

# WARHAMMER

Ghazghkull's  
back!

...and this  
time it's  
WAAAGH!

25 YEARS OF GAMES WORKSHOP



WD248 August £3.50

**HISTORY IS WRITTEN BY THE VICTORY!**

See inside for details of our worldwide gaming  
campaign and how you can affect the course of  
Warhammer 40,000 history...

ISSN 0265-8712



08>

9 770265 871059

**GAMES WORKSHOP®**

**FREE!**  
Armageddon  
poster!



# ARMAGEDDON

The beast returns...

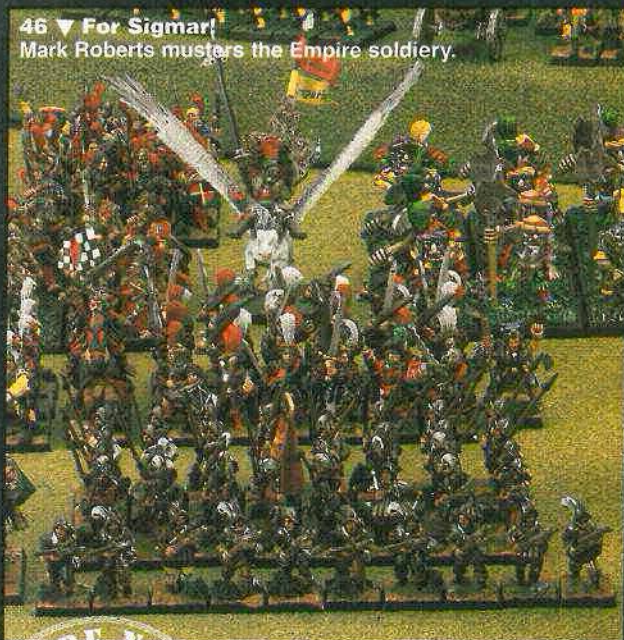




32 ▼ By Vulkan – the Salamanders!  
New reinforcements for Armageddon.



46 ▼ For Sigmar!  
Mark Roberts musters the Empire soldiery.



SUBSCRIBE NOW  
CHECK  
OUT THE  
INSIDE BACK  
COVER



94 ▲ ARMAGEDDON!  
The battle begins.

# WHITE DWARF CONTENTS

## Regulars

- 2 Games Workshop News**  
All the latest happenings at Games Workshop.
- 30 Index Astartes**  
An in depth look at the Salamanders Space Marine Chapter.
- 46 Warhammer World**  
More exciting events taking place at Games Workshop HQ.
- 64 Games Workshop Stores**  
What's going on in your local Games Workshop store.
- 120 Mail Order**  
Brand new deals from the Mail Order Trolls and all the new releases.

94

**WARHAMMER**

**WARZONE TEMPESTORA**

The forces of the Imperium battle against the Ork hordes for possession of Hive Tempestora. This huge multi-table battle report is so big it concludes next month.

## Features

- 8 The Third War for Armageddon**  
**WARHAMMER** The fate of an entire world rests in your hands. Paul Sawyer, our rotund Editor, explains all.
- 24 Power of da Waaagh!**  
**WARHAMMER** Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka. He's big, very mean and out this month!
- 26 Best of Enemies**  
**WARHAMMER** Why do Ghazghkull and Yarrick hate each other?
- 26 In Defence of Armageddon**  
**WARHAMMER** The saviour of Hades Hive is back to defend the Imperium with a little help from Armageddon's finest – the Steel Legion.
- 38 Golden Demon 2000 Survival Guide**  
Useful details for entrants into the Golden Demon painting competition.
- 41 Speed Freaks!**  
**WARHAMMER** Find out more about the Ork Kult of Speed.
- 48 The Grand Mustering**  
**WARHAMMER** The huge Empire and Dwarf armies of Mark Roberts.
- 54 The Armageddon Steel Legions**  
**WARHAMMER** The history of Armageddon's Imperial Guard regiments.
- 74 Welcome to Fanatic**  
Jervis Johnson talks about the relaunch of Fanatic Press.
- 77 Line Breaker**  
**WARHAMMER** The Land Raider, toughest tank in Warhammer 40,000, now has a new variant – the Crusader.
- 87 Arena of Death**  
**WARHAMMER** Step inside the Arena of Death as Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka and Commissar Yarrick fight man to, er, Ork!

## Production Team

Editor: Paul Sawyer  
aka Fat Bloke  
Graham Davey  
Nick Davis  
Matt Hutson  
Phil Kelly  
Rich Baker

Cover Artwork; Dave Gallagher

## Artwork

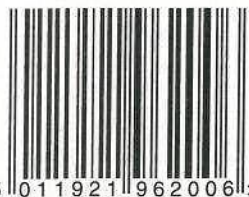
John Blanche, Dave Gallagher,  
Alex Boyd, Paul Jeacock,  
Neil Hodgson, Adrian Smith,  
Nuola Kennedy, Paul Dainton,  
Karl Kopinski & John Wigley

## Contributors

Gavin Thorpe, Jervis Johnson,  
Andy Chambers, Dylan Owen,  
Gordon Davidson, Rowland Cox,  
Gary James, Karl Renwick, Alex Boyd,  
Alan Merrett & Mark Roberts

## 'Eavy Metal Team

Owen Branham, Martin Footitt, Mark  
Jones, Keith Robertson, Neil Green,  
Richard Baker, Dave Thomas, Kirsten  
Mickelburgh, Joe Hill & Chris Smart



Product Code: 60249999248

5 011921 962006 >



## The Fat Bloke Editorial



Paul Sawyer  
'Fat Bloke'  
and Editor

**If you were to pick a time to be the editor of White Dwarf, then you could do a lot worse than picking now to sit in the large, specially reinforced chair.**

You may think the above statement an odd thing with which to open an editorial comment, but bear with me, as all will be revealed in the fullness of this rambling dialogue...

The first reason is the hugely exciting Codex Armageddon. This book is a significant departure from past styles of codex in that it doesn't focus on one army or race but on a campaign; in this case the 3rd War for Armageddon. This doesn't mean it lacks an army list – far from it. Codex Armageddon introduces four (yes, FOUR!) brand new army lists: a mechanised Imperial Guard regiment – the Armageddon Steel Legion, Ork Speed Freaks and two Space Marine Chapters – the Salamanders and the Black Templars.

The second reason somewhat 'piggybacks' the first, in that everyone at Games Workshop got so excited about Codex Armageddon that we decided to run a worldwide campaign! This colossal, global gaming event will eventually decide the history of that part of the Warhammer 40,000 universe, so every battle that takes place will really count! The worldwide campaign will kick off in August and will last the entire month! So during this time

we're asking you all to fight lots of games of 40K, Epic 40K or Battlefleet Gothic and send us the results. Playing games all summer? What a hardship, eh!

Some of you may well remember Ichar IV, the global gaming event we ran a few years back. Well, the 3rd War for Armageddon will run in a similar vein but with a few enhancements.

The first of these will be the Armageddon website ([www.Armageddon3.com](http://www.Armageddon3.com)) at which you'll be able to access all the background for the campaign, as well as registering the results of your games and checking out the game results as they flood in. The site will be updated regularly so keep visiting to find out what's happening – I promise you won't be disappointed...

Of course, the Armageddon campaign doesn't end there. Oh no. Another great feature of this issue is its battle report. Fittingly it is set on Armageddon, but it is no ordinary battle report as it encompasses four huge gaming tables and eleven players! In fact it's such a gargantuan effort that we have had to divide it over two issues, concluding in next month's edition.

It goes without saying that we have some rather special miniatures in store to support the campaign – wait until you see the new Ghazghkull and Yarrick models (both lovingly sculpted by Brian Nelson). All these miniatures will be released over the next few months along with loads more Armageddon material in White Dwarf, so watch this space.

If you play Warhammer 40,000, Epic or Battlefleet Gothic, this summer will be a corker, but what about those of you who also play Warhammer?

Fear not for your time is at hand. Check out this issue for an appetite-whetting teaser of things to come...

So, I'm sure you'll agree that there's never been a better time to be editor of this fine publication, and that it's you, our readers, who reap the benefits...

See you again next month,

**FAT BLOKE**



The 3rd War for  
**ARMAGEDDON**



## BLOODQUEST - THE MOVIE!

At the time of going to press a television movie based on the Bloodquest story found in Warhammer Monthly is in the early stages of development.

So far there is no release date for the movie as the team at Exile are still in the development/pre-production phase, which means they are still working on fleshing out the characters, and working on designs. It's probably safe to say that it's at least a year away.

Bloodquest was first published in Games Workshop's 'Warhammer Monthly' comic, winner of Best New British Comic at the 1999 National Comic Awards. The Bloodquest story headlined the very first issue, and the ongoing

story continues to be a mainstay as Warhammer Monthly enters its third year of publication.

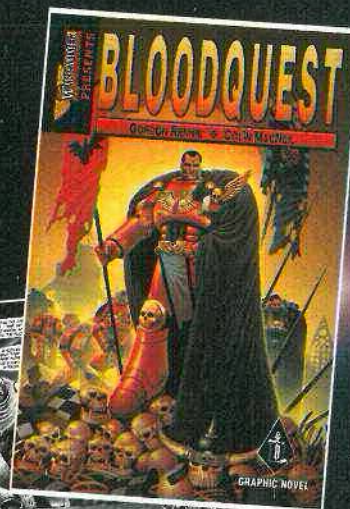
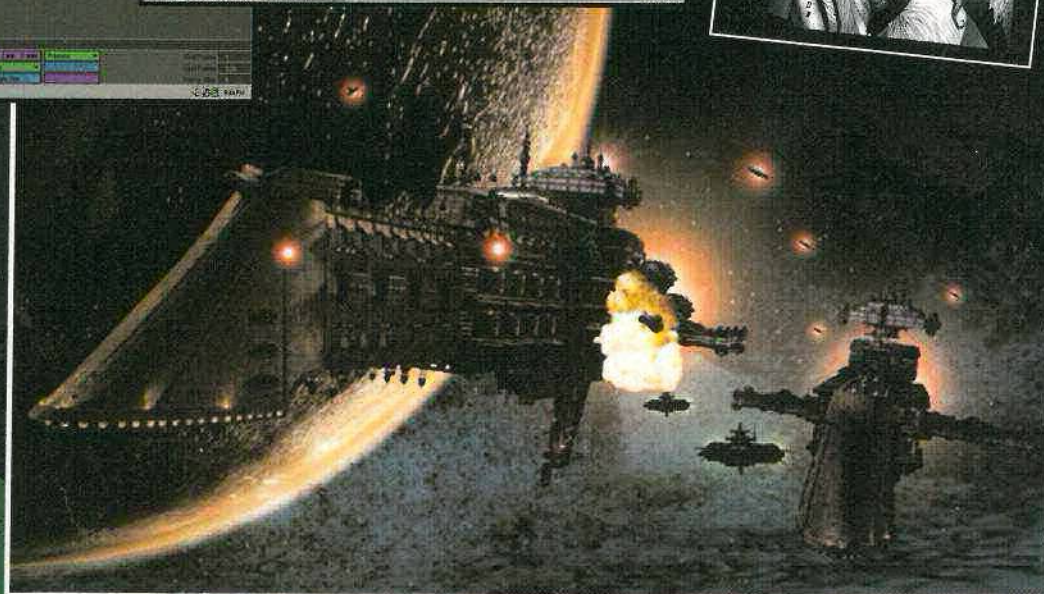
Of course all this is very much in an embryonic stage but what we've seen so far is absolutely stunning! As with most film productions in their infancy, anything can happen, so if you want to know more about this remarkable project check out the website of the team responsible for making the film, Exile Films. Containing answers to all the questions you're doubtless wondering about, you'll find it at:

<http://www.exile-films.com>



**Above:** A look behind the scenes at the technical wizardry that goes into making the images you'll hopefully be seeing.

**Right:** This isn't a piece of rendered artwork but a still taken from a very short section of film that the team at Exile have produced to show just what they are capable of!







Imperial Engineer



Orc standard bearer



Orc drummer

## IN THE PIPELINE...

Orc Warlords and Empire Generals will be pleased to hear that there are proposed additions to their forces in the next few months.

Above left you'll see an Imperial Engineer sculpted by Alan Perry and two Orc command miniatures by Brian Nelson. This is just the start however as both the Empire and Orc & Goblin armies will be taking receipt of fresh reinforcements which you'll see in White Dwarf over the next few issues.

There are some really exciting plans for Warhammer over the coming months – check out elsewhere in this issue for a taster...

## LAST CHANCE!

Those of you still without a ticket for this year's Games Day & Golden Demon only have a few days left to grab the last remaining tickets!

Games Day & Golden Demon 2000 is an all-day gaming extravaganza incorporating stunning dioramas, exciting participation games, all the

latest releases, the chance to meet your favourite Games Workshop personalities and of course the Golden Demon painting championships – the world's premier miniatures painting competition!

It will be held on Sunday September 24th at the National Indoor Arena, Birmingham. Tickets for Games Day cost £15 each.



## THE SUMMER IS HERE!

Every Games Workshop store is a whirl with activity during the Summer holidays (check out the details elsewhere this issue).

In addition to the other events at your local store there are also our special roadshows touring the country, featuring massive Warmaster battles, competitions, awesome prizes and no less than six Warhammer 40,000 scale Titans!

Each roadshow hits a store only once during the holidays, so don't miss out on the mayhem in your area!

### Warhammer Roadshow

26th July: Plymouth

Sat 5th August: Exeter

5-6th August: Norwich, St Albans, Peterborough, Eastbourne and Crawley

Sat 12th August: Southampton

12-13th August: Hull, Harrogate, Birmingham, Nottingham, Stockport, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Belfast, Metro, Bolton, Southport, Ipswich, Watford, Northampton, Brighton and Croydon

16th August: Portsmouth

19-20th August: Lincoln, Leeds, Solihull, Leicester, Altrincham, Dundee, East Kilbride, Lisburn, Sunderland, Warrington, Preston, Colchester, Harrow, Milton Keynes, Canterbury and Plaza

Sat 26th August: Bath

26-27th August: Grimsby, York, Walsall, Coventry, Manchester, Perth, Ayr, Dublin, Newcastle, Liverpool, Blackpool, Chelmsford, Enfield, Bedford, Maidstone and Sutton

### Warhammer 40K Roadshow

Sat 29th July: Guildford

29-30th July: Norwich, St Albans, Peterborough, Eastbourne and Crawley

3rd August: Reading

5-6th August: Hull, Harrogate, Birmingham, Nottingham, Stockport, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Belfast, Metro, Bolton, Southport, Ipswich, Watford, Northampton, Brighton and Croydon

9th August: Oxford

12-13th August: Lincoln, Leeds, Solihull, Leicester, Altrincham, Dundee, East Kilbride, Lisburn, Sunderland, Warrington, Preston, Colchester, Harrow, Milton Keynes, Canterbury and Plaza



Sat 19th August: Cribbs

19-20th August: Grimsby, York, Walsall, Coventry, Manchester, Perth, Ayr, Dublin, Newcastle, Liverpool, Blackpool, Chelmsford, Enfield, Bedford, Maidstone and Sutton

25th August: Gloucester

26-27th August: Sheffield, Bradford, Wolverhampton, Derby, Trafford, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Edinburgh, Braehead, Blanchardstown, Chester, Carlisle, Darlington, Romford, Brent Cross, Luton, Bluewater and Kingston

**Don't forget!** Sign up for the great Warmaster and Mordheim Campaigns being fought out in every GW store across the country this summer.

**And...** Don't miss out on the Warhammer Sale next week!





## Black Library

### BLOODQUEST IS DEAD! LONG LIVE BLOODQUEST!



Hot off the press, Warhammer Monthly #33 sees the world-burning climax of the legendary Bloodquest strip. As the exiled Space Marines face their greatest challenge, find out who will survive and what will be left of them! As mentioned already, despite leaving the pages of Warhammer Monthly for a while, Bloodquest fans need not despair as Leonatos and his faithful battle brothers are set to hit your television screens in an epic new Warhammer 40,000 project.

### FANATIC LAUNCH!

Great news for veteran Games Workshop fans. This month sees Fanatic step up a gear! Fanatic currently brings you the best in new rules, scenarios and articles for all your favourite games systems including Necromunda, Blood Bowl, Epic and Warhammer Quest. Now however Fanatic will be releasing exclusive new miniatures, terrain, campaign packs and even great new races for these awesome games as well! To keep the guys at the Fanatic Bunker under control, games designer Jervis Johnson will be leading the Fanatic team on this brilliant new project. For more details see Jerv's explanation later this issue.

## NEW THIS MONTH



### This month's releases for Warhammer 40,000:

Codex Armageddon	£4
------------------	----

### IMPERIAL GUARD

Armageddon Steel legion (boxed set)	£18
Commissar Yarrick (one model per blister)	£6
Armageddon Steel Legion (boxed army deal)	£100

### SPACE ORKS

Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka (boxed set)	£12
Stormboy Nob (one model per blister)	£4
Ork Warboss (one model per blister)	£8
Tankbusta Boyz (two models per blister)	£4
Ghazghkull's Ork Horde (boxed army deal)	£100

### SPACE MARINES

Land raider 'Crusader' (plastic and metal boxed set)	£35
Salamanders (plastic and metal boxed set)	£12
Space marine with multi-melta	£4

## Black Library

### This month's releases from the Black Library:

Warhammer Monthly 33	£2.20
Epic 40,000 Magazine	£3.50
Journal 39	£3.50
Dragonslayer, novel by Bill King	£5.99

### GOTREK AND FELIX RETURN!

Fresh from their breathtaking adventures in the awesome Daemonslayer, Felix and Gotrek now return in Dragonslayer, the latest storming instalment from Bill King. Back aboard the arcane Dwarf airship, the daring duo seek out even greater dangers and a lost treasure hoard in the fourth tale in this epic saga of a death-seeking Slayer and his human companion.

### STOP PRESS... STOP PRESS... STOP PRESS...

Fans of Bill King can check out the amazing Gotrek and Felix battle display at this year's Games Day – more details soon!



# In the grim darkness of the 41st Millennium there is only war.

**W**arhammer 40,000 is a tabletop game for two or more players in which you command the forces of the Imperium (or one of its many enemies) in desperate battles across the war-torn future of the 41st Millennium. The Codex army books are dedicated entirely to collecting, painting and gaming with the various different races and armies of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Every Codex highlights one particular army and expands upon the rules published in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Inside each Codex you will find army lists, a section full of ideas for painting and modelling an army, plus exotic wargear and special characters to use in your battles. In addition there is a wealth of background information— all in all enough to satisfy the most avid gamer!



## CODEx SPACE MARINES

£8

The Space Marines are the finest troops in the Imperium. Their genetically engineered bodies have been honed far in advance of any human, and their battle skills are second to none. Combined with the best wargear mankind can offer and a lifespan lasting hundreds of years, these champions of the Imperium are feared and respected throughout the universe.

Each Chapter of the Space Marines has its own distinct history and background, and as such this Codex forms the basis for several supplementary Codex army books (see right).



You will need Codex Space Marines to use the following three Codex army books as they further highlight an individual Space Marine Chapter.

## CODEx BLOOD ANGELS

£4

The Blood Angels are the most bloodthirsty of all the Space Marine Chapters, unstoppable in their fury and infamous in their quest to spill blood in the name of the Emperor.



## CODEx SPACE WOLVES

£4

The ferocious warriors of the Space Wolves are famous throughout the Imperium for their bravery and willingness to fight no matter the odds.



## CODEx DARK ANGELS

£4

The Dark Angels are stubborn and relentless champions of the Imperium, faithful but with a terrible secret. This Codex reveals some of the dark history of one of the most mysterious Space Marine Chapters.



## CODEx ARMAGEDDON

£4

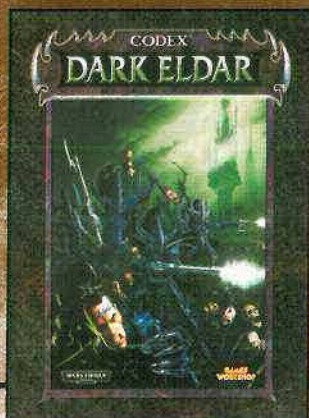
A world is torn apart by the largest Ork invasion in Imperial history. Arrayed against this mighty Ork horde is the greatest gathering of Imperial might since the time of Lord Solar Macharius. The fate of a hundred worlds will be decided on the blood-soaked ash dunes of Armageddon. This Codex contains four army lists: Ork Speed Freaks, Armageddon Steel Legion Imperial Guard, Black Templars and Salamanders Space Marine Chapters, plus the complete battle-scarred history of Armageddon.

Codex Armageddon is a source book for Warhammer 40,000, with additional material that supplements Codex Space Marines, Codex Orks and Codex Imperial Guard.



# WARHAMMER®

## 40,000



The Codex army books are supplements for Warhammer 40,000. You must possess a copy of Warhammer 40,000 to be able to use the contents of these books.

### CODEx DARK ELdAR

£8

Spawned in the darkest pit of the universe, the cruel Dark Eldar are a curse upon all races of the galaxy. For untold thousands of years they have preyed upon unsuspecting settlements, stealing forth from the shadows on their raids of terror; massacring or enslaving all whose paths they cross. This Codex reveals the darkest secrets of these sadistic killers, with advice on how best to begin your own reign of terror across the universe.

### CODEx ORKS

£8

WAAAGH! The Orks are the most brutal race in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. Across a thousand worlds the deafening cries of battle-crazed Ork warriors ring out as they declare war on everything in their path. From unstoppable Warlords to the lowliest Gretchin, this Codex details everything an aspiring Ork Boss needs to know to take the galaxy by storm in a tide of green death!

### CODEx CHAOS SPACE MARINES

£8

The Legions of Chaos are twisted renegades and traitors, sworn to overthrow the Emperor and mankind whom they once served. The armies of the damned boast mighty Daemons, crazed berserkers, possessed vehicles and squad upon squad of foul Chaos Space Marines, bound forever to destroy all in their path. Death to the False Emperor!

### CODEx IMPERIAL GUARD

£8

The Imperial Guard is the largest and most diverse fighting force in the galaxy, fighting across a hundred warzones upon ten thousand planets. Famous for their disciplined troops and devastating battle tanks, the Imperial Guard form the mainstay of the Imperium's standing army.

### CODEx CATAChANS

£4

*You'll need Codex Imperial Guard to use this supplement.*

Catachan is the most infamous deathworld in the galaxy and its inhabitants use the jungle itself as a weapon against the enemies of the Imperium. If hunting your adversaries with booby traps and ambushes or incinerating your foes with heavy flamers and demolition charges appeals to you, this Codex is ideal. Inside is a wealth of background information and scenarios for desperate jungle and deathworld fighting.

### CODEx ELdAR

£8

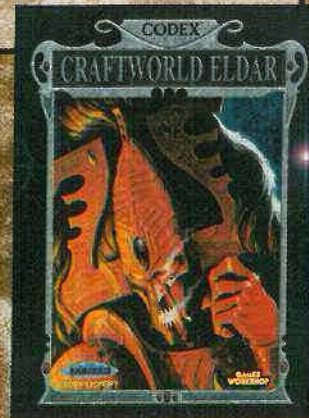
The Eldar are an ancient race, immersed in a battle for survival in a galaxy overrun by barbaric usurpers. Eldar warriors are as deadly as they are diverse, utilising advanced weaponry and mysterious charge. This Codex details everything you need to know to field an army of these proud, alien warriors.

### CODEx CRAFTWORLD ELdAR

£4

*You'll need Codex Eldar to use this supplement.*

The Eldar of the Craftworlds are a diverse race, in culture, traditions and military structure. This Codex uncovers the details and specialised forces of the five major Craftworlds – the Biel-Tan Swordwind army, Ulthwé the Damned, the Saim-Hann Wild Rider host, the Iyanden Ghost Warrior army and the Alaitoc Ranger force. Each variant includes alterations to the army's organisation along with special rules and new unit types.





# ARMAG





# EDDDON

The beast returns...

— The 3rd War for —  
**ARMAGEDDON**





Paul Sawyer

# The Third War

**L**ast issue we tantalised you with a taster of what is undoubtedly the year's biggest and most exciting gaming event, along with an account of the last incursion suffered by the planet of Armageddon. Now you're going to get all the gory detail, so, if you're sitting comfortably, I'll begin by recapping what has gone before...

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, nemesis of the Imperium, has returned to the Armageddon sub-sector. Fifty years ago he laid siege to the strategically important planet of Armageddon and was only thwarted by the combined forces of the Imperium of man under the leadership of one of its greatest heroes, Commissar Yarrick.

This wasn't the last the Imperium of Man was to see of Ghazghkull, however. The cunning greenskin was using this invasion as a test of both Armageddon's Imperial defences and their military strategy.

Now Ghazghkull has returned with a vengeance as he sweeps all before him in a deadly green tide. Once again, the fate of a thousand worlds hangs precariously in the balance and billions of lives depend on the outcome of the coming Ork invasion.

## To arms!

The invasion is under way and you now have the opportunity to influence the fate of every planet in the Armageddon sub-sector!

The plan is cunningly simple – during the month of August, Games Workshop stores throughout the world will be running games of Warhammer 40,000 (and some will even include Epic 40,000 and Battlefleet Gothic!) between the Ork invaders and Armageddon's defence forces. The results of these games will be compiled here at White Dwarf to reveal the outcome of the gargantuan planetary invasion, which we'll publish in a coming issue.

The Third War for Armageddon is primarily a conflict embroiling the Ork invaders and the combined forces of the Imperium. However, there are also other allied or mercenary forces involved. Dark Eldar and Chaos Space Marine contingents have been sighted fighting alongside the Ork horde. The enigmatic Eldar have reportedly been seen aiding both sides, although their purpose in this is unclear as forces from various Eldar craftworlds have even been seen to lock horns with their own kin! All this, combined with the increasing number of Tyranid hive fleets being sighted in the area, means that anyone with a Warhammer 40,000 army will be able to take part in this all-encompassing conflict.

If you can't get to a store, it doesn't matter – simply send us the results of your games whether they're played at a games club, at home or even in your officers' mess (and we know it happens!). You could send us the details on the form which you'll find elsewhere in this issue or you may want to send us even more information (which would be great as we'll be printing the best in a future issue!). Of course, you could also register your results on our Armageddon Campaign website...





# for Armageddon

## Enter the webway

Those of you with access to the internet should log on straightaway and check out the Armageddon Campaign website at:

[www.armageddon3.com](http://www.armageddon3.com)

Not only does this website have loads of background to the campaign but it also has an interactive results service! You can visit the Imperial High Command war room for their overview of the campaign or pop into Ghazghkull's Kommand Gargant for the Orky perspective on proceedings. At these points you can register the results of your games and see how the war is going by campaign sector or across the whole war front!

The site will be updated frequently to reflect the flow of the war, with extra material being added on a regular basis so you'll want to keep on coming back for another look!

## History is written by the victors

Once the ash clouds of the burning hive cities and ruined Ork Gargants settle and the results are all in, we'll know the final outcome of the

global campaign! Will Armageddon fall to the irresistible might of Ghazghkull and his green horde? Will the valiant Imperial defenders and their allies stave off the greenskin invasion ensuring survival for billions of Imperial citizens? Or will the battle rage on and Armageddon become a world at war, an unrelenting battlefield, a world torn asunder? The simple answer is that it's in your hands! The more games you play, the more you'll be able to influence the final outcome!

## What next?

An all-encompassing, worldwide campaign, a new Codex, a set of brilliant new miniatures and still there's more! We'll also be including as much extra stuff as we can about Armageddon over the next few issues of White Dwarf. You'll kick yourself if you miss out, so now really is the time for that White Dwarf subscription you've been promising yourself!

## CODEx ARMAGEDDON

In addition to running this cataclysmic gaming event, we're also releasing Codex Armageddon. This new Codex focuses on the return of Waaagh! Ghazghkull to the strategically important Armageddon sub-sector and, in particular, the colossal war that threatens to consume the planet of Armageddon – a world whose name has become a byword for war and destruction on a massive scale.

Codex Armageddon outlines the background to the campaign, the major players on both sides and also explains how to get the most from your games set on Armageddon. It doesn't end there, though, as this new Codex also includes four brand new army lists:

- *Ork Speed Freaks* – dangerous velocity-addicted greenskins.
- *The Salamanders Space Marine Chapter*.
- *The Black Templars Space Marine Chapter*.
- *The Armageddon Steel Legion* – a mechanised Imperial Guard regiment.

In addition to all the hard work put into this Codex by Andy Chambers, Gav Thorpe and Jervis Johnson, we also have dozens of new miniatures which you'll be seeing over the course of the next few months, starting with this issue!



**Will this be Commissar Yarrick's last stand?**

— The 3rd War for —  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# Campaign warzones

We will be assigning each country or continent a specific warzone. Imperial defenders will be trying to hold off and break the relentless tide of Greenskins, whilst Ork Warlords and their allies will be attempting to sweep aside the paltry forces of the weakling 'umies. For instance, Infernus warzone will be fought over by anyone living in the United Kingdom whilst gamers who live in Asia will be fighting tooth and nail to take control of the Equatorial Jungle warzone.

Check out your local store or independent stockist as they'll be running all manner of special events around this campaign. It doesn't stop there however as we also want to hear from individuals and clubs! We'll be printing the best of the material sent in to us, so if your local Games Workshop is running a suitably exciting gaming event or if you and your mates are just playing as many games as you can manage in a week, we want to hear about it!

Remember, it doesn't matter if your battlefield is set up for fighting in, say, the jungle but you are

fighting in a warzone which has another predominant terrain type (Scandinavia battles over a large area of the Deadlands, which is mainly arctic, for instance). In coming White Dwarfs (and on the Armageddon website) we'll be bringing you even more maps which will zoom in on each warzone, to portray all the important geographical and strategic features which you can fight your battles over. These maps will all incorporate pockets of varying terrain types so don't worry! The overriding principle behind this campaign is to get everyone, with a 40K, Epic 40K or Battlefleet Gothic force to play as many games as you can in a month and try to help win your country's warzone for the greater glory of your side, be it Ork or Imperial!

Will your compatriots stave off the Greenskin invaders or will those of you who have green blood running through your alien veins stand victorious amongst the 'umie corpses?

The campaign will work as follows:

1. Play a game of Warhammer 40,000, Epic 40,000 or Battlefleet Gothic.
2. Fill in the Armageddon campaign registration form which you'll find on page 21 (as you'll be playing lots of games we suggest you photocopy it!) and post it to us:

ARMAGEDDON CAMPAIGN RESULTS,  
White Dwarf, Games Workshop,  
Willow Road, Lenton,  
Nottingham NG7 2WS.

3. As we receive your results we'll be logging them against your warzone and as the coming months pass we'll be able to give you a progress report outlining how the war is going in your warzone.
4. At the end of the campaign we'll add up all the results and publish the final outcome along with who was victorious in each warzone.

So what are you waiting for? Muster your troops and take to the field of battle – only you can decide the fate of your warzone...





## The Fire Wastes

### The Fire Wastes (Australia)

If at all possible, the Fire Wastes are even more inhospitable than the ash wastes of Prime and Secundus. However, here are found the majority of the ore mines and mineral processing plants which supply the hives and factories of Armageddon with the raw materials they need. With many of these mines under Ork control, the weapon shops and armouries of the Imperium will soon be forced to halt production. It is imperative to the continuing war effort that the supply from the Fire Wastes be re-established.

### Phoenix Island (New Zealand)

Phoenix Island is located in the midst of the Boiling Sea. It acts as a major artery of supply across from the Fire Wastes, and has large spaceport facilities for supply to the orbital Navy station of St. Jowen's dock. Despite several fierce attacks, the Orks have yet to take the starport, enabling new regiments arriving on world to use Phoenix Island as a staging point.

## The Deadlands

### The Deadlands (Scandinavia)

The polluted ice wastes of the Deadlands hold perhaps the most valuable commodity for those living and fighting on Armageddon – water. Usable water is impossible to find anywhere else, and refineries and processing plants remove all the contaminants and toxins from the foul ice and snow of the Deadlands before shipping the water to the hives and factories in massive super tankers. It is believed that it was these super tankers that were cannibalised by the Orks to create the flotilla of submersibles that attacked Helsreach.

### The Netheria Peninsula (Canada)

The Netheria Peninsula of the Deadlands extends far into the Tempest Ocean, and control of it has allowed the Orks to set up airfields from which their Fighta-Bommerz can launch attacks on Helsreach and Tartarus Hives. These scattered airstrips are almost impossible to detect, and only vigilant sweeps by Imperial Navy fighters and Armageddon stratocraft have so far stopped the Orks from establishing an airforce which is not reliant on orbital facilities. At the moment, the Imperium's slim aerial supremacy is one of the few factors keeping the Ork attacks in check.

## Armageddon Prime

### Hive Volcanus (Spain)

Situated in Armageddon Prime, Volcanus Hive is currently enduring a heavy siege. Supplies have been ferried across from the north-east to stop much of the population starving, but the situation inside the hive is desperate, and every day thousands are dying from dehydration and malnutrition, not to mention casualties from the continuous Ork bombardment. Recently reinforced by a regiment of Elysian Drop Troopers, the defenders are attempting to break out of the Ork cordon and link up with elements from the North Primus Front fighting around Tempestora.

### Plains of Anthrand (Africa)

The wide area in the south west of Armageddon Prime is known commonly as the Plains of Anthrand. It is rumoured that there was once a hive here, but it was abandoned when the dunes half-swallowed it during a storm that lasted for three decades, the acid rain melting the ruins into rivers of metal that flow beneath the ash and sands. Anthrand was the site of the first major Imperial victory, and South Primus Front is currently pushing the Orks back towards the jungles.

### Equatorial Jungle (Asia and South America)

Orks have infested the Armageddon jungles since the first invasion by Ghazghkull over fifty years ago. Dedicated armies of hardened Ork hunters are trained at Cerbera Base in the middle of the jungle, and from here firesweep teams are sent out to keep the Ork population under control. However, such cleanse and burn missions were obviously not as successful as suspected, for when Ghazghkull landed, thousands of feral Orks attacked Cerbera, and more poured from the jungles into the ash wastes and mountains.

### Death Mire (France)

The forces of Death Mire held out well against the initial Ork assault, preventing them from crossing the River Insane despite suffering heavy casualties. However, the defensive lines drawn up on the banks of the Insane have been seriously compromised by a large force of feral Orks who have begun rampaging northwards out of the jungles, headed straight for Death Mire itself.

### Hive Tempestora (GW HQ)

Tempestora is under siege, but unlike Volcanus, it is the Orks who are being contained. Using submersibles built in the Fire Wastes, a large force of Orks circumvented the Imperial defensive entrenchments and fortresses, taking Tempestora from the seaward side. At the moment, the Imperial Guard can only hope to contain the Orks, whilst a force of Salamanders, Blood Angels, Storm Giants and Marines Malevolent Space Marines is assembled to retake Tempestora.

## Armageddon Secundus

### Hive Infernus including Palidus and Diablo mountains (UK)

Infernus is one of the most heavily defended hives, as it acts as a staging post and rallying point for armies moving from Prime to Secundus, or vice versa. However, the defenders are hard-pressed, and the Orks have penetrated into the hive itself, albeit still in small numbers as yet, and these are comprised mostly of mobs of dedicated Kommandos. Infernus also has the greatest concentration of Space Marines, as its extensive aircraft and shuttle facilities were considerably increased in the last decade, allowing the Chapters stationed there to launch Thunderhawks across the whole of Armageddon. It is widely believed that Ghazghkull himself leads the Orks fighting at Infernus.

The mountain ranges around Hades and Infernus are now in Ork hands –

several Rok forts have landed there unmolested, establishing the Orks' dominance. For now, the Emperor's servants can only hope to keep the Orks contained until dedicated mountain troops can be shipped in from another world. The valleys ring to the thunder of large cannons, and dust avalanches and volcanic eruptions are as much a threat as the enemy.

### Hive Acheron (Italy)

The status of Acheron is somewhat dubious, as it is under the control of the renegade Herman von Strab, deposed Imperial Commander of Armageddon. The old Armageddon aristocracy welcomed von Strab's return with open arms, while the remainder of Acheron's inhabitants quail in terror at the Ork brute squads that accompanied his arrival. Ad-hoc human guerrilla units combat the Orks from within the hive, while Imperial forces attempt to gain entry from outside. Undoubtedly the Officio Assassinorum are aware of the situation.

### Hive Helsreach (USA)

Helsreach is a contested hive, its outer fortifications and labyrinthine docks and harbours fell to Orks swarming from submersible war engines launched from the Dead Lands. Many in Helsreach are veterans of the long and bitter siege in the last Armageddon War, and their tenacity and ferocity has not been diminished by time. Despite horrendous casualties, the people of Helsreach are fighting hard, making the Orks pay for every yard they advance, making frequent suicidal counter-attacks to smash the Greenskins' supply lines and force them back.

### Hive Tartarus (Germany)

At first it seemed that Tartarus would escape relatively unscathed, when Ork armies dropping to Armageddon headed North towards Acheron. Commander Clain, in control of the Tartarus battle front, sent a strong force of Titans and Guard regiments to help with the defence of Infernus. Unfortunately, the force was subsequently attacked in the ash wastes by a contingent formed of several Ork armies and they are now set in a defensive formation out in the wastelands. Secondary Ork drops have attacked Tartarus, and the poorly defended city cannot hold out for much longer if the Orks receive heavy reinforcement.

### Hive Hades (rest of the world)

It was at Hades Hive that Ghazghkull's horde was finally halted during the last invasion. This time Ghazghkull wanted to send a clear message to the Imperial forces – from orbit the Orks dropped massive asteroids on the hive, crushing it into the ash wastes, wiping out the millions of people scraping out a living in its ruins. However, the symbol of Hades is still strong and inspiring, its sacrifice will not be in vain, and embittered fighting now rages around the burning remnants of the hive.

— The 3rd War for —  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# Ghazghkull's opening gambit...

Amidst the wreckage of Ghazghkull's first invasion of Armageddon, a lengthy investigation of the planet's readiness and defences was begun in 948.M41. In light of the strategic value of Armageddon to the Imperium, extensive works were ordered by the Adeptus of Terra to secure the Armageddon system against future attacks. Sector Naval command was transferred to the Armageddon system and the Naval facility of St. Jowen's Dock was rebuilt and expanded to accommodate all classes of interstellar warship. Three permanently manned monitor stations were established in the

outer reaches, named after three great heroes of the Second War of Armageddon; Mannheim, Dante and Yarrick. Ground based and orbital defences were rebuilt and heavily reinforced, minefields were seeded throughout the system and a substantial increase in the numbers of system ships and monitors were ordered.

On Armageddon itself, the long process of rebuilding the hives devastated by Ghazghkull's hordes was begun. A process which, despite massive application of resources and manpower, remained incomplete fifty years later. In part, this was due to the increased number of defence

regiments which were raised over this period, despite a lowering of Armageddon's title of regiments destined for the Imperial Guard. A military council was appointed to rule over Armageddon, comprising high ranking representatives from the Imperial Guard, Navy, Departmento Munitorium and Adeptus Mechanicus, the Ecclesiarchy and the Governor of each of the major hives on Armageddon. The council was headed by General Kurov of the Imperial Guard, a respected veteran of the Bakkus Crusade. From 949.M41 to 978.M41, General Kurov coordinated a series of xenocidal campaigns conducted



With the aid of Adeptus Sororitas from the Order of Our Martyred Lady, the Armageddon Steel Legion stoically defends an



throughout the equatorial jungles between Armageddon Primus and Secundus and the ice-bound world of Chosin to eliminate Ork infestations which sprang up in the aftermath of Ghazghkull's invasion. Fifty years passed and Armageddon rose from the ashes, its defences stronger and more powerful than they had ever been before. Still it was not enough.

The first signs of the coming storm was a series of attacks on systems surrounding Armageddon and other worlds nearby. First the nearby world of Minerva suffered the depredations of Ork pirates, then the agri-world of Ruis was likewise assailed. Over a period of months,

in spite of the best efforts of the Imperial Navy, the number of merchant ships reaching Armageddon was cut by half. It was as though an unseen presence knew that the Imperial forces were bound by the need to guard the Armageddon system and were not free to patrol the sector as freely as they should. Almost overnight, the pirate raids grew into assaults on outposts and then into attacks against lightly-held colonies and satellites. Soon, the first full-scale planetary invasions began. Two dozen Imperial worlds came under attack in as many hours and the Astropaths of Armageddon received constant reports of yet more Ork

assaults. Every consultation of the Emperor's Tarot showed bloodshed, destruction and the sign of the Beast Resurgent. Rumours spread that Ghazghkull was returning to wreak his vengeance, and soon even the most obstinate bureaucrat could no longer deny that an Ork Waaagh! of gargantuan proportions was engulfing the Armageddon sector. After Task Force Trajan was presumed lost battling Orks in the Desdena system, General Kurov sent forth a call to nearby Imperial Guard regiments and Space Marine Chapters to muster in defence of Armageddon.



Imperial landing station against a rampaging Ork warband.

The 3rd War for  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# Ghazghkull's back...

## Return of the beast

On the Day of the Feast of the Emperor's Ascension, fifty seven years to the day after the first Ork invasion, augur probes registered a massive disruption in the immaterium as an Ork fleet tore its way back into reality and Ghazghkull's hordes descended on Armageddon once more. An alert from monitor station Dante was cut off in mid-transmission as the Ork ships swept past in their hundreds.

The monitor station's final reports indicated an Ork fleet moving into the system, comprising 50 Ork cruisers and over 300 escort vessels accompanying at least four space hulks. The forces of Armageddon were placed on full alert and seven Imperial cruiser squadrons, led by the Apocalypse class battleships *His Will* and *Triumph*, departed St. Jowen's Dock within twenty four hours. The Imperial fleet, under Admiral Parol, entered battle five days later, catching the lead elements of the Ork fleet in an ambush around the high-G world of Pelucidar.

Sixty Ork attack ships were blasted out of the void by Imperial fire in the initial engagement, without the loss of a single Imperial ship. Then Parol's ships were engaged by heavy squadrons of Ork Kill Kroozers and swarms of Fighta-Bommerz racing ahead of the main body of the Ork fleet. The Imperial ships fought valiantly, their weapon batteries pounding the crude Ork

vessels into scrap, ravening lance beams incinerating wave after wave of Fighta-Bommerz.

Nonetheless, the Ork fleet outnumbered that of Armageddon by six to one and the Imperial ships were gradually battered back. The Orks made suicidal rushes against the Imperial gun-lines with unbounded ferocity, losing a dozen of their ships in exchange for a single Imperial vessel. At the height of the engagement, Admiral Parol received comm-bursts from the Yarrick and Mannheim monitor stations warning of three more Ork fleets entering the edges of the system. Almost simultaneously, the *Triumph* was bracketed by five Ork Kill Kroozers and crippled by their combined heavy gunfire and massed teleport attacks. Realising that his duty lay in preserving the fleet for a protracted conflict, Admiral Parol reluctantly gave the order for a general disengagement.

The doomed monitor stations were overwhelmed a few hours later. By their last count, the combined Ork fleets numbered in excess of 2,000 ships and at least twelve space hulks, the largest number of hulks ever to assail a world of the Imperium in its 10,000 year history. Admiral Parol, his command reduced to five squadrons of cruisers and a single operational battleship, could do little more than mount hit and run attacks against the massive Ork armadas as they moved in-system. Imperial

reinforcements would arrive soon, and then Parol could hope that Ghazghkull's control of space could be challenged with some hope of success.

In the meantime, Parol's escorts and light cruisers harried the Orks as best as they could, distracting and drawing off their foes into baited traps and minefields, doing whatever was in their power to reduce the tidal wave of Ork machines arriving in-system. To their dismay, the Imperial Navy ships encountered dozens of crude asteroid fortresses, or 'Roks', in the normally vulnerable tail of the Ork fleets. These heavily armed weapons platforms proved difficult to attack directly, but the very presence of such unusual numbers of them seemed to indicate some more sinister design at work.

Surprisingly, the Orks did not turn aside to capture St. Jowen's Dock. Instead they subjected it to a six day long bombardment as the Ork fleets moved past, enlivened by repeated attacks from assault boat squadrons. Ork warriors succeeded in establishing themselves throughout the lower sections of the dock, and, although the facility remained in Imperial hands, it was rendered virtually useless by damage from the bombardment and constant Ork raids. Only the arrival of two Ordo Xenos Inquisitorial kill-teams later in the campaign succeeded in driving the Orks back to the isotope storage pits at the base of the station.

## Ground Zero

On Armageddon, the final weeks before the Ork fleet's arrival were occupied with frenzied preparations. Titan Legions fired up their ancient plasma reactors and took up defensive positions around the hives, their scanner-eyes scouring the skies. Imperial Guard regiments were mustered and dug in. Space Marines from over twenty Chapters dispersed into the wastelands and mountains to



**Check out the Armageddon Campaign website now, at:**



# ...and this time it's Waaagh!



Imperial Guard Storm Troopers prepare to repel the speeding Ork assault.

prepare to face the aliens. Imperial merchant vessels daily ran the tightening gauntlet of Ork ships to rush more reinforcements to the planet. The last transport to touch down carried a legend. Commissar Yarrick, the 'Old Man' himself, set foot on Armageddon for the first time in twenty years to the rapturous cheers of the populace.

The old Commissar met with the military council that very night\* and advised them on Ghazghkull's most recent tactics and strategies, adding a dire warning against underestimating the Warlord's capabilities. Many said he had become old and weary, bowed down with the horrific prospect of the coming invasion. Those who knew him well could see the fierce determination that still burned in his single eye. General Kurov had always been renowned for his judgement of men in battle, and he was deeply impressed by Yarrick's drive and intelligence. He requested that Yarrick take over leadership of the military council for

the duration of the current crisis and, to the relief of all, Yarrick agreed.

Six weeks after entering the Armageddon system, the vast armada of Ghazghkull's forces went into battle with the space stations and weapons platforms in high orbit over the planet. Those who had hoped that the powerful orbital defences of Armageddon would keep the Orks at bay were soon shown to be hopelessly deluded. The orbital battle raged for three days and two fiery nights, but, by dawn of the third day, the skies were filled with the vapour trails of Ork landing pods and the incandescent meteors of attack ships carving through the skies. Hades Hive, still a virtual ruin after the last war, was the first to die. In an act of terrible vengeance Ghazghkull chose not to fight again at Hades. Instead, the entire hive and its inhabitants were smashed asunder by giant asteroids dropped from orbiting space hulks. This act of wanton annihilation was but the

prelude to the bloodshed which was to follow.

As the fires of Hades' destruction lit the eastern horizon, the first Ork drop legions clashed with Imperial forces near Volcanus, Acheron and Death Mire. Ground based defence lasers and missile silos took a terrible toll on the Orks as they landed, but the survivors regrouped and assailed the defences with such terrible ferocity that soon more and more of the horde was reaching the planet's surface unscathed. Feral Orks swept down from the Palidus Mountains and out of the equatorial jungles to join the growing hordes. Where the defences proved too strong to be taken by direct assaults, huge mobs of Orks and their war machines were teleported directly into battle from the hulks above. As the ground defences fell silent on the third day of the landings, Yarrick ordered every remaining aircraft on Armageddon to be thrown into the battle in a desperate attempt to destroy as

[www.armageddon3.com](http://www.armageddon3.com)

— The 3rd War for —  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# Ghazghkull's back...

much of Ghazghkull's hordes as possible before they reached the ground.

The yellow skies over Armageddon became interwoven with twisting con-trails as thousands of Ork Fighta-Bommerz duelled with Imperial Thunderbolts and Furies. The Imperial craft had an edge in that they could return to their armoured airbases to refuel and rearm, whereas the Orks had to reserve enough fuel to climb back up to their Terrorships and hulks in orbit. But soon the Orks secured ground bases and the battle turned against the brave Imperial pilots as the crushing numbers of the Orks was brought fully to bear.



As the aerial battles reached their height five days after the landings, Acheron Hive fell to the Orks without warning, captured by treachery from within. Gabbled reports spoke of power grids sabotaged and the Orks boiling out from secret access tunnels at the very heart of the metropolis. The instigator of these foul crimes was soon revealed as none other than the infamous war-criminal Herman von Strab. He took over the hive as its new Overlord, announcing that it was his divine right to rule over Armageddon. Ork brute squads stood ready to silence any dissenters who doubted von Strab's determination.

Despicably, much of the old nobility in Acheron welcomed back von Strab as a long-lost prince, choosing to genteelly ignore the fact that he had thrown in his lot with some of the most dangerous aliens the galaxy had ever seen.

At Volcanus Hive, on the same day that Acheron fell, massed Ork infantry surged over the twenty square miles of defences atop Volcanus Mount just beyond the hive's outer suburbs. Seventeen garrison regiments of Armageddon Hive militia were routed and the Orks captured many weapons and fortifications intact. Volcanus itself was soon besieged, surrounded by a ring of Orkish steel and relentlessly pounded by captured macro cannons and barrage bombs.

Outside Death Mire, the war went better. The Titans of Legios Tempestor and Victorium with their supporting regiments of Skitarii virtually annihilated the Ork Blackfire tribe in a three day running battle across the Plain of Anthrand. But the Ork landers fell from the skies like a relentless storm and fighting spread across Armageddon like a forest fire, until every hive and factory complex was embroiled. In many places, Ork attacks were beaten off, but again and again the Orks would regroup

and attack within hours, stretching the defenders to their limit.

As Yarrick had predicted, Ghazghkull's strategies proved deadly. The Orks kept an iron grip on Armageddon's skies, orbital bombardments and Fighta-Bommerz pounded Imperial forces wherever they tried to form a battleline, pinning them in place while further landings were made to surround them. Where the Orks were outnumbered, they fought a guerrilla war, striking at their foes and withdrawing into the harsh wastelands before retribution could arrive. Ghazghkull had learned the lessons of Chigon 17 well, and deliberately prepared his plans so that the fighting was scattered and chaotic; precisely the conditions in which Ork warbands thrive and Imperial regiments were denied the support and coordination they needed to fight back effectively. The only force which consistently defeated the Orks was the Adeptus Astartes and the Space Marines tirelessly scoured the hinterlands of Armageddon on search and destroy missions to eliminate the greenskins at every opportunity.

## The opening gambit

As the battles raged on the planet, Ghazghkull unleashed another of his carefully prepared surprises. Incredibly, dozens of the great asteroid fortresses encountered by Admiral Parol's ships began to descend from orbit. Slowed by powerful force fields, rockets and modified traktor kannons, the Ork Rokhs made landings in the verdant equatorial jungles and across Armageddon Primus and Secundus. Many were lost to ground fire or accidents but each one that survived became a bastion for the Orks, a rallying point and a ready-made fortress. As well as their huge guns and missile batteries, the Rokhs contained giant teleport arrays like those first used by Ghazghkull in his Piscina campaign. These were employed to teleport down Ork reinforcements,

**Check out the Armageddon Campaign website now, at:**



## ...and this time it's Waaagh!

including Gargants and heavy artillery, in an endless stream. Commissar Yarrick personally led attacks by Cadian shock troops supported by the Titans of Legio Metallica and Legio Ignatum which destroyed several of the fortresses, but bloody battles around many others consumed whole regiments in hours. For the rest of the war, the Space Marines bore the brunt of eliminating the Ork fortresses where they could, the Salamanders Chapter winning particular acclaim for their successes against fortresses along Hemlock River.

Mysteriously, the Orks also made landings in the Fire Wastes and Deadlands to the north and south of the main continent of Armageddon. Even Yarrick was surprised; these grim, forbidding lands had always been believed to be uninhabitable and utterly valueless. Their value to Ghazghkull became apparent when weeks later hundreds of tanker-sized Ork submersibles rose from the polluted waters and made landings at Tempestora and Helsreach. Surprise was total; Tempestora fell within days and the dockyards of Helsreach were soon captured. Only a bitter defence by the Helsreach Hive gang militias, with supporting companies of Storm Troopers and Space Marines which had been rushed to the area, prevented the Orks overrunning the entire hive.

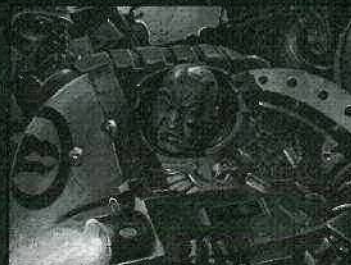
Fourteen days after the initial Ork landings, the first major confrontation between Ork and Imperial war engines occurred. A ten day battle raged over the Diabolus factory complex as the Gargant mobs of Warlord Burzuruk and Warlord Skarfang clashed with the Titans of Legio Crucius. Six Titans and eight Gargants were utterly destroyed in the fighting and many others needed months of repairs before they could fight again. The Diabolus complex was wrecked during the battle, its foundries and machine shops blasted apart or crushed underfoot

by giant fighting machines. In the aftermath of the battle Ork Speed Kults swiftly encircled Infernus Hive, cutting it off from all outside help. Mechanised counter-attacks into the ash wastes met with initial success, but when an entire regiment of Savlar Chem Dogs was surrounded and wiped out by the Speed Freeks, further attempts to break out were abandoned by those inside.

As the beleaguered defenders pondered how to lift the siege, reports came in of a vast Ork horde rounding the Palidus Mountains from the north east. Soon the horde was visible from the hive spire, a great sea of warriors which seemed to fill the empty expanse of the ash wastes to overflowing. Towering Gargants strode through the tide, like great ships rolling on a green sea. The guttural war chants of the Orks could be heard from over twenty miles away, the ground shaking with their progress. Worst of all, the countless bannerpoles swaying over the horde bore the personal glyph of the mighty Ghazghkull himself.

As the skies darkened beneath the shadow of Ork hulks high above and the first orbital bombardments crashed down, the citizens of Infernus knew that their doom was upon them. They made what preparations they could with preternatural calm, commending their souls to the Emperor as they built barricades or distributed weapons and ammunition to the troops. They tried to take inspiration from the legends of Commissar Yarrick and how he made the Orks pay for every inch of ground at Hades Hive. Not all were brave enough to face their doom, thousands fled into the wastes to be killed or captured by Speed Kults which circled the hive like vultures over a carcass.

