. Debase yourselves before us for we are the Legions of Chaos – rightful masters of the galaxy!"

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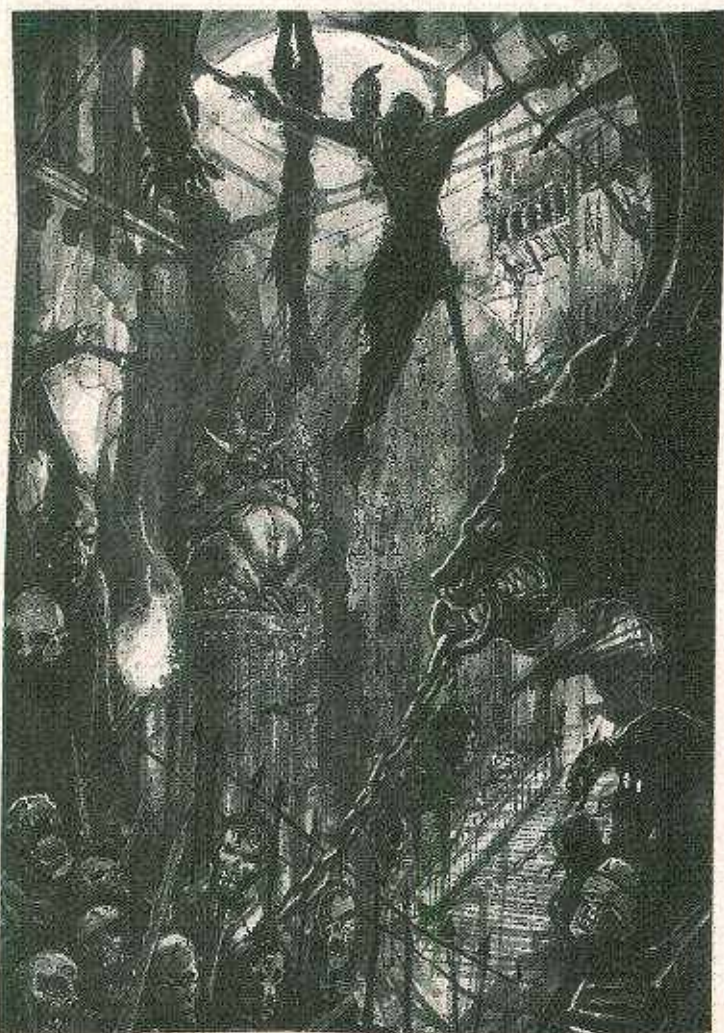
# Town Cryer



Published on the first Angestag of each Mannslich.

4 Groats

## ORCS AND GOBLINS INVADE MORDHEIM



### Foul Greenskins come looking for a fight

Foul Greenskins from the wilderness have been encountered in the ruins searching for bounty. Their preferred tactic is that of attacking the righteous warbands of our Empire to steal their hard earned wealth.

They're tricky opponents, as Orcs are as fierce

as a Wild Boar and thrive on fighting. The smaller ones known as Goblins are a different story, they'd much rather stab you in the back than fight you face to face. We have also had reports of Trolls and other creatures with gaping mouths full of teeth. You have been warned.

### BURGHERMEISTER'S DAUGHTER KIDNAPPED BY POSSESSED

The band of Possessed cultists known as The Cabal of the Scarred Pit have kidnapped Anna von Verbeeck, the Burghermeister's daughter. Along with the reward for

her safe return, a further reward of 300 Gold Crowns has been set for the head of Lord Ernst Barkmann, Magister of the Cabal.

Here  
Within



Ye presence of  
savage Orc and  
Goblin warbands in  
the ruins of  
Mordheim.

A thesis on the  
infamous kidnapping  
of the  
Burghermeister's  
daughter.

Has the Tzar of  
Kislev sent a  
warband to our  
once fair city?  
Rumours abound.

Ye underworld of the  
Mordheim Hired  
Swords, Assassins and  
Marksmen ply their  
trade in the ruins.





# rightful The Editor Speaks

Finally, I have returned. Returned from my epic expedition into the pit, having vanquished all who stood between me and my ultimate goal - the sacred bacon booty, banisher of hunger!

But what do I find on my return? What cruel hand has fate dealt me? That charlatan and rogue, Tuomas Pirinen has usurped several pages of my beloved tome!

It all falls into place now - Pirinen it was who insidiously filled my mind with feverish thoughts of the holy lard. Yes, once I was hooked he took over a sizeable section of this august organ and plied his heretical trade to all and sundry. No

longer will this be the case, however, for I will have no truck with the foul heresies espoused by Mr Pirinen and his band of cronies!

My first, most urgent task was to send the cowardly page-thief scurrying for his worthless life with the Templars of Sigmar hot on his heels (the Grand Theogonist is a personal friend).

The second step was to purge this publication of his foul gossip once and for all. To this end, Mordheim has been cast out of White Dwarf forthwith. All is not entirely well, however, for this unholy cabal has taken its idle tongue-wagging underground to become

a publication in its own right.

'Town Cryer' will be published by those foul miscreants, the Black Library, every other month and will undoubtedly be packed with more tales of dread from Mordheim. Those tainted followers of goings on in the City of the Damned will no doubt slake their fanatical thirst for such news with this new edition of 'Town Cryer'.

With the sinner cast from within our midst there are now empty pages waiting to be filled.

And fill them we will.

**FAT BLOKE**



# Contents

## KIDNAPPED!

4

The Burghermeister's daughter has been kidnapped by the foul Possessed. Tuomas Pirinen, ye Editor of this journal, looks at how she can be rescued by any warband brave enough to do so.

## DA MOB ROOLZ

6

Orcs and Goblins have been encountered amongst the ruins. With their natural lust for blood, I can only guess that they have come to Mordheim looking for a fight with one of our brave mercenary warbands. After many months of study, Mark Havener describes the hierarchy of a warband of greenskins.



## THE HANDS OF FATE

14

A study of the members of the Possessed warband the Hands of Fate by mad master-physician Aly Morrison.

## ABOMINATION

18

The dark followers of the Possessed are growing in strength. New to the ruins this month is a Magister to lead your cult, as well as a terrifying Possessed and a deranged Darksoul.

## SHOW ME THE MONEY

20

The taverns in the settlements around Mordheim make good recruitment centres for warriors who can sell their services to the highest bidder. Here, Mark Havener describes two more Hired Swords that have made themselves available to the warbands of Mordheim.

## WARRIORS OF COLD STEEL

24

A study of the rumours that the Tzar of Kislev has sent a warband to our city. Rotamaster Michael Perry of the Tzar's personal bodyguard takes a closer look.





# Kidnapped!

For Tuomas' playtest campaign he concocted a special scenario for two of the main protagonists, Paul Sawyer's Possessed and Jim Butler's Marienburgers. The scenario has the Marienburgers trying to rescue the Burghermeister's kidnapped daughter from the Possessed, who intend to sacrifice her to their foul gods. It was such a great scenario that we asked Tuomas to write it up for everyone to have a go. Incidentally, the Marienburgers did rescue the poor girl from Fat Bloke's clutches.

During the dark hours of Geheimnisnacht, the Possessed cultists revel in an orgy of violence and sacrifice. It is the custom of these warped followers of the Shadowlord to sacrifice a victim for the greater glory of Chaos during the thirteenth hour of Geheimnisnacht. Sometimes they steal away a victim who will be missed by relatives, patrons or masters and a rescue attempt will be made to save the victim from the sacrificial knife.

In this scenario a warband is attempting to rescue the sacrificial victim from the Possessed, while the Possessed are fighting to complete the ritual sacrifice.

Thus one of the warbands in this scenario should be a Possessed warband. The other warband could be of any type, even another Possessed warband!

## Terrain

Starting with the attacker, each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a ruined building, tower or other major piece of terrain. It is suggested that the terrain is set up within an area roughly 4'x4'. In the middle of the playing area you should set up a piece of scenery representing the sacrificial altar. There should be at least 6" of empty space between the sacrificial altar and the closest building.

A suitable model representing the sacrificial victim should be placed on the altar.

## Warbands

The Possessed warband is deployed first and they can be placed anywhere on the table except within 8" of any of the table edges. The warband attempting the rescue must place all its models within 4" of a table edge, out of the sight of any of the Possessed models, with at least one model next to each of the four sides of the table.

## Starting the game

The warband attempting to rescue the sacrificial victim automatically has the first turn.

## Freeing the sacrificial victim

As long as at least one model in the Possessed warband is in base contact with the victim, the ritual carries on and the sacrificial victim may not move. Note that models *knocked down* or *stunned* do not count.

If there are no standing Possessed models in base-to-base contact with the sacrificial victim, he (or she) may try to escape. The victim can move freely, controlled by the player of the warband that is attempting the rescue. The victim may make an immediate move as soon as there are no Possessed models in base contact and after this will move normally in the movement phase of the rescuing warband. The victim escapes if he (or she) moves off any table edge. In this case the game ends (see Ending the game).

*A brave warband of Marienburgers attempts to rescue the Burghermeister's daughter from the foul Possessed.*





# A thesis on the infamous kidnapping of the Burghermeister's daughter by the evil Brotherhood of the Dark Moon.

By ye honourable Editor of this august journal, Tuomas Pirinen.



## Recapturing the sacrificial victim

If any Possessed model moves into base contact with the sacrificial victim (via charge, normal move or running) then the Possessed player has recaptured the victim and may move the model alongside the warrior who recaptured him/her.

Note that when trying to recapture the sacrificial victim the normal interception rules apply, so the Possessed may not charge the sacrificial victim if there are other enemies in the way.

If the Possessed manage to recapture the sacrificial victim and move him (or her) back to the centre of the altar then the victim is sacrificed and the Possessed win the game.

## Sacrificial victim

In our own Dark Moon campaign the sacrificial victim was the beautiful daughter of a rich Burghermeister, but the victim could equally well be an important Dwarf Runemaster, a Skaven Warlock, the chosen bride of a Vampire, rich merchant, or any other suitable character from your own campaign.

The profile below represents the weakened state of the victim as well as the understandable desire to escape as quickly as possible! Note that neither warband will try to attack the victim with missile fire, spells or by any other means – the victim is too valuable to both of them!

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	0	7

Equipment: None.

## Ending the game

If at the end of the sixth turn the victim has not yet been freed then the Possessed warband automatically wins as the victim is sacrificed.

Otherwise the game ends after both players have completed 12 turns, when either warband is wiped out, the victim is recaptured and sacrificed, or the sacrificial victim escapes via any of the table edges. Note that neither warband routs in this scenario – the stakes are too high!

## Experience

**+1 Survives.** If a Hero or a Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

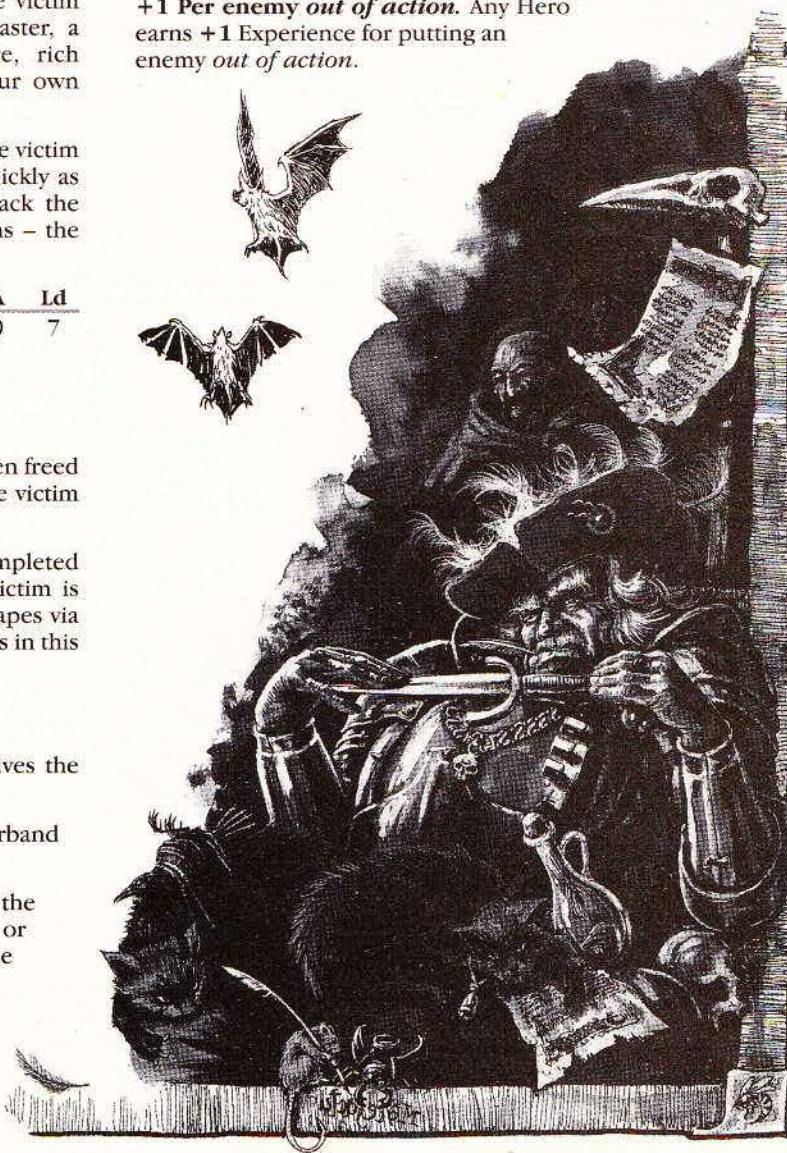
**+1 Winning Leader.** The leader of the winning warband gains +1 extra Experience.

**+1 For the possession of the sacrificial victim.** If the game ends before the sacrificial victim is killed or escapes, then whichever warband is controlling the sacrificial victim at the end of the game gains +1 Experience point which can be given to any Hero in the warband.

**+D6 If the victim is sacrificed.** If the Possessed manage to sacrifice the victim, the warband gains +D6 Experience points to be freely distributed between the Heroes of the warband. In addition you may roll for the Rewards of the Shadowlord (see optional rules on page 160 of the Mordheim rulebook) for any two Heroes in the Possessed warband if you wish.

**+D6 If the sacrificial victim escapes.** If the rescuers manage to move the victim off the table then the warband gains D6 experience points distributed freely amongst the Heroes of the warband. In addition the warband will gain a reward of 50 gold crowns added directly into the treasury of the warband.

**+1 Per enemy out of action.** Any Hero earns +1 Experience for putting an enemy out of action.







# Da Nob Koolz

Orcs enjoy fighting and looting more than anything else. Because of this, an Orc's life is spent in constant battle – either with his fellow Orcs or some other enemy. With its wealth of opponents and loot ready for the taking, Mordheim offers the perfect opportunity for an aspiring Orc Warboss to prove himself. What follows are complete rules, written by Mark Havener, for Orc and Goblin warbands.

Among the races of the Warhammer world, none enjoy the prospect of a good looting more than Orcs and Goblins. For this reason many Orc warbands have been drawn to the city of Mordheim and the wyrdstone that lies hidden there. Of course, Orcs would much rather ambush other warbands and take their wyrdstone than collect it themselves, but their goals are the same as any other warband – collect as much treasure as possible! These traits are reflected in the following special rules.

## Special Rules

**Animosity.** Orcs and Goblins enjoy nothing more than a good scrap, unfortunately they're not always very discerning about who they scrap with! To represent this, at the start of the Orc

player's turn, roll a D6 for each Henchman who is either an Orc or a Goblin. A roll of 1 means that the warrior has taken offense to something one of his mates has done or said. Do not roll for models that are engaged in hand-to-hand combat (they're already scrappin'!). To find out just how offended the model is, roll another D6 and consult the following chart to see what happens:

### D6 Result

**1 "I 'Erd Dat!"** The warrior decides that the nearest friendly Orc or Goblin Henchman has insulted his lineage or personal hygiene and must pay the price! If there is a friendly Orc or Goblin Henchman or Hired Sword within charge reach (if there are multiple targets within reach, choose the one nearest to the mad model), the offended warrior will immediately charge and fight a round of hand-to-hand combat against the source of his ire. At the end of this round of combat, the models will immediately move 1" apart and no longer count as being in close combat (unless one of them fails another Animosity test and rolls this result again). If there are no friendly Orc or Goblin Henchmen or Hired Swords within charge reach, and the warrior is armed with a missile weapon, he immediately takes a shot at the nearest friendly Orc or Goblin Henchman or Hired Sword. If none of the above applies, or if the nearest friendly model is an Orc Hero, the warrior behaves as if a 2-5 had been rolled on this chart. In any case, the warrior in question may take no other action this turn, though he may defend himself if attacked in hand-to-hand combat.

**2-5 "Wud Yoo Say?"** The warrior is fairly certain he heard an offensive sound from the nearest friendly Orc or Goblin, but he's not quite sure. He spends the turn hurling insults at his mate. He may do nothing else this turn, though he may defend himself if attacked in hand-to-hand combat.

**6. "I'll Show Yer!"** The warrior imagines that his mates are laughing about him behind his back and calling him silly names. To show them up he decides that he'll be the first one to the scrap! This model must move as quickly as possible towards the nearest enemy model, charging into combat if possible. If there are no enemy models within sight, the Orc or Goblin warrior may make a normal move immediately. This move is in addition to his regular move in the Movement phase, so he may therefore move twice in a single turn if you wish. If the extra move takes the Orc or Goblin warrior within charge reach of an enemy model, the warrior must charge into close combat during his regular movement.

**Distasteful Company.** Many Hired Swords refuse to work for Orcs, as they know that Orcs are just as likely to eat them as fight alongside them. Orcs may only hire the following Hired Swords: Pit Fighters, Ogre Bodyguards or Warlocks.



## Orc skill table

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed	Special
Boss	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
Shaman				✓		✓
Big 'Un	✓	✓		✓		✓

## Choice of warriors

An Orc warband must include a minimum of three models. You have 500 gold crowns which you can use to recruit and equip your warband. The maximum number of warriors in the warband is 20.

**Boss:** Each Orc warband must have one Boss: no more, no less!

**Shaman:** Your warband may include up to one Shaman.

**Big 'Uns:** Your warband may include up to two Big 'Uns.

**Orc Boyz:** Your warband may include any number of Orc Boyz.

**Goblin Warriors:** Your warband may include any number of Goblin Warriors, though it may not have more than two Goblins for each Orc in the warband (including Orc Heroes).

**Cave Squigs:** Your warband may include up to five Cave Squigs. You may never have more Cave Squigs in your warband than you have Goblin Warriors.

**Troll:** Your warband may include up to one Troll.

## Starting experience

A Boss starts with 20 experience.

A Shaman starts with 10 experience.

Big 'Uns start with 15 experience.

All Henchmen start with 0 experience.

## Characteristic increase

Orc characteristics may not be increased beyond the maximum profile limits shown below. If a characteristic is at its maximum, take the other option or roll again if you can only increase one characteristic. If both are already at their maximum, you may increase any other by +1 instead. Remember that Henchmen can only add +1 to any characteristic.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc	4	6	6	4	5	3	5	4	9

## Orc equipment lists

The following lists are used by Orc warbands to pick their equipment.

### Orc equipment list

#### Hand-to-hand combat weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Battle axe	5 gc
Sword	10 gc
Morning star	15 gc
Dwarf axe	15 gc
Sword	10 gc
Double-handed weapon	15 gc
Spear	10 gc
Halberd	10 gc

#### Missile weapons

Crossbow	25 gc
Bow	10 gc

#### Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc

### Goblin equipment list

#### Hand-to-hand combat weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Sword	10 gc
Spear	10 gc

#### Missile weapons

Short bow	5 gc
-----------	------

#### Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc





The lithe figures peered through the foliage at the group in the clearing below. The pair of Wood Elf scouts had been shadowing the Orcs for days, attempting to determine if the small band of creatures was an isolated warband or the scouting party of a larger army. While most beings would not be able to hear the guttural Orc speech from 100 yards away, the keen ears of the Elves allowed the scouts to discern what the creatures were saying. Most of it was nonsense of course, squabbling over some scraps of meat or pretty rocks, but the Elves patiently awaited the words that would reveal the purpose of the foul creatures.

Members of the band loitered about the clearing. Goblins scampered around ceaselessly, attempting to avoid the annoyed grasp of their larger Orc cousins. A single Troll slowly wandered around aimlessly in a small circle, digging a groove into the ground where it had been dragging its feet for hours. As the Elves watched, a solidly built Orc with blood covering his arms up to the elbows approached a much larger Orc who was seated on a primitive 'throne' of bones and hides. The scouts had already determined that the seated Orc was the leader of the motley group.

"How'd da huntin' go?" asked the Orc Boss.

"Ran into some 'umies. All dey 'ad was some black rocks."

"Where's da loot den?" asked the Orc Boss. "All 'umies got loot!"

"Dat's what I asked 'em!" replied the Big 'Un. "Dey tried to tell me dat da rocks WAS da loot! Den after I leans on 'em a bit, dey tells me dat some big boss 'umies pay loads for dis stuff!"

"Loads?"

"Dat's what dey sed," the Big 'Un replied, disbelief plain on his face, "dey told me da rocks wuz from dis place called More-ty...Mordh...Mork...well, dey drew us dis map."

The larger Orc grabbed the scrap of parchment his lieutenant had been holding and scanned it for a few quick seconds, then began barking orders. Goblins squealed and ran about the encampment, frantically packing up the warband's gear. Four huffed and strained as they picked up their leader on his throne and carried him aloft. The Orc warriors were much more composed about the whole affair, and calmly packed up their kits and prepared for the journey ahead.

The scouts faded back into the forest, secure in the knowledge that these Orcs were no threat. They too had heard stories about the human city that had treasure supposedly lying on the streets for easy picking. But they had also heard other stories about the city. The Orcs would be dead within a fortnight.

## Heroes

### 1 Orc Boss

#### 80 gold crowns to hire

An Orc Boss is a tough and brutal warrior, who will throw his lads into any fight that he thinks he can profit from. He is the strongest, toughest and most barbaric member of the warband and if any of his Boyz think otherwise, the band may soon find itself with one less member!

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	8

**Weapons/Armour:** An Orc Boss may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Orc equipment list.

#### SPECIAL RULES

**Leader:** Any warrior within 6" of the Orc Boss may use his Leadership characteristic when taking Leadership tests.

### 0.1 Orc Shaman

#### 40 gold crowns to hire

Orc Shamans are outcasts from Orc society. They are gifted by the Orc gods Gork and Mork with powers they can neither understand nor completely control. Many join roaming Orc warbands where they are no longer shunned for their abilities, but respected for them.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	7

**Weapons/Armour:** An Orc Shaman may be armed with weapons chosen from the Orc equipment list. An Orc Shaman may never wear armour.

#### SPECIAL RULES

**Wizard:** An Orc Shaman is a wizard and uses Waaagh! Magic. See Waaagh! Magic overleaf for his spell list.

### 0.2 Orc Big 'Uns

#### 40 gold crowns to hire

Orc society is a savage hierarchy where only the toughest survive and rise through the ranks (often atop the bodies of other challengers). Big 'Uns are such rising stars, and they carry out the orders of the Orc Boss. If the Boss ever falls, it is up to the Big 'Uns to decide on a new leader (usually through personal combat).

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	7

**Weapons/Armour:** Big 'Uns may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Orc equipment list.



## Orc Boyz

25 gold crowns to hire

Orc Boyz are savage and tough. They fear nothing that they can get their bare hands on, though they are even more ignorant and superstitious than most other beings in the Warhammer world. They form the core of any Orc warband.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7

**Weapons/Armour:** Boyz may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Orc equipment list.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Animosity:** Orc Boyz are subject to the rules for Animosity (see Special Rules for details).

## Goblin Warriors

10 gold crowns to hire

Goblins are often used as cannon fodder (as well as a food source in lean times!) by their larger Orc cousins. They are usually not as well equipped as Orc Boyz, having to make do with whatever the Orcs do not want or cannot use.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5

**Weapons/Armour:** Goblins may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from Goblin equipment list.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Animosity:** Goblin Warriors are subject to the rules for Animosity (see Special Rules for details). **Note:** A Goblin Warrior who fails his Animosity test and rolls a 1 for the result will never charge an Orc Henchman, though he will still use any missile weapons to attack as normal. Goblins are far too afraid of Orcs to challenge them individually.

**Not Orcs:** Orcs don't expect much from non-Orcs, and are therefore not unsettled if Goblins or Cave Squigs break or get cut down in battle. In fact, they expect as much from these weaklings! Therefore, when testing to see if an Orc Warband needs to take a Rout test, each Goblin Warrior or Cave Squig taken out of action only counts as half a model. Therefore, a band of 5 Orcs and 10 Goblins (15 models) would only have to take a test if 4 models fell (4 Orcs or 8 Goblins, or some combination thereof).

**Useless Gits:** Goblins never gain experience.

## 0.5 Cave Squigs

14 gold crowns to hire

Goblins raise the deadly Cave Squigs. These creatures are a curious blend of animal and fungus, and are composed mostly of teeth, horns, and a nasty temperament.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	2D6	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	5

**Weapons and Armour:** Big gob and brutality! Cave Squigs never use or need weapons or armour.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Movement:** Cave Squigs do not have a set Movement characteristic but move with an ungainly bouncing stride. To represent this, when moving Squigs, roll 2D6 for the distance they move. Squigs never run and never declare charges. Instead, they are allowed to contact enemy models with their normal 2D6" movement. If this happens, they count as charging for the following round of close combat, just as if they had declared a charge.

**Minderr:** Each Cave Squig must always remain within 6" of a Goblin Warrior, who keeps the creature in line. If a Cave Squig finds itself without a Goblin within 6" at the start of its Movement phase, it will go wild. From that point on, move the Squig 2D6" in a random direction during each of its Movement phases. If its movement takes it into contact with another model (friend or foe), it will engage the model in hand-to-hand combat as normal. The Cave Squig is out of the Orcs & Goblins player's control until the end of the game.

**Not Orcs:** See Goblin Warriors entry for rules.

**Animals:** Cave Squigs are animals of a sort and so do not gain experience.

## 0.1 Troll

200 gold crowns to hire

Trolls are not intelligent enough to recognize the value of gold, but large amounts of food can often instill a certain loyalty in them.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4

**Weapons/Armour:** Trolls do not require weapons to fight but often carry a big club. In any event, Trolls can never be given weapons or armour.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Fear:** Trolls are frightening monsters which cause fear.

**Stupidity:** A Troll is subject to the rules for stupidity.

**Regeneration:** Trolls have a unique physiology that allow them to regenerate wounds. Whenever an enemy successfully inflicts a wound on a Troll roll a D6, on a result of 4 or more the wound is ignored and the Troll is unhurt. Trolls may not regenerate wounds caused by fire or fire-based magic. Trolls never roll for Injury after a battle.

**Dumb Monster:** A Troll is far too stupid to ever learn any new skills. Trolls do not gain experience.

**Always Hungry:** A Troll requires an upkeep cost. This upkeep represents the copious amounts of food that must be fed to the Troll in order to keep him loyal to the warband. The warband must pay 15 gold crowns after every game in order to keep the Troll. If the warband lacks the gold to pay the upkeep, the Boss has the option of sacrificing a Goblin Warrior or Cave Squig to the Troll in lieu of buying food (Trolls eat nearly anything). If this fee is not paid (either in gold or in warband members) the Troll gets hungry and wanders off in search of food.

**Vomit Attack:** Instead of his normal attacks, a Troll can regurgitate its highly corrosive digestive juices on an unfortunate hand-to-hand combat opponent. This is a single attack that automatically hits with a Strength of 5 and ignores armour saves.



## Orc special equipment

### Squig Prodder

15 gold crowns

**Availability:** Common (Goblins only)

This item is a long pole with a trio of spikes at the end. It is used by Goblin Squig herders to keep their livestock in line. Cave Squigs will recognize a Squig prodder and automatically give the bearer more respect, as they've all been on its pointy end more than once! To represent this, a Goblin with a Squig prodder can keep all Cave Squigs within 12" from going wild, instead of the normal 6" (see the Minderz special rule under the Cave Squig entry). In addition, a Squig prodder is treated exactly like a spear in hand-to-hand combat.

### Mad Cap Mushrooms

25 gold crowns

**Availability:** Common (if warband includes Goblins)

Mad Cap Mushrooms (see the rules in the Mordheim rulebook for more information on Mad Cap Mushrooms) are a necessity for someone wishing to wield a ball and chain (see below). Fortunately for Orc warbands, Mad Cap Mushrooms are cultivated by the Night Goblins of the Worlds Edge Mountains, and they are much more willing to trade these to other Goblins. Though normally a rare item in Mordheim, Mad Cap Mushrooms are a common item that costs 25 gold crowns for an Orc warband that includes one or more Goblins.



### Ball and Chain

15 gold crowns

**Availability:** Common (Goblins only)

This is a huge iron ball with a chain attached, used by the dreaded Night Goblin Fanatics to deal out whirling death. Enormously heavy, it can only be used when combined with Mad Cap Mushrooms.