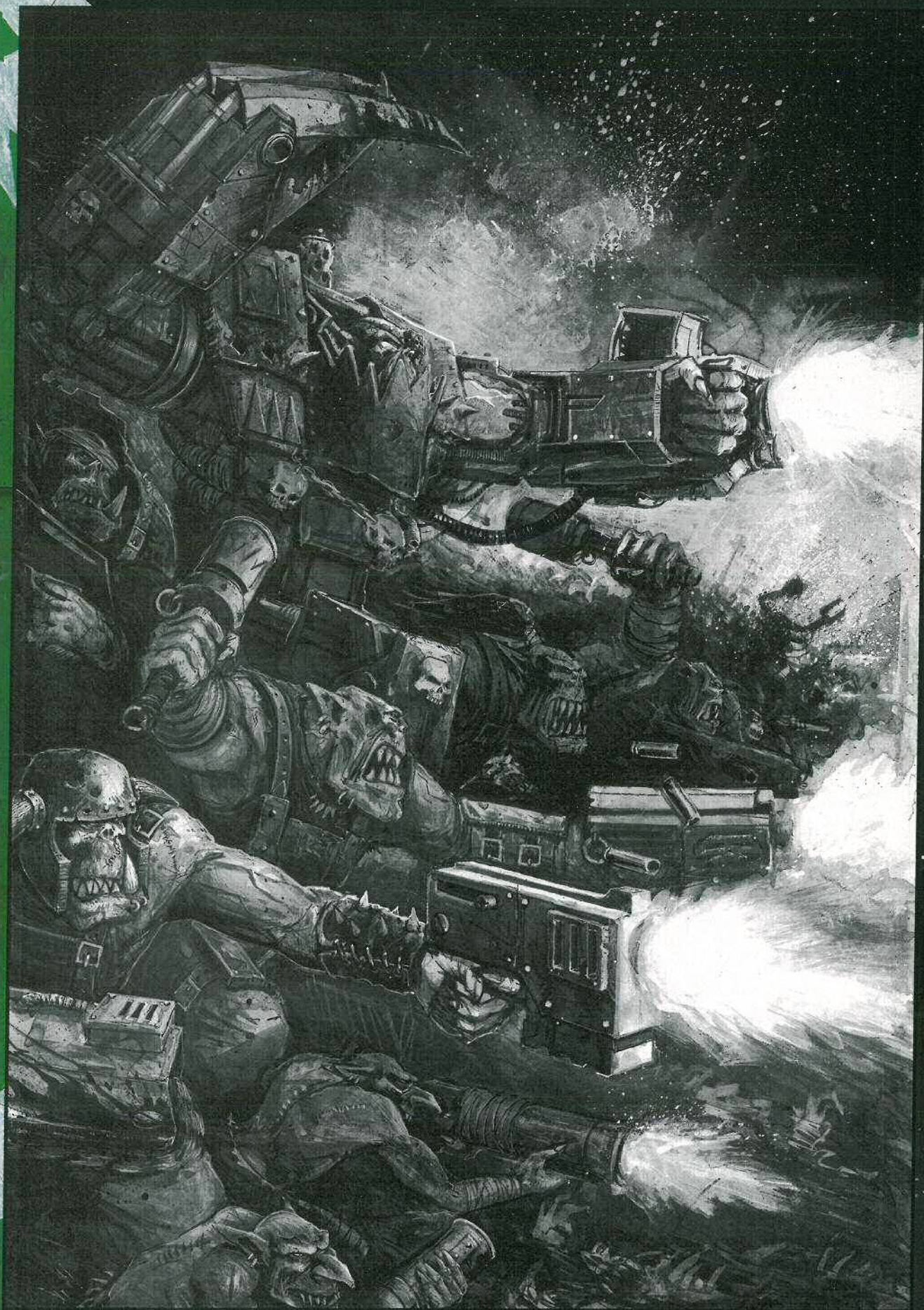
The Adeptus Arbites soon moved to secure the hive, turning back or executing any who failed in their duty to the Emperor. As Ghazghkull's horde came within



range, the last great siege guns of Infernus pounded them, lobbing thousand-pound shells into the mass of Greenskins until return fire from the orbiting hulks smashed them apart. In the brief lull that followed, Ghazghkull delivered to the defenders of Infernus a messenger. It was Colonel Gortar of the Chem Dogs, horribly mutilated and missing his eyes and hands. The message the Colonel bore was a simple one which would be heard many times across Armageddon in the months to come:

**"Surrender or die!"**





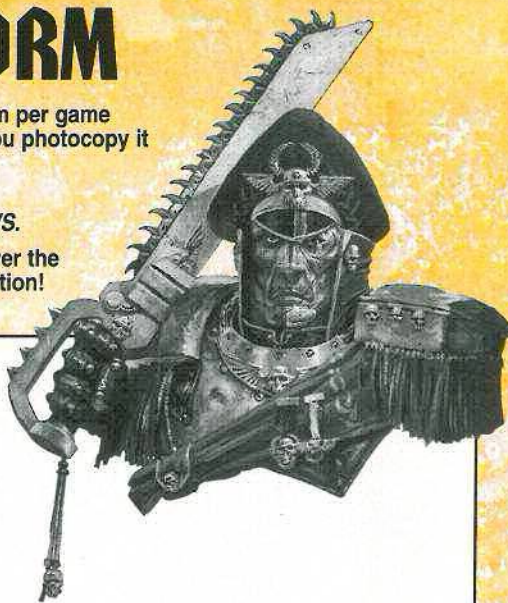


# BATTLE RESULTS FORM

For each game you play, simply fill in the details below (only one form per game please!) and send it off to us at the following address. We suggest you photocopy it as you'll doubtless be playing lots of games!

**ARMAGEDDON CAMPAIGN RESULTS, White Dwarf,  
Games Workshop, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.**

We'll add the result of each game into our campaign database and over the next few months we'll bring you progress reports on the overall situation!



## YOUR DETAILS

Name: .....

Address: .....

### Which game did you play?

Warhammer 40,000 ☐

Epic 40,000 ☐

Battlefleet Gothic ☐

### What was the total points value of your game?

Up to 1,000 ☐

Up to 2,000 ☐

Up to 3,000 ☐

3,000+ ☐

## ORK INVADERS

Supreme Commander's name: .....

Tick all armies that took part:

Orks ☐

Speed Freaks ☐

Chaos ☐

Dark Eldar ☐

Eldar ☐

Tyranids ☐

## IMPERIAL DEFENCE FORCES

Supreme Commander's name: .....

Tick all armies that took part:

Space Marines ☐

Imperial Guard ☐

Sisters of Battle ☐

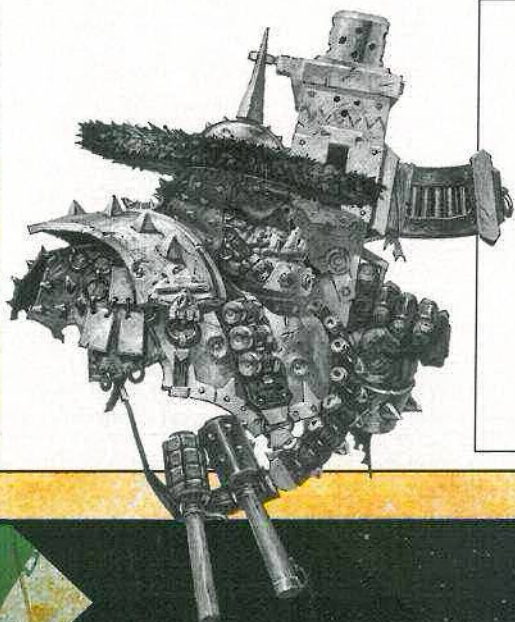
Eldar ☐

## WIN LOSE OR DRAW?

Imperial victory ☐

Ork victory ☐

Draw ☐



### Which warzone are you fighting for?

Plains of Anthrand (Africa) .....

Death Mire (France) .....

Equatorial Jungle (Asia & South America) .....

Infernus inc. Palidus & Diablo Mountains (UK) .....

Helsreach (USA) .....

Tartarus (Germany) .....

Acheron (Italy) .....

The Fire Wastes (Australia) .....

Phoenix Island (New Zealand) .....

Volcanus (Spain) .....

Deadlands Alpha (Scandinavia) .....

Netheria Peninsula (Canada) .....

Hades (Rest of the world) .....

Armageddon Sub-Sector (all Battlefleet Gothic battles) .....

— The 3rd War for —  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# THE ARMIES OF ARMAGEDDON

Priority level:  
Military Intelligence -  
utmost urgency

Transmitted:  
INOMINE VERITAS,  
Fleet capital ship,  
Armageddon System

Date: 6330999.M41

Transmitter:  
Astropath Prime Spartax  
Receiver: Astropath Ragnafar  
Author: High Marshal  
Helbrecht  
Thought: Duty is your fate

## FORCE DISPOSITION

- Marshal Actoan
- Command Squad: Apothecary, Techmarine, Sword Brethren Standard Bearer & Sword Brethren with meltagun
- Black Templars Squad: 10 Initiates & 4 Neophytes
- Black Templars Squad: 5 Initiates & 2 Neophytes
- Black Templars Assault Squad: 10 Initiates
- 2 Land Speeders
- 1 Land Raider "Crusader"

++We are the  
Emperor's sword!++



Black Templars Space Marine army - £100 boxed set

Priority level:  
Military Intelligence -utmost  
urgency

Transmitted:  
INOMINE VERITAS,  
Fleet capital ship,  
Armageddon System

Date: 6340999.M41

Transmitter:  
Astropath Prime Thoran  
Receiver:  
Astropath Ragnafar  
Author: Master Tu'Shun  
Thought: May the Emperor's  
vengeance burn within you

## FORCE DISPOSITION

- Chaplain Xavier
- Salamanders Command Squad: Commander, Standard Bearer, Techmarine, Apothecary and Veteran Sergeant not shown
- Tactical Squad Puertes: 10 Tactical Marines
- Devastator Squad Vulkan: 4 Devastator Marines and Sergeant
- Tactical Squad Fuego: 10 Tactical Marines
- 1 Rhino
- Terminator Squad Draco: 5 Terminator Marines
- 1 Predator battle tank
- 1 Land Raider

Enter the crucible  
of battle!



Salamanders Space Marine army - £100 boxed set

Special edition Armageddon army deals



The four armies introduced in Codex Armageddon are now available as boxed army deals. Only available in limited quantities through your local Games Workshop store, they present excellent value and an ideal way to field these forces on the field of battle.

## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

### ++BEGIN TRANSMISSION++

Priority level: Military  
Intelligence - utmost urgency  
Transmitted:  
INOMINE VERITAS,  
Fleet capital ship, Armageddon  
System  
Date: 6540999.M41  
Transmitter:  
Astropath Prime Thoran  
Receiver: Astropath Ragnafar  
Author: Colonel Van Sutton  
Thought: We are the Emperor's  
mailed fist

### FORCE DISPOSITION

- Commissar Yarrick
- Steel Legion Command Section:  
Lieutenant, Sergeant, 3  
troopers (one with plasma gun)
- Steel Legion Squad One:  
Sergeant, missile launcher  
team & 8 troopers (one with  
grenade launcher).
- Steel Legion Squad Two:  
Sergeant, lascannon team & 8  
troopers (one with grenade  
launcher).
- Steel Legion Squad Three:  
Sergeant, heavy bolter team &  
8 troopers (one with plasma  
gun).
- 1 Chimora
- 3 Sentinels

Advance in the name of  
the Emperor!



Armageddon Steel Legion Imperial Guard army - £100 boxed set

Priority level:  
Military Intelligence  
Transmitted:  
INOMINE VERITAS,  
Fleet capital ship,  
Armageddon System  
Date: 6340999.M41

Transmitter:  
Astropath Prime Thoran  
Receiver:  
Astropath Ragnafar  
Author:  
Scout Sergeant Roan

### ++FORCE DISPOSITION++

- Ghazghkull Thraka
- 4 Ork Nobz
- 1 Stormboy Nob
- 9 Stormboyz
- 5 Tankbustas
- 17 Slugga Boyz
- 18 Shoota Boyz
- 3 Warbikes
- 1 Wartrak
- 2 Killer Kans

++Thought: Suffer not he who defies the Emperor's will++



Ghazghkull Thraka's Ork horde - £100 boxed set

Only while stocks last - £100 each



# POWER OF

## ORK WARLORD GHAZGHKULL MAG URUK THRAKA

By now you can't have failed to notice that arguably the greatest Ork ever to have lived, Ghazghkull Thraka, is back and bigger than ever. Matt Hutson takes a misty-eyed look back at the various incarnations of Ghazghkull, starting with his first appearance way back in WD134...



### In da beginning

The first Ghazghkull appeared way back in WD134 as part of Andy Chamber's sample Goff Ork warband, picked from the Goff army list in 'Ere We Go (one of the first Ork army books). Ghazghkull's characteristic adamantium skull and his power to call on the Waaagh! came into being when Andy used the equipment charts to randomly generate them. The model itself was a Mike McVey conversion. Also appearing for the first time in this army was Mad Doc Grotznik.

2

### Armageddon

The next Ghazghkull appeared after the release of our boardgame, 'Battle for Armageddon' (you can download this game free from our campaign website: [www.armageddon3.com](http://www.armageddon3.com) - Fat Bloke). The game was based on the second Armageddon war and the two main characters were Ghazghkull and Commissar Yarrick. Inspired by the game's background, Jervis Johnson designed special rules for using them in Warhammer 40,000 and Epic 40,000, thus turning them into our first special characters.

## DA BOYZ

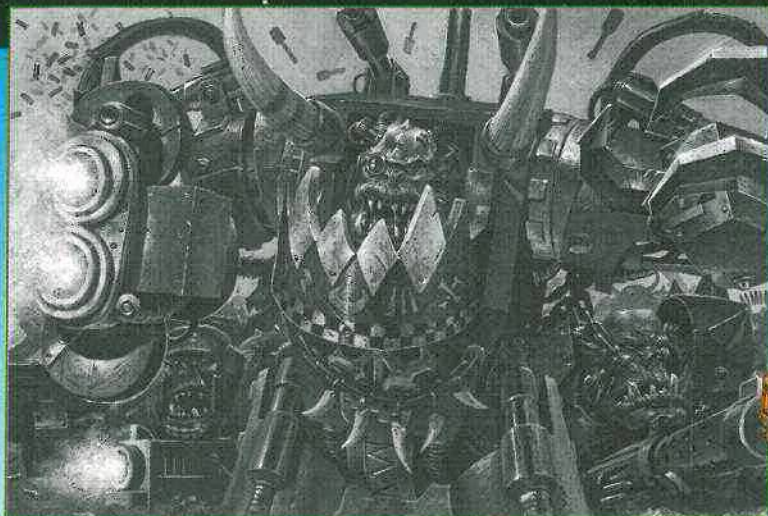
Coinciding with the release of Codex Armageddon are more greenskins to bolster your warband. The new Warboss is armed with a ferocious Attack Squig, coiled and ready to bite the face off your opponent! Deadly Ork Tankbusta Boyz are also here. These lads are perfect for destroying troublesome enemy tanks. Last but not least is the Stormboyz Nob to lead your Stormboyz to where the fighting is thickest.



Ork Tankbusta Boyz



# DA WAAAGH!



3

## The Beast Returns!

The new Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, sculpted by Brian Nelson, is an absolute monster. Clad head to toe in mega armour, he makes even the other Warbosses look like Grots in comparison! As big as a Dreadnought, he is proof that the more powerful an Ork gets the more he grows. We think this gargantuan model is one of Brian Nelson's best to date (all the sample models in the Studio disappeared very quickly!).

But Ghazghkull isn't just a great model – he is also a mighty special character to use in your Ork army. Able to call upon the Power of the Waaagh!, Ghazghkull is easily capable of turning the tide of battle for the Orks. Check out Arena of Death to see how he fares against his arch-enemy Commissar Yarrick.



Ork Warboss



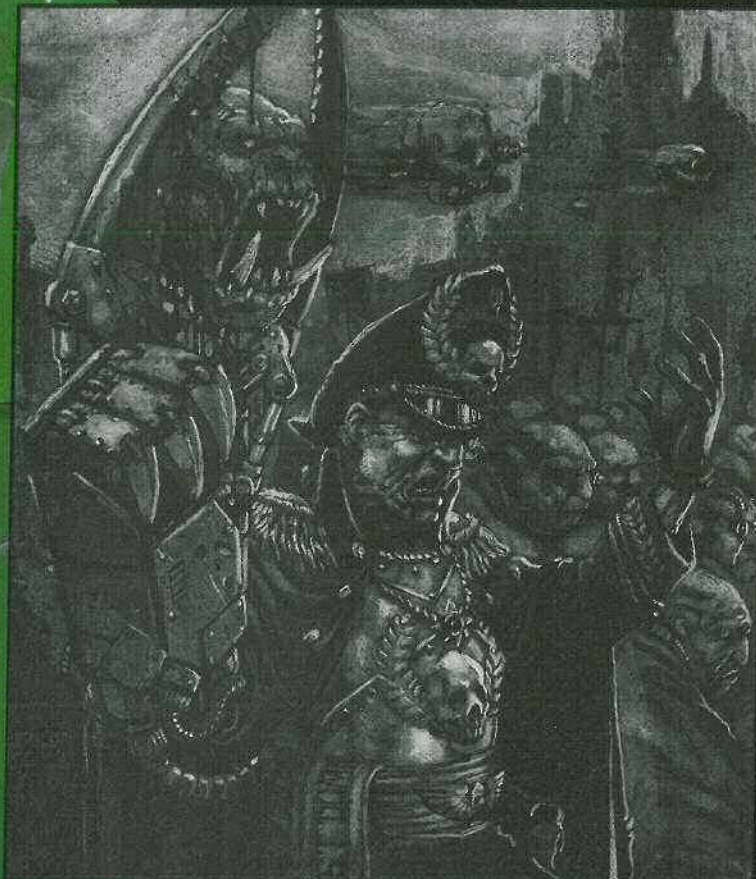
Ork Stormboy Nob



Two of the key protagonists in the Second Armageddon War, Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka and Imperial Commissar Yarrick have once again been thrown together in a global conflict on the world which made their reputations.

# BEST

## Imperial Commissar Yarrick



Commissar Yarrick was an old man when Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka first attacked the world of Armageddon and the second war began. His years with the Imperial Guard had been eventful ones for he had seen action in a dozen warzones with regiments from Necromunda, Luther McIntyre and Armageddon. His last mission was to run the Departamento Munitorium recruitment program on Armageddon, where the 4th regiment was being reformed. Armageddon being a large and populous world with a substantial military recruitment base, the 4th Armageddon was a big regiment – almost an army in its own right.

In his youth Yarrick had learned the Ork tongue whilst fighting on V'run. Since then he had made a study of the creatures and was considered something of an expert on the Ork mind. During the second war this knowledge was to prove invaluable, though it undoubtedly could have been used to better effect were it not for the stubbornness and arrogance of Herman von Strab, then Lord of Armageddon. Rather than listen to the advice of the old Commissar, von Strab had him banished to Hades, a sprawling hive complex away from the seat of government. As it happened, this was probably the best decision von Strab made during the whole war.

The Ork assault was swift and seemingly unstoppable. Von Strab's armies were by no means small or poorly equipped, but they could not stand before the savage Ork advance. Only when the Orks reached Hades did the surging tide come to a halt before the well ordered defences that Commissar Yarrick had quickly put into position. Even so, the

initial Ork attack led by Warlord Ugulhard would have swept away human resistance were it not for the presence of Yarrick himself.

The Ork Warlord glimpsed the Commissar across the battlelines and drove his forces directly to where Yarrick stood. With a barbarous roar the Ork threw himself upon the Commissar. He swung his snapping battle claw at Yarrick and severed his right arm at the elbow. The Warlord's bellow of victory was cut short as Yarrick, fighting the pain and shock as no normal man could, swung his chainsword in a crimson arc and severed Ugulhard's bony head from his shoulders. The Ork's body collapsed to the ground whilst the head continued to sneer and curse momentarily until the creature's extraordinary metabolism finally conceded that it was dead.

Yarrick calmly reached down and plucked the battle claw from the Ork's twitching body. He held it aloft so that all the green-skinned warriors could see it and know their champion had suffered defeat. A hush fell over the battlefield as man and Ork gazed in silence upon the gnarled old man brandishing the bloody claw. Then the humans cheered and the Orks wailed in horror, and all at once the defenders leapt upon the aliens with indomitable vigour. Only when the Orks had been beaten from Hades did Yarrick allow himself the luxury of passing out.

News of this incident spread like wildfire amongst the Orks. They said that Yarrick could not be killed and that his gaze was death to even the most powerful Ork. Wherever Yarrick fought the Orks would flee in terror, or whatever passed for terror inside their inhuman green skulls. Yarrick understood the Ork mind well and exploited this weakness to the full. He had Ugulhard's battle claw fabricated into a prosthetic limb to replace the arm the Warlord had taken from him. Later he lost his left eye to a splinter shot from a laser, and had a bio-implant made that projected a pulse of laser light. This terrified the Orks even more and they called him the Bale Eye who could kill with a glance.

For six months following the fight in which Yarrick lost his arm the defenders of Hades held out against further attack. Those who survived paint a confused picture of heroism and dark savagery as the Orks gradually infiltrated the hive complex. But all agree that it was Yarrick who kept the defenders together, who brought them back from defeat time and time again, and whose dogged belief in ultimate victory gave others the strength to go on. The time that he bought was to make all the difference. By the time relief forces of Imperial Guard and Space Marines arrived, the Orks had been worn down by the human defence. Even as Yarrick and his few remaining defenders gathered for the last stand the Ork armies were crumbling away.

Yarrick was one of the few survivors of the fighting around Hades. His barely living body was found by rescue searchers amongst the ruins, dozens of Ork corpses heaped at his feet. It took Yarrick many months to recover from his injuries, by which time the Orks had been defeated and a new Lord installed in place of the insane and incompetent von Strab. The old Commissar accepted nominal retirement and a training post on Armageddon where the planet's armies were being reformed. However, the knowledge that the supreme Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka was still living proved too great a distraction for Yarrick. After only a few months of peace he strapped on the Ork battle claw and reported for duty, vowing that he would not rest until Ghazghkull was hunted down and destroyed at last.



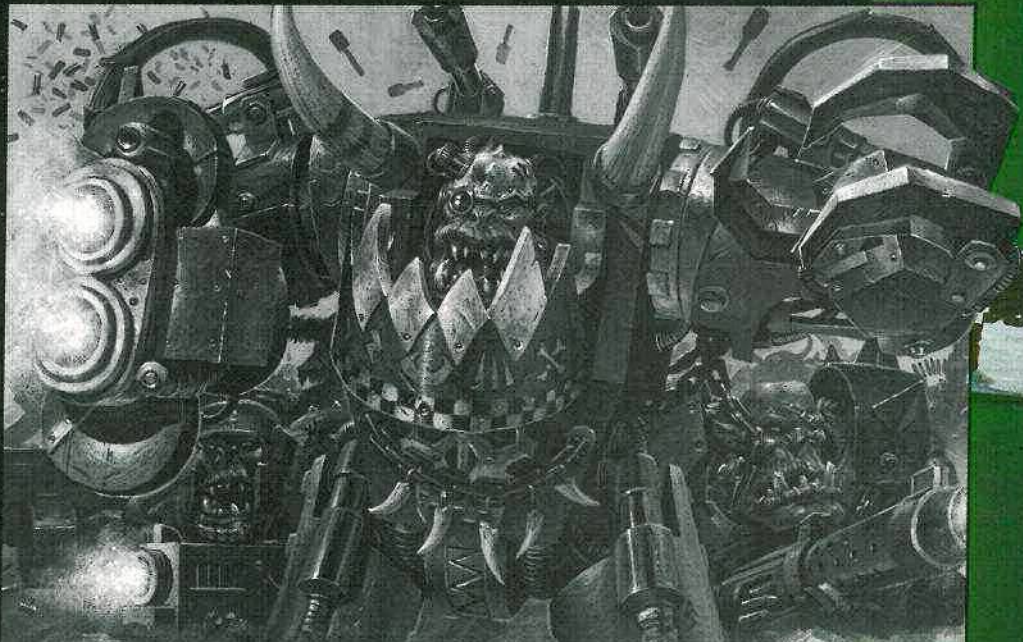
# OF ENEMIES

## Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka started his career as a common Goff Ork trooper on the backwater planet of Urk. During a raid, a bolter shell pulped a large area of his cranium and he suffered extensive brain damage. An Ork Painboy called Doc Grotznik replaced part of his cerebellum with a bionic device made of an incredibly strong metal called adamantium. It may be that this device triggered his latent psychic powers or it may be that Ghazghkull simply suffered from delusions, but, for whatever reason, ever after his 'accident' he claimed to be in contact with the Ork deities Gork and Mork.

Some dark power certainly favoured Ghazghkull, for his rise to prominence among the Orks of Urk was meteoric. He swiftly fought his way through the ranks till he achieved the position of supreme planetary boss. Orks are simple, brutal creatures, respecting little other than courage and battle prowess. It cannot be doubted that Ghazghkull possessed both of these qualities in abundance. In addition, he had something most Orks lack: he had vision. He stirred the Orks with impassioned speeches telling them that it was their mission to conquer the galaxy, to force all others to bow before them and pay tribute. He gave them a sense of common purpose and an overwhelming sense of destiny.

All this might have come to nothing, had not Urk's sun started to flicker and die. Ghazghkull told the Orks that this was a sign from Gork that the time had come to launch a Waaagh!



Those who wished to join the great crusade would follow Ghazghkull. Those who wished to disobey their gods would die. To an Ork they chose to follow Ghazghkull. They would conquer the galaxy or die in the attempt!

The first Imperial planet to be attacked by Ghazghkull's hordes was Armageddon. The full story of this cataclysmic conflict can be found in the Games Workshop game of the same name, but for the moment suffice to say that Ghazghkull's army was defeated and he was presumed killed. However, before long it became clear that Ghazghkull had managed to escape, and was still at large within the Imperium.

In battle Ghazghkull is a masterly opportunist and a great tactician, ever ready to exploit any weakness an opponent might present. Once combat is joined Ghazghkull is always in the thick of the fighting, roaming the battlefield in his highly mobile battlewagon so that he can ensure that everything is going according to "da plan". In close combat Ghazghkull is an awesome opponent, gunning down opponents and demonstrating the devastating effects of his adamantium skull when the fighting gets 'up close and personal'.

"I'm da hand of Gork and Mork. Dey sent me to rouse up da Boyz to crush and kill 'cos da Boyz forgot what dere 'ere for. I woz one of da Boyz till da godz smashed me in da 'cad an' I remembered dat Orks is meant to conquer and make slaves of everything they don't kill.

I'm da prophet of da Waaagh an' whole worlds burn in my boot prints. On Armour-Geddem I led da Boyz through da fire deserts and smashed da Humies' metal cities to scrap. I fought Yarik, old one-eye at Tartarus, an' he fought good but we smashed iz city too.

I'm death to anything dat walks or crawls; where I go nothin' stands in my way. We crushed da Stunties on Golgotha, an' we caught old one-eye when da Speed Freeks blew da Humies' big tanks ta bits. I let 'im go 'cause good enemies iz 'ard ta find, an' Orks need good enemies ta fight like they need meat ta eat an' grog ta drink.

I iz more cunnin' than a Grot an' more killy dan a Dread, da Boyz dat follow me can't be beat. On Pissnah we jumped da Marine-boyz an' our bosspoles was covered in da helmets we took from da dead 'uns. We burned dere port an' killed dere bosses an' left nothin' but ruins behind.

I'm Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka an' I speak wiv da word of da godz. We iz gonna stomp da 'ooniverse flat an' kill anything dat fights back. We iz gonna do this coz' we iz Orks an' we was made ta fight an' win."

Grffiti on Warlord Titan Wreckage found by Dark Angels at Westerly, Piscina IV

— The 3rd War for —  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# In Defence of



## COMMISSAR YARRICK THE HERO OF HADES HIVE

	Points	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Yarrick	171	4	4	3	4	3	4	3	10	4+

**A**n Imperial Guard army of 2,000 points or more may include Yarrick. If you decide to take him then he counts as one of the army's HQ choices. The army may include other Commissars as normal. He must be used exactly as described below and may not be given any extra equipment or wargear. In addition he may only be used in a battle where all players have agreed beforehand to the use of special characters.

**Wargear:** Master-crafted storm bolter, master-crafted laspistol, carapace armour (save modified above), force field, Bale Eye, battle claw (counts as a power fist).

### SPECIAL RULES

**Force Field:** Yarrick is protected by a special force field that reduces the energy of enemy attacks. Whenever he is hit, roll a D6 and deduct the amount from the Strength of the attack. If reduced to 0 or less, the attack is stopped completely. The force field has no effect on attacks that don't use Strength to inflict damage.

**Bale Eye:** Yarrick's Bale Eye is a bionic implant that incorporates a laser. It can be used at the same time that Yarrick attacks in close combat and hits automatically with a Strength of 4.

**Independent Character:** Yarrick is an Independent Character and follows the Independent Character special rules in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. Note that he does not follow the

special rules for Commissars and so is not assigned to an Officer or Sergeant, nor will he execute members of a squad that he joins.

**Fearless:** Yarrick is totally fearless and never has to take Morale or Pinning tests. He confers this ability to any unit that he joins.

**Iron Will:** Yarrick suffered numerous wounds during the Battle for Armageddon and yet miraculously cheated death and bravely carried on fighting. To represent this do not remove Yarrick as a casualty if he loses his last wound (even if the wound was lost to an 'instant kill' attack). Instead, place him on his side. Then, at the start of the Imperial Guard player's next turn, roll a D6. On a roll of 4+ Yarrick staggers back to his feet, bloody but defiant, and is restored back to 1 wound. On a roll of 1-3 even Yarrick has been laid low by the wound and is removed as a casualty.

The old man was tired. He had not slept properly for a long time. He was sick of the long pursuit and weary of the unending war. The Ork Warlord seemed to know neither doubt nor fear and was all the more frightening because of it. Defeat did not shake his confidence. Uncertainty did not enter his mind. He had taken the destruction of the Ork armies on Armageddon in his stride and immediately and ruthlessly started rebuilding his power base here on the arid world of Golgotha. Already he'd welded a disparate coalition of tribes into a force powerful enough to conquer the western continent. This was the last chance to stop him. "By the Emperor, where did he find the strength?" There were times when the old man almost admired Ghazghkull Thraka.

"Almost," he thought, savouring his hatred - "almost." The old man had many reasons to hate the Ork. He'd seen too many good people die because of Thraka's mad ambition. He had seen cities plundered, populations annihilated and a world laid waste by war, all because Thraka suffered under the delusion that his daemon gods had chosen him to rule the galaxy.

The old man leaned forward and braced himself on the Baneblade's huge turret. Overhead, the two fading moons looked down on the dawn-silvered land. He raised the magnoculars to his eyes and touched the focusing runes. The Ork horde leapt into view. Instantly he was transported back to similar dawns on Armageddon, when he had looked out the great view port of Hades Hive and seen a sea of bestial green faces. He recognised

the silhouette of a Great Gargant. It towered over a smaller Kustom Gargant. Around their bases were hundreds of other crudely constructed vehicles and war-machines. As the old man watched, thousands of green warriors broke camp and made ready for battle.

The horde out there was but a fraction of the size of the army Ghazghkull had once commanded and would command again if he was not stopped. It was a puddle compared to an ocean but the sight of it brought back the unwanted memories that haunted the old man.

He remembered the giant Gargants, their guns blazing from behind miles of earthworks, as they pounded his home-city to rubble. He remembered the terrible waves of attacks by the uncountable frenzied horde that had finally broken the will of the defenders. He remembered the men he'd led, and the people who had believed in him. Dead now, their fates seen only in the nightmares that drove him from his sleep.

He remembered the cries of the wounded, the pleas of the starving and the gibbering of those who had gone mad with fear. He recalled the shudder of the hive as shells from the distant Gargants ploughed into its armoured walls. He remembered faces gaunt with hunger and eyes dull with weariness as tired men looked to him for leadership. They trusted me, thought the old man, and I failed them. They asked me for leadership and I gave them lies. I promised them salvation and you gave them death. For that you will pay, Ghazghkull Thraka. This I promise you.



# Armageddon



*Armageddon Steel Legion infantry squad*

## ARMAGEDDON STEEL LEGION

Armageddon has a massive population and is capable of raising a large number of Imperial Guard regiments in times of war. At the height of the second Armageddon campaign, dozens of regiments were fielded with troops raised from Armageddon alone. The highly industrialised nature of Armageddon means that a large proportion of companies are Mechanised Infantry, and it's not uncommon for over 90% of a regiment to be made up of such units. It is for this reason that regiments raised on Armageddon are known as Armageddon Steel Legions.



*Missile launcher heavy weapon*



*Grenade launcher*



*Sergeant*



# Index Astartes



A series focusing on the  
Imperium's finest warriors,  
the Space Marines of the  
Adeptus Astartes

## PROMETHEAN WARRIORS

The Salamanders  
Space Marine Chapter

As one of the First Founding Chapters, the Salamanders' history goes back to the very birth of the Imperium. Salamander Space Marines are raised from the populace of Nocturne, a deadly volcanic world. Such a world breeds hardy warriors, strong of constitution and single-minded in purpose; ideal recruits for the Adeptus Astartes. Gav Thorpe takes a closer look at their history from their early beginnings to their involvement on the war-ravaged world of Armageddon.

### Origins

When the gods of Chaos scattered the Emperor's nascent Primarchs across the galaxy, one came to rest on the harsh volcanic world of Nocturne. The Primarch was found one morning by a blacksmith named N'bel, as he entered the yard of his smithy. For a long time the people of Nocturne had been plagued by Eldar pirates, whose constant raids pillaged the small settlements and enslaved Nocturne's children. The wise men had prophesied the arrival of a saviour, who would come to them from the heavens to rid them of the decadent Eldar. So it was that N'bel instantly recognised the greatness within the infant that he found lying on the bare stones of his yard. He named him Vulkan, after the first king of the salamanders, the giant lizards that roam Nocturne, and raised him as a son.

Vulkan's growth was extraordinary. Within three years he was bigger and stronger than any man in the town, and his mind was sharper than any Nocturne-forged blade. He had rapidly learnt all the skills of metalworking taught to him by N'bel, soon surpassing even the master smith's renowned ability. It was Vulkan who taught the people of Nocturne the most hidden secrets of alloys and bonding, improving their already considerable skill at weapon-making and artifice.

It was during Vulkan's fourth year that the Eldar came to his town, intent on raiding and pillaging. He roused the town's populace from their hiding places in attics and cellars, standing at the forefront of the defence and single-handedly slew a hundred Eldar that day, wielding a huge blacksmith's hammer in each hand. The Eldar fled from Vulkan's wrath and the story of the town's triumph spread across Nocturne. Soon the headmen of the seven most important settlements travelled to pay homage to Vulkan, praising him for his example in fighting the Eldar. They swore to never again hide in fear, but to face their foes and crush them. It was decided to hold a huge celebration, including a massive contest of skill at arms and craftsmanship.

It was at the opening ceremony of the celebrations that a stranger appeared. His skin was pale and his garb outlandish. He announced that he could best any man in any contest. The gathered crowds laughed uproariously, believing that none could be more superior in intellect, physique or skill than their superhuman leader. Vulkan and the stranger wagered that whoever lost was to swear eternal obedience to the victor. The competitions lasted for eight days and including many feats of strength and endurance. At the anvil lift, the strongest men could hold an anvil above their head for an hour and a half – Vulkan and the stranger carried the heavy anvil aloft for half a day before the judges declared the contest a draw so that they could proceed to the next event. And so it was that they were almost equally matched in skill and strength. Occasionally one would



slightly best the other, but when it came to the start of the final event, the salamander slaying, they were evenly matched. Each had a day and a night to forge a weapon and then hunt down the largest salamander they could find. Whoever brought back the heaviest carcass would win the wager and the allegiance of the other.

The ringing of hammers on metal echoed across the volcanic hills for the whole day, neither man pausing for a moment to rest or refresh themselves. As the Nocturne sun sank below the mountains they watched the highest peaks for signs of the giant salamanders. Vulkan vowed that he would climb to the summit of Mount Deathfire, where the largest firedrakes could be found, huge beasts weighing several tons. The stranger said that wherever Vulkan went, he would follow.

It is claimed that the two climbed the precipitous mountains with astounding speed, bounding from rock to rock, the stranger carrying a keen-edged blade, Vulkan with his immense silver-headed hammer held ready. They passed from sight, but soon the skies were rent with the sound of battle and the flames of the firedrakes licked the clouds of smoke that gathered over the volcanoes. It was Vulkan who found his prey first, smashing its armoured head from its shoulders with a mighty sweep of his hammer. The stranger spied another, even mightier still than Vulkan's conquest and set off in pursuit. As Vulkan carried his prize back to the settlement, ill fate beset him, Mount Deathfire erupted into violent life, hurling rocks and lava high into the air. He was flung to the edge of a precipice, where he clung for several hours by one hand, the other grimly held onto the tail of the dead salamander, Vulkan determined to keep his prize.

It was then that the stranger appeared, calling Vulkan's name from the other side of a wide lava flow. Vulkan answered the cry, and could see that the stranger's prey was indeed larger than his own. But by now even Vulkan's almost endless constitution was growing slim, weakened as he was by over a week of hard contest. His grip began to shake, and

yet he was too proud to call for help. But it seemed that the stranger realised the Primarch's peril, and hurled the corpse of his salamander into the lava, making himself a bridge to cross. With great leaps the stranger hurled himself towards Vulkan, hauling the wearied Primarch from the edge of the abyss. Even as Vulkan felt himself being pulled up by the stranger's strong arms, he saw the salamander's body being consumed by the lava and swept away.

When the two returned to the settlement, it was the ruling of the judges that Vulkan had won, for the stranger had returned with no prize at all. The gathered throng cheered heartily, but were silenced by Vulkan. As they watched, he knelt on one knee and bowed his head to the stranger, saying that any man who valued life over pride was worthy of his service. The stranger revealed himself to be the Holy Emperor himself and, from that day forth, Nocturne was to be the home of the Salamanders Legion, in memory of the mighty beasts which had united the Primarch and his Lord.

## Home world

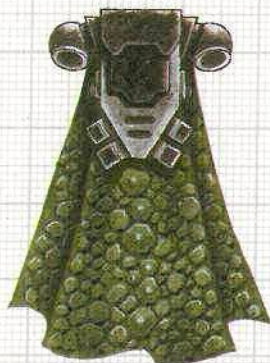
The Salamanders Chapter hails from a binary planetary system in the western reaches of the Ultima Segmentum. The two worlds, Nocturne and its oversized moon Prometheus, circle each other in an erratic orbit, causing massive tectonic activity across the thin crust of Nocturne. The world is girded by chains of active volcanoes and rent apart by frequent earthquakes. Once every Nocturne year, some fifteen Terran years long, the two worlds approach so closely that Nocturne is almost torn asunder. Known as the Time of Trial, this period is marked by tidal waves sweeping across the rough seas, the ash and smoke from thousands of volcanoes blotting out the dim light of Nocturne's sun, and the ground trembling constantly. Towns and villages are thrown down into ruin, continents shift and a cold winter envelops the lands for the next quarter of a year, freezing the young and killing the few livestock animals that can survive the normally harsh and hot climate of the planet.

Chapter Approved. Access Level: Ω seven

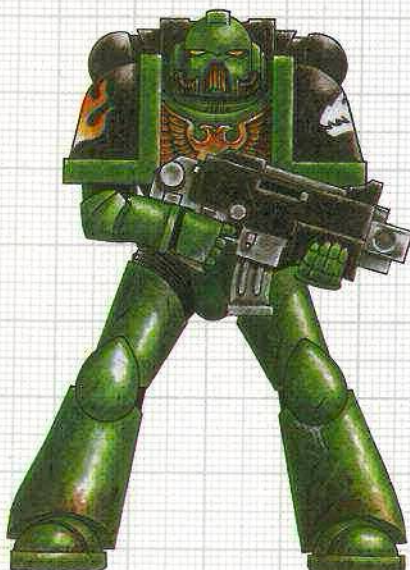
Salamanders Chapter, Progenitor Legion M31



Mk IV Boltgun, Ultima pattern



Imp. ref. 555/ftp/mantle



Mk VII Adeptus Astartes Power Armour



Ref. 00921/Promethean cult markings (cross.ref. Heretic Cults)

Code: laura crane



Imp. ref. 004/E Adeptus Astartes relic



## Index Astartes: The Salamanders

Some would say that the people of Nocturne are mad to endure such conditions, but over hundreds of generations they have been moulded by their world into a hardy race. And Nocturne's Time of Trials brings great reward too. The upheaval opens up veins of precious gems and metals, uncovering vital ores for smelting. When the lava flows cool, they can be mined for other precious elements, pockets of gas that can be used to power engines, diamonds and other crystals valuable to the Adeptus Mechanicus for lasers and energy transmission systems. And this is how Nocturne survives, by trading its vast mineral wealth with other worlds, using its resources to bring in new livestock and building materials and the few weapons which the Salamanders Space Marines cannot construct themselves.

The Chapter fortress-monastery is based upon the giant moon, Prometheus. It is the only settlement on Prometheus, and is little more than a space port linked to an orbital dock where the Chapter's strike cruisers and battle barges can be refitted and restocked. The Chapter spends its time, when not at war, on Prometheus, living amongst the inhabitants. The Salamanders have very close links with their home world, mingling with the people rather than living aloof as many Chapters do. The Salamanders are the settlements' leaders, a source of inspiration and guidance for the Nocturne populace, and it is as much this position of authority and respect that young aspirants crave as the chance to become a legendary warrior of the Emperor.

Recruitment starts very young for the Salamanders, with a hopeful coming to work as apprentice to a Salamander at the age of six or seven Terran years. They will then spend



several more years learning the skills of the smith, as Vulkan did in his early life. From these apprentices, the most able will then be judged by the Chapter's Apothecaries and Chaplains and the worthy will be taken to Prometheus to undergo the bio-surgery required to make them into Space Marines. At various points in their adaptation and training, the young Scouts must endure the same trials and tests that Vulkan and the Emperor competed in, their final initiation culminating in them hunting down a salamander and slaying it.

### Combat doctrine

The Salamanders follow normal Space Marine tactical and strategic dogma, with a slight variation to compensate for their own physical and mental traits. They have a preference for close-ranged firefights, using many melta and flamer weapons to smash armoured foes and burn swathes of lighter troops.

Coming from a society that places great prestige in craftsmanship and which has high regard for artisans, the Salamanders have access to, and can maintain, highly sophisticated forms of technology. This is most evident in the numbers of Terminators in their armies, as well as a greater proportion of artificer armour and master-crafted weaponry and is supplemented by regular trade with the Adeptus Mechanicus, made possible by Nocturne's abundant mineral resources.

### Organisation

The Salamanders Chapter organisation was laid down when Vulkan swore allegiance to the Emperor. Each Company was founded from the seven greatest settlements of Nocturne, each commanded by a Captain from that settlement. This organisation is still true today, although ever since the disappearance of Vulkan some thousand years after the Legion's Founding, the Captain of the First Company has been given the role of Chapter Master. This position is considered a regency by the Salamanders, who believe that one day Vulkan will return to lead the Chapter in a great campaign to conquer Chaos.

Each Company is slightly larger than a standard Codex Company, and squads were reorganised following the





writing of the Codex Astartes after the Great Heresy. The conditions on Nocturne are not conducive to training for high speed attack or using the anti-grav engines of Land Speeders, so the Chapter employs relatively few of these specialised fast attack units. The Scout company is the smallest known in any Chapter, the sparse population of Nocturne and the Salamanders' slow but meticulous selection process gives a low turn around of new recruits.

The First Company is treated as a warrior cadre within the Headquarters itself, and forms the personal guard of the Chapter Master. They are known as the Firedrakes, after the largest of the salamander lizards that roam Nocturne. To enter the First Company, a warrior must be nominated by his Captain for the honour, and then must prove that such faith was well founded by slaying a firedrake. The Hall of the Firedrakes in the Chapter Monastery on Prometheus is hung with all the hides from the Firedrake salamanders slain as part of this trial.

### Beliefs

The beliefs of the Salamanders are governed by the Promethean cult, which places great emphasis on self-reliance, loyalty and self-sacrifice. Much of this stems from the lessons learnt while training as a smith – patience with relentless determination are highly valued mental characteristics.

The hammer and fire are important symbols in the teaching of the Promethean cult. Ritual scarring by branding and burning is commonplace amongst the battle brothers of the Salamanders, and trials of walking over burning coals and carrying red-hot metal bars are held frequently.

### Gene-seed

As far as can be ascertained, the Salamanders' gene-seed appears to be stable and as yet uncorrupted. The reflexes of Salamanders Space Marines are not as fast as those of other Chapters, although still quick when suited in power armour. However, it is unknown whether this is due to a defect in the gene-seed, a result of their high gravity world, or comes about from the Chapter's doctrines against hastiness and impetuosity.

The Salamanders have never been great in number and were the smallest of the First Founding Legions. Perhaps it is for this reason that there seem to have been no Second Founding successor Chapters formed from the Salamanders, whilst the other Legions were broken down into several smaller fighting forces. It is a matter of debate whether there have been Successor Chapters during subsequent Foundings, although it appears likely and many scholars point to similarities in the physique, markings and tactical dogma of Chapters such as the Storm Giants and Black Dragons.

### Battlecry

"Into the fires of battle, unto the anvil of war!"

### The Salamanders and Armageddon

The Salamanders have been involved in many magnificent conquests and wars, but in recent times even these great achievements have been eclipsed by their stalwart fighting during the Second Armageddon War. While the Blood

## TU'SHAN.

### Chapter Master of the Salamanders. Regent of Prometheus

At the outset of the Second Armageddon War, Chapter Master Tu'Shan had only held his rank for three years. To do battle against Ghazghkull Thraka would be a hard test of his skills as a leader and strategist, and it was with no hesitation that the humble Tu'Shan agreed to follow



Commander Dante of the Blood Angels. During the campaign, it was Tu'Shan who helped rally the scattered Imperial defenders. In battle, Tu'Shan and his Firedrakes were responsible for defending one of the few bridges across the Stygies river, against a thousand-strong Ork Speed Freck column, fighting continuously for three days and four nights. At the end of the campaign, Dante himself sought out the young Chapter Master and praised Tu'Shan in front of all of the Blood Angels. This was a supreme gesture, for the Salamanders no greater honour can be bestowed than the respect of one's brothers in arms.

He is known to have met Yarrick on at least one occasion, and it is claimed that the two had an instant respect for each other. Yarrick heartily welcomed Tu'Shan's offer to once again defend Armageddon when Ghazghkull returned at the head of the mightiest Ork force ever seen.

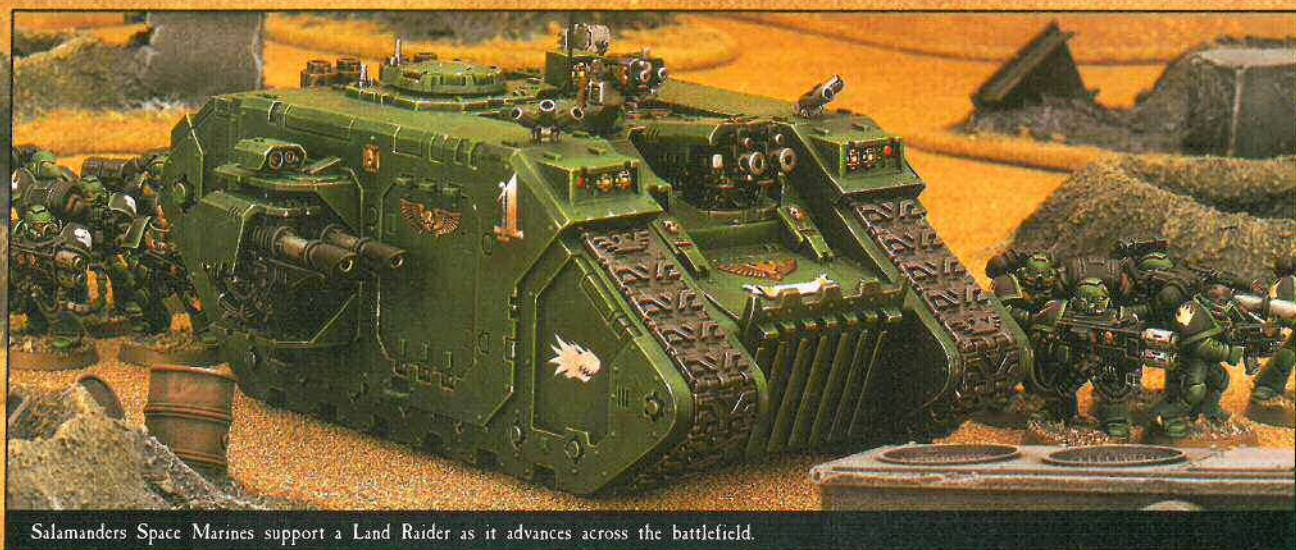
Angels set about destroying the Ork horde, and the Ultramarines bent their strength to the defence of the surviving hive cities, the Salamanders took upon themselves the essential but neglected task of protecting the supply convoys, fighting rearguard actions against the Ork advances and escorting refugee columns. So unstinting were they in these arduous but unsung duties, the Salamanders were to earn the gratitude and respect of thousands of Imperial Guardsmen and civilians. The Salamanders have become renowned as sturdy and dependable allies, a reputation which is not shared by other, more unpredictable, Chapters.

When Ghazghkull launched his new offensive against the Imperial forces on Armageddon, the Salamanders were one of the first Chapters to respond, sending a full six Companies to combat the Orks, including Chapter Master Tu'Shan personally leading his Firedrakes. The Salamanders have launched several counter-attacks against the rock-forts landed by the Orks along the Hemlock river. Preferring the close-quarter fighting within the maze of crudely carved tunnels within the Roks to the long-range duels in the desert, the Salamanders have made the Orks pay a high price for their audacity. At least three Roks have been destroyed by the Salamanders' attacks, killing untold thousands of greenskins.



# BATTLE FORCE VULKAN

## SALAMANDERS SPACE MARINES OF THE 2ND COMPANY



Salamanders Space Marines support a Land Raider as it advances across the battlefield.





Salamanders cleanse the evil Dark Eldar from the ruins of a hive world.



A favoured heavy weapon of the Salamanders is the deadly multi-melta.



## THE SALAMANDERS CHAPTER ORGANISATION

### HEADQUARTERS

#### HEADQUARTER STAFF

The title of Chapter Master is taken by the Captain of the First Company (who act as his personal bodyguard).  
Administrative Staff Support Personnel

#### FIRST COMPANY 'FIREDRAKES'

Chapter Master  
Master of Chaplains  
Chief Apothecary  
Chapter Standard Bearer

**Squads:**  
12 Veteran

**Support:**  
Dreadnoughts  
Rhinos  
Land Raiders  
Terminator Armour

#### ARMOURY

Techmarines  
Servitors  
Predators, Vindicators,  
Whirlwinds, Rhinos,  
Razorbacks, Land Raiders

#### LIBRARIUS

Chief Librarian  
Epistolaries  
Codiciers  
Lexicaniums

### BATTLE COMPANIES

#### SECOND COMPANY

Captain  
Chaplain  
Apothecary  
Standard Bearer

**Squads:**  
7 Tactical  
3 Devastator  
2 Assault

**Support:**  
Dreadnoughts  
Rhinos  
Bikes  
Land Speeders

#### THIRD COMPANY

Captain  
Chaplain  
Apothecary  
Standard Bearer

**Squads:**  
7 Tactical  
3 Devastator  
2 Assault

**Support:**  
Dreadnoughts  
Rhinos  
Bikes  
Land Speeders

#### FOURTH COMPANY

Captain  
Chaplain  
Apothecary  
Standard Bearer

**Squads:**  
7 Tactical  
3 Devastator  
2 Assault

**Support:**  
Dreadnoughts  
Rhinos  
Bikes  
Land Speeders

### RESERVE COMPANIES

#### FIFTH COMPANY

Captain  
Chaplain  
Apothecary  
Standard Bearer

**Squads:**  
8 Tactical  
4 Devastator

**Support:**  
Dreadnoughts  
Rhinos

#### SIXTH COMPANY

Captain  
Chaplain  
Apothecary  
Standard Bearer

**Squads:**  
4 Tactical  
8 Devastator

**Support:**  
Dreadnoughts  
Rhinos

#### SEVENTH COMPANY

Captain  
Chaplain  
Apothecary

**Squads:**  
6 Scout

**Support:**  
Bikes

### SQUAD NUMBERS AND HONOUR MARKINGS



Salamander Space Marines often display squad numbers on their leg armour.

Typical honour markings are the blacksmith's hammer and stylised fire symbols.

### FIRST COMPANY

Veteran



Terminator



### BATTLE COMPANIES

2nd Company



3rd Company



4th Company



### RESERVE COMPANIES

5th Company



6th Company



### SEVENTH COMPANY

Scouts





# GAMESDAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2000

Tickets on sale  
at £15 each.  
Check with Mail Order  
or your local  
GW store.

**Sunday 24th September 2000**  
**National Indoor Arena, Birmingham**

25 YEARS OF GAMES WORKSHOP



1975 2000



# •GOLDEN DEMON•2000

## Entrants' Survival Guide

Each year around two thousand entries are brought to the Golden Demon painting championships, with each of the entrants hoping to win one of the Golden Demon trophies or even the coveted Slayer Sword itself. This survival guide should help this year's hopefuls to enter the Golden Demon tournament as easily as possible.