Range	Strength	Special Rule
Close Combat	As user +2	Incredible Force, Random, Two-handed, Cumbersome, Unwieldy

#### SPECIAL RULES

**Incredible Force:** Because the ball and chain is so heavy, normal armour does very little to protect against it. No armour saves are allowed against wounds caused by a ball and chain. In addition, any hit from a ball and chain is very likely to take off

someone's head (or at least break some ribs!). Therefore, any hit that successfully wounds will do 1D3 wounds instead of 1.

**Random:** The only way to wield a ball and chain is to swing it around in large circles, using your body as a counter-weight. Unfortunately this is not a very controllable fighting style, and as soon as he starts swinging his ball and chain a warrior starts to lose control. The first turn he starts swinging the ball and chain, the model is moved 2D6" in a direction nominated by the controlling player. In his subsequent Movement phases, roll a D6 to determine what the model does:

#### D6 Result

1 The model trips and strangles himself with the chain. The model is taken out of action. When rolling for Injury after the game, a roll of 1-3 means the model is out permanently, instead of the normal 1-2.

2-5 The model moves 2D6" in a direction nominated by the controlling player.

6 The model moves 2D6" in a random direction. If the player owns a Scatter dice (available from Games Workshop stores), roll that to determine direction. If not, then roll a D6: 1 - Straight Forward, 2-3 - Right, 4-5 - Left, 6 - Straight Back.

If the ball and chain wielding model moves into contact with another model (friend or foe), he counts as charging into close combat, and will engage in close combat until his next movement phase. Opponents wishing to attack a ball and chain wielding model suffer a To Hit penalty of -1, as they must dodge the whirling ball to get close enough to strike. The ball and chain wielder cannot be held in close combat and will automatically move even if he starts the Movement phase in base contact with another model. If the model moves into contact with a building, wall, or other obstruction, he is automatically taken out of action. In addition, a ball and chain wielding Goblin is much too busy trying to control the spinning weapon to worry about what others are saying about him behind his back, so ignores the special rules for Animosity.

**Cumbersome:** Because the ball and chain is so heavy, a model equipped with one may carry no other weapons or equipment. In addition, only a model under the influence of Mad Cap Mushrooms has the strength to wield a ball and chain.

**Unwieldy:** The great weight of the ball and chain can easily tear ligaments or pull a wielder's arms out of their sockets. While someone under the influence of Mad Cap Mushrooms will not notice such effects, when the drug wears off he will be in great pain. To represent this, at the end of the battle the controlling player must roll for Injury for each model that used a ball and chain, just as if the model had been taken out of action. If the model was actually taken out of action normally, just roll once for Injury - there is no need to make a second roll.





# Orc special skills

Orc Heroes may use the following Skill list instead of any of the standard Skill lists available to them.

## 'ard ead

The warrior has a thick skull even for an Orc. He has a special 3+ save on a D6 to avoid being *stunned*. If the save is made, treat a *stunned* result as *knocked down* instead. If the Orc also wears a helmet, this save is 2+ instead of 3+ (this takes the place of the normal helmet special rule).

## waaagh!

Orcs are aggressive creatures and some are experts at bulldozing charges. The warrior may add +D3" to his charge range.

## 'ere we go!

Orcs often charge even the most fearsome opponents. The model may ignore Fear and Terror tests when charging.

## Da cunnin' plan

Only the Boss may have this skill. The warband may re-roll any failed Rout tests as long as the Boss is not *out of action*.

## well 'ard

The Orc has a thick, dark-green skin, possibly indicating Black Orc blood. Such is the toughness of the Orc that he may add +1 to any armour saves.

## 'eadbasher

Orcs have massive physical strength and some of them even learn to aim their blows at the heads of their opponents, with obvious results. Any *knocked down* results which the Orc causes in hand-to-hand combat as *stunned* results instead.

## Waaagh! Magic

Waaagh! spells are used by Orc Shamans. They are rituals of a sort, howling prayers to the boisterous Orc gods Gork and Mork.

### D6 Result

#### 1 Led'z go.

Difficulty: 9

*The Shaman's howling invigorates the ladz to fight even harder for Gork and Mork.*

Any Orc or Goblin within 4" of the Shaman will automatically strike first in hand-to-hand combat regardless of other circumstances.

#### 2 Oi! Gerroff!

Difficulty: 7

*A huge, green ectoplasmic hand pushes an enemy away.*

Range 8". Moves any enemy model within range D6" directly away from the Shaman. If the target collides with another model or a building, both suffer 1 S3 hit. **Note:** very handy for dropping people from high buildings with. May not be cast on models in hand-to-hand combat.

#### 3 Zzap!

Difficulty: 9

*A crackling green bolt of WAAAGH! energy erupts from the Shaman's forehead to strike the skull of the closest foe. This energy easily overloads the brain of a weak-willed opponent.*

Range 12". Causes D3 S4 hits on the closest enemy target, with no armour saves allowed.

#### 4 Fooled Ya!

Difficulty: 6

*The Shaman disappears in a green mist, confusing his enemies.*

No enemy may charge the Shaman during their next turn. If the Shaman is engaged in hand-to-hand combat he may immediately move 4" away.

#### 5 Clubba.

Difficulty: 7

*A huge, green club appears in the band of the Shaman.*

The ectoplasmic club counts as a normal club with +2 Strength bonus and gives the Shaman +1 attack as well. This spell lasts until the Shaman suffers a wound.

#### 6 Fire of Gork.

Difficulty: 8

*Twin bolts of green flame shoot from the Shaman's nose to strike the nearest enemy model.*

Range 12". Each of the two bolts causes D3 S3 hits; the bolts can either be fired both at the closest enemy target or split between the two closest enemy targets.



# Sample Warbands

## Orc tactics

**Crump 'em!** The fierce nature of Orcs means that they are always ready for a good scrap. They would much rather kill and rob than search ruins looking for treasure. As such, they are an excellent warband for your Mordheim games. The following are things that should be kept in mind when designing and running your Orc warband:

**Goblins and Cave Squigs are expendable.** Orcs do not particularly care if these members of the warband die or run away, and they are relatively cheap. In addition, Cave Squigs can easily hold their own against most foes in close combat, as long as they have a Goblin minder close by to keep them in line. Use these troops as your front-line fighters. You can lose twice as many of them as normal before your warband is forced to take a Rout test, so don't be afraid to use them.

**Trolls are scary.** If you can afford to add a Troll to your warband, do so! The ability to cause *fear* should not be underestimated. However, even without considering this ability, a Troll is a nasty opponent. With multiple attacks, multiple wounds, and the ability to regenerate, a Troll is likely to stand and take lots of attacks from the opposing warband without missing a beat. In addition, its larger base size means that it can effectively block a large alleyway (or even a street!) all by itself.

The warband I have put together is designed around the use of Goblins and Cave Squigs as the front-line troops. The band is 13 models strong, so will have to lose 4 Orcs or 8 Goblins/Squigs (or something in-between) before a Rout test is required. The Orcs will mostly stand back and shoot with bows, only throwing themselves into the fray if it is absolutely necessary. As the warband collects more money, it can purchase more equipment and add more members. The warband could be expanded to include more Orcs, Goblins, and Cave Squigs, or the Boss could decide to save up enough until he can afford a hard-hitting (and very durable) Troll.



### Genshmen

WARBAND NAME: <b>WORMHOLE'S BARRERS</b>		WARBAND TYPE: <b>Orcs and Goblins</b>	
TREASURE: Gold pieces: 8 Weapons: 4000		WARBAND RATING: Skill: 80 Strength: 85 Prowess: 85	
NAME: <b>DA SMASH</b>		EQUIPMENT: Spear Bow	
NUMBER: 1 TYPE: <b>Orc Boy</b>		SPECIAL SKILLS: Agility	
M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Group experience: 0	
NAME: <b>DA SQUIG</b>		EQUIPMENT: Shield Spear Dagger	
NUMBER: 2 TYPE: <b>Cave Warriors</b>		SPECIAL SKILLS: Agility Not One Orcish Arts	
M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Group experience: 0	
NAME: <b>DA STRIKE</b>		EQUIPMENT: Spear Dagger	
NUMBER: 3 TYPE: <b>Goblin Warriors</b>		SPECIAL SKILLS: Agility Not One Orcish Arts	
M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Group experience: 0	
NAME: <b>DA FORWARD</b>		EQUIPMENT: Pole Arm Dagger	
NUMBER: 4 TYPE: <b>Cave Squigs</b>		SPECIAL SKILLS: Agility Not One Orcish Arts	
M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Group experience: 0	
NAME: <b>DA BOWMAN</b>		EQUIPMENT: Bow Dagger	
NUMBER: 5 TYPE: <b>Orc Boy</b>		SPECIAL SKILLS: Agility Not One Orcish Arts	
M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Group experience: 0	

### Heroes

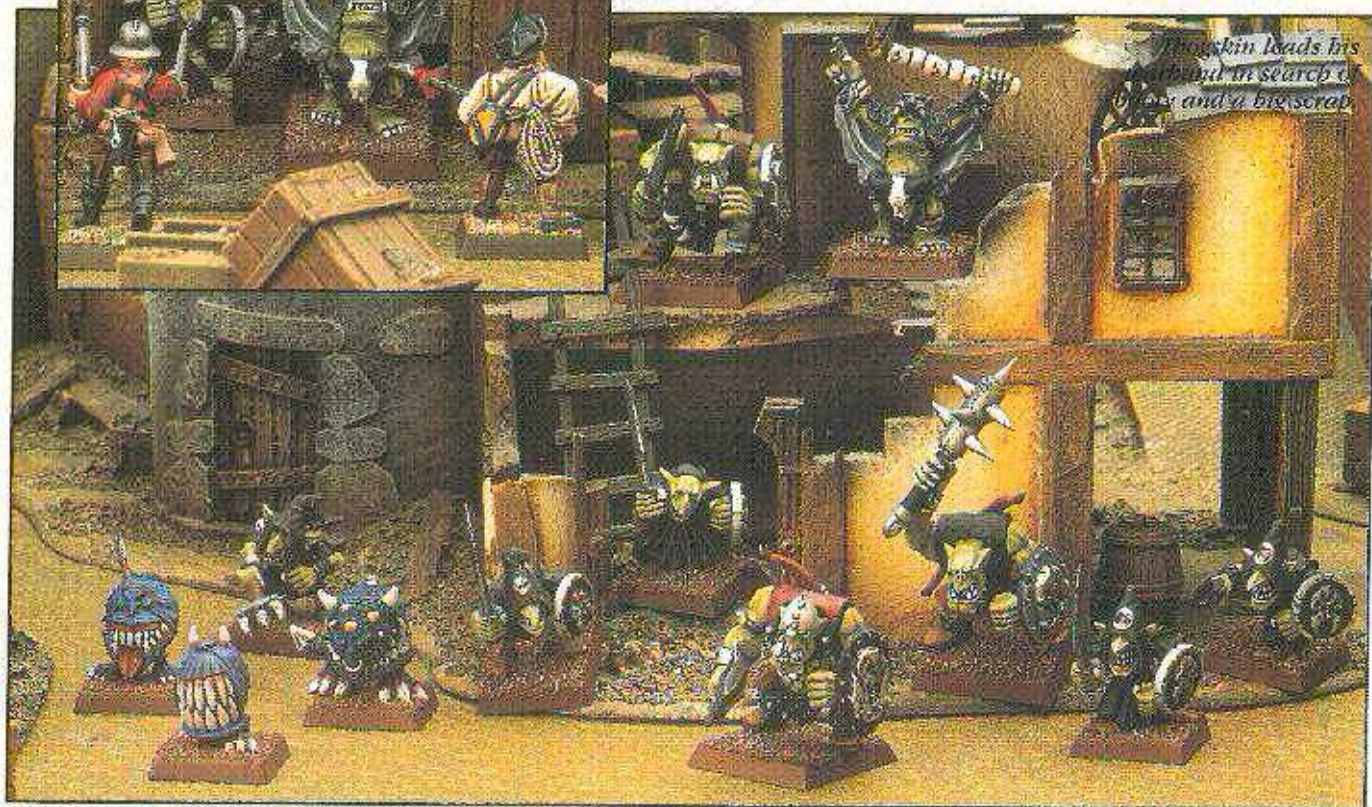
NAME: <b>BOSS</b>		EQUIPMENT: Light armor Sword Dagger Bow		SKILLS INJURIES ETC: Leader	
TYPE: <b>Orc Boy</b>		M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Experience: 0	
NAME: <b>BOSS</b>		EQUIPMENT: Bow Dagger		SKILLS INJURIES ETC: Spell - One of each	
TYPE: <b>Orc Shaman</b>		M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Experience: 0	
NAME: <b>BOSS</b>		EQUIPMENT: Shield Sword Dagger Bow		SKILLS INJURIES ETC:	
TYPE: <b>Orc Boy</b>		M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Experience: 0	
NAME: <b>BOSS</b>		EQUIPMENT: Shield Sword Dagger Bow		SKILLS INJURIES ETC:	
TYPE: <b>Orc Boy</b>		M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Experience: 0	
NAME: <b>BOSS</b>		EQUIPMENT:		SKILLS INJURIES ETC:	
TYPE: <b>Orc Boy</b>		M: 4 S: 3 S: 4 I: 2 I: 1		Experience: 0	



Like the Orc Shaman bursts forth from a building to attack the Reiklanders.

## Tbogskin's Tbrasbers

Sean Cutler has made his Orc & Goblin warband from the Orc and Goblin Regiments plastic sprues combined with the Mordheim accessory sprue. The versatility of these sprues makes modelling your warband's weaponry very easy.



Tbogskin leads his warband in search of loot and a big scrap.

Reinhold walked among the buildings, hunting for more of the precious wyrdstone. The Reiklander Captain was alone, as he had spread his warband throughout this quarter. They had stumbled upon an unusually large concentration of the stone shards, and were hoping to find and gather as much treasure as possible before any rivals got wind of their find.

Movement at the end of the street brought him out of his reverie. Three bandy green midgets dressed in black were prodding forward what looked like enormous orange balls with legs. 'Goblins', thought the mercenary to himself, 'damn!' But wasn't the figures in black that worried him, it was the creatures they were herding. As they came closer, Reinhold could see the enormous mouths that occupied most of the creatures' bodies. Cave Squigs, all teeth and bad temper, and three of them were more than a match for a single human, no matter how skilled. Just as he started to duck into the nearest doorway to avoid being spotted, one of the Goblins looked him straight in the eyes. The little creature's face split into an evil gap-toothed grin, and he prodded his Cave Squig forward more quickly. The other Goblins followed suit, and soon all of the creatures were running down the narrow street toward Reinhold, the Squigs bounding forward on powerful legs, and the Goblins running behind.

Grim determination set in his features as Reinhold resolved to sell his life dearly. The familiar weight of the buckler on his arm and his family sword in his hand

reassured the scarred veteran somewhat, and he limbered up his sword arm with a few practice swings in anticipation of the coming conflict. The Goblins were closer now, little more than a block away. 'It's been a good life,' thought the old warrior proudly.

Suddenly one of the Goblins stumbled on a loose stone in the street, jostling one of his companions. The second creature hissed his displeasure at this mistreatment and swung his spear at his clumsy neighbour, narrowly missing him. Both Goblins had stopped now and faced each other in the street, spears at the ready, jabbering away at each other in their evil tongue. The third continued his run a few paces, but after noticing that his comrades were no longer keeping up, he stopped as well and swung around to see what all the commotion was about. The noise stopped the Cave Squigs, and as they turned, the large-toothed monsters began to whine in excitement. In the next moment all six creatures were involved in a swirling melee. As Reinhold watched one of the Goblins thrust his spear into the right arm of his mate, only to suffer a huge bite on his leg from a Cave Squig.

Experience told Reinhold that while such fights often broke out among the green skinned folk, they rarely proved to be fatal or long lasting. Deciding to take advantage of his good luck while it lasted, the mercenary ducked into the doorway he'd moved towards earlier. 'Praise Sigmar for bad tempers,' breathed the warrior under his breath as he made good his escape.



# The Hands of Fate

Not content with using the fantastic Mordheim Possessed models already available, Citadel Miniatures designer Aly Morrison decided to convert his own evil warband of the followers of Chaos. To show just how flexible the plastic sprue available in the Warhammer Regiments and Battle Squad boxed sets are, Aly has made the entire warband from these plastics.

Aly: I must admit that the main reason I wanted to convert my own Possessed warband was to show what could be achieved just by using plastic parts. With the introduction of the new Warhammer Regiment and Warhammer 40,000 Battle Squad sprues it has never been easier to convert models using only plastic. All you need is just one of each of the sprues to make the possibilities for conversions endless. Also, compared to buying individual metal components, plastic is a lot cheaper, making converting on a budget very easy indeed.

I find working with plastic very easy. Plastic is a lot softer than metal so it is simple to get the fit

that you want, and the fact that it is also quite light means that you don't need to pin everything in place – all you need to do is stick it where you want it. This gives you the freedom to experiment more as the bits are just as easy to take off as put on, making simple things like weapon and head swaps very easy to experiment with.

This conversion project gave me the perfect opportunity to really delve into the ideas and atmosphere of Mordheim. I also looked at the work of artists like Pieter Bruegel and Hieronymus Bosch, who were an influence during the conceptual stage of Mordheim.

With all these ideas swilling around in my head, I set about converting the warband.

*The Hands of Fate, ready to spread the word of the Shadowlord.*





## Ye study of the members of the Possessed warband known as the Hands of Fate.

By mad Master-Physician Aly Morrison.

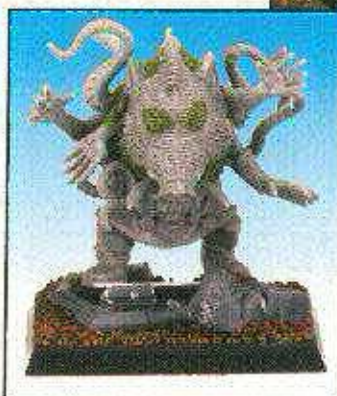
### The Magister

The components were mostly taken from the Zombie sprue although the upper half of his body is Skaven. I did this to bulk him out slightly, although because he is a magic user, I wanted him to look quite weak as most of his strength would derive from his magic. As you can see from the in-progress shot, the only real sculpting work done was the hood which I made from Green Stuff. The playing cards and scroll were made of paper dipped in PVA glue. I made the candles out of a piece of plastic rod with a Green Stuff flame. To give the warband a theme, I decided to give everyone a severed arm taken from the Zombie plastic sprue.



### The Possessed

I used the fantasy Orc body and legs because of their size. To merge the Boar's head to the body I had to use quite a lot of Green Stuff, in fact overall I used the greatest amount of Green Stuff on this model. I also used some to build up the



eyebrows to make the head look even more angry. The arms are from the Zombie sprue and the tentacles are Skaven tails. In fact when I originally sculpted the Skaven sprue someone told me that they looked like tentacles. This gave me the idea to use them in this way. I probably would have added more but I ran out.

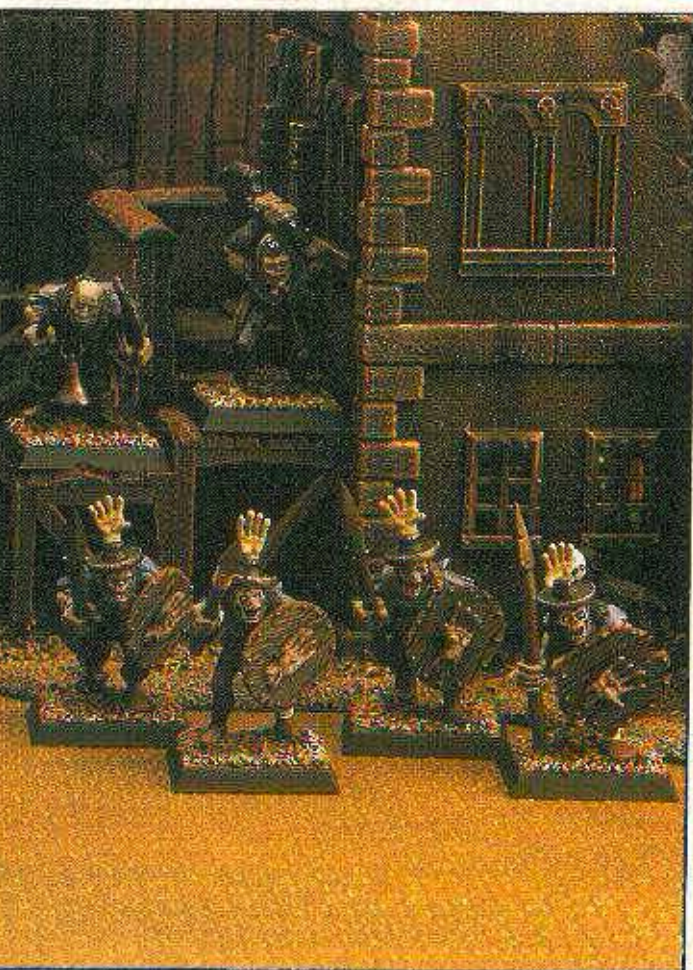
Knowing when to stop is often the most important thing about converting as sometimes you can go to far. For the spikes on its back I used the ones from the Orc sprue, although I could have easily used cocktail sticks or simply carved them from a bit of spare plastic sprue.

### The Mutants

I wanted the Mutants to have an attack advantage over their enemy. With this in mind I decided that one would have the extra arm mutation and the other one would have some tentacles. Both the models are based on the Zombie models, although the one with the extra arm has a Goblin body to



make him look hunched over. When I was positioning the extra arm, I wanted it to be somewhere where it would clearly be of use, so where better than growing out of his head! If this wasn't weird enough, I also gave the model a severed hand holding a fish sandwich. For the tentacles on the other model I again used Skaven tails.





## Spiky Darksouls

I had actually finished the warband but just had to go back and convert some more models when I realised that I hadn't used the Warhammer 40,000 Chaos spiky sprue. To make up for not using it on the rest of the warband I really went to town on these two. Looking at it you could quite easily use all the bits on this cool sprue. Both of these Henchmen are based upon the Chaos Warrior body and legs with Orc arms. For the first one I added the Ork Boyz

shoulder pads with lots of the spiky bits from the spiky sprue. His head is one of the gargoyles from the spiky sprue used to adorn guns on Chaos tanks. To the back of the model I added all manner of chains and severed heads from different places.

As I wanted both these models to look well armoured, I added to the second the jaw guard from the Ork Boyz sprue. I used the severed head from the Zombie sprue as it looks quite startled. The shield is simply one of the armour plates from the spiky sprue. The last thing I did was add the severed arm to mark them as members of the Hands of Fate.



## More Darksouls!

From the start, I decided to convert someone who wore wooden armour. To achieve this I only used parts that contained wood, hence the Skaven shield, shoulder pads and primitive wooden chopper from the Orc sprue. For his mask I used the Zombie drum.



I wanted another Darksoul with a mask so I used the skull from the Orc sprue and horns made out of shoulder pads from the Ork sprue. On top of the mask I added the two severed hands from the Zombie standard. While I was busy converting this model, someone pointed out that I hadn't added a fish, so just to please them I sculpted one out of Green Stuff.



## The Beastman

This was the hardest to convert as I had to work out exactly how to make him. I definitely wanted to use the plastic wolf head. To make the head look more like a Beastman, I carved a full set of teeth and then added the



horns from the skeleton sprue. The body was quite difficult to convert as I wanted to give him hooved hind legs. To achieve this, I used the back legs of a boar added to the legs and body of an Orc. To the back of the figure I stuck all manner of stuff from the Mordheim accessory sprue and again sculpted a fish out of Green Stuff.



## The Oaf

I was inspired by Hollywood to do this model as all warbands and gangs seem to have an oaf in their ranks. The size of this model is purely visual as all he is in game terms is a Brethren armed with a mace and shield. This figure was the simplest to make as he is just an Orc with a Zombie's



head. To make him look really bizzare I added a plate of apple cores to his back made out of a drawing pin and some apple cores nicked from Mark Jones. To make him look a real dunce, I added a candle to his

head. I think this model is the simplest conversion in the warband, but one of the most effective.







## The Brethren

I wanted the Brethren to look really bunched over. To achieve this I used a mixture of Zombie and Mordheim legs with Goblin torsos and arms. To make them look really depraved I used Zombie heads throughout. After all, wyrdstone can't be good for your skin. The buckler from the Mordheim accessory sprue looks great as a helmet so I put one on all

of the spear-armed Brethren. I was going to leave it at that but as a thought I tried adding a severed hand. It looked like a kind of twisted crest so I added one to all the helmets.

I wanted the Brethren armed with a bow to look really miserable (followers of Chaos are not noted for their skill with the bow so he probably hasn't ever hit anyone). To achieve this I again used the body and arms of a Goblin to make him look really hunched over. I put the rope piece around his neck with the bell from the Zombie sprue hanging from it. The most miserable head I could find was the severed one from the Zombie sprue.

## Painting the warband

So that the colours wouldn't take anything away from the conversions, I decided on a very simple colour scheme. For the most part I painted the clothes in greys and blacks with contrasting skin tones. The highlights were also kept to a minimum with some areas like the leather not highlighted at all but coated with gloss varnish. I painted the warband quite quickly so that it could be used in games straight away, but my eventual aim is to go back and add all manner of tattoos to the warband members' skin to make them look even more Chaotic.

## What Next?

My next project will be an Undead warband consisting of a lot of Zombies. I will probably use the same techniques I have talked about here, but who knows, I will probably have come up with a different way of converting by then. I think the most

important thing is not to be frightened of experimenting and of course, never throw anything out. It's always a good idea to see what other people are doing. One of the things I enjoy most at Games Day is when modellers and gamers come up to me with conversions they have done. I am always impressed by what other people think of. Remember that the possibilities for conversion are endless!





# Abomination

There are few sights as horrific as a Possessed warband. Deranged warriors smeared with blood and dirt wave jagged weapons and chant blasphemous rites as they throw themselves upon their enemies. The most unsettling of all are the Possessed themselves – twisted monsters made of the bodies of men, inhabited and warped by Daemons. Out this month is a new Magister to lead your cult as well as a terrifying Possessed and a deranged Darksoul.



*The Possessed conquer one of their greatest enemies, a Witch Hunter of Sigmar.*



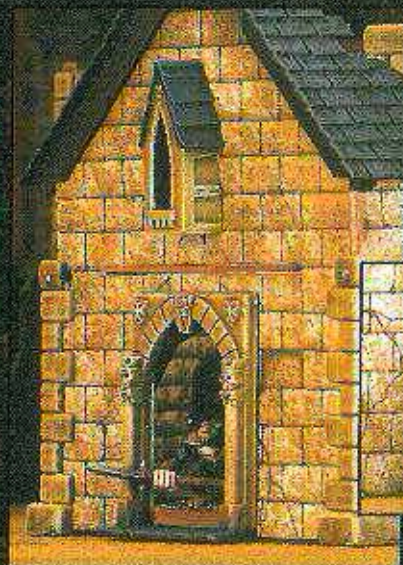
*An insane Darksoul.*



*The Skaven are no match for the dark followers of the Shadowlord.*



# Blood on the Streets



Buildings require assembly. Citadel Miniatures not supplied.

**RUINED BUILDINGS FOR THE CITY OF THE DAMNED - AVAILABLE NOW £12**



# Show me the Money

The taverns in the settlements around Mordheim make good recruitment centres for warriors to sell their services to the highest bidder. Here, Mark Havener describes two more Hired Swords that can be recruited by your warband.

## Imperial Assassin

40 gold crowns to hire + 20 gold crowns upkeep

*Politics is a dangerous game and not all dangers are found on the battlefield. The Assassin specializes in removing 'obstacles' with discretion. He will hire himself out to the highest bidder and satisfaction is guaranteed. The Assassin calmly dispatches his rather distasteful duties with fastidiousness and finesse. In between jobs, such a man will often join a wandering warband in order to hone his skills; assassination is not a profession for the slow or dull-witted!*

**May Be Hired:** Any warband except Witch Hunters, Sisters of Sigmar or Skaven may hire the Assassin.

**Rating:** An Imperial Assassin increases the warband's rating by +22 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Assassin	4	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

**Weapons/Armour:** Sword, dagger, throwing daggers and a crossbow pistol.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Weapons Master:** The Assassin is a master of weapons and may use any weapon he finds. You may purchase weapons for the Assassin just as you would for any other member of your warband. However, unlike other members of your warband, any weapon you give an Assassin is his to keep – he will not give it to another warband member later. In addition, although he knows how to use them, an Assassin will never

use a blackpowder weapon as such devices are far too conspicuous in their use for someone in his profession.

**Poisoner:** Assassins specialize in the use of poisons. The Assassin starts each game with his weapons poisoned with either Black Lotus or Dark Venom. The controlling player decides which poison the Assassin is armed with before the game starts, and this poison does not need to be traded for. And no, the Assassin cannot poison other warband members' weapons, nor will he loan his out!

**Skills:** An Assassin may choose from Combat, Speed, Shooting skills or Unstoppable Charge from the Strength skills list when he gains a new skill. He may also choose from the special Assassin skills below.

### ASSASSIN SKILLS

**Backstabber:** The Assassin specializes in attacking his targets when their back is turned. The Assassin may charge an opponent he cannot see (he knows you're there!) as long as the target model is within his charge reach. If he does this, he surprises his opponent and receives a +1 to hit him with all attacks and any rolls on the Serious Injuries chart are at +1. This bonus lasts for the first round of combat only, as his opponent will swiftly recover his wits if he survives the initial assault.

**Hide in Shadows:** The Assassin can blend into the shadows so that his opponents will not see him. As long as he is within 1" of a wall or other linear obstacle (hedge, fence, well, etc.), opposing models must pass an Initiative test in order to charge or shoot at him.

*An Imperial Assassin hides in the shadows ready to attack his next victim. We've used one of the Duellists from Vespero's Vendetta to represent the Assassin, but you can choose whichever model you like best!*





# Tilean Marksman

30 gold crowns to hire + 15 gold crowns upkeep

*The Empire is not the only place that breeds mercenaries. The constant warring among the city-states of Tilea provides many opportunities for a man who knows how to use a weapon. Still, sometimes the fighting dies down in Tilea and many of these mercenaries are forced to seek employment in other lands. Many of these temporarily unemployed mercenaries have heard of the trouble brewing in Mordheim and have come seeking a new patron.*

**May Be Hired:** Any warband except Skaven, Orcs or Undead may hire the Tilean Marksman.

**Rating:** A Tilean Marksman increases the warband's rating by +16 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marksman	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7

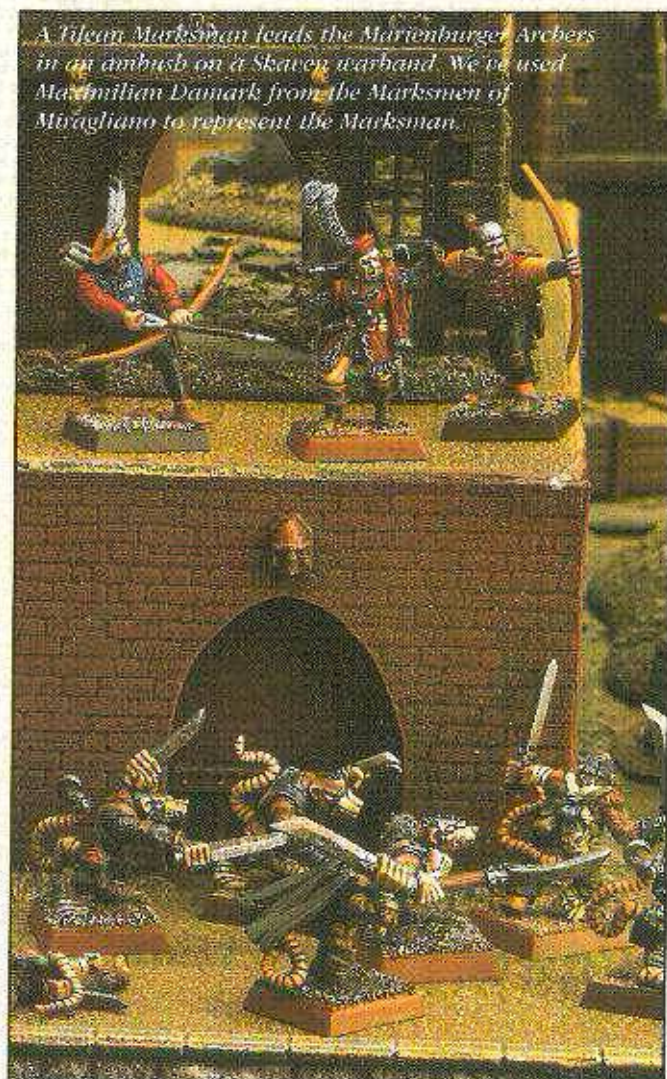
**Weapons/Armour:** Light armour, sword, dagger and crossbow.

## SPECIAL RULES

**Steady Hands:** The Tilean Marksman's aim never wavers. He ignores 'to hit' modifiers for long range when shooting his crossbow.

**Dead Eye Shot:** The Marksman has the eyes of an eagle and can hit the smallest target. He ignores 'to hit' modifiers for cover when shooting his crossbow.

**Skills:** A Tilean Marksman may choose from Shooting skills when he gains a new skill.



*A Tilean Marksman leads the Marienburger Archers in an ambush on a Skaven warband. We've used Maximilian Danmark from the Marksmen of Miragliano to represent the Marksman.*

"And I say we were here first; you'd better leave!"

The argument had been going for a solid fifteen minutes, with neither party budging from their position. Reinhold stooped to press his face close to his scarlet-faced adversary, the leader of the Dwarf warband. Dwarfs were infamous for their stubbornness, and this individual seemed to be out to prove that his reputation was well founded. Both warband leaders had warriors scattered throughout the ruins of the big hall. Crossbows were nocked and aimed on both sides, and the stress was showing on several of the Human faces. The Dwarfs seemed strangely calm.

Suddenly the door burst open, slamming one of the members of Reinhold's band into the wall. Through the doorway, barely able to enter the room because of his incredible bulk, strode an Ogre mercenary. The creature stopped as soon as it was fully in the room. It was indeed a frightening sight, and the man to the Ogre's left scarcely reacted when the monster grabbed the crossbow from his hands and crushed it in a huge fist.

"Ah, there you are Ronch!" cried the Dwarf warband leader, a smile springing into his normally dour features. "I was wondering when you'd get here. These

gentlemen want to force us to leave. Convince them that we should stay."

"RONCH SMASH!" bellowed the Ogre. He threw the remnants of the crossbow across the room and brought up his enormous sword, preparing to cut the ex-crossbowman in two. His poor victim was frozen in shock, and could do nothing to stop his fate.

Fortunately for him, he didn't need to, for in the next instant the Ogre froze, a look of shock and horror fixed to his face. The creature's mouth moved slowly, but no sound escaped. Then the hulking brute toppled forward and fell face down into the dust that covered the floor. Out of his back protruded a dagger.

Standing in the doorway was a man, somewhat smaller than average in height, with nondescript looks and the barest hint of a smile on his face. He would have looked like any nobleman's foppish son, if it were not for the utilitarian look to his night-black clothing and the utter lack of emotion in his eyes.

"Miss me?" asked Dirk, the assassin that Reinhold had hired. The warband leader just smiled. It looked like they would get to stay after all...



# MORDHAM

City of the Damned





A skirmish erupts between the men of Retkland and a warband of Skaven.

£40  
Boxed Game

MORDHEIM

Available now, the boxed game contains everything you need to start your warband and fight battles in Mordheim. There are two warbands and a whole host of card ruined buildings so that you can create the ruined streets of Mordheim. The comprehensive rulebook describes eight different warbands and a vast array of weapons and equipment. There are also rules for running ongoing Mordheim campaigns as well as including hired swords and special characters in your warband.

The Mordheim boxed game contains:

- 10 plastic Skaven
- 2 Range Rulers
- 8 plastic Mercenaries
- City Ruins
- 176 page Rulebook
- 6 Dice



Models supplied unpainted and unassembled.  
Contents and components may vary from those illustrated.

Dare you Enter?



# Warriors of Cold Steel

The Perry twins, Michael and Alan, were responsible for designing the fantastic human Mercenary sprue. When the sprue first became available Michael was inspired to convert his own warband with a Kislevite look, using the existing Mordheim models.

Michael: As soon as I saw the plastic Mercenary sprue that Alan and I had sculpted, I decided to collect a warband for Mordheim. The only problem was that I didn't want a straightforward warband, they needed to have a certain slant. By pure coincidence, the plastics came in the same day a Polish friend sent me a brilliant photographic book on the making of a Polish historical film. It was packed with ideas

that corresponded well with Kislev. So there I had it, a Kislev warband. In games I would use the Middenheimer warband list, as their special rule of extra Strength for Heroes would be in character with men brought up in the harsh climate of Kislev.

## The Mercenary Captain Michal Kurek

As you can see he is based on the Reikland Captain with just a few alterations. I added a plastic fur cloak from the Middenheimer accessory sprue. I sculpted a leopard head on the cloak to denote his high rank. The original wide brimmed hat was snipped off and replaced with a blob of modelling putty and stippled to represent fur. On top of this I added a cloth bag (made from green stuff) and to finish it off, a couple of feathers from the plastic Soldiers of the Empire sprue were pushed into the putty while it was still wet. I removed his goatee beard as I wanted to give the whole warband an eastern European appearance with droopy moustaches.

## The Champion Artur Jasinski

I thought this Champion would look great with a double-handed sword. The head was taken from the plastic Mordheim sprue, although I could have used any head without a beard, as this model would be wearing a big furry hat. The head was turned to face the direction of the sword blade which generally looks better. I also added a single-handed sword with a buckler over the cross guard, as a secondary armament.

The plastic fur cloak was increased in size using green stuff to cover the shoulders. The hat was modelled as before and I added a moustache. I enhanced the base by adding paving stones and a plastic skull.

The figure, as with all of them, was undercoated black and given generally three highlights of paint in each area, getting lighter with each successive coat. I wanted to give most of the warband a subdued look, just picking out the metal highlights so that the Captain really stuck out as the best figure. I painted some of the gang to look unshaven, which helps give them an air of menace.

## The rest of the warband

The rest of the warband were all made using the Human Mercenary sprue and the Middenheimer accessory sprue, with simple additions.

For the Henchmen without hats on I scraped off two plastic heads and added scalp locks in the style of Cossacks or Tartans. This seemed apt for these poorer members of the warband. For the torsos I used the Mordheim body with the coat on and added a fur trim

A study of the rumours that the Tzar of Kislev has sent a warband to our city.

By Rotamaster Michael Perry of the Tzar's personal bodyguard.





*Rotamaster Michal Kurek is based on the Reikland Captain model.*



*Champion Artur Jasinski is converted using the plastic Mercenary sprue and lots of green stuff.*



*Two of the warband's benchmen.*





using Green stuff. The spear was added by drilling a hole through the hand. Then I cut the lantern from the Mordheim accessory sprue off its pole and stuck it on.

The two Henchmen carrying the chest was an experiment to see what could be achieved with the Mordheim plastic sprue. The arms and hands proved the trickiest to convert. All the parts except for the skull and rat were taken from the Mordheim sprue.

On small projects like a Mordheim warband it's always worth spending a bit of time on the bases, this helps a great deal in bringing the figures to life. Plastic bits from the Zombie or Skeleton sprue are ideal. Masonry, paving stones and arrows stuck in at angles all look good.

You can easily individualise your own warband with simple conversion work, just look at historical books or films and take one or two simple elements from them, eg. a gang from Copher, the Araby capital, could be made by adding turbans and cloaks.

Using putty or tissue (strengthened with a coat of super glue) to make scarves tied around the faces of your models, you could have a bandit/robber warband.

Gluing Zombie or Skeleton heads and arms onto Mordheim bodies produces a great Undead gang. The key is just to experiment!

Henchmen			
WARBAND NAME: <b>HARRIDORS OF GOLD STEEL</b>		WARBAND TYPE: <b>KISLEV (MORDHEIM)</b>	
TREASURY: Gold coins: 5 Wynegar drink: 0		WARBAND RATING: Total experience: 36 Mordheim > 5: 25 Rating: -21	
STORED EQUIPMENT			
NAME: <b>MAN OF THE BEAR</b> NUMBER: 2 TYPE: <b>Marksmen</b>		EQUIPMENT: Crossbow Dagger	
M A S S T W I A L L 4 3 3 3 3 1 2 1 7		SPECIAL RULES: Group experience	
NAME: <b>MAN OF THE WOLF</b> NUMBER: 1 TYPE: <b>Marksmen</b>		EQUIPMENT: Bolt of Pluck Dagger	
M A S S T W I A L L 4 3 3 3 3 1 2 1 7		SPECIAL RULES: Group experience	
NAME: <b>MAN OF THE RAVEN</b> NUMBER: 1 TYPE: <b>Warrior</b>		EQUIPMENT: Bulter Spear Dagger	
M A S S T W I A L L 4 3 3 3 3 1 2 1 7		SPECIAL RULES: Group experience	
NAME: _____ NUMBER: _____ TYPE: _____		EQUIPMENT: _____ SPECIAL RULES: _____	
M A S S T W I A L L _____		Group experience	
NAME: _____ NUMBER: _____ TYPE: _____		EQUIPMENT: _____ SPECIAL RULES: _____	
M A S S T W I A L L _____		Group experience	
NAME: _____ NUMBER: _____ TYPE: _____		EQUIPMENT: _____ SPECIAL RULES: _____	
M A S S T W I A L L _____		Group experience	

Heroes			
NAME: <b>MICHAEL DEER</b>		EQUIPMENT: Heavy armour Sword Pistol Dagger	
TYPE: <b>Mercenary Captain</b>		SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC: Leader	
M A S S T W I A L L 4 4 4 4 3 1 4 1 8		Experience:	
NAME: <b>ARTHUR JARMEN</b>		EQUIPMENT: Light armour Sword Double-handed sword Sword Dagger	
TYPE: <b>Champion</b>		SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC:	
M A S S T W I A L L 4 4 3 4 3 1 3 1 7		Experience:	
NAME: <b>JARIS KARANOV</b>		EQUIPMENT: Light armour Sword Pistol Dagger	
TYPE: <b>Champion</b>		SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC:	
M A S S T W I A L L 4 4 3 4 3 1 1 1 7		Experience:	
NAME: _____ TYPE: _____		EQUIPMENT: _____ SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC:	
M A S S T W I A L L _____		Experience:	
NAME: _____ TYPE: _____		EQUIPMENT: _____ SKILLS, INJURIES, ETC:	
M A S S T W I A L L _____		Experience:	

## Stage by Stage guide



**Stage 1:** The basic model is assembled using parts from the Mordheim Mercenary plastic sprue and the cloak from the Middenbeiner accessory sprue.

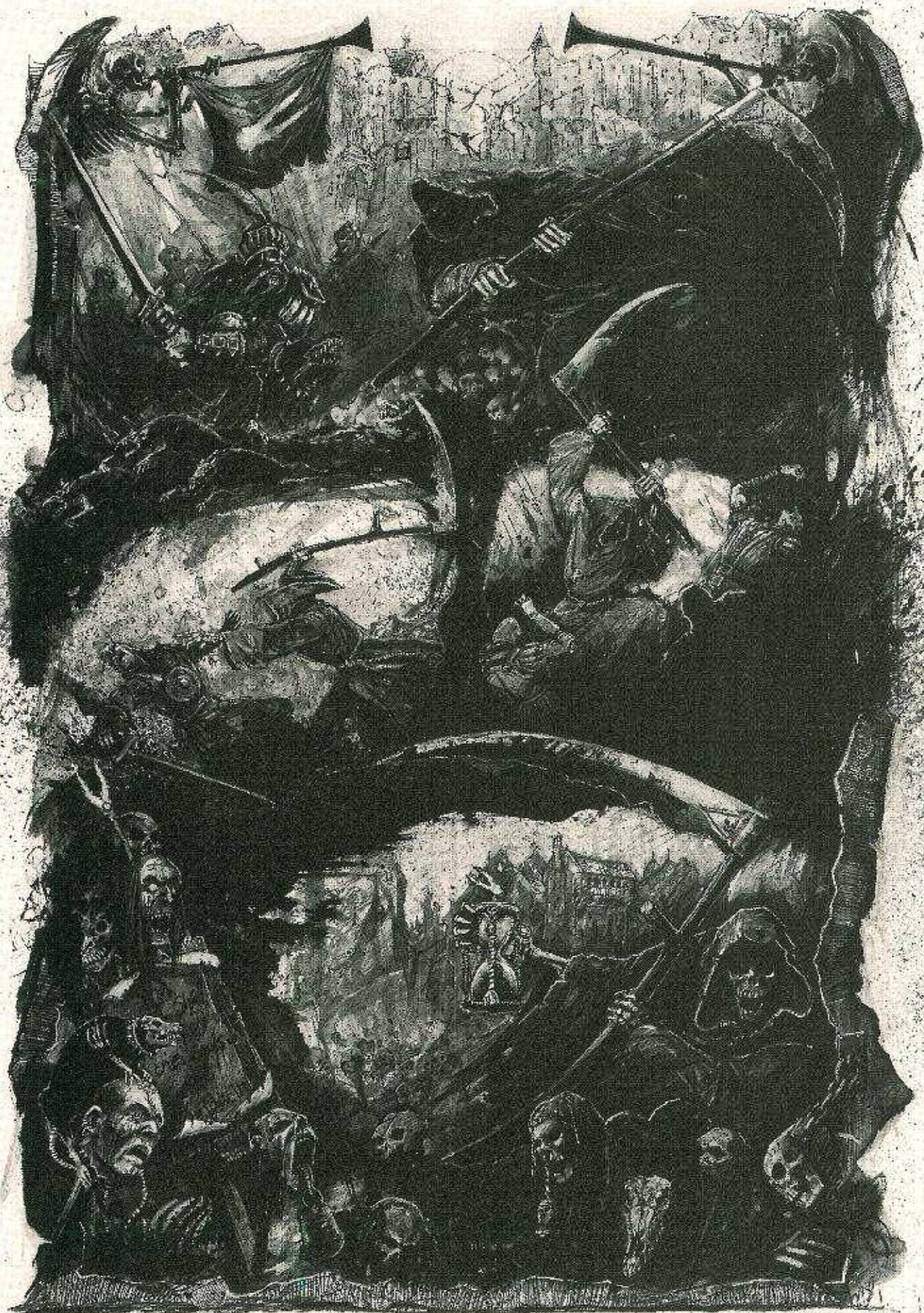


**Stage 2:** Using green stuff the cloak is built up around the shoulders. The hat is also modelled on and a feather from the Empire Halberdier sprue is added. A moustache is also added using a rolled out piece of green stuff.



**Stage 3:** Extra detail is added when the model is painted. Michael has used dark ruddy colours for the furs and painted on stubble to the model's face.







Ye final work of  
**PICO  
GIACOMETTI**  
War Artist Extraordinaire

Show to be held at  
Griffon Gate Market  
on the  
**Fifth of Phlugzeit**  
to raise funds for his  
Widow and eleven  
children.

**FREELANCE  
WORK REQUIRED**

Apprentice printer  
seeks employment.

Trained by Paulus the Fat  
at the Town Cryer press.

Contact  
**Mattaus Huszar**  
at the sign of the Scorpion.

**WANTED**  
Cedric the Scholar



For practising ye  
DARK MAGIC

**75**

Gold Crowns  
Undead or Alive

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FOR SALE**

Made by master-craftsman  
Max Apfel. Well looked  
after, one careful owner.

**100 Gold Crowns**

**Dargan Rockfist**  
GREEN SKIN  
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Expert at eradicated  
FOUL GREENSKINS



Fee 15 Gold Crowns  
for each contract

**PUBLIC  
NOTICE**

**Hangings**

This month's attractions:

Alfred Rosenberg, for  
stealing a lettuce.

Walter Bernard, for pig  
burning.

Gerrit Puni, selling bad fish.

Maria Reynolds, for  
Witchcraft.

Henri Gautier, for man  
burning.

To take place on  
the ninth day of Phlugzeit

**2nd Annual  
ARCHERY  
TOURNEY**

Henryk Bergson invites  
all men practiced in the  
use of the bow to a  
challenge of skill.

Tourney to be held at the  
**Griffon Gate Plaza**  
on the

**1st Festag of Phlugzeit.**  
Elves welcome.

**HIRED SWORDS REQUIRED**



To defend  
ye

**Town Cryer Press**  
from foul Ratmen from below



Payment of 10 GOLD CROWNS  
for each confirmed kill

**OBITUARIES**

Pico Giacometti, lead poisoning.

Arturo Burelli, died from the  
Red Pox.

Lucas Borcht, crushed in a  
boulder slide.

Johann, murdered by an angry  
customer.

Olga Rubens, choked to death  
on a fine vintage.

Black Sword, shot.

Black Arrow, knifed.

Father Adolf Muller, stoned.

Henri Leibl, killed by a  
Snotling.

Jarak Blackblade, someone solved  
their problem in one blow.

Mattaus Nichollus, lost his  
bottle.

Maximilian Luce

**TILEAN**  
Crossbowman

Can hole a golden ducat at  
101 paces

Dead eye shot, steady hands,  
expertly crafted bolts.

**Will kill anybody  
with style**

**Johann's Emporium  
CLOSING  
DOWN SALE**

Everything must go

Interest free credit  
(subject to status)

Come to Ye Olde  
Gate Keeper's Cottage.

GREENSKIN  
**CLOAKS**  
FOR SALE

10 Gold Crowns each  
Hardwearing and waterproof!  
Arrows just glance off!  
Expert Stitching!

Contact Elsie Rockfist  
at the

**Drunken Goblin**

(Your initials embroidered while you wait)

**NICODEMUS**

GREATEST WIZARD  
in ye  
KNOWN WORLD



Payment in wyrdstone.

Follow the riddle at the sign  
of the Red Moon.



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# GAMES WORKSHOP COVENTRY BRETONNIANS



Dave Cundy  
GW Coventry

This month we are taking a look at a Bretonnian army from the Coventry store. This magnificent army is the work of Dave Cundy, the store manager. If you live in or around the Coventry area, why not pop in and have a chat with Dave or any of the store staff about collecting and painting armies. In the meantime, over to Dave to tell us how he went about putting together this splendid Bretonnian army.





I have always found Bretonnians very appealing. I just love the idea of an army of noble knights charging into battle, ably backed by their loyal serfs and squires, and I started collecting my Bretonnian army at the first opportunity. Now after much hard work it's ready and I have already enjoyed a few victories (and, alas, defeats).

When I first started to paint my army I already knew that I wanted to do something different with it. Traditionally, Bretonnians have individual heraldry for each knight, but when I came to paint my Bretonnian army I decided to do something different as I really wanted to get a solid, coherent feel to the army (also, painting all those different colour schemes would have been something of a 'knightmare'). I wanted my army to look very much together and part of a whole.

I decided to base my army around the theme of a Bretonnian Prince on a crusade to rid the land of evil, with knights prepared to give up everything in order to follow their Prince to death and glory. So committed are they to this great cause that they have given up their own heraldry to take that of their Prince.

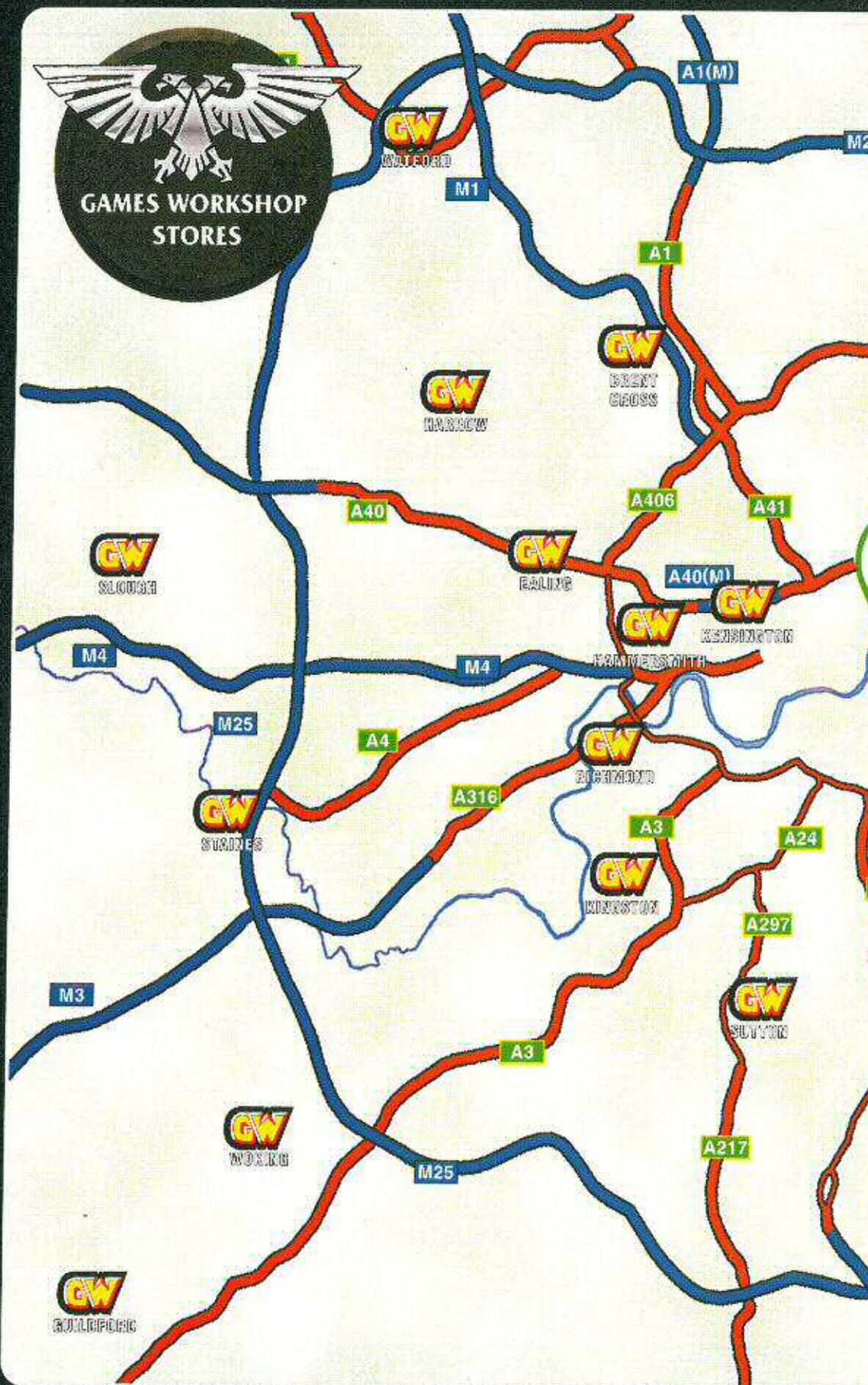
I didn't just use the colour schemes to give the regiments a unified feel. I also selected the knight miniatures very carefully. If you look at the knight unit on the right of the photo, you'll notice that they have unicorn crests. This regiment of knights is the bodyguard for my Enchantress who is mounted on a Unicorn. However, they still have red shields with golden lion emblems showing their loyalty to the Prince. Finally I have differentiated between the regiments of knights by the way in which the red and white fields are split – one has halves split horizontally, another has halves split vertically, while the third regiment is quartered.

All in all, I am very pleased with the army and it's a very imposing sight for enemy players. I use mostly knights in my army, grouping them together for hard-hitting charges, with protection from missile fire and surprises such as Goblin Fanatics provided by the ever faithful mounted squires. In addition to this, I usually include a couple of regiments of infantry, bowmen so that I can soften up the enemy before the cavalry gallops in for the charge, while spearmen are useful for protecting flanks and mopping up stragglers.