### *When and where to queue!*

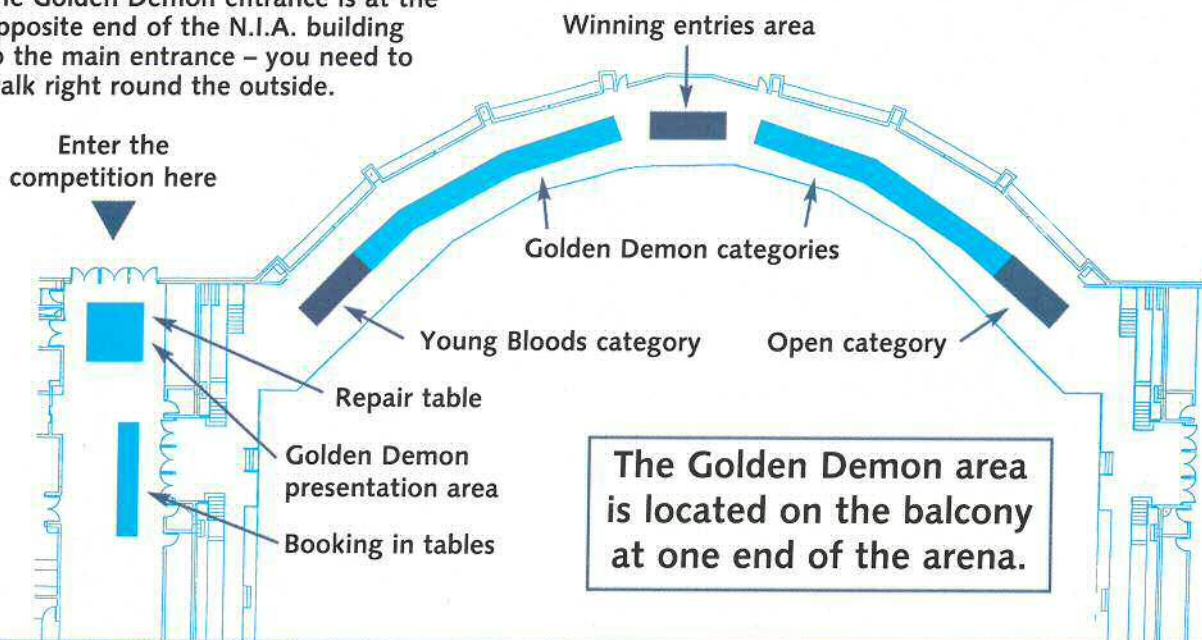
The Golden Demon tournament opens for entry logging at 9.00, one hour before the main event opens its doors. To log in your entry you can either queue by the Golden Demon entrance (see plan below), or enter through the main Games Day doors. There will be signs around the arena directing you to the Golden Demon entrance but if you get hopelessly lost, simply ask one of the dozens of Games Workshop staff that are bound to be milling around. It goes without saying that the earlier your miniature is on display the better, as this gives it more chance to catch the

judges' eyes. The last entry must be booked in by 12.00 to allow the judges to complete their first round judging by 12.30.

### *How do I book in my entry?*

So you're queuing up and the row of booking in tables are rapidly approaching – what do you need to have prepared? The answer is a completed entry form (see the example opposite). It is important to have a separate entry form for each entry you have. Please complete the whole form using clear block capitals. Entry forms can be photocopied from the Golden Demon article in

The Golden Demon entrance is at the opposite end of the N.I.A. building to the main entrance – you need to walk right round the outside.



### THE TIMETABLE:

- |            |   |
|------------|---|
| 9.00 am -  | Golden Demon competition opens for entry booking in.  |
| 10.00 am - | The Games Day event opens.  |
| 12.00 pm - | Last entries must be submitted before 12.00.  |
| 12.30 pm - | 1st round judging will be complete.   |
| 1.00 pm -  | All miniatures that are not in the winning entries area may be collected.                             |
| 2.30 pm -  | Final judging complete – all winning miniatures may now be collected.                                 |
| 2.45 pm -  | All category winners are asked over the arena tannoy to gather in the Golden Demon presentation area. |
| 3.00 pm -  | Category winners are presented with their statues and Studio invitations.                             |
| 3.45 pm -  | Winners assemble by the main stage for Slayer Sword presentation.                                     |



White Dwarf 247. Printed versions will also be handed out on the morning of the event. It goes without saying that you should have filled in as much information as you can before you reach the booking in tables.

Once you reach the booking in table, hand over your entry form and you will receive a competitor's receipt/entry number card. A number will be printed on both parts of this card (see the example right), this number will be recorded on your entry form and the category number will be circled on all three items. Your entry card will then be carefully filed and you will be given a Golden Demon competitor's sticker.

Now your entry has been allocated a number, all that is left is to place your miniature on the appropriate category table. From the booking in table move through onto the balcony where you will find the individual categories designated by large, hard to miss posters!

## Category Tables

The first category you will reach is the Young Bloods category, which is always the most popular. The Open category has the largest individual entries and is situated at the far end. In between these two categories are the ten Golden Demon categories and the winning entries area.

When you reach the appropriate table, hand over your miniature and its entry number card to a staff member who will display the entry on the card behind the glass screen. Make sure you keep the competitor's receipt safe as you will need this to collect your entry later (no receipt – no miniature!).

## Running repairs

If entries become damaged, repairs can be made at the repair table which will be situated next to the booking in area. Carrying cases or packing you may have for transporting your entries cannot be left in the Golden Demon area and must be taken away by entrants (bringing a rucksack is a good idea).

## Making the grade

The judges mark all entries that have made the first round cut by placing a small, round, green sticker on the relevant entry number card. These successful entries are then moved to the winning entries area and displayed in the appropriate category. It is from these groups of entries that the first, second and third place winners for each category are chosen.

## Collecting your entries

After 1 o'clock all entries not in the winning area can be collected. Simply locate your miniature and present your competitor's receipt to a staff member who will check that the number on your receipt is the same as the number on the entry number card, and hand you your entry.

## And the winner is...

By 2.45 the names of the Golden Demon winners will be called out over the arena tannoy system and asked to gather in the presentation area close to the booking in area. At 3.00 the judges will present the trophies to the winners of the ten Golden Demon categories, the Young Bloods and the Open competition.

All the winners are invited to Nottingham where White Dwarf editor Paul Sawyer will give a tour around Games Workshop HQ and the winning miniatures can be photographed for inclusion in a future issue of White Dwarf.

## There can be only one!

At 4.00 the first place winners from each category are introduced on the Games Day stage, and one of these twelve skilled painters will become the Slayer Sword winner. After a brief (yeah, right! – Fat Bloke) introduction, GW Studio Manager Robin Dews will open the all-important envelope and announce the winner of this year's tournament, who will then strike the traditional pose by lifting the Slayer Sword in triumph.

Good Luck!

**GAMESDAY GOLDEN DEMON 2000**

Entry Number **0744**

**OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM**  
IMPORTANT! Please fill in a separate entry form for each entry!

Name **Andy Bard**  
Address **34 High Street, Blidworth-on-sea, Bindlesbire**  
Postcode **BD19 4CL**  
Telephone Number **0257 75356**

Category Name & Number **Warhammer 40,000 Single Miniature (1)**  
Description of entry **Khorne Bloodletter Champion**

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY  
Category Number  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 YB OC

**GOLDEN DEMON 2000 Competitor's Receipt**  
0744

IMPORTANT: Retain this half of your receipt. You must present it when you collect your model, so do not lose it!

Category Number  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 YB OC

**GOLDEN DEMON Entry Number**  
0744

Please give your entry and this half of your receipt to the Entry Marshal

Category Number  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 YB OC

**GOLDEN DEMON Number**  
0744

Please give your entry and this half of your receipt to the Entry Marshal

Category Number  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 YB OC





[www.games-workshop.com](http://www.games-workshop.com)

# ***RECRUITMENT 2000*** **UK ROADSHOW**

- Are you passionate about the Games Workshop Hobby?
- Do you own an army?
- Can you talk enthusiastically about our games?
- If 'yes', then we would like to see you.

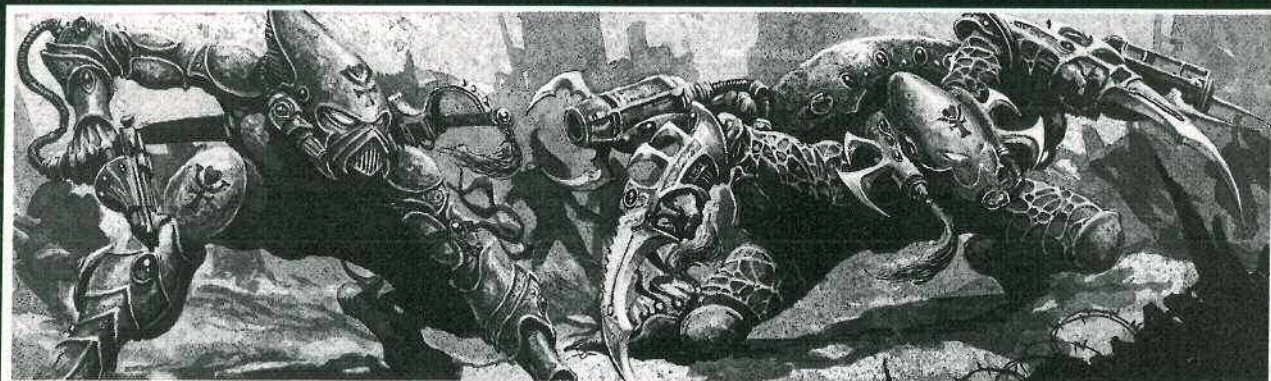
## **COME AND SEE US AT THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS:**

Carlisle Store	-	Wednesday 16th August
Chester Store	-	Wednesday 23rd August
Sheffield Store	-	Wednesday 23rd August
Loughborough Store	-	Wednesday 30th August
Bromley Store	-	Wednesday 6th September
Cribbs Causeway (Bristol)	-	Monday 11th September

RECRUITMENT DAYS WILL RUN FROM 10.00 a.m. TO 3.00 p.m.

We are looking for Key Time, Full Time, Trainee and Store Management positions throughout the UK.

So bring along your miniatures/army, C.V. or application form with you and come and have a chat about careers with Games Workshop.



If you would like more information please call the UK Sales Personnel Department on (0115) 916 8172.



# SPEED FREEKS!

## Ork Kults of Speed in Warhammer 40,000

All Orks want to get to grips with their enemy as fast as they possibly can. For Speed Freeks this means jumping into the nearest transport and racing top whack towards enemy lines. The release of Codex Armageddon now allows players to take an army of Speed Freeks into battle. Space McQuirk (*yes, really... - Fat Bloke*) takes a closer look at the background of these adrenaline charged tread heads.

### Spored to be Wild

The mere thought of ear deafening noise, machines and charging at full speed into battle is enough to make any Ork drool with excitement. So it is hardly surprising that a large number of them crave nothing more than to cut a swathe through the enemy's troops whilst mounted on a motley collection of bikes, buggies, trukks and Battlewagons. In fact an Ork will attach a powerful motor, armour plating and the shootiest weapons they can get their hands on to any set of wheels that moves. Any Ork who can get his hands on his own set of wheels (or even his mate's for that matter), won't pass up the chance to tear full-speed around the battlefield.

Ork Meks spend hours tinkering in garages, fixing armour plates and big shootas to their buggies and bikes in a frenzy of kustomisation. For some Orks, though, the passion to drive begins to take over all other thoughts, they find themselves unable to stop their vehicles, eating and even sleeping on the move. The Ork becomes engrossed in the need to race his comrades at every opportunity. Finding rivals to beat becomes an obsession and soon he becomes lost within the Kult of Speed. To his old companions he becomes known as a Speed Freak.

### Da Kultz of Speed

A vast variety of Kultz of Speed can be found within the settlements of most tribes, and more often than not there will be a couple of Kultz competing against each other to see who is the best. This is certainly true amongst tribes with a high proportion of followers from the Evil Sunz clan, whose dominant characteristics are an obsession with vehicles and speed. They are by no means the only clan in which the Kult is found. The need to go fast is a common trait amongst Orks and so most clans contain Kult of Speed fanatics.

Unlike many religious cults found within other races' societies, the Kult of Speed has no ordered hierarchy. The Ork with the most powerful machine tends to take the honour of being Da Boss. The Kult's followers can usually be found tearing around the boundaries of the stronghold, racing each other over crudely marked tracks. These racecourses are littered with the wrecks and debris of previous contenders' crashed vehicles, making them excellent training grounds for when the Orks go into battle. To the deep frustration of many an Ork Warlord, the races can get out of hand. Drivers often lose all control of their vehicles, careering straight through the heart of the camp. Untold mayhem is created as the vehicles crash, causing Orks and their slaves to scatter into cover.



Grand Warlord Adrian Wood's converted Ork buggies.



Hidden, protected from the elements beneath a giant sand dune, the egg had been incubating for over seven hundred years. Driven by some deep instinct, the small creature inside began to stir. Forcing its way out of the fragile shell, it pushed up through the sand. The hatchling finally crawled onto the surface. For the first time its small, innocent eyes opened to look into the light of a bright new day.

Kersplakk! Guzbob never noticed the tiny fire turtle as it was flattened beneath the massive front wheel of his bike. It would not have made any difference even if he had seen it. His eyes were focused upon the distant horizon; everything else within his field of vision became one huge blur of colour. A short distance ahead, through a thick cloud of dust and black smoke, he could see the silhouettes of the rest of the Boyz. Warbuggies tore along the sand, their engines roaring loudly. Ahead of the buggies, barely visible through the layers of fine dust that gathered on his goggles, he could see the warbikes. Their banners flapped in the hot desert wind as each Ork bravely launched his bike off the dune crests. At the rear of the pack, throwing plumes of dust into the trailing Ork's face, a massive, armour plated Battlewagon with smoke billowing out from its large exhaust carried all those Orks who had no vehicle of their own. Protruding from above the jagged panels of corrugated metal rivetted to the side of the

vehicle, he could just about make out the heads of the Orks letting the rush of wind blow against their faces. Those who were at the back of the vehicle were jeering at him, gesticulating with their fingers.

"If yoo ever forget ta fill 'er up again, I'll kill yer!" Guzbob cursed at his Grot Rigger who clung onto the banner pole on the back of his bike. He had the fastest bike in the whole gang, and normally led at the front of the pack. No self respectin' Speed Freek ever wanted to come last. Still they could jeer all they wanted, they were only jealous of his shiny, red bike. As he made sure his throttle was fully pulled back he noticed dark shadows racing across the dune sea. Guzbob instinctively ducked as two Fightabommerz thundered overhead barely metres above him. The appearance of the planes could mean only one thing, they must be nearing the target. Guzbob waved a fist in anger at the huge aircraft. The fact that something was going faster than he ever could bit deep into his pride.

"Snagitt, hit da boosta. Dem humies is close by an' I wanna get dere furst." As the turbo flared into life, the small Grot desperately clung with all his strength to the bike. One massive burst of acceleration and the bike had overtaken all the other vehicles. Guzbob readied his finger on the trigger, the fuel depot was in sight and the last one there was a rotten squig!



Grand Warlord Adrian Wood has used bits from all manner of plastic kits to convert his Ork bikes.



Gary James' stretched Ork truck.

Speed Freeks are not only limited to those Orks who own their own transport. With the high number of accidents on the racetrack, many a Speed Freek has found his bike or buggy still 'unda repair', as the tribe's warband races off to battle. Not wanting to miss a fight, he'll jump into a fellow Speed Freek's warbuggy or truck, content with the knowledge that he'll soon be racing head first into combat, gun in hand, ready to kill anything that gets in his way.

Many Ork Bosses and Warlords get their pick of the best kustom trukks and Battlewagons available, and will seek out the best driver to take them full throttle into battle. As the boss rumbles off, the Speed Freeks scramble into action. Tankbustas load up with bombz while Skarboyz grab their favourite choppas before launching themselves onto the back of any moving vehicle that they can clamber aboard. Howling with excitement at the prospect of getting to the enemy first, they urge the driver to go faster so they don't miss out on any of the fun. When they reach the battlefield, they jump off the back and charge towards enemy's lines.

### Da Mek's Workshop

The need to know how a machine works is rooted deep within the genetic structure of a few select Orks. These Boyz spend hours locked away in cramped garages and workshops, fixing the broken weapons that are brought to them. In Ork culture, these Orks become known as Mek's and no machine is safe from their welda gunz or 'eavy spannerz. An Ork's prized possession, whether it is his Shoota or his shiny new bike, will be stripped down and rebuilt with 'wiv bigga bitz'. Sometimes this will be a simple paint job, but more often than not the Ork returns to the Mek's workshop to find his bike or truck has a new kustom weapon or krusher attached. Whether the vehicle will still work or not is a risk that the Ork must take, but most kustomers are more than happy to let a Mekboy 'unda da hud'.

Speed Freeks' vehicles are usually sprayed with a bright red paint job, with added flames if the owner is feeling especially flash. All Orks know that 'red wunz go fasta', and whilst no-one can come up with a rational explanation for the phenomenon, it certainly seems to hold true. In addition to a paint job, many sport a wide variety of wicked kustomisations. Turbo boostas





Stuart Witter's scratch-built Ork Battlewagon.

TRANSMITTED.....Appelor VII  
RECEIVED.....Genneman Prime  
DESTINATION.....Mars  
DATE.....6011997.M41  
TELEPATHIC DUCT.....Astropath-terminus Orlog  
REF.....AdMech/0115242009/GW  
AUTHOR.....Genetor-Major Lukas Anzion  
TITLE.....Chapter XX: Genetic observations of Subspecies  
Caste Variants  
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY....."Knowledge is Strength"

Continuing our observations and experimentation on the Orkoid races, we have recently discovered anomalies within the genetic data that we possess. Because of this new information we herewith enclose this report as an addendum to our previous entries (ref. 0115242000/6). To this date, the subspecies had been distinctively categorised into four separate and individual castes. Within the genetic data that had been revealed to us at the time of submission, there were no signs of this being inaccurate. Until, that is, specimen B776/23458 (ref. Am 834489974/FQ) was brought to our attention. The Ork showed higher than normal levels of tension and stress at being restrained upon the examination table. His cornea and pupils also displayed signs of temporary peripheral blindness, with an increased vision reception towards long range objects.

Further examination of the creature's habits within the confines of his cell revealed that the subject was unable to rest in any one position for more than 1.6 seconds. High levels of an unknown benzene hydrocarbon-based poison (ref. 01629/823661.C6H8) were present within his blood cells, and the subject was prone to become excited at even very low levels of noise stimulation. We have decided that a separate classification of the caste type was necessary even though the genetic flaw that creates this mutation was found to be present in all sub castes. To this end, the caste type has been labelled Orkus Anzion Acceleratus.

It is my theory that the obsessive addiction to adrenaline is caused at an early stage in their development. When strong gale force winds disperse the spores, the DNA strands are cooled, altering their structure. These spores will travel further than normal and, therefore, as it emerges the Ork will be at a disadvantage as it is located away from the food sources. Therefore from the moment it emerges the Ork sees the importance of travelling distances fast in order to gain a significant share of the resources that are available. We will continue in our efforts to further the understanding of these primitive beings as Mankind's enlightenment can come only through dedicated research.





Chris Smart used bits from other Ork vehicles to customize the vehicles in the Studio Speed Freeks army.

are securely bolted into place and aerodynamically engineered. Armour plating is rivetted to any sections of the vehicle the Mek thinks are vulnerable.

As a good Mek is never around when you need one, the Speed Freeks take Grot Riggers with them into battle. These small slaves cling to the vehicles or balance precariously on footplates, ready to fix things if they go wrong. Usually a short sharp blow to the engine with a heavy tool is enough to get a motor functioning properly again. Failing that, the Ork boots the Grot off the bike and orders him to push. Often scores of Riggers join together behind a vehicle trying to give the machine enough momentum to enable the Ork to jump-start his crude vehicle back into action.

## Death from Above

A few of the least sane Orks find that accelerating at maximum velocity across the ground is still not enough of a buzz. They feel an overwhelming desire to take to the air. The Meks are always seeking test pilots for their latest and most dangerous 'invenshun'. If one of these Boyz is crazy enough to try, he becomes the pilot of a Deth Kopta. You could be

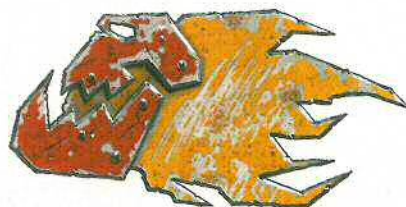
forgiven for imagining that the idea of raining down a blanket of fire from big shootas mounted on a flying machine would be enough to satisfy even the most obsessive Kultboy, but you'd be wrong. Speed Freeks are constantly craving more thrills and, of course, the only thing faster in the air than a Deth Kopta is a Fighta-bommer.

The ultimate rush is to fly one of these heavily armed planes, strafing the enemy whilst at the same time trying to perform the best low-level tricks possible. No Speed Freek likes the idea that someone got to the battle before him; after all, the sooner he gets there the more enemy there will be left for him to fight. The 'Flyboyz' as the pilots of the Fighta-Bommerz are often known, know that the simple fact that they can get there first will infuriate the Speed Freeks on the ground below. They show off their superior speeds, buzzing the warbands with low-level passes over their heads, whilst the Boyz on the back of the trukks and Battlewagons take pot-shots at the planes with their shootas.

## Renegade Speed Freeks

Occasionally a Speed Freek will upset a Warlord by wrecking his best and newest machine and is outcast from the stronghold. Others simply lose all contact with the tribe as they race off into the distance, never to be seen by their comrades again. When this happens they become Renegade Speed Freeks, hiring their services to whoever will pay them the most fuel. Most Warlords love to hire these renegades as they usually race off after the battle into the distant horizon, not stopping long enough to collect their reward.

Bands of Renegade Speed Freeks will often group together forming deadly convoys of machines that rampage and loot entire planets. 'Get dere fast and get dere furst', the motto of the Thundaboyz Speed Freeks, exemplifies the ideals of the Kult of Speed. If you ever fancied leading a psychotic gang of adrenaline-charged killers into battle, the Kult of Speed could well be what you've been waiting for. Full throttle and fingas on da trigga, the Kult of Speed are an awesome sight on the battlefield, guns blazing as they race around the enemy. Keep your eyes focused for the tell-tale cloud of dust on the distant horizon that often forewarns of a Speed Freek attack, but you'd better not blink or you'll miss them.



Bogrot revved the throttle on his large warbike again, the engine shaking as it roared. Tapping his heavy, studded leather boots on the ground in a rhythmical repetition, it was obvious that Bogrot was agitated. He had been sat on his stationary bike for less than a minute, but it seemed like an eternity to the Speed Freek. Da Boss had disappeared off ahead to scout. They were getting close to the Space Marines' base and he wanted to catch 'em wiv dere pantz down. Thankfully he could see his leader approaching in his heavily customised wartrukk. The boyz riding with the Warboss all whooped and screamed with delight as the massive machine skidded to a halt inches from Bogrot, sending clouds of dust and grit flying into the air.

Both engines were belching out billows of fumes, and the noise would have deafened any creature other than the fanatical Kultboyz.

Above the almighty din, the Warboss shouted at Bogrot, but the

Ork could only see Grimtuff's mouth moving – no words could be heard through the noise of the two rumbling engines.

"Speak up boss, I can't ear ya!" the biker yelled, revving his throttle once again for good measure.

"I sed wait fur da uvvas or you'll get shot ta shreds!" the Warboss screamed at Bogrot.

"Race all da uvvas, full speed ahead!! Righto Boss," Bogrot let the clutch of his bike slip, pulling a fantastic wheelie as he tore off into the distance, heading straight towards the Marines' camp, who to the dismay of the Warlord and his surprise plan, had been in the middle of heavy weapons target practice.

"Oh wè!! Who wants ta live furever?" Grimtuff signalled to his driver to follow the doomed biker. The rest of da Boyz weren't far behind and Bogrot might need a bit of help.



Ceramite armour cracked beneath the heavy weight of the bike as it hurtled over the fallen Space Marine, continuing its rampage through the enemy's flank. The giant Ork briefly looked down to see the carnage he had just caused. With a grim smile of satisfaction, he noticed the green helmet of the Dark Angel had been crushed to a messy pulp of bone, armour and flesh. Another Space Marine jumped out in front of his bike, his bolter already flashing its hail of deadly shells. Wazzdakka squeezed the red trigger on his crossbar, howling madly as the twin-linked big shoota and his own scratch-built blasta blazed simultaneously. His bike continued its charge, blood spraying from the wheels as it passed through the puddle where seconds earlier the Space Marine had stood.

The speed and ferocity with which his Bike Boyz had struck the flank of the Space Marines had caught the whole army by surprise. Wazzdakka was impressed. The Flamin' Wheelz Speed Kult bikers had devastated the defensive lines, allowing the mob to advance without any resistance. Now it was simply a matter of hunting every last one of these humans down. These ladz could ride with him any day.

Out of the corner of his eye the Ork leader spotted a fast moving object closing in on his position. Turning to face it, Wazzdakka's black heart leapt for joy. A lone Dark Angels bike was charging at

him, its bolt shells exploding all around. Spinning the rear end of the massive warbike, he turned the machine to face the new challenge. The Emperor's Warrior was still a fair distance away, so Wazzdakka let his bike accelerate. Space Marine and Ork hurtled at high speed straight towards each other. The distance between them closed at an alarming rate as the dial on the bike's speedo began to climb faster and faster – he would soon be at maximum velocity.

The two bikes were now within metres of each other. The game of chicken was on and it was Wazzdakka's favourite. The Ork knew Space Marine bikers too well; they would rather die than bring dishonour to their Chapter by breaking off. With a millisecond to spare, the infamous biker veered slightly to his left, drawing his enormous choppa. Its blade chattered as the sharp metal teeth, stained red from the blood of countless victims, began their deadly cycle. He thrust the weapon out horizontally, his long muscular arm extended to its fullest length.

The Space Marine's bike continued its charge forward until colliding to a halt with a ruined building. The rider's body was still upright in the saddle, his gauntlet tightly gripping the throttle, whilst the severed, helmeted head rolled to a halt in a nearby crater hole.



Andy Chambers' converted Battlewagon, built around the Space Marine Land Raider.

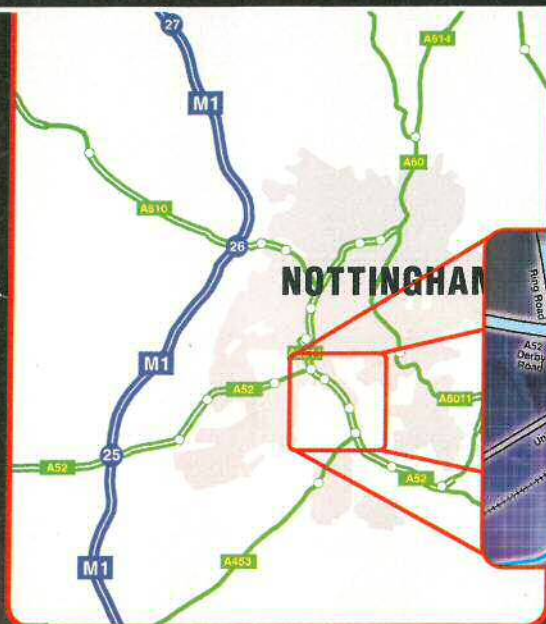


# WARHAMMER WORLD

THE  
GAMES  
WORKSHOP  
MUSEUM

GAMES WORKSHOP EXHIBITION CENTRE,  
Games Workshop HQ, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham.

- SHOP
- EVENTS
- MUSEUM



## COME TO WARHAMMER WORLD AND EXPERIENCE EVERY GAMER'S DREAM.

Warhammer World is located at Games Workshop's HQ and is the centre of hobby excellence. At Warhammer World you can look around the museum of lifesized Warhammer 40,000 exhibits; marvel at the gigantic displays, such as Vengeance of the Vampire, the entire Ultramarines Chapter and the awesome Siege of the Emperor's Palace; visit the shop with its complete range of GW products and finally, finish your visit with a thirst-quenching refreshment in the famous Bugman's Bar.



Guided tours take place on most days, although the museum does occasionally close for special events, so please call before making a journey.

**Tel: 0115 916 8410**

# WARMMASTER CAMPAIGN

SUNDAY 15TH OCTOBER 2000 10am-6pm

**Once more it is time to bring forth your armies and conquer the weak! The challenge is made. All true Warmasters are called to battle! For one day we shall stride the battlefields victorious!**

The Warhammer World Exhibition Hall will be laid out with loads of gaming tables, arranged to represent important areas in the Old World. Armies are able to move from table to table and fight battles, conduct sieges, make sea-borne invasions and all kinds of other exciting stuff.

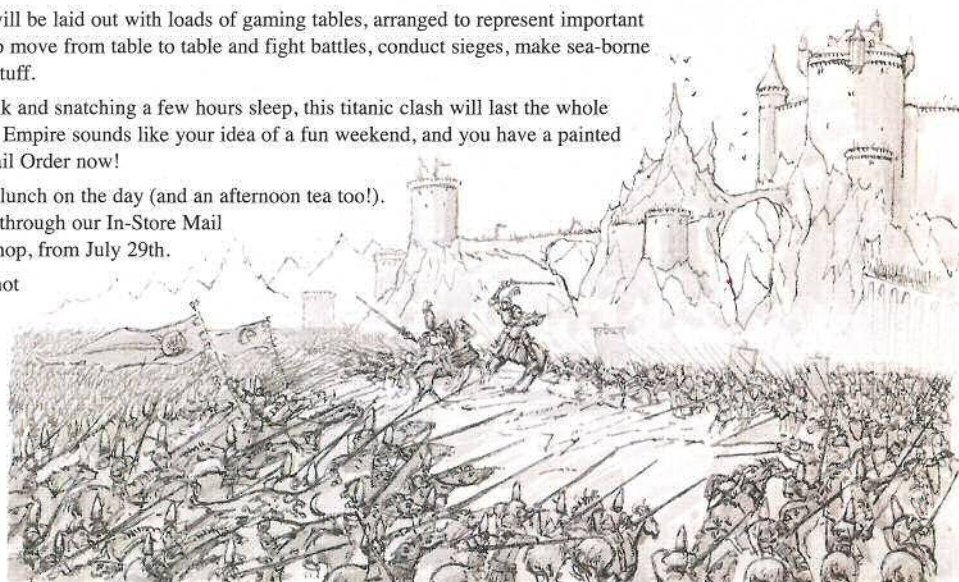
Pausing only for food, the occasional drink and snatching a few hours sleep, this titanic clash will last the whole weekend. If the thought of carving out an Empire sounds like your idea of a fun weekend, and you have a painted 2,000 point Warmaster army, then call Mail Order now!

Tickets are priced £15.00 each, including lunch on the day (and an afternoon tea too!). Tickets are available from Mail Order, or through our In-Store Mail Order service at your local Games Workshop, from July 29th.

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

**TICKETS FOR THIS EVENT  
ARE LIKELY TO SELL VERY  
FAST! MAIL ORDER HOTLINE  
OPENS AT 7am.**

**IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT  
YOU CALL EARLY TO AVOID  
DISAPPOINTMENT! CALL  
NOW ON 0115 91 40000**





# ARMAGEDDON

## Ghazghkull's back!

### WARHAMMER 40,000 CAMPAIGN WEEKEND 2nd & 3rd SEPTEMBER

The challenge is made. Following the release of the incredible Codex Armageddon, Warhammer World is proud to present the second Warhammer 40,000 Campaign this year!

If the thought of crushing armies in a massive campaign on a grand scale sounds like your idea of a fun weekend, and you have a painted 1,500 point Warhammer 40,000 army, then call Mail Order now!

Our custom built Exhibition Hall will be filled with challenging battlefields for you to fight across and help us decide the fate of one of the critical sectors on Armageddon. Stopping only to grab some food and drink along the way, you will be one of the Commanders fighting either to bring Ghazghkull's plans into reality or to repel him with your Imperial battlegroup.

Tickets are priced £32.00 each, including lunch on each day. Ticket price also includes a free copy of Codex Armageddon to be sent with your ticket and campaign rules pack.

Tickets are available from Mail Order or through Instore Mail Order from 29th July 2000. Entry strictly by ticket only. There are only 80 Tickets available, so CALL EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT. Tickets will not be available on the day. Over 16s only.

CALL THE MAIL ORDER HOTLINE ON: 0115 91 40000



Ticket includes a copy of Codex Armageddon.



## WARHAMMER WORLD OPEN DAY SUNDAY 26TH NOVEMBER

TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE AT GAMES DAY 2000. LOOK OUT FOR MORE DETAILS IN NEXT MONTH'S WHITE DWARF.



# WARHAMMER

## The Grand Mustering



Mark Roberts

**Mark Roberts and his mate Peter Wilkes have collected two huge Warhammer armies, Dwarfs and Empire. We thought you ought to see them...**

### The Dwarfs

This army came about because of a Warhammer tournament. It was literally just a couple of units when I started and now it stands as a completed army (*an army is never actually 'completed', there are always more troops, new models, those conversions...* – Fat Bloke).

In my opinion Dwarfs are made for defence. If you try to take the battle

to a more manoeuvrable opponent (and almost everyone is more manoeuvrable than Dwarfs!) they will often try and sneak around the sides and roll up your battleline. My top tip for Dwarfs is to 'anchor' your flanks – put rivers, difficult terrain, forests or, if you have them available, Troll Slayers on your flanks, and make an opponent come to you. Just letting fly with your artillery and crossbows is enough to start an opponent rushing

across the table. A great tip is to put Runes of Penetrating on your bolt throwers. These strengthened bolt throwers will never blow up and frighten just about any force you care to name. Dwarfs may not be the most flexible army in Warhammer, but their sheer stubbornness and durability is a strength you can really play to.

### Men of the Empire

This army started life about ten years ago. It began with a few Halberdiers, a thin smattering of Archers and a few Knights Panther. Now things are a little different, with at least one of every unit from the Empire army list and a few more again of the more essential choices such as artillery and state troops.





Once an Empire army has reached this size you really get to play to its strength, which is its versatility. An opponent just can't second guess your choice. Do you field all cavalry and charge across the field or do you go for lots of artillery and let them charge across the field to you, or a mix of both? The point I'm making is that your enemy will have no idea! Most other armies have an obvious strength: the savage charge of the Orcs, concentrated bowfire of the Wood Elves or the durability of the Dwarfs are examples of this. With plenty of choice at your disposal you can choose an army that can reduce any advantages your opponent may think they have.

One of my favourite units in the Empire army is the Estalians. I've used Pirazzo's Lost Legion miniatures to represent Spearmen, and backed

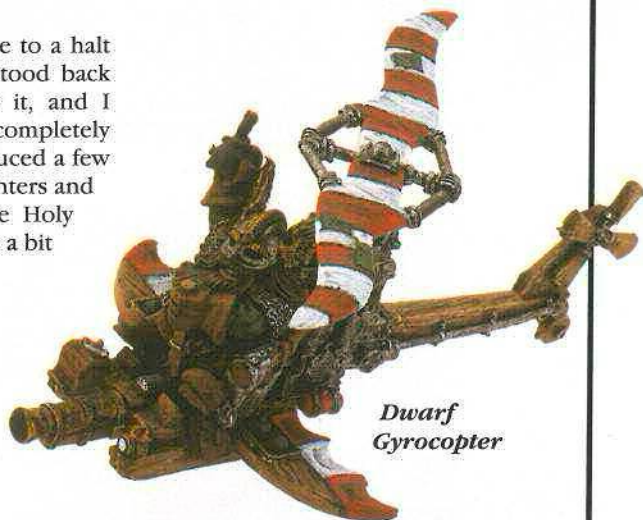
them up with units of Swordsmen, Crossbowmen and Handgunners that have an Estalian look about them so that, as a whole, they represent a detachment of Estalian state troops using the standard Empire rules, but with a different flavour. Another unit which appeals to me is the mad, bad and dangerous to know Flagellants, without whom no Empire army should march to war. The conversion I did for the Flagellants was based on an old incarnation of the Empire war altar and I'm very pleased with the outcome.

When the army finally came to a halt about six months ago, I stood back and took a good look at it, and I noticed it still lacked a completely Empire flavour. So I introduced a few Priests of Sigmar, Witch Hunters and a Knight Templar with the Holy Book of Sigmar. These gave a bit

more depth of character to the army.

The Empire army, in the hands of a competent general, is both devastating and a lot of fun to use as its variety means there's never a dull moment! If you play it with style, and fight with a balanced force that reflects the Empire, you will give your opponent a run for their money and enjoy the fight regardless of the outcome.

## The Grand Army of the Dwarfs



*Dwarf Gyrocopter*







◀ Estalian pikeman unit



◀ The Imperial command unit includes Emperor Karl Franz himself, Kurt Helborg the Reiksmarshall, Captain of the Reiksguard, the Emperor's Champion, Ludwig Schwarzhelm and the Imperial Herald, with the army's battle standard.





# The Grand Army of the Empire



▲ A unit of those mad zealot prophets of doom, Flagellants, carrying their War Altar.



◀ A Knight Templar holding the Holy Book of Sigmar and wielding a mace.



▶ Converted Empire knight





# The Roll of

## INDEPENDENT GAMES WORK

The Roll of Honour is a list of Independent Games Workshop Full Stockists. Each of these shops stocks a large range of Citadel Miniature blister packs and boxed sets, as well as boxed games, rulebooks and supplements for Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000.

As promised last month, this list focuses on the Full Stockists in Scandanavia, Benelux, Finland and Eastern Europe.

Please Note: Not all of these stores carry a full range of Games Workshop products. Please contact the store to check what range they carry.

### DENMARK

**Dragonslair** Kongensgade 71 stuen  
th 5000 Odense C ☎ 63111219  
**Dragonslair** Sct Hansgade 31 4000  
Roskilde 46365300  
**Dragonslair** Åboulevarden 33 8000  
Aarhus C ☎ 86190053  
**Fanatic Games & Miniatures** i/s  
Classensgade 11 st 2100 København  
Ø ☎ 35429640  
**Styx** Landtsgaard 4 st. 7400 Herning  
☎ 97220078  
**Warlock** Østergade 37 st. th. 4700  
Næstved ☎ 55775445  
**Fantask a/s** Skt Pederstrøede 18  
1453 København K ☎ 33938538  
**Faraos Cigarer** Skindergade 27  
1157 København K ☎ 33322211  
**Goblin Gate** Danmarksgade 66-68  
9000 Aalborg ☎ 98133724  
**Goblin Gate** Kystvejen 27 8000  
Aarhus ☎ 86194311  
**Hobby House** Nørregade 51 8000  
Århus C ☎ 86120062  
**Hobby World** i/s St.Sct. Mikkelsgade  
18 b 8800 Viborg 86601740  
**B.O Bøger-Bog & Ide** Lyngby  
Storcenter 54 2800 Lyngby ☎  
45870445  
**Uldtøtten** Nygade 2 4200 Slagelse ☎  
58535035  
**Bog & Ide** Rådhusstrøet 7100 Vejle  
☎ 75820544  
**Bog & Ide** Kongensgade 33 6700  
Esbjerg ☎ 75121177  
**Genbrugsbøger** Køgevej 95 2630  
Tåstrup ☎ 43716115  
**Tivoli Legetøj** Algade 63 4760  
Vordingborg ☎ 55340431  
**Comix** i/s Gråbrødrepassagen 12  
5000 Odense C ☎ 66113658  
**Bog & Ide** Holstebro Nørregade 13  
7500 Holstebro ☎ 97420144  
**Hobby og Fritid** Rosenkildevej 2  
3000 Helsingør ☎ 49214542  
**Legakaden Legeland** Hospitalsgade  
15 8700 Horsens ☎ 75616011  
**Legetøjscentret** Søndergade 12  
4900 Nakskov ☎ 54922697  
**Rossels Boghandel**  
Springvandspladsen 1 9800 Hjørring  
☎ 98921744  
**Silkeborg Bog & Ide** Vestergade 33  
8600 Silkeborg ☎ 86820287  
**Dorthe's Hobbystue** Midgaardsvej 2  
3700 Rønne ☎ 56959449

### BENELUX

**BOOKERS & STRIPPERS**, Boterstraat 19,  
Hp Alkmaar ☎ 072 5121 916  
**FANTASY FANATICS**, Kleine  
Houtstraat 9 2011 DD Haarlem  
Holland ☎ 023-542 0231

**GAMEKEEPER**, Hartenstraat 14,  
Amsterdam. ☎ 020 - 638 1579.  
**GOBLIN**, Brabantplein 16A 5401 GS  
Uden Holland ☎ 041-327 0662  
**HASKAMP HOBBYCENTRUM**,  
Lievevrouw westraat 23, Bergen op  
Zoom. ☎ 0164 - 210887  
**HOBBYMODELBOUW DORDRECHT**,  
Voorstraat 360, Dordrecht.  
☎ 078 - 631 2711.  
**KNIBBEL COMICS** Nieuwstraat 65 7411  
LJ Deventer Holland ☎ 057-061 6879  
**KRIKKE'S HOBBYSHOP**, Nieuweweg  
27, Te Groningen.  
☎ 050 - 3129 314  
**LABYRINTH TILBURG**, Langestraat 76,  
Tilburg. ☎ 013 5443 700  
**MAGIC FRIENDS**, St. Aagtenstraat  
26, Leiden. ☎ 071 - 513 0522.  
**MODELBOUW BLIEK**, Boschstraat  
23, Breda. ☎ 076 - 521 8596.  
**MOENEN & MARIKEN**,  
Vanwelderstraat 70, Me Nijmegen.  
☎ 024 - 3236 119  
**MOURITS MODELHOBBY**,  
Croonenburgh 32, Oud Beijerland. ☎  
018 - 662 1931.  
**SCHELLENS SPEELGOED**, Parkstraat  
24, Nuenen.  
☎ 040 - 283 2984.  
**SOMBERG MODELBOUW**,  
Grotestraat 136, Almelo.  
☎ 0546 - 812 981.  
**SPELDORADO**, Hippolytusbuurt 21 -  
25, Hm Delft. ☎ 015 2134 516  
**SPELLEKIJK**, Voorstreek 3,  
Leeuwarden.  
☎ 058 - 213 1112.  
**SPELKWARTIER**, Nieuwstad 34-36,  
Arnhem. ☎ 026 - 351 7669.  
**SPELKWARTIER**, Lutkekestraat 36,  
Zwolle. ☎ 038 - 421 6385.  
**SPELLENWINCKEL**  
Bloemendalsestraat 32 3811 ES  
Amersfoort Holland  
☎ 033-470 0322  
**STRIPWINKEL ATOMIK**, Nieuwstraat  
7c, Eindhoven.  
☎ 040 - 296 3299.  
**STRIPWINKEL ATOMIK**,  
Stationstraat 18, Sittard.  
☎ 046 - 451 5074.  
**THE CAVE** Oude Gracht 194, 3511  
NR Utrecht Holland  
☎ 030-233 3010  
**THE LONELY MOUNTAIN**,  
Nationaalestraat 29, Antwerpen.  
☎ 03 - 226 0401.  
**THE LONELY MOUNTAIN**,  
Overpoortstraat 116, Gent.  
☎ 09 - 224 4286.  
**THE LONELY MOUNTAIN**,  
Parijsstraat 28, 3000 Leuven.  
☎ 03 - 226 0401.

**TWILIGHT ZONE**  
Voorstraat 432 3311 Cx Dordrecht  
Holland ☎ 078-631 9336  
**TWILIGHT ZONE**,  
Koninginneweg 218 1075 EI  
Amsterdam, Holland  
☎ 020 - 470 8855  
**Vlieg er uit**, Brusselsestraat 70,  
Maastricht. ☎ 043 - 325 1653.

### SWEDEN

**ALINGSÅS**,  
Active Kids Kungsgatan 25  
☎ 0322-634511  
**BORLÅNGE**,  
Spel & Hobby Bragegallerian nr 8  
☎ 024-388855  
**ENKÖPING**,  
TV-Spelsbörsen Rådmansgatan 11  
☎ 0171-479494  
**FALUN**,  
TV-Spelsbörsen Falugatan 2  
☎ 023-27775  
**GÄVLE**,  
Hobby & Presentboden Nygatan 40  
☎ 026-186299  
**GÖTEBORG**,  
Flammans Spel Tegnérsgatan 8 ☎  
031-188346  
**GÖTEBORG**,  
Tradition Femmanhuset  
☎ 031-150366  
**GÖTEBORG**,  
Tradition Järntorget 4 ☎ 031-241468  
**HELSINGBORG**,  
Spel & Sânt Norra Kyrkogatan 10  
☎ 042-242494  
**HELSINGBORG**,  
Dungeon Games Norra Storgatan 14  
☎ 042-125799  
**JÖNKÖPING**,  
Playoff Card & Games  
Barnarpsgatan 31 ☎ 036-302075  
**KALMAR**,  
Kalmar Lek & Hobby Södra  
Långgatan 32 ☎ 0480-24717  
**KARLSKOGA**, Leklädan  
Bergmansgatan 17 ☎ 0586-53325  
**KARLSTAD**,  
New Toys Allégatan 1  
☎ 054-210215  
**KATRINEHOLM**,  
Narren Prinsgatan 2 ☎ 070-5546848  
**KIRUNA**,  
Kiruna Lek-City Kupolen  
☎ 0980-80801  
**KRISTIANSTAD**,  
Hönan Agda Västra Storgatan 39  
☎ 044-102288  
**LUND**,  
Games Import Lilla Södergränd  
☎ 046-184570  
**MALMÖ**  
Fantasy World Stora Nygatan 53  
☎ 040-6118000



# f Honour

## SHOP STOCKISTS IN EUROPE

**MALMÖ,**  
Phantacy Gustav Möllersg. 2  
☎ 040-123719

**MALMÖ,** Tradition Hamngatan 4  
☎ 040-230380

**NORRKÖPING,** Hobby Hörnan  
Drottninggatan 18 ☎ 011-162120

**ÖREBRO,** Tradition Stortorget 7-9  
☎ 019-120140

**SKÖVDE,** TV-Spelsbutiken  
Kyrkogatan 11 ☎ 0500-488810

**STOCKHOLM,** Absolut Spel  
Olofsgatan 12 ☎ 08-226444

**STOCKHOLM,** SF-Bokhandeln Västerlånggatan 48  
☎ 08-215052

**STOCKHOLM,** Tennsoldaten Rörstrandsgatan 26  
☎ 08-316629

**STOCKHOLM,** Tradition Hamngatan 37  
☎ 08-4112151

**SUNDSVALL,**  
Orion Spel Storgatan 33  
☎ 060-155947

**UMEÅ,** Fantasia Storgatan 44  
☎ 090-770360

**UPPSALA,** Hobbyhuset Skolgatan 7  
☎ 018-711590

**UPPSALA,**  
Prisfyndet Kungsgatan 39  
☎ 018-106607

**UPPSALA,** TV-Spelsb örsen  
Bredgränd 4 ☎ 018-123866

**VÄNERSBORG,**  
Wizard Games Box 302  
☎ 0521-67500

**VÄRNAMO,**  
Gamesmania Storgatan 34  
☎ 0372-14550

**VÄSTERÅS,**  
Zetterlunds Storgatan 33  
☎ 021-131481

**VÄXJÖ,** Helges Håla Linnégatan 29  
☎ 0470-21802

### POLAND

**BARD CENTRUM GIER,** Krakow,  
Batorego 20. ☎ 012 6320735

**DOM WYDAWNICZY BELLONA,**  
Warszawa,  
Krakowskie Przedmiescie 11.  
☎ 022 8261707

**FABER FABER SC,** Warszawa,  
Pulawska 11. ☎ 022 8491265

**FIRMA KSIEGARSKA CENTAUR,**  
Warszawa, Brazylijska 9,  
☎ 022 6175746

**MACIEJ PETRIW - ISKRA,** Gdansk,  
Miszewskiego 16,  
☎ 058 3412431 ext 31

**STREFA 51,** Warszawa, Paw.26, Pln  
Galeria Dworca Centralnego PKP,  
☎ 022 6549811

### FINLAND

**FORSSA:** Fun Stuff & Cards,  
Turuntie. ☎ 03-435 65 85

**HANKO:** Hobby-Jobi, Vuorikatu 10,  
☎ 019-284 54 98

**HELSINKI:** Fantasiapelit,  
Kaisanleimen Metroasema,  
☎ 09-650 803

Game Corner, Kauppakeskus  
Columbus, ☎ 09-341 11 22

**HYVINKÄÄ:** Royal Toys, Torikatu 7,  
☎ 019-439 376

**HÄMEENLINNA:** Sheriffi,  
Sibeliuksenkatu 11, ☎ 03-682 48 18

**IISALMI:** Taikatalo, Savonkatu 12,  
☎ 017-826 358

**JOENSUU:** Fantasiapelit, Torikatu 24,  
☎ 013-284 31 44,

Päivänsäde, Kauppakatu 30, IIKrs,  
☎ 013-126 297

**JYVÄSKYLÄ:** Korttikulma,  
Vainonkatu, ☎ 014-620 477

**JÄMINKIPOHJA:** Vanha Kaarti,  
Sahantie 5, ☎ 03-476 28 86

**JÄMSÄ:** Jaakko Saari, Välttie 1,  
☎ 014-749 72 15

**KERAVA:** Antikvariaatti Kersa,  
Torikatu 1, ☎ 09-294 42 10

**KOUVOLA:** Muoviepox, Valtakatu 3,  
☎ 05-311 79 55

**KUOPIO:** Crazy Station, Puijonkatu  
37, ☎ 017-264 00 53  
Kirja- ja Lehtiliina, Kuninkaankatu  
23, ☎ 017-261 97 95

**LAHTI:** Puolenkuun Pelit,  
Rautatienkatu 16, ☎ 03-751 51 51

**LAPPEENRANTA:** Luolamestari,  
Koulukatu 25, ☎ 040-724 42 46

**LOHJA:** Lohjan Kirjakauppa,  
Laurinkatu 48, ☎ 019-324 150

**MIKKELI:** Muppela,  
Porrassalmenkatu 21,  
☎ 15-361 611.  
Stuntman, Mannerheimintie 10,  
☎ 15-365 490

**MÄNTTÄ:** X-Kolo, Seppalan  
puistotie 7, ☎ 03-474 80 33

**NAANTALI:** Kirjakauppa Birgitta,  
Tullikatu 13, ☎ 02-431 07 55

**OULU:** Fantasiapelit, Koulukatu 28,  
☎ 08-374 906

Game Group, Aleksanterinkatu,  
☎ 08-311 24 06

**ORIPÄÄ:** Papru, Keskustie 27,  
☎ 03-335 71 41

**PAIMIO:** Vistan Divari, Vistantie 15,  
☎ 02-470 64 86

**PIETARSAARI:** Pietarsaaren  
Kirjakauppa, Isokatu 11,  
☎ 06-723 08 89

**PORI:** Fun & Games, Antinkatu 10,  
☎ 02-641 53 00,  
Kirjamari, Antinkatu 15,  
☎ 02-610 14 000

**RAAHE:** Hittimaatti, Fellmannin  
puistokatu 18, ☎ 08-223 83 88

**RAISIO:** Raison Kirjakauppa,  
Tasalanaukio 1, ☎ 02-438 11 31

**RAUMA:** Kirjamari, Valtakatu 3,  
☎ 02-549 40 00

**ROVANIEMI:** Liigacenter Jassi,  
Sampokeskus, ☎ 016-356 05 45

**SALO:** Kuisma, Kauppakeskus  
Plaza, ☎ 02777 66 29

**SAVONLINNA:** Kirjakauppa Knut  
Posse, Olavinkatu 44,  
☎ 015-540 900,  
Savonlinnan Antikvariaatti,  
Olavinkatu 51, ☎ 015-534 412

**SEINÄJOKI:** Pitkakiekkko,  
Sampokeskus, ☎ 06-417 78 80

**SIMPELE:** Simpeleen Kirjakauppa,  
Roihankatu 9, ☎ 05-437 11 13

**SOMERO:** Someron Datapiste,  
Joensuuntie 26 ☎ 02-748 82 47

**SYSMÄ:** Sysmän Kirjakauppa,  
Sysmantie 42, ☎ 03-717 12 38

**TAMPERE:** Fantasiapelit,  
Rongankatu 5-7, ☎ 03-222 52 00,  
Game House, Tuomiokirkonkatu 34,  
☎ 03-223 13 33  
Kirja kärkeäinen, Koskikeskus,  
☎ 03-225 18 00  
Player One, Tuomiokirkonkatu 30,  
☎ 03-222 36 66

**TEUVA:** Jahtikaverit, Mikkilantie 11,  
☎ 06-267 24 81

**TORNIO:** Kattentäika, Lansiranta 9,  
☎ 016-572 727

**TURKU:** Fantasiapelit,  
Yliopistonkatu 33 A,  
☎ 02-232 84 13,  
Game House, Linnankatu 9,  
☎ 02-251 56 90

**UUSIKAUPUNKI:** Lelu ja -lahja-  
aitta, Sepankatu 7, ☎ 02-842 48 92

**VAASA:** Nirunaru, Rauhankatu 19,  
☎ 06-312 70 27  
Pitkakiekkko, Rewell-Center

**VANTAA:** Game House, Unikkotie 9,  
☎ 09-873 36 91

**VALKEAKOSKI:** Valkeakosken  
Kirjakeskus, Kauppatori 3,  
☎ 03-584 51 35

### ICELAND

#### NEXUS

Hverfisgata 103, Reykjavik  
☎ 552 9011

## WARHAMMER BARGAINS

**22nd - 28th  
July 2000**

Contact your local  
stockist for  
information on what  
promotions they will  
be running during  
this period!





# THE ARMAGEDDON STEEL LEGIONS

By Jervis Johnson

**Mechanised infantry is well respected throughout the Imperium. Jervis Johnson designed the Steel Legion army list for Codex Armageddon, and below he describes three of the campaigns which helped establish the reputation of the Armageddon Steel Legions.**

## THE CHAOS WARS

The Ork invasions of Armageddon are not the first time that the planet has been attacked. Five hundred years before Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka was born, Armageddon faced no less deadly a threat but from an entirely different enemy – the forces of Chaos.

Within the Eye of Terror, the forces of Chaos are constantly at war with each other. On occasions, however, the followers of Chaos put aside their personal rivalries and join together to mount a large invasion. Sometimes the assembly of such an invasion force will be triggered when a space hulk drifts near to a planet that is in the thrall of the Chaos Gods. These ancient space ships can be used to transport vast armies through the warp. Driven and tossed by the currents of the warp, no one can predict where or when they will reappear, least of all the warriors inside the space hulk itself. Usually the attack occurs

within a few hundred light years of the Eye of Terror, but sometimes the hulk will drop out of the warp thousands of light years away.

Such was the case with the first invasion of Armageddon. Travel to the planet had been disrupted for several months by severe warp storms, and the resulting food shortages caused much suffering in the overcrowded hives. As the situation worsened, feelings of discontent soon grew into outright revolt. Food riots became increasingly common, and finally in M41.474 armed rebellion broke out in half a dozen hives.

The revolts were quickly put down on Armageddon Secundus, but amongst the more scattered hives of Armageddon Prime they proved more difficult to eradicate. However, with the situation stable on Secundus, additional Steel Legions were sent westwards to help crush the revolt on Armageddon Prime. No additional troops were sent to the planet by the administratum – after all, Armageddon was a very long way from the Eye of Terror, and no one suspected any more sinister cause for the revolts than civil unrest (a distressingly common occurrence on hive worlds like Armageddon).