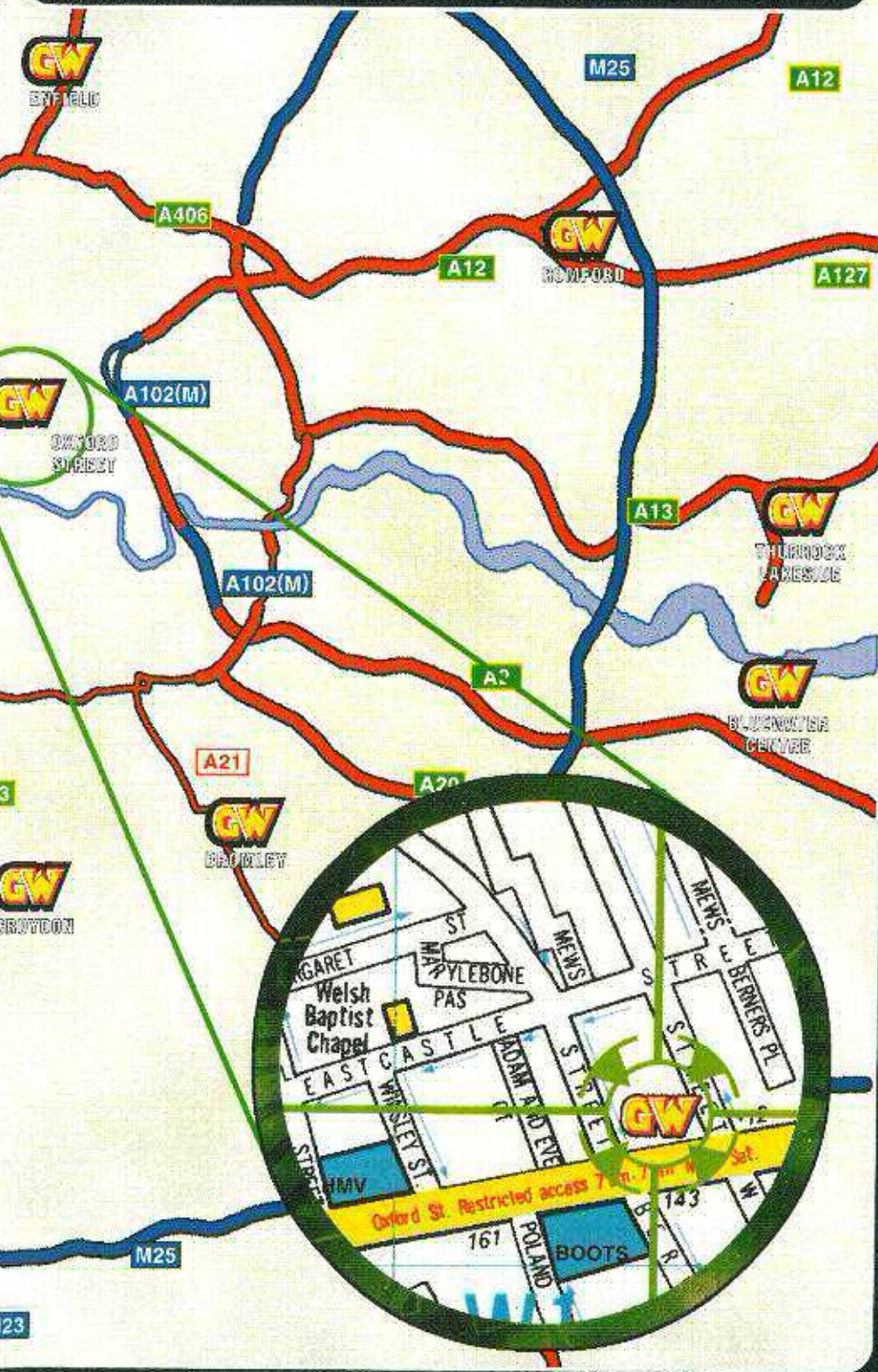


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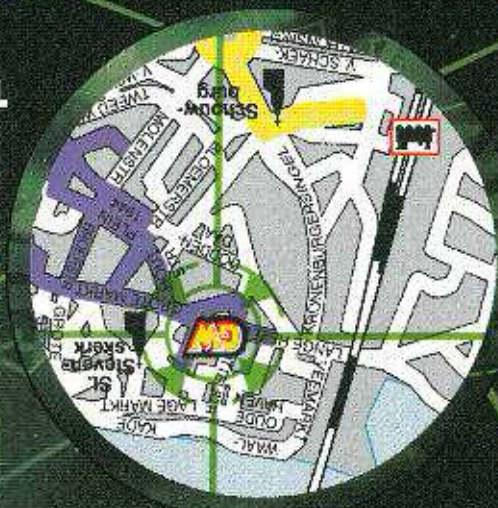
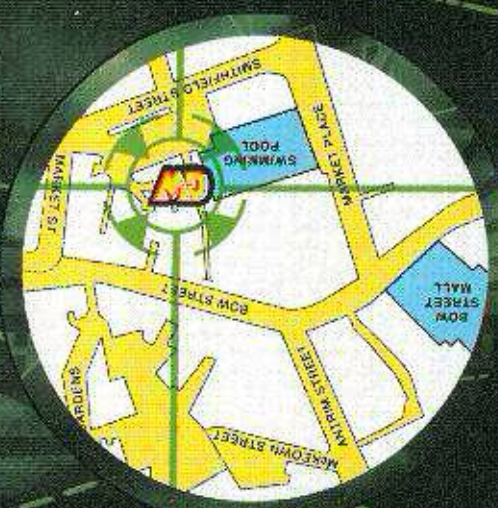
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**RS ALL WEEK!!**



# THE QUEST FOR THE INVINCIBLE ARMY

By Alessio Cavatore



Alessio Cavatore  
(Super Beard)

*Whenever two or more Warhammer players get together you can be sure that before the end of the conversation the subject of invincible armies will crop up. Alessio takes a look at the practice of pumping your army up to the max...*

Alessio: The Warhammer Unlimited competition was part of this year's Warhammer Grand Pageant. We tried to give the players complete freedom from all the usual tournament limitations which restrict the way you create your Warhammer army list. I always find the surreal and imaginative discussions players have about 'the most powerful Warhammer army they can think of' extremely amusing. The Unlimited competition seemed to be a good chance to let people try those theories on the battlefield against other similarly inspired players. In other words I see this as a knightly quest, the search for the invincible army.

The following army list is an example of what I mean. This Lizardmen army is the most powerful force I could think of (although I was tempted by a magic heavy Vampire army or by a Bretonnian army with an allied contingent of Wood Elves).

## HOW I DID IT...

The General, Lord Beardlaxan is a 4th level Slann Mage-Priest with the *Blade of Cocacila* in his left hand for protection against nasty magic items like the *Black Gem of Gnar*. In his right hand he wields the *Skull Wand of Kaloib* (which, conveniently, is not a Magic Weapon but Wizard's Arcana) that he uses to strike his opponents. In combat this will mean that any opponent should, on average, take four Leadership tests per turn, and if any one is failed he will die straight away, with no saves allowed! The *Black Amulet* gives him a second unmodified 4+ save after the *Shield of the Old Ones* and rebounds wounds in close combat. If the enemy somehow manages to wound him, he can always use the *Healing Potion* to get back to his impressive eight starting wounds. The combination of *Crown of Command* and *Battle Standard* makes him take Break tests on an unmodified 10 on 3D6 (which he can of course re-roll if he fails). The

*Dread Banner* is there to make him immune to fear, so he cannot be broken automatically by being outnumbered by fear-causing enemies. I always choose High Magic for him - I think that is one of the best decks and with the *Coruscation of Finreir*, my Slann will fly as well!

Minimaxal, the 1st level Slann, is in effect the General's familiar. I can deploy him right behind Lord Beardlaxan, and the two must try to stay together as long as possible. Minimaxal will stay in base contact with the General, taking cover behind him and protecting his master from enemy magic with the *Amulet of Xapatl* and the *Destroy Magic Scroll* (to destroy that nasty *Curse of Years*, one of the few things Lord Beardlaxan fears). Another important role of the 1st level Slann is to store a power card (the Power Familiar effect) and another High Magic card (the Spell Familiar effect) that he can telepathically send to Lord Beardlaxan to cast. He can also issue/accept unwanted challenges (the Warrior Familiar effect). This last aspect will not be necessary often, because I'm convinced that almost nothing can defeat Lord Beardlaxan in close combat (maybe a Blood Dragon Vampire Lord armed with a *Sword of Destruction* and riding a Zombie Dragon, as the evil Mark Anscombe suggests...). On top of all this, his presence allows me to deploy a second unit of Terradons!

The two Skink Heroes are effectively two living cruise missiles. Their role is to charge the most threatening things in the enemy army (Greater Daemons, Dragons, Chaos Lords, etc.) in authentic kamikaze spirit, sacrificing their life for the glory of Lord Beardlaxan.

## TROOPS ON PARADE

The three Skink units allow me to take the three Stegadons. That's the only reason for taking the Skinks! On top of that, they will be deployed in front of the army, shielding it from enemy shooting and



Lord Beardlaxan's Temple army marches to certain victory.

The army is so unbalanced it took miniatures from 'Easy metal, Nick, John-Paul and Kyoko's Lizardmen armies to complete this army shot.



charging units (especially chariots). Remember to leave a gap between the units of Skinks enough for a Stegadon or a Slann to charge through.

The two Terradon units should take care of enemy flyers, fast light troops and war machines, working in conjunction with the two Heroes. Finally, the hitting power of the army comes mainly from the fast-moving Stegadon 1 (*Jaguar Standard*), the hard-hitting Stegadon 2 (*Banner of Might*) and the magically-helpful Stegadon 3 (*Banner of Sorcery*). You could deploy them as a unit of large creatures (see the rules for monster units on page 68 of the Warhammer Rulebook...) and try to claim that the magic banners' effects apply to all three Stegadons, but that is probably pushing it a bit too far...

And finally, remember that all these models except the Slann are armed with Strength 4 missile weapons and that can sometimes be handy...

Can you beat this army?

## CAN YOU BEAT THIS ARMY LIST?

To enter this competition send us a complete 3,000 point army list and 500 words on why your army is invincible (Alessio will judge which is the most horrifying army list himself). The overall winner will get to visit the Studio, receive all the models that comprises their winning army and take on Alessio himself in a game of Warhammer. Send your entry to:

The Alessio Cavatore  
Invincible Army Competition,  
Games Workshop,  
Willow Road, Lenton,  
Nottingham, NG7 2WS

All entries must be in by Friday 17th March 2000.  
Winners to be announced in a future White Dwarf.

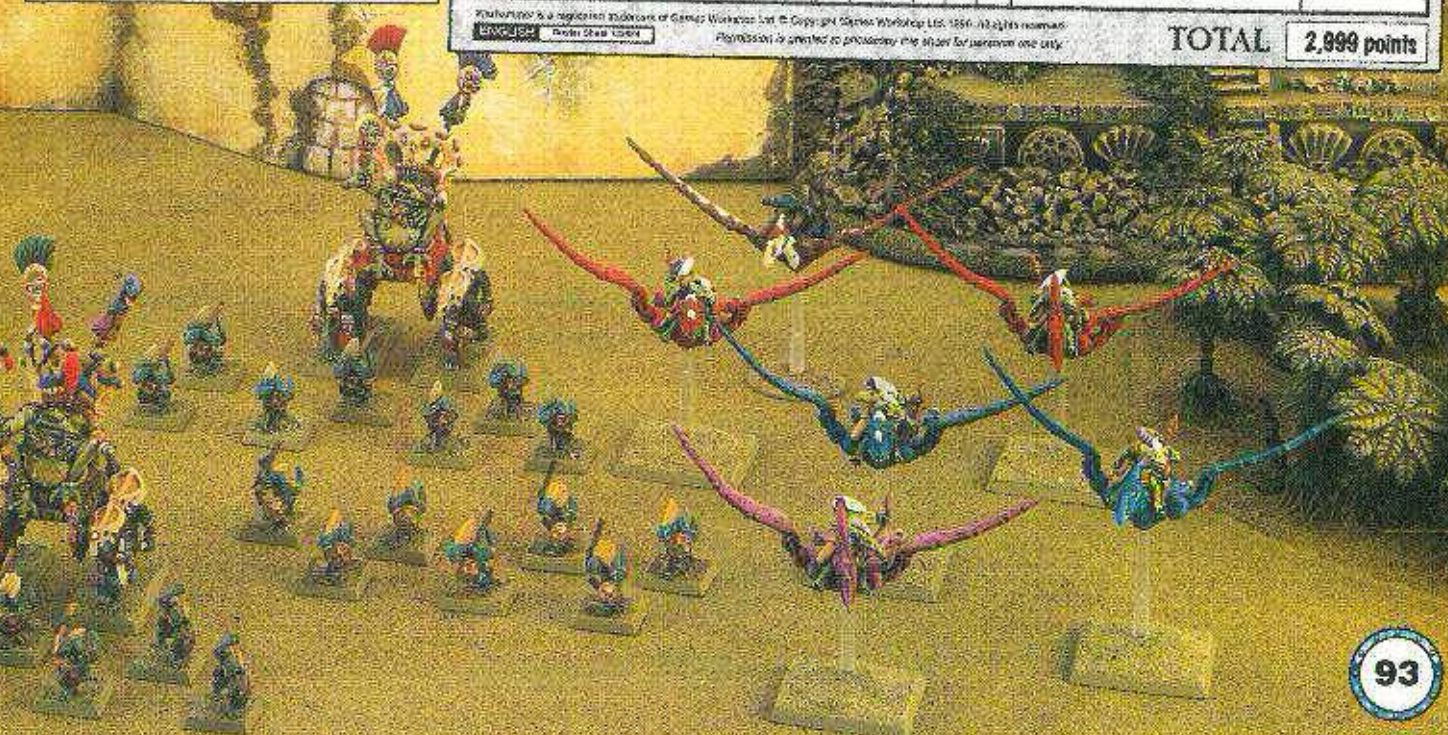
## WARHAMMER ROSTER SHEET

### LORD BEARDLAXAN TEMPLE ARMY

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Size	Notes	Points Value
<b>MAGE LORD BEARDLAXAN</b>												
MAGE LORD	4	8	5	6	5	8	6	8	10	4+	Magic Weapon: Blade of Gossard Magic Ward: Black Amulet (4+ re-roll) Magic Item: Crown of Command, Healing Potion Wizard Arcane: Skull Wand of Kaloeth Magic Banner: Dread Banner	965
Army General												
Ceremonial Mace												
Battle Standard												
<b>MAGE MINIMAXAL</b>												
MAGE	4	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8	4+	Magic Item: Destroy Magic Scroll Magic Item: Amulet of Xapari	190
Ceremonial Mace												
<b>QAMI</b>												
SKINK HERO	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	4	4+	Magic Item: Black Gem of Gnar Magic Armour: Van Horstmann's Speculum	158
Spear, additional hand weapon, shortbow & javelin (poisoned) & light armour												
SKINK RIDER QLEE	8	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		
Spear, shortbow (poisoned) & shield												
<b>TERRADON</b>	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
<b>QAZZE</b>												
SKINK HERO	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	4	4+	Magic Weapon: Dark Blade of Death Magic Item: Heart of Woe	173
Spear, additional hand weapon, shortbow & javelin (poisoned), light armour & shield												
SKINK RIDER EXX	8	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		
Spear, shortbow (poisoned) & shield												
<b>TERRADON</b>	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
<b>7 SKINKS</b>	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		42
Javelin (poisoned) & shield												
<b>7 SKINKS</b>	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		42
Javelin (poisoned) & shield												
<b>7 SKINKS</b>	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		42
Javelin (poisoned) & shield												
<b>AL'HA FLIGHT</b>												
6 Skink Terradon Riders	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		258
Spears, shortbows (poisoned) & shields												
<b>TERRADON</b>	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
<b>B'TA FLIGHT</b>												
6 Skink Terradon Riders	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	4+		258
Spears, shortbows (poisoned) & shields												
<b>TERRADON</b>	2	3	0	4	4	1	2	1	3	-		
<b>THUNDER</b>												
STEGADON	6	2	0	7	6	6	2	5	6	4+	Magic Banner: Jaguar Standard	286
10 Skink Crew	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
Spears, shields, javelin & shortbows (poisoned)												
<b>BATERRER</b>												
STEGADON	6	2	0	7	6	6	2	5	6	4+	Magic Banner: Banner of Might	299
8 Skink Crew	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
Spears, shields, javelin & shortbows (poisoned)												
<b>R'CAIN</b>												
STEGADON	6	2	0	7	6	6	2	5	6	4+	Magic Banner: Banner of Sorcery	296
10 Skink Crew	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	5+		
Spears, shields, javelin & shortbows (poisoned)												

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**TOTAL 2,999 points**





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Warhammer World is easy to reach from the M1 by car. It is also only a short taxi ride from Nottingham railway station.



# CITADEL OPEN DAY

Sunday 12th March 2000

Once more the doors of Warhammer World are thrown wide open for the Citadel Open Day. Come and see the wonders of Games Workshop as we let you peek behind the scenes. Held at our custom-built exhibition hall, we aim to bring you the opportunity to see all of our latest projects, meet members of the Studio Design team, join in on a host of participation games, poke your head into the Warhammer World Museum and get your hands on a host of bargains!

Tickets are priced £6 and are on sale from our Mail Order hotline or from your local store. Tickets are available now. This is a ticket only event and no tickets will be available on the day. In the past, the event has been highly popular and is likely to sell out very quickly. Get your ticket now to avoid disappointment!

Mail Order Hotline 0115 91 40000. Lines open at 7am.





WARHAMMER  
40,000

# CRUSADE

## CAMPAIGN WEEKEND

Saturday 8th & Sunday 9th April 2000

**F**ollowing the success of the Taneloth Crusade, we've decided to do it all again, in the second Warhammer 40,000 campaign weekend. So spruce up those armies and dust off those tactics tomes and get ready to play in one of the biggest games of Warhammer 40,000 you're ever likely to take part in.

The Warhammer World exhibition hall will be laid out with loads of gaming tables, arranged so you can take part in an epic conflict in the 41st millennium. Armies will be able to move from table to table and fight battles, launch assaults, make planetary landings and all kinds of other exciting stuff. Pausing only for food, the occasional drink and snatching a few hours sleep, this titanic clash will last the whole weekend. If the thought of conquering an entire world sounds like your idea of fun and you have a painted 1,500 point Warhammer 40,000 army then call Mail Order now!



Tickets are priced £30, including lunch on each day. Tickets are available from Mail Order, or through the In-store Mail Order service at your local Games Workshop, from 19th February 2000.

Entry strictly by ticket only. Tickets will not be available on the day. Over 16s only.

**TICKETS FOR THIS EVENT ARE LIKELY TO SELL OUT VERY QUICKLY! MAIL ORDER HOTLINE OPENS AT 7am. CALL EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, ON 0115 91 40000.**

WARHAMMER WORLD



# SLAVE RAID AT MELFA RIVER

## CANADIAN GAMES DAY DISPLAY

This year's Games Day was our biggest so far. Held at the NIA in Birmingham, we even exhibited a couple of displays from our overseas Games Days! One look at the Canadian display was all we needed to decide to show it to you!



JB & Tracey Coulter

**JB:** It all began in January '99 when the head man in GW Canada, Ed Spettigue, decided to hold our own, inaugural Canadian Games Day. Personally I'd always wanted to put together a really **BIG** display table and to my surprise, Ed really liked the idea. Asking Ed just how big we should make it, he said, with an absolutely straight face, 8' by 16'. Hmm, this would be a beast of a project...

Taken aback by the size of the project and knowing there was no way I was going to be able to build this anywhere else, I had to go on bended knee to our warehouse manager, Aaron Zulak, begging to take over a corner of his warehouse. Thankfully my wife Tracey had joined the company by this time, because I was going to need all the help I could get! I already had a mental image of how I wanted the landscaping to look. I knew I wanted a river and beachhead and so Tracey got the task of doing the water after she bravely said she knew how to recreate waves using a special resin. After ordering the building supplies we then took ourselves off to our local cinema to watch 'Saving Private Ryan' again for inspiration.

When the supplies came in, I spent the evening cutting out the styrofoam contours for the first four panels. The following night was spent tracing around Ordnance and Blast templates for the shell craters. Whilst I was slaving away, Tracey was madly painting her Dark Eldar army for the Canadian staff tournament (this army would later prove invaluable!).

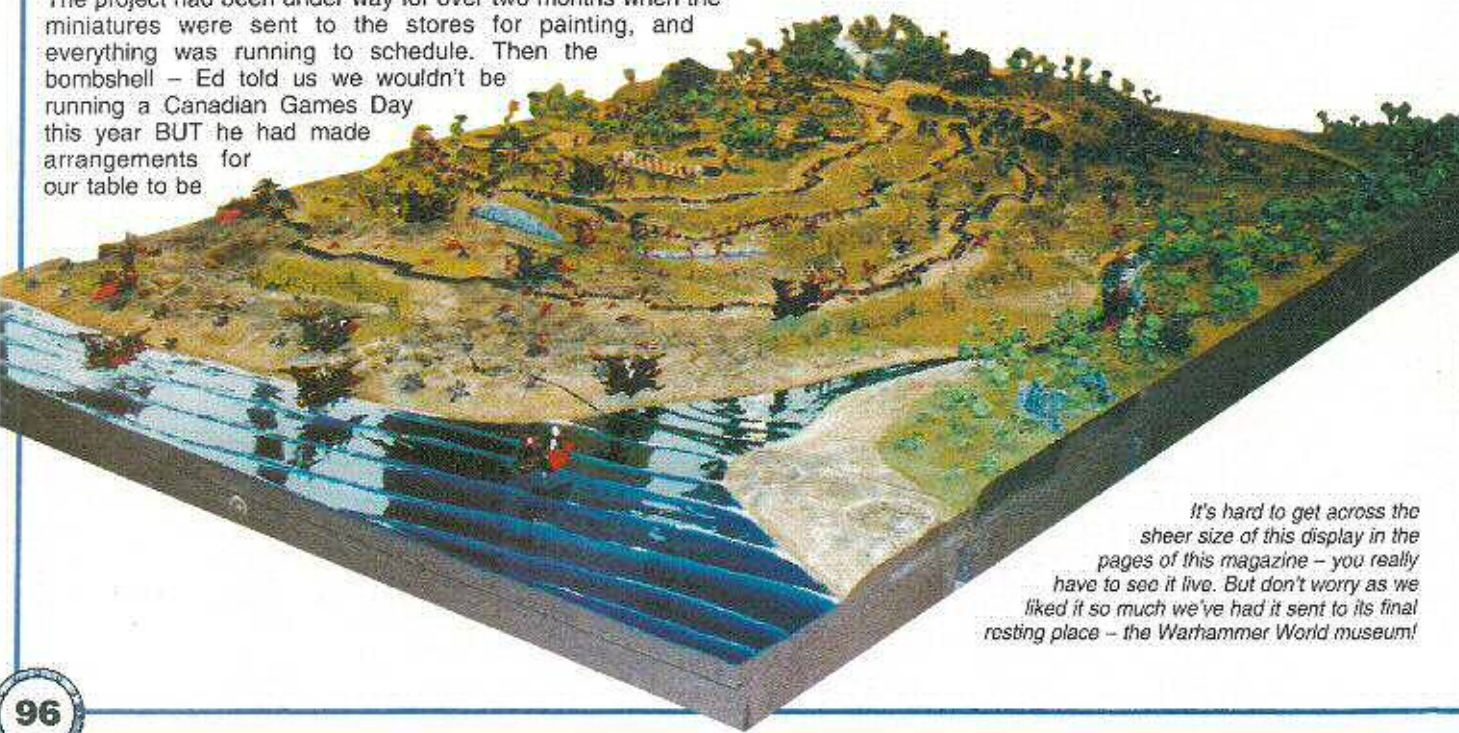
The project had been under way for over two months when the miniatures were sent to the stores for painting, and everything was running to schedule. Then the bombshell – Ed told us we wouldn't be running a Canadian Games Day this year BUT he had made arrangements for our table to be

displayed at the US Games Day, meaning the table had to be finished a month earlier than planned!

At this point the US Studio chaps started asking questions about our 'mystery table', "What was it called?" Well, I hadn't given it the slightest thought! So after a brief discussion, Tracey and I decided to name it after a battle honour accrued by the regiment we were both members of during our stint in the Canadian army. The action was called the 'Melfa River Crossing' which we now renamed as the 'Slave Raid at Melfa River'. They also wanted to know how big it was. Knowing we were almost out of time, we, shortened the board and instead of being 8'x16' we stopped at 8'x12'.

The retail stores started to return the miniatures we sent them and they looked fantastic! Unfortunately with only nine stores and a small number of warehouse staff to help with painting we didn't have enough miniatures and no time left to paint any more. It came apparent that we would have to use our own armies. Thankfully Tracey had her Dark Eldar army from the staff tournament and I had my Imperial Guard. After a night of frantic re-basing, everything was ready to go and the display (along with us) were transported to America.

All the hard work was worth it as the doors opened and people crowded around the display, taking photos and commenting on the details that caught their eye. All I can say is a big thank you to everybody who helped out on the project. Watch out next year, we are planning an Warhammer 40,000 scale Battlefleet Gothic boarding action...



*It's hard to get across the sheer size of this display in the pages of this magazine – you really have to see it live. But don't worry as we liked it so much we've had it sent to its final resting place – the Warhammer World museum!*



## SECTION 1: THE BEACH HEAD

The first Imperial defences are overrun and the Dark Eldar head inland.

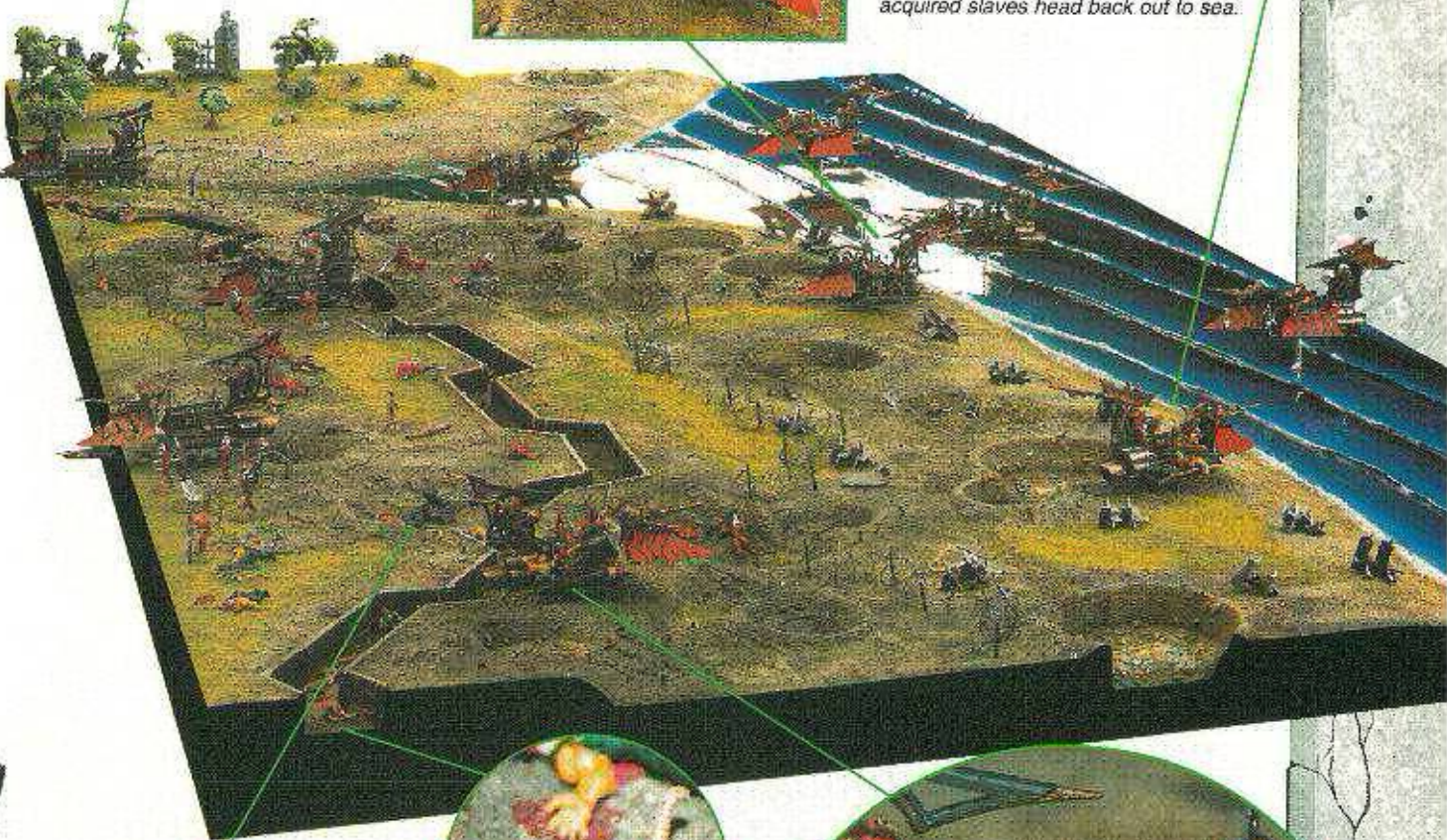


**Above:** Dark Angels Scouts observe the enemy movement.

**Below:** Dark Eldar Raider squads head inland.



**Above:** Raiders laden down with newly acquired slaves head back out to sea.



**Above:** More acceptable vermin move in.



**Right:** Prisoners are chained to Raiders for removal.



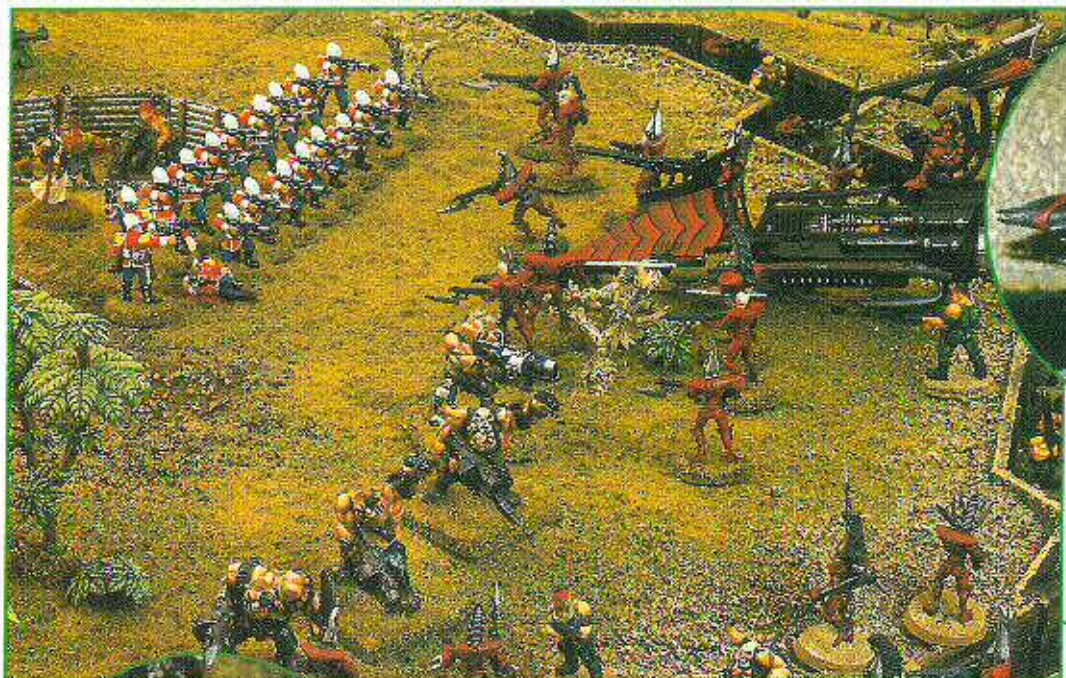
**Left:** Imperial casualties are high.