So it was that the Armageddon Planetary Defence force was fully occupied dealing with the revolt when the space hulk *Devourer of Souls*, escorted by five World Eaters battle barges and a full Chaos battle fleet appeared in the Armageddon system. On board these ships was a vast Chaos host led by the Daemon Primarch Angron. He was the first Primarch to join with Horus when the Warmaster turned against the Emperor at the start of the Horus Heresy. Angron supported the Warmaster in demanding a new order of discipline and martial virtue as the only way to save mankind from destruction in a hostile galaxy. He and the World Eaters Legion of Space Marines that he commanded had always been warlike and savage, and before long they were seduced into giving their fealty to Khorne, Chaos god of war and bloodshed. Thus were they damned for all eternity. Twisted and horribly mutated over the centuries, Angron became a hulking giant with skin the colour of spilt blood. He continues to serve his Daemonic master Khorne, smiting his foes with a mighty Chaos blade of black glowing iron etched with runes of doom and destruction.

With Angron's arrival, the insidious effects of Chaos were quickly felt as nearly half the local hive defence forces on Armageddon Prime joined the revolt and went over to the invaders. The rebels immediately attacked the







Khorne Berzerkers assault the entrenched Steel Legion.

continent's planetary defence batteries, capturing or destroying over 90% of them, and allowing Angron's daemonic host to land almost unopposed. Chaos Space Marines from the World Eaters Chapter and hordes of daemonic creatures poured from the space hulk and swept across Armageddon Prime.

Although three regiments of the Steel Legion joined with the forces of Chaos, the vast bulk remained loyal. Even so, it was obvious that the battle for Armageddon Prime was already lost, so the Planetary Defence Council ordered the surviving Imperial forces on Armageddon Prime to fall back to Armageddon Secundus. The retreat was a nightmare; although the Steel Legions were fully motorised, the troops that made up the loyal Hive Defence units were not. These poorly equipped troops, many of whom had never in their lives left the hive of their birth, were forced to trek hundreds of miles across the hostile ash-wastes of Armageddon. To make matters worse, the retreating columns were harried every step of the way by Angron's forces. Although the Steel Legions did their best to cover the retreat, they could not be everywhere at once, and entire Hive Defence regiments were lost to surprise attacks launched by the World Eaters or Angron's foul daemonic followers. Tens of thousands died from exposure to Armageddon's hostile elements or attack by Angron's forces.

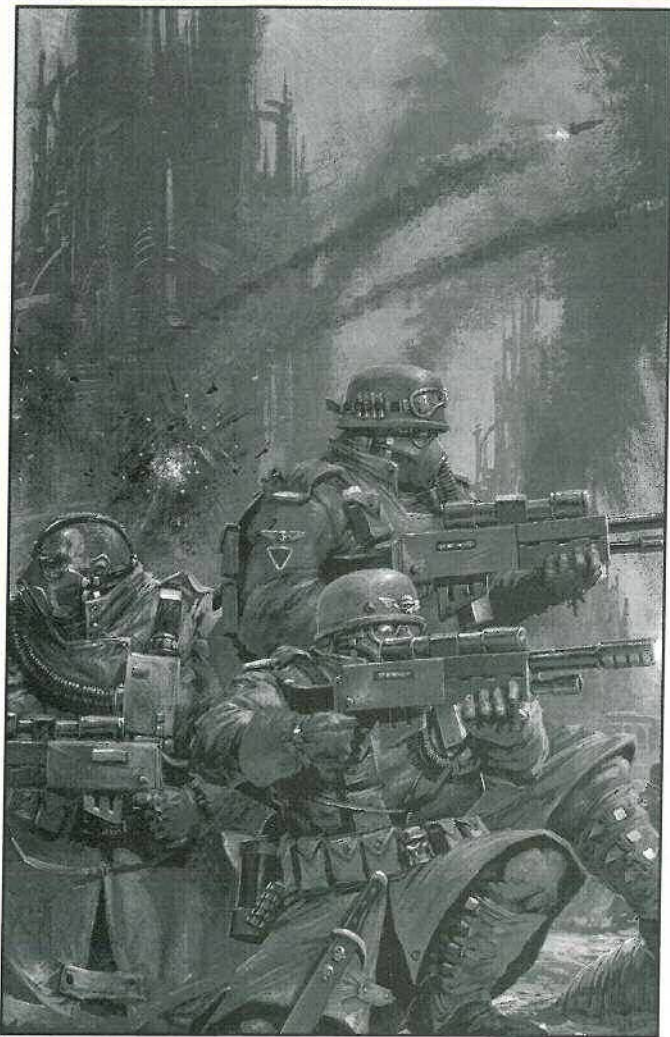
By the time that the troops reached the relative safety of the jungles to the south, only one in five was left alive. Nonetheless, the presence of the Steel Legions had stopped the retreat

from turning into a total rout. Time and again a beleaguered Imperial force was saved by the timely arrival of a flying column of Steel Legion Guardsmen in their Chimera armoured vehicles. As the last survivors of the Hive Defence forces limped into the jungles they were still being guarded by the Steel Legions. It was during the long, terrible days of the great retreat from Armageddon Prime that the Steel Legions earned their motto of "First to Battle, Last to Retreat".

Falling back through the jungles, the survivors of Armageddon Prime joined up with the units that had been left on Armageddon Secundus and prepared to make a last ditch defence along the rivers Styx and Chaeron. The Imperial defence lines were well organised. Unknown to Angron, three Great Companies of Space Wolves under the command of Logan Grimnar were on Armageddon. They alone may have been enough to make the difference between victory or defeat, but the defenders also gained valuable time when Angron, replete with success, wasted weeks building monuments to his lord Khorne instead of pursuing the shattered Imperial armies into Armageddon Secundus.

Angron's failure to follow up his initial success cost him dear. It gave time for Battlefleet Armageddon to arrive to contest the space lanes that Chaos had controlled since they arrived. More importantly, when Angron's army emerged from the jungles that separate Armageddon Prime from Armageddon Secundus they found the defenders ready and waiting. At places the Imperial fortifications





and trenches were over fifty miles thick, while Armageddon's formidable industrial capacity had been placed on a full war footing, producing arms and armour at an unprecedented rate. By the time Angron attacked, all the losses which the army had suffered had been made good, and nearly two dozen new Steel Legions had been raised and were ready to fight.

Titanic battles erupted all along the river defence lines as the forces of Chaos crashed into the Imperial defenders. On the banks of the River Chaeron the Imperial defenders held, and Chaos was hurled back in disorder. But further to the west, Angron led the attack personally, smashing deep into the Imperial lines and leading his forces towards Infernus and Helsreach hives. It was at this moment that the Defence Council played their trump card – a full company of Grey Knights, whose assistance had been requested as soon as the Council were aware of the dangers that faced Armageddon.

Only the Grey Knights had the ability to truly defeat an entity such as Angron. They arrived just as the Chaos army reached Infernus and Helsreach hives. Teleporting directly into the presence of Angron at the centre of his Daemonic host, the Grey Knights defeated the Daemon Prince, hurling his spirit back into the warp from where it did not reappear for over 100 years. At the same time, the Steel Legions, spearheaded by the Space Wolves, launched a massive counter-attack into the flank of the Chaos army, which had been exposed in their headlong rush towards Infernus and Helsreach hives. The Imperium's armoured columns dealt the overextended Chaos forces a decisive blow. Reeling from the shattering attack, confused by the loss of their leader, the minions of Chaos attempted to fall back but found that they were already surrounded by the mechanised units of the Steel Legions.

Unable to retreat, the Chaos forces were cut to pieces by the victorious Imperial armies. Only the World Eaters managed to retreat back to their battle barges and escape to the safety of the warp, harried all the way by the ships of Battlefleet Armageddon. The Imperial victory was complete and overwhelming, and firmly established the reputation of the Armageddon Steel Legions as one of the Imperium's greatest fighting forces. Little did anyone suspect that a far greater test would await the Steel Legions in the future.

## FOR KERSCHLACT!

Early during the Second Armageddon Campaign, Imperial units were ordered by Von Strabb to launch counter-attacks against the overwhelming Ork forces. The attacks were disjointed and poorly conceived, and led to many fine formations becoming cut off and surrounded by the Orks...

Ordered to counter-attack and cut off the Ork spearheads, the 9th Armageddon Steel Legion, under the command of Colonel Kerschlaht, had already punched its way deep into the gap which exposed the Ork's flank. Kerschlaht's regiment forged on, seeking a point for their breakthrough to the north. A weak spot was located during the night and the defending Orks overwhelmed, creating a 'corridor' which held across the Infernus hive – Acheron hive highway. Kerschlaht now turned south-west, moving virtually unopposed along the highway towards Infernus hive.

Von Strabb had promised Kerschlaht that the corridor would be shored up properly with three Imperial Guard infantry regiments, but almost at once, Ork units attacked the flanks of Kerschlaht's corridor and shut it tight, sealing Kerschlaht from the main body of the Imperial forces. Much of his artillery and rear service organisation was thus abruptly and disastrously snatched away from Kerschlaht, who now found himself isolated deep behind the Ork lines. The three late arriving Guard regiments were hurled into assaults on the newly established Ork lines in an attempt to break through to Kerschlaht, but these attacks were also stalled. Kerschlaht was now ordered to turn about and aid in the attempt to break through the Ork lines. The 9th Steel Legion was operationally encircled, their 'gaps' sealed behind them by Ork assault units, and conditions were growing worse every day. Already Kerschlaht had 270 wounded men and 150 men infected with Armageddon lung rot. Several days of heavy fighting brought no breakthrough, only serious losses and the dispersal of the Imperial attackers; Kerschlaht's 7th Company became doubly encircled and had to fight its way out to the main group, now pushed back some 14 kilometres from the Ork front lines. On the other side of the Ork lines, the 11th Armageddon Regiment and the 114th Pyran Dragoon Regiment went into the attack, but neither could make much headway against heavy fire from Ork lobbas and zappas; at night the Ork bombardment continued as Ork fightas and fighta-bommerz dropped flares and then bombed the garishly illuminated targets.

While these attacks were going on, Kerschlaht also helped the remnants of the 81st Armageddon Assault Legion, landed from orbit in a suicidal bid to recapture Infernus hive, to battle their way out of encirclement. The members of the 81st Regiment that managed to escape, amounting to barely a Company in strength under normal conditions, were subordinated to Kerschlaht's 9th Regiment. As well as members of the 81st Regiment, the 9th was joined by large numbers of citizens from Infernus hive, who had escaped the Ork attackers and were now also trapped behind the Ork lines. Many of the hive dwellers were armed, either with their own or captured weapons, and Kerschlaht requested permission to recoup his manpower from these 'partisan' units. Kerschlaht was authorised to mobilise hive gangers and civilians of suitable character and moral fibre, an assignment handled by the Commissar officers with his regiment. The Commissars quickly directed several hundred men to the 9th Regiment.

At the front line, Imperial forces prepared one final throw, by which the 50th Armageddon Regiment would attempt to break across the Infernus-Acheron highway and link up with Kerschlaht, attacking from the rear of the Ork forces. Only a narrow corridor



separated the 9th from the 50th Regiment, but it was packed with strong Ork units ready to face a front-and-rear strike. The following report by Kerschlact shows what action he contemplated:

"Strength of regiment and length of front oblige me to attempt to break out rather than continue offensive operations to the south. Initiative visibly with enemy. No reserves. In such conditions suggest offensive plan:

1. To break encirclement ring to meet 50th Regiment in general direction of Acheron hive.
2. To this end to concentrate assault force of 1st and 2nd Companies Armageddon Steel Legion, elements of 81st Mobile Assault Regiment, and partisan detachment Zhabo.
3. Attack with above force aided by 50th regiment units and possibly 10th Regiment to seize the old motor road in the Zanthon heights sector. Thereafter to dig in on motor road in indicated sector.
4. After my link up with Koldin [commander of the 50th Regiment] to bring all my regiment and other assigned units, and drive regiment across Zanthon heights to join with 3rd Army front or for other assignment."

Kerschlact's plan was a good one, and would have worked. Disastrously, however, the attack was held up for several hours while Von Strabb dithered as to whether to give permission to carry out the operation. By the time he consented, further Ork forces had been brought up and Kerschlact found himself under attack from the south while at the same time trying to break out to the north. The

northern assault when well, breaching the Ork lines as planned and linking up with 50th regiment along the motor road.

To the south things were far more desperate. Kerschlact personally led a fighting withdrawal, as the 3rd and 6th Companies valiantly tried to hold up the Orks long enough for the rest of the regiment to escape. Slowly giving ground, the two Companies mounted a tenacious defence, using their Chimera transport vehicles to fall back to a new defence point each time the Orks closed in. Only half a mile separated Kerschlact from Boldin's regiment when the Ork fighta-bommerz caught them, blasting forward units of the 50th Regiment off the Zanthon heights and flaying the 3rd and 6th Companies under Kerschlact's command. This small force was now systematically and literally cut to pieces. Kerschlact himself was severely wounded when his Command HQ was caught by an Ork assault. With Kerschlact dying, his much reduced force practically ceased to exist in its last desperate push to cover the few hundred yards to the Imperial army lines. Kerschlact, unable to help his men and unwilling to die a prisoner, whispered "Boys, this is the end for me, but you go on fighting". At that he shot himself in the temple.

Although the actions of the 9th Armageddon Steel Legion had done little to slow the Ork juggernaut, thanks to Kerschlact's inspired leadership the bulk of the regiment had managed to escape to fight another day. When much later in the campaign the tide turned and the Orks were driven back, the 9th Regiment was there, its men bellowing their battle-cry "For Kerschlact!".



A 9th Armageddon Steel Legion mechanised company attempts to break through the Ork lines.



## THE SIX HOUR REVOLUTION

Tithed regiments from Armageddon have served in wars all over the Imperium. This is an example of how the presence of a single Armageddon Steel Legion made a significant difference to the outcome of a war.

In M36.776 the 16th Armageddon Steel Legion was on the planet of Cassell. It had been stationed there following its participation as part of General Belov's 3rd Imperial Guard Army in the Lortharn Campaign, where it had served with distinction.

Cassell is an agri-world, which was ruled at this time by the followers of a local Imperial cult known as the Way of the Emperor's Flesh. The leader of the cult, the Supreme Pontiff Skalin, had long been noted for his eccentric views, but had to this point been a loyal and reliable governor of Cassell for the Imperium. Worrying reports, however, had reached the ear of Colonel Kleist, commander of the 16th Steel Legion. These reports concerned rumours that the Supreme Pontiff had been becoming increasingly outspoken in his belief that the cult over which he ruled was the one true cult of the Emperor, and that the rest of the Imperium had to be made to acknowledge this fact.

Loath to act without hard evidence, Kleist put the 16th to combat readiness and requested permission from the administratum to investigate the rumours he had received. Before such permission could be received, however, the Pontiff called upon the people of Cassell to join with him in a crusade to bring the Way of the Emperor's Flesh to all of the peoples of the Imperium. Their righteous armies would overthrow the High Lords of Terra and lead the Imperium back into the light... all under the beneficent rule of the Supreme Pontiff, of course.

Kleist acted immediately. Fortunately for him, Cassell had only one major city, the unimaginatively named Port Cassell. The bulk of the population lived in scattered farming communities spread all over the planet and Kleist knew that if he acted quickly he could quell this rebellion before it had a chance to get started. Less than an hour after the Pontiff's announcement, Chimera armoured vehicles moved out from the 16th Steel Legion's containment just outside Port Cassell.

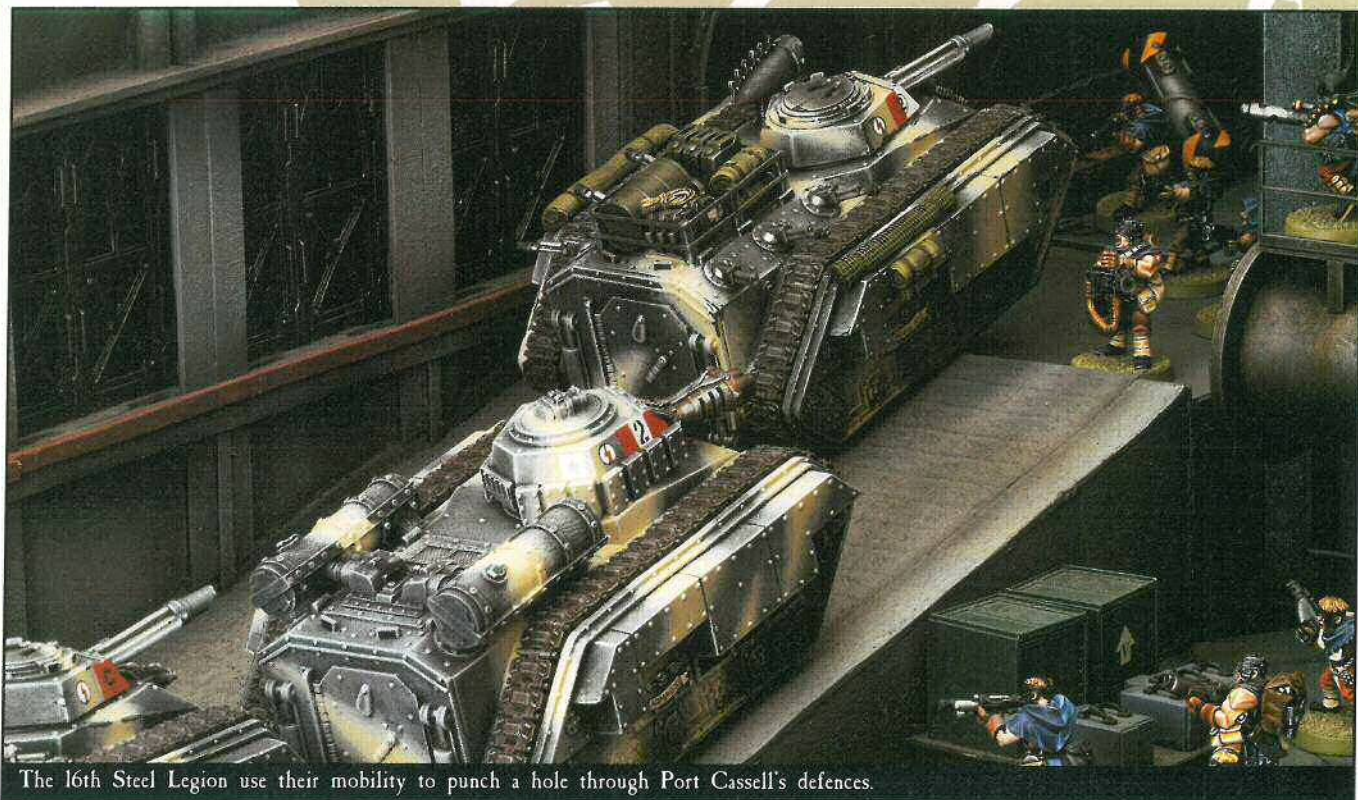
The column, under Kleist's personal command, approached Port Cassell's main gate, where it was immediately obvious that the

Pontiff's followers were not at all prepared for an armoured assault. The gate was lightly held by members of the Pontiff's personal guard, whose lasguns and heavy stubbers were of little use against the armour plate of the Steel Legion Chimeras. Ignoring the desultory fire from the defenders, Kleist ordered a Chimera to smash down the city gate, and then he and the rest of the column surged into the town.

Leaving one platoon to secure the gate, Kleist split the remainder of his force into two columns. The smaller of these, consisting of the 3rd Company, roared off towards Port Cassell's space port and main communications centre. By now word had spread that the city was under attack, and the 3rd Company met more determined opposition than they had at Cassell's main gate. Nonetheless, the defenders still had little in the way of heavy weapons with which to oppose the Steel Legion's Chimeras, and, after a short but brutal firefight, the communications centre was captured.

Meanwhile Kleist and the rest of his flying column headed towards the Divine Palace of the Supreme Pontiff. The palace was defended by the bulk of the Pontiff's bodyguard, along with the bodyguard's only armoured vehicle, an ageing Leman Russ gifted to Cassell many centuries earlier. The Leman Russ's crew were desperately attempting to make the tanks aged engine start up when Kleist arrived at the palace. Leading from the front, Kleist's Chimera charged at the Leman Russ, shots from its multi-laser bouncing harmlessly off the tank's thick frontal armour. However, the fire distracted the tank's crew, giving Kleist long enough to get behind the armoured behemoth. As the Chimera braked to a halt, the lascannon team carried in the passenger compartment threw open the top hatch and let fly at the Leman Russ's thinner rear armour. The lascannon shot carved through the rear of the tank, hitting its ammunition. With a huge explosion, the Leman Russ exploded.

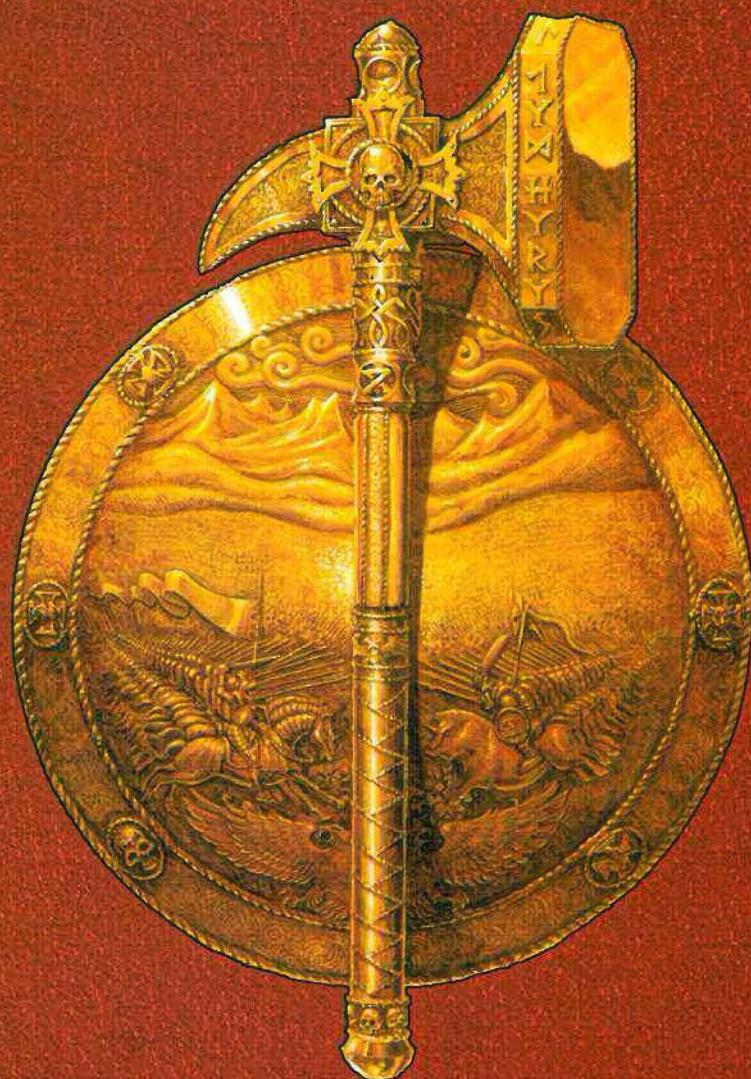
Thrown into confusion by the destruction of the tank, the remainder of the Pontiff's guard offered little resistance to the troops in Kleist's flying column. In less than two hours the Pontiff's palace was firmly in the hands of the 16th Steel Legion, and the Pontiff himself had been captured as he attempted to escape in a small skiff from the Palace wharf. The news was broadcast from the captured communications centre and, less than six hours after it had started, the Cassell Rebellion was over.



The 16th Steel Legion use their mobility to punch a hole through Port Cassell's defences.



# WARHAMMER



THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES











# WARHAMMER®

*The din of battle rises above the lands of the Old World. Armies gather for the day of reckoning. It is a dark age, a bloody age, an age of daemons and sorcery, of battle and death, and of the world's ending. Amidst all the fire, flame and fury it is a time too of mighty heroes, of bold deeds and great courage.*

*This is the world of Warhammer, a world disputed by dark powers and monstrous hordes, where the realms of Men, Dwarfs and Elves must battle for survival against awesome forces of destruction. It is a world which you too can enter – though the journey will require determination and no little courage.*

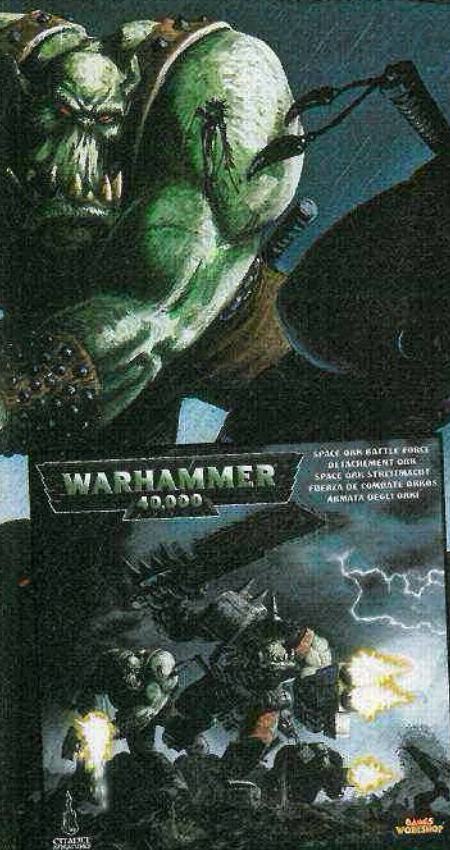




# Waaagh! More Dakka!

The Orks plague the galaxy from end to end with their ceaseless warring and strife. They are a race so deeply rooted in war that peace is utterly incomprehensible to them. They cannot be bargained with or bought save with weapons which they will inevitably turn against those who tried to bribe them. I pray with all my faith that some great catastrophe will annihilate them but I fear that ultimately it is they, not we, who will rule this galaxy.

Imperial High Lord Xanthius



The SPACE ORK BATTLE FORCE is an ideal way to start a fledgling Greenskin army or to further reinforce an existing army.

The boxed set contains: 16 Ork Boyz, 5 Ork Warbikes, 1 Warbuggy, 1 Wartrukk and a set of battlefield accessories.



Space Ork Battle Force – £40 boxed set





# ALL THE GAMES WORKSHOP ACTION IN EVERY STORE!

If you've always wanted to lead an army of heroic knights across the battlefield or command a strike force of Space Marines against the enemies of Mankind, then get down to your nearest Games Workshop store.

## GAMES WORKSHOP OPENING TIMES

Mon-Wed & Fri-Sat: 10am to 6pm

Thurs: Midday to 8pm

Sun: 10am to 4pm

**Stores marked with a white star are not open on Sundays.**

**Want to know where your nearest store is and what's going on there? Just drop in or give them a call. We also have Games Workshop stores across the world, in 16 different countries – call Mail Order to find out where! Please note that not all stores follow the above opening times.**

## UK STORES

**Use this list of Games Workshop stores to find the nearest one to you.**

**ALTRINCHAM:** Unit 1, 17 Grafton Street.  
Tel: 0161 929 9896  
**BASINGSTOKE:** 3 Potters Walk, Wote Street.  
Tel: 0125 646 6050  
**BATH:** 30 Upper Borough Walls.  
Tel: 0122 531 4414  
**BEDFORD:** 10 Greyfriars. Tel: 0123 427 3663  
**BIRMINGHAM:** 116 Corporation Street.  
Tel: 0121 236 7880  
**BLACKPOOL:** 8 Birley Street. Tel: 0125 375 2056  
**BLUEWATER CENTRE:** Upper Thames Walk.  
Bluewater, Greenhithe, Kent. Tel: 0132 242 7880  
**BOLTON:** Unit 13, The Gate Centre.  
Tel: 0120 436 2131  
**BOURNEMOUTH:** 24 Post Office Road.  
Tel: 0120 231 9292  
**BRADFORD:** 5 Broadway. Tel: 0127 473 9353  
**BRIGHTON:** 7 Nile Pavilions, Nile Street.  
Tel: 0127 320 3333  
**BRISTOL (CENTRAL):** 13 Broad Weir.  
Tel: 0117 925 1533  
**BRISTOL (CRIBBS CAUSEWAY):** Unit 129 (next to M&S), upper level, The Mall at Cribbs Causeway. Tel: 0117 959 2528  
**CAMBRIDGE:** 8 Bridge Street. Tel: 0122 331 3350  
**CANTERBURY:** 5 Iron Bar Lane.  
Tel: 0122 745 2880  
**CARLISLE:** 2 Ears Lane, Lowther Street.  
Tel: 0122 859 8216  
**CHELMSFORD:** Unit 4c, Phase II, The Meadows Shopping Centre, Chelmsford. Tel: 0124 549 0048  
**CHELTHAM:** 16 Pitville Street.  
Tel: 0124 222 8419  
**CHESTER:** 112 Foregate Street. Tel: 0124 431 1967  
**CHESTER:** 2 Short Wyre Street.  
Tel: 0120 676 7279

**COVENTRY:** Unit 39, Upper Level, Cathedral Lanes Shopping Centre.  
Tel: 024 7622 7311  
**CRAWLEY:** 11 Broadway. Tel: 0129 355 2072  
**DARLINGTON:** 78 Skinner Gate.  
Tel: 0132 538 2463  
**DERBY:** 42 Sadler Gate. Tel: 0133 237 1657  
\* **DONCASTER:** Unit 10, The Colonnades.  
Tel: 0130 232 0535  
**DUDLEY:** Unit 36, Merry Hill Centre, Briery Hill, Dudley. Tel: 0138 448 1818  
**EASTBOURNE:** 13 Terminus Road.  
Tel: 0132 364 1423  
**EXETER:** 12 Paris Street. Tel: 0139 249 0305  
**GLOUCESTER:** 35 Clarence Street.  
Tel: 0145 250 5033  
**GRIMSBY:** 9 West St Marys Gate.  
Tel: 0147 234 7757  
**GUILDFORD:** 12 Tunsigate.  
Tel: 0148 345 1793  
**HARROGATE:** 29 Beulah Street.  
Tel: 0142 356 4310  
**HEMEL HEMPSTEAD:** 16 Bridge Street.  
Tel: 0144 224 9752  
\* **HIGH WYCOMBE:** Unit 29, The Balcony, The Octagon Centre. Tel: 0149 453 1494  
**HULL:** 30 Paragon Street. Tel: 0148 258 9576  
\* **IPSWICH:** 2nd Floor, Debenhams, Waterloo House. Tel: 0147 321 0031  
**LEAMINGTON:** 22 Park Street. Tel: 0192 643 5771  
**LEEDS (CENTRAL):** 12-16 Central Road.  
Tel: 0113 242 0834  
**LEEDS (WHITE ROSE CENTRE):** Unit 28D (near Debenhams), White Rose Centre, Leeds.  
Tel: 0113 272 3470  
**LEICESTER:** 16/20 Silver Street.  
Tel: 0116 253 0510  
**LINCOLN:** Unit SUA, Sallergate (on outside of Waterside Centre). Tel: 0152 254 8027  
**LOUGHBOROUGH:** 22 Biggin Street.  
Tel: 0150 923 8107

**LIVERPOOL:** 47 Lord Street. Tel: 0151 258 1404  
**LUTON:** 12 Park Street. Tel: 0158 241 7474  
**MAIDENHEAD:** 2 Blandy House, 3/5 King Street. Tel: 0162 862 1854  
**MAIDSTONE:** Unit 6, 1-9 Pudding Lane.  
Tel: 0162 267 7435  
**MANCHESTER (CENTRAL):** 69/70 Marsden Court (lower level near Argos), Arndale Centre.  
Tel: 0161 834 6871  
**MANCHESTER (TRAFFORD CENTRE):** No. 77, Festival Village, The Trafford Centre, Trafford Park. Tel: 0161 747 2121  
**MIDDLESBROUGH:** 39 Dundas Street.  
Tel: 0164 225 4091  
**MILTON KEYNES:** Unit 2, West End Extension, 504 Silbury Boulevard, Milton Keynes Shopping Centre (on outside of centre near M&S).  
Tel: 0190 869 0477  
**NEWCASTLE (CENTRAL):** 63 Clayton Street.  
Tel: 0191 232 2418  
**NEWCASTLE (METRO CENTRE):** Unit B14, First Floor (near the Mediterranean Village).  
Tel: 0191 461 0950  
\* **NORTHAMPTON:** 38 Princess Walk, Grosvenor Centre.  
Tel: 0160 463 6687  
**NORWICH:** 12-14 Exchange Street.  
Tel: 0160 376 7656  
**NOTTINGHAM (CENTRAL):** 34a Friar Lane.  
Tel: 0115 948 0651  
**NOTTINGHAM (WARHAMMER WORLD):** Games Workshop HQ, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham (near Central TV studios).  
Tel: 0115 916 8410  
**OXFORD:** 1A New Inn, Hall Street.  
Tel: 0186 524 2182  
**PETERBOROUGH:** 3 Wentworth Street. Tel: 0173 389 0052  
**PLYMOUTH:** 84 Cornwall Street. Tel: 0175 225 4121  
**POOLE:** Unit 12, Towngate Centre, High Street. Tel: 0120 268 5634  
**PRESTON:** 15 Miller Arcade. Tel: 0177 282 1855





## All Games Workshop stores provide:

- *The complete range of Games Workshop games, miniatures and accessories.*
- *The chance to learn to play Games Workshop games – our enthusiastic staff are ready to show you how.*
- *Exciting battles for you to take part in – every week.*
- *Help with your modelling and painting in the store.*
- *A Mail Order service for components and older miniatures.*
- *The latest releases every Saturday.*



**PORTSMOUTH:** 34 Arundel Street.  
Tel: 023 9287 6266

**READING:** 111 Broad Street Mall. Tel: 0118 959 8693

**ST ALBANS:** 18 Heritage Close,  
High Street. Tel: 0172 786 1193

**SALISBURY:** 1b Winchester Street.  
Tel: 0172 233 0955

**SHEFFIELD (CENTRAL):** 16 Fitzwilliam Gate.  
Tel: 0114 275 0114

**SHEFFIELD (MEADOWHALL CENTRE):**  
91B High Street, Upper Mall  
(next to entrance near Boots). Tel: 0114 256 9836

**SHREWSBURY:** 2 Bridge Street.  
Tel: 0174 336 2007

**SLOUGH:** 101 High Street. Tel: 0175 357 5675

**SOLIHULL:** 690 Warwick Road. Tel: 0121 705 7997

**SOUTHAMPTON:** 23 East Street.  
Tel: 023 8033 1962

**SOUTHEND:** 12 Southchurch Road.  
Tel: 0170 246 1251

**SOUTHPORT:** Unit K2, Marble Place Shopping  
Centre. Tel: 0170 450 1255

**STOCKPORT:** 32 Mersey Square.  
Tel: 0161 474 1427

**STOKE ON TRENT:** 27 Stafford Street, Hanley.  
Tel: 0178 220 5287

**SUNDERLAND:** 253 York Street, (just off the high  
street near M&S). Tel: 0191 567 3646

**SWINDON:** 17 Fleet Street. Tel: 0179 343 6036

**THURROCK LAKESIDE:** Unit 415, Level 3/Food  
Court, Thurrock Lakeside. Tel: 0170 886 7133

**TORQUAY:** 12 Market Street. Tel: 0180 320 1036

**TRURO:** Unit 1, Bridge house, New Bridge Street.  
Tel: 0187 232 0047

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS:** 4A Camden Road.  
Tel: 0189 252 5783

**WALSALL:** Old Square Shopping Centre.  
Tel: 0192 272 5207

**WARRINGTON:** Unit 20, Time Square (near  
Currys). Tel: 0192 565 1984

**WINCHESTER:** 6 St Georges Street.  
Tel: 0196 286 0199

**WOKING:** Unit 3 Cleary Court. Tel: 0148 377 1675

**WOLVERHAMPTON:**  
Unit 98, Mander Centre. Tel: 0190 231 0466

**WORCESTER:** 4 Charles Street. Tel: 0190 561 6707

**YORK:** 13a Lendal. Tel: 0190 462 8014

## LONDON (INNER M25)

**BROMLEY:** Unit 8, The Mall, Bromley, Kent  
Tel: 0208 466 0678

**BRENT CROSS:** Unit F9, Lower Mall (near  
Fenwicks), Brent Cross Shopping Centre.  
Tel: 0208 202 4979

**CROYDON:** Unit 35, Drummond Centre (outside at  
the back of the centre), Keeley Road  
Tel: 0208 680 4600

**EALING:** 52D St Saviours Mall (towards back of  
the centre), Ealing Broadway Centre.  
Tel: 0208 840 0171

**ENFIELD:** 3/5 Genotin Road. Tel: 0208 363 3238

**HAMMERSMITH:** 161 King Street.  
Tel: 0208 846 9744

**HARROW:** 296 Station Road. Tel: 0208 861 2350

**KENSINGTON:** Shop 7, Lancer Square,  
Kensington Church Street. Tel: 0207 937 7011

**KINGSTON ON THAMES:**  
33 Fife Road. Tel: 0208 549 5224

**LONDON (CENTRAL):**  
Unit F10, The Plaza Shopping Centre, 1st floor,  
116-128 Oxford Street. Tel: 0207 436 0839

**RICHMOND:** Unit 8, Westminster House,  
Kew Road. Tel: 0208 948 6122

\* **ROMFORD:** 12 Quadrant Arcade.  
Tel: 0170 874 2140

**STAINES:** 52D Elmsleigh Centre (at back of M&S).  
Tel: 0178 446 0675

**SUTTON:** Unit 26, Upper Mall,  
Times Square Shopping Centre. Tel: 0208 770 9454

**WATFORD:** Unit Q1A, Harlequin Centre,  
Queens Road. Tel: 0192 324 5388

## SCOTLAND

**ABERDEEN:** Unit 1, 30/40 Kirkgate.  
Tel: 0122 462 1261

**AYR:** 10 Arran Mall, Dalblair Arcade (behind  
Hourstons dept. store). Tel: 0129 261 0673

**BRAEHEAD:** Unit UK12, 115 Braehead Shopping  
Centre, Glasgow. Tel: 0141 8859440

**DUNDEE:** 110 Commercial Street.  
Tel: 0138 220 2382

**EAST KILBRIDE:** 4 Righhead Gate  
(at the back of M&S). Tel: 0135 522 4680

**EDINBURGH:** 136 High Street. Tel: 0131 220 6540

**FALKIRK:** 12 Cow Wynd Falkirk. Tel: 01324 624 553

**GLASGOW:** 198/200 Hope Street. Tel: 0141 332 5588

**PERTH:** 6 Fleshers Vennels. Tel: 0173 644 5840

**STIRLING:** 14 Barnton Street. Tel: 0178 644 8263

## WALES

**CARDIFF:** 31 High Street. Tel: 029 2064 4917

**NEWPORT:** 25 Skinner Street. Tel: 0163 325 6295

**SWANSEA:** 45 Princess Way. Tel: 0179 2463969

## NORTHERN IRELAND

**BELFAST:** 70A Castle Court (towards back of the  
centre). Tel: 028 9023 3684

**LISBURN:** 3 Smithfields Square.  
Tel: 01846 634 150

## IRELAND

**BLANCHARDSTOWN:** Unit 249, The  
Blanchardstown Centre (near the yellow entrance),  
Co. Dublin. Tel: 01 822 3869

**DUBLIN:** Unit 3, Lower Liffey Street, Dublin 1.  
Tel: 01 872 5791

## SCANDINAVIA

\* **COPENHAGEN:** FREDERIKSBORGGADE 5.  
Tel: ++ 33 12 22 17

**STOCKHOLM:** REGERINGSGATAN 30, 11147  
Stockholm. Tel: ++ 46 82 13 840

## NETHERLANDS

**AMSTERDAM:** ROKIN 36, 1012KT.  
Tel: ++ 20 6223 863

**HAARLEM:** Gierstraat 29, 2011 GA Haarlem.  
Tel: ++ 23 5517 677

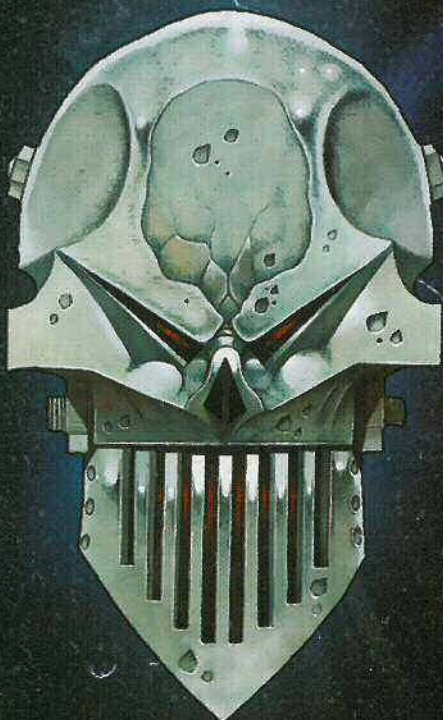
**NIJMEGAN:** Stikke Hezelstraat 48.  
Tel: ++ 24 3224 700

**ROTTERDAM:** Van Oldenbarneveltplaats 452.  
Tel: ++ 102 800 268



# SKULZ

**COMING TO A GAMES WORKSHOP STORE NEAR YOU!**



## **CLAIM UNIQUE GIFTS BY COLLECTING SKULZ STICKERS WHEN YOU BUY GAMES WORKSHOP PRODUCTS**

Have you been collecting SKULZ stickers from Mail Order?

Well now Mail Order's SKULZ collector's program is going to be available **through Games Workshop stores** – now everyone involved in the hobby can take part in this fantastic reward system.

And if you're already collecting SKULZ through Mail Order you'll have the opportunity to collect even more through purchases in our stores!

For every full £10 you spend in a Games Workshop store you will get a SKULZ sticker. When you have collected enough stickers on your SKULZ collector's card you can redeem them for some very special SKULZ gifts.

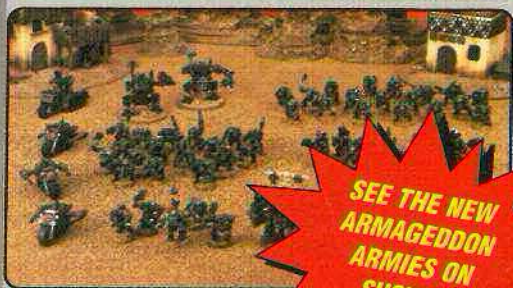
**For more information call in at your local Games Workshop store!**



# STORE SUMMER EVENTS

Throughout the summer there will be lots of different events going on in the stores. The 'Eavy Metal team will be out in force, giving painting tips and showing off their fantastically painted armies, many of them with miniatures which won't be released for months to come. That's not all though, the Games Developers, Miniatures Designers and Artists will also be visiting the stores to answer your questions and talk about what they are working on. There are even rumours of the return of the fabled Chaos Roadshows! If you want to find out what's going on near you, drop in to your nearest store, or check out details at [www.games-workshop.com](http://www.games-workshop.com)

**LIVE PAINTING  
WITH THE  
'EAVY METAL  
PAINTERS!!!**



**SEE THE NEW  
ARMAGEDDON  
ARMIES ON  
SHOW!!!**

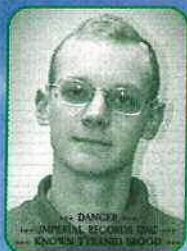
## 'EAVY METAL

### *In-store painting*

- *Come along to your local store to see an 'Eavy Metal painter working on brand new armies.*
- *This is your chance to see how some of the world's best model painters achieve the spectacular results seen regularly in White Dwarf magazine.*
- *Some of the models being painted won't be released for months, so make sure you're there!*

***Check your local store for details!***

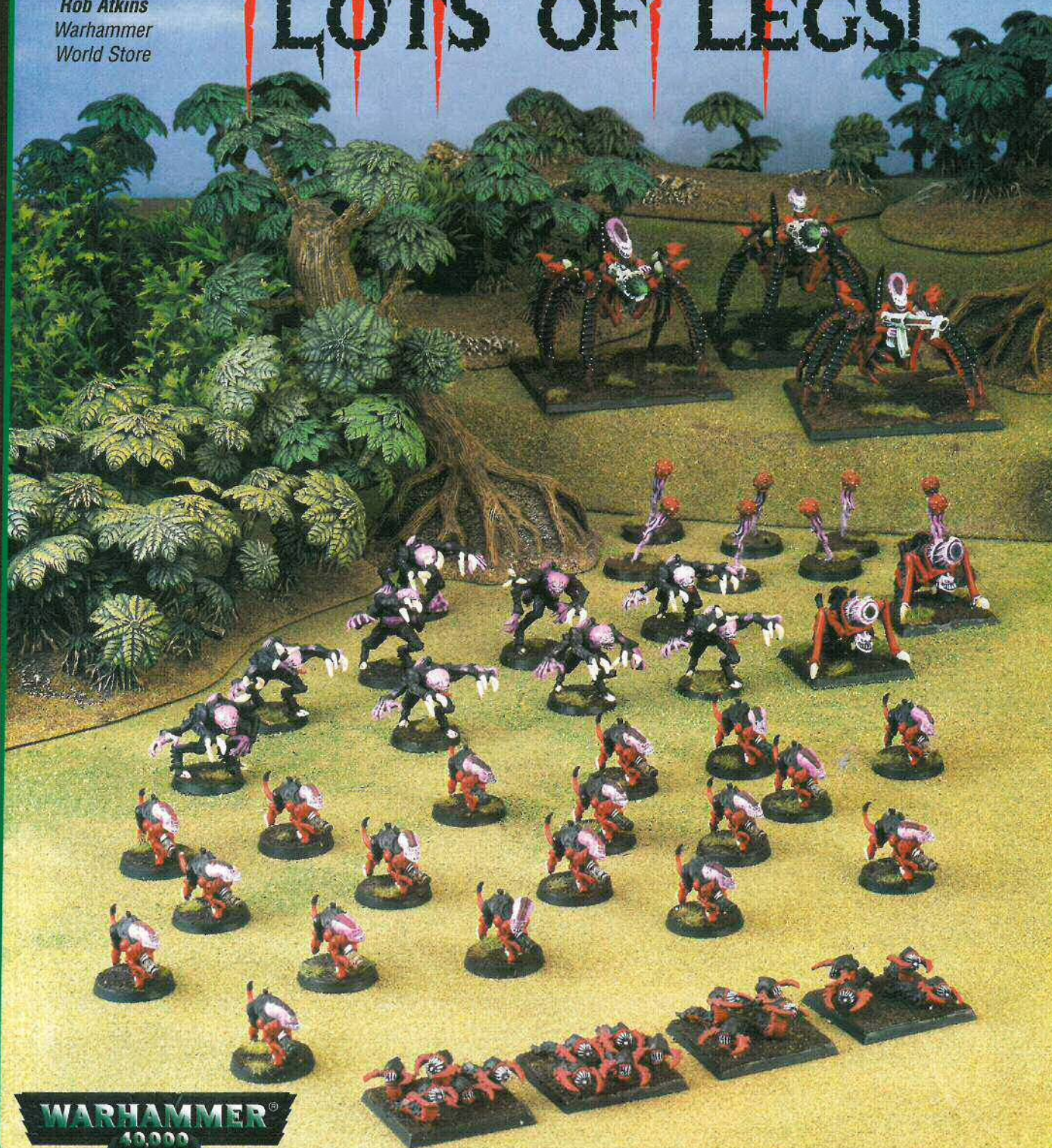




**Rob Atkins**  
 Warhammer  
 World Store

# TYRANIDS!

## LOTS OF LEGS!



**WARHAMMER**  
 40,000



**T**yranids are my all-time favourite things ever! So much so that this is my third Tyranid army.

I wanted Tyranids that looked fast enough to keep up with tanks, and deadly enough to tear them to pieces! With this in mind I set about creating a Tyranid horde with legs — lots of legs. I concentrated on converting the larger models in the army — basically making them even bigger and nastier — and left the majority of the smaller creatures untouched to save time (after all, something needs to be small enough to scuttle between the big things' legs!)

As far as tactics are concerned, I usually rely upon rushing straight towards the enemy in one huge swarm, trying to kill anything too big with venom cannons and warp blasts before I get there. It is then down to the survivors to kill the rest of the opposition with claw and fang!

This approach seems to work fairly well; the trick to it is in identifying the most important targets for your limited shooting as you advance. The only enemy I have trouble with is Eldar — rushing straight towards them only seems to result in a lot of dead Tyranids!

### Hive Tyrant

This was the first conversion I did for my Tyranid army, and it is still my favourite — it just looks so huge and scary! The sheer size of the beast is also its downfall, as it attracts ridiculous amounts of enemy fire (most opponents don't stop sweating till it's dead!) and has such a large base that it has been killed in combat with mere Guardsmen before! (About 20 of them swamped it and pulled all its legs off — no fair!)

The model itself is basically the upper torso and arms of a normal Hive Tyrant

on an extended Epic Bio-titan body. The six legs are made from Lictor scythe arms and it is mounted on four 50mm monster bases stuck together! The model required extensive pinning, as well as a fair amount of filling and sculpting with green stuff. The three Termagants scuttling around on the base just go to emphasise how big the final creature is.

The Tyranid Warriors are essentially smaller versions of the Hive Tyrant, using pieces from Warriors, Lictors, Biovores and Epic Heirodules. The Zoanthropes use an ancient chaos spawn body with Hormagaunt arms as legs and the original head on top. I also intend to construct a new Carnifex, some more Warriors (close combat variants — huge teeth and claws!) and some really spiky Lictors.





# SCHOOLZ

GAMES WORKSHOP HITS THE ROAD THIS SUMMER WITH TWO FANTASTIC ROADSHOWS

## ARMAGEDDON MAROONED

An awesome battle you can join in, between a ferocious Ork and Chaos alliance and Armageddon's Imperial defenders. The objective for this titanic clash – an abandoned Warlord Titan. Be at the stores below and get ready to do battle for the ultimate goal, a 4ft. Warhammer 40,000 scale Titan, plus much, much more!

### ROADSHOW DATES

#### 29th & 30th July

Crawley  
Eastbourne  
Guildford (29th only)  
Norwich  
Peterborough  
St Albans

#### 3rd August

Reading

#### 5th & 6th August

Aberdeen  
Belfast  
Birmingham  
Bolton  
Brighton  
Croydon  
Glasgow  
Harrogate  
Hull  
Ipswich  
Metrocentre  
Northampton  
Nottingham (Central)

Southport  
Stockport  
Watford

#### 9th August

Oxford

#### 12th & 13th August

Altrincham  
Canterbury  
Colchester  
Dundee  
East Kilbride  
Harrow  
Leeds  
Leicester  
Lincoln  
Lisburn  
Milton Keynes  
Plaza (Central London)  
Preston  
Sunderland  
Solihull  
Warrington

#### 19th & 20th

#### August

Ayr  
Bedford  
Cribbs Causeway  
(19th only)  
Blackpool  
Chelmsford  
Coventry  
Dublin  
Enfield  
Grimsby  
Liverpool  
Manchester  
Maidstone  
Newcastle  
Perth  
Sutton  
Walsall  
York

#### 25th August

Gloucester

This awesome Roadshow continues into September. Check out elsewhere in this issue for more details on the huge Armageddon campaign.

Please ring your local store for more details, as times



# OUT FOR

SO LOOK OUT FOR CARNAGE AND MAYHEM AT A STORE NEAR YOU...

## Fool's Gold WARMMASTER®

A huge Warmaster battle you can take part in, featuring that most ancient of empires, the High Elves. This roadshow features not only this awesome battle but also a whole host of other events. Don't miss out on this extravaganza at a store near you.

### Roadshow Dates

26<sup>th</sup> July  
Plymouth

5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> August

Crawley  
Eastbourne  
Exeter (5th only)  
Norwich  
Peterborough  
St Albans

12<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup> August

Aberdeen  
Belfast  
Birmingham  
Bolton  
Brighton  
Croydon  
Glasgow  
Harrogate  
Hull  
Ipswich  
Metrocentre  
Northampton

Nottingham (central)  
Southampton (12th only)  
Southport  
Stockport  
Watford

16<sup>th</sup> August

Portsmouth

19<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup> August

Altrincham  
Canterbury  
Colchester  
Dundee  
East Kilbride  
Harrow  
Leeds  
Leicester  
Lincoln  
Lisburn  
Milton Keynes  
Plaza (Central London)  
Preston  
Sunderland

Solihull  
Warrington

26<sup>th</sup> & 27<sup>th</sup>  
August

Ayr  
Bath (26th only)  
Bedford  
Blackpool  
Chelmsford  
Coventry  
Dublin  
Enfield  
Grimsby  
Liverpool  
Manchester  
Maidstone  
Newcastle  
Perth  
Sutton  
Walsall  
York

This awesome Roadshow continues into September. Throughout the Summer every Games Workshop store, and many independent stores & clubs will be hosting the Warmaster and Mordheim tournaments, culminating in the finals at Games Day 2000.

and details of the games may vary from store to store.



# ARMAGEDDON

## INVASION

THE VERY FIRST BATTLE OF THE WAR

**SATURDAY 29TH JULY**

ASK AT YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP FOR DETAILS



# IN YOUR LOCAL GAMES WORKSHOP STORE

The 3rd War for  
**ARMAGEDDON**

We're launching the 3rd War for Armageddon campaign with the most furious Warhammer 40,000 gaming yet seen in the UK! Every Games Workshop store will be launching full scale war as the vast forces of the Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Thraka invade Armageddon.

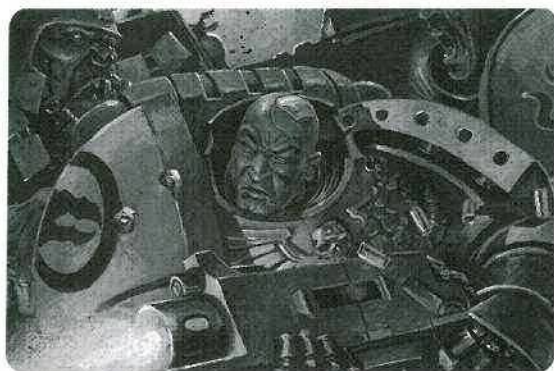
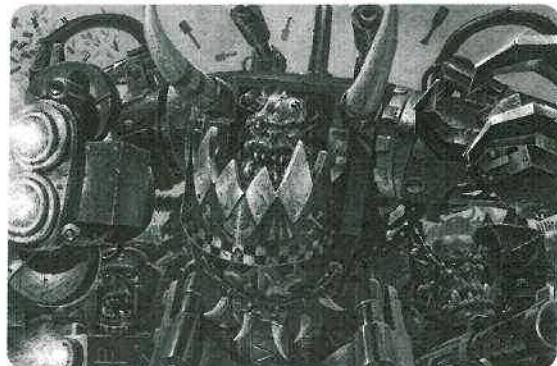
As this White Dwarf explains, you can take part in the Armageddon campaign anywhere! Anyone can join in to decide the fate of embattled Armageddon, however our own Games Workshop stores will be at the heart of the action.