## SECTION 2: THE TRENCHES

The Dark Eldar attack loses its momentum as they hit the Imperial Guard's second line of defence.

Below: The face of the enemy.



Left: Volley FIRE! A Praetorian firing line stalls the Dark Eldar advance.



Left: The Inquisitor administers righteous redemption.

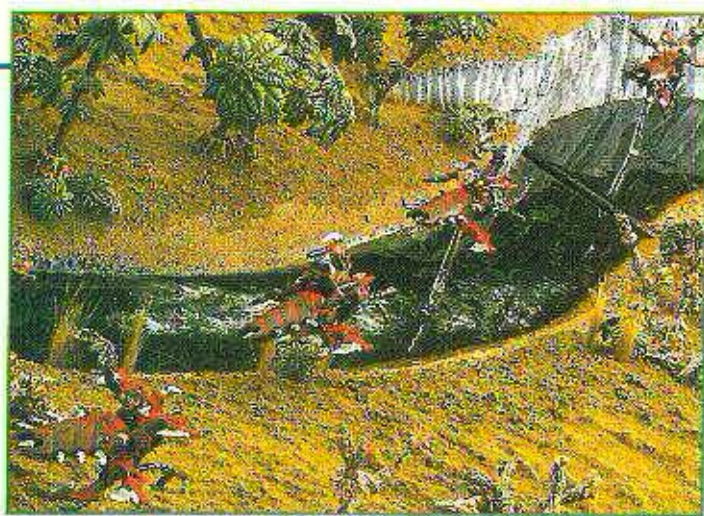


Above: Grotesques break the Imperial line.

Right: Talos attack!







*Above: Dark Eldar Reavers scream along the river bank.*

*Below: Bitter hand-to-hand fighting in the trenches.*



*Right: A Talos overwhelms the defenders.*



*Above: A Commissar leads the Ogryns on a counter-attack.*



## SECTION 3: DARK ANGELS ATTACK

The Dark Angels arrive in force to the relief of the Imperial Guard garrison, but are they here to drive back the alien invaders or for a more sinister purpose?

**Left:** Space Marines in dark green power armour sighted.

**Left:** Righteous fury.

**Above & Below:** Purging with heavy bolter fire!





*Above: A bloody melee erupts around a downed Raider.*



*Right: Land Raider conversion.*



*Above: Why are the Ravenwing veering away from the Dark Eldar?*



*Right: Dark Angels Scouts cleanse a trench.*

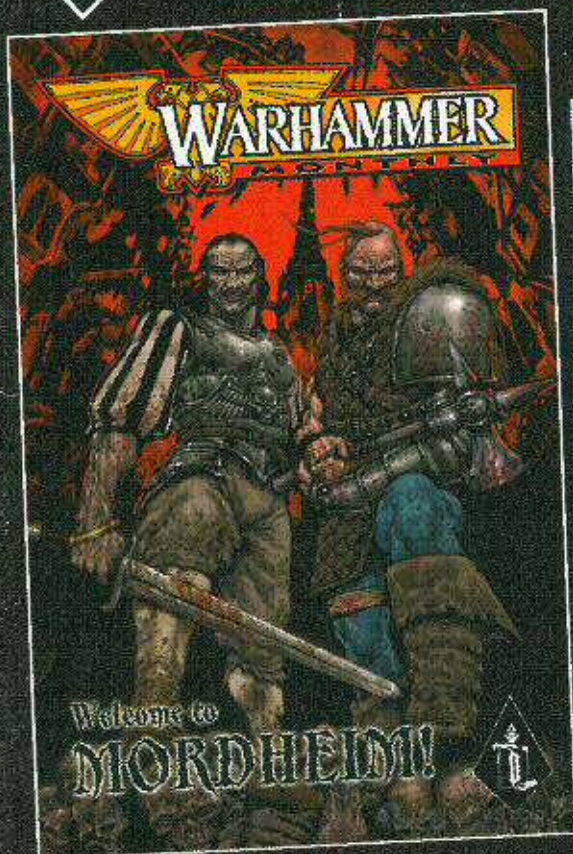


*Right: Mandrakes infiltrate an Imperial bunker.*





# THE BLACK LIBRARY PRESENTS



## WARHAMMER MONTHLY 28 – The all-action comic

This month's blood-soaked issue promises you, from the team who brought you *Kal Jerico*, a brand new carnage-fest in the ruins of Mordheim – City of the Damned! *Signs and Portents* introduces Ulli and Marquand, two of the Empire's most notorious and bloodthirsty bandits, who, after a daring escape, decide to risk the perils of Mordheim. *Kal Jerico* and his sidekick *Scabbs* are back as well, chasing more bad guys down-hive to the treacherous hole known as *Raintown*. *Darkblade*, from Dan Abnett and Kev Heggood, continues when *Malus* must face the immense power of the Screaming Child. Also from Dan Abnett, Anthony Williams and Andy Lanning, comes *Titan: Vivaporius*. In this month's episode *Princess Hekate* and the crew of *Imperius Dictatio* lay stranded behind enemy lines. Will help arrive, or must *Dictatio* and the crew face the Tyranid horde alone?

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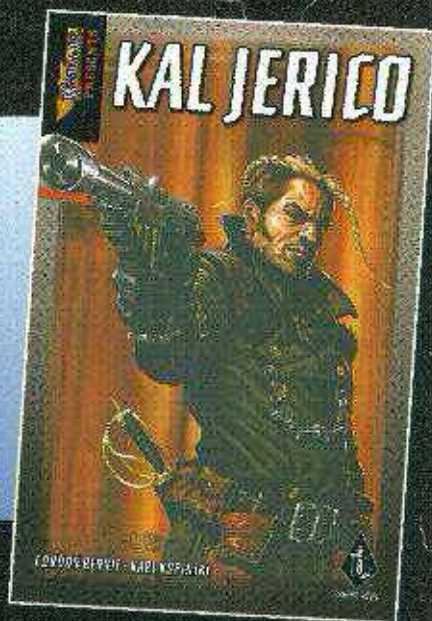


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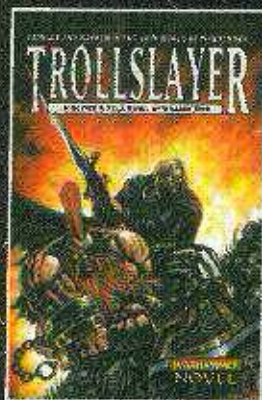


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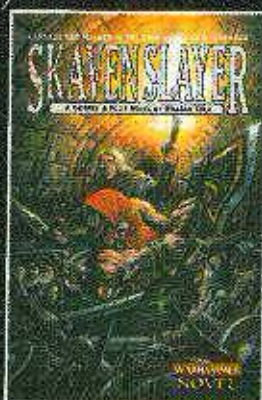


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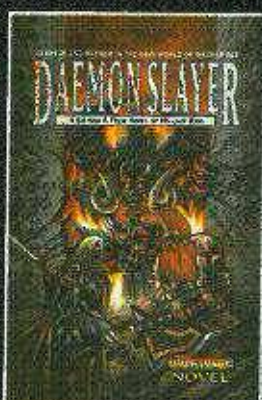
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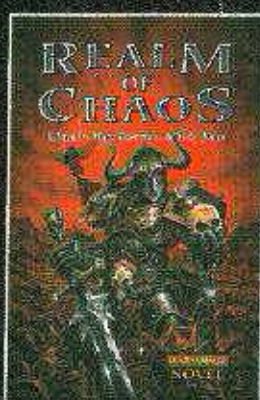
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*Thomas*

# Warhammer Chronicles

This month we deal with some optional rules which you might like to try out in your Warhammer games, just for fun. The idea behind these rules is to represent some of the problems of commanding a real army which are not usually taken into account in a

wargame. Obviously it hardly needs to be said that you and your opponent in the game should agree whether or not to use these rules and if you do, be prepared to use your imagination in applying them.

## The Night Before The Battle

By Nigel Stillman

How much control does the General have over the course of events once the battle has begun? Not much. When the regiments start to move, the dust rises, the smoke of the guns obscures the view, confusing and contradictory reports come rushing in and couriers fail to deliver their vital messages. Orders are misunderstood or ignored, the most reliable subordinates have already fallen, the least reliable don't do what is expected of them, the plan goes astray, the enemy do the unexpected and so it goes on. What is the General to do except put himself at the head of his reserves and charge in at the decisive moment to swing the balance, showing his banner surging forward, inspiring his flagging troops by heroic example, hurling back the enemy breakthrough? He might send out couriers to change orders or prompt his subordinates into action, but the results are uncertain and there will be inevitable, fateful delays.

The truth is that when the cannons begin to roar, the greater part of the General's work is already done and the outcome is down to fate and fortune. This being so, the plans and preparations made by the General in the days before the battle, his choice of troops, the route of march, the choice of ground, the choice of subordinates, inspiring the troops and many other factors, influence the outcome of the battle greatly. Herein lies the greater part of the General's work and where his talents, or lack of

them, will seal the fate of his army. His decisions and judgements on the eve of battle will often be as decisive as anything he does on the day - maybe more so. A General who is fortunate to be able to direct the course of battle, rather than merely react to events, is most likely to be one who has made his plans well and taken everything into account before swords are even drawn.

This aspect of generalship is of course the last thing to be considered in the average wargame. Campaigns and scenarios try to deal with these things and confront the player with some of the real challenges of command. The wargame, however, places the player in a fortunate position of control which a real General could not hope to enjoy. The wargame is not wrong to do this, because a game which makes everything variable and out of the players' control is no more realistic and much less interesting. What is needed are mechanisms for representing the aspects of generalship which are not usually taken into account.

The mechanism described here operates before the battle begins. It represents the General's judgements on the days leading up to the battle and on the eve of battle itself. The choices made by the player as General create opportunities and circumstances which can give his army advantages in the battle. Of course, the opposing General will be doing the same, but his judgements will be different...



The heralds brought a list of the Dukes and Barons who had attended the King's muster. Some he knew of old, other names were new; sons who had inherited their fathers' domains. The King knew little of their worth. That night, he summoned them to his tent. There was heated debate in the council of war. Young Baron de Foppe, who happened to command the biggest retinue, was clearly an inexperienced fool, but Baron le Bon, a brilliant knight, had a

greatly diminished following, having recently returned from an arduous quest. Baron de Foppe was demanding the place of honour on the right of the battle line. The expression on the face of Baron le Bon said it all.

The King spoke: "Baron de Foppe, it is my wish that you command on the left of the line, for although your rank and nobility entitles you to command on the right, the danger to the left of the army is so great, being exposed as it is to attack from the

flank, that this place must be taken by the greatest contingent." Delighted with this flattery, Baron de Foppe concurred. Then turning to Baron le Bon, the King said "Baron le Bon, my oldest and most trusted friend, since Baron de Foppe cannot be spared for the right flank, I choose you to command here, where your experience will outweigh your lack of troops." Baron le Bon smiled, knowing full well the mind and wisdom of the King.

### Before the Battle

It is the evening before the battle. The sun is setting. The enemy are near and battle is expected tomorrow. All the reports you are going to get have already come in from the scouts and spies. The troops are resting in camp and eating what for many of them may be their last meal. There is only time to do one more thing before daybreak, when all efforts must be directed at getting the army up and moving. In this last quiet moment, the General, that is you, must opt to do one of the following things. Choose one from the following list.

- Call a council of war
- Equipment inspection
- Consult the omens

- Sacrifice to the gods
- Study the maps
- The last supper
- Inspired oration
- Survey the battlefield
- Fraternise with the troops

### Leader's Personalities

The next thing you must do is to establish the personalities of your subordinate commanders. These include all your character models and all the other leaders of units (remember every unit has a leader even if it doesn't have a Champion). In the case of units with multiple characters only roll for the one with the highest points cost. Do not roll for your General. Any unit led by the General will not be affected by their original leader's personality.

One of the principle tasks of high command is to know the abilities of your subordinates and, if possible, to appoint the right men as leaders of units. Even though the General will usually not be able to change unit leaders (because they are tribal chiefs or feudal barons for example, who can't be easily removed and replaced), he can take into account their personalities when making his plans. So, for example, it would be best to deploy a well led unit in an important position in the line of battle.

All armies must roll to determine each leader's personality on the chart below. However if you call a council of war this will effect the results (see over the page).

### Leader's Personality Table (2D6)

#### 2 *Rash and impetuous*

A unit led by this leader will counter-charge as a charge response against enemy charging from the front (the unit moves 4" towards the enemy, and the enemy charges as normal; both units count as charging; models attack in Initiative order). Test against Leadership when enemies come within 8" of the unit. A failed test means the unit charges them.

#### 3-4 *Treacherous*

This leader secretly harbours some kind of grudge or is jealous of your position as General. He would quite like to see you defeated and maybe even overthrown. A unit led by this leader will not charge the enemy and will never move at more than half rate (this includes marching).

#### 5 *Cautious*

A unit led by this leader will not charge enemies more than 12" away from it. If occupying cover, the unit must test against Leadership to move out.

#### 6-8 *Decisive, intelligent and uses initiative*

A unit led by this leader operates exactly as you, the General, would wish. The leader has understood what is in your mind and knows what to do.

#### 9 *Unreliable*

A unit led by this leader will not rally when fleeing, he will just assume the battle is lost and head for home. When pursuing, the unit will rush off in search of plunder far behind the enemy battle line, so roll an extra D6 for pursuit.

#### 10 *Incompetent*

A unit led by this leader is poorly trained and its equipment is neglected. Discipline is lax and morale is low. The leader doesn't bother to inspect the troops or drill them regularly. Their pay is owing and their rations are meagre because he keeps most of the money for himself. The unit suffers -1 Leadership, -1 WS and -1 BS.

#### 11-12 *Expert veteran*

This renowned leader has the devotion of his men. A unit led by him operates exactly as you would wish. Even better than this, the unit may re-roll any failed Break test or Rally test. The unit is so well trained that they count as having +1 WS.





## Call a Council of War

You summon all the regimental commanders to your tent for a council of war. You tell them the battle plan and ask their opinions. Each one has his say while you sit quietly watching. It is possible that someone will have a good idea to improve the plan or notices a fault. Who knows what else might be revealed at the council? Take note of who is confident, who may prove unreliable and who was too drunk to attend.

**Advantage:** If you call a council of war, you find out the strengths and weaknesses of your regimental leaders and their ability to act according to plan. You can deploy them where you think they will be most useful (or do least mischief) in the coming battle. When you roll for each leader to determine his personality before the battle begins, you may re-roll any undesirable results once per leader, to represent promoting a replacement for an incompetent one! You may then swap around the results you have rolled to apply to the leaders of your choice, to represent you appointing your most trusted lieutenants to lead the most important regiments (in game terms you only swap personalities not models).

If you do not call a council of war, your regiments will deploy for battle with whoever happens to be their leaders. Roll to establish personalities exactly as described on the previous page.

## Equipment Inspection

You decide to check over the baggage and inspect the equipment, especially war machines, artillery, gunpowder or siege devices. If something is amiss, you instantly order men to put it right. If anything has been neglected, you will discover it before battle.

**Advantage:** One missile unit or battery gains +1 BS or may re-roll any misfire result in the coming battle because you ordered them to spend the night looking after their equipment.

**Disadvantage:** One random character must be made an example of and demoted to the ranks for neglecting his duties and so will not take part in the battle. He remains under guard in the baggage camp.

## Consult the Omens

Everything that is within your power has been done, but there is much that is beyond your control. Maybe you should consult the gods for guidance. As the sun sets, you summon the priests to scrutinise the omens.

Who can predict the will of the gods; roll a D6 on the chart below.

### D6 Result

1-2: The omens are dismal; tomorrow is not an auspicious day to fight a battle and the portents indicate defeat. Unfortunately, you have no choice when to fight, because the enemy are already at hand. Though you may be sceptical of superstition, your troops are not. As the rumour spreads, they are filled with a sense of dread. In the coming battle, all troops will roll three dice to rally and choose the worst two scores.

3-6: The omens are favourable; tomorrow is an auspicious day to fight and there are portents of victory! The news spreads through the army filling the troops with confidence and banishing their fears. In the coming battle you may re-roll any failed Panic tests and Fear tests.

## Sacrifice to the Gods

It is wise to placate the gods before going into battle. This is both prudent and respectful. It is best to get the gods on your side and it is certainly tempting fate to ignore them. Therefore, you summon the priests and perform a sacrifice. You call upon the gods for divine intervention and vow to offer up to them the captives and the lion's share of the booty if they grant you the victory.

**The gods are fickle:** Roll a D6.

### D6 Result

1: The sacrifice was not acceptable. The gods are offended! Not only do they ignore your pleas for help, but seek your doom. Whenever the General suffers a wound in the coming battle, roll a D6. On a roll of a 1, this is a mortal wound and the General is slain, regardless of any remaining wounds.

2-6: The gods are impressed. In the coming battle you may re-roll one failed test against the General's Leadership during the battle.

## Study the Maps

You spread out all the maps in your tent and discuss the routes of approach to the battlefield, trying to guess where the armies will meet. You ask the opinion of your scouts and interrogate some locals which they have rounded up. This diligent scrutiny reveals possibilities for you to exploit with your army.

**Advantage:** You discover a way to outflank the enemy position and order one unit of troops to approach the battlefield by this route. One unit of your choice may arrive anywhere on either side edge of the table at the start of any of your turns, then moves normally.

**Disadvantage:** The maps may have been inaccurate and the locals may have given misleading information. The troops you despatch by the roundabout route may lose their way. Roll a dice on the turn you want them to arrive. On a score of 1 or 2 they do not arrive. You may dice again in subsequent turns. If they fail to arrive for three turns, they don't turn up at all.



## The Last Supper

Many of your men will not outlive the next day. Why not cheer them up by issuing double rations so they can have a feast. Your generous gesture will make them all the more loyal and confident. If any of those boring quartermasters say that the rations will be expended, tell them that tomorrow night your victorious army will be feasting on the victuals of the enemy! This is greeted with loud cheers.

**Advantage:** The troops awake the next morning feeling well and confident. All troops (not characters, as they eat well anyway) count +1 to hit in hand-to-hand combat.

**Disadvantage:** The troops are slow to get ready for battle after feasting and drinking late into the night. The enemy army may either have the first turn or may deploy any units 4" further forward before the battle begins.

## Inspired Oration

The great generals of the past always made a heroic and inspiring speech to the troops just before the battle, or so it is said. Therefore you should be no exception, destined as you are for greatness. Scribes will record your speech for posterity and the troops will be inspired to follow you. You summon a supply of candles and parchment, stay up late into the night composing your speech and learning it off by heart.

**Advantage:** The General makes the speech at the start of the battle before his assembled troops. The speech is indeed heroic and inspiring. When it is finished, the troops raise a loud cheer and bang their weapons against their shields. The range of the General's Leadership bonus is now doubled from 12" to 24" for the entire battle.

**Disadvantage:** The General burned many candles composing what turned out to be a short, but effective speech. Now he is tired and not very alert. He suffers -1 WS, -1 BS and -1 Initiative throughout the battle.

Gnashrag the Orc warlord watched the Bretonnian battle line approach. Suddenly he spied Ugrug's boys surge forward. "Nar! Yer spoiling da plan!" yelled Gnashrag. Then Grotnob's Gobboes, for no reason whatsoever, started to fall back, squabbling among themselves. "Gork save us," thought Gnashrag, "wot a bunch of gitz."

## Survey the Battlefield

You decide to use the last remaining rays of the setting sun to look over the ground between your army and the enemy, so as to choose the best place to deploy for battle. The long shadows reveal the lie of the land and suggest possibilities.

**Advantage:** You notice a strategically important terrain feature and give orders for light troops to occupy it at once so as to be in place when the battle begins. In the coming battle, you may deploy one unit and any associated Champions plus one independent character anywhere on the battlefield, excepting the enemy deployment zone, before any other deployment.

**Disadvantage:** Enemy scouts spot you and take shots in the dark. Your unit with the highest Leadership accompanies you on this task as your bodyguard (if more than one unit is eligible, determine which one by rolling a dice). Now you must roll a dice for each trooper. On a score of 1 he was shot and will not be taking part in the battle. Roll also for yourself and on a score of 1, you begin the battle having already suffered one wound.

## Fraternise with the Troops

You wander round the camp disguised as a common soldier, laughing, joking and playing dice with your troops. Everybody knows who you are but pretend not to recognise you; flattered as they are to be able to talk openly with the General himself. You say a few words of encouragement to the young recruits, listen to much grumbling about rations, pay and long marches and maybe hear words of wisdom from veterans.

**Advantage:** Word gets around the camp. Your men now know that you care about them and share their concerns. They will follow you with devotion and will fight with determination in the coming battle. All regiments may re-roll any tests to rally.

**Disadvantage:** You lose a game of dice with the biggest and best of the veterans. You must show good humour and lose an item of your wargear.

### D6 Result

1-2: You must part with your cheapest magic item.

3-4: You lose an exotic piece of armour (-1 armour save for the entire game).

5-6: You lose your warhorse, chariot or other mount (if you are on foot, roll again).

The item is immediately exchanged for drink or some such frivolous pleasure as soon as your back is turned and may not be used in the battle.



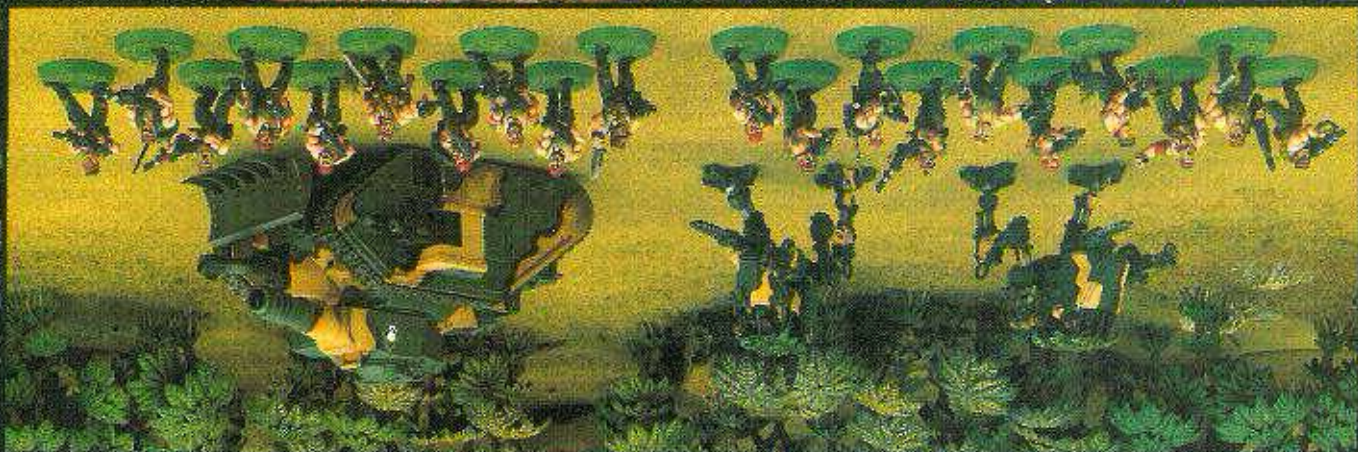
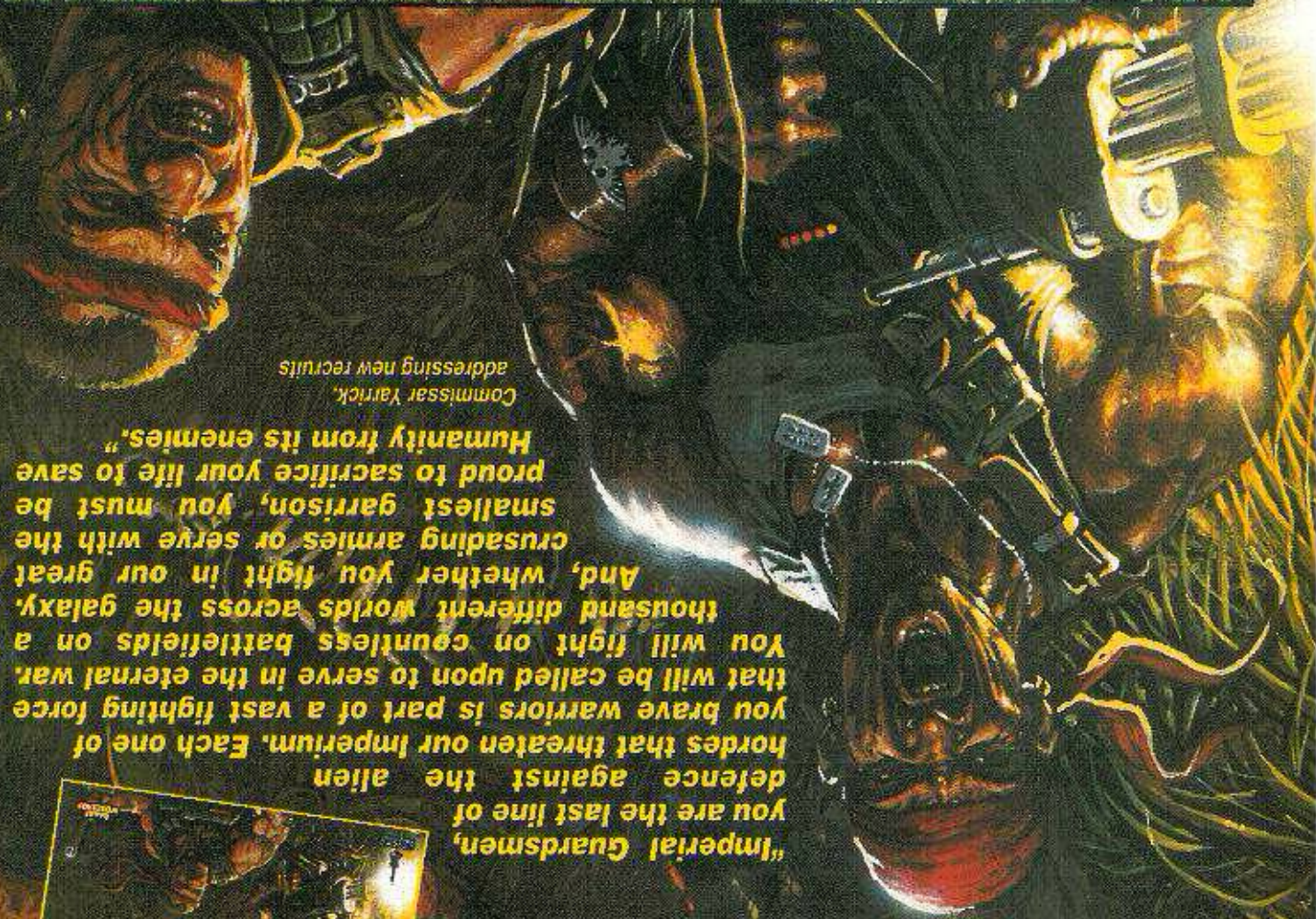


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# SLY MARBO

## — ONE MAN ARMY —

by Nick Davis



Sly Marbo

**Sly Marbo is a one man army, operating alone, ambushing the enemy before disappearing back into the jungle. He is the epitome of the classic jungle fighter – fast, strong and as deadly as a Catachan Devil.**

Sly Marbo's origins are shrouded in darkness and

death. Only he and Colonel Traupman, with whom he seems to share a special understanding, know the truth of his past.

It is rumoured that he was one of the few survivors of the Dark Eldar raid on the jungle world of Galabad during the Zenith campaign. The small garrison of Catachan Deathworld Veterans had been overrun by many times their number of alien raiders. Stories are told of the long, dark nights of slaughter where the brave Catachan prisoners were ripped apart by blood drenched Wyches and screaming Mandrakes.

It was Colonel Traupman who led the relief force that found Sly Marbo, standing alone, his knife and body dripping with alien blood. He was surrounded by wreckage, piles of alien bodies and the Dark Eldar leader's head was impaled upon a stake beside him. Others say this is nonsense and he is nothing but a psychopathic killer who spent time as a penal legionnaire and was the only survivor of one of the Last Chance missions.

Whatever happened to Sly in the past, it has changed him. He is empty and seemingly soulless, only finding comfort in stalking his enemies. His only human contact, Colonel Traupman, has convinced Sly none know

how, to continue to serve the Emperor. He alone assigns missions to the lone warrior.

A native of Catachan, Sly possesses all their natural skills for ambushing and moving unheard through dense jungle. He shuns the company of others and prefers to fight alone, unaided. He is fast, strong and can disappear without a trace only to strike moments later from another direction. He has fought in a number of campaigns, operating behind enemy lines. His activities cannot be traced but all over the battlefield enemy forces start suffering 'accidents'. Patrols go missing, supply dumps are destroyed and command posts are found with all inside dead.

On occasion he fights alongside other Deathworld armies when their paths cross or when assigned to them as a special scout. After the battle he slips away into the jungle without a word.

Sly Marbo may fight alone, but many have benefited from his actions. Many Guardsmen would not be alive if it was not for Sly's covert actions. Blood and death may have changed him, but he is still loyal to the Emperor and a faithful servant of mankind.



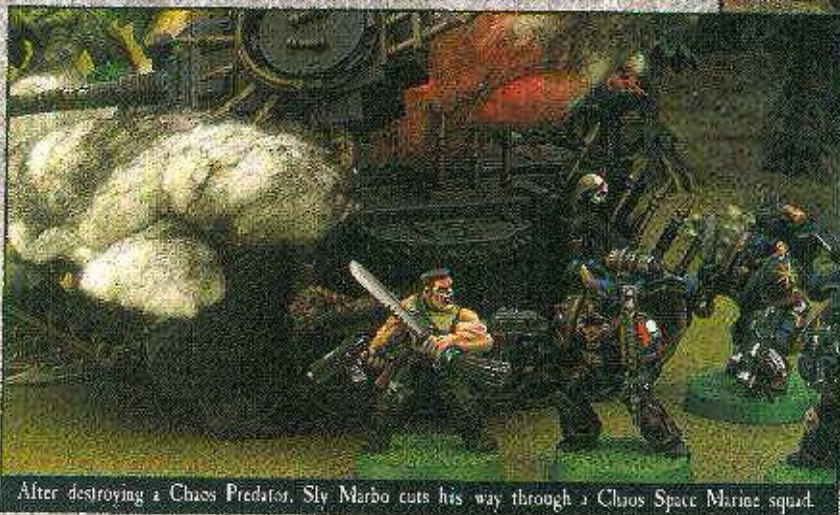
The Colonel stepped up to trooper Marbo. Marbo's eyes were empty again, like they always were when he wasn't stalking through the jungle or carving his name in some enemy's internal organs. Inwardly the Colonel sighed – there was something wrong with this boy; blood and death had warped him to the point where he could only be normal with a blade in his hand.

Once again the Colonel pronounced the well-rehearsed words, "For valour in battle and service to the Emperor of unbounded courage you are hereby awarded the Star of Terra bear it with pride and may you inspire others to worthy endeavour in the service of Man." The Colonel completed the dedication in a single breath before pinning the ribbon onto Marbo's chest.

This one was for wiping out a whole squad of aliens, killing their commander and capturing their command post single-handed. He leaned closer to Marbo and asked "You want me to look after it for you son? Like the rest?"

Marbo nodded solemnly.

"Alright son, you can go." The words had barely left the Colonel's lips before Sly Marbo had plunged back into the jungle as smoothly as a fish slipping into a stream.



After destroying a Chaos Predator, Sly Marbo cuts his way through a Chaos Space Marine squad.



Sly Marbo ambushes a squad of Eldar Rangers.





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# WARMMASTER

## ANCIENT GLORY

A Warmaster battle report by  
Dylan Owen, Alessio Cavatore  
& Rick Priestley



The inaugural Warmaster battle report is a bit special. You see we've managed to coax/threaten/beg the creator of Warmaster, Rick Priestley, into taking part! So, sit back and read how Rick's valiant High Elves get on against the foul Undead commanded by Alessio.

**A** hundred years ago the High Elf host of Lord Valoriel set sail across the ocean to Khemri. Some say that he sought the ancient wealth buried amongst the tombs of that land, others that he merely sought to escape from the dull routine of courtly life. Upon landing, he marched across the wasteland to a long abandoned city on the edge of the desert. His guides had warned him before they deserted that no one had dared trespass the ruins since their fall a thousand years ago. The Elven Lord sneered at such superstition. He was eager to recover the great treasure which he believed the ruins held. But he would not lay claim to his prize unchallenged. The old king of the city was long dead but he still ruled this land, destined to an eternal living death by the curse of Nagash. He had but one desire deep in his shrivelled heart, to defend the resting place of his ancestors. From their graves, his warriors stirred. Hundreds of Skeletons rose to face the might of the High Elves, willed into action by the power of the Tomb King and his servants. The battle would be bitter and bloody...

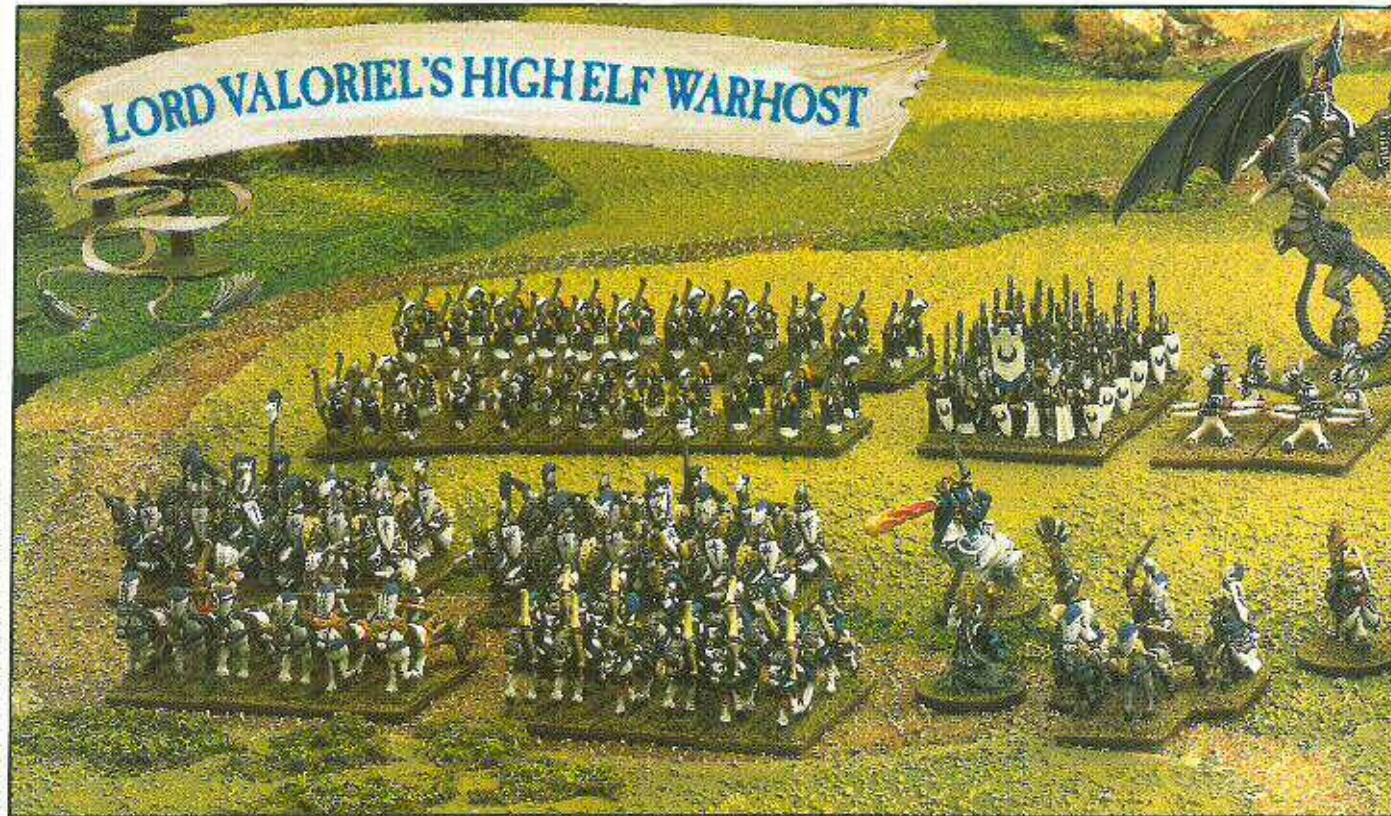
When Lord Valoriel, the High Elf commander, scanned the low hills beyond the ruins he sucked in his breath. He had not expected to be met by so many enemies. On the Undead army's left flank were positioned a brigade of Skeleton warriors, two massive units of spearmen sheltering behind ranks of archers. Behind them were catapults, constructed from the bones of some long-extinct behemoth, skulls piled beside them. Towering over the troops was a fleshy giant, rocking from side to side and bellowing in a voice like thunder. Next were a mass of fast chariots and mounted warriors riding skeletal steeds. Positioned in the centre was a unit of deadly Bone Throwers above which circled giant vultures. Carrion, their bones protruding through their tattered wings. They croaked hungrily as they eyed the approaching Elves. To the left of these was a Dragon ridden by a hunched, black-cowled figure. Flesh hung from the monster's corpse, sulphurous fumes streamed from its rotting maw; a sick parody of the proud Dragon from Caledor which fought on the Elvish side. On the right was a colossal figure of stone, a hideous skeletal lion draped in outlandish armour. A statue, thought Valoriel, dragged to the battle lines to bring them the fortune of their dark gods.

Another large brigade of Skeletons armed with spears and bows guarded the Undead right flank. To outflank that brigade meant entering the precarious ruins of the ancient town. Their battle line was well guarded. The enemy general was no fool. Valoriel could see him in his chariot of bone, a mere husk wrapped in decaying robes, his golden crown and the glowing orb which he clutched in his withered hand the only indications of his pathetic majesty. Dotted evenly along the length of the Undead lines were the Tomb King's personal servants, the Liche Priests, gnarled masters of the art of necromancy, who would help control his shambling army.

Valoriel smiled contemptuously. This sorry gathering of the grave was no match for his warriors. The general stood in his chariot at his army's centre where he had concentrated the main thrust of his army, ranks of valiant Elven spearmen on each side of him, their flanks protected by units of archers. On his left flank he had placed a column of Reavers, swift at dealing death with their bows, and resplendent Silver Helms to protect the repeater bolt throwers at the head of the column, ably commanded by Aerodde the mage who, as always in the calm before battle, was deep in meditation. Beyond the wizard was a unit of Elven archers intent on securing the woods that guarded the entrance to the ruined town. On his right flank were the chariots where rode the bravest of his warriors, whose valour had won them the right to bear the magical Battle Banner which had accompanied Valoriel's kin into battle for centuries. Nearby was the heroic Naranniel, Lord of Castle Sarn. Valoriel looked up at the clouds. His heart was gladdened by the sight of the giant eagles of Annulti, kings of the sky. So they had come as promised. Belching flame towards the lines of Undead was Arrach, the Dragon ridden by Prince Falunieras in his silver armour. The great serpent eyed the blasphemous form of the Undead Zombie Dragon with hatred. The Elven general turned to his messengers. "Go, my fleet-footed children, inform our lords that battle shall commence. He nodded at Lymfré, his second in command, whose white horse pranced nervously at the stench coming from the ranks of the dead. "Now we shall win ourselves glory".



## LORD VALORIEL'S HIGH ELF WARHOST



Rick Priestley

### Battle report thingy...

The force artfully arrayed before me was a 2,000 point variant on my standard 1,000 point High Elf army. This was an army I had used many times before as it was the first for which models were sculpted. As Warmaster armies go, the High Elves have a major advantage in that their General has a Command

value of 10 compared to 9 in most other armies. In addition they have good magic spells, and a broad mix of troop types including bolt-throwers, chariots and Dragons. Because they are reliable and lack any obvious weaknesses, High Elves are a relatively easy army to use, especially compared with their opponents on this occasion – the Undead.



The compulsory element to the 2,000 point High Elf army is four units of Spearmen, two units of Archers and the General himself. In a fairly large army such as this, I prefer a bit more missile support and so have added a further two units of Archers and a unit of bolt throwers. Against most opponents, it is possible to deploy the Elven missile units broadly, or to scatter them about, as their extra-ordinary accuracy enables them to score sufficient hits to drive enemy units back and

throw them into confusion. However, against Undead this would be a waste (Undead are unaffected by the Confusion rules) so my plan was to concentrate fire and destroy units where possible.

A Wizard and two Heroes fulfil my command needs perfectly. The Heroes will command the wings of the army whilst the General looks after the centre and the Wizard takes care of the special effects.

Two units of Silver Helms and a unit of Chariots give the army plenty of backbone. In Warmaster, the difference between infantry and cavalry/chariots is a stark and obvious one. Infantry are good defensive troops and cavalry are good for attacking. Whilst infantry are more flexible, being able to move through dense terrain and take advantage of cover, a charging cavalry unit will usually beat any target you send it against. With that in mind, it's important to balance your army, giving it some flexibility and defensive staying power, but adding enough punch to mount an attack.

To bolster the aggressive element of the army, I added a Dragon Rider. This is a troop type unique to the High Elves and so one I thought well worth including in the battle. This absorbs a lot of my points, but with 6 attacks and 6 hits as well as the ability to breath fire and fly, the 350 points asking price doesn't seem unreasonable.

A unit of Giant Eagles gives the army some mobility and will prove useful for picking off any artillery that the enemy care to deploy. Flying troops are best thought of as squadrons of aircraft in so far as you send them off to perform a mission after which they 'home back' for new orders. Although they can use their initiative to attack close targets, flyers can't be given orders by a character once they are airborne – in the rules that means more than 20cm away.

Add a unit of Reavers to give some mobile fire support to the cavalry, and all I've got points left for is the odd magic item and another unit of Spearmen. I'm not completely happy





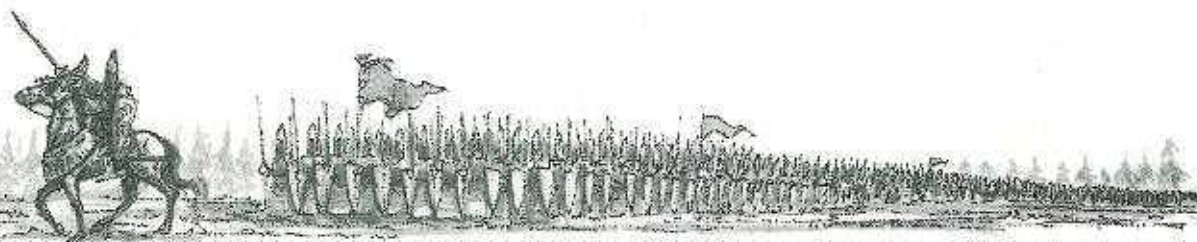
about the Spearmen as a choice, but there are just too few points for anything else. At least I can use them to make a solid line of infantry.

**Magic:** I decided to use the magic to support my attacking troops with the *Battle Banner* for the chariots (50 points), *Sword of Might* (10 points) for one of the units of Silverhelms, and the Wizard gets the *Ring of Magic* (30 points). This last item gives one automatic spell cast. With just the one Wizard, I decided to emphasise attack over defence in the knowledge that High Elf Wizards can be very dangerous indeed. Not only do they have some very effective spells, but they automatically re-roll a failed cast and are therefore more predictable than ordinary Wizards. In retrospect, this was to prove less than ideal and some defensive magic would have been far more useful, but it seemed a gamble worth taking at the time and one which had yielded victory in the past.

So, all ready to go with a total of 16 troop units establishing my break point at a comfortable 8 (in most Warmaster games the battle stops once one side has lost half of its units).

## LORD VALORIEL'S HIGH ELF WARHOST

TROOP	Type	Attack	Hits	Armour	Command	Unit size	Min/max	Points
<i>Lord Valoriel</i>	General	+2	-	-	10	1	1	155
	Chariot Mount	+1	-	-	-	-/1	-	+10
<i>Lord Iymfrë</i>	Hero	+1	-	-	8	1	-/1	80
<i>Karamiel of Chrace</i>	Hero	+1	-	-	8	1	-/1	80
<i>Aerëadbe the Mage</i>	Wizard	+0	-	-	8	1	-/1	85
	Ring of Magic - cast one spell, once per game, without rolling for difficulty							30
<i>Silver Helms (2 units)</i>	Cavalry	3	3	4+	-	3	-/6	220
	Sword of Might - +1 Attack bonus to one stand (carried by one unit of Silverhelms)							10
<i>Reavers (1 unit)</i>	Cavalry	3/1	3	6+	-	3	-/3	100
<i>Chariots (1 unit)</i>	Chariot	3	3	5+	-	3	-/3	95
	Battle Banner - +1 Attack bonus to each stand on the first round of combat							50
<i>Spearmen (4 units)</i>	Infantry	3	3	5+	-	3	2/-	240
	Banner of Fortitude - +1 hit bonus to each stand on the first combat phase (carried by one unit of Spearmen)							50
<i>Archers (4 units)</i>	Infantry	3/1	3	6+	-	3	1/-	300
<i>Giant Eagles (1 unit)</i>	Monster	2	3	6+	-	3	-/1	70
<i>Dragon Rider (1 unit)</i>	Monster	6/3	6	4+	-	1	-/1	350
<i>Bolt Throwers (1 unit)</i>	Artillery	1/3	2	0	-	2	-/1	65
TOTAL								1,990





## We live again!



Alessio Cavatore

I was really pleased when Fat Bloke told me that I was going to play in the first Warmaster battle report, against none other than Rick Priestley, the author of

the game. Not only that, I also got to use the Undead, my favourite Warmaster army. Splendid!

I immediately started tinkering. First I had to buy the mandatory troops, which for 2,000 points are four units of Skeletons and four of Skeleton Bowmen (remember that the minimums and maximums on the army selectors always work per thousand points!). I didn't buy any more of these because there were many other things which were more appealing to me on the list.

You must always have a General and I gave to my Tomb King a precious *Orb of Majesty*. On more occasions than I can remember, this magic item has allowed me to ignore a failed order at a critical moment in the game, bringing in the vital charge I needed to win. At 30 points, I think it's a very good buy for any army.



The next thing I considered vital for an Undead army were the Liche Priests. I immediately bought the maximum I could afford in the game (four). Having lots of characters is more useful for the Undead than it is for the other armies. Undead cannot rely on Initiative to move when the enemy is close, so you need to issue more orders than any other army. Furthermore, your average troops are almost the poorest close combat units in the game, but they can be deadly when used in combination with magic. Like in Warhammer, Undead have probably the best magic in the game and the Liche Priests are your Wizards. In particular, I like the Raised Dead spell, which allows you to create new unit of Skeletons in combat with the enemy. This allows the Undead to use one particularly devastating tactic; charge the enemy in the front with decent close combat troops and create some Skeletons behind the enemy ranks. If successful, this has a devastating effect, reducing the number attacks the enemy have (because they will be surrounded) and, more importantly, cutting the enemy's line of retreat. In this way, if forced to give ground, the enemy will be completely wiped out! To try to use this tactic at its best I bought four Liche Priests and gave to one of them the expensive but powerful Zombie Dragon (terror-causing creatures are extremely effective in Warmaster,



considerably reducing the enemy's attacks). I gave the flying Liche Priest a *Dispel Scroll* for protection against enemy magic.

The best troops in the Undead list are, in my opinion, the Chariots but unfortunately they are also quite expensive, so I could only afford two units of them. However I gave one the mighty *Banner of Shielding*, making that unit the centre of my army. I imagined it as my Tomb King's bodyguard and consequently (and to follow the spirit of Nigel Stillman's Khemri Warhammer list) I put my Tomb King in a Chariot.

At this point I have to explain what I call the 'Rule of Four'. Since you can issue orders to brigades of up to four units, to minimise the number of orders you will need to issue in the game, you should build your army based on the brigades you will form on the battlefield.

The first two brigades in my army were already made by the eight units of infantry and to respect the rule of four, I bought two units of Cavalry to fight at the side of my Chariots. Brigades don't have to be made of units of the same type, but they perform better if they are, so that their movement is not limited by slower troops. The next brigade is the Artillery, made up of all the available war machines (two Skull Chukkas and two batteries of Bone Throwers). Long range shooting is very important to disrupt the enemy battle line and the Skull Chukkas are amongst the best war machines in the game!

Finally, I bought the maximum allowance of Carrion units, because flying troops have an unbelievably long reach, allowing you to strike almost anywhere on the battlefield. A very versatile and powerful troop type, especially to kill annoying artillery pieces. The ability of war machines to stand and shoot will often mean that your flyers get annihilated, but not before maiming or destroying the vulnerable artillery units. A worthwhile exchange in my opinion.



# TOMB KING CAVETTA'S UNDEAD HORDE



The points I had left at this point were quickly spent on a couple of large monsters: a Sphinx and a Bone Giant. I don't expect them to achieve much, but being big and scary, they normally distract the enemy from the really dangerous units like the Chariots and can take quite a lot of punishment because of their high Armour value. The Sphinx is quite good at this and, if you put it at the front of your army, the enemy will have to shoot at a model which should discard two-thirds

of the hits suffered – it is much more resilient than the other Undead. Hopefully the enemy will spend some of his resources to kill these relatively unimportant models while the rest of my army advances.

My dark and tattered legions are now ready to meet the gleaming Elven warhost.

## TOMB KING CAVETTA'S UNDEAD HORDE

TROOP	Type	Attack	Hits	Armour	Command	Unit size	Min/max	Points
<i>Tomb King Cavetta</i>	General	+2	—	—	9	1	1	150
	Chariot Mount	+1	—	—	—	—	—/1	+10
	Oath of Majesty – automatically pass a single failed command check once per game							30
<i>Liche Priest Alekti</i>	Wizard	+1	—	—	8	1	—/2	90
<i>Zombie Dragon</i>	Monstrous Mount	+3	—	—	—	—	—/1	+100
	Scroll of Dispelling – can be used once per game to nullify a spell							20
<i>Liche Priests (3 Priests)</i>	Wizard	+1	—	—	8	1	—/2	270
<i>Skeleton Cavalry (2 units)</i>	Cavalry	2	3	5+	—	3	—/—	120
<i>Skeleton Chariots (2 units)</i>	Chariot	3/1	3	5+	—	3	—/3	270
	Banner of Shielding – +1 saving throw to unit carrying banner (carried by one unit of Chariots)							
<i>Skeletons (4 units)</i>	Infantry	2	3	6+	—	3	2/—	120
<i>Skeleton Boatsmen (4 units)</i>	Infantry	2/1	3	0	—	3	3/—	140
<i>Carriion (2 units)</i>	Monster	2	3	6+	—	3	—/1	130
<i>Bone Giant</i>	Monster	6	4	4+	—	1	—/1	125
<i>Sphinx</i>	Monster	4	6	3+	—	1	—/1	150
<i>Skull Chukka (2 units)</i>	Artillery	1/3	3	0	—	1	—/1	170
<i>Bone Thrower (2 units)</i>	Artillery	1/1 per stand	2	0	—	2	—/1	130
TOTAL								2,005







## THE DEPLOYMENT

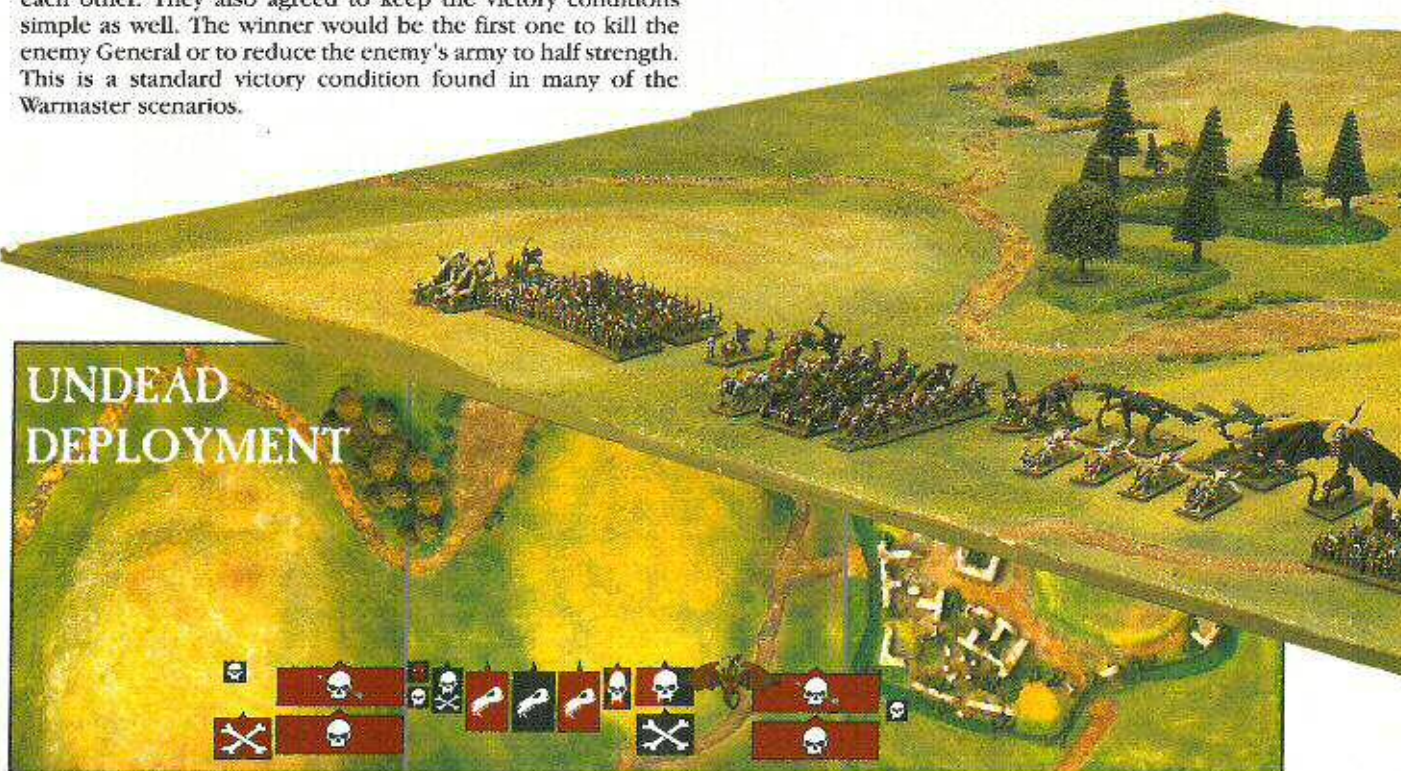
Although the book contains a number of exciting scenarios to play, before the game started Rick and Alessio agreed to use the simplest and quickest method of starting a game of Warmaster.

The armies would set up 80cm away from each other in a line and they would use screens to hide their deployment from each other. They also agreed to keep the victory conditions simple as well. The winner would be the first one to kill the enemy General or to reduce the enemy's army to half strength. This is a standard victory condition found in many of the Warmaster scenarios.

The scenery was set up using the modular terrain boards and woods built by Nigel Stillman specifically for play testing Warmaster on.

With the scenery set up, the victory conditions set and the armies deployed, it was time to remove the deployment screens and let battle commence...

## UNDEAD DEPLOYMENT

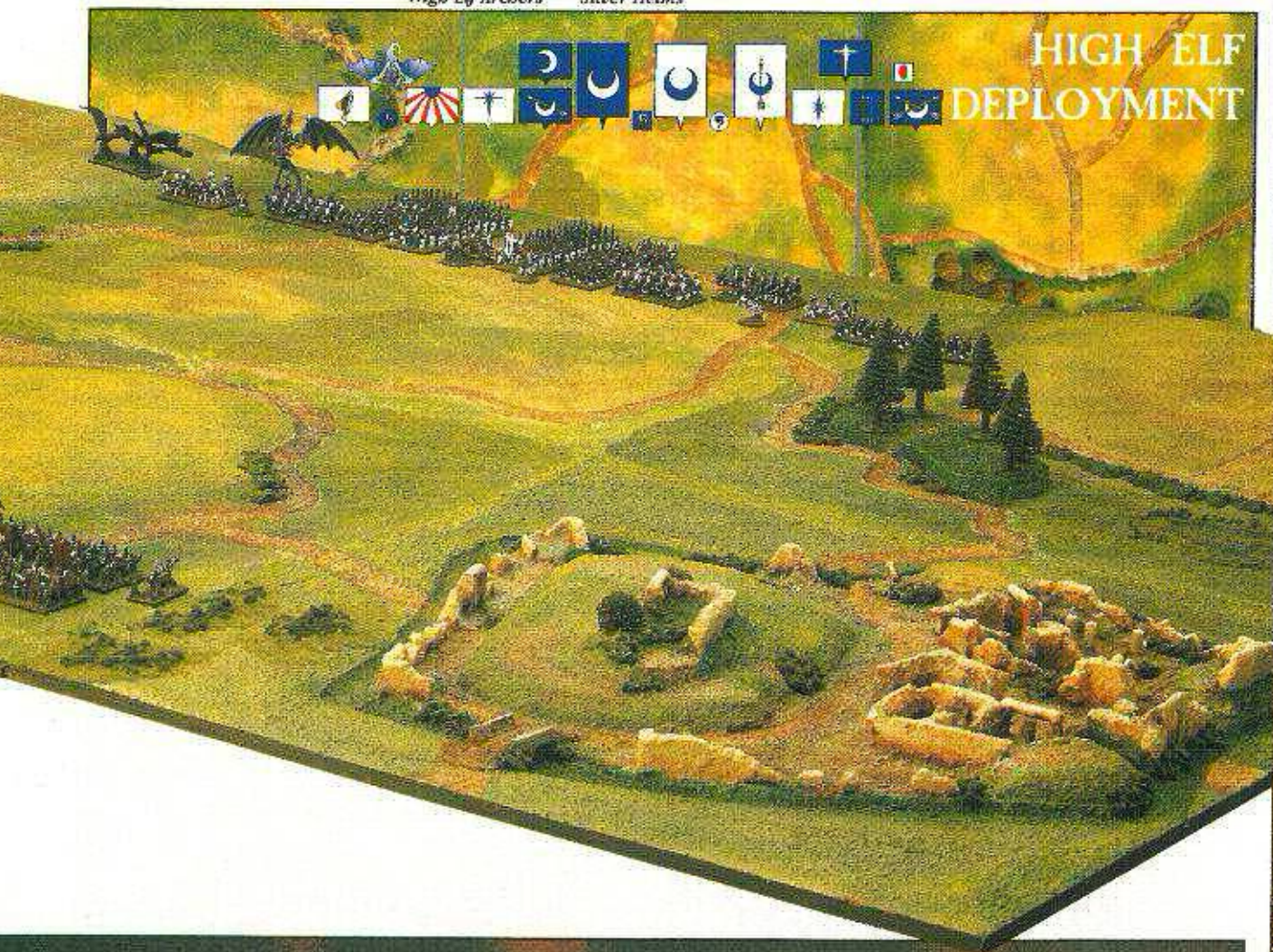
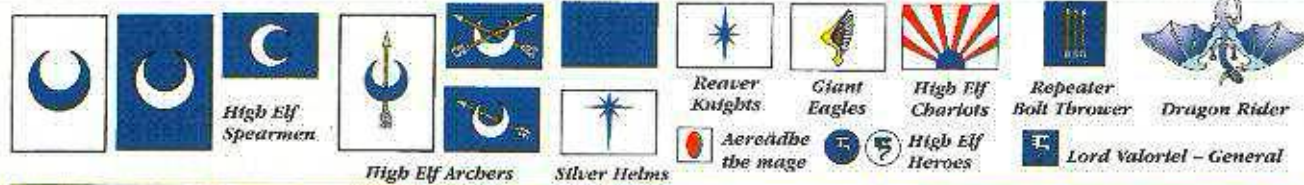


	<i>Skeleton Infantry</i>		<i>Skull Chukkas</i>		<i>Carrion</i>		<i>Sphinx</i>		<i>Tom King Cavetta</i>
	<i>Skeleton Bowmen</i>		<i>Bone Throwers</i>		<i>Bone Giant</i>		<i>Skeleton Chariots</i>		<i>Skeleton Cavalry</i>
							<i>Liche Priest Aletti riding Zombie Dragon</i>		<i>Liche Priests</i>



Tom King Cavetta's Undead horde forms its battle line.