You can take part in these battles yourself, merely by playing in any of the games our stores are running, including the opening battle of the campaign 'Invasion' on Saturday 29th July. For their part, the stores will be hosting special games and events throughout the campaign, allowing you to fight for the cause of the Imperium or the invaders, and help decide the future history of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. They'll also be running modelling and scenery workshops to help set the scene for the numerous conflicts across the country.

Every Warhammer 40,000 battle in our stores during this month will be reported to Armageddon results control.

As an extra bonus, if you don't have access to the internet to report the results of your battle (or post the results to White Dwarf), you can go into your local Games Workshop store, and report the battle there.

Wherever you are, and whichever side you decide to support in this epic conflict, make sure to contact your local store to be in the thick of the action!





# WELCOME to FANATIC!

New material for Blood Bowl,  
Mordheim, Necromunda,  
Battlefleet Gothic, Warhammer  
Quest, Warmaster & Epic 40,000

\* \* \* \*

Regularly produced magazines  
for each game!

\* \* \* \*

New gaming supplements!

\* \* \* \*

New miniatures!



If you thought Warlord Titans were big, wait until you see the Emperor Titan! A re-release of the original Emperor Titan model, but with brand new metal 'add-on bits' that will convert it into the Chaos 'Anti-Emperor' version.



Jervis Johnson

Sounds rather exciting doesn't it? And believe me, it is. My name's Jervis Johnson, and for the last few months I've been working with Andy Jones on a top secret project codenamed 'Fanatic'. The aim of this project has been to set up a little bit of Games Workshop that is dedicated to looking after some of the great games GW has already produced, but which have been side-lined after release because of the overwhelming success of Warhammer and

Warhammer 40,000. Games like Warhammer Quest, Blood Bowl, Necromunda and Epic, and more recently Battlefleet Gothic, Mordheim and Warmaster. None of these games deserve to drift into the ether, and Fanatic Games has been set up to make sure that that doesn't happen. So, starting this month, we'll be bringing out new magazines, new supplements, and, most important of all, new miniatures for you to use with these games. A new era has begun – the age of Fanatic – and things will never be quite the same again.

How will this all work? Don't worry, all is explained below...

## FANATIC QUESTIONS & ANSWERS...

### Why was Fanatic set up?

Fanatic was set up because we were unhappy with the level of support we could generate for games other than Warhammer and 40K. These games deserved proper support, but the success of our two main games made it very hard for us to provide it. So we decided to set up a separate venture whose only job is supporting the games other than Warhammer and 40K.

### Which games will Fanatic cover?

It will cover Blood Bowl, Warhammer Quest, Necromunda, Epic 40,000, Battlefleet Gothic, Mordheim and Warmaster. If the Studio produces any new games then Fanatic will provide on-going support for these as well.

### What will Fanatic do?

Fanatic will bring out magazines, gaming supplements and new miniatures for all of the games it supports. In addition Fanatic will act as a 'champion' for the games, making sure that they are available all of the time, all round the world. If you have difficulty getting hold of any of the games or miniatures that Fanatic supports, then get in touch with us and we'll tell you where you can find them or we'll supply them ourselves. If a game ever goes out of print, we'll make sure that the rules and other things you need to play remain available, either by re-printing them ourselves in a new 'Fanatic Edition', or by making the rules available to download off the internet.

### Will you keep making new stuff for these games forever?

As long as you guys are playing then we'll keep on supporting the games and bringing out new material for them. We will, however, have to 'cut the cloth to fit', because when all is said and done, Fanatic is a small operation running on a shoe-string budget. All of the material we produce will be made on short runs, in some

cases literally to order (i.e. when you place an order we'll go off and spin the mould to make the miniature!). All of our resources will be concentrated on making sure we can get you the best support we can – in other words, as long as the content is fantastic we'll be willing to cut corners on the usually high standard of presentation.

### Can you tell us more about the magazines?

Each of the games that Fanatic covers will have its own magazine. These will come out on a regular basis, though the frequency will vary from between two and six issues per year depending on the popularity of the game. Each issue of a magazine will provide new rules, articles, details of new releases, news and gossip, designers' notes, a contact section and an events calendar. Our aim is to make the magazines a 'must-have' item for dedicated players of the game that the magazine covers.

### What about the magazines Fanatic currently produces, like Firepower and Gang War?

Don't worry, they haven't gone! Instead they will all be incorporated into the new magazines we'll be producing. So, for example, the new Epic 40,000 magazine will carry on in the footsteps of Firepower magazine, and will carry on the traditions set by it. We just wanted to start all of the magazines off at issue 1 to make it clear that a new era has begun, and to underline that the material which appears in the magazines from now on is all official support material approved by GW for use with their games.

### Tell me more about the supplements!

From time to time we plan to bring out supplemental material for the games that Fanatic covers. These will vary widely in terms of size and content, but to give you some idea of what we have in mind, things planned for the





**The Fanatic fanatics!**

first year are: a new scenario pack for Warhammer Quest, a rule supplement for Epic adding super-detailed Titan rules, an army pack for Warmaster covering the new armies we'll be releasing for the game, a supplement for Battlefleet Gothic adding the Tyranids to the game, and new buildings for Necromunda and Mordheim.

#### **Can you tell me more about the miniatures?**

Fanatic will produce new metal miniatures and resin models for all of the games that it covers. In the pipeline are three new armies for Warmaster, two new fleets for Battlefleet Gothic, a new Blood Bowl team, new gangs for Mordheim and Necromunda, new Titans for Epic and new characters for Warhammer Quest. Those nice Forge World people have also promised to make us some resin terrain pieces and resin 'add-on bits' to convert existing miniatures into exciting new models.

#### **Will the stuff Fanatic produces be 'official'?**

Although I really hate the term, yes, all of the stuff Fanatic produces will be 'official' additions to the games we cover. The Studio games development team will be fully involved in the project, so players can know that the original designer has either written or approved all of the material that Fanatic produces.

#### **How do I get hold of Fanatic stuff?**

We thought you'd never ask! One way or another, if you want Fanatic stuff, then we will get it to you. First port of call should be your local GW Mail

Order service (see their address and phone number at the back of this issue of WD). If that doesn't work then you can get in touch with us direct at the address, phone number or e-mail address shown at the bottom of this page. Alternatively you can order 'on-line' via the Fanatic web site, see below for the URL.

#### **What's that about web sites?**

You can order on-line and find out about new releases by visiting our web site at <http://www.fanatic.co.uk>. We're (slowly) adding community sites for each of the games that Fanatic supports, which will include archives, links to cool fan sites and other bits and pieces.

#### **I haven't got internet access. Is there a postal mailing list I can join to be kept up to date as to what is going on?**

Write to the address below and we'll bombard you with regular postings keeping you fully up to date on what we're up to at Fanatic. Just fill in the form below!

#### **Do you want feedback?**

We certainly do! If you have any thoughts, comments, ideas or criticisms about Fanatic, then please write to us at Fanatic Games, Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK, or e-mail us at [fanatic@games-workshop.co.uk](mailto:fanatic@games-workshop.co.uk). All we ask is that you don't expect a personal reply, as we just get too much mail to be able to try and answer it all. However we do read every single letter and e-mail we receive, and everything that's said will be added to the melting pot.

### **JOIN OUR MAILING LIST...**

If you want to be kept up to date on all of the stuff that Fanatic is bringing out, you really need to join our mailing list. Just fill in the form below and send it to **Fanatic Mailing List, Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK** or register on-line at [www.fanatic.co.uk](http://www.fanatic.co.uk) and we'll start bombarding you with news and details of all our new releases.

Name: ..... Age: .....  
Address: .....  
Postcode: .....  
Phone: .....  
E-mail: .....

Please send me news by:

- ☐ Post  
☐ E-mail

## **COMING THIS MONTH FROM FANATIC...**

### **Journal**



### **Citadel Journal 39**

The Journal gets a make-over to celebrate the launch of Fanatic and now comes in a new size and format. It features a preview version of the Harlequin army list by 40K designer Gav Thorpe, part one of a series of articles detailing the Corbira Sector of the Imperium by Matthew Sprange, all the regular features, and more.

### **Epic 40,000 Magazine • Issue 1**

The new incarnation of Firepower, the magazine for serious Epic 40,000 players everywhere, includes part one of Adeptus Titanicus Revisited by Gav Thorpe & Jervis Johnson, an official rules supplement for Epic that adds more detailed rules for Titans and War Machines. The issue also includes rules for the new Emperor Titan model released this month.



### **Battlefleet Magazine • Issue 1**

The first issue of Fanatic's magazine for Battlefleet Gothic players is something of a 'Tyranid Special'. Included are rules by Andy Chambers for using the new Tyranid ships released this month, and John Lamshead provides background, fleet lists and ship details for the Imperial battlefleets which fought against Hive Fleet Kraken.

### **Warmaster Magazine • Issue 1**

Rick Priestley has been burning the midnight oil ensuring that the first issue of Fanatic's Warmaster Magazine is very special. Included are scenarios, questions and answers, experimental rules and details of the official Warmaster website, plus rules, army lists and background for the new Warmaster Kislev army.



### **Warhammer Quest – Traps & Pitfalls**

An expansion for Warhammer Quest that adds all kinds of nasty traps and pitfalls to kill off unwary adventurers. All-new floor plans and templates are included, along with all the rules you'll need to add these to your games.

### **ALSO AVAILABLE THIS MONTH...**

- Warmaster Kislev Army
- Battlefleet Gothic Tyranid Hive Fleet
- Chaos 'Anti-Emperor' Titan



**Work in progress: part of the Hive Fleet takes shape!**

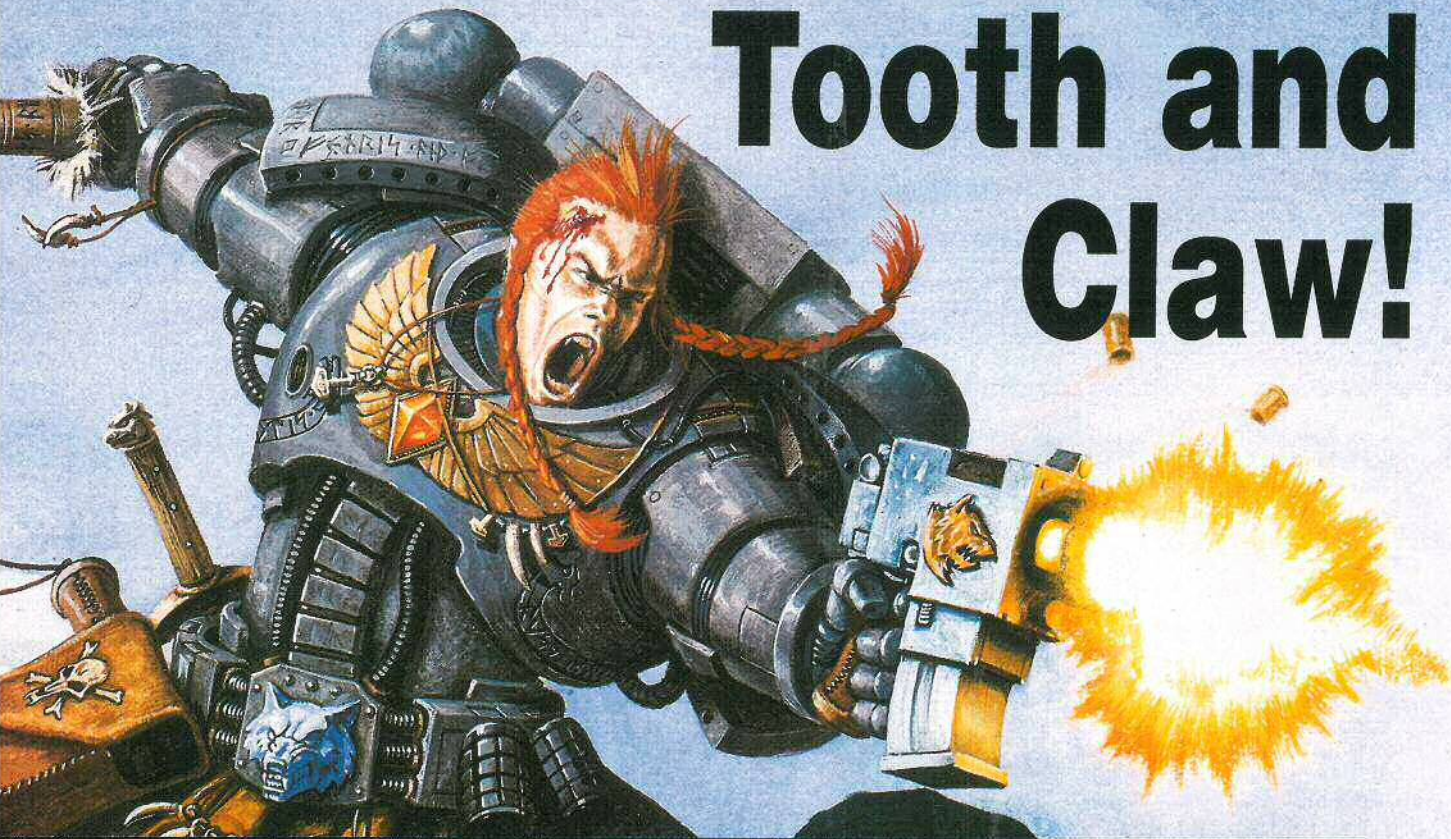


*"The Space Wolves are the most barbaric of all the Space Marine Chapters. Their home planet is the harsh ice world known as Fenris, where savage tribes from which the Space Marines are recruited are locked in a continual struggle for existence. Perhaps because of this, Space Wolves have a proud, headstrong nature that makes them difficult to control or direct. But for all of this, the Space Wolves are valiant and noble defenders of the Imperium, and are amongst the bravest and most ferocious warriors I have ever met. I can say without doubt that the Imperium would be a far more dangerous place without the Sons of Russ to protect it."*

*Inquisitor Bastalek Grim*



# Tooth and Claw!



The Space Wolves Battle Force is an ideal way to start a new Space Wolves force or to further reinforce your existing Space Wolves army.

The Space Wolves Battle Force contains:  
10 Grey Hunters, 10 Blood Claws, 1 Rhino,  
3 Space Marine bikes and 1 set of Gothic Ruins.

**Space Wolves Battle Force – £40 boxed set**



## LINE BREAKER



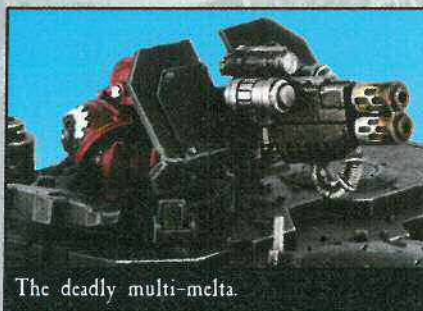
The new 'hurricane' bolters are the perfect weapons for taking on light infantry.



Jim Butler's Storm Giants Land Raider Crusader.



Twin-linked assault cannons.



The deadly multi-melta.

The Crusader is armed to the teeth with short-ranged weaponry. Of particular note are the two 'hurricane' bolters. Each one of these counts as three twin-linked bolters. This is deadly at close range as it means that the Crusader can fire twelve bolter shots with re-rolls! The fact that they can always fire makes them the perfect weapon for softening up the enemy before your transported squad charges into combat.



Paul Sawyer's White Scars Crusader escorted by his bike squadrons.



# LINE BREAKER

Out this month is the Space Marine Land Raider Crusader variant. This awesome tank is armed with numerous short-ranged weapons, enabling it to soften up the enemy before delivering its deadly Space Marine cargo into their midst.



Although designed by the Black Templars Chapter, other Chapters also make use of them in limited numbers.

The new Space Marine Land Raider Crusader variant is a specialised assault vehicle developed by the Black Templars Chapter. This awesome tank is perfect for making sure that your prized Command Group or Terminator assault squad gets into close combat with the enemy. The increased transport capacity allows it to carry either fifteen Space Marines in power armour or eight Terminators. This is especially good news for Black Templars players as it allows you to transport your fifteen-man Black Templars squads into the heart of the opponent's forces where they can do what they do best – chopping the enemy up in close combat.

**WARHAMMER**  
40,000





Matt Hutson's Black Templars Crusader crashes into the Chaos Space Marine line, disgorging its squad into the heart of the enemy.

## HEAVY SUPPORT

### LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

	Points	Front Armour	Side Armour	Rear Armour	BS
Crusader	255	14	14	14	4

**Type:** Tank

**Crew:** Space Marines

**Weapons:** The Land Raider Crusader is armed with two 'hurricane' pattern bolters, a twin-linked assault cannon and a multi-melta. The Crusader is also equipped with frag assault launchers.

**Options:** The Crusader may have the following vehicle upgrades: dozer blade at +5 pts; hunter-killer missile at +15 pts; pintle-mounted storm bolter at +10 pts; searchlight at +1 pt; smoke launchers at +3 pts.

**Transport:** Due to the extra space created by removing the large generators required for the lascannons, a Crusader has an increased carrying capacity. A Crusader may carry up to fifteen Space Marines or eight Space Marine Terminators. Note that it may still only carry one squad and independent characters (ie, you can't put a ten-man squad and a five-man squad inside at the same time).

**Availability:** Black Templars may have any number within the limitation of the force organisation charts. Other Space Marine Chapters may take Crusader pattern Land Raiders, but their greater rarity outside the Black Templars Chapter means that these Chapters are limited to one.



The Crusader variant of the Land Raider was developed by the Black Templars during the Jerulas Crusade, to aid them in the numerous sieges which they had to fight in order to reconquer the hive world. As news of the Crusaders' success spread, other Space Marine Chapters requested information regarding their remodelling of the Land Raider, and in 763.M39 the Crusader pattern became approved by Mars (not that this had stopped many Chapters using it beforehand).

The Crusader is designed to smash into the enemy lines, disgorging the Space Marines into the heart of their adversaries. Its numerous short-ranged weapons allow the Crusader to weaken the enemy before the assault is launched and to provide a torrent of firepower to support its cargo once they are in combat.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Extra Armour:** All Land Raider Crusaders have additional armour plating to ensure that they can reach the enemy with their transported squad intact. A Crusader counts as having the extra armour vehicle upgrade, so it treats any 'Crew Stunned' result on the damage tables as a 'Crew Shaken' result instead.

**'Hurricane' bolters:** Each 'hurricane' bolter counts as three twin-linked boltguns. The Crusader may always fire its 'hurricane' bolters, regardless of how far it has moved or what other weapons it is firing.

**Frag Assault Launchers:** The front of the Crusader is studded with explosive charges, designed to hurl shrapnel into the enemy as the troops inside charge out down the assault ramp. Any unit which assaults on the same turn it disembarks from the Crusader counts as having frag grenades.



**WARHAMMER®**  
40,000

# SPACE MARINE VEHICLES



VINDICATOR £18



PREDATOR DESTRUCTOR £18



RHINO £12



ATTACK BIKE £10



The Space Marines  
fear no evil for we  
are Fear Incarnate.



LAND SPEEDER £15



WHIRLWIND £18



BIKE SQUADRON £18



CHAPLAIN ON BIKE £10



Those who are not purged by our guns shall be crushed  
under the tracks of our mighty war machines.



RAZORBACK £18



PREDATOR ANNIHILATOR £18



LAND SPEEDER TORNADO £18



LAND RAIDER £30



SPACE MARINE BIKE £5



LAND SPEEDER TYPHOON £18



LAND RAIDER CRUSADER £35



# WARHAMMER

**22nd – 28th**

**We've found a load of excess Warhammer stock hiding away in the dusty corners of our warehouse, so we decided to let you get your hands on it at a knock down price.**

**Pick up a copy of the Warhammer game, for instance, as a great, cheap way to start that Bretonnian or Lizardman army you've always wanted!**

**Make sure you don't miss out! Head down to your local Games Workshop store or participating independent stockist while the offers last!**



## AMAZING OFF

\* All Games Workshop Stores throughout the UK, Eire, Mail Order and some independent stockists



# BARGAINS

July 2000\*



## ERS ALL WEEK!

will be taking part. Exact dates may vary from region to region. Offers subject to availability. E&OE



# not so Fat Bloke presents...

# GAMES WORKSHOP<sup>®</sup> ONLINE

[www.games-workshop.co.uk](http://www.games-workshop.co.uk)

After months of preparation we have made the big leap onto the information super highway - the Games Workshop website is now online!

running massive gaming events which you can only access through our website.

Also, if you are tired of busy phone lines or just cannot reach your local Games Workshop store, you can now shop online at the GW web store 24 hours a day, seven days a week and have your new miniatures delivered straight to your door.

Surf on over to the official Games Workshop website now!

NiK

Games Workshop has launched its new look, all singing, all dancing website! Here's the address:

[www.games-workshop.co.uk](http://www.games-workshop.co.uk)

This new look website contains loads of information about the Games Workshop hobby, including exclusive new rules, army lists and sneak previews of unreleased Citadel Miniatures.

You can sign up to the Games Workshop email newsletter and get all the news and exclusives delivered straight to your own email inbox once a month. We will also be

## SHOP ONLINE! GAMES WORKSHOP'S VERY OWN WEB STORE

Here you will find practically everything that you need for all aspects of the hobby. The entire line of Citadel Miniatures is now at your fingertips, only the click of a mouse away.

Welcome to our new UK web store! As you can see we have totally redesigned our store and greatly increased the amount of stuff we carry. We've redesigned our store and greatly increased the amount of stuff we carry. We've redesigned our store and greatly increased the amount of stuff we carry.

**PLEASE NOTE:** Currently this store changes in England only. If you do not live in the UK you must visit [this site](http://www.games-workshop.co.uk) before you order.

**Need Some Help?**  
- Click on the links below to find out more about our website.

WD246 is our new Web Store. Visit the

Pick your gaming system.

Space Marine Tactical Squad

Part Code: 99-0701000000 Price: £12.00

Quantity: 1

BUY ALL SELECTED MODELS

Games and Areas to Explore: Warhammer 40,000 \$ 10

Other Sections in this Area: Warhammer 40,000 Games and Codexes \$ 10

Items in this Section: Warhammer 40,000 Games \$ 10

...Citadel Miniatures boxed sets...

...and individual components!

**WARHAMMER 40,000**

The Game  
The Army  
The Hobby

IN THE GERM DARENESS OF THE PAK PLATE THREE  
IS ONLY WAR

To be a warrior in such times is to be a man amongst madmen. It is to live in the most hellish and most bloody regime imaginable. This is the life of those times. It is a universe you can live in today - if you dare. For this is a dark and terrible world where you will find little comfort or hope. If you want to take part in the adventures that prepare your mind, forget the power of technology, science and common humanity. Forget the promise of progress and enlightenment, for there is no peace amongst the

Information on all our gaming worlds.

**BLOODQUEST MOVIE**

Warhammer 40,000 set to explode onto the small screen in full 3D computer animation.

Games Workshop, the world's largest hobby wargames company, and Exile Films, a Seattle-based production company, today announced the signing of an option for the production of a feature-length computer-animated film, to be broadcast through US and international TV networks.

The film will be set in the Warhammer 40,000 universe created by Games Workshop. The film is a grim and disturbing tale, where mankind constantly struggles to defend its Empire against a myriad of alien threats such as the malignant Eldar, and the soul-devouring creatures of the Warp. The film may be based upon the popular character and setting of "Bloodquest", a tale of Blood Angels Space Marines striving to redeem their lineage. Exile Films will be producing and marketing the film, with Games Workshop creating all matching long rights, for which they are now seeking suitable partners.

Chris Priestley, Games Workshop's Chief Executive, commented:

The very latest on our exciting Bloodquest movie project with Exile Films.

**COME TO THE WARHAMMER WORLD AND EXPERIENCE EVERY GAMER'S DREAM**

Warhammer World is located in Games Workshop's HQ and is the centre of hobby excellence.

At "Warhammer World" you can look around the museum of 30-year-old Warhammer 40,000 editions, marvel at the fantastic display games such as the Battle of Antioch Plains, the rules of the Imperium's Future, and visit the shop with its complete range of GW products. Finally, finish your visit with a drink quenching refreshment in the famous *Imperial's Bar*.

**WARHAMMER WORLD**

Games Workshop, Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS  
Tel: 0115 916 9410

OPENING TIMES

A guide to Games Workshop HQ and the Warhammer World museum.

**25**

1975 - 2000

As Told By Mr. Rick Priestley, Games Designer Supreme  
Illustrated with Ye Olde Photo's

I've been asked to write about my experiences of 25 years of Games Workshop. How old do you think I am for Steven's sake? 25 years ago I was a schoolboy. Yes, schoolboy - particularly rambunctious and headstrong schoolboy but a schoolboy nonetheless. I even gave me a brief, please, I read it! I visited the Games Workshop store about 1978 or 1980 maybe - I bought a copy of a wargame called "Warhammer" and it was a copy of a wargame called "Warhammer". The game is an absolute classic. The shop smelled of damp and the service was terrible. I gather they've pulled the shop down since and redesigned it as an office block - but apparently it still smells the same very very very just can't get rid of it.

There's an interesting story here involving a man who said "I've been asked to write about my experiences of 25 years of Games Workshop. How old do you think I am for Steven's sake? 25 years ago I was a schoolboy. Yes, schoolboy - particularly rambunctious and headstrong schoolboy but a schoolboy nonetheless. I even gave me a brief, please, I read it! I visited the Games Workshop store about 1978 or 1980 maybe - I bought a copy of a wargame called "Warhammer" and it was a copy of a wargame called "Warhammer". The game is an absolute classic. The shop smelled of damp and the service was terrible. I gather they've pulled the shop down since and redesigned it as an office block - but apparently it still smells the same very very very just can't get rid of it."

Rick Priestley's view of the last 25 years of Games Workshop. All this and much more is all just a click away!

Warhammer 40,000 (Boxed Games)

Part Code: 99-0701000000 Price: £12.00

Quantity: 1

BUY ALL SELECTED MODELS

Games and Areas to Explore: Warhammer 40,000 \$ 10

Other Sections in this Area: Warhammer 40,000 Games and Codexes \$ 10

Items in this Section: Warhammer 40,000 Games \$ 10

You can buy boxed games...

Space Marine Squad

Part Code: 99-0701000000 Price: £12.00

Quantity: 1

BUY ALL SELECTED MODELS

Games and Areas to Explore: Warhammer 40,000 \$ 10

Other Sections in this Area: Warhammer 40,000 Games and Codexes \$ 10

Items in this Section: Warhammer 40,000 Games \$ 10



# HOME PAGE



Home Our Games About Us Community **Shopping** Company

## LATEST NEWS



**CRAFTWORLD ELДАР**  
Craftworld Eldar is a supplement to the Eldar Codex and reveals the secrets of five of the most infamous Craftworlds. It includes background and army lists for these Craftworlds, each with its own style of play and army design.

[With Shockwave Intro] [Without Shockwave Intro]

## MORE NEWS

### Games Workshop 25th Anniversary

This year Games Workshop is celebrating 25 years of producing the best Fantasy and Science Fiction games and miniatures in the world.

### Bloodquest Movie

GW has agreed an option with Seattle based computer animators - Exile Films - to produce a feature length animated movie for TV set within the 40k universe.

### SKULZ

Take a look at the new offer from GW Mail Order. Collect your stickers to claim your unique gifts.

## FEATURES

### How To

01/06/00

Read It



Did you ever wonder how we design & make these great miniatures? Well, that's what we thought. Let us show you the sights & sounds of miniature design & manufacture. Discover for yourselves what we really do with all that Green Stuff, Rubber & Tea.

### History 101

01/06/00

Read It



We're 25 you know! It seems incredible, but GW has now been around a mighty 25 years. In this article Rick Priestley gives his potted history of the company, and why one should never buy any GW's that were recorded after 1973.

### New Releases

01/06/00

Read It



Take a look at the new products available through your local Games Workshop store. This week we have the new Striking Scorpions and Eldar Exarchs.



- Web Store
- Our Stores
- Mail Order
- Skulz

## GW NEWSLETTER

To join the Games Workshop Newsletter type your email address in the box below, and press the 'Enter' button:

Powered by LbtBot

## ARTICLES

### Campaign

01/06/00

Read It



Are you ready to enter the City of the Damned for a gruelling weekend of gaming? You'll have to have the toughest and best equipped warband in order to tackle the perils that await you within the ruins of Mordheim.

### Chapter Approved

01/06/00

Read It



For all the people that missed White Dwarf 230 with the awesome Neocron Armylist we now give you another chance to play with this sinister race. So what are you waiting for? Dig out your Neocron army and get playing!

### Movies

01/06/00

Read It



To celebrate the launch of the new website we give you, completely free, two amazing movies of two of our most popular kits, the MkIII Landraider and the Sentinel.

### New Site

01/06/00

Read It



The Club Network has been created by Games Workshop to help the leaders of Gaming Groups and Clubs that enjoy GW games and miniatures to better take part in the greater hobby community that exists in the U.K.



The Great Wolf - Lord Logan Grimnar

A warrior's faith in his commander is his best armour and his strongest weapon.

Tactica Imperium



## SIGN UP FOR DA GAMES WORKSHOP NEWSLETTER!!!

If you're a serious hobbyist that really needs to stay bang up to date with the latest in the Games Workshop Hobby then you absolutely must subscribe to the Games Workshop electronic newsletter.

As a subscriber you can expect the very latest news & information, from Games Day announcements and Grand Tournament alerts, to New Releases information, Club Profiles and even Games Workshop History. Games create and grow on, we'll even tell you if a Games Workshop Store is opening near you!



There are also exclusive Mail Order deals available only to subscribers going missing among a whole range of Games Workshop miniatures & games.

Best of all it's easy to subscribe to this service, and completely free - just click on the 'Join' button below & soon you'll be on the inside track with the latest news on the Games Workshop!

Sign up for our free email newsletter and receive the latest up-to-date information about new releases and special events before anyone else!

## NECRONS

### AN ANCIENT MENACE RETURNS

Necrons are a sinister race from the dawn of time. They appear from nowhere, without warning, their robotic, metal bodies that fly from the earth, firing terrible weapons overwhelming anything that they come their way. And then they disappear as suddenly as they arrived, leaving only devastation to show that they were there at all.

Rick Priestley's Necrons were first originally appeared in 'White Dwarf' 230 but demand for it was so high that we decided to make it available from our website.

It's what you're waiting for! Click on the link below for your free download of the full Necron army list and start playing!

Remember that you can now find all the Necron models to complete your army list in the new White Dwarf 40,000 section of the Star Ship.

FREE Download (2.5MB)

Chapter Approved contains loads of new rules, army lists and scenarios for you to use.

## LAND RAIDER THEATER



It's finally here! The Adzehead Assault once again here in the most powerful tank in the galaxy. Rolling over anything in its path, this plated and armored behemoth is the most powerful of all. It's a true tank, with two main turrets, a main gun and an assault of other battle worthy weapons. The Land Raider's armor is impervious to anything but a full on assault of Space Marines or the Space Marine Terminator can be too much for it.

3D animations of our new plastic vehicle kits - see your tank from every angle!

## Games Workshop launches Club Network

The Club Network has been created by Games Workshop to help the leaders of Gaming Groups and Clubs that enjoy GW games and miniatures to better take part in the greater hobby community that exists in the U.K.

If you run a Gaming Group or a Gaming Club of any kind, you can Register on this site and join the Network.

- Along with a dedicated & simple and new website, the Network aims to provide a new exciting new environment for the gaming community.
- The Club Toolkit** - to help small groups and clubs to get themselves going, and to answer all the questions of new club leaders. When GW has received this will be the useful starting point!
- The Club Network** - registration of clubs and groups is a central database and the ability to link up to help the groups that we know about. We'll be very soon we will put the first list!
- The Council of Thirteen** - GW is linking up with the major clubs from around the UK to form a Council. This Council will be the voice of the Club Network. One Website, one voice!
- The Club Calendar** - on this website we aim to create the largest, most complete calendar of gaming events, both local and national. If you know of games and events, both local and national, please email the Club Network team!
- The Club Newsletter** - the bi-monthly news publication going to all registered groups, as well as the new and old club leaders will have access to the same information. It aims to include new Project News, and aim to give a forum to...

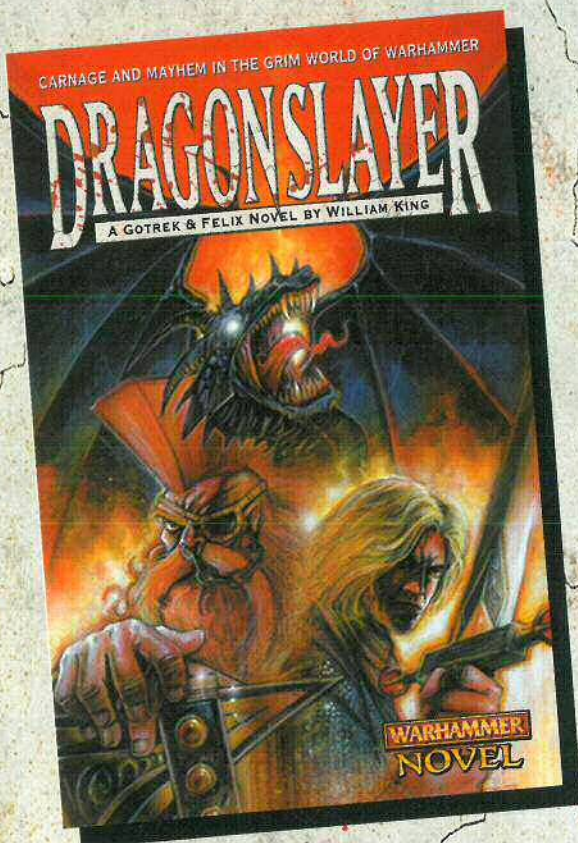


Register your gaming club and join the Games Workshop gaming club network.





# THE BLACK LIBRARY PRESENTS



## DRAGONSLAYER

A GOTREK AND FELIX NOVEL BY WILLIAM KING

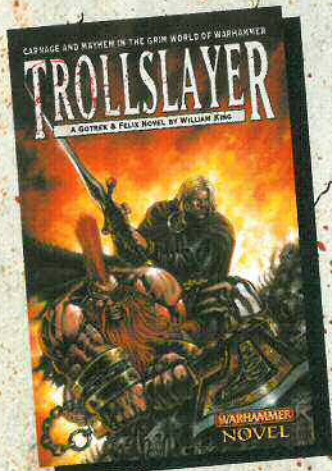
*'The dragon opened its mouth. The fires of hell burned within its jaws. Felix thought the creature looked almost as if it were smiling. Some strange impulse compelled him to throw himself between Gotrek and the creature just as it breathed. He fought back the desire to scream as a wall of flame hurtled towards him...'*

DRAGONSLAYER is the latest epic instalment in the death-seeking saga of Gotrek and Felix. After the daring exploits of *Daemonslayer*, the fearless duo find themselves pursued by the insidious and ruthless Skaven-lord Grey Seer Thanquol. *Dragonslayer* sees the doom-laden Slayer and his sworn companion back aboard an arcane Dwarf airship, in search of a golden hoard and its deadly guardian.

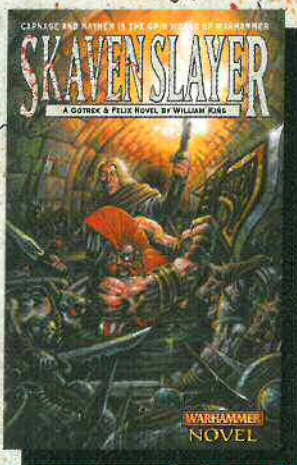
**Dragonslayer • out August • £5.99**

### COME MANLING, LET THE BLOODLETTING BEGIN!

Other novels in the Gotrek and Felix series



**Trollslayer • £5.99**



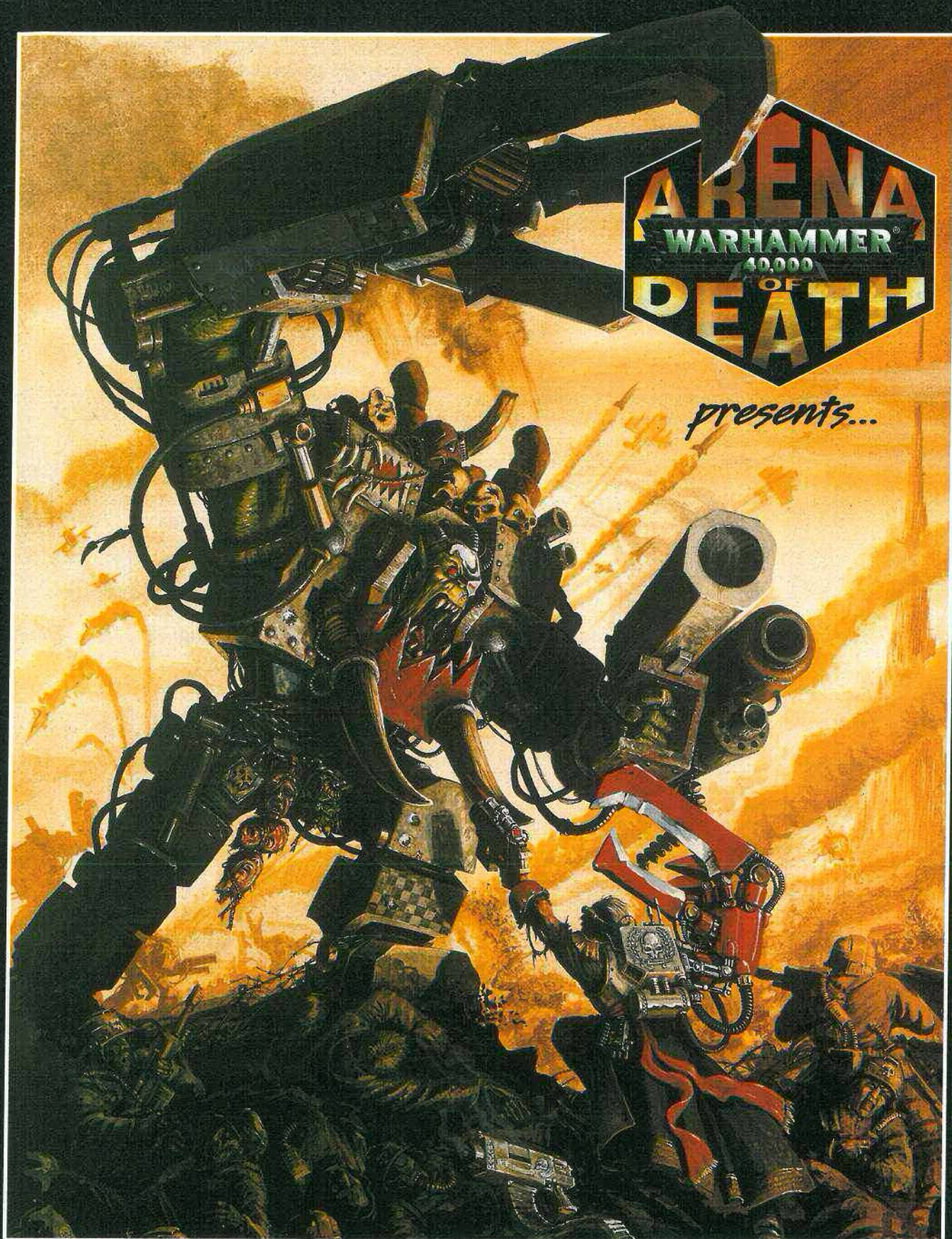
**Skavenslayer • £5.99**



**Daemonslayer • £5.99**

**Available from Games Workshop stores and all good bookshops!**





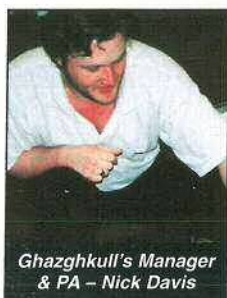
**The fight of the Millennium  
GHAZGHKULL MAG URUK THRAKA vs COMMISSAR YARRICK**



# ARENA WARHAMMER® 40,000 OF DEATH

**W**elcome battle-fans to the 40K Arena of Death! I'm Nick Davis, your commentator for this brutal clash of giants, with unparalleled Ork Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka facing his most hated foe, Commissar Yarrick. This pair have a long history of hatred and grudging respect for each other, and will be going head-to-head to see who's 'best'.

**Let battle commence!**



Ghazghkull's Manager & PA – Nick Davis

As we were putting together the first few Codex Armageddon articles, Matt Hutson and I were discussing what would happen if Ghazghkull and Commissar Yarrick actually fought one-on-one on the field of battle. History makes no mention of the two actually having met but I was certain that Ghazghkull would thrash the impudent human, while Matt was adamant that Yarrick could beat the Ork Warlord. Once the heated argument died down, Fat Bloke decreed that there was only one way to settle it – an Arena of Death bout! The original Arena of Death (see WD221) pitted several Warhammer special characters against each other in a 'just for laughs' knockout competition...



Yarrick's personal trainer – Matt Hutson

## THE RULES

Each participant rolls a dice to decide who sets up first.

Models cannot be placed closer than 12".

Each participant rolls to see who wins the first turn.

Play as a normal game of Warhammer 40,000 until only one opponent is left standing.

**In the green corner – 'The Hand of Gork & Mork', Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka!**  
**In the red corner – Commissar 'Saviour of Hades Hive' Yarrick!**

## FIGHT ONE

Winning the deployment dice-off, I forced Matt to place Yarrick first, and he chose the cover of a ruined building. Determined to get stuck in, I placed Ghazghkull in a direct line with his foe. I was going to end this as quickly as I could (Yarrick was an old man, best not make him run around too much – it wouldn't be good for his health...).

### Turn one

I won the dice roll for the first turn too and decided to go first. I charged Ghazghkull directly at Yarrick and let fly with his kustom shoota, managing to cause a wound – even though Yarrick's D6 Strength reducing force field had lessened the effectiveness of the shot. First blood to me. Unfortunately, I rolled low for Ghazghkull's mega-armour movement and was just out of assault range. I'd definitely be having a word or two with that unreliable Mekboy git.

Matt surprised me by moving Yarrick directly towards Ghazghkull and firing his storm bolter. The Hero of the Imperium managed to hit Ghazghkull and wound him (although his tough mega armour saved the shot!). Yarrick then charged, his Bale Eye blazing, though it had no effect on the Ork Warlord – so it came down to simultaneous combat with their power claws. Yarrick wounded Ghazghkull and, although three of Ghazghkull's attacks hit, Matt managed to roll a pair of 6s for Yarrick's force field! Reducing the Strength of the attack to 4, they failed to wound, but the final attack did – Ghazghkull seemed to have the upper hand...

### Turn two

Commissar Yarrick hit only once and failed to wound. With the immortal words 'I have you now!' I rolled to hit, wounding the Commissar twice and knocking him to the ground. It was all down to his Iron Will and surely there was no way Matt was going to make that roll. Victory was in my grasp...

To my horror, Matt rolled the dice and Yarrick passed his test, bouncing back to his feet to strike at Ghazghkull! This only served to anger the Ork Warlord as Ghazghkull's blows all connected but failed to wound as Yarrick's force field absorbed the strength of the hits. Yarrick struck back, hitting Ghazghkull twice, knocking him down and winning the match – first win to the Imperial Commissar!

I couldn't believe it! Surely it was a fluke? This called for a rematch...

*'See this shiny Ork power claw Thraka?'*



*'Here, take a closer look!'... Thwack!*





## FIGHT TWO

This time I lost the deployment roll and, a little more wary of the Commissar, I set up Ghazghkull in the ruined building. Filled with confidence, Matt placed Yarrick on a direct charge line with Ghazghkull.

### Turn one

I won the roll off for the first turn and elected to go first, charging at the impudent Commissar. There was no way I was going to let a mere 'umie succeed against the greatest Ork Warlord in the galaxy! I fired his kustom shoota but missed with both shots and despite having the mega boost re-roll, Ghazghkull fell short by an inch as he attempted to take out the old man in close combat!

It was Yarrick's turn and Matt moved him towards Ghazghkull whilst firing his storm bolter, the shots hitting home, but the Ork's thick armour saving him from harm. Then Yarrick charged. Determined not to lose to him the same way as last time, I call down the *Power of the Waaagh!* – giving Ghazghkull an invulnerable saving throw for this and the next round's combat. Yarrick's Bale Eye was ineffective and, even

though his power claw hit home three times, they were all deflected by the *Power of the Waaagh!* Ghazghkull struck back and although only one blow hit the Commissar, it managed to wound even though Matt rolled a five for his force field.

### Turn two

Again the Bale Eye had no effect and it was down to the combatants' power claws. Yarrick's blows hit home but the Ork Warlord was saved by the *Power of the Waaagh!* yet again. I rolled for Ghazghkull's attacks, hitting 3 times and, despite the Commissar's increasingly annoying force field, two of the wounds were strong enough for instant kills. With Yarrick on the ground it was down to his Iron Will to save him. This time Matt failed the test – Waaagh! Ghazghkull!

'Okay,' says Matt, 'Now, try that without your gods' help. Ghazghkull didn't kill Yarrick – Gork and Mork did.' I couldn't turn down the challenge so we set up again (*is it me or have Nick and Matt hit on a sneaky way of playing games all afternoon and thus avoiding any real work? – Fat Bloke*).

## FIGHT THREE – the decider!

Determined to show that Ghazghkull didn't need the *Power of the Waaagh!* to defeat Yarrick, we set up one last time. I won the deployment dice roll and let Matt place the good Commissar down first. This time he placed him on the far side of the ruined building. Going for the Orky approach I placed Ghazghkull on the other side of the ruin, directly facing Yarrick. It was time to end this...

### Turn one

I won the turn dice off and elected to move Ghazghkull first – there really was nothing else for me to do except charge straight at Yarrick. Ghazghkull fired his kustom shoota and both shots hit, but the Commissar's force field reduced the Strength of the gun down to zero – Matt just wouldn't stop rolling sixes! Again Ghazghkull's mega boost let him down and he fell short of the Commissar in the assault phase. Chewing my lip with frustration, I let an optimistic Matt have his turn.

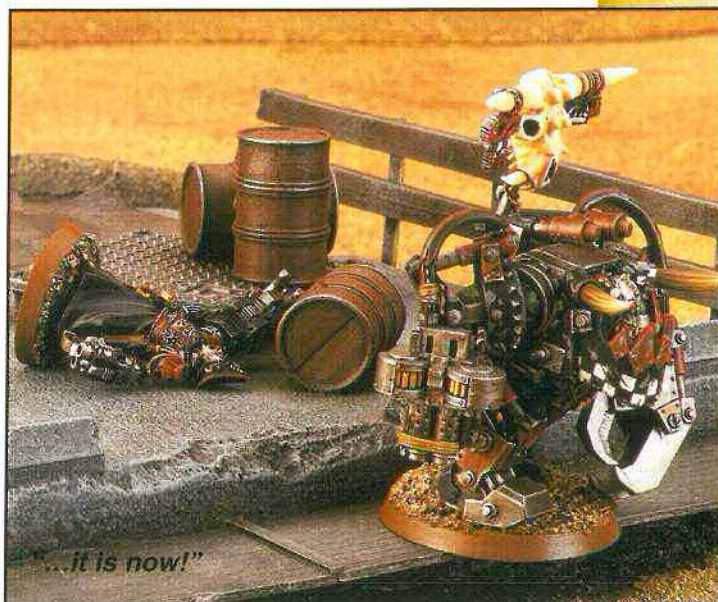
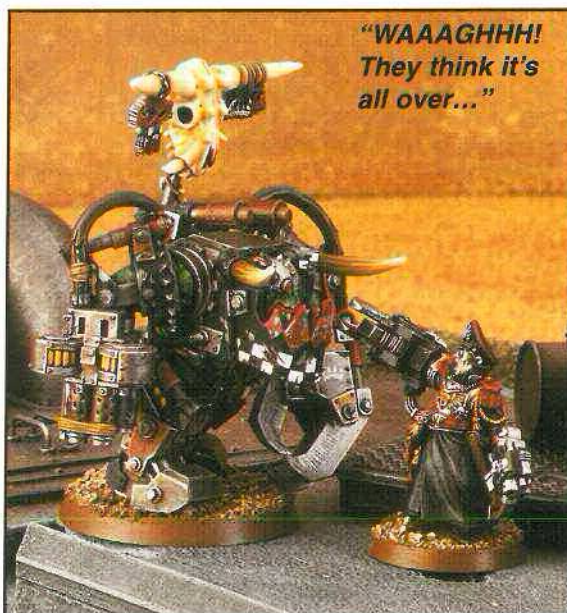
Wasting no time, Matt moved Yarrick towards Ghazghkull, fully confident that I would not call down the *Power of the Waaagh!* to assist me this time. Yarrick hit with both of his storm bolter shots but they rebounded harmlessly off Ghazghkull's metal body. For Commissar Yarrick there was only the charge...

With his Bale Eye blazing, the Commissar crashed into the Ork Warlord. Again the Eye was ineffective – Matt had managed to roll ones every time he used it which went some way to counter the number of sixes he'd also managed to roll! Yarrick struck at the Ork Warlord with his power claw, causing a single wound. Ghazghkull's reply was more impressive as he hit Yarrick three times and, even with the force field, I got an instant kill, forcing the brave Commissar to the ground.

### Turn two

With Yarrick on the ground, Ghazghkull sauntered off after giving the Humie a good kicking. I watched as Matt rolled the dice and failed the crucial Iron Will test, leaving Yarrick lying in the dirt of the arena.

I cheered – Ghazghkull had won, beating his arch-nemesis two games to one. Matt then suggested a handicap match as Ghazghkull cost 226 points whilst his Imperial counterpart cost only 171...





The one-on-one results were really pretty much as we expected, despite Matt's protests to the contrary. However, we weren't finished yet with this dastardly duo. Matt argued that with the help of the brave men of the Imperial Guard, Yarrick would always beat Ghazghkull. So I agreed to a handicap match where Matt could bring along a Steel Legion squad to even things up a little bit.

## THE HANDICAP MATCH!

Matt brought along ten Armageddon Steel Legion troopers to try to take down the lone, yet fearsome, figure of Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka. Outnumbered and outpointed, I was still confident that the Ork Warlord would win the day.

The rules for the Arena of Death match stayed the same; whoever was left standing at the end was the winner. We rolled off for deployment and for the third time Matt lost. This time, he chose to set up his troops on top of the ruined building. Keeping with the no-nonsense Ork tactics that had served me well so far, I set up in front of the squad – after all, the Humies' puny lasguns wouldn't hurt the Ork Warlord...

### Turn one

Matt won the dice roll for the first turn. Staying put and taking careful aim, the Guardsmen fired. The lasgun shots bounced off Ghazghkull's thick armoured hide, while the heavy bolter and grenade launcher shots wounded but were saved by his armour. Yarrick added to this firestorm with his storm bolter and he managed to hit the hulking Ork Warlord, but yet again the shots were saved by his armour. Waiting to see what the Warlord would do next, Matt sat back nervously and watched.

Not wanting to be in front of the guns of the Steel Legion for long, Ghazghkull opted for the same old direct attack approach and charged Ghazghkull straight towards the guns. I fired off his kustom shoota and one of the shots hit and killed

a Guardsman. Again using the mega boost built into Ghazghkull's armour, I actually got into assault range (at last!) and charged in. The Warlord's head butt attack killed a guardsman whilst their replies with lasgun butts and bayonets had no effect on the colossal Ork. Sweeping around with his power claw, Ghazghkull hit and killed two more Guardsmen. Unfortunately Yarrick's inspirational presence meant that the squad didn't need to take a Leadership test and they closed in around Ghazghkull as he went head-to-head with the Imperial Commissar.

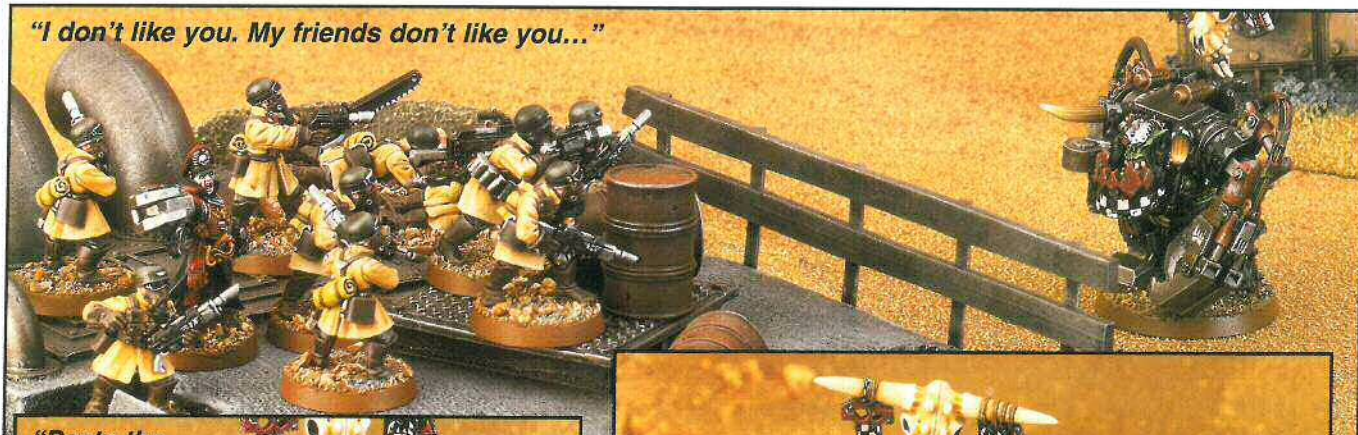
### Turn two

With no shooting, we went straight into the assault phase. The Guardsmen actually had the temerity to cause a wound on the Ork Warlord but he managed to save it with his armour. It was time for Yarrick and Ghazghkull to fight, again simultaneously. Yarrick punched with his power claw hitting and wounding the Ork Warlord once whilst Ghazghkull replied with three hits on the Imperial hero. This time Yarrick's force field was only able to reduce one of the blows below instant kill Strength and for the third time Yarrick fell to the ground. Matt again had to rely on making that all important Iron Will test. The Guardsmen in combat, determined to defend their beloved Commissar, closed in around the Ork Warlord. All they had to do was wound Ghazghkull once and Matt would win this fight.