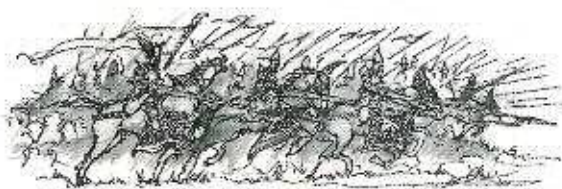


## HIGH ELVES: Turn 1

Aereädhé the Mage was the first to react. He muttered an incantation and a rainbow of lights danced above him. The archers far to his left acknowledged this signal and hurried to the dense woodland that lay between them and the ruins. Well-drilled, they soon reached the trees, and took position to fire at any Undead who dared approach.<sup>1</sup>

Next, Aereädhé bade the Reavers and bolt throwers forward into a battle line and motioned to the Silver Helms to join them. He flew ahead of them on a magical cloud, his stern gaze locked on the unending line of Skeletons.<sup>2</sup>

Valoriel's standard bearer motioned at the brigade on his left to march forward. The archers moved to the front of the formation and the brigade manoeuvred into two lines. Next, the chariots were ordered forward. They rumbled towards the enemy, manoeuvring into attack formation, their right flank protected by a copse of oak trees. The General looked towards the Eagles but they were but distant specks in the sky. He urged his chariot forward, maintaining proximity with his forces.<sup>3</sup>



Meanwhile, Iymfré rode ahead of the other brigade with shouts of encouragement. Alas, the High Elf infantry failed to share his enthusiasm and advanced only warily, failing to match the speed and efficiency of their kindred on the right flank.

Naranniel urged the Silver Helms on the right flank forward. They galloped alongside the chariots, the High Elf Hero turning away to be closer to the Eagles. The Dragon Arrach hissed at the lines of Undead but its rider Falunieras had been ordered to hold his ground until the right moment.

The ranks of the Undead were still too far away for any of the Elven archers to shoot. They tensed their bow strings in readiness.

## UNDEAD: Turn 1

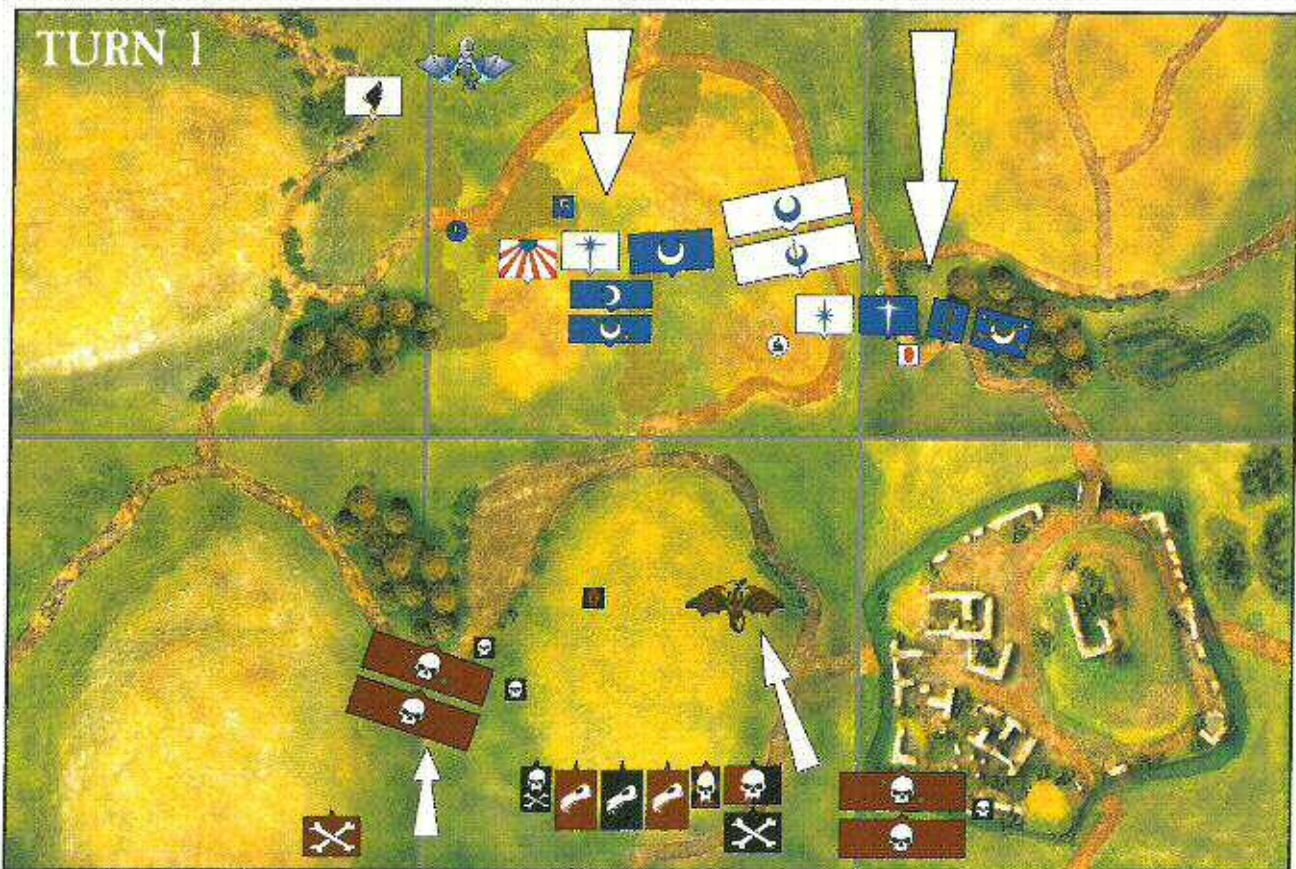
To Valoriel's surprise, the Undead army stood rooted to the spot. A chill crept up his spine as a low murmur rose from the Undead lines; the foul litany of the Liche Priests attempting to bind the Skeleton warriors to their will. On the Undead left flank, a single brigade of Skeletons shambled forward towards the wood near their lines but had not yet reached its leafy cover.<sup>4</sup> Suddenly, there was a terrifying roar and the ground shook as the skeletal lion statue sprang to life. Valoriel grew pale. This was a Sphinx. He had heard tales of such creatures, guardians of the Tomb Kings' pyramids who were brought to life in times of crisis. Now one was trampling towards his line of chariots. It reached the edge of the woods and raised itself on its hind legs, roaring and clawing towards the horrified Elves.

<sup>1</sup> The Archers are given two orders – one to move forward and one to enter the woods. A character can continue giving orders until he fails his Command roll.

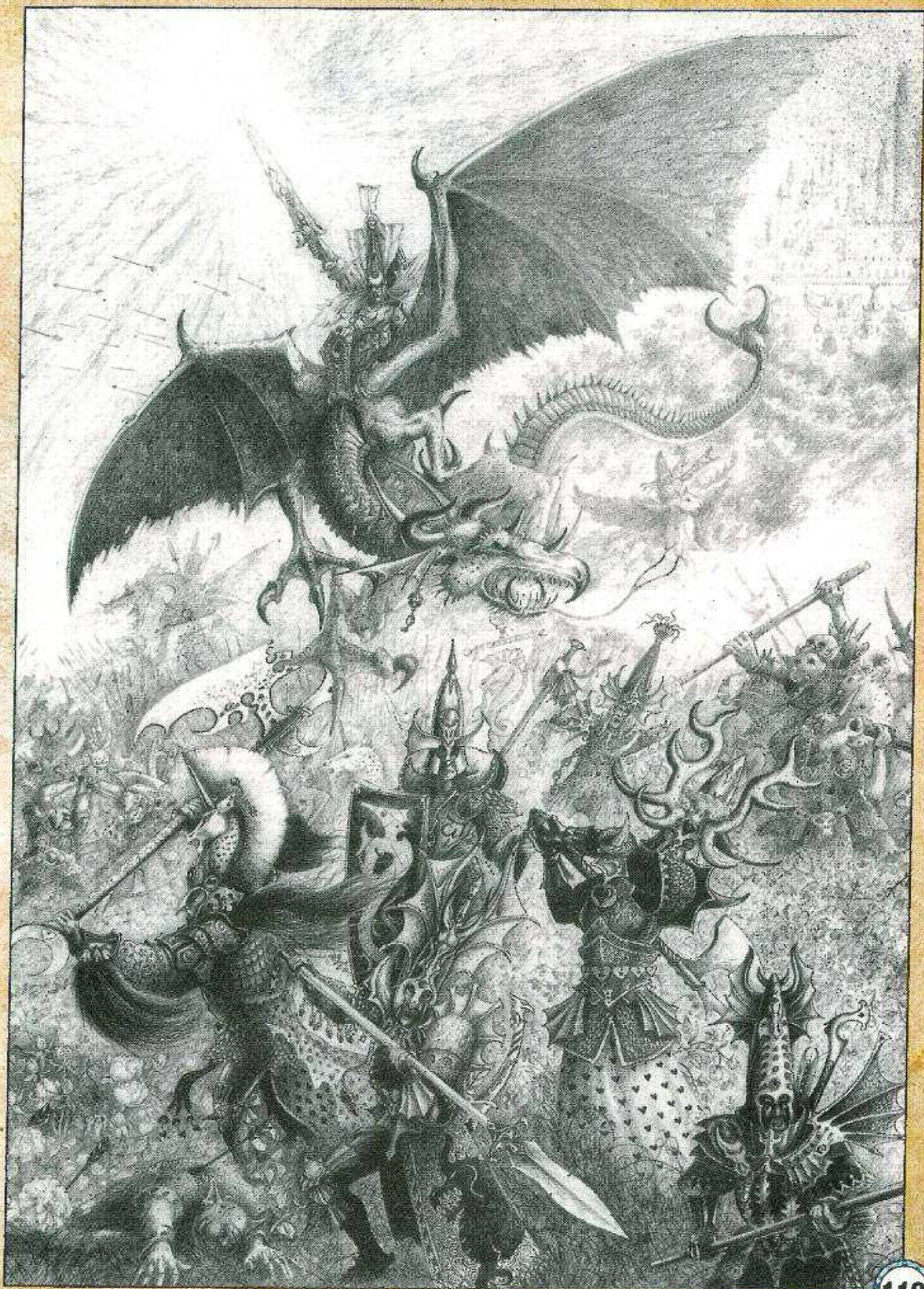
<sup>2</sup> The Wizard was amazingly successful at ordering his troops – seven successes out of seven.

<sup>3</sup> Orders cannot be given to units out of range of a character's command radius.

<sup>4</sup> Alessio was incredibly unlucky with his Command rolls, failing all but two. As a result, his army had to remain virtually motionless for his entire first turn.









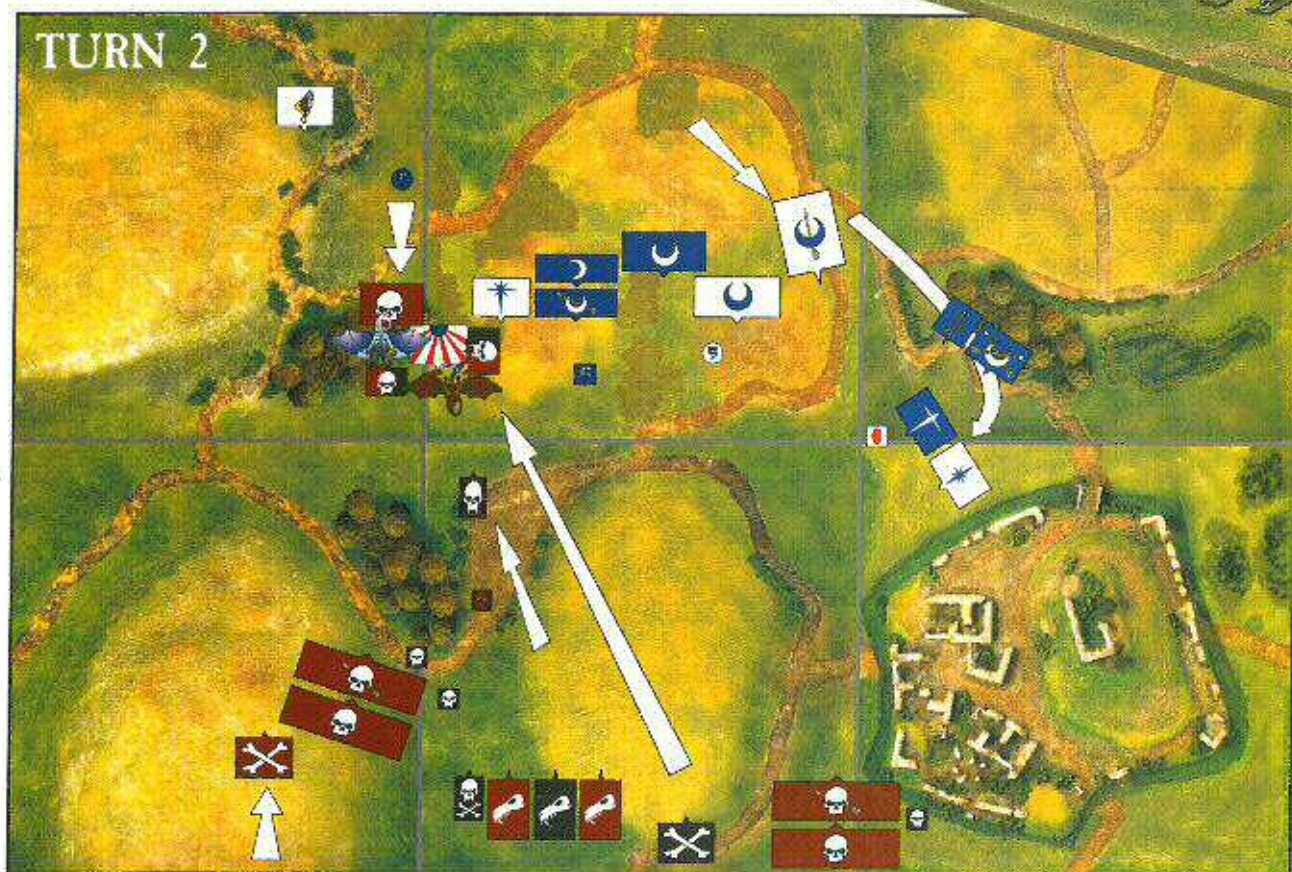
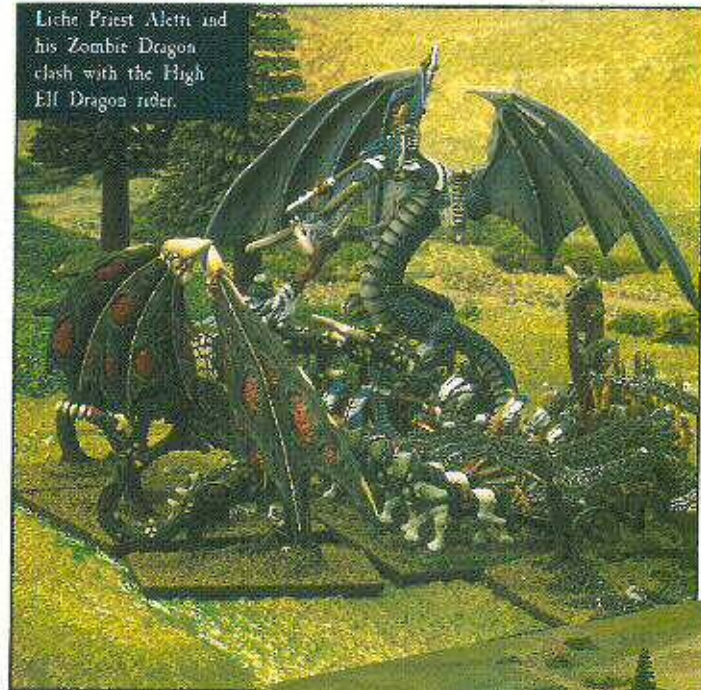
## HIGH ELF: Turn 2

Unperturbed, Iymfrë shouted at the troops he commanded on the left flank to close ranks. The brigades of spearmen and archers consolidated their defensive position, the archers moving in column hastening to close the gap on the left. Aereädhe sped forwards towards the ruins, followed by the units of Reavers and Silver Helms hoping to outflank the listless Undead. Narraniel reached the Eagles, waving his sword in the direction of the enemy in the hope that they would understand his order. But the proud Eagles just soared higher into the clouds. Why should they move in to attack now? What a foolish plan. Their respect for the competence of the Elven commanders had been soured.<sup>5</sup> Exasperated by the arrogance of the Eagles, Valoriel motioned Falunieras to urge his Dragon forward to support the chariots. The Dragon soared effortlessly through the air, hovering in front of the oakwoods. Bolstered by the presence of this great creature, the chariots readied themselves for the charge. Valoriel bade the Silver Helms position themselves just behind the chariots. His attack plan was ready, poised to bear down upon the rapidly approaching Sphinx. Valoriel's chariot trundled towards the creature, leading his troops from the front.

Because the Undead had remained in place, the archers were still frustrated at being unable to shoot at anything.

<sup>5</sup> The Elf Hero rolled a blunder for his Command roll (double 6). Rolling on the Blunder chart, the result was that the Giant Eagles now had a -1 penalty on any dice to command them.

Liche Priest Aleth and his Zombie Dragon clash with the High Elf Dragon rider.





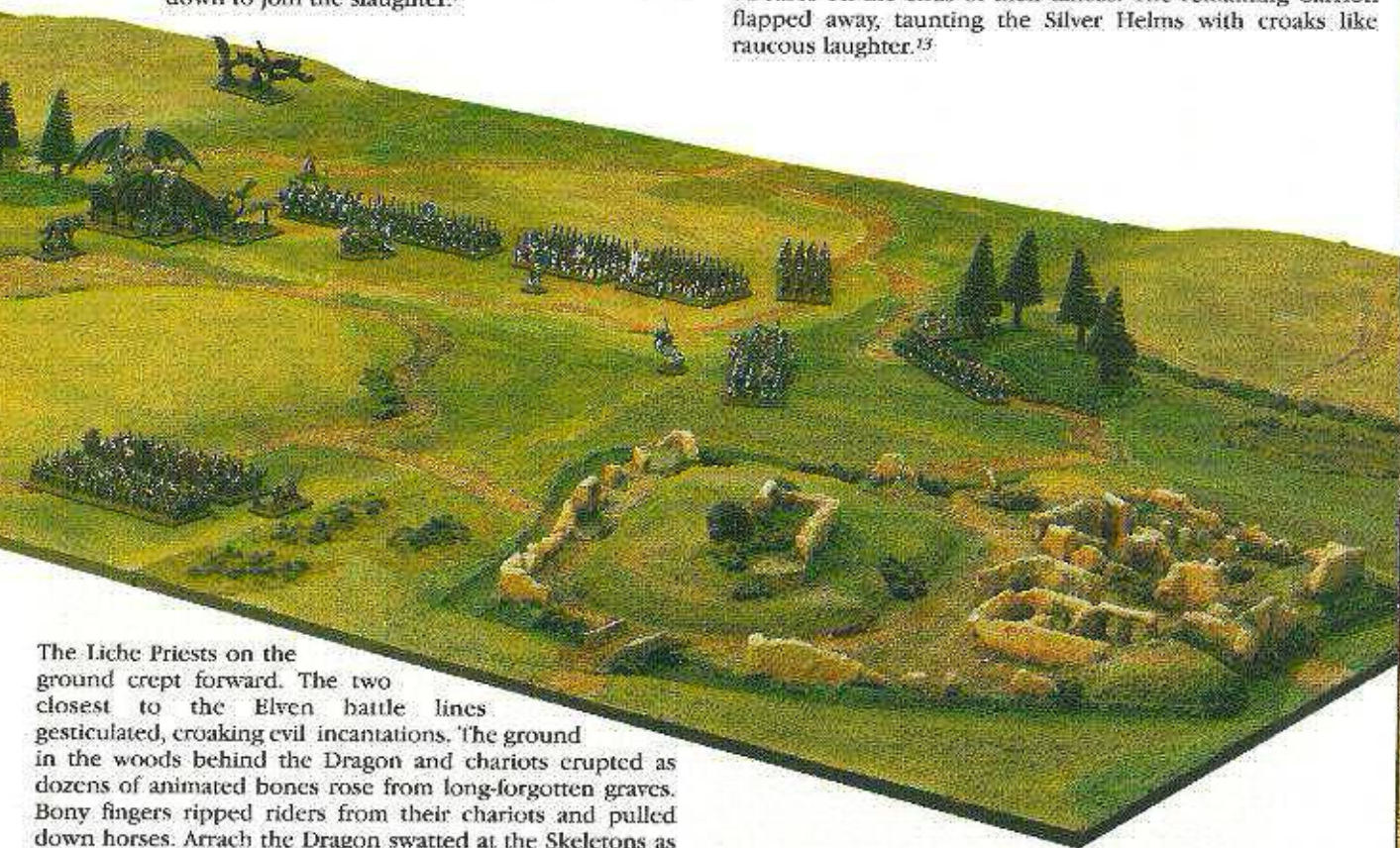
## UNDEAD: Turn 2

The Liche Priests' ritual motions became more frenzied, yet the two huge brigades of walking dead still did not respond, a thousand empty sockets staring vacantly at the steady approach of the High Elves.<sup>6</sup> However, on the left, the catapults positioned themselves on the crest of the hill, in range of the massed chariots and cavalry of the Elves. The Bone Giant pounded his fists on the ground but did nothing more than issue bellowing threats. The Sphinx continued snarling at the chariots and cavalry massing against it. The Tomb King seemed to have trouble controlling it. He raised a withered hand clutching the orb which now pulsed with a faint glow. The Sphinx shook its skull and leaped forward, though not far enough to reach the mass of mounted High Elves.

Slowly flapping its ragged wings, the Zombie Dragon launched itself into the air. Its rider pointed morbidly at the chariots and with blood-curdling screams the Carrion momentarily blotted out the sun before diving down upon the hapless crew and horses, the Zombie Dragon swooping down to join the slaughter.<sup>7</sup>

entered battle against the Undead without a scroll to dispel such sorcery.<sup>10</sup> The Carrion pecked at the chariot riders, swooping them up into the air and dropping their broken bodies upon the ground. A few of the surprised Elven warriors hacked back at the Undead birds, killing several before being caught in the maw of the Zombie Dragon and being swallowed whole. Taken by surprise, Arrach reared up roaring with rage. Falunieras slipped from his saddle and fell to his doom, carved up by the knives of the raised dead. Riderless and panicked, the Elven Dragon flew into the sky, Skeletons still clinging to its scales, and swooped away from the battlefield. A gasp of dismay rippled through the Elven ranks.<sup>11</sup>

The Skeletons retreated into the murky depths of the woods and one flock of Carrion and the Zombie Dragon returned to the safety of the Undead ranks.<sup>12</sup> The other flock of Carrion swept into the Silver Helms who had stood behind the chariots. The Elven knights disappeared in a confusion of black feathers and sharp talons. Protected by their armour, the knights counter-charged, skewering many of the giant vultures on the ends of their lances. The remaining Carrion flapped away, taunting the Silver Helms with croaks like raucous laughter.<sup>13</sup>



The Liche Priests on the ground crept forward. The two closest to the Elven battle lines gesticulated, croaking evil incantations. The ground in the woods behind the Dragon and chariots erupted as dozens of animated bones rose from long-forgotten graves. Bony fingers ripped riders from their chariots and pulled down horses. Arrach the Dragon swatted at the Skeletons as they crawled over him, hacking at his scales with jagged knives.<sup>8</sup> Valoriel looked at the scene with disbelief.<sup>9</sup> He had

<sup>6</sup> We couldn't believe it. Alessio still couldn't give his Skeletons orders.

<sup>7</sup> Even though it is a huge model, the Zombie Dragon and other character mounts only indirectly affect combat by adding bonus attacks to the attacks of the unit they have joined. The advantage of characters is that they can only be killed if the entire unit they are with is also destroyed.

<sup>8</sup> The Elven Dragon rider differs from the Zombie Dragon in that it is treated as a unit, not a character mount, so can be hurt by sufficient hits, etc. Normally Dragons cause terror, reducing an opposing unit's attacks but Skeletons are immune to this. Of course, the Elves suffer the effects of terror because the Zombie Dragon is attacking with the units of Carrion.

<sup>9</sup> One of the Undead army's most potent magic spell is the Raised Dead spell. Alessio used it to attack the Elves from the rear and to block their retreat ensuring their destruction.



<sup>10</sup> Always take a Dispel Magic Scroll when facing the Undead!

<sup>11</sup> After combat, the loser must retreat. If its path is blocked by enemy terrain or friendly units who cannot or will not make way for it then it is destroyed. Even a large unit such as a Dragon Rider, with a hefty six hits, can be destroyed if it has nowhere to retreat to after a lost combat.

<sup>12</sup> After combat, winning units can choose to stay where they are, fall back, pursue a fleeing enemy or advance if the enemy has been destroyed. If a pursuing or advancing unit meets other enemy, a fresh combat is fought, the combat phase only ending when there is no one left to pursue or when combat ends in a draw.

<sup>13</sup> Non-flyers cannot follow up flying units.





### HIGH ELF: Turn 3

Driven to fury by the deaths of the charioteers, the Silver Helms charged the Carrion.<sup>14</sup> Narranniel, weeping with fury, urged the Eagles to avenge his fallen kin. Enraged, the Eagles dove into battle. Aereadhé ordered the brigade of Reavers and Silver Helms to charge round the ruins and engage the Undead's right flank. Alas, the riders balked at the sight of the silent, endless rows of dead warriors staring menacingly at them.<sup>15</sup>

Iymfré finally managed to complete the battle ranks of the infantry brigades and General Valoriel, eager for revenge, wheeled the right-hand brigade to face the approaching Sphinx. Aereadhé swept through the air, blessing the Elven archers with the gift of *Heaven's Fire* as they prepared to shoot.<sup>16</sup> Thus enchanted, they let loose volley after volley of

arrow fire upon the stone monstrosity, which was forced to retreat before the stinging hail of iron.<sup>17</sup> The Reavers fired at the Skeletal ranks but they remained unperturbed.<sup>18</sup>

Meanwhile, Naranniel had charged forward into the melee against the Carrion, and the Silver Helms, their courage bolstered by his sudden appearance, lunged at the Undead birds. The Carrion defiantly flew higher, avoiding the full impetus of the charge<sup>19</sup> but fell straight into the claws of the Eagles. The Elven knights were showered with bits of bone and rotten flesh as the entire flock of Carrion was torn apart. Victorious, the Silver Helms and Giant Eagles fell back a safe distance away from the remaining Carrion, Zombie Dragon and Sphinx.

### UNDEAD: Turn 3

At last, the Liches and Tomb Lord managed to waken the Undead warriors from their slumber. The bone throwers were dragged forward to close ranks with the Skeleton brigades and the Tomb Lord manoeuvred his ranks of cavalry and chariots to form a defensive curved line facing the Elves. The brigade of Skeletons on the left flank were commanded to take the woods beside the cavalry. Valoriel cursed. It would cost many lives to break that line.