### Turn three

Matt failed his Iron Will test again and the incapacitated Commissar was removed from the Arena. The Guardsmen lashed out with gun butts and bayonets, hitting and wounding the Ork Warlord twice. Luckily for Ghazghkull his saving throw succeeded – it would have been very embarrassing to die to mere Guardsmen! I threw the attack dice for Ghazghkull; he hit and killed with three of his attacks. The Guardsmen had finally had enough and without Yarrick's leadership, ran (or as Matt said 'fought a valiant tactical withdrawal') with Ghazghkull in hot pursuit. He caught and dispatched them at the base of the ruins, winning in grand style.

*"I don't like you. My friends don't like you..."*



*"Paste the Greenskin!"*



*"Paste da Humies!"*



Well, Ghazghkull had managed to best ten Imperial Guardsmen and Commissar Yarrick; surely there was nothing left to prove. However Matt wasn't about to give up that easily...

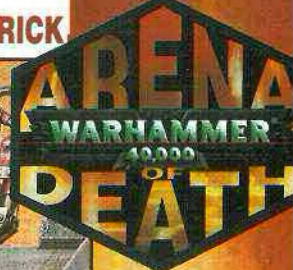
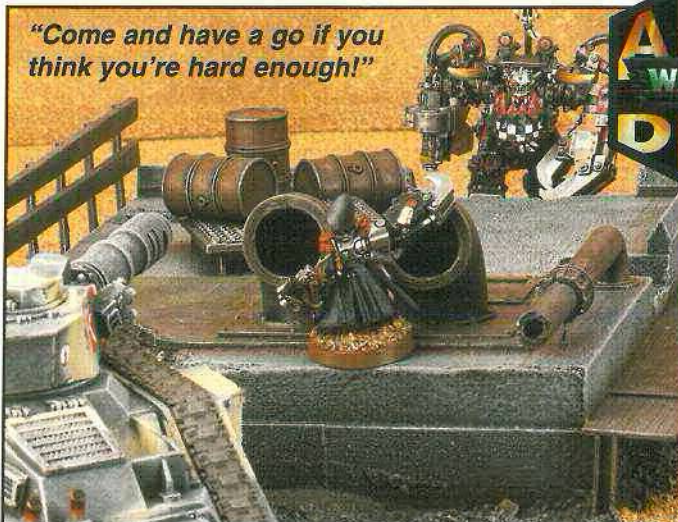
"Bet you won't be so lucky against a tank," he ventured.

"Bet you I will," I replied foolishly, heady from my wins in the last three matches.

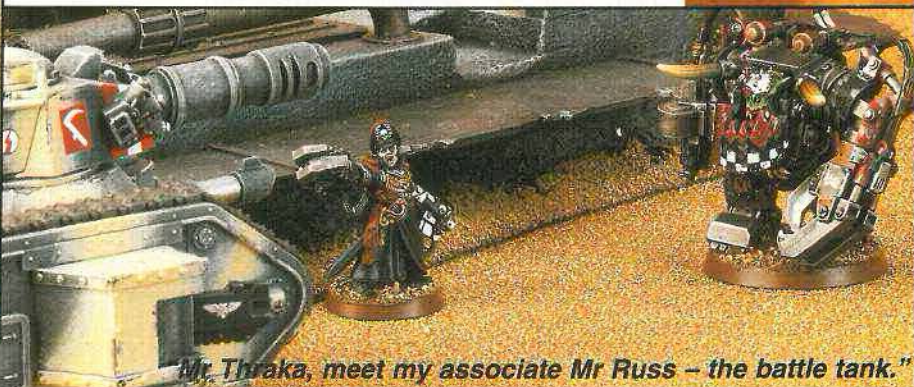
"Okay: Ghazghkull versus Yarrick and a Leman Russ."

This would be interesting – almost a full 100 points over Ghazghkull's cost, but if I could pull this one off, there would be no argument as to just how 'ard the gargantuan Ork really is.

*"Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough!"*



*"Thank you. Thank you very much!"*



*Mr Thraka, meet my associate Mr Russ – the battle tank."*

## THE FINAL CONFLICT

This was going to be difficult. To kill the Leman Russ I had to assault it or shoot its weaker rear armour. Matt lost the deployment roll and placed the tank and Yarrick into the Arena first. Conscious of the Leman Russ's guns, I placed Ghazghkull in cover to the side of the tank and hoped to close the gap quickly.

### Turn one

Winning the roll to see who went first, I moved Ghazghkull towards the tank. Yarrick was skulking around the other side of the Leman Russ so I had nothing to shoot at. Predictably I failed to get close enough to the Leman Russ in the assault phase.

Unsurprisingly, Matt reversed the tank, turning it to face the Ork Warlord. He then moved Yarrick up alongside the tank and fired the tank's lascannon. I closed my eyes and prayed to Gork and Mork for the usual Imperial Guard inaccuracy, but to no avail as it hit and wounded Ghazghkull.

### Turn two

With nothing to do but head towards the battle tank I gritted my teeth and waited for Matt's next move.

Matt again reversed the Leman Russ and moved Yarrick a little further forward of the Leman Russ. As Matt prepared to fire the lascannon I declared the *Power of the Waaagh!* and the invulnerable save protected the Ork Warlord from the lascannon this turn.

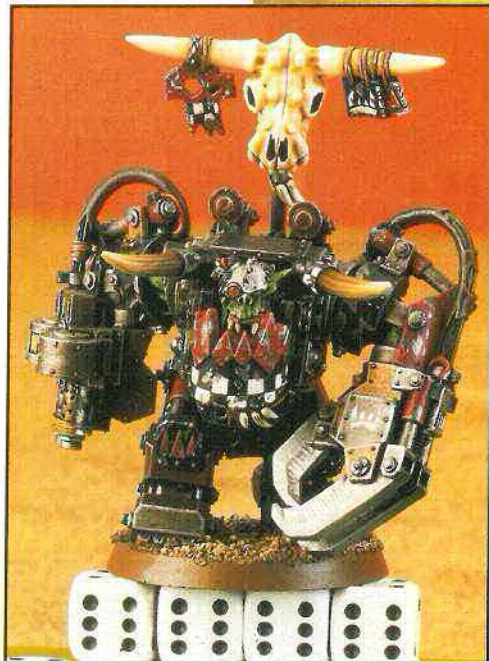
### Turn three

With the tank in my sights I only needed to roll a 6 to get into contact with it, but again I fell short. I contented myself by firing Ghazghkull's kustom shoota at Yarrick, wounding the Commissar. With one wound each suffered I felt a little better.

With the *Power of the Waaagh!* dissipated, Matt chose to leave the Leman Russ stationary and moved the Commissar into assault range. The tank's lascannon and heavy bolters fired. The lascannon missed but the heavy bolters found their mark, wounding Ghazghkull.

This was the moment that Matt had been waiting for and he charged Yarrick into the Ork Warlord. The Commissar was hit twice by the Ork's huge power claw and Yarrick's force field saved one wound but another got through. Yarrick returned the compliment and wounded the Ork. With his last Wound gone, the Ork Warlord hit the ground with a thud, leaving Commissar Yarrick triumphant!

It was all over! We played five games using these two very special characters. Although in the last match the Commissar did have the odds tipped in his favour when he brought along the Leman Russ, it proved that if these two did actually meet on the battlefield, there would be only one victor – the mighty Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka!



**Arena of Death champion:  
Ork Warlord Ghazghkull  
Mag Uruk Thraka**





# THE BLACK LIBRARY PRESENTS



## WARHAMMER MONTHLY #33

This month's slice of action and mayhem includes the following great comic strips. The epic Bloodquest reaches its explosive climax as Leonatos and his exiles are finally within reach of their prize, the Blade Encarmine; non-stop action from Gordon Rennie and Colin McNeil. In Titan, Princeps Hekate and the crew of the Imperius Dictatio must face old ghosts in an uneasy alliance with the alien Eldar. And in the second stunning instalment of Daemonifuge Book II, Sister of Battle Ephrael Stern discovers not all is as it seems aboard the Ecclesiarchy Destroyer, *Benediction*.

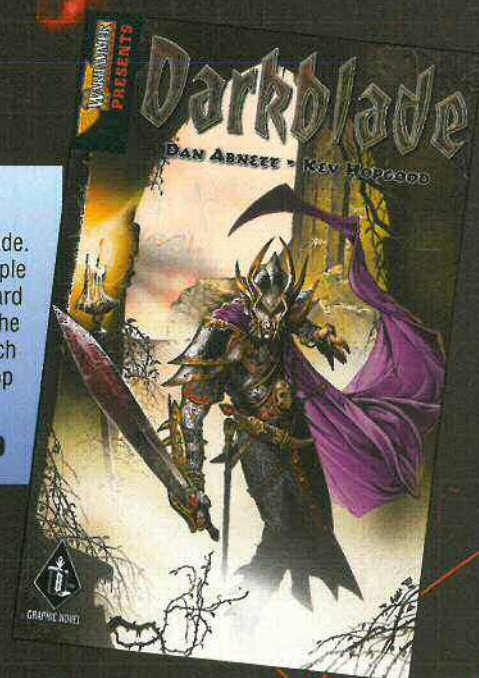
All this plus features, competitions, reader's offers and much more...

**OUT AUGUST • ONLY £2.20**

## DARKBLADE – The Graphic Novel

Here at last, the first book of the adventures of the Dark Elf, Malus Darkblade. Enticed by rumours of a fabulous treasure, while raiding an ancient temple Darkblade falls foul of the Daemon Tz'arkan. The mighty warrior and his lizard mount Spite have but one year to complete a most perilous quest at the Daemon's bidding. Malus must travel to the very edges of the world in search of five arcane artifacts, or the Daemon will keep his soul! Plus non-stop action and carnage from Dan 'Gaunt's Ghosts' Abnett and Kev Hopgood.

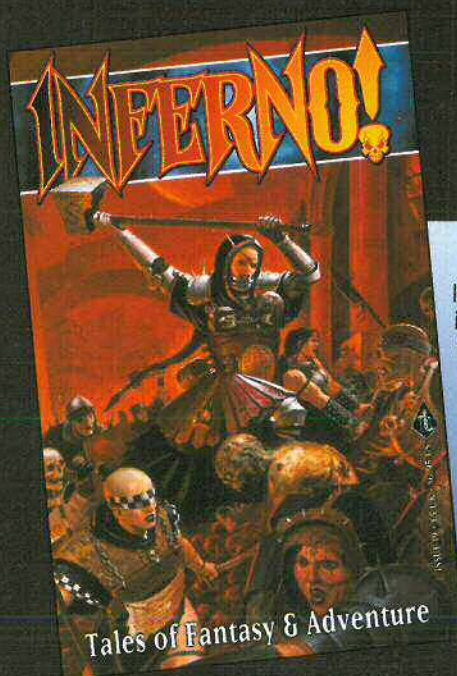
**OUT NOW • ONLY £4.99**



## INFERNO #19 – Tales of Fantasy and Adventure

Inferno! is Games Workshop's all-action anthology of short stories, illustrated features and comic strips. In Mark of a Warrior, we find out just what it takes to join the feared gangs of House Goliath. There's more comic mayhem this month as the suicidal fighta-bommer pilots of Deff Skwadron take to the skies for Da Big Push. A bizarre tale of intrigue and adventure from the tables of Talabheim's most notorious drinking den kicks off the first of many Tales from the Ten-Tailed Cat. All this and more in the new Inferno!

**OUT AUGUST • ONLY £5.00**





# STUNNING GRAPHIC NOVELS !



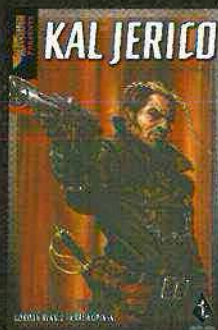
**BLOODQUEST** – £6.50



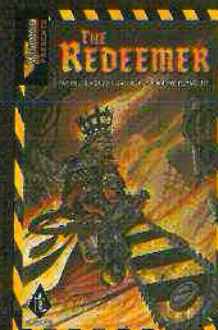
**TITAN** – £4.99



**DAEMONIFUGE** – £4.99



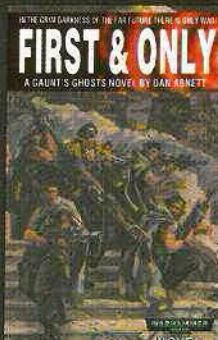
**KAL JERICO** – £4.99



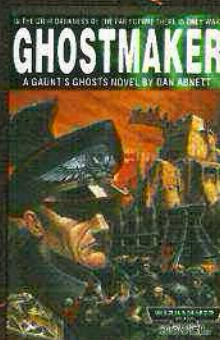
**THE REDEEMER** – £7.50

Get all the latest news on the Black Library website at [www.blacklibrary.co.uk](http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk)  
– now including online store!

# OUR AWESOME NOVELS !



**FIRST & ONLY**  
NOVEL £5.99



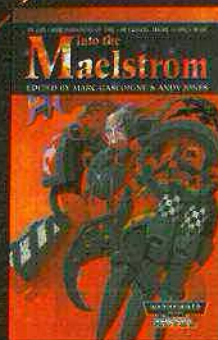
**GHOSTMAKER**  
NOVEL £5.99



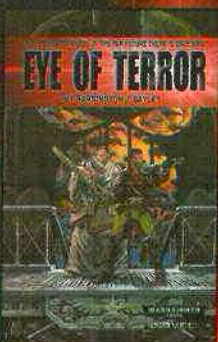
**SPACE WOLF**  
NOVEL £5.99



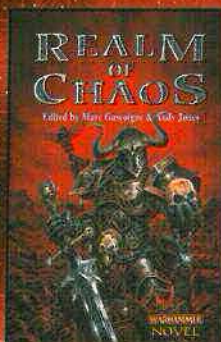
**RAGNAR'S CLAW**  
NOVEL £5.99



**INTO THE MAELSTROM**  
STORIES £5.99



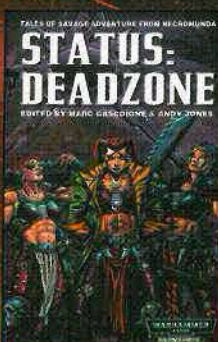
**EYE OF TERROR**  
NOVEL £5.99



**REALM OF CHAOS**  
STORIES £5.99



**HAMMERS OF ULRIC**  
NOVEL £5.99



**STATUS: DEADZONE**  
NOVEL £5.99

Available  
from  
Games  
Workshop  
stores and  
all good  
bookshops!

# LET THE GALAXY BURN !



## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

A Warhammer 40,000 battle report written by Phil Kelly, Andy Chambers, Graham Davey, Nick Davis and Dylan Owen. Played out by Paul Sawyer, Karl Renwick, Alan Merrett, Owen Branham, Andy Chambers, Rowland Cox, Matt Hutson, Adrian Wood, Gordon Davidson, Gary James and Alex Boyd.

# WARZONE TEMPESTORA



Welcome to this month's titanic battle report, chronicling one of the battles at the centre of the apocalyptic Third War for Armageddon. A system-spanning invasion of Orks, far larger than any the Imperium has ever witnessed before, has chosen the war-torn planet of Armageddon as its primary target.

Under the iron claw of Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, thousands upon thousands of Ork tribes have been united into one devastating army. The Imperium responded rapidly to the gathering of the Ork warhost, mustering aid from more than a score of Adeptus Astartes Chapters and countless regiments of the Imperial Guard. Set in and around the industrial wasteground of Hive Tempestora, this battle report focuses on the war-torn landscape of an Imperial tank factory and its environs.

A horde of greenskins invaded the industrial city, burning buildings and slaughtering civilians as they rampaged through the streets. Night after night the battle raged across the bleak landscape, and slowly, at the cost of thousands of lives, the alien advance was halted. Stemming the avalanche of battle-frenzied Orks was only the beginning, however. Conceding possession of the south side of the city, the Imperial forces were relieved to see that the Orks had stopped to regroup. The Armageddon Steel Legion, forming the bulk of the Imperial defence force in this warzone, was bolstered by a contingent of Salamanders and a small assault force of Blood Angels, all sworn to keep the Orks from taking the city entirely.

This battle report is so large we have had to split it over two issues! No less than eleven players were involved over four separate gaming tables, using 16,000 points of models along with a space hulk, aerial raids, tanks by the dozen, heavy artillery and tape measures up to twenty feet long! At the end of a long day of bitter fighting, we had one of the largest and most exciting battle reports ever seen...

Needless to say, we wanted this battle report to be suitably vast to reflect the sheer scale of the fighting taking place in the Armageddon sub-sector. All around the Studio there were suggestions of taking thousands upon thousands of Orks, calling in people from other departments, fielding everything from actual Fighta-Bommerz to the Imperial Baneblade. Fat Bloke, in a flash of inspiration unfettered by mere practicalities, envisaged two solutions: fight the battle on the biggest, most extensively modelled board we could find in the whole of the Games Workshop HQ, or to fight the battle over several separate boards on different terrain.

Of course, he decided to do both! The main battle would be set on the wonderfully modelled Tank Factory battlefield, an architectural marvel constructed by the Warhammer World team that is one of the centre pieces of the Warhammer World museum. The games development team came up with fully detailed scenarios and special rules for the industrial complex, enabling us to use every nook and cranny of the detailed boards. This sprawling cityscape features docks, a suspension bridge, towering barracks and a communications centre, but above all a cathedral-sized factory that completely dominates the ruined landscape.

Each of the peripheral tables would also be fully blown games, and the results of each battle would directly affect the chances of victory on the main board. One would enact the fierce fighting in the ash wastes outside the city as the Orks raced to smash the Imperial Guard artillery raining bombardments into the main Ork force. Another was set on the rolling plains to the east of the city, where the White Scars rapid response force battled to the last in an attempt to stop the Speed Freaks from reinforcing the assault on the city. The last was set high in the stratosphere above the battle, as the grim Black Templars raged through a gargantuan Ork Hulk in an attempt to silence its lethal supporting fire.



Surrounded by gaming tables, Fat Bloke rubs his hands in eager anticipation of the fight of his life.



Detonations lit up the desolate skyline of Hive Tempestora like fireworks, throwing the once proud buildings into relief against the bruised sky.

Hive Monitor Van Heulen scanned the landscape from his position high in the watchtower, one of the few buildings untouched by the alien menace. His macrobinoculars showed little of the darkened landscape except the torches and headlamps of the encroaching invasion, carpeting the city with a blanket of flickering lights. Flames sporadically lit up sections of the city as the Orks continued their methodical arson. When he switched the settings to infra-red, however, the whole south side of the city glowed. Orks, thousands of filthy, noisy Orks, fouling his city with the stench of death. And what had the Emperor, in his wisdom, chosen to repel them? Tanks by the score. Artillery pieces that dwarfed the buildings they travelled through. Bombardments that would level his city to the ground. If even one building stood in the hive of Tempestora when this was over, Van Heulen would be very surprised indeed.

He had seen, from his hiding place, the distinctive colours of several Space Marine Chapters taking up positions in the ruins below. He could see the urban camouflage of the Armageddon Steel Legion tank battalions far below him as they formed a wall of metal and firepower across the centre of the city. For so very long the chief export and source of income for Tempestora, the tanks had been clogging the streets with smoke and noise for a week. It seemed that every tank that had ever rolled forth from the factory was back, ready to defend its birthplace. He only hoped the last sixty years of tank production could stop the aliens before they burnt Hive Tempestora into the ash.

\*\*\*

The streets ahead were packed solid with a mass of jeering Greenskins. The noise of their shouting was clearly audible even over the expanse of the industrial city. Occasionally an imperial bombardment would thunder into the horde, showering masonry and dust over the assembled Orks. Each time a barrage hit home, each time Ork corpses were thrown into the air, they just seemed to shout louder, greeting hits that would have crippled the morale of a platoon with a thunderous roar of battlelust.

Sergeant Haines hated that sound with a passion. It brought back terrible memories of panic, pain, and blood trickling across barren ash. He had fought Orks time and time again, beating back wave upon wave of invading Greenskins from the city he used to visit as a child. His grandfather had fought hard all his life in the defence of Armageddon, and looking back on his life, Haines realised that he had done nothing less himself. With a shudder, he reflected on his situation. He lay flat on a rusty walkway thirty feet above a squadron of the very tanks he used to gawp at as a youth, slack-jawed, as they rolled out of the vast industrial cathedral. He could see that very building now, looming in the near-dark, riddled with holes and scorch marks from previous clashes with the alien menace. He was caught off guard by the deafening white noise of the bombardments, so loud it blotted out the low roar of the Orks for a few blissful seconds. A hard, stinging wind whipped around his greatcoat, grit clouding his goggles. He wiped them clean with the back

of his hand and opened the comm-channel.

"Well gentlemen, we may have the best seats in the house, but it's vital we keep our minds on our mission brief. For the next few hours every single thing you think, say or do will be concerning the defence of the building to our left. Although it is well defended, we all know what Sergeant Wakefield's lot are like under pressure, so don't think we won't see any action."

Nervous laughter came across the comm-link from his squad. Some of them were itching to exterminate the horde of Orks that had rained down on their planet, but those of his squad who had fought Orks before were silent and grim. Haines turned to the lascannon team lying beside him.

"Gayner, as soon as those Ork personnel carriers come into the open I want them taken down. Do not, repeat do not, allow them to close in on our position. The entirety of our platoon is counting on this. Jameson, get back down and stay down. The next warning you may get could be a piece of shrapnel in the face."

There was a series of smaller explosions over to his right, and he could see detonations rocking the bridgehead to its foundations. His photochromatic goggles magnified the view just in time to see an Ork Fighta-Bommer, belching smoke, wheeling away from the guns of the platoon defending the bridge. With a sudden sense of vertigo, he looked back down through the streets.

He could feel his heart rate quicken as he saw the horde of Orks start to move through the streets. The aliens must have received the signal they were waiting for, as all across the city he could see Orks spilling from the buildings.

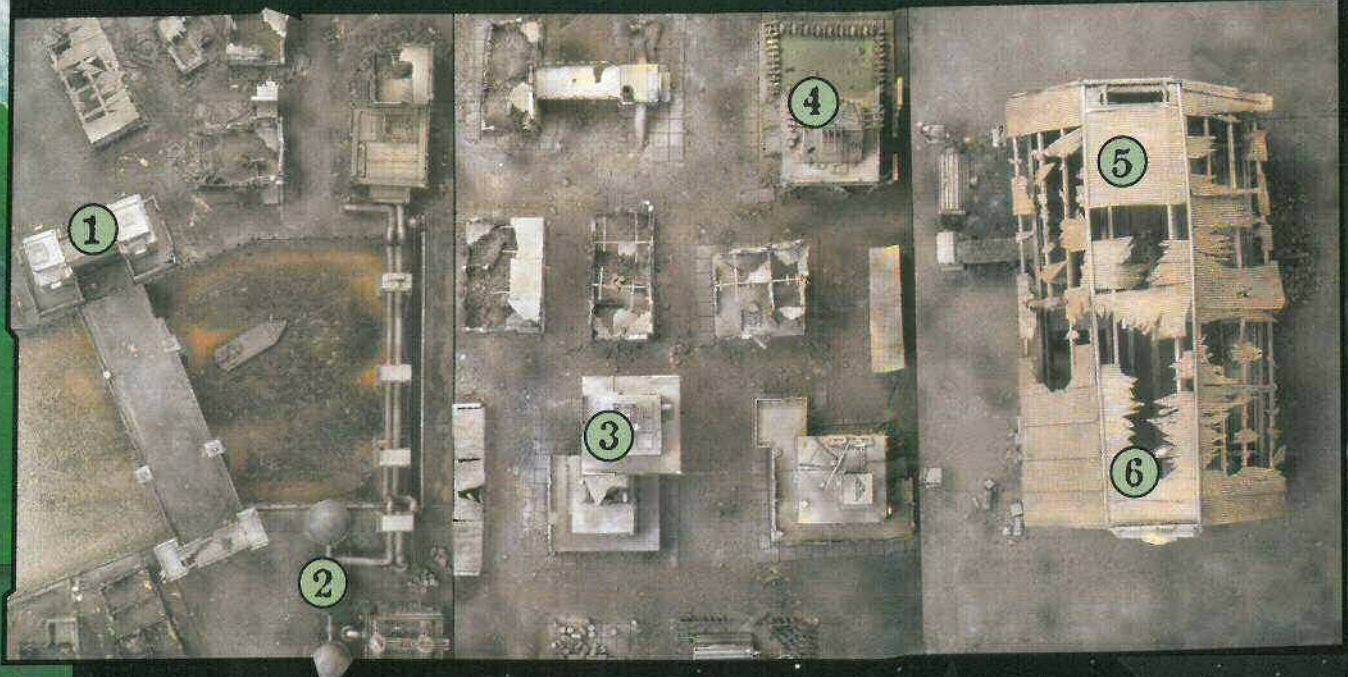
Carried on the wind was the sound of countless motors revving, each carrying a lethal cargo of frenzied Orks. The beasts were on the move.

Haines just couldn't shake the feeling that this would be the last day of his life.





# WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY



## OBJECTIVES

- 1: The Main Bridgehead
- 2: The Generator Spheres
- 3: The Barracks

- 4: The Comms Relay Centre
- 5: The Tank Factory (North)
- 6: The Tank Factory (South)





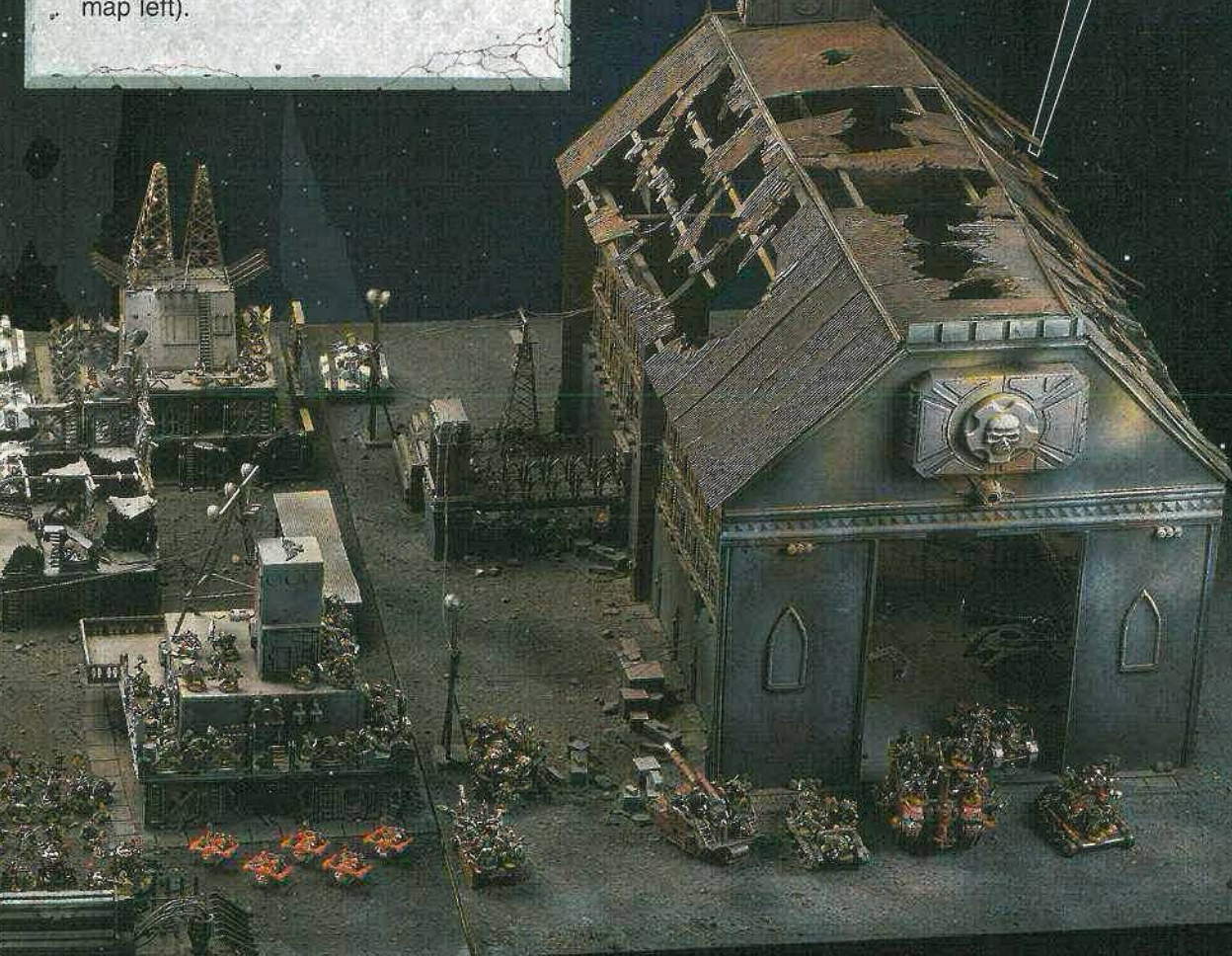
## THE SCENARIO

A massive battle rages between the Orks and a force of Salamanders, Blood Angels and the Armageddon Steel Legion, fighting for control of key strategic points around the Imperial Tank factory.

This is a Cleanse scenario with the following modifications:

- The game will be fought over a 12'x6' city table.
- Armies will deploy up to 24" onto the table from the long edges.
- The game lasts 8 turns (or until the end of the day!).

Rather than possession of quarters, the Cleanse objectives are: each half of the Tank Factory (North and South), the Main Bridgehead, the Generator Spheres, the Comms Relay Centre and the Barracks (see map left).



— The 3rd War for —  
**ARMAGEDDON**



# SMASH DA BIG

**Imperial artillery is raining down supporting fire on the main battlefield and the Orks have launched an attack to take it out of commission.**

- The Imperial player has 1,500 points and three immobile Earthshakers.
- The Ork player has 1,500 points [plus two extra Fighta-Bommerz].
- The Imperial player deploys first, up to 24" in from the table edge.
- The Orks deploy second, at least 24" from the Imperial deployment zone.
- The Orks get the first turn.
- The Orks used the Sustained Assault scenario special rules.
- In each Imperial shooting phase, the surviving Earthshakers must fire at the main table, guessing the range as normal. Any other guess range weapons on the table may fire at the main table if they have sufficient range, if the Imperial player wishes.



**The Black Templars have launched an attack against the hulk 'Ogrom', which is currently raining fire down from orbit. They have three objectives to destroy, each of which will silence one of the gun batteries currently blasting apart the Imperial army.**

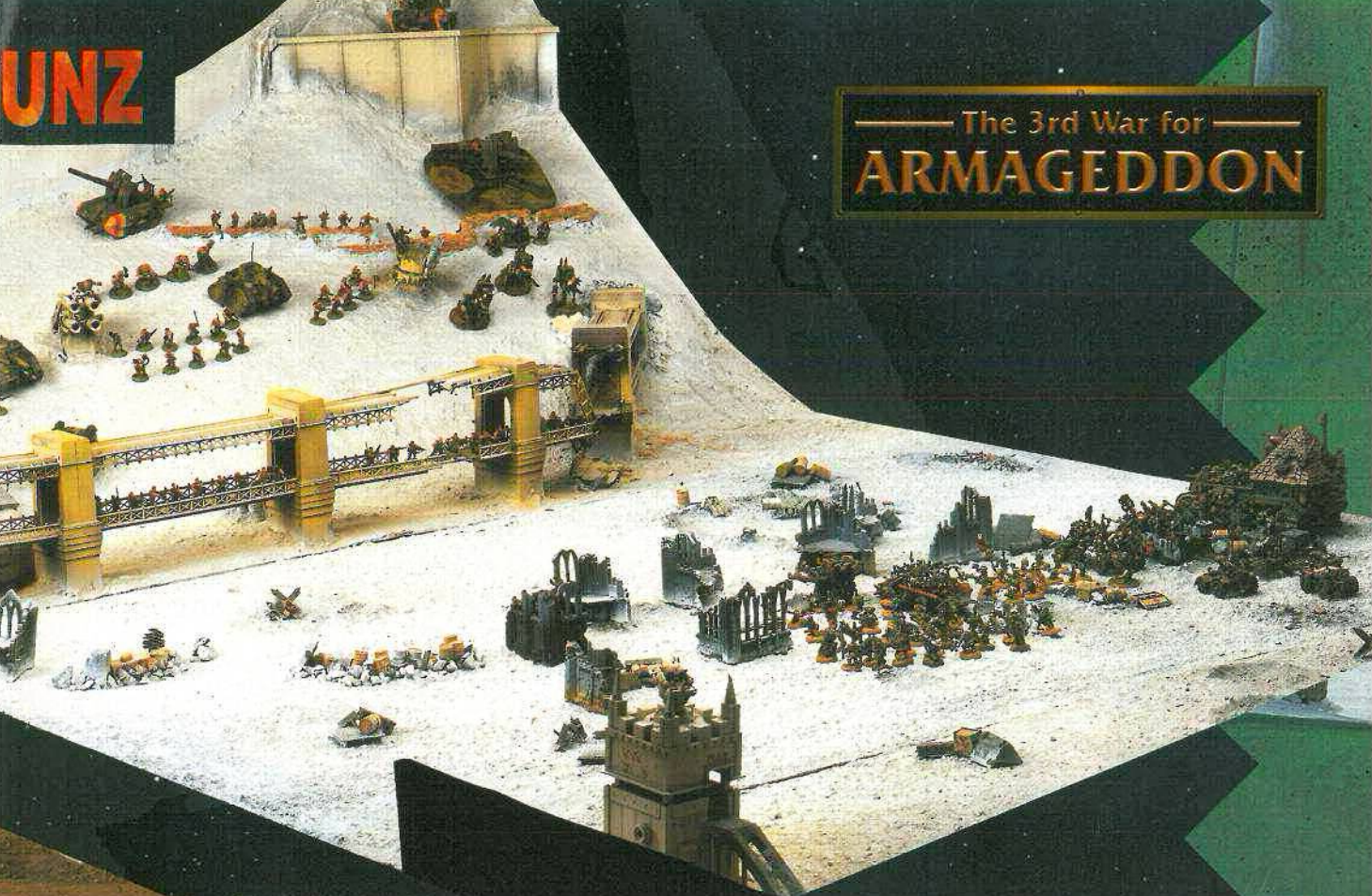
- The basic scenario is the same as Sabotage, except that it uses the Standard Missions force organisation chart. The following changes are also used:
- There are three objectives on the board.
- The defender deploys one unit of Troops per objective, each within 8" of its objective.
- There are no sentries.
- The attacker deploys up to 18" in from one corner.
- The following reserves rule is used: at the start of the second and subsequent turns, the Ork player can bring on half of their units still in reserve (rounding up). The units that arrive are randomly determined from those left off the table.
- The attacker may not use jump packs or vehicles (except Dreadnoughts).
- In every Ork shooting phase, any intact objectives allow the Ork player to fire an Earthshaker shot at the main table, the range guessed from each of the individual objectives.
- There is no maximum game length. The boarding action continues until the main table game is finished.





# UNZ

## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



*A White Scars patrol engages Ork Speed Freeks in a high-speed duel to fight off the enemy force and outflank the main battle.*

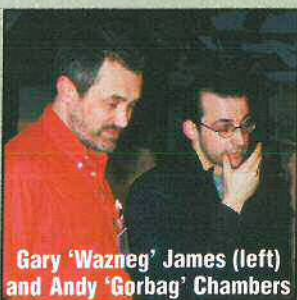
- The Recon mission from the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook fought on an 8'x6' table, with armies deploying along the 8' length.
- Units that move off the opposing table edge will join the main battle. They move on to the main battle in the movement phase of the next friendly turn. They are under the control of one of the main table commanders until there are no more friendly units on the Flank March table.

# FLANK MARCH



# SILENCE THE HULK





Gary 'Wazneg' James (left) and Andy 'Gorbag' Chambers

### CHOOSIN' DA HORDE

**Andy:** With but days to go before the big battle I still hadn't picked my army. I had only thought of a long mental list of things I wanted to use. Fortunately Gary was a lot more organised and sent me a copy of his army list ahead of time. With this to work from I could start to get an idea of what our combined forces would amount to. Gary had gone for a mobile and hard hitting

force with plenty of trukks, Stormboyz and warbikes, backed up by Killa Kans, Lobbas and Tankbusta Boyz.

This played pretty well into the hands of the fuzzy plan I had, to take lots of ordinary Boyz with a few interesting things to help them out (like my newly converted Battlewagon and 'Ardboyz mob). I figured that by taking as many Boyz as possible I would gain two advantages. Firstly I would have enough Ork-power to cover the whole front, enabling Gary's army to concentrate its efforts on attacking the Imperial objectives. The second was that if my casualties accumulated over what would be a long and bloody battle, the mobs would find it easy to mob up and return to the fray.



Alan Merrett

**Alan:** As a veteran Space Marine player, the opportunity to lead a force of Blood Angels in the Armageddon battle was too good to let pass. I've always been enthralled by the imagery and background of the Chapter, and I love fielding the Death Company! Going up against Orks, they were just what I needed to fight fire with fire.

Being the commander of the smallest of the three forces deployed on my table, I decided that I could do the best job for the Imperial effort by setting up a fast and incisive attack. This would give Rowland's Steel Legion force time to set up good fire support and would keep the Ork forces off-balance whilst our superior firepower could be brought to

bear. Leading my attack would be the Death Company in their super-charged Rhino transport, followed up by the jump-pack Assault troops. The Furious and Tactical squads would hopefully be able to reinforce my main thrust and react to any Ork counter moves.

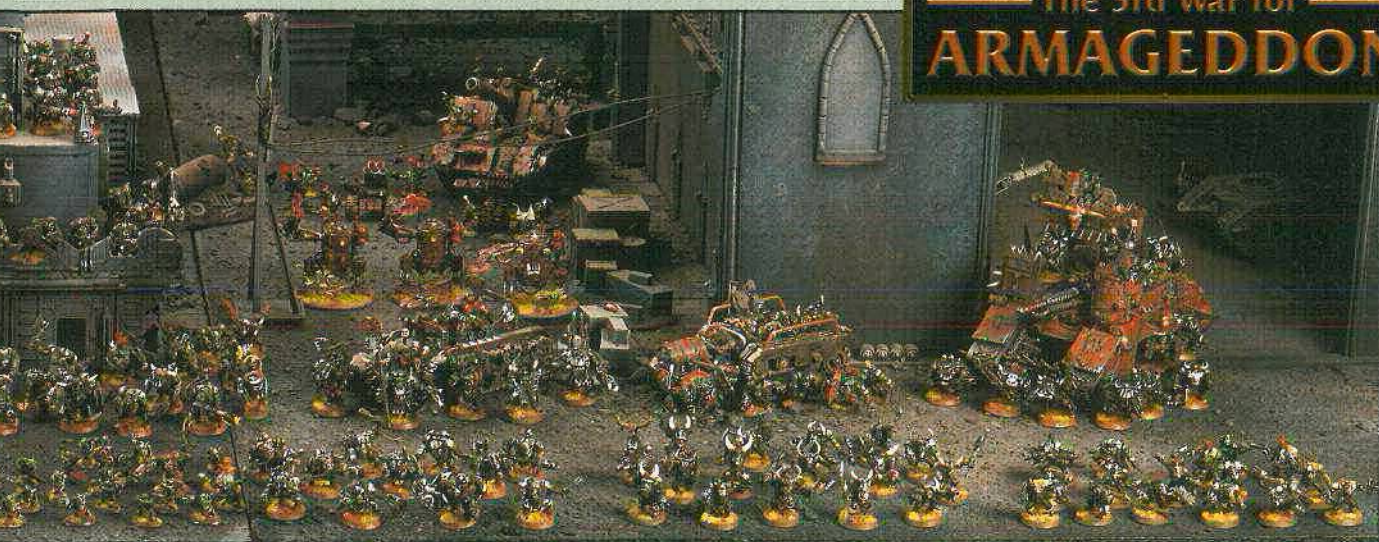


Rowland Cox

**Rowland:** Most Imperial Guard players, like myself, have been waiting with baited breath for the Steel Legion army list. It has definitely been worth the wait. The models are great, and the army list works really well. Now you can field great armoured columns, and have a totally mobile army.



## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



The day of the battle, Gary arrived and we had time to take a quick look over the board and go away to come up with some kind of plan. I thoroughly expected us to have a tactical advantage in that the efforts of the opposing three Imperial players were bound to be more disorganised than just two of us with bigger armies. This made me think that we needed a strategy to our approach which would sweep aside the Imperials with an avalanche of Greenskins.

We started by looking at the objectives. We decided not to try to charge across the bridge over the river, tempting as it seemed, because that would be tantamount to suicide. The tank factory, on the other hand, was worth two objectives in effect (one for each

half) so it represented a juicy target as any forces in there would not only be able to fight into the enemy half, but protect their own half too.

The idea was that the strong part of our force made up the mobile element and would move forward decisively. The remainder of the force would form a block for the attack to hinge around. With luck the enemy force would be caught by the mobile attack while it was still busy fighting the block in the centre. Assuming our motorised right flank fulfilled its role, we would have a whole section of the Imperial defence shattered in the first few turns of the game...



## WAR ACROSS THE TANK FACTORY



The Studio Steel Legion army is extensive and comprehensively equipped, so choosing units was easy. I took two platoons of troops to provide a solid defensive force, along with a Leman Russ for long range support. These would guard our objectives, being stationed along the main bridgehead and at the Comms Centre. The rest of the force would be designated for a swift counter attack. This consisted of Commissar Yarrick and his squad of highly trained Storm Troopers, along with the obligatory Chimera transports, the Command HQ, a Hellhound and Sentinel. That should be more than enough to strike back with irresistible force if the Orks got too close.

All I had to worry about was the off-table barrages blowing up my carefully selected army...



Owen  
Branham

**Owen:** With the Salamanders being one of the new armies covered in Codex Armageddon it would have been rude not to take them in this battle report. As a long-time Space Marine player (my own army is not all that different) I like the army list for the Salamanders. With the character of the army in mind I equipped my troop-heavy army with lots of infantry armed with meltas, flammers, multi-meltas and a heavy flamer. The Dreadnought and the Predator were reserved for support roles. It wasn't until I'd handed my list in that Fat Bloke told me I would be defending the factory against the Ork Warlord and his retinue (including the Ork Basilisk)...



# The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



Paul Sawyer  
'Fat Bloke'

**Paul:** After all the hassle of dreaming up and organising a battle report this size (aided by a cast of thousands!) I was damn sure I was going to have the fun of playing in it! So with my White Scars, proud warriors of Primarch Jhagatai Khan and masters of the lightning attack, facing the Ork Speed Freeks I'd have to think carefully about force composition as I

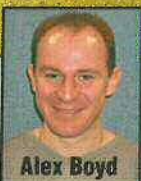
wouldn't necessarily have the advantage of superior mobility I usually enjoy. On the other hand neither would the Orks...

I'd just painted a brand new Land Raider Crusader but at 250+ points it would be too much in a 1,500 point game. No, I'd rely on my trusty Space Marine bikes who have served me so well in the past. So, lots of bikes backed up with a Tactical squad in a Rhino

to provide a solid fire base along with a squad of scouts armed with sniper rifles and a heavy bolter. To make absolutely sure the Ork trucks wouldn't be able to race across the board and unload their vile Greenskin cargo, I took a squadron of Attack bikes (12" move, 2+ save, 2 attacks and mounting a heavy weapon. Blessed is the Emperor in his foresight!). If the Orks did manage to make it to my battleline they'd have to deal with a full assault squad. Led by a power weapon wielding Veteran Sergeant they would certainly be able to hold their own against almost anything the Orks had to throw at them. This whole attack force would be led by Subedai Khan, the most revered of the Chapter's Chaplains.

With the White Scars mobilised and eagerly revving their collective engines, the time had come to eradicate this alien menace from the warzone once and for all!

## FLANK MARCH



Alex Boyd

**Alex:** I'd never seen the Speed Freeks army used before so I had no idea what to expect. They're fast (which is ideal for the scenario) and have some cool new elements – Deth Koptas and Fighta-Bommer raids, which will be interesting. However, the Studio army did not

have much leeway in what troops I could choose. I would definitely have taken a Nobz Warbikes unit (the firepower of a

warbike with the fighting prowess of a Nob – wow!) as a second HQ. But this was just a minor gripe, and the game would be great fun anyway.

As far as tactics went, I was more concerned about Paul getting off the table and reinforcing the Imperials than getting off the table myself. In other words I was just going to try to clobber him. If I had anyone left after that, all the better!





**Karl Renwick**

**Karl:** Ever since I first started playing Warhammer 40,000 I have loved close combat armies. Charging across the battlefield, taking huge casualties on the way, before finally engaging the enemy and hacking them limb from limb – what better army to play than Orks?

limb – what better army to play than Orks?

My chances of winning this game were slim to none in my opinion. My plan was just to hold up the Black Templars assault as long as possible allowing the Ork guns to rain more barrages on the Imperial forces on the main table.

First I wanted to choose a couple of big units to hold up the Space Marines, and give them something to chew on. Thirty Shoota Boyz and twelve Stikk Bommas would do for a start. Two Killer Kans and one Ork Dreadnought would give some heavy support to the Boyz. Killer Kans and Dreads are two of the best units in the Ork army, but can easily be taken out by long range weapons as they plod across the battlefield. This would be less of a problem on a cluttered Ork space hulk with all its corridors and debris to block line of sight.

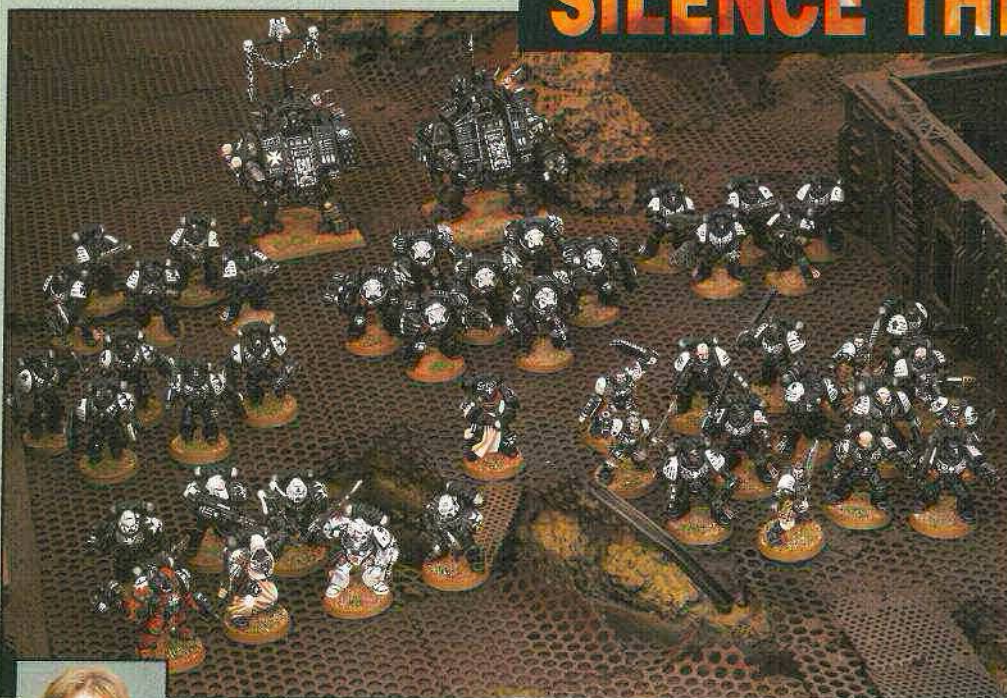
A unit of three zzap guns with a Slaver (to keep the Grots in check) would be my last line of defence if all else failed to stop the Adeptus Astartes.

Last but not least, my secret weapon. Three units of Trukk Boyz with a Nob in each unit and the Warboss's retinue also mounted in



a truk. This would provide quick response to plug any gaps the Marines made and quickly throw more Boyz in to any combat the Black Templars were winning. I armed all the Boyz with a choppa and slugga, as I knew they would get in to close combat. This gives them all +1 attack, and leaves only a 4+ save for the Space Marines. The Warboss was escorted by three Nobs with choppas and two Mek Boyz with burnas to slice through that power armour. That ought to stop those meddling humies dead in their tracks!

## SILENCE THE HULK



**Matt Hutson**

**Matt:** I've been collecting and gaming with Black Templars ever since the new Warhammer 40,000 appeared. Close combat has always been my favourite way of fighting so when I first read the army list I was a very happy person indeed.

In a typical battle I take as many close combat units as possible, load them all up in transports and hurtle across the battlefield en masse. However, in this scenario, the fact that my army would be arriving by teleporter or boarding torpedoes meant that I was not allowed to use any transports at all. Also out of the frame were jump packs. Time for a rethink.

To compensate for the fact that I would be heavily outnumbered, I took as many rock hard close combat units as possible. First on my shopping list was a fifteen-strong Black Templars unit armed with close combat weapons. For a Space Marine player this unit is always fun to play with as you can, for once, rely on numbers to win a combat. Alongside this unit would fight my Emperor's Champion. Next up was a Command squad led by a Chaplain – the army's commander. I couldn't go fighting on board a Space Hulk without taking at least one unit of Terminators, so a unit of seven armed with lightning claws and thunder hammers would do nicely. To finish off my close combat units I took a unit of five Assault Marines armed with storm shields. Just for

this scenario I had been allowed to remove their jump packs. To give the army some much needed fire support I took two five-strong Black Templars squads each armed with bolters and a meltagun. To finish the army two Dreadnoughts would give the army some real backbone.

My tactics were simple. My whole force would go for a single objective at a time, to destroy it before the Orks could bring their numbers to bear. The only thing left to do was to pick my Black Templars vow. After no deliberation whatsoever I picked "Accept Any Challenge, No Matter The Odds" meaning that everyone except the Neophytes would hit on a 3+ in close combat.



# The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON



Gordon Davidson

**Gordon:** Is my timing lucky or what? I had just finished my Catachan Imperial Guard army (3,000 points worth) the very same week Paul was looking for combatants to fight over the fate of Armageddon. When he asked me if I could take part I jumped at the chance.

My opponent Adi's mission was to 'Smash da big gunz' and I had to pick a 1,500 point army to defend the Basilisks which were to rain down fire on the main table.

The Orks would be fast so I needed to blast them from range and volley fire the remnants when they got too close. Two Leman Russ battle tanks and a Basilisk of my own would hopefully do the damage required, with two platoons totalling 60 men mopping up any Orks foolish enough to advance on my lines. Mobile support to counter attack came in the form of a Hellhound, three Catachan Sentinels and my Ogryns, which I finished painting the night before the battle.

For the honour of the Emperor and proud Catachan we would hold off the filthy green scum and help our brothers to hold Hive Tempestora.

## SMASH DA BIG GUNZ



Adrian Wood

**Grand Warlord Adi:** Aha, an opportunity to smash those damned Imperial Guard is never to be sneered at! I had to destroy three Basilisks who would be bombarding the main table, defended by the Imperial Guard. The battleground was a huge valley with the Orks setting

up in the centre and the Imperials up the valley sides. Without a doubt the Basilisks would be set up at the back of the Imperial Guard deployment zone, as far away from my forces as possible. With an entire Imperial Guard army in between. Ouch!

I could easily die in my own set-up zone, bombarded by Leman Russ tanks and shot by massed lasguns. As much as I would like to ignore the army in favour of blasting the Basilisks, I knew I would end up having to fight my way through the Guardsmen. To give the Orks a fighting chance they would use the Sustained Attack rule to simulate wave upon wave of greenskins advancing against the Imperial Guard. For this to work best I would need to take an army with lots of Troops in it; vehicles and transports don't come back with Sustained Attack. Problem. My army has stacks of Orks but they're all in trukks! I only field one large mob of Ork Shoota Boyz and two mobs of Grots in the way of Troops. I need all my fast stuff to get within striking distance of the Basilisks too. The terrain I'd be fighting on was quite open and my only hope was to get the trukks moving as fast as possible (with turbo boostas) into cover. While Gordon was concentrating on the fast stuff, the foot troops would hopefully be advancing on the Imperial Guard. To balance things out Paul gave me a couple of



Fighta-Bommerz (one blagged from those nice Forge World chaps and the other from Warhammer World's 'Massacre at Big Toof river' display - Fat Bloke) for free. I mean real Fighta-Bommerz with a stat line, good guns etc. Hoorah! These should help distract the enemy and hopefully bag me some Basilisks too. The only thing that remained was for me to set up and charge!





Flames reached up hungrily into the night sky from a ruptured fuel-cell on the river bank. Even as Gorbag watched, fire spread over the surface of the river and lapped around the bridge, driving the two forces apart with heat and fumes. Lastfire, intercut with the throaty chug-chug-chug of heavy bolters scoured through the smoke at random, daring the Boyz to try their luck crossing the hundred metres of open ground from one end of the bridge to the other. Some did. They died.

Warboss Gorbag Gitburna ground his jagged fangs in frustration. The Humies didn't want to give up their big city and no mistake. This was the third time they'd tried to grab it back and needed to be kicked out again.

He turned to watch more Boyz and trukks arriving with a practised eye. The Boyz were alert and looking for a fight but he'd need more of them to smash the Humies good, and it'd take time for the mobs to pass the word and muster. He'd wait until dawn. Then they'd attack. The thought of a fight gave Gorbag a warm glow in his guts and he flexed his power claw open and shut a few times in anticipation of the mayhem to come.



WAAAGH! The Ork Warbosses psyche themselves up...



...and the Imperial commanders laugh in the face of danger!

After a grand mustering of all the Orks we could get our hands on in the Studio and beyond, several hours of heavy lifting, haggling over rules and scouring of army lists, we were about ready to start. The scale and detail of the events described here prevent us from giving the usual blow-by-blow account, so we've presented the battle as an ongoing story. Over the next few pages, battle is joined and blood runs thick through the streets of Tempestora...