Fortunately, the Bone Giant still refused to move, staring blankly forward. Back near the oakwood, the Liche Priest riding the Zombie Dragon succeeded in making the Skeletons in the woods shuffle forward to attack the Elven archers in their flank.<sup>20</sup> The Sphinx, was commanded to charge the archers in the front while the Carrion swooped at the Eagles, tearing at them in mid air. Valoriel gripped his sword as the Zombie Dragon rose into the air and flapped towards him, drooling gobbets of black mucus.

There was chaos on the Elves' left flank. Iymfré had spurred his steed towards the cavalry but before he could order them away, they were cut down by missile fire and by the bone missiles of the Undead bolt throwers. Two nearby Liche Priests raised their arms and flung bolts of pure darkness at the survivors which exploded, eviscerating steeds and vapourising fully armoured warriors.<sup>21</sup>

Those who still lived turned tail and fled back to where they had come from. The other two Liche Priests on the Elven right flank attempted to summon more warriors from the grave, without success.

With piercing screams the Eagles dodged round the cumbersome Carrion and slashed at them with their talons, felling several of the creatures and forcing



The Giant Eagles and Silver Helms charge the Carrion.

<sup>14</sup> Units close enough to the enemy can use their initiative to charge, without needing orders from characters.

<sup>15</sup> Mortal troops suffer a penalty if given an order when close to enemy troops. They cannot use their Initiative to charge until their next turn as the Initiative phase comes before the Orders phase. Because the Wizard failed to order them to charge, they are sitting ducks for the Skeleton archers.

<sup>16</sup> This Elven spell allows a unit to fire twice in one round. The Elves are so skilled at magic that they can re-roll one failed magic roll.

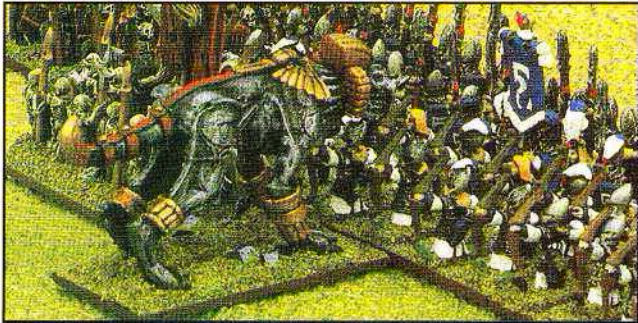
<sup>17</sup> Even if shooting fails to destroy a unit, the unit may have to fall back under the onslaught.

<sup>18</sup> The Undead archers had to retreat before the Reavers' arrow fire but the unit behind refused to move. Normally, a unit which must retreat into another unit may suffer confusion, which severely disrupts it, but in this case, because the Undead never suffer from confusion, nothing happens. This means that Undead are particularly difficult to shift by bowfire if there is another unit supporting them from behind.



The Giant Eagles don't let a single Carrion escape.





The Sphinx charges the horrified High Elf Archers.

them back. The Eagles never let the Carrion recover, falling upon them, surrounding them, allowing not a single vulture to escape.<sup>22</sup> Screeching in victory, the Eagles swooped down upon the Skeletons which had attacked the Elven archers.<sup>23</sup> Meanwhile, the Sphinx was being shot at as it bounded towards the archers. It reached the unit bristling with arrows.<sup>24</sup> Like a cat among mice, it clawed and snapped at the terrified Elves, crushing bones and pulping flesh. In turn, the Elves overcame their fear and hacked at the monster with their swords, chipping away at its stone skin. Some of the Skeletons which had charged into the fray continued to attack the Elves in their flank, slaughtering all who faced them,<sup>25</sup> others turned to swipe at the Eagles diving down on them. Several Giant Eagles fell to earth mortally wounded and the ferocity of the Skeletons' attack kept the birds at bay. The archers succumbed to the Undead and the survivors were pushed back towards their comrades forming a confused mass.<sup>26</sup> With a triumphant growl, the Sphinx pounced at the retreating archers, followed by the Skeletons which also smashed into the Elven spearmen behind. The Elves hurriedly formed a defensive position and the Skeletons were skewered by a wall of spears. The

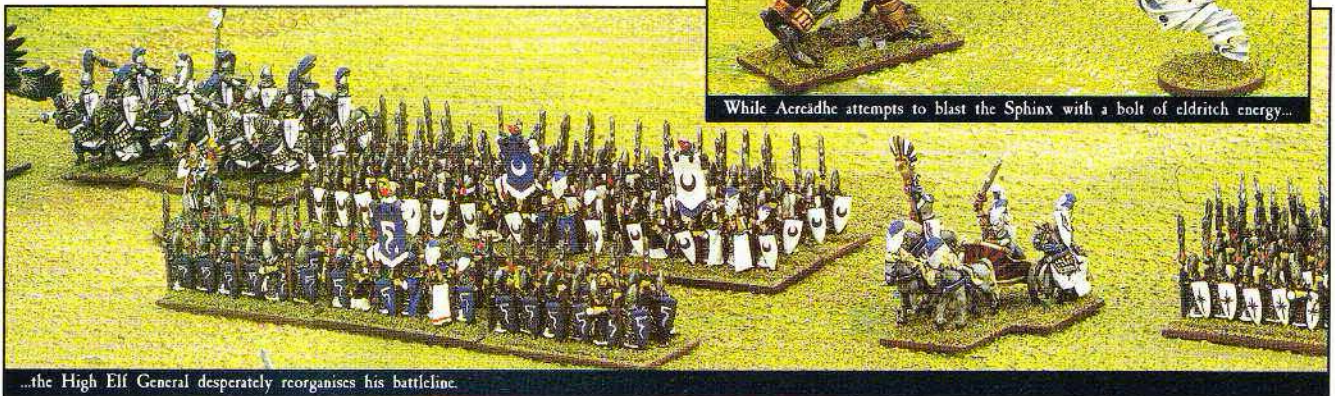
archers, however, were cut down to a man, the screams of the dying was terrible to hear.<sup>27</sup> The spearmen could not stand the slaughter and they stepped back further into the morass of shields and spears, surrounded by the persistent Skeletons. More Elves fell to their cruel blades but this time there was fiercer resistance and the Skeletons were forced back by the wall of shields.<sup>28</sup> The Sphinx, too hurt to fight further, fell back beside the Zombie Dragon to recover. The surviving spearmen and the Eagles, too tired to continue fighting, decided to reform facing their enemies. The fighting had been vicious. Mounds of dead and dying Elves littered the ground, sprawling among the shattered bones of the Undead.

## HIGH ELF: Turn 4

On the other side of the battlefield, Aereäthe ordered the shattered ranks of cavalry to charge once more, but they took one glance at the solid line of Undead archers and decided to hold their ground. Iymfrë turned his attention to the brigade of archers in the centre of the army but his orders to advance to support the cavalry on the right were lost amidst the moans of the dying. Naranniel gave the command for the spearman brigade which had not yet seen action to form a defensive line behind their comrades, who had managed to bring order to their ranks. Valoriel's banner bearer waved his standard, motioning the Eagles to fly back next to the Silver Helms. With a series of commands, the other units of Elf spearmen likewise formed a line to blunt further Undead attacks. Valoriel manoeuvred his chariot to where he was needed the most, in the centre of the army. Speeding through the air on his cloud, Aereäthe let loose



While Aereäthe attempts to blast the Sphinx with a bolt of eldritch energy...



...the High Elf General desperately reorganises his battleline.

<sup>19</sup> Out of twelve dice, Rick only scored only one bit!

<sup>20</sup> Had they been normal troops, they could have used their Initiative to charge as they were close enough during the Initiative phase. The disadvantage of Undead is that they cannot use Initiative so must always rely on the orders of their leaders to charge. However, they ignore any modifier to the leader's Command roll for their proximity to the enemy.

<sup>21</sup> The Death Bolt is the Undead version of a spell that can be deadly against damaged units.

<sup>22</sup> Giant Eagles can pursue Carrion because both are flyers.

<sup>23</sup> If the combat with the Skeletons had been resolved first, the Eagles would not have been involved in the combat because they would have still been in combat with the Carrion. Alessio was too confident that the Carrion would win against the Eagles, so he chose to enact this combat first. Instead, his Carrion were destroyed and the Eagles followed up and participated in the combat that had yet to be resolved.

<sup>24</sup> Missile troops can fire at a unit that charges them in the front, though cannot drive them back (bits caused count for the first round of combat).

<sup>25</sup> Units are very vulnerable to attacks from behind and on the flank.

<sup>26</sup> The archers are pushed directly away from the Skeletons (units always retreat from the enemy unit with the most number of stands). They are forced

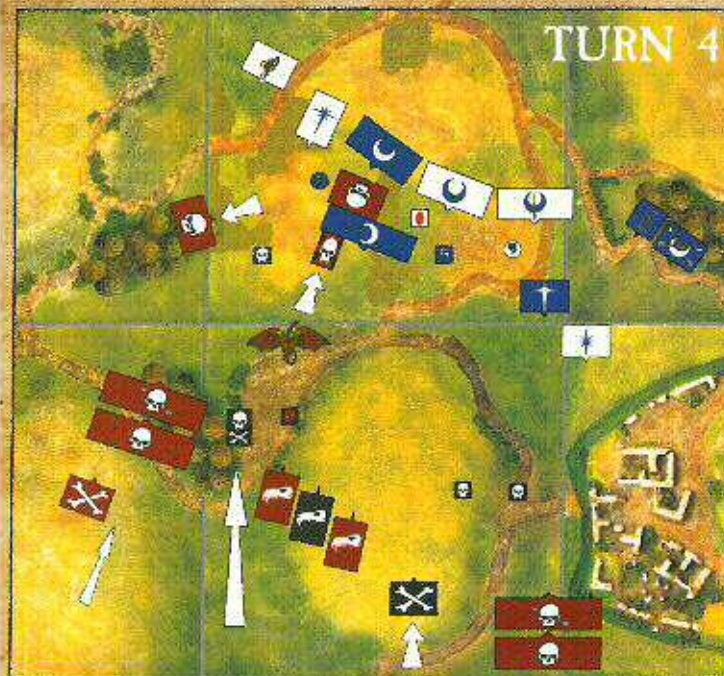
into another Elven unit not in combat, which must make way. Both units had to test to see if they became confused, the latter unit rolling a 6 which meant that they did become confused.

<sup>27</sup> Combat is simultaneous in Warmaster. Before their destruction, the unit of archers tried to inflict one more bit on the Sphinx. It had already taken one bit from shooting and one from the previous round of combat, so if the archers had been lucky, it would have been reduced to half damage, which meant that its Hits and Attacks would have been halved. But the damage has to be inflicted all during one turn, so it is very difficult to accomplish this.

<sup>28</sup> Even though the Skeletons destroyed one stand and suffered no losses themselves, they were made to fall back because they had only caused one bit and the High Elf Spearmen had caused two. The High Elf Spearmen stand had suffered two bits previously this combat round, so the third destroyed it. The Skeletons, with its full complement of bits, was reduced to one so remained in play. At the end of a combat round, after initial combat, pursuit and advances, all bits remaining on a unit are removed, so a stand not destroyed returns to full strength by the next turn.

<sup>29</sup> Taking no chances, Rick wants to weaken the Sphinx with the potent Hail of Destruction spell so uses his one-shot Ring of Magic to ensure it is automatically cast. Alessio's timely Dispel Magic scroll puts pay to that plan though.





sorcerous fire at the Sphinx, powered by the ancient *Ring of Magic* he always wore in battle. The spell fizzled into nothing as a Liche spat forth the invocation of dispelling, recited from a crumbling Khemrian scroll.<sup>29</sup>

### UNDEAD: Turn 4

The Elven commander waited in trepidation for the Tomb King's next move. His right flank was in tatters and his attack on the left had been thwarted. A Liche Priest made an eldritch sign and the Sphinx leapt back into combat. Aereäthe hovered directly in its path. Panicking, the Mage flew for safety back to the Elf spearmen.<sup>30</sup> The Skeleton warriors on the left flank of the Undead were suddenly filled with necromantic vigour and sped across the battlefield securing the oakwood.<sup>31</sup> The Tomb King emotionally



Lord Valoriel joins the fight, bolstering the fighting spirit of the spearmen.

<sup>30</sup> Character stands can never be charged or brought to combat. If an enemy stand moves through a character, the character must flee 30cm back to a friendly unit. If he cannot do this, he is captured (or had the Wizard been caught by the Sphinx, he would have been eaten).

<sup>31</sup> The importance of woods in the game is that only infantry can move into them, so in this case the Skeletons are safe from attacks from the Eagles or the Silver Helms. However, it is more difficult to order units in dense terrain such as woodland. Alessio failed in his third attempt to order the brigade because of this.

<sup>32</sup> The Skull Chukkas is not only a devastating artillery piece but also has an increased chance of causing confusion among the ranks.

commanded the catapults on the hill into range and beckoned forth the Bone Giant, which obediently lurched forward towards the Elves.

The Skull Chukkas were now in range. Screams pierced the air as gibbering skulls were hurled at the Silver Helms. Many of the Elven knights fell, their armour pierced by the sharp shards of bone as the skulls smashed on impact. The knights' horses panicked and fled away from the skull catapult, their riders barely hanging on.<sup>32</sup> The Liche Priest riding the Zombie Dragon launched a *Death Bolt* against the Eagles, driving them back. The two Liche Priests on the right Undead flank moved forward, smashing the battered cavalry brigade with *Death Bolts*. Warriors and horses fell screaming in agony as the dark magic blasted them. The survivors turned tail, panic-stricken.<sup>33</sup>

Another Liche Priest screamed out the words of a poisonous spell and, to Valoriel's horror, Elves who had recently fallen rose up to attack the rear of the unit of warriors charged by the Sphinx. Stricken with horror, the spearmen tried to escape their Undead kinfolk. Slaughter ensued as some of the unit were trapped between the spears of the dead Elves and the vicious fangs of the Sphinx. Dripping in gore, the Sphinx followed after the retreating spearmen but they had fallen back towards their comrades, who helped them drive off the stone guardian.<sup>34</sup> Cheering at the sight of the monster backing off, the Elves swept forward to surround it. They embedded their spears deep into the cracks that had appeared in the Sphinx's hide. Roaring, the Sphinx lashed out at the Elves but was in too much agony to cause sufficient casualties. Neither side succeeding to break the other, both retreated.<sup>35</sup>

### HIGH ELF: Turn 5

Now Valoriel's wisdom of deploying his spearmen behind the front line became apparent. These charged the Undead which had been risen behind the Elves in front. The Elves were grimly resolved to put to rest their comrades who had been turned into the Tomb King's puppets. In the meantime, Naranniel beseeched the Eagles to fly to their aid but they were circling too high to respond. Valoriel barked orders at the brigade in front of him to form two ranks of spears facing the main Undead army and a rank of archers to prepare for the expected assault, with a rank of archers covering the left flank. His army having now formed the semblance of a defensive position, Valoriel charged resolutely into combat with the risen Elves. Aereäthe, having achieved no response from the frontline spearmen, glided towards the Sphinx to resolve matters himself. A blast of magical energy smashed into the Sphinx's side and it staggered away from the Elf Mage. Valoriel rampaged through the mass of Undead, gladdening the hearts of the Elves who cut the Undead to pieces, reducing them once more to corpses. The way hacked clear, Valoriel and his warriors now faced the brigade of Skeletons leering at them from the woods. Cautiously he ordered his men back, his chariot would have been useless in those dense thickets, and he grimly bade them to stand firm.

<sup>33</sup> The cavalry become confused in this instance because whenever a stand needs to roll for being pushed back by shooting or magic (it rolls 1 dice per bit taken), if any dice comes up a 6, the unit becomes confused.

<sup>34</sup> On its own the High Elf Spearmen unit would have lost but, because it had fallen back in line with a neighbouring uncommitted unit, that unit could now help support it, increasing the High Elves' combat result and winning the combat.

<sup>35</sup> The Elves managed to reduce the Sphinx to half strength because they inflicted 3 bits in one combat phase. But both sides inflicted only 2 bits apiece in this last engagement resulting in a draw. This meant that both units had to fall back.



## UNDEAD: Turn 5

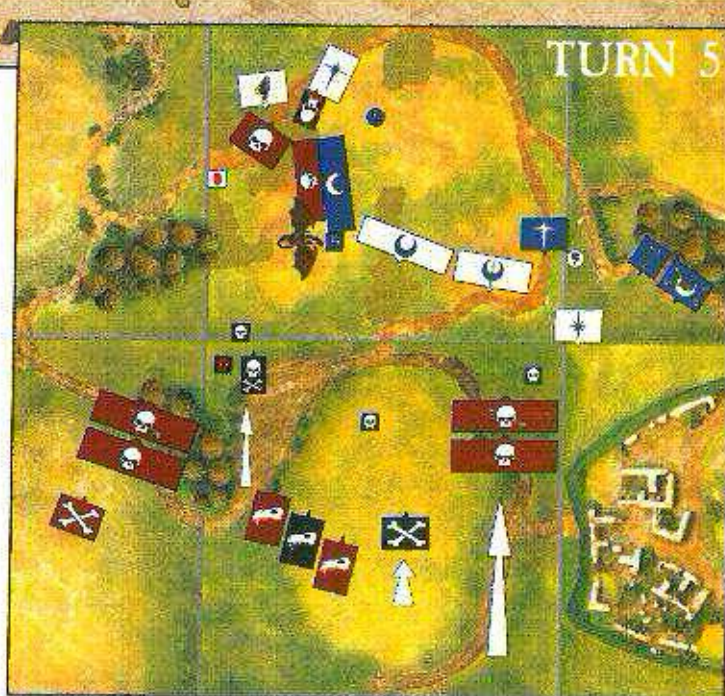
The Silver Helms had just rallied when the Sphinx smashed into them. The Skeleton infantry lurched out of the wood, and charged alongside the Sphinx, while the Skeletal archers shambled out of their cover to protect the flank. The Liche Priest riding the Zombie Dragon willed the Bone Giant forward, though it was too slow to reach the Elves. The Bone Throwers moved closer and the Skeleton brigade on the right flank marched to the crest of the hill. The chariots and cavalry remained listless where they stood, the Tomb King powerless to influence them.

The Liche Priests crept forward once more, chanting. With a hiss, the Zombie Dragon spied the Elven general fighting in the front rank and glided forward to join battle. Valoriel prayed to his gods for succour. He kissed his blade as his chariot drew closer to the stench of the Zombie Dragon.<sup>37</sup> The Tomb King abandoned his position at the centre of the army and his chariot rode forward closer to the battle.

Now the Undead let loose with everything they had. Screaming skulls smashed into the centre of the Elf army forcing back the units they struck. Elves ran from the missiles sobbing with fear. The bone throwers spat their spears into the archers facing them, pushing them back with the force of their attack. The Skeleton archers on the hill were now in range and slew most of the hapless Reavers with a rain of arrows, the survivors retreating for cover. A Liche Priest scattered more Elven archers with a well-aimed *Death Bolt*. The High Elf army was shaking beneath the tumult of Undead missile fire.

But now the Silver Helms were eager to demonstrate their prowess. Singing songs of battle, they smashed into the Sphinx with their lances. The monster fell back, looking for a chance to pounce, but the Elven knights followed up their success and the Sphinx's scream carried across the battlefield as its skin cracked. Chunks of stone fell from its body, it dropped to its knees and keeled over, smashing into pieces. Exultant, the Silver Helms swept into the rear of the Skeleton archers, trampling them into dust. The Silver Helms turned to face the battle between their General and the hideous Zombie Dragon.<sup>38</sup>

All too late... The Skeletons and Elves hacked and slashed at each other with furious anger. Valoriel ploughed through the ranks of Undead with his chariot. The Zombie Dragon crushed whole units with its claws, snapping off heads and limbs with its jaws. Nearby, the Tomb King stretched out his



arms and displayed the true extent of his power. Blue fire flickered across his body as he pointed at his troops battling the Elf General. The Skeletons were filled with unearthly swiftness, leaping over the stabbing spears of the Elves to slash at their faces or rip out their hearts.<sup>39</sup> Lord Valoriel sounded the order to fall back. His chariot rumbled over the living bodies of his own men as his terrified horses struggled to get away from the Dragon. He turned his chariot once more to face his pursuers. His men were cut down like corn before the Skeleton horde. Valoriel screamed defiance at the Zombie Dragon which towered above him. In the chaos, his standard bearer had been dragged from the chariot and the Lord Valoriel himself now gripped the tattered banner. In one final effort, he hurled it at the monster as its fetid maw closed around him...<sup>39</sup>

<sup>36</sup> Remember that these characters only indirectly influence the combat they are in and can only be killed if the entire unit they accompany is destroyed.

<sup>37</sup> A unit can only advance once during a combat phase. In this instance, the Silver Helms, after pursuing the Sphinx and destroying it, advanced into the Skeleton archers but could not advance further to give much needed help to their General.

<sup>38</sup> The Tomb King has a special power which he can use once a battle to increase the attacks of any nearby Undead unit. This is best used at times of critical importance such as this combat round.

<sup>39</sup> When the General dies, that's it. Game Over. Needless to say, it was a victory for the Undead. Alessio: 655 victory points, Rick: 390 victory points.



The Zombie Dragon towers over the High Elf General.

The Tomb King stood on a mound of Elven corpses watching as his Skeletal troops pursued the fleeing foe. The Zombie Dragon belched noxious fumes, desiccating entire units. The Bone Giant had at last reached the battle lines, pulverising flesh and armour with a tree torn from the earth. When the Liche Priest Dragon rider had flown above the battlefield, Valoriel's head skewered on his spear, the entire High Elf army lost all hope and ran for their lives. The Tomb King surveyed the battlefield. Even now the mangled corpses that littered the ground were beginning to stir, destined to be his slaves forever...





A naive Alessio falls for Rick's cunning ruse the joy buzzer victory handshake trick.

## Settla the imperishable be praised!

What a strange and entertaining game it was! In the first two turns my army simply refused to do anything, but obviously that was all part of a clever plan conceived by my cunning Tomb King...

Indeed when my army started to react, it moved with sudden and unexpected speed and coordination, catching the overconfident Elves completely off balance. The initial attack against the Chariots and the Dragon Rider proved how terrible the weak Skeletons can be if 'raised' behind the enemy.

With his best units wiped out on turn three, Rick had to play the rest of the game with a massive disadvantage. I managed to keep up the pressure on his right flank, where the Sphinx worked wonders against the Elf infantry (also thanks to Rick's appalling bad dice...) and we both had the feeling that the Elves never got close to regaining the advantage lost.

In the end, I did not get to use my best troops, the Chariots, which repeatedly refused to join the fray, and the game was resolved in a massive infantry clash where the Elven General was stricken down by the most successful of my characters, the Liche Priest on the Zombie Dragon!

The presence of so many Wizards on my side proved decisive (always take a *Dispel Scroll*, especially against Undead!), confirming that the Undead need to synchronise their magic with their troops to be competitive. The units which fought and won the game for me were the Cannon, which I held in esteem already, but also the Sphinx and the humble Skeletons, which I had considered unimportant before this game.

This victory was their victory, clear proof that you always need to play lots of games before expressing strong opinions on your troops!

### Oh dear...

After what looked like a promising start I found myself constantly wrong-footed. Reduced to a series of fire-fighting actions, my plan fell apart with the inevitable disastrous result. Alessio fought a very able battle, forcing me to constantly expend orders on reorganising my battle-lines rather than attacking his forces. Still, there's always a next time!

I was somewhat embarrassed to fall for the old Cannon attack and *Raise Dead* combination. I'd already convinced myself that the presence of the Dragon would discourage Alessio from mounting an attack so early in the game...

more fool me! The ability of the Undead to raise dead and surround their opponent in the first round of combat is a battle winner when it comes off, and Alessio, to his credit, stacked the odds to make sure it did. Obviously I should have taken a *Scroll of Dispelling*.

After that, I struggled to bring my troops into battle and never really succeeded. The Undead steadfastly refused to move forward whilst my Archers never quite got their act together. Seeing any chance of victory ebbing away, I threw my cavalry forward hoping for a lucky dice roll, but, alas (and deservedly) it was not to be. Left inconveniently in front of the enemy's Archers, my cavalry were doomed, but by then it was more a question of salvaging honour than winning an outright victory. Deprived of any chance of turning Alessio's right flank, the battle focussed around the centre-right of my line.

This phase of the battle was one in which I had a breath-taking series of slim chances to turn the tide! The Undead are tremendously fragile once forced onto the defensive. Several times I pinned my hopes on destroying the enemy in a single round so that I could advance forward and carry the fight onto Alessio's weaker troops. In terms of the rules, an 'advance' is an extra move of 20cm or 10cm which a victorious unit can make if it destroys its enemy. An advance can initiate a whole new combat and usually ends with troops breaking through their enemy's line. In the cold light of day, I have to admit that the odds were very firmly against success, but I felt I had very little choice under the circumstances. In the end I committed my General to battle (always a do or die action in Warmaster) and that was that. Lessons to be learned... Even Dragons are vulnerable and with a 100cm move can be perfectly well concealed until ready for action. As for the Undead - well they might be reluctant to move most of the time but their magical prowess more than makes up for their inherent disadvantages. My High Elf's are usually much more effective, relying on drive-backs and confusion to disrupt the enemy formations. With Undead, confusion doesn't apply, and by stationing a second line behind the first to prevent it being driven back, the Undead can avoid having their formations broken apart altogether.

I know from past experience that the Undead can be a vulnerable army but Alessio demonstrated just how effective it can be when played to its strengths. As for the High Elves, I felt I hadn't really done the army justice, for past experience has shown them to be one of the finest armies in the game with no marked weaknesses. Still - as I keep telling people, Warmaster is a game about generalship so it would be remiss of me not to say that victory went to the best general on the day. Now... about that re-match!



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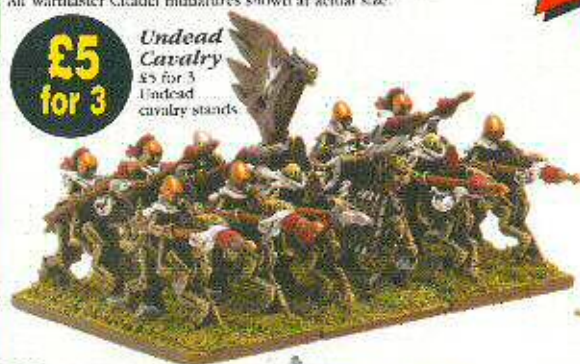


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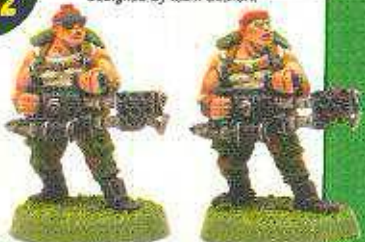


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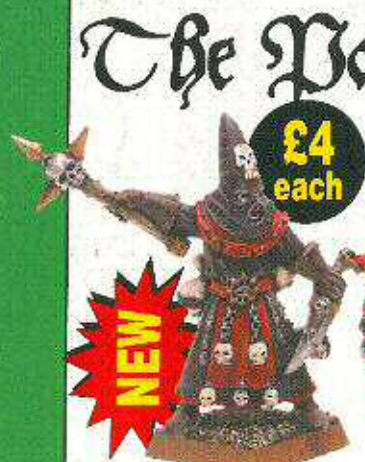
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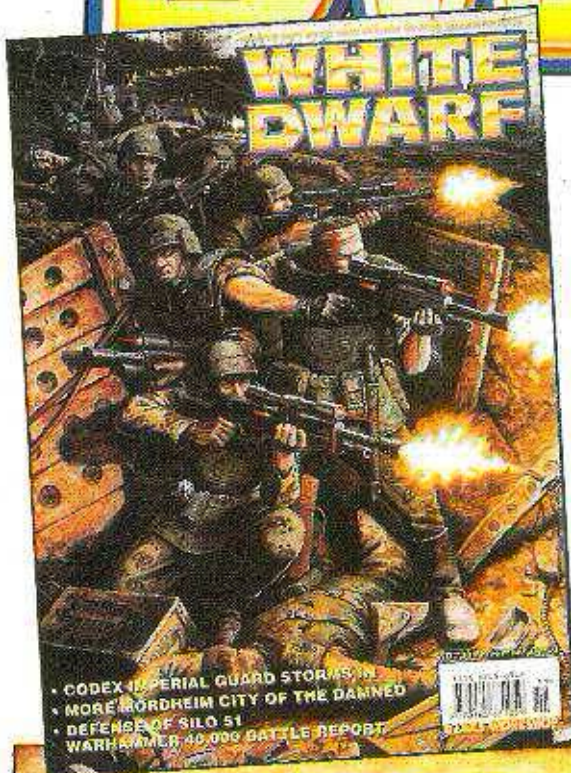
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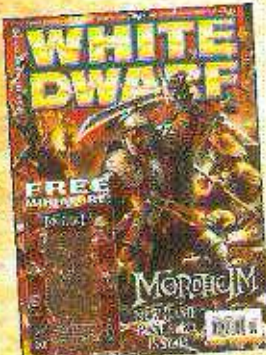
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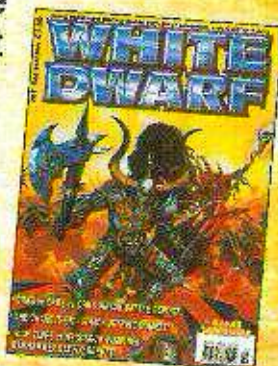
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