#### 06.14: THE BARRACKS

*Boss Krushkul had a great view from the top of the shattered barracks block. Behind it he could see the warbikes pulling doughnuts and wheelies in front of a lobba battery while they eagerly waited to be sent in. Half a dozen Killer Kans stamped into the street on the right, following a mob of Stormboyz with their heavy-looking rotor packs as yet unused. The Kans' blocky hulls looked distorted through the force bubble being projected by a Big Mek walking in their midst with a big back-pack generator and a small swarm of Grot slave-meks. A long way off to the right he could see the vast bulk of the tank factory blotting out the sky. There was a cloud of dust swirling around the south doors where Krushkul knew the Warboss was leading a Battlewagon and a load of trukks into the factory's cavernous interior.*

*To the north was the enemy, their grey tanks crawling over the rubble as their infantry took up positions in the skeletal ruins. Krushkul caught sight of flickers of red moving at the end of the street on the left. He grinned; it must be the Humies' allies, the Bloody Boyz. They were tougher than all the rest put together and nearly as brave as Orks. They'd be attacking soon. Good.*

*A flight of Fighta-Bommerz roared overhead, banking past the huge block of the tank factory before speeding north to blitz the Humies' big gunz. It was like a signal to both sides, and over the next minute the battle flared up from a few desultory bursts of fire to a roaring, spitting cauldron of noise and fury.*

#### 06.16: THE COMMS CENTRE

Haines readied his lasgun and took a long look around him, gauging with a glance where the Orks were concentrating their attack. The war-torn city would be destroyed by the end of the day, buildings reduced to rubble by the bombardments of the graceless Ork spacecraft and the supporting fire from the Imperial Guard Basilisks. Far on the right he could see the bright red armour of the Blood Angels Space Marines. He had tried to communicate with them twice now, to seek some reassurance as to their role in the battle, but all he could hear over the comm-link was a low, foreboding chant. As he was watching, two of their elite assault squads ignited their jump packs and flew through the shattered halls of the building they were stationed behind. He had heard dark rumours about these warriors. Although he would never admit it, he was glad to have such a large distance between him and the Imperium's elite. Below, the black Rhino stationed behind the building accelerated far faster than he expected through the narrow streets. He recognised the markings: the troop carrier held a squad of the feared Death Company. Sergeant Haines realised he needn't worry about the right flank of the battleline. He could see their objective across the far side of the city, three huge generator spheres providing the vast amounts of power needed for the city. At full magnification he was disgusted to see an Ork relieving himself in the shadow of the power plant. The black Rhino opened fire, storm bolter chattering as the Ork took an explosive bolt full in the face. The rest of the vile creatures scrambled back into the cover of the barracks.

Beneath him the Chimeras of his platoon moved forward. He could hardly believe that one of these camouflaged tanks contained old man Yarrick himself. He almost laughed at his own nervousness when he thought of the legendary Commissar, who had been a hero to him ever since he was a child. Haines was still watching when a whistling scream ripped through the air above him and the Chimera just in front of Yarrick's burst apart in a cataclysmic

explosion. Firepower such as this could only have been an Ork 'krooz' missile, sent from an Ork hulk orbiting the planet above them. Sergeant Haines hoped that was a lucky shot. He had been reassured that such a bombardment would be short-lived, as a contingent of Black Templars had been dispatched to deal with this potential threat, but with accuracy such as this from orbital gun batteries he felt no better off. As if in answer, the Imperial Guard Basilisks' low boom sounded in the distance behind him. A building in the centre of the main street crumbled and collapsed, slowly falling in on itself. Haines fervently hoped that there had been Orks in the wreckage.

#### 06.17: THE TANK FACTORY

*The immense internal space of the tank factory was quiet, lit only by irregular shafts of light spilling through gaps torn in the roof by shelling. Outside the south doors the stink and din of revving engines was thick in the air as Gorbag climbed aboard his personal truk. Its rusting flatbed groaned and shifted under the considerable extra weight of the hulking Warboss and his monstrously heavy mega-armour as he bulldozed a space among his bodyguard. It was a tight fit; Ghashkul and Vorkash were both in mega armour too, and Ruksnik, Thugfang and Morkul were burly for Ork Nobs even without it. Gorbag had selected them for his bodyguard for just that reason. As it was Skarimek the Mekaniak was squeezed out of his corner and ended up clinging on to the outside of the truk.*

Gorbag turned to look over the Orks amassed around him. A slab-sided Battlewagon built from the wreck of a Humie Land Raider was to his left, its jagged walls lined by steel-masked 'ardboyz who were excitedly swivelling the baroque-looking zap gun mounted on its bow. Beyond that was the low bulk of a Basilisk, another ex-Humie tank, parked at the corner of the factory. Its crew of Orks and Gretchin slaves was visible in the open-backed compartment scurrying to load a fat-looking shell into the battle cannon's breech. Around Gorbag were mustered two more trukks full of Boyz. Dust rose beyond the Basilisk where more trukks and bikes were moving up. Warboss Gorbag and his Orks were going to sweep straight through the Humies and take back the tank factory. Seizing the factory would mean more Battlewagons for Gorbag's warband, and that could only be a good thing.

The shadow of the Orky hulk Ogron could be seen moving up from the horizon. The hulk was giving them Big Gun support for the day, although Gorbag could scarcely understand how they hit anything from that far away. Much better to have something to hit within arm's length. Gorbag's power claw flexed unconsciously at the thought.

A flight of Fighta-Bommerz flashed overhead, the prearranged signal for Waaagh-time. "GO, GO, WE MOVE!" Gorbag roared, snapping his power claw overhead for emphasis. Ghashkul heard the order and waved the warband's Waaagh-banner like a starter's flag to relay it, easily hefting the thick steel pole and its selection of metal glyphs and trophies in his own servo-augmented grasp. The Basilisk rocked back on its tracks as it belched its first shot at the Humies. The flat crack-boom of shot and detonation was almost lost as the engine noise rose to deafening-point and Gorbag's mechanised blitz surged forward.

Gorbag's truk and the Battlewagon were second through the doors, with another truk full of Orks pulling ahead and gesturing derisively at those behind them. They came under fire, ricochets kicking sparks off concrete and girders, the attackers only visible as muzzle flashes in the dark recesses of the



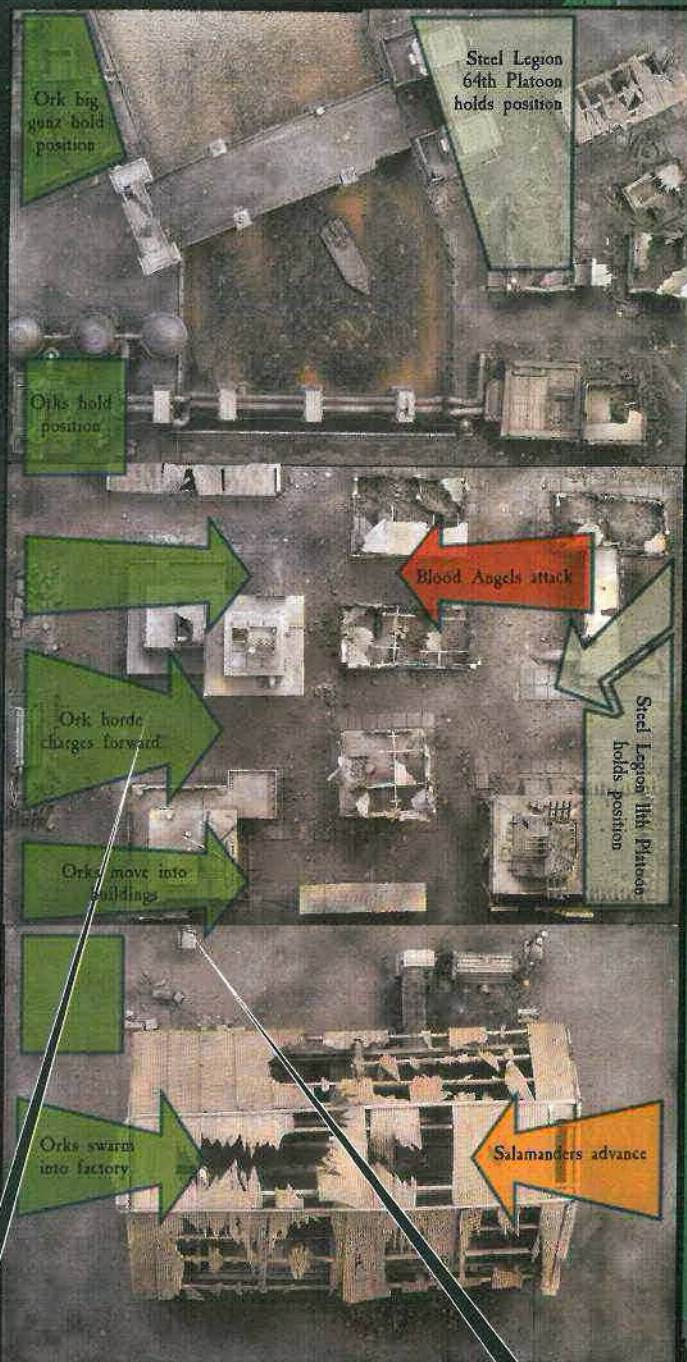
northern end. Gorbag blinked as he adjusted from the light outside to the gloom within.

There! Space Marines in dark green armour were leaping in through a gap high in the wall, picked out by the blue-white flames of their jump packs. Gorbag loosed off a burst from his kustom shoota and his bodyguard blazed away a second later, punching two of the figures out of the air. The rest scattered onto a high gantry where Gorbag spotted more Space Marines had already climbed into position. One of them hefted a weapon and sent a jet of flame down at the lead truck. It skidded aside at the last instant but still caught fire, the Boyz on board struggling to stay in cover from the bolter-fire and not get barbecued by the flames. Gorbag bellowed at them to get moving, impossible over the din, but the idiots had stalled their truck and were pinned down right in the path of the rest of the blitz.

## 06.21: THE COMMS CENTRE

Down in the street, a lone Sentinel stamped through the dirt as its lascannon swivelled toward the Ork battleline. With a high-pitched whine, Haines heard the devastating weapon power up and release a searing bolt into the centre of the clanking, smoking Ork Dreadnoughts. For a split second the bolt seemed to expand across a crackling hemisphere of white light, but Haines saw that it must have struck home. One of the six machines went haywire, waving its pincers and rocket launchers as if in pain. A scarred green head appeared on the top of the Dreadnought and seemed to strike it repeatedly with a large spanner. The Dreadnought started to move again, and for a second, Haines thought the alien mechanic met his artificially enhanced gaze.

Suddenly the Chimeras opened fire, lasers streaking though the streets and impacting in the centre of the scattering mob. Across the rooftops to the left he could see a large, squat vehicle, heavily laden with Orks in hulking suits of powered armour. Hanging off the side was an enormous, hugely muscled Ork, bellowing a challenge as it used its weight to turn the truck in a tight circle around the street corner. The sheer size of the thing was daunting enough, and its companions looked armed to the teeth. He looked down at the sound of his weapons team charging the lascannon. "Fire! FIRE!" shouted Haines, and a bright white beam shot into the distance, slamming into the front of the Ork truck. A bright nimbus of light was thrown up, blinding in its intensity. Haines' elation was short lived; the truck was speeding forward still. How could these animals have developed force fields? The squad's chimera, below Haines, also opened fire. Ruby red streaks of light arced across the vehicle, crackling fiercely as the multi-laser shot again and again at the truck. Suddenly the vehicle lurched across the street, slewing to a halt. The Orks piled out, their bulky forms barely making it clear before the burning wreck's fuel exploded. The Orks were stranded in their slow, cumbersome armour and they were still a good quarter of a mile away. His squad had effectively removed an Ork Warboss and his retinue from the equation. Haines' chest swelled as he thought of how pleased Commissar Yarrick would be.



An Ork Mek and his slaves quickly 'repair' the haywire Killer Kan.



Warboss Wazneg Skarsnik abandons his ruined vehicle just before it explodes.



## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

## SMASH DA BIG GUNZ



The Imperial forces were ranged on the mountainside, awaiting the onslaught of the greenskins, as a fierce dust storm swirled around them. The front line was an armoured pipe duct that led all the way to the factories at Hive Tempestora. Men of the Catachan regiment lined the gantry-way above the pipe, ready for the first sighting of the Orks, uneasy in the desolate, open landscape of the ash wastes, so different from the dense jungles of their home world. On the slopes behind them were more squads, dug in as best they could on the loose scree.

Spaced amongst them were Leman Russ battle tanks, their turrets tracking left and right, waiting for visibility to improve.

Near the tanks was a squad of hulking Ogryns.

## SILENCE THE HULK

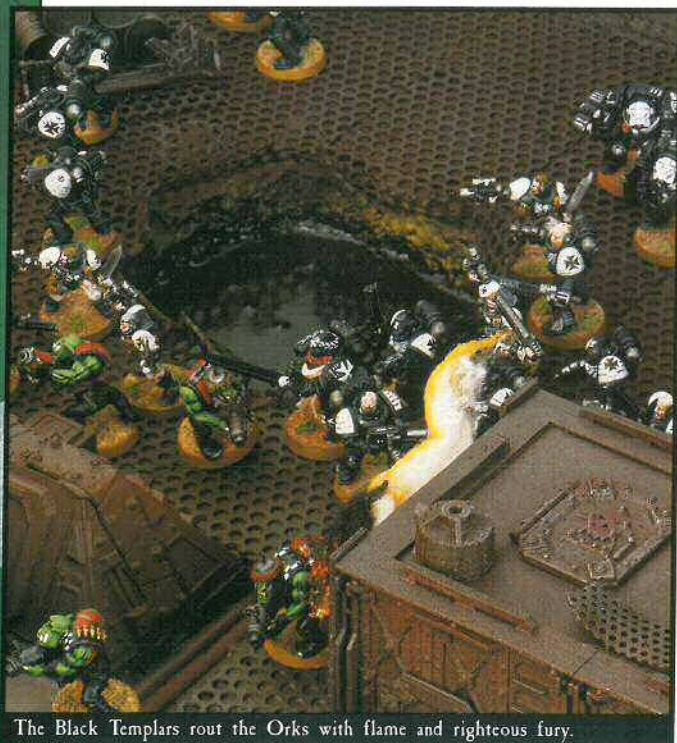
The Black Templars strike force teleported accurately from the Strike Cruiser Holy Crusade into the Ork hulk, materializing in the twisting corridors between two of their three objectives - the coolant tanks on their left and the fire control tower ahead of them. Fully aware of the large mob of green-skinned aliens milling around the coolant tanks, Chaplain

Fernandez swiftly gave the order for squads PHEMEUS and ACTAON to move left and engage the unsuspecting Orks, with the Emperor's Champion and Sword Brethren Terminators in close support. The mighty Dreadnought Honoured Ancestor Brother Tiberius and Squad GERYEN were given the duty of keeping the Orks around the fire control tower suppressed. Overhead in the slurry pipe, Assault Squad NAVARRE start wading through the effluent towards their prime objective, the distant power turbine.

On the left, several Orks were blown to pieces in a torrent of bolter fire as the Black Templars made their intentions clear. Living for battle, the Orks quickly returned the compliment, holding their ground and firing back at the Templars, with Squad PHEMEUS the first to report casualties. The Greenskins guarding the fire control tower fared better, ducking behind the cover of the structure. Even so, the adamantium-armoured Dreadnought Tiberius tracked his lascannon across to disintegrate one unlucky alien.

With the hulk raining death onto the battlefield miles below, time wasn't on the side of the Black Templars. Chaplain Fernandez ordered Squads PHEMEUS and ACTAON to charge the Orks congregating around the coolant tanks. Fernandez instructed Squad GERYEN to move to the left flank and back up the assault on the tanks, as quick seizure of the objectives was primary to the mission's success. Chanting their litanies of cleansing, the Black Templars squads closed in on the Orks, gunning down as many as possible. The Orks remained resolute as the Black Templars charged, led by the mighty Emperor's Champion into the assault, but their will finally buckled as a many of them were cut down by the Champion's Black Sword and the Neophytes' combat knives. The survivors fled into the darkness of the hulk's tunnels. Triumphant, Squads PHEMEUS and ACTAON swept towards the coolant tanks, only to be confronted by an Ork Dreadnought that emerged from the gloom to bar their way.

Undaunted, the Emperor's Champion moved to engage the Dreadnought as the hulk started to come alive with Orks. Chaplain Fernandez's helmet display blurred as it updated the information it was receiving - two Trukk mobs were speeding towards his position down the wide central concourse of the hulk section, closely followed by two Killer Kans. Apothecary Lentus added to the information as his auspex scanner tagged one of the truks as carrying a Warboss and his retinue. He barely had time to acknowledge the information before Brother Techmarine Praepollo informed him of a sudden power spike, and the whole hulk shook as it unleashed a bombardment into the battle taking place far below on the planet's surface.



The Black Templars rout the Orks with flame and righteous fury.



waiting to be told where to advance and ready for action, while on the lower slopes a Hellhound flamethrower tank and a squadron of Sentinels patrolled. Behind all of this, well up the mountainside, were the huge Basilisk earthshaker guns that the Catachans were here to protect, sending their massive shells streaking towards the city more than a mile away. They had commenced their thunderous barrage before dawn and it was only a matter of time before an Ork force arrived in an attempt to silence them. Just one of the great guns had been commandeered by the Catachans and turned to help defend the position.

Then the wind dropped and the grey ash clouds cleared to reveal the enemy charging up the slope towards the Catachans, already much too close. A swarm of buggies and trucks raced forward, led by a huge Battlewagon, while dozens of Orks and Grots advanced on foot up the centre with two clanking Dreadnoughts in their midst. The first Imperial shots were fired in seconds, without their officers even taking time to redeploy. Accurate ordnance fire rained down on the speeding vehicles, destroying the three lead trucks and sending their cargo of Orks diving for cover amongst the wreckage.



The Orks' first wave is stopped in its tracks.

## FLANK MARCH

The plain stretched out before the White Scars patrol. Two bike squadrons, a Rhino APC and a squadron of Attack bikes sped across the shell-shattered landscape, the chrome of their engines glistening in the sun. An Assault squad brought up the rear using their jump packs to bound in graceful arcs, resplendent in their gleaming red and white power armour. Their goal, the spires of Hive Tempestora, loomed on the distant horizon. A brief, crackling plea for reinforcements across Chaplain Subedei's comm-link from the 64th brigade Armageddon Steel Legion had diverted them from their original course. Orks were overwhelming the Hive. Now it was a race against time to see if the White Scars could reach their beleaguered allies in time.

Ahead was an abandoned Imperial outpost, half hidden by undergrowth. The briefest flash of light glinted from the roof of this building. A warning from Scout squad Oghlai, infiltrating ahead. As one, the White Scars changed their course, wheeling eastwards to face the danger, and split into attack formation, the bike squadrons protecting the flanks, the Rhino and Assault Marines speeding to secure the outpost while the Attack bikes, thirsting for battle, held the centre.

Seconds later, a cloud of dust billowed on the horizon; there came the faint stench of crude engine oil and a buzzing like a swarm of enraged wasps hummed in the distance, slowly getting louder.

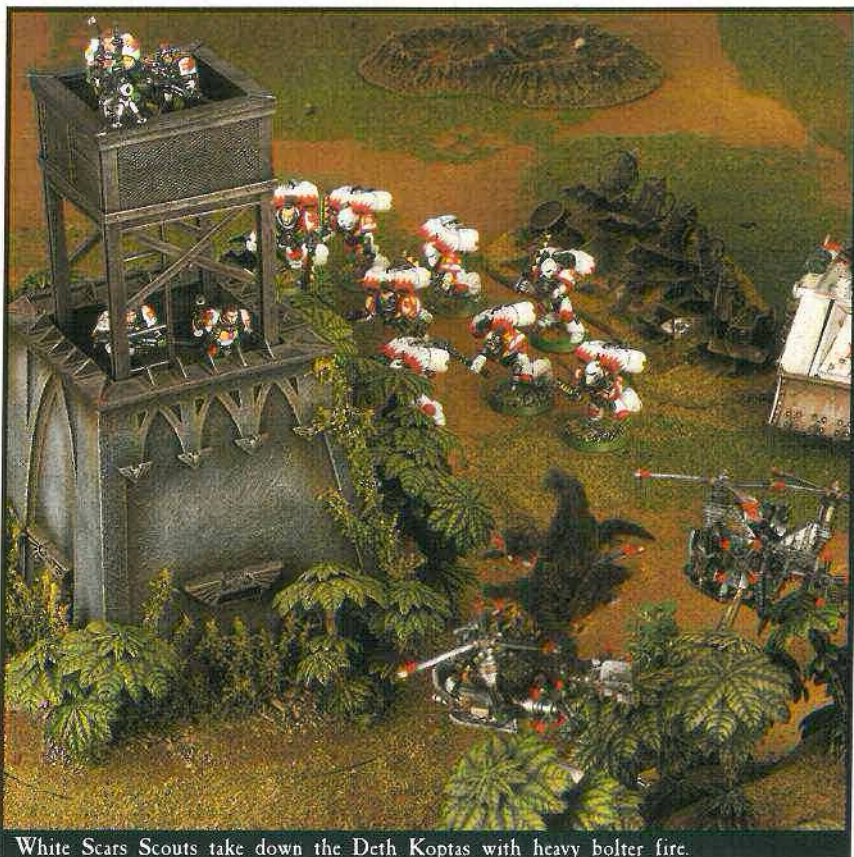
"Alert! Full evasion pattern! Repeat, full evasion pattern!" In a moment the squadrons split up, as fire suddenly screamed from the sky. The Rhino shuddered as an explosion tore up the earth beneath it, but it advanced unharmed through the hellfire that burned all around.

The Fighta-Bommerz screamed away as suddenly as they had arrived and the Marines maintained attack formation to face the wall of Ork trucks and warbikes now visible across the river which meandered along the plain. Speed Frecks! Doubtless these mobile Greenskins were attempting to reinforce the attack on Tempestora. They could not be allowed to join their vile kin in the Hive. Opening fire with their heavy bolters, the Attack bikes ripped apart the closest

trukk, which careered, cartwheeling, flinging Orks and bits of metal in all directions.

As the two sides closed, bolters and shootas drowned out the roar of engines and screech of wheels with a relentless chatter of gunfire. Two White Scars bikers from the Chaplain's own squad died screaming in a white hot blast of heat as Ork wartraks emerged from the dust cloud, rumbling round the shell of a long destroyed Chimera, a monument to the previous war, and pumped rokkits into the squad.

Deth Koptas spat death from above at the outpost, whirring round the tower before being dispatched by the Scouts' heavy bolter, spinning wildly into the ground as their Kopta blades were shattered.



White Scars Scouts take down the Deth Koptas with heavy bolter fire.



## 06.17: THE BARRACKS

Fire scythed across the corner of the barracks and two of Krushkul's Boyz were cut down almost immediately. Krushkul snarled at the others to get down, but more were injured and their position that gave such a great view started looking more and more exposed. Peering out between two twisted pillars, Krushkul could see three or four grey tanks hammering away at the barracks, while a smaller black one raced around the corner and careered down the street towards the storage sheds on the riverfront. Shootas mounted on it stitched a line of explosions along the Skarboyz' hiding place and old Harluk copped one right in his remaining eye. Krushkul was cursing continuously now and bellowed for the Tankbustas lurking on the other side of the barracks.

Too late! The black tank slewed to a halt and armoured figures leapt out. Bloody Boyz! And they they were the black ones too, the ones that just wouldn't lay down and die. Krushkul drooled in anticipation of the fight of his life. But Goffmog and his Boyz were in the sheds, waiting for just such a move. If Goffmog killed them all before he got there... Krushkul kicked his Boyz into motion and ran for the stairs down.

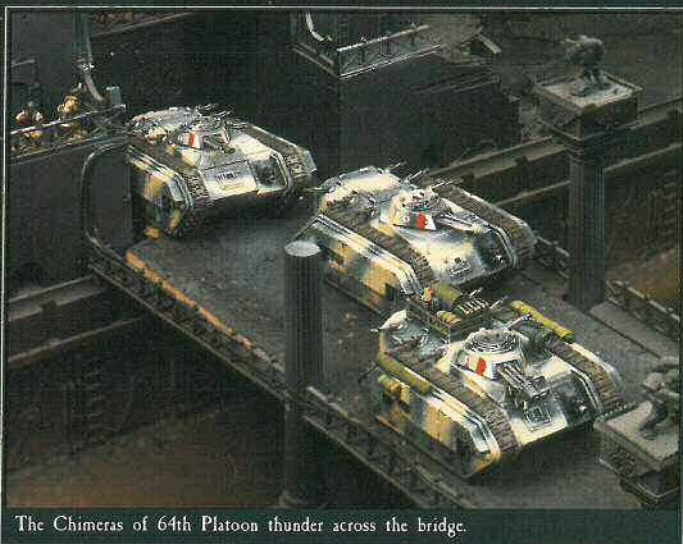
## 06.42: THE COMMS CENTRE

From his high vantage point on the rusty walkway spanning the street, Haines could see that the battle was going well for the Imperium. The Blood Angels were advancing through the street on the right, Tactical squads filtering through the ruined buildings as the Assault Marines manned the roofs. A group of heavily armed Orks, previously hidden by the building that had been demolished by the Imperial barrage, were now in plain sight. His Chimera opened fire on the Orks, the fist-sized bolts ripping them apart and causing them to scuttle back into the building.

His colleagues in the platoon by the bridge were less successful, the Chimeras failing to destroy the Ork artillery that had been winched into place on the opposite bridgehead. The inferior slave race the Orks used to man the guns were dancing on the high bridge, hauling the guns into position in preparation to return fire at the tanks as they rolled forward onto the bridge itself. He could see a bulky, grinning Ork cracking a whip behind the battery. Haines saw a blinding lance of electricity leap from one of the peculiar weapons and earth itself near the Command Squad's Chimera, blackening the dirt and leaving a smoking crater. Frantically, he opened a comms channel to the Leman Russ directly beneath his position, and, looking down through the holes in the walkway, he could see the turret swivel as they followed his coordinates. At Haines's order, the huge grey tank fired its battle cannon. Dust and debris clattered from the walkway around him, and for a brief quiet moment he held his breath. Then with a scream of tortured metal the bridge gantry in the distance was torn to pieces by the shell, and skinny green bodies were flung high into the air. The Slaver, his robes on fire, dived for safety into the water below. Several of the runts followed his example. Then one of the guns toppled forward, splashing into the river and sending a last electric pulse through the water. He looked away as inert green bodies floated on the surface like dead fish.

## 06.49: THE BARRACKS

Krushkul and his Skarboyz dropped onto a lower terrace and the enemy's fire slackened off momentarily as they continued to pound the Skarboyz' previous position. The Bloody Boyz had disappeared into the sheds where the crackle of



The Chimeras of 64th Platoon thunder across the bridge.

slugger fire and crump of frag bombs marked a vicious fight in progress. Several Ork corpses were strewn around gaps in the wall – it looked like Goffmog wasn't doing too well (Krushkul rejoiced at this, no Ork boss likes to be out-done by another) but there was a big mob of Shoota Boyz running over from the fuel depot and the warbikes had come screeching around the corner at the sound of a fight. They opened fire at the Bloody Boyz' black tank, a storm of shoota shells pinged off the tank's armour. One found a weak spot, and the vehicle jumped as an internal explosion blew the hatches out with a dull whumph. In the street below, he heard the raucous laughter of the bikers. Things still looked bad for getting to the fight while there was some left. Krushkul hefted his power claw. Still time to inspire the ladz he thought. He turned to the hulking Ork veterans at his back, proudly reviewing the sharp, hooked blades they carried and the plentiful scars they wore (many of which he'd inflicted himself). "Dis iz it, ladz. Dere's Bloody Boyz down dere wot need killin' and we's da only Orks can do da job. Wot is We?"

"We's Orks!" They roared back.

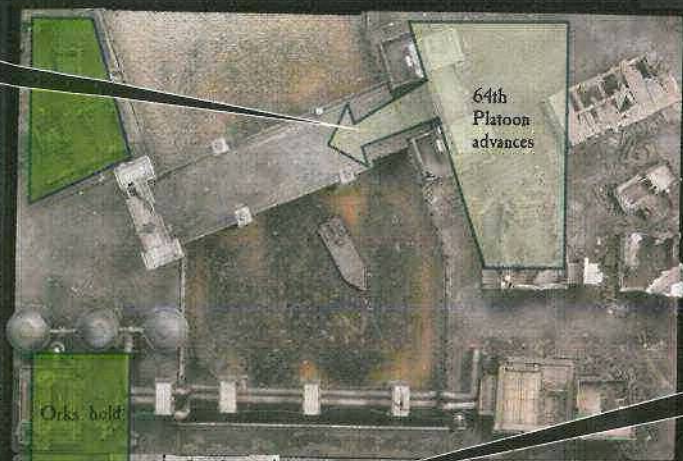
"Waaagh-Ork!!!"

"Waaaaagh-Ork!!!!"

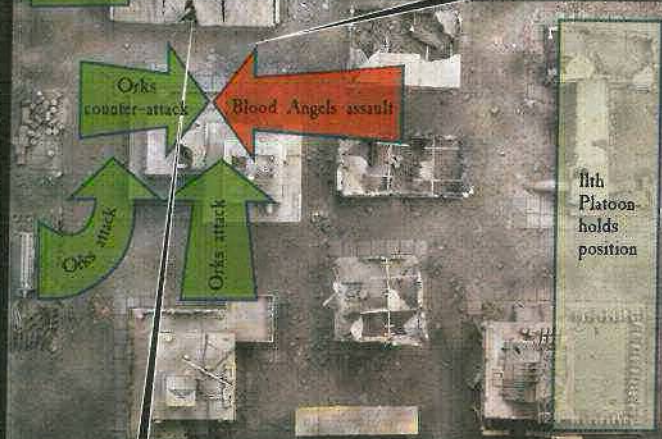
As one, the Skarboyz broke into a run for the steps down at the other end of the terrace. The black tank exploded in the street, torn to pieces by the warbikes' big shootas. Tankbusta rockets leapt from the Skarboyz old position and arched down into street to strike something out of sight behind the sheds with a satisfyingly loud explosion. The shootas were piling into the sheds now and the fighting erupted anew. Krushkul was hurled on his face as a salvo of explosions shook the barracks to its foundations. Clouds of smoke and dust were rising from the street where the Killer Kans had gone, and he could see a hapless Stormboy rocket up uncontrollably until he smashed into a radio mast. Everything was quiet now, not because the fighting had stopped, Krushkul realised as Luzog took a hit that tore his arm off, but because he was deafened by the concussion. So much for the Fighta-Bommerz stopping the-Humies' big gunz, he thought.

A missile arched over the edge of the terrace and the Boyz scattered, one being unlucky enough to catch it right in the chest. Heavy bolter fire ripped across them seconds later, but by now they were all behind cover and escaped unharmed. Krushkul glared at the handful of remaining Boyz and deliberately stood up in full view before turning his back on them and loping for the steps. The trick worked and the Skarboyz ran after him, each abandoning the safety of cover in their determination not to be the first one to give up.

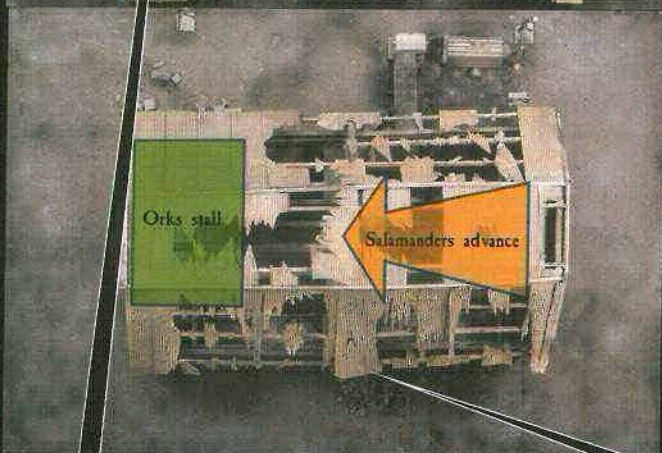




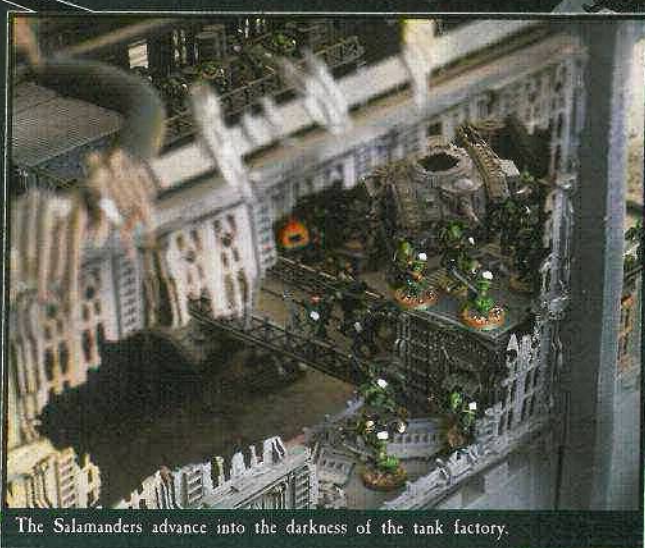
The Death Company, led by their Chaplain, charge into the Ork lines.



The Death Company fell upon the Ork mob with untold fury. They had no battlecry, no shouts of pain or elation as they cut their way through the wall of Orks opposing them. Haines saw eight of them rush headlong into the midst of a huge mob of Shoota Boyz, the Orks rushing forward to meet their charge. Violence on a scale Haines had never seen erupted, a storm of blood greeting the arrival of the black-clad warriors. Orks fell before them by the dozen. He swore that he saw one of the dark warriors hacking deep wounds into an Ork that was already dead, revelling amongst the bloody corpses of the fallen. He saw the Chaplain slam his helmet into the face of an Ork that had leapt straight for his neck, and bring his crackling crozius arcum in a vicious arc that took the reeling Ork's head from his shoulders. Wading through the pile of Ork bodies, the Chaplain ducked an axe aimed for his head and smashed his holy weapon deep into the chest of his assailant, emptying his bolt pistol into the back of another Ork's skull. Large calibre bullets from the Orks in the barracks ripped into the Death Company, tearing armour apart and shattering limbs. They ignored the most horrific of wounds, fighting regardless, as if they had nothing but contempt for the damage the Orks were inflicting. One of the madmen was struck from behind by an Ork at least eight feet tall. The brute's chainaxe tore away a large chunk from the back of the Marines' head. He fought on still, killing two more Orks in a last frenzy of destruction before sagging to his knees. As more Orks poured into the fray from a nearby building, Haines was mesmerised by the callous efficiency with which the Death company slaughtered their prey, their armour shiny with thick alien blood.



The Death Company butchers the Shoota Boyz.



The Salamanders advance into the darkness of the tank factory.





The two Fighta-Bommerz strafe the Imperial Guard lines and combat erupts on the bridge as the wave of Greenskins rushes onward.

## SILENCE THE HULK

With time still ebbing away and no objectives destroyed, Chaplain Fernandez ordered the Sword Brethren to assault the Ork Dreadnought that was guarding the coolant tanks and moved left himself in case they needed support. Dreadnought Barbarous and Squad Geryen took up position to fire down the hulk's main concourse at the approaching Orks. Aware of the sudden appearance of Ork Killer Kans and a need to re-deploy his firepower, Dreadnought Tiberius started to backtrack down the corridor, keeping the Orks pinned in the fire control room with controlled blasts from his lascannon.

The combat around the Ork Dread became fiercer as the Initiates of Squad Phemeus emptied their bolters point-blank into its armoured back. Again the Emperor's Champion was buffeted by the Ork Dread but his iron halo powerfield saved him from being wounded. He brought his sword down into the flank of the Dreadnought, carving through more armour plates, but still not striking anything vital.

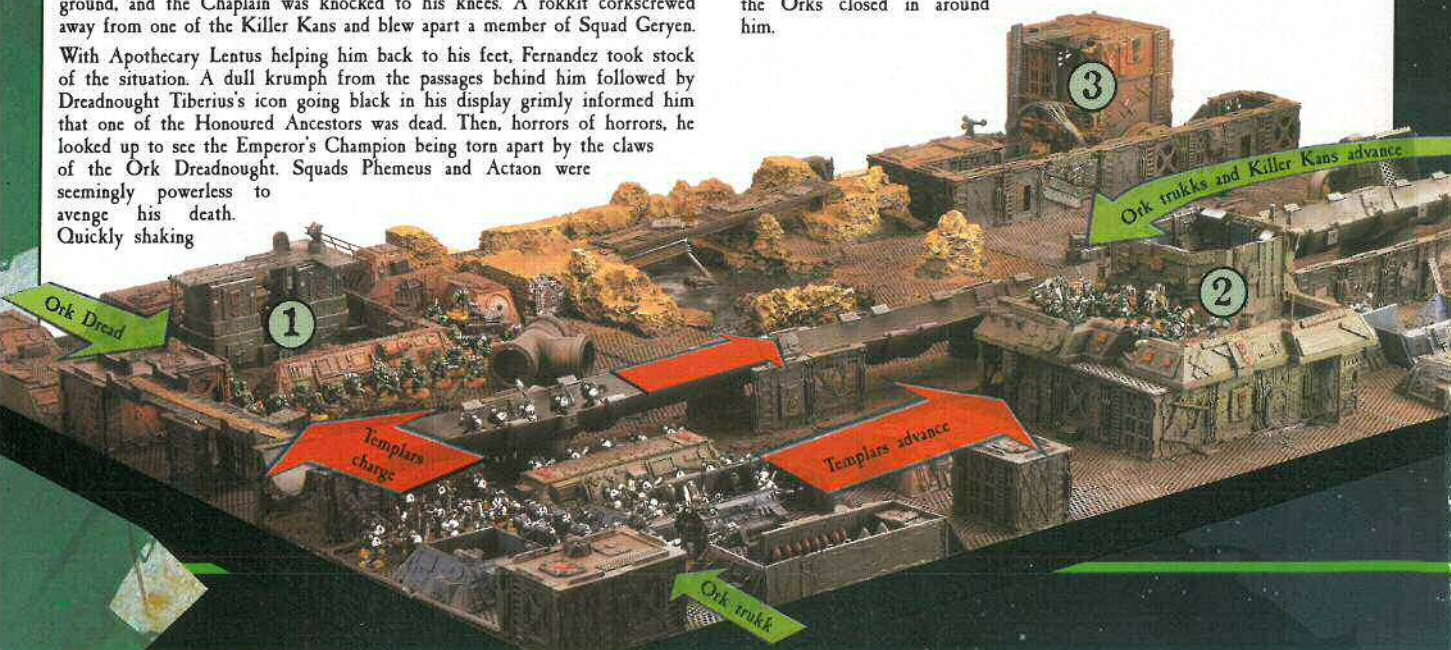
Chaplain Fernandez scowled as more Orks appeared on his helmet's data display. The roar of an engine and the squeal of brakes betrayed the presence of a Trukk mob dismounting in the corridors right behind him, and Dreadnought Barbarous informed him of Ork support weapons being wheeled in behind the advancing Ork Trukk mobs in the central concourse. Now in range, the Warboss ordered his Boyz to fire on the Black Templars Command Squad with surprising results as three of the bodyguard Initiates fell to the ground, and the Chaplain was knocked to his knees. A rokket corkscrewed away from one of the Killer Kans and blew apart a member of Squad Geryen.

With Apothecary Lentus helping him back to his feet, Fernandez took stock of the situation. A dull krumph from the passages behind him followed by Dreadnought Tiberius's icon going black in his display grimly informed him that one of the Honoured Ancestors was dead. Then, horrors of horrors, he looked up to see the Emperor's Champion being torn apart by the claws of the Ork Dreadnought. Squads Phemeus and Actaon were seemingly powerless to avenge his death. Quickly shaking

his head to clear the pain, he ordered Squads Phemeus and Actaon to stand their ground and destroy the Ork Dreadnought whatever it took. The Sword Brethren were sent forward to advance on the fire control room and Squad Geryen formed a firing line in front of the advancing Orks in the concourse.

Requesting Dreadnought Barbarous to join him, Chaplain Fernandez advanced on the Ork mob that had destroyed Dreadnought Tiberius, as they clambered back into their truck. Roaring with vengeance, Dreadnought Barbarous opened fire on the Trukk mob, destroying the vehicle and causing the wreckage to cartwheel into an access corridor and block it. Most of the Orks were flung clear but two were trapped in the blazing wreckage. Adding to the flames, the Command Squad's flamer fired on the confused Orks, incinerating three more. Then, leading the charge, Fernandez assaulted the Orks, cutting down the Nob with a sweep of his crozius arcanum. The Orks put up a stubborn resistance, forcing Fernandez to cut them all down before sweeping towards the fire control room. Squad Geryen reported in that they were currently engaging the Ork Warboss. Meanwhile, back at the coolant tanks, the Black Templars squads struggled with the Ork Dreadnought. The clanking machine caught one of the Space Marines in its claws, snapping him in two.

The hulk shuddered again as another bombardment was unleashed on the planet and the Ork reinforcements continued to arrive. A new Trukk mob appeared at the far end of the main concourse and sped towards the beleaguered Black Templars. Yet another Trukk mob dismounted to assault Squad Geryen, cutting down all but one of the Black Templars for the loss of just one Ork. Stubbornly holding his ground, the surviving Initiate prepared to sell his life dearly as the Orks closed in around him.





## SMASH DA BIG GUNZ

The Trukk Boyz had lost their vehicles but now they were close enough to clamber up onto the gantry-way and hurl themselves into the defending Guardsmen. The Orks hacked down most of the first squad in their initial charge but the determined Catachans grimly held their position. The rest of the Imperial army targeted the approaching Greenskins, and once again the heavy guns did most damage, blowing a track off the Battlewagon, causing it to slew to a halt and killing the unfortunate Ork Warboss Grishnak Grimjaw who was hit full-on in the blast. The Sentinel squadron then charged into Grishnak's retinue of Nobs, but the enraged Orks smashed apart two of the walkers. The Orks on the gantry cut down more of the Catachans, swiftly working their way along the pipeline. Meanwhile there was a deafening roar overhead as an Ork Fighta-Bommer dropped out of the clouds. Keeping his distance to avoid ground-fire, the pilot launched one of his smart-bombz at the Basilisk earthshaker guns that were pounding the city. However the bomb proved to be not that smart at all and impacted harmlessly into the mountainside.

The gunners on the Battlewagon targeted the Basilisk gun platform that had just blown off its track, and were rewarded when the ammunition detonated, destroying the gun in a fiery explosion. The Hellhound was reduced to a burning wreck by one of the Ork Dreadnoughts, while the Boyz on the gantry sent the squad they were fighting fleeing back up the mountainside, only to be cut down as the Greenskins pursued them. However these Orks now found themselves in the open, right in front of the Imperial lines, while all over the battlefield the Ork ranks were being thinned by the massed guns of the Catachans.

A fresh mob of Grots appeared from further down the pipeline, while the last remaining buggy sped up the mountainside, past the lines of defenders, towards the objective – the Basilisks that were bombarding the Orks in Tempestora itself. From the skies the Fighta-Bommer returned, round for another pass, this time accompanied by a second of the deadly aircraft. The newcomer targeted its weapons at the Catachan ground troops, scything them down on the desolate slopes. The first Fighta-Bommer and the buggy both fired on the Basilisks and scored hits, wrecking tank tracks in each case. However the guns were already aimed in the right direction so, this did nothing at all to reduce the barrage!

## FLANK MARCH

The Assault Marines had already reached the outpost. Their firepower blasted another truk off the ground, but from the blazing wreck charged the Warboss himself and his Nobz, bleeding and angry. From the belly of the Rhino spilled out more White Scars, concentrating fire on the aliens, but the furious Orks simply hurled themselves through the curtain of bolts to smash into the Marines. Another truk revved up to the building and a mob of Tankbustas rolled out, ploughed through the dense



White Scars bikers feel the punch of an Outrider charge.



The battle is joined in earnest around the disused outpost.

undergrowth surrounding the building, hurling stikkbombz and bludgeoning the Assault Marines. Confused by the speed and ferocity of the attack, the Assault squad boosted up their jetpacks and flew out of the building, leaving it swarming with jeering Greenskins.

Next a squad of Stormboyz zoomed forward through the air from behind a clump of trees beyond the river. Too eager to join combat, they underestimated the firepower of the surviving Space Marines who cut down over half of them, forcing them to retreat back to the safety of the trees.

The Warboss and his Nobz, oblivious to the rest of the battle, split apart power armour and severed heads with their cruel Choppas. A lone White Scars Veteran Sergeant sliced off a Nobz' arm with his power sword, but he alone could not stand up to the Orks' wrath, and the survivors stumbled back towards their Rhino, their attackers loping after them, picking off the stragglers one by one. One of the Nobs crawled up the front of the Rhino, ignoring the storm bolter which tore chunks from his flesh, and ripped open the hold with his power claw. There was a blinding explosion as the tank was destroyed. The surviving Marine from the fleeing Tactical squad collapsed, shards of twisted metal

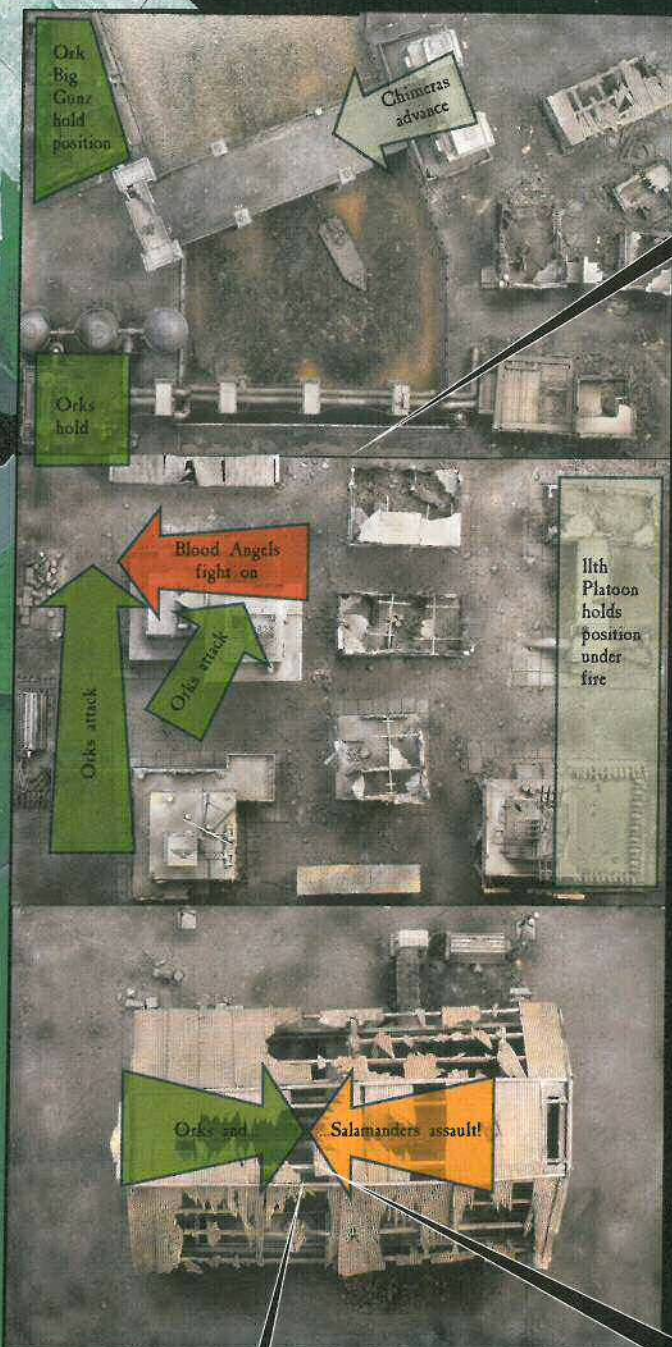
embedded in his body, but the Warboss and his Nobz emerged blackened but still alive from the cloud of thick smoke where the Rhino had once been. Slightly dazed, the Nobz wandered straight into the massed firepower of the Attack bikes which had now outflanked them. One Nob was reduced to a puddle of green goo by a multi-melta and the others were cut apart by bolt shells. The Warboss, spattered in the green gore of his bodyguard reeled as a sniper shot from the tower struck between his

shoulders, but he remained standing.

At the same time, the two remaining Assault Marines powered themselves forward back into the fray to avenge their fallen brothers. A Tankbusta's head exploded like a rotten fruit as a bolt shell hit it. Between them, the two Marines struck down each Ork who faced them, until a lucky blow from an Ork Nob severed one of them in two. Alone and outnumbered, the last Assault Marine battled on with a fury inspired by sheer desperation.

Meanwhile, near the ruin of the old tank, the remnants of the Chaplain's squad faced the full force of an Ork Outriders assault. With heavy shootas blazing, the Chaplain's brethren were cut down around him. One Marine slumped over his bike, which careened forward despite the flames; a speeding funeral pyre. Unable to withstand such devastating firepower, the Chaplain called the order to retreat. The White Scars' battlelines were shattered on all fronts. The Outriders charged forward again but this time the Chaplain and his men were ready for them. Evading their firepower, the bikers swept past, each sweeping stroke of their chainswords felling an Ork biker until all that remained were a pile of green corpses on a mound of shattered metal and still spluttering engines.





The Terminators bravely give up their lives in stemming the tide of Orks.

### +++TARGET SIGHTED+++

The display fused into Honoured Brother Adeon's cerebrum flashed harsh and bright in the stillness of his tomb. Fierce battle raged around him, the only time when this withered body, interred within this armoured sarcophagus, could feel close to alive. The Furioso had carried his near-corpses for century upon century, the vast metal fists stained with the blood of a thousand campaigns. Blood was all he could think of at times like this. In the dessicated void of this walking coffin, he longed for the wet crunch of close combat, the snap and tear as his metal body ripped worthless aliens and heretics limb from limb.

### +++MULTIPLE TARGETS+++ENGAGE+++

Orks. Hated, foul Orks, who infested this steel paradise like a living plague. They were insignificant pests, and they would be consumed by the holy fire of the Emperor. Crushed beneath his merciless feet. Ground into the dirt where they belonged. He was getting closer, every titanium muscle straining for more speed, for the release of violence.

### +++INCOMING PROJECTILE+++

Adeon's sensors screamed in warning as one portion of his sensorium blinked up an image of Orks armed with inefficient, oily rocket launchers clambering to the ledge of a building on the left. They were aiming at him, and in his haste to close with the enemy, he had left himself open in the middle of the street. Rockets thundered towards him and every metal joint in his bulky shell braced for the impact. His sensorium flashed black two, three times, and narrowed to a thin green pulse.

### +++IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO:

### +++RIGHT ARM+++LEFT ARM+++

His fists, his beautiful, lethal fists, hung inert at his sides. One half of the Furioso was completely senseless, half of his systems were malfunctioning. He was cut off completely from his brother Marines. They had crippled him beyond redemption.

Trapped in the claustrophobic darkness of his metal grave, Adeon screamed.



From above, the Salamanders avenge their fallen brothers with purifying flame.



## 06.57: THE TANK FACTORY

Gorbag's truck and the Battlewagon slewed to a halt. Behind him the other truck turned sharply and clattered off out of sight around the east side of the factory, either too impatient or too scared to push through the storm of fire now emanating from its northern end. Gorbag could pick out the defenders better now they'd halted, at least. They were tricky, sticking to the shadows in their dark armour as they advanced down both sides of the factory and the gantries. They even had a tank hiding among the half-built hulls at the far end. A tank sized Dreadnought clumped into view and raised its multi-barrelled cannon. This was getting serious.

The Battlewagon spotted the Dread and its zzap gun swivelled to point at it. Crackles and sparks showered from the weapon before it discharged a brilliant green lightning bolt into its target. Harsh black shadows danced as the Dreadnought went up in a fireball. At least someone was doing their job. Another crack-boom from outside reminded Gorbag about the Basilisk and he threw a Grot rigger overboard to go and fetch them. He was going to need bigger gunz.

## 06.59: THE COMMS CENTRE

BOOM! Wakefield's squad was suddenly obscured by a cloud of ash and debris as the shell hit home. When the haze had cleared, Haines saw that only six of the squad were still alive, picking themselves up from the ruins of the comms centre. Wakefield was up on his feet immediately, barking orders at his dazed men. Haines could see what had launched the shell over by the tank factory, and was shocked to find it was an Imperial Basilisk. However, this tank had been daubed with Ork colours and sigils, adorned with trophies and skulls. Slave-runts scampered around its tracks, and an Ork laboured with a shell big enough to demolish the whole comms centre. Haines was here to make sure that the Steel Legion held the centre to the bitter end. Gayner repositioned the lascannon without Haines having to give the order, and the thin whine of the weapon rose in pitch. Suddenly the view was obscured by a billowing cloud of dust as the distant Imperial artillery thundered supporting fire into the buildings on the other side of the city. The lascannon beam shot blindly into the dust – there was no way of telling if it struck home. A crowd of scurrying slaves, herded through the wide central streets by a Slaver and his weird dog-beast, took most of the blast from another shell. Behind the wretched creatures, the uniformed bodies of an Ork assault team

lay dead in the dirt, the survivors rocketing erratically into the air onto the rooftops of the barracks. The whole of the city seemed to shake as another krooz missile hammered into the buildings to the west, an entire level of the ruins collapsing beneath the Blood Angels Assault Marines. Several died in the incandescent flash of the blast. The remainder shot forward onto the next roof to engage the Orks there, white flame flickering from the vents of their jump packs. There was just too much to take in as the battle was joined in earnest. Haines felt the bile rising in his throat.

## 07.01: THE TANK FACTORY

Gorbag gnashed his fangs in frustration. The truck blocking his way was still pinned down, not moving. He and his bodyguard were blazing away but hitting nothing. He waved the Battlewagon forward and the 'Ardboyz got the idea. Gunning its engine, the Battlewagon lurched into the obstinate truck with a squeal of protesting metal, shunting it out of the way and driving forward. Gorbag's truck followed and he shouted a number of dire promises at the cowardly Truck Boyz as they clattered past. Behind them the Basilisk nosed in through the factory's southern entrance and stopped. The crew started cranking their cannon up to point at the gantries.

The Battlewagon and Gorbag's truck roared to the centre of the factory, bolt rounds coming in from all around them. They skidded to a halt and everybody who was worth something in a fight jumped out, leaving just skeleton crews in the vehicles. The defenders seemed to be caught out by the sudden move and their fire slackened momentarily as it split between Orks and machines. It was all Gorbag needed. The mighty Warboss, his bodyguard and the heavily equipped 'Ardboyz stormed across the factory floor towards the nearest Space Marines in a tide of fanged green death.

A squad of equally mighty, mega-armoured Space Marines moved to confront Gorbag. What was it the Humies called them? Verminators or something. The Orks' shoota fire certainly bounced off, them impressively but lightly-armoured Morkul, Ruksnik and Thugfang got among them and hacked two down before they could even fight back. Skarmek crippled another with a beautifully aimed shot with his extra-big lug spanner. The two surviving Verminators waded through a handful of 'Ardboyz without a scratch to come at Gorbag. Verkash barred their way but their flaring sword and crackling hammer clove through his mega-armour like it was paper.

Gorbag launched himself over Verkash's smoking corpse, body-slaming the hammer-armed Verminator out of the way and clamping his power claw onto the sword-wielding one. He tightened his grip and, after a moment of resistance as the thick armour struggled against the titanic pressure applied by the claw's hydraulic rams, the Verminator's head and arm came off messily. The hammer boy came back in, swinging his weapon up – too slow. Gorbag rammed the metre-long blades of his claw through the Verminator's midriff, lifted him with a brutal laugh and hurled him at a nearby knot of Space Marines.

Even Space Marines know their limits. The centre of the factory had become a charnel house, their Dreadnought and Terminators were lost and they were fighting on the Orks' terms now. Within a heartbeat a decision was made and commands communicated. They retreated as one, trying to regroup behind a line of Leman Russ tank hulls near the northern end. But Gorbag and his Boyz were hard on their heels and gave them no respite. The Warboss was all beast by now, tactics and plans forgotten in the wild rush of hand-to-hand combat. He was going to personally butcher every Space Marine in the building.

Then he was going to start on those zoggin' Truck Boyz.



The Tankbustas irreparably maim the Furioso as it strides forward.



## 07.19: THE COMMS CENTRE

Sergeant Haines had hit the deck. The lasgun, gripped white-knuckle tight in his gloved hands, seemed completely redundant. It was as much use as a toothpick when shells were raining down around him and tanks occupied every street. Hundreds upon hundreds of Orks filled the horizon. He had no idea how many of them had been ensconced in the buildings. The Blood Angels were holding the right flank superbly, and had very nearly succeeded in breaking through to the power generators, but a large force of aliens had been diverted from the central mob and they were already surrounded. Orks were still pouring out of the barracks. He wondered how the battle in the tank factory itself was going as he heard a muted explosion and a flash of light. If the Salamanders of the Adeptus Astartes positioned there lived up to their reputation, the building was safe. However, if there were as many Orks in there as there were in here... his imagination filled his head with visions of yet more Orks speeding out of the vast hanger doors toward his position. He could virtually feel the fear taking root in his squad. Another shell screamed overhead. At any second they could all be killed. He opened the comms channel to his squad, and stood up as the city shook around him. Wind howled across the gantry, and it creaked beneath Haines's feet.

"There is a finite number of aliens here. Every single one can and will be killed. It is our duty to ensure none of them reach these buildings. So far no Ork has got close. No matter how many pour in, no matter how high we pile the corpses of our enemies, we will rid our home world of these vile aliens! By the Emperor, we will win this war!"

His speech was punctuated by the thudding of the Leman Russ beneath him as the battle cannon fired, supporting the Blood Angels attack. Looking round, he saw the crimson Assault Marines fly down onto the roof where the Ork anti-tank squad were in position, their flamers spitting long tongues of fire into the cover provided by the radio masts. Orks tumbled from the roof, clothing burning, into the rubble-strewn street. Nearby the second squad of Assault Marines had also flown into the thick of the fighting, ferociously attacking the crowd of Orks attempting to overwhelm the Death Company. On the tiers of the barracks, the Blood Angels cut a swathe through the heavily encumbered Orks, beating them back across the rooftops. Some Orks even jumped down to the level below, having seen the carnage caused by the Death Company. Haines upped the magnification on his goggles as he squatted behind the blackened rails of the walkway, and saw a squadron of Stormboyz, rotors whirring as they closed in on the Blood Angels' position. He could see the markings on the shoulders of the Assault Marines; these were veterans. The Stormboyz were about to make the last mistake of their worthless lives.

Below him, the front of a skirmish screen of slaves was engulfed in a sheet of flames as the Hellhound spat liquid fire across the street. A little closer and the tank would have taken down all of them, thought Haines, as Wakefield's heavy bolter team slammed explosive bolts into the Orks on the roofs above the scampering figures. Behind them, filling the road with smoke and steel, marched the pack of crude, small Dreadnoughts, which now seemed to be splitting into two groups. An Imperial bombardment struck home in their midst, waves of sheer force slamming across the power field surrounding the hideous machines. Dust and shrapnel fizzed brightly in a hemisphere around them, the mechanic in the middle cringing to the floor as waves of force rippled across the dirt. The rocket launchers on two of the machines detonated in sympathy at the tremendous dissipation of force, blowing open the flanks of the ugly Dreadnoughts. Another fell backward, wreathed in smoke, breaking apart as it hit the floor. Flamethrower fuel sprayed into the road, igniting and surrounding one of the metal

beasts with a halo of flame. Dead slave-mechanics, eardrums burst and brains liquefied, lay twisted in the road. One of the clanking behemoths staggered in a tight circle, its crude electronics fried by the blast. Although he couldn't hear them, the howls of the Ork mechanic brought a smile to Haines' lips.

## 07.24: THE BARRACKS

*Krushkul was glad when they reached the open street. Two more great stomps of the Humies' gunz had landed near the barracks and the whole place was coming apart. A hail of dirt and debris was raining down on the cracked road, but the burly Ork Boss took some comfort that their own hulks' gunz were also in action. A curtain of fire was smashing the ruins the Bloody Boyz were advancing through and several plumes of black smoke spoke of smashed tanks in the streets behind. Warbikes zoomed past, jinking through the wreckage littering the ground, their shootas chattering as they ripped up the far end of the sheds. Krushkul saw a swarm of red armoured figures boost up to the roof of the barracks on jet packs, but a cloud of Stormboyz swept over the building from the other side to intercept them and soon figures were tumbling back streetward from both sides. Krushkul turned his attention back to the sheds.*

*The Shoota Boyz were breaking and running, a handful backing out of gaps in the walls and shooting wildly. The survivors ran to the Skarboyz, their faces twisted with distinctly-unOrky fear.*

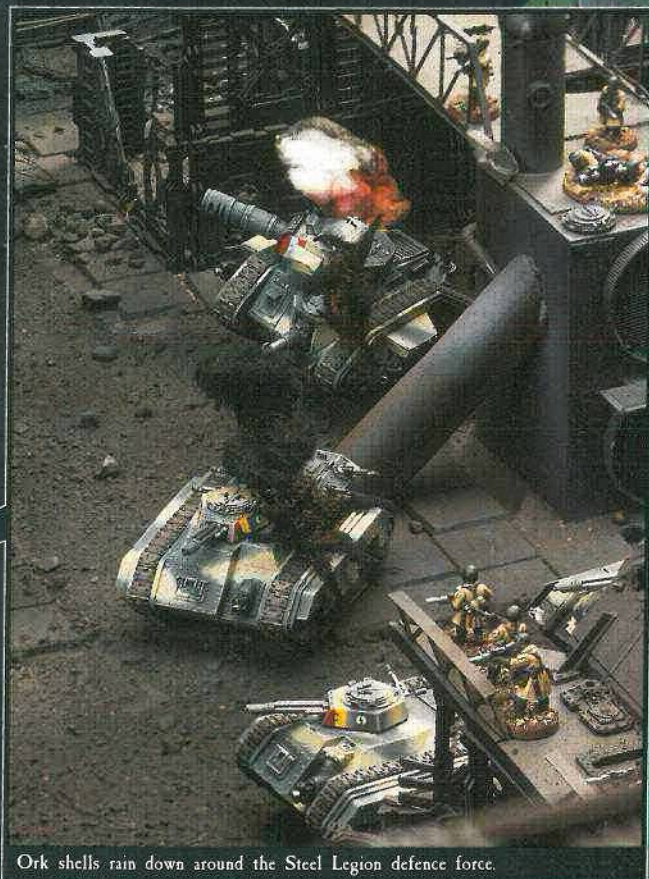
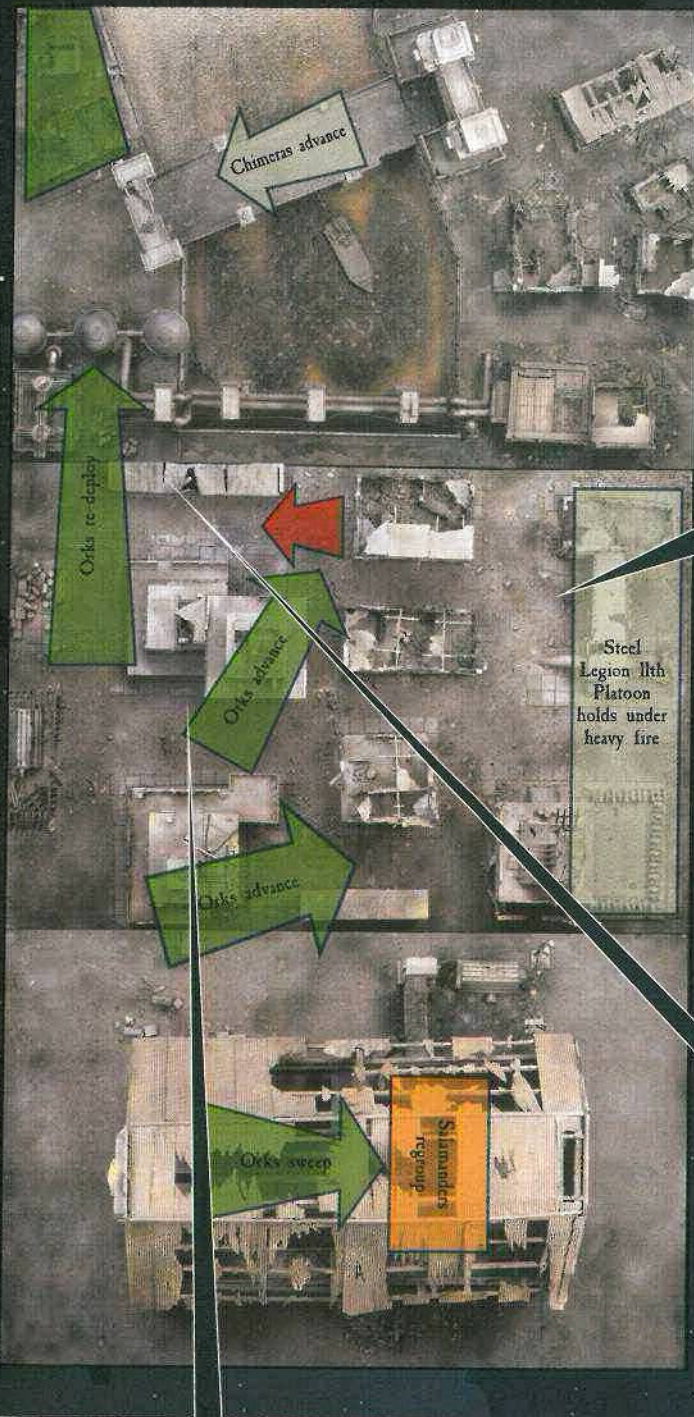
*"Dere's 'undreds of 'em!" they bleated. Krushkul curled his lip in a sneer.*

*"WHAT ARE YA? A BUNCH O' SNIVELLING GROTS?" He bellowed in a voice that drowned out the explosions all around them. The Shootas snarled at the insult. "RIGHT DEN! WIV ME! SKABSNIK! NASHBAD! SKRAG! READY DA BURNAS WE'RE GOIN' IN!"*

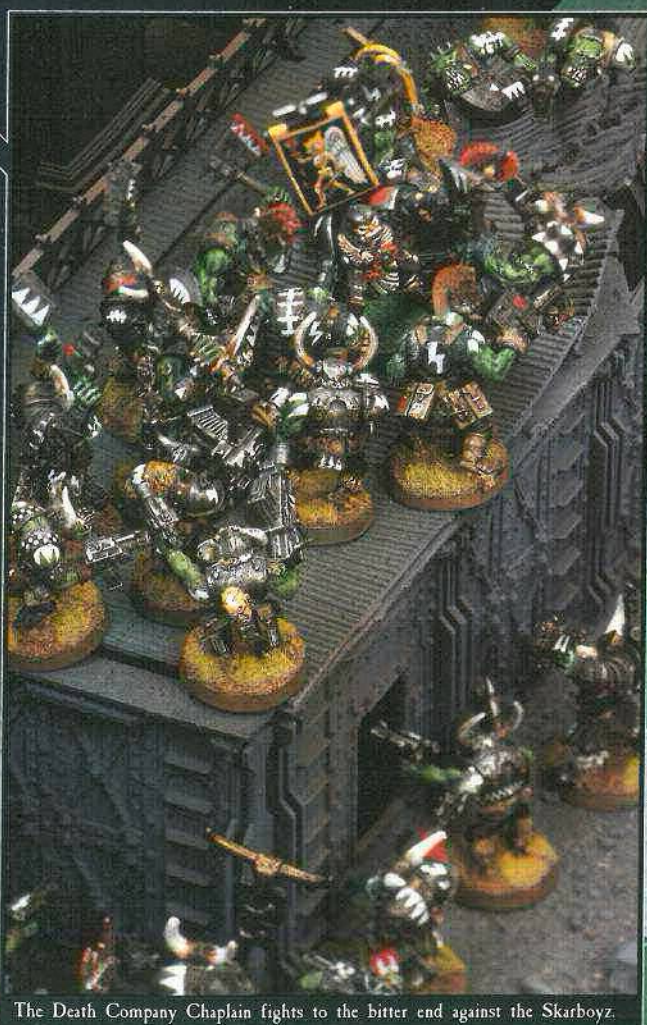
## 07.32: THE COMMS CENTRE

There was a crackle of static over Haines's comm-link followed by an abrupt scream of pain. On the bridge, the armoured column had come under heavy fire from the Ork mortar battery on the other side of the river. One of the Chimeras had come apart, and it lay smoking at the side of the road. He could see the broken, charred body of his friend Osborne lying dead in the driver's compartment. Voice choked with rage, he called down the coordinates of the Ork gun battery to the Leman Russ below. Without warning, there was a deafening scream right above him and a huge Ork missile shattered the walkway barely twenty feet from his position. The gantry buckled and he fell forward over the railing, catching hold just in time as the battle tank below was blown to pieces by the Ork barrage. Two of his squad were thrown high into the air by the explosion, landing heavily in the street below. Scott's neck was bent at a sickening angle. Gayner was struggling to keep himself on the walkway, the rusty metal dropping down in crumbling chunks beneath him. Haines pulled himself over the rail as a chatter of bolts from the nearby Slaver's gun smashed into the Sentinel in the street below. Haines could feel the detonation of the Sentinel's fuel cells at his back; he doubted very much if he would ever hear again. The other end of the walkway had been reduced to scrap, girders hanging loose. One dropped into the street next to the broken body of Maitland, lying in the shadow of the molten wreck that had been the platoon's Leman Russ. He cursed through clenched teeth as he hauled Gayner back onto what was left of the walkway. He could see Orks sprinting through the streets toward their position. His vision clouded red as sticky blood dripped from the large gash on his forehead. As he slumped back against the twisted girders of the walkway, he knew that the worst was yet to come.





Ork shells rain down around the Steel Legion defence force.



The Death Company Chaplain fights to the bitter end against the Skarboyz.



The Mek looks on helplessly as his beloved creations fall apart around him.



## The 3rd War for ARMAGEDDON

### 07.33: THE BARRACKS

"WAAAGH-ORK! WAAAGH-ORK! WAAAGH-ORK!"

Krushkul could see black-armoured figures moving to block the entries and he blazed at them with his slugga, its extra-shooty ammo ripping chunks out of the steel walls. The Boyz all opened fire as they charged forward, the loud cracks of the Skarboyz' sluggas intermingling with the dakka-dakka of the shoota-fire as they hosed down the building. Two of the Bloody Boyz fell, riddled with red holes. Krushkul didn't bother running for a gap, he charged straight at the wall and tore through it with his power claw as though it were paper. Nashbad and Arik clove straight through on his left and right, their burnas' torches narrowed into white-hot flames of destruction.

Krushkul turned in time to see a skull-masked Bloody Boy in fancy armour swinging at him. He swung his great claw in the way but the Bloody Boy's eagle-headed axe crackled with power as it cleaved through the claw. The Bloody Boy's next stroke was quick as forked lightning and caught Krushkul under the chin. He felt himself falling and caught sight of the rest of his armoured body, smoking power claw and all, falling in the opposite direction. Slightly dazed, he cracked his skull on the floor and was kicked, rolling to a halt where his slowly-dimming gaze could see the length of the storage sheds. Krushkul raged inwardly. Zoggin 'ell. Comin' all this way to get caught out by a fancy move like that. He knew from experience that Boyz without bodies had a good half hour before their spirit went back to Gork and Mork, unless a Painboy got to them first. He would have shuddered at the thought if he could.

He could see the Boyz were doing good even without him. The shootas had pulled down one Bloody Boy and were emptying their guns into him. Skrag was standing over the burning corpse of another and even as he watched Nashbad got behind another one and blew him apart with the fiery lance from his burna. The rest of the Skarboyz were all over the survivors, lopping off limbs and heads with gusto. Three of them jumped the flash

Bloody Boy and hacked him apart. Suddenly there were no Bloody Boyz left. The storage sheds were back in Ork hands. The surviving Shootas and Skarboyz rushed off towards the far end where there were more sounds of violence, still chanting.

"Waaagh-Ork!"

"Waaagh-Ork!"

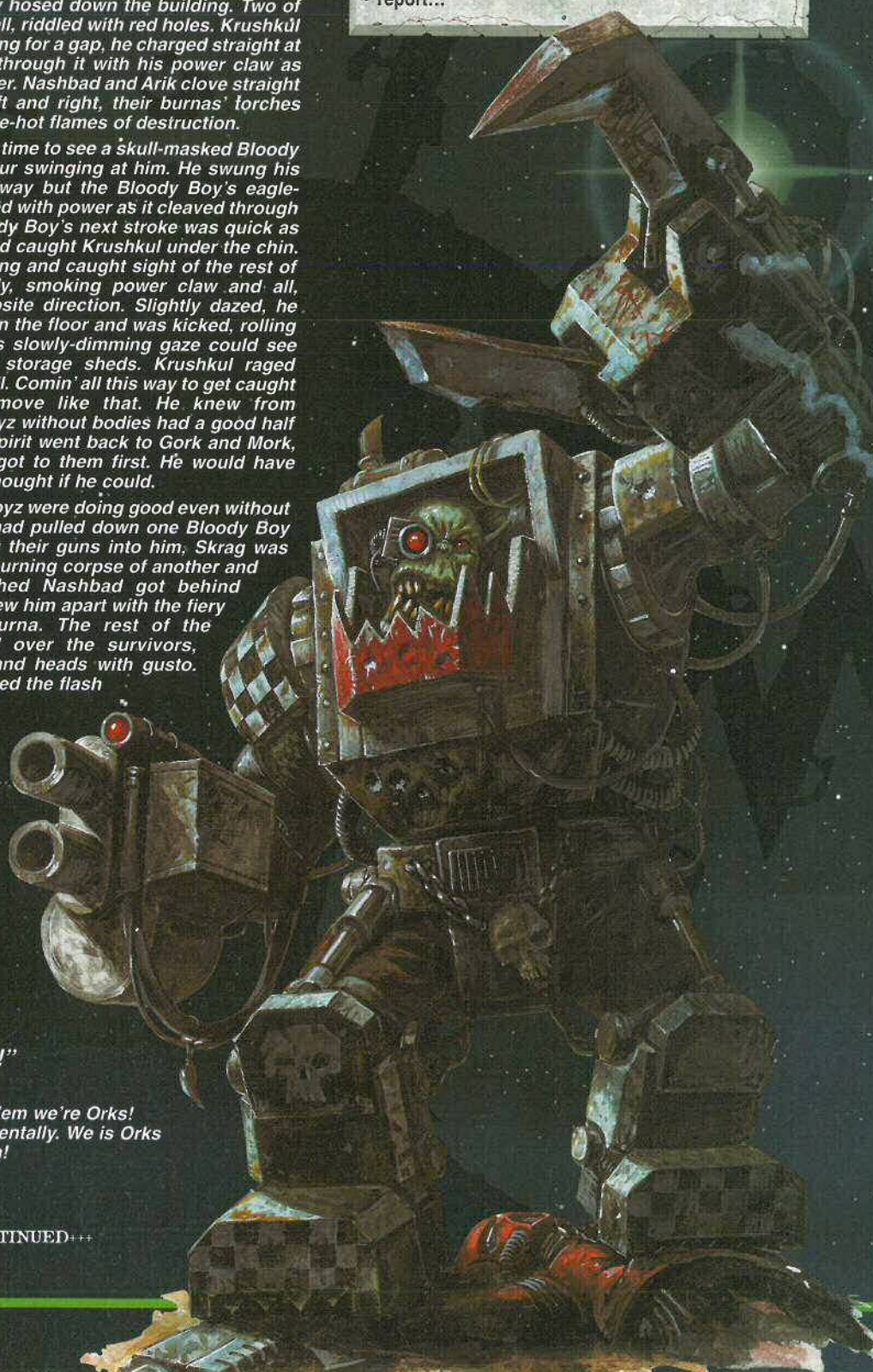
"WAAAGH-ORK!"

That's it ladz, show 'em we're Orks!  
Krushkul cheered mentally. We is Orks  
and we're gonna win!

## NEXT ISSUE!

The battle continues at a breakneck pace in the burning hive of Tempestora, as the battered forces of the Imperium try desperately to regroup and repel the Ork offensive. The seemingly numberless Greenskins are rampaging through the heart of the city. Can the Imperial forces turn the tide of battle? Will reinforcements arrive, and if so, for which side? Will the artillery of either side be silenced before the city is reduced to smoking ash?

Don't miss next month's White Dwarf for the thrilling conclusion to this gargantuan battle report...



+++TO BE CONTINUED+++



GIVE US A CALL ON: 0115 91 40000

GAMES WORKSHOP®

# MAIL ORDER



## ARMAGEDDON SPECTACULAR!

Check out some of the  
fantastic miniatures  
and armies we have  
for this great new  
Codex...

£4  
book



ANYTHING AT ALL - GIVE US A CALL

0115 91 40000

FAX: 0115 916 8002 or e-mail us at [motroll@games-workshop.co.uk](mailto:motroll@games-workshop.co.uk)

### WHAT MAIL ORDER CAN DO FOR YOU

- **COMPONENT PART SERVICE** - Mail Order has an extensive range of current and back catalogue miniatures.
- **DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR** - Set postage rates no matter how much you order!
- **RULES SERVICE & ADVICE** - If you have a gaming or hobby question give us a call.
- **ADVANCE ORDER** - Why wait? If you like a product, place an order. Special postage rates and delivery on the day of release!
- **OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK** - 8am to 10pm, hours may vary on Bank Holidays!

### HOW TO USE MAIL ORDER

Ordering by Mail Order is easy. If you have a credit card or debit card you can order over the phone:

- **GIVE US A CALL ON 0115 91 40000**
- **TELL THE TROLLS WHAT YOU WANT** - If you are not sure, just ask the Phone Trolls. They will be happy to help you out.
- **SIT BACK & RELAX** - After you have placed your order, just sit back, relax and wait for your parcel to arrive on your doorstep.

If you wish to pay by cheque or postal order, it is just as easy, all you need to do is:

- **FILL OUT THE ORDER FORM** - with what you would like. Codes are only necessary if you are ordering component parts.
- **COMPLETE PERSONAL DETAILS** - Fill out your name and address in the space provided at the bottom of the form.
- **PLACE ORDER IN THE POST** - Send your order to:

Games Workshop Mail Order, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS

...AND THAT'S IT!

### Deutsch/Holland Mail Order

DIESE LEITUNG IST MONTAG BIS  
FREITAG VON 12 BIS 20 UHR OFFEN  
(Mez)

0044 115 916 8256

GEOPEND VAN MAANDAG TOT  
VRIJDAG VAN 12:00 TOT 20.00 UUR  
Nederlandse tijd  
0044 115 916 8255

MAIL ORDER PRESENTS

# SKULZ

RING FOR DETAILS



VISIT OUR WEBSITE: [www.games-workshop.com](http://www.games-workshop.com)



**GIVE US A CALL ON: 0115 91 40000**



**£8**  
book

### **CODEX IMPERIAL GUARD**

The Imperial Guard is the largest and most diverse fighting force in the galaxy, fighting across a hundred warzones upon ten thousand planets.

This 48 page Codex details everything you need to know to field an Imperial Guard army.



**NEW**

**£6**  
each

### **COMMISSAR YARRICK**

*Designed by Brian Nelson*

**£4**

### **CATACHAN CAPTAIN**

*Designed by Michael Perry*



**£18**  
boxed set

### **ARMAGEDDON STEEL LEGION**

Boxed set contains 10 Armageddon Steel Legion miniatures.  
*Designed by Micheal Perry & Alan Perry.*

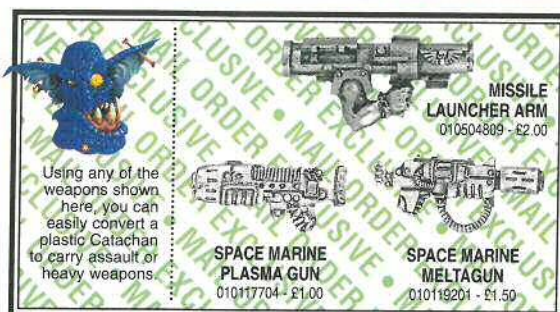


**NEW**

**£12**  
plastic  
boxed set

### **CATACHAN IMPERIAL GUARD**

Boxed set contains 20 multi-part, plastic Catachan Imperial Guardsmen.  
*Designed by Alan Perry & Michael Perry.*



Using any of the weapons shown here, you can easily convert a plastic Catachan to carry assault or heavy weapons.

**SPACE MARINE  
PLASMA GUN**  
010117704 - £1.00

**SPACE MARINE  
MELTAGUN**  
010119201 - £1.50

## **STEEL LEGION ARMY BOXED SET**

### **THE ARMY...**

Commissar Yarrick

1 Steel Legion squad box, plus enough blister packs of Steel Legion Imperial Guardsmen to make three complete Imperial Guard squads and a command squad. Including lascannon, heavy bolter and special weapons.

3 Steel Legion Sentinels

1 Imperial Guard Chimera



**OVER £125 OF ARMY FOR THE GREAT PRICE OF: £100**

**VISIT OUR WEBSITE: [www.games-workshop.com](http://www.games-workshop.com)**



**SHOP ON-LINE: [www.games-workshop.com](http://www.games-workshop.com)**

## **IMPERIAL GUARD ARMOUR**

*Designed by Alan Perry, Michael Perry, Mark Bedford & Norman Swales*



**£20  
boxed  
set**

**LEMAN RUSS  
EXTERMINATOR**



**LEMAN RUSS  
DEMOLISHER**

**£25  
boxed  
set**



**£18  
boxed  
set**

**LEMAN RUSS**



**£20  
boxed  
set**

**HELLHOUND**



**£18  
boxed  
set**

**BASILISK**



**£18  
boxed  
set**



**Mail Order  
Exclusive**



**£20  
boxed  
set**

**GRIFFON**

**GIVE US A CALL ON: 0115 91 40000**



**GIVE US A CALL ON: 0115 91 40000**

## LAND RAIDER CRUSADER

Designed by Jes Goodwin & Tim Adcock

**£35**

**NEW**



## CODEX SPACE MARINES

The Space Marines are mankind's most awesome warriors. This 48 page Codex details everything you need to know to field a Space Marine army.

**£8  
book**



**£4  
each**

## DEVASTATOR WITH MULTI-MELTA

Designed by Jes Goodwin



**£12  
boxed set**

## SALAMANDERS SPACE MARINE SQUAD

Boxed set contains 10 multi-part plastic Space Marine models with metal accessories. Designed by Jes Goodwin.

**NEW**



**BLACK TEMPLARS  
SHOULDER PAD**

**BLOOD ANGELS  
SHOULDER PAD**

**DARK ANGELS  
SHOULDER PAD**

**IMPERIAL FISTS  
SHOULDER PAD**

**ALL SHOULDER PADS 50p each**

Save yourself time and make your Space Marines look awesome with Mail Order's exclusive range of Chapter-specific shoulder pads. Give the Troops a call for details.

# Black Templars Army Boxed Set



## THE ARMY...

Special Edition Black Templars Captain

1 Space Marine command squad boxed set

1 Space Marine Tactical squad boxed set

2 Space Marine Assault squad boxed sets

1 Space Marine combat squad boxed set

2 blister packs of Space Marine Scouts

2 Space Marine Land Speeder boxed sets

1 Space Marine Land Raider Crusader boxed set

**OVER £125 OF ARMY FOR JUST £100**

**VISIT OUR WEBSITE: [www.games-workshop.com](http://www.games-workshop.com)**



£12

## ORK WARLORD GHAZGHKULL THRAKA

Designed by Brian Nelson

**NEW**



£8  
each



**NEW**

## ORK WARBOSS WITH ATTACK SQUIG

Designed by Brian Nelson

£4  
each

## STORMBOY NOB

Designed by Brian Nelson



## CODEX ORKS

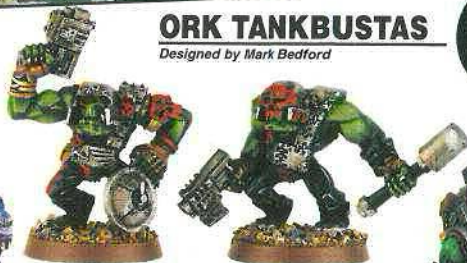
WAAAGH! Da Orks are the most brutal and successful race in the WH40K universe. This 48 page Codex contains unique troops, vehicles and wargear, allowing you to sweep away your enemies in a deadly, green tide!

£8  
book

## ORK TANKBUSTAS

Designed by Mark Bedford

£4  
for two



# ORK SPEED FREEKES

## ORK WARBUGGY

Designed by  
Norman Swales  
& Alan Perry

£10



£10

## ORK WARTRUKK

Designed by Norman Swales & Alan Perry



£5

## ORK WARBIKE

Designed by  
Norman Swales &  
Alan Perry



£12

## ORK SCORCHER

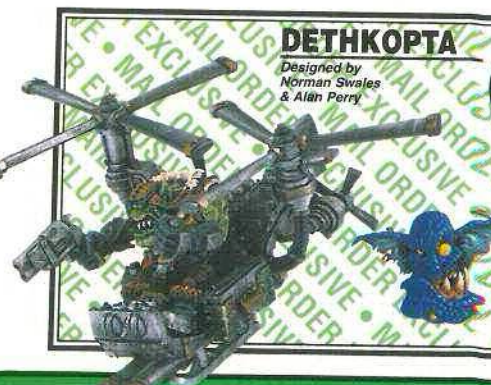
Designed by  
Norman Swales,  
Alan Perry &  
Brian Nelson



£8

## DETHKOPTA

Designed by  
Norman Swales  
& Alan Perry



Look at dis  
awesome  
Kopta! You can  
only get dis'ace  
deth machine  
from Mail  
Order, so give  
us a call.

## ORK WARTRAK

Designed by  
Norman Swales  
& Alan Perry

£10





**GIVE US A CALL ON: 0115 91 40000**

## SALAMANDERS ARMY BOXED SET

### THE ARMY...

Chaplain Xavier

1 Space Marine Command Squad boxed set

2 Salamander Tactical Squad boxed set

1 Space Marine Terminator boxed set

1 Space Marine Devastators boxed set

1 Space Marine Rhino boxed set

1 Space Marine Predator boxed set

1 Space Marine Land Raider boxed set

Plus additional multi-melta, thunder hammers and storm shields.

**OVER £125 WORTH OF  
ARMY FOR JUST £100**



## ORK ARMY BOXED SET

### THE ARMY...

Ork Warlord

Ghazghkull Thraka

2 Ork Boyz  
battle squad boxed sets

1 Ork Nobz boxed set

1 Stormboyz boxed set

1 Stormboy Nob

2 Ork Burnaboyz

2 Ork Tankbustas

4 Ork 'Eavy Weapon boyz

3 Ork Warbikes

1 Ork Wartrak

2 Killer Kans



**Over £125 of army for the mighty price of just: £100**

**SKULZ**



**COLLECTOR'S CARD**

SKULZ TOKENS COLLECTOR'S TRACK



## RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Dedicated hobbyists spend hours painting and collecting armies of Citadel miniatures so that they can play their favourite games. Here at Mail Order we appreciate your commitment to the hobby and feel that you should be given the opportunity to take part in this offer for being a loyal customer.

Skulz is the great new offer for all UK Mail Order customers. Simply stick the special Skulz tokens we send you for orders over £10 onto the Skulz collector's card (see below) and claim special gifts. All the gifts are shown in the Skulz catalogue which is available from GW stores and through UK GW Mail Order.

This is how it works. Every time you spend £10 we'll send you one Skulz token, if you spend £20 we'll send you two and so on. Once you have ten Skulz you can send them in and choose a free gift from the '10 Skulz' category. Alternatively, you can continue to collect

and choose from the extra special gifts by collecting 25 Skulz. It doesn't stop there though. Claim some awesome gifts by collecting 50 Skulz! Please bear in mind that all the gifts are subject to availability. In the event that a gift is unavailable we ask that you make a second choice. Should your second choice also be unavailable, Mail Order will contact you to arrange a replacement.

The Emperor has also chosen to help you on your arduous journey with freebie Skulz tokens along the way!

The Skulz offer is open until September 1st 2000 and is available to all UK Mail Order customers.



This awesome Space Marine miniature has been specially commissioned for the Skulz collection. Designed by Shane Hoyle

**VISIT OUR WEBSITE: [www.games-workshop.com](http://www.games-workshop.com)**





# BLACK LIBRARY SUBSCRIPTION DEALS



## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Games Workshop's action comic, featuring stories about all your favourite Warhammer armies.

Subscribe to Warhammer Monthly now and not only do you get 12 issues for £24, but you also get a £5 Mail Order Voucher and two FREE back issues of any Black Library publication (Warhammer Monthly, Journal or Inferno!).



## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Games Workshop's indispensable fanzine, featuring gaming ideas for gamers by gamers.

Get a one year subscription to the Citadel Journal for only £24 and you get a £5 Mail Order Voucher!



## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscribe to Inferno! for just £25

Subscribe to Inferno! for £25 for 6 issues (UK & Eire only). That's a saving of £5 on the cover price, plus you get two FREE back issues of any Black Library publication (Warhammer Monthly, Journal or Inferno!).

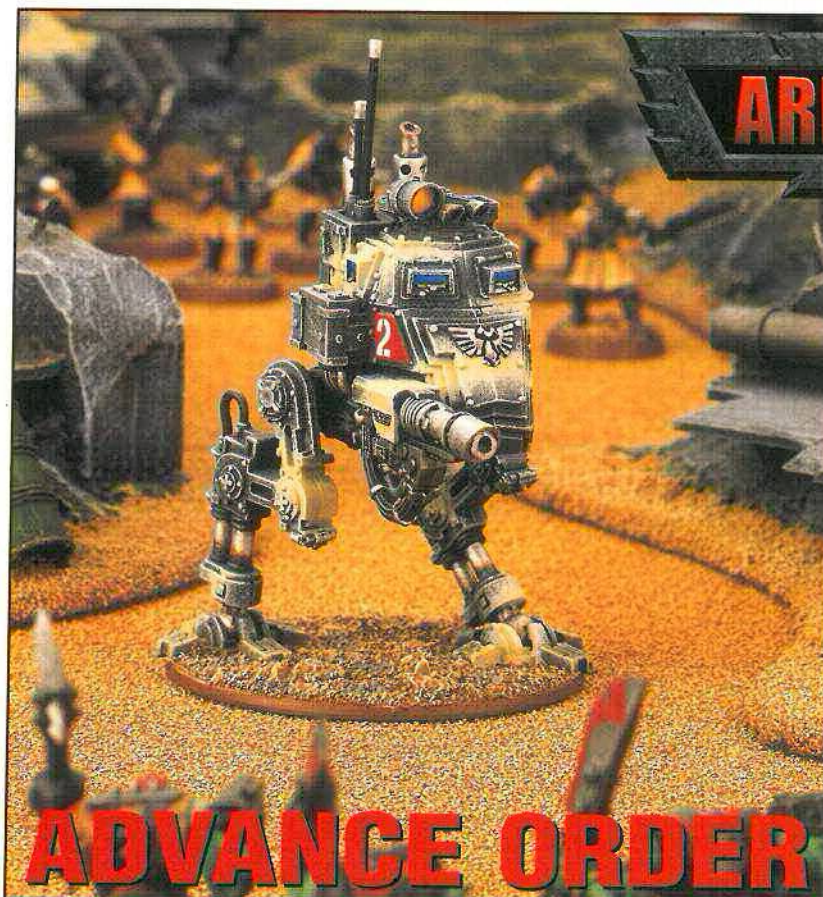


## SPECIAL DEAL!

You can subscribe to all the Black Library magazines for £70 a year, get all the free gifts mentioned with each deal, plus a signed limited edition poster by one of the Black Library artists! That's Warhammer Monthly, The Journal and Inferno! for just £70!

## OVERSEAS SUBSCRIBERS

If you are interested in subscribing to any of the Black Library publications, give Mail Order a ring now for some great deals.



CODEX

## ARMAGEDDON

**Q** How can you get your hands on the newest Games Workshop games, models and books as soon as they come out?

**A** By taking advantage of Mail Order's monthly Advance Order deals!

If you thought that little lot was all we've got lined up for Codex Armageddon, then you'd better get ready for the second wave of reinforcements.

Take a look at this awesome new Steel Legion Sentinel model, which we will be releasing next month. With a fully enclosed, armoured body and packing the firepower of a lascannon, this is bound to be a popular addition to any Imperial Guard army.

To take advantage of the Advance Order service simply call the Mail Order hotline!

# ADVANCE ORDER SERVICE

GIVE US A CALL ON: 0115 91 40000



## WARHAMMER 40,000

<b>WARHAMMER 40,000 BOXED GAME</b>	<b>£50.00</b>
<b>WARHAMMER 40,000 RULEBOOK</b>	<b>£25.00</b>
<b>NEW!</b> CODEX ARMAGEDDON	£4.00
CODEX CRAFTWORLD ELДАР	£4.00
CODEX SPACE WOLVES	£4.00
CODEX CATACHANS	£4.00
CODEX IMPERIAL GUARD	£8.00
CODEX ELДАР	£8.00
CODEX ORKS	£8.00
CODEX CHAOS SPACE MARINES	£8.00
CODEX SPACE MARINES	£8.00
CODEX BLOOD ANGELS	£4.00
CODEX DARK ANGELS	£4.00
CODEX DARK ELДАР	£8.00
<b>NEW!</b> COMMISSAR YARRICK	£6.00
<b>NEW!</b> ORK WARLORD GHAZGHKULL THRAKA	£12.00
<b>NEW!</b> ORK WARBOSS WITH ATTACK SQUIG	£8.00
<b>NEW!</b> STORMBOY NOB	£4.00
<b>NEW!</b> ORK TANKBUSTA BOYZ	£4.00 for 2
<b>NEW!</b> SPACE MARINE DEVASTATOR WITH MULTI-MELTA	£4.00
SPACE MARINE LAND RAIDER	£30.00
SPACE MARINE LAND RAIDER CRUSADER	£35.00
LEMAN RUSS	£18.00
LEMAN RUSS DEMOLISHER	£25.00
LEMAN RUSS EXTERMINATOR	£20.00
CHIMERA	£18.00
HELLHOUND	£20.00
BASILISK	£18.00

## WARHAMMER 40,000 BATTLE SQUADS

<b>NEW!</b> ARMAGEDDON STEEL LEGION 10 Guardsmen inc heavy weapon	£18.00
<b>NEW!</b> SALAMANDERS SPACE MARINES 10 Space Marines inc. multi-melta	£12.00
ELДАР DIRE AVENGERS inc 7 Dire Avengers & 1 Exarch	£12.00
CATACHAN JUNGLE FIGHTERS BATTLE SQUAD inc. 20 Guardsmen	£12.00
ELДАР GUARDIAN BATTLE SQUAD inc. 16 Eldar Guardians	£12.00
ORK STIKK BOMMAS BATTLE SQUAD inc. 12 Ork Boyz & loadsa stikkbombs!	£12.00
ORK BOYZ BATTLE SQUAD inc. 16 Ork Boyz	£12.00
DARK ELДАР WARRIORS BATTLE SQUAD inc. 16 Dark Eldar Warriors	£12.00
KHORNE BERZERKERS BATTLE SQUAD inc. 12 Khorne Berzerkers	£12.00

## WARHAMMER 40,000 BATTLE FORCES

SPACE WOLVES BATTLE FORCE	£40.00
IMPERIAL GUARD BATTLE FORCE	£40.00
CHAOS BATTLE FORCE	£40.00
ORK BATTLE FORCE	£40.00
ELДАР BATTLE FORCE	£40.00
DARK ELДАР BATTLE FORCE	£40.00
SPACE MARINE BATTLE FORCE	£40.00

## ARMAGEDDON ARMY BOXED SETS

<b>NEW!</b> STEEL LEGION ARMY (contains over £125 worth of miniatures)	£100.00
<b>NEW!</b> GHAZGHKULL'S HORDE (contains over £125 worth of miniatures)	£100.00
<b>NEW!</b> BLACK TEMPLARS ARMY (contains over £125 worth of miniatures)	£100.00
<b>NEW!</b> SALAMANDERS ARMY (contains over £125 worth of miniatures)	£100.00

## WARMASTER

<b>WARMASTER RULEBOOK</b>	<b>£20.00</b>
ORC CHARACTERS inc. Warlord, Champion & Shaman	£5.00
ORC GENERAL ON WYVERN	£8.00
GIANT	£5.00
GOBLIN CHARIOTS inc. 3 Goblin Chariots	£5.00 for 3
ORC WARRIORS inc. 3 Orc Warrior stands	£5.00 for 3
BLACK ORCS inc. 3 Black Orc stands	£5.00 for 3
ORC BOAR RIDERS inc. 3 Orc Boar Rider stands	£5.00 for 3
GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS inc. 3 Goblin Wolf Rider stands	£5.00 for 3
GOBLINS inc. 3 Goblin stands	£5.00 for 3
TROLLS inc. 3 Troll stands	£5.00 for 3
ORC ROCK LOBBER	£4.00
CHAOS CHARACTERS inc. Lord, Champion & Sorcerer	£5.00

## WARMASTER continued

CHAOS CHAMPION ON CHAOS DRAGON	£8.00
CHAOS KNIGHTS inc. 3 Chaos Knight cavalry stands	£5.00 for 3
CHAOS MARAUDER HORSEMEN inc. 3 Chaos Marauder cavalry stands	£5.00 for 3
CHAOS HOUNDS inc. 3 Chaos Hound stands	£5.00 for 3
CHAOS WARRIORS inc. 3 Chaos Warrior stands	£5.00 for 3
CHAOS MARAUDERS inc. 3 Marauder stands	£5.00 for 3
CHAOS TROLLS inc. 3 Chaos Troll stands	£5.00 for 3
CHAOS SPAWN inc. 2 Chaos Spawn stands	£5.00 for 2
CHAOS HARPIES inc. 3 Harpy stands	£5.00 for 3
CHAOS DRAGON OGRES inc. 3 Dragon Ogre stands	£5.00 for 3
DWARF CHARACTERS inc. General, Hero & Runesmith stands	£5.00
DWARF WARRIORS inc. 3 Warrior stands	£5.00 for 3
DWARF THUNDERERS inc. 3 Thunderer stands	£5.00 for 3
DWARF TROLL SLAYERS inc. 3 Troll Slayer stands	£5.00 for 3
DWARF RANGERS inc. 3 Ranger stands	£5.00 for 3
DWARF CANNONS inc. 2 Cannons	£5.00 for 2
DWARF FLAME CANNON inc. 2 Flame Cannons & baggage	£5.00 for 2
DWARF GYROCOPTER	£4.00 each
EMPIRE HERO ON GRIFFON	£4.00 each
EMPIRE CHARACTERS inc. General, Hero & Wizard	£5.00
EMPIRE KNIGHTS inc. 3 Empire Knight cavalry stands	£5.00 for 3
EMPIRE PISTOLIERS inc. 3 Empire Pistolier cavalry stands	£5.00 for 3
EMPIRE HALBERDIERS inc. 3 Halberdier stands	£5.00 for 3
EMPIRE HANDGUNNERS inc. 3 Handgunner stands	£5.00 for 3
EMPIRE CROSSBOWMEN inc. 3 Crossbowmen stands	£5.00 for 3
EMPIRE SKIRMISHERS inc. 3 Skirmisher stands	£5.00 for 3
FLAGELLANTS inc. 3 Flagellant stands	£5.00 for 3
EMPIRE GREAT CANNONS inc. 2 Great Cannons	£5.00 for 2
EMPIRE HELBLASTER inc. 2 Helblasters	£5.00 for 2
EMPIRE WAR ALTAR	£5.00 each
EMPIRE STEAM TANK	£5.00 each
HIGH ELF HERO ON DRAGON	£8.00 each
HIGH ELF HERO ON GIANT EAGLE	£4.00 each
HIGH ELF HEROES & WIZARDS inc. 3 Hero & Wizard stands	£5.00
HIGH ELF SILVER HELMS inc. 3 Silver Helm cavalry stands	£5.00 for 3
HIGH ELF REAVER KNIGHTS inc. 3 Reaver Knight cavalry stands	£5.00 for 3
HIGH ELF SPEARMEN inc. 3 Spearman stands	£5.00 for 3
HIGH ELF ARCHERS inc. 3 Archer stands	£5.00 for 3
HIGH ELF REPEATER BOLT THROWERS	£4.00 for 2
HIGH ELF CHARIOTS	£5.00 for 3
HIGH ELF GIANT EAGLES (MAIL ORDER ONLY)	£5.00 for 3

## WARHAMMER

<b>WARHAMMER BOXED GAME</b>	<b>£50.00</b>
<b>WARHAMMER ARMIES BOOKS</b>	<b>£15.00</b>

## WARHAMMER REGIMENT BOXED SETS

ORC WARRIORS includes 16 Orcs	£12.00
NIGHT GOBLINS includes 20 Night Goblins	£12.00
SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE includes 16 Empire soldiers	£12.00
SKELETON WARRIORS includes 20 Skeleton warriors	£12.00
ZOMBIES includes 20 Zombies	£12.00
CHAOS WARRIORS includes 12 Chaos Warriors	£12.00
CHAOS KNIGHTS includes 5 Chaos Knights	£12.00

## CITADEL

WARHAMMER PAINT SET	£12.00
WARHAMMER 40,000 PAINT SET	£12.00

## BLACK LIBRARY

<b>NEW!</b> WARHAMMER MONTHLY, Comic #33	£2.20
<b>NEW!</b> DRAGONSLAYER by William King	£5.99
<b>NEW!</b> THE EPIC 40,000 MAGAZINE	£3.50
<b>NEW!</b> CITADEL JOURNAL #39	£3.50
INFERNO! – Tales of fantasy & adventure!	£5.00
INQUIS-EXTERMINATUS, Warhammer 40,000 Art Compilation	£20.00

**CORRESPONDENCE** We welcome comments about White Dwarf, Games Workshop games and Citadel miniatures. All letters except subscriptions and Mail Order should be addressed to: The White Dwarf, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham NG7 2WS.

Please mark your envelope clearly with the name of the game you are writing to us about. If you want a reply you must enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope (overseas readers should include IRCs). We receive an enormous amount of mail. We do read every letter but it may take a little time for us to reply to you, so please be patient!

You can find Games Workshop on the World Wide Web at the following Internet address:  
<http://www.games-workshop.co.uk>

**SUBMISSIONS** All material submitted to us for publication is only accepted on the assumption that the copyright in it is, by the very act of submission, unconditionally assigned by the author as beneficial owner and with full title guaranteed to Games Workshop Limited. We also retain the right to edit and/or amend all material as we see fit. So, if you do not wish to assign copyright in this way, please do not send us your submission. We're afraid we cannot work in any other way!

**REGISTERED TRADEMARKS** The following are all registered

trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd. Armageddon, Blood Bowl, Chivalry, Citadel, the Citadel logo, Codex, Dark Angels, Dark Future, Deathwing, Dungeonguest, 'Eavy Metal, Eldar, Eldar Attack, Epic, the Games Workshop logo, Games Workshop, the GW logo, The GW Flame logo, Genestealer, Necron, Slottabase, SpaceFleet, Space Hulk, Space Marine, Talisman, Tyrant, Warhammer and Warmaster. Marauder is a registered trademark of Marauder Miniatures Ltd. Used with permission.

**TRADEMARKS** The following are all trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd. Adepta Sororitas, Adeptus Astartes, Adeptus Mechanicus, Aekold Helbrass, Amon 'Chakal, Arbaal, Archon, Asdrubael Vect, Aspect Warrior, Avatar, Azazel, Battlefleet Gothic, Black Library, Blood Angels, Blood Dragon, Bloodletter, Bloodthirster, Cadian, Catachan, Celestian, Count Mordrek, Culexus, Daemonette, Dark Eldar, Dark Reaper, Darksoul, Death Zone, Dechala, Digga, Digganob, Drachon, Dregmek Blitzkatz, Eggrimm van Horstmann, Eversor, Exarch, Eye of Terror, Falcon, Farseer, Fire Dragon, Fire Prism, Flesh Hound, Furioso, Gargant, Gobbo, Golden Demon, Gorkamorka, Gorthor, Great Unclean One, Gretchin, Grey Knight, Grot, Haemonculus, Hellion, Hunter Slayer, Immolator, Incubi, Inferno, Journal, Keeper of Secrets, Khazrak the One Eye, Khorne,

Knights of the White Wolf, Knights Panther, Legion of the Damned, Leman Russ, Lichmaster, Lord of Change, Madboy, Mandrake, Man O' War, Marauder, Mekboy, Malkior, Mordheim, Mordian, Necromunda, Necron, Nob, Nurgle, Nurgling, Obliterator Ogryn, Old World, Ork, Painboy, Plaguebearer, Plague Fleet, Possessed, Predator, Psyker, Raider, Raptor, Ratling, Ravager, Ravenwing, Red Gobbo, Scourge, Scylla, Sea of Blood, Sentinel, Servitor, Skaven, Slaanesh, Slann, Snot, Snottling, Space Wolves, Spanner, Squat, Squig, Striking Scorpion, Succubus, Swooping Hawk, Sybarite, Tallarn, Tears of Isha, Terminator, Troll Slayer, Tzeentch, Ultramarines, Valhalla, Vainir the Reaper, Vyper, Walach, Warhammer Quest, Weirdboy, White Dwarf, the White Dwarf figure, World Eaters, Wrathlord, Wyth, Yool and Zoanthrope. The Citadel paint pot is UK registered design No. 2073130. Scatter dice are UK registered design No. 2017484.

**COPYRIGHTS** All subject matter in White Dwarf is © Copyright Games Workshop Ltd 2000. All artwork in all Games Workshop products, and all images contained therein have been produced either in-house or as work for hire. The exclusive copyright in the artwork and the images it depicts is the property of Games Workshop Ltd. © Copyright Games Workshop Ltd 2000. All rights reserved.







# WHITE DWARF

# SUBSCRIBE!

ARE YOU ALWAYS  
FIRST IN LINE TO  
PICK UP THE  
LATEST *WHITE  
DWARF*?

## GET A ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION FOR £40 AND YOU GET:

- A FREE £10 Gift Voucher!
- FREE delivery of every issue!
- Monthly Mail Order special offers!
- Savings on the cover price!

STRUGGLING TO  
REMEMBER WHEN  
THE NEXT ISSUE IS  
IN THE SHOPS?



## GET A TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION FOR £80 AND YOU GET:

- £25 worth of FREE Gift Vouchers!
- FREE delivery of every issue!
- Monthly Mail Order special offers!
- Savings on the cover price!

THEN DON'T  
GET MAD! GET A  
*SUBSCRIPTION!*



**GAMES  
WORKSHOP**

[www.games-workshop.co.uk](http://www.games-workshop.co.uk)

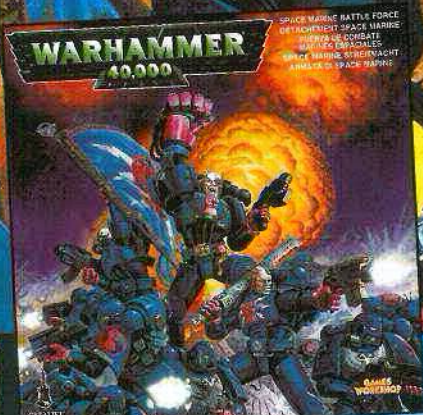
Games Workshop reserves the right to withdraw or change the offer at any time, without notice. E&OE



# And they shall know no fear...

"They shall be pure of heart and strong of body, untainted by doubt and unsullied by self-aggrandisement. They shall be bright stars in the firmament of battle. Angels of Death whose shining wings bring swift annihilation to the enemies of Man. So shall it be for a thousand times a thousand years, unto the very end of eternity and the extinction of mortal flesh."

Roboute Guilleman,  
Primarch of the Ultramarines



The SPACE MARINE BATTLE FORCE is an ideal way to start a fledgling Space Marine Chapter or to further reinforce an existing army.

The boxed set contains 10 Tactical Space Marines, 5 Terminators, 1 Land Speeder, 3 Space Marine Bikes and a set of ruined gothic buildings.



Space Marine Battle Force – £40 boxed set



The Third War for Armageddon continues next issue:

# Blood and Steel!

The defence of Armageddon is bolstered by fresh Imperial reinforcements...



The Black  
Templars  
Cursading Space Marines



The Armageddon  
Steel Legion  
Mechanised Imperial Guard regiment



The 3rd War for  
**ARMAGEDDON**

Plus we reveal the future of Warhammer